

# Blades in the Dark

[Old Campaign](#) - for version 6 (current version is 8 )

## Introduction

The game takes place in the cold, foggy city of Duskvol (aka Duskwall or “the Dusk”). It’s an industrial city reminiscent of our world during the second industrial revolution of the 1870s—there are trains, steamboats, printing presses, simple electrical technology, carriages, and the black smog of chimney smoke everywhere. Duskvol is a mix of Venice, London, and Prague, crowded with row-houses, twisting streets, and crisscrossed with hundreds of narrow waterways and bridges.

The city is also steeped in fantasy. The world lies in perpetual darkness, haunted by ghosts—a consequence of the cataclysm that shattered the sun and broke the Gates of Death a thousand years ago. Each city in the empire is encircled by crackling lightning towers to keep out vengeful spirits and the twisted horrors of the deathlands. To power these massive barriers, titanic metal ships from the leviathan hunters set out from Duskvol to extract electropasmic blood from the demonic leviathans that dwell in the ink-dark Void Sea.

You’re in a haunted, Victorian-era city trapped within a wall of lightning powered by demon blood.

## Inspirations

- Computer Games
  - [The Thief games](#)
  - [The Dishonored games](#)
  - [Bloodborne](#)
- Music
  - [Theme song](#)
  - Despite this recommendation in the rulebook I will personally be leaning heavily in to the soundtracks for the [Arcane series](#) for my games ☐
- Television
  - [Peaky Blinders](#)
  - [The Wire](#)
  - [Spartacus](#)
  - [Narcos](#)
- Movies
- Books

## Playbooks

What type of character are you?

[Deep Cuts \(11\)](#)

Name	Description	Blurb	XP	Notes
<b>Cutter</b>	A dangerous and intimidating fighter	In the underworld of the Dusk, there are scoundrels who take what they want at the bloody edge of a blade or with a threatening presence that can stop a man cold. They are the enforcers, the debt collectors, the killers, the leg-breakers, and the thugs, commonly known as Cutters. Where subtlety fails, swift brutality—and the threat of worse to come—can solve the problem. Or at least turn it into a different kind of problem.	When you play a Cutter, you earn xp when you address a challenge with violence or coercion. Go ahead and get up in everyone's smug faces and tell them who's boss, then let your blades do the talking if they don't get the message.	<i>Do you have a personal code or a line you won't cross? Do you want to be the boss or do you want to be the enforcer for the boss? How did you acquire your taste for violence and coercion?</i>
<b>Hound</b>	A deadly sharpshooter and tracker	There's always a need for scoundrels who can find what others want to keep hidden. Whether that's a deadbeat gambler trying to skip out on their debts, a treacherous informant or witness who's going to squeal to the Bluecoats, or the trail to a treasure squirreled away in a secret vault—it's the Hounds that ferret them out. Why have a fair fight, when you can stalk and ambush your prey on your terms? The underworld is your hunting ground.	When you play a Hound, you earn xp when you address a challenge with tracking or violence. Take the initiative to hunt down opportunities and targets for a score and be willing to hurt whoever stands in your way.	<i>Do you see the whole world as potential prey, or do you still care about people? Which target in the past gave you the most trouble? Why?</i>
<b>Leech</b>	A saboteur and technician	The world is built on industry, and the underworld is no different. Leeches are the scoundrels who distill the drugs, refine the arcane essences, build the bombs, bandage the wounds, and forge the tools of the criminal trades—and knowing how to make things also means knowing how to break them.	When you play a Leech, you earn xp when you address a challenge with technical skill or mayhem. Duskwall is a city full of industrial machinery, spark-crafts, plumbing, and electrical systems for you to bend to your purposes or sabotage. Get out your tools and get your hands dirty.	<i>The extensive training that makes a Leech is rare and strange among the disenfranchised underworld class—how did you learn your arts? Which side of the coin do you prefer, the side of creation and restoration, or the side of mayhem and destruction?</i>

Name	Description	Blurb	XP	Notes
<b>Lurk</b>	A stealthy infiltrator and burglar	There is no longer any sunlight—the world is plunged into eternal night. There are scoundrels who live in the darkness, who prowl the underworld unseen, trespassing where they will. They are the burglars, the spies, the infiltrators, the cut-throats—commonly called Lurks.	When you play a Lurk, you earn xp when you address a challenge with stealth or evasion. Stay out of sight, sneak past your enemies, and strike from the shadows. If things go wrong, there's no shame in disappearing into the darkness... for now. Your greatest ally is the dark and twisting city, its ink-dark streets, its rooftop pathways.	<i>How did you learn the stealthy arts of the Lurk? Which aspect are you drawn to most? The invisible watcher, spying on the unwary? The adroit acrobat, racing across rooftops? The deadly ambush predator, waiting for a victim in the darkness?</i>
<b>Slide</b>	A subtle manipulator and spy	It's said that the primal substance of the world is not mere matter or strange plasms, it's lies. Everything we do, everything we care about, everything we value—all lies we tell each other and ourselves. The world is a fabrication, a convenient fiction, a story—and the storytellers are Slides.	When you play a Slide, you earn xp when you address a challenge with deception or influence. Talk your way into trouble, then talk your way out again. Pretend to be someone you're not. Bluff, lie, and manipulate to get your way. Every problem is ultimately a problem because of people—and people are the instrument upon which you play your music.	<i>Is there anything true about you, at your core? Or are you whatever you need to be, day to day? Are all of your relationships merely gambits that you play for your advantage?</i>

Name	Description	Blurb	XP	Notes
<b>Spider</b>	A devious mastermind	The underworld may appear on the surface to be a chaotic array of warring factions and bloody deeds, but it has a beautiful order to those who are able to see it. This pattern is the web of connections, favours, vendettas, and secrets that bind the criminal world together. The scoundrels who pluck the strands of this web are known as Spiders.	When you play a Spider, you earn xp when you address a challenge with calculation or conspiracy. Reach out to your contacts, friends, and associates to set your crew up for success. Use your downtime activities and flashbacks wisely to prepare for trouble and to calculate the angles of success. When things go wrong, don't panic, and remember: you planned for this.	<i>Are you enmeshed in the network of favours and debts that you exploit as a Spider, or do you scrupulously hold yourself apart, as a cold predator upon the web?</i>
<b>Whisper</b>	An arcane adept and channeler	Duskwall is a haunted place—plagued by rogue spirits consumed by vengeance, by cunning demons manipulating humans for their own inscrutable purposes, and by even stranger horrors lurking in the space just beyond sight and reason. To go into this shadowy world without knowledge of the arcane and the occult is to walk unarmed into the lair of the enemy. The Whispers are the sentinels who watch the greater darkness—staring into the void so others don't have to.	When you play a Whisper, you earn xp when you address a challenge with knowledge or arcane power. Seek out the strange and dark forces and bend them to your will. By being willing to face the trauma from the stress-intensive abilities of the arcane, you'll slowly remove parts of yourself, and replace them with power.	<i>Why did you pursue the path of the Whisper? How did you develop your abilities? Are you a natural, did you study and practice on your own, or did you have a mentor?</i>
<b>Stranger</b>	Curiosity & secrecy	You have traveled through a fracture: an unstable portal from another world.		
<b>Supernatural</b>				

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<b>Ghost</b>	A disembodied spirit, craving vengeance	A rogue spirit is a scourge upon Duskwall, hunted by Spirit Wardens and sought out as a servant by Whispers and cultists. But your righteous vengeance burns so bright and pure—you must not allow yourself to be thwarted by anyone.	When you play a Ghost, you earn xp when you exact vengeance upon those you deem deserving, when you express your outrage or anger, and when you settle scores from your heritage or background. Playing the Ghost means payback for anyone who wronged you in life. It's up to you to decide who has earned your ghostly ire, but don't let anyone off the hook!	<i>Who shall be the first to suffer your wrath? Are there any living beings who deserve mercy, or shall they all eventually be found guilty in your eyes?</i>
<b>Hull</b>	A spirit animating a spark-craft frame	You have become a pale echo of your living self, trapped in a metal body, forced into servitude. Is this all that remains of you?	When you play a Hull, you earn xp when you fulfill your functions despite difficulty or danger, and when you suppress or ignore your former human qualities.	When you transfer to the Hull playbook, add all of your current action ratings to the ratings on the Hull playbook. You may not have an action rating greater than 4. You keep any ghost special abilities from your former playbook. Ghost Mind, Ghost Voice, etc. You lose all other special abilities.

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## Official (10)

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## Unofficial (72)

<b>Amalgam</b>	A patchwork person	An ungodly creation made by the hands of a physicker dabbling in the occult - you walk this strange world as one of the strangest things in it. The Amalgam is introspective, testing the unfamiliar parts of themselves in a dangerous world with childlike ways.	When you play an Amalgam, you earn xp when you address a challenge with curiosity or disregard for personal safety. Your appearance will draw the attention of many who will see you as an abomination, whom you can handle, but others desire to dissect your secrets. Fortunately your parts are replaceable.	<i>What are your feelings toward your creator(s)? Why did they labor to make you? Where did the many parts of you come from? Are your physical senses faulty in any way?</i>
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<b>Analyst</b>	An accountant, examiner, or lawyer.	Duskwall may live on its vast underworld, but this is no haphazard frontier. There are records to keep, reports to file, money to launder, investment information to conceal, commerce to obfuscate; Analysts are the silent agents behind the success of every business, legitimate or otherwise.	When you play an Analyst, you earn xp when you address a challenge with book-work or academic expertise. Carefully secure the economic underpinnings of your gang. Deceive the city's organisation with just the right documents. Forge, calculate, and write your way out of sticky situations. A business greased with careful analysis will stay out of sight and out of trouble.	<i>Do you keep the books clean for your crew's business? Do you forge counterfeit materials to confuse the system? Do you conceal your crew's important communiqués? Or do you ensure that the law favors you and opposes your enemies?</i>
<b>Animus</b>	A vengeful incarnation of nature's wrath	Man cursed the world to darkness, then raised walls of lightning and steel to hide from his sin. Those society can't exploit are discarded to its fringes or cast off into the blasted lands. Survivors of this harsh existence become embodiments of a world scorned—they become Animus.	When you play an Animus, you earn xp when you address a challenge with horrific acts or savagery. Tear down Duskwall's facade and reveal it for the rotting corpse it is. Make the people of this city see that luxury and artifice are lies told to deny the greater truth: we are all just flesh and blood for another mouth to eat.	<i>How have you survived on the edge of civilization, and for how long? Did someone teach you the old ways? What bonds still connect you to society, if any? Are you driven by spite for the system that forsook you, or are you simply enacting nature's will?</i>
<b>Archivist</b>	A keen student and diligent scholar.	The archives are ancient, varied and hold many closely guarded secrets, cataloged using esoteric archival systems that hide forbidden knowledge and state documents alike. The archivists are the students of these archives, versed in its intricate organization. They leverage knowledge into opportunity - through blackmail, extortion, demonic bargain or just the right plan.	When you play an archivist you gain xp when you address a challenge with knowledge or forethought. Scour the archives for that hidden piece of writing that turns the tide and deflects trouble, or delve even deeper for forbidden secrets.	<i>Were your studies mundane or occult? Will you stop at nothing in your pursuit for knowledge, or is there things best left unread? Did your family pay for you education, or are you beholden to a patron?</i>

<b>Arsonist</b>	A Destructive Pyromaniac.	Duskwall is a meticulous tapestry, tightly woven and impossible to unravel - so don't unravel it; Burn it to ash. Fire itself is a chaotic force, but not one that cannot be reins in. Arsonists are the scoundrels that hold the reins of fire, directing the flame to burn their enemy and then sheathing the flame leaving only ash behind.	When you play a The Arsonist, you earn xp when you address a challenge with Mayhem or Manipulating Fire. You control the flames, don't be afraid to use them. Set things on fire, laugh when the city alights in a bright glow, and rein the flames back in when they consume what you want.	<i>Is there a certain institution that you want to see destroyed or do you just want to watch the world burn? What drew you towards wanting to control fire? Is it a longstanding fascination with fire or maybe you're getting control of a source of trauma for you?</i>
<b>Artist</b>	A purveyor of emotions and experiences	The world is a dark place, and there will always be need for those that can provide an escape. The Artists of Duskwall know how to give that relief without the oblivion of drugs or the pleasures of the flesh. They paint with a palette of feelings, providing hope, anger, joy, or serenity wherever it is needed. They will find themselves welcomed into almost any place in the city. And that can be very useful indeed.	When you play an Artist, you earn xp when you address a challenge with distraction or emotion. Use your works to fascinate, terrify, charm, sadden, nauseate, or provoke. You know your art, and Duskwall is your canvas.	<i>What is your medium? What are you trying to provide with your art? Truth? Escapism? Something more? Or is it simply a means to an end?</i>
<b>Ascendant</b>	A voice in the dark, the first among many.	At first, there was just the one. A weak, downtrodden soul who stared into the void between the stars and dared to ask for mercy. You fulfilled their wish, willingly. Where you end and they begin is hard to tell, now. They have become far more than they could ever have imagined. And you? You've only just begun. There are many, many more that pray for guidance. They, too, will become Ascendant. In time.	When you play an Ascendant, you earn XP when you address a challenge with mercy or supernatural coordination.	<i>When you walk among the people, who do they see? Do they love you or fear you?</i>

<b>Ascetic</b>	An otherworldly prayer and dogmatic leader	<p>Belief has always been a subject of contention, for it has always been present in the very core of every living, or undead, entity crossing the streets of this city. And as far as you've known, it will always be. Mercenaries may believe in coin, cutthroats believe in revenge, tyrants believe that the stronger must rule, revolutionaries believe in a better world. And you think them all fools. Little they do know of the true faith, enthralling, all-encompassing faith of what lies beyond comprehension of even the . You are the conduit of forces stronger than the fury of the mightiest leviathan. And it falls on your shoulders to rid the world of all that contradicts the powers that be, so that true teachings can be spread of all of the ashes of the old.</p>	<p>When you play an ascetic, you gain XP when addressing challenges with fervorous preaching or blind faith. You most than all know how paramount and strong faith really is to how people operate. They are the foundations of society, the cement keeping all the different blocks together. And you've decided it's about time to make some bottom-up renovations.</p>	<p><i>What concept in your creed is the most holy? What's expected, and forbidden, for you and your followers? What is the reward for those that die in the service of your cause?</i></p>
<b>Avenger</b>	A mysterious vigilante and investigator	<p>Violence in the streets, corruption in the Watch, gangs run amok, and no one left to care. No one except you. Maybe you were a bluecoat, trying to make a difference even as your peers brutalized the citizens they swore to protect. Maybe you were no one at all until you decided to put on the mask. A menace to the lowlives infesting the streets and a symbol of hope to the innocent, you aren't the hero the city deserves, but you are the one it needs.</p>	<p>When you play an Avenger, you earn xp when you address a challenge with intimidation or bring criminals to justice. Stalk your prey from the darkness and stoke their terror until the sight of their own shadow causes them to tremble.</p>	<p><i>What caused you to take up your mantle? Do you stop at nothing in your pursuit of justice or do you maintain an unshakable moral code? Do you really think the city can be saved?</i></p>

<b>Barghest</b>	A terrible and foreboding omen	The streets, alleys and waterways (especially the waterways) of Duskvol are no stranger to ill omens. Even the most iron-willed of scoundrels are hard pressed to stay stoic in the face of one, however. The Barghest, dark as the night that bears it, is an omen of death. They say even a glimpse of its huge, monstrous form is enough to forfeit your life, but a lucky few know the Barghest is an omen in the same way a sheathed sword is. There are many bad dogs in Duskvol. You are the worst.	When you play a Barghest, you earn XP when you address a challenge with terror or violence. You are a nightmare. Act like one.	<i>What kind of dog are you? How many of the tales are true? How did the crew come across you? What's your favourite treat? How many have you slain? Are you really a good dog, deep down?</i>
<b>Blackcoat</b>	A devour worshipper	There are many in Duskvol who fear the spirits beyond the walls, and would seek to keep them in jars, or banish them. But you understand that what they are truly afraid of is what the spirits represent - power. You'll ally yourself with the unknown over your own kind, all in the hope of getting some of that power yourself.	When you play a Blackcoat, you earn xp when you address a challenge with willpower or arcane power. There are strange forces lurking in the city of Duskvol. Find them, make them your own. Show the unbelievers that they are right to be afraid. If there is to be a reckoning, let it be your own.	You have a relationship with a specific ghost, demon, or forgotten god who acts as a Patron for you, giving you much of your power in exchange for your worship.  <i>Where did you first encounter them? What motivates them? What did they do to prove to you that they were worthy of your life? What did you do for them?</i>

<b>Bookend</b>	An esoteric collector and scholar of things long forgotten	The World has been dead for a long time. Since the shattering of the sun, and the release of demons from their vaults, the thing that was the world, has died. And humanity? Reduced to creatures scuttling along its corpse trying to survive. Many of its bones and relics have already been picked clean, taken by scavengers now long dead, but what of the marrow within? The ones who would search for where none have thought to look are known as Bookends.	When you play an Bookend, you earn xp when you address a challenge with knowledge or obscurity. Find what is buried beneath. Leave no stone uncovered. □□ere is a lesson to be learned from everything, and you'll be damned if you aren't the first one to figure out exactly what it is.	<i>Do you look for these objects out of some belief that people must learn their history or do you simply prefer airing dirty laundry that people had long thought dried out? Do you care about how people are affected by your snooping, or do you just do it for the sense of superiority you feel whenever you look over your beloved collection?</i>
<b>Book</b>	A loud and devastating expert	It never hurts to have a demolitions expert - ghosts don't mention the pain they experienced when their living bodies disintegrated. Most Booms struggle to maintain a low profile, as it is widely regarded as a cowardly profession in Duskwall. Crews seldom desire to be accompanied by someone whose means are loud, destructive and volatile, but there are occasions when a bold statement is called for, or at least the threat of it. It's easy to go big, it's hard to also go home.	When you play a Boom, you earn xp when you address a challenge with explosions or the threat of them. Be ready to set off fireworks at a moment's notice, but also reassure your teammates you won't blow the score for them. Your taste for fishing with dynamite can make the work of others in the same small pond nearly impossible.	<i>Did you not get enough attention as a child? Are you trying to make a statement against a particular group? How many fingers do you have left?</i>
<b>Bounded</b>	A lost soul, craving dark desires	Through arcane rituals or prolonged exposure to ectoplasm, you become a creature of primordial force. An entity consumed by desire, barely a person in the normal sense. What are you willing to do to satiate your desire?	When you play a Bounded, you earn xp when you satiate your desires or influence another to join in your desire. You desire is all you need; fulfilling it takes precedence over others.	You now have one vice: dark desire. Choose a dark desire (murder, mayhem, corruption, etc.).

<b>Brand</b>	An impassioned arsonist and agitator	In fine mansions the nobles boast that the city is a clockwork built by their hands, and the common citizens are just so many cogs. Meanwhile in hidden lairs and gambling dens, the gangs of the underworld think of the city as an elegant web and themselves the spiders. The scoundrels commonly called Brands know they're both wrong. This broken and ruined city is a powderkeg—and if it can't be set right, perhaps it's time to put it all to the torch. The streets are filled with suffering multitudes whose hearts and ambitions are tinder waiting for the right spark. Will you be their savior, or their destruction?	When you play a Brand, you earn XP when you address a challenge with impassioned rhetoric or destruction.	<i>What set you on the path of the Brand? Are your acts of destruction targeted or indiscriminate? How long can you keep this up before you burn out?</i>
<b>Changeling</b>	An existence in search of attachments	A being made by esoteric ritual, depraved experimentation, or supernatural phenomena. Their own identity lost to them, what was once human is now an existence without their own connections. They take on the visages of others, living that life as their own.	When you play a Changeling, you earn XP when you use another's form or identity for your own ends.	Your vice is impersonation, you assume the form and life of a living being.



<b>Charlatan</b>	A cunning and elusive trickster	<p>The world is filled with people who are skilled wordsmiths, fighters, orators, businessmen, sailors, and more. You are none of these things. Those people break for the petty money that they pay to landlords and tax collectors and grocers. They will work their entire lives just to pay all that money back to someone who doesn't need it. You are the hero of your own story. You get by on bluster and confidence and blind luck. Take what you want, say what they want to hear, keep moving, and never look back. All you'll see is a bunch of suckers with knives out for you anyways.</p>	<p>When you play a Charlatan, you earn xp when you address a challenge with thievery and bravado. You have the gift of gab, use it. Talk your way in, talk your way through, and talk your way out. You have a gift Remember to never stop talking. If you stop talking then people start thinking and then they start doing things that you're probably not going to like. If all else fails find yourself a crowd, crowds are great. They are great for hiding in and they're full of people with wallets fat for the taking.</p>	<p><i>When did you realize you were such a potent speaker? Did you learn or were you born this way? Did you have a mentor who taught you how to use your gift for such benefits? What led you to such a bleak view of others?</i></p>
<b>Clerk</b>	A fixer at heart still trying to keep their job	<p>It could be said that the biggest crime entrepreneurs are not in some skull-duggery, but among white-collar workers. That is no different in Daskvol. And let's be honest, be it a supposedly reputable department of the Ministry of Preservation or a subsidiary of The Hive, they need somebody who can navigate the byzantine rules of kafkaesque bureaucracies. They need a Clerk.</p>	<p>When you play a Clerk, you earn xp when you address a challenge by Using your connections or exploiting the rules. No matter your affiliation to other forces in the city, you still have a job to do and you are good at it. You know how to appease the one in charge, how to get favours from the one that is really in charge, when to put a coin in the envelope and when to send a sternly worded letter. Your position gives you some power, and you know how to use it, and what limits not to cross, so that you don't invite suspicion.</p>	<p><i>What is the office you hold anyway? Did you work hard to get here and plan to fight to stay, or is this just a stepping stone to greater things?</i></p>

<b>Clown</b>	An unhinged entity and life of the party	No one can pinpoint when clowns started showing up in Doskvol but one thing is for certain, you are here now, and you're here to bring laughter to everyone! Your motivation for heists may be unclear, but one thing is for sure: almost everyone in Doskvol could use some cheering up, and it's the clown's purpose to get out there and make some smiles!	When you play a Clown, you earn xp when you address a challenge with laughter and whimsy. Prank people in your way, hurting, let nothing stand your way as you bring joy to everyone around you, make somebody like like they never have before	<i>What part of being a clown brings you the most joy? Is it the thrill of a chase that you know will never end? Is it the calm right before the chaos as you spring a most masterful prank? Or is it when your audience is laughing so hard they can't breathe?</i>
<b>Corsair</b>	A Bloody Pirate & Renowned Scourge	Who knows where you're from originally, but the damned ocean abyss has marked you now. Void water stains the insides of your veins, and you've seen the husked sun rise over the world's end. You've raided the Dagger Isles, bit off the hands that feed, and left a wake of pain and misery. Now, you're here.	When you play a Corsair, you earn xp when you address a challenge with savvy or threats. Surviving as a pirate means being more sharp-witted than your enemies, and having such a black name that people know to fear you. Things always turn to violence, but violence is risky and bad for business. Always tilt the odds in your favor, make people afraid to stand against you, and you risk nothing to gain everything.	<i>Where were you from originally? Who are your people? How long were you a pirate? What was your rank? Why did you come to Doskvol, of all places? What was the greatest atrocity your gang of pirates ever committed? What were the pirate hunters like? Are they still after you?</i>
<b>Creature</b>	A monstrous creation	You are a body reanimated by unhallowed scientific arts. Closer to a biological hull than the refined undead form of a vampire, you are caught between human and monster.	When you play as a creature, you earn xp when you address challenges through lashing out or trying to fit in.	<i>Are you a beloved friend brought back at great cost? Or a wretched child of scientific hubris? Do you desire a normal life or give in to your monstrous impulses?</i>

<b>Crone-Touched</b>	You have been cursed	Dark tales tell of a terrible crone who lives in the frigid tundra at the world's pole. You never paid the tales any heed until recently, when a cold grip has started to envelop your heart and strange shadows have been looming at the corners of your vision. There are rumours that an arctic expedition has been found after years spent missing. Their ice-breaker, the SS Mary Bilge, was found abandoned, but the lights were still lit and the table was set for food. You don't remember being on the expedition - so why is your name on the crew manifest? And why do you suddenly have a taste for the marrow of human bones?	When you play a Crone-Touched, you earn XP when you address a challenge with bold displays of cruelty or subtle terror. The crone hungers for suffering and you are Her agent of misery in Duskwall. You'll have control over who avoids injuries - and who suffers them instead. With each ability you gain you'll grow to more closely resemble the spiteful crone and her barren homeland while memories of your former self grow distant. The more harm you suffer, the more powerful your abilities can become - at the risk of being destroyed by your injuries.	<i>The curse of the crone confers powerful abilities at a terrible cost - is it a blessing or an unbearable burden? Will you embrace Her fell pact or fight to retain your humanity? How will your crew respond to your cruel desires? And how will the city react once it learns that this ancient menace is amongst them once again?</i>
<b>Culinarian</b>	An astute epicurian and pundit	Every living thing, from the lowest urchin to the highest noble, eats. Though some merely consume, those with discerning tastes live to find the finest delicacies. Exploring foreign techniques, preserving indispensible home recipies and pushing the envelope are the domains of the Culinarian.	When you play a Culinarian, you earn XP when you address a tough challenge with cuisine or authority. Serve a meal that leaves everyone's mouth watering for more. Introduce someone to the latest underground restaurant. Share tips on where to stock a pantry with the freshest trends. Everyone craves delicacies, and the garnish that tops those most coveted is your high opinion.	<i>One way or another, your life revolves around cuisine. How did this passion develop? Have you traveled far in this pursuit, or grasped longingly at that which is out of reach? Is cuisine an end goal, or simply a means?</i>

Demonbound	A damned soul, fused with a demon in exchange for power	<p>Now, most people would never dream of doing what you did. Most would balk at the very mention of it, or would rail at you for the utter, damnable foolishness of even entertaining the thought at all. Make a deal with a devil? So much as try, they say, and you'll soon pay the ultimate price—tortured, devoured by a creature whose power and whims you could have hardly ever imagined, paid back in an instant for your absurd attempt. Such folk lack vision. Or, perhaps, desperation. Whichever drove you, you paid what felt like hardly any price at all. Your immortal soul, which you were hardly using and made no difference in your day to day, it must be said, for power. The perfect opportunity: a demon, bound for eternity within an accursed blade, hardly able to devour anyone. It had the power you craved, locked away inside, and you had the body it lacked. So, a bargain struck. Now you'll share an eternal life, your spirits fused. The means to whatever ends you desired so fiercely. All in all, not a bad deal. You're still the one out here, making your own decisions, and it's still locked away in that blade. What more could it take from you?</p>	<p>When you play a Demonbound, you earn xp when you address a challenge with ruthlessness, or according to your demon's desires. Your souls are one, now. Which is to say, for all intents and purposes, you are a demon. No matter how much you cling to your humanity, the demon will make you a monster, in time.</p>	<p><i>What cause seemed so worthy that you were willing to sell your soul to a demon trapped in a blade over it? What drives you, now that there is no returning to whatever life you held before? Do you still hold out hope for yourself?</i></p>
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<b>Desperado</b>	A Damned Wanderer With Cursed Guns	You're from somewhere far-off. You're marked by the pistols you carry. The burns of the handles have seared your hands, the shots wail in your eyes when you fire. Many have tried taking these guns from you, but you're the one who's burdened to carry them.	When you play a Desperado, you earn xp when you address a challenge with mysticism or violence. Your greatest strength doesn't come from your guns, but the powers that reside within them. You can awaken the dark beings contained inside the metal, but shooting folk dead ain't too bad either.	<i>Where did you get your guns? How have you fought to keep them? Where else have you gone to escape the people following you? How has carrying the guns marked you? Who's likely to recognise these marks? Can you ever let them go?</i>
<b>Driver</b>	A fast and furious jockey	People need to get from place to place, especially those in the underworld, whether to and from a job or even as part of a job. A capable and reliable operator is the essence of a successful score. Their single occupation befits their expertise, purveyors of destinations - they are the drivers.	When you play a Driver, you earn xp when you address a challenge with speed or daring maneuvers. The only way to not get caught is to be faster and one step ahead. It does not matter the type of transport. They all become an extension of yourself. You are about reaching the destination, speed, and precise navigation are paramount to your success.	<i>Your training requires mentorship and access to your transports - who taught you everything you know? How did you develop your extraordinary skills as a Driver? Do you prefer the solitary life, moving from place to place, or do you prefer being a moving part of a smooth piece of machinery such as a crew?</i>

<b>Duellist</b>	A daring and graceful fighter.	Blades lock across Dorskvol - from the twisting alleys of Crow's Foot to the blood-blackened grass of the Gentlemens' Copse in Silkshore. By necessity or choice, many learn to fight fair or fight dirty. Only a few learn to fight beautifully. Duellists are those who treat their weapons like brushes and pens. They are artists, ready to take all comers. Only the bold will be remembered.	When you play a duellist, you earn xp when you address a challenge with bravado or style. Seek out every opportunity to test your mettle. Show your allies, you enemies, and the adoring crowds just what makes you the legend you are - and if you aren't one yet, act like you are until your name is on everyone's lips. Leap into danger. Never back down from a fight! You have the tools to live dangerously and still come out on top. Don't worry about your story ending early; make it a tale worth the telling.	<i>Do you fight with honour, or do you only care about winning? What drives you? Are you a thrill-seeker, a braggart in love with your own reputation, or do you nurse a death wish? Who celebrates your glories? Who will weep when you die?</i>
<b>Burned</b>	A cultist devoted to a long forgotten but powerful entity and its will	Some folks believe the gods of the past were slain by the emperor or have forsaken our gloom drenched world. Others have given themselves to fiendish tricksters or have taken up the Empire's foolish belief that our very flesh is sacred. But if you tune your ears and eyes just so, you will know our gods yet still live in the dark. Yours is the brightest, their grace keeps you warm and their wrath leaves you scrambling in the dark. Their gifts given freely at first require service and it is your time to serve.	When you play a Burned, you earn xp when you address a challenge with wisdom or divine might. Give yourself wholeheartedly to your deity and look to them for guidance. Seek out opportunities to ascertain their will. Be true to your tenets and strain against them.	<i>What does practicing your faith look like? What does your deity demand of you? How much of yourself are you willing to give in service to deity? What is your relationship with your deity like? What is your relationship with your fellow participants and practitioners? Does faith alone drive you to serve your deity? If not, what are your other motives?</i>

<b>Gill-Man</b>	A slippery fish out of water	There are many strange creatures and dangers hiding in the darkest depths of the sea - a Gill-man is a little bit of both. Seldom do they emerge from the water, as the oceans provide everything they need to survive - sustenance and obscurity. They are known mostly as a sailor's myth, blamed for sinking small ships.	When you play a Gill-man, you earn xp when you address a challenge with slipperiness or stealth. Crews looking for a greaseman should consider this slippery scoundrel who mixes well with water. They are naturally averse to detection, keeping potential heat to a minimum. They must be stealthy, you've never seen one until now.	<i>What compelled you to leave the water? What do you expect to find on land? Are you Tycherosi? Perhaps from a more pure Demon bloodline? Were you cursed by a Gillyfoot?</i>
<b>Haunt</b>	An experienced and esoteric urban guide	The city is an organism. You need only walk the streets to see it— watch its blood course through the canals, feel its heartbeat thumping in the cobbles. Haunts, more than anyone else, understand that the city is, to humanity, a most gracious friend and a most spiteful enemy. To say those folks know the Dusk like the back of their hand is an understatement... in reality, they know it far better. Every sunless capillary is a home to them. A Haunt is a devotee to the religion of alleyways and forgotten places— for the right price, they can instruct you in matters of their faith.	When you play a Haunt, you earn xp when you address a challenge with urban knowledge or navigation. Be the light that guides your crew through the endless night smothering Doskvol. Show them the way into a secret world of the rooftops, canals and alleys. And remember this— you always know a way out.	<i>What first sparked your fascination with the city? Were you born here, or have you only now begun to unravel its secrets? How do you feel about showing others through the streets? Is it something you're happy to do, or a perversion of something sacred to you? Do you have a favourite place you often go to?</i>
<b>Hollow</b>	A pure vessel possessed of strange urges	What is a body without a soul? Untainted by the fragile hubris of the human mind. A cancer removed and cauterized, leaving flesh to thrive. Purged of evil, a body is a vessel for good and for the god's own will. You can almost believe it, but if all that is true, why do these urges haunt you still?	When you play a Hollow, you earn XP when you struggle with your urges or lost emotions and when you address a tough problem with perfect obedience or willful defiance. You are not the person you once were. Play the Hollow to discover your self.	<i>How did you become a hollow? Was it an act of perfect faith or an unfortunate accident?</i>

<b>Hopeful</b>	A lonely light in the darkness	Even in the dark and the grime of Duskwall there are those who possess a shining glimmer of hope. Maybe it's foolishly naive to look for the best in people, to expect things to turn out okay, to keep fighting for your ideals despite overwhelming reality. In fact, forget 'maybe'. But still the Hopeful persists, because that's who they are. They're out of place among the scoundrels of the underworld, but maybe that difference is their strength. Maybe, in this perpetual gloom, the Hopeful's light will attract others who wish for something better. Or maybe it'll just make them stand out as an obvious target.	When you play as the Hopeful, you earn XP when you address a challenge with sincerity or optimism. Stay true to your heart and ignore how bad things really are, push on against overwhelming odds, remain wilfully blinded to the bleakness that surrounds you. Trust when it would make more sense to doubt, be honest when it would be far easier to lie. Be a light in the darkness, even if that attracts the wrong sort of attention.	The Hopeful might be an inexhaustibly optimistic naif, a deluded fanatic, or there could actually be something genuinely special about them. <i>What gives you hope? What do you dream of? Why are you here in the underworld, with this crew of scoundrels?</i>
<b>Ink Rake</b>	An intrepid reporter	Most investigations are conducted by Constables brought in from outside of Duskwall - professionals without any ties in the city, or investment in its future. The rampant destitution, corruption, and desperation means nothing to them. But it means something to you. You're the reason that Constables are brought in from the outside. Whether you were one previously or never had the chance, you're more than capable of performing your own investigations, and twisting the narrative and evidence you uncover to suit your own needs.	When you play an ink rake, you earn xp when you address a challenge with manipulation or keen observation. There are strange forces lurking in the city of Duskvol. Find them, make them your own. Show the unbelievers that they are right to be afraid. If there is to be a reckoning, let it be your own.	<i>What caused you to start your own newspaper? Do you pursue truth, or publish tabloids? Do you believe the truly villainous can be brought to justice?</i>



<b>Magician</b>	A demon specialist	A whispers' magic is derived from attuning to the ghost field. A magician specialises in a more potent and ancient source of power. They know the secret rituals to call forth demons from planes beyond and to bind them to their will. But a demon will always be an unwilling servant and a magician must be careful; A poorly drafted sigil or misspoken command is all a demon needs to slip its arcane bonds and turn on those who once controlled it.	When you play a magician, you earn xp when you address challenges through knowledge or demonic power.	<i>How did you come to follow an arcane path less trodden? How do you view the demonic forces you deploy? Do you have any sympathy for them?</i>
<b>Magnate</b>	A shrewd industrialist	When the bluestockings sit in their parlours in Brightstone and debate the nature of authority, they muse about noble bloodlines, social contracts, or the cryptic decrees of the Emperor. But you know the truth: real power comes from cold hard coin. The shipping barons, the factory owners, the captains of industry — they keep Duskwall running. The strongest Magnates are scoundrels at heart, blending business cunning with underworld brutality. No one ever got rich by being honest.	When you play a Magnate, you earn xp when you address a tough challenge with wealth or authority. Don't be afraid to throw money around to get what you want. If that doesn't fix things, delegate! Get one of your subordinates to do your dirty work. Remember: you're the boss. If they complain, remind them that Coalridge's almshouses are full of desperate people willing to replace them for a fraction of their pay.	<i>Do you flaunt your wealth or remain understated? Why do you leave the safety of your estate? What strings do you hold on your entourage to convince them to do your bidding?</i>
<b>Marked</b>	Your gift is your curse	You were marked by a powerful entity outside of mere mortal human comprehension. Whether you accepted it on your own volition or were tricked or forced, the deal is a deal — you got supernatural powers, in exchange of furthering your patron goals.	When you play as a Marked, you earn xp when you act in accordance with your patron's wishes -OR- actively working against them.	<i>How did you receive your mark? What price did you pay? What are your patron's goals? How does it communicate with you?</i>

<b>Mechanist</b>	An inventor, an entrepreneur, a walking weapon	Under lamplight and in the heat of a forge you do your best work. Metal bends to your will, and electricity courses through capacitors, giving a semblance of life to your creations. Encased in armour that augments your strength and carries your weaponry, you are more than human, and more than machine. And the city holds no secrets, no limits, over your ingenuity.	When you play a Mechanist, you earn XP when you address difficult challenges with ingenuity, cunning, and the creations of your own hands. You're a problem solver; everything can be broken down, fixed, and reassembled.	<i>You have an armoured suit, second skeleton, or gadgeteer's gauntlet; describe it. How did you get your start creating cutting edge tools of danger and daring? What secret sets your work apart from your peers? Are you more than the weapons you make and the machines you create, or less?</i>
<b>Medium</b>	A haunted and eccentric oracle.	You do not exist. If you did, the Spirit Wardens would spare no expense to hunt you down. You live between the world of the living and the world beyond, consorting with ghosts and trading favors. You understand their desires. You are an enigma, yet there are ways for those with money or power to call on you when needed - to console, to provide closure, or to enact revenge.	When you play a Medium, you earn xp when you address a challenge with vengeance or mysterious actions. Seek common ground with the ghosts that haunt you. Put others at ease by giving them one last conversation with a loved one, and then blackmail them with the secrets you have learned. Torment the souls of your enemies.	<i>Do you hate your abilities and only use them to survive? Have you embraced your abilities in search of power and comfort? Have you been consumed by the despair and rage of the ghosts you channel?</i>
<b>Mentalist</b>	An eccentric oracle or alienist.	You do not exist. If you did, the Spirit Wardens would spare no expense to hunt you down. You live between the world of the living and the world beyond, consorting with ghosts and trading favors. You understand their desires. You are an enigma, yet there are ways for those with money or power to call on you when needed - to console, to provide closure, or to enact revenge.	When you play a Mentalist, you earn xp when you address a challenge with psychology or arcane ritual. Seek common ground with the ghosts that haunt you. Put others at ease by giving them one last conversation with a loved one, and then blackmail them with the secrets you have learned. Torment the souls of your enemies.	<i>Do you hate your abilities and only use them to survive? Have you embraced your abilities in search of power and comfort? Have you been consumed by the despair and rage of the ghosts you channel?</i>

<b>Mirror</b>	A reflected soul luos detcelfer A	You exist not as one, but as the half of a greater whole. The occult underbelly of Daskvol is home to many curious experiments and forbidden arts, and you are the result of one such thing. Bonded to a life-size identical marionette that you control with spectral strings through the ghost field, your soul shares two homes.	When you play a Mirror, you earn XP when you address a tough challenge with Mimicry or Confusion. Is it really you? Or is it your marionette? Use flashbacks for clever twists in the narrative. Often Mirrors find their lives infused with symmetry, use roleplay and descriptive imagery to exemplify your reflective nature.	<i>Were you willing, or were you the victim of forced experiments? Do you view your marionette as a lifelong companion? Or as a lingering shadow that reminds you of your past?</i>
<b>Mischief</b>	Scurrying About With Little Friends	Daskvol isn't clean. It's streets are dirty and so are it's people; and where there's dirt there are always rats. Most people look at them with disgust, but the Mischief knows they're smart and have a role to play in the city. They'll take that strong work ethic and together they'll clean up the city. Either that or have a little fun and mischief along the way.	When you play a Mischief, you earn XP when you address a tough challenge with your little friends or by annoying people. Your little friends can get into all manner places you can't and are willing to do it for a little bit of food or maybe even praise. Once inside they can get up to all kinds of cheeky antics.	The Mischief doesn't fit into normal society. <i>Are they more at home talking to their rats? Where do their rats come from? Is the Mischief a breeder or a rat catcher? Why are they so interested in their furry little friends?</i>
<b>Mother</b>	Someone has to knock some sense into these idiots	Of course you're not literally their mother. Maybe you're not anyone's actual mother. But you do things that scoundrels think of as mothering. You make sure they put on their rain gear when it's raining. You patch them up when they come home hurt. You give them a slap on the head to remind them not to do anything too stupid. They might not tell you all their secrets, but they come to you because you know best—whether they like it or not.	When you play a Mother, you gain xp when you address a problem with indignation or by putting others' needs ahead of your own. Note that Mother is a role, not biology. This playsheet works fine regardless of the character's gender.	<i>What makes you feel protective of this crew and their hangers on? What kinds of needs do you provide for them? Do they listen to you naturally or do you have to give them a good smack to make them understand what's good for them?</i>

<b>Old Salt</b>	An unpredictable force with nothing to lose	Old Salts were Leviathan Hunters. They were many things, a lifetime ago. Now they are scoundrels.	When you play an Old Salt, you earn xp when you address a challenge with experience or fury. Play the wise mentor where you can, but don't be afraid to unleash hell against those who wrong you and yours.	<i>What was the incident that forced you to retire? How many grandchildren do you have, and what are their names? What is the name of the leviathan that still haunts your dreams?</i>
<b>Pledge</b>	A young thief and newcomer	You're new here. New to the crew, new to Doskvol, or just new to being a scoundrel. You might be the youngest in the crew, but you still know a thing or two about a thing or two. You know how to lift a coin purse, how to slip out of the local Bluecoat precinct, or just how to cause a good distraction. You've made friends with ghosts and pulled off a few small-time scores, and now you think you're ready for the big time. Let's hope the rest of the crew thinks the same. You're inexperienced and curious, and in Doskvol that can be a very dangerous mix.	When you play the Pledge, you earn xp when you address a tough challenge with theft or innocence. Lift something important off a guard, get in over your head, and make the most obvious mistakes early and often.	<i>Why did you decide to try to get in with this crew in particular? Who are your parents? Where are they? What are you going to need to leave behind to become a real scoundrel?</i>

<p><b>Preacher</b></p>	<p>A fiery orator and divine leader</p>	<p>The world may have moved on with its electricity and trains and those in power have forgotten or hidden the things that once were, but you remember. You remember the gods of old, you remember the rituals done in their name, you remember the prayers to call on their favour, and you remember the power that they possess and grant to you. Now is the time to take the words passed down to you by your forebearers to the streets and to free the people from the grip of tyranny not just by the government and their cold bureaucracy but also from the gangs and their deadly fingers of blood and vice. Sometimes one must delve into the darkness to allow others to walk in the light.</p>	<p>When you play a Preacher, you earn xp when you address a challenge with rhetoric or conviction. Seek out audiences for you to preach your message, draw in crowds, and bring them into the light. Grow your flock and bring them to bear against the sinners who would crush them beneath their fist. Always lead from the fore and let your faith in god guide you and, if necessary, your weapons.</p>	<p><i>Who is your god or gods? Where did you learn about them from, and what prayers, stories, and rituals do you know? Where did you hone your ability to give fiery and persuasive speeches, and what failures did you experience along the way? Do you truly believe in your god or is it all a ruse to con the desperate and downtrodden people of Duskwall?</i></p>
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<b>Prince</b>	A noble slumming it among the common people	<p>You've lived a life free from starvation and poverty; whatever your gender, you might be an actual member of a royal family, old money, landed gentry, or merely heir to a wealthy and socially-climbed haute bourgeoisie merchant. But you've decided to descend like an avatar into the muck and grime of the city streets, and live like one of the common folk who struggle. Maybe you've traded roles with a pauper; maybe no one knows you are missing; maybe you spirited yourself away. How much can you play-act being like them? How long can you keep up this ruse? Who are you lying to and why? Regardless, a prince's skills can come in handy in the life of a scoundrel. It's just a matter of striking the right balance between who you were and who you're pretending to be.</p>	<p>When you play a Prince, you earn XP when you address a tough challenge with acquired poise or put-upon abandon. This might seem at first to be contradictory, or all-encompassing. But you operate best in two modes - showing off, or acting like nothing really matters to you.</p>	<p><i>Why did you come to this lifestyle? What are you getting out of it that you couldn't have gotten back home? What comforts are waiting for you when you return? What reasons have you found to stay here and fight a little longer?</i></p>
<b>Psychonaut</b>	A voyager through altered states of consciousness	<p>All the black lotus, bloodneedle, dream smoke, and quicksilver have cracked your mind wide open. While others fear what they call the ghost field, you can see it for what it truly is: the shared consciousness of the living and the dead; the very source of consciousness; the universal consciousness that binds and unites all beings. Meditation, rituals, and drugs allow you to explore this psychedelic parallel reality and penetrate the inner space of other people's minds.</p>	<p>When you play a psychonaut, you earn XP when you address a tough challenge with alchemical or psychic power. Put your alchemical experience to work as a dispenser of harmful or psychoactive substances, then journey into the minds of others and the collective consciousness of the ghost field, free from the constraints of the physical body.</p>	<p><i>Are you a desperate addict playing with powers of which you have no comprehension, or a pioneer in new realms of consciousness and bliss?</i></p>

<b>Psychonaut</b>	A researcher and explorer of inebriated senses.	On the underworld of The Dusk, knowledge is the one thing that can keep your body and spirit together. The more exclusive it is, the better. Thinning the veil between this world and what lies beyond, psychonauts may be the perfect sources - if you find one that is reliable enough. Psychonauts uncover what lies beyond perception. The use of hallucinogenic methods are the price they pay to leave their bodies and embark on inner voyages where they meet the threads that connect all forms of consciousness. Some of them develop tics, unnaturally rigid habits, strange postures or colored, exposed veins from their most recent journeys in the unknown.	When you play a psychonaut, you gain XP when addressing challenges with mind-altering techniques or esoteric insight. Use all manners of substances and practices to lean on the borders of known reality, explore the depths of human psyche, and beyond. Manifest your power through sheer will - after all, eventually every scoundrel gets insane or dead. Unlock what knowledge you can before you suffer either.	<i>What kinds of secrets have you uncovered? How has that changed or affected you? Are you willing to share what you uncovered with your allies, if you share them at all?</i>
<b>Quell</b>	A mystical and deadly survivalist	In the darkest hours of the night, deathlands scavengers whisper stories from cell to cell. They spin tales of those who survive outside the Walls: outcasts who overcome strange beasts, shelter in ancient ruins, and discover forgotten secrets. Changed by the Deathlands, these scoundrels speak in low tones and leave no skin exposed. When they return to Doskvol, they are called Quells.	When you play a Quell, you earn XP when you address a tough challenge with brutality or arcane power. Why use a hammer when a battering ram will do? Tear your enemy's soul out of its body, make ammunition explode in the barrel, and summon dark forces to cut a swathe through the opposition. Talking things out is for civilized criminals, and you've forgotten how to play nice.	<i>How did your discovery give you power? What price did you pay? Did you leave a friend for dead, or is someone waiting for you past the Lightning Wall?</i>

<b>Quotodian</b>	A nice normal person.	Duskvol is a thriving metropolis with a burgeoning bureaucracy of wordsmiths, measurerulers, and beancounter powering its electropasmic underbelly. You are one of the tens of thousands who go unnoticed; those who toil daily from tiny box to larger box to tiny box in service of a clockwork organization that groans under the collective choir of processes, paperwork, and team meetings. This is your life, your everyday - you Quotodian you.	When you play a Quotodian, you earn xp at the end of each session just because. You've ingratiated yourself to the system and will be rewarded meagerly. You've chosen to dabble in a life of crime, but there's no denying it - your existence is comfortable, if sometimes bleak.	<i>Who brought you into the fold with the others? What thrill from a life of crime can you not get from your day job? Did you think your life would end up this way?</i>
<b>Rakehell</b>	A vicious and charming libertine	Duskwall's citizens cower in the darkness, caught between serpent-quick danger and slow, suffocating sadness. Rakehells once shared this pitiful existence, but they broke out upon a precarious path of extremity and excess. They thrive amongst scoundrels and bright-lit dens of ill-repute, their glamour and magnetism fueled by the fast burning wick of their own vice-fed spirits.	When you play a Rakehell, you earn xp when you address a challenge with recklessness or charm. Spend too much coin. Overindulge. Wax poetic at the wrong moment. Lash out in anger. Burn bridges you still need. Rekindle old friendships. Celebrate victory and loss. Be forgivable because you are flawed.	<i>Are you still bound to your old life? How did you ruin it when you left? Do you value your reputation, or are you past caring? Is there any thrill too depraved for you? Is there anyone who still trusts you? Should they? Is there anyone that you still hold dear?</i>



<b>Red Sash</b>	An elegant dancer and duelist	Hailing from the distant lands of Iruvia, the Red Sashes have cut a bloody swathe through Doskvol's underworld using their mastery of the Falling Star style. Proud and graceful, practitioners of the Falling Star school of swordsmanship are as much performers as they are killers. Wielding silken scarves traditionally used in Iruvian dances, they confound their opponents with intricate movements before landing the killing blow.	When you play a Red Sash, you earn XP when you address a challenge stylishly or defend your reputation. You seek out opportunities to prove yourself and put your mastery of the blade to the test. You bask in adoration and let no insult go unanswered.	<i>Why did you take up the blade? Do you support your peers' criminal ways or follow a different path? Would you sacrifice glory before honour?</i>
<b>Samaat</b>	A manipulator of essence and force	The life force which flows within and around all things can be used to your advantage with the proper training and willpower to bend its essence to your will. There are scoundrels who prowl the shadows and can create weapons which kill with their own essence, their blood. The rumors of drowning victims found within locked rooms and no water, a trail of crimson red and bodies drained dry as if the blood was sucked from them. These are the stories of a possible Samaat.	When you play a Samaat, you earn xp by addressing challenges with manipulation of essence or mayhem. Either prowl the streets and only let the bodies you leave behind speak for you or you can manipulate the essence of the still living to carve yourself and crew an empire. The spirits may be bound and manipulated, poison pushed further into a wound, blood coagulated to staunch a gash. How will you play as a Samaat?	<i>How did you learn the art of being a Samaat? Why a weapon of blood? Who hurt you enough to create you into this monster or are you more subtle in your manipulation?</i>

<b>Seeker</b>	An adventurer and arcane archaeologist	The Imperium holds many secrets. Forgotten places, lost artifacts, and remnants of the era before the cataclysm. Some brave souls seek fame and glory retrieving these ancient treasures—not for the coin, but for the hidden knowledge they contain. They are the Seekers.	When you play a Seeker, you earn xp when you address a challenge with bold action, wit, or intelligence. Swing from chandeliers, plunge the depths of Deathlands tombs, and uncover dangerous artifacts, all while cracking jokes. But make sure you come prepared—you are no simple graverobber, but an accomplished archaeologist and scholar. Find the maps, translate the texts, and learn from the terrible mistakes of the past, lest you be doomed to repeat them.	<i>Why are you drawn to the mysteries of the past? Are you the daring explorer or the obsessed student? What long-lost artifact do you seek? What mystery are you trying to unravel? What personal connection do you have to your quest?</i>
<b>Siren</b>	A seductive manipulator and controller	The carpenter uses tools, the writer uses words, and the siren uses people. To you people are just tools to be used to your advantage. People fall over themselves doing everything they can to capture your affection even just for a moment, and you often have them wrapped around your finger as often by accident as by intention. You just can't help but be the center of every conversation or have others fight over you, and you wouldn't have it any other way. It may just be the only time you're truly happy. You live fast and you may die young but you're going to enjoy the party while it lasts.	When you play a Siren, you earn xp when you address influence or charisma. Talk your way into any room, make everyone fall in love with you, and then get the room to devolve into madness. You are who everyone wants or wants to be. If anyone fails to fall for your charms be sure to turn everyone else against them. People may be your tools or your toys, use them as you wish.	<i>Is there any with whom you are genuine or any relationship that is real, or is every relationship a thing to be exploited? How many broken hearts have you left in your wake? Is there someone who broke yours at the start? Do you have a plan or is everything about the moment?</i>

<b>Skeleton</b>	A clacking assortment of accursed bones	Bones litter Daskvol—the chewed-up treasures of the hounds, the discarded scrimshaw of the leviathan hunters, the eel-picked bodies lurking beneath the murky waters of the canals. Each of these fragments carries a spark of memory, of feeling, of spirit. Bind enough of them together and you get, well, you. The skeleton, given life.	When you play a skeleton, you earn XP when you address a tough challenge with undeathly vigor and uncanny memory.	<i>Are you the skeleton of a particular person or being, or a ramshackle collection of bones? Do you hide your ossein form? How?</i>
<b>Snake</b>	A social predator who preys on hopes and fears	Beneath a bewitching smile and a veneer of civility, the Snake seethes with contempt for those who lack the conviction to seize what the world owes them. Always analyzing and judging others, they pounce the moment someone falters. They attract followers with clever philosophies and empty promises, then reforge their minds and bodies into weapons. Cravings for power and admiration consume the Snake, and we are all fuel for the fires of their ambitions.	When you play a Snake, you earn xp if you exploited someone in pursuit of your goals, or if you gained someone's trust or betrayed it. Move in any social strata as you seduce those who will serve you. Use twisting words to make pawns pull the triggers while your hands stay clean. Infiltrate the ranks and psyches of your enemies and turn them against themselves.	<i>Do you have a grand plan, or are you making it up as you go? Do you feel any guilt for those left dead and broken in your wake, or is remorse a weakness you pity in others? Could all the money, power, and fame in the world ever fill the gaping emptiness inside you?</i>
<b>Snooker</b>	An ever-shifting deceiver and fraudster	You know we all need beautiful falsehoods lest we go mad under the crushing weight of reality, and a lie fervently believed has greater force than truth. Some may call you a fraud, a con artist, a parasite—but they can't deny your skill. When the fake surpasses the original, who's to say what's real? As a Snooker, you simply give people the blissful lies they crave.	When you play a Snooker, you earn xp when you address a challenge with ingenuity or guile. Steal someone's identity, then their fortune. Dupe a collector with a fake masterpiece while keeping the genuine item for yourself. Con your way into the vault then stroll out the front door with pockets full of ill-gotten gains.	<i>Is it enough to copy others, or do you want to make a real name for yourself? Do you see yourself as a liar or a crafter of truths beyond truth? Is it even about money anymore or the thrill?</i>

<b>Spy</b>	An infiltration and reconnaissance expert	The eyes and ears of the Legion are offered many extravagances unavailable to others. The freedom to roam the world, the latitude to pursue the mission as you will, and a generous stipend of coin being but a few. Other soldiers have a noble history of service and their commander to answer to. You need only answer to your Spymaster.	When you play a Spy, you earn xp when you help your squad with diplomacy or careful planning. Your role in the legion is normally one of support. Show them that you are more than capable of taking care of yourself.	<i>Who were you before you were recruited by the Legion? What drew you to the cause?</i>
<b>Stitcher</b>	A talented fixer and philosopher charlatan	You've always been a fixer. Be it broken bones or shattered dreams, everyone back home knew they could count on you to set things right. You stitched folks up, earned your way, learned a trade, and paid your debt to the crew that owned your block. Then, one night, you escaped to richer districts in the hopes of fixing problems all your own.	When you play a Stitcher, you earn XP when you address a tough challenge with past experience or misplaced confidence. There are those who will say you don't deserve to succeed. Prove to them that they are wrong.	<i>Do you intend to nurture your wallet? Your curiosity? Or the secret of the grift?</i>
<b>Stranger</b>	An unusual soul blessed with strange talents	Different. Moon-blessed. Stranger. Darkling. Even in Doskvol, your personality and your nature make you an oddity. Still, there are those who are drawn to you, to the glimmer in your eyes and the rhythm of your steps. To the subtle music of a drum only you can hear.	When you play a Stranger, you earn XP when you address a tough challenge with radical perspectives or bizarre methods. Others will look down on you. Surprise them with your monstrous intellect and unnatural charisma.	<i>What made you this way? Were you raised by witches, or by honest, hard-working folk? Did Doskvol birth you, or do you hale from regions stranger still?</i>

<b>Swarm</b>	An arcane critter specialist	<p>What's in the box?</p> <p>Some things go bump in the night, others crawl along the cobblestones and creep between woodwork with only the faintest noise. One may have glided in unnoticed and be currently clinging to the wall of this very room. Duskvol pests can be frightening, but these are macabre arcane vermin with conscious ill intent.</p>	<p>When you play a Swarm, you earn xp when you address a challenge with infiltration or fright. Select a type of creature that would fit within a single average shoebox. Two will serve as your undead zombie-like ghosts (physical form) and the volume of which could be fit into three shoeboxes will serve as your spirit-ghost (incorporeal) swarm to unleash. You share a mutually beneficial, symbiotic relationship with your usual creatures that's beyond words. They act as highly trained companions who will carry out suggested tasks which don't cause them harm.</p>	<p><i>What's in the box?! Fleas? Bees? Bats? Frogs? Chihuahuas? Cats? Did you find them? Did you create them in a ritual? Did they summon you? Who's controlling who? How obedient are they?</i></p>
<b>Switchblade</b>	An unsuspecting & ravenous predator	<p>The underworld is a cruel and uncompromising place. Some embrace their bloodthirsty natures, others try to reject it, and then there are the few who manage to achieve both. They become the apex killers, able to blend in with the world and be ruthless at the flick of a blade. They are the unassuming assassins, hidden in plain sight behind a false smile - these are the Switchblades. Get in close with your inconspicuous and mundane nature - then "switch" to a ruthless and callous persona to complete your tasks. You are a wolf in sheep's clothing, one of the herd.</p>	<p>When you play a Switchblade, you earn xp when you address a challenge with innocence or violence. You are an unassuming person, one of the crowd, and quickly forgotten. You are nobody, and that ignorance will be their undoing.</p>	<p><i>Which of you is the real you? Or have you forgotten? Is every gesture you make just a ruse from one of your many masks?</i></p>

<b>Tar</b>	An erstwhile sailor, weathered by the Void Sea	When the people of Duskvol say “leviathan hunter” they're usually speaking of the rich and powerful families who own the fleets that keep the plasm flowing.. In reality few, if any, of them have ever even seen a leviathan. The true leviathan hunters are the common tars brave or desperate enough to serve on the hunting ships. Those who head out into the terrible darkness of the Void Sea, take rope and harpoon in hand, and ply sweat and blood against unspeakable beasts. Those are the ones who keep the lights on back in Duskvol. Sometimes, by choice or circumstance, these sailors return before the Void Sea can claim them and many find use for hard won skills amongst the city's scoundrels.	When you play a Tar, you earn XP when you address a challenge with resilience or camaraderie. Life on the void sea is harsh and you've learned how to endure, how to come out on top, and how to bring your crew through with you.	<i>What sent you out to sea and what brought you back? Do you prefer to give orders or to carry them out? What do you miss about life aboard ship and what are you trying to forget?</i>
<b>Vagabond</b>	A filthy bohemian scavenger	Homelessness is a common sight on the streets of Duskvol. The destitute and the damned roam the inbetween of every district save Whitecrown, finding refuge where and when they can before they are inevitably chased off by the Bluecoats or some other authority. Most citizens have learned to avoid the gaze of these dredges, but every so often there is a Vagabond who refuses to be ignored.	When you play a Vagabond, you earn xp when you address a challenge by getting by or defying expectations. Lash out at the cruelty of fate, read faces, or indulge in the occasional moment of clarity. Find refuge in discard and seek a means out of the clockwork crush.	<i>Are you a common fool or the herald of the end times? How does the heel of oppression weigh on the conscience of the forgotten? Can you dabble your way towards greater misfortunes? darkness finally descend?</i>

<b>Veteran</b>	You've survived the war, now what?	Since the Skovish war ended, Duskwall has been inundated with demobilised soldiers, all of them desperate for coin to supplement their meagre pensions. Some didn't come back in one piece, and their maimed bodies choke the streets outside the lightning rail station, their cries of "Spare a groat for an old soldier, sir?" falling on deaf ears. Capable veterans are beginning to supplant Cutters as the principle muscle in the Dusk. Their thousand-yard stares and pilfered military hardware make them invaluable to any up-and-coming criminal organisation.	When you play a Veteran, you earn xp when you address a challenge with violence or discipline. Stand firm in the face of oncoming danger, meet violence with overwhelming force, and show them how you won the war!	<i>What's your opinion of the Imperial Military? Did they treat you right, or are you bitter about being consigned to the scrap heap? What did you see while you were over there? What's forced you to turn to crime? Do you still talk to anyone from your old unit?</i>
<b>Void Chanty</b>	A jaunty tune and a timepiece	Before the Cataclysm, sailors coordinated their work by singing shanties. This tradition continues today, but sailors no longer sing to haul rope or weigh anchor. Upon the Void Sea, beneath a broken sky, sailors sing to push back against the darkness. Those who lead the song are known as Void Chanties.	When you play as a Void Chanty, you earn xp when you address a challenge with music or coordination. Hold things together, and don't be afraid to draw on strange forces to do it. You've dealt with those powers before, and you carry plenty of lessons with you even today.	<i>How were you hardened by your time at sea? Do you still embark on voyages or have you quit in search of safer work? Did you get a tattoo from Tris in the course of your voyages?</i>

<b>Warden</b>	A bronze-masked custodian	The quiet underworld is loud to a Warden. Bearing an ancient mask attuned to the spirit bells, they heard each death in the city as a grave toll. Most of Doskvol know the job of the Spirit Wardens: take care of the recently deceased to prevent ghosts from manifesting. Few know that they research artifacts from the deathlands. And even less know how to become one. The lightning barriers hold off the ghosts outside of Doskvol, a warden takes care of the ones on the inside.	When you play a Warden, you earn xp when you address a challenge with courage or intrigue. Investigate deaths and the arcane. Weld arcane power bravely to get the job done. Discover secrets and keep some to yourself.	<i>How did you become a Warden? Why do you continue to serve? Is it the sense of obligation? Or is it the lure of arcane secrets and forbidden knowledge? Or is it the unique catharsis when you put a spirit to rest?</i>
<b>Weaver</b>	A reckless master of luck and fate	After the end of the world painted the skies with the brush of eternal darkness most people gave up on the concept of luck, trusting only their instincts to survive in this haunted place. On the other hand, scoundrels blessed with the power to bend the strings of fate are essential to the works of the right people—changing reality to do as they please. Those scoundrels who can jump from cliffs knowing that luck is on their side are called Weavers.	When you play a Weaver, you earn xp when you address a challenge with recklessness or trust. The world is on your side, you have nothing to fear. Use the situation to your advantage as you weave the odds to help your allies in their fight against survival.	<i>Do you really believe you are unbeatable or is it just a facade? Do you still enjoy the little things or is your life only moved by new situations? Have you ever failed to save someone from their fate? Why?</i>



<b>Welded</b>	An amalgam of flesh and machinery	<p>Magic broke the world, but industry saved it. The lightning barriers, the great crematoria, and the steel ships of the Leviathan Hunters are the apex of centuries of civilization built from rubble. Even the restless dead have been tamed and made useful by strapping them into the steel engines called Hulls. All this is sustained by the factories of Akoros where the masses find purpose in common labour. The workshops of Sparkwright Tower and the exhibition halls of Doskvol Academy burst with knowledge and ingenuity, showing that finally mankind has achieved mastery over a natural world broken and disordered. The future is understood. It is planned for. And then you: Welded together. You are everything these people have worked for, and you defy their tame futures. You will surpass them. Tomorrow belongs to you.</p>	<p>When you play a Welded, you earn xp when you address a challenge with mechanical power or struggle to find your place in human society. Your body is an array of technological marvels; your veins spark through limbs of steel . You can never return to who you were: who will you be instead?</p>	<p><i>Did you choose this existence, or was it thrust upon you? Do you have a creator? How do you feel about them? Do you still seek the same things you did when you were flesh and blood? What grand design drives you now?</i></p>
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<b>Werebeast</b>	A shifting horror disguised as human	Stress builds inside of you, and gives way to the rage and bestial hunger of the form-shifting devil within you. Its hunger will give you strength, and it will lend you its powers. Though with the more you accept its powers, you risk having your mind snap beneath it. In Severos, entire tribes would come together to hunt down those possessed by the creature that now claims you. In Doskvol, you're just another nightmare.	When you play a Werebeast, you earn xp when you instill a primitive fear into those that would harm you. The beast is strong, and will far outlive you yet. If you fight, a grave injury could see it taking over forever. Its impulses are too strong for you to stay hidden for long. Perhaps your only option is to force terror into your hunters. Have them traumatised by the ruins and chaos you bring. Senseless, barbaric violence to save yourself from the beast inside you.	<i>How did you become possessed by the beast? Why are you here in Doskvol? What did the beast first appear to you as? Does it talk to you? Does its power feel good?</i>
<b>Wraith</b>	A graceful avenger and social chameleon	Your world as you knew it suddenly came crashing down one day. Maybe you were important or someone's stepping stone to greatness. Either way, it was those close to you whose betrayal hurt the most. Now, you are a high flying shadow in Doskvol night, seeking justice or maybe vengeance. Regardless of what you do, your old life is gone. You have become the Wraith.	When you play a Wraith, you earn xp when you address a challenge with Speed or Misdirection. Strike from the shadows, but strike momentum is a better ally than stealth. The many masks you wear grant you the permission to tell the truth, but also to construct lies that are more believable than the truth. Set up your allies by distracting marks and foes. When things go wrong, think fast and remember you probably have something special planned for just this emergency.	<i>Who wronged you? How did you survive? What change for you will constitute proper justice?</i>

Source - [Itch.IO Playbook creation JAM](#)

## Crews

Who do you work with?

### Official & Deep Cuts (6)

Name	Description	Blurb	XP	Notes
<b>Assassins</b>	Killers for hire	You're professional murderers—death is your business. In Duskwall, this means extra trouble from the spirit bells and vengeful ghosts. Be prepared!	When you play Assassins, you earn xp when you execute a successful accident, disappearance, murder, or ransom operation.	<i>Do you have any scruples when it comes to who you kill? Is everyone fair game?</i>
<b>Bravos</b>	Mercenaries and thugs	Some crews plot and scheme, some crews sneak around, some crews get entangled with the occult—you fight. The fist and the blade are all you need.	When you play Bravos, you earn xp when you execute a successful battle, extortion, sabotage, or smash & grab operation.	<i>Are you brutal thugs, savvy sell-swords, or ruthless gangsters?</i>
<b>Cult</b>	Acolytes of a forgotten god	You heard the secret voice calling in the darkness. You obeyed. You are its instrument—and the world shall bow before its glory, or burn.	When you play a Cult, you earn xp when you advance the agenda of your deity or embody its precepts in action.	Instead of hunting grounds, you have sacred sites that you use for your operations.
<b>Hawkers</b>	Vice dealers	All of Duskvol craves escape. They can't go outside... but they can turn to you.	When you play Hawkery, you earn xp when you acquire new product supply, execute clandestine or covert sales, or secure new sales territory.	Instead of hunting grounds, you have a sales territory where you sell your product.  <i>What's your product? Who's your supplier? Where and how do you sell it?</i>
<b>Shadows</b>	Thieves and spies	Everyone wants something that they can't have. That's where you come in.	When you play Shadows, you earn xp when you execute a burglary, espionage, robbery, or sabotage operation.	<i>Do you spy and steal primarily to serve your own interests, or do you sell your services to whoever will pay?</i>
<b>Smugglers</b>	Contraband transporters	Illicit goods are the life-blood of Duskwall—both for those who consume them and those who profit from their taxation and criminalization. Smugglers keep the city alive.	When you play Smugglers, you earn xp when you execute a smuggling operation or acquire new clients or contraband sources.	Instead of hunting grounds, you have cargo types that you use for your operations.  <i>What kind of contraband do you transport? Do you have any rules about what you will or won't carry?</i>

## Unofficial (14)

Name	Description	Blurb	XP	Notes
<b>Citizens</b>	Comrades & Neighbors	You aim to free the people, and see your community thrive in a city that would rather see them broken. Not all the work you do will be legal, and even the work that is legal won't go unpunished. Those who look to break their neighbors' chains are met with the same manacles and batons as any common criminal.	When you play Citizens, you earn xp when you provide for your community's needs or help its people flourish.	<i>Why help thy neighbor? Do you really believe you can change the city?</i>
<b>Deathlands Scavengers</b>	Survivors in the haunted wasteland	The magistrates said they were giving you mercy: sentencing you to the Deathlands, beyond the protection of the lightning barriers, instead of executing you in prison. They said it with a smile. Scavengers are a band of misfits and scoundrels, bound together by the city that cast you out and the land blasted with magic and danger. Each day will be a battle-but you are not alone.	When you play the Deathlands Scavengers, you earn xp when you execute an operation based on community, exploration, or revenge.	<i>How do you weigh the hard work of survival against the desire for something greater?</i>
<b>Descendants</b>	A Chosen Family, Destined to fight Evil.	a Chosen Family- destined to contend with forces that are out of control and threaten the very fabric of existence and reality. Of course, this doesn't mean you are any less of a Scoundrel- you'll need your wits about you to survive in this Family and in the City as a whole.	When you play the Descendants , Mark XP if you contend with your Family's Nemesis, made powerful new allies in the fight, gained new tools for the fight, or lived up to your Legacy	Instead of Hunting Grounds or a Favored Operation, choose a Nemesis
<b>Drowners</b>	Scavengers in the depths of the Void Sea	Many ships leave Doskvol laden with gear, expecting a lucrative return. For those that never do, you are there to collect their unclaimed goods and secrets. Even the canals are full of riches for those who know how to obtain them.	When you play Drowners, you earn xp when you return from the depths with new knowledge or booty.	Instead of hunting grounds, you have hidden treasures that you seek in the depths.  <i>What are you seeking in the depths? What will you do with the maddening knowledge you obtain?</i>

Name	Description	Blurb	XP	Notes
<b>Family</b>	We were, we are, we will be	You may or may not be related, but you're family—only the latest in a long-line of those who share your name. In a world full of dangers, all you can count on is each other.	When you play as Family, you earn xp when you execute a successful coercion or deception operation, or when you rise in notoriety or social standing.	<i>What kind of family are you? Nobles trying to restore yourselves to a former glory? A company of actors or carnival troupe? An organized crime syndicate? Who is the head of your family?</i>
<b>Grifters</b>	Artists of Deception	You are professional cons, and you deal in deception. While others may not understand it, you are the aristocracy of crime, for who else has their victims rob themselves?	When you play grifters, you earn XP when you execute a con or deception.	<i>What's your big score, the one you can retire after?</i>
<b>Haunts</b>	The creatures that go bump in the night	You are gremlins, ghosts and ghouls. The city's nightmares drawn together. You are the monsters that lurk in Doskvol's shadows, and the city has so, so many of those.	When you play Haunts, you earn XP when you execute successful defiling, haunting, scaring or spooking operation.	<i>Are you drawn together out of sinister purpose or hope for something better?</i>
<b>Legionnaires</b>	Soldiers with nowhere to go	Some crews plot and scheme, some crews sneak around, some crews get entangled with the occult - you fight. The rifle and the blade are all you have left.	When you play Legionnaires, you earn xp when you enact revenge, you take back something that was owed to you, or you make someone else suffer for what's been done.	<i>What happened on the Front? Who do you blame?</i>
<b>Musicians</b>	Artists and layabouts	Most folks in Doskvol make their lives sneaking about, but you intend to make a scene and look good doing it	When you play Musicians, you earn xp when you find a new audience for your art or when you create a spectacle that everyone knows is your fault	Instead of hunting grounds, you have a venue where you are able to find paying gigs and other work
<b>Press</b>	The people have the right to know	You are a crew of independent journalists - Knowledge and free information are your domain. But in Duskwall, shouting truth from the rooftops can earn you a swift demise.	When you are a part of the Press, you earn XP when you execute a successful Exposé, Investigation, Smear, or Propaganda operation.	<i>Do you report the truth or your version of the truth? Is anyone off limits?</i>

Name	Description	Blurb	XP	Notes
<b>Seekers</b>	Rash pursuers of the forbidden and abhorred	Your sights are set on the ancient mysteries and the cosmic remnants scattered about the world, and beyond!	When you play Seekers, you earn xp when you execute a successful acquisition, conjuration, disruption, or venture operation.	<i>Are you in it for the curiosity and thrill, or are you in it for the power and glory?</i>
<b>Stringers</b>	Nightcrawlers, paparazzi, scribes of darkness	A dark city with dark happenings tells dark stories. The newspapers want to sell them to the gullible public, and the Stringers gather the plasmographs to sell them well.	When you play Stringers, you earn xp when you document a dark happening, push an agenda, or overcome your rivals.	<i>What kinds of stories are you interested in documenting? How far are you willing to go to get that story? How honest will you be?</i>
<b>Urchins</b>	Young Offenders, Pickpockets & Cutpurses	Life isn't kind to anyone in Daskvol, where lives are crushed under the gears of capital and corruption. But some people are decidedly more vulnerable and less able to fight back than others.	tbd	tbd
<b>Vigilantes</b>	Daring avengers	You defy the city's corrupt institutions—both the criminal gangs and the uncaring law. Yours is a path of violence and madness.	When you play Vigilantes, you earn xp when you interfere with criminal scores, protect citizens, or antagonize the law.	<i>What is required to see justice done? Is anyone safe from your judgment?</i>

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