

In Her Majesty's Name

The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn

By Michael O'Brien

Name/Type	Pluck	FV	SV	Spd.	Cost	Talents	Basic Equipment
Florence Farr <i>Adeptus Major</i>	2+	+2	+3	+1	55	Leadership +2; Inspirational; Fanatic; may add 30 points of Mystic Powers, including up to two Elemental Powers	Chain Shirt, Pistol, Sabre; may have up to two Elemental Weapons (no points cost)
William Butler Yeats <i>Adeptus Minor</i>	3+	+2	+3	+1	35	Leadership +1; Fanatic; may add 20 points of Mystic Powers, including one Elemental Power	Chain Shirt, Pistol, Sabre; may have one Elemental Weapon (no points cost)
Bram Stoker <i>Imperator</i>	3+	+2	+2	0	29	Tough, may add 15 points of Mystic Powers	Chain Shirt, Pistol, Sabre
Maud Gonne <i>Cancellarius</i>	3+	+1	+1	0	27	Intuitive, may add 10 points of Mystic Powers	Chain Shirt, Pistol, Sabre
Edward Berridge <i>Medicus</i>	5+	0	0	0	15	Medic	Brigandine, Pistol, Knife
<i>Neophyte</i>	5+	0	0	0	6		Lined Coat, Club

OPTIONS

Florence Farr (only) may carry the ***Dagger of Isis* (12 points)**: Acts as a normal knife but with Weapon Bonus +3, Pluck Penalty -3; negates Electro-Static armor; negates any protection from Mystic Powers or Mystical items.

Any **named figure** may replace their Pistol with a Carbine or Shotgun for +2 points.

Any **Neophyte** may carry one Grenade, any type.

Any **Neophyte** may carry either a Pistol (+3 points), Carbine (+5 points), Shotgun (+5 points), or Military Rifle (+9 points).



Elemental Powers of the Golden Dawn

There are four Elemental Mystic Powers that are unique to the Golden Dawn. Only *Adepts* have acquired the necessary level of enlightenment to wield these powers. Each requires an Elemental Weapon (which has no point cost) to channel the power. The Company has only one of each Weapon: thus two *Adepts* may not choose the same Power. Each Weapon is a specially crafted and consecrated item *which requires two hands when using*. A Mystic may only use one Elemental Power per turn.

Fire Wand

14 Points; Duration 1 phase; Shooting

This power works exactly like a Flamethrower, but with a 12" range.

Water Cup

13 Points; Duration—dissipates at beginning of next Movement Phase; Movement

A 3" radius icy fog appears at a target point up to 12" from the Mystic. The fog blocks all line of sight; any figure in or touching the fog can see nothing, neither can it be seen from outside the fog. Enemy figures touched by the fog move as if in Type 3 Difficult Terrain until completely outside the fog.

Air Dagger

12 Points; Duration 1 Phase; Shooting

Technology has been adapted to this ancient power: the Dagger is a consecrated pistol which manifests extra velocity to the bullet. Its statistics become: Range 15", Weapon Bonus +3, Pluck Modifier -2. This special pistol may only be used with its Mystical Power: the Pistol listed in the Adept's equipment is a normal one and is separate from the Air Dagger Pistol.

Earth Pentacle

14 Points; Duration 1 Phase; Shooting

The Mystic targets a figure up to 12" away. That figure must pass a Pluck Roll with a -2 modifier or be Knocked Down. If the figure passes the Pluck Roll it may not move this turn and shoots and fights with a -2 modifier.

The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn

The Golden Dawn is a mystical order active in Great Britain. The initial driving force behind the establishment of the Order was William Wescott (b. 1848), a London coroner. Wescott obtained a collection of 60 folios called the Cipher Manuscripts, which provided the structure for a series of mystical rites based on the spiritual elements of Earth, Fire, Water, and Air. The Order's first temple, the Isis-Urania Temple, was founded in 1887.

The order incorporates Masonic concepts of hierarchy and initiation, but admits women on an equal basis with men. The Golden Dawn consists of three Orders: The First Order is for initiates; the Second Order is for those who have learned to wield Mystical Powers, including Scrying, Astral Travel, and Alchemy; and the Third Order consists of the "Secret Chiefs," spiritual beings who communicate and direct those in the Second Order.

Since the disappearance of William Wescott, the Order is headed by Florence Farr, the famous London stage actress, musician, and expert on mysticism—especially that of ancient Egypt.

Intellectuals and artists, as well as the occasional scientist, have been attracted to the Order in droves.

Unknown to all but a chosen few, the Inner Order of the Golden Dawn has come under the sway of the Egyptian goddess Isis, whom seeks to contest rule of the Earth with Akhenaton and the Servants of Ra. This Cult of Isis operates in total secrecy, concealing their identities in hooded robes when doing their Goddess's ruthless bidding.

Florence Farr, *Adeptus Major*, b. 1860

Famous actress, musician, feminist, and expert on the occult, Farr murdered William Wescott with the Dagger of Isis to seize control of the Order. She is totally in thrall to Isis and has been promised a place at the Goddess's side when She returns to Earth. She has taken W. B. Yeats as a lover, mainly to control and manipulate him.

William Butler Yeats, *Adeptus Minor*, b. 1865

A famous Irish poet, destined for literary greatness, he became smitten with the "tranquil beauty" and "golden voice" of Florence Farr, who

introduced him to the Golden Dawn. He has plunged himself into the study of Mystic Power, and is effectively the second in command of the Cult.

Bram Stoker, *Imperator* of the Isis-Urania Temple, b. 1847.

The Irish author became acquainted with the Order while researching a novel about vampirism. Intrigued, he has delved deeper into Mysticism and has advanced to the position of head Officer of the Temple.

Maud Gonne, *Cancellarius* of the Isis-Urania Temple, b. 1866.

Maud is an Irish revolutionary, a feminist, and an actress. A former lover of Yeats, she too was drawn into the order, attracted by the equality and respect

given women by men of the Order. She also sees in Isis a platform to vent her anti-English rage. Still in love with Yeats, she hopes to win him back.

Edward Berridge, *Medicus* of the Isis-Urania Temple, b. 1843.

A noted London medical doctor and occultist, he is a proponent of homeopathic medicine. He serves the Order in many ways, and accompanies the Cultists when they conduct operations outside the Temple, serving as a medic.

Neophytes

Those who have not yet reached the Second Order are called Neophytes. They have no special talents and have yet to learn how to manifest Mystical Powers.

The Cult of the Goddess

Two figures in ornate crimson robes knelt in the Vault. Not a large chamber, it was seven-sided, each wall five feet wide by eight feet tall, lighted only by five candles. Unlike the gaudy-colored checker-board of Hebrew letters and mystical glyphs that adorned the walls of previous Vaults, this one was designed as the Spirit Being from the Third Order had instructed. The plain black granite of the floor and walls seemed to soak up the light. The candles were set on the floor as if at the points of a pentagram, surrounding a simple design inlaid into the floor: a golden rising sun enclosed in a white triangle, topped by a red budded cross.

It was cool in the Vault, but Wescott's face was drenched in sweat. Something was seriously wrong. Yes, this Being they had contacted months ago had greatly helped guide their journey to spiritual enlightenment. But Wescott now sensed malevolence behind the benign facade, and, for the first time, an icy tinge of fear gripped him.

"My Lord," he thought, for spoken words were not necessary, "what you ask will take time. Surely you could allow us another month to move those in the First Order further along the Paths of enlightenment. I fear they are not ready for all that you ask us."

"Time is short, William." The masculine, sonorous voice rang in Wescott's ears. "But perhaps

you are right. They must learn to distill the essence of Self, to unite their Human Will with the Universal Will."

"Yes, Lord. As you wish." The *Adeptus Major* sensed, rather than saw, a stirring in his fellow Adept, but kept his concentration on his connection with the Being, desperately trying to cloak his fear.

To Wescott's left knelt a beautiful brown-haired woman in her mid-thirties. Unknown to him, her conversation with the Spirit Being was dangerously intimate, and quite different.

"He is weak." The sensuous female voice resonated within Florence Farr. "Fear rules him. He is not worthy of the Path I have chosen for the Golden Dawn."

"Yes, Goddess," Farr thought.

"What about Yeats? Can he be trusted?"

"Yes, Isis." For the first time she dared to use the name that had been revealed to her, and to her alone, just that night. She expected a rebuke. None came. Ecstatic, she continued, "He will do anything I bid." The *Adeptus Minor* paused. "He desires me."

"And the others at my Temple?"

"They will pledge you their lives, my Goddess."

The voice of Isis quickened in intensity. "But you will be my vessel, Florence. You must move quickly. Ra is stirring; Akhenaton walks the earth.

Already he has started to gather the Regalia. But remember: Only I know the Secret Name of Ra. I have power beyond his. So you must regain what is mine and seek that which is lost. Only then can I return to the Physical Plane and assume my inheritance. And Florence, when I do, you will be by my side. Do you understand?

"Yes, I understand."

"You know what must be done. There is no room for mercy, only strength. And for you I have a tool to aid your journey."

Farr felt her right hand close involuntarily on something cold and hard, which seemed to pulse with a life of its own. Her body swayed; within her mind she joyously cried out in recognition and unyielding acceptance of what lay ahead.

"Keep my secrets." The words of the Goddess echoed in her consciousness. "Do not let outsiders know your identity or your mission. Destroy anyone who stands against us." She paused, then continued, the intensity gone, the voice sensuous once more. "Now go forth and open the Way. Take his place. Bend their will to yours."

"As you wish, Great Goddess." Farr felt the presence of Isis depart her soul.

After a moment, Wescott struggled to his feet. Farr rose easily beside him.

"I fear He asks too much, Florence," he said. "Perhaps we should break all contact...."

She had turned towards him, and now for the first time, in the candlelight, he saw her eyes---those enchanting eyes, now a feral, arctic cold. He tried to step back, but stood frozen, unable to move. As she lifted her hand, red light glinting off a razor-sharp blade, she said, as if to a child, "Not 'He,' William. The Goddess. And *She* decrees that *your* time has passed."

With an impossibly graceful movement, Farr swept the dagger across his throat. A thick spray of blood erupted from his nearly severed neck as Wescott's lifeless body slumped to the floor.

She stood over the lifeless shell and slowly lifted her arms in exultation. Gathering her will about her in deep concentration, she muttered a guttural phrase. Slowly the black granite opened under Wescott, until his body plummeted noiselessly into

the stygian depths. The granite closed. All was as it was.

Outside the Vault, William Butler Yeats, a young man of thirty years, paced nervously. The door slowly opened, and Farr appeared, alone. A thrill swept over Yeats: it was to begin. She emerged from the Vault, her face and hair splattered with blood, her beauty tranquil no more. She manifested an aura, at once terrible and alluring, that made him gasp for breath.

"Flo," he managed to whisper. "So....it is done?"

She spoke, her golden voice now edged in steel. "Yes, William. It is done." She took a breath. "There is much work ahead. But I now find the Order is short an Adeptus Minor, for I....I have been promoted. Perhaps you would be interested in such a position?"

Yeats, overwhelmed, staggered backwards: to enter the Second Order! To speak with gods! And with Florence by his side. The room spun around him; he sank to his knees.

"Come, William," she said, reaching out her bloody hands to him, urging him to his feet. "Come with me into the Vault. There is someone I would like you to meet...."

Notes on the Golden Dawn

The Golden Dawn was—is—quite real, although, to my knowledge, its members were never possessed by the Goddess Isis. All the people listed here were members of the Order. The basics of the biographical information represented here are, in the main, true. Florence Farr joined the Golden Dawn in 1890, and became an Adeptus Minor in 1891 on the Winter Solstice. Upon the resignation of William Wescott in 1897, she became the Chief Adept in England. She and Yeats were indeed lovers.

My reading of the history of the Golden Dawn has been limited to the internet, so take all of this with a grain of salt. Most of what is here is factual, albeit simplified. There are six levels in the First Order, not just Neophyte, for example. All of the terminology, except Medicus (which I made up to give the Company a medic), comes from my research. Substitute the word "magic" for "Mystic" and you have the gist of it.

*My main goal was to supply aficionados of **In Her Majesty's Name** a Company heavy in Mystical Power, and to set it squarely against the Servants of Ra, and/or anyone else who gets in their way.*



Florence Farr



William Butler Yeats



Maud Gonne

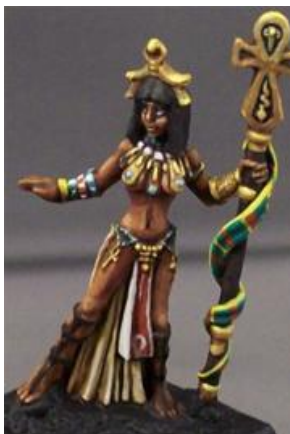


Bram Stoker



William Wescott

Some ideas about miniatures for the Golden Dawn



Reaper Egyptian Priestess

Priestess figures with an Egyptian flavor for Florence Farr?
Possible additions would be some kind of a mask to hide her identity, although the headdress and black wig could be enough.
Or she could be in a robe and hood like everyone else. I like these two options, though.



Pathfinder Miniatures
Alahazra, Iconic Human Oracle



Cultists: Characters
Uncle Mike's Strange Aeons



Cultists: Neophytes
Pulp Figures



Robe colors that would work for me would be black or red (probably a deeper red, crimson or almost maroon) with little or no ornamentation to hide their identity. I like the *Pulp Figures* female cultists; they do wear some kind of mask, which is good, but need to have weapons added (although one does wield a dagger).