Jeffrey Lewis

"These things should be left to the frigid and impersonal investigator, for they offer two equally tragic alternatives to the man of feeling and action; despair if he fail in his quest, and terrors unutterable and unimaginable if he succeed."

– H.P. Lovecraft, "From Beyond"

When you were a kid, you loved watching spy movies. Movies like *Sneakers* and *Goldeneye*, where the good guys always managed to triumph over the bad, save the day and win the girl. You would spend hours creating elaborate scenarios in you head where you would prevent global thermonuclear warfare or stop biological weapons from being unleashed upon an unsuspecting populace. Most of your time was spent alone - you didn't have a lot of friends as a child and preferred to spend your time reading or watching movies rather than roughhousing with the other kids. You were, as your mother used to say, a delicate child.

As you got older, you started leaving those childhood games behind and concentrating on more realistic things. Your parents were very serious about your schooling and pushed you hard to excel in academics, especially math. In high school you were one of those math nerds who couldn't go out in the sun because it turned you from pasty white to lobster red faster than you could blink, and no girl ever looked at you twice. Things continued along this vein until your last year in grad school, when you stumbled across this awesome theorem during your research that you thought might permit NP-complete problems to be converted to P-complete ones. The next thing you knew, there were people breaking into your dorm, your hard drive got wiped, and you were inducted into some secret organization called the Black Chamber.

At first you were thrilled; the Black Chamber did all of the covert ops things that you dreamed of as a child, knew all the secrets that the government was keeping from the rest of the country, and was always saving cities from destruction, even if it was behind the scenes. You were trained as a field operative and got to visit a lot of the exotic places that you dreamed of in your youth. But as you continued to work with them, it became increasingly obvious that these so-called "good guys" weren't actually *good*.

In your time with the Black Chamber, you've seen a lot of things that you consider downright crimes. Once, you saw your higher-ups promise a girl whose only mistake was having an inflated interest in the paranormal that she would be taught all she wanted about the phenomena of the extra-platonic dimensions. In exchange, she'd have to submit to "standard testing" first. Excited that she was the first of any of her friends to be offered this honor, she signed on and swore herself to secrecy. Within hours, she was taken to a soundproofed back room, where researchers attempted to bind her soul to that of a demon. As it turned out, the binding didn't work quite right. She gradually lapsed into insanity, until one day, when the Black Chamber was done with her, she was taken to a mental asylum. She never talked her family or friends again, and they never even got the true story behind her demise.

You wish you could say this was a rare occurance with the Black Chamber, but it's just the opposite. Worst of all, you've been getting used to it. Each young man losing his mind, each child torn from their family used to stand out like scars in your memory. But you've started to cringe less when you see the experiments performed, and the pity you used to feel towards them has become a dull haze in the back of your mind. This worries you more than anything; you feel as if your humanity is slipping away from you.

Your latest mission has you infiltrating the Laundry, your counterpart organization in the British isles, as a Computational Demonologist. Right before you left HQ for this mission, your boss gave you an Enochian binding grid containing a human soul and warned you to guard it carefully because it had the power to control gates to the dungeon dimensions. If a member of the Laundry were to examine the grid closely, they would quickly realize that you were a Black Chamber operative - the Laundry would never use soul-binding technology.

The Laundry has essentially the same goals as the Black Chamber but is considerably more scrupulous in their methodology.

Childish as it sounds, you still have vestiges of your dreams left, and you still hope to be a Good Guy and help Save the World from Evil. You can't do this while tied to an organization that manipulates souls and demons, but you'd very much like to defect to the Laundry. Unfortunately, you doubt they'd trust you if you just revealed yourself as a Black Chamber spy. There's also the problem that the Black Chamber doesn't take kindly to betrayal. If you tried to leave them... well, it wouldn't be pretty.

Goals

- Defect to the Laundry. You need to figure out what sort of hold the Black Chamber has over you and how to get rid of it. Someone in Dunwich probably knows – but who to trust?
- Don't get your cover blown. Neither the Black Chamber nor the Laundry would take kindly to the truth.
- Keep the Enochian Binding Grid secret, while keeping it attuned to your presence.
- As a Computational Demonologist, maintain the computers in Dunwich Training Centre.

Contacts

- Jeremy Salisbury (David Farhi): Head of the Dunwich Training Centre.
- Adam Pelham (Erik Chen): Head of the Computational Demonology division of the Laundry.
- Stephen Hall (Eddy Karat): Member of the Computational Demonology division of the Laundry.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at game start
- If you hear the code "87B1" (packet δ)
- If the Enochian grid is not tuned for 1 hour
- If the Enochian grid is not tuned for 1h:15m
- If the Enochian grid is not tuned for 2:00h

Bluesheets

- Black Chamber
- Laundry

Greensheets

- Computational Demonology
- Demon Banishment
- Care and Feeding of an Enochian Binding Grid
- Computer Sabotage

Abilities

- Computer hacking

Items

- Black Box (7391)
- Occult PDA
- Multitool

Stats

- Combat Rating: 3
- ψ: 5
- Π: 1