

THE NOBLE LAZARON



MYTHOS CRUSADER

THE TURN OF MIDNIGHT WATERS

LAZAROV

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RUSSIAN EMIGRE

AGE ??

SPECIAL SKILLS:

Scarf of Sheer Bloody
Awesome..... 45
Transcend economics 75
Impeccable Lie 55
Intrinsic Superiority 60
Mythos 25
Occult..... 35
Sacrifice Others..... 40

EDUCATION: University of Samarkand & concerns diverse.

POSSESSIONS:

Ticket to Shanghai, locket with faded photo of the once-beloved, protective tattoo (physical damage), protective amulets (*preserve vitality, protect from psychic influence*), *Von unaussprechlichen Kulte*n (Von Junzt, 1839 edition).

LIBIDO

FOCUS

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	45	CON	40	SIZ	45
INT	85	POW	90	DEX	35
APP	75	EDU	80	SAN	22

HEALTH

- ☐ Dead as a Maggot
- ☐ Crook as Rookwood
- ☐ Completely Rooted
- ☒ Sick as a Dog
- ☐ A Bit Bugged
- ☐ Hearty
- ☐ Absolutely Stoked

VITALITY

- ☐ Unconscious
- ☐ Woozy
- ☐ Dazed
- ☐ Head-achy
- ☐ Fine
- ☐ Magnetic
- ☒ Masterly

SANITY

INSANE 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34
35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50
51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66
67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99



The Sumatra thing nearly killed you.

Whispers, rumours. A White Russian emigre aristocrat with links to Turkish nobility; a penniless occultist from the Baltic, a charlatan from Sheffield who has lied their way across Europe and the East. Does it matter? Is one mask better than another?

You are Lazarov. You are driven to fight.

Yours is a world of hurriedly packed suitcases, night trains, tramp steamers, bribes at the border. A world of danger and deception. The enemy is everywhere. Together with Boyne, you fight a lonely war.

Boyne is your companion of several years, loyal to your cause. His gift for violence and brutality serves as an adjunct to your more subtle but equally destructive stratagems.

Suzerain. Princette. Princep. The titles extended to you are many. Outwardly, people flock to you. They see an refined aristocrat, a learned occultist, a world traveller, a charmer. You flatter them, pamper them, make them feel special. Some few may catch a glimpse of the powerful majikian, the deadly crusader who commands eldritch and unworldly powers. Some find terror in that glimpse, others find deep attraction. It is equally dangerous for both

Yours is a mind of power. In mastering the occult, you have glimpsed the terrible secrets of the universe, and the dark powers that threaten all life. You have chosen to destroy the cancer, to burn out the corruption.

The cost is terrible. You have seen the truth, and it will surely drive you mad.

Humanity are cattle. Less than cattle. Insects. The universe doesn't care.

Gifted with exquisite taste, you are drawn to beautiful things. Penniless, you can never acquire them, but you must hold them, taste them, conquer them. And sometimes, to your infinite sadness, you must destroy them, lest they be defiled.

Your capacity for joy, for desire, for love has atrophied. Accepting of physical love in all its forms, you gain little joy from your brief assignments. It is a reflex, a memory, a frantic attempt to regain what has been lost. Your right hand, defiled and corrupted by

contact with a Mythos creature, is always encased in a red leather glove. [Player to decide what the glove conceals].

A part of you understands that love, compassion and bravery, however illusionary, are the only possible responses to an insane universe. Yet you have neither love nor courage. Your little remaining compassion has become a hindrance. Increasingly, you recruit allies, train them to your purpose, use them, and abandon them.

You seek Knowledge. Hidden Knowledge. Knowledge that empowers you to survive. Knowledge that empowers you to destroy.

Life is victory. Life is the only victory.

You have become a monster.

You are losing the very humanity you defend with your life. Inwardly, you struggle to retain a sense of decency midst desperate, relentless struggle.

You strive to connect to something enduring, something real. Even if you remain sane and somehow survive, you will need something truly extraordinary to reignite and heal your shattered humanity.

The alternative is to become something inhuman and insane.

And that darkness is already within.

Will you surrender, or can you make one ultimate effort to reconnect with the human, the everyday, to experience love and worth and pleasure?

To become human?

You have a letter from the daughters of an old and respected friend. Terrance Brook is slowly dying, and has adopted strange new beliefs. Your relationship was forged over a decade ago, during an investigation in Dorset, facing things too terrible to mention. Bettie and Merrin Brook have asked you to intervene for their father.

But Sumatra has nearly killed you...

MAJIK

You are proficient in lesser majiks, and can manifest sorcerous strokes with little preparation. The mental toll of a ritual spell is enormous, and you have learned from bitter experience to preserve your own vitality, and power your strokes and rituals from the vitality of others. Boyne and his great knife offers support in this regard.

MUDRA SPELLS

Weave Darkness

Causes gaps in vision - effectively, concealment.

(Mudra, activate after 1 round of visualisation, duration 30 seconds)

Voorish Sign

Make the unseen visible. Can be taught to others.

(Mudra, activate after 1 round of visualisation, active concentration)

Elder Ward

Protection against Mythos creatures (results may vary). Can be taught to others.

(Mudra, activate after 1 round of visualisation, active concentration)

RITUAL SPELLS

Rune of protection

Hour long ritual, sacrifice of a level of vitality. Protection against magical attacks.

Rune of Sacrifice

Hour long ritual, sacrifice of a level of vitality.

Brand sacrificial cattle

Hour long ritual, sacrifice of a level of vitality.

In a single instance can steal the subject's vitality and make it your own.

Summon and bind Edge of Unlight

Ten minute ritual. The Edge of Unlight can only be summoned within a living body. Cost: Three levels of vitality. A terrible summoning that risks madness.

Once bound, the entity will carry out a single instruction until a marked candle used in the summoning expires.

PEOPLE

COMPANION

William Boyne: brutal Irish investigator, a survivor. Your loyal follower. You have marked your runes upon him. [Which runes? Protection, Sacrifice? Both?]

THE BROOK FAMILY

Terrance Brook: Renowned Theosophist and skeptic, an old and most respected companion. *Dorset.*

Elizabeth 'Bettie' Brook: notorious socialite, 'Backless Bettie from Bondi'.

Merrin Brook: young writer and aspiring queen of the ball.

THE BROOK SUITORS

Cyrus Browne of Sydney Towne: poet and dreamer, enmused to Merrin.

Posso Seaton: manager of Black Star nightclub, shifty companion to Bettie. A typical Australian, apparently.

OTHERS

Tilley Devine, vice queen, 'the wickedest woman in Sydney'.

Marina Shrouds, an ambitious crime boss, rival to Tilley Devine.

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