

— HANDOUT 1 —

The pleasure of
your company is requested
at nine o'clock this evening at
the Lord's Bounty. Don't be late.

—K

— HANDOUT 2 —

...I have but a few moments to scratch these words down before I go back to say the nightly invocations to blessed Sigmar. Today I made a terrible discovery... terrible. As usual, it was my turn to clean the altar, to polish the statues, oil the wood, and the usual tedious tasks set to me. Never before has this happened, I swear it! I suppose, in my fatigue I must have touched something, though what, only Sigmar can say. In any event, whilst cleaning the altar, I heard a thump from within it. I wondered how such a thing could be possible, for it was made of solid stone. Still, I was curious so I peered beneath the cloth. To my surprise, I discovered a hollow space, big enough for a man. I swiftly rose up to ensure I was alone—which I was much to my later regret—and so I dipped my head into the hole.

It leads into a narrow shaft at a steep decline. I slipped down into the altar, and suppressed a cry as I slid all the way down into what seemed like the bowels of the earth. It was dark, but not as dark as it should have been. There was a light. Once my eyes adjusted, I saw a terrible pulsing light. It filled me with fear, it did. Almost blind, I stretched my arms before me to detect any unseen hazards, pushing on until the profane aura was bright enough to see.

I rounded a corner and found myself in a long hall. On either side stood looming statues, each hooded with black cloth. In a niche beneath each was a reliquary, likely holding some bone or lock of hair from our sacred father. At the end of this vault was another statue, the cloth somehow fallen to the floor, and the head of it lay severed on the ground, its stone features twisted as if in pain. Unlike all the other places here, this shelf held a hideous silver cup.

Now, I know the legends of this place, how Sigmar himself gave unto Abelard a sign in the form of a cup, but these places are all filled with such fanciful legends. This was no object sacred to our founder, but rather, it was something foul, daemonic. It stank of malevolence, being gaudy silver with strange glowing runes on its surface. Its stem was fashioned in the shape of grinning daemon, its tail curled about its leg.

In wonder, I reached out for it and the chalice seemed to jump towards me, cutting my hand on its sharp barb. The injury, though small, stung as if on fire, and terrible images, of killing, of slaughtering my kinsmen, filled my mind. I backed out of the room, but the light grew stronger. I fled the place, running blindly in the dark, limned by the red light from behind me until I found the shaft. The climb was difficult; my hand bled fiercely, but somehow, with Sigmar's help, I made it to the top... what's that? Oh m...

— HANDOUT 3 —

Emmanuelle von Liebwitz,
Grand Countess of Wissenland,
Countess of Nuln, and
Duchess of Meissen
grants you the
honour of attending
a masquerade at the Palace,
on the eve of the
Unveiling Ceremony.

