

SOMETHING WICKED



CHRISTIAN JENSEN ROMER

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Something Wicked; A Gothic Melodrama set in Old London Town

Something Wicked is a game about Mythic London - the London of Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian popular imagination. The funfair is filled with seductive secrets, painful passions and secret vices, along with a strange cast derived from the folklore of London. This is a world of Spring Heeled Jack, where Sweeney Todd runs the pie stand and Jonathan Wild has not let a trip to Tyburn end his thief taking career. This is the London that stirs as the sun sets in dusty attics, sending the beetles scurrying as strange denizens emerge from houses long left locked and apparently un-tenanted. This is a game about why the nightingale sings in Berkeley Square, and why the pearly queen and king must do the Lambeth Walk, and why the ravens never leave the Tower...

Everyone loves the Fair! There goes nice dashing Harry Flashman with his medical friend Watson -- and there goes Carnacki, the famous ghost finder, talking to the famous scandalous woman novelist Ouida! Wait --- what was that strange shadow that scuttled after them? And what is that haunting melody the fairground music keeps returning to? Surely not "Cousin Theresa and the Big Borzoi?" You will ask Clovis Sangril, once he has stopped arguing politics with Emmeline Pankhurst. Oh look, is that actually the Prince of Wales, walking out with a common flower-seller? You can bet your 'at it is!

Costume for any period from 1780-1914 and you won't be out of place. This is London as seen through the Strawberry Gothic, so as bright coloured as the musical *Oliver!* or *My Fair Lady!*

The game is designed to be fast, sending you whirling, cascading, dancing through the fairground where encounters with beguiling strangers offer both strange rewards and exquisite dangers: where stories become truths, and where we all face the scalding blast of scented temptations of the city of dreadful delight as amoral stars gaze scornfully on our brief pleasures...

NOTES FOR The REFEREES and OTHER Discerning GENTLEFOLK.

This game is a Temporal Romance that is very demanding on the GM's. We suggest 4 or 5 Gms who have read the characters herein and met to discuss how to stage the game. The Game is designed to be run with the 25 characters who follow. Players should be given their characters a couple of weeks before the game so they can familiarise themselves with their plots and ambitions: they should not however discuss the game with other players before the game begins, or read any of the characters and secrets within this book.

If you would like advice on staging this game, feel free to email the author chrisjensenromer@hotmail.com.

Something Wicked

A.. J . Raffles

Description

MORALITY: WICKED!

All the fun of the fair! You are here tonight at a fairground in a little square just off Picadilly, though funnily enough you are not quite sure where. You had left your best friend Bunny (Harry maunders, not featured in the game) back at your Albany apartment, and had strolled through the night air to clear your heads here on the most fashionable streets in London. It all seems a bit tiresome tonight -- even cricket (and you are an incredible bowler you could easily play for Middlesex), the high society you mingle in, your comfortable West End club, even the Bond Street jewellers you love to rob for fun, dressed to the nines of course. Who would commit a burglary in anything but dinner dress? Anyway, tonight you are listless and a little dejected. You are hoping to meet your great friend Lady Susan Tempest-Vane, who is going through a rough patch after being dumped by The Prince of Wales.

You are the greatest cracksman who has ever lived. Your jewel robberies are the stuff of legend, and of course you are in this game for the excitement -- you have enough money to live comfortably after all. Proud yes - but basically a decent good-hearted fellow, you just needed more excitement in your life. You possess considerable disdain for common criminals, and only mild curiosity about this "Napoleon of Crime" whoever he is who now controls the London Underworld with a grip of iron. You are probably one of the few independents left -- mainly because you are not part of the underworld, and therefore he does not know your identity any more than you know his. If he is such a genius why has he not stopped the terrible murders committed by the fiend the police call Jack the Ripper?

You are immensely loyal to your friends, and are truly angered by the shoddy way the Prince of Wales, Bertie, has hurt Lady Susan. Of course she is his mistress not a wife -- but what difference does that make? Your morality is a little unusual after all, given your occupation. Susan and you have been friends for years, ever since she worked out you had committed the Idsall Manor robbery, and hugely amused confronted you on the lawns after dinner one evening. She did not unmask you -- she just insisted you returned the jewels of the three or four women in the houseparty she actually liked, and you were only too happy to oblige.

After that you became immense friends, and you often entertain her at the Vauxhall Gardens tea rooms, or for dinner at the Ritz, where you regale her with tales of your latest robberies. A fiercely unconventional woman, for years she has pestered you to take her on a job -- but obviously you always refused. Until that is the day you read in The Times about the Koh-i-noor diamond, and knew you had to steal it. It was taken by the British from some Indian rajah, and the "Mountain of Light" (the literal translation) was really already stolen goods?

So you and Susan developed a plan, and dressed as one of her maids you gained entry to Windsor Castle, where the controversial diamond is held. It was the work of minutes for you to crack the safe, remove the jewel and escape. Today you are headline news in every paper in the land; well the theft of the Jewel is. No doubt this Napoleon of Crime fellow, whoever he is - though you have your suspicions, (see below) - is feeling pretty silly right now!

Strangely, you feel nothing but emptiness. You feel your life of crime is coming to an end: you have failed in your great ambition, to recover the Crown Jewels (see Bertie) below, and even this silly rock is not going to easily win back Bertie's affection for Susan. In fact Susan and Bunny are the only thing stopping you from throwing yourself in the Thames right now. You are looking for a cause, and something you have lost, in the last few years of fun and excitement. Maybe it is time for the Gentleman Cracksman to finally retire?

Possessions:

You start the game with the Koh-i-Noor diamond, the item all the police forces in the world are searching for, that you stole from Windsor Castle yesterday. As far as you are concerned now you have it, it is a big ugly rock. You don't really care about it, but you suspect giving it to anyone else would only cause more trouble.

Special Abilities:

A: MASTER CRACKSMAN - you can open any lock in the game in seconds, no matter how advanced or bizarre.

B: FAST BOWLER: Produce your cricket ball, point at someone and shout HOWZAT or similar. You knock the blighter out with a well aimed ball. Can only be used on male characters, and stuns them for 2-3 minutes. Lacks subtlety however!

C: MASTER OF DISGUISE - put your DISGUISED badge on, and no-one knows who you are, not even your friends! Well except Sherlock Holmes. However you can see through Holmes' disguises with this power too.

Relationships (6)

Amelia Peabody

Amelia is a darling girl, and her head is full of adventure. She intrigues you, and you feel sorry that you once liberated a pretty but probably almost worthless Egyptian amulet from her, but you had the thing reset in Shanghai and posted it as an anonymous gift to Miss Moberley during your infatuation with her. You know Amelia suspects you of being

somehow involved in its disappearance, and yet she has said nothing these last few years. She is a most unconventional woman, and you like her, so you would like to make amends with her somehow, but don't know how. Her husband the Egyptologist Emerson has made extensive enquiries around the world after that damned thing, but luckily the re-casing and re-cutting of the gem would make it hard for anyone to realise it was the item the couple so earnestly seek. Of course now that your infatuation with Miss Moberley is some three years in the past, you could just steal it back - but you just can't bring yourself to do that, and try and think of the Moberley girl as little as possible.

Bertie, Prince of Wales

Bertie may be the most fashionable man in the world, he is also arguably the most idiotic. Of course one day, probably soon, he will be King, and then you won't have a word to say against the fellow, because after all you are a patriot. You often tell Bunny the only jewels you would never steal are the Crown Jewels, and of course, you mean it -- though patriotism is not really the cause for that. Oh no, you say that because you can't -- someone beat you to it, possibly decades ago.

A decade or more ago you went to see the Crown Jewels in the Tower, where they are guarded by the Beefeaters under the not so vigilant eye of that old duffer Sir Edmund Hornsby. He took you in to the supposedly secure vault, and there, by flickering candle light, you let out a loud gasp as your eyes fell upon the jewels. Scepter, Orb, Crown - every jewel a fake, cheap paste! So either some King fell on hard times and had the jewels pawned, or someone else has stolen them.

Of course you did not let on -- this would be a terrible blow to the nation, why it may even act as a spur to republicanism and cause a revolution! Oh no, you did what any patriot would do -- kept your mouth shut. However you were utterly furious, and swore that very day you would recover the Jewels and restore them to the monarchy. Yet despite knowing almost every fence on three continents, so far you have no idea who took them, why, or where they are to steal them back. It's as if the thief simply vanished.

From photographs, descriptions and the failure of the Tower to have them re-valued for insurance in 1860 you are fairly sure they vanished sometime between 1848 when they were examined by a valuer, and 1860 when the next valuation was missed. So they have been missing a long time, and finding them has become your obsession.

The Windsor Castle job was partly just to check - if the Koh-i-Noor diamond was there, could the Crown Jewels also be in the same safe? OK, it was mainly to get back at Bertie for his despicable treatment of Susan, but still that was a factor. Oh and of course you have to do it, because you are the greatest cracksman in history.

You despise Bertie, but you are pretty certain he knows the jewels are missing. With his mother getting older, he must realise that the fake jewels won't stand the scrutiny of his Coronation. You need to find them and fast, then give them to Susan so she can humiliate Bertie in to sorting things out with her.

Of course if you have to have to speak to him, you are completely polite. He is the Prince of Wales after all! Still this whole business with him abandoning Susan and running off with this mystery woman, well it is just not on. Make sure he gets his comeuppance, but in a way that won't hurt the Throne or Empire.

Col. Sebastian Moran

A senior officer and war hero from the Indian Army, he was commander of the 77th before resigning his position a few years back to shoot game. A devoted sportsman and highly skilled shot, he was author of the books *Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas* in 1881 and *Three Months in the Jungle* in 1884, and reportedly once crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. Nowadays to be found lounging in an armchair at your club, or playing billiards or cards with Harry Flashman and other disreputable types. he is a successful professional gambler: and clearly someone who lives for the thrill, just as you do. Therefore you realise he is immensely dangerous, and you quietly suspect he would kill anyone who got in his way.

You strongly suspect he is the Napoleon of Crime who holds the entire Underworld in a vice-like grip of terror. A leader of men, with immense cunning, and utterly ruthless, you think he is the obvious candidate. You therefore go to great lengths to ensure he thinks you are a harmless sop.

Mrs Moberley

Mrs Moberley is not someone you would choose never to meet, under any circumstances. This tyrant helped destroy the only chance of happiness you ever had, . You feel in love with her daughter back in '62. Miss Moberley, who was only 16 years of age - and you just 26 - planned to elope with you, after her awful mother forbade her to ever see you again. Of course her mother found out, and packed her off to a Swiss Finishing School. You never forgot her though, and she has never married -- she must be in her 40's now, though you still remember her as a charming girl. A few years ago you stole an amulet from Amelia Peabody and posted it anonymously to Miss Moberley, who was at the time living in France. You have prevented yourself from ever seeking her out, lest the memories of that one precious Summer you shared as youths on a seaside holiday be forever ruined.

One day after kissing her you had promised to give her jewels, and never love another woman -- and now you can safely say you have kept your word. Seeing her aging mother here is just too much for you though in your present mood, and the old bag is probably not delighted to see you either. How you wish you could return to that glorious summer you spent so happily with Charlotte Anne Moberley, before the world drove you apart!

Sherlock Holmes

HA! As if dear Sherlock could ever catch you. The Master Detective is simply not bright enough to see the blindingly obvious, and you and he have a nodding acquaintance at your club, but he has never once even glanced your way in suspicion! You wonder if the dear old duffer, who you actually quite like, knows of the fact that the Crown Jewels are missing? You know the Crowned Heads of Europe flock to him if they ever have problems that need absolute discretion. You could take him in to your confidence and work with him -- you do like Sherlock -- but of course being the greatest jewel thief in the world you are concerned about too close a relationship with him. You must decide whether he can be trusted or not? One last thing: you know Sherlock is like you, a master of disguise, and you are pretty sure he can see through your disguises as easily as you see through his.

Susan Vane Tempest

Your very best (female) friend! See the main description for what you have done together -- noticeably stolen the Koh-i-Noor diamond yesterday. Long term mistress of

the Prince of Wales, she has recently been forsaken by him for some mysterious woman, probably an actress or showgirl. The two of you plot revenge, but how exactly this will play out you need to decide. Clearly stealing the Koh-i-Noor has some role in it though. You adore (platonically) Susan!

Something Wicked

Ada Lovelace

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Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

You are properly Augusta Ada King, Countess of Lovelace, though you were born Augusta Ada Byron. Everyone calls you Ada Lovelace these days. As a girl you were presented at court, and on the 8 July 1835 you married Baron William King, Baroness King. Together you have three children: Byron, Annabella and Ralph, all now (then) adults. You lived happily with your husband, who became Count Lovelace in 1838, giving you the title you are most generally known by. You are of course the daughter of the infamous Lord Byron, long dead, whose love affairs, homosexual and heterosexual, and seduction of his half-sister Augusta, shocked all England and led to his social ostracism, exile and early death when you were still a child.

You practice "poetical science" and describe yourself as an "Analyst & Metaphysician". As a young adult, your mathematical talents led you to an ongoing working relationship and friendship with fellow British mathematician Charles Babbage, and in particular Babbage's work on the Analytical Engine. Between 1842 and 1843, you translated an article by Italian military engineer Luigi Menabrea on the Engine, which you supplemented with an elaborate set of notes of her own, simply called Notes and published. What you did not publish was your great realisation, that rather than talking in terms of Time and Space, one must accept a unified field theory - Time/Space. There is a relativistic set of principles that govern the relationship between Time/Space, and human perception is geared to understanding the passage of time as a river, but in fact it is serial; this theoretically allows an object to move not just forward in Time, but sideways, and hence track backwards or forwards. It is human perception that is limited to a single point in our Timelines, not that time actually flows. Everything that happens and will happens occurs simultaneously, and is perceived by the mind of God; the Great Architect, the Universal Observer.

Realising that it is quite possible to build not just a calculating device, but by interfacing consciousness with a Difference Engine a Perspective Device, you realised you could not scry in to the future, and see the result so of horse races. You will develop an intense love of gambling, forming a syndicate with male friends, and based on the information you will

glean from scrying you start to make greater and greater bets, risking much of your personal fortune. You will explain your gambling plans to the syndicate as having created a mathematical model for successful large bets. For a while all will go well, and then it all will go disastrously wrong, leaving you thousands of pounds in debt and being blackmailed by one of the syndicate, who has had heavies threaten your future self. You will be forced to admit the mess to your husband, who will be ruined in trying to resolve it and commit suicide, blaming you entirely, and you end your days as mistress to an elderly Parisian miser. Quite the story!

.This all taught you one valuable lesson -- it all began to play out exactly as you had foreseen; it seems however that the horses did not. They appear to be mutable, the result of the races changing from your observations in the past. You realise your personal timeline changes as you make decisions - time is flexible, and outcomes CAN change. You therefore control your gambling habit, only cots your husband a few thousand, and avoid disaster. However, your affection for your husband was destroyed, and you start to have a series of delicious affairs with various interesting men!

At this point you discover that your personal timeline ends on 27th November 1852 when your fool physician bled you to death, but your cancer of the uterus would kill you soon after anyway. You also discovered by watching your future self that your end was even more unhappy than that. You had for some reason confessed your adultery to your husband on your deathbed, who was furious and refused to speak with you or have anything to do with you at your demise. You die in agony and misery, feeling a strange guilt.

Unfortunately no change you can think of will effect the outcome of your ultimate death by cancer - but it occurs to you it may be treatable in the distant future. You therefore realised the only thing to do was build a Temporal Relocation Engine, a larger version of the Chronological Engine, which will move not just your mind but also your body to a different point in your timeline. While experimenting with the physic involved you realise you can track to another persons Timeline. You need someone who is young, take them with you, and can then time travel to a point in their future, pick up another passenger, track to a point in their timeline, and so forth until you reach your ultimate destination. You aim for November 2013, by which time medicine you hope will be well enough advanced to save you, and if not, you will voyage in to the future even further. Making good investments and even more profitable bets, you raised the money, bought the jewels that are needed for the Temporal Stabilisers, and built your time machine.

Now you needed a companion, someone whose future you could voyage in to. Your thoughts turned to your nurse, the volunteer Florence Nightingale who treats you at the Institute for the Care of Sick Gentlewomen in Upper Harley Street. Florence was young, and healthy, and has a very odd mind; and more importantly she appears to have something of a crush on you. At the last moment and entirely on impulse you invited a handsome young poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti to join you: and the three of you prepared with the Chronological Engine to make the first time jump, on August 1st 1851. You set the dials for April 1906, having first ensured that the lease on your London town house was good for the time in question, and that one room (the one that holds the Temporal Relocation Engine) was to be kept locked for 200 years by the terms of your will. You also added a stipulation that you want to be buried next to your father, Lord Byron, just in case.

What should have happened is that you will emerge from your room in 1906. What actually happened was there was a flash of light, and all the diamonds that act as Temporal Stabilisers seemed to turn to coal, and the three of you found yourselves standing somewhere in what you hope is London, in the middle of a fairground. Have you travelled to the future? Is your town house still secure and is the Temporal Relocation engine still functional? Can you find your way back to it, and continue on to the future? And how will you replace the diamonds you need?

SPECIAL ABILITIES:

TIME TRAVEL -- you have established your current location at the fair is just a minutes walk from your town house in Berkeley Square, Mayfair. If you can acquire a handful or good diamonds, or one extraordinarily good one, you can repair the machine and continue your journey onwards to seek your cure and prove to Rossetti his lasting gift to posterity to reawaken his muse (without shop girls!)

EXPERT MATHEMATICS AND COMPUTER PROGRAMMER -- you are a mathematical genius, and can easily understand the most complicated mathematical problem, and if such things existed reprogram any computer in just a few minutes. Neither are likely to be of use in this game, but if you meet another expert mathematician you can quickly demonstrate your competence (by telling them you have this skill on your sheet). If you need to do anything more complicated with it, just ask a referee.

POSSESSIONS:

A pistol and an umbrella. The future may well be dangerous, but it will certainly be damp. This is England after all!

Relationships (6)

Alfred Russel Wallace

You have never actually met Alfred, and have no idea what he looks like, but he sounds delicious. A young man from the Welsh borders you have been corresponding with him for a couple of years, and he has a good knowledge of mathematics, engineering and science. He is particularly interested in applying mathematical formulae to living systems and the realm of biology. You are keen to make his acquaintance, and you have detected a flirtatious note in his letters, but sadly you are old enough to be his mother!

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Rossetti is an exquisite young man, a thing of beauty, and possesses a fine mind. You think your father would have liked him! Unfortunately he also is young enough to be your son, and spends much of his attention on pursuing most unsuitable young ladies who pose for his paintings and inspire his wonderful poems. You like having him around though, and generously provide patronage when you happen to have spare money. Unfortunately your influence on him has become more and more indirect -- he was stung by criticism of his second great painting, *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, and has taken to only producing watercolours he sells privately - what an astonishing waste of his great talent! Furthermore he has taken up with some milliner from the shop in Cranbourne Alley, a disreputable little strumpet of the working classes. You have never met this girl called Lizzie something or other but you disapprove of with all the fury jealousy can provide, as Rossetti no longer has any time to see you it seems. He needs separating from you, and reminding of his true artistic calling, and the source of his money -- you and your upper class friends...

You invited him to your town house tonight on the pretext of participating in a

Spiritualist seance - and a substantial cheque - you and Florence agreed it was best that he did not know the plan. He was curious to see the great machine, but went along with things happily enough. You think voyaging through time with you will give him inspiration, and help him find that posterity regards him as a great artist. Then you can return him to 1851 to glory, and he will go on to achieve great things no doubt. He just needs a boost in his confidence.

Florence Nightingale

Florence is such a dear sweet girl, and if only her family would allow her to pursue her dream of becoming a nurse, but that is not an acceptable option for an upper middle class girl. Outwardly extraordinarily pious, she is actually a true bluestocking, seeking adventure where she can. The only thing saving her reputation is the fact she will not become embroiled in any scandalous love affairs, for she is a devotee of only sapphic pleasures, and her relations are only with women. She was for a while ardently pursued by a roguish soldier called Harry Flashman, who once attempted to pounce on her and declare his suit while she was walking down the dark corridors of St. Bartholomew's teaching hospital. Fortunately a passing doctor intervened, but ever since that time poor Flo has been terrified of the dark, and carries a lamp with her everywhere!

Flo is treating you marvellously for your cancer, and she is easily the equivalent of any male doctor. (Female doctors do not exist in England in 1851, being barred by law from acquiring degrees - a dreadful injustice, which may be righted in the future?) Unfortunately she knows your condition is inoperable, and nothing can be done for you. No scalpel sharp enough exists. It is much like the problem poor Charlie Babbage had that prevented him getting the cogs made for his Difference Engine. When you have picked some up you will travel back in time and sort that, and that will really change the timelines!

Flo helped you source the jewels you needed for the Time Machine - fine diamonds, but not all diamonds work. There appear to be some kind of physical impurities essential to them working correctly as Time Stabilisers. Flo is all for the adventure to the future, but did feel you should acquire spare diamonds to take with you, just in case, but you could not afford it. It cost you so much just to get the ones you have used. And now they have burned out it seems, based on the final glance you had before you found yourself at the fair, and you really have to wonder where on earth you will find more of suitable quality!

Flo is always involved in the most disreputable adventures, while maintaining an air of absolute pious middle class respectability. (Only the middle classes have to pretend to be respectable, so vulgar!) When she arrived tonight for the great adventure she seemed VERY excitable, and you were surprised considering how long you two have been planning this escapade! What on Earth is up with the girl?

Lord Byron

Lord Byron was your father; you were born 10 December 1815 as the only legitimate child of the poet Lord Byron and his wife Anne Isabella Byron. All Byron's other children were born out of wedlock. Byron separated from your mother a month after you were born and left England forever four months later driven out by the increasing sexual scandals that engulfed him, eventually dying of disease in the Greek War of Independence when you were eight years old. Your mother remained bitter at Lord Byron and promoted your interest in mathematics and logic in an effort to prevent you from developing what she saw as the insanity seen in your father, but you have remained fascinated by him and his poetry and complicated personality despite this. You

wish you could have met him, and sometimes feel like he watches over you, and on three separate occasions think you saw his ghost. The first time was in the street; the second as you entered a carriage, and the third time he appeared at your window, and said simply "I love you" before vanishing in to the night. You don't believe in ghosts, and dismiss these events as hallucinations, but with your recent research you have begun to consider the possibility that they are echoes of past events, or retrocognition, where your sense perceptions move in to the past. You would never admit it, but part of the purpose of building the Chronological Engine is to travel backwards in time, and meet your father, so he can reassure you he loves you in person -- and perhaps you can rescue him from Greece and get him proper medical attention, saving his life and genius?

However you are aware that travel backwards in time might create a paradox, so the first trip is forwards, to 2013, where there is no risk of creating a paradox. The next journey will take you back to meet your infamous father you hope. You are not quite sure what you will say to him -- he treated your mother appallingly, and was quite insane, but he is your father. As Lady Caroline Lamb said of him "he is mad, bad and dangerous to know.. but interesting!"

Master Holmes

A young man you tutored in logic and mathematics, he was your first choice for the epic journey to the future. Unfortunately he has some foolish idea of becoming a concert violinist, and smoked a pipe, a habit you could never stand. You left him in the past, but are curious to see what has become of you. The boy is quite loony of course -- driven, almost fanatical, but you do admire his keen intelligence. You are aware that he recently burned down his father's shed in a chemical accident gone wrong, and then after he got in to debt gambling on one of your Poker Analysis Tables schemes was forced to resort to a financial fraud to cover the losses to his father's bank account. You fear you will find that in the future he has been hanged, as you have propelled him accidentally in to a life of crime.

Incidentally you are the only one who knows about these matters, so at least you can be certain of his support if needed if you meet him -- he is mortified and ashamed by the shed incident, and more than a little endangered by the bank fraud which would result in a death sentence if uncovered. You think he is far too clever and the scheme far too complicated to ever be unravelled, but you could certainly do it if absolutely necessary.

You fear he has taken something of a dislike to you...

Susan Vane Tempest

A young débutante at court, whom you like for her utterly unconventional attitudes. You have become something of an inspiration to her, though she is utterly noodle headed, but recently you squabbled over a game of bagatelle and a small bet, and she has been ignoring you with lofty disdain for weeks now. You like her however and would like to patch things up...

Something Wicked

Alfred Russel Wallace

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Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

You are Alfred Russel Wallace, an outspoken and passionate advocate of the rights of women, vegetarianism, teetotalism, land reform, Spiritualism, universal education and socialist ideals. You also discovered the Theory of Evolution by Natural Selection, choosing to share the credit with Charles Darwin, a dear friend, and have immense prestige in the academic and scientific worlds. As an explorer in your youth you travelled all over the world carefully recording the fauna and flora, and you discovered the Wallace Line, that divides the species of Australasia from those of Asia. You suspect at some point in history the two continents were connected, but somehow they moved apart, causing the species on each to develop separately.

A very poor man for most of your life, from your childhood in Wales through to the current day, you live in a house you built yourself, The Greys, in Essex. The whole house is made of poured concrete, in a way you are sure will one day catch on. With your wife and growing family you have been struggling desperately in recent years financially, but have recently been awarded a Royal pension of £200 a year which will support your family while you are off travelling the world, discovering and cataloguing thousands of new species. Amelia Peabody assisted you in getting this pension, and you are grateful to her, and Isabella Bird used her influence at court too.

During your travels you had a number of exciting adventures but none compared with the horror of when you found yourself trapped in caverns with the Giant Rat of Sumatra down in South East Asia back in 1846. The huge creature with glowing red eyes was like some kind of demonic monster come to life, and for three days and three nights you were trapped underground in what seemed destined to become your tomb, fending off the horrible creature that is unlike any species you have ever seen, living or fossil! The one night a strange chap called The Doctor appeared, seemingly from nowhere, and helped you kill the creature and escape the catacombs. The Doctor did not leave with you - Lady Susan and he disappeared as mysterious as they arrived - and for a while you put the whole thing down to a fever dream. Once you were converted to Spiritualism however, you realised that in

fact the pair were your Spirit Guides, come to rescue you.

And you are a very fervent Spiritualist, convinced that the human spirit is evolving towards it's ultimate goal of union with the Godhead at the end of time. You are completely committed to your beliefs, and have seen more than an enough evidence to convince you of their truth. You did join the Society for Psychical Research for a while, as they claim to be trying to study the supernatural scientifically, but you have become very unsure about them and recently left, as most of their members are nothing but sceptics and debunkers, who could not see the truth if it perched on the end of their noses.

Special Abilities

SEANCE: if you can gather five or more people together, get them to hold hands and sing a song to raise the energies, you can call up or dismiss spirits. If you d this during the game call a referee over, though it is very likely they will notice anyway and come over!

Relationships (6)

Ada Lovelace

You never actually met Ada, who died in 1854 of cancer. As a young man from the Welsh borders you corresponded with her for a couple of years, and she had an astounding knowledge of mathematics, engineering and science. You were particularly interested in bioinformatics, applying mathematical formulae to living systems and the realm of biology work that eventually led to your theory of Evolution by Natural Selection. Ada was one of the greatest scientists of this century, and her work with Charles Babbage on the Difference Engine, a calculating device that could be programmed to conduct a series of commands and mathematical operations - well could have been if it had ever been able to get the parts machined to the precision required -- was revolutionary, and will one day lead to great things. Although she was much older than you, you used to flirt with her in those youthful days, intrigued by her reputation for seduction and scandalous behaviour -- she was after all the only legitimate daughter of the notorious poet and pervert Lord Byron, and so what else could you expect? You have tried to call up her spirit several times at seances, so far without any success...

Amelia Peabody

A very clever young woman, she is also very modern - something of a bluestocking. You approve of her tremendously as you do all liberated women, and you are delighted to see her here at the fair. You have told her something of your past adventures, and find her great company. There is some physical resemblance between her and your Chief Spirit Guide Lady Susan who you once physically manifested from the astral plane and saved you, back in Sumatra some thirty odd years ago.

Amelia has recently married, after coming in to a great fortune and travelling the world. She met up in Egypt with a lovely chap called Emerson, an eminent Egyptologist and antiquarian and married him, and you feel she is every bit his equal in these matters. What a blessed match it is! You sincerely hope that they thrive.

The only slight sadness in their lives was that shortly after the wedding Amelia fell

victim to a jewel robbery while at a country house party. She lost along with her jewels an ancient Egyptian tablet called the Eye of Ptah, and your spirits had told you it was of tremendous significance. You sincerely hope to help her recover it -- there are so many of these jewel robberies at the moment, why only last night the Queen had the Koh-i-Noor diamond, the largest in the world, stolen from her. Robbers broke in to Windsor Castle, cracked the safe, and took it. It is all over today's newspapers. What a terrible world this is, and how much we all need to reconnect with the blessed presence of Spirit and evolve to a higher spiritual state!

Hertha Marks Ayrton

There are very few people you actively dislike, but Hertha Marks Ayrton could soon become one of them. A brilliant lady scientist, with remarkable skill in electrical systems and the disciplines of mathematics and astronomy, you have corresponded with her since she was a mere girl first starting out in Science. Why you even marked her Cambridge undergraduate thesis "On the Dynamics of An Asteroid", and if she had been a male then Cambridge would have awarded her a first class honours degree, because it was absolutely astonishing. You have absolutely every regard for Hertha as a scientist - it is a tragic pity that she could never lecture because of her gender. Then one day the spirits made a suggestion - you have considerable influence on the board of trustees of London University - what if Hertha became a man? She is very good at dressing up, could have been a hit on the stage, and you helped forge papers and references for her. Hertha now lectures at the university during the day as a fictional academic you both created together, Professor James Moriarty, and at night returns home to live her quiet and respectable life as Mrs Marks Ayrton. You are the only person who knows of this bizarre double life, and you are delighted to be able to overcome the ridiculous institutional prejudices of the age, and to progress.

However recently you have had a tremendous falling out. Lie so many scientists, Hertha fails to understand your Spiritualist beliefs, and she has taken to ridiculing them as being as primitive as the chanting of Eskimo shamans, the curses of the witchdoctor or the Anglican Eucharist. She despises all religion, and has become in both her Moriarty and her Hertha persona a firm critic of religion, magic and superstition - and she lumps Spiritualism in with it.

She fails to see that Spiritualism is a firmly empirically grounded scientific religion, and that if you seek out a good medium then you will experience wonders and have the reality of the spirits proven to you. She even denies such plainly verifiable facts as that people experience ghosts, and this led you to send to her a copy of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Volume 8, in which appears a long article by an educated woman who uses the pseudonym Rose Morton. (You would dearly love to know her true identity!) A summary of the article --

Rose Morton's Ghost Story: A Summary

In April 1872 a retired army captain of Irish extraction, *Frederick William Morton* (53), his 46 year old second wife *Harriet Ann* (nee Nixon), "a great invalid", and his teenage children, 19 year old *Rose*, *Edith Sophia* who was about to turn 18, 15 year old *Henry*, 13 year old *Lilian*, 12 year old *Mabel*, and their little brother *Wilfrid*, 9, moved house. They moved from Lansdown Road in Cheltenham, the town where they had been living for the previous half dozen or so years to another rented house at Pittville Circus Road, on the corner of All Saints Road.

The first time Rose saw the ghost was in June 1872 (three months after removal): she was in her bedroom, not yet gone to bed, when she heard somebody at the door. She

thought it was her mother, but it wasn't as so: no one was there. A few steps in the corridor later, she saw the apparition at top of the stairs. After a moment, the ghost went downstairs. Rose followed her, but her candle faded. She went back to the bedroom. The apparition looked as if it were in mourning. *The lady in black kept a handkerchief to her face with her right hand.* in. The ghost looked so much real, that different witnesses thought she was an intruder or a guest! Her steps have been heard by more than twenty persons and seen around the house by seventeen different people. Despite all this, she faded when someone tried to touch her though she could pass through objects.

From 1872 to 1874, Rose saw the apparition about a half dozen times, but referred the facts strictly to a friend, while only three other persons saw the ghost. The first one was Rose's sister who, while going downstairs at 18:30, crossed the apparition going to the livingroom. She thought she was a visitor.

In autumn 1873 a waitress saw the same entity and suspected she was an intruder. Further investigations found no one.

On 18th December 1873 Rose's brother with a child saw a crying woman from the garden through the living-room window. They ran inside to see who she was, but again, she found nothing.

The apparition usually walked to a living-room window, stopped at its right for a while, then went to the corridor to the garden to fade away. The only noises were light raps on the doors and the ghost's footsteps. Rose Morton notes:

'I felt a cold icy shiver' when the ghost bends over her while she is playing the piano.

In June-August, the apparitions became more frequent, reaching their highest peak. On July 21, 1874, towards 21:00, Rose was reading in the livingroom with her father and sisters. The ghost came in from an open door and stopped behind her couch. After *half-an-hour*, she went to the garden door and faded. *Rose tried to talk to her. She stopped for a moment and seemed to be about to answer, but went on. Strangely, no one but Rose saw the apparition.* Methodically following the ghost around, she tried putting wires across its path to try and trip it up.

The night of the 2nd August everyone heard the footsteps, and a maidservant saw the ghost. On the 5th August 1874 Rose talked to her father about the ghost. The next day, a neighbour saw the ghost in the garden, convinced she was a real woman!

For the rest of the year, until 1875, the ghost frequently appeared to many people. In 1876 there were noises, cold winds, candle flames, but from 1877, through 1878 and 1879, the apparition became rare. From 1879, the ghost disappeared completely. Footsteps continued for a while but then they too faded away. The Mortons moved in 1883. What we know today about the case is though the letters written by Rose to Catherine Campbell, a school-friend.

Hertha's Critique

Hertha's response was not at all what you expected. Rather than being impressed by the detailed report by the fiercely sceptical Society for Psychical Research, she wrote to you arguing that the plain facts were obvious. Captain Morton's wife was an invalid - what more natural than he should take a young woman as a mistress? This is why the 'apparition' appeared so lifelike -- because it was, in fact, a living woman. The SPR investigators got wind of the story, and descended upon Cheltenham, where Rose was interviewed. When the neighbours had seen the figure they had obviously been told it was a ghost, but Hertha thinks Rose at least was in on it -- and her ridiculous account was concocted to throw the SPR investigators off the track, and ensure that the scandal

was minimised. This was the only reason why any ghost would be at such pains whenever seen to be veiled in widow's weeds, and clutch a handkerchief to her face - to hide her entirely human identity! Rose Morton, Hertha argued, in a complete impostor, and one who deserves to be unmasked as a villain and a liar, and at least this will have the benefit of making the SPR and spiritualists all look silly!

Hertha's letter was friendly enough in tone, but what she did next made you absolutely incandescent with rage. She wrote an anonymous letter to the papers, claiming to have known Captain Morton and family, and outlining her theory as the truth behind the Cheltenham ghost, and even claiming that everyone in Cheltenham knew this to be the true facts.

You are absolutely appalled that one you have nurtured has turned in to such a monster. You can not wait to meet with her, and demand a full and frank apology, and a letter of retraction at least!

Isabella Bird

Isabella is an explorer, naturalist, best selling writer and dear friend of yours. You also know she is an absolute maniac. She fell in love with some wild mountain man (Rocky Mountain Jim) up in the Rocky Mountains a few years back, and apparently once robbed a train with him, and brewed rough alcohol and lived with him for a couple of years as his 'wife', but eventually she returned to London and the poor chap was cornered by a sheriff's posse and shot dead. While Isabella has become a household name through her exciting book "*A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*." about her adventures in America (though much bowdlerised and with the above details notably missing) she went in to deep mourning when she heard of his death, and now is being pursued by her doctor, whose proposal of marriage she has confided in you she is almost ready to accept, despite feeling almost nothing for him.

You are desperate to help Isabella, and hope that by getting her to attend a seance you can put her in touch with the spirit of Rocky Mountain Jim, and then she will find some degree of peace and the strength to move on. Isabella is currently deeply unhinged, and if you don't find some way to help her, you fear what she might actually do. One of your priorities is to keep her safe and convince her of the truth of Spiritualism!

Susan Vane Tempest

You are absolutely astounded! Why it is one of the spirit people who saved you in Sumatra all those years ago, why back in 1846! Given the other one is here you are not surprised, but you have always had a feeling this one is your Spirit Guide, so do seek wisdom and instruction from her! Like all Higher Beings she is of course immortal, and looks not a day older than she did when she rescued you from the Giant Rat! This is by far the most convincing materialisation of a spirit you have ever seen - she appears to be almost alive, she seems so physical!

The Doctor

A spirit being, one of the Ascended Masters, it is The Doctor who saved you from the Giant Rat of Sumatra back in 1846! He appears so lifelike, so real, and it clear that many of those present do not know he is a spiritual entity, but you recognize him what he is, and could never mistake him, even after 32 years! Along with Susan he really pulled your fat out of the fire that day, and furthermore he was able to give you some pointers

that led to your eventual discovery of the theory of Natural Selection. He is clearly one of your Spirit Guides, so seek further wisdom from him, and also if you can help him in any way you can with his own spiritual development on the Path!

Something Wicked

Amelia Peabody

t

Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

You are Amelia Peabody, daughter of a reclusive scholar, who left you to deal with practical issues such as shopping and administering the household while he spent time in his office. You don't recall much about your mother Charlotte, who died when you were an infant. Your dear father, while a bit aloof and often distracted, nurtured your scholarly interests, while the rest of her immediate family dismissed you both. Following his death five years ago, your devotion to father is rewarded with you being named sole beneficiary of his substantial fortune of over £500,000 (over £30 million in today's values). Partly in order to escape the attention of numerous would-be suitors and relatives begging for money, you embarked on a tour of classical sites, beginning in Italy and moving on to Egypt with the eventual aim of visiting Palestine. While in Rome you met your future friend and companion, Evelyn Barton Forbes, whose titled family have cast her off after she eloped with, then was abandoned by, an Italian art teacher. In Egypt, you both encounter the Emerson brothers, Radcliffe and Walter. You and Radcliffe Emerson loathe one another on sight!

With Evelyn you decide to travel up the Nile, stopping at various sites along the way. When they reach Amarna, they discover the Emersons excavating the city which for a while was the capital of Egypt under the mysterious Akhenaten. Radcliffe is taken ill and you helped to keep his excavation going, and you grudgingly began to respect one another. Evelyn is attracted to Walter, but is convinced she will never marry because of her soiled reputation.

Things get complicated when Evelyn's cousin Lucas shows up at the remote site with a story about her grandfather's death, his (Lucas') inheritance, and a proposal of marriage. Amidst the romantic entanglements and attempts to continue the excavation, Emerson and you also deal with the nocturnal visitations of a mummy that walks moaning through the desert. Once the mystery was solved, you planned to stay in Egypt and conduct her own archaeological expeditions, with Emerson at her side...as advisor and your husband. . Evelyn later marries Walter, and you marry Radcliffe, accepting his proposal by teasing that it was the only way that you could engage in Egyptology without causing a scandal. The

only thing you love more than your husband is pyramids.

Radcliffe is known by his surname, "Emerson", as he hates his first name, which was his mother's maiden name (as he also has no fond feelings for his mother). He refers to you by her first name only when he is annoyed with you. Currently he is in Egypt on his annual dig, and you plan to sail out Thomas Cook and join him later this week, so you have packed and are just relaxing, and of course attempting to solve the rash of crimes afflicting London that are clearly beyond the capacity of the useless official police to deal with!

Tonight you have left the British Museum, and were taking a cab home when you saw a travelling fair in Hyde Park. On impulse you pay the cabbie and go to mingle with the crowds...

(Note to Peabody purists: This game is set in October 1882: I have moved back the events of *Crocodile in the Sand* 5 years to make it fit better. Ramses is not yet born, but you suspect you are pregnant. Given the confusion about Amelia's real age in *Crocodile*, this is acceptable I feel! The game takes place a year before the events detailed in *The Curse of the Pharaohs*).

The Eye of Ptah

While you and Emerson were at Amarna you acquired a mysterious artefact from the 13th Dynasty called The Eye of Ptah. The jewelled amulet is very distinctive, and has on it a refrain in hieroglyphs "The Eye of Ptah, Opened of the Ways: That Which Was Shall Be, and That Which Is, Can Be Made Never". Ptah was an early deity associated with architects. His titles were "*Ptah the beautiful face, Ptah lord of truth, Ptah master of justice, Ptah who listens to prayers, Ptah master of ceremonies, Ptah lord of eternity*". You had a strange feeling about this particular amulet -- you have handled hundreds, but somehow both you and Emerson agreed there was something odd, special about this one. It seemed to have a peculiar power, and if you had it close to you you felt sometimes you caught glimpses of the past - pure imagination, but it was like you were seeing scenes from very temples you were excavating, as they were in their heyday. Unfortunately one weekend at Owlpen money where you were attending a house party it vanished, along with many of the guest jewels. That was about three years ago, and both you and Emerson have done all you can to find it, even hiring detectives, but if you with your brain can't catch the thief who can? You don't know why it matters to you so much - it is valuable, but you can afford the loss. It is more the fact it has a strong sentimental attachment for you. You want it back!

The Windsor Castle Theft.

The headlines today are dominated by the spectacular theft of the Koh-i-Noor diamond, (literally the Mountain of Light), the largest diamond in the world. It was a gift to Queen Victoria as Empress of India, and was apparently taken from a cracked safe in Windsor Castle. Sherlock Holmes has been called to the Palace. This sounds exactly your cup of tea, and you plan to get it back first! You are not exactly sure how to go about it, but you will beat Holmes to it.

The Whitechapel Murders

Obviously like everyone else you are watching in horror as Jack the Ripper's killing spree dominates the news. Again, you plan to be the woman who captures him. With that in mind you have made careful notes from the papers on what has occurred so far...

Victim 1, August 31st, Polly Nicholls

On August 31st, Mary Ann Nicholls (43), known to her friends as Polly, had her throat cut in Buck's Row. She was apparently extraordinarily drunk, and was thrown out of the doss house in Thrawl Street at 1.20am for not having the three pence a night for shelter there. She left saying she would soon make that, and remarking "see what a jolly bonnet I've got now!" At 2.30am another prostitute, Mary's friend Emily Holland saw her leaning against a wall, very drunk. She tried to persuade her to come back to the lodging house, but Mary said she had made the money three times over and spent it on drink, but she would soon earn it again and join her friend. She never did; she was found her throat cut and body mutilated by a tram conductor called Charlie A. Cross at 3.40am.

Victim 2: September 8th, Annie Chapman

On September 8th Annie Chapman (47), known to her friends as "Dark Annie" was brutally slain. The killing took place in the back courtyard of the overcrowded slum tenement at 29 Hanbury Street, with 8 rooms and 17 occupants All with respectable trades boarding there.

The only entrance to the court was a passage that led through from the road, but Annie could have gone there sleeping somewhere dark to sleep, having been turned away from Crossingham Lodging House just round the corner where she planned to sleep that night (as she often did) for lacking the fourpence. She was also unwell, and had been to the Teaching Hospital that day, where a doctor had given her two pills she was carrying with her, but the nature of the medicine is unknown. She showed them to friends however, but the doctor she saw never came forward, possibly because the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel does so many charity cases each day individual patients are little noted.

At 5.20am Albert Cadosch, a carpenter was getting ready for work in the back garden of number 27. He heard a man and a woman talking the other side of the fence, and just before 5.30am the woman said no, but then seemed to fall or lean on the fence. As this is the normal position for copulation in the streets, The Camberwell Upright, or Threepenny Upright, he assumed it was a prostitute about her business.

At just a few minutes before 5.30am Elizabeth Darell said she saw Chapman walking down Hanbury Street with a man, about forty years of age, foreign looking, possibly Jewish, dark and with a 'shabby genteel' look. (Ask a referee if you want to compare with someone presents looks). He wore a bown coat and a deerstalker hat and simply asked Annie "will you?" and she said "yes." Finally sometime between 5.45am and 6am tram conductor John Davis came out on his way to work, and found the horribly slashed body of Annie Chapman in the yard. Sunrise was not until 7.30am, so the murder took place in the dark.

On the 27th September, the following letter in red ink written and sent it to the Central News Agency was published, along with photographs of the letter. It read as follows...

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha. ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck.

Yours truly

Jack the Ripper

Dont mind me giving the trade name

PS Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha

It has been said several times at the Inquests that the Ripper must possess medical skills, or surgical skills, or perhaps be a trained vet or slaughterman. Leather Apron is a shoemaker called John Pizer, a sometimes violent and lustful man, who was one of many suspects hauled in and questioned by the police. 'Get buckled' by the way if just East End slang for being hanged.

The 'Double Event', 29th September

On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride (44) was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms in Spitalfields. She was seen leaving the pub by several people, apparently in the company of a well dressed man in a black morning suit with a small dark moustache. Two brothers, J Best and John Gardner later saw her kissing a man who was of respectable appearance in a doorway, wearing a brown coat and seemingly quite affectionate to her, and teased the couple that the man was Jack the Ripper. The couple moved off, buying grapes in Berner Street, but the fruitseller's testimony keeps changing so is best ignored. Finally the couple were seen by William Marshall, a labourer, walking towards Dutfield Yard. He did not see the mans face, but described him as wearing working class clothes, but of good quality, being stout and powerfully built. The couple seemd on good terms, and neither drunk, and the man remarked to Stride "You would say anything but your prayers". Marshall was paying very little attention, so was not able to give a better description, but the man does not meet the description of the man she was seen with earlier. Between 12.45 and 1am several people claim to have seen Lizzie being accosted by two or possibly three men, but the best sightings by Israel Schwartz and independently by dockworker James Brown have her struggling with a short dark haired man dressed in the manner of a docker, and of Irish appearance. Another large burly fellow, with a dog, stood across the road watching the struggle.

Lizzie Stride's body was found at 1am, the throat cut, but with no other mutilations, apparently because the murderer was disturbed by the arrival of Louis Diemschutz with a cart. At exactly the same time, Catharine Eddowes, who had been picked up earlier in the day for impersonating a fire engine loudly outside a shop while drunk, having been allowed to sober up in a cell, was sent home by the police. She never made it - she was seen by three men returning from the Imperial Club talking to a man in the entry to Mitre Square, a location she would have reached about 1.10am, at 1.30am, and at 1.45am her body was found with the usual horrific mutilations, her belly slit and entrails arranged over her shoulder, with ghastly facial mutilations as well, lying in a darl corner of Mitre Square popular with prostitutes. Sometime later a strip of her bloodied apron was found on a staircase at on Goulston Street. Scrawled on the wall was the phrase "The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for nothing"

On the 1st October the Saucy Jack postcard (which read as follows) arrived at the Central News Agency and was published in all the papers...

I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a bit couldn't finish straight off. Had not got time to get ears off for police thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.

This takes you up to October 16th, today...

The Napoleon of Crime

Another thing that has been in the papers a lot recently is sensational stories about how London's Underworld has been united under a sinister new "Napoleon of Crime", and that this man or woman is ruthlessly eliminating the established criminal bosses if they will not obey his (or her) every command. You think this is probably stuff and nonsense, intended to distract from the very real horrors of the Ripper killings, but it is worth noting.

Special Abilities

WEALTH: you have considerable means, and may use it as you see fit. Anything money can do, just ask a referee or say it is arranged!

EGYPTOLOGY: You are an absolute expert here, and can ask a referee if you have any questions.

Relationships (6)

A.. J . Raffles

A handsome young man about town, and confirmed bachelor, who shares his Albany flat with his companion a chap named 'Bunny' Maunders. A lot brighter than he pretends to be, you have met him at several Country House weekends, and found him perfectly charming. You are faintly suspicious he was involved in the Theft of the Eye of Ptah, but why would an independently wealthy young man, well travelled as he is, ever want to steal an ancient Egyptian talisman? It has little monetary value, and he lacks any occult knowledge as far as you can see. You hired a Consulting Detective who looked in to the matter and assured you he appeared completely innocent, so now you are at a loss. Perhaps charm can get Raffles to open up? It is imperative you get the Eye back, soon! It has been missing three years already...

Alfred Russel Wallace

A wonderful man! He is a passionate advocate of the rights of the poor, land reform, Spiritualism and a Chartist! He also co-discovered the Theory of Evolution by Natural Selection with Charles Darwin, and is one of the foremost scientists and scholars of this or any age. He lives in a house he built himself, The Greys, in Essex, and the whole house is made of poured concrete. You often visit him there for sinner, and one of his silly seances, but of course you would never say that to him as it would hurt him so. He has been struggling desperately in recent years financially, but has recently been awarded a Royal pension of £200 a year which will support his family while he is off travelling the world, discovering and cataloguing thousands of new species.

He once told you of the bizarre adventure and narrow escape he had with the giant rat of Sumatra - really, he should be a novelist, the tale was hair raising, though you doubted the part about the sudden appearance in the jungle of an English Doctor and a noble lady who rescued him. You wonder what the true story really is? He seemed to imply they were Spirits travelling from the other Side to save him, perhaps personifications of his Spirit Guides. You had to half eat your best handkerchief to stop yourself laughing out loud!

If Alfred needs help, then make sure you go to his assistance...

Dr. Rosina Despard

You don't know her, but you do approve. She has recently become the 23rd woman to qualify as a GP in England & Wales, and been appointed to the post of Doctor at Holloway Women's Prison. Too long women have been treated as second class citizens, and at last you are delighted to see them start to enter the professions. Votes for women, that's what is needed next!

Isabella Bird

Isabella is an explorer, naturalist, best selling writer and dear friend of yours. You also know she is an absolute maniac. She fell in love with some wild mountain man (Rocky Mountain Jim) up in the Rocky Mountains a few years back, and apparently once robbed a train with him, and brewed rough alcohol and lived with him for a couple of years as his 'wife', but eventually she returned to London and the poor chap was cornered by a sheriff's posse and shot dead. While Isabella has become a household name through her exciting book "*A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*." about her adventures in America (though much bowdlerised and with the above details notably missing) she went in to deep mourning when she heard of his death, and now is being pursued by her doctor, whose proposal of marriage she has confided in you she is almost ready to accept, despite feeling almost nothing for him.

You told Isabella about your adventures in Egypt, and she confided in you about the pesky doctor, and her heartbreak over Rocky Mountain Jim's death. You wish there was something you could do to ease her pain, and have had an idea. What if you persuade her to escape her doctor's advances by travelling with you to Egypt for this year's dig? That would suit her perfectly, and there is nothing to keep her in London, besides her claim last time you met she planned to give up on respectability and hold up a mail coach!

Sherlock Holmes

Supposedly the World's Greatest Consulting Detective, you are not that impressed by his skills and think you could do far better, though it does occur to you that he might be worth hiring to find the Eye of Ptah. You did once travel to 221b Baker Street to discuss the matter with him, but you found him as imperious as a Pharaoh, haughty and unfriendly, with a commanding arrogance you disliked. Something about him made you feel servile, unworthy, like you should grovel before him. He is clever that is for sure, and certainly knows his Egyptology well for an amateur, but he makes you very uncomfortable. You are not quite sure why, and perhaps it is a little like your first feeling towards Emerson when you met and despised him - but if Mr. Holmes is clever, why so are you, and you don't intend to let him steal all the glory by finding the missing diamond and catching the Ripper!

Susan Vane Tempest

You have never met her, but know this imperious lady was mistress to Bertie, Prince of Wales, for the last 25 years, because everyone knows that. The gossip is he has chucked her for an American actress! You feel a bit sorry for this rich old bird, trapped in her gilded cage, but she is too high and mighty to ever notice you, and frankly from what you can make out rather dim. Isabella knows her well and likes her though, or so you believe.

Something Wicked

Bertie, Prince of Wales

Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

What ho chaps! You are Edward, Prince of Wales, eldest son of Queen Victoria, heir to the throne and Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, Duke of Saxony, Earl of Chester, Earl of Dublin, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Thistle. Your friends, of which you have many, call you Bertie.

Forty three years of age, you are impatient to be King, and since father died when you were twenty you have been fair straining at the leash to have a crack at running Blighty. Mother has effectively retired from public affairs, and divides her time between Balmoral, Sandringham, Windsor and the Isle of Wight, and let a shabby bunch of third rate types called politicians mess the whole place up. What's worse, the common folk, who you rather like, nay love, just don't respect royalty any more. You don't blame them at all -- mother rarely bothers to do anything but mourn and attend seances to try and speak with father, and these miserable wretches of a government let everything go to rack and ruin. No, you need to do something, and once you are King you bally well will.

In fact, despite having lot so great ideas you get to do very little, apart from live the life of a leisured playboy. You have quietly used your influence to promote reform in the army and navy, done what you can to sort out this miserable shower of politicians and travelled all over the world on State visits, but you really don't get to do anything worthwhile while the old bat is alive and you remain Prince of Wales. You love mother dearly, but she really is quite nuts, and seems intent on living forever.

So you have done what you can to improve the image of the Royal Court, and the monarchy. You make public appearances, and have taken to kissing babies, which seems to go down well with the public. You open fêtes and pleasure gardens, hobnob with the crowds at race meetings, and ride in your carriage through town. At first people were indifferent, but after a real effort at your Saville Row tailors you are now universally regarded as the most fashionable man in England, and hence the World, and crowds have started to gather to wave flags and cheer whenever you make a state appearance. You give generously to

charities, endorse popular causes, and do everything you can to build up a popular cult of monarchy. And by Jove, it's working! The public love you!

In private, well you love to gamble, love to spend time at clubs, but most of all love women. Unhappily married to that cold cow Princess Alexandra of Denmark, with who you are raising the brood of princelings, you spend as much time as you can with your mistresses, of whom you have had some thirty to forty to date. From the highest nobility like Susan Vane Tempest, to popular actresses like Lillie Langtree, through to shop girls, tarts and even once a washerwoman, you have explore the beauty and promise of the female form. It is your compulsion - every woman is a challenge, and you are a marvellous flirt, generous to your many bastard offspring, and a skilled and patient lover. And it is not just about sex -- you actually become emotionally attached to them, though rarely at more than the friend level.

Except for Susan, Lady Vane Tempest. You too really had something going on - you thought she might be the love of your life. And she nearly was, until she suddenly took off to Paris or somewhere without a word of explanation back in the Summer, and you saw neither hide nor hair of her for nearly two months. When she did show up again, well you were jolly peeved, and had moved on. You had taken a new mistress, and enchanting and oh so depraved American named Irene Adler, and on the side were flirting with an exciting little minx called Lizzie who is a milliner from Cranbourne Alley. You will have to make a decision between them tonight you expect - both are so enticing though! Oh and Susan has come crawling back, but it's too late now. She hurt you, broke your bally heart, and it is hard to see how she can ever hope to be forgiven!

Anyway you have much bigger problems than women right now. All your hard work building up the reputation of the monarchy is at terrible risk, and it could well end up that the Luddites or Chartists or Jacobins or something will take over the country! It's bad enough with the Fenians blowing things up with dynamite -- once this secret comes out the monarchy will be a laughing stock. You only found out last night when some thieves broke in to Windsor Palace and took the Koh-i-Noor diamond, a gift to your mother in her capacity as Empress of India. It's an ugly rock, big as a hen's egg, and even after having it recut it just lacks the proper sparkle of diamonds, but it is very famous and you are told cursed. Well that bit is right -- it disappeared, leaving you with egg on your face. The papers are full of it of course, but at the moment public sympathy is still with you. Awful business, must be an inside job, it was taken from a safe in your private quarters, and all of the staff swear they saw nothing unusual at all!

Public feeling will soon change if they find out the rest. You had that Consulting Detective fellow, Sherlock Holmes summoned to the palace, and commanded him to deal with it. Of course he agreed, and wandered off to make enquiries, but within the hour he was back with even worse news. Someone it seems has made off with the bally old Crown Jewels as well! Seems some fiend broke in to the Tower, past that old duffer Sir Edmund Hornsby and his Beefeaters, and made off with them, leaving only tacky replicas with cheap paste jewels. And none of them noticed, because of course they only go down there by candlelight, and the jewels are kept safely in a very secure burglar proof case, so close inspection is impossible. In fact this Sherlock fellow seems to think that they may have been missing for years!

So what is a chap to do? The old dear could pop her clogs at any time, and then there will be a State Coronation. The regalia will be brought out, the press will find out that they are not all they seem, and the monarchy will be a laughing stock. One great theft of royal jewels is bad enough - but London has been plagued by jewel thefts for years, and one more, well it happens to all the best families. The loss of the Koh-i-Noor is embarrassing, but survivable. Two thefts, and losing the ruddy Crown Jewels? This is a catastrophe. Whatever happens, they must be recovered, and quickly!

You can't trust the police - they are busy with the atrocities of Jack the Ripper, and all this talk of the Napoleon of Crime who is said to have taken over the whole of London's Underworld, though frankly you suspect the latter is just a myth. You don't entirely trust this Sherlock fellow either - he seems a bit insubordinate, and more interested in asking about your mistresses than finding the jewels - cheeky blighter!

You are not in the mood for your club tonight, and on leaving Windsor Palace went for a stroll in the grounds. And what did you find? Nothing more than a travelling fairground, here in the Royal Park? Well you won't make a fuss, but it does seem very odd. Perhaps the fair folk or the visitors were responsible for the theft of the diamond? Well then Bertie, you had best question them, and recover the bally thing yourself!

Relationships (8)

Col. Sebastian Moran

Ah fine fellow, served with distinction in India, decorated for heroism, and damned fine cards and billiards player. Exactly the kind of Johnny who made the Empire great. You trust him more than Sherlock Holmes, and perhaps you should ask for his assistance in recovering the blasted diamond? In fact maybe he could help finding the Crown Jewels? As an officer he is an honourable chap, and you think you understand his type. Yes, damned fine fellow!

Irene Adler

Irene has been your friend and almost companion ever since Susan went off with that doctor. You actually did not know much about her till that impertinent Holmes fellow filled you in earlier on her background -- Adler was born in New Jersey in 1858. She followed a career in opera as a contralto, performing at La Scala in Milan, Italy, and a term as prima donna in the Imperial Opera of Warsaw, Poland, indicating that she was an extraordinary singer. It was there that she became the lover of Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismund von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein and King of Bohemia, who was staying in Warsaw for a period. The King eventually returned to his court in Prague. Adler, then in her late twenties, retired from the opera stage and moved to London. Holmes seemed to think this was terrible, and droned on and on about her, barely stopping to breathe. He must have talked ten times more about "the woman" as he calls her than he ever did about the missing jewels.

You don't give hoot about that. She is an adventuress, courtesan, and most beautiful woman on Earth. Just thirty years of age, you long to taste the decadent pleasures she promises with every teasing moment you spend alone, but so far she has rebuffed you. Soon she will be yours, that you know, but it is as if there is something she wants and that you are missing the point somehow. You have given her paintings, furs, jewels and racehorses, but still she denies you the simple pleasure of her body. And this woman is no prude! Find out what it is, and whatever the price, pay it! Unless you decide to settle for the mysterious shop girl, Lizzie...

Isabella Bird

What an amazing woman she is! Such an adventurer, explorer, and scientist! You respect very few women as you know, chaps, but Isabella earns your respect. You can't think of her as a woman - you think of her as a friend, drinking and riding companion, and one of the boys! She has travelled all over the world having exciting adventures, and written damned fine yarns about them. How you wish you could be like her, a wild and free spirit. Unfortunately you will never be a great explorer or clever clogs like Isabella, you will always be a mere King. Still she has promised you an adventure, if you are not chicken, some great excitement to liven up your days. You have no idea what it is, but so long as it does not involve sleeping with her -- that would be just wrong -- you are completely up for it. Maybe she plans for you both to swim the Channel, teach the Elephants at London Zoo irregular German verbs or carry out a pogrom in Shepherd's Bush? Whatever silly plan she has developed, it will be wonderful fun! And you would never dream back out of a dare, would you? She has bet you a shilling you won't do whatever she is planning, and you would hate to lose!

Lizzie Siddal

Oh mysterious Lizzie! Another woman who has so far refused your advances, saying her embrace is not for Kings or Emperors, only for those who would taste the bliss of immortality! Such fine words for a girl who works in a hat shop in Cranbourne Alley, or so she once told you. You suspect she is really a street walker, as you meet her usually in pleasure gardens or by The Embankment, where she waits for you by a certain lamppost. Her dark red hair, ruby lips, white teeth, soulful eyes and graceful swan like neck! She is like something out of an oil painting! A woman like this demands your whole soul, and you feel she would be yours, if only you would renounce all other women (excepting the wife obviously) and commit to her. And oddly enough, juts as you think of her, you see her here!

Miss Nightingale

Ah, dear old Flo Nightingales, lady Chastity Knickers herself! Harry Flashman told you she might as well become a nun, and he knew her when she was young. The Lady with the Lamp, who served the soldiers of the Crimea well. In a nursing capacity you mean. You once flirted with her but she seemed completely oblivious, pious little prig. If only she were thirty years younger, you would have her, but she isn't. Mind you, her young daughter who you have just spotted here at the Fair looks exactly your type...

Nancy

Well hullo! What a charming little creature she is! An East End street walker, of the very type Jack the Ripper preys upon. She is just too pretty to be allowed to end killed by some maniac: a nice little flat in Brighton, she will be just the thing to keep your seaside holidays exciting once you make the arrangements to install her at "the end of peer" er sorry pier! Yes, you have not spoken to her yet, but what a charming little dainty. Not quite London mistress material, but definitely Brighton. Well best have a word with her and suggest the arrangement?

Sherlock Holmes

You know he is supposedly the greatest Consulting Detective in the World, and a damned fine fiddle player, but he has not got you your jewels of diamonds back has he?

And the fellow is impertinent -- asked all kinds of questions about Irene and Susan. Who does he think he is? You find him an arrogant jumped up little man - far too grand for your liking, like one of those Austrian Dukes or Italian Counts who swan around the place with airs and graces. You found yourself almost bowing to him, and offering him tea and seeing him out of the door like an under footman! Damned fellow, he has best deliver! Why are you so in awe of him and so diffident in his presence?

Susan Vane Tempest

Oh dear, dear Susan! Since '64 when her husband Adolphus died she has been your constant, faithful (she has been faithful - clearly you haven't) and loving companion. After nearly 25 years of putting up with your wife and endless dalliances with other ladies, she gave you an ultimatum: from now on it was just her, Princess Alexandra and you, or she was through with you. You laughed at her and did not take her seriously, but that was a mistake. She took off to Paris with some doctor somebody or other -- you never did learn his name, perhaps for the best -- and left you! And you were utterly heart broken, and took a good month to recover. When she returned in August she came back as if nothing had happened, and said she missed you, but you treated with royal disdain. You miss her, you really do, and it cuts a fellow up terribly even to see her -- but you can't forgive her cheating on you. She has been hanging around Windsor, trying to get you to pay attention to her, but it is not going to happen. Your royal dignity will not allow you to be cast aside for a commoner like that, even after all those happy years!

Something Wicked

Bill Sikes

Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

Bill Sikes is a thug, a brutal, vicious thug. He is also a charismatic and likeable fellow, and effective leader of Fagin's gang of pickpockets. Yet he serves three masters, and must make hard choices...

You are William 'Bill' Sikes and enforcer for East End criminal gangs. Notorious, violent and many would say ignorant, you are however a superstar in the East End -- not quite as famous as Jack the Ripper, but certainly as well known as say Dr. Barnardo who skulks around the streets rescuing homeless kids for his Children's Homes. You are liked, feared and respected -- not only are you a big time gangster, you are a stylish, witty gangster. You have street swagger, rock star style and are rough, tough and more than able to handle yourself in any fight. You are the gangsta rap star of London, the bad boy the girls want, and you know it. You stroll round the streets in a cocky manner, with your pit bull "Bull's Eye", and woe betide anyone who gets in your way or looks at you funny.

You grew up on the streets, and life taught you hard lessons young. Fagin took you in, and soon you became his lieutenant. Now he is old and less able, you are the one who holds the gang together, keeping the girls on the street corners, the punters paying, and the stolen goods coming in and being fenced for a good profit. At times you have to teach people to mind their manners, or to respect the gang, and those who betray you and your friends die, and their bodies are found floating in the Thames. Despite this casual brutality you have only ever killed three times, and two of them deserved it -- and one has actually touched what little conscience you have. Murder is actually surprisingly uncommon on the streets of Whitechapel - before the Jack the Ripper slayings, only two prostitutes, among the more vulnerable members of the underworld, had been killed in the previous ten years. Deliberate murder is even rare - usually a corpse only turns up when a beating goes too far. Also, you won't use guns - that is too impersonal, and completely against the Underworld code. Pick up a gun, soon the rozzers will want them. So if you kill, it's because you just hit 'im a bit too 'ard, know what I'm saying?

For some years now you have been that lowest of all Underworld characters, the informer. Not for the old bill of course, you'd never sink that low. Now for a gentleman by the name of Sherlock Holmes. For years he has known pretty much everything that happens on the streets, and had fingers in every pie, from Parliament through the City of London, the Palace, the Press and the banks, right down to the streets of Whitechapel and the lowest dregs of the Underworld. If it happens in London, he knows about it. Eventually you realised that giving Sherlock what he wanted, information, was the best way to stay safe from his endless curiosity and far from benign attentions. He doesn't ask for much - just for information normally, or to have some posh type watched - he rarely intervenes in your business, and when he does it is simply to warn you to leave someone or some property alone, or to make sure a certain street is clear at a certain time, or to perform some ridiculous task like remember how many red headed men disembark from trains at Liverpool Street or St. Pancras station on a certain morning. The scary thing about him is you never know who he is - on of course, you know he plays the fiddle, lives at 221B Baker Street, has a friend called Dr. Watson and smokes a pipe. Pretty much anyone who reads the newspapers knows all that. No what you mean is that he often travels the streets in disguise, and so perfect are his assumed mannerisms and costumes that you never know it is Sherlock, until too late. The result is you always speak well of him to ANYONE who asks, expressing the opinion he is a very fine gentleman and a real hero, just in case it's him in disguise!

At least Sherlock is not hard to work for, not like this new character, the Napoleon of Crime the papers call him, and he is Sherlock's sworn enemy. You have no idea who he is, but you live in terror of him. This character has been slowly exerting his influence for the last three years, and communicates through notes bearing his mysterious symbol. You thought he was a rogue ex-army officer called Col. Sebastian Moran at first, but now you are not sure. The Colonel is close to the Napoleon, of that you are sure, and a well educated gent, but you don't know who they are. You would think it was Holmes if it was not that so many of the orders you receive seem to involve watching Holmes and his agents. It is clear the two of them are locked in some kind of mysterious battle for London, and you are a pawn caught in their game. One thing is certain: if you cross the Napoleon, or refuse to obey one of his mysterious notes, you will end up horribly dead. Not just mutilated, your fate will be exquisitely ghastly -- you know because this has been the fate of several underworld figures who mocked him, or refused to speedily carry out the orders contained in one of his mysterious notes. So really, you have little choice but to obey him, no matter how much you hate doing so. If only you could find out his identity, then you could be free again, after giving him the nasty death he so richly deserves!

However, much as you fear Sherlock and the Napoleon, they have nothing on your third master. You would prefer to spend all day collecting horse dung on your hands and knees than have to deal with the Cyberman Controller. It's not like he is even human! This creepy metallic horror is some kind of mechanical man, and you sometimes, late at night when the stars wink down on you when the smog clears, look up, and wonder if he is even of this Earth...

It all started back in the Spring when a little alley up in Kensington in the West End suffered a cave in. Hob's Lane it's called, in a prosperous commercial district. The road was roped off when the pit appeared in the middle of it, and some borough workman apparently went to fill it in, but never got far. Now one night you were following mysterious Lizzie (see below) a girl you have become curious about - maybe even a little infatuated with. Nancy, your best girl, told you all about her -- a pretty little creature who flits around the streets at night, and whom Nancy is convinced is a ghost! Anyway you followed Lizzie, hoping to make her acquaintance, and she vanished somewhere up in Kensington. She knew you were following her, you are sure of that, and there was something almost flirtatious in the way she kept almost letting you catch her, leading you on - literally - for hours and hours and right across London!

Just before dawn you lost her, and thought about the long walk home, and then you noticed the abandoned roadworks, and decided to take a quick look to see if there was anything worth nicking. There wasn't, but curiosity compelled you to scramble down, far down, in to the pit that had opened up in the road.

Beneath the pit was what must be an ancient cavern, some twenty feet below the level of the road. And there as he most amazing sight, a strange silvery box, almost the size of a cottage, covered in weird hieroglyphs. Suddenly there was a humming noise, and a creature from nightmare emerged. A metallic man, the being you know know as the Cyber Controller, held you fast in it's grasp, and read your mind and memories, in a terrible painful way you can't begin to explain. Angel or demon from the Pit you knew not, but you knew one thing - you are not a religious man, but your end had come. You did the only thing you could think of, and as it released you you feel on your knees and worshipped it. And your New Metal Man God was pleased, and told you that henceforth you would be it's servant, and do what it commanded, or perish utterly.

Turns out what it wants is pretty much the same as every other man - it wanted women, some of your girls. Well that was easy enough -- you would not hand Nancy over to this monster, but Annie Chapman, Catharine Eddowes, Mary Anne Kelly, and Polly Nicholls seemed a fair price for your life. Then it asked for the impossible. It asked you to go and fetch the Homing Beacon. You pointed out you had no idea what that was, so it settled for books, magazines, maps and newspapers. No source of information seems to be too trivial to not be of interest to the thing. So you delivered the books and papers, a street directory of London, a dictionary, and atlas, anything it wanted really. You even delivered the women, and each was returned safely to you in the morning, none with it seemed any inkling at all of what had happened to them after they entered the pit. It was like part of their memory was missing, taken from them. And somehow they changed, but you can't put your finger on it -- not that it matters as two of them are dead now anyway, killed by the maniac they call Jack the Ripper. Mary Anne is still alive, and you have been encouraging her to leave town, but she refuses to do so. Why would she? Where would she go? You fear their night with the Cyberman is somehow linked to their deaths, and though you are a brute you want to see Mary Ann safely away, because you fear that she will be next. You also saw her just two days ago heading up towards West London on the tram, and you fear that she has been somehow controlled by the Cyber Controller, and is also serving him now. What if she recruits others? How many are there who are now Servants of the Cybermen?

Meanwhile the Cyber Controller summoned you to the Pit again. You are not sure how, but when he requires your presence you hear a voice in your head, and know you must head their quickly before the pain starts. This time it seemed unusually animated, jubilant also. It gave you a press cutting showing the Koh-i-Noor diamond, the largest in the world, recently brought from India and given to Queen Victoria. This, it informed you, was the "homing beacon". You were to retrieve it and bring it to him, from its current location, a safe in Windsor Castle! You were absolutely horrified -- this really is not your sort of job, and you can't see how you can do it. You will need help, and fast, as the Cyber Controller is becoming increasingly insistent. It seems to think it's friends are coming, on a ship called the SS Mondas, and it needs the diamond to make contact with them. You are to provide it. But how?

Should you tell Holmes? the Police? Fagin? So far you have told no one. Your conscience troubles you little, but right now you feel some guilt over your almost accidental involvement in one of the Ripper killings. You were at least an accessory to the death of poor Lizzie Stride, the only victim who was not one of your girls - and that is because of course she was not killed by Jack, though everyone assumes she was...

The Whitechapel Murders

All of London is absolutely frantic with the sensational slayings of Jack the Ripper, which have dominated the headlines all Summer.

Victim 1, August 31st, Polly Nicholls

On August 31st, Mary Ann Nicholls (43), known to her friends as Polly, had her throat cut in Buck's Row. She was apparently extraordinarily drunk, and was thrown out of the doss house in Thrawl Street at 1.20am for not having the three pence a night for shelter there. She left saying she would soon make that, and remarking "see what a jolly bonnet I've got now!" At 2.30am another prostitute, Mary's friend Emily Holland saw her leaning against a wall, very drunk. She tried to persuade her to come back to the lodging house, but Mary said she had made the money three times over and spent it on drink, but she would soon earn it again and join her friend. She never did; she was found her throat cut and body mutilated by a tram conductor called Charlie A. Cross at 3.40am. She was one of your girls you had introduced to the Cyber Controller.

Victim 2: September 8th, Annie Chapman

On September 8th Annie Chapman (47), known to her friends as "Dark Annie" was brutally slain. The killing took place in the back courtyard of the overcrowded slum tenement at 29 Hanbury Street, with 8 rooms and 17 occupants All with respectable trades boarding there.

The only entrance to the court was a passage that led through from the road, but Annie could have gone there sleeping somewhere dark to sleep, having been turned away from Crossingham Lodging House just round the corner where she planned to sleep that night (as she often did) for lacking the fourpence. She was also unwell, and had been to the Teaching Hospital that day, where a doctor had given her two pills she was carrying with her, but the nature of the medicine is unknown. She showed them to friends however, but the doctor she saw never came forward, possibly because the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel does so many charity cases each day individual patients are little noted.

At 5.20am Albert Cadosch, a carpenter was getting ready for work in the back garden of number 27. He heard a man and a woman talking the other side of the fence, and just before 5.30am the woman said no, but then seemed to fall or lean on the fence. As this is the normal position for copulation in the streets, The Camberwell Upright, or Threepenny Upright, he assumed it was a prostitute about her business.

At just a few minutes before 5.30am Elizabeth Darell said she saw Chapman walking down Hanbury Street with a man, about forty years of age, foreign looking, possibly Jewish, dark and with a 'shabby genteel' look. (Ask a referee if you want to compare with someone presents looks). He wore a bown coat and a deerstalker hat and simply asked Annie "will you?" and she said "yes." Finally sometime between 5.45am and 6am tram conductor John Davis came out on his way to work, and found the horribly slashed body of Annie Chapman in the yard. Sunrise was not until 7.30am, so the murder took place in the dark.

On the 27th September, the following letter in red ink written and sent it to the Central News Agency was published, along with photographs of the letter. It read as follows...

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon

hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha. ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck.

Yours truly

Jack the Ripper

Dont mind me giving the trade name

PS Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha

It has been said several times at the Inquests that the Ripper must possess medical skills, or surgical skills, or perhaps be a trained vet or slaughterman. Leather Apron is a shoemaker called John Pizer, a sometimes violent and lustful man, who was one of many suspects hauled in and questioned by the police. 'Get buckled' by the way if just East End slang for being hanged.

The 'Double Event', 29th September

On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride (44) was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms in Spitalfields. She was seen leaving the pub by several people, apparently in the company of a well dressed man in a black morning suit with a small dark moustache (Jonathan Harker - see below)

Two brothers, J Best and John Gardner later saw her kissing a man who was of respectable appearance in a doorway, wearing a brown coat and seemingly quite affectionate to her, and teased the couple that the man was Jack the Ripper. The couple moved off, buying grapes in Berner Street, but the fruitseller's testimony keeps changing so is best ignored.

Finally the couple were seen by William Marshall, a labourer, walking towards Dutfield Yard. He did not see the man's face, but described him as wearing working class clothes, but of good quality, being stout and powerfully built. The couple seemed on good terms, and neither drunk, and the man remarked to Stride "You would say anything but your prayers". Marshall was paying very little attention, so was not able to give a better description, but the man does not meet the description of the man she was seen with earlier. This is unsurprising as it was you!

Between 12.45 and 1am several people claim to have seen Lizzie being accosted by two or possibly three men, but the best sightings by Israel Schwartz and independently by dockworker James Brown have her struggling with a short dark haired man dressed in the manner of a docker, and of Irish appearance. Another large burly fellow, with a dog, stood across the road watching the struggle (you again!).

You know the truth about Lizzie Strides death, not that you can tell anyone. She was living with her pimp, Michael Kidney, a friend of yours- and a few days back she left him, saying she had got her dignity, and would not put up with his beating and drunken demands any more. Now Michael is a coward, a skinny little fellow, but he has got a big mouth, and he came and told you, and said he was gonna have her killed, and her head cut off. Some of Kidney's gang trying to get her to go back to him, and her swearing at them, and one of them, and finally you tried - as you walked down the street with her you recall you said to her "You'd say anything but your prayers" -- but she stayed stubborn. So eventually you bump in to Mike Kidney, and he starts fighting with her in the doorway, giving her a good

slapping, and you stood idly by laughing till she clocked him so hard he went down. You rushed over and - and she crumpled, she did. What happened next shocked even you - Kidney produced a knife, stabbed her repeatedly, and tried as hard as he could to cut her head off. You could see Lizzie was done for, so you grabbed Kidney, pulled him away, and then got the hell out of there. You told Nancy a bit of this, but told her you heard from Dublin Bryant, one of Kidney's boys. and Nancy knows better than to give you cheek or ask too many questions. It really shook you up though.

Lizzie Stride's body was found at 1am, the throat cut, but with no other mutilations, apparently because the murderer was disturbed by the arrival of Louis Diemschutz with a cart. At exactly the same time, Catharine Eddowes, who had been picked up earlier in the day for impersonating a fire engine loudly outside a shop while drunk, having been allowed to sober up in a cell, was sent home by the police. She never made it - she was seen by three men returning from the Imperial Club talking to a man in the entry to Mitre Square, a location she would have reached about 1.10am, at 1.30am, and at 1.45am her body was found with the usual horrific mutilations, her belly slit and entrails arranged over her shoulder, with ghastly facial mutilations as well, lying in a dark corner of Mitre Square popular with prostitutes. Sometime later a strip of her bloodied apron was found on a staircase at on Goulston Street. Scrawled on the wall was the phrase "The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for nothing"

On the 1st October the Saucy Jack postcard (which read as follows) arrived at the Central News Agency and was published in all the papers...

I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a bit couldn't finish straight off. Had not got time to get ears off for police thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.

Jack the Ripper

This takes you up to October 16th, today.. All day you have been drinking, and wondering where the hell Nancy is. You've not seen her for a couple of days, and you are getting worried. Has Jack got her? You are relieved as you are passing through Limehouse to suddenly catch a glimpse of her at a fairground that has opened up on a patch of waste ground, so you stride in to find her and give her the good 'iding she bloody well deserves, or buy her a candyfloss or something. You are stopped by dead in your tracks by the sound of a newsboy calling the headline "Daring robbery at Windsor Castle -- Koh-i-Noor diamond stolen!"

Special Abilities

A. " WILLIAM SIKES, YOU ARE A BIG BULLY" : at any point when you are furious (with anyone), Nancy's player may step in, tease you, call you "William" (you hate that!) and suddenly smile and blow you a kiss. Immediately you calm down, and thinks of nothing but y Nancy.

B. DO YOU OVER" You can use this power to beat up other characters. Just bellow a lot, and announce you are doing it. That character takes a severe drubbing (do not act this out, just play the outcome) and ends up collapsed on the floor. This power is illegal, a criminal assault, and if performed in public may well end in your arrest.

C: CRIMINAL CONNECTIONS: The little seahorse symbol on your character's name badge in the decorative border marks you as part of the London Underworld, a known associate of low-life criminals. You know that anyone else who has that symbol on their badge is a criminal type, because you can just tell your own. As a criminal, you are aware that a shadowy figure called "The Napoleon of Crime" has completely taken over all the

criminal gangs, and must be obeyed. To resist his orders is certain death. You do not know the identity of the Professor -- only the most powerful bosses of the gangs do -- but you know his symbol, a complicated sigil, and know he signs his orders with the letter M. if you are handed a card bearing his symbol, you must obey the orders there upon, or you have no doubt you and Bill will end up floating in the Thames. The Professor's player may send you orders, or you may be asked to simply pass on a message bearing his symbol. Make sure you do this, as quickly as possible or you will be killed.

D: FAGIN'S GANG - Twice in the game you may activate this power to pick someone's pocket. Don't even approach them, just tell a referee who it is you are targeting. You get one random item they are carrying.

Relationships (6)

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing

You've seen this weird fellow hanging around the East End talking to the girls. He looks like he is a doctor, carries a medical bag - could he be the Ripper? He seems a very likely suspect to you. He's a foreigner too, and most of them are perverts. See if you can find evidence, or get him to confess?

Dr. Thomas Barnardo

You like Thomas Barnardo, you do. He is a Hellfire preacherman, and you don't have much time for them -- you like the demon drink, and if anyone tries to save your fallen women you will be wanting a word in his ear, just before you slice it off - but having grown up on the streets, you get sentimental about all the little orphans and poor kids who live and die in these filthy alleys. They don't have to end up like you, do they? Well Dr. Barnardo gives them a home - he has opened Children's Homes all over town, and his motto is "No Child Turned Away". You might not agree with 'im on much, but you certainly think he does good works and if anyone tries to lay a hand on 'im you should give them a good 'iding.

Jonathan Harker

A prosperous bloke, middle class by the look of him: looks like a solicitor in fact. You know bugger all about him -- only the fact you saw him with Lizzie Stride that night, and that he is always wandering round the East End talking to the girls. A fairly typical punter really...

Lizzie Siddal

The mysterious (and very enticing) woman you often see mooching around the East End after dark. Nancy thinks she is a ghost! That makes you laugh. You'd very much like to get to know her well, if not on a professional basis, then on an intimate one, and this unearthly beauty is just too good to not try for. So far though, no matter how far you have followed her, you have never caught up with her.

Nancy

You are a brute, but somehow Nancy your best girl can soothe your wicked heart. She winds you up she does, teasing and annoying you until you are furious, ready to snap her neck or beat her brains out, and then just as you have turned purple and are about to explode, you both suddenly laugh and you hear angels singing, and she takes you in her arms and you know she is the only woman you could ever truly love. And yes, despite everything, you love Nancy. She wants you to give up on the business, go live with her in a little cottage in Kent or some other country place, and grow roses. That's not your life though, and you know deep inside you will never escape the city that spawned you, and that you will die in some filthy alleyway here.

You really do love Nancy though, infuriating as she is, and you do enjoy your little one room home, and even treat Tweetie, his little canary in a cage, with respect. You have grown quite fond of the bird - something you can't say about Bull's Eye your vicious mutt, who you mistreat savagely and often beat to within an inch of its life. You are delighted she is safe - if anything gives your miserable existence meaning it is Nancy's love, but you would never let on how much you care. Or should you? These are not normal times.

Sherlock Holmes

Respected by everyone, feared by the underworld, you know that Holmes is not the champion of law he appears to most. He is a manipulative vile man scheming for the one thing he cares about -- power. Him and this 'Napoleon of Crime' character are not so different - but at least they are human, unlike the Cyber Controller. Still Holmes is a master of disguise, and nay stranger could be him dressed up, so make a point of never saying a word that isn't good about him to anyone who is not well known to you. It could be bloody Sherlock Holmes!

Something Wicked

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

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Description

It is Summer 1851. You have just got engaged and moved in with your fiancé and the love of your life Lizzie Siddal, and all is right with the world. Your oil paintings have been harshly criticized, you are a little short on money, and your family don't like Lizzie, but you are incredibly happy and all is right with the world. You are one of the happiest men in London, and everything is going to be fine. You and Lizzie find each other all the company you need, and it is all going to be perfect. And now Ada Lovelace has pulled a spectacular magic trick, and somehow managed to hypnotise you long enough to leave her Mayfair rooms and take you and your dear friend Florence to a fairground! How amusing!

The son of émigré Italian scholar Gabriele Pasquale Giuseppe Rossetti and his wife Frances Polidori, you were born in London in 1828, and named Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti. Like all your siblings, you aspired to be a poet and attended King's College School. You also wished to be a painter, having shown a great interest in Medieval Italian art. You studied at Henry Sass's Drawing Academy from 1841 to 1845 when you enrolled at the Antique School of the Royal Academy, leaving in 1848. After leaving the Royal Academy, you studied under Ford Madox Brown, with whom he retained a close relationship throughout your life.

Following the exhibition of William Holman Hunt's painting *The Eve of St. Agnes*, Rossetti you sought out Hunt's friendship. Together you developed the philosophy of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood which you founded along with John Everett Millais. For the first issue of the brotherhood's magazine, *The Germ*, published early in 1850, you contributed a poem "The Blessed Damozel" and a story about a fictional early Italian artist inspired by a vision of a woman who bids him combine the human and the divine in your art. You found this mix of human and divine in one glorious woman, your fiancé, Lizzie Siddal.

Lizzie was first noticed by the artist Deverell in 1849, while she was working as a milliner in Cranbourne Alley, London and he employed her as a model and introduced her to the Pre-Raphaelites. She was still working at Mrs Tozer's millinery part-time and was ensured a regular wage even if modelling did not work out, an unusual opportunity for a woman.

While posing for Millais' *Ophelia* in 1850, she floated in a bathtub full of water to represent

the drowning Ophelia. Millais painted daily into the winter putting lamps under the tub to warm the water. On one occasion the lamps went out and the water became icy cold. Millais, absorbed by his painting and did not notice and she did not complain. After this she became very ill with a severe cold or pneumonia. Her father held poor Millais responsible, and forced him to pay for Lizzie's doctor's bills.

Enchanted by her since the moment you met in 1849, you took her as your model, and began to paint her to the exclusion of almost all other models and stopped her from modelling for the other Pre-Raphaelites. The number of sketches you have done of her already number in the hundreds! Finally you realised you could not bear to be without Lizzie, and the two of you became engaged and moved into Chatham Place together, spending every moment with each other. At this time you began to withdraw from your patron Ada Lovelace, whom apparently disapproves of Lizzie.

You however have one small problem, for you fear introducing her to your parents who regard her as far below your station, and your sisters hate and despise poor Lizzie. You need to set things right with them, and let them see the angel she is. Then you can marry!

Tonight Ada sent a telegram requesting you attend a séance at her Mayfair town house. You are in a bad mood with Ada for being rude about Lizzie, but the generous cheque she hinted at would be useful, and anyway, you like the old bat and she is dying, poor thing, so you went along. Ada is in a good mood when you arrive, and showed you in to some room she normally keeps locked – and there she has built the most incredible device – a Difference Engine! You gazed in astonishment at the dials, rods, and strangely for a woman who is not so wealthy right now after her failed gambling experiments, a rather large number of sparkling diamonds???

Moments latter Florence ran in, carrying a carpet bag. She seemed very out of breath, nervous, and kept looking over her shoulder. “Ada” she yelled “start the machine!” Ada seemed as confused by this as you did, but dutifully threw a lever. And then – there was a bright flash of light, and you were all three seemingly standing on a green, by a fairground! How bizarre! Ada quickly checked round the corner and said you were still in Mayfair, and you realised you had been hypnotised while she led you out of the house. Clever old bat! Well this will be an enjoyable night, but you can't stay out too late – Lizzie is waiting at home for you...

Relationships (4)

Ada Lovelace

Ada is the only legitimate daughter of Lord Byron, and has clearly inherited some of his genius! She also a fervent admirer of your work, and of you, but sadly is also old enough to be your mother. and has a terrible jealous streak. She has never suggested anything improper between you, and is a wonderfully generous patron, but she can also be very hard work. Her affairs are the talk of town, and her husband is driven to distraction by her, especially since following family tradition she almost ruined him with her gambling debts. After her work with Babbage on the Difference Engine she thinks she is not just an expert on matters mathematical but on probability, and she created some "Poker Analysis Tables" that you discovered to your cost did not work. You were not quite as angry as the syndicate whose money she lost however, or her husband!

You like her though, and she generously provides patronage when she happens to have spare money. After you were stung by criticism of your second painting, *Ecce*

Ancilla Domini, she tried to keep you believing you had a future as an artist, but she also became more and more critical of the models who act as your muses, her jealousy threatening your happiness. He disapproves of Lizzie who she referred to talking with a mutual friend as "some milliner from the shop in Cranbourne Alley, a disreputable little strumpet of the working classes." You can not be bothered with her any more, and after your engagement to Lizzie provoked a similar outburst from your mother and sisters, you have decided to have nothing more to do with her.

Except she invited you to her town house tonight to participate in a Spiritualist seance - and hinted at a substantial cheque - so you decided to go, and after conferring with Lizzie she meekly said you must. You are angry at Ada though, and she must accept Lizzie if you are to remain friends, or go hang...

Part of the reason you came is you feel sorry for her. She has a tumour in her womb, and it is inoperable. When Ada dies, you fear you may miss the stropky old bitch. Hopefully she will remember you in her will!

Florence Nightingale

Florence is a beauty, and a charismatic lady. The picture of middle class respectability, she has a wild side to her nature, and can drink and sing lewd songs with the best of them. Despite outward piety and utter conventionality, there is something too the girl. She is an adherent of the Sapphic arts, or you might have sported with her in the temples of Venus, and she pays just a little bit too much attention to Lizzie for you to be entirely comfortable with her. The reasons you have never painted her though are more her manner, which can be surprisingly masculine, and her family, who are utterly appalled, angered and horrified by her stated intention to become a nurse, so they are certainly not going to look kindly on her becoming too involved with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. No, lovely girl, but she is just --- odd. You have got to know her well during the last few months when she has been treating Ada for her inoperable cancer, and you do admire her selfless dedication to the sick. Next time Lizzie takes ill, you will have Florence round, she is better than most doctors.

You have a feeling with the qualities she has, and amazing education - she is well travelled and can even read Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs you know - that one day she will be famous...

Lizzie Siddal

Your love! You absolutely adore her! And one day you will marry her! Lizzie is everything to you, she is Beatrice to your Dante, and you have almost renounced every other woman for her! You are blissfully in love, and once you have found a way to smooth things over with your sisters and parents you will marry her, and she will be your muse, and every day you will paint or sketch her, and her beauty will be known through the ages, if the Ophelia painting by Millais, rubbish as it is, were not enough testimony to the grace of this living goddess!

Master Holmes

A young boy whose wealthy but eccentric parents hired you to tutor, at the recommendation of Ada Lovelace. You gave him a few lessons in line drawing, but he lacks any real talent, or interest. Florence Nightingale tried to teach him medicine, and Ada tried to teach him maths and logic. The only interest he ever showed was in Ada's

criminally daft "Poker Analysis Tables", and last you heard he was putting on a false beard and sneaking out to try his hand at gambling. The two areas where he shows real promise are in disguise, where he excels, and amateur dramatics. Actually he is quite observant, and a shrewd judge of character, but there is definitely an amoral criminal streak to this boy, and he will probably grow up to be hanged.

Something Wicked

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing

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Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

You are a Dutch doctor, a man of science, and one of the greatest living occultists. It is likely however that posterity will remember you as the man who led the effort to defeat the terrible horror that was Count Dracula.

It all started when you were called in by your former student, Dr. John Seward, to assist with the mysterious illness of a young girl called Lucy Westenra. You immediately realised that Lucy was the victim of a vampire and you guided Dr. Seward and his friends in their futile efforts to save Lucy. After destroying Lucy's corpse to prevent her rising as a vampire, Mina Harker was bitten three times, and to save her you led the band of vampire hunters who pursued Dracula back to Transylvania, and cornered him in his castle. There, armed with knives, Jonathan Harker and Quincey Morris slit Dracula's throat and impaled his heart. Quincey died in the struggle, but only as Dracula's body crumbled to dust. You had saved the world, dear Jonathan married Lucy's friend Mina, they had a baby they named Quincey after their friend who died, and all was well, the story having a happy end.

Or so it would be, if this was a fairy tale. It is not. As a man of science, medicine, and vast esoteric learning you know that the threat Dracula posed was just a tiny part of the armies of the living dead who lurk outside of the gaslight glow of civilization, waiting to bring death, madness and corruption to even London, the greatest metropolis in the world. You have defeated the werewolves of Pomerania, fought the wickedest witchdoctors of Southern Africa, and banished a lurking horror that almost proved too strong for you in the vaults of a lost city in the jungles of the Amazon. In fact, that last vile green oozing thing would have finished you off, had not by some bizarre an eccentric English doctor turned up and somehow managed to reseal it in the vault where it had lain sleeping for centuries. You never learned his name to thank him, but the floppy hat and scarf he wore means you would recognise him anywhere.

Now you are back in London, and increasingly alarmed. It seems that some new supernatural horror has arisen, and you fear you know exactly who and what it is. It is

another vampire, and like so many of that ilk, and aristocratic one. The foul and corrupt 6th Lord Byron was a monster in his lifetime, finally banished to an ignominious death as an exile. Yes he wrote pretty poems, but he also drank and debauched his way through society, until finally the scandal was too hot even for him, and George Gordon Byron set off to fight the Turks in the Greek War of Independence. That was 64 years ago; and in 1824 he died, purportedly of a fever, in an army camp in Greece where he had become a rebel commander. His body was returned to England for interment in Poet's Corner, but the Church rightly refused, and somewhat appropriately his corpse was finally interred at the Church of St, Mary Magdalene, in Hucknall, Nottinghamshire. And there he should have lain and rotted, and only the fattened worm been corrupted by him.

That was not to be. You can not remember Byron in life - he died when you were a baby; but you recognise him from his image, which hangs in the National Gallery, and adorns many a volume of early 19th century memoirs. And Byron walks the Earth still - you have seen him, time and time again, as you steadily prepare for the kill. You are a vampire hunter, and this bloodsucker must now be consigned to eternal destruction. And as if he realises his miserable un-life grows short, Byron has now you are convinced, taken on a new and terrible identity - and is still writing doggerel, only now he calls himself "Jack the Ripper." All of the Whitechapel Murders have involved the victims throat being cut, and the body being partially exsanguinated -- though some of the organ removals do seem odd, but clearly Byron is clever enough to cover his tracks. Just because he is preying on prostitutes in the East End, rather than the daughters of the Upper Classes, does not in any way lessen the horror of his crimes. You are almost certain Byron is Jack, and that by taking him you will at last end the grip of fear that has descended upon London.

Except... something makes you hesitate. Is Byron working alone? There is talk of a new Napoleon of Crime, who holds the Criminal Underworld in a vice-like grip, and brings terrible death to any who dare disobey him. You know Byron is a creature of lust and passion, but he does not seem to have the calculated ruthlessness to plan a takeover of London's Underworld. Yet he is clearly connected somehow -- so you wish to find out if there is another vampire in this nest of evil, before you destroy him utterly, once and forever.

Mina thinks you are overworked, and fears that the Dracula affair is proving too much for you, and that after all your adventures you need a rest. Yet you are certain, so damned certain, that the walking dead menace London. Perhaps she is right, and your nerves are just frayed, and the years of fighting the forces of darkness have finally drive you to madness. Tonight you have dined with her and Jonathan, your dearest friends, and have walked from their home in Richmond out to a heath where a travelling fairground offers a few moments blessed distraction from the horrors that threaten to overwhelm you...

Today's newspaper brings bad news. The Queen recently received from India a great diamond of tremendous value, perhaps the largest diamond ever found, named the "mountain of Light", or Koh-i-Noor in the Hindu language. Unfortunately you are aware of a little of this stones history, and know that it is a cursed scrying stone, that can supposedly be used to catch glimpses of other times and spaces. Those who possess it bring bad luck upon themselves according to legend, for their futures and pasts collide and they suffer from horrible coincidences, utter loss of will power, and eventually insanity and death. The stone should therefore never be handled directly, and is only safe is kept within an iron box. You sent an anonymous letter to the palace, and are fairly sure that is why it was kept in a safe at Windsor Palace and not with the Crown Jewels...

Special Abilities

OCCULT KNOWLEDGE: You have a tremendous amount of Occult knowledge, and can identify occult artefacts, devise rituals, or discuss magical lore in depth. If all you want to do

is to prove to another character your detailed knowledge of occult lore, you can simply tell them you have this special ability, and can hold forth on the subject (make up the details as you go) , but if you happen to want to devise an occult rite, or examine an artefact, call for a referee.

VAMPIRE & WEREWOLF SLAYER: You can destroy vampires, though the process is difficult, and you need at least two assistants, one of whom always dies in the struggle (as well as the werewolf or vampire), though you are not allowed to tell them that. If one runs away, and you only have one assistant, then you instead die in the struggle. You secretly nominate to a referee who will die, and the referee then briefs all participants before you play the scene out. You can only use this power after the referee calls 30 minutes left, and obviously are loathe to do so.

SPIRIT CONJURER: You can command spirits by secret words. If you strike a bargain with a spirit, you may give one command to a spirit, who then must obey if it is within it's power to do so, but it may well try and twist your words. However the spirit must name a price, that you must accept, or the pact is not made and both of you may continue as before. This power only works on spirits, not on any other entity. It is useless against the undead and lycanthropes.

FAILING HEALTH: this is not so much a special ability as a terrible weakness. In game turns it is triggered by a random event - anyone naming a musical instrument, any musical instrument, in your presence. This is your big dramatic scene -- cry out, clutch your chest, stagger and fall. It may be a heart attack, nervous exhaustion, or any other serious ailment -- choose freely what it is that has put you down on the ground, but unless you receive medical treatment from a qualified medical man (excluding yourself), you will die after ten minutes. If you are treated, you may get up and move around as normal after two minutes, the crisis having passed though. In the time you are on the floor you are unable to take ANY physical actions, but you may speak freely, moan in pain and cause as big a scene as you can. It is very likely if you make enough fuss someone will call a doctor and save you! This can happen up to three times if people mention 3 different musical instruments, but it takes a different instrument each time, and any mention of an instrument while you are still on the floor can be ignored. Obviously this is not how it works in reality -- the musical instrument words being overheard is just a way of randomising these episodes. Oh, and if it happens three separate times, with three different musical instruments being named, you die that third time, and nothing can save you. The good news is this is extraordinarily unlikely to occur during a two hour game, unless someone decides to discuss orchestras or something incessantly!

POSSESSIONS

Pistol filled with silver bullets, garlic, vial of holy water, crucifix, hunting knife, stake. You look a bit odd probably!

Relationships (6)

Dr John Dee

Dr John Dee does not feature in this story, for he died in 1608. However his legacy in the Occult world lives on, for with a rogue called Edward Kelly he claimed to have divined the tongue of the angels, a terrible magical language called Enochian. You are learned in

this most powerful of magicks, and fear that agent 007 in Lord Walsingham's spy service may have been the unwitting dupe of dark forces. Or perhaps he was like you a Servant of the light, struggling to save Elizabethan England from the dark machinations of the undead. Whatever the truth, it was lost with the fire that destroyed the library of his Mortlake home, and he died penniless and in disgrace during the reign of James I. The loss of all that occult lore was a terrible blow to all students of the esoteric arts, but there are rumours some of his writing survive. You are very keen to acquire them...

Jonathan Harker

Jonathan Harker is your very best friend, and trusted companion in the battle against the forces of darkness. You can tell him absolutely anything, except your fears about Mina, which for obvious reasons you must keep to yourself. Jonathan has comparatively little occult knowledge, but he is fit, healthy and can count as two people for the purpose of assisting in slaying a Vampire or werewolf - see your special ability above. However, if you use him to replace both companions in a vampire slaying, Jonathan will also die, unless you choose to in his stead.

Jonathan called you to his home tonight to discuss matters with you, but you do not know what he wanted to say, because Mina has done everything she can to interrupt and prevent you discussing whatever is troubling him. Make sure you find out, and act upon whatever he has learned, though you may have to lose Mina briefly to accomplish this...

Lord Byron

This loathsome vampiric horror must die, but not before you find out who he is working for if anybody, and find a) evidence he is the Ripper, and b) find out whether he is the Napoleon of Crime who controls the Criminal Underworld, and is responsible for stealing the Koh-i-Noor diamond. You never destroy a vampire till you are certain you understand it's part in the machinations of the Infernal Realm!

Mina Harker

You love Mina dearly, and helped save her from the horror of Dracula. Yet you do wonder if she returns your affections at times, as you know she is terrified that you will allow something awful to happen to Jonathan. There is more to it than that though - although you managed to save her from Dracula, something of his blood from the three bites he inflicted upon her still pounds in her veins. She is of course also a natural telepath, with strange psychic gifts, and you wonder if she has some inhuman ancestry. Hence your deep concern with little Quincey, her one year old baby - you are terrified the child may manifest some strange powers, and watch over him devotedly, trying all you can to ward him against evil.

Sadly, since the bite that nearly killed Mina, and caused the final trip to Transylvania to confront Dracula, you can't entirely trust her. You fear she has some weird empathy with vampires, and the less she knows of the struggle the better. Of course you still love her, and would never allow harm to befall her, but she will always bear something of the taint of the undead...

Rosina Despard

Rosina was as a young woman party to an extraordinary tale of haunting, when her

family home in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire was plagued by the unquiet spirit of a dead woman called Imogen Swinhoe. Luckily for Rosina, Imogen was simply a recurrent haunt, not a vampire, and her case came to the attention of the Society for Psychical research, a group of rather naive spookhunters who are more concerned with studying occult phenomena in the hope of proving their existence than doing anything useful like battling the forces of darkness. They do however have a considerable amount of influence - Gladstone wrote that the "work of the SPR is the most important research being conducted in England today", and both the Balfour brothers (prominent Conservative Members of Parliament) are members, as are many leading academics. Unfortunately the SPR regard you as a lunatic, and choose to ignore all the evidence for Dracula's depredations, but you know Rosina who has encountered the supernatural first hand is far more sympathetic. Her SPR friends helped her complete her degree in medicine, a remarkable achievement for a woman, and she became only the 23rd female doctor in British history. You know she is actually an extremely good G.P, and might ask her to evaluate your condition if Mina's concerns about your sanity start to play upon your mind. Currently Rosina holds the position of prison doctor at Holloway Women's Prison, and has little free time, but you have told her you believe that Jack the Ripper is a vampire, and she did not laugh at you as you expected, but seemed genuinely intrigued. To be honest you are quite taken with this young lady -- not romantically - you are old enough to be her grandfather -- but you see in her a potential protege, if you can convince her of the forces of darknesses real presence on the street so London.

The Doctor

You don't know who the Doctor is, but you owe him your life. He saved you in the mysterious city of Z in the Matto Grosso of the Amazon from the Primordial Ooze, and you are deeply in his debt. Somehow you doubt you will ever see him again, but if you do be sure to offer him one of his favourite sweets -- he is for some reason very partial to jelly babies, a confection that you yourself have developed a liking for! His distinctive hat and scarf make him obvious in nay crowd. However, you do wonder if he is truly human, or some kind of angel - he vanished as mysteriously as he appeared, shortly after saving your life...

Something Wicked

Dr. Rosina Despard

Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

You are Dr. Rosina Despard, a brilliant medical practitioner who hold the post of Medical Officer for Holloway Women's Prison in London. However, you have a secret -- you are also Miss Morton, the name under which your fascinating ghost story appears in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Volume 8, that was issued just a few weeks ago. Only a handful of your fellow Society for Psychical Research (SPR) members and closest friends know you are "Miss Morton", whose account of a haunting in Cheltenham is the talk of London at the moment -- well when people are not being preoccupied by the latest murders of Jack the Ripper, the bizarre behaviour of Springheeled Jack, or the astonishing theft of the Koh-i-Noor diamond last night. However among educated persons interested in supernatural claims, your story has created something of a sensation, and even Henry James, that great American novelist has told you he finds it fascinating. He is planning a ghost story, that he calls "The Turn of the Screw", inspired by your report. Sceptics have however reacted with real vehemence to the well written and strongly supported arguments in the paper for the existence of a ghost - or as the SPR terms it, a "phantasm of the dead", and there is one in particular you would gladly strike if only you knew the anonymous rat's name (see below). Here is a brief account of your haunting...

The Cheltenham Ghost.

In April 1882 a retired army captain of Irish extraction, *Frederick William Despard* (53), his 46 year old second wife *Harriet Ann* (nee Nixon), "a great invalid", and his teenage children, 19 year old *Rosina Clara* (you), *Edith Sophia* was about to turn 18, 15 year old *Henry*, 13 year old *Lilian*, 12 year old *Mabel*, and their little brother *Wilfrid*, 9, moved house. They moved from Lansdown Road in Cheltenham, the town where they had been living for the previous half dozen or so years since Captain Despard returned from service in India to another rented house at Pittville Circus Road, on the corner of All Saints Road.

The first time you saw the ghost was in June 1872 (three months after moving in): you were in your bedroom, not yet gone to bed, when you heard somebody at the door. You thought it was your mother, but it wasn't as so: no one was there. A few steps in the corridor later, she saw the apparition at top of the stairs. After a moment, the ghost went downstairs. You followed her, but her candle faded. She went back to the bedroom. The apparition looked as if it were in mourning. The lady in black kept a handkerchief to her face with her right hand. in. The ghost looked so much real, that different witnesses thought she was an intruder or a guest! Her steps have been heard by more than twenty persons and seen around the house by seventeen different people. Despite all this, she faded when someone tried to touch her though she could pass through objects.

From 1872 to 1874, you saw the apparition about a half dozen times, but told no one except for a friend who lived in the North of England who she communicated with by letter. During this period three other persons saw the ghost. The first one was your sister who, while going downstairs at half six one evening passed the apparition who was going in to the living room. She thought she was a visitor, possibly a Sister of Mercy (a type of nun).

In autumn 1873 a maidservant saw the same entity and suspected she was an intruder. Further investigations found no one.

On 18th December 1873 your brother who was playing with another child saw a crying woman holding a handkerchief to her face from the garden. The ghost was inside the house, and seen through the living-room window. They ran inside to see who she was, but again, they found nothing.

The apparition usually walked to a living-room window, stopped at it for a while, then went down the corridor to the garden where it faded away. The only noises were light raps on the doors and the ghost's footsteps. One day while you were playing the piano the woman in black lent over you as if to speak, and you felt an icy shiver pass through you.

In June-August, the apparitions became more frequent, reaching their highest peak. On July 21, 1874, towards 9pm, you were reading in the living room with your father and sisters. The ghost came in from an open door and stopped behind the couch. After half-an-hour, she went to the garden door and faded. You tried to talk to her. She stopped for a moment and seemed to be about to answer, but went on. Strangely, no one but you saw the apparition on that occasion. Methodically following the ghost around, you tried putting cheese wire across its path to try and trip it up, but it passed through the wires completely unharmed.

On the night of the 2nd August everyone heard the footsteps, and a servant saw the ghost. On the 5th August 1874 you talked to her father about the ghost. The next day, Col. Appleby a neighbour saw the ghost in the garden, and convinced she was a real woman asked who your guest was!

For the rest of the year, until 1875, the ghost frequently appeared to many people. In 1876 there were noises, cold winds, candle flames, but from 1877, through 1878 and 1879, the apparition became rare. From 1879, the ghost disappeared completely. Footsteps continued for a while but then they too faded away. You moved out in 1883.

Your Life Since The Haunting

In 1882 the Society for Psychical Research was founded. A lecturer from Cambridge University, Frederick Myers mother lived in Cheltenham, and from the discrete stories circulating in Cheltenham's fashionable set he heard of the haunting and came to interview you all -- as it happens making some clumsy and easily rebuffed seduction attempts, for as you have since realised Freddy Myers is a bit of a womaniser. Along with the fiercely sceptical Civil Servant Frank Podmore, the aging and slightly pompous Cambridge classicist

Henry Sidgwick, and the rather dashing and very handsome Secretary of the Society Edmund Gurney, they conducted a full investigation interviewing all your family and the servants, as well as neighbours (Col. Appleby disappointingly said he could not recall seeing the woman in the garden) and previous inhabitants. They finally came to the conclusion the apparition was of Imogen Swinhoe, a young women from Bristol who had married a previous inhabitant and lived in the house for some years when it was first built. The marriage had been very unhappy, and Imogen had failed to bond with her husband's children from a previous marriage, and had eventually caught flu which killed her because of a constitution severely weakened by alcoholism.

You retried from your school-friend Catharine the letters you had written at the time, and these were used as a basis for the report you wrote on the haunting which as noted uses pseudonyms. With the support of your new SPR friends, who are extremely influential in the highest echelons of British society, you have graduated from London University having studied medicine and qualified as a doctor, only the 23rd woman in British history to do so.

Now your only fear is that someone will unmask you as the lady behind the Cheltenham ghost account, which you dear would severely damage the public and Medical Council's opinion of your professional competence, and may even lead to you losing your job at the prison... Make sure you keep your secret safe!

Recently however you have been rendered furious. Some sceptic published an anonymous letter in The Times, suggesting the whole ghost story was "well known in Cheltenham society to have been concocted by the Despard family to cover up sightings of Captain Morton's mistress, who owing to his wife being a great invalid spent much time in the house. All of the children were in on the secret, and Rose Morton should be ashamed of her pathetic attempt to cover up this family scandal by insulting the intelligence of the public with the nonsense published by the Psychical Research Society, who are only interested in peddling tales that might entertain in the nursery, but have no place in an era of Science and Reason". This terrible slur on your family has deeply effected you, as has being called a liar so publicly, and the fact that many people have accepted this as the most likely explanation. You would like to find the anonymous scoundrel who wrote the letter and slap his face!

The Whitechapel Murders

All of London is absolutely frantic with the sensational slayings of Jack the Ripper, which have dominated the headlines all Summer.

Victim 1, August 31st, Polly Nicholls

On August 31st, Mary Ann Nicholls (43), known to her friends as Polly, had her throat cut in Buck's Row. She was apparently extraordinarily drunk, and was thrown out of the doss house in Thrawl Street at 1.20am for not having the three pence a night for shelter there. She left saying she would soon make that, and remarking "see what a jolly bonnet I've got now!" At 2.30am another prostitute, Mary's friend Emily Holland saw her leaning against a wall, very drunk. She tried to persuade her to come back to the lodging house, but Mary said she had made the money three times over and spent it on drink, but she would soon earn it again and join her friend. She never did; she was found her throat cut and body mutilated by a tram conductor called Charlie A. Cross at 3.40am.

You attended the inquest, in your official capacity as a trained gynaecologist and Holloway Women's Officer. What you found was incredibly deserving. Whoever performed the murder had operated quickly, but brilliantly, removing organs and cutting away in the way a surgeon might remove a tumour. The incisions were clearly the work of a highly skilled medical professional, and curiously there were odd puncture marks on either side of the

gaping wound, moving in to the remaining organs and spinal column. It was as if some kind of bony growths had been slowly spreading through the victim -- as if a large and aggressive parasite had been removed. Another thing you noticed was that the victim had been slain almost humanely -- their throat was slit and they would have died almost instantaneously from massive blood loss and shock. This was more like euthanasia than a sadistic slaying, or an angry murder - especially as thumbprints on the vagal nerve (side of the neck) suggest that the victim may have been rendered unconscious before the killing.

Victim 2: September 8th, Annie Chapman

On September 8th Annie Chapman (47), known to her friends as "Dark Annie" was brutally slain. The killing took place in the back courtyard of the overcrowded slum tenement at 29 Hanbury Street, with 8 rooms and 17 occupants All with respectable trades boarding there.

The only entrance to the court was a passage that led through from the road, but Annie could have gone there sleeping somewhere dark to sleep, having been turned away from Crossingham Lodging House just round the corner where she planned to sleep that night (as she often did) for lacking the fourpence. She was also unwell, and had been to the Teaching Hospital that day, where a doctor had given her two pills she was carrying with her, but the nature of the medicine is unknown. She showed them to friends however, but the doctor she saw never came forward, possibly because the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel does so many charity cases each day individual patients are little noted.

At 5.20am Albert Cadosch, a carpenter was getting ready for work in the back garden of number 27. He heard a man and a woman talking the other side of the fence, and just before 5.30am the woman said no, but then seemed to fall or lean on the fence. As this is the normal position for copulation in the streets, The Camberwell Upright, or Threepenny Upright, he assumed it was a prostitute about her business.

At just a few minutes before 5.30am Elizabeth Darell said she saw Chapman walking down Hanbury Street with a man, about forty years of age, foreign looking, possibly Jewish, dark and with a 'shabby genteel' look. (Ask a referee if you want to compare with someone presents looks). He wore a bown coat and a deerstalker hat and simply asked Annie "will you? " and she said "yes." Finally sometime between 5.45am and 6am tram conductor John Davis came out on his way to work, and found the horribly slashed body of Annie Chapman in the yard. Sunrise was not until 7.30am, so the murder took place in the dark.

Once again you attended the inquest - same modus operandi, and exactly the same strange organ removals and signs of some kind of parasite being removed from the body. The Coroner had also noted the similarities, but insisted the details should be withheld from the public. There is already considerable speculation the Ripper is a doctor, and students training at the Whitechapel Teaching Hospital, close to where the victims were found, are now frightened to walk the streets in case of attack from irate members of the public.

On the 27th September, the following letter in red ink written and sent it to the Central News Agency was published, along with photographs of the letter. It read as follows...

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger

beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha. ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck.

Yours truly

Jack the Ripper

Dont mind me giving the trade name

PS Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha

It has been said several times at the Inquests that the Ripper must possess medical skills, or surgical skills, or perhaps be a trained vet or slaughterman. Leather Apron is a shoemaker called John Pizer, a sometimes violent and lustful man, who was one of many suspects hauled in and questioned by the police. 'Get buckled' by the way if just East End slang for being hanged.

The 'Double Event', 29th September

On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride (44) was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms in Spitalfields. She was seen leaving the pub by several people, apparently in the company of a well dressed man in a black morning suit with a small dark moustache. Two brothers, J Best and John Gardner later saw her kissing a man who was of respectable appearance in a doorway, wearing a brown coat and seemingly quite affectionate to her, and teased the couple that the man was Jack the Ripper. The couple moved off, buying grapes in Berner Street, but the fruit-seller's testimony keeps changing so is best ignored. Finally the couple were seen by William Marshall, a labourer, walking towards Dutfield Yard. He did not see the man's face, but described him as wearing working class clothes, but of good quality, being stout and powerfully built. The couple seemed on good terms, and neither drunk, and the man remarked to Stride "You would say anything but your prayers". Marshall was paying very little attention, so was not able to give a better description, but the man does not meet the description of the man she was seen with earlier. Between 12.45 and 1am several people claim to have seen Lizzie being accosted by two or possibly three men, but the best sightings by Israel Schwartz and independently by dockworker James Brown have her struggling with a short dark haired man dressed in the manner of a docker, and of Irish appearance. Another large burly fellow, with a dog, stood across the road watching the struggle.

Lizzie Stride's body was found at 1am, the throat cut, but with no other mutilations, apparently because the murderer was disturbed by the arrival of Louis Diemschutz with a cart. At exactly the same time, Catharine Eddowes, who had been picked up earlier in the day for impersonating a fire engine loudly outside a shop while drunk, having been allowed to sober up in a cell, was sent home by the police. She never made it - she was seen by three men returning from the Imperial Club talking to a man in the entry to Mitre Square, a location she would have reached about 1.10am, at 1.30am, and at 1.45am her body was found with the usual horrific mutilations, her belly slit and entrails arranged over her shoulder, with ghastly facial mutilations as well, lying in a dark corner of Mitre Square popular with prostitutes. Sometime later a strip of her bloodied apron was found on a staircase at on Goulston Street. Scrawled on the wall was the phrase "The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for nothing"

The inquest showed several interesting things. Firstly, you are certain that Lizzie Stride

was not killed by the same man as the other victims. While her murderer was apparently disturbed, Lizzie was struck repeatedly, then stabbed, and only had her throat cut after she had fallen to the ground. She was not rendered unconscious first, and was attacked with wild savagery and none of the precision of the other murders. A shorter and blunter blade was used, and her throat was slashed shallowly, only half the distance and from the other direction. This murder has been ascribed to the Ripper, but you feel there is not one but two murderers stalking the streets of Whitechapel now.

Eddowes however clearly was a Ripper victim - same modus operandi, same removals, and yet this was the most disturbing yet. In her body was some kind of wiring, cut neatly away but not entirely removed. It also appeared that metallic elements were highly present through out her organs and limbs. It was as if she was slowly turning in to a statue, and then you realised the horrible truth. All of the women were slowly being turned in to machines! Some kind of demented clockwork and electrical contraption was infesting each as a parasite, and slowly taking over the woman, reproducing itself and building up more and more machinery as it synthesised the elements somehow from the chemistry of her body, or through the victim eating metals and minerals. No, this is nonsense - clearly insane -- but you found what appears to be a small electromechanical unit within the corpse, and while it is now inert, it seemed to wake up and start to burrow in to you hand as soon as you held it on bare flesh. Utterly horrified, you took the device, and are hoping to find someone with a detailed knowledge of electrical contraptions to look at it...

On the 1st October the Saucy Jack postcard (which read as follows) arrived at the Central News Agency and was published in all the papers...

I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a bit couldn't finish straight off. Had not got time to get ears off for police thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.

Jack the Ripper

This takes you up to October 16th, today.. You still seek answers - not just who is the Ripper, but what horrible thing lurked in his victims? And how many more are still out there, infected? So far you have told no one....

Tonight you are walking home from Holloway Prison and have only gone a few blocks when you see something unusual on a small green you had not noticed before - a travelling fair. You therefore decide to stroll over and take a quick look around!

Special Abilities:

MEDICINE: You have excellent skills as a doctor and pathologist, and good knowledge of gynaecology and surgical procedures. If you have reason to wish to use these, ask a referee for assistance.

GHOST-SEER: The character named Arial is quite obviously a supernatural being. Even if it is in invisible mode, you can see it at all times. You have no idea what on earth it is, but you can see the thing!

Possessions:

The small electro-mechanical device you removed from the corpse.

Relationships (8)

Amelia Peabody

You don't know Amelia, but would like to make her acquaintance. She is the daughter of a reclusive scholar who left her a vast inheritance that she has spent on pursuing travel and antiquarian pursuits, and is a noted Egyptologist. You notice she also bears a strong resemblance to society beauty Lady Susan Vane Tempest, the mistress of Bertie, Prince of Wales. Maybe they are related?

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing

A man who the SPR regard as a lunatic, and you think odd in the extreme, but probably quite harmless. He came to the Society with a story about how an East European Count, a gentleman called Dracula, was in fact an undead horror preying on the innocent by sucking their blood - a vampire, he called it. You looked the term up and is a mythological monster of folklore - they are said to be corpses denied death but risen from the grave, who consume human blood to prolong their horrific existence. What a charming piece of folklore! Van Helsing, a Dutch doctor of medicine, appears to be a perfectly sensible, indeed talented physician, and extremely well read in certain dark circles of esoteric and occult lore, but he really is quite deranged when he starts talking about his pet obsession, the vampires! He came by the other day to tell you in all seriousness that Jack the Ripper is a vampire. You managed to stop yourself laughing out loud, but nearly choked in the process.

You feel a bit sorry for him. He has a grandfatherly air, and is a kind and highly intelligent man. You humour him gently, and recently took the risk of revealing to him your story -- that you are Miss Morton, and you told him the whole story of the Cheltenham ghost. He took this as meaning you believe him about the vampire issue though.

Curiously he also knows Mina Harker. You should ask her a little more about him, discretely.

Dr. Thomas Barnardo

An Evangelical preacher who has made his mark by opening children's homes in the East End of London, his motto "no child turned away". However you are not sure about him at all. He is always prowling around Whitechapel at night when you pass through to and from the Children's Hospital, and you are a woman of the world and wonder to what extent his obsession with rescuing children may mask some darker desires, or even acts. You don't know him well but he is haughty, arrogant, outspoken and dismissive of any woman he has reason to meet in the Teaching Hospital. There used to be a story about how Florence Nightingale when young met him on a dark night in the morgue, and was so shocked by what she saw that forever after she could never bear to be alone in the dark, and hence became the "lady with the lamp!" You have heard the same tale told about other unpopular men who trained there, but it generally seems fair to say Barnardo makes women's skin crawl, and one poor soul admitted to Holloway in the final raving stages of terminal syphilis claimed to you she had been a respectable woman and Barnardo's landlady until he seduced her, leading to her husband throwing her out and her being forced in tot he life of vice that killed her. You did not believe a word of it, but you still can't like this man who the public regards as a saint, and who does so much good

work, but who just seems creepy to you!

Eleanor Jourdain

The teaching assistant to Mina Harker at the school where Mina works, you only saw her once. Mina remarks that she thinks the girl may possess some unusual faculty of second sight or clairvoyance. Mina has promised to invite you both over for dinner to furnish an introduction, so perhaps you will then have the opportunity to experiment on her.

Jonathan Harker

Mina's husband who works as a London solicitor. You have seen him briefly a few times, but don't really know him. You are slightly concerned however, because a few nights ago while walking back nervously through the streets of Whitechapel looking for a cab to take you home to Holloway after a stint doing the rounds at the Teaching Hospital's charity ward, you are sure you saw him in the dim glow of a gas lamp talking quietly to what was clearly a lady of the night. Given the horrible venereal diseases that some of these women carry, you realise that if things were as they appeared poor Mina, already fragile, could easily pick up a very nasty infection from her husband's indiscretions. Unfortunately you sense Mina would react quite badly to the suggestion Jonathan is being unfaithful and consorting with streetwalkers, but you really must do something...

Mina Harker

You looked after Mina during her pregnancy with baby Quincey who was born last year, and you discovered that you have a shared interest in the supernatural. You trust Mina implicitly, and she is one of your few female friends your own age. You invited her to become a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and have recently been conducting card guessing games with her in an attempt to learn about what appears to be an amazing telepathic gift she possesses. She appears to have a strong capacity to read your mind, and one day declared that you are Miss Morton, and so you admitted it, and told her about the Cheltenham ghost. Her gift at mind reading is so strong that she does not always seem to realise she is doing it, and she has had amazing scores that deeply impressed Edmunds Gurney in card guessing experiments. You would like to do more experiments, but looking after baby Quincey, being a devoted wife to Jonathan and teaching at the school where she works takes up a great deal of her time. Try some experiments tonight if you can?

Nancy

You know this young woman from your work at Holloway Women's prison. When she was last arrested for soliciting you gave her a medical examination and were concerned by the bruising she had, which suggested to you she is the victim of brutal abuse. You asked if her pimp beat her, but she did not really reply, and indeed became very quiet and unresponsive, though she brightened up when you gave her some sweets. You wished you could do more to help her, but after two days she was up before the magistrates, fined and released back in to appalling poverty of Whitechapel, the same streets where Jack the Ripper is currently slaughtering girls like Nancy.

While you maintain a private practice for upper class women and occasionally work on the charity ward at the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel where girls like her get treatment if they receive medical care at all, your full time role at the Prison means you

do not have much more time to help Nancy or her sisters on the streets, but you do wish there was more you could do for them. Riddled by disease and soaked in cheap gin, their lives are brutally short and miserable. You have seen thousands of young tarts, but Nancy sticks in your mind because she was still sweet, happy and apparently very kind hearted, which are rare attributes in those who live as she does, selling their bodies to men for threepence a time while leaning against some grime soaked wall.

The Spirit Ariel

A bizarre non-human entity, clearly a spirit, it is always visible to you even when it would it has activated it's invisibility mode. Apart from being able to see it, and telling it is a spiritual entity, perhaps judging by it's appearance a demon, you have absolutely no idea at all what it is! You are not scared by it, just very, very curious...

Something Wicked

Dr. Thomas Banardo

Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

You were born in Ireland on the very day your father was ruined by the collapse of the Wexford and Wicklow railway, in which he was a shareholder, and your mother almost died giving birth to you. Your mother was sent off to stay with relatives to recover, and then had another pregnancy, so you did not meet her until you were a toddler, and you were always overshadowed by your many brothers and sisters. A sullen, unhappy child, you were disruptive and a bully at school until on leaving and taking up an apprenticeship you found God, and joined the Protestant sect called the Plymouth Brethren.

You like to be in control of things, and for people to pay attention to you. An evangelical revival was sweeping Dublin, but rather than becoming a mere footsoldier serving in one of the Missions you hired rooms and opened your own, building up a small congregation and making a sparse living as a preacher. One day a visiting missionary preached in Dublin that one million people died in China each year without hearing the Gospel, damning them to Hellfire. Appalled, you signed up to train as a missionary and go to China with his organisation.

You left home and travelled to London where you started to train as a missionary. However you soon saw many faults with the leadership and training, and expressed them in your usual forceful manner, resulting in you being kicked out of the training before the missionaries set off. You therefore decided to train as a doctor, and set up your own China Mission. You enrolled at the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel, London, where you got to dissect corpses and excelled as a surgeon, and oddly enough, a gynaecologist.

Whitechapel is a den of thieves, prostitution, and almost unbearable poverty. It soon became clear to you that there were thousands of children dying on the streets abandoned in absolutely horrific conditions, not just in Whitechapel, but all over London. The real need was here, in London, not in far away China. You set up a mission to the East End, ignoring the existing missions of Charrington (a Temperance campaigner who is the son of a brewer and is trying to drive out the Demon drink) and Reynolds (a preacher who saves fallen

women) and all the other organisations working in the East End, and determined you would reform the area yourself.

This has led to repeated clashes with these scumbag hypocrites, and the wicked Papists under Cardinal Manning, as they are all seeking to discredit your work and take the money and glory for themselves rather than God's work. They had you sacked from first post as a schoolteacher when it became clear the money you had collected, ostensibly for the school, was in fact being used to open your first chapel. Is it not all God's work? They went further, claiming that you had sexual relations with your landlady, resulting in her husband kicking her out and her subsequently becoming a prostitute, and claiming that you often slept with prostitutes on the long nights you spent rescuing abandoned children and underage girls from the brothels of the East End. (is it true? Only you can say!)

A war of words has erupted between you, the Catholics, and your fellow Evangelicals, with books, pamphlets and long letters being published involving quite vitriolic abuse. You are winning however, by your tireless work "No Child Turned Away" is the motto of the Children's Homes you have set up, and kids who are admitted are fed, clothed, taught and carefully and lovingly indoctrinated in the Gospel.

Your many critics pointed out you had not finished your medical training, and ever formally qualified as a doctor, so calling yourself "Doctor Banardo" was a lie. Of course all medical students at the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel are called "doctor", but such was the outrage you returned and completed your training, so now you are a fully qualified medical doctor, and you would happily strike any man who did not call you such.

A few years ago the public turned sharply against you. It has always been a matter of principle to you that Catholic children, perhaps the largest part of the East End population, should be taught the errors of the Romish Doctrine and be brought up as Protestants, and the parents or guardians have to sign a piece of paper to say they accept this, or they are turned away. Three papist children were accepted by you after their parents signed, but the parents were appalled when the children renounced their Catholic faith, and with the aid of the Catholic Church tried to get them back. Knowing two of the children had suffered physical abuse at the hands of the parents, you had them smuggled out of England and sent overseas where no one can ever find them, and you fought (and lost) a court case for custody of the last child. Unfortunately this roused much anger against your Mission, despite being completely justified, and you were described as tyrannical, and children in your homes were described as suffering neglect and misery. Compared with the streets?

Your Children's Homes do incredible good work, and you have much popular support, but recently you have begun to despair. If you can't drive the whores off the street, make people renounce alcohol and take to tea and coffee, and bring the light of the Gospel to the slums a million souls maybe lost in London in your life time. These damned whores, they are the problem. Why one nearly destroyed you with her accusations -- the older you get, the greater the fury!

And smug complacent London - why outside of the East End, no one knows the hell on Earth that exists just a mile or so from their gas lit comfy homes! Something needs to be done, to draw attention to the suffering here. And you have done that thing, by using your surgical skills to painlessly slay a number of whores, and your journalism skills to draw all England's attention to these 'Whitechapel Murders' by your pseudonym, 'Jack the Ripper'.

However justifiable killing these whores might be in terms of the great public horror at discovering from the newspapers the squalor of Whitechapel (donations have increased tenfold to your Mission's work, and even blasted Reynolds and Charrington's Missions have benefited from public amazement at the misery of life in Whitechapel), and in terms of

sending their wicked drunken souls to Satan, you have a far more compelling motive. It all began back in late June, when a completely intoxicated woman called Annie O'Reilly came up to you in the street, asking if you would perform an abortion. Back street abortions are of course a common way to dispose of unwanted pregnancy among the whores, but you could never terminate the life of a child. You decided to try and save the baby, by medically examining the mother and offering what assistance you could.

And then you found it -- this woman was no longer even human. Within her womb was a strange mechanical thing, a silvery worm like entity that was spreading tendrils throughout her body. Rendering her unconscious with a dose of chloroform, you performed a full medical examination. The machine was replicating itself, slowly destroying her organs and replacing them with sophisticated machinery the like of which you had never seen. She was turning in to some kind of clockwork and electrical monstrosity. She would soon be entirely mechanical, a silver machine-woman. She was of course, already mostly dead, at least in normal terms, her life sustained only from the machinery that was destroying her organic self.

You tried with all your surgical skills to save her, but clearly it was impossible. That night you dumped her remains in the Thames at St. Katharines Wharf, weighting them down with rocks in a sack, and for hours and hours you prayed to the Lord for guidance. This was clearly the work of Satan, and you wondered what monster had done this to a woman?

And soon you realised there were more of them. Over the course of June and July you found seven more women whose skin was turning blue and pupils were tiny, as the mechanical worms within them slowly turned them in to monsters. You managed to persuade several to return with you to your surgery, and finished them off their, and their disappearances while reported in the press received little attention.

And then you realised -- the true horror -- this could be happening all over England, indeed all over the world. Some of these souless machine women could already be walking the street, their transformation in to silvery mannequins complete. And what then would they do? You could not go to the police or the papers - you would end up in Bedlam Asylum, for no one would believe you, and even if you could show the evidence, the Law Courts would judge you a murderer. Your life's work would be ruined, the cause discredited, the children turned out on the streets! Anyway, that is not for you, Thomas Barnardo. You never trust bumbling fools, however well intentioned. If something needs doing, you do it yourself, for you are a leader and a prophet.

You needed the whores off the streets, and the attention of the authorities focussed on Whitechapel. Your next mercy-killing would be spectacular, and draw the attention of the world to the East End. You invented a persona 'Jack the Ripper', and decided that rather than hide the corpses, you would leave them for the world to see. However, you had already established that even after detach unless surgically disconnected the machinery continued to grow within the corpse, and you dare not allow such horrible machineries to fall in to the authorities hands. You would remove the machine from each woman, but leave the utterly mutilated corpse behind to inspire horror, drive the women off the streets, and get the authorities interested in Whitechapel.

On August 31st you killed your first public victim, Mary Ann Nicholls. 8 nights (September 8th) later you killed Annie Chapman, over in Spitalfields. On the 25th September, you wrote the following letter in red ink and sent it to the Central News Agency, where it was opened on the 27th. It read as follows...

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right

track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha. ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck.

Yours truly

Jack the Ripper

Dont mind me giving the trade name

PS Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha

"they say I'm a doctor now, ha, ha" could have tipped people off, but of course this reference to the scandal over your medical qualifications was missed by the police and public who read it as the Ripper denying he had any medical skills. Leather Apron is a shoemaker called John Pizer, a sometimes violent and lustful man but no murderer, who had been questioned by the police. You have no desire to see an innocent party hanged, so you made sure you made clear you were not he! Get buckled by the way if just East End slang for being hanged.

You spent some time searching for more infected women, but found none for weeks, before finding two likely suspects, Roxy Blake and Catharine Eddowes - you quickly sent a postcard, to revive interest in the murders.. It had looked like your grisly work was done, and already the side effects were being seen in public outrage at conditions in Whitechapel. On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms with a man, whom you saw quite clearly - a gentleman, who had been hanging around the East End quite a bit (Jonathan Harker). You bumped in to Bill Sikes as you left, and are pretty sure Bill saw the couple together too, but you left as you were in a hurry, having identified two potentially infected girls earlier that night, and thinking nothing of a toff come to Whitechapel to pick up a prostitute -- that is perfectly normal after all. Stride was of course killed, in a clumsy and barbaric imitation of your style -- but you did not kill Lizzie Stride, and would dearly love to see this Harker fellow hanged for the crime, but of course it is going to be hard to explain.

Anyway you were busy despatching Catharine Eddowes, and removing the vile machinery from her. You wiped your blade, leaving her corpse in Mitre Square, and dropped a strip of her bloodied apron at a staircase on Goulston Street, a building owned by your old enemy the Preacher Reynolds. You scrawled "The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for nothing" on the wall to further confuse the trail, and made off. Later that night while talking to your other suspect, a prostitute called Roxy, you were almost arrested by PC 101H Robert Spicer, and were asked to go to Whitechapel police station, but on bumping in to a plain clothes Scotland Yard detective who knew who you were was immediately arrested. You had your friend, supporter and patron Metropolitan Commissioner Robert Anderson sack the bobby for being drunk on duty next day. Anderson constantly comes to you asking for advice on catching the Ripper, and telling you the cunning traps and methods the police are employing to find

the murderer.

On the 1st October your Saucy Jack postcard (which read as follows) arrived...

*I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about
Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a
bit couldn't finish straight off. Had not got time to get ears off for police
thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.
Jack the Ripper*

The letter you sent to George Lusk, Head of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee and a man who had in the past criticized your work, being a supporter of Reynold's Mission, was funnier. That arrived yesterday, and would have been headline news today, if it was not for the Windsor Castle diamond robbery that occurred last night stealing your thunder...

From hell

Mr Lusk,

Sor

*I send you half the Kidne I took from one women prasarved it for you tother
piece I fried and ate it was very nise. I may send you the bloody knif that
took it out if you only wate a whil longer
signed*

Catch me when you can Mishter Lusk

You enclosed a small piece of the kidney of Eddowes with the letter, just to wind the prig up. Well, you think you have saved the world, and hopefully Jack the Ripper can retire now, and you can get back to saving children. You still don't know where the mysterious machine parasites came from, or how to stop them though.

Tonight you have seen something you never expected to find in Whitechapel though: a fairground, set up on a patch of wasteground just off the Bethnal Road. This is sure to attract homeless children, so back to God's work...

Special Abilities

METROPOLITAN COMMISSIONER SIR ROBERT ANDERSON: In the unlikely event you are arrested and turned over to the police, your dear friend Anderson can clear up the misunderstanding and have you released back on to the streets and the matter hushed up. You have to take 10 minutes out of the game though.

RIPPING & SURGERY: You are a genius surgeon, and can operate anywhere, even in barbaric conditions, removing any tumour or more importantly any of the machine infestations. The latter kills the victim, and you as a matter of game fun should not kill anyone until the referee calls "30 minutes left". You may perform surgery at any time of course.

Possessions:

Scalpel, medical equipment.

Relationships (7)

Bertie, Prince of Wales

Why the heir to the throne! marvellous fellow, and just who you need to open your new Temperance Coffee House, the second Limehouse Children's Home, and to publicly endorse your work saving homeless children from the horrors of the streets. Make sure you get him to agree to all these things!

Bill Sikes

A violent pimp, a gang enforcer for the East End criminal scum, and an alcoholic maniac with a certain low charm. He is actually a very dangerous fellow to cross, though he normally leaves you alone, as he is clever enough to realise you have powerful friends in the police and Establishment. He usually roams the streets with his vicious dog Bull's Eye, and you know he is a pimp and utterly reprehensible. However, he was lurking around when you saw poor Lizzie Strides leave the pub with Jonathan Harker shortly before her murder, so you might be able to use him...

Florence Nightingale

A fine example of noble pure womanhood, the sweetest of God's creatures, she knows her place as a nurse not a pretend doctor like that awful Dr Despard girl! The Lady with the Lamp, who humbly and patiently served her nation by tending wounded soldiers in the Crimea, she is a national heroine and fine example of Protestant piety. She is a lot younger when you see her in the flesh than in the newspapers, God has preserved her looks! Well you need to get her endorsement for your Children's Homes...

Jonathan Harker

On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms with a man, whom you saw quite clearly - a gentleman, who had been hanging around the East End quite a bit. This is the fellow. Much as you hate whores, clearly he needs to hang for his crime, but going to the police could be complicated -- still if, by the thirty minutes to go GM call he has not been arrested, find a bobby and have him charged, even at the expense of being questioned yourself. Much, much better, is to have someone else make the accusation, and to find the evidence to have him arrested, tried and executed.

Lizzie Siddal

Another streetwalking trollop, though an unusually pretty one, you considered her a possible machine infestation victim but have never been able to get close enough to check. Now you see her close up, you see she lacks any of the symptoms. There is something odd, unsettling about her though, and you don't like her one bit. She is always sneaking around Whitechapel at night, and could well be dangerous... what if she sees something?

Nancy

A damnable little whore, dragging men in to sin and corruption. If you have reason to speak to her, preach t her about the need to repent, to give up her prostitution, and be grateful a merciful God has so far saved her from the Ripper's blade. You should be clearly disturbed, and develop a nervous tic, shake, or foam with righteous anger. If you have reason to speak of her to others, denounce her as a brazen strumpet, scarlet woman, tart and whore!

Rosina Despard

A woman doctor - how absurd! Why they will be training dogs to perform surgery and diagnose disease next. Make clear your disapproval of her if you meet. She is the Medical Officer for Holloway women's prison, and really not the kind of person you want looking to closely at your handiwork -- which is annoying, because she has been attending the inquests. You need to find out what if anything she knows, and (in the last 30 minutes of the game) finish her off is she is a threat. Liberated women! Let them burn in hell!

Something Wicked

Eleanor Jourdain

Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

You are Eleanor Jourdain, a distinguished British female academic, and Vice Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford. You were one of the first six students who enrolled when the college was founded by Elizabeth Wordsworth (the poet's niece) back in 1886, and have remained involved with the institution your whole life, the cause of providing education to elite women being important to you. The college, part of the university of Oxford runs from three Oxford townhouses, Students are required to ask the Principal before accepting invitations to visit friends, and the college gates are locked at 9pm - it is a very sheltered and chaperoned life, but provides educational opportunities denied to almost all women.

The Principal of St. Hugh's is another of those first six students, though a little older than you -- Charlotte Anne Moberly, your very, very best friend all these years. Yet there is one thing you have never confided even to her, despite the incredible experience you once both shared. Very occasionally, your perceptions become lost in time and space. The first time was while you were students at St. Hugh's in Summer 1887, and were hurrying home from a piano lesson to reach your dormitory before the 9pm curfew. Walking down the road hand in hand with Miss Moberly, you suddenly glimpsed a medieval gallows attended by executioners, priests and onlookers. You were absolutely aghast, and turned to say something to Charlotte, but she just kept walking and obviously saw nothing at all. You looked back, and the whole horrible scene had vanished. At that moment you thought you had gone mad. You longed to tell Charlotte, but in the end decided to hold your tongue.

It was not until the summer vacation of 1901 when you and Miss Moberly had taken an apartment in Paris and were teaching visiting English girls French that you had your second such experience. This one has become a source of heated controversy, and two years ago you published a full account in a best selling book called "An Adventure", though of course you both employed pseudonyms as your reputation could suffer serious damage if it ever became clear that you were the ladies in question, and St. Hugh's could suffer too. The events you describe in the book are as follows...

The Adventure

It was a warm summers day, on the 10th of August 1901 and you and miss Moberly were enjoying a trip to Versailles, France. As the day slowly drew closer to evening, you decided to visit the Petit Trianon, and began to make their way slowly around the lovely gardens. You had both visited the Palace of Versailles and decided that they didn't want to leave until they had explored everything that the park had to offer.

After walking around for some time, you suddenly realised that you had no idea where you were. You had both become lost, and couldn't understand why you did not recognise any landmarks. After turning a corner, you both saw a deserted farmhouse, and noticed an old farm plough by the side of the road.

After a few minutes a sudden feeling of oppression started to descend on you (though neither of you remarked on it at the time). Suddenly out of nowhere you saw two men approaching you, dressed in strange attire - long greyish green coats and tricorne hats. Approaching the men, you asked them how to get to the Petit Trianon, and were directed down a path that you hadn't seen before.

Your dark mood had become very heavy by this time, and you were beginning to feel quite ill. The cloying scent of flowers and the warmth of the day, began to take their toll. You decided to rest underneath a tree, and used your fan to produce a semblance of breeze. You noticed that everything had become very still and overly quiet. By this time you were both becoming a little uneasy. You both realised that something was not quite right. After spotting a gazebo, you decided to go over and have a rest. Much to your surprise there was a man leaning against one of the posts. You had no idea where he had come from, but were dismayed to see the unpleasant look on his face. He had obviously suffered from small pox, as his face was pitted and unpleasant.

Just then, you heard someone shouting that you were going the wrong way, and not being able to see who it was, you decided to take the advice anyway and turned back around and much to your surprise, you both saw a small bridge, which you were being directed to cross. Not wanting any trouble you made their way over the bridge and saw what you believed to be the Petit Trianon.

Suddenly a footman came rushing out of a nearby building and began herding you towards another entrance to the Petit Trianon. He said that you were on the wrong side and directed you to the right door. By the time you had gone around the corner of the building, you saw a wedding party, and realised that at that same time, the strange mood and stillness had lifted.

Three months later you met up and reminisced about the trip. Miss Moberly happened to mention a strange woman you had seen sketching, but you could recall seeing no such woman! You were intrigued by this mystery and decided to write down exactly what had happened. By this time, events began to take a strange turn. You realised that they had seen different things, at different locations. Investigating further, you realised that in fact on that day that you had visited the gardens, it had been the Anniversary of the sacking of the Tuileries during the French Revolution, during which Marie Antionette's personal guard had been massacred and she and her husband were arrested.

You began to think that maybe Miss Moberly had seen the ghost of Marie Antoinette, or somehow picked up a memory of that time, or possibly a time slip, when Marie Antoinette had been sketching just before the massacre. Neither of you knew about this at the time of the visit to the garden, you only discovered this after serious study three months later.

As if to confirm your suspicions, you came across a picture of Marie Antoinette sitting in

exactly the same place, and wearing exactly the same clothes that Miss Moberly described seeing in the strange occurrence in France. In January 1902, you decided to retrace the steps that they had taken, and went back to the gardens to see what she could find.

The place was completely different from you had experienced...

Determined to get to the bottom of the story, you contacted the Society for Psychical research, declaring that the Trianon was haunted. The Society decided that your story was not worth researching and after the initial disappointment, you decided that you would do research of your own. You were convinced that you had seen the ghost of Marie Antoinette or had somehow travelled back into the past. You began to write an account of exactly what had happened. Reading books and searching through any documents that you could find, you began to realise that, what you had both seen was an accurate picture of what had taken place in 1789 Versailles. Neither of you had any detailed knowledge of that period of French history. The 18th century was not a time that you had studied and felt that this in itself vindicated your story. You became very frustrated with the SPR. You were not liars, and you had nothing to gain by making up this story. In fact it could go a long way to ruining your reputation.

You had both seen a plough, but discovered that there was no plough at the time of the visit. But there had been one in the past.

The bridge that you crossed did not exist in your time, but was there in 1789.

Marie Antoinette's Swiss guard wore green uniforms, which is what you both saw.

Comte De Vaudreuil was an enemy of Marie Antoinette. He had a very pockmarked face. Exactly the same as the sinister looking man, that you had seen.

The door that the footman had rushed out of, just before he saw you told you to go around to the front of the building, had in fact been barred up years before, and had not been touched since.

The Present

It is June 13th 1913, and you and Miss Moberly are in London, walking close to Kew Gardens. You are walking as is your custom arm in arm, heading back towards your hotel, when you hear a young women run up behind you, and she unexpectedly links arms with you as you turn a corner, and find yourself in a fairground. The game begins as you enter the fair...

Special Abilities

GIFTED LINGUIST: You have a truly astonishing gift for languages, and can translate any language found in this game, as well as Egyptian Hieroglyphs. If you want to know what something says, just ask a referee!

Possessions

You are carrying a copy of today's newspaper, The Times for June 13th 1913. You will be provided with a copy before the game begins.

Relationships (5)

Dr. Rosina Despard

Rosina is a minor member of the Society for Psychical Research, and far nicer than most of the people you met there. You approve of her on several grounds. Firstly, unlike most of the sceptics who comprise the SPR, Rosina actually believes in psychical matters and the supernatural, having experienced her own haunting (see description below), which was published in *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* Vol. 8 in 1888. She therefore takes The Adventure seriously, and was instrumental in persuading you to publish your account in the book of that name in 1911. Secondly, Rosina is an educated woman, having passed a medical degree and qualified as a doctor, only the 23rd woman to do so in England and Wales.

Unfortunately she has been now for almost thirty years the Medical Officer at Holloway Women's Prison, and has become a very controversial figure because of her involvement in a major political scandal all over the newspapers. Recently Votes for Women campaigners (called Suffragettes) have carried out a number of acts of protest, demanding women's rights. When the government ignored them, they responded with a campaign of violence, and one Emily Davison, committed suicide by throwing herself under the King's horse Anmer at the Epsom Derby last week. This is the culmination of a wave of terrorism conducted by largely upper class women which has seen shop windows smashed, acts of arson and vandalism, and even violent assaults upon the police and Cabinet member's persons. (While strongly favouring the education of women, you do not believe they should be active in the political sphere, and certainly should not be committing acts of violence. Unlike your very conservative friend Miss Moberly, you do believe women aged thirty and over should have the vote).

Rosina was required to administer force feeding to women at Holloway Prison when they went on Hunger Strike, and one choked on her food and almost died. There was a public scandal, and Rosina almost lost her job, and the Government rushed through legislation popularly called The Cat and Mouse Act 1913, which means that suffragettes are not held in prison but released back in to the community if their health suffers or they (as they inevitably do now) declare a hunger strike. Rosina took the whole affair, and in particular the competence of her medical skills which was brought in to question very badly, and has withdrawn from almost everything and seeks to be seeking solace in drink after what you think was possibly a nervous breakdown. One of the reasons you are in town is to encourage her, and suggest going somewhere on holiday soon.

To your astonishment you suddenly notice Rosina in the fairground - but she is in glowing health and looks a good thirty years younger! Has she died? Is this a Crisis Apparition? Or is it all happening again?

Rosina's Ghost Story: A Summary

In April 1872 a retired army captain of Irish extraction, *Frederick William Despard* (53), his 46 year old second wife *Harriet Ann* (nee Nixon), "a great invalid", and his teenage children, 19 year old *Rosina Clara*, *Edith Sophia* was about to turn 18, 15 year old *Henry*, 13 year old *Lilian*, 12 year old *Mabel*, and their little brother *Wilfrid*, 9, moved house. They moved from Lansdown Road in Cheltenham, the town where they had been living for the previous half dozen or so years to another rented house at Pittville Circus Road, on the corner of All Saints Road.

The first time Rosina saw the ghost was in June 1872 (three months after removal):

she was in her bedroom, not yet gone to bed, when she heard somebody at the door. She thought it was her mother, but it wasn't as so: no one was there. A few steps in the corridor later, she saw the apparition at top of the stairs. After a moment, the ghost went downstairs. Rosina followed her, but her candle faded. She went back to the bedroom. The apparition looked as if it were in mourning. *The lady in black kept a handkerchief to her face with her right hand.* in. The ghost looked so much real, that different witnesses thought she was an intruder or a guest! Her steps have been heard by more than twenty persons and seen around the house by seventeen different people. Despite all this, she faded when someone tried to touch her though she could pass through objects.

From 1872 to 1874, Rosina Despard saw the apparition about a half dozen times, but referred the facts strictly to a friend, while only three other persons saw the ghost. The first one was Rosina's sister who, while going downstairs at 18:30, crossed the apparition going to the livingroom. She thought she was a visitor.

In autumn 1873 a waitress saw the same entity and suspected she was an intruder. Further investigations found no one.

On 18th December 1873 Rosina's brother with a child saw a crying woman from the garden through the living-room window. They ran inside to see who she was, but again, she found nothing.

The apparition usually walked to a living-room window, stopped at its right for a while, then went to the corridor to the garden to fade away. The only noises were light raps on the doors and the ghost's footsteps. Rosina Despard notes:

'I felt a cold icy shiver' when the ghost bends over her while she is playing the piano.

In June-August, the apparitions became more frequent, reaching their highest peak. On July 21, 1874, towards 21:00, Rosina was reading in the livingroom with her father and sisters. The ghost came in from an open door and stopped behind her couch. After *half-an-hour*, she went to the garden door and faded. *Rosina tried to talk to her. She stopped for a moment and seemed to be about to answer, but went on. Strangely, no one but Rosina saw the apparition.* Methodically following the ghost around, she tried putting wires across its path to try and trip it up.

The night of the 2nd August everyone heard the footsteps, and a waitress saw the ghost. On the 5th August 1874 Rosina talked to her father about the ghost. The next day, a neighbour saw the ghost in the garden, convinced she was a real woman!

For the rest of the year, until 1875, the ghost frequently appeared to many people. In 1876 there were noises, cold winds, candle flames, but from 1877, through 1878 and 1879, the apparition became rare. From 1879, the ghost disappeared completely. Footsteps continued for a while but then they too faded away. The Despards moved in 1883. What we know today about the case is though the letters written by Rosina to Catherine Campbell, a schoolfriend

Hertha Marks Ayrton

An inspiring woman scientist and mathematician now in her 70's, she faced considerable prejudice throughout her life for no more reason than her gender. She was unable to gain her 1st class mathematics degree from Cambridge for her thesis "On the Dynamics of an Asteroid" because she was a woman and women were only granted certificates, but she did gain a degree from London University a few years later. Debarred from lecturing by her gender, she assumed male clothes and a false identity and held a teaching post as a

fictional male professor; going by a French name, Moriarty, so no one asked much about her background. When this subterfuge was unmasked following a terrible alpine climbing accident in 1894 where she fell several hundred feet into a pool of water, she was denied a teaching post at London University.

While becoming a world renowned expert on electrical engineering, inventing the arc light, making major contributions to both mathematics and astronomy, she was denied a Fellowship of the Royal Society in 1902 on the grounds they could not have a married woman as a fellow. Aside from her terrible fear of heights and equally morbid fear of drowning, often remarked upon, she is certainly one of the most rational and brilliant women in the world. You don't know her well, but met her in 1904 when she presented a paper at the Royal Society on the motion of ripples in sand and water, and afterwards gave the same lecture for women at Finsbury Technical Institute and you were able to attend. The physics was a bit above your head, but it was clear she was a most charismatic and formidable genius. You were not surprised she was able to pass as a male Professor, she certainly has the authority.

Lillian Lenton

You were walking along the street when this young woman ran up from behind fell in to step with you and Miss Moberley and took your arm. You heard a whistle blow somewhere behind you, and suddenly the smell of smoke hit your nose, and you wondered what on Earth was happening. And then, quite suddenly, you rounded a corner and found the fairground, before the lady - well youth, she looks to be in her early twenties - could introduce herself, or explain her bizarre behaviour. She seems a little startled, and more than a bit out of breath. There is something slightly familiar about the girl, as if you have seen her somewhere before, but you can't place her. She appears to be a well dressed girl of the working classes, not a lady, but has a look of respectability. Clearly she has no manners however!

Mina Harker

Many years ago your first teaching post was at the school you attended in Richmond, Surrey on the outskirts of London. When you became a senior girl, a boarder aged 19 years at Miss Frimley's Finishing School for Girls you became teaching assistant to Mina Harker, a lovely woman and great friend who you sensed had suffered greatly. She was married to a solicitor named Jonathan, and they had a beautiful baby boy they named Quincey of all things!. Mina lived with her husband in a house close to the school, and in the academic year 1882/3 you dined with them several times. Tragically in April 1883 Jonathan was murdered by a maniac, and his dismembered corpse was found in The Thames. Mina went quite mad, and was placed in an exclusive Swiss sanatorium by an elderly medical man friend of hers -- you forget his name but it was German or Dutch -- and Quincey was adopted. This terrible tragedy haunted you, because you are sure Mina, who displayed quite incredible psychic powers, saw it coming. She was also anxious, and so sad. Such a terrible end for such a dear sweet woman...

The thing you most remember about her was the fact she used to read your mind -- she on many occasions answered questions before you even asked them, or seemed to know exactly what you were thinking. Now you know more of such matters you realise she was a gifted telepath. .

Miss Moberley

Your very best friend in the world, a cynic who has dedicated her whole life to the cause of educating "foolish girls of the upper classes so they should not be cheated and deceived by men or fall victim to tyrannical mothers". While you are as close as sisters, you have never discovered what underlies this rather marked anger, and wonder why the sight of jewellery often seems to render Charlotte misty eyed and sad. She never under any circumstances wears jewels, with a single exception -- a talisman that she has carried on her person for as long as you have known her, and which she seems to have a strong emotional attachment to, but never shows you or discusses. You asked her about it once, and she went silent and stared at you as if you had slapped her. You have chosen to not ask again in the last thirty years, but surely after all this time she can trust you with her secrets?

You know Charlotte was as a teenager sent to a Swiss Finishing School, and did not return to England until St. Hugh's. She rarely mentions her mother, though her father, a rather controversial Bishop of Salisbury (for theological reasons not any scandal - he did not want to believe in Eternal Damnation) she was keen on. Most of her childhood was spent on the isle of Wight, with occasional seaside holidays to Great Yarmouth, a port she loathes and despises the very mention of because of her unhappy childhood stays in boarding houses there.

Something Wicked

Florence Nightingale

Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

You are Florence Nightingale, and you have just arrived at this fairground after a disaster burned out the time machine you were travelling upon. A time machine built by Countess Ada Lovelace (Lord Byron's daughter) no less, and which has brought you to some unspecified point in the future with your friend and the young artist Dante Gabriel Rossetti. You are glad to have left 1851 though, because last night you committed the single most daring act of your life, stealing the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. It is something you have wanted to do since you saw them as a young girl, and now you have it done it you are terrified by the consequences -- this act of treason is not something one does lightly, especially not a middle class girl who is supposed to be respectable. When you ran in to Ada's Mayfair rooms last night and activated the time machine, you did not know if your theft had been detected, or how far you were ahead of the police, but you certainly are well ahead of them now -- the only question is by how many years?

Your parents were William Edward Nightingale, and Frances Nightingale. A dutiful daughter, the picture of respectability, in your youth you were respectful of your family's opposition to you working as a nurse, yet in 1844 you rebelled and announced your decision to enter the field. Despite the intense anger and distress of your mother and sister, you rebelled against the expected role for a woman of her status to become a wife and mother. Given your lesbianism, you never had any desire at all to engage in such things, but you could not tell mother that! You worked hard to educate herself in the art and science of nursing, in spite of opposition from her family and the restrictive social code for affluent young English women.

As a young woman you travelled to Greece and Egypt, and became passionately enchanted by Egyptology, even learning to read Hieroglyphs! In 1849, you travelled in Germany, visiting the Lutheran religious community at Kaiserswerth-am-Rhein, where you observed the deaconesses working for the sick and the deprived. You learned a huge amount about nursing from them, and published your findings anonymously just a few weeks ago in a book called *The Institution of Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, for the Practical Training of*

Deaconesses. On 22 August 1850, you took the post of superintendent at the Institute for the Care of Sick Gentlewomen in Upper Harley Street, London, and there you met the wonderfully unconventional Ada Lovelace, tragically dying of cancer. The two of you became firm friends.

From Ada you learned an astonishing fact: it is possible to travel in time. Ada who worked in her youth with Charles Babbage on his calculating machine, the Difference Engine, has designed and built a new device, which manipulates the physical dimensions of space and time and allows one to travel forwards, or theoretically backwards, emerging in another time. At first you thought it was the ravings of a sick woman, but as you got to know Ada better you realised she was deadly serious, and really has built what may be a working Time Machine.

She hatched a plan – claiming to already have devised a machine that allowed her to see in to her own future, she has found she dies of the tumour in her womb in 1854. She therefore decided to take you, travel in to the future as far as the year 2013, and find a surgeon who can save her life. Then you will return to the past with whatever new medical treatments and knowledge the far future may bring, and revolutionise nursing and medicine.

This is clearly such a wonderful plan you decided you would do anything to assist. The Time Machine runs off diamonds, and you helped Ada spend her wealth wisely getting enough diamonds to make it work. However what if the machine consumes diamond to run? It occurred to you they may be of the nature of a fuel, for are they not just carbon like coal? So it seemed wise to take more with you.

However, you developed a plan. You were leaving friends and family soon, perhaps forever, to voyage in to the far future. As a young girl your father's friend Sir Edmund Hornsby, the guardian of the Crown Jewels at the Tower of London, had taken you in vaults and shown you the Imperial Regalia by dim candlelight. At that moment you had conceived a wild desire to steal them!

And now as an adult that is exactly what you have done. Firstly, you took the sketches you had made as a child, and hired a German toymaker to make cheap brass and paste jewel replicas, that might just pass casual inspection in the dim conditions you viewed the jewels in. Then you simply arranged to visit The Tower last night and paint watercolours of the Jewels. Placing the originals in your carpet bag, you then left after tipping the Beefeaters who put the Jewels back, failing to notice the substitution as far as you can tell, and suddenly seized by acute terror at the boldness of your actions ran through the streets to Ada's Mayfair flat, crying out to her to activate the Chronological Engine. Dante Gabriel Rossetti stared in surprise at you – you were clearly very excited and anxious, but Ada turned the dials. And then -- there was a flash of light, and all the diamonds that act as Temporal Stabilisers seemed to turn to coal, and the three of you found yourselves standing somewhere in what you hope is London, in the middle of a fairground. Have you travelled to the future? Is Ada's town house still secure and is the Temporal Relocation engine still functional? Can you find your way back to it, and continue on to the future? And how will you replace the diamonds you need?

Special Abilities:

EGYPTOLOGY: You know a tremendous amount about Ancient Egypt's myths and legends, artefacts and can read Hieroglyphs. If you want to use this power in the game just consult a referee.

NURSING: Your nursing skills allow you to function as a doctor if one is required -- you are equivalent in skill.

Possessions:

Gold crown with diamonds, Gold orb with diamonds, Gold sceptre.

Relationships (5)

Ada Lovelace

Properly Augusta Ada King, Countess of Lovelace, born Augusta Ada Byron. As a girl she was presented at court, and on the 8 July 1835 married Baron William King, Baroness King. Together they three children: Byron, Annabella and Ralph. She was the daughter of the infamous Lord Byron whose love affairs, homosexual and heterosexual, and seduction of his half-sister Augusta, shocked all England and led to his social ostracism, exile and early death when Ada was still a child. As a young adult, her mathematical talents led her to an ongoing working relationship and friendship with fellow British mathematician Charles Babbage, and in particular Babbage's work on the Analytical Engine. Between 1842 and 1843, she translated an article by Italian military engineer Luigi Menabrea on the Engine, which she also supplemented with an elaborate set of notes of her own, simply called Notes and published. Her scientific and mathematical work is first rate.

Poor dear Ada! Very few women understand you as well as her, and if she was not old enough to be your mother you would doubtless be lovers! You are treating her for cancer, but the condition is inoperable, and nothing can be done for her. No scalpel sharp enough exists. It is much like the problem poor Charlie Babbage had that prevented him getting the cogs made for his Difference Engine. Still Ada has built the Chronological Engine, a Time Machine. You don't really follow the theory but you understand that it let's people travel forward in to their own futures, and hence travel in time. Of course Ada has little future left, but with it she hopes to travel to your future, and just in case Fate cuts you off too soon, you have brought along the poet and artist Dante Gabriel Rossett - such a charming boy, so hopelessly in love with his model Lizzie Siddals!

You helped Ada source the jewels she needed for the Time Machine - fine diamonds, but not all diamonds work. There appear to be some kind of physical impurities essential to them working correctly as Time Stabilisers. You are all for the adventure to the future, but did feel you should acquire spare diamonds to take with you, just in case, but Ada and you could not afford it. It cost you so much just to get the ones you have used. And now they have burned out it seems, based on the final glance you had before you found yourself at the fair, and you really have to wonder where on earth you will find more of suitable quality!

This is why you decided to finally commit the crime you had long dreamed of, and steal the Crown Jewels. You have them, and if suitable diamonds can not be found, well you have enough - but will have to find a way to dismantle the imperial regalia to repair the Time Machine. Obviously you have not told Ada about your theft - she may well disapprove -- but you really do think that you can fix the machine, and travel on in time!

Dante Gabriel Rosetti

Rossetti is an exquisite young man, a thing of beauty, and possesses a fine mind. Ada was long his patron, but is stung by his ingratitude, as he has less and less time for her

recently. Unfortunately her influence on him has become more and more indirect -- he was stung by criticism of his second great painting, *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, and has taken to only producing watercolours he sells privately - what an astonishing waste of his great talent! Furthermore he has fallen hopeless in love with Lizzie Siddals, an artists model who works as a milliner in a shop in Cranbourne Alley . You don't blame him -- she is an exquisite creature, a glorious little minx, and you have more than a slight crush on her!

Ada invited him to her Mayfair town house tonight on the pretext of participating in a Spiritualist seance - and a substantial cheque - you and Ada agreed it was best that he did not know the plan. He was curious when he saw the great machine, but went along with things happily enough. You think voyaging through time with you will give him inspiration, and help him find that posterity regards him as a great artist Then you can return him to 1851 to glory, and he will go an to achieve great things no doubt. He just needs a boost in his confidence.

You like Dante, as a friend obviously, though are jealous of Lizzie's attentions to him. He has collected some of the great beauties of London Society, and some of the most exquisite peaches of the working classes as well, to pose as models, but you are a little annoyed he has never asked you to pose. After all, it would utterly infuriate your family! Try and get him to at least do a sketch of you for posterity, you like the idea that future generations will remember you and crave fame, and sadly this may be the only way you will achieve it. Rossetti's art will doubtless live forever, while the name of Florence Nightingale will inevitably join the anonymous millions forgotten by history!

Lizzie Siddal

Lizzie is absolutely gorgeous. Dante introduced you to her a few months back, and you can see why he is astonished by this bewitching beauty and has fallen so hopelessly in love with her; he is by his nature intoxicated by beauty, and anyone could get drunk on Lizzie! The only problem is, she is also something of an angel, and thoroughly masochistic, in that she is always willing to suffer for love. You know she will allow Dante to do what he wants, because she is utterly intoxicated with him, and she has lost herself in him. Each has made the other a god or goddess, and when the mortality of the other becomes apparent, when they finally marry and live together, will the dream survive? Something about the insane passion they currently share worries you.

In the future you may find them happily married - or you may find one or the other threw themselves in The Thames, or they died in a lover's pact. Lizzie is not going to stop Dante hurting her by inattention or hurtful words, and she is too frail for this world. You think she might be better off with you, and in fact you think there is an attraction there. You are genuinely frightened by the relationship between your friend and this amazing exquisite creature, but also aware you only really know her as a model, a picture, a woman who is experienced through art, and through iconography.

Who is the real Lizzie? Can you get to find out her inner thoughts? She is so passive; she has become an empty vessel for the dreams of others. There is a woman underneath, a women you long to know...

Master Holmes

You tutored this insolent little prick as a child. Arrogant, irritating, always asking personal questions about you. Still the only man ever to realise you were not interested in men at all, but preferred the Sapphic Arts. You have to give him credit for that - even as a twelve year old he had incredible insight in to human nature. Now he looks all grown

up - you are mazed he was not hanged, for his soul is fundamentally Wicked, and you know a thing or two about wickedness!

Still you know him, he can help you sort out where and when you are. Maybe keep quiet you arrived by Time Machine!

The Doctor

You met this fellow once in 1848, when he you saved you from the unwanted advances of a cad called Harry Flashman as you walked down the dark corridors of St.

Bartholomew's Teaching Hospital. he was hiding in a cupboard, and stepped out to defend your honour as Harry the Flasher as the nurses called him tried to grab you Nice man, he advised you to always carry a lamp in future, so you would not be pounced on by Harry or his ilk in the dark and would have plenty of time to run, scream, or offer him a jelly baby. You have no idea exactly what he meant, but you took his advice, and are rarely found without your trademark lamp now!

Strange thing is, he does not look a day older, even though you think you have travelled far in to the future. Even the scarf is the same? Have you somehow accidentally travelled back six years in time?

Something Wicked

Hertha Marks Ayrton

Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

You are Hertha Ayrton, born Phoebe Sarah Marks at 6 Queen Street, Portsea, Hampshire, England on 28 April 1854. You are the daughter of a seamstress, Alice Theresa, and a watchmaker and jeweller, Levi Marks, and of Jewish parents. At the age of nine, you were invited by your aunts, who ran a school in north-west London, to live with your cousins and be educated with them. Through your cousins you were introduced to science and mathematics and by the time you were sixteen she were working as a governess.

You studied at Girton College, Cambridge, where you read mathematics and were coached by by the brilliant naturalist and mathematician Alfred Russel Wallace. (You were supported in her application by the novelist George Elliot). During your time at Cambridge, you constructed a blood pressure monitor, led the choral society, founded the college fire brigade, and formed a mathematical club. In 1880, Ayrton you passed the Mathematical Tripos, and presented an undergraduate thesis entitled "On the Dynamics of an Asteroid", a pioneering work of astrophysics. You were not granted a degree because, at this time, Cambridge gave only certificates and not degrees to women. With the help of Alfred Russel Wallace you successfully completed an external examination and received a B.Sc. degree from the University of London in 1881.

Upon your return to London, you earned money by teaching and embroidery, ran a club for working girls, and cared for your invalid sister. You also put her mathematical skills to practical use – teaching at Notting Hill and Ealing High School, and were also active in devising and solving mathematical problems, many of which were published in "Mathematical Questions and Their Solutions" from the *Educational Times*.

In 1884 you patented a line-divider, an engineering drawing instrument for dividing a line into any number of equal parts and for enlarging and reducing figures. The line-divider was her your major invention and, while its primary use was likely to be for artists for enlarging and diminishing, it was also useful to architects and engineers. The patent application was financially supported by feminists and women's right activists who advanced you enough

money to take out patents; the invention was shown at the Exhibition of Women's Industries and received much press attention. You have since patented several more inventions.

In 1884 you began attending evening classes on electricity at Finsbury Technical College, delivered by Professor William Edward Ayrton a pioneer in electrical engineering and physics education and a fellow of the Royal Society. On 6 May 1885 you married him, and thereafter assisted him with experiments in physics and electricity.

Such is the public knowledge about you. But you have a literal double life, for at the suggestion of Alfred Russel Wallace you found a way from 1884 onwards to actually hold the lecturing position you wanted, but were denied by your gender. The two of you forged papers and references for a fictitious Professor James Moriarty, an expert in astrophysics. With the help of Wallace, Thomas Huxley, Charles Darwin and your husband, and even a reference from yourself as Hertha Marks Ayrton, you secured a teaching post at London University, and dressing as a man, were able to hold lectures. Your first book published as Professor Moriarty was of course "On the Dynamics of An Asteroid", your much neglected undergraduate thesis, and it caused something of a scientific sensation among both mathematicians and astronomers.

About this stage you finally renounced any religious faith you had ever held. You had been forced to convert from Judaism to Anglican Christianity to get in to Girton, and now you decided no just and loving God could allow the anti-Semitism, sexism and terrible poverty that are rife in society. Darwin maintained some kind of shaky Anglicanism, at times occasionally becoming atheist, then changing his mind - Thomas Huxley declared himself a new term of his invention, an Agnostic, and poor old Wallace became an avowed spiritualist holding seances where he swears the dead talk to him! It was all nonsense as far as you were concerned - religion and superstition had kept millions enslaved in ignorance and poverty, and only the light of Science could bring people in to the light. And as if to prove your point, you invented a new electric arc street lamp which did not burn out, hiss or sputter like the old ones, and which are slowly borough by borough replacing the old flickering gas lamps with their deep shadows with bright white light across the city, driving criminals and prostitutes away from what were previously dangerous roads. If only they had got them in Whitechapel by now, Jack the Ripper might be thinking twice about trying to murder!

It was about this point that your growing radicalism and devotion to Science and Women's Rights finally made you realise a stark and horrible fact -if even under Queen Victoria, millions of women were oppressed, beaten, and many tens of thousands reduced to sex work because it is about the only occupation which can pay working class women in the East End a decent wage, well the whole power structure was corrupt. Sure there are isolated reformers, activists and even real heroes like Dr Barnardo getting children off the streets and in to his orphanages, but something far far greater was needed. If the Church, Government, and Press would not act, and society turned its back on women, the minorities and the very poor, then it is up to you to do something, and the only power base no one seemed to be trying to employ were the most radical people in the country, the outlaws of the Underworld.

If the Criminal Classes could be brought under effective leadership, and made to unite, a true revolution could be brought about. What was needed was a "Napoleon of Crime", someone who would build the Underworld in to a true army, ready to be employed to conduct a revolution like that in France a century ago. Yet there would be none of the political struggles between comrades, none of the bloodletting of the Terror in your revolution. the whole thing would be controlled by the invisible dictator, and any dissent or failure to comply with your ideal would result in a horrible death for the culprit.

Of course a revolution requires funding and it was at this point you stumbled across some

mathematical tables written by a great heroine of yours, the mathematician Ada Lovelace, who died the year you were born. Her "poker analysis tables" were supposed to allow her to win a fortune in gambling games - instead she almost bankrupted her husband at one point. You realised that while they did not work for Poker, they could certainly work well if employed for speculating on the Stock Exchange. You experimented, and swiftly became secretly wealthy. That money soon bought you power, and you began to buy influence, recruit informers, and gain power in the underworld, and then beyond, as your reach spread to the City, the Church, the Press, the Government and of course throughout academia and the sciences. The end would justify the means, and you would build utopia, through a brutal dictatorship of fear. ANd then you can put things in order, and get on with science!

You just needed a ruthless and efficient general to run your new secret army. You found him in Col. Sebastian Moran, and it was he who named you, or rather Professor Moriarty, for no one knows it is you Hertha behind that man, the "Napoleon of Crime". The only person who seemed curious about Moriarty and suspected there was a link between him and the emerging "Napoleon of Crime" was Sherlock Holmes, and as many of his informers also worked for you it was easy to feed him false information. You have even bought a London townhouse and hired servants for Moriarty, just so Holmes has something to waste his time watching!

And then you realised - for all his Consulting Detective business, Holmes is also building an army of informants, agents and contacts. He is clearly also planning something, and it was inevitable your rival power structures would one day clash. You started to employ your network to confuse and damage his, and London has become a battleground between your rival secret societies. What bothers you about Holmes though, is that you have absolutely no idea what his real agenda is. It is doubtful that someone as pompous and misogynistic as Holmes would have anyone's best interests at heart, but you are expending a great deal of effort on this game, without being quite sure why you are playing it. Is Holmes working for the palace, the government, the police? Or is he actually planning something of his own? You need to find out. You would never admit it to anyone, but you actually quite like Sherlock Holmes - perhaps even more than like...

Of course things are not working out quite as you planned. Moriarty is meant to be utterly ruthless, and at first you thought you would not mind having to dispose of criminals who resisted you, but now Sebastian is actually doing it, you feel more and more queasy. He orders the killings, not you, but after the gang leader thrown in to the Elephant pen at London Zoo and trampled to death, to one hurled from Big Ben at the stroke of midnight, and the horrible incident involving the sewage works and the informer, you are getting more and more disturbed. You just laugh maniacally when Sebastian reports his latest outrage, but when you get home as Hertha you are really quite disturbed and try not to think about it, losing yourself in physics and cheap romance novels. When you found yourself last night planning to have Darcy Sarto, author of "Lady Don't Fall Backwards" pulled apart between the Plymouth and Edinburgh express for writing such a terrible ending to the book, you really realised you were becoming a bit too much like Sebastian. And you still feel bad about venting to Sebastian about the baker's boy who brought you the wrong meat pies for the third week in a row. Sebastian assured you that he was delicious, however, which is some small consolation.

So really you have three lives now - a home life as Hertha, an academic life as Moriarty, and then Moriarty's secret life, as the Napoleon of Crime. It's difficult to tie them together, and your husband is so fixated on his research that you really are beginning to really too much on Sebastian. It's not healthy, not at all. Furthermore, even running the Underworld is beginning to get complicated. As the Napoleon of Crime every pimp in Whitechapel is not moaning at Sebastian's lieutenants, demanding that you do something about Jack the Ripper, a business so bloody brutal and horrible you have not even looked in to it, because it upsets you. Despite what happened to that bitch Lucinda Harris who kept flirting with

your husband -- her topiary was vandalized and her birdbath knocked over - Sebastian refused to have her eaten by wolves --you are a lady of very delicate sensibilities. You get horribly distressed by the gory details - and are not the killings of these prostitutes in the East End exactly the kind of thing you became the Napoleon of Crime to stop?

So you have ordered Sebastian to find and kill the Ripper, or hand him over to the police, or something, but he has failed you so far. It's like when you told him to steal the Koh-i-Noor diamond, more because you wanted to analyse it's chemical properties than any desire to own the jewel. He spent so long planning the break in to Windsor Castle that last night someone beat him to it, and while the Napoleon of Crime is getting all the credit, you feel vaguely cheated. It's like all those weeks your men spent tunneling from the sewers in to the Tower of London to steal the Crown Jewels, only to discover they were already stolen and replaced by cheap brass and paste jewellery mock ups. That would severely embarrass the crown if it was revealed, so you have kept that secret to just you and Sebastian, but sometimes it just all seems futile. You expect bloody Sherlock has them!

Still you could cope with all that, but you have also fallen out with your great friend and mentor Alfred Russel Wallace. Wallace has always been a bit crazy - he tells some ludicrous story about having back in the 1840's been trapped in a cave system for three days with a giant rat, and having only escaped when his Spirit Guides physically manifested and saved him -- but lately he has totally lost the plot. You have been biting your tongue about his weird Spiritualist beliefs for years - after all, he is the man who really discovered Evolution by Natural Selection, and only his generosity of spirit allowed Charles Darwin to take most of the glory - but recently he has been trying so hard to get you to go to his Spiritualist Church and participate in a seance you finally made a stand and told him your true feelings, that it is all bunk!

He responded by sending you an article from the latest Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, a popular and influential group who claim to scientifically research the paranormal - in short frauds, charlatans and a disgrace to real science . You were utterly unimpressed, and told him so. Here is a brief précis of the article, written by the pseudonymous Rose Morton...

Rose Morton's Ghost Story: A Summary

In April 1872 a retired army captain of Irish extraction, Frederick William Morton (53), his 46 year old second wife Harriet Ann (nee Nixon), "a great invalid", and his teenage children, 19 year old Rose, Edith Sophia who was about to turn 18, 15 year old Henry, 13 year old Lilian, 12 year old Mabel, and their little brother Wilfrid, 9, moved house. They moved from Lansdown Road in Cheltenham, the town where they had been living for the previous half dozen or so years to another rented house at Pittville Circus Road, on the corner of All Saints Road.

The first time Rose saw the ghost was in June 1872 (three months after removal): she was in her bedroom, not yet gone to bed, when she heard somebody at the door. She thought it was her mother, but it wasn't as so: no one was there. A few steps in the corridor later, she saw the apparition at top of the stairs. After a moment, the ghost went downstairs. Rose followed her, but her candle faded. She went back to the bedroom. The apparition looked as if it were in mourning. The lady in black kept a handkerchief to her face with her right hand. in. The ghost looked so much real, that different witnesses thought she was an intruder or a guest! Her steps have been heard by more than twenty persons and seen around the house by seventeen different people. Despite all this, she faded when someone tried to touch her though she could pass through objects.

From 1872 to 1874, Rose saw the apparition about a half dozen times, but referred the

facts strictly to a friend, while only three other persons saw the ghost. The first one was Rose's sister who, while going downstairs at 18:30, crossed the apparition going to the livingroom. She thought she was a visitor.

In autumn 1873 a waitress saw the same entity and suspected she was an intruder. Further investigations found no one.

On 18th December 1873 Rose's brother with a child saw a crying woman from the garden through the living-room window. They ran inside to see who she was, but again, she found nothing.

The apparition usually walked to a living-room window, stopped at its right for a while, then went to the corridor to the garden to fade away. The only noises were light raps on the doors and the ghost's footsteps. Rose Morton notes:

'I felt a cold icy shiver' when the ghost bends over her while she is playing the piano.

In June-August, the apparitions became more frequent, reaching their highest peak. On July 21, 1874, towards 21:00, Rose was reading in the livingroom with her father and sisters. The ghost came in from an open door and stopped behind her couch. After half-an-hour, she went to the garden door and faded. Rose tried to talk to her. She stopped for a moment and seemed to be about to answer, but went on. Strangely, no one but Rose saw the apparition. Methodically following the ghost around, she tried putting wires across its path to try and trip it up.

The night of the 2nd August everyone heard the footsteps, and a maidservant saw the ghost. On the 5th August 1874 Rose talked to her father about the ghost. The next day, a neighbour saw the ghost in the garden, convinced she was a real woman!

For the rest of the year, until 1875, the ghost frequently appeared to many people. In 1876 there were noises, cold winds, candle flames, but from 1877, through 1878 and 1879, the apparition became rare. From 1879, the ghost disappeared completely. Footsteps continued for a while but then they too faded away. The Mortons moved in 1883. What we know today about the case is though the letters written by Rose to Catherine Campbell, a school-friend.

You wrote to Wallace at once arguing that the plain facts were obvious. Captain Morton's wife was an invalid - what more natural than he should take a young woman as a mistress? This is why the 'apparition' appeared so lifelike -- because it was, in fact, a living woman. The SPR investigators got wind of the story, and descended upon Cheltenham, where Rose was interviewed. When the neighbours had seen the figure they had obviously been told it was a ghost, and obviously Rose and the children were in on it -- and her ridiculous account was concocted to throw the SPR investigators off the track, and ensure that the scandal was minimised. This was the only reason why any ghost would be at such pains whenever seen to be veiled in widow's weeds, and clutch a handkerchief to her face - to hide her entirely human identity! Rose Morton is a complete impostor, and one who deserves to be unmasked as a villain and a liar, and at least this will have the benefit of making the SPR and spiritualists all look silly! Unfortunately you went further, and wrote a public letter to The Times and The Strand, though anonymously, putting forward the theory and claiming it was common knowledge in Cheltenham this was exactly what happened. It was a lie, but to serve the greater cause of science!

Wallace is furious, and you are now slightly worried. After all, he is one of the very few who know that you are Professor Moriarty, and while he knows nothing of Moriarty being the Napoleon of Crime, exposure as an impostor and loss of your teaching post at London University would be more than you can bare. You like Wallace far too much to wish to have him blown up, eviscerated, broiled, fed to pigs -- er, to ask Sebastian to deal with it, so you

are now going to have to find a way to patch things up with Wallace, without compromising your scientific integrity by accepting all this nonsense.

There is one more thing that concerns you. You spend your few free hours watching the skies through the great telescope at Greenwich Observatory, and you think you may have made the greatest scientific discovery of all time. Far out in the solar system, just beyond Uranus, you have detected an Earth-sized planet, apparently wandering and not orbiting, but moving steadily, inexorably, closer and closer to Earth. Your observations suggest it is rocky like the moon, and seemingly covered in ice, but you suspect it has an atmosphere of air too. You have named this rogue planet Nemesis, and what is intriguing is that your calculation suggest it will end up circling the Earth, causing massive tidal disruptions and who knows what gravitational effects, in just a few months. You discovered this last night, and now in the cold light of day you realise it was a stress hallucination. Still, tonight, October 16th 1888, you have decided you must return to the observatory and check, just for your sanity. As you walk through Greenwich, you suddenly notice a fairground. You need to relax, your nerves are frayed. You stroll in seeking respite from your worries...

Special Abilities:

NAPOLEON OF CRIME: Twice in the game you may have your Underworld associates perform any criminal acts EXCEPT murder anywhere in London. These may be as dramatic as you choose - blow up Parliament, steal Nelson's Column, kidnap Queen Victoria. Be bold, and use this power to your advantage. The only restriction is you can not kill anyone, or directly effect any player character or the fairground itself. Just tell the referee what orders you are sending.

SEALED WITH AN M: In your character pack are six little notes ready for you to fill in, and send to any character who has a seahorse symbol on their badge denoting Underworld links. You can deliver them however you like - drop them for them to find, pass them through intermediaries, or perhaps safest send them through Sebastian. In the last thirty minutes of the game anyone you sent a note to with order, who did not obey them, may be killed by you giving an order to arrange this to Sebastian. he will invoke his special power, and that character will die horribly. They all know the fate they are risking by ignoring your orders.

EXPERT SCIENTIST: if your expertise in Science may help with any issue, ask a referee what you might know or be able to tell.

Relationships (5)

Ada Lovelace

Ada Lovelace is a real heroine to you, as a mathematician, as a scientist, as a woman. You wish you could have got to meet her when she was alive, and ironically it turns out she tutored the young Sherlock Holmes, who seems to have had a very eclectic education! It is her Poker Analysis Tables that allow you to play the stockmarket so well and fund your revolutionary preparations.

The only legitimate daughter of the infamous poet and libertine Lord Byron, Ada was every bit as scandalous a figure as her father. She died the year you were born, 1854, and oyur husband jokes sometimes that you are her reincarnation!

Alfred Russel Wallace

Your mentor for so long, someone who has worked hard to promote your scientific career, and fights hard for good causes. If only he was not a blasted Spiritualist! Fine a way to patch things up with him, and perhaps persuade him that all this supernatural mumbo jumbo is just absolute balderdash! Don't harm him though, and in fact do all you can to keep dear old Wallace safe...

Col. Sebastian Moran

Sebastian Moran was born in London in 1840, the son of Sir Augustus Moran, sometime Ambassador to Persia. Educated at Eton and Oxford, on graduation he embarked upon a military career. Formerly of the 1st Bangalore Pioneers, he served in the Jowaki Expedition of 1877-1878 and in the Anglo-Afghan War, seeing action at the Battle of Char Asiab, 6 October 1879 (for which he was mentioned in despatches); the Battle of Sherpur, 23 December 1879; and at Kabul.

A devoted sportsman and highly skilled shot, he was author of the books *Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas* in 1880 and *Three Months in the Jungle* in 1881, and reportedly once crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger.

He soon turned to the bad (you attribute this to a hereditary trait), and although there was no open scandal he was obliged to retire from the army and return to London. Outwardly respectable, with an address in Conduit Street, Mayfair, and membership of the Anglo-Indian Club, the Tankerville Club and The Bagatelle Card Club, he nevertheless continued in his evil ways.

Sebastian is rapidly becoming your best friend, though he is beginning to bodge things badly. He is rather good at dishing out horrific and inventive deaths, and organising the troops, and is personally very brave (and rather dashing!) but he really does not seem to be as ruthlessly efficient as he used to be. Something is clearly on his mind, and troubling him, something he can't easily kill. Try and find out what it is, and get his mind back on the job.

After all, you support him in his opulent lifestyle. And you expect results, not excuses.

Dr. Rosina Despard

Women have only recently been able to practice as doctors in the UK, and Rosina, the 23rd to qualify, has taken a post as Chief Medical Officer at Holloway Women's Prison. You have not met her yet, but are sure you will become great friends, and this is a great step forward for Women's Rights...

Sherlock Holmes

Infuriating, exasperating, wilful, pompous, arrogant and mysterious. Your nemesis, you feel a great affinity for him, and perhaps something more. Oddly he does not seem to have any friends apart from Watson and his brother Mycroft, his family are dead, and you simply can't learn much about him. It is hard to thwart someone when you don't know what they are trying to achieve. You need to get the dirt on Sherlock, or find a way to pierce his armour.

Something Wicked

Irene Adler

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Description

You are Irene Adler, a modern, self assured and somewhat independent woman. You born in New Jersey in 1858, so you are just turned 30 now! . You had a glorious career in opera as a contralto, performing at La Scala in Milan, Italy, and a term as prima donna in the Imperial Opera of Warsaw, Poland.

It was there that you became the lover of Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein and King of Bohemia who was staying in Warsaw at the time. The King eventually returned to his court in Prague, after you dumped him for being a complete snob and refusing to acknowledge your relationship because you were "not of his social status". Then in your late twenties, you retired from the opera stage and moved to London. Unfortunately things then got complicated.

The King arranged to marry Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningen, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia; the marriage would be threatened if his prior relationship with you were to come to light. Twice you were burgled, and once threatened by a masked man on the streets, before you realised what he was after. He had given you a large photograph of himself and you together, in an elaborate wooden frame, with an affectionate but possibly incriminating inscription. It soon became clear to you that he had every intention of using every means at his disposal to recover the picture. You considered juts packaging it up and sending it back, when a paranoid thought occurred. If he was this determined to get a photograph, and more than willing to have you burgled and threatened on the street, what else might he do to ensure your permanent silence? You had long since got over his somewhat superficial charm, and realised he could be dangerous if threatened, his horrible secret police even would certainly be so if they became more involved. That night you wrote a will, stating that in the event you suddenly disappeared or were murdered, the photograph and a short memoir of your relationship you wrote should be sent to Le Figaro and several other international newspapers. Insurance, you thought.

Meanwhile the King had hired a consulting detective Sherlock Holmes who stalked you often in disguise, learning much of your private life. Eventually you went to the solicitor you had lodged the will with, explained your problem, and he agreed to an amusing plan. If the King thought you were married he would be off your back -- he would feel you had as much

to lose as him by revealing your relationship. You and Norton the solicitor then arranged for an actor friend to play the priest, and set off to a church, and when the disguised Holmes showed up you grabbed him off the street to act as the official witness to your supposed marriage to Godfrey Norton!

Unfortunately Holmes did not stop then. He disguised himself as an elderly cleric and set up a faked incident to cause a diversion that was designed to allow him access to your home. Pretending to be injured in a fight to protect you, you had him brought in to rest on a sofa, and there had your coachman watch him. His accomplice, a fellow called Watson, then threw in through an open window, and among many shouts of "fire!" you were tricked into revealing where the picture was hidden. You tested your theory that it was indeed Holmes, by disguising herself as a young man and cheekily wishing him good night as he and Watson returned to the Baker Street flat.

You left that night for the the United States, taking the photo with you, but leaving an amused note for Holmes promising that if the King leaves you alone his secret is perfectly safe with you. As a final touch you left a picture of yourself in evening dress, signed for Holmes - an ironic but amusing touch. He is like all these arrogant men, not half as clever as he thinks he is!

And now you are back in London again, having arrived by steamer last week. You love the excitement, the bustle, the madness of the metropolis, have old friends to catch up with, whole haunts to revisit, and so much to do. You have been inspired by the example of Isabella Bird (see below) to write a book on your adventures in London, but you can't talk about the past because of your promise to the King of Bohemia, so you need fresh material. Most of all though, you are here to corner and capture Jack the Ripper, the terrible Whitechapel murderer! You are fascinated by his vile crimes, and are sure there is more to it than meets the eye. You are going to prove once and for all that you are far cleverer than even Sherlock Holmes thinks you are!

You have carefully been reading the papers, and have compiled a brief set of notes on what is known so far...

The Whitechapel Murders

All of London is absolutely frantic with the sensational slayings of Jack the Ripper, which have dominated the headlines all Summer.

Victim 1, August 31st, Polly Nicholls

On August 31st, Mary Ann Nicholls (43), known to her friends as Polly, had her throat cut in Buck's Row. She was apparently extraordinarily drunk, and was thrown out of the doss house in Thrawl Street at 1.20am for not having the three pence a night for shelter there. She left saying she would soon make that, and remarking "see what a jolly bonnet I've got now!" At 2.30am another prostitute, Mary's friend Emily Holland saw her leaning against a wall, very drunk. She tried to persuade her to come back to the lodging house, but Mary said she had made the money three times over and spent it on drink, but she would soon earn it again and join her friend. She never did; she was found her throat cut and body mutilated by a tram conductor called Charlie A. Cross at 3.40am.

Victim 2: September 8th, Annie Chapman

On September 8th Annie Chapman (47), known to her friends as "Dark Annie" was brutally slain. The killing took place in the back courtyard of the overcrowded slum tenement at 29 Hanbury Street, with 8 rooms and 17 occupants All with respectable trades boarding there.

The only entrance to the court was a passage that led through from the road, but Annie could have gone there sleeping somewhere dark to sleep, having been turned away from Crossingham Lodging House just round the corner where she planned to sleep that night (as she often did) for lacking the fourpence. She was also unwell, and had been to the Teaching Hospital that day, where a doctor had given her two pills she was carrying with her, but the nature of the medicine is unknown. She showed them to friends however, but the doctor she saw never came forward, possibly because the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel does so many charity cases each day individual patients are little noted.

At 5.20am Albert Cadosch, a carpenter was getting ready for work in the back garden of number 27. He heard a man and a woman talking the other side of the fence, and just before 5.30am the woman said no, but then seemed to fall or lean on the fence. As this is the normal position for copulation in the streets, The Camberwell Upright, or Threepenny Upright, he assumed it was a prostitute about her business.

At just a few minutes before 5.30am Elizabeth Darell said she saw Chapman walking down Hanbury Street with a man, about forty years of age, foreign looking, possibly Jewish, dark and with a 'shabby genteel' look. (Ask a referee if you want to compare with someone presents looks). He wore a brown coat and a deerstalker hat and simply asked Annie "will you?" and she said "yes." Finally sometime between 5.45am and 6am tram conductor John Davis came out on his way to work, and found the horribly slashed body of Annie Chapman in the yard. Sunrise was not until 7.30am, so the murder took place in the dark.

On the 27th September, the following letter in red ink written and sent it to the Central News Agency was published, along with photographs of the letter. It read as follows...

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha. ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck.

Yours truly

Jack the Ripper

Dont mind me giving the trade name

PS Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha

It has been said several times at the Inquests that the Ripper must possess medical skills, or surgical skills, or perhaps be a trained vet or slaughterman. Leather Apron is a shoemaker called John Pizer, a sometimes violent and lustful man, who was one of many suspects hauled in and questioned by the police. 'Get buckled' by the way if just East End slang for being hanged.

The 'Double Event', 29th September

On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride (44) was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms in Spitalfields. She was seen leaving the pub by several people, apparently in the company of a well dressed man in a black morning suit with a small dark moustache. Two brothers, J Best and John Gardner later saw her kissing a man who was of respectable appearance in a doorway, wearing a brown coat and seemingly quite affectionate to her, and teased the couple that the man was Jack the Ripper. The couple moved off, buying grapes in Berner Street, but the fruitseller's testimony keeps changing so is best ignored. Finally the couple were seen by William Marshall, a labourer, walking towards Dutfield Yard. He did not see the man's face, but described him as wearing working class clothes, but of good quality, being stout and powerfully built. The couple seemed on good terms, and neither drunk, and the man remarked to Stride "You would say anything but your prayers". Marshall was paying very little attention, so was not able to give a better description, but the man does not meet the description of the man she was seen with earlier. Between 12.45 and 1am several people claim to have seen Lizzie being accosted by two or possibly three men, but the best sightings by Israel Schwartz and independently by dockworker James Brown have her struggling with a short dark haired man dressed in the manner of a docker, and of Irish appearance. Another large burly fellow, with a dog, stood across the road watching the struggle.

Lizzie Stride's body was found at 1am, the throat cut, but with no other mutilations, apparently because the murderer was disturbed by the arrival of Louis Diemschutz with a cart. At exactly the same time, Catharine Eddowes, who had been picked up earlier in the day for impersonating a fire engine loudly outside a shop while drunk, having been allowed to sober up in a cell, was sent home by the police. She never made it - she was seen by three men returning from the Imperial Club talking to a man in the entry to Mitre Square, a location she would have reached about 1.10am, at 1.30am, and at 1.45am her body was found with the usual horrific mutilations, her belly slit and entrails arranged over her shoulder, with ghastly facial mutilations as well, lying in a dark corner of Mitre Square popular with prostitutes. Sometime later a strip of her bloodied apron was found on a staircase at on Goulston Street. Scrawled on the wall was the phrase "The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for nothing"

On the 1st October the Saucy Jack postcard (which read as follows) arrived at the Central News Agency and was published in all the papers...

I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a bit couldn't finish straight off. Had not got time to get ears off for police thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.

Jack the Ripper

Those are the facts. You plan to work out who the murderer is and have them arrested before any more women are killed. If you can do this before Sherlock, it will be the sweetest revenge!

Something else has grabbed your attention, because the papers have been full of it. A genuine English ghost story has just been published by the Society for Psychical Research - it happened some years ago now, in a little spa town called Cheltenham, and the author, one Rose Morton (a pseudonym) claims to have had the most amazing ghost experience...

Rose Morton's Ghost Story: A Summary

In April 1872 a retired army captain of Irish extraction, *Frederick William Morton* (53), his 46 year old second wife *Harriet Ann* (nee Nixon), "a great invalid", and his teenage

children, 19 year old *Rose, Edith Sophia* who was about to turn 18, 15 year old *Henry*, 13 year old *Lilian*, 12 year old *Mabel*, and their little brother *Wilfrid*, 9, moved house. They moved from Lansdown Road in Cheltenham, the town where they had been living for the previous half dozen or so years to another rented house at Pittville Circus Road, on the corner of All Saints Road.

The first time Rose saw the ghost was in June 1872 (three months after removal): she was in her bedroom, not yet gone to bed, when she heard somebody at the door. She thought it was her mother, but it wasn't as so: no one was there. A few steps in the corridor later, she saw the apparition at top of the stairs. After a moment, the ghost went downstairs. Rose followed her, but her candle faded. She went back to the bedroom. The apparition looked as if it were in mourning. The lady in black kept a handkerchief to her face with her right hand. in. The ghost looked so much real, that different witnesses thought she was an intruder or a guest! Her steps have been heard by more than twenty persons and seen around the house by seventeen different people. Despite all this, she faded when someone tried to touch her though she could pass through objects.

From 1872 to 1874, Rose saw the apparition about a half dozen times, but referred the facts strictly to a friend, while only three other persons saw the ghost. The first one was Rose's sister who, while going downstairs at 18:30, crossed the apparition going to the livingroom. She thought she was a visitor.

In autumn 1873 a waitress saw the same entity and suspected she was an intruder. Further investigations found no one.

On 18th December 1873 Rose's brother with a child saw a crying woman from the garden through the living-room window. They ran inside to see who she was, but again, she found nothing.

The apparition usually walked to a living-room window, stopped at its right for a while, then went to the corridor to the garden to fade away. The only noises were light raps on the doors and the ghost's footsteps. Rose Morton notes:

'I felt a cold icy shiver' when the ghost bends over her while she is playing the piano.

In June-August, the apparitions became more frequent, reaching their highest peak. On July 21, 1874, towards 21:00, Rose was reading in the livingroom with her father and sisters. The ghost came in from an open door and stopped behind her couch. After *half-an-hour*, she went to the garden door and faded. *Rose tried to talk to her. She stopped for a moment and seemed to be about to answer, but went on. Strangely, no one but Rose saw the apparition.* Methodically following the ghost around, she tried putting wires across its path to try and trip it up.

The night of the 2nd August everyone heard the footsteps, and a maidservant saw the ghost. On the 5th August 1874 Rose talked to her father about the ghost. The next day, a neighbour saw the ghost in the garden, convinced she was a real woman!

For the rest of the year, until 1875, the ghost frequently appeared to many people. In 1876 there were noises, cold winds, candle flames, but from 1877, through 1878 and 1879, the apparition became rare. From 1879, the ghost disappeared completely. Footsteps continued for a while but then they too faded away. The Mortons moved in 1883. What we know today about the case is though the letters written by Rose to Catherine Campbell, a school-friend.

The story seized your imagination, but you read last night in the The Strand magazine an anonymous article that claims that actually the ghost was really Captain Morton's mistress, and that Rose made up the ghost story to try and stop the neighbours gossiping about her

coming and going to the house. The only way you are going to get to the bottom of this is to find out who Rose Morton is, and the anonymous author of the piece in The Strand, and interview them both for your book. And you have a feeling that may be more difficult than finding Jack the Ripper.

Anyway, it is a beautiful evening, and you have left your hotel in Chelsea to go for a stroll. And just around the corner, within sound of the Thames, you have found a little park, and there a funfair! And who is striding imperiously through it but Mr Sherlock Holmes!

It is October 16th, 1888. You may be in for a long night...

Special Abilities

DISGUISE: You are not in disguise at the start of the game, but you can pop out and add a green sticker to your name badge at any time to show you are now in disguise, and other characters must play along and pretend not to know who you are - you can tell them what you are dressed as. Of course, you aren't fooled by other characters wearing disguises, so you can ignore any green stickers on other characters' name badges.

STRONG WILLED: none of Sherlock Holmes' special abilities work on you.

Relationships (5)

Bertie, Prince of Wales

What a charmer! Of course you have always had a thing for genuine royalty, something even the King of Bohemia has not cured you of. He has fifty mistresses you are told, and you know he is unhappily married to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the older sister of Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningen, the King of Bohemia's new wife. As such, she probably won't have much time for you, and may indeed be out to cause you grief! Anyway you never mess with married men -- you are not that kind of girl! Still since his castle was robbed last night and the fabulous Koh-i-Noor diamond, the biggest in the world was stolen you feel kinda sorry for the guy. And he is the best dressed man in the world!

You and Bertie have been friends for a long time, and you looked him up as soon as you got back. Of course he is trying to seduce you, as always, and you tease and flirt a little with him, but you would never go there. No siree! Last night you popped over to Windsor Castle hoping to catch up with him, but were told by his valet he was out, so you caught the train back to Chelsea where you are staying in a hotel, and stayed in playing cards in your room - clock patience, a solitaire game. As you were leaving you saw Lady Susan Vane Tempest, Bertie's favourite mistress turn up at the castle gates with the ugliest looking maidservant you saw in a while. It's the English vanity you know - as women age, they insist on uglier and uglier maids, just to make themselves feel better.

You must have just missed the jewel thief, as the robbery was discovered before you got back to the hotel. You'd like to do Bertie a favour by finding that gem, if you can. And before that arrogant so and so Mr Sherlock Holmes does too!

Col. Sebastian Moran

You've met him on the London scene, and found him curious. He is an absolute bastard, one of life's rogues, who would slit a pretty face as soon as kiss it. Yet he also has some strange kind of honour, and offered to "save you" from the attentions of Sherlock Holmes. You are sure he meant well, but you told him where to get off, and that he could go to hell. He may well not be entirely enchanted with you, and given how dangerous he is, it would be best to watch him carefully now you are back in London. You expect he will be arrested and hanged before long though.

Dr. Thomas Barnardo

An Irish preacher who has set up Children's Homes for Orphans all over London, and tirelessly works to save homeless children from death on the streets or the horror of the vice trade. You absolutely approve, and have been planning to write him a generous donation cheque, but you would like to make absolutely certain first that he is all he is supposed to be and that his homes are well run and regulated. Try to talk to the guy, and find out a bit more about him before you hand your money over.

Isabella Bird

Good lord! What a woman! You were inspired by her as a child! When she was just twenty four her father, a Church of England vicar, gave her a hundred pounds and let her take a steamer to visit relatives in the USA. She arrived in New York, and stayed for two whole years, pretty much ignoring the relatives and travelling the length and breadth of the country. She published her first book, *The Englishwoman in America in 1856* and it was an immediate worldwide sensation, for it's funny and sympathetic depiction of American life and her misadventures. Returning home she became ill, so set off and travelled around Scotland, and then on receiving an inheritance in 1872 set off to Hawaii, via Australia (which she hated) and eventually arrived in Colorado in 1873, and stuck around long enough for it to become recognised as a state in 1876. Her second book, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains* was even better than her first one!

Last year you travelled out to Colorado to meet up with an old friend in Boulder. There you learned much more about Isabella, stuff that certainly does not get mentioned in her book! You saw 'dead or alive' wanted posters with her name on them, with a \$500 rewards, as part of the Nugent gang, a bunch of train robber and desperados who hid out in the mountains. It seems that Isabella has been living as "Rocky Mountain Jim" Nugent's mistress, and only left when the pursuing posse and every lawman in the new state turned their attention to ending the menace of the gang. Jim had put her on a train to New York, but had himself not been so lucky - he was shot dead just a few weeks after she left in a gunfight with the sheriff of Boulder.

Isabella has written nothing in the last twelve years, but you are hoping to meet her while in London and see what adventures she has planned next. It is absolutely clear to you that no one here knows she is a wanted outlaw way out west!

Sherlock Holmes

An eligible but rather silly man, who is too pompous and egotistical for any woman, which is why he is still a bachelor you guess. He thinks he is a genius, and is not shy in telling the world that, but you think he is just an overgrown schoolboy. There is something attractive about him, and not just his looks -- but he is just too silly for words. You almost want to take care of him! Unfortunately he has made you out to be a

courtesan, an adventuress, why basically a high living whore -- and you want to make him pay, and eat his words for that insult. You are no such thing, and more than an equal to him! Still, you have fairly ambivalent feelings about Mr Holmes - sometimes you like him, and sometimes you hate him! Take any opportunity to make him look silly though!

Something Wicked

Isabella Bird

Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

You are Isabella Bird, the famous travel writer. Born in Boroughbridge in 1831 you grew up in Cheshire. A sickly child you spent your entire youth struggling with various diseases, which combined with endless moves with your family prevented you making friends or enjoying much of a normal childhood. When you turned twenty four your father, a Church of England vicar, gave you a hundred pounds and let you take a steamer to visit relatives in the USA. You arrived in New York, and stayed in America for two whole years, pretty much ignoring the relatives and travelling the length and breadth of the country. You published her first book, *The Englishwoman in America* in 1856 and it was an immediate worldwide sensation, for it's funny and sympathetic depiction of American life and your misadventures.

Returning home you became ill, so set off and travelled around Scotland, birdwatching in the Western Isles and learning about native traditions with your dear sister who is as adventurous as you.

With your mother's death in 1872 there was little holding you in England, and you longed to leave. On receiving your inheritance you set off to Hawaii, via Australia (which you hated) and eventually arrived in Colorado in 1873, and stuck around long enough for it to become recognised as a state in 1876. Your second book, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains* sold even better than your first one, and your darling sister carefully edited your letters and got you a publishing deal that means you don't have to worry about money any more, and can afford to travel wherever you want.

However, there was a great deal missed out of the book, your sister using her discretion wisely!. For example there is no mention of the 'dead or alive' wanted posters with your name on them, with a \$500 reward, or your daring outlaw life as part of the Nugent gang, a bunch of train robber and desperados who hid out in the mountains. You spent three blissfully happy years living with "Rocky Mountain Jim" Nugent's the gang leader, and desperately wish you could return to that idyllic existence! You can now ride, shoot and set

up an ambush or derail a train or plant dynamite or almost anything else just as well as any man, and you have even learned to box, and can knock most men out with a single blow, if the occasion requires it.

You loved every day of those wild adventures with Jim and the gang, and you thought they would never end. Of course end they had to, and the end came all too soon, when the Wells Fargo company and Union & Pacific put up huge rewards for you, Jim, and the boys. Colorado became a state, and the US cavalry started to become a problem, and then very pursuing posse, bounty hunter and lawman in the States turned their attention to ending the menace of the gang. Jim realised things were desperate, and after two reverifying weeks managed to get you to a rural halt, and put you on a train to New York. You promised you would return when the heat died down, but he said he would come to you in London, and kissed you farewell. You tried to jump off the train, to stay, to fight on with him, but then the conductor pulled you away, and you were to upset to knock him out. On arriving in New York you realised Pinkerton's Agents were following. What choice had you but to board a steamer to Liverpool?

You got back to London, and waited for news. Finally a telegram arrived from Ontario - Lucky Sam Briggs, one of the gang, had made it north of the border. Rocky Jim was not so lucky he was shot dead just a few minutes after he left you on the train, having been followed it seems, and if Lucky is right probably betrayed by English Tom one of the gang who had disappeared just the day before, and is reputed to have claimed the bounty. Subsequently you heard from Sally-Anne, one of the gang gals, who confirmed your fears - English Tom had in fact sold the gang out, collected a handsome reward, and disappeared. Bart and Jake had their necks stretched - Old man Rufus and his wife and two daughters all died in their farmhouse in a battle with deputies after the building caught fire, and Ned and Marl made it sown south and linked up with the James gang. Pedro fled west, made it to California, and caught a steamer saying he was going to Hawaii. The gangs loot still as far as you know lies where you and Jim buried it - tens of thousands of dollars worth of gold, taken from trains heading back from California, and a federal pay chest that holds at least \$30,000. You don't care about the money, and just wish there was some safe way to reunite what is left of the gang, and give them their shares - only you and Jim knew the hiding place.

Except there isn't. Even today, twelve years on, Pinkerton agents watch you, steal your mail, and subtly harass you. You can hardly go to the British police and tell them why, and that you are a wanted felon in the State of Colorado, and you obviously try to preserve your reputation, and so far no one has ever revealed your involvement with the gang. Perhaps there is no hard evidence, perhaps Colorado is just too much of a backwater, but whatever the reason the scandal you feared never struck.

You never got over Jim though, and still mourn the one true wild and passionate love of your life. You became a social hermit on your return, hiding in your townhouse, seeing no one. Most of your friends thought you were still in the States, but no, you were here, waiting, hoping against hope that one day Jim would appear, having cheated death somehow. Eventually you re-emerged, as ill health forced you to revisit Scotland, and there you came under the all too devoted care of a doctor, John Bishop. He is twenty years your junior, and a dour respectable Scottish doctor and while you feel some friendship towards him and gratitude at twenty years his senior you feel little real affection for this misguided man. Tragedy struck again, and with the death of your sister from typhoid you were forced to return to London last year to take care of matters, and truth be said more than a little relieved to get away from the insistent and rather tedious Dr. Bishop.

You vowed never to return to Edinburgh, having had a narrow escape from marrying the doctor simply for companionship, and slowly started to see your old friends again. Life began to pick up once more, though you are still frequently ill -- something about the London air disagrees with you, leaving you a martyr to chest conditions. Now however,

your life is falling apart. A week ago you were passing through Liverpool Street when you saw the traitor English Tom - and he saw you. He leapt on a tram heading to the East End, but now it clear what you must do - find him and kill him, to avenge your fallen Jim! You could have shot him dead there and then with the derringer in your purse, but this is England, and a lady can not kill someone in the street without repercussions. No, you must find someone who will find him in the teeming alleys of the East End, and kill him for you, painfully if possible. Then, and only then, might you feel some peace.

Secondly, a telegram arrived from Edinburgh, with bad news. Dr Bishop (who obviously knows nothing of your adventures or Jim) plans to arrive by train tomorrow, and it is clear he plans to propose marriage. You must decide whether to marry him, or not, and have spent the last few days asking your friends for advice. Mad with stress and anxiety, you have finally come up with a way to relieve the pressure for a few hours though. Tonight, on Hampstead Heath, you plan to rob the 11pm mail coach, your accomplice Bertie, the Prince of Wales!

It's lucky that a little fairground has set up on the heath. It will provide the perfect cover for your activities. Now to tell Bertie what the dare he has promised to take part in really is! The date is October 16th, 1888...

Special Abilities

CRACK SHOT: You can shoot something out of someone's hands, or perform similar trick shots. Ask a referee if you want to do this...

QUICK JAB TO THE NOSE: You can knock out cleanly any person in the game except Bill Sikes with a single blow. Again, if you choose to use this power, consult a referee.

Possessions

2 Domino masks, suitable for highway robbery, 2 pistols.

Relationships (5)

Alfred Russel Wallace

A wonderful man! He is a passionate advocate of the rights of the poor, land reform, Spiritualism and a Chartist! He also co-discovered the Theory of Evolution by Natural Selection with Charles Darwin, and is one of the foremost scientists and scholars of this or any age. He lives in a house he built himself, The Greys, in Essex, and the whole house is made of poured concrete. You often visit him there for sinner, and one of his silly seances, but of course you would never say that to him as it would hurt him so. He has been struggling desperately in recent years financially, but has recently been awarded a Royal pension of £200 a year which will support his family while he is off travelling the world, discovering and cataloguing thousands of new species.

He once told you of the bizarre adventure and narrow escape he had with the giant rat of Sumatra - really, he should be a novelist, the tale was hair raising, though you doubted the part about the sudden appearance in the jungle of an English Doctor and a noble lady who rescued him. You wonder what the true story really is? He seemed to imply they

were Spirits travelling from the other Side to save him, perhaps personifications of his Spirit Guides. You had to half eat your best handkerchief to stop yourself laughing out loud!

If Alfred needs help, then make sure you go to his assistance. When you bump him to him you notice he is quite uncharacteristically annoyed about something - quite out of sorts. Try to find out what is wrong...

Amelia Peabody

Dear sweet Amelia - you new her family, or the people she believes are her family, and have watched her grow up. You would never breathe a word of it to anyone, but isn't it obvious to anyone looking at her that her mother is Susan and her father is Bertie? You recall how Susan vanished off to Brighton one season, and soon after a scholarly friend of yours adopted this sweet little girl, who was brought to him by the Royal Physician Sir William Gull, and raised her as his own. She alone shared his academic interests, and when he died she was left a vast fortune, but of course, that was Bertie providing for his child really! You have never mentioned the matter to Susan or Bertie, fearing it may cause problems, but perhaps one day you should.

As to Amelia on her inheritance and partly in order to escape the attention of numerous would-be suitors and relatives begging for money, she embarked on a tour of classical sites, beginning in Italy and moving on to Egypt with the eventual aim of visiting Palestine. While in Rome she met her future friend and companion, Evelyn Barton Forbes, whose titled family have cast her off after she eloped with, then was abandoned by, an Italian art teacher. In Egypt, they both encounter the Emerson brothers, Radcliffe and Walter. Amelia and Radcliffe Emerson loathed one another on sight!

Amelia and Evelyn decided to travel up the Nile, stopping at various sites along the way. When they reached Amarna, they discovered the Emersons excavating the city which for a while was the capital of Egypt under the mysterious Akhenaten. Radcliffe was taken ill and Amelia helped to keep his excavation going, and they grudgingly began to respect one another. Evelyn was attracted to Walter, but was convinced she would never marry because of her soiled reputation.

Things got complicated when Evelyn's cousin Lucas shows up at the remote site with a story about her grandfather's death, his (Lucas') inheritance, and a proposal of marriage. Amidst the romantic entanglements and attempts to continue the excavation, Emerson and Amelia also deal with the nocturnal visitations of a mummy that walks moaning through the desert. Once the mystery was solved, they planned to stay in Egypt and conduct her own archaeological expeditions, with Emerson at her side...as advisor and husband! Evelyn later married Walter, and Amelia Radcliffe, accepting his proposal by teasing that it was the only way that she could engage in Egyptology without causing a scandal.

Radcliffe is known by his surname, "Emerson", as he hates his first name. Currently he is in Egypt on his annual dig, and Amelia plans to sail out Thomas Cook and join him later this week. She is a dear friend, and fancies herself quit the detective. It's amazing she never married Sherlock Holmes, they would have been a good match!

Oddly enough Amelia herself was the victim of a country house robbery, where she lost her jewels, and an Egyptian amulet she was fond of called the Eye of Ptah that she had discovered in Amarna. You really must ask her about that!

Bertie, Prince of Wales

Bertie is a colossal womanizer, with at least forty mistresses, but he thinks of you as a friend, drinking and riding companion, and one of the boys! He claims to feel stifled by his position, his dear old mother Victoria, seems intent on living forever and he can do nothing while she lives, as her ministers keep him firmly out of affairs of State. Still he has made himself genuinely popular with the public, and flag waving crowds greet him wherever he goes, and he loves them back with a fierce patriotic passion. Dear silly Bertie! If only he could have married Lady Susan Vane Tempest, his mistress for the last 25 years, rather than Princess Alexandra of Denmark, a woman who has no idea of fun at all!

Still you have promised him an adventure, if he is not chicken, some great excitement to liven up his days. He has no idea what it is, but he seems genuinely excited! You thought about what the dare should be -- you both swim the Channel, teach the Elephants at London Zoo irregular German verbs or carry out a pogrom in Shepherd's Bush? No, you have decided to do something you love, something to take your mind back to old times. There are few mail coaches left now, most mail travelling by train, but the Essex mail coach will be crossing Hampstead Heath tonight. Bertie will be joining you here - he is bound to see the fair - and then you can explain the dare, and go rob the mail coach. Bertie won't back out on a wager, and anyway there is a shilling riding on it. Your only fear is you have never worked with an amateur before!

(when you and Bertie want to head out and do the job grab a referee and we will go play out the scene).

Irene Adler

An American lady, who embarrassed Sherlock Holmes a few years back, You have never been introduced, but it's always good to hear an American accent.

Susan Vane Tempest

Your best friend, and Bertie's favourite mistress for twenty five years. However she has a problem. A few months back, well June you think, she vanished off to Paris with some doctor chap after a row with Bertie, and did not return for a few weeks. She acts all coy and mysterious about the episode, and won't even tell you the doctor's name. What a pity it is not John Bishop, she is welcome to him! You are insanely curious to find out who he is, and what Susan sees in him - all you know about the fellow is he wears a scarf. Well not useful is it? He must be some catch if Susan threw over Bertie for a fling with him!

OK, so here is the problem.

Susan came back from Paris or wherever, and Bertie, his heart broken, won't so much as speak to her. No really, he has finally ditched her after all these years. she is devastated, Bertie too but he hides it well. It breaks your heart to see them both so unhappy, but then Susan was unfaithful to him, and tried to tell him what to do, and only you and his mother get to tell Bertie what to do. You'd like to see them back together, but how?

Something Wicked

Jonathan Harker

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Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

You are a London solicitor. Your story really began when you were deputed by your then employer, Mr. Peter Hawkins, of Exeter, to act as an estate agent for a foreign client named Count Dracula who wished to move to England. Carfax Abbey, near Purfleet, Essex, proved a dwelling which suited the client's requirements and you travelled to Transylvania by train in order to consult with him about it.

At Bistritz you took the coach to the Borgo Pass where at midnight another coach drawn by four black horses, met you and took you to Castle Dracula high in the Carpathian Mountains. At the castle you were greeted by the mysterious and ominous Count Dracula and finalised the property transaction. Soon, however you realised you had been made a prisoner by your host who was revealed as a vampire. You also had a dangerous encounter with the three seductive Brides of Dracula, whose designs on you were only thwarted by the intervention of the Count.

Escaping you found refuge at a convent. Unfortunately you then had a nervous breakdown; your fiancée, Mina Murray, came to nurse you back to health with the nuns' help and married you while there. You returned home to England and later saw Dracula in London. After learning Dracula killed Lucy Estenra, a friend of your wife and had bitten dear Mina three times as well, you joined Van Helsing, Seward, Holmwood, and Quincey Morris in the battle to save your wife from Lucy's fate.

Your clerical skills prove very useful for collecting information and for tracking down Dracula's London lairs by means of paperwork. You vowed to destroy Dracula and, if you could, to send "his soul forever and ever to burning to Hell!" even if it be at the cost of your own soul. When confronted with Mina's curse - she was slowly developing vampirism after being bitten -- you were aghast. Mina asked the others in the group to kill her if the need comes. While you said you would, in the privacy of your journal you wrote that if it was necessary, you would become a vampire himself out of your love for her.

However, you managed to avoid that terrible fate because along with Van Helsing and the others you managed to destroy Dracula. At Dracula's Castle you pried open Dracula's coffin mere moments before sunset and slashed open Dracula's throat with a kukri knife while Quincey Morris stabbed him in the heart with a Bowie knife. Morris was killed in the confrontation with Dracula's minions however.

You returned to London, set up your own practice in the City, working as a commercial solicitor still in property law, and you and Mina had a baby, who you named Quincey in honour of your dead friend. Van Helsing comes round often for dinner, and sometimes drags you out in to the night to confront some new horror he has believes to be threatening London. You know Mina resents these excursions, and fears something terrible will happen to you, but you both love Van Helsing and know you must struggle to save humanity from the forces of darkness...

Your work as a solicitor is pretty mundane. Currently you are looking in to some abandoned road works in Knightsbridge - place called Hob's Lane. The road subsided back in the Spring, months ago, and the council put up barriers and closed the lane but did nothing more. Probably a medieval sewer or something down there, but nothing is happening about it and the foreman in charge, an Irishman called Briggs, took off with the money and probably went back to Ireland as him and his gang have not been seen since. Anyway the local businesses are getting annoyed, and want the road fixed, but the Borough say they have paid to have it done and so you need to pursue the case, and either Summons Briggs or get the Borough to accept responsibility. A fairly typical job, sadly.

More exciting in your investigation of the Whitechapel Murders. The police are getting nowhere in catching Jack the Ripper, and you and Van Helsing agree the infamous Ripper letters published in the press are a fake. Van Helsing thinks the real killer is the undead Lord Byron, who he has been pursuing for weeks, but after investigating the matter yourself you can't help but notice the murders seem to be related to the lunar phases, and you are fairly certain that the real killer is nothing less than a werewolf! You have prepared some silver bullets from sixpenny bits, and two pistols, and intend to take Van Helsing and slay the beast!

You have been spending nights when you can get away from Mina and the baby in Whitechapel, interviewing prostitutes. It has become clear than an awful lot more have gone missing than horribly mutilated corpses have been discovered so far. On September 29th you came close to seeing him - you interviewed a very nervous prostitute called Lizzie Stride, Swedish by nationality, in The Bricklayer's Arms in Spitalfields, leaving her about 9.30pm (see below). A few hours later she was dead, killed by the Ripper!

Finding the Ripper and killing the werewolf has become an obsession for you now, and you know you will need Van Helsing's assistance. Tonight however you have left your Richmond home with Van Helsing and Mina to attend a fair close by, but you are anxious to catch the train and get back to work...

Special Abilities

WEREWOLF SLAYING: You have two pistols, with silver bullets. If two of you cooperate you may slay the werewolf, but don't kill any player characters until you hear the referee call 30 minutes left.

RESEARCH: You can always scurry off, catch the train to your office in Knightsbridge and look up property records etc. This takes you and anyone accompanying you out of the game for a while though, so you will only do it if you feel necessary, and Mina is with you or definitely safe.

Possessions:

Two pistols loaded with silver bullets.

Relationships (7)

Bill Sikes

You are suspicious of this fellow, who lurks around the streets with a dangerous looking dog. Clearly a pimp, he has the look of an underworld enforcer about him, but also a strange haunted look. Curiously you have seen him a few times as well in the West End, amongst the toffs, his dog firmly leashed and his manners much improved. That is odd actually - why would an East End thug be up there? It was while you were looking at the blasted Hob's Lane roadworks that you saw him, and he gave you a very nasty look.

Last time you saw him was when you left poor Lizzie Strides in Spitalfields, outside The Bricklayer's Arms, the very night she was murdered, September 29th. Again he gave you a very strange look, and you assumed he was her pimp, so hurried away. You really don't like the look of this fellow at all!

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing

Dr. Van Helsing is a father figure to you, and a wonderful kind grandfather figure to little baby Quincey, bringing him presents and lavishing affection on your whole family. You love him dearly, and he often visits unannounced for dinner, sometimes after months away and the wildest adventures all over the world fighting the forces of darkness. He always takes you off to your study after dinner for port and cigars, and then sometimes you travel together by train to the dangerous streets of the Metropolis, seeking some unholy horror. You are always thrilled when Van Helsing turns up! Tonight you wanted to discuss your latest idea, that the terrible Whitechapel Murders of Jack the Ripper that have dominated the press for weeks are the work of a werewolf! You planned to load a couple of pistols with silver bullets you made from sixpenny bits, and for you and Van Helsing to head off to Whitechapel, leaving Mina at home to mark schoolbooks.

Instead, after dinner, Mina remarked on how tired Van Helsing looks, and managed to persuade you to take you to the fair instead. Just for one night, let all the horrors go blow, and perhaps you can enjoy a little normalcy. You reluctantly agreed. Anything for Mina...

Dr. Rosina Despard

You know this woman is an expert from the Society for Psychical Research, and a researcher in to telepathy, ghosts and things like that. She is undoubtedly very clever, and also one of these new-fangled women doctors of medicine, something you are not so sure is a good idea -- but you wish she would leave your wife alone. Mina has befriended her and being doing card guessing games and so such with her, and you really don't like it. Mina has very delicate nerves - if Despard wants to help you and Van Helsing by doing research for you that is all well and good, but you don't want her upsetting Mina

or getting her involved with anything. Have a word with her, and hopefully she will see things your way, and you can all be friends. Of course you can't do this in front of Mina -- she would be furious if you intervened in her friendship -- but it does need doing!

Dr. Thomas Barnado

Now this is one one strange chap. You see him around Whitechapel quite a bit, and his is something of a popular hero. An Irishman by birth, he trained as a surgeon at the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel, but soon developed a passion for saving homeless children, and opened his Dr. Barnardo's Children Homes. Last year though you were hired by an enemy of his to do a bit of property related work. Another fellow, a famous Temperance campaigner and like Barnardo evangelical preacher called John Charrington bought a plot of land to open one of his Temperance Coffee Palaces, only for Barnardo to buy the neighbouring plot and start building HIS Temperance Coffee Palace there first! Now Barnardo usually deals with homeless kids, so Charrington was furious, and accused Barnardo of deliberately undermining him. The case looked like it could go to court, but it seemed there was simply no case against Barnardo.

You poked around a bit though and found out that Barnardo and Charrington run very much rival campaigns to clean up Whitechapel -- the two men hate each other, and the Catholics hate Barnardo too, Cardinal Manning frequently denouncing him. The Evangelicals aren't keen on him despite he being one of their own either -- they had sacked him from first post as a schoolteacher when it became clear the money he had collected, ostensibly for the school, was in fact being used to open his first chapel. It went further, an Evangelical preacher called Reynolds showing Barnardo had sexual relations with his landlady, resulting in her husband kicking her out and the woman subsequently becoming a prostitute, and claiming that Barnardo often slept with prostitutes on the long nights he spent rescuing abandoned children and underage girls from the brothels of the East End.

A war of words has erupted between Barnardo, the Catholics, and his fellow Evangelicals, with books, pamphlets and long letters being published involving quite vitriolic abuse. Barnardo is winning however, by his tireless work. "No Child Turned Away" is the motto of the Children's Homes he has set up, and kids who are admitted are fed, clothed, taught and carefully and lovingly indoctrinated in the Gospel.

His many critics then pointed out he had not finished his medical training, and never formally qualified as a doctor, so calling himself "Doctor Barnardo" was a barefaced lie. Of course all medical students at the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel are called "doctor", but such was the outrage he returned and completed his training, and now he is a fully qualified medical doctor, and happily strikes any man who does not call him such.

A few years ago the public turned sharply against Barnardo. It has always been a matter of principle to him that Catholic children, perhaps the largest part of the East End population, should be taught the errors of the Romish Doctrine and be brought up as Protestants, and the parents or guardians have to sign a piece of paper to say they accept this, or they are turned away. Three Catholic children were accepted by Barnardo after their parents signed, but the parents were appalled when the children renounced their Catholic faith, and with the aid of the Catholic Church tried to get them back. Barnardo claimed two of the children had suffered physical abuse at the hands of the parents, you had them smuggled out of England and sent overseas where no one can ever find them, and he fought (and lost) a court case for custody of the last child. This roused much anger against his Mission, and he was described as tyrannical, and children in his homes were described as suffering neglect and misery.

Still he certainly knows Whitechapel better than anyone, and may well know something that can help you find and say there werewolf. The public still in the main regard him as a saintly figure, and you were very surprised by what you found out about him...

Lord Byron

Lord Byron is long dead and buried - but currently Van Helsing is hunting him, for he has returned as a vampire! You have not seen him yourself yet, but agree with Van Helsing it is important to understand his purpose and any associates he may have before you send him to damnation by killing this walking corpse. You need to find out what new facts Van Helsing has found out about him. All you know is that he was a sexually depraved poet and pervert who scandalised society in the early years off the century and finally died far away in exile in Greece, utterly disgraced and reviled as a monster...

Mina Harker

Mina is your beloved wife, and you are devoted to her and to your little baby Quincey, who is safe at home with his nurse. She still works at a girl's private school, and keeps her headstrong and rather independent ways, and often says women can do anything men do, but you just laugh. She needs protecting from the evils of this wicked world, and is a devoted and obedient wife, but she does have some odd ideas, so you have to watch her in case she exposes herself to danger in her headstrong way.

You try to keep her out of your dangerous activities and esoteric researches with Van Helsing, as the poor lamb has been through so much already. She knows the terrible reality of the supernatural world, came so close to becoming a vampire, and has always had weird telepathic gifts that you find unsettling. You really don't want her involved in any of the supernatural stuff, and while you are glad she has suggested this walk to the fair, you really wanted to tell Van Helsing about your werewolf hypothesis. You can't talk about that, or anything else weird and unsettling with Mina here, but you can't just go off and leave her alone. So somehow you need to find a way to tell Van Helsing while keeping a watchful eye on dear Mina.

Your single absolute priority is the safety of Mina! Do not allow any harm to befall her - you could not survive losing her, as you so very nearly did!

Nancy

A pretty little East End streetwalker, of the type you intend to save from the horror of the Whitechapel werewolf. You have seen her around the slums a lot, and she must know a great deal that would be of use to you. Perhaps you can recruit her for the cause? You still have not interviewed her about what she knows about the Ripper killings! Make sure you do, as soon as possible. Obviously not in front of Mina though...

Something Wicked

Lillian Lenton

Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

You are a Lillian Lenton, a pretty lady with a hatchet and a tendency to set fire to buildings. Other people's buildings, as it happens! You have just finished burning down the Great Greenhouse at Kew Botanical Gardens, and smashing the orchid house windows on your way out, so you are in a pretty good mood. This morning you smashed up an MP's carriage, and later on failed to firebomb the Cabinet Secretary's Office. Still not a bad days work, and still time for more. You are out to revenge the death of your fallen sister - well suicide, maybe - Emily Davison - who died last week at the Epsom Derby, throwing herself under the hooves of the King's horse Anmer to die a martyr to the cause of Women's Suffrage. VOTES FOR WOMEN!

You'd happily lay down your life your the cause, and even more happily give, well take really, other people's lives for your cause. You are a sweet little lass, a homicidal maniac and a compulsive arsonist -- but in a righteous cause. VOTES FOR WOMEN! You had hoped to kill his father, Edward VII the sexist pig, but now you will have to settle for killing his son, the new King George V, because Bertie (Edward VII's nickname) is dead. What other assassination would rock the world as much? And after you have cut off his head, or shot the King, you plan to stand there, shouting VOTES FOR WOMEN! till they come to arrest you. And then you will shoot or cut down the police, because THEY'LL NEVER TAKE YOU ALIVE!

You were born in Leicester in 1891 to working class parents . On leaving school you trained to be a dancer, but, after hearing Emmeline Pankhurst speak, you " ... made up my mind that night that as soon as I was twenty-one and my own boss ... I would volunteer". On attaining that age, you joined the Women's Social and Political Union, and with fellow members took part in a window-smashing campaign in March 1912. You were jailed for two months under the alias 'Ida Inkley' You soon were back at work on your release, explaining the your intentions "Whenever I was out of prison my object was to burn two buildings a week. The object is to create an absolutely impossible condition of affairs in the country, to prove it is impossible to govern without the consent of the governed". You became a very

active terrorist, fighting for the rights of Women.

In early 1913, with your friend Olive Wharry you began a series of arson attacks in London, and you arrested in February 1913 on suspicion of having set on fire the Tea House at Kew Gardens. — In Holloway Prison you held a hunger strike for two days before being forced fed, being tied to a chair having your hair dragged back and a tube put down your throat. The process was even bodged and you became seriously ill with pleurisy caused by food entering your lungs while choking. It took two doctors and seven wardens to restrain you for this torture, and the most shameful bit - the chief presiding doctor who authorised this brutality was a woman! Her name was Dr Rosina Despard, a cold faced cruel and vicious bitch, and you plan to destroy her career and hound her to the grave, because that is what she deserves for what she did to you.

Following the force feeding fiasco you quickly and quietly released. Your case created outrage among the public, made worse by the fact that the Home Secretary, Reginald McKenna, denied that you had been force fed and claimed that your illness was actually caused by your hunger strike. A letter to *The Times* in 1913, from Victor Horsley, a leading surgeon who was hired to assess your condition reported "...the Home Secretary's attempted denial that Miss Lenton was nearly killed by the forcible feeding is worthless...she was tied into a chair and her head dragged backward across the back of the chair by her hair. The tube was forced through the nose twice . . . after the second introduction when the food was poured in, it caused violent choking." To avoid more such political embarrassment, the Government rushed through its 'Cat and Mouse Act' in April 1913, which stated that hunger-striking suffragette 'mice' could be released on temporary licence to recover their health, when the security forces could re-arrest them. This has made the government look faintly ridiculous.

You have been arrested again, for window smashing and burning a home in Cheltenham, and an government office building in Kent. Each time you were released as soon as you started a hunger strike, before you even missed your supper the second time. You have spent two months recovering your health, and then a frantic six weeks smashing hundreds of window, burning homes vehicles and offices, throwing rocks at politicians and preparing for your greatest deed, the one for which you will surely die, the assassination of King George V. You need to acquire a pistol or bomb though, as you just can't close enough to do the job properly with a hatchet, the police will be on to you as soon as you run towards him....

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

So today was dear Emily Davison's funeral. It could have been you, you all drew straws on who would attack the King's horse at the Derby, and Emily won, but even you were shocked when she chose to kill herself for the cause. You thought she was just going to put a banner in the horse bridle! Thousands of women blocked all the streets of London, and 'Votes for Women!' when the cheer everywhere. You spoke at the funeral, and then afterwards you and Olive went out on a crime wave, to bring terror to the Government. After the arson attack on Kew Glasshouse you ran one way, Olive the other, hotly pursued by the police. And as the police whistles sounded and you heard the tramp of boots behind you, you saw two respectable women walking arm in arm on the pavement ahead.

You ran up from behind, fell in to step with the couple, and took the younger woman's arm. You heard a whistle blow somewhere behind you, and suddenly the smell of smoke hit your nose, and you just hoped the police would run straight past. And then, quite suddenly, you rounded a corner and found yourself in a fairground! Perfect! You can hide here till the police pass by.

It is June 14th, 1913....

Special Abilities

HATCHET!: You can smash anything you want to, and defend yourself with the hatchet if need be, but you won't actually hurt people if you can avoid it...

ARSON!: You can burn down a house, or similar. Just talk to a referee about what you are planning to burn!

Possessions:

Hatchet, matches, Suffragette Leaflets

Relationships (9)

Ada Lovelace

Properly Augusta Ada King, Countess of Lovelace, born Augusta Ada Byron. Everyone calls you Ada Lovelace. As a girl she was presented at court, and on the 8 July 1835 married Baron William King, Baroness King. Together they three children: Byron, Annabella and Ralph. She was the daughter of the infamous Lord Byron whose love affairs, homosexual and heterosexual, and seduction of his half-sister Augusta, shocked all England and led to his social ostracism, exile and early death when Ada was still a child. As a young adult, her mathematical talents led her to an ongoing working relationship and friendship with fellow British mathematician Charles Babbage, and in particular Babbage's work on the Analytical Engine. Between 1842 and 1843, she translated an article by Italian military engineer Luigi Menabrea on the Engine, which she also supplemented with an elaborate set of notes of her own, simply called Notes and published. Her scientific and mathematical work was first rate, but tragically she died of cancer on 27th November 1852, depriving the world of a brilliant women who could have helped lead the Suffragette Cause a generation earlier.

Amelia Peabody

A famous Egyptologist and scholar, a pioneer of Women's Rights, and one of the Grand Old Ladies of the Suffragette Cause, her and her husband Emerson are extremely generous in their support of the fight for Equality. She is a strong willed, immensely intelligent woman who everyone looks up to, and whose exciting adventures and academic achievements fill you with awe. You have had tea with her many times, and have always found her one of the very finest examples of what women can be when men accept them as equals. You adore her, and heroine worship her more than a bit!

Eleanor Jourdain

You have no idea who she is, but she is clearly an upper class women and walking along the road with Miss Moberley so you have just grabbed her arm in the hope the police run past without spotting you!

Florence Nightingale

The Lady with the Lamp, who looked after wounded soldiers during the Crimean War. In 1860, Nightingale laid the foundation of professional nursing with the establishment of her nursing school at St Thomas' Hospital in London. Her social reforms include improving healthcare for all sections of British society, improving healthcare and advocating for better hunger relief in India, helping to abolish laws regulating prostitution that were overly harsh to women, and expanding the acceptable forms of female participation in the workforce. Nightingale was a prodigious and versatile writer. In her lifetime much of her published work was concerned with spreading medical knowledge. Some of her tracts were written in simple English so they could easily be understood by those with poor literary skills. She also helped popularise the graphical presentation of statistical data.

She was sadly far less enlightened on women's rights. Although much of Nightingale's work improved the lot of women everywhere, Nightingale was of the opinion that women craved sympathy and were not as capable as men. She criticised early women's rights activists for decrying an alleged lack of careers for women at the same time that lucrative medical positions, under the supervision of Nightingale and others, went perpetually unfilled. She preferred the friendship of powerful men, insisting they had done more than women to help her attain her goals, writing, "I have never found one woman who has altered her life by one iota for me or my opinions." She often referred to herself in the masculine, as for example "a man of action" and "a man of business".

She suffered some kind of breakdown in the late 1850's, and afterwards was an invalid bedbound with depression for much of three for three decades, but continued to live on after a recovery in the 1880's to die at the age of 90 in her Mayfair flat in 1910. You could not mourn such a reactionary woman though!

Hertha Marks Ayrton

An inspiring woman scientist and mathematician now in her 70's, she faced considerable prejudice throughout her life for no more reason than her gender. She was unable to gain her 1st class mathematics degree from Cambridge for her thesis "On the Dynamics of an Asteroid" because she was a woman and women were only granted certificates, but she did gain a degree from London University a few years later. Debarred from lecturing by her gender, she assumed male clothes and a false identity and held a teaching post as a fictional male professor; going by a French name, Moriarty, so no one asked much about her background. When this subterfuge was unmasked following a terrible alpine climbing accident in 1894 where she fell several hundred feet in to a pool of water, she was denied a teaching post at London University in her own right.

While becoming a world renowned expert on electrical engineering, inventing the arc light, making major contributions to both mathematics and astronomy, she was denied a Fellowship of the Royal Society in 1902 on the grounds they could not have a married woman as a fellow. Aside from her terrible fear of heights and equally morbid fear of drowning, often remarked upon, she is certainly one of the most rational and brilliant women in the world.

Isabella Bird

Good lord! What a woman! You were inspired by her as a child! When she was just twenty four her father, a Church of England vicar, gave her a hundred pounds and let her take a steamer to visit relatives in the USA. She arrived in New York, and stayed for

two whole years, pretty much ignoring the relatives and travelling the length and breadth of the country. She published her first book, *The Englishwoman in America in 1856* and it was an immediate worldwide sensation, for it's funny and sympathetic depiction of American life and her misadventures. Returning home she became ill, so set off and travelled around Scotland, and then on receiving an inheritance in 1872 set off to Hawaii, via Australia (which she hated) and eventually arrived in Colorado in 1873, and stuck around long enough for it to become recognised as a state in 1876. Her second book, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains* was even better than her first one!

Unfortunately after her return to England and the death of her beloved sister she went in to a deep depression, married a Scottish doctor and became an invalid for the rest of her short and miserable life.

King Edward VII

In case anyone asks you opinions on the late King, dead for three years now -- as Bertie, Prince of Wales he was a disaster, a womanising playboy; as King a greater success, entering in to an alliance with France against the Kaiser's aggression. Now that war with Germany seems more likely than ever, his diplomatic and military preparations seem far sighted. His habit of smoking twenty cigarettes and twelve cigars a day despite having chronic bronchitis may have weakened his heart, and he died, much mourned by the public who loved him, in 1910. He was an extraordinary man, who wanted to outlaw the use of the term "nigger" for black people - he regarded it as offensive and despised racism, and firmly supported housing reform, slum clearance, and education of the working class, while strongly opposing attacks on the rights of the aristocracy and being a vehement opponent of Votes for Women. That last reason made him the biggest force against progress in the world, and you used to dream of murdering him, just to further the cause of women everywhere. You would have assassinated him too, if he had not died first! He was also the most unrepentant shameful user and abuser of women. His mistresses included:-1861. Nellie Clifden , 1861 Lady Susan Vane-Tempest 1864. Mrs Mary Ross 1865. Baroness Leonora (de) Rothschild 1865. Madame von B. 1866-80s. Jeanne, Princesse de Sagan 1867. Giulia Beneni 1867. Josephine ('Finette') Durwend 1867. Lady Filmer 1867-8. Hortense Schneider 1867-8. Lady Forbes late 1860s. Mabel Grey 1867-8. Lady Mordaunt 1860s. Countess Edmond de Pourtales 1868-9. Wilhelmina Cassel 1870. Lady Sefton 1870. Blanche, Duchess of Caracciolo 1870s. Catherine Walters 1874. Madame Helene Standish 1874. Mrs Mahlon Sands 1874. Mrs Mary Cornwallis-West 1875. Lady Aylesford 1875-6. Mrs Mabel Batten 1878-80. Lillie Langtry 1879. Sarah Bernhardt 1880s. Madame Kauchine 1880s. Widow Signoret 1880s. Dame Verneuil 1880s. Baroness de Pilar 1882-6. Jane Chamberlain 1886. Comtesse de Boutourline 1886. Hon. Julia Stonor 1886. Margot Tennat 1886. Lady Randolph Churchill 1886. Helen Elizabeth Duff 1887. Mrs James Brown Potter 1889. Mrs Susannah Menzies 1890. Countess Raben-Levetzau 1889-97. Daisy, Countess of Warwick 1890s. Jeanne Granier 1890s. Liane de Pougy 1896. Evelyn Elizabeth Forbes 1896. Georgiana, Countess of Dudley 1898-1910. Agnes Keyser 1898-1910. Hon. Mrs George Keppel 1898. Mrs Grace Forster c.1900. Rose ('Rosie') Boote 1903-9. Sophie Hall Walker 1900s. Mrs Marie Hope-Vere 1907. Evelyn Elizabeth Forbes 1908. Maxine Elliott

You once won a ten bob note reciting all them poor women in order! Evil vile scumbag 'e was!

Miss Moberly

You recognise this women: one of the two women you have just run up to and grabbed in the street to evade the police, she is Charlotte Anne Moberley, and a great traitor to the cause of Women. She is Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, one of the very first places women could get degrees, and one of the even fewer that accepted women of limited means (meaning Middle Class, not working class gals like you!) Still she has worked all her life to educate women, and you can't be and at her for that, that is very praiseworthy indeed. Yet you regard her as a traitor, because she has publicly said she opposes women having the Vote! When even the most enlightened and hard working advocates of women's education say things like that, what hope is there for the Cause?

You can't hit this sister with your 'atchet, cos she is working for women's education. You do however want to know why she does not support Suffrage? And it also occurs to you that when the police turn up in a moment o grab you, they will undoubtedly arrest her as well. That at least is amusing!

Susan Vane Tempest

You feel terribly sorry for this lady, the longest of Prince Bertie's mistresses, who died suddenly back in early 1889. Bertie, later that scumbag Edward VII, kept her as a mistress for almost thirty years, before throwing her over for no apparent reason. She was heart broken and took poison and died you believe, though the official cause of death was Scarlet Fever. She was another victim of Patriarchal brutality to women! It is well known now that she gave birth to Bertie's child in the 1860's at Brighton, but the child wa taken from her and it's fate is unknown.

Something Wicked

Lizzie Siddal

Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

They say hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. Risen from the grave to see the destruction of your unfaithful lover after he desecrated your tomb and denied you eternal rest, your vampiric existence proves this wrong. Now Rossetti is dead, and your unlife palls in to a dreadful damnation for the ages, and you know not how you can ever find salvation...

Born Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, after your mother, 'Lizzie' Siddall you were born on 25 July 1829, at the family's home at 7 Charles Street, Hatton Garden. At the time of your birth, your father had a cutlery-making business but around 1831, your family moved to the borough of Southwark, in south London, a less salubrious area than Hatton Garden. In Southwark the rest of your siblings were born: Lydia, to whom you were particularly close, Mary, Clara, James and Henry. You developed a love of poetry at a young age, after discovering a poem by Tennyson on a scrap of newspaper that had been used to wrap a pat of butter; the discovery was an inspiration to start writing your own poems.

You were first noticed by the artist Deverell in 1849, while she was working as a milliner in Cranbourne Alley, London and he employed you as a model and were introduced to the Pre-Raphaelites. You were still working at Mrs Tozer's millinery part-time and were ensured a regular wage even if modelling did not work out, an unusual opportunity for a woman of your time.

While posing for Millais' Ophelia in 1850, you floated in a bathtub full of water to represent the drowning Ophelia. Millais painted daily into the winter putting lamps under the tub to warm the water. On one occasion the lamps went out and the water became icy cold. Millais, absorbed by his painting and did not notice and you did not complain. After this you became very ill with a severe cold or pneumonia. Your father held Millais responsible, and forced him to pay for your doctor's bills. Mr. Rossetti met you in 1849, when you were modelling for Deverell and by 1851, you were sitting for Rossetti and he began to paint you

to the exclusion of almost all other models and stopped you from modelling for the other Pre-Raphaelites. The number of paintings he did of you number in the thousands.

After becoming engaged to Mr. Rossetti, you began to study with him. In 1855, art critic John Ruskin began to subsidize your career and paid £150 per year in exchange for all the drawings and paintings you produced yourself. You produced many sketches but only a single painting. Ruskin admonished Rossetti in his letters for not marrying you and giving your security. During this period you began to write poetry, often with dark themes about lost love or the impossibility of true love. .

Perhaps Rossetti's most abundant and personal works were pencil sketches of you at home. He began them in 1851, when he moved into Chatham Place with you and you became increasingly anti-social, absorbed in each other's affections. At this time he withdrew from his patron Ada Lovelace, whom apparently disapproved of you. You did however meet another of his friends, Florence Nightingale, whom you liked. Rossetti feared introducing you to his parents and his sisters hated you. You became depressed, ill, and insanely jealous when he painted other models, and still he refused to marry you, embarrassed by your working class origins and the disapproval of his family. You travelled to Paris and Nice for several years for your health, but returned to England in 1860 when Rossetti finally proposed. At the time of the wedding, you were so frail and ill that you had to be carried to the church, despite it being a five minute walk from you were staying. After the wedding, as soon as you were well enough, they left for a honeymoon in France.

In the previous ten years Rossetti had been engaged to you, he had broken it off at the last minute several times and was known to have had affairs with other women. Stress from these incidents had affected you leading to frequent and serious illnesses. You had become severely depressed and your long illness gave you access to laudanum to which you became addicted. In 1861, you became pregnant. She was overjoyed but the pregnancy ended with the birth of a stillborn daughter. This proved too much for you, and the final revelation that Rossetti was sleeping with model Fanny Cornforth destroyed you.

You overdosed on laudanum in the early months of 1862. Rossetti discovered you unconscious and dying in bed after having had dinner with your and his friend Algernon Charles Swinburne. After taking you home, Rossetti went to his usual teaching job at the Working Men's College. You died at 7.20 AM on February 11th 1862 at their house at 14 Chatham Place, and Rossetti destroyed your suicide note.

Overcome with grief, Rossetti enclosed in your coffin a journal containing the only copy he had of his many poems. He slid the book into your hair. You were interred at Highgate Cemetery in London, where you slept peacefully..

Until that is 1869, when Rossetti was chronically addicted to drugs and alcohol. He had convinced himself he was going blind and couldn't paint. He began to write poetry. Before publishing his newer poems he became obsessed with retrieving the poems he had slipped into his wife's coffin. Rossetti and his agent, Charles Augustus Howell, applied to the Home Secretary for an order to have your coffin exhumed. It was done in the dead of night to avoid public curiosity and attention, and Rossetti was not present. Howell reported that your corpse was remarkably well preserved and your delicate beauty intact, probably as a result of the laudanum. Your hair was said to have continued to grow after death so that the coffin was filled with your flowing coppery hair. The manuscript was retrieved although a worm had burrowed through the book so that some of the poems were difficult to read. Rossetti published the old poems with his newer ones; they were not well received by some critics because of their eroticism, and he was haunted by the exhumation through the rest of his life.

Literally. Because from that night onwards, you rose from the grave each night at sunset, and pursued him, whispering at his window, crying out to him on darkened streets, and

when you could creep in to his home waiting for him in the marriage bed he had defiled with his affairs. He saw you everywhere, but came to believe it was the drug choral that he abused massively that was causing the hallucinations. He tried to dry out, and turned to whiskey. Then he took both, in greater and greater quantities. He tried everything he could to exorcise your spirit – but nothing worked, because he betrayed you, and had taken the token of his love from your grave, in a final act of rejection. Only by his death could he escape you, and finally, three days ago, he accomplished that. You know this only from the newspapers: because with his death, and burial next to you, you expected to be able to sleep, to once again enter the Garden of Death.

"Far away beyond the pine-woods," he answered, in a low, dreamy voice, "there is a little garden. There the grass grows long and deep, there are the great white stars of the hemlock flower, there the nightingale sings all night long. All night long he sings, and the cold crystal moon looks down, and the yew-tree spreads out its giant arms over the sleepers."

Virginia's eyes grew dim with tears, and she hid her face in her hands.

"You mean the Garden of Death," she whispered.

"Yes, death. Death must be so beautiful. To lie in the soft brown earth, with the grasses waving above one's head, and listen to silence. To have no yesterday, and no to-morrow. To forget time, to forget life, to be at peace. You can help me. You can open for me the portals of death's house, for love is always with you, and love is stronger than death is."
Oscar Wilde – The Canterville Ghost

And yet you live on, cursed it seems to roam this wicked Earth, even after the man you loved and who murdered you by his false love has found the oblivion you desperately crave. Tonight, October 16th 1888, you stand in a small fairground close to Highgate Cemetery, wondering what meaning there can be in your horrible damnation now he who drove you to it is gone...

Since Rossetti fled to the countryside to escape your haunting and tormenting of his every night time hour, and there found merciful death, London has been gripped by a series of horrific murders, the work of the self-styled Jack the Ripper. As you know something of these (see relationships below) it seems appropriate to give here the public facts from the newspapers...

The Whitechapel Murders

All of London is absolutely frantic with the sensational slayings of Jack the Ripper, which have dominated the headlines all Summer.

Victim 1, August 31st, Polly Nicholls

On August 31st, Mary Ann Nicholls (43), known to her friends as Polly, had her throat cut in Buck's Row. She was apparently extraordinarily drunk, and was thrown out of the doss house in Thrawl Street at 1.20am for not having the three pence a night for shelter there. She left saying she would soon make that, and remarking "see what a jolly bonnet I've got now!" At 2.30am another prostitute, Mary's friend Emily Holland saw her leaning against a wall, very drunk. She tried to persuade her to come back to the lodging house, but Mary

said she had made the money three times over and spent it on drink, but she would soon earn it again and join her friend. She never did; she was found her throat cut and body mutilated by a tram conductor called Charlie A. Cross at 3.40am.

Victim 2: September 8th, Annie Chapman

On September 8th Annie Chapman (47), known to her friends as "Dark Annie" was brutally slain. The killing took place in the back courtyard of the overcrowded slum tenement at 29 Hanbury Street, with 8 rooms and 17 occupants All with respectable trades boarding there.

The only entrance to the court was a passage that led through from the road, but Annie could have gone there sleeping somewhere dark to sleep, having been turned away from Crossingham Lodging House just round the corner where she planned to sleep that night (as she often did) for lacking the fourpence. She was also unwell, and had been to the Teaching Hospital that day, where a doctor had given her two pills she was carrying with her, but the nature of the medicine is unknown. She showed them to friends however, but the doctor she saw never came forward, possibly because the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel does so many charity cases each day individual patients are little noted.

At 5.20am Albert Cadosch, a carpenter was getting ready for work in the back garden of number 27. He heard a man and a woman talking the other side of the fence, and just before 5.30am the woman said no, but then seemed to fall or lean on the fence. As this is the normal position for copulation in the streets, The Camberwell Upright, or Threepenny Upright, he assumed it was a prostitute about her business.

At just a few minutes before 5.30am Elizabeth Darell said she saw Chapman walking down Hanbury Street with a man, about forty years of age, foreign looking, possibly Jewish, dark and with a 'shabby genteel' look. (Ask a referee if you want to compare with someone presents looks). He wore a brown coat and a deerstalker hat and simply asked Annie "will you? " and she said "yes." Finally sometime between 5.45am and 6am tram conductor John Davis came out on his way to work, and found the horribly slashed body of Annie Chapman in the yard. Sunrise was not until 7.30am, so the murder took place in the dark.

On the 27th September, the following letter in red ink written and sent it to the Central News Agency was published, along with photographs of the letter. It read as follows...

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha. ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck.

Yours truly

Jack the Ripper

Dont mind me giving the trade name

PS Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha

It has been said several times at the Inquests that the Ripper must possess medical skills, or surgical skills, or perhaps be a trained vet or slaughterman. Leather Apron is a shoemaker called John Pizer, a sometimes violent and lustful man, who was one of many suspects hauled in and questioned by the police. 'Get buckled' by the way if just East End slang for being hanged.

The 'Double Event', 29th September

On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride (44) was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms in Spitalfields. She was seen leaving the pub by several people, apparently in the company of a well dressed man in a black morning suit with a small dark moustache. Two brothers, J Best and John Gardner later saw her kissing a man who was of respectable appearance in a doorway, wearing a brown coat and seemingly quite affectionate to her, and teased the couple that the man was Jack the Ripper. The couple moved off, buying grapes in Berner Street, but the fruit-seller's testimony keeps changing so is best ignored. Finally the couple were seen by William Marshall, a labourer, walking towards Dutfield Yard. He did not see the man's face, but described him as wearing working class clothes, but of good quality, being stout and powerfully built. The couple seemed on good terms, and neither drunk, and the man remarked to Stride "You would say anything but your prayers". Marshall was paying very little attention, so was not able to give a better description, but the man does not meet the description of the man she was seen with earlier. Between 12.45 and 1am several people claim to have seen Lizzie being accosted by two or possibly three men, but the best sightings by Israel Schwartz and independently by dockworker James Brown have her struggling with a short dark haired man dressed in the manner of a docker, and of Irish appearance. Another large burly fellow, with a dog, stood across the road watching the struggle.

Lizzie Stride's body was found at 1am, the throat cut, but with no other mutilations, apparently because the murderer was disturbed by the arrival of Louis Diemschutz with a cart. At exactly the same time, Catharine Eddowes, who had been picked up earlier in the day for impersonating a fire engine loudly outside a shop while drunk, having been allowed to sober up in a cell, was sent home by the police. She never made it - she was seen by three men returning from the Imperial Club talking to a man in the entry to Mitre Square, a location she would have reached about 1.10am, at 1.30am, and at 1.45am her body was found with the usual horrific mutilations, her belly slit and entrails arranged over her shoulder, with ghastly facial mutilations as well, lying in a dark corner of Mitre Square popular with prostitutes. Sometime later a strip of her bloodied apron was found on a staircase at on Goulston Street. Scrawled on the wall was the phrase "The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for nothing"

On the 1st October the Saucy Jack postcard (which read as follows) arrived at the Central News Agency and was published in all the papers...

*I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a bit couldn't finish straight off. Had not got time to get ears off for police thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.
Jack the Ripper*

This takes you up to October 16th, today...

Special Abilities

Vampirism: You need to drink at least once in the game. Don't actually play this out - if you get someone in to a lonely spot. then just explain that you grapple with them, bite their neck, and that afterwards they will feel weak and unwell for ten minutes game time, but have no memory of what happened to them. Your powers cloud their minds. Let them play the aftermath!

Indestructible: if your body is destroyed it simply dissolves in to mist and reappears back in the crypt. Takes you out the game for ten minutes. Only characters with a special vampire killing power can kill you permanently. You do recoil from Holy Water and the Sign of the Cross, but neither physically harms you.

Relationships (7)

Bertie, Prince of Wales

You like Bertie, and have taken to talking to him in cafés of an evening. He knows what to say to a gal, and even when he is coming on to you like the Edinburgh Express approaching St. Pancras, he is never creepy. You can see why women love him. He's not king yet, but he has a certain quiet authority and wit, and he really really seems to like you. You told him your embrace is not for Kings or Emperors, only for those who would taste the bliss of immortality! He can never replace Mr. Rossetti – no one can. Still, it's nice to find someone you can talk to, and he seems unbothered by the fact you told him you work all day in a milliners in Cranbourne Road. It was true once, many, many years ago...

Bill Sikes

You don't like Bill much. He has a dog that he treats cruelly, beating it to within an inch of it's life, and now he has taken up with Nancy, one of the girls he pimps for Fagin's gang. He is Fagin's enforcer, and is as vicious, sadistic and evil a brute as you have ever met. And then there was the murder of Lizzie Stride: you saw what happened that night. You watched Bill and Lizzie together, and him trying to persuade her to go back to Michael Kidney, an Irish docker and gang leader. You saw Kidney grab Stride, the two struggle while Bill stood in a doorway and just laughed, and then you saw Bill knock poor Lizzie down. The scent of blood confused you for a second, and when you looked again Kidney had slit Lizzie's throat, while she was on the floor, and Bill was dragging him away. A lover's quarrel ending in death – you know something of that. So is Kidney the Ripper? Or Bill Sikes?

You had previously thought of killing Bill. Whenever he sees you he leers at you, and when he started seeing Nancy you felt you had to despatch him, to save her from him. One night you let him follow you, flirtatious like, and led him a merry dance all over London. Finally you were going to kill him in an alley up in Kensington, and then it struck you – what if Rosetti had been found dead like that? What if Nancy truly loves him? In your urge to protect her you had gone too far. You left him in Kensington, and fled for your tomb before the harsh light of dawn broke.

You don't trust Bill Sikes, but you won't hurt him; for Nancy's sake.

Dante Gabriel Rosetti

Oh it gets dark, it gets lonely
On the other side from you
I pine a lot, I find the lot
Falls through without you
I'm coming back love, cruel Dante
My one dream, my only master

Too long I roam in the night
I'm coming back to his side to put it right
I'm coming home...

Dr. Thomas Barnardo

A preacherman, and one you don't care for. Of course being repelled by the sign of the Cross and all that, preachers aren't your favourite people. However you have to admit, they do a great deal of good in the East End in the way of social reform, and helping people. Barnardo certainly does that: his children's homes have rescued thousands of kiddies from death or worse in the back alleys of the slums. Yet... you find he gives you - a Vampiric horror crawled from the grave -- the creeps. Perhaps it is because you saw him talking to Catharine Eddowes the night she died, perhaps it is because you saw him with Polly Nicholls just an hour before the Ripper did for 'er - or maybe it's something else, like the way he looks at ya?

Florence Nightingale

Rossetti introduced you when you were alive. She was young back then, immensely charismatic, with a strange and sensual charm – you were attracted to her, you must admit – perhaps because there is something almost masculine about her. She seemed caring and kind, but with an iron will – a quality you find attractive. Her family were extremely upset about her plans to become a nurse, and her refusal to find a man and settle down. Given her Sapphic inclinations, about which she spoke freely, that was never going to happen.

And of course, in the grim years of the Crimean War, she became famous, as the lady with the lamp who nursed the wounded of Sebastapol, Inkerman, Balaclava and all the other battles. A national heroine, a fund set up to reward allowed her to open her own Teaching Hospital, and then sadly she was struck down by chronic depression, took to her bed and emerges only rare, though she is still a prolific writer, organiser and educator. Terrible though that she has spent much the same time as you have been prisoner in this wretched half life, trapped in her room by the melancholy that has enslaved her.

Lord Byron

Byron! A vampire, and a pathetic one. You feel sorry for the poor creature, always trying to be so pathetically wicked, just as he was in life. What a banal and sordid way to spend an afterlife! You have tried to strike up a conversation with him a few times, but every time he ran away from you as if you were wielding a crucifix or something!

Nancy

You have watched this girl grow up to adulthood. You used to smile at her when she was a little girl playing marbles in the muck of the alleyway, and blew her kisses as she collected rags to pay for a little food. An orphan, she has spent her whole life in the misery and poverty ridden streets of Whitechapel. Yet something about her burns bright, something good, among the gin soaked banality of life as a vice girl on the streets. You coined a phrase for her – “the tart with a heart”.

You don't approach her, don't intervene, but you watch over her from a distance, like a guardian angel. You know enough of the workings of the street girls to know she is part of Fagin's gang, and that she survived owing to the odd kindness of that strange old man, who gave her the chance to live through crime. Better to live that way than perish in virtue? It is ironic that the Good Book says the wages of sin are death, when for girls like Nancy the wages are sin are what keeps body and soul together.

Something Wicked

Lord Byron

)

Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

You are the vampiric horror that was once George Gordon Byron, 6th Baron Byron, and in life were an English poet and a leading figure in the Romantic movement. Among your best-known works are the lengthy narrative poems *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and the short lyric *She Walks in Beauty*. He is regarded as one of the greatest British poets and remains widely read and influential. Often described as the most flamboyant and notorious of the major Romantics, Byron was celebrated in life for aristocratic excesses, including huge debts, numerous love affairs, rumours of a scandalous incestuous liaison with his half-sister, and self-imposed exile. You travelled to fight against the Ottoman Empire in the Greek War of Independence, for which Greeks revere you as a national hero. You died at age 36 from a fever contracted while in Missolonghi in Greece, where you commanded the Greek rebel army.

Now you walk the night, aimless and lost. After your body was returned and interred in England,, you rose from the grave, and made you way eventually by night to the capital of the country that had rejected you. It was 1824, and for almost sixty years since you have chosen to live in the very place that an outraged Church refused to honour you with burial within. After your death, it was suggested you should be interred in Westminster Abbey, but those hypocritical clergyman denied you the honour – as Anticchrist Superstar and the Wickedest Man in the World, they denied you you the glory that you rightfully earned. You were a spectacularly bad man, but a spectacularly wonderful poet. So for the last seventy two years, you have returned each night to Westminster Abbey, and hidden from the sunlight that would bring about your destruction within the crypts.

When night falls, you creep out, and explore the Wickedness London has to offer, feasting upon the blood of virginal débutantes and East End whores, and bringing destruction like a curse upon those who persecuted you in life. Yet you never kill: you know all too well the horror of the tomb, and in this eternal half-life you have taken on, you drink only enough to leave the victim weak. Yet why do you live on as an undead horror?

Well being Byron you think it is because you dared to shake your fist at Heaven and deny God? Over the decades however, you have begun to draw another conclusion, to undersand which it is necessary to know something of your life.

George Gordon Byron was born 22 January 1788 in a house on 24 Holles Street in London. You were the son of Captain John "Mad Jack" Byron and his second wife, the former Catherine Gordon . Your father had previously seduced the married Marchioness of Caermarthen and, after she divorced her husband, he married her. His treatment of her was described as "brutal and vicious", and she died after having given birth to two daughters, only one of whom survived: Byron's half-sister, Augusta. "Mad Jack" Byron married his second wife for the same reason that he married his first: her fortune. Your mother had to sell her land and title to pay her new husband's debts, and in the space of two years the large estate, worth some £23,500, had been squandered, leaving the former heiress with an annual income in trust of only £150. In a move to avoid their creditors your parents moved to France in 1786, but returned to England at the end of 1787 in order to give birth to you on English soil.

You moved back to Aberdeenshire in 1790, where you spent his childhood. Your father soon joined but the couple quickly separated. Mother regularly experienced mood swings and bouts of melancholy which could be partly explained by father continuing to borrow money from her. As a result, she fell even further into debt to support his demands. It was one of these importunate loans that allowed him to travel to Valenciennes, France, where he died in 1791.

When your great-uncle, the "wicked" Lord Byron, died on 21 May 1798, you a 10-year-old boy became the 6th Baron Byron of Rochdale and inherited the ancestral home, Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire. Your mother proudly took you to England, but the Abbey was in an embarrassing state of disrepair and, rather than live there, decided to lease it to Lord Grey de Ruthyn, among others, during your adolescence.

Described as "a woman without judgment or self-command", mother either spoiled and indulged you or aggravated you with her capricious stubbornness. Her drinking disgusted you, and you often mocked her for being short and corpulent, which made it difficult for her to catch you and discipline you!. She once retaliated and, in a fit of temper, referred to him as "a lame brat", and it is true you walk with a pronounced limp.

You attended Harrow and then Eton – at the former discovering passionate sexual love with Mary Chatsworth, and at Eton having your first equally passionate homosexual affair with John Edleston, a younger boy. From this time on sex, romance and passion became your motivation, your need, your craving. You racked up numerous debts as a young man, owing to what your mother termed a "reckless disregard for money" Excess in every way, living fast, dying young – this was the Byron family tradition and had been for generations. Bizarrely you had something none of your predecessors had – Genius! Your poetry was moving, powerful, gripping. It was recognized almost immediately as classic work that would endure for centuries. You had all the fame and celebrity you craved, with only a growing fascination with the French tyrant Napleon Bonaparte, enemy of your native England, making you seem not quite what was expected. The scandal, sexual liaisons, drinking, partying and rock star excess – they were what people expected of a Romantic poet and a Byron anyway. Your family were all wicked and insane; but the public loved you!

There was a woman, who became Annabella Byron, your wife. When your popularity was soaring following the success of you work *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Annabella continually rejected your attentions. Brilliant intelligent, she was also extremely devout and pious. Spurned, you at once committed yourself to the pursuit of her and in October 1812, you proposed marriage. In response, Annabella wrote a summary of your character faults and three days later refused you. However, you were both now plagued with a persistent interest in each other.

When you proposed a second time to Miss Milbanke in September 1814, she accepted. You were married privately, and by special licence, 2 January 1815 and moved in to Piccadilly Terrace in London. You was now in extreme financial distress. You had rejected payments offered for his written works, as he believed the sums were insufficient. You were having difficulty selling your estates at Newstead Abbey and Rochdale to clear the debt. During the summer of 1815, you began to unleash his anger and hostility on his wife. Your moods were dark and you began to drink heavily, and began an affair with Susan Boyce, a London chorus girl.

Lady Byron became increasingly upset. In the late stages of pregnancy, she feared you might be going mad. In November 1815, she wrote to Augusta and told her of your moods and behaviour. In answer to her sister-in-law's letter, Augusta travelled to your home to assist. Upon her arrival, she became the subject of your wrath and believed you to be temporarily insane. On 10 December, Lady Byron gave birth to your only legitimate child, a daughter whom you named Ada. Your despair seemed to increase, and you separated from your wife, abandoning your daughter.

Your wife now accused you of incest with Augusta, which was true but not at the time illegal, and having sodomised her and Augusta – which was equally true, and carried the death penalty. Desperate to win you back, she began a persecution of you that afflicted you for the rest of your years, and kept young Ada, who grew up to be Ada, Countess Lovelace, as far from you as possible.

You travelled widely, through Italy, the Ottoman Turkey and beyond. You had a scandalous affair with Lady Caroline Lamb, the woman who said the words that have gone down in history as your epitaph “He was mad, bad, and dangerous to know.” Few people know how she ended that quote “...but interesting!” Of course you seduced youths of both sexes, and most scandalously lived for a while in an intensely passionate incestuous relationship with your sister Augusta Leigh. You travelled to Switzerland, staying with Percy Bysshe Shelley, sleeping with him, his later wife Mary Godwin, and Dr Polidori their friend.

In 1816 the scandal over your relationship with your half sister Augusta broke, and facing court action for sodomy and incest you were forced to flee to the continent. There you drifted around France and Italy, before finally giving your life having decided to go down fighting in a blaze of glory in the Greek War of Independence, fighting for their liberation from the Turks. In 1824 you succumbed to a fever before you could be granted the heroes redemptive death you sought.

So how have you spent your undeath, other than in feeding your lust for blood? By watching over your mortal child, Ada Lovelace. Some force has so far compelled you to never interfere in her life, which has been filled with excitement, but you have watched silently from the shadows, acting as her Guardian Angel. On three separate occasions she has seen you. The first time was in the street, and you managed to escape down an alleyway; the second as she entered a carriage, and you fled in to the gardens; and the third time you looked in at her window, and said simply "I love you" before vanishing in to the night.

And then in the early 1850's she became terribly ill, and you realised soon she would be united with you in death, and when that happens you can rest at last. You wanted her to live on happily and in good health, but you knew she was not long for this world. She was arguing with her husband about her affairs and mounting gambling debts -- chip off the old block, is Ada - and becoming more and more unwell as cancer ravaged her body. And then she died, and was buried next to you, and yet ... you lived on.

Now your undeath lacks all purpose, and you haunt the streets less and less. Recently you have been wandering through the streets of Whitechapel, where fear has descended upon

the population as the maniac called Jack the Ripper has started to cut working girls up. And you are now hunting the Ripper, determined to bring him the death he deserves, and wondering if in that act you can finally find the mercy of death...

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On the 27th September, the following letter in red ink written and sent it to the Central News Agency was published, along with photographs of the letter. It read as follows...

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha. ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck.

Yours truly

Jack the Ripper

Dont mind me giving the trade name

PS Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha

It has been said several times at the Inquests that the Ripper must possess medical skills, or surgical skills, or perhaps be a trained vet or slaughterman. Leather Apron is a shoemaker called John Pizer, a sometimes violent and lustful man, who was one of many suspects hauled in and questioned by the police. 'Get buckled' by the way if just East End slang for being hanged.

The 'Double Event', 29th September

On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride (44) was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms in Spitalfields. She was seen leaving the pub by several people, apparently in the company of a well dressed man in a black morning suit with a small dark moustache. You saw her, and are sure the man she left with was Jonathan Harper. You also saw Bill Sikes nearby with his bulldog, and just afterwards you passed both Rosina Despard and Dr. Barnardo in the street.

Two brothers, J Best and John Gardner later saw her kissing a man who was of respectable appearance in a doorway, wearing a brown coat and seemingly quite affectionate to her, and teased the couple that the man was Jack the Ripper. The couple moved off, buying grapes in Berner Street, but the fruitseller's testimony keeps changing so is best ignored. Finally the couple were seen by William Marshall, a labourer, walking towards Dutfield Yard. He did not see the mans face, but described him as wearing working class clothes, but of good quality, being stout and powerfully built. The couple seemd on good terms, and neither drunk, and the man remarked to Stride "You would say anything but your prayers". Marshall was paying very little attention, so was not able to give a better description, but the man does not meet the description of the man she was seen with earlier. Between 12.45 and 1am several people claim to have seen Lizzie being accosted by two or possibly three men, but the best sightings by Israel Schwartz and independently by dockworker James Brown have her struggling with a short dark haired man dressed in the manner of a docker, and of Irish appearance. Another large burly fellow, with a dog, stood across the road watching the struggle.

Lizzie Stride's body was found at 1am, the throat cut, but with no other

mutilations, apparently because the murderer was disturbed by the arrival of Louis Diemschutz with a cart. At exactly the same time, Catharine Eddowes, who had been picked up earlier in the day for impersonating a fire engine loudly outside a shop while drunk, having been allowed to sober up in a cell, was sent home by the police. She never made it - she was seen by three men returning from the Imperial Club talking to a man in the entry to Mitre Square, a location she would have reached about 1.10am, at 1.30am, and at 1.45am her body was found with the usual horrific mutilations, her belly slit and entrails arranged over her shoulder, with ghastly facial mutilations as well, lying in a dark corner of Mitre Square popular with prostitutes. Sometime later a strip of her bloodied apron was found on a staircase at 10 Goulston Street. Scrawled on the wall was the phrase "The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for nothing".

Once again, you saw Bill Sikes in the vicinity, and also Dr. Abraham Van Helsing you think. As you left Whitechapel you saw Dr. Barnardo apparently in a hurry, and thought you smelt blood upon him - and you should know the smell of blood!

On the 1st October the Saucy Jack postcard (which read as follows) arrived at the Central News Agency and was published in all the papers...

I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a bit couldn't finish straight off. Had not got time to get ears off for police thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.

Jack the Ripper

This takes you up to October 16th, today. Passing through Westminster you see a travelling fair has set up in a square, and drawn by curiosity enter the crowds...

Special Abilities

Vampirism: You need to drink at least once in the game. Don't actually play this out - if you get someone in to a lonely spot. then just explain that you grapple with them, bite their neck, and that afterwards they will feel weak and unwell for ten minutes game time, but have no memory of what happened to them. Your powers cloud their minds. Let them play the aftermath!

Indestructible: if your body is destroyed it simply dissolves in to mist and reappears back in the crypt. Takes you out the game for ten minutes. Only characters with a special vampire killing power can kill you permanently. You do recoil from Holy Water and the Sign of the Cross, but neither physically harms you.

Relationships (7)

Ada Lovelace

ADA! Your beloved daughter, who was buried and lies next to you in the cold clay of a Nottinghamshire Churchyard – well would if you had not crawled out of that grave and come to London – ADA is alive!

Is this madness, hallucination, or is she a ghost or a vampire? Whatever the cause, you wish to beg her for forgiveness. Yet will she reject you, scream or go mad on seeing you? You need a plan to effect a reconciliation, and to understand this mystery, and to do

everything you can to assist her if she is in some kind of trouble. More than thirty years have passed since her death, how can this be?

Slightly ironic for you to be asking this...

Bill Sikes

An East End thug and pimp who treats his girls badly. Apart from Lizzie Stride who works for the Kidney gang, or did until her death, all the girls murdered were of Fagin's gang that Bill is the Enforcer and chief of. A nasty piece of work this one, he treats Nancy his best girl shamefully and even beats his dog. A peasant who deserves a nasty end, you are keeping an eye on him. He keeps heading up the West End to Kensington on some mysterious business....

Col. Sebastian Moran

A good fellow from what you have seen of him in your travels through the more disreputable London drinking and gaming clubs - you like the cut of his jib. A hard drinking, hard living gambler and womaniser - your kind of fellow. You'd like to know him better, but that is hard, with you being dead and all. Still in dim light like tonight at the fair you can easily pass for living, and in such situations you always give your name as Mr. Noel. It suits you, and is a family name. Get to know this chap and see if you can help him and become friends...

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing

This strange foreign doctor gives you the creeps. You have seen him for maybe six weeks now, following you about on your nightly business – no, hunting you. The hunter hunted, how ironic that is! You have no idea what he wants from you, and twice you have seen him in Whitechapel with that Jonathan fellow, but you fear the worst. You fear him, and you can not tell why, but he is a dangerous and wilful individual, of that you can be sure!

Jonathan Harker

This fellow, who looks like a middle class professional – perhaps a solicitor – has been hanging around the East End a lot since the murders started. You recognize him now, and saw him leaving the Bricklayer's Arms with Lizzie Stride the night she was killed by the Ripper. Is he the Ripper? Hard to say really! You ought to question him, and see what he is up to...

Lizzie Siddal

Exquisitely beautiful, in life you would have debauched her, but in death there is something about her which terrifies you. You know she is a vampire like you, and rises from the tomb each night at sunset, but you have no desire to make her acquaintance. Something about her is as terrible to you as the Cross or Holy Water. Avoid her at all costs, and never approach within 6 foot of her, moving if necessary to avoid it.

You know in life she was Lizzie Siddal, wife of the poet and artist Dante Gabriel Rossetti. You also are amused to note that she is persecuting the poor man to the grave, haunting

him and whispering at his windows at night. He may well have joined her in death by now, last you heard he had fled to the countryside to escape from his nightmares and addiction to whiskey and drugs. He really is a tortured genius, and Lizzie is doing the torturing!

Mina

You don't know this woman, see her tonight for the first time. She has a look of respectability, but there is something enticing about her – and then you realise, it is like she is a daughter (or more likely granddaughter) of yours. Somehow your blood flows in her veins, which given the number of illegitimate children you sired (and lost track of) that is not so unlikely. You like her instinctively, and feel a need to protect her....

Something Wicked

Mina Harker

Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

Since that terrible business with Count Dracula, your life has slowly returned to normality. You fear for poor Dr. Van Helsing though - the strain on a man of his age has been tremendous, and you are not entirely sure he is keeping his sanity. Tonight he dined with you and your husband Jonathan, and you have walked from your home in Richmond out to a nearby heath where a travelling fairground offers a few moments blessed distraction from the horrors that threaten to overwhelm him...

Once Miss Mina Murray, a young school mistress you were engaged to Jonathan Harker, and best friends with Lucy Westenra. You visited Lucy in Whitby on July 24 1883, when school had closed for the summer. Jonathan was away on business in Eastern Europe. After Jonathan escaped from Count Dracula's castle, you travelled alone to Budapest and joined him there, caring for him during his recovery from his traumatic encounter with the vampire and his brides. You married there, returning to England as husband and wife. Back home, you learned that Lucy had died from a mysterious illness stemming from severe blood loss as the result of repeated attacks by an unknown, blood-drinking animal; — the animal, you realise, was none other than Dracula taking a different shape.

So you joined the coalition around Abraham Van Helsing, and turned your attentions to destroying the Count. After Dracula learned of this plot against him, he took revenge by visiting — and biting — you at least three times. Dracula also fed you his blood, cursing you to become a vampire at death. Van Helsing declared the only way to spare you this fate is by killing Dracula. You slowly succumbed to the blood of the vampire that flowed through your veins, switching back and forth from a state of consciousness to a state of semi-trance during which you were telepathically connected with Dracula. You were able to use your inherent telepathic abilities to track Dracula's movements.

Dracula fled back to his castle in Transylvania, followed by Van Helsing's gang, who kill him just before sunset. As a result, Dracula's spell was lifted and you were freed from the curse. Tragically Quincey Morris a good friend to you all died in the final confrontation. On your

return to London you settled down to married life with Jonathan, and on discovering you were pregnant decided to name the baby, now one year old and safe at home with his nursemaid, Quincey.

A practically minded independent woman who holds down a job as a school mistress, Mina holds what could be termed feminist ideals, being every part the strong woman who makes her own decisions and who after all set off on her own to Budapest to rescue her fiancée, and married him there far from family and friends, before enduring the horror of the vampirism that flowed in her veins as the struggle for her soul was fought with stoic, indeed heroic, strength and endurance. Mina believes women are the equal of men -- just as likely to be killers, like Dracula's female vampire associates, or saints, or even criminals. She thinks women should have the vote, and looks forward to the day when women have all the legal rights men enjoy now. She is a supporter of the nascent Suffragette movement, which is still in its very early days. One thing -- this Napoleon of Crime who has arisen, and threatens all of London by keeping the Underworld in their Vice-like grip - clearly is a woman. Jack the Ripper may well be Jill the Ripper, and who but a woman would have stolen the Koh-i-noor diamond from Windsor Castle last night? Jonathan would laugh and say you are being silly, but men always underestimate the potential of women. You would like to be proven correct on all three counts!

You yourself maintain a job at Miss Frimley's boarding school, and are very happy there. The telepathy with which you are blessed or cursed sometimes intrudes, and gives you flashes of the girls thoughts or concerns, and you use this talent for the best, to act as a popular teacher should, looking after your charges. You don't like to reveal this talent to the world, and find it tiring to use. Jonathan is aware you still possess it, but no one else is...

SPECIAL POWERS:

EMPATHIC TELEPATHY: Twice in the game you may use this power, but each time you feel terribly drained for 2 minutes after doing so. While in conversation with another player simply state you are using a special power, and will now ask them a single question which can be answered 'Yes' or 'No', which they must answer honestly to the best of their knowledge, but remind them they are not aware that you have read their minds. Call a referee over if necessary.

Relationships (6)

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing

Dr. Van Helsing saved your life, and is a father figure to Jonathan, and a wonderful kind grandfather figure to little baby Quincey, bringing him presents and lavishing affection on your whole family. You love him dearly, but you always dread his unannounced visits too. All too often he takes Jonathan off to the study after dinner for port and cigars, and then the two vanish off in to the dangerous streets of the Metropolis, seeking some unholy horror. One night you fear Jonathan will not return, but will have fallen like Quincey Morris and poor sweet Lucy did, slain by the children of the night. Jonathan is completely the opposite -- he is always thrilled when Van Helsing turns up, and you know tonight he wanted to discuss his latest idea, that the terrible Whitechapel Murders of Jack the Ripper that have dominated the press for weeks are the work of a werewolf! You were concerned that Jonathan and Van Helsing would load pistols with silver bullets and head off to Whitechapel, leaving you to mark schoolbooks again.

Instead, after dinner, you remarked on how tired Van Helsing looks, and managed to persuade the menfolk to take you to the fair instead. Just for one night, let all the horrors go blow, and perhaps you can enjoy a little normalcy. Well so you hoped before you arrived and spotted not one but two vampires among the crowds. Still, all will be well you are sure...

You are deeply concerned for Van Helsing's health. In fact, his obsessive quest for supernatural horrors and endless researches in to the darkest corner of occult lore have driven him you fear a little mad, and at his age you are sure he is not far from death from a heart ailment or collapse from nervous exhaustion. Even though you resent, just a tiny bit, his influence over Jonathan and exposing him to danger on a regular basis, you also love the old chap and fear that something might happen to him if you can't persuade him to take it easy or seek medical help. Make sure he never gets over excited whatever happens!

Jonathan Harker

Jonathan is your husband, and the bravest (and sweetest) of men. You are extremely happy together, and trust him completely. You only fear that once again Van Helsing will drag him in to some terrible danger: you quietly wish that you could live out your happy life undisturbed by more talk of vampires and horrors. It's not that you don't see the need to stand firm against the forces of darkness, you do absolutely -- it is just the police, military, clergy and government should do something about these things, not poor Jonathan. If he exposes himself to danger again, you will be extremely angry with him, for now you have baby Quincey do you not deserve a chance at peace and happiness, after all the horrors you have been through? Try to reign in Jonathan if he tries to do anything too reckless. If anything happens to your husband, all is lost...

Lizzie Siddal

Lizzie Siddal was a model who posed for paintings for the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, in particular the famous painting *The Death of Ophelia*. She married Dante Gabriel Rossetti the poet and artist in 1860, but died two years later in 1862, apparently of an overdose of laudanum, a powerful narcotic that can be used as a sleeping remedy. The Coroner ruled the death accidental, but rumour has it that it was a suicide that Rossetti covered up. Whatever the truth, he never really recovered, seems to have lost his talent, and more recently his health. He is known to be heavily addicted to choral (a sleeping draught) and whiskey, and is close to death, a miserable figure.

Lizzie is long since dust -- but recently your dreams are full of her, wandering the streets, looking for something. You are tremendously moved by this, and feel you want to help her. Tonight however, you are disturbed to see Lizzie here at the fair -- and from the traces of blood in your veins, and the pounding in your heart, you know at once she is a vampire. Poor wretch! Van Helsing would have her immediately destroyed, but you feel nothing but compassion for her -- she is clearly a Lost Soul in search of redemption. You honestly want to help her, though you are aware this could be extremely dangerous.

Lord Byron

Van Helsing has told you this fiend is a vampire, and you have no doubt at all now you see him that he is right after all. That does not stop you questioning Van Helsing's obsessive quest to destroy these awful creatures however. This one is clearly a pitiless

wretch, though there is something seductive about him, as there was in life before his sexual depravity led to his lonely death in exile some sixty years ago. You do not feel he is a killer however, and yet you are repulsed and disgusted by him, as the lust emanating from him seems to cloud your mind with the vilest of thoughts if you approach closely. If he touches you, or speaks to you, scream and faint dramatically!

Miss Jourdain, Schoolgirl

Miss Jourdain is a senior girl, a boarder aged 19 years at Miss Frimley's Finishing School for Girls where you now teach. She is your teaching assistant and great friend, and knows nothing at all of the horrors of Dracula or vampires. However, something about the girl stands out -- she teaches French, Latin and Greek, and has even learned a little Egyptian hieroglyphics! You also feel she has some unknown psychic power, not telepathy like yours, but perhaps some kind of clairvoyance (seeing at a distance). You have not discussed the matter with her, because after all she is your junior colleague and it might embarrass her, and you would hate to make her feel awkward, or make her feel uneasy. She has played piano at your home as a guest a few times and dined with you and Jonathan, who likes her too. Obviously she is safely back at the school in her rooms, but tonight you are surprised to see her mother, Eleanor Jourdain here. You have never met the lady before, but the family resemblance is remarkable, and you would like to know more about Eleanor's background and try to understand the mystery she represents. Take the opportunity to try and find out what you can about this woman's remarkable daughter...

Rosina Despard

Rosina Despard is a young female doctor, only the 23rd in England and Wales to qualify as such. She looked after you during your pregnancy with baby Quincey, and you discovered that you have a shared interest in the supernatural. It seems that as a young woman living in her parental home in Cheltenham she saw the shade of a dead woman who haunted the house, a mysterious woman in black believed to be the shade of one Imogen Swinhoe. On qualifying as a doctor and moving to London, where as well as her private practice she is Chief Medical Officer for Holloway women's prison, she became a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and she has recently been conducting card guessing games with you in an attempt to learn about your telepathic gift. She is far more sceptical than Van Helsing, and you know Jonathan is slightly concerned about the influence of such a "blue stocking" liberated woman upon you, but you have become firm friends. You wonder if you could persuade dear old Van Helsing to see her and ask for help with his nervous exhaustion? You have confided your concerns about his health to Rosina, but she can do nothing unless he agrees to be treated...

Something Wicked

Miss Moberly

Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

You are Miss Chalotte Moberly, a distinguished British female academic, and Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford. You were one of the first six students who enrolled when the college was founded by Elizabeth Wordsworth (the poet's niece) back in 1886, and have remained involved with the institution your whole life, the cause of providing education to elite women being important to you. The college, part of the university of Oxford runs from three Oxford town houses, students are required to ask the Principal before accepting invitations to visit friends, and the college gates are locked at 9pm - it is a very sheltered and chaperoned life, but provides educational opportunities denied to almost all women.

The Vice Principal of St. Hugh's is another of those first six students, though a little younger than you -- Eleanor Jourdain, your very, very best friend all these years. Yet there is one thing you have never confided even to her, despite the incredible experience you once both shared. Very occasionally, your perceptions become lost in time and space. The first time was while you were students at St. Hugh's in Summer 1887, and were hurrying home from a piano lesson to reach your dormitory before the 9pm curfew. Walking down the road hand in hand with Eleanor you suddenly glimpsed a medieval gallows attended by executioners, priests and onlookers. You realised at once something had changed, and your perceptions had returned to the distant past, and then as you stared, the whole horrible scene vanished before your eyes. At that moment you thought you had gone mad. You longed to tell Eleanor, but in the end decided to hold your tongue, as respectable women do not see visions!

It was not until the summer vacation of 1901 when you and Eleanor had taken an apartment in Paris and were teaching visiting English girls French that you had your second such experience. This one has become a source of heated controversy, and two years ago you published a full account in a best selling book called "An Adventure", though of course

you both employed pseudonyms as your reputation could suffer serious damage if it ever became clear that you were the ladies in question, and St. Hugh's could suffer too. It was Elanor who insisted you published the book, and you are very nervous about this, as you have a nasty feeling that if it ever came out that the ladies in question were you and Eleanor, the Board of Governors would be outraged. The events you describe in the book and which happened to you are as follows...

The Adventure

It was a warm summers day, on the 10th of August 1901, and you and your dear friend Eleanor Jourdain, were enjoying a trip to Versailles, France. As the day slowly drew closer to evening, you decided to visit the Petit Trianon, and began to make your way slowly around the lovely gardens. You had both visited the Palace of Versailles in the morning and decided that you didn't want to leave until they had explored everything that the park had to offer.

After walking around for some time, you suddenly realised that you had no idea where you were. You had both become lost, and couldn't understand why you did not recognise any landmarks. After turning a corner, you both saw a deserted farmhouse, and noticed an old farm plough by the side of the road.

After a few minutes a sudden feeling of oppression started to descend on you (though neither of you remarked on it at the time). Suddenly out of nowhere you saw two men approaching you, dressed in strange attire - long greyish green coats and tricorne hats. Approaching the men, you asked them how to get to the Petit Trianon, and were directed down a path that you hadn't seen before.

Your dark mood had become very heavy by this time, and you were beginning to feel quite ill. The cloying scent of flowers and the warmth of the day, began to take their toll. You decided to rest underneath a tree, and used your fan to produce a semblance of breeze. You noticed that everything had become very still and overly quiet. By this time you were both becoming a little uneasy. You both realised that something was not quite right. After spotting a gazebo, you decided to go over and have a rest. Much to your surprise there was a man leaning against one of the posts. You had no idea where he had come from, but were dismayed to see the unpleasant look on his face. He had obviously suffered from small pox, as his face was pitted and unpleasant.

Just then, you heard someone shouting that you were going the wrong way, and not being able to see who it was, you decided to take the advice anyway and turned back around and much to your surprise, you both saw a small bridge, which you were being directed to cross. Not wanting any trouble you made their way over the bridge and saw what you believed to be the Petit Trianon.

As you got nearer, you saw a woman sitting on a stool, sketching. She was wearing an old fashioned dress which was covered with a pale green scarf. At this point, you both felt very heavy and oppressed again. The air felt as though it had got very thick and still. You watched the woman sketching for some time, trying to get your breath back.

Suddenly a footman came rushing out of a nearby building and began herding you towards another entrance to the Petit Trianon. He said that you were on the wrong side and directed you to the right door. By the time you had gone around the corner of the building, you saw a wedding party, and realised that at that same time, the strange mood and stillness had lifted.

Three months later you met up and reminisced about the trip. You happened to mention the strange woman you had seen sketching. Eleanor looked at you in amazement. 'I never

saw a woman sketching' she exclaimed. You were intrigued by this mystery and decided to write down exactly what had happened. By this time, events began to take a strange turn. You realised that they had seen different things, at different locations. Investigating further, you realised that in fact on that day that you had visited the gardens, it had been the Anniversary of the sacking of the Tuileries during the French Revolution, during which Marie Antionette's personal guard had been massacred and she and her husband were arrested.

You began to think that maybe you had seen the ghost of Marie Antoinette, or somehow picked up a memory of that time, or possibly a time slip, when Marie Antoinette had been sketching just before the massacre. Neither of you knew about this at the time of the visit to the garden, you only discovered this after serious study three months later.

As if to confirm your suspicions, you came across a picture of Marie Antoinette sitting in exactly the same place, and wearing exactly the same clothes that you had seen herself while experiencing the strange occurrence in France. In January 1902, Eleanor decided to retrace the steps that they had taken, and went back to the gardens to see what she could find.

The place was completely different from you had experienced...

Determined to get to the bottom of the story, you contacted the Society for Psychical research, declaring that the Trianon was haunted. The Society decided that your story was not worth researching and after the initial disappointment, you decided that you would do research of your own. You were convinced that you had seen the ghost of Marie Antoinette or had somehow travelled back into the past. You began to write an account of exactly what had happened. Reading books and searching through any documents that you could find, you began to realise that, what you had both seen was an accurate picture of what had taken place in 1789 Versailles. Neither of you had any detailed knowledge of that period of French history. The 18th century was not a time that you had studied and felt that this in itself vindicated your story. You became very frustrated with the SPR. You were not liars, and you had nothing to gain by making up this story. In fact it could go a long way to ruining your reputation.

You had both seen a plough, but discovered that there was no plough at the time of the visit. But there had been one in the past.

The bridge that you crossed did not exist in your time, but was there in 1789.

Marie Antoinette's Swiss guard wore green uniforms, which is what you both saw.

Comte De Vaudreuil was an enemy of Marie Antoinette. He had a very pockmarked face. Exactly the same as the sinister looking man, that you had seen.

The door that the footman had rushed out of, just before he saw you told you to go around to the front of the building, had in fact been barred up years before, and had not been touched since.

On the day of your visit to the Petit Trianon near Versailles, the weather was hot and stormy. The sky was full of strange electrical phenomena. More so than usual. Is this somehow connected to the incident? In fact, the weather is very similar to that you have been experiencing all day...

Your Background

You are from a very respectable family. Your father was Bishop of Salisbury, and although

in later life he caused some controversy by giving a lecture in which he denied the Doctrine of Eternal Hellfire, perhaps going so far (his critics suggested) as to suggest everyone would ultimately be saved, this was because he found it hard to see anyone suffer. Father hated confrontation, and your mother, a cold and very authoritarian woman, always ruled the family with a rod of iron, and father never denied her anything. He meekly accepted all her decisions, no matter how cruel or unreasonable.

As a child you lived on the Isle of Wight, and after you moved to Salisbury you missed the sea. It was eventually decided the family would take seaside holidays, and Great Yarmouth was chosen as your destination, as was the fashion then. All day you would spend on the pier or the beach, while mother sat reading in the Ladies Reading Rooms, or drinking tea in a fashionable cafe. You enjoyed real freedom, and on the third and final visit to Yarmouth you struck up a friendship, and then a romance with a young man (he was 26 - you were 16), whom you fell desperately in love with. Of course eventually mother found out about your liaisons with this handsome boy (see below) and not only was the holiday cut short, you disgraced, and returned to Salisbury on the next train, but so unforgivable was your crime - having been seen kissing the man -- that it was deemed you were irredeemable. Mother had you sent as far away as she could manage, to a strict Swiss finishing school for Wayward Daughters of the Gentry, and then after you finished your studies there you were exiled to Paris, where you lived teaching English until you were allowed to return home to attend St. Hugh's. Those were terrible miserable years, but it all started in Great Yarmouth, and you have a passionate hatred of that port, and shudder if it is mentioned.

Of course no one, no one at all, must ever know any of this. The slightest stain on your reputation would be disastrous for your position as Principal of St. Hugh's, and you have not even told Eleanor, though you have often considered it, being sure after thirty years of friendship she would not tell anyone. Still, embarrassment prevents you from speaking, or has till now; despite all you have been through together, you still have secrets.

You really are not fond of men; your first and only love broke your heart, when he allowed you to be hustled off to the train, and failed to turn up and ask for your hand from father, who might have actually stood up to mother if a man had asked him? You felt he never cared about you - he had promised to marry you, and to give you jewels -- and he did neither. Or did he? Well possibly. One day in Paris in 1880 a strange parcel arrived, addressed to you, and with no note. In it was an ancient Egyptian jewelled amulet, which you have worn ever since. You hate jewels with a passion and never wear them, as they remind you of Raffles' (the young man) betrayal of you, but you have kept this amulet, and have a great sentimental attachment to it - you like to believe he sent it to you, though you know it is not likely to be true.

You heard no more of him, until you read in that he had died a heroes death, being mentioned in despatches for his coolness under fire several times before being shot dead while rescuing fallen comrades in the terrible battle of Spion Kop. He died in his batman "Bunny" Maunders arms, and was awarded the Victoria Cross for his bravery, the highest award possible. It was said in The Times that he has sought an honourable death because of personal problems, but you never learned, or chose to inquire what they were. It gave you some solace that apparently he had never married either, and you must admit, you did cry for days, but you hid your grief from Eleanor.

The Present

It is June 13th 1913, and you and Eleanor are in London, walking close to Kew Gardens. You are walking as is your custom arm in arm, heading back towards your hotel, when you hear a young woman run up behind you, and she unexpectedly links arms with Eleanor as you turn a corner, and find yourself in a fairground. The game begins as you enter the fair...

Possessions

You are wearing a piece of jewellery in the form of an ancient Egyptian Amulet. You are very protective of and a little embarrassed by this and do not often discuss it with anyone, though you have considered occasionally asking Eleanor or someone else to translate the symbols on it.

Relationships (5)

A.. J . Raffles

The young man who broke your heart at Great Yarmouth when you were a teenager, and perished in the Boer War. You try not to think of him -- it has been so very long now. He is long dead, but you will never forget, or stop thinking about what might have been...

Dr. Rosina Despard

Rosina is a minor member of the Society for Psychical Research, and far nicer than most of the people you met there. You approve of her on several grounds. Firstly, unlike most of the sceptics who comprise the SPR, Rosina actually believes in psychical matters and the supernatural, having experienced her own haunting (see description below), which was published in *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* Vol. 8 in 1888. She therefore takes The Adventure seriously, and was instrumental in persuading you to publish your account in the book of that name in 1911. Secondly, Rosina is an educated woman, having passed a medical degree and qualified as a doctor, only the 23rd woman to do so in England and Wales.

Unfortunately she has been now for almost thirty years the Medical Officer at Holloway Women's Prison, and has become a very controversial figure because of her involvement in a major political scandal all over the newspapers. Recently Votes for Women campaigners (called Suffragettes) have carried out a number of acts of protest, demanding women's rights. When the government ignored them, they responded with a campaign of violence, and one Emily Davison, committed suicide by throwing herself under the King's horse Anmer at the Epsom Derby last week. This is the culmination of a wave of terrorism conducted by largely upper class women which has seen shop windows smashed, acts of arson and vandalism, and even violent assaults upon the police and Cabinet member's persons. (While strongly favouring the education of women, you do not believe they should be active in the political sphere, and certainly should not be committing acts of violence. You are strongly opposed to women having the vote, because you don't believe most women are well educated enough or interested in political matters to make a sensible choice, and because women can be needlessly cruel. You think most women's place, except a handful of brilliant academic women, is in the home, and disapprove of women working even, except for working class women who are really beneath your notice.).

Rosina was required to administer force feeding to women at Holloway Prison when they went on Hunger Strike, and Lillian Lenton claims food entered her lungs and gave her tuberculosis, almost killing her. What absolute rot! Tuberculosis is caused by germs and bad air, and this little Lenton girl is a dangerous maniac, and is now threatening your

reputation too. There was a public scandal, and Rosina almost lost her job, and this weak minded shabby bunch of idiots of a Government rushed through legislation popularly called The Cat and Mouse Act 1913, which means that suffragettes are not held in prison but released back in to the community if their health suffers or they (as they inevitably do now) declare a hunger strike. This allows girls like Lillian Lenton to continue burning down buildings, and soon no doubt murdering people.

Rosina took the whole affair, and in particular the competence of her medical skills which was brought in to question very badly, and has withdrawn from almost everything and seeks to be seeking solace in drink after what you think was possibly a nervous breakdown. One of the reasons you are in town is to encourage her she did the right thing, and encourage her to punish the little cows and ensure they get a good hiding. .

To your astonishment you suddenly notice Rosina in the fairground - but she is in glowing health and looks a good thirty years younger! Has she died? Is this a Crisis Apparition? Or is it all happening again?

Rosina's Ghost Story: A Summary

In April 1872 a retired army captain of Irish extraction, *Frederick William Despard* (53), his 46 year old second wife *Harriet Ann* (nee Nixon), "a great invalid", and his teenage children, 19 year old *Rosina Clara*, *Edith Sophia* was about to turn 18, 15 year old *Henry*, 13 year old *Lilian*, 12 year old *Mabel*, and their little brother *Wilfrid*, 9, moved house. They moved from Lansdown Road in Cheltenham, the town where they had been living for the previous half dozen or so years to another rented house at Pittville Circus Road, on the corner of All Saints Road.

The first time Rosina saw the ghost was in June 1872 (three months after removal): she was in her bedroom, not yet gone to bed, when she heard somebody at the door. She thought it was her mother, but it wasn't as so: no one was there. A few steps in the corridor later, she saw the apparition at top of the stairs. After a moment, the ghost went downstairs. Rosina followed her, but her candle faded. She went back to the bedroom. The apparition looked as if it were in mourning. *The lady in black kept a handkerchief to her face with her right hand.* in. The ghost looked so much real, that different witnesses thought she was an intruder or a guest! Her steps have been heard by more than twenty persons and seen around the house by seventeen different people. Despite all this, she faded when someone tried to touch her though she could pass through objects.

From 1872 to 1874, Rosina Despard saw the apparition about a half dozen times, but referred the facts strictly to a friend, while only three other persons saw the ghost. The first one was Rosina's sister who, while going downstairs at 18:30, crossed the apparition going to the livingroom. She thought she was a visitor.

In autumn 1873 a waitress saw the same entity and suspected she was an intruder. Further investigations found no one.

On 18th December 1873 Rosina's brother with a child saw a crying woman from the garden through the living-room window. They ran inside to see who she was, but again, she found nothing.

The apparition usually walked to a living-room window, stopped at its right for a while, then went to the corridor to the garden to fade away. The only noises were light raps on the doors and the ghost's footsteps. Rosina Despard notes:

'I felt a cold icy shiver' when the ghost bends over her while she is playing the piano.

In June-August, the apparitions became more frequent, reaching their highest peak. On July 21, 1874, towards 21:00, Rosina was reading in the livingroom with her father and sisters. The ghost came in from an open door and stopped behind her couch. After *half-an-hour*, she went to the garden door and faded. *Rosina tried to talk to her. She stopped for a moment and seemed to be about to answer, but went on. Strangely, no one but Rosina saw the apparition.* Methodically following the ghost around, she tried putting wires across its path to try and trip it up.

The night of the 2nd August everyone heard the footsteps, and a waitress saw the ghost. On the 5th August 1874 Rosina talked to her father about the ghost. The next day, a neighbour saw the ghost in the garden, convinced she was a real woman!

For the rest of the year, until 1875, the ghost frequently appeared to many people. In 1876 there were noises, cold winds, candle flames, but from 1877, through 1878 and 1879, the apparition became rare. From 1879, the ghost disappeared completely. Footsteps continued for a while but then they too faded away. The Despardes moved in 1883. What we know today about the case is though the letters written by Rosina to Catherine Campbell, a schoolfriend

Eleanor Jourdain

Your best friend, and a bit odd, and very weak willed, but lovely. You know everything about her, as you spend almost all your time together, apart from when she goes to lectures on physics or mathematics, subjects that simply do not interest you in the slightest. You trust Eleanor with your life, but you know she has trouble keeping her mouth shut, and is a natural gossip, so keep an eye on her.

King Edward VII

In case anyone asks you opinions on the late King, dead for three years now -- as Bertie, Prince of Wales he was a disaster, a womanising playboy; as King a greater success, entering in to an alliance with France against the Kaiser's aggression. Now that war with Germany seems more likely than ever, his diplomatic and military preparations seem far sighted. His habit of smoking twenty cigarettes and twelve cigars a day despite having chronic bronchitis may have weakened his heart, and he died, much mourned by the public who loved him, in 1910. He was an extraordinary man, who wanted to outlaw the use of the term "nigger" for black people - he regarded it as offensive and despised racism, and firmly supported housing reform, slum clearance, and education of the working class, while strongly opposing attacks on the rights of the aristocracy and being a vehement opponent of Votes for Women. You always felt you would have liked him, if only he had not run so many mistresses and treated his poor wife Princess Alexandra of Denmark so shamefully. His son, George V, is a much better man though!

Lillian Lenton

You were walking along the street when this young woman ran up from behind fell in to step with you and Miss Moberley and took your arm. You heard a whistle blow somewhere behind you, and suddenly the smell of smoke hit your nose, and you looked back to see the great Glasshouse at Kew Botanical Gardens collapsing in flames. You immediately realised this is Lillian Lenton, the famous suffragette arsonist! She has set fire to dozens of buildings in the quest to win women the vote, and by doing so set back the cause of women's education a hundred years. You heard the sound of a police officer running up towards you: and then, quite suddenly, you rounded a corner and found the

fairground! Any moment now the police will arrive to arrest Lillian, and unfortunately possibly you too, as you were seen leaving with her. Your social class and position won't help for once - most suffragettes are of the highest or at least the middle classes, with Lillian a very rare working class exception, and being Principal of a Women's College will immediately make the police suspect you. You need to find some way out of this mess, and quickly!

Lenton is a psychopath who has burned at least a dozen homes and public building and threatened to assassinate the whole cabinet. She is extremely dangerous. She should be arrested! Where is that policeman?

Something Wicked

Nancy

)

Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

Nancy is a good gal, even if she is forced on the streets to survive. She is a virtuous woman who loves truly, madly, deeply -- and she loves a bad boy, Mr. Bill Sikes. Tonight she has left the company of The Doctor, and is walking through a fairground she is surprised to find has set up here in Whitechapel. It is October 16th, 1888.

Of course Bill is a bad 'un: that goes without saying, he works for Fagin, and his gang of pickpockets, and he is, let's be fair, a pimp, a thief and to many a bully. When they see him rollin' down the street, his bull terrier Bull's Eye snarling at every passer by, well most people cross the streets to avoid him. You don't -- you know the good in him, and know he is as kind as the angels in his own funny way.

You just have to wind Bill up. It is just so delicious to make him angry, tease him till he is ready to snap your neck or beat your brains out, and then just as he has turned purple and about to explode, and you know you are close to death, that funny smile of his comes over his face, and you hear angels singing, and he takes you in his arms and you know he is the only man you could love. You don't know why you find an angry Bill so delicious, and why you do it to him, but maybe it's because then in that moment when he suddenly changes, you know he loves you, despite the other girls, despite the booze, despite the terrible wrath. It gives you a thrill nothing else ever could, and you see the Glory in his soul, the divine spark hidden in that coarse bullish exterior. You know outwardly you are flirting with danger, but Bill has been good to you -- gave you a home, a protector, a purpose - even if that purpose is not the holiest of callings. When you are with other men, you think of Bill, and the little cottage that one day your work will provide, and that you are doing this for Bill, because you love him. Yet you love making him angry, and driving him as hard as you can: you need that kick, the thrill of getting him to the state where he would kill any of his other girls; but not you, because he truly loves you.

Of course with Jack the Ripper at work, you need Bill more than ever. Yet for the last few days you have not seen him, because while walking home one night you were accosted by a

strangely dressed man - terrified you was, thinking he was saucy Jack, till he offered you a jelly baby (a type of sweet) and calmed you down by talking nonsense! You don't know why, but you trust him, like him even, though he is clearly mad as a hatter. The question, is why did you go with him? You don't really know, but you sensed the good in him somehow. He has not given you a name - just calls himself The Doctor (and everyone knows the Ripper is a doctor too!) but maybe you were curious, and so you went with him. He claimed you were being followed by a man, and that he was saving you from Jack the Ripper, and then he led you to a funny police station - you thought it looked like a toilet actually! It's a blue box, with the word Police on it, and a blue lantern on the roof - but - and here is where you will think a gal mad -- it opens up to his mansion, which is on the other side. It's like it is bigger inside than outside. He told you it flies, but it seems to be broken, and he asked you if you have any diamonds! Funny feller!

Anyway The Doctor did not want sex - seemed quite disgusted when you offered to do the business in fact - but it was warm and cosy in the TARDIS as he calls it, and he fed you, and you slept (on your own) for two nights in a really comfortable bed, and felt like a princess. The Doctor asked you about the Ripper, and the East End, and you talked to him and told him what you know. That TARDIS, it's like a magic palace. Not as nice as Bill and your cottage will be, but luvverly.

You would have stayed longer, but Bill will have missed you by now, he has probably sobered up at least once, and will be frantic with worry, and probably furious and wanting to smash your face in. So you had best go find him and patch things up, before he does murder you! You know sometimes you worry Bill really is the Ripper, but he would not have it in him, and you know he would not do it. Well you hope you know it, but sometimes, you doubt, just for a second like.

Now all of London is full of talk of the 'orrible killings carried out by Jack the Ripper, which were of working girls like you. One thing strikes you as odd: all the victims were older women - people live on average to age 42, so of the 1,600 street girls in the East End (628 brothels hold the rest) these were some of the older women on the streets. You really don't like to think about it much, but it is likely people will ask, so here is what you know about the Murders, some of it from talking to other girls, some of it from the papers that you read avidly. yes you can read and write, you can!

The Whitechapel Murders

All of London is absolutely frantic with the sensational slayings of Jack the Ripper, which have dominated the headlines all Summer. Here are the details, if anyone wants to know - there are a few other bits in your relationships, below...

Victim 1, August 31st, Polly Nicholls

On August 31st, Mary Ann Nicholls (43), known to her friends as Polly, had her throat cut in Buck's Row. She was apparently extraordinarily drunk, and was thrown out of the doss house in Thrawl Street at 1.20am for not having the three pence a night for shelter there. She left saying she would soon make that, and remarking "see what a jolly bonnet I've got now!" At 2.30am another prostitute, Mary's friend Emily Holland saw her leaning against a wall, very drunk. She tried to persuade her to come back to the lodging house, but Mary said she had made the money three times over and spent it on drink, but she would soon earn it again and join her friend. She never did; she was found her throat cut and body mutilated by a tram conductor called Charlie A. Cross at 3.40am.

Victim 2: September 8th, Annie Chapman

On September 8th Annie Chapman (47), known to her friends as "Dark Annie" was brutally slain. The killing took place in the back courtyard of the overcrowded slum tenement at 29 Hanbury Street, with 8 rooms and 17 occupants All with respectable trades boarding there.

The only entrance to the court was a passage that led through from the road, but Annie could have gone there sleeping somewhere dark to sleep, having been turned away from Crossingham Lodging House just round the corner where she planned to sleep that night (as she often did) for lacking the fourpence. She was also unwell, and had been to the Teaching Hospital that day, where a doctor had given her two pills she was carrying with her, but the nature of the medicine is unknown. She showed them to friends however, but the doctor she saw never came forward, possibly because the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel does so many charity cases each day individual patients are little noted.

At 5.20am Albert Cadosch, a carpenter was getting ready for work in the back garden of number 27. He heard a man and a woman talking the other side of the fence, and just before 5.30am the woman said no, but then seemed to fall or lean on the fence. As this is the normal position for copulation in the streets, The Camberwell Upright, or Threepenny Upright, he assumed it was a prostitute about her business.

At just a few minutes before 5.30am Elizabeth Darell said she saw Chapman walking down Hanbury Street with a man, about forty years of age, foreign looking, possibly Jewish, dark and with a 'shabby genteel' look. He wore a bow coat and a deerstalker hat and simply asked Annie "will you? " and she said "yes." Finally sometime between 5.45am and 6am tram conductor John Davis came out on his way to work, and found the horribly slashed body of Annie Chapman in the yard. Sunrise was not until 7.30am, so the murder took place in the dark.

On the 27th September, the following letter in red ink written and sent it to the Central News Agency was published, along with photographs of the letter. It read as follows...

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha. ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck.

*Yours truly
Jack the Ripper*

Dont mind me giving the trade name

PS Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha

It has been said several times at the Inquests that the Ripper must possess medical skills, or surgical skills, or perhaps be a trained vet or slaughterman. Leather Apron is a shoemaker called John Pizer, a sometimes violent and lustful man, who was one of many

suspects hauled in and questioned by the police. 'Get buckled' by the way if just East End slang for being hanged.

The 'Double Event', 29th September

On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride (44) was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms in Spitalfields. She was seen leaving the pub by several people, apparently in the company of a well dressed man in a black morning suit with a small dark moustache. Two brothers, J Best and John Gardner later saw her kissing a man who was of respectable appearance in a doorway, wearing a brown coat and seemingly quite affectionate to her, and teased the couple that the man was Jack the Ripper. The couple moved off, buying grapes in Berner Street, but the fruitseller's testimony keeps changing so is best ignored. Finally the couple were seen by William Marshall, a labourer, walking towards Dutfield Yard. He did not see the man's face, but described him as wearing working class clothes, but of good quality, being stout and powerfully built. The couple seemed on good terms, and neither drunk, and the man remarked to Stride "You would say anything but your prayers".

Marshall was paying very little attention, so was not able to give a better description, but the man does not meet the description of the man she was seen with earlier. Between 12.45 and 1am several people claim to have seen Lizzie being accosted by two or possibly three men, but the best sightings by Israel Schwartz and independently by dockworker James Brown have her struggling with a short dark haired man dressed in the manner of a docker, and of Irish appearance. Another large burly fellow, with a dog, stood across the road watching the struggle. Lizzie Stride's body was found at 1am, the throat cut, but with no other mutilations, apparently because the murderer was disturbed by the arrival of Louis Diemschutz with a cart.

You know the truth about Lizzie Strides death, not that you can tell anyone. She was living with her pimp, Michael Kidney, a friend of Bill's - and a few days back she left him, saying she had got her dignity, and would not put up with his beating and drunken demands any more. Now Michael is a coward, a skinny little fellow, but he has got a big mouth, and he came and told Bill, and said he was gonna have her killed, and her head cut off. And you went to the inquest, and the Coroner said that whoever killed her, it was not like Jack's method, slitting the throat -- it was like he tried to saw her head off! also you saw some of Kidney's gang trying to get her to go back to him, and her swearing at them, and one of them, Dublin Bryant, said to her "You'd say anything but your prayers" -- Bill told you that. So you know that Kidney had her killed, and Bill probably knows who did it, but would never dare ask him.

At exactly the same time as Lizzie Stride's murder, another prostitute Catharine Eddowes (43), who had been picked up earlier in the day for impersonating a fire engine loudly outside a shop while drunk, having been allowed to sober up in a cell, was sent home by the police. She never made it - she was seen by three men returning from the Imperial Club talking to a man in the entry to Mitre Square, a location she would have reached about 1.10am, at 1.30am, and at 1.45am her body was found with the usual horrific mutilations, her belly slit and entrails arranged over her shoulder, with ghastly facial mutilations as well, lying in a dark corner of Mitre Square popular with prostitutes. Sometime later a strip of her bloodied apron was found on a staircase at on Goulston Street. Scrawled on the wall was the phrase "The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for nothing"

On the 1st October the Saucy Jack postcard (which read as follows) arrived at the Central News Agency and was published in all the papers with a photograph...

I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a bit couldn't finish straight off. Had not got time to get ears off for police thanks for keeping last letter back

*till I got to work again.
Jack the Ripper*

This takes you up to October 16th, today...

Special Abilities

A. " WILLIAM SIKES, YOU ARE A BIG BULLY" : at any point when Bill is furious (with anyone), you may if you wish step in, tease him, call him "William" (he hates that!) and suddenly smile and blow him a kiss. Immediately he calms down, and thinks of nothing but you. (Bill's player is aware of this.) You can use this power to intervene and prevent Bill hurting someone. This also works when as at the moment he is furious with you, which is why you are still alive (see below.)

B. Bill's "DO YOU OVER" power does not work on you. He is completely incapable of hurting you in anyway. He will bellow, scream hoarsely that he is going to snap your neck, look for all the world like he is going to murder you on the spot. But he can't, because he truly loves you! Take full advantage of this weakness, and enjoy the embarrassment of others who step in to try and save you from the man you love. Bill can use this power to beat up other characters though, but you must never ask him to do this for you, even though you are utterly disgusted (and strangely excited) by his violence.

C: "CRIMINAL CONNECTIONS": The little seahorse symbol on your character's name badge in the decorative border marks you as part of the London Underworld, a known associate of low-life criminals. You know that anyone else who has that symbol on their badge is a criminal type, because you can just tell your own. As a criminal, you are aware that a shadowy figure called "The Professor" has completely taken over all the criminal gangs, and must be obeyed. To resist his orders is certain death. You do not know the identity of the Professor -- only the most powerful bosses of the gangs do -- but you know his symbol, a complicated sigil, and know he signs his orders with the letter M. if you are handed a card bearing his symbol, you must obey the orders there upon, or you have no doubt you and Bill will end up floating in the Thames. The Professors player may send you orders, or you may be asked to simply pass on a message bearing his symbol. Make sure you do this, as quickly as possible.

D: "STREETWALKER". It's your trade, like thousands of your sisters on the streets. You can offer any man (though of course they may refuse) a "Camberwell Upright" (a quick act committed while you lean against the wall as the gentleman does his business behind you. This position was adopted by East End streetwalkers as it prevents either parties clothes being dirtied. It's a completely emotionless act, just a quick business transaction, and almost bestial). The only reason you would consider plying your trade right now is in exchange for payment, which must be negotiated first, and may be in any form you wish. If the punter fails to pay as promised, you **MUST** have Bill hurt them as soon as possible. That's how the business works. Er, don't try and play this out, just agree it happens and stand somewhere discrete together! Sordid, but very much part of the grim reality of Nancy's life. Bill is going to save her from all this, once you score big and can retire to a country cottage.

E: TARDIS - you can get in to the police box - the Doctor has coded it to open for you. You can then be totally safe from anyone, and of course take others with you, though you think the Doctor doesn't want you to tell others about it. Still, if things get hot maybe you and Bill can get away in it. You know it flies or sumfink.

Relationships (8)

Bertie, Prince of Wales

Oh he is a toff, but you have to love 'im. His mum is queen Victoria, and when she pegs it he will be your King! He is a good man, always opening things and being seen out and about. You like to wave a flag and cheer when he is in a procession or does one of his Public Events! A handsome, well bred and very, very well dressed man, nearly as handsome as your Bill!

Bill Sikes

You love Bill, but you fear for him as much as you fear him. He needs to get away from the city, and you need to find the money to move to the country and get a little cottage with climbing roses and do honest respectable work, you and Bill. He is an enforcer for Fagin's mob, but all the old gangs are being taken over by some new bigwig criminal they call "The Napoleon of Crime", and anyone who stands up to this mysterious fellow ends up horribly dead. You know Bill will one day open his mouth and be rude to the wrong person, and will get himself killed. He is not good at following orders, not even from Fagin, who is like a father to him.

Also Bill is friends with Michael Kidney, the docker who killed (or had killed) his girlfriend Lizzie Stride and pinned it on the Ripper. You are frightened Michael, who has already said the policeman on that beat should kill himself in shame for not saving his beloved Lizzie, in a piece of sarcastic irony so callous it frightens even you, might actually try and get Bill blamed or sumfink. You need to find the money to get you and Bill out of London - by whatever means. Cos you love him, even though he is probably going to want to beat your brains out for vanishing the last couple of days (while you were staying with The Doctor). So how are you going to find the money?

Dr. Rosina Despard

Dr Despard is a wonderful thing, a woman doctor. You know she works at Holloway Women's prison, cos when you were last arrested for soliciting she gave you a free medical and some sweeties. You wish there were more women doctors in this country, cos who can a woman go to when she has problems? Of course you can't afford a doctor anyway, and have to go to the charity ward at the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel if you need help, and it is popularly rumoured that some girls who go there never return, because the medical students cut 'em up to practice their dissections! The only corpses they get to practice on by law you see are those of hanged criminals, so there is always a shortage. Actually that is one way to make money you know -- there are people at the hospital who offer good money for freshly dug up corpses from grave robbers, or no questions asked for kidneys, hearts and other organs. Luckily yours are still in your body though, and you would never desecrate a corpse or harm a fly!

Dr. Thomas Barnardo

You know this fella, that you do. A do-gooder, a kind man actually, one you like. There

are lots of his kind in Whitechapel -- Reynolds the Preacher who tries to help the gals get off the streets and find work in the factories or shops -- but what good is that? An honest wage won't keep you in this day and age, and the girls can earn ten times as much plying the street trade as whores as they can in a respectable living, and most of your mates are too sodden with drink to actually be able to hold down a proper job long anyway. Still Reynolds means well. Then there is Charrington - his dad owns the biggest brewery in Whitechapel, but he got religion bad, and opened coffee palaces all over town, and campaigns to close the pubs and his dad's business down. He lives like a monk and is a bit weird in the head, but a right kindly gent - you stopped Bill beating him up once. Of course living in Whitechapel you need a drink, so you don't want the pubs closing, do ya? And finally there is funny old Dr. Barnardo, always out every night in Whitechapel, finding homeless kids and taking them back to his Children's Homes, where they have proper lives. Oh he is such a saint to care for the poor mites like he does! He don;t like the hypocrisy of Reynolds or Charrington either, and them preachers they all hate each other. Funny really! You've heard rumours that Dr Banardo has been known to sleep with working gals too -- but didn't Our Lord associate with prostitutes and tax collectors? Yeah, Dr Barnardo is alright, he is proper Whitechapel too - he trained up at the Teaching Hospital, though he was born in Ireland by the accent.

Jonathan Harker

Now he is a funny one! You don't like to think ill of a gent, and a gent he surely is by his manners and dress, but you were in The Bricklayer's Arms the night poor Lizzie Stride got murdered, and you saw him talking to her. They left together to do the business outside, and soon after she was found all cut up. She wasn't a Ripper victim though, or you would think this fellow was Saucy Jack (the Ripper); on no. Poor Lizzie Strides was done in by her boyfriend or his mates, and she knew she was in trouble -- you wonder if she told this gentleman anything?

Of course just because he did not kill Lizzie does not mean he is not the Ripper. And here he is at the fair tonight, with his wife - such a pretty thing! Well you have seen him in Whitechapel many times now, and vanishing off with a different girl each time, and some of them have the clap! Oh poor little wife? How awful for her. They look so happy together, and although it's bad for business, should you have a quiet word and warn her? He really needs to see a doctor, before he infects her...

Lizzie Siddal

Now she is a strange one - a pretty red headed girl, like something from an oil painting, who dresses quite proper, but somehow you feel is a streetgirl like you despite the pretty frocks. She slinks around at night, all over the East End, but mainly round Cranbourne Road. You don't know her to speak to, and she has never spoken to you -- you know she is called Lizzie, because someone told you once - you forget who. You call her "The Lady". When you were young you used to pretend she was a ghost, such is her funny way of flitting through the shadows, but now as you get older you realise something odd. Maybe you were right, because in all the twenty years you have seen Lizzie on the streets, she has never changed her clothes, or looked a day older. Maybe she is a ghost like you used to pretend? Something draws you to her, and you like to think of her as a guardian angel for the ladies of the night: no, your Guardian Angel. Maybe that is more The Doctor though!

Susan Vane Tempest

A proper lady, you met her at a Whitechapel luncheon in aid of Fallen Ladies, and she gave you a new shawl, and also gave you Tweetie, a little canary in a cage she bought for you, that lives back in your room and makes the most wonderful music! Tweetie is the only pet you have ever had, and even Bill likes her, and feeds her. Oh and she also gave you a ten shilling note, but of course Bill took it and drank that. You liked Lady Vane Tempest, and recall something she said to you -- "You and I, my dear, we are really not so different". What on Earth did she mean by that? Anyway you owe her for her kindness, so try and find a way to repay her, but mind your manner and keep your station and be 'ever so 'umble, cos she si a proper Duchess or sumfink...

The Doctor

A proper weirdo, but he kept you in luxury for a couple of nights in his magic flying box mansion (that doesn't fly anymore). Odd that he should ask you about diamonds, and then this big Koh-i-Noor diamond gets stolen from Windsor Castle? Could he be the thief? Oooh, there will be a huge reward if you and Bill could recover that diamond! Yet you would not want to have anyone harm The Doctor, and you just know that Bill would hate him, though you are not sure why. So has The Doctor stolen the diamond?

Something Wicked

Sherlock Holmes

Description

MORALITY: Wicked!

You are Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Detective. The greatest mind of this or any age, you solve the mysteries that baffle the police -- if they amuse you. You live at 221b Baker Street, and room with your dear friend Doctor Watson, who is off tonight seeing a patient. The whole world knows about your violin playing, pipe smoking, deerstalker wearing genius. The press is full of your adventures, the desperate beat a path to your door, and you are one of the great celebrities of the age.

None realise you are also an antichrist, and have sold you soul to the Devil, and are plotting to take over the British Empire. That is because you have not told them -- yet!

It all began when you were a boy. Returned from boarding school when your fragile constitution proved no match for the rough life of Britain's public schools, you were tutored by a motley collection of academics, fraudsters and eccentrics. It was an odd education, but a peculiarly effective one. Who else can say they had Ada Lovelace, Lord Byron's only legitimate daughter, teach them mathematics and logic? That they learned Divinity from the Dean of St Paul's, and that as even time married carnival huckster turned pretend American-Indian guru taught them about every type of tobacco on the planet? Or were taught art by Dante Gabriel Rossetti and medicine by Florence Nightingale?

You were a brilliant if sometimes lonely child, who came to scorn your schoolfellows as the imbeciles they were. You got on much better with your tutors, particularly the wickedly unconventional Ada Lovelace. she is the only person who ever knew that you accidentally burned down your father's shed in a chemical accident gone wrong, and then after that she gave you a set of Poker Analysis Tables which looked mathematically sound to you. You quietly borrowed some money from your father's bank account with a forged cheque, and planned to repay before the missing money was noticed it with your winnings from the scheme. The Poker Analysis Tables turned out to be pure rot, and you were forced to resort to a complicated financial fraud to cover the losses to your father's bank account. You would have been hanged if caught, as there is no clemency for fraudsters, but fortunately

you were clever enough to devise a spectacularly complicated bank fraud that gave you a little capital, and to be fair Ada helped you with that.

After this however you never wanted to see her again, and fortunately managed to have her dismissed. With her 'liberated' ways, increasingly scandalous affairs and being the daughter of the wicked Lord Byron it was really not that difficult, even if your parents were always somewhat eccentric and unconcerned about the people they hired as tutors influence on you. You often felt they simply did not care, being absorbed in their own matters.

After the crime, it became clear to you that you were fascinated by criminal matters. Even better, it occurred to you that you could easily have unravelled the fraud you had committed -- suggesting to you after both your parent's death and once you were ensconced in a flat in Baker Street, that you could perhaps become a solver of mysteries. Hence was Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Detective born!

Of course you don't exact tell the press this, instead stating that you first developed your methods of deduction while an undergraduate. Your earliest cases, which he pursued as an amateur, came from fellow university students -- you say it was an encounter with the father of one of your classmates that led you to take up detection as a profession.

And the deal with Satan? Oh that...

That happened at the height of your financial problems, after you had lost your father's money, and while you were trying to work out a scheme to cover the fraud while playing your violin. You were working on the problem, when suddenly Satan appeared in your room. The door was locked, you sat by the window at the desk, and he appeared instantaneously from nowhere - a bizarre, almost indescribable figure, but clearly inhuman. He looked at you and said ""Boy let me tell you what -- I guess you didn't know it, but I'm a fiddle player too. And if you'd care to take a dare, I'll make a bet with you. Now you play a pretty good fiddle, boy, but give the devil his due: I bet a fiddle of gold against your soul, 'cos I think I'm better than you."

You blinked once, and were slightly exasperated. After all, your Divinity lessons with the Dean of St. Paul had successfully eradicated every trace of the Christian religion, superstition and belief in supernatural powers from your mind. You certainly had no belief in souls.

The appearance of the Devil in your room was therefore something of an irritant. You pressed your finger against your eye, and saw a double image - the figure was clearly reflecting the light from the gas lamp, and not an internally generated hallucination. Annoyed by the failure of this test, you asked the Devil to pass you your copy of Skeats's Etymological Dictionary from the shelf. He did so, with a quizzical smile, and annoyed to find this physical entity was clearly real, you stood up and addressed him.

"Sir, you have me at an advantage. While I am aware of you by reputation, I do not believe we have been introduced?"

The Devil looked flustered for a moment, and then replied "Introductions are not necessary. I am a man of wealth and taste; and I hope you guess my name. I am here to offer a simple wager,"

You looked at Old Nick, the Father of Lies, and thought quickly. The Devil may be clever but oh so were you. In this circumstance one either had to fall upon your knees, beg the Lord God for forgiveness, and whine on like one of those tedious Evangelicals, and devote one's mortal existence to good works and tedious sermons. Or you could go for the best deal there was, and repent later if the need arose. It claims in the Bible there is more joy in

Heaven over one sinner who repents than the lives of ninety nine good men. It seemed a shame to deny the angel's so much happiness by an act of immediate contrition - one could always convert later. Besides, was this a Christian, Jewish or Islamic Satan? Or something else entirely. You were about to make some theological enquiries, but the Devil appeared to wish to press the matter at hand.

And so you turned to the business at hand. A fiddle of gold might have some monetary worth, but you would prefer something more useful. And so the deal was struck -- you offered your soul in return for the Devil's insight in to the hidden desires and ways of humans. It seemed a bit more useful than a shiny fiddle made of gold, to possess supernatural deductive powers. You were pretty good, from observing the sly ways of scullery maids, the Dean of Saint Paul's, butcher's boys and other sinners -- but this would allow you to truly gain a grasp on the banality of human motives.

Satan seemed a bit puzzled, but agreed. And then you played fiddle together, making weird and cacophonous music, until a housemaid hammered on your door with a request from your parents that you should kindly shut up, and at that moment the Devil disappeared.

You are aware that of course one day he will be back to claim your soul -- but t be fair, the poor fellow did not seem all that bright. Good violinist though. You were gleeful at your Faustian pact, and were determined to get on with sorting out your current problems. Yes of course, a simple bank fraud...

And so you went on to become a master Consulting Detective. However, while that has brought you fame and fortune, that soon became dull. You are a Genius. You deserve more. In fact, genuine worship and adulation, and to sort out this miserable mess of a world. Queen Victoria is not doing it, the Great Power of Europe are not doing it. You have therefore decided to become Emperor of the World. Half the Crowned Heads of Europe are in your power, for you have solved their miserable indiscretions. You have spies in every part of the Empire, and informers everywhere from the streets - the Baker Street Irregulars - to the palace, banks, City of London and the Press. They do not know the true nature of your ambitions - no one does - but you are plotting to bring about anarchy in the UK, and from that start, throughout the Empire. All Europe will be convulsed in political turmoil, and be building to a Great European War, and by 1914 you will be ready. Like an angel of light you will step in and with your genius appear to resolve all the issues, and become British Emperor, and eventually Lord Protector of Earth. After all, everyone needs a hobby.

Of course, you are outwardly the most patriotic of citizens. God save the Queen! (there is no future, in England's dreaming... and when there's no future, how can there be sin?) However, you scheme endlessly while solving petty human crimes, trying to get yourself in to position. August 1914, that is the goal. First however, you need a princess. And you have found one!

The Woman, Irene Adler, You were infatuated with her from the moment you met, and she outsmarted you in the matter of The Scandal in Bohemia (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Scandal_in_Bohemia). She has had many husbands, and discarded them all, but you know that you and her are destined to rule the world together. A criminal genius, her mind is every bit as sharp as yours. You will accept nothing but Irene, and she will be yours. You have not seen her for three years, since she fled to the States, but she is back, and the Baker Street Irregulars have found her for you, ironically in a fairground on a tiny green just at the end of Baker Street. She is clearly waiting for you, so it is time for you to find her, and propose marriage...

The Theft of the Koh-i-Noor Diamond

That insufferable idiot, Bertie, Prince of Wales summoned you to the palace late last night. You already knew why, you read the papers, but he seemed astonished at your deduction as to why he wanted to see you. The largest diamond in the world is the Koh-i-Noor, and this magnificent jewel was stolen last night in a robbery at Windsor Castle where it was kept in a safe in Bertie's personal quarters. While you were there you were surprised to find Princess Alexandra, Bertie's wife in residence - normally she is kept at Buckingham Palace, Balmoral or Sandringham, and Windsor is where he takes his many mistresses. You managed to make a few remarks to Princess Alexandra about Bertie's conduct that are designed to help speed up the dissolution of the marriage -- you need to make sure that a messy divorce destroys his reputation and damages the monarchy.

Oh yes, the diamond. Well the actual safe cracking was a professional job, very neatly done by a master cracksman. Whoever they were they have to have had an inside accomplice, that much is clear. Bertie does not appear to need money, as Queen Victoria gives him a very generous allowance, and you know that no one as astonishingly unimaginative as Princess Alexandra or her children could have arranged this. Well, best recover the diamond if you can, your public expects it of you. It is too simple a crime to interest you greatly...

The Theft of the Crown Jewels

While poking around looking in to the mystery of the missing diamond, you felt it best to check all was in order with the Crown Jewels. You are glad you did -- for they are missing too! Well not exactly, they have been replaced by cheap brass and paste jewellery imitations, though when you took them out to examine them you had to wipe off decades of dust and cobwebs - this crime occurred some time ago, between 1845 and 1860 -- it is now 1882. That old duffer Sir Edmund Hornsby and his Beefeaters never let anyone examine the Crown Jewels closely, and they will not be needed until something happens to Queen Victoria and they are taken out for the coronation of Edward VII, as he will be. And at that moment, once the robbery can now longer be kept secret, you will triumphantly produce them, to the astonishment of half of Europe! Saving the Crown Jewels will make you plan even easier, and firmly establish the link between you and the monarchy in the public mind. Obviously you don't want anyone to know they are missing, so you have persuaded Bertie the whole matter must be covered up -- and it will stay covered up until the crisis of the Coronation, with the jewels residing in your safe in Baker Street until the moment you choose to reveal them. Of course you need to find them first!

Oh yes, people will ask you about the Jack the Ripper slayings. You are keen for them to end, because already social reformers are starting to move in to the slums of Whitechapel and clean the place up. This anarchy at the heart of Empire, the festering slums of Whitechapel, is part of your plan. You therefore want the Ripper stopped before you find yourself having to manufacture chaos on the streets down there by some other means - and that means stopping the redevelopment and 'gentrification' of the area. Here is what you know...

The Whitechapel Murders

All of London is absolutely frantic with the sensational slayings of Jack the Ripper, which have dominated the headlines all Summer.

Victim 1, August 31st, Polly Nicholls

On August 31st, Mary Ann Nicholls (43), known to her friends as Polly, had her throat cut in Buck's Row. She was apparently extraordinarily drunk, and was thrown out of the doss house in Thrawl Street at 1.20am for not having the three pence a night for shelter there.

She left saying she would soon make that, and remarking "see what a jolly bonnet I've got now!" At 2.30am another prostitute, Mary's friend Emily Holland saw her leaning against a wall, very drunk. She tried to persuade her to come back to the lodging house, but Mary said she had made the money three times over and spent it on drink, but she would soon earn it again and join her friend. She never did; she was found her throat cut and body mutilated by a tram conductor called Charlie A. Cross at 3.40am.

Victim 2: September 8th, Annie Chapman

On September 8th Annie Chapman (47), known to her friends as "Dark Annie" was brutally slain. The killing took place in the back courtyard of the overcrowded slum tenement at 29 Hanbury Street, with 8 rooms and 17 occupants All with respectable trades boarding there.

The only entrance to the court was a passage that led through from the road, but Annie could have gone there sleeping somewhere dark to sleep, having been turned away from Crossingham Lodging House just round the corner where she planned to sleep that night (as she often did) for lacking the fourpence. She was also unwell, and had been to the Teaching Hospital that day, where a doctor had given her two pills she was carrying with her, but the nature of the medicine is unknown. She showed them to friends however, but the doctor she saw never came forward, possibly because the Teaching Hospital in Whitechapel does so many charity cases each day individual patients are little noted.

At 5.20am Albert Cadosch, a carpenter was getting ready for work in the back garden of number 27. He heard a man and a woman talking the other side of the fence, and just before 5.30am the woman said no, but then seemed to fall or lean on the fence. As this is the normal position for copulation in the streets, The Camberwell Upright, or Threepenny Upright, he assumed it was a prostitute about her business.

At just a few minutes before 5.30am Elizabeth Darell said she saw Chapman walking down Hanbury Street with a man, about forty years of age, foreign looking, possibly Jewish, dark and with a 'shabby genteel' look. (Ask a referee if you want to compare with someone presents looks). He wore a brown coat and a deerstalker hat and simply asked Annie "will you?" and she said "yes." Finally sometime between 5.45am and 6am tram conductor John Davis came out on his way to work, and found the horribly slashed body of Annie Chapman in the yard. Sunrise was not until 7.30am, so the murder took place in the dark.

On the 27th September, the following letter in red ink written and sent it to the Central News Agency was published, along with photographs of the letter. It read as follows...

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha. ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck.

Yours truly

Jack the Ripper

Dont mind me giving the trade name

*PS Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it
No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha*

It has been said several times at the Inquests that the Ripper must possess medical skills, or surgical skills, or perhaps be a trained vet or slaughterman. Leather Apron is a shoemaker called John Pizer, a sometimes violent and lustful man, who was one of many suspects hauled in and questioned by the police. 'Get buckled' by the way if just East End slang for being hanged.

The 'Double Event', 29th September

On the 29th September however prostitute Elizabeth Stride (44) was murdered after leaving the Bricklayer's Arms in Spitalfields. She was seen leaving the pub by several people, apparently in the company of a well dressed man in a black morning suit with a small dark moustache. Two brothers, J Best and John Gardner later saw her kissing a man who was of respectable appearance in a doorway, wearing a brown coat and seemingly quite affectionate to her, and teased the couple that the man was Jack the Ripper. The couple moved off, buying grapes in Berner Street, but the fruitseller's testimony keeps changing so is best ignored. Finally the couple were seen by William Marshall, a labourer, walking towards Dutfield Yard. He did not see the man's face, but described him as wearing working class clothes, but of good quality, being stout and powerfully built. The couple seemed on good terms, and neither drunk, and the man remarked to Stride "You would say anything but your prayers". Marshall was paying very little attention, so was not able to give a better description, but the man does not meet the description of the man she was seen with earlier. Between 12.45 and 1am several people claim to have seen Lizzie being accosted by two or possibly three men, but the best sightings by Israel Schwartz and independently by dockworker James Brown have her struggling with a short dark haired man dressed in the manner of a docker, and of Irish appearance. Another large burly fellow, with a dog, stood across the road watching the struggle.

Lizzie Stride's body was found at 1am, the throat cut, but with no other mutilations, apparently because the murderer was disturbed by the arrival of Louis Diemschutz with a cart. At exactly the same time, Catharine Eddowes, who had been picked up earlier in the day for impersonating a fire engine loudly outside a shop while drunk, having been allowed to sober up in a cell, was sent home by the police. She never made it - she was seen by three men returning from the Imperial Club talking to a man in the entry to Mitre Square, a location she would have reached about 1.10am, at 1.30am, and at 1.45am her body was found with the usual horrific mutilations, her belly slit and entrails arranged over her shoulder, with ghastly facial mutilations as well, lying in a dark corner of Mitre Square popular with prostitutes. Sometime later a strip of her bloodied apron was found on a staircase at on Goulston Street. Scrawled on the wall was the phrase "The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for nothing"

On the 1st October the Saucy Jack postcard (which read as follows) arrived at the Central News Agency and was published in all the papers...

I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a bit couldn't finish straight off. Had not got time to get ears off for police thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.

Jack the Ripper

This takes you up to October 16th, today...

Special Abilities

DEDUCTION: Up to three times a game you may ask a simple yes no answer of another player, so long as you can go on to tell them how you deduced the answer (once they tell you it!).

COMMANDING PRESENCE: This power relies on the other player cooperating. Note you are invoking your commanding presence power, and they should act as if they feel awed and inferior to you for the rest of the game. You can't invoke this one on Irene Adler, it doesn't work.

DISGUISE: You may put on a disguise green badge to show you are in disguise, and no one can recognise you until you take it off, unless they have a disguise power themselves. Tell anyone who asks what you are disguised as - up to you. You can not start the game in disguise however. They must act as if they do not realise you are really Sherlock Holmes. You automatically see through any other player's disguise

Relationships (11)

A.. J . Raffles

A young man you sometimes see at various London clubs, and find pleasant enough. He is much cleverer than the pretty vacant socialite he pretends to be. You don't really know him, but sense he is a fan of yours. You deduce he had his heartbroken by an unfortunate love affair as a young man, and is seeking some kind of redemption.

Ada Lovelace

Ada was a delightfully unconventional woman. A brilliant mathematician, the equal of Moriarty, her flawed Poker Analysis Tables nearly got you hanged. She was interested in calculating machines, and in particular with Charles Babbage's Difference Engine, and worked out it was possible to 'program' such a device to perform complicated mathematical sequences.

Your tutor, she was aware of your youthful indiscretions - blowing up your father's shed in a failed chemistry experiment and lying about it, and the little matter of the serious financial fraud you could have been hanged for, where she checked through your plan with you. The only woman who could disgrace and destroy you, she died soon after in 1854 of cancer, and hence is no longer a threat to you. Poor Ada - you can never forgive her, but she was certainly a wonderful woman!

Amelia Peabody

A brash young woman who recently inherited a fortune and set off to travel the world, and ended up marrying a prominent Egyptologist by the name of Emerson. She once

came to you at Baker St, telling you she had had a valuable Ancient Egyptian amulet called the Eye of Ptah stolen in one of the spate of robberies that took place at country house parties that season. The crime was not interesting enough for you to take the case on, but you did notice that she was a very headstrong woman. Actually she reminds you a lot of that idiot Bertie - they even look a bit alike!

Bertie, Prince of Wales

A blithering idiot, you have very little patience with him and no respect. God help England if he ever succeeds Victoria, which he might well do given how elderly she is. Of course you will soon deal with him and become Emperor so all will be well! He has at least fifty mistresses and more illegitimate children than he can count, and many of the mistresses are fairly well known, like Lady Susan Vane Tempest. Unfortunately he is somehow making himself popular with the public - you need to put an end to that, while of course continuing your charade of patriotism...

Bill Sikes

Bill Sikes is an informer for you. He is the effective leader of Fagin's gang, a bunch of pickpockets and low grade criminal scum in the East End. You doesn't ask him for much - just for information normally, or to have some one watched - and rarely intervene in his 'business', and when you do it is normally simply to warn him to leave someone or some property alone, or to make sure a certain street is clear at a certain time (you can give stop traffic at any time by using people like him), or to perform some simple task like remember how many red headed men disembark from trains at Liverpool Street or St. Pancras station on a certain morning. He is a brutal thug, but he serves you, and fears you, and really that is all that matters!

You have been intrigued by him recently though. You have seen him a few times in the West End, and note from the soil on his clothes that he has been poking around underground somewhere in the vicinity of Kensington. Perhaps he is trying to tunnel in to a bank of some such ludicrous scheme!

Col. Sebastian Moran

Sebastian Moran was born in London in 1840, the son of Sir Augustus Moran, sometime Ambassador to Persia. Educated at Eton and Oxford, on graduation he embarked upon a military career. Formerly of the 1st Bangalore Pioneers, he served in the Jowaki Expedition of 1877-1878 and in the Anglo-Afghan War, seeing action at the Battle of Char Asiab, 6 October 1879 (for which he was mentioned in despatches); the Battle of Sherpur, 23 December 1879; and at Kabul.

A devoted sportsman and highly skilled shot, he was author of the books *Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas* in 1880 and *Three Months in the Jungle* in 1881, and reportedly once crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger.

He soon turned to the bad (you attribute this to a hereditary trait), and although there was no open scandal he was obliged to retire from the army and return to London. Outwardly respectable, with an address in Conduit Street, Mayfair, and membership of the Anglo-Indian Club, the Tankerville Club and The Bagatelle Card Club, he nevertheless continued in his evil ways. He was soon recruited by the criminal mastermind Professor Moriarty and serves as his chief of staff. Maintained in a comfortable lifestyle by Moriarty, Moran soon came to be used solely for assassinations

that required his peculiar skill with the rifle

You quite like Moran, but more importantly he is the man who will lead you to Moriarty's true identity, of that you are sure. All you have to do is stop him killing you and somehow win him over to your cause.

Dante Gabriel Rosetti

A very sick man, on his last legs when you last glimpsed him in London you were not surprised to read of his death from Bright's disease a few days ago. He died at a country house in Brighton, his end hastened by his addiction to whiskey and choral, a powerful tranquilliser. Throughout his last years he seemed haunted, hunted even, and once confided in you that he saw the ghost of his wife, Lizzie Siddal, everywhere he went. This immensely talented poet and artist (he tutored you in art as a youth) wasted his life, though his tragic love affair with the Lizzie brought about his demise. Her suicide back in January 1862 destroyed him, and the last twenty years of his life were one long descent in to madness and misery. Such an epic, terrible waste. A silly squabble over Lizzie posing for a fellow Pre-Raphaelite painter and Dante's indiscretion with Fanny Corrnforth, one of his models led to his beloved wife's suicide, and he was so upset he buried all of his unpublished poems in her coffin. Seven years later, desperate for money he had her exhumed to recover them, and published them, but from that time on his decline in to madness began.

Florence Nightingale

The Lady with the Lamp, you knew her well enough from the brief period she tutored you to know she was nothing like the pious prig popular legend made her. She is a lesbian, a bit of a loud mouth and by her nature a thrill seeker. Oddly enough a woman who look much like her is here at the fair - you would guess it was Florence's daughter, as she looks far too young to be Florence who must be in her late sixties by now. You got on well with her, and know she has a tremendous sense of fun!

Irene Adler

One evening three years ago you called upon by a masked gentleman introducing himself as Count Von Kramm, an agent for a wealthy client. However, you quickly deduces that he is in fact Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein and the hereditary King of Bohemia. Realizing you had seen through his guise, the King admitted this and tore off his mask.

It transpired that the King was to become engaged to Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meiningen, a young Danish princess. However, five years previous to the events of the story he had a liaison with an American opera singer, Irene Adler while she was serving a term as prima donna of the Imperial Opera of Warsaw, who has since then retired to London. Fearful that should the strictly principled family of his fiancée learn of this impropriety the marriage would be called off he had sought to regain letters and a photograph of Adler and himself together, which he had sent to her during their relationship as a token. The King's agents have tried to recover the photograph through sometimes forceful means, burglary, stealing her luggage, and waylaying her. An offer to pay for the photograph and letters was also refused. With Adler threatening to send them to his future in-laws, which Von Ormstein presumes is to prevent him marrying any other woman, he made the incognito visit to Baker Street to request his help in locating and obtaining the photograph.

The photograph was described to you as a cabinet (5½ by 4 inches) and therefore too bulky for a lady to carry upon her person. The King gave you £1,000 to cover any expenses, while saying that he "would give one of his provinces" to have the photograph back.

The next morning, you went to Adler's house, disguised as a drunken out-of-work groom. You discovered from the local stable workers that Adler has a gentleman friend, the lawyer Godfrey Norton who calls at least once a day. On this particular day, Norton comes to visit Adler, and soon afterwards, takes a cab to the Church of St. Monica, Edgware Road. Minutes later, the lady herself got in her carriage bound for the same place. You followed in a cab and, upon arriving, finds yourself dragged into the church to be a witness to Norton and Adler's wedding. Curiously, they go their separate ways after the ceremony.

Meanwhile, Watson has been waiting for you to arrive. You asked whether or not Watson was willing to participate in a scheme to figure out where the picture is hidden in Adler's house. Watson agreed, and you changed into another disguise as a clergyman and left once more for Adler's house.

When you arrived, a group of jobless men meander throughout the street. When Adler's coach pulls up, you enacted your plan. A fight broke out between the men on the street over who gets to help Adler. You rushed into the fight to protect Adler, and were seemingly struck and injured. Adler takes you into her sitting room, where you motion feebly to her to have the window opened, needing air. As you lifted your hand, Watson recognized the pre-arranged signal and tosses in a plumber's smoke bomb. While smoke billows out of the building, Watson shouted "FIRE!" and the cry is echoed up and down the street.

You slipped out of Adler's house and told Watson what you saw. As you expected, Adler rushed to get her most precious possession at the cry of "fire"—the photograph of herself and the King. You were able to see that the picture was kept in a recess behind a sliding panel just above the right bell pull. You were unable to steal it at that moment, however, because the coachman was watching him.

The following morning, Holmes you explained your findings to the King. When you, Watson, and the King arrive at Adler's house, her elderly maidservant informs you that she has hastily departed for the railway station. You went to the photograph's hiding spot, finding a photo of Irene Adler in an evening dress and a letter dated midnight and addressed to him. In the letter, she told you that you did very well in finding the photograph and fooling her with your disguises, but you failed to see through hers. Adler and Norton have fled England, but Adler has promised she keeps the photograph only as protection and not to use it against the King.

The King gushes over how amazing Adler is, saying "Would she not have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity she was not on my level?" You replied scathingly that Miss Adler is indeed on a much different level from the King (by which you meant higher — an implication lost on the King). When the King asked how you want to be paid, you asked for the photograph of Adler. You keeps it as a souvenir of the cleverness of Irene Adler, and how you were defeated by The Woman's wit.

You have ever since planned to catch up with Irene, and having found her marriage to Norton was a sham, marry her. Now is your opportunity? Could there ever be a more suitable women for you?

Professor James Moriarty

This man is the Napoleon of Crime the papers keep talking about. He has ruthlessly managed to take over the London Underworld, by having everyone who disobeys his orders killed in utterly horrible and barbaric ways. He never himself carries out any of the slayings, but instead has his lieutenant Col Sebastian Moran deal with that kind of matter. A professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at the University of London, he appears to have incredible mathematical abilities, and you have read and enjoyed his doctoral thesis "On the Dynamics of An Asteroid". However there are two mysteries with Moriarty. Firstly, he has chosen to become your Nemesis, for reasons that are far from clear to you - but his control of the criminal underworld, and his increasing connections in the Church, Academia and City of London appear to be a direct response to your power plays. It is as if he understands what you are doing, and has set out to thwart you. You therefore plan soon to have dinner with him, and ask exactly what he is playing at, man to man. You want to understand his motives, because quite frankly you do not. He has no personal reason to wage a vendetta against you, or does he?

That brings you to the second thing. Who the hell is he? Of course you know his address, servant's names, how many sugars he takes in his tea -- and yet he is a man with no past. Before he started teaching at London University seven years ago, he seems to have had no existence whatsoever. You can find nothing about him in any journal, newspaper or university record. Obviously he needs stopping, but first you would like to understand these two things. Then and only then will you end your game for control of London and the Empire...

The Devil

You absolutely astonished to see The Devil back at the fair. You had to put the whole selling your soul episode down to a dream or hashish hallucination. Well if he has come to claim your soul, you had best give him someone else's. Anyone but Irene will suffice you expect, but you had best do a deal with him, and then work out how to acquire someone's soul for the trade. You will not let The Devil stand in the way of your plans!

Something Wicked

Susan Vane Tempest

Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

You are Lady Susan Vane Tempest, daughter of the highest nobility, and a woman of strong views and rather unconventional attitudes. You were married young to Lord Adolphus Vane-Tempest, a howlingly insane alcoholic who treated you brutally, and after his merciful death at the age of 38 became generally regarded as the chief mistress of Bertie, Prince of Wales. While he took many lovers, for 25 years you were his closest companion, far closer to him emotionally than his wife Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

A few months ago you and Bertie had an argument, and you went off travelling with The Doctor (see below); on your return after just a few weeks away Bertie rejected you and refuses to see or speak with you, and you fear he may have found a new favourite, a mistress you has actually taken his heart from you. You are determined to win his affections back.

It was to that end that last night you and Raffles (see below) stole the Koh-i-Noor diamond, the largest in the world, from Windsor Castle. Now all you have to do is to find a way to get Bertie back!

SPECIAL ABILITIES:

TARDIS - you can enter the TARDIS at any time, and show anyone how to get in and out. The TARDIS offers a fair degree of physical security, even if it is not going anywhere. So it is a good place to take people if want privacy. Just physically exit with them through the TARDIS door, and go off an talk to them somewhere.

Relationships (8)

A.. J . Raffles

Dear sweet Raffles and you have been friends for years, ever he stole your jewels in the Idsall Manor robbery. You puzzled over the theft all weekend, working through the suspects, watching the other guests, and he was so careful to arouse no suspicion at all you suddenly realised it was him! Hugely amused, you confronted him on the lawns after dinner one evening. Of course you did not unmask him -- you just insisted he returned the jewels of the three or four women in the house party you actually liked, and he was only too happy too oblige.

After that you became immense friends, and he often entertains you at the Vauxhall Gardens tea rooms, or for dinner at the Ritz, where he regales you with tales of his latest robberies. For years you have pestered him to take you on a job -- but he always refused! Until that is the day you read in The Times about the Koh-i-noor diamond, and knew you should both steal it. It was taken by the British from some Indian rajah, and the "Mountain of Light" (the literal translation) was really already stolen goods?

So you and Raffles developed a plan, and with him dressed as one of her maids (you still laugh at the image) you gained entry to Windsor Castle, where the controversial diamond is held. The servants know you so well they barely notice your presence, in fact they always discretely ignore any of Bertie's women who visit. It was the work of minutes for Raffles to crack the safe, remove the jewel and escape. Today you are headline news in every paper in the land; well the theft of the Jewel is. No doubt this Napoleon of Crime fellow, whoever he is -is feeling pretty silly right now!

Raffles is your very, very, best friend, and has promised to help you win Bertie back. he has the diamond, which you don't give a hoot about, but you are meeting tonight to discuss how to win back Bertie's affections.

Ada Lovelace

You remember her well, a rather forbidding woman who you liked for her utterly unconventional attitudes. She was something of an inspiration to you, but you squabbled over a game of bagatelle and a small wager, and you fell out. Sadly you never saw her again, for she took ill and died soon after, of cancer of the uterus. She was an important figure in your teenage years, and you feel much like her father the scandalous and infamous Lord Byron, and there are so many things you would have liked to have said to her -- not least that you were sorry about the bagatelle game. She has been gone thirty years or more now, but you still think of her, and it pains you you never got to say goodbye to her, or to patch up that silly squabble. To be fair, she was reckless, and utterly infuriating, but never speak ill of the dead!

Alfred Russel Wallace

Biologist or naturalist or something, you and The Doctor saved him from the Giant Rat of Sumatra down in South East Asia back in 1846 or so? Fine adventure that, on the other side of the Earth. He was a young man of 25 or so then, and out to make a name for himself -- and got himself in to heaps of trouble. You have seen him in the newspapers, and now that along with Charles Darwin he went on to develop the theory of Evolution through Natural Selection. In fact you think The Doctor outlined the idea to

him, back in Sumatra, and at the time it struck you as more of a Dalek philosophy than one you would want to subscribe to - "survival of the fittest" and all that. Nowadays he is a very respected scientist, but also an agitator for land reform, vegetarianism, women's rights and above all else Spiritualism -- his religion and passion. He can be found attending seances all over the capital. Not really your cup of tea, but you do wonder what he would think if he ever bumped in to you again, unchanged when he has aged forty or so years. Would he recognise you? Think you were a ghost? Oh you simply must tease him!

Amelia Peabody

Your natural daughter by Bertie, but who is unaware of this fact, having been raised by foster parents. You have read of her exploits in Egypt, adventures in pyramids and marriage to the Egyptologist, but no one but you and the royal physician Sir William Gull know her real parentage, and you think it best it stays that way.

Bertie, Prince of Wales

Oh dear, dear Bertie! Since '64 when your husband Adolphus died he has been your constant, utterly unfaithful, yet loving companion. You have been a royal mistress for much of your adult life, and were very happy with it., though never with Bertie's other women. After nearly 25 years of putting up with his wife and endless dalliances with other ladies, you gave him an ultimatum: from now on it was just him, Princess Alexandra and you, or you were through with him.

You just laughed at you and did not take you seriously, but that was a mistake. You planned to head off to Paris for a week so he would miss you, but after you visited the Temperance Mission in Limehouse and stopped off to see the Chinese Illusionist Weng-Chiang you became involved in a terrifying mystery, and met Leela and the Doctor, and ... and you were off, adventuring in Time & Space in The Tardis, and yet all that time you missed poor Bertie, and longed to be back with him.

Yet when you returned back to Earth, and went to find him, he treated you with royal disdain. It is breaking your heart, and you long to be reunited with him, but he won't so much as look at you, and returns your letters unopened. He must have found another favourite, but somehow, anyhow, you must win back Bertie's heart, for he is your Prince!

You have one secret that you have hidden even from Bertie. When your affair first began, you were still married to Adolphus, who was mentally unstable - in fact mad as a hatter, and violent to you and your son by him, Francis Adolphus Vane-Tempest (who is now 19 and at Sandhurst). One summer you became pregnant, and gave birth to Bertie's daughter in a seaside boarding house at Ramsgate. Adolphus by this time had sunk in to an abyss of drink, and was roaming Whitechapel punching anyone who looked at him, quite stark raving mad.

Sir William Gull, the Royal Physician presided over the birth of a beautiful little girl, whom you named Amelia. Gull had her fostered quietly with a reclusive scholar and his wife, and arranged for a large sum of money to be bequeathed to her on her foster father's death. This girl is now known to the world as Amelia Peabody, and is married to the famous Egyptologist Emerson. Know one but you and Sir William Gull know she is your daughter and Bertie's son, and it is a secret perhaps best kept hidden for everyone's sake.

Isabella Bird

Isabella is an explorer, naturalist, best selling writer and dear friend of yours. You also know she is an absolute maniac. She fell in love with some wild mountain man (Rocky Mountain Jim) up in the Rocky Mountains a few years back, and apparently once robbed a train with him, and brewed rough alcohol and lived with him for a couple of years as his 'wife', but eventually she returned to London and the poor chap was cornered by a sheriff's posse and shot dead. While Isabella has become a household name through her exciting book "*A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*." about her adventures in America (though much bowdlerised and with the above details notably missing) she went in to deep mourning when she heard of his death, and now is being pursued by her doctor, whose proposal of marriage she has confided in you she is almost ready to accept, despite feeling almost nothing for him.

Bertie and Isabella are great friends, and you hope that she can intervene somehow to make things right. You wish that you could introduce Isabella to The Doctor, as you have a feeling they would get on marvellously if they ever met. Sadly that is unlikely, but make sure Isabella makes the right decision and does not marry her physician, but instead sets off some new adventure - after helping you and Raffles sort things out with Bertie!

Nancy

Such a sweet girl, one of nature's unfortunates. A cheap East End street walker, but with a heart of gold, you met her at a Whitechapel luncheon in aid of Fallen Ladies, and gave her a new shawl. She was delighted, but even more delighted when you gave her Tweetie, a little canary in a cage you bought for her, and a ten shilling note. You wish, really wish, there was more you could do for her and the thousands of street girls like her. While Jack the Ripper roams the streets you fear for Nancy's life. There is one possibility - could you not keep her as an under-maid or something? Find a way to rescue her from vice and destitution, but treat her as a woman, not a victim. You are really not so different...

The Doctor

You met the Doctor in Summer of this year, 1888, though you have been to many other times. You know the secret of the TARDIS, because after the Secret of Weng Chiang affair, just a few months ago, the Doctor took you voyaging through Time and Space with him and Leela. You had a number of adventures together, and when Leela went off to be with Andred on Gallifrey and took K-9 with her, and you and The Doctor adventured alone for a while, defeating the Daleks, destroying a Cyberman manufacturing probe that was trying to rebuild the race on Orcus-7, and fighting numerous other bizarre entities. You were with the Doctor when you met Alfred Russel Wallace and saved him from the Giant Rat of Sumatra, actually...

All the time though, you missed Bertie, and your heart was always back on Earth in 1888 with your dear sweet Prince. The Doctor dropped you off back home in June 1888, at Brighton, and you have not seen him since. You never expected to see him again, and had begun to wonder if it was all some weird, weird dream -- the Sontarans, the Rutans, all of it. Even The Doctor! Yet here he is, and there is The Tardis! Part of you longs for adventure, and to return to being The Doctor's companion, but part of you says no, you know your place is here with Bertie, even if he is being beastly to you right now.

Something Wicked

The Doctor

Description

MORALITY: Virtuous!

You are The Doctor, a Timelord from the planet Gallifrey, who travels through time and space in a TARDIS shaped like an early 20th century London police box. You have saved the Earth, and many other worlds, in fact even the Universe, countless times now. It's what you do. This is your fourth incarnation, and you are generally distinctively garbed in a long coat, occasionally a floppy hat and almost always a long colourful scarf, though you vary wildly in dress depending upon your whim. One thing that normally remains constant is your love of an Earth confectionery called jelly babies, that you often absent mindedly offer to people...

Slightly eccentric, you generally stumble upon adventure and try to save the day, but even a Timelord is not invulnerable. Equally, a Timelord is not without emotional needs, however much you may deny it, and you have a pet love of humans, ghostly creatures but rather amusing -- OK, OK, you adore them. You like to take humans as companions, and let them travel with you through time and space -- Gallifreyans can be hard work, like Romana who nearly drove you nuts with her know it all ways. She honestly thought she was cleverer than you, and you did have a horrible feeling at times she was right.

With the whole universe to range through, you often, perhaps for sentimental reasons, find yourself back here on Earth. It's a funny old planet -- it once had a twin did you know, called Mondas, which was eventually knocked out of orbit! The inhabitants survived by turning themselves in to the Cybermen, and in a previous incarnation you saved the planet from them and destroyed Mondas when they tried to return and destroy Earth. The Daleks, your arch enemies have invaded Earth countless times, and the Great Intelligence, who you suspect to be an evil future incarnation of yourself called the Valeyard, also tried to take it over, with the help of robotic yetis. Sooner or later, every nightmare horror in this galaxy decides to attack Earth. They obviously have same irrational sentimental attachment to it you do!

And now you are back again, in some curious little green area in the centre of London in

Whitechapel, not an area known for its parks and public gardens. Parked in the middle of a fairground, you are afraid your anachronistic Police Box TARDIS really stands out like a sore thumb, though as far as you know no one has commented on it yet. You can't change it's form, because the chameleon circuit has burned out, and you can't go anywhere, because the TARDIS Temporal Booster Askallium Carbon Crystal-- essentially a diamond the size of a hen's egg with a few rare impurities which give it a bit of a dull appearance -- has burned out. Not common on Earth, diamonds that size, but you could really do with one, as creating a synthetic one from carbon could take months of effort, even with all your knowledge and the TARDIS to assist.

So here you are, back again in Whitechapel 1888. You don't really know why - random temporal turbulence has marooned you here, and after wandering out of the TARDIS to get your bearings you managed to save one lass (Nancy, see below) from a figure who was watching her from the shadows. You did not get a good look at him, but you are pretty sure by the way he slipped off as soon as he saw you he was the infamous Jack the Ripper, who you heard all about last time you were in this part of Space/Time. You took the girl, Nancy back to your TARDIS, and she made several quite improper suggestions before you made her understand you were not soliciting her for those purposes -- eugggh! Anyway, she was amazed, quite rightly, by the interior of the TARDIS, and you kept her safe for a couple of nights, wondering if she might make a companion - but she wanted to return to her Bill, her lover, so you have just bid her farewell. She will be safe enough here at the fair, with all these people about, and promised she will keep secret the nature of the TARDIS. You don't think she really understood it anyway!

Right, you need to get the TARDIS fixed, find a new companion, stop this Jack the Ripper fellow, and then leave here. Sounds like a night's work. First however, you may as well enjoy the funfair!

Special Abilities

SONIC SCREWDRIVER: can analyse things, and unlock any lock. Things with a D on their namebadge are dead - no longer breathing. Things with a T on their namebadge are sources of negative tachyons, so are giving off odd temporal disturbances. Anything else is probably mortal. More sophisticated analysis of artefacts is possible with the screwdriver -- ask a referee if you want to try something flash.

TARDIS - you can enter the TARDIS at any time, and show anyone how to get in and out, as you showed Nancy. Actually come to think of it Lady Susan Vane knows how to enter it as well. The TARDIS offers a fair degree of physical security, even if it is not going anywhere. So it is a good place to take people if want privacy. Just physically exit with them through the TARDIS door, and go off and talk to them somewhere.

FANCY A JELLY BABY? - offering someone a jelly baby whether they accept or not, is a classic distraction ploy. They must either accept the sweet and eat it, or just look confused, but they can't follow you or attack you or take any physical action but looking puzzled or content until they have counted slowly to ten. You will have to drop out of character for a second to explain this rule though.

Possessions

Bag of Jelly Babies, Sonic screwdriver, TARDIS, coloured scarf.

THEME: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=75V4ClJZME4>

Relationships (7)

Alfred Russel Wallace

Another chap you know! Biologist or naturalist or something, you saved him from the Giant Rat of Sumatra back in 1846 or so? Fine adventure that, on the other side of the Earth. He was a young man of 25 or so then, and out to make a name for himself -- and got himself in to heaps of trouble. Still you gave him a few pointers in explaining the diversity of species on Earth, wonder what he made of them? Rather eccentric though. Still again he owes you a favour, but sadly is unlikely to own any diamonds of the size you need, though he certainly looks better fed and more prosperous than the fever ridden wretch you rescued back in the day, and though also a lot older. He will probably be surprised at your youthful looks.

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing

Oh you recognize that fellow! You met him sometime about now, or was it just n the future? Lost City of Z in the Matto Grosso of the Amazon rainforest, helped you defeat the Primordial Ooze, and entropic green slime that was trapped in a Zyrax vault there. OK, he had (or will) let it out in the first place, and was fantastic naive and rather dense - - but his heart was in the right place. Well actually it seemd rather weak and irregular, even as human hearts go. Why you need two of them! Fancy seeing him here at the fairground. Wonder if he will remember you? He did not mention meeting you before when you met him in the Amazon, so probably it was in the past. Anyway fine chap, who owes you a favour as it happens. Doubt he has a TARDIS Temporal Booster Askallinium Carbon Crystal on him though.... doesn't look like the kind of fellow who would own a diamond the size of a hen's egg!

Edward Kelley

Oh what a rogue he was! You remember this fellow well, a two bit alchemist -- OK, complete charlatan, who you encountered at Glastonbury abbey during that peculiar adventure involving the entity that was claiming to be the resurrected Arthur, and planned to marry Queen Elizabeth and make her an almost literal Faerie Queen. Ghastly things the Iskanitu, a strange race of shapeshifters with potent telekinetic and shape-shifting powers, you never did work out how one had become lost on Earth, but clearly you had to stop it. Fortunately they are as vulnerable to Cold Iron as Cybermen are to Gold: stops them dead -- and you with the aid of Kelley defeated them and was able to save England from the threat of a truly alien King -- must have been what - 1582? You liked Kelley, but knew him for the rogue he was. he had a book of nonsense magic called The Book of Dunstan, and when he gifted it to you in return for saving his life, well you gave him a little supply of the transmugenic element destabiliser Lunarium Trioxide 12; an agent that can turn base metals in to gold if employed correctly. You picked it up on Skaros when fighting the Daleks, planning to keep it just in case you ever came up against another Cyberman, but it really delighted poor Kelley. he wept real tears of joy after you showed him how to use it, and left him there on Glastonbury Tor as you dematerialized in the TARDIS. What a funny fellow! You could never take him as a

companion though -- the man is a kleptomaniac, and a real womaniser too! You wonder what became of him?

Florence Nightingale

She might still be alive in 1888, but she will be getting on a bit now. You met her in 1848, when you saved her from the unwanted advances of a cad called Harry Flashman as she walked down the dark corridors of St. Bartholomew's Teaching Hospital, while trying to escape the Leprous Fleshwarden. Nice gal, you advised her to carry a lamp in future, so she would not be pounced on by Harry or his ilk and would have plenty of time to run, scream, or offer him a jelly baby. Oh how odd! There she is, you see her over there, and that is odd -- it's forty years since you last met, but she seems hardly a day older. Good bone structure, perhaps? Ah well, maybe she remembers you. She owes you a favour!

Nancy

The young lady you saved a couple of nights back from Jack the Ripper, and have been sheltering in the TARDIS. Lovely girl, but frankly not companion material. However she has promised to give you any information she finds that might lead you to the Ripper, and she seems to have a heart of gold, even if she is a lady of negotiable virtue!

Susan Vane Tempest

Lady Susan knows the secret of the TARDIS, because after the Secret of Weng Chiang affair, just a few months ago, you picked her up and took her along with Leela travelling with you. You had a number of adventures together, and when Leela went off to be with Andred on Gallifrey and took K-9 with her, you and Lady Susan adventured alone for a while, defeating the Daleks, destroying a Cyberman manufacturing probe that was trying to rebuild the race on Orcus-7, and fighting numerous other bizarre entities. Susan was with you when you met Alfred Russel Wallace and saved him from the Giant Rat of Sumatra, actually...

Apparently she was the lover of some Earth prince, and wanted to return after her adventures back to Earth. You dropped her off in June 1888, at a place called Brighton, and have not seen her since. And here she is, bright and happy as ever, and not a day older! Well four months older actually, but anyway, you wonder if you can persuade her to return to the TARDIS as your companion, as you miss her, and you were never convinced it was going to work out with this prince chappy anyway, but you can never tell romantic fools anything can you? You want Susan back if possible, or at least some other intelligent and strong willed young woman who can hold her own when faced with Rutans, Sontarans or your sense of humour, and who won't fall in love with the next young man on some awful planet she bumps in to. Yes, you need to find a new companion!

The Spirit Ariel

Ah yes, good to see it again. 1066 was the last time you bumped in to it, and that is why you can never return to England in that year - they fix time you know? A synthetic being, one of the Timaeus, physical manifestations of the Time/Space continuum. They can travel freely in time, though are generally bound by space, so can't wander too far. This one is somehow linked to the Omphalos at Greenwich, but can manifest anywhere

within 40 miles of there, and anywhen, though they lack accuracy. Only one on this planet as far as you are aware, they are beings that arise spontaneously from the quantum processes of the time field, like Boltzmann Brains - they just pop in to existence. A sort of eddy caused by temporal disruption. OK, OK, they are time pollution, and this one has been caused by your repeated visits to London over the centuries. Cars and planes create exhaust fumes -- if you bring a TARDIS repeatedly to the same area, you can "pollute" Time/Space and generate one of these. Only one you know of on Earth, Aial is OK, has a sense of humour. Romana would know how to clean it up, and probably would, but human interaction with it seems to have given it a bit of a personality, and once the TARDIS leaves it should de-manifest again, for a while. In fact it is rather odd it is here at all, because you recently cleaned the temporal manifold decoupler, and reduced time eddies significantly. Unless it has somehow been brought here by the same temporal turbulence that is preventing the TARDIS leaving???

The only problem with it's presence it is means that London 1888 is now a fixed point, and area where the TARDIS will never be able to return to. No loss, you have been here before anyway -- the adventure you refer to as the Talons of Weng-Chiang, when you brought Leela to Victorian London to see how her ancestors lived, but were rapidly drawn into a fiendish plot involving Chinese Tongs, disappearing women, an Oriental stage magician, a murderous ventriloquist's dummy and giant rats in the sewers. Jack the Ripper was just starting out then, so luckily you missed yourself by a month or two! Anyway, maybe if you can get rid of it the TARDIS will start working again?

Something Wicked

The Spirit Arial

Description

MORALITY: HAS NO UNDERSTANDING OF THE CONCEPT

You are the magnificent, marvellous, mysterious, mischievous and malicious Spirit Arial. An Elemental Spirit of Time, petty human concerns have little meaning to you, but you love attention, and find their ways so fun! You don't understand how they see you time - past, present and future - unless you are around them. Then your focus becomes narrowed, and briefly you experience time as a great passing river: but a mutable one -- while the future can never change the past, the past can always change the future. This is why humans act so oddly. They change time, and try and master it - whereas you simply surf the endless continuum, enjoying the myriad changes tiny events can bring about. A shop closed before the birthday candles were bought, a letter falling behind a sorting machine, a galleon delayed by an adverse wind, a tree falling to the left instead of the right because of a mole's late lunch - you experience time in its infinite majesties in ways humans can never comprehend.

Luckily in this game you are around humans, which means you have taken on human like perceptions and understandings. Yes you are odd, but apart from the fact that you only speak in the present tense, sometimes giving rise to unfortunate misunderstandings, you can get on pretty well with humans, even if they often seem to be rather startled or afraid of you.

It's currently 1588, 1851, 1888, 1906, and 1941 by human perception of time, but everyone has somehow ended up muddled as humans sometimes do round you, and ended up in 1888. The temporal dislocation has also warped space - a small funfair somewhere and when has stretched itself out, and collided with multiple timelines. If the humans realised, they could just walk from here out of the perimeter and be anywhere in London. You could explain to them, but will they listen? They have an inherent tendency to stray in their own time and space, and this is the most cross temporal interference you have/will/are experience. All tangled up, people from backwards and forwards, depending

on your perspective... Human time travellers - and one Gallifreyan, that ridiculous Doctor.

Some major crisis is tearing a huge hole in the Space/Time continuum in October 1888. In fact, whatever it is, billions of futures are at risk of being closed off, destroyed. This is the only time you experience it, and living in the infinite present, you find it hard to understand. (Being around humans will help, the more time you spend around them, the more human you become -- play this carefully - become more and more human as the game progresses) Whatever is happening is quite bizarre, even to you. In fact only to you, because humans can't begin to grasp it, but something is wrinkling up time, like firing a cannon ball in to a sheet hanging on a washing line. This point in time is becoming fixed, and not through your action. So what happens on this day, at this fair, will dictate all future history for Earth, for good or bad.

Now the problem you have is humans are scared of you. Well most humans - there are also magi, and they boss you around, and tell you what to do. Unfortunately as a spirit they can compel you to obey their will, and there is nothing you can do to resist it. Still you can act sulky, and you must always obey the letter of their command, not the spirit. So you are here now because in 1588 Dr John Dee summoned you to help him defeat the Spanish Armada, and in 1941 Dion Fortune called up to try and stop the Blitz and save London. Both rituals went wrong, and you have found yourself thrown through Time/Space, to this fairground. Maybe they can find what they are looking for here now. Maybe you can discover what is tearing up time and space. As well as the two groups you brought, you can sense three time machines here -- you know one is Lady Ada's in her room in Mayfair, one belongs to The Doctor, and you have no idea what or where the Third one is, or who it brought here, or even from when. You need to find out.

You need to work out which humans are actually important, and which are irrelevant, and try not to alert any who don't need to know to what is going on. The more you interfere the more you run the risk of creating Time Paradoxes, and making things really bad. So try and be discreet. You have assumed the form you usually do in 19th century London, that of Springheeled Jack. You like the shape, but you are beginning to wonder if you should choose a new one, because so many people get upset when you introduce yourself by laping over a wall and breathing fire in their face. You just can't help it. it's fun!

One great advantage you have is your ability to turn invisible at will. That lets you slip around unnoticed, and avoid pursuit. Unfortunately it is an absolute rule to you never to eavesdrop on others when invisible. It is just not good manners...

The most important thing to realise is what seems to be a big deal to you may not matter much to humans. So pay attention to their problems, and offer to help, if they are friendly. You like humans, and in some strange sense, feed off their happiness. You don't really have much experience in how to deal with them, so you work when you first meet them by giving them a story, and playing out the roles from that story. And you get most of your stories from 3 minute pop songs, or rock songs, because you have a bit of a short attention span. So assign a song to a human, and then you and then use it as a means to relate to them!

If people ask questions about your background, and you don't think they are time travellers, you always tell them in this century you are an "escaped maniac from Bedlam". This usually seems to satisfy them.

Your aim is simple - have fun, and get involved in human affairs. However you also have the pressing breach of the time/space continuum to deal with, and are horrified at the implications. Still, help the humans sort their lives out, and you may just be able to get them to help you. The problem is you have no idea what the problem is, let alone how to fix it...

Special Abilities

TIME TRAVEL: At any point in the last 30 minutes of the game, you may choose 3 people to take with you somewhere in time. They can then if they choose return here with you, or stay there. The point in time must be the same for all the people, and they must hold hands with you and dance in a circle. It's entirely up to you who you take -- SPIRIT CONTROL powers can NOT make you time travel, and owing to the nature of the temporal fluctuations, you can NOT travel before 30 minutes before the end of the game and three people only can accompany you - and you freely choose who. There is one way you can up the limit - if you Springheeled Jack three women, and they squeal, jump, or panic, you get another passenger for your trip through time.

WEAKNESS TO COLD IRON: Cold iron burns you. Too much contact will kill you. Just so you know...

SPRINGHEELED JACK: You like having fun, and scaring pretty women. Usually by bounding over a wall or across a room (or fairground) and breathing fire in their face while pulling grotesque faces and laughing maniacally. This strengthens your magic powers (see above), by helping you stay in shape. When you intend to do this tell a referee.

WEAKNESS - TRUE LOVE: In the quite frankly unlikely circumstance that someone gives you their heart, you become mortal, and lose all your powers, including time travel. You also gain a heart to give them. You can't tell people this, not least because you don't know it, not can you ask for anyone to love you. You can ask them to be your friend.

Relationships (7)

Ada Lovelace

She tore right through you in her wonky time machine. Rude woman! She is from 1851. A bad neighbourhood, with no style, you can't blame her.

Things you know about Ada

- * She built a time machine
- * She invents computer programming. Without her, the future is a drab, grey place. Rock music stays on CD and Vinyl, poor formats, and costs much more.
- * Her time machine does not work.
- * she came from 1851, with two passengers. You don't know who though!

Aleister Crowley

You can be his bodyguard, and he can be your long lost pal, and Arial when you call him, you can call him Al. Does that make Dion Fortune a roly poly little bat faced girl? Apparently he is a beast, and he talks to the dead. You know about this guy. Ozzy

Osbourne sang about him, so he is your friend for life. He thinks he can order you about, but actually his magic doesn't work. Still he is your friend, so help him. He is like Dr Sandy Dee, the beauty school drop out, a big name magus. Make Al like you. You get lonely flitting a round in moonlight shadows and you want a friend. Al is your guy!

How can you make him like you? You really want him to. He is like the big boy you look up to. How can you make him your friend, and get him to play with you? Keep him safe, whatever happens. That is what bodyguards so...

Things you Know About Crowley

- * He is your friend
- * He saves England from the Nachos, and the Nachos win the Second World War if he doesn't, ending the British Empire.
- * He is very clever
- * He stops the Blitz, allowing his friend Churchill the Dog to sell cheaper home insurance
- * Ozzy Ozzbourne sings about him, but not when chewing on a bat.

Dion Fortune

Lovely lady, you like her. You feel that you'd like to make her yours, but Crowley's watching her with those eyes, and -- oh no. That's Jesse's Girl. You actually know nothing at all about this human, other than the obvious - she has visions, can sense spirits, and is a powerful magician. Oh and she appears to be female. She is one of those pesky kind of humans who can give you commands. Next time someone tries to command you, tell them your gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation, gonna take your problem to the United Nations. Except you can't really have the any time blues, and you can't disobey a spirit summoner. What you can do though is twist their words, and shake it now baby, no twist their words, and obey them very literally. Work to rule. Like the Hebrews in Egypt building the Pyromaniacs.

So basically, do what she says, but sulk, complain, and do exactly what she says. Her house has just been bombed by the Nachos, so you guess she is having a bad day.

Dr John Dee

A wannabe magician, from from 1588. He has some magical powers, but you don't really understand what they are. You quite like him because he has a portentous manor, and because he seems like he likes you. Oh and because humans seems scared of him, at least the ones you don't know. You keep wanting to call him Sandra Dee but you know that is not quite right. He is very keen on stopping the Spanish Armada. You can't do that, so you brought him here, because doubtless someone here can!

He can boss you about with his powers. Make sure you obey him as literally as possible, because that is the nature of the Pact. Unlike most of the others he can see you when you are invisible.

Things you know about John Dee

- * You brought him here from 1588

- * He wants to stop the Spanish Armada
 - * if he fails, this is now part of the Spanish Empire, under Carlos III, and a pious Catholic state. Jews and Protestants are hunted by the Inquisition
 - * so the fate of the British Empire depends upon him
 - * He is a master secret agent, 007, and a master of disguise.
 - * he tells fortunes, and sometimes they come true.
-

Edward Kelley

An alchemical rogue and charlatan with no more magical power than a beetroot. A common thief and a liar. Dr John Dee's best friend. He is not so important historically, but he is able to see you when you are invisible. You don't care for him, because he doesn't seem to like you. Still, you know he has some talent - you just don't know what it is, because it certainly is not magical.

Sherlock Holmes

Ah you know this fellow. He was the one who sold his soul to you. Sherlock Holmes. You are not quite sure what a soul is, or what you got out of the deal, but you are a sucker for the Charlie Daniel's band, so you enjoyed the episode. It went something like this....

There was young Mr Holmes, still a teen when you manifested in his bedroom. You have no idea why -- does it matter? He looked at you, puzzled like, and you saw he had a fiddle in his hands, that he was scratching at. Joy! You always want to do this!

So you said ""Boy let me tell you what -- I guess you didn't know it, but I'm a fiddle player too, and if you'd care to take a dare, I'll make a bet with you. Now you play a pretty good fiddle, boy, but give the devil his due: I bet a fiddle of gold against your soul, 'cos I think I'm better than you?"

He did not reply as you expected. he looked at you for a moment, blinked and rubbed his eyes. Wasn't he meant to say his name was Johnny? He asked you to pass him his copy of Skeats's Etymological Dictionary from the shelf. You did so, a little puzzled. He took the book, appeared irritated and stood up and addressed you...

"Sir, you have me at an advantage. While I am aware of you by reputation, I do not believe we have been introduced?"

You felt flustered for a moment, tried to remember what you know about Satan, and ended up drawling in the style of Mick Jagger -- "Introductions are not necessary. I am a man of wealth and taste; and I hope you guess my name. I am here to offer a simple wager,". Drat! You fluffed the line! Oh well, he won't know it. This is 1850 judging by human methods. The Ed Sullivan Show does not even exist yet...

Sherlock looked at you long and hard, and stated he was willing to make a deal! That was more like it! And so you turned to the business at hand. A fiddle of gold might have some monetary worth he stated, but he would prefer something more useful. And so the deal was struck -- he offered your soul in return for you, the Devil's insight in to the hidden desires and ways of humans. It seemed a bit more useful than a shiny fiddle made of gold, to possess supernatural deductive powers. He said he was pretty good, from observing the sly ways of scullery maids, the Dean of Saint Paul's, butcher's boys

and other sinners -- but this would allow him to truly gain a grasp on the banality of human motives.

You were a bit puzzled, but agreed. After all, you had no more power to grant this wish than any other. You used the last of your magic on making this golden fiddle. Still, he does not know that, and you don't know what a soul is to collect it, so you just guessed the deal was good. And then you played fiddle together, making weird and cacophonous music, until a housemaid hammered on his door with a request from his parents that you should kindly shut the hell up, and at that moment you thought it best to vanish.

You are aware that of course one day you will have to go back to claim his soul -- once you have found out what one is -- but to be fair, the poor fellow did not seem all that bright. Good violinist though. Told you he was going to be an anarchist, and an anti-christ. Well humans like to do things.

Still he is here tonight, so time to get his soul, and compound interest too. You don't know what that is either, but there must be a rock song about it....

Things you know about Sherlock

- * He sold you his soul
- * He is a detective
- * He does not travel in Time

The Doctor

You despise The Doctor. He is a Timelord, a race who regard you as scum, and who have killed too many of your type. His time machine gives off delicious vibrations, but it's broken. He will need a massive diamond to fix that. You wish he would just go away and leave you alone. You will happily work with anyone if it will disrupt the doctor's plans. He is a nasty, nasty, wicked, horrible man. Turn humans against him... by any means necessary. Last time you met him it was 1066, and some poor chap got shot in the eye with an arrow. You really don't like him messing in the timestream, and now with clowns to the past of you, jokers in the future, here you are, stuck in the middle with him. If you have to work with him you will, but you are deeply, deeply suspicious of him, because you know he would like to kill you.

This particular version of the Doctor has two weaknesses though - jelly babies, and humans. He adores both, and they can make him irrational.

Things you know about The Doctor

- * He is a voyager in both time & space
 - * He travels in a time machine, which is currently broken
 - * He meddles in human history, but never really changes it greatly. You don't know why.
 - * His time machine can carry unlimited passengers
 - * He gets lonely, but won't be your friend.
-

Something Wicked:

**A Gothic Melodrama set in
Old London Town for
25 Players.**