
Ann

"It was nothing of this earth, but a piece of the great outside; and as such dowered with outside properties and obedient to outside laws."

– H.P. Lovecraft, "The Colour Out of Space"

You were never quite the same as the other demons. Back in the extra-platonic dimension, you were uncomfortable around the Elders. They had seized control of *everything*, and you felt stifled by their flagrant authority over the land. You took to wandering the realm on your own, appreciating the spiked landscape and the occasional fresh, tasty mind to snack on. And that was the way of your childhood. . . until one day.

Rifts between dimensions are known to appear from time to time. Waves can flow through the fabric of the universe with such potency that a gate will be torn, linking distant worlds together that should not come into contact. Usually, you stayed away from the rifts. But, distractedly slithering up the slope of a barren crater one afternoon, you didn't notice the hole, shimmering and swaying slightly behind an outcropping. By the time you jerked your head up and saw how close you had ventured, it had begun to suck you in. With an unholy scream, you were torn from your dimension.

You materialized on the shores of Dunwich, where the fabric of spacetime was pulsing strongly. Even as you looked upward at the gate from which you fell, you could see the gash being repaired, growing dimmer and smaller. Panicked, you tried to reach the area of sky that still glistened faintly. Because as much as you hated it, the extra-platonic realm was your home.

But something was holding you back. Something was pulling at your chest, and as space shook fiercely, you sensed your soul being ripped from your body and sucked inland. For a moment, you felt completely hollow. And then, gradually, you felt the space being replaced by something new, different, distinctly alien to you. Darkness fell over you, and you crumpled to the ground.

You woke up sometime in the evening. Could have been the same day, could have been a week from then. . . You stood up slowly, tilting your tentacled head from side to side. Scales seemed intact. Air seemed breathable. And yet, you could not shake the feeling of something being distinctly *different*. You did not feel like the demon you once were. Instead of wanting to feast on the minds of the innocent, you craved. . . a large plate of fish and chips. (What were fish and chips, anyway?) And that's when you noticed the sun, setting over the horizon, shooting orange beams across the clouds, and filling the world with colour. Transfixed, you sat on the sand to watch the sun sink beneath the sea.

You suddenly realized that you didn't want to go back home. You liked it here, and had no reason to return to the cold, dark land of the Elder Ones. They had always derided you and acted so superior, and now, you suddenly saw just how terrible their fear-based society was. Surely the inhabitants of this world could not be as bad as the demons from the other realm.

That was three years ago. Looking back, you can understand the, er, less-than-favourable reception you received upon your arrival at Dunwich Training Centre. But after the humans noticed your apparently peaceful demeanor, they admitted you for study. After determining that a vibration in the Erich-Zahn binding flux constructor had replaced your soul with that of a human, they cautiously allowed you to enter their society.

You've been helpful here at Dunwich and have been promoted to head of the Paranormal Research division. You've taken the name "Ann" (your original name was completely unpronounceable, and you've almost forgotten it yourself). You and your team research the workings of the rifts, soul transfers, and other topics pertaining to the interactions between Earth's universe and the ones it connects to. The work comes naturally to you due to your unusual history and abilities.

Work has mostly gone smoothly over the years. However, the fabric of spacetime has been increasingly unstable lately, and a number of small rifts have torn open, letting through lesser demons from the extra-platonic realm. The demons have somehow been affecting the minds of the people of Dunwich. Your status as a demon gives you a unique immunity to these dangers, as well as a familiarity that allows you to counteract them. If ill-intentioned demons start interfering with base operations, hopefully

you can combat the effects quickly enough to keep things running smoothly.

You want to be very cautious about any gates that might link Dunwich to the land of the Elder Ones. Sometimes, you dream of the way things used to be: sinister, dominated by an oppressive group of elite elders. . . You will fight to keep them away. This is your new life, and you will use your team to protect it with all you're worth.

Goals

- Lead the research team.
- Undo the effects of the minor demons roaming the base. You have the unique ability to heal the mind – make the most of it.
- Find the large rift and close it before anything too horrible comes through. You're pretty sure you're looking for File #5104. in the base's main computer.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if approached by the character with badge number 424 - If you see item #7391 about sanity.
- If you see item #7391

Bluesheets

- Laundry
- Paranormal Researchers

Greensheets

- Healing the Mind
- Paranormal Research

Abilities

- Restore Sanity
- Human Soul
- Insubstantial

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 0
- II: 0
- ψ : 5