

## The Cult of the Temple of Isis

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 plus Mystic Points	Leadership +2; Inspirational; Intervention; may add 30 points of Mystic Powers, including one Reliquary bearing an Elemental Power	Chain Shirt, Pistol, Sabre
William Butler Yeats <i>Adeptus Minor</i>	3+	+2	+3	+1	35 plus Mystic Points	Leadership +1; Fanatic; may add 20 points of Mystic Powers, including one Reliquary bearing an Elemental Power	Chain Shirt, Pistol, Sabre; may have one Elemental Weapon (no points cost)
Bram Stoker <i>Imperator</i>	4+	+2	+2	0	22 plus Mystic Points	Tough, may add 15 points of Mystic Powers	Brigandine, Pistol, Sabre
Maud Gonne <i>Cancellarius</i>	4+	+1	+1	0	20 plus Mystic Points	Intuitive, may add 10 points of Mystic Powers	Brigandine, 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.

**Florence Farr** and/or **W. B. Yeats** may carry one Reliquary containing an Elemental Power. Mystic Points for the Reliquary is deducted from their available Mystic Points, like any other Power.

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

Any **Neophyte** may carry one Grenade, any type (+6 points).

Any **Neophyte** may carry, *instead* of a Club, either a Pistol (+1 points), Carbine (+3 points), or Shotgun (+3 points).



## Elemental Powers of the Temple of Isis

There are four Elemental Mystic Powers that are unique to the Temple of Isis. Only *Adepts* have acquired the necessary level of enlightenment to wield these powers. Each of the Elemental Powers is contained in a Reliquary. The Company has only one of each Reliquary, and an *Adept* may only carry a single Reliquary into action. The points cost of each Reliquary is that of the Power it contains.

### Reliquaries of the Elemental Powers

#### ***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***

15 Points; Duration Instant; Shooting

This reliquary manifests the power **Icy Blast** (*from Heroes, Villains, and Fiends*). A blast of cold air 6" long and 1" wide puts out any fires, including the fires in steam engines, steam dynamos, etc. Relighting these fires takes an Engineer one Move phase or any other figure a full turn in which it can take no other action. Figures in the blast area take an automatic hit with a -1 Pluck penalty.

#### ***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 Cult of the Temple of Isis

The Temple of Isis is a mystical order active in Great Britain. The initial driving force behind the establishment of the Temple was William, 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 Temple was founded in 1887.

The Temple incorporates Masonic concepts of hierarchy and initiation, but admits women on an equal basis with men. The Temple of Isis 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 sudden disappearance of William Wescott, the Temple 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 Temple in droves.

Unknown to all but a chosen few, the Inner Order of the Temple of Isis 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 Temple. 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 Temple. 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 Temple, b. 1847.**

The Irish author became acquainted with the Temple 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 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 Temple. 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 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..

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 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 very intimate, and dangerously different.

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

"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 Akhenaton. 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 my child, when I do, you will be by always at 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 Isis 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 She asks too much, Florence,” he said. “Perhaps we should break all contact...”

She had turned towards him, and 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. She lifted her hand, red light glinting off a razor-sharp blade, and said, as if to a child, “Your time is past, William.”

With impossible grace, Farr swept the dagger across his throat. A thick spray of blood erupted from his nearly severed neck as Wescott’s dying 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. Wescott plummeted noiselessly into stygian depths. The granite closed. All was as it was.

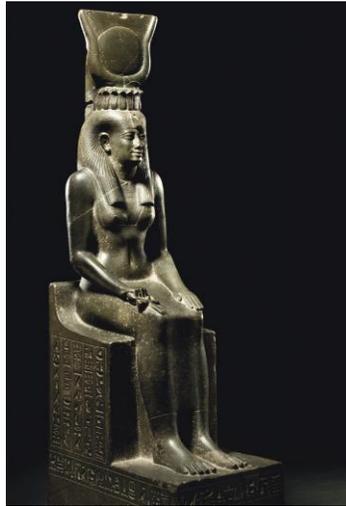
Outside the Vault, William Butler Yeats, a young man of thirty years, paced nervously. The door slowly opened, and Farr emerged from the Vault, alone, her face and hair splattered with blood, her beauty tranquil no more. Yeats felt her aura, at once terrible and alluring.

“Flo,” he gasped. “So...it is done?”

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

Yeats staggered back a step: 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 with bloody hands, urging him to his feet. “Come with me into the Vault. There is someone I would like you to meet...”



Sculpture of the Goddess Isis, stolen from the British Museum.  
Currently at the Temple of Isis, London