

SILENT HILL

Welcome to  
Silent Hill

the World of Darkness

## THE BOTTLE WAS EMPTY.

With a deep sigh, he rolled over, landing heavily on the floor of the apartment. It was a dump, but it was exactly what he deserved. The stabbing pain of a killer hangover in the making pressed hard at his temples and his vision swam in the overly-bright light which sneaked through his Venetian blinds.

How long ago had it been?

He looked at his right arm, finally freed from the cast and the bindings which had held it for so long. It was still red and puffy along most of its length. Starting at the elbow, it still looked more like ground beef than skin. He'd even lost his last two fingers, but it wasn't enough.

It wasn't nearly enough.

On his way to the fridge, he pressed the empty bottle down on the play button of the answering machine. The thing chimed up in its neutral voice, telling him of the dozens of messages he'd missed in his drinking binge.

Message one.

"Bobby? Are you there? It's Mom. I'm worried sick about you. Why isn't he picking up, Herb? Look, we know it's been rough this last month..." No shit? "but this isn't healthy. We really want to hear from you."

He heaved the empty liquor bottle into the garbage. It landed with a quite satisfactory shatter of glass smashing into glass.

Robert wiped his sleep-encrusted eyes with his left hand. He was doing nearly everything with his left hand these days, with his right permanently useless. He glanced at the back of the fridge. Glory hallelujah, he'd actually left himself some food. He grabbed a half-eaten sandwich with his only good hand and undid the plastic wrap around it.

Message two.

"Hey, Rob, me and the boys were thinkin' about goin' out on the town, just wondering if you felt like tagging along, just like the good old days. Well, if nothin' else, it'll get your mind off that accident. Hit me back."

There was something which just about killed his appetite. The accident. Of course, they had to bring up the God-damned accident. How could something so cruel and brutal to happen to somebody so good and pure?

Message three.

“Hello Robert, Father Marcus here. I heard that you had hit on a hard time, my child. I thought it only prudent that I remind you that I am always here, and God is always by your side. If you need to talk, you know where to find me.”

“Bullshit,” Robert snarled, taking a chomp of his breakfast. Or lunch, depending on what time of day it was. He wasn’t sure. The hours had been lost in a haze of cheap whiskey. There was little room for God in this world, and if there was, it was as a torturer.

Robert threw himself onto the couch which had served most recently as his bed, grabbing the remote and turning the TV on. Static filled the pathetically small screen. Shit, had he forgotten to pay the cable company? It was possible. He’d forgotten to do a lot of things recently.

Message four.

He waited a long time for the message to play. When it did, it was only static. He flicked the tube off and the message ended. He stood, moving to the radio. Maybe some depressing country would liven up his day. He played with the knobs, but it only resulted in as much static as he’d gotten from his television.

Message five.

“Robert? This is Lily. Mister Hendricks is really starting to wonder if you’re coming back to work. This is getting ugly, Rob, and I can’t cover for you any more. If you don’t want to keep this job, just tell me, and I’ll let him know, but I’m done with lying for you.”

Lily. She was kind to put up with him. She had lost family too, and she knew what he was going through. She’d offered her support quicker than anybody outside his family, and held out hopes that he’d come around. But he couldn’t. There was nothing left to come around to. He’d failed her. Utterly and completely. He had let his fear control him. Now she was dead.

Unable to anything from his radio, he shook his head. He glanced to the laptop which he’d thoughtlessly let tumble to the floor next to the desk he usually worked at. He carefully picked it up, listening for any rattling or scraping, but hearing none. He breathed a sigh of relief. The most expensive thing in this crappy room wasn’t broken. Maybe.

Message six.

“I heard about your sister, Rob. Sorry to call you this late, but I just got back, and... well, I’m sure you’ve heard it a hundred times, but... It’ll get better. I say this from experience. It will get better.”

Shelley. They’d been as close as brother and sister could be without breaking laws. They were extensions of each other. Robert would finish her sentences, and she’d finish his thoughts. Her being the only other black person his age in their area also served to drive the two together. Hell, they were twins, so how much more together could they possibly become?

Message seven.

Static blurted from the answering machine, but this time it was louder. Robert shook his head and turned on his laptop. He thought about the accident. He was sitting less than three feet away when it happened. When that transfer truck slammed into the driver side, turning the car into a crumpled tin can. Robert had been knocked unconscious, and woke up when the fire started to burn his clothes. He could still see Shelley, pinned in the back seat, but he couldn't reach her without thrusting himself through the fire. She was burning alive, and he couldn't reach her.

Message eight.

Again, there was static, but this time it had a rhythm to it, like words distorted beyond recognition. He'd tried to reach her. That was how he'd burned himself so badly, and the reason he'd lost his fingers. He struggled, and he just knew that if he'd tried just a little harder, he'd have reached her. But that was when the fire fighters got his door off, and dragged him away. He didn't fight them. They didn't get her out until almost three minutes later. By then, she was already dead.

Message nine.

"This is Superintendent Sunderland. You haven't paid your rent. I understand that you've recently lost your sister, and you've been laid up from work, but sentiment don't line pockets. Pay up or pack up. I'm giving you until the end of the month."

Sunderland. A real bastard. Ever since his son vanished for good after going into Silent Hill, he'd become a real ball-buster. The running pool was that Jimmy had offed himself. The laptop's screen came on, and he was a bit surprised to see that it was already connected to the internet, and displaying a website that he didn't remember navigating to. Silent Hill.

Message ten.

## "SILENT HILL."

Robert's attention flew to the answering machine. He knew that voice. He knew it as well as he knew his own. He bolted from the chair to the machine, ignoring the headache.

Message eleven.

"...that place... I can't... Silent Hill."

No doubt about it, that was Shelley's voice. A kernel of rage kindled in Robert. Who could possibly stoop so low as to play this sort of prank on him? He didn't even know, but sure as hell he was going to find out. He pounded on the stop-playback button, then went back to his laptop.

Silent Hill. It was a quiet place, from what he read, a town of about ten thousand, settled up

next to a lake somewhere in one of the New England states. His parents had been there before, if he remembered correctly. It was mostly a tourist town anyway, and not worth his time. He closed his laptop.

Message twelve.

His attention was locked on the machine, as visions of smashing it flit through his mind.

“I’m sorry, Robert,” Shelley said. “I tried to tell you. Back there, in the car. But it was too soon. Things weren’t prepared for you. I’ve already gone ahead, to that place you see in your dreams. Don’t be mad at me, Bobo, you need to do this. I can’t promise you that you’ll find what you need there, or that you’ll like what you see, but you need to go there. I’ll be waiting for you in Silent Hill.”

Robert leaned back, running a hand through his short-shorn hair. This was impossible. She was dead. And yet, there she was, leaving him a message on his machine. His brain scrambled, but always it came back to one thing: Silent Hill.

And if she said she was waiting there, then there he would go.

He packed everything he had of worth, mostly the laptop and the picture of his family in happier times, into his back pack. He looked around the apartment. Somehow, he got the impression that he would never come back to this place.

He walked out the door, resolute for the first time in what felt like an epoch. He wondered what he would tell his boss. Or his parents. Or Sunderland, for that matter. Perhaps it wouldn’t matter, though. He smiled a bit, for the first time he could remember in a long time. Once the door closed, he began walking.

## FOREWORD

This project has come such a long way. It all started Fall 2007 with Demacabre's outline, to which numerable people contributed ideas, material, and suggestions. All of the sudden, though, progress on the project stopped, as Demacabre seemed to disappear. That's when I stepped in (for better or worse). I gathered the 10+ page of notes and posts and compiled them into a single document. This project has taken me a very long time to finish, and I am sorry about how much time has passed between the the beginning and end of this project. So, here we are, a year later, with a complete book about Silent Hill and how to incorporate it into your World of Darkness. It it my sincerest hope that I have done the setting justice, and if you don't think so, then you have my deepest apologies.

Now, I have some thanks that I want to be made known.

First, I want to give a big "thank you" to Team Konami for producing Silent Hill in the first place. Without it, none of this would be possible at all. Silent Hill is one of a kind, and all the media that have cropped up from it, from movies to comic books, have provided an increasingly rich world, and I enjoy every bit of it.

Second, I want to thank White Wolf for creating the World of Darkness, a setting that reached into a special corner of my imagination and invited me to walk the haunted streets and corrupt cityscapes. My love for this setting is what has brought this project a long way, along with my love for the setting of Silent Hill.

Last, but certainly not least, a big thank you to all the forumites on the White Wolf and Shadownessence websites. First and foremost, my deepest appreciation to Demacabre for getting the whole thing started. Directly following him, my thanks reach out to James the Dark, who contributed a significant amount of material to this book. To everyone else, you know who you are, and my deepest thanks to you.

Well, that about wraps this part up. Please feel free to level any criticisms, questions, comments, or praises at me on the forums. Enjoy.

-Aranis-

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## INTRODUCTION

### ROBERT SHOOK AWAKE.

When had he fallen asleep? He wasn't sure. The last thing he remembered clearly was leaving his apartment. After that, it was all . . . a blur. He was on his way to Silent Hill, then . . . nothing. Didn't really matter, though, he was where he wanted to be.

Robert looked ahead, out of his windshield. It was foggy, like there had just been a change in weather. He could see far enough, though, to see that the road his car sat upon ran directly ahead of him into a small tunnel which was currently blocked by a sliding fence. On this fence was the message "Welcome" written in block letters on individual tiles. The "l," though, had fallen off and was sitting on the ground, making the greeting "we come."

He climbed out of his car. He walked up to the fence and looked inside. It was completely dark. Nothing could be seen at all. The poor light filtering through the fog didn't seem to reach into the tunnel at all.

"Hello?" he called into the tunnel. His voice echoed back to him, but it was distorted somehow, rougher, jagged. Weird, he thought.

He looked around, where he was. He was only a few yards away from a small parking strip. Robert walked over to the parking strip, and then he saw it. A small staircase descended away from the strip, leading between to section of a cinder-block wall. He couldn't see much farther than that, but it was something.

As he took his first few steps down the staircase, he took in the sight of the lake, spread out below him, although he could only see it barely. His path soon led down toward the lake, down the side of a hill. He began to walk it.

As he descended, the fog grew thicker,

thicker than any fog he had ever seen anywhere. It eventually got the to the point where he was surrounded by a gray curtain that cut off his vision within a few strides in any direction. The trees on either side were the only things he could see now, except for a small bit of the dirt path which ran ahead of him.

He rounded a bend in the path, and some noise sounded, something like a scraping or a grinding. The weird part was, he couldn't even tell where the sound had come from or how far away it had been. What was going on?

"Hello? Is anyone there?" Robert called out.

His only response was the wind, which sounded like a barely-audible groan as it blew through the tree branches. Robert disregarded it and continued walking down the path.

His steps eventually brought him to a wooden fence with a metal gate. He couldn't see ahead of the gate, but he hopped over it. After taking a few steps, he banged his shin on something hard, and a curse shot from his mouth. Once the pain subsided, he knelt down, taking a look at what he had run into. It was a gravestone, and he was able to make the outlines of a few others nearby. He was in a cemetery.

That was when he realized something was weird about this tombstone. "R WE IN HEVN?" it said, chiseled in perfectly square letters, though it had a child's spelling.

Robert stood up on the grave, looking at the tombstone, puzzling over the message. What could it mean?

Robert shook his head and walked into the fog, leaving the odd grave behind him.

## INTRODUCTION

### THE WRONG TOWN

Silent Hill. This had been a quiet town. It had some warts and scars in its history, to be sure. Most of the residents had preferred not to think about that, though. What they liked to think about was more positive. The town had faced a depression that had nearly sunk it altogether. It weathered that trial, though, and it had tried to become an unassuming tourist town, perfect for those who wanted to get away from the noise and bustle of the city. Word of accidents reached some of the potential visitors, so Silent Hill limped along, trying to be something it couldn't be. Regardless, the citizens and few tourists thought of Silent Hill as a nice, normal, little town.

Normality did not last in Silent Hill, like nothing good ever had. No one can say what exactly occurred. The only thing that everyone can agree on is that whatever it was made Silent Hill *wrong*.

It started off when some tourists went into the town. The trouble was that they didn't come back out. When people would try to contact them, they would get no response. Any phone number dialed in the town would produce the same result: a pick up with nothing but heavy static on the other end. It would sometimes sound like speech, or, other times, like shrieks, but nothing could be told for certain.

Around the same time, people stopped hearing from the natives. No letters, no phone calls. In the following weeks, people grew increasingly concerned, and with the mounting concerns the local police's lines were flooded with calls bordering on panic. When it became too much to bear, and the false reassurances no longer held any comfort for those concerned, the authorities mounted an investigation operation. They sent teams in, but even then, they had difficulty reaching the town. Almost all of the roadways leading in had sunk. The few remaining paths were taken by foot. After only an hour or two into the effort, the police heard screams and panicked voices blaring from their radios. The officers who had gone in were never heard from afterwards.

The remainder of the local police barred any entry into the town, saying that there had to have been a fire started that set the coal seams beneath Silent Hill ablaze. That was a lie. In truth, the policeman did more than just hear terrified shrieks and ambiguous sounds through their radios. Their fellow officers had screamed of *things* wandering in the pea-soup fog that had descended on the town.

The officials wanted to be shut of the whole ordeal, so they slapped the town with condemned status, blocked off any remaining paths, and hoped that no one else would try to go into the God-forsaken place.

Their hopes went unfulfilled. For reasons unknown to anyone else, people continued to enter Silent Hill. To

hear them tell it, they would say that the town reached out to them. For some, letters were received from dead relatives. Other times, phone calls would come from friends that had passed on long ago. Yet other times, the call would take a turn toward the psychotic, as the person would experience visions of the town, and those visions would only leave if she were moving toward the town.

Whatever their reasons, people kept coming. No matter how many warnings or barricades the authorities erected, people kept finding ways around them. It was almost like there was something intelligent keeping Silent Hill accessible, even when all the people inside were surely dead. The police shuddered at the implications.

If travelers had known how slim their chances of escape were, then they would not have entered. Due to whatever had happened to the town, it made leaving it nearly impossible. More times than not, visitors would enter and never leave. Every now and then, though, the police would catch someone coming out. The talk was never the same; each traveler seemed to have his own tale to tell.

Some would speak of creatures that looked like people from a distance, but lacked a face or hands, just wrapped in sheets of blackened, diseased flesh. Others spoke of a well-known author and psychiatrist that had become something inhuman. Yet others spoke of a literal darkness that would engulf the town, making it even more of a Hell than it already was. Still other times, travelers spoke of a cult that ruled the kingdom of monsters that Silent Hill had become.

The police would try to tell themselves that all these experiences were products of the fumes rolling through the town, due to whatever reason, maybe a mine fire. Some officers knew the mine story to be a lie, and they knew the truth. All of the things these people spoke of were real.

### WHERE IS THIS?

Silent Hill is a small town somewhere in northeastern America. It might be in West Virginia, or it might be in Maine. Maybe people are called to rural Pennsylvania, maybe they're called to upstate New York. The town can be anywhere in the northeast the storyteller wants it to be. Even more strangely, perhaps it is nowhere, and you can reach it no matter where you start.

### THEME: TRIAL

Once people have been summoned to Silent Hill, they are put through a rigorous gauntlet of physical and mental trials. Not everyone survives the process. For those who do, a reward, and escape from the town, await. What the end reward for survival is seems to be different for each traveler. In every case, each traveler who has

survived has been thankful for the experience and what they received, though none wish to repeat the journey.

### **MOOD: THE ENVELOPING DARKNESS**

Whatever Silent Hill has become, whatever made it that way, it is now a place of darkness, reflecting the horror of man's soul for all to see. When walking the fogbound streets, the hidden evil of the world is exposed. When the darkness descends, evil becomes dominant, and none but the blind could miss it.

### **THIS BOOK**

Welcome to **World of Darkness: Silent Hill**. This book draws upon the setting of Silent Hill, from the game series of the same name. These games are available on a number of platforms, including PS1, PS2, X-box, and PC. They have also inspired a movie and a number of comic books.

The games of Silent Hill portray a dark world that has become a living canvas upon which one's worst nightmares are painted. The very world itself sometimes warps, becoming even more reflective of the darkness in people.

Bringing this setting to life was a collaborative project among many members of the White Wolf and Shadownessence forums, as outlined in the credits.

The purpose of this book is to give ST's the tools

necessary to recreate the world of Silent Hill in the World of Darkness. This will be a version of the town that has its own spin, from many possible visions of the town. Some of these versions include information given official support from the Silent Hill team, yet others will be without any such support. To the end of providing tools, this book is broken down into a number of chapters.

**Chapter 1: Silent Hill** is all about the town. It includes a timeline, showing that darkness is nothing new for the seemingly innocent town. Also included are general details about the setting as well as places of interest scattered through the town. You will also find here the description of the Otherside, a nightmare world given birth, a special face of Silent Hill. Lastly, the many views of what exactly Silent Hill is will be discussed. If nothing else can be said, no two people can agree on what the town has become.

**Chapter 2: Monsters and Characters** provides a score of NPC's, among them monsters and beings called Guardians, for the ST to provide some challenges for characters as they walk the streets of Silent Hill.

**Chapter 3: Special Mechanics and Storytelling** describes the mechanical aspects of the town, including the fog and the Otherside. In addition, supernaturals come under unique effects once they journey into Silent Hill, and those effects are detailed here. Also included are tips on how for Storytellers, including describing monsters and the Otherside.

## CHAPTER 1

**THE PLANK DUG WETLY** into the twitching body of the... whatever the fuck that thing was. Robert panted in a bid to get air into his lungs, and it obliged, coming in cold and thick. The mist swirled around him as he stooped down for a closer look at the nearly indescribable thing he'd just beaten.

It looked almost like a man, albeit a man without a face, or arms. And with a gaping hole in the center of his chest which he could projectile vomit bile out of. Looking at it like that, it didn't look so human after all. He glanced back to his jacket, which was being eaten away by the creature's caustic juices.

"God damn it," Robert muttered. That sound blared from his backpack again. He took a moment to pull out his laptop, opening the screen. The screen displayed normally, but there was a sort of visual noise running under everything, making a bit of distortion. And the speakers screamed out static. Robert turned the speakers off, but the static **JUST KEPT COMING.**

"What the hell?" he muttered to himself. It was at that moment that another *thing* lurched around the corner less than a block away. Robert froze a moment, then glanced down to his laptop. Had it given the creature away? He quickly flipped the thing shut and picked up the stout board which he was using to defend himself.

"Come and get it, you twisted asshole," Robert muttered as the thing stumbled toward him. He felt a smirk light upon his lips as the thing moved just close enough to... Oh hell.

Another one came lurching out behind the first, and then a third, and a fourth. Four acid-spitting hell-beasts against him, and his one

little stick. He didn't like the odds. He began to back up, the static wailing from his backpack as the things advanced on him.

Robert glanced behind him, paling when he noticed that the road had given way behind him. There was nowhere left to retreat to. He stood his ground, and the things just kept advancing. Without thinking, he raised the board, ready to bury it in the twisted creatures.

The static stopped from the laptop. He only noticed after the things stopped walking, but it had stopped. And now, there was another sound, like a fire-siren, off in the distance. He felt a terrible pain split his temples, like a thousand bad hangovers compressed into a few seconds. His knees buckled, dropping him to land on his hands and knees against the metal grating.

**GRATING?** He was standing on asphalt!

Robert opened his eyes, shocked at the transformation. The entire world had gone dark, and the road beneath him seemed to have been reduced to nothing, with a metal grating taking its place. Everything smelled of blood and rust and other, less pleasant aromas.

"This must be what going nuts feels like," Robert muttered to himself as he stood. He hefted the board, alarmed when half of it fell off, as if it had rotted through in mere moments. He cast about, and noticed a length of metal pipe which seemed to be connected to nothing. It would do. He pried it up easily. It seemed weighted perfectly for him.

"Well," he muttered to himself, "where do I go now?" He turned back to the place he'd been retreating toward, and, as he almost expected, found the road complete and stretching off into the darkness. Shaking his head, he continued into the darkness of Silent Hill.

## THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN

The darkness that has come to be visible and tangible in a real way has always been part of town, though it was hidden. Even from the earliest years, things both strange and horrible happened within Silent Hill. Silent Hill's past sheds some light on its present, and any such light is precious.

## BEFORE THE WHITE MAN

The first peoples came to the area that would later be known as Silent Hill around 10,000 BC. They arrived, and they found the land to be peaceful and lovely. Years came and went, and the people lived in peace.

In the nights, the countryside would fall completely silent. It was as though nature itself respected the darkness that would fall upon the hillsides and valleys. At first, the people found it unsettling, but they eventually became comfortable with it, and they even began showing the same deference for it that nature seemed to. This silence even gave them the name for their home. It became known among them as Caalee, which in their tribal tongue meant the Quiet Place. With their name for their home came their own name, as they began calling themselves Caalee.

Over time, the natives uncovered a hidden power of the town, one around which they built a primitive religion. Speaking of Silent Spirits, powerful beings that never spoke above a whisper, the shamans of the tribe led their people in worship.

## THE LIGHTNING-MAN

The history of the Caalee was more or less unremarkable, shamans coming and going, Caalee living and dying. This would change in the 25 century BCE. At that time, tradition speaks of an unusual shaman. What made him unusual was that lightning jumped at his call, and fire danced at his word.

This man began speaking about the doom of his tribe. He spoke of a great hunger growing among the spirits of the Silent Place, and that the Caalee would be consumed to sate that hunger.

Once his prophecy was delivered, the man turned back to his home, where he ate his parents, organs and all, leaving only piles of bones. As retribution, his tribe pounded stakes through the man's hands and feet, into the earth below him. He was left on the hillside for 8 days and 8 nights, where he was given no food or water, and none of the community paid him any attention. There he died at the dawning of the 9th day.

The man's body was then burned, far away from the village.

## THE DISAPPEARANCE

Perhaps the strangest part of the Caalee story is what happened roughly half a century after the start of the

Common Era. The Caalee disappeared. Any trace of them disappeared completely. It was as though they never were, as though no one had ever lived in the Silent Place.

Other native Americans would pass through the area, but the silence that descended in the night unsettled them, so they made every effort to be quick about their trips through the Silent Place. This went on for centuries, and no word ever came from the Caalee.

## TOLUCA SETTLEMENT

Native Americans were faring poorly in the early 17th century. Their numbers were beginning to fall, and their villages would be stolen from them one by one. The Europeans had weapons that were far above those of the natives. What's worse, their diseases killed droves of natives, all making it that much easier for the white men to conquer. Their greed was legitimized in their thinking, since they, themselves were destined by God to 'civilize' the new world.

They spread out from the settlements on the east coast, sweeping across the country-side like a horde of locusts. The movements of the white men eventually brought settlers to the Silent Place. The country had plenty of natural resources at hand, among them deer, a lake replete with fish, and rich soil. The people settled on the north side of the lake, and they lived peacefully. They named their settlement Toluca, the surname of their expedition's leader.

## THE PLAGUE

Toluca settlement weathered many trials. The first winter, especially, claimed many lives of the settlers. The people stayed on, though, determined to remain in their new home. Even more trials came the following spring, as the animals in the surrounding country turned upon the settlers. Many hunters who ventured into the wilds never came back. Wild, frightening howls and shrieks filled the night. No crazed animals would chase the settlers away, so they remained.

Eventually, the settlers became accustomed to their environment. The people began to have children, healthy beyond their wildest expectations. Return from crops would exceed even the most liberal estimations. When the game began working with them again, the settlers found there to be more than they would ever need, so they started killing with impunity, trading the excess.

The settlement thrived for the better part of the 17th century. Toluca's future was looking bright. That all changed with the arrival of the plague.

At first, it merely resembled a bad cough, like that found with a cold. Such a thing in those days was serious, but not life-threatening. After a number of days, though, victims of the sickness would lose strength completely, unable to support themselves. The sick

would then be bedfast, where they would shortly lose their voices as their coughs worsened. After their voices were gone, they would scream and weep in silent agony. Following a harrowing day or two, the sick would die.

Only a few had the plague at first. The settlers burned the bodies, hoping that they had spared themselves the same fate. Such was not the case. The sickness swept through the settlement, killing almost all of the inhabitants.

The few survivors chose to leave their home, much as it pained them. They packed up their belongings and left Toluca behind, along with their family and friends, who were laying in mass graves.

### **THE PENAL COLONY OF SILENT HILL**

After the last of the settlers fled, Toluca settlement lay unoccupied for more than a century. The area was gifted with human life again when it was transformed into a prison camp.

In 1812, the newly formed United States resumed hostilities with Britain. The War of 1812 swept across the country, one whose citizens had wished itself shut of violence and bloodshed. A number of months into the war, the Americans realized the need of a location for prisoners of war. Authorities in all of the states searched their territory for a suitable area for a prison camp.

They finally came up with the answer when they reviewed old settlements. They discovered one settlement, Toluca by name, that was nestled between a lake and some mountains, far from any other civilized areas. Perhaps even better was that wooded areas were nearby, which would make escape even more difficult. More than that, the prisoners could harvest the lumber and send it back, making sure the American military would make a tidy profit from the exploitation of its prisoners. The higher ups had found no better solutions to their prisoner problem, so they accepted the proposal.

The first party of soldiers rode out to the town. They found the settlement, abandoned and decrepit. Some of the materials were salvageable, which was surprising. The rest were burned. Once the serviceable buildings were repaired, the prison camp was officially in business.

The prisoners were put to work at once, lumbering the nearby forest, which was thick with timber. Their hours were long and hard, and they were driven with threats of death and snapping of whips. Many died from sheer exhaustion. Others fell to sickness. The hardest labored on, cursing every moment they were alive.

It was during this time that the town inherited its new name. The lieutenant who ran the colony wanted absolute silence from his prisoners at all time, unless they were spoken to. The silence was brutally enforced. Every 'talkative' prisoner took his turn in the sweat box, where he was deprived of food and water for one day for each

offense. With this atmosphere, the soldiers came to call the colony 'Silent Hill,' partly named for the geography. This name spread among the soldiers, which then spread into the communiques between them and their higher-ups, and the name stuck.

### **THE END OF THE PRISON**

British and American forces signed the Treaty of Ghent in December, 1814, signaling the end of the war. When the news reached Silent Hill, the prisoners felt hope for the first time in many months.

The good lieutenant wasn't about let his profit go, though. He kept the prisoners, even when the rest of the British were released across the country. Each day became even harder to bare, as the prisoners knew that they had the chance at freedom, only to have it snatched away by a mad despot.

Desperate men do desperate things. This was especially true with the prisoners. In their dreams, they would see horrible things, beings outside definition. In utter hopelessness, one of the men screamed for help from these things, whatever they were, he would do anything. No response came, at least at first.

In the following nights, the man would whisper, but his words sounded like gibberish. On the fourth morning, he was found dangling from the rafters, with a smile stuck on his face, and hate burning in his unmoving eyes. No one thought anything of this suicide. It meant nothing to them, as it had already happened many times before. They went about their daily routines.

Everything proceeded as normal until one fateful night. The guards posted outside Garrig's quarters heard a scream and choked gurgle from inside. They broke the door open, storming into the room, ready to kill. They found Garrig squirming and clawing at his throat, like some invisible hands throttled his neck. Even the soldiers shot above Garrig at the empty air, but he continued gurgling and clawing. All at once, he stopped moving, and he was dead. Inspection revealed bruises the size and shape of fingers, but no one was ever there.

Prisoners and soldiers all gathered in the center of the town the following day. Lt. Garrig's left-hand man stated that he had been mysteriously murdered in the middle of the night, and his assailant was nowhere to be found. The soldiers would be leaving, meaning that the prisoners were free to do as they wished.

Within a few hours, after the supplies were packed up, all the soldiers were gone. The prisoners were free. They wasted no time. Stronger prisoners started walking, while the weaker waited to regain their strength. In time, the town was empty again, the silence unbroken.

### **BOOM TOWN**

The prison camp was not to be the end of Silent Hill's story. In the early 1850's, coal had begun to be

quite valued as a resource. Any new seam was mined starting the moment it was discovered. This meant that the air was filled with soot and black smoke, but people kept buying more coal, which was all that mattered to the mining companies.

Al Wiltse was a coal prospector in those times. He was the best that anyone could find. If there was coal anywhere, he could locate it. In 1852, he was traveling through the countryside, trying to find a new seam. The mining companies had already mined the other seams nearby almost dry. The answer came to him in a dream. His sleeping mind saw an abandoned camp, between a lake and a part of the Appalachians. Following his dreams, he made his way to Silent Hill, which stood vacant.

He wandered around some, scouting the area. After a day or so of searching, he found what he had come for: it was the richest seam he had ever seen. He sent word back to the mining companies, from whom he collected his usual fee.

Within a few weeks, the Wiltse coal mine was open for business.

## **REBIRTH**

With the opening of the coal mine, Silent Hill was reborn. The company moved miners into homes freshly built from the cheapest quality materials and poorest standards possible. The miners came with their families, and Silent Hill was a community again, albeit a poor one, for the first time in almost 150 years.

The standards of living were very low, but the people kept on anyway. The company was ruthless, and it was the only source of commercial interaction that the town knew. Miners were eventually forced to borrow from the company, digging pits of debt. Miners even received company money, which they would use at the company store. When they were sick, the townsfolk would see the company doctor. It was a nice racket, and the company made a tidy profit.

Despite the poor conditions, people kept coming to Silent Hill. Continual expansion meant that Silent Hill quickly hit a size that it had never seen before. The town seemed to beckon to people, so they kept coming.

## **THE CIVIL WAR**

The company ground some of their workers up in their schemes while everyone else kept on with their daily routines. Silent Hill's monotony was broken in the 1860's.

The Civil War began, and each state picked its side. Some were more passionate about the war than others. Patrick Chester and his son, Patrick, Jr. left Silent Hill, ready to join in the fight.

## **THE PRISON CAMP RESURRECTED**

Over time, prison sites were needed for POW's. Patrick made a suggestion when his leaders began looking for suitable locations. There was a town, up in the hills, surrounded by empty countryside. It had even been well-suited enough that the last prison camp there was quite successful. Silent Hill sounded ideal. Shortly afterward, they set up the prison camp just outside town, and it was packed with soldiers as soon as it was opened.

Sure enough, Silent Hill proved to be an excellent location for the camp. No one could get away without the horse-riding guards finding them. They would be returned to the camp or shot summarily. Just as before, the prisoners died from starvation, disease, and exposure.

## **EXECUTIONS**

Shortly, the camp became overcrowded. The soldiers couldn't keep all the prisoners in line. It was so bad that one of them got into the community. Before they could even find him, the town's favorite girl was raped and murdered. Response by townspeople was violent. The rapist died in an initial wave of beatings and stabbings. But that wasn't enough. The angry crowds stormed the camp, dragging along all the soldiers that they could get their hands on.

Men wielding long blades emerged from the roaring mobs. They wore tall, pyramid-shaped hoods to conceal their faces. No less than 35 soldiers lost their heads at the hands of these men, each beheaded in turn by the sword-like blades. When the guards confronted the crowd, the hooded men seemed to disappear. Initial inquiries seemed to indicate that the crowd was fiercely protecting the identity of these executioners. Further investigation revealed that no one knew the identities of the hooded men. With no leads, the guards left it alone. The hoods were never seen again, so the event slipped into the town's history.

## **THE END AND THE BEGINNING**

The Civil War ended in mid-1865. Chester and his son were given a hero's welcome upon their return. So enraptured were the townsfolk with the two they even built statues of them near the lakeside.

With the end of the war, the prison camp ended too. The prisoners were released, and they were transported back to their homes, what few of them had survived their stay. Silent Hill had gained the attention of federal authorities, though, so they decided that even if the camp was ended, it would still be an excellent home for prisoners.

In early 1866, the site of the Toluca prison camp instead became the site for Toluca Prison. It provided some economic stimulus for the town, at the price of the pain and suffering of the inmates. No one seemed to mind.

## THE PLAGUE RESURFACES

The citizens of Silent Hill believed that, with the war finished, and the prison camp made into the prison, that their town would become peaceful again. Their hopes were dashed as an old horror resurfaced in the early 1870's.

At that time, a number of people fell ill. At first, it was a only a cough, though a violent one. After that, the disease followed the same course it had a century and a half before. Victims started appearing the hundreds. The small clinic in the town was ill-suited to handle so many cases. Despite their miserly bent, the company built a second hospital in addition to the existing one, mostly to hold the dying. The new building was erected, and it was filled with the sick. The medical staff were unable to do much for the patients. Alchemia and Brookhaven Hospitals became storehouses of death.

## A CURE

Silent Hill's citizens were dropping like flies. Each death pushed the head doctor closer to the breaking point. When his own wife was claimed by the illness, he snapped. Once his rational mind had collapsed, he was free to consider more inventive ideas. He locked himself in his study for three days and nights, and the nurses heard him curse, cry, and cackle, all manifestations of a broken mind. On the dawn of the fourth morning, he emerged from the depths of insanity, bearing with him what he called the cure. He applied it to the nearest patient, who was well again within hours.

With help of the nurses, the doctor spread the liquid among all the patients, who were all completely restored to health. All the time, the nurses questioned the doctor, asking what his cure was. "*Aglaophotis*," he replied. No matter how many times they asked, though, he would not reveal how he had produced the concoction. Regardless of the mystery, they went about their work, and the flow of sick into Brookhaven slowed at first, then stopped altogether. There were even a few vials of the potion left over, which were subsequently stored and forgotten in the basement of Brookhaven hospital.

This miracle was not without its price. Once the epidemic had been finished, the doctor seemed unable to stay within the boundaries of sanity. He would mutter things to himself, sometimes in a language no one understood. He would sometimes scream about his "discoveries," but they made sense to no one, even the learned physicians. Unsure of what else to do, the nurses and doctors put him in the nearest mental institution, where he died suddenly many months later.

## BAD TURNS

After two plagues, an abandonment, and two prison camps, it looked like Silent Hill was finally ready to become the cheery place that the citizens wanted. This

was not to be.

Around the turn of the century, people began disappearing. The first few disappearances went below the notice of Silent Hill, both the townspeople and the authorities. When the numbers started building, though, ignoring the problem was no longer a possibility. Authorities could find nothing suggesting foul play upon investigation. No forced entry, no sign of violence of any kind. It was as though the people were there one moment, then not the next. What's more, this kept occurring, at an ever-increasing rate. This wasn't as pervasive as the plague had been, but it was arguably more disturbing.

Just as news of the disappearances spread through the community, another rumor spread, too. It said that the federal government was considering the closure of Toluca Prison. Unfortunately, the rumor turned out to be true, as the prison was closed by 1905. With a source of economics for the town gone, it started to suffer, but it had the mine to fall back on.

The mine failed as the seam became unprofitable for the company to mine. The mine closed in 1908, which meant that the town had lost another economic staple. All evaluations pointed to a decline in the town. Something had to be done if the town was to be saved from financial collapse.

## REINVENTION

For a time, the leaders of the town couldn't come up with any good ideas. Almost all of them required resources that they could only dream about. Then, during one night of meetings, someone suggested that thanks to its location, Silent Hill would make the perfect tourist town.

The suggestion met with agreement from all sides. Toluca Lake would be a good start, it was sizable enough to host a number of boats and other activities. Parks across the town were renovated, the hotel was built, and docks were built all around the lake. The old prison was bull-dozed, and a small historical society building was put in its place. Word was spread by the towns leaders, and a few tourists found their way to the small town. They would remark on the nice, quiet place that Silent Hill was. Such things were music to the leaders' ears. Success seemed imminent.

## FAILURE

The tourism industry bustled nicely for about a decade. In 1918, a group of tourists left on a small boat called the Little Baroness. It started off normally, and the tourists were looking forward to a relaxing boat-ride.

The boat didn't arrive on time at the other side of the lake, but the hosts chalked it up to a simple case of tardiness. After it was more than 4 hours late, the hosts began to grow understandably concerned. The authorities said that a search would have to wait until the morning,

when daylight would pierce the fog over the lake.

Sunlight proved to be little help. Wherever they looked in the lake, the police could find no evidence that the boat had wrecked. In truth, they found no trace of it all. Much like the disappearances of the townspeople, it seemed like the boat had been there, then it simply wasn't. Word of this spread throughout the towns neighboring Silent Hill. The town's leader did their best to keep the event quiet. Some word leaked out, though, and the tourism industry slowed somewhat.

For 21 years, tourists continued coming. Not as often as they had, but still enough to keep the town's economy going. In 1939, that would change. Throughout the year, people would venture out onto the lake, but they would never return from the waters. The leaders tried to explain this as boater error, when they could. Eventually, they couldn't keep a lid on the news of all the accidents. Word spread out, and tourists came even less often than they had. This last blow looked like the last nail in Silent Hill's coffin.

### **LAST CHANCE**

The town limped on, its economy gradually declining. Even then, the citizens remained positive, and they honestly liked their town. This would attract some people to the town, even with the poor reputation it had gained.

A development group noted this quality of the town, and decided to take a hand in its revitalization. Their first meeting with the town's leaders was in 1966. They had a number of proposed renovations, and they had a clear vision of where the town needed to go. This all seemed good to the mayor, so he gave them the go ahead to proceed with their plans.

Their progress was remarkable. They were good to word, and even more. The hotel was first on their to-do list, and they saw that it was made the example of color coordination and taste. Silent Hill's mayor couldn't be happier, and he even said so. He wanted the group to continue on, as fast as they could.

### **TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE**

This turn of good fortune was not to last, though. The mayor died mysteriously one night in his home. No one could identify the killer, and the method of murder remained a mystery. Even so, the development group continued with their projects undeterred. At one site, a foreman died when a beam crushed him. The group mourned his passing, but they had been paid to do a job, so they continued on.

They were less determined when their manager fell victim to a collapsing scaffold. Even then, they decided to go on. They finished the Lakeside Amusement Park before they lost another member of their group. Over time, each member of the group met with an accident that

ended his life. When the last few decided to cut losses and run, even they met with a accidents, as one's car collided head-on with a tractor trailer while another drowned after a bridge collapsed beneath his truck.

### **LAST BREATH**

Silent Hill's strangeness took a more obvious turn in the late 70's and early 80's. Drugs with strange effects spread among both townspeople and tourists. Disappearances and odd sicknesses occurred with alarming frequency. Fog began descending on the town, thick as soup.

When the townspeople thought that their town couldn't get any stranger, something truly horrible happened. The exact nature of the event is uncertain, but from that point forward, Silent Hill was transformed, and all its former problems ceased to matter.

### **SILENT HILL'S PRESENT**

Silent Hill has become much more than a simple town. What exactly it is now is a matter of interpretation. Events and specifics differ with each traveler, but there are some characteristics that are more or less consistent among accounts. Silent Hill behaving how it does, however, one should never hope for any sort of reliability.

### **SUMMONS**

Since Silent Hill is closed and condemned, none would expect to receive communication of any variety from inside the town. Silent Hill defies these expectations.

Almost everyone who enters Silent Hill was beckoned. The nature of the beckoning is always something strange, impossible, or outright terrifying. One man received a letter from his wife who had been deceased for 3 years. Another man received phone messages from his deceased sister. A woman had visions leading her to the town, visions that would become increasingly insistent unless she traveled toward the town.

Whatever form the communication takes, one thing is certain: something, perhaps even the town itself, is reaching out to people in the outside world. The purpose behind this is inscrutable, and the town continues.

Along with the summons, something also provides means of entry. Local authorities did everything in their power to close off the town and block every conceivable entrance. Travelers approaching these barriers will find a convenient gap or work-arounds that the police swear are not present. Instead of dealing with frustration, the police began letting stupid people reap the rewards of their foolish choices.

### **BROKEN PATHS**

Whatever happened in Silent Hill, it destroyed

many of the ways leading into town. The major county highway sunk in. Many other roadways were replaced with gaping chasms that are practically impossible to cross.

Some foot-trails remain, as well as a couple of small roadways. Those roadways afford little help, however, since vehicles one and all break down upon entering town limits. No perceivable failure of any variety will be evident to those who know where and how to look. It is like the car was just flipped off altogether, but won't be flipped back on.

People never have much trouble getting into Silent Hill. Getting out proves to be far more difficult. Once travelers have entered the town, the town enforces their stay. When they return to the roadway they used, they find it blocked off by a pile of junked vehicles. If they retry the footpath from earlier, they will find a sink hole has opened up underneath it, making it impossible to cross.

The paths inside the town suffer from some of the same strangeness that the exits do. Fair amounts of roads, for instance, are blocked by walls 30 feet high, covered in drop cloth. Some roads just stop, dropping off into chasms. Others are blocked with ambulances, trucks, even police blockades. Some of these obstacles can be overcome, but it would seem that the town has certain courses in mind for its guests. This principle applies even to the interior of buildings, as some doors' locks are broken beyond repair, or some doorways are blocked by piled gurneys, a collapsed ceiling, or any of a variety of barrier.

Perhaps the oddest obstacles that manifest repeatedly throughout Silent Hill are puzzles. These puzzles take a variety of forms, from throwing simple switches, to basic logic puzzles, to advanced puzzles that require knowledge of things such as the occult. Who placed the puzzles is unclear.

By working their way around the town's roadblocks, the travelers have the chance to resolve the goal which brought them to the town. This goal is not determined by the traveler. The goal is determined by Silent Hill. Once that goal is achieved, all the ways out of town open up. The sink holes fill back in. Junked cars clear themselves from outgoing roads. Vehicles work again. All that remains to be done at that point is to leave.

## Fog

This was the first sign that Silent Hill had become warped. A thick, claustrophobic fog descended on the town, so dense that it rendered sight impossible further than 50 feet away. That is not all. Silent Hill's fog also seems to muffle sounds, making sound travel far shorter than it should. Modern technology affords no help, as not even high power satellite-imaging has pierced the fog.

More disturbingly than just muffling sound, the fog

amplifies and distorts. Dragging sounds become a grinding, like chum grinders were running in the background, chewing up human flesh. High pitched squeals become terror-saturated shrieks instead.

Sunlight provides some illumination, albeit limited, even in the fog. At night, the situation worsens considerably. When the sun sets, the usual curtain of gray instead becomes a wall of black, impenetrable. Sources of light don't help as much as travelers would hope. Light reaches far shorter than it would in any other circumstance, making traveling at night a dangerous proposition.

## VEHICLES

Dotting the streets of Silent Hill are trucks, cars, vans, as well as other vehicles, without number. Almost all of them are up against the sidewalk, seemingly parked, then never used again. One and all, they are non-functional, even though all the parts seem to be in working order and gas is in the tank.

Why these vehicles were left alone is unclear, since, if some catastrophe had befallen the townspeople, and they were aware of it, then one would think that they would have tried to flee their doom. Whatever happened, the cars stayed where they were parked, unused and, now, unusable.

## SNOW

According to some accounts, snow falls in Silent Hill. That fact by itself is not so odd. What is odd is that it falls no matter the season. In the summer, the snow is every bit as thick as it is in the winter. No matter how thickly or often the snow falls, it never accumulates past an inch or two.

Not all travelers agree that the slowly drifting substance is precipitation at all. Some say that it is not snow, it is ash. If the coal seams below the town are burning as the authorities have said, then it would make sense that ash would be drifting down on the town. If the mines are not burning, then what is the source of the ash?

## UTILITIES

Power still works in Silent Hill, which is odd, considering that it has been effectively abandoned for years. This does not seem constant across town, as the street lights never seem to turn on, but the lights in the local bar are always shine.

Power works sometimes, but trying to use water is even more of a gamble. More often than not, nothing will happen when someone tries the water. Lucky travelers will get water that is rusty and filled with minerals, but otherwise palatable. Unlucky travelers will think that nothing happens, only to be surprised by a thick, crimson liquid that gurgles out of the spigot. Closer inspection reveals that it is blood. How blood got

into the pipes is a mystery.

Power and water work intermittently, but the phone lines are always dead. Whenever someone picks them up, the receiver will be silent. This would lead most to conclude that the phones don't work at all. This isn't true. The phones ring. Answering means anything from hearing a steady breathing to carrying on a conversation with someone who has abandoned sanity long ago. Inspecting such phones will reveal that they have no connection to any line.

As a rule, any technology, save that of firearms and other weapons, will not work within Silent Hill. Laptops will boot up, but nothing functions correctly. Cell phones display odd messages, and they never receive any signal. Somehow, though, they still receive text messages from unknown senders. These messages make little sense, but how they were even able to be delivered in the first place is a mystery.

## NOTES

Strange, cryptic messages are left all over town for people to find. Their writers and meanings are uncertain. Some seem to be warnings, but no consistent pattern emerges. Considering where most of these messages are found and in what medium, though, no logical conclusions can be drawn about who left them.

## GRAFFITI

A good deal of these messages are found in places where normal graffiti would be found in any other town. Sometimes occult symbols are blended in with the messages.

Different travelers have seen a variety of messages. "The Gates to Hell open" written in messy script, each letter 3 feet high, on the side of a building. "She screams" scratched into a park bench. "I've seen the Red Devil" chiseled into the base of a statue in perfectly square, straight lettering. "There was a hole here, but it's gone now" written sloppily on the inside of a store window with red oil paint, accompanied with an arrow pointing down.

## CHILDISHNESS

Fair amounts of the messages have a juvenile bent to them, like they were left by a 10-year-old. These messages are usually found in spots where children couldn't reach, or where they would be in such danger that they wouldn't take time to leave them. Regardless, these messages abound.

Visitors to the town have found many messages. "Dare you, dare you, double-dog dare you" written in pen, above the corpse of a janitor, whose mouth holds a key. "I know what you did, dirty whore" carved into the wooden ceiling of a pavilion. "Mommy, Daddy, where are you?" written in green marker, on the wall of a

collapsed basement.

## SUICIDE

The last group of messages is perhaps the strangest. Just as many people who are called to battle personal demons, just as many seem to come to Silent Hill to surrender to them. Consequently, one can find all manner of suicide notes from the fairly normal to the truly bizarre.

Those who take their own lives have an assortment of messages near them. In most cases, the messages could not have been left by the person. "Tell her I'm sorry" written in blood and brain matter on a wall, over a body. "I can't take it any more" carved into a hanged man's back. "I did it. I didn't want to admit it, I didn't want to know it, but I did it. They hounded me and tortured me until I remembered, but I did it. If you find this, do not weep for me. I died a long time ago" on a scrap of paper lying on the ground between skid marks.

## TIME

Much like other principles of normal reality, time malfunctions within the bounds of Silent Hill. Continuity breaks down. Cause and effect stop occurring in their correct order.

The effect seems to be most pronounced in the deepest reaches of the town. On the outskirts, time functions correctly, for the most part. Going further into the town means that time's normality further degrades. Time pieces even reflect, as their hands spin, skip seconds, or numbers on digital faces become unintelligible jumbles.

Some would chalk up the strange effects to time pieces on electromagnetic interference, or some equally rational explanation. Like other rational explanations, this breaks down when one experiences what Silent Hill has to offer. Such as the mother who went looking for her daughter that had disappeared into the town 5 years earlier, only to find her not a day older, or the girl who received notes from an admirer who had seen her, and had even been near her, but she never saw him.

Time, much like other factors of existence, obeys new rules within Silent Hill.

## ECHOES

Echoes are leftover traces, vague messages that are sent from Silent Hill. Maybe these appear due to the tenuous nature of time in Silent Hill. Perhaps they manifest for an entirely different reason. In any case, the town produces sounds, sights, smells, and feelings that don't seem to have any cause, but seem to be connected to the location where they occur.

Examples: A muffled female voice that sounds over the PA system of a hospital. Seeing sparks fly off roller coaster tracks, even though no car rides upon them. The

distinct bitter, iron smell of blood in a spotlessly clean operating room. Feeling a full-body chill upon entering an old freezer, even though it doesn't work.

## MANIFESTATIONS

Silent Hill has the power to embody the most potent parts of a person in a very real way, namely as people who can walk, talk, and even seem to live and breathe. These 'people' can be born from desires of interminable depth. These 'people' are typically harmless, unless they are rejected by those whose desires gave them form.

These 'people' can also be brought into existence by guilt of past crimes, and they show the wrong that harmed them, whatever the traveler in question did to them. If these people died in the outside world, then they will bear what wounds killed them, but they function anyway, even if that should be impossible.

Whether these manifestations are illusions or something else is unclear.

## MONSTERS

Towns and cities the world over have monsters, those who are little more than walking, talking killing machines surrendered to dark habits and horrible thoughts. In the outside world, most of these are at least hidden by a veneer of civility. Like many other places, Silent Hill has its monsters. Like nowhere else on earth, these monsters are real, with no illusion that they are anything else.

Perhaps if these creatures matched classic descriptions of frightening creatures, they would be more tolerable, since human beings find definitions and names comforting. These creatures match nothing described before. They even warp anew for each traveler that enters Silent Hill.

Some of these creatures appear to have been human, or at least, modeled after humans. Many of them have vaguely human-esque features: a head, legs, arms, and hands. Details, when compared to humans, however, do not match up. Faces of monsters are almost all warped, covered in one sheet of flesh. Investigation will show that this sheet does not cover human features, but such features were *never there*. Skin covering monsters is inhuman: monsters' skin is alternating colors of off-white and diseased brown, mottled together in nauseating patterns.

Monsters, while inhuman, and unintelligent, possess enough human-like base faculties to make them dangerous. One such ability is the capability of using tools. Many can be seen to be carrying bludgeons, whether steel pipes or boards. Others make use of axes and knives. The worst of all is when the creatures are equipped with firearms. This doesn't happen often, which is good, because these creatures are frighteningly accurate. These monsters show another human trait:

patience. Should a traveler retreat into a room off a hall that hosts monsters, then the monsters will wait, as if they realize that the person must come back out eventually.

Travelers can sometimes encounter even less human monsters. Some, while vaguely human-looking, seem to be permanently fused with matter. Monsters have been seen sporting blade-like implantations and have been seen blended with machinery such as pulleys. Yet others are combined with walls or doors, all the better to surprise those unlucky enough to walk by. Certain monsters instead resemble animals. These creatures look like their normal counter-parts only vaguely, much like how the other monsters resemble humans.

Accounts of the creatures are different with each traveler. Some describe airborne, fleshly bunches of blades that spin endlessly. Monsters that are over 9 feet tall with long, muscular limbs have also been reported. Silent Hill seems to like to keep the creatures 'interesting' for each person who travels through it.

The lone quality of monsters that proves to be beneficial to Silent Hill's guests is that each monster interferes significantly with electronic devices, making them blare noise and static. This noise even has a pattern to it, but few note this phenomenon, as they are usually in fear for their lives when the static sounds.

## SUPPLIES AND EQUIPMENT

After a short stay within the town limits, travelers recognize a very practical problem: supplies are few and far between. Whether they were taken with residents as they fled or whatever had remained has already been used by previous visitors, the fact remains that everything from food to bandages is hard to find. What food can be found is typically canned and a decade or two old, at the least. Amounts of bandages and other medical supplies, even in places where they would normally be plentiful, are often inadequate for the needs of those injured.

Just as supplies crucial to survival are uncommon, so too are effective means of defense. Firearms and ammunition are gone from private lock boxes and storefronts alike. If travelers did not bring a stockpile of ammunition with them, then they will quickly find their weapons to be useless. If any sort of defense is to be mounted, then travelers must improvise. Boards with nails in them, lead pipes, whatever can be found. If travelers are not inventive, then they can expect their ends to be close.

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### *Gifts from the Town*

For those who want a Silent Hill experience more resembling the video games, then they should feel free to change the content of the above paragraph to suit the more plentiful numbers of items in the video games. For those who haven't played them, the video games actually provide visitors with equipment, like flashlights and

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maps, and supplies, such as bandages and ammunition, though rarely in large quantities.

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## **GUARDIANS**

Certain creatures, powerful and dangerous, seem to be especially designated to serve some higher purpose. These creatures are known as Guardians. At least a handful are human, or mostly human, but they are unmistakably tied to Silent Hill's unholy power. Some Guardians are more intricate, intelligent monsters. They are unflinching stalkers or defenders, and only certain types of weapons can deal them harm. Even if they seem to be slain, they will return again, only to continue their purposes.

Accounts point to a number of different beings that fall under this category. One seems to be a man in his early 20's, one who attempts to look like a young teenager, making himself look quite awkward in the process. This childish appearance belies a monstrous rage, one that will send him into a murderous rampage at the right provocation. Others speak of a famous therapist, one who once toured the self-help circuit, who has since become a merciless revealer of dark secrets.

Consensus among travelers seems to indicate that Guardians are relatively few in number, which is a very good thing.

## **THE OTHERSIDE**

Every town and city has a dark side, an underneath that people only see when they know where to look. Silent Hill shares this quality, but instead of remaining hidden, the dark side shows itself in a very literal way. Sometimes, it a black cloud rolls out, digging its polluting tendrils into the town. Other times, the traveler is shunted into a living nightmare.

In either case, the world around the traveler decays, and almost bleeds. The first to change is almost always the walls. Replacing bricks and paint is rusted, wire mesh, with blood oozing down. Following that is the floor, which is replaced with a thin grating, or rusted, riveted steel plates, suspending the traveler above a bottomless dark. Instead of normal items, this nightmare is decorated by mutilated bodies hung from meat-hooks and viscera.

While all these accouterments do not manifest in every location, the grating seems to be consistent. Much like the monsters, however, the town twists itself especially for each traveler. The specifics of the transformation also change depending on the location. Should an atrocity have been committed nearby, the Otherside will echo it.

The Otherside is not inescapable, and many thank God for that. Sometimes, just as it arrived, it will recede, the world returning to normal with the darkness' passing. Travelers are not always so lucky. The Otherside

sometimes seems to require a task to be complete before it will release its grip. Such tasks can be anything from slaying a powerful monster to finding a certain key or opening a certain entrance.

The Otherside seems to cover all of Silent Hill, even the 'normal' roads of the town, which are, instead replaced with the thin grating. While dwelling in the Otherside, darkness is prevalent. Few sources of light exist there, so any light-producing equipment will prove indispensable in the Otherside.

Besides the profound darkness, the corrupting touch of the Otherside has other, far-reaching consequences. Temporal distortions are worst in the Otherside, and time ceases to have any meaning. Space, too, malfunctions. Travelers can travel for hours in the Otherside, take an elevator up to the place they started, even though that should be impossible.

The Otherside behaves by rules that are unknowable, and travelers are forced through such a place. They can only hurry through and pray that their stay won't be long.

## **THE SIREN**

Certain reports of the dealings in the town indicate that the transition to the Otherside is punctuated by the sound of siren, which is detectable no matter where in town a person may be. This siren is beneficial, as it gives travelers a chance to brace for the worse. Siren sounds seem to be another variable in the town, so not all are fortunate enough to benefit from it.

## **UNPLACES**

Otherside manifestations include much more than just warped versions of existing environments. It also contains places that do not exist in 'normal' reality. Buildings that should have only 3 floors have 4 instead. A building that has only one basement will grow a second in the Otherside.

Such locations are called 'Unplaces' because they do not correspond to any real-world space. Often, the monstrous, hidden history of a place is exposed in its Unplace. While Unplaces usually exist as extensions to buildings in 'normal' Silent Hill, sometimes an entire structure may exist only as an Unplace. One traveler reported that he entered an old-time prison underneath the Toluca County Historical society. Despite the building's entire destruction in the early 1900's, he claims to have explored the prison at length, which means that it was surely an Unplace.

Entering an Unplace can be done through a number of means, and certain actions will open the way, even if the Otherside is not currently manifested.

## THE GEOGRAPHY OF SILENT HILL

All of Silent Hill sits around Toluca Lake. The town itself is commonly divided into a number of areas, all more or less defined by the age of the section. Most of Silent Hill sits on the southern bank of the lake, while the rest of it sits on the northern. The oldest sections are in the south, and those around closest to the lake, in the north and northwest parts of town are the newest.

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### *What to Expect from the Geography*

Some of you Silent Hill fans may be wondering where some road names are, where certain locations are, and why the locations present are not described in greater detail.

The answer is straight-forward: including too much detail ruins the pace of a source-book like this. Most people would not want to slog through what each individual floor of Brookhaven Hospital has on it, for instance.

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## SOUTH BANK

This is the oldest section of Silent Hill. Almost entirely residences, bars, and small stores, this was part of town which was the least suited to tourists. It is laid out in a rough grid structure, but, more often than not, the roads in these grids are blocked off by debris, police blockades, and 10 meter high chain link fences.

## OBSERVATION DECK

For travelers who enter by roadway, this is often the first sight that they see. The main county road from the south, south-east runs into this area, which is a simple concrete platform that overlooks Toluca Lake, which is shrouded in thick fog, just like the rest of the town. The road doesn't exactly stop at the observation deck, and it actually continues into a nearby tunnel. The problem is that the tunnel is always blocked by a sliding, chain-link gate. No matter how one might try, it does not move, and it does not unlock.

A set of stairs leads off the platform, where a footpath winds through the woods, eventually leading to the cemetery, which stands silent and crowded. The cemetery guard's house is here, as well. On the other side of the cemetery is a gate that leads into the town proper.

## BROOKHAVEN HOSPITAL

Standing, like a 3 story brown-stone sentinel, is Brookhaven Hospital on the west most street of the South Side of town. It is blocked off on all sides by chain-link fence, but this fence has gaps occasionally breaking up its length, and people can slip into the yard surrounding the building.

Once inside, visitors will be sure to notice the complete lack of any sort of light-source, and what poor

light the sun would provide is blocked off due to the boarded-up windows. These conditions should not fool anyone into believing that they are alone in the building. Faceless mockeries of women roam the halls, toting weapons ranging from jagged bits of metal to .38 specials. Other monsters roam the corridors as well.

Visitors are often unlucky enough to become trapped inside the hospital, or its Otherside version, and must struggle to escape.

## ROSEWATER PARK

Rosewater Park is a small affair, nestled up next to the lake, with a few pay-to-operate binoculars on the water's edge, a few benches, and a few statues of famous townspeople. Oddly, this area is typically devoid of monsters, which is a good thing, since nowhere else in the town is the fog thicker.

## TOLUCA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Only a few thousand feet west from the park is the Toluca Historical Society. This small edifice to history was constructed in place of the prison that once stood in its place. Throughout the small building are paintings, old photographs, recent photographs, and shoddy dioramas. Here, travelers can see an odd, pyramidal hooded man rendered in painted form, including the most minute details, in a browned-out background where the shadow of gallows stand, like something immaterial.

Some find only the little bits of history and nothing more. Some find much more than that. One man found a prison that was mish-mashed pieces of ancient and modern prisons slammed together in an unsteady whole. This led into a nonsensical maze, like out of mythology. It twisted in on itself, and all the old paths would lead to new destinations.

He eventually found his way out, but he had to face down his darkest demons before he escaped from the demented underground.

## NORTH BANK

The main county road wraps around the western side of the lake, crossing over a bridge that has collapsed. These areas of town are the newest, with the buildings and structures becoming increasingly old as one heads east along the main county road. From west to east are the Lake View Hotel, Lake Side Amusement Park, the resort area, the business district, and another residential district.

Much like the South Bank, the North Bank is laid out in fairly neat grid patterns, but the roads are blocked just as often as the ones in the South Bank section, only chasms seem the most common obstacle here as opposed to fences and walls.

## LAKE VIEW HOTEL

Lake View Hotel is a three-story hotel. When it still operated, it was fairly well outfitted, and clean and tidy, even if it was somewhat simple. Since the fog rolled over town, the building burned at some point. Nothing is left of the building. Despite that, some find their way into the hotel, even though it shouldn't be anything but a pile of charred timber and ash.

When the hotel decides to be 'real,' it is a three story building that is fairly well outfitted and tidy, even though it has been abandoned for some time. Just as any other building in Silent Hill, this hotel has a dark reflection in the Otherside, where visitors can see all the sins that have taken place in the hotel in grotesque caricature, including where a man murdered his wife for the sake of his own comfort and ease.

## LAKE SIDE AMUSEMENT PARK

A little east along the main road from the Lake View Hotel is the Lake Side Amusement Park, which was constructed when Silent Hill gasped its last breath of life. Once, it was a fun place for families to go, hosting a variety of activities for people of all ages. Now, it is quiet, and the 'kiddy' atmosphere is now a disturbing quality of the park instead of welcoming. Even when no operators are alive, the rides still continue on the courses, seemingly unaffected by the world around them.

As visitors are hunted by monsters, they will see happy bunnies, and cardboard cut-outs of child-friendly characters. Perhaps the strangest feature of the altered park is the bunny suits, former mascots of the park. They set about, leaning against railings or laying on the ground. Crimson gunk encrusts the space around their mouths, and they stare out with happy eyes and cheery faces, like everything is right with the world.

## RESORT AREA

Continuing along the main road from the Lake Side Amusement Park, visitors will find the resort area, where the town customized itself to be better suited to tourists. Here are a lighthouse, a couple bars, and some plaques and historical signs that attempt to make the area more interesting than it really is.

Besides those few locations, there is not anything of much interest here, so most visitors pass through this area relatively quickly, provided their paths are not blocked by debris, chasms, or some sort of other obstacle.

## RESIDENTIAL SECTION

Traveling north from the resort area leads into another residential section, constructed more recently than the homes running along the South Bank. Here can be found the only school that Silent Hill has to offer, Midwich Elementary, as well as the Balkan Church.

Midwich Elementary is a square, 2 story building,

which is centered around a courtyard area where children would once play during their recess. Now, the building stands empty and decaying, haunted by deformed monsters that are cruel mockeries of children, bent and tortured. When the Otherside descends on the school, it displays the unforgiving torment that children would perpetrate on each other.

The Balkan Church is, really, Silent Hill's only religious building. Here, the faithful would gather when there were still followers to form a congregation. Now, it stands empty, save for a few forgotten religious artifacts. Strangely, the monsters of the town and the Otherside seem somehow repelled by this building, so visitors can find sanctuary here, but any escape from the town lies elsewhere, in the fog and darkness.

Another structure of note is the Grand Hotel, a 3 story building that was constructed to suit the needs of any tourists who had a bit more means than others. Its decorations are quite nice, and it was kept in very good repair when people still visited it. Some monsters roam the corridors of the building, which holds secrets most horrible if travelers know where to look.

## BUSINESS DISTRICT

Following the roads east from the residential section leads to the business district, where travelers can find a variety of small offices, the police station, and Alchemilla Hospital. Alchemilla Hospital is basically the only building of note here in the business district, as visitors seem to be guided there with regularly.

Alchemilla was the first hospital ever constructed in Silent Hill, on the opposite side of the lake from the South Bank section, which is about the same age as it is. Due to its more advanced age, Alchemilla is smaller than Brookhaven, about half as wide, even though it shares the same number of floors.

The Otherside version of Alchemilla Hospital is just as horrific as Brookhaven's, if not moreso, due to the outright suffering of some, especially children, in the rooms of the hospital.

## VARIANTS

Silent Hill is mutable. What it is and how it works seems to have the potential to change, sometimes subtly, sometimes drastically, between people's experiences. More than this, travelers report conflicting histories. One man described a cult that had caused the whole event that dragged the town into hell. Others spoke of a ghost who appeared to them at the moment of their escape, and he took credit for what the town had become.

In this section, we will discuss a number of variations which Storytellers can use to customize Silent Hill to their needs and desires, which include details on origin stories, current phenomena, and mechanical aspects of both. Each option is called a variant. Variants

are as true and applicable or as false and nonexistent as Storytellers want them to be.

## NOT ABANDONED

In this variant, Silent Hill is still inhabited. The question then rises: if Silent Hill is still inhabited, then where are the people in the fogbound version of the town and the Otherside? The answer, unfortunately, is not so straightforward as the question.

In this view, the event divided Silent Hill into certain versions of reality. They are related, and even connected, but not the same.

The different strata fall essentially into 2 categories. First is the 'normal world' realm where Silent Hill continues to exist as a quiet resort town with a few quirks. Interestingly, since the event, the town's fortunes have taken a turn for the better. Its citizens would almost say that whatever made their town "off" was no longer a problem. No complaints from them to be sure. The second version of reality is the world where Silent Hill is bound in fog. Sometimes, the second world becomes even darker, transforming into the Otherside. The Storyteller, should he desire, can treat the Otherside as another level of reality, thus bringing the total to 3.

Another view is that travelers actually exist somewhere between two 'poles' where the 'normal world' forms one pole and the Otherside forms the other. The fogbound Silent Hill is merely a step closer to the Otherside than the normal world is.

## MODERN HISTORY

In this variant, Silent Hill continued on in its normal history after the event occurred. During and after the strangeness of the late 70's and 80's, the tourism industry picked up, thanks to the development group's efforts and projects.

Currently, the town is steadily growing. Perhaps not as fast as its citizens would like, but considering their history, any growth is definitely seen as a good thing. In mid-2006, Silent Hill has reached a population of roughly 11,500. If you should want to set the game in Silent Hill in the future, consider that this number increases by about 500 people each year. Besides growth in demographics, the town is also steadily expanding its tourist traps. Silent Hill's town council has voted for renovations and additions across the board, including the Historical Society and the Lakeside Amusement Park.

At last, the town has become the quietly popular, nice place the citizens always wanted it to be. As a matter of fact, tourists always give glowing reviews about Silent Hill. Some have even described it as a 'little piece of heaven'.

## RAMIFICATIONS

- Echoes described earlier in this chapter are

actually muffled events that translate from the normal world into the other world.

- As some messages get sent to the other world Silent Hill from its normal counterpart, so too does this happen in reverse. Silent Hill citizens have grown accustomed to strange noises, and chalk them up to a variety of things: animals, bad wiring, etc.
- People who enter Silent Hill can actually arrive in the normal town, and not in its gray nightmare version.
- Entering fogbound Silent Hill is dependent on the traveler. In general, the vast majority of visitors arrive in the normal version of the town.

## ABANDONED BUT BRIGHT

This variant follows the same general guidelines for the treatment of the worlds as the **Not Abandoned** variant. Where it differs is that the town is abandoned, but part of it still exists in a beatific, normal version. Silent Hill in the normal world is bright and peaceful, with birds singing and deer walking unabashedly through the town, grass springing up through the cracked pavement. Almost everyone who comes here feels at peace and content.

The reason for the citizens leaving the town is up to the Storyteller in this variant. It should always be a mundane event, something that has very little hint of the supernatural. Perhaps the fire in the early 80's consumed the whole town. Perhaps the coal seams did catch on fire, meaning that citizens had to leave due to health concerns.

The point at which the town's population would have left will be roughly the same time as the event, whether by dint of chance or more hidden interactions.

## RAMIFICATIONS

- The same as the **Not Abandoned** variant above.

## ALL ROADS LEAD TO HELL

Silent Hill is not in one place.

Whatever happened to Silent Hill, it stopped being in one three-dimensional location. Instead, one could consider it 'free.' No matter where people are, the town is only a hair's breadth away, around the corner, down the stairs. If the town wants people to come, they arrive, and they need not even travel very far, as the town comes to them.

## RAMIFICATIONS:

- Silent Hill is no longer in its original location. The disaster that befell it freed it from fixed space, so that it has become 'free floating.'
- Silent Hill can establish a link to any three-dimensional location, anywhere in the world. Travelers from America could encounter others

from Asia or Africa.

- Whenever people receive the call, or even if have not, they will find themselves in the town, even when following whatever paths would normally take them elsewhere.
- Once able to escape, travelers reappear wherever they were when the town took them.

## WHAT NIGHTMARES ARE MADE OF

Silent Hill is not real, at least not in the traditional sense. Whether or not it ever was is something of a debate. Now, the town exists only as a nightmare, a place glimpsed only in the darkest dreams. Travelers find themselves in the town, with no recollection of how they arrived, or why they came. Escape proves fruitless, just as it does for all travelers. The dreamers have no choice but to battle through the dreamscape to whatever fate awaits them.

### RAMIFICATIONS:

- Silent Hill may exist as a physical location, it may have at one time, or it may have only existed as a nightmare. In any case, dreamers can and do find their way in.
- The only necessary thing for travelers to find themselves in the town is to fall asleep. Once they are resting, they can appear in Silent Hill.
- Just because travelers are asleep does not mean that they are safe from harm. Should they perish in the living nightmare, they will die in reality.
- Once escape is available, the travelers awaken, with only a night of sleep passing, no matter how long the journey in Silent Hill seems to take.
- This can explain how the things in Silent Hill are possible: they are not real.

## LIVE NO MORE

If there is one general consistency among travelers, it is that a fair amount of them were summoned by communication by deceased friends, family, and loved ones. The travelers often ask themselves: how is this possible?

It is possible because the dead walk the Earth in Silent Hill.

Whatever the power of Silent Hill, it is enough to bring back those who have crossed through the veil. This does not mean that such resuscitated individuals are shambling corpses, or some sort of vampires. Nor are they disembodied specters. The dead in Silent Hill look, talk, feel, and behave just as they did in life. What's odd, though, is that they are not alive, even though they look it. Such individuals know that they are dead, and they will admit this. How, then, do they walk amongst the living, and are able to touch them and talk to them?

Even they do not have the answer for this.

### RAMIFICATIONS:

- Anyone who is deceased can appear in Silent Hill. This includes parents, friends, and anyone else.
- Almost always, the deceased who appear have a personal connection to a traveler.
- The deceased will usually try to assist the traveler in what ways they can. However, their movements do seem to be somewhat limited for unknown reasons, so they can only appear at poignant moments.
- Once the traveler has reached the end of his stay in the town, through whatever means, then the deceased are able to pass back into whatever afterlife awaits them.

## THE TRANSFORMING DARK

In this variant, the Otherside does not exist as a separate realm, per se. Instead, a wave of blackness washes over the town, extinguishing all sources of light for a period of time. When the lights work again, the world transforms, becoming a living nightmare of rust and gore. In this variant, it is possible for an entire group to be trapped in the Otherside together.

This darkness rises and recedes, much like the waves of the ocean. Consequently, travelers can do nothing to affect its comings and goings. They can only survive until the dark world becomes gray again.

### RAMIFICATIONS

- Transitions between fogbound Silent Hill and the Otherside are always made as a group.
- Unplaces cannot be accessed until a wave of darkness spreads over the town. Should travelers attempt to access an Unplace when this has not occurred, their efforts automatically fail.
- When travelers are in an Unplace when the darkness recedes, they black out. Upon awakening, they find themselves in the closest 'real world' location to the Unplace. For example, if they are in the Toluca County Prison when the darkness recedes, then they awaken in the exhibit room of the historical society.
- Travelers able to still see in the case of the change see the world fall apart and warp around them. Walls slough off paint chips for quivering, bleeding flesh, metal falls off of bathroom stalls in chunks, revealing blood encrusted wire mesh.
- Should the storyteller want a random system for the entrance and exit of the Otherside, then he may use the following system. At the opening of every scene, the Storyteller rolls a single die.

If the number is 8 or 9, then the darkness arrives or recedes at the opening of the next scene. If the darkness is approaching with the next scene, then Storytellers may give some hints that the darkness is coming. If the number on the die is 10, then the arrival or recession happens immediately, with no advanced warning.

- If the Storyteller does not use the above system, then the darkness can arrive or retreat, his choice, at the opening of a scene. It is also his choice as to whether he gives his players any warning that the darkness is coming.

## THE BLACKEST SHADOW

This is another view on the nature of the Otherside. In this variant, the Otherside is always present, though perhaps not always visible or accessible. Travelers can be shunted off into the Otherside alone, meaning that they have to slog through the nightmare hallways by themselves.

### RAMIFICATIONS

- Transitions between Silent Hill and the Otherside can be made as a group or by individuals. If an individual makes the shift alone, then the other group members see their companion there one moment, then not the next.
- Unplaces can be accessed at any time, but entering them means crossing over into the Otherside.
- Certain tasks are almost always required before travelers can leave the Otherside. This varies depending upon the location, but the task is never easy, and is left up to the Storyteller to determine.
- Monsters are more plentiful in this version of the Otherside. Consider their numbers to be roughly half again more in any given location.
- For the individuals being transferred, the world seems to transform around them much as it does in **The Transforming Dark** variant.

## DARKNESS IN THE SOUL

The last of the views on the Otherside is perhaps the most interesting. Here, the world around the travelers, or traveler, does not actually change, but his *perceptions* of it do. In short the appearance of the Otherside is simply a sophisticated illusion, but one that still hurts and seems every bit as real to the person who is experiencing it.

This is not to say that the person in question is going insane, far from it. The town seems to project the illusion of the Otherside into the person, even going so far as to make the illusion interactable. Even then, individuals suffering from an Otherside projection would still appear to be insane to their companions.

### RAMIFICATIONS

- Transitions between fogbound Silent Hill and the Otherside are always individual.
- None of the apparently reconfigured world in the Otherside has actually changed at all. The person believes in the illusory changes so strongly that one couldn't convince him otherwise.
- The Otherside's layouts and characteristics are not universal at all. Each Otherside is unique to each character.
- Unplaces, in this view, are actually the only universal that the Otherside has to offer. Unplaces never truly exist in any sort of physical space, and travelers' true bodies are at rest somewhere while their minds explore the non-existent space.
- The harm done by monsters in this Otherside is not any less real than any other sort of damage.
- The description of the transition to the Otherside is the same as it is in **The Transforming Dark** variant.
- Note: this variant is nearly impossible to use with any more characters than 2.

## SHRIEK BEFORE NIGHTFALL

If this variant is true, then a siren sounds as the Otherside bares upon travelers. Deafeningly loud, the siren sounds is always audible no matter where the traveler might be in town. Its start means that the Otherside is coming and its stop means that it has arrived.

The siren's nature is uncertain. Some believe it to be simply an old fire horn posted somewhere in the center of town. At least one traveler visited a church where a collection of fire horns set upon the building's steeple. Some have theorized that is in fact, a thousand voices screaming in unison. Most prefer to think of it as a fire horn.

What the siren is and where it can be located, if it exists in a place at all, is up to the Storyteller.

### RAMIFICATIONS

- At least 1 turn before the transition to the Otherside occurs, the siren sounds, no matter where the characters are in town. It lasts as long as the transition to the Otherside does, and it gradually fades once the transformation is complete.

## INNOCENT

In this variant, monsters are actually anything but. They are people who have wandered into fogbound Silent Hill. Problems arise when they come into contact with others, however. Any attempt at communication fails, as

the stranger attacks the person with a look of fear and desperation in their eyes.

The town distorts the perceptions of travelers, making them see monsters in the place of innocent people. None are the wiser, and the innocent believe that they are being murdered by the insane.

### RAMIFICATIONS

- If the storyteller is using the **Not Abandoned** variant, then this explains why there are so many disappearances and murders throughout the town. People somehow get trapped in fogbound Silent Hill, and there they die.
- Any supernatural ability used to modify the senses may actually have the possibility of piercing the illusion around the innocent, although only for a moment. The Storyteller can call for a Wits + Composure roll, at a -5 modifier, while supernatural perceptions are in effect. If the roll succeeds, then the traveler sees the monster for what it really is for one turn.
- Monsters' appearances do not change.
- Damage dealt by monsters is not changed in any way. Even if the monster itself is not real, the town makes its damage real.
- Even characters can appear as monsters to NPC's in this variant. In this case, no one knows the truth about what they are encountering.
- Attacks by monsters may actually be real damage, as the victims are attempting to defend themselves from a 'psychopath'.
- Supernatural abilities that affect the minds of targets work normally against monsters.

### DAMNED

The power of Silent Hill is potent and pervasive. In this variant, the monsters that roam the town are the husks of townspeople and animals that walked through it when the event struck. The darkness broke their minds and cut their flesh, reshaping them into walking weapons. Killing monsters doesn't even deliver the poor souls from this hell, as they are tied to the town, and even if their warped bodies perish, the town will rebuild them, so they can get the 'pleasure' of living again.

### RAMIFICATIONS

- The monsters register as living beings for those who can detect such things.
- If characters should examine monsters, then they will find the remnants of normal organs. But these organs are eaten with cancers and hardly recognizable.
- Mind-based supernatural powers do not work on monsters in this variant. Whatever warped the creatures' bodies broke their minds, so that they

no longer function normally.

- Attempting to read the minds of monsters through any means is ill-advised. Upon such an attempt, the character blacks out for a turn. When he awakens again, he chants a nonsense phrase over and over. If his attention is brought to it, the character will admit to not even noticing that he was saying anything. An example: "The Silent Ones embrace us all."

### REFLECTIONS OF THE SOUL

Monsters in Silent Hill seem to change for each traveler. Some see bunches of objects wrapped in mottled skin on a human-esque figure. Others see skinless, infected dogs that look like they should be dead, but continue to hunt.

Monsters in this variant are not real in the 'traditional' sense. The town reflects dark sides of inhabitants and gives them physical form. If the creatures were to be carried outside the town's influence, then they would cease to exist. Without Silent Hill, the creatures break apart and fade, like bad dreams.

### RAMIFICATIONS

- Monsters do not register as anything, living or otherwise, for anyone who has the ability to detect such things. Instead, they are detected as a sort of 'static' in the space around the characters.
- Communicating with monsters through any means always fails, without exception.
- Any supernatural powers that affect the minds of their targets (Obfuscate, Mind magic, etc.) fail automatically, as monsters don't have minds to affect.
- If any part of a monster should be carried outside the town, then it dissolves into nothingness. This includes flesh, cloth, or weapons.
- Scanning the minds of monsters in this variant does not accomplish anything, nor does it have any side effects. Much like other supernatural senses, the monsters register as static.

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### Spoiler Warning

The following two variants (The God's Descent and Burn the Wicked) assume that readers are familiar with the plots of the Silent Hill video games and the Silent Hill movie respectively. Therefore, they contain significant spoilers about the plots they detail. You have been warned.

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## THE GOD'S DESCENT

An odd, mishmashed cult bred in the halls and houses of Silent Hill over its brutal history. Once, this cult was vaguely Christian. Over time, as it blended in other concepts, it increasingly became a unique religion.

## IN THE BEGINNING

What would later be called the cult first came to Silent Hill when it was reviving itself after the Wiltse coal mine had been discovered. At the time, the cult was still mostly Christian, but with some strange emphases.

The cult kept close track of any other religious stirrings in the community. If any other churches were founded, or any religious body of any variety, then its members and founders met with 'accidents'. Throughout much of the early years of the town, the cult kept an iron grip on the town's religious life, being the one and only source of spiritual teaching.

## THE PATRON MOTHER

One woman, Emma Gillespie, especially stood out in the early years of the cult. She was charismatic, able to recruit nearly any one into her religious organization. She had more gifts than just that.

As night fell, a fever would fall on Emma. With her waking, she would speak of revelations, knowledge hidden from those with lesser minds. Little by little, her sanity wore down until nothing of the original woman was left. She taught what she had learned while she slept: that God was indeed mother, not father, and that they were not worthy to know any aspect of her name, so she simply referred to the being as 'the God'.

The new being was not the only teaching. She remade the story of the dawn of creation, speaking of hatred and anguish, and how the God descended, gracing mankind with death, a final end to their suffering, which opened the way to Paradise. After a time, the God slumbered when its strength was exhausted, though it would return one day, reopening Paradise for mankind.

There was dissent in the ranks of the cult as disagreements with Emma arose. She would not brook this. As her opponents were quick to discover, the Emma's fever contained both knowledge and power, power to work dark miracles and terrifying feats of inhuman ability. When the last critic fell silent, the rest of the cult fell behind Emma, as much out of fear as anything else, and their unity was assured.

Over the course of the town's early years, and during the Civil War, Emma steadily pruned the cult's teachings, slicing out any Christian teaching. By the end of the Civil War, the sect had become its own set of ideas and teachings, fully coming into its legacy.

By the close of the Civil War, the cult's influence was seducing more and more adherents. Its size was increasing quickly, and fear of Emma ensured devotion

from all members. During this time, Emma founded Hope House, an orphanage, in order to have a stock for ritual slaughter as well as source for new, faithful adherents when they reached the proper age.

## THE FAILED BIRTH

In the early 1870's, Emma was preparing for the rebirth of the God. She would fall into her fever dreams, seeking knowledge dark and damned. Each task she discovered while slumbering was horrid, but she saw each one to terrible completion.

Using the power and knowledge that she had acquired, Emma prepared the ritual. She would become the God's mother, and she would rebirth the God, opening the way to Paradise, where mankind could finally be given respite from their existences of suffering.

The ritual began, but something went wrong. Emma's body shuttered violently, deep in the grips of a seizure. When the convulsions stopped, her body lay cold and still on the altar. After the adherents had come to terms with the situation, they removed Emma from the altar and removed all the tools.

Following the night of the failed ritual, some of the cult's members broke out with a plague, one that followed manifested the same symptoms as the plague that had broken out a century earlier. The plague was indiscriminate from that point, and it targeted Order adherent and common townsfolk alike. A cure was found in time, but not before the plague had claimed many lives.

## IN-FIGHTING

Without Emma's stern hand, Christian teaching began pockmarking the cult's doctrine again. This caused a schism within the leadership and the adherents. The resulting decline drove away many followers, their numbers plummeting.

Before the cult collapsed completely, Emma's daughter, Ruth, who was surnamed Gillespie after her mother, received visions similar to her mother's. She blazed with the inhuman power her mother had, perhaps even stronger than her mother before her. Her abilities silenced those who were in favor of Christian teaching. Finally, the cult was completely free of all Christian influence, ready to serve the God whole-heartedly.

## PROGRESSION

Once they were completely purified of Christian heresy, the cult renewed its outreach to the citizens of the town. The cult grew steadily, but its alien teachings kept some away. While this was unforgivable, Ruth did not want to attract too much outside attention to their doings. The most vocal opponents still met with accidents, so the others who were opposed to the cult quickly learned to keep their silence.

Around the turn of the century, the cult began abducting townspeople for use in their rituals to appease the God. This occurred continually as ever-more people were taken. No investigation shed any light on the happenings, though, as Ruth's abilities kept their doings hidden and unknowable.

Even with all the sacrifices, and all the worship, the leaders of the cult still felt that conditions were not right to prepare the God for rebirth. the cult continued its operations throughout the 20th century, waiting for the right opportunity to rebirth the God.

Ruth had the next Gillespie, a daughter, whom she named April, in 1905. When she passed away in 1930, April inherited the leadership of the cult. She proved to be ineffective when compared to her mother, so she was rather unpopular with the cult's adherents.

In 1936, April gave birth a daughter, whom she named Dahlia. Dahlia showed much potential at an early age, perhaps even more than her grandmother or great-grandmother. She was the heir apparent of the cult's leadership.

One night, in 1952, Dahlia awoke from a dream, where the God had told her that a sacrifice was necessary to see the path. Straight away, she ran to her mother's quarters, where Dahlia stabbed her to death. As the blood dried on her hands, her mind was opened, and she saw that her daughter was to be the one to finally birth the God.

Dahlia revealed her vision to the cult, and they rejoiced as they burned April's body.

## ALESSA

Dahlia's daughter was born in 1972. She was named Alessa, and like her matriarchs before her, she, too was given the name Gillespie. Even in her earliest childhood years, Alessa showed immense potential, more than any other of the Gillespie matriarchs. This trait of hers drove Dahlia to the path which the vision had shown her.

In 1979, Dahlia prepared the ritual to impregnate Alessa with the God. As before, sacrifices were necessary, so people all over town disappeared. Everything was ready, and Alessa was tied to an altar. The kindling was lit, and soon Alessa's poor body was engulfed in flame as she shrieked in torment.

Alessa's only thought was escape. This was so strong that her power splintered her soul, and a fraction of her flew away. The rest of Alessa was left, burned and broken, on the altar. Dahlia approached her daughter, from whose body she heard the God whisper. Dahlia led a song of joy, as the God was finally with them. In fitful pain, Alessa unintentionally spread the flames with her abilities. 6 buildings in the business district burned down as a result.

Alessa's fractioned soul formed into a newborn baby. A random stranger named Harry Mason and his

wife were vacationing in Silent Hill where they found the child, and, upon discovering that she had seemingly been abandoned, took her into their care. They named the little girl Cheryl, after her maternal grandmother.

## THE OTHER PLACE

Those who participated in the ritual got more than they bargained for. Alessa's pain and hatred of those who had done this to her mingled with the God's power, which shunted the ritualists off into an alternate space. Here, claustrophobic fog blanketed the town, where no human could be found. Dahlia and her followers believed that they had taken the first step toward the Paradise promised in the teachings.

A problem appeared, however. There were *things* here. Indescribable beings, some of them vaguely humanoid, stalked the streets and rooms of Silent Hill in this alternate space. Some of these even claimed the ritualists' lives. As Dahlia studied the creatures, she realized that all of them were reflective of Alessa's fears, in some way or another.

Just when they believed that the realm held no more surprises for them, a darkness roiled out from Alessa's burnt body, making the world into even more of a living nightmare. This last turn swallowed up the lives of the last few cultists, till only Dahlia was left.

Dahlia was trapped with her daughter in Silent Hill's fogbound nightmare.

## REUNION

Over the course of the next 7 years, Alessa remained alive, denied death by her mother's abilities and the presence of the God inside her. She was in intense pain at all times. Dahlia used her gifts to pull a nurse over into the damned world, to take care of Alessa. Laying, undying, on her bed, Alessa's hatred and sorrow grew, poisoning her until nothing was left of the innocent girl she once was.

Dahlia monitored the changes in both of the worlds around her. Over time, the numbers of monsters increased, and the darkness would swallow the town increasingly more often. Even as she was sure the darkness was growing inside her daughter, it was as though something was keeping the process of opening Paradise from being completed.

In another part of the world, Harry Mason mourned the passing of his wife. He continued to care for Cheryl, who was, by all indications, a normal girl. After the passing of Harry's wife, Harry and Cheryl lived normally.

In 1986, in Cheryl's seventh year, Harry decided that the two of them should take a vacation. He also thought that he'd take the opportunity to show Cheryl where she had been born and found. The trip was a long one, and it went long into the night. Cheryl fell asleep before they arrived in Silent Hill. As they neared the town, Harry saw a small girl step in front of the car's

path. He panicked, slammed the breaks, spun the car, smacked his head, blacked out.

When he awakened, he discovered quickly that Cheryl was missing. No matter where he looked, she could not be found. As he searched for his daughter, he found that light snow fell, even though it was early Autumn. Searching was made more complicated thanks to a thick, pea-soup like fog that walled Harry in. When he started to climb away from the crash site, he caught a fleeting glimpse of his daughter and the patter of footsteps, so he sprinted toward the source.

Over the course of his travels, Harry ran into Dahlia Gillespie, who asked that Harry travel to a number of sites throughout town, carrying the Seal of Metatron with him. Once his travails were finished, Dahlia was dead, Cheryl was gone forever, and Harry carried a new daughter in his arms as he left the town behind him.

#### **AFTERWARD**

With Dahlia and Alessa gone from the 'normal' version of Silent Hill, new leadership was free to take over. Even so, without the fanaticism of Dahlia and the threat of her power to keep members in line, the cult sunk into inactivity, as the cult's numbers continually dropped.

In the early 90's, just when it looked as though nothing could save the cult from extinction, a young man named Vincent took interest in this religious organization. He adjusted the beliefs and codified some aspects of the religion that had not seen proper treatment before. He began gathering funds from the citizens of the town, which he used to further expand the cult. Under Vincent's ministrations, the organization reached new heights of numbers and wealth, which were shortly used to construct a new sanctuary, free from any Christian fetters, free to be the religion it was always meant to be.

Claudia, an adherent trained by Dahlia, was unhappy with this new structure that Vincent had imposed. She felt that his machinations had somehow tainted the cult. She began searching for Alessa, who had disappeared, without any trace, many years earlier. To this end, she hired a private investigator, whose efforts eventually turned up some favorable results in the early 2000's. Alessa had been changed, and she was then living in another town, under the alias of Heather. Claudia contemplated the full meaning of this news. If Alessa still lived, then the God must have surely still remained inside her, ready to be reborn, ready to lead people to Paradise.

Claudia left Silent Hill, ready to find the Mother of the God.

#### **RETURN**

Claudia soon found this 'Heather'. She began to torment the girl, in the hopes of rekindling life in the God that slumbered within her. Sure enough, the first time the girl crossed over into the the Otherside, Claudia heard the

slightest whisper, a sweet assurance that the God was still alive, just deep in slumber.

The girl followed Claudia, who led her back home, where Heather found her father, Harry Mason, murdered. This event further fanned the flames of torment and hatred, and the God stirred, reaching ever-closer to the waking world. Heather continued following Claudia, even back to the town which had been her home once, in her last life.

Heather eventually found her way into one of the many Unplaces of Silent Hill, where she and Claudia confronted each other for the last time. The situation was resolved, and Heather walked away from the town. Resuming her given name, Cheryl buried her father, leaving the past behind her.

#### **RAMIFICATIONS:**

- This variant assumes use of the **Not Abandoned** variant.
- With this variant in effect, Harry Mason, Heather Mason, Dahlia Gillespie, and Claudia Wolfe are all possible NPC's in the story.
- Investigations into the town's past and records reveals the cult's influence and teaching. It also reveals clues surrounding the birth of the God, and its role in leading people to Paradise.
- For those who are interested, this explains how Silent Hill came to be as it is. The power of the God, combined with Alessa's hatred and pain, opened up another space, or the first step toward Paradise. The Otherside, when it manifests, is even closer to the Paradise that the God promised. Even with the God gone, the pieces of Paradise remain.

#### **BURN THE WICKED**

In the early years of the town, the natives developed a fear of witches and the supernatural. At first, one might have even called the fear healthy considering the world in which they lived. Over time, the fear became paranoid and feverish. The 'faithful' would drag 'witches' out of their homes, and burn them at the stake. The zealots controlled the townspeople through fear, and the course of the town's development was theirs to decide.

#### **FEVER**

In the 1870's, the plague of older times resurfaced, and all the town was gripped by horror and fear. Panic seized the townspeople as hope died. Any possible explanation of the plague's origins became plausible. Rumors of witches and dark ceremonies infested the people's minds, until they were all feverishly certain that the witches were the cause of the disease.

The people clung to each other, producing senseless,

violent mobs. They stormed the homes of witches, actual and otherwise, and dragged them out to the town center, where they were brutalized and dumped into a pit. Once all the witches lay beaten and bloody in a pile, the townspeople threw in wood and kindling. All the victims screamed in roaring blaze, music to the ears of the townspeople.

Soon after the witches had been disposed of, the plague's reign of terror ended. The people took this as a sign that they had taken the right course of action. To ensure that witches would never plague their town again, a number of men and women came together, and swore an oath to one another before God. They would hunt witches and purify them with flame, as was proper. They became the Order of Holiness, or, simply, the Order.

### **KEEPING PURE**

All through the late 19th and early 20th century, the Order hunted down every threat, both real and imagined, with zealous ferocity. Every witch was burned, every warlock purified, every devil worshiper stripped of his wickedness.

The Order spread throughout the entire town until nearly all of the residents were part of the denomination. To outsiders, these simply appeared to be fervent Christians, albeit on the eccentric side. Most of them never saw the true face of the Order, so this false perception was maintained for a long while.

By the mid 1940's, the children of the founders began having their own children. Among their number was a child who was named Christabella. During her formative years, a true tragedy rocked the Order, as Christabella's mother was found brutally murdered. Christabella herself was the one who found the mutilated body.

The Order stormed out into the town, determined to find the murderer. They found her, a witch, who had struck out in her own protection. After she was bloodied and brutalized, the witch was bound to a stake. Christabella was given the torch to start the fire that would 'purify' the witch. She gladly lit the flames, and she almost laughed while crying as the woman smothered and burned to death.

This hatred and fear of witches would serve to give Christabella a zeal rarely seen in the order. By her teenage years, she grew to an understanding and fervor that eclipsed everyone else. Her speeches drew more to the Order, as she seemed to possess a God-given talent for swaying others with words. Through her leadership, the Order stayed faithful and grew even more zealous, or, as some thought, mindless, though they would never say so for fear of being labeled 'witches.'

### **ALESA THE WITCH**

In the early 70's, Alesa Gillespy was born, a bastard child, much to her mother's shame and much to the anger

of the community at large. Thanks to her mother Dalia's protection, she lived a fairly happy early childhood.

When she reached school age, however, her life took a sharp downward turn. Her classmates persecuted her on the grounds that she was a witch. The teasing turned to abuse, and it gradually grew increasingly intense, until Alesa would come home with a new set of bruises every day.

Word of Alesa's 'condition' eventually reached the ears of the elders of the town, including Christabella. They then approached Dalia, with whom they talked about 'purifying' Alesa. Since the Order's precepts had been drilled into her mind since birth, Dalia agreed. They took Alesa, and they began a procession to the Grand Hotel, where they walked to the upper floor, where the purification ceremony awaited. As they approached the door, the situation truly sank into Dalia's mind, and she fell to her knees, weeping, knowing that no amount of begging would change this situation.

Alesa didn't fight them, and the true nature of what was going on didn't sink in until she was bound and gagged, and then, the pain started. They swung a cauldron filled with red-hot coals below the girl, and she screamed and cried, but the assembly only watched with grim satisfaction. It was then that the whole situation turned for the worst.

The cauldron tipped, and coals fell onto the floor, which they quickly ate through. The coals then burned through the top floor, all the way through the building, down into the ground floor, where all the accumulated weight broke the thin layer of rock beneath that section of town, and the coals and burning wood fell into the mines below, setting them ablaze.

Emergency workers rushed to the building, where they found the assembly, and poor little Alesa, whose seared flesh wracked her with tormenting pain. A policeman carried her out, and she was taken immediately to the hospital. The workers there did what they could for her, but her injuries were severe enough that the doctor said that she would never leave the hospital. Dalia's grief was more than she could bare. Her mind snapped in that moment, and she left the hospital, tears streaming from her eyes, and she went where no one could find her.

Alesa, when she was conscious, lived always in fear of her life. She thought that the Order was only a moment from ending her life once and for all. Over time, her fear became hatred. Over time her hatred became enmity, a dark flame which consumed all of her until that was all she felt.

### **DARKNESS**

By the mid 1980's, most of the town had been abandoned, due to the fact that toxic fumes were reaching dangerous levels all throughout the town. The hospital was one of the last places to be evacuated, due to the

sensitive nature of its inhabitants. It was then, in 1986, that toxic fumes would become a relatively minor problem.

As Alesa lie in fear and burning hate, a small, pale girl walked into the ICU, dressed in a Midwich Elementary school uniform. This little girl, if anyone had been able to look at her closely, would have looked like Alesa had when she had been burned. This little girl walked up to the plastic barrier around Alesa, and they talked. The little girl promised revenge most sweet, served in a world born of Alesa's nightmares. Alesa smiled, even though the pain that burned through her face was excruciating. She reached out to the plastic barrier where the little girl stood, and the demon in its guise reached out and did the same. When the contact was made, the world bled as flesh covered the walls and rust and entrails spread over the floor, and the darkness swept the town, making it into a physical nightmare, just as the demon had promised.

Even then, the Order dodged the darkness that had flowed over Silent Hill like a plague, and they huddled in the church, where Christabella's zeal made a wall around them. Alesa roared when she knew that the Order yet lived. The Demon smiled at that.

### **SPLINTER**

In time, the Demon grew bored with its kingdom of darkness. It desired something more or something else. Promises made to Alesa bound the Demon to her, though, so the Demon could not depart the town for good until its vows of vengeance were fulfilled. It was then that the Demon orchestrated a plan.

The Demon reached inside Alesa, seeking out whatever remained of her innocence, of the sweet girl she once was. After an arduous search, the Demon found what it sought, hidden deep within Alesa's soul. It ripped out that small fragment, and it crafted a body, a baby's body, to place the soul in. The Demon then carried the baby to a neighboring town and delivered her to a lonely Catholic orphanage.

A sister was walking in the first story when she heard a child's cry. She walked to the front door, only to discover the child in a basket. She took her in and closed the door behind her. The child was not at the orphanage long. After she was delivered into the care of the church, the sister received a call about a couple who was looking for a baby. Once the necessary pieces of information were exchanged, the DaSilvas paid the orphanage a visit, ready to receive a new little girl. The sister was glad to give the child to a loving pair of parents, and soon the little girl was on her way to a new home.

### **NIGHTMARES**

Rose and Christopher DaSilvas lived happily with their adopted daughter, Sharon, for many years. Even from the first, strange things seemed to happen around

her. Her parents never paid it any attention until the strangeness reached new levels.

When the little baby had become a little girl, she would have vivid dreams, and out the darkness of those nightmares, her mother heard her whisper "Silent Hill." At first, her daughter would speak in her sleep. In time, she would toss and turn as her whispers became steadily more audible. After that, she was content to move out of her bed, and her feet would take her into the surrounding darkness of the countryside.

Sharon's parents were, understandably, concerned. They began taking her to professionals. Nothing helped. No medication or therapy made any headway against the episodes. When no treatment worked, the doctors began to recommend that Rose and Christopher hospitalize Sharon, for her own good.

Upon receiving the news, Christopher and Rose had an explosive argument. Rose absolutely refused to put her baby in an institution. The argument went on for some time, but neither made headway with their debate. After a few hours, exhausted and getting nowhere, both of them went to bed. Christopher fell into an uneasy sleep. Rose lay awake, thinking of what she should do. When the hours passed sleepless, Rose got up and decided to do some research.

She logged onto the internet and began digging up every relevant fact about any place called Silent Hill. Rose gradually cobbled together information about the town. As all the bits of information pooled in her mind, she decided upon a course of action. She got a meager amount of sleep, then she waited for Chris to leave for work. Once he was gone, she got Cheryl out of bed and told her that they were going on a little trip.

They left that morning, heading for Silent Hill, where Rose was sure she could find the solution to her little girl's problems. They moved across the country quickly, and Rose made no stops unless Sharon absolutely had to. Once the sun had set, and the dark spread like a blanket over the landscape, Rose pulled into a gas station to refill and ask for some directions. It was there that she attracted the attention of Cybil Bennett, a local police woman.

Rose pulled out of the station, and when she had covered a small piece of road, she saw the familiar shutter of red and blue behind her. She floored the gas and barreled down the highway, toward whatever lie ahead of her. She outran Officer Bennett, and she believed that she was home free. That's when she looked ahead and saw a little girl in a blue skirt crossing the road. She slammed on the breaks, spinning out of control, slamming into a guard rail, hitting her head, losing consciousness.

Rose shook awake after being out for an interminable amount of time. When she took in her surroundings the first thing she noticed was that Cheryl was nowhere to be seen. She panicked, calling out

Sharon's name and running through the fog that surrounded her. When she paused for a moment, she noticed white flakes, like snow, drifting down from above. As one settled on her face, she grabbed it, rubbing it between her fingers, and it left soot. She ran down the road, only to be greeted by a rusted, faded, and worn white-on-green metal sign which proclaimed "Welcome to Silent Hill." Rose rushed past it, hurtling into the fog.

## DAMNED

Rose wasn't very far into town when she first found herself in the Otherside, in the more warped and corrupted version of the already warped town. It was there in the dark that she found a mutilated body of a man in an odd suit. As she stood, her eyes fixed to the body out of shock, small creatures walked up behind her, sounding and looking like twisted toddlers. She ran, but they overpowered her. Just when her life looked to be over, the creatures shrieked as they broke apart.

When she awoke, she was back in the 'normal' version of Silent Hill, with the town bound in the claustrophobic fog. She took a few more steps into the mist, only to encounter the officer that she had run from earlier. For evading arrest, and alleged kidnapping, the officer cuffed her and walk her back to the ramp which Rose had run down earlier.

It was there that Officer Bennett saw the true face of Silent Hill when she saw monsters shambling toward them. She dropped one with the rounds she had in her pistol, but more of the acid-throwing monsters came to her, as her radio blared static and Rose's cell phone went haywire.

In the confusion, Rose ran back into the town, seeking her little girl. In the process, she ran to the edge of a chasm where the road dropped off into nothing. It was then that an odd woman appeared, seemingly from thin air. This woman was ragged and unkempt to the extreme, as though she had been homeless and alone for many years. Her sentences were poorly constructed, like they came from a polluted, broken mind. The woman became irreconcilable and violent when she saw a picture of Sharon, insisting that the child was her own.

Rose bolted from the woman as fast as her feet would carry her. Within a few minutes, when her breath had run out, she found herself in front of an old elementary school. Midwich Elementary, the sign proclaimed. Rose entered, where she learned of little Alesa Gillespy, a little girl who was tortured by her classmates.

Her investigation was interrupted by 3 men in odd suits, two of whom were carrying flashlights, and the third was carrying a finch in a cage. Rose ran into the bathroom, the men only steps behind her. She saw quickly that the bathroom had no exit, and she shook at the bars that covered the window. As the men crept closer; she tried to find a place to hide. Their footsteps

stopped at that moment, and she could hear the finch go insane. The heavy footfalls of the men went away from her. That was when the darkness fell.

The walls dissolved, replaced by rusted and bloodied wire mesh. A creature, someone who had been a janitor in life, crawled after her, and some sort of cancer grew from him, blistering the walls and floor with grotesque pustules in his wake. Rose ran back into the hallway, where she encountered even more hideous creatures, including one that was very tall, with a pyramid-shaped hood, and a 6 foot long sword. She fled from the creature, and she collapsed on the floor, weeping. Officer Bennet, or Cybil, as she quickly identified herself, discovered her then, and the two of them fled the building when the darkness finally receded.

Together, the two of them came across an old hotel, one that had been lavish when it was still in operation. Inside, they discovered another person, which shocked both of them, as they were sure that the town had nothing but the creatures left inside. Talking with the woman revealed little, as her mind seemed to be in poor working order. The three of them explored the hotel, where Rose uncovered the truth behind the hotel, that it's top floor was used for 'burning the wicked.' There she saw the same girl that she had tried to avoid hitting upon entering the town the night before. The little girl wept while huddling in a corner. When Rose neared, the little girl looked at her, smiled sweetly, and started blazng. In a sweet child's voice, it said, "Look, I'm burning."

Rose turned when her companions called to her, only to discover the child to be gone when she turned back. Was she losing her mind?

The woman led the two of them to someplace she called the sanctuary, but they didn't make it to the church quickly enough to avoid the falling of the darkness. It was then that the hermit from earlier appeared, and the woman stopped to throw stones at her, even as the world around her mutated. This was to proved to be her death. The woman formed the symbol of a hex on one hand. Where she pointed appeared the six-foot creature, assembling itself from the darkness around them. The creature made short work of the woman. Rose and Cybil barely made inside before the creature fell upon them.

In the church, they saw the remainder of Silent Hill's population, a broken and dirty lot. They all deferred to a woman named Christabella, who seemed marginally more sane than the rest of them. Zeal burned in her eyes if one were to look closely. She led all in the people inside in prayer, and the creature outside seemed to make no attempt to enter the sanctuary. As the world turned to Hell outside, the people knelt and closed their eyes.

## THE TRUTH

Rose spoke with Christabella, who revealed that the child was most likely in the the center of darkness, deep

within the bowels of the hospital, where Alesa lay. Together, Christabella, Rose, and Cybil, as well as a few of the men in the suits, left for the hospital. They entered the lobby, where Christabella discovered the picture of Sharon which Rose carried. As soon as she found that Sharon looked exactly like Alesa, she called the two other women witches, and she and her party turned violent. Rose barely escaped into the elevator while Cybil held them back.

The elevator fell and fell, as though it were plummeting into Hell itself. Rose ran through the corrupted, blood-covered basement level, and she eventually found herself in a very bright place, as though she were in the presence of a glowing angel. It was then that the Demon showed everything at it had happened. When the light faded, Rose saw Alesa, surrounded by sheets of flesh instead of plastic, and the Demon described what it wanted. The little girl, who wasn't really one at all, wrapped her arms, lovingly, around Rose, and she became a cloud of black ink that Rose sucked up like a sponge.

Joined with the Demon, Rose re-entered the sanctuary, only to discover that the Order had found Sharon. Sharon would not be consoled. Cybil's poor flesh still burned and crisped. The time for the conclusion had come, and Alesa's vengeance was unleashed.

## ESCAPE

With the matters of the Order resolved, the

DaSilva's were free to leave. When they returned to it, their SUV started without any problem, and the ramp that had been a gaping chasm earlier became a restored roadway.

The DaSilva's put the damned town behind them.

## RAMIFICATIONS:

- This variant assumes use of the **Abandoned but Bright** variant.
- This variant assumes use of **The Transforming Dark** variant.
- With this variant in effect, Rose DaSilva, Dalia Gillespy, Cybil Bennet, the Demon, and Scout are all NPC's in effect.
- Investigations reveal the Order's influence in practically every facet of the town. Their symbol, a ring with crosses jutting out every 90 degrees, can be found in many places, including the floor of the main lobby of the Grand Hotel.
- The Balkan Church is where the adherents of the Order find their refuge.
- The Grand Hotel holds a secret in room 111, which is hidden behind a painting of "the first burning."
- In this variant, Silent Hill exists as it is due to the power of the Demon combined with the burning intensity of Alesa's hatred. When the darkness falls, it is when Alesa's rage flares, and she wishes the execution of those who hurt her.

## CHAPTER 2

YEAH, THAT WENT WELL.

The faceless-nurse-thing had buried a pipe into his side. She was dead, but now, whenever he tried to stand up straight, red pain blazed through his entire side. That probably meant that a rib was broken, which was just fantastic.

Robert clumsily stomped on the head of the thing that he had just killed. Its head twitched hard in response. Just when he was ready to swing at the thing again, the twitching stopped. When he was sure that he was as safe as he could be, he slumped to the floor, putting all his weight on his right side in the hopes of avoiding some pain.

When he fully relaxed, the door to the filthy room swung open, and a woman stood there for only a moment before she pointed a gun at him.

“Wait!” Robert screamed.

A moment passed, but the gun was lowered. That’s when Robert realized it: this woman had a face, not some hunk of skin in place of one.

“Sorry,” she said, not sounding very apologetic. “It’s been a while since I’ve seen anyone who wasn’t a thing.”

“It’s OK,” Robert said. “I’ve been here for about 5 hours, and I thought that I was the only one here. I would have done the same thing, if I had a gun to point.”

The woman, who was ten shades whiter than any woman he’d go for, was tall and athletic-built, with medium-length brown hair pulled up in a pony tail. Her clothes were simple, a t-shirt, jeans, and a beat-up leather jacket. She closed the door behind her and wedged a nearby chair under the door knob.

“That should keep them out, at least for a while,” she said.

“That’s something.” Robert tried to get up, but the pain scorched his side again, and he fell back to the ground.

“Your side?” she asked, walking over to him.

“Yeah, one of those faceless bitches pummeled me with a pipe,” he said, motioning to his broken and hurting side.

“I’ve got something that could help with that,” she said as she walked toward him. She knelt beside him and slung a pack off of her back. “It’ll take me a second to find it. Tell me buddy, what’s your name?”

“Robert Freeman.”

The woman stopped her search abruptly, looking at Robert Freeman with a wide-open jaw. “You got a sister named Shelley?”

Robert’s jaw flopped open. “Yeah, how did you know about that?”

“She and I were . . . friends,” Robert gave her a questioning look. “Now close your eyes and lay back. This will hurt, a lot.”

Robert did as he was instructed. He thought that she was pulling a fast one on him until awful pain shot into his leg. Arctic cold shot its way up to the place where his side burned. The cold swallowed the pain, and it was completely gone.

“What the hell did you do?” he asked.

She grinned in reply. “Good, Shelley DIDN’T TELL YOU ANYTHING.”

Along with all the other changes the event brought to Silent Hill, the most dangerous one by far is the presence of very real monsters. These creatures are unique in that they match no other monsters described in myth or legend. Some of these creatures demonstrate some measure of cunning or intelligence, but all of them are dangerous.

Monsters are definitely the most deformed beings that reside in Silent Hill, but they are others. Some individuals have made some sort of arrangement with the town, becoming personally connected to its power. As a result, they cannot leave Silent Hill, but terrible power is the reward for their imprisonment. Above and beyond those are beings best described as gods, and are about as vulnerable to harm as one would expect a god to be.

## NEW MERIT: BOUND TO THE TOWN (● TO ●●●●●)

This merit cannot be bought through XP expenditure, which is just as well: taken at even a single dot, it bars a character from ever leaving Silent Hill. While the price is dire, the exchange is not without its benefits. Anyone tied to Silent Hill can never truly die. More than this, being tied to the town's perverse power provides other benefits.

At single dot level, a bound will revive completely 4 scenes after it was slain. If this creature was killed with aggravated damage, then the creature revives in 6 scenes.

At two dots, the creature will be revived 2 scenes after its death. If it was slain with aggravated damage, then this revival occurs at the end of 4 scenes.

At three dots, the monster begins regenerating at the moment of its death. This creature will revive at the end of the scene when killed with lethal damage. If the damage is aggravated the revival takes 2.

At the 4 dot level, the bound gain a health regeneration rate of 1 bashing per turn, 1 lethal per 15 minutes, and 1 aggravated per hour. Upon their death, they rise again by the end of the scene, no matter what sort of damage killed them. Any bound at this level also gains an automatic 3 dice reduction from any ranged attacks, including those which are supernatural in nature. Thus, if a gunslinger were to attack a 4 dot bound, he would find his attacks to be much less effective than usual. All of the Guardians in Silent Hill are Bound at a four dot level. Luckily for travelers, killing the Guardian even for a moment is all they normally need.

At five dots, the creature is practically a living embodiment of the twisted energies that flow through Silent Hill. Dealing damage to these creatures is difficult, to say the least. They gain a regeneration rate of 1 lethal per turn and 1 aggravated every 15 minutes. All 5-dot bound creatures have an automatic 5 dice reduction on all pools that would deal them harm. The means to cause damage to beings of this magnitude revolve around

rare items such as the Flauros or *aglaophotis*, but at least one such creature has been slain in the past, so there is some faint hope.

## NEW TRAIT: STATIC RATING

Monsters (and some intelligent NPC'S) have a new trait: static rating. In general, the Static Rating is a measure of how much a monster's presence effects electrical devices, such as radios and cell phones.

Mechanically, the Static Rating functions this way: the minimal distance that a creature begins to have an effect on radios and such is equal to Meters x (its static rating).

## MONSTERS

### FLAYED HOUND

**Quote:** "\*Hoarse Barking\*"

**Background:** These monsters appear to be nothing more than medium sized dogs which have been flayed of their skin, leaving nothing but an animate creature of muscle and bone. The creature's lack of eyes proves to be no problem, as its keen senses of smell and hearing more than make up for it.

Flayed Hounds travel in packs of 2 to 5, and can make life difficult for travelers if encountered during a hunger frenzy. Of course, tossing a single piece of meat into the midst of such a pack will likely result in their killing each other to get it.

**Description:** Flayed Hounds are dog-like creatures, usually smaller than Golden Retrievers, stripped of fur and flesh, leaving the musculature exposed. They constantly bleed, leaving a trail of blood behind them wherever they go. Does not always make them easy to track, as the blood disappears within half a day.

**Storytelling Hints:** Flayed Hounds are mindless, numerous, and omnipresent. They typically pose little problem for travelers unless encountered in large groups.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 1, Wits 1, Resolve 1

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 1, Dexterity 1, Stamina 1

**Social Attributes:** Presence 1, Manipulation 1, Composure 1

**Mental Skills:** N/A

**Physical Skills:** Brawl 3 (Bite)

**Social Skills:** N/A

**Merits:** Fleet of Foot 3, Bound To The Town 1

**Willpower:** 4

**Initiative:** 3

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 12

**Health:** 4

**Static rating:** 1

## LYING FIGURE

**Quote:** “\*groaning\*”

**Description:** The Lying Figure appears as a nude, vaguely male-looking but neuter humanoid, whose skin is browned and diseased. Its entire upper body is encased in a sheet of flesh, and no sensory organs are visible. Its gait is unbalanced and uneven, as though it were permanently intoxicated. The creature sports a gaping pit in the center of its chest, and the function of this is not clear . . . until caustic liquid is projectile-vomited from it.

When injured, the Lying Figure falls to the ground, where it uses its legs to scuttle like some mindless insect. At this point, it charges into its targets, possibly in order to knock them over. When it is on the ground, it continues to move at normal speed, apparently irregardless of the pain that would ensue from grinding skin against pavement or concrete.

**Storytelling hints:** Lying Figures, despite their size, are quite weak. Storytellers should use them as often as they like, whenever a minor inconvenience is appropriate. The vomit that these creature's launch is a weak acid and causes bashing damage. It does not do any serious lasting harm, unless characters allow it to stay on them for a long period of time.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 1, Wits 1, Resolve 1

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 1, Dexterity 1, Stamina 1

**Social Attributes:** Presence 1, Manipulation 1, Composure 1

**Mental Skills:** N/A

**Physical Skills:** Athletics (Vomit) 2, Brawl 1

**Social Skills:** N/A

**Merits:** Bound to the Town 1

**Willpower:** 2

**Initiative:** 2

**Defense:** 1

**Speed:** 7

**Health:** 6

## FLIER

**Quote:** “\*Caw-ing\*”

**Background:** Fliers vaguely resemble large birds of prey, both in size and in habit. They are found in both versions of Silent Hill, and can be as omnipresent as hounds. Fliers senses are poor, so travelers can move past them just by staying out of sight.

Fliers attack anything that moves, meaning that they will attack even a car should it move. What these creatures lack in intelligence, they make up for it with tenacity, and they will not give up on chasing prey until they capture it. Since most people are smart enough to barricade themselves inside a building when overwhelmed by Fliers, they simply batter at the door until more food comes along.

Their communication with one another is loud, resembling crow caws. These caws, as travelers are quick to find out, indicate the presence of prey. Typically, Fliers are found in pairs, although groups of 3 not unheard of.

**Description:** Fliers are nude and muscular creatures with membranous wings and long, cruel beaks. They have a length of four and a half feet from beak to tail, and a wing span of five feet. Their average mass is about 90 pounds.

**Storytelling Hints:** Like the Flayed Hounds, Fliers are a nuisance more than a threat, unless they are in great numbers or if the travelers are compromised. Due to their aerial nature, melee weapons are not a good idea against them.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 1, Wits 2, Resolve 2

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

**Social Attributes:** Presence 1, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

**Mental Skills:** N/A

**Physical Skills:** Athletics 3 (Flight), Brawl 3

**Social Skills:** N/A

**Merits:** Fast Reflexes 2, Bound To The Town 2

**Willpower:** 4

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 14 (Species factor 10)

**Health:** 5

**Static Factor:** 2

## FACELESS

**Quote:** “...hooch...hooch...”

**Background:** Faceless encompass an enormous selection of vaguely human-seeming creatures. They range from the White Children that swarm the halls of Midwich Elementary School, to the nurses at Alchemilla Hospital, to the shambling Jackets. These are some of the most threatening monsters, and even the children are extremely dangerous, because many Faceless are armed, with everything from pipes to firearms.

**Description:** Faceless refers to a plethora of different subsets of creatures which were more or less the same physically and mentally.

White Children are pale, nude and neuter figures of childlike proportions. They congregate in schools, amusement parks, hospitals, and houses, being the most prevalent of the Faceless. They are the weakest of all of the forms, with the shortest reach, and weakest weapons, often merely jagged bits of metal sharpened to a cruel edge.

Jackets are bound by frayed and heavily stained straight-jackets. These almost avoid constrained spaces, and can be found wandering the streets of Silent Hill, in

both of its versions. Since their arms are bound, they attack by biting, kicking, and disgorging surprisingly gargantuan amounts of concentrated acid, either as a splash if they have a traveler pinned, or as a wide spray if confronting several combatants.

Lastly, there are those who appear as mockeries of nurses. Vaguely female in appearance, these 'women' are seen armed with implements of their trade, like wickedly sharp scalpels. Some of these creatures are found with firearms, which they use disturbingly well considering their lack of eyes.

All Faceless have warped, mottled skin covering their features, which, upon closer examination, seem to have disappeared completely, or, perhaps, they were never there.

**Storytelling Hints:** Faceless can be applied to any sort of situation where monsters are needed. Jackets abound in outdoor areas, White Children in schools or residential areas. Any of these creatures work together as a team, which can pose a problem for even skilled groups of combatants. A point to keep in mind is that these creatures weapons never break down, jam, or run of ammunition.

(Difference in attributes between Faceless Men categories are listed as follows: White Children/Jackets/Nurse)

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 1/1/1, Wits 1/2/2, Resolve 1/2/2

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 1/2/2, Dexterity 1/2/2, Stamina 1/2/2

**Social Attributes:** Presence 1, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

**Mental Skills:** N/A

**Physical Skills:** [Brawl 1, Weaponry 1] / [Brawl (Grapple) 2, Weaponry 2] / [Firearms (Pistols) 2, Weaponry 2]

**Social Skills:** N/A

**Merits:** Bound to the Town 1 / Bound to the Town 2 / Bound to the Town 2

**Willpower:** 2/4/4

**Initiative:** 2/4/4

**Defense:** 1/2/2

**Speed:** 5/9/9

**Health:** 4/7/7

**Static rating:** 1/2/2

**Weapons:**

[White children]

--Shiv, +0/L, Range: Melee

[Nurses]

--Iron Pipe, +1/L, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 4

--.38 Special, +2/L, Ranges: 20/40/80, Capacity: 6 (truly, infinite), Dice Pool: 7

## SCRAPER

**Quote:** "\*grind, grind\*"

**Description:** Scrapers appear as medium-built, hunched humanoid figures, draped in blackened clothes, and their faces are wrapped in heavily soiled, bloodied cloths. Their bodies are encrusted in dirt and gore, and what skin shows is brown and black, looking as though these creatures were burned. One and all, these monsters carry tonfa-like weapons, with crusty, jagged blades protruding from the ends.

Perhaps worst of all is that these creatures can move quite quickly. Their targets have little time to run before the Scrapers are on them, rusted edges digging into flesh.

**Storytelling hints:** Due to the challenge that these creatures could potentially provide, Storytellers are recommended to use these creatures sparingly.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 1, Wits 3, Resolve 3

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

**Social Attributes:** Presence 1, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

**Mental Skills:** N/A

**Physical Skills:** Athletics (Chase) 5, Weaponry (Tonfa-blade) 4

**Social Skills:** N/A

**Merits:** Bound to the Town 3, Fleet of Foot 3, Ambidextrous

**Willpower:** 6

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 14

**Health:** 8

**Weapons:**

--2 x Tonfa, +2/L, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 8, Consider both to be one attack

**Static rating:** 3

## CLOSER

**Quote:** "\*screech\*"

**Description:** Few creatures in Silent Hill are so blatantly twisted as the Closer. While most monsters resemble something, even vaguely, in the living sane world, the Closer looks very much unlike that. It only bears a very passing resemblance to the human form and nothing more.

Standing at well over 10 feet, the Closer has arms that stretch down to the ground, flaring out at end in fleshy clubs, about the same width as a human waist. From the ends of these stumps, a blade will jut out, stabbing the Closer's victims. No human-looking head tops the creature's frame, as it more resembles a snout mounted on a human skull, with the snout dominating the whole of the head. At its tip is a vertical slit, from which the creature screams and devours. Its torso is more or less humanoid, but it tapers down into two legs that seem to have lost feet, replaced with rounded stilts, which the

Closer can somehow use to walk. All over its body, it is covered with the trademark burned-looking brown and sickly-white skin that adorns most monsters in Silent Hill.

The Closer is quite strong, and its size makes it a very good obstacle in hallways. Because of its large and unwieldy form, however, it is clumsy. If travelers are careful, then they duck around the creature before it has a chance to follow them. If they are not careful, then they will be smashed or impaled.

**Storytelling hints:** Storytellers are advised to use Closers sparingly.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 1, Wits 3, Resolve 3

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 5, Dexterity 1, Stamina 3

**Social Attributes:** Presence 1, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

**Mental Skills:** N/A

**Physical Skills:** Athletics (Chasing) 3, Brawl 3, Weaponry (Arm-spike) 3

**Social Skills:** N/A

**Merits:** Giant

**Willpower:** 6

**Initiative:** 4

**Defense:** 1

**Speed:** 11

**Health:** 9

**Weapons:**

--Arm-club, +0/B, Range: Melee, Dice pool: 8

--Arm-spike, +0/L, Range: Melee, Dice pool: 8

**Static rating:** 3

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### Monster Making Tool-kit

While these monsters provide some ready-made challenges for travelers, perhaps Storytellers will want to craft their own monsters that better fit their game and characters.

Silent Hill is a twisted sort of mirror that reflects the worst of characters, or some aspect of their fears in the creatures that walk the passage ways and byways of the town. Someone who was cruel could find the creatures that haunt the streets have abilities that make any damage they inflict very lasting and painful. Someone who had fear of insects could find that most of the creatures he encountered made disturbing chattering noises with innumerable mandibles attached to tiny mouths all over their bodies.

In short, the creatures in Silent Hill are not exactly the same for any two people. Usually, travelers are alone when journeying the haunted halls and alleys of the town, so the town only reflects the one individual, but sometimes, they may be able to stay together as a group.

In such times, the town has a disturbing tendency to alternate fears and flaws of travelers amongst different

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creatures, or, worse yet, combine them into one horrifying whole.

Fortunately, these creatures are not all-powerful, at least by and large. Often, they can be killed, or, at least, subdued. Usually, the weaker creatures reflect the lesser flaws, or fears, of the traveler. The stronger the trait, however, the stronger the creature that represents it. Traits that are deeply grained in the character are represented by creatures that are difficult, almost impossible, to kill.

In general, consider most creatures to have a number Physical attributes dots, Wits, Resolve, and Composure equal to their Bound to the Town merit rating. In most cases, Presence, Manipulation, and Intelligence never rise above 1.

Additionally, creatures have a number of skill dots equal up to three times their Bound rating, distributed among physical skills according to the ST. Number of specialties available are equal to the creature's Bound Rating – 1. In addition, creatures have a number of available Merit up to 2 plus their bound rating, distributable as the ST deems fit. Any physical merits can be taken, even if the creature does not meet the prerequisites.

Each creature has a Static Rating equal to its Bound rating.

Lastly, consider that each creature with a Bound rating at 4 or above has a Durability trait equal to that rating. With Potent creatures, this Durability only applies to the character's ranged attacks (whether mundane or supernatural). With Overpowering creatures, this Durability applies to all forms of attack. The only way to undo the Durability of an Overpowering creature is to find the Flauros or employ the use of Aglaophotis, both of which are rather hard to come by.

#### **Weak creature:**

Weak creatures represent a minor flaw or fear of the character. A character who doesn't like dogs will run into them on fairly regular basis, albeit a cancerous, disease-ridden dog. A character who is a bit mindless at times will run into creatures who walk about aimlessly, their entire upper torsos (such as they are) encased in a solid sheet of blackened skin.

Weak creatures possess the Merit Bound to the Town, rated at 1.

#### **Fair creature:**

Fair creatures represent a slightly more prominent flaw or fear. Characters that have an aversion to knives will find that creatures will have rusted, blood-encrusted blades in the place of hands or feet. Characters that have some trouble being modest will find creatures that are tall, with long, thin limbs and swollen heads, towering above them.

Fair creatures possess the Merit Bound to the Town, rated at 2.

**Moderate creature:**

Moderate creatures reflect fears or flaws that plague characters regularly. A character who jumps and shrieks at the sight of insects will see a creature that produces a distorted buzzing noise while it reaches out for her with, shattering, writhing, insectile arms. Once it touches a victim, she feels like her skin is crawling with insects. Characters who have consistent problems with drinking will find humanoid creatures with swollen, oozing, organs where their kidneys should be.

Moderate creatures possess the Merit Bound to the Town, rated at 3.

**Potent creature:**

Potent creatures mirror flaws and fears in characters with which they have to battle almost constantly. Potent creatures are fairly rare, and only appear when the character is nearing some the town would rather not have her see.

Characters who avoid the dark as much as possible will find that these creatures are hard to see, and can sink into the shadows. Characters that pick up nearly anything they find will see walking piles of slapped together organs, objects, and other *things*, all wrapped in a thin layer of boil-infested skin and mucus.

Potent creatures possess the Merit Bound to the Town, rated at 4.

**Overpowering creature:**

Overpowering creatures are the twisted embodiment of the characters' worst flaws and most devastating fears. Overpowering creatures are very rare. For any traveler that enters Silent Hill, only one of these forms. In very rare instances, two of these may manifest, but only when the flaw is not only deeply ingrained, but dark as well. These creatures appear to herd the character along. Most times, he will be forced to face it only when he is nearing the end of his journey through Silent Hill.

Characters who have a paralyzing fear of spiders will find that these creatures look much like arachnids, only with many more legs, and many more mandibles, and size enough to make most humans look small by comparison. A character who must constantly battle his lust at every turn will find that these creatures take the traits he craves to twisted levels. Basketball sized lumps where the breasts should be, oozing with some substance better left unexamined. The head will be eyeless, but the mouth will utter constant suggestive groans and moans, riddled with rasps.

Overpowering creatures possess the Merit Bound to the Town, rated at 5.

**THE GUARDIANS**

Monsters make up the rank and file of the populace of the town in current times. Even more powerful and dangerous than they, however, are those that some have

dubbed 'Guardians'.

These beings were once autonomous individuals, seeking what goals they would, living their lives. At some point, they all came to Silent Hill. Each Guardian-to-be then had some sort of personal encounter with the town. After it was done, they had been bound to Silent Hill and its power, fulfilling whatever goals they believed that the town had laid out for them.

The Guardians share only one characteristic: they are all dangerous.

**EDDIE DOMBROWSKI**

**Quote:** "That guy had it coming! I didn't do anything! He just came after me! He was making fun of me with his eyes!"

**Variant:** Any

**Background:** Eddie has never exactly been normal.

Even from a very young age, it was apparent that he was not right. He took much longer than other children his age to develop, and his parents noticed. So did his classmates, once he got to school. This meant that they teased him mercilessly, and he was powerless to stop them. Eventually, he had enough, and he brutalized the nearest child that had been his tormentor. The child was hospitalized, but Eddie played the dumb card, saying that he didn't know how it had happened, that he didn't remember it. That seemed unsurprising to anyone, so after small out-of-court payment, the situation was resolved.

The whole event left an important impression on young Eddie. He always kept an eye out for those who were 'making fun of him.' He started convincing himself that people were, even if they weren't, just so that he could have an excuse to beat up on people.

Eddie made it through high school by the skin of his teeth, whereupon he became a pump jockey at the nearest gas station. That was where he finally caught the town's attention.

One day, while he was doing his job, he saw someone who was 'making fun of him' with his eyes. Eddie stalked him later that evening, and when he saw that the man was exposed, he opened fire on him, leaving the man to bleed to death on his back stoop.

After that, it all went black.

When he woke up the next morning, he was still in Silent Hill, but no one was around. He didn't really care, though. He had all the food he could eat, no matter where he was. He still has his pistol, its a great little gun, and he uses it a lot, because nearly everyone he meets these days is 'making of him.'

**Description:** Eddie Dombrowski is an overweight man in his mid twenties, perpetually unshaven and disheveled. His hair is bleached blond, and he wears clothes which seem more appropriate on a teenager.

Eddie's usual expression is a dumb-cow look of befuddlement, which he uses to lull characters into a false sense of security in the beginning. His gun doesn't seem to be on him until he is ready to use it, slipping into existence just for the moment.

**Storytelling Hints:** Eddie is another good decoy character for use against groups of travelers. When he is first encountered, he is often in passive mode, so he can be construed as an ally in the darkness of Silent Hill. However, if anybody in the group insults him, or does something he perceives as insulting, he flies into a frenzied rage, brandishing his firearm and shouting incoherent nonsense.

Eddie aims for the head, trying to blast off the faces of those he despises, and will continue to do so long after the person is dead. His weapon of choice, seemingly fueled by the town itself, never runs out of ammunition.

Eventually, Eddie will try to kill the traveler. It's just a matter of time.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 1, Wits 3, Resolve 3

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

**Social Attributes:** Presence 1, Manipulation 3, Composure 2

**Mental Skills:** Academics 1, Crafts 2, Occult 1

**Physical Skills:** Brawl 1, Firearms (Revolvers) 3, Stealth (Sneaking) 2, Weaponry 1

**Social Skills:** Empathy 1, Expression 3, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 3

**Merits:** Direction Sense, Fast Reflexes 2, Fresh Start, Quick Draw, Bound To The Town 4

**Willpower:** 5

**Morality:** 2

**Virtue:** Fortitude

**Vice:** Wrath

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 10

**Health:** 10

**Weapons:**

--.38 Special, +2/L, Ranges: 20/40/80, Capacity: 6 (truly, infinite), Dice Pool: 7

**Static Rating:** 0

## TROY ABERNATHY, PHD

**Quote:** "Hello, I'm Dr. Abernathy, you can call me Troy. I'll be your therapist today."

**Variant:** Any

**Background:** He had been happy, once.

He was a successful therapist, the best in his field. Then, he met Julianna. He fell in love with her instantly, but there was a catch. She was married to a man named Brett. He did what he could: he became friends with her, and he spent as much time as he could with her without

looking like she was cheating on Brett.

Over time, he began to notice little bruises, cuts occasionally, and when he asked her about it, she would just say that she was clumsy. This seemed plausible to him until large, round bruises would appear all over her body, including her face. One particularly tough night, she fled to him, running from Brett's abusive rage. She broke down and told him that Brett had been abusing her as long as Troy knew her. When he heard this, something snapped in Troy. After she was gone, he didn't get any sleep, staying awake all night, thinking of a way to make it all right.

Sometime around dawn, he came to his solution. He waited for nightfall, and in the middle of a tormenting storm, he sneaked into some bushes beside the route that Brett would walk home every day, waiting with a baseball bat. At long last, long after Troy had been soaked, Brett came. He passed where Troy was hiding and he sprung from the bushes, pounding the back of Brett's head until blood and gore flew with each strike. For a moment, he staggered back, shocked at himself. It only gave him a moment's pause. Once it had passed, he reached into Brett's pockets, taking everything that was valuable.

Troy ran home, waiting, trying to find something he could do to pass the time. The silence was nearly painful. Whenever guilt threatened to flood his mind, he would rehearse what he would say to Julianna and remind himself that it was all for her. All for Julianna. After a couple hours, he got the call. He practiced the script that he had honed to perfection. Brett was dead? he asked, shocked. Julianna was crying, but the tears were not entirely born of sorrow.

Troy attended Brett's funeral, where he sat next to Julianna, and she cried on his shoulder. A few weeks after Brett was in the ground, Troy and Julianna began to date. Some people muttered behind her back, but she didn't care. She was free to be with the man she truly loved, a man that she didn't believe would ever harm anyone.

They were married in a few months time, and their love was sweet and wonderful, and both of them were very happy, the happiest that they had ever been. They remained happy for a long time. Little by little, that love faded, for reasons that neither of them could identify, at least at first. Troy then realized that the guilt about Brett was eating him alive. One night, he came clean with Julianna, telling her everything. She broke down and wept. She wouldn't say anything. Troy didn't know what to do but to go on to bed, since he had to get to work the next day.

When he woke the next morning, he found his wife, her neck slit with a scalpel, her blood pooling beneath her unmoving body. He ran to phone and picked it up, before he realized that it was pointless. She was gone.

Following her death, Troy left the therapy business,

and he began to write self-help books. He started doing drugs and his drinking picked up significantly. The books made him millions, and he mixed even more drugs and alcohol into his life, but he added sex with more women than he could count. None of it helped. His world was joyless, and he felt like worms pulled hooks through his guts while his agents tried to eat him alive.

When it had reached the worst it had ever been, an old colleague of his contacted him, telling him about a seriously ill girl who no one could reach. Troy met with Lynn, and he found out that the source of her illness was exposure to events in a small town called Silent Hill. When nothing would help at all, he decided to take his patient on a small road trip. They entered the town, only to find that, no surprise, it was deserted. At least, that's the way it looked at first. While running from indescribable creatures, Troy and Lynn ran into Julianna, replete with scalpel in her neck, decked out in an erotic nurse costume.

Lynn and Troy made their way through the town, running from monsters and the thing that looked like Julianna. They were doing a decent job of surviving, until they found themselves hopelessly outnumbered and surrounded. That was when Brett burst in, decimating the creatures with shots from a 10-gauge shotgun. After the creatures were dispatched, he and Lynn ran outside with Brett close behind. Lynn then saw the gaping wound in the back of Brett's head, and she ran, with Troy close behind her.

The two of them survived their way all across town, until they eventually made their way to a bridge, only to discover that it had collapsed. That was when Brett and Julianna caught up with them, only the two of them showed themselves for what they really were. At that moment, Troy realized that it was hopeless, and that both of them would die there. Troy would not allow his demons to kill someone who was innocent. He called out, swearing that he would give himself totally to the town, if Lynn could go free.

Apparently, something or someone agreed, as the bridge was rebuilt itself, and the two monsters left Lynn alone. After looking at Dr. Abernathy for a moment, she ran. Troy watched her run, then he turned to face the two demons who had looked like people he had known. He dropped his weapons and let them rip him apart.

Some time later, he woke up, changed. He was no longer strictly alive, nor was he dead. He could do things that no human could, because he wasn't human any longer. He serves the town now, doing whatever the voices instruct him to. He does it, hoping that, if he serves enough, that he can slip his chains and truly die. Other than that, he does still help people conquer their problems, but now he's far less nice about it.

**Description:** Dr. Abernathy is a tall, handsome man with dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. Typically, he appears wearing casual business attire, with a light blue

dress shirt with its sleeves rolled up and its top button undone, and nicely pressed slacks.

When he reveals his true nature, tendrils of vaguely organic appearance erupt from a previously hidden stomach wound, and all color and whiteness drops from his eyes, leaving bleeding pits.

**Storytelling hints:** Dr. Abernathy will appear to characters regularly, giving them hints and tormenting them, sometimes simultaneously. He will not usually try to kill them unless he has explicit instructions to do so. Even then, he will typically give travelers a head start or any kind of chance that he can.

He will sometimes draw travelers into a small realm that looks and feels much like a therapist's office, where he will describe all of their problems, leaving nothing out. After making the guest thoroughly uncomfortable, he will redeposit her where he got her.

Ultimately, Dr. Abernathy is sort of a living prod, pushing characters along until they get the idea. He will confront them at some point, revealing his true nature, holding nothing back.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 3

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

**Social Attributes:** Presence 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

**Mental Skills:** Academics 3, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Science (Psychology) 5

**Physical Skills:** Brawl 4

**Social Skills:** Empathy 4, Expression 2, Persuasion 2

**Merits:** Eidetic Memory, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Brawling Dodge, Fame 2, Bound to the Town 4

**Willpower:** 5

**Initiative:** 5

**Morality:** 2

**Virtue:** Charity

**Vice:** Gluttony

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 11

**Health:** 7

**Weapons:**

--Tentacle, +1/B, Range: 5m, Dice Pool: 8, +2 on grapple

**Static rating:** 0 / 4 (after the slash is when his true nature is revealed)

**Abilities:**

**Delve** -- Dr. Abernathy taps in the town's ability to completely delve into someone's consciousness and uses it to the fullest extent. He will rattle off all of a character's sins, shortcomings, faults, fears, and any other appropriate traits or experiences, wrapping them up in psychological terms. He uses this both to help characters and disquiet them, at turns. He will not brace in the

slightest at dragging their darkest secrets into the light. Long-protected affairs, murders, and even debased sexual fantasies are all fair game.

**Therapy session** -- Dr. Abernathy is able to draw characters into a small room, one that perfectly resembles a therapy room. Whether or not the place is real is beside the point, as, here, Dr. Abernathy will speak with a character one on one, usually talking about whatever flaws or sins are appropriate. 4  
Once he has said what he wants for the time being, then the character finds himself back where he was when the doctor summoned him.

**Reveal true nature** -- When Dr. Abernathy shows what he truly is, tentacles erupt from his torso, ready to be used as weapons. When he undergoes this transformation, Dr. Abernathy can use his tentacles like they were fists, and use brawl attacks against characters that are within 5 meters of him. These tentacles also serve perfectly well as grappling tools, and even provide him with a +2 bonus on grappling rolls. Also, when Dr. Abernathy spends a Willpower point, he can make two attacks for the next turn, his tentacles writhing in fury.

## PYRAMID HEAD

**Quote:** "\*grind...grind\*"

**Variant:** Any

**Background:** Pyramid Head is an inhuman, implacable foe, one which will hunt a specific traveler with relentlessly. Pyramid Head's basically resembles those mysterious executioners during the Civil War camp days of the town, replete with the stained apron and large, pyramid-shaped hood. While it is more human-seeming than other monsters in the town, it cannot be reasoned with, and it fulfills its tasks with grim determination.

Pyramid Head typically utilizes its considerable presence to intimidate its targets. If threatening does not dissuade the traveler, then the monster will move on to attacking those people and things that the traveler holds dear. When it finally comes time, the monster does not hesitate to confront its target physically, which typically ends in the death of the victim.

**Description:** Pyramid Head looks like the old executioners of Civil War times, a spindly man under a long, dark, pyramidal hood. These thin limbs possess an inhuman strength, and the hood stops bullets as though it were composed of armor plating.

Pyramid Head also travels with one of two weapons. The first, and more seldom seen, is the short spear, an alabaster rod with a long blade at its tip. More common is the Great Knife, a blade seven feet long, carried waist height by the Guardian who is a full foot shorter than his blade. The exact weight of the weapon is unknown, but it must be heavy in order to give the Pyramid Head as much trouble as it does.

**Storytelling Hints:** Pyramid Head is most like a force of nature, and its coming and going is enigmatic. Eventually, though, the characters will have to face Pyramid Head in a fight to the death. This is achieved by filling the Pyramid Head's health boxes with damage of any sort. When the damage boxes are filled, the Pyramid Head turns its own weapon on itself, committing suicide.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 6, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

**Social Attributes:** Presence 1, Manipulation 1, Composure 5

**Mental Skills:**

**Physical Skills:** Weaponry (Great Knife, Spear) 4

**Social Skills:**

**Merits:** Bound To The Town 4

**Willpower:** 10

**Virtue:** Fortitude

**Vice:** Wrath

**Initiative:** 7

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 13 (10, if carrying Great Knife)

**Health:** 13

**Static rating:** 4

**Weapons:**

--Great Knife, +5/L, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 15, swing takes two turns, due to intense weight

--Spear, +3/L, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 12, Defense +1

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## Fashioning Guardians

There are a number of approaches that Storytellers can use to make their Guardians.

First, he can just use the monster making toolkit encountered earlier in this chapter. These are monsters that are exalted to the position of Guardian, much as the Pyramid Head was.

Second, he can use actual characters. In the beginning, just fashion a character just as you would normally, applying whatever templates you wish (if any). Make sure that these people have some sort of flaw or dark quality, such as overwhelming greed or a strong thirst for blood.

Once normal character creation is complete, then determine the circumstances under which the character became bound to Silent Hill, then add the effects of the Bound to the Town rating, which is always rated at 4 for Guardians. In addition to all the benefits that merit provides, add a number of supernatural powers to the character, even over and above any other powers that they might possess. These powers can be practically anything, but they should suit both the character and the level of challenge the player group needs.

In the Guardians presented in this chapter, Eddie's

powers are that he can make his gun appear at any time and that the weapon has infinite ammo; Dr. Abernathy's powers are the tentacles, dragging secrets out, and teleporting victims into an illusory counseling office. The gun suits Eddie since that was his first murder weapon, and the office and the secrets suit Dr. Abernathy since he was a therapist in life.

In a similar manner, Storytellers should match up powers. Last of all, characters can continue developing the powers of their old template, if they have one, even after they become bound. All these benefits however, come at a price: the Guardians must serve Silent Hill and can never leave it.

## THE CULT AND ITS ENEMIES

### DAHLIA GILLESPIE

**Quote:** "Darkness. The town is being devoured by darkness. Strength must overcome petty desire. Childish sleep talk. I knew this day would come."

**Variant:** The God's Descent

**Background:** Dahlia is as much a cause of the madness as can be found.

The most recent leader of the cult that has bred within Silent Hill, Dahlia pursues her God's Paradise with single-minded zeal. This zeal led her to sacrifice her own daughter without hesitation, and should anyone else get in her way, then she would hesitate in removing them.

**Description:** Dahlia Gillespie is about forty years old, and her features show every day of that age. Her hair is very long, reaching to her ankles, since she hasn't cut it in at least twenty years. Her eyes are red and puffy, and sunken into her head, as if suffering severe scurvy, and her teeth are beginning to fall out. Her body is very frail, as she has even skipped meals in order to further the goals of her God.

**Storytelling Hints:** Dahlia speaks in riddles, when she bothers to speak at all. She doesn't seem to understand that the world isn't interested in the advent of a new God, and seems to think that everybody is perfectly willing to do as she commands. If travelers or anyone else fails to comply to Dahlia's demands, then she will turn violent..

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 5

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

**Social Attributes:** Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 2

**Mental Skills:** Academics 2, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Occult (The God Mythos) 5

**Physical Skills:** Stealth 1, Survival 1, Weaponry (Dagger) 2

**Social Skills:** Expression 3, Persuasion 1, Subterfuge 3

**Merits:** Meditative Mind 1, Status (Cult) 5

**Willpower:** 7

**Morality:** 2

**Derangements:** Schizophrenia (severe; 5)

**Virtue:** Fortitude

**Vice:** Pride

**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 8

**Health:** 8

**Weapons:**

--Kris Dagger, +2L, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 6

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### Where is her power?

Those of you who read the "Descent of the God" variant description would be expecting Dahlia to have some sort of supernatural capability. Sorry to disappoint you. Dahlia used all of her power and gifts to bring the God the mortal plane. Once she was catapulted in the gray world, she was bereft of any inhuman potential that she once had.

If anyone in this variant has power, it would be poor, burnt Alessa, but she is locked in pain and dark dreams, so she can't use them directly. She is after all, why the town appears like it does.

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### HEATHER MASON

**Quote:** "I don't know what kind of hell is waiting for me there, but I've got no other choice. . . When I find her, I'll kill her myself."

**Variant:** The God's Descent

**Background:** Heather Mason was a perfectly normal seventeen year old girl. She spent most of her time hanging out with her friends, shopping, and generally making her father's bank account empty. While her grades were mediocre at best, she never had to apply herself at anything. She drifted through school on talent, achieving nothing of real value, and not standing out in any significant way.

Her way of life ended abruptly one afternoon that seemed like any other. That all changed when she encountered a Closer nibbling on a corpse in a clothing store. It was far from being alone, as she quickly discovered many other horrors had come to infest the shopping complex. She survived, tapping abilities she didn't know she had, slaying them with the weapons she found. While trying to escape the mall, she found herself in a twisted, dark version of the building. These were just the beginning of the trials.

When she found her way home, she found her father waiting in his chair. His heart was not in attendance. Heather chased the beast which murdered him onto the roof, and was informed by its master of Heather's place in the designs of Silent Hill.

With her past essentially severed with her father's death, she made her way to the town, revenge the only

thing on her mind.

What she doesn't know is that she is very much a part of Silent Hill, and it made sure that she came back. While she was raised by Harry Mason, Alessa Gillespie lies buried in the depths of Heather's heart and mind. More and more of Alessa surfaces as she spends her time in Silent Hill.

**Description:** Heather Mason is an attractive seventeen year old girl. Her hair is short and bleached blond, and her eyes are dark brown. She also wears a white, bulky vest, splattered with her father's dried blood. The pockets hold her maps, flashlight, and the ammunition for her pistol. She also carries a recently 'liberated' katana with her, which she took from a collection in a museum that she passed through.

A telling sign of Heather's unnatural heritage is that she is a natural with all forms of weaponry. While it is unclear what, exactly, is the source of such expertise, no 'average' teenager should be as skilled as Heather is with various forms of combat.

**Storytelling Hints:** Heather, from the moment she enters Silent Hill, is driven by vengeance. She wants to make the cult members pay for what they did to her dad. If she encounters other humans, then she will be talkative, if guarded. She will decline help offered for her goals, but if her path coincides with the traveler, she will tag along.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

**Social Attributes:** Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

**Mental Skills:** Academics 2, Computer 1, Investigation 1, Medicine 1, Occult (The God Mythos) 2

**Physical Skills:** Athletics (Running) 2, Brawl 1, Firearms 3, Weaponry (Bludgeons) 4

**Social Skills:** Expression 1, Persuasion 1, Socialize 2

**Merits:** Resources 2, Quick Draw, Weaponry Dodge, Fighting Finesse (Katana)

**Willpower:** 6

**Morality:** 6

**Virtue:** Faith

**Vice:** Wrath

**Initiative:** 7

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 11

**Health:** 8

**Weapons:**

--Colt M1911A1, +3L, Ranges: 30/60/120, Capacity: 7+1 rounds. Dice pool: 11

--Katana, +3/L, Range: Melee,

## HARRY MASON

**Quote:** "Have you seen my daughter?"

**Variant:** The God's Descent

**Background:** Harry Mason was always described by those who knew him as a dreamer. Born in an unremarkable town in Maine, he was a consummate writer, even in his earliest years. While he was growing up, he was considered a slacker. Going with his talent, he graduated with a degree in journalism, which he utilized immediately after finishing school.

Besides starting on his career fairly early, Harry also married young. He was only twenty two when he met his wife Rachel, and the courtship was brief. While the marriage was problem-free overall, the repeatedly failed in having children. This problem gradually ate at Harry, so he started working on some grand project to shut out his nagging unhappiness. It was during this cloister that he decided to take a vacation, heading to the idyllic township of Silent Hill.

Before the pair even reached the town, though, they came upon an infant, laying bare and alone on the side of the road. Harry instantly took up the child, adopting it as his own, and naming it Cheryl. The pair returned to their home, having never reached Silent Hill, deciding that the baby was more important than their vacation.

Several years later, Rachel died, leaving Harry to raise Cheryl on his own. More and more, though, he kept dreaming of a fog-shrouded town, the town of Silent Hill. It was a compulsion which became harder and harder to shake, until he could not resist any longer, and set out on a long, night time drive to the lakeside hamlet.

Just outside Silent Hill's city limits, Harry swerved to avoid hitting a pedestrian in the road, and woke up in the abandoned streets of Silent Hill. Alone.

Harry's sole endeavor, now, is to find Cheryl. He finds glimpses of her, or evidence of things she's left, but he always seems to be one step behind her. So he heads, determined almost to the point of foolishness, into the heart of Silent Hill's darkness.

**Description:** Harry Mason is a man in his early thirties, dark and weary looking. He hasn't slept well in recent weeks, and looks to need rest now more than ever. His clothes are plain and unassuming, and his jacket pockets are filled with the implements and munitions he uses to find his way through Silent Hill.

**Storytelling Hints:** Harry Mason is driven by a single urge: Finding Cheryl. When he sees another human being, the very first thing which will come out of his mouth is "have you seen a little girl?". If provoked into attack, Harry aims for extremities and tries not to do any lasting harm.

Harry and Heather Mason should not inhabit the same area in Silent Hill at the same time. While travelers could encounter both (despite the fact that Harry is in his late forties and dead when Heather arrives in Silent Hill), they should remain separate. This is yet another manifestation of the unique nature of time in Silent Hill.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 2

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

**Social Attributes:** Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

**Mental Skills:** Academics 4, Computer 1, Investigation 3 (Journalism), Medicine 1, Occult 2

**Physical Skills:** Athletics 1 (Running), Drive 1, Firearms 3, Weaponry 3

**Social Skills:** Expression 3 (Writing), Persuasion 1

**Merits:** Contacts (Media) 2, Resources 2, Unseen Sense (Monsters)

**Willpower:** 5

**Morality:** 8

**Virtue:** Hope

**Vice:** Greed

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 10

**Health:** 8

**Weapons:**

--Colt M1911A1, +3L, Ranges: 30/60/120, Capacity: 7+1 rounds, Dice Pool: 9

--Iron pipe, +1B, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 7

## CLAUDIA WOLF

**Quote:** "Remember me, and your true self as well, also that which you must become. The one who will lead us to Paradise with blood stained hands."

**Variant:** The God's Descent

**Background:** Claudia's childhood was far from being happy.

She never knew her mother, as she died in childbirth. Her father, an unhappy man already, turned even worse when his wife passed away. In his heart, he blamed his daughter for it, and their relationship was never good. He always dodged responsibility with Claudia as much as possible, giving her to whoever would take care of her, which would mostly be her aunt.

This continued through Claudia's early years, but her aunt tired of the responsibility once Claudia reached school age. Her father's drinking had gotten gradually worse while Claudia grew up, reaching an all-time low when she was in first grade. He physically abused her, brutalizing her over the smallest insults or disobedience. Claudia tried to find some place away from him, and she found open arms among her father's religious group.

She would stay at sanctuary as much as possible. Here, she eventually caught the attention of Dahlia, who saw potential in this broken little girl. Alessa befriended Claudia, too, and they were good friends for as they could be. Claudia was heart-broken when Alessa disappeared, but her developing faith never wavered, even in the face of the Gillespie's disappearance.

In the following years, Claudia was one of the few adherents who kept to the orthodox ways while Vincent made his move to guide the cult. Claudia's faith drove her to search for Alessa, all in order to find the God so that her suffering, and all of the world's suffering, could finally end.

Her search eventually led her to Heather.

**Description:** Claudia is a very pale woman, with ice-fleck blue eyes, and white hair. She only wears long, black dresses, and her body is quite lithe beneath them. She may lack physical strength, but she makes up for it in agility. Her mood is an enigma, as her face never changes expression.

**Storytelling Hints:** When dealing with travelers, Claudia is zeal incarnate. She preaches the God's glory to any who will listen. If confronted however, she will become violent, but then she will unleash her true talent, which is very bad for those on the receiving end.

Like Harry and Heather, Claudia and Dahlia are mutually exclusive. Claudia will not believe travelers if they try to tell her that Dahlia appeared to them very much alive, as, to her, Dahlia has been gone for more than 20 years.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

**Social Attributes:** Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 4

**Mental Skills:** Academics 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult (The God Mythos) 4, Politics 2

**Physical Skills:** Stealth 1, Weapons (Kriss Dagger) 3

**Social Skills:** Expression 2, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 3

**Merits:** Status (Cult) 5, Meditative Mind

**Willpower:** 6

**Morality:** 6

**Virtue:** Faith

**Vice:** Pride

**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 9

**Health:** 7

**Weapons:**

--Kriss Dagger, +2L, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 7

**Abilities:**

**Shift** -- Claudia has a terrifying ability. She can drag people into the gray world, even outside of town. Worse, she can summon the Otherside into existence, no matter where she is.

Claudia rolls her Willpower in an extended action. In order to drag someone into the gray world, she needs 10 successes. When this is complete, the individual finds themselves alone, with a gray haze settled over her surroundings. In

order to call the Otherside, Claudia needs to net 20 successes in an extended Willpower roll. Once the roll is complete, Claudia's victim is trapped alone in the nightmare world, having to fight her way out.

## THE ORDER AND THE INTERLOPERS

### THE DEMON

**Quote:** "All we want is satisfaction."

**Variant:** Burn the Wicked

**Background:** Perhaps the Demon is a creature that rose out of the depths of Hell. Maybe it is from the outer darkness, the void outside sane time and space.

Whatever the case, the Demon remains silent on the subject. Not 'the Demon' is the being's real name, either. It is simply a title. No living creature knows the Demon's real name. If it were to whisper its name, a listener's mind would shatter like brittle glass.

The being now known as the Demon walked the earth for the first time when the fury and despair of Alesa Gillespy called out to it. It brought itself to the mortal plane, where it talked with Alesa and struck a bargain. It would lend its power to her, and, together, they would slaughter the people who had hurt her. Their hands touched and darkness flew from that very spot through all the town, and it became what it is today.

The Demon was entertained for a time, as Alesa's fury was one of a kind, and it provided the Demon the means to manifest creatures that were more terrifying than some even it had encountered. As fun as they were, the brutality and the murders eventually grew tiresome. The Demon wished for escape from its playground, and it determined the means to do so. That was when it splintered Alesa's soul, wrapping it up a sliver in flesh, and she took the child to a neighboring town.

**Description:** The Demon appears in the body of a little girl. The Demon wears a faded and beaten school uniform, a simple blue dress with white socks, black shoes and a white collar, all faded and very dirty. Its skin is white as porcelain, and its eyes are the brightest, piercing blue. The Demon has waist-length black hair, matted and dirty, and some of it hangs over its face.

**Storytelling hints:** First and foremost, the Demon wants escape from Silent Hill. Its ends involve the DaSilvas, and if characters interfere with either Rose or Sharon, the Demon will stop them from doing so.

Often, if the Demon has any persuading to do, it communicates all the pertinent information through its abilities (see below), letting the pictures it shows build its case. Additionally, it seems unable to supernaturally compel anyone to do its bidding, although it is unclear whether the Demon even possesses such an ability in the first place.

If characters attack the Demon, it will use its bludgeon to defend itself, just for entertainment. Typically, after a decent thrashing, the Demon will leave

the characters be, advising them that they should not try that again.

If characters prove especially persistent, then it will begin using the gun it has. If that is not enough, then the Demon will grow bone scythes, which it will use to take care of the whatever problems characters may pose.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 5, Wits 5, Resolve 5

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

**Social Attributes:** Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 5

**Mental Skills:** Academics 2, Investigation 3, Occult 5

**Physical Skills:** Weaponry (Arm scythes) (Bludgeons) 5, Firearms 1

**Social Skills:** Expression 2, Persuasion 2

**Merits:** Bound to the Town 5, Disarm, Ambidextrous, Fighting Style: Two Weapons 4

**Willpower:** 10

**Morality:** N/A

**Virtue:** Prudence

**Vice:** Pride

**Defense:** 5

**Speed:** 15

**Health:** 10

**Flaws:** None

**Armor:** None

**Weapons:**

--Pipe, +1/B, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 11

--9mm, +2/L, Ranges: 20/40/60, Capacity: 10+1, Dice Pool: 8

--A-scythes x 2, +1/L, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 11

**Abilities:**

**Supernatural movement** -- The Demon may disappear and reappear wherever in Silent Hill it wishes. The only exception to this is the church, which is protected by the faith of Christabella and the adherents of the Order.

**Monster immunity** -- While it is seemingly unable to control monsters directly, monsters will not attack the Demon. No matter where it is, monsters simply leave it alone.

**Mental illusion** -- The Demon is a master of mental illusions. It can project any sort of image or sensation straight into the minds of those who are in Silent Hill. Typically, it uses this to communicate information to those who are serving its ends. It has also been known to use this ability for less wholesome applications.

**Arm scythes** -- Once the Demon takes someone seriously, it drops all its mundane weapons. Then its hands blow apart in a shower of blood and gore. When its hands have disappeared, scythes made of bone jut from the stumps where the hands were. These implements are then used to kill

targets in as painful a manner as possible. The Demon has chopped off limbs, removed viscera, and even excised a still-beating heart from a man's chest with these bone-blades.

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### *Bound to the Town?*

Some readers may notice that the Demon has the merit Bound to the Town, which represents being connected to the power flowing through Silent Hill. In the **Burn the Wicked** variant, doesn't that power flow from the Demon itself?

The answer to this question is yes. The merit is a representation of the power of the connection between the Demon and Alesa, provided by the pact that the creature had made with the girl years ago. If Alesa is killed, which would be difficult, then a major source of the Demon's power would be eliminated. Perhaps, it could be killed afterward.

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### **DALIA GILLESPIE**

**Quote:** "We've all lost our children."

**Variant:** Burn the Wicked

**Background:** She only wanted to do the right thing. That was basically what Dalia tried to do her entire life. If her parents told her to do it, then she would. If her faith dictated it, then she would do it. All her life, Dalia was as obedient as she could be. All through school, she did exactly as her teachers asked. She followed her parents wishes to the letter, as best she could. When she came of adult age, her parents started pressuring her into finding a husband. She was not ready to be married, and her parents tolerated her disobedience, at least for a time. This would change a few months later, when Dalia became pregnant outside of wed-lock.

Her parents demanded to know the identity of the father, but Dalia would not say, primarily because she could not remember. No matter how hard she tried, she could never recall the face of a man with whom she had sex, and that disturbed her worse than her parents' actions. Her parents disowned her after a nearly violent fight, and the rest of the religious community tolerated her but would not have much to do with her.

When she thought that her life couldn't get any worse, she gave birth to her baby. She was so perfect, Dalia could barely look at her without tears touching the corners of her eyes. For the first time in her life, even despite all the hardships, she was happy with her little girl. She was perhaps too harsh with the girl at times, but it was all out of love that she did everything. This was not in vain, as Alesa loved her mother dearly.

This love would cause Dalia much heartache once little Alesa entered school. Within only a few short months after the start of kindergarten, the children called Alesa a witch, and they tormented her with words and hidden acts of violence. The teachers looked the other

way, for, secretly, they all agreed with their students. Alesa would come home everyday, sobbing, and she would run straight into her mother's arms. Dalia would hold her tightly, and whisper softly that she loved Alesa, and that she always would. After some time, the elders of the Order contacted Dalia, and she understood what she had to do.

As the procession of faithful marched down the top hall of the hotel, the full weight of her actions sank into Dalia's mind. She fell to the ground, weeping, as she knew that no words would turn them from their course. Little Alesa burned, and she hurt so badly. She would have died entirely if not for some policeman who interrupted the ceremony. As the emergency workers carried Alesa out, Dalia saw her little girl's charred body, and her mind flooded with sadness. She wept, such sorrow sweeping up from her, as if she sang the whole world's sadness in one voice. She did not return to her home, which was a place so filled with Alesa's presence; she took to wandering the streets, instead. She would check in on her girl occasionally, but all the regret and sorrow made it difficult. Each visit would make her hate the Order even more, but not enough to motivate her into disobedience.

Dalia was in a condemned apartment building when the disaster finally fell on Silent Hill. She walked abroad in the gray world, and it slowly became her home, and she became part of it. Even the monsters seemed to recognize this, and they left her alone. As she walked the fog-shrouded streets, her broken mind assembled knowledge about the working of the place and of the Demon, who made it all possible. In the Hellish world, she found her freedom from obedience, and she pursued vengeance against the Order. Whenever its members crossed her path, she made them regret it. The violence she perpetrated sent her even further into the downward spiral, but she reveled in it.

Eventually, everything in her mind sank into the gray, and the ages of wandering became uncountable.

**Description:** Dalia is thoroughly disheveled. Her gray hair is waist-length, and it lies in tangles all about her body. Her skin is pale, and all her multiple layers of clothes are thoroughly worn and soiled. She is medium-height, but she hunches, so she looks shorter than she actually is. Her voice is wavery, and its rhythms are uneven. When she speaks, what she says is typically cryptic. Her reactions are sometimes inappropriate, as though all her restraint is gone, which makes sense, as she has had no civilized contact with anyone in quite some time.

**Storytelling hints:** Dalia lives to take vengeance on the Order, all for what they did to her little girl. Besides this, she thinks of little else. Typically, she will speak of the Dark One to travelers who will listen, although she does not elaborate one who this being is, but it is clear that she believes that it is in control of the town.

Hatred and sorrow are what fill Dalia now. If characters mention the little girl to her, she will most likely break down and weep. If they show her any pictures of the little girl, or anything that reminds Dalia of her, then she will attempt to take those items.

As long as they do not provoke her, Dalia will remain harmless to characters. If, however, she believes that they are serving the Order, then she will do her best to do them harm, usually through creation or command of the various creatures in the town. If attacked, then Dalia will typically summon a monster and flee.

As long as they are friendly to her, Dalia can provide a fair bit of assistance in the way of directions and protection from monsters. Due to the fragile nature of her temperament, however, any such arrangement could end at any time.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

**Social Attributes:** Presence 3, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

**Mental Skills:** Investigation 1, Medicine (First aid) 1, Occult (Order Lore) 2

**Physical Skills:** Athletics 2, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Survival (Foraging) 5

**Social Skills:** Empathy 5, Persuasion 1

**Merits:** Bound to the Town 4, Danger Sense, Iron Stomach, Unseen Sense

**Willpower:** 5

**Morality:** 2

**Virtue:** Justice

**Vice:** Wrath

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 11

**Health:** 7

**Derangements:** Depression (mild; 6), Irrationality (mild; 5), Melancholia (severe; 3),

**Abilities:**

**Create monster** -- Dalia can create Pyramid Head, perhaps the most dangerous monster in Silent Hill. She extends her pinky and fore-finger, which she points to one spot. At that location, the pieces of the world around her fly together and melt, forming the tall, tortured Guardian.

**Command monster** -- Dalia is able to command the various creatures that rove Silent Hill. They will follow her wishes. The only thing necessary for her to do this is being within eye-sight of the creature in question.

**Traveler sense** -- Whenever someone who is not native to Silent Hill enters the town, then Dalia is able to sense his exact location. She does not always react to travelers, but if she does need to seek them out, then she will always know where they are.

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### Dalia's Unseen Sense

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Dalia's Unseen Sense works a little differently than the version of the merit seen in the World of Darkness rulebook. It becomes active whenever *any* sort of supernatural power from outside the town is used within her sight range. She reacts badly to those who possess some sort of other-worldly power.

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### CHRISTABELLA

**Quote:** "To find what you seek, you must brave the depths of Hell."

**Variant:** Burn the Wicked

**Background:** Tragedies always have a profound effect on those who witness them. This could not be more true than in the case of Christabella.

Even when she was young, she was as strong a believer as a child could be. When she discovered her mother brutally slain, then this belief became burning, merciless zeal. Christabella's transformation from believer to leader was cemented when she sent her mother's killer up in flames.

Since that time, the Order has become her home, her source of refuge, her flock, and even, and especially, her weapon against unbelievers. Her guidance was firm, even harsh, and her direction was unswerving. Her outlooks and attitudes attracted many faithful before the town's descent.

Even when the world around her was becoming Hell itself, Christabella's faith never wavered. If anything, its strength intensified until it became unyielding steel. Her faith is what has ensured the survival of the Order in their worst time, and if she were to fall, then the adherents would surely follow.

**Description:** Christabella is a tall, thin, middle-aged woman, with gray hair that she keeps in a severe bun. Her unremarkable blue dress is kept remarkably clean. Her eyes always have a gleam in them that some might describe as lunatic and others would describe as electric. Her voice is calm and steady, and her demeanor matches her tone. Those qualities change the moment she learns a 'witch' is nearby, and she quickly stirs the adherents into a killing frenzy with fevered sermons of righteousness and purity.

**Storytelling hints:** Christabella has one primary concern: keeping her adherents alive and protected. Outside of that, she is concerned with very little.

Typically, she will aid characters in what ways she can, but the moment anything even remotely unexplainable occurs around them, then she will change from a stalwart benefactor to a hateful zealot.

Christabella has some rudimentary understanding of what is going on in the town, but she will not be able to explain it in anything but religious terms such as "trial" and "place of testing."

3 **Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

**Social Attributes:** Presence 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 5

**Mental Skills:** Medicine 2, Occult 2

**Physical Skills:** Athletics 1, Survival (Foraging) 5

**Social Skills:** Empathy 1, Expression (Sermons) 4, Persuasion (Pressure) 5

**Merits:** Iron Stomach, Status (Order) 5, Inspiring

**Willpower:** 8

**Morality:** 2

**Virtue:** Faith

**Vice:** Wrath

**Defense:** 1

**Speed:** 7

**Health:** 9

**Derangements:** Narcissism (mild; 5), Megalomania (severe; 3)

**Abilities:**

**Shield of Faith** -- While praying, the monsters of the town and the Demon cannot get any closer to Christabella than 50 feet. If Christabella is leading a the adherents in prayer in the church, then this effect is amplified, and no monster, not even the Demon, can breach the building.

## SCOUTS

**Quote:** "\*heavy breathing\*"

**Background:** A scout is part of Christabella's personal servants, men who venture out into the town, looking for whatever Christabella tells them. Most of these men were miners before Silent Hill sunk into hell. Whenever she goes out, they accompany her and protect her to the best of their ability. They serve her happily, and they would gladly give their lives for her. Some of them have already.

**Description:** Scouts are medium height men. They wear suits that are composed of heavy, metal-lined, brown protective clothing that hangs off of them. Their faces are covered with gas masks, so all their features are indiscernible.

**Storytelling hints:** The scouts are Christabella's errand boys, doing her bidding and guarding her. They are quiet when performing their duties. They typically travel in parties of 3-4, mostly for their own protection. They also carry a canary in a cage, as birds seem to be especially sensitive to the onset of the Otherside.

When engaged in battle, the scouts will use whatever blunt objects they have with them. If they are deprived of those, then they will resort beating their targets with hands and feet.

**Abilities:**

**Scrounging** -- Dice Pool 7; Living amongst a

ruined town has made the scouts very good scavengers.

**Chase** -- Dice Pool 5; when pursuing things, the scouts are fairly able to catch up with them.

**Fighting** -- (Brawl and Weaponry) Dice Pool 6; living in Silent Hill's harsh reality has taught these men to be combatant and violent. They have gotten reasonably good at it.

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 9

**Health:** 8

**Armor:** 2/1 (Mining suit)

**Weapons:**

--Crowbar, +2/B, Range: Melee, Dice Pool: 8

**Equipment:**

Flashlight

Caged canary

## ROSE DASILVA

**Quote:** ". . . and, sometimes, you talk about a place -- Silent Hill."

**Background:** Rose's life was pretty uninteresting during her formative years, but despite any words to the contrary, she didn't really want it any other way.

She grew up in an average suburb in Ohio, where she had normal friends, normal parents, and a home that was a little small, but was comfortable enough. Rose went through the public school system, and she was pretty usual there, too. She had boyfriends who came and went, girlfriends with whom she would talk about the most recent music, the juiciest school gossip, and whatever else occurred to them.

Rose graduated from high school, headed to college, just like any 'normal' person would. She decided to major in Journalism, as she had a knack for demanding people's attention, and she enjoyed doing it.

While at school, she met Chris DaSilva, who she gradually built a relationship with. The both of them graduated and were married once they were out of school. Their marriage went normally, with its bumps and hitches. Even so, the two of them remained together. After a few years, the two of them wanted to have a family. They began trying to conceive, but no matter how often they tried, their efforts met with no success.

Rose decided to get a check-up into the problem. The doctor reviewed both her and her husband, and she found out the devastating news that she was sterile, due to causes the doctors could not determine. Rose was overwhelmed. She couldn't have children, and Chris could not console her for a number of weeks after they discovered the problem.

When she emerged from her sorrow, though, Rose had determined another course of action. She and Chris would adopt. Chris listened to his wife, and he agreed. They began to put everything in order so that they could

adopt children. Months dragged by when they heard nothing from the adoption agency. Rose determined that they would take the effort into their own hands. They began visiting orphanages throughout the state, but their efforts still did not turn up any results. Rose then suggested that they go into a neighboring state.

They visited the first orphanage they found out about, which was in a small mountain town. The DaSilva's went in, halfway expecting to come up with no results yet again. Rose, however, knew that she had found her little one when she looked into the eyes of a little girl who had been abandoned at the orphanage only a few nights ago. She and Chris filled out the paperwork, and, soon, little Sharon went home with the DaSilvas.

Sharon grew up happily, but she started to show some problems when she was a little older. She began sleep walking. This wasn't all. She would scream "Silent Hill," and her night-walks took her increasingly toward injury. Chris thought that Sharon should be institutionalized for her own protection. After an explosive argument, Rose decided to take Sharon away, bound and determined to find the source of her nightmares.

She had no doubt that she would find her answers in Silent Hill.

**Description:** Rose is an attractive medium height woman, slender-built, with medium-length blond-brown hair, set above blue eyes. She wears feminine clothing, and she often chooses somewhat low-cut blouses, along with skirts and jackets. If she has been in Silent Hill for any period of time, all her clothes will be dirty, bloodied, and beaten, increasingly moreso as time goes on.

**Storytelling hints:** The only reason Rose is in Silent Hill is because of her daughter. They are separated now, and Rose is doing everything in her power to find her little girl. If she encounters others in the town, the first thing that she will usually ask is if they have seen Sharon. Despite her somewhat frail appearance, there is steel in Rose. She continues to face the horrific challenges the town has to offer, all for the sake of finding her little girl. No matter how hard things get for her, Rose presses on.

When she puts her mind to it, Rose can command people's attention like few others. She is able to weave spellbinding force into what she is saying. While in Silent Hill, she will rarely use it for anything that does not involve Sharon in some way.

If involved in combat, Rose will typically run. She resorts to violence only when she has no other choice.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 3

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

**Social Attributes:** Presence 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

**Mental Skills:** Academics 2, Computer 2,

Investigation (Locating) 3

**Physical Skills:** Athletics (Running) 3, Weaponry 1

**Social Skills:** Empathy 3, Expression (Speaking) 3, Persuasion 3, Socialize 2

**Merits:** Direction Sense, Fleet of Foot 2, Resources 2, Striking Looks 2

**Willpower:** 5

**Morality:** 7

**Virtue:** Charity

**Vice:** Pride

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 11

**Health:** 8

**Equipment:**

Lighter

Flashlight

Cell phone

## CYBIL BENNETT

**Quote:** "Hey, is everything all right?"

**Variant:** Burn the Wicked

**Background:** Cybil's young life wasn't happy.

When she was in grade school, her father turned abusive when he lost his job. Her mother wouldn't stand up to him in any way, not even in the slightest, nor would she get work. Cybil's family gradually slid until they had next to nothing. Then, one night, as Cybil nursed her most recent bruises, she decided to do something to change all of it.

She went to the police station, where she showed them all the bruises her father had given her. Unlike all the other officers, one, Officer Gucci, especially paid attention to her. He did everything in his power to make sure that her father would pay for what he did to his wife and daughter. His efforts paid off, and the man spent some time behind bars, but not enough, in Cybil's opinion. Cybil went to live with an aunt, where she spent the rest of her adolescence until she left for college.

Once in college, she decided to major in criminal justice, so that she could be like the policeman who had helped her on that night when she was younger. After graduating, she returned home, where she became the sheriff. She spent every waking moment doing her job to the uttermost, putting most other cops to shame by comparison.

Then, one night, she ran into the DaSilva's.

**Description:** Cybil is an attractive, medium height woman with a toned body. She wears a black police uniform. Her hair is medium blond, and it is cut boyishly short. Her dark blue eyes are usually covered with sunglasses.

**Storytelling hints:** Cybil came into town to apprehend Rose. Little did she know what surprises awaited her there. Cybil will be looking for Rose, who she believes kidnapped the little girl, but she also evaded

arrest. What attracted Cybil's attention in the first place was Sharon. Cybil feels protective toward children, especially girls.

While the town and its monsters do get to her, Cybil does not panic, nor does she break down. She sometimes becomes visibly agitated and fearful, but she keeps moving.

If engaged in battle with human (or human appearing) opponents, Cybil will only use lethal force when her opponents leave her no other choice.

**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

**Physical Attributes:** Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

**Social Attributes:** Presence 2, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

**Mental Skills:** Investigation 2, Politics 2

**Physical Skills:** Athletics 3, Drive 2, Firearms (Pistol) 3, Weaponry (Baton) 3

**Social Skills:** Empathy 2, Intimidation 3,

Persuasion 2

**Merits:** Danger Sense, Disarm, Quick Draw, Status (Local Police) 2

**Willpower:** 8

**Morality:** 7

**Virtue:** Justice

**Vice:** Pride

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 11

**Health:** 7

**Armor:** Leather police uniform: 1/0

**Weapons:**

--9mm, +2/L, Ranges: 20/40/60, Capacity: 10+1,

Dice Pool: 8

--Baton, +1/B, Range: Melee, Special: Knockout

(See WoD Rulebook, p. 206), Dice Pool: 7

**Equipment:**

Two-way radio

Flashlight

### CHAPTER 3

“OH, JUST BECAUSE I’M BLACK, you assume I know how to use a gun,” Robert muttered at Vera’s offering.

“I was hoping you did,” Vera said patiently, “because that would make you marginally less useless.”

“This wouldn’t even be a problem if we hadn’t come to this God forsaken prison,” Robert pointed out, giving the bars a stout kick for good measure. His luck, that they’d be trapped in a prison which didn’t exist. Who would bury a prison under a historical society, anyway?

“Nathan Avenue is collapsed, and this was the only other way that was open. It wasn’t my fault that you fell down the hole.”

“Fell down the... what the hell are you doing?”

“Nothing . . .” she said, running her fingers along some bars.

Robert shook his head, slinging the steel pipe over his shoulder. Every now and then, he would hear her saying something, almost like in a foreign language, under her breath. He was never sure what she was doing, but occasionally she would pop up with some new information once she stopped mumbling. He would ask questions, but she would never give any answers.

“What was that?” Vera asked, just as static began to blare from their equipment. The two shared a look, then turned, facing the black corridor behind them. The sound of metal grinding against concrete filled the hallway, getting louder with each passing moment. Long, slow strides, it sounded like. Something bigger

than anything that they had seen yet.

“What do we do?” Robert asked.

“Smack it and I’ll kill it. Just like the last group,” Vera said, holding her newly acquired revolver ready for use. Finally, the thing making the grinding noise came into the pool cast by his light.

He damn near dropped his pipe.

**THE THING** was gigantic, at least eight feet tall, with a wiry, powerful frame. It had to be powerful: its weapon was taller than it was. Perched on the creature’s shoulders was something which looked like a metal pyramid that exactly resembled the executioner’s hood from the painting upstairs.

“Oh hell,” Vera whispered. She launched herself toward the creature, which effortlessly batted her aside with a backhand. It continued, reaching Robert, and slamming him into the wall. The huge sword spun around, driven into the wall next to Robert’s head. The thing then turned back to the bars, and grasped them in two large hands. With a single shove, the metal came free of its fixture, and Pyramid Head threw them down the hallway. This task done, it pulled out the long sword, and continued walking down the hall, like no one else was there.

For a long moment, Vera and Robert simply stared at the retreating form, listening to the grinding of its blade against the floor, and at long last, it vanished, and the static dimmed. Vera turned to Robert with a look of utter confusion, shaking her head like she’d just seen the impossible.

“Robert,” she said. “What... **THE FUCK**... just happened?”

Silent Hill has a number of unique characteristics which complicate efforts to travel through it. The Fog, the Otherside, and even time itself all pose obstacles which can spell characters' deaths if they are not careful. Since these qualities of the town are unique to it, then it should follow that some rules are needed to describe these phenomena. Following are rules for using the Fog, the Otherside, as well as other phenomena of Silent Hill.

In addition to special rules and mechanics for the town, this chapter also contains advice for storytelling a game set in Silent Hill. Covered topics include the basics of Silent Hill's theme and Mood, as well as pacing, puzzle building, incorporating vices, what to find in the Fogbound world as well as how it should be described, as well as the Otherside, finally ending with suggestions on how to conclude a Silent Hill chronicle.

## SPECIAL MECHANICS

Silent Hill generates numerous, unique problems. A curtain of claustrophobic gray fog surrounds travelers, distorting vision and sound in equal measure. Sights and sounds are not the only elements of reality bent, as time's flow is distorted subtly in the fogbound world, but it breaks apart in the Otherside. When the Otherside descends, it warps the world into an even more dangerous version, riddled with rust and decay, where the walls and floors can become bleeding flesh. Whether in either version of Silent Hill, monsters harass travelers with claws and blades, all scavenged from the decaying world. What's worse, these creatures reflect the worst in people, painting their worst flaws onto twisted flesh.

## THE FOG

The fog is the first thing that travelers encounter when venturing into Silent Hill. Many note how its thickness dwarfs any sort of fog that they have seen before. The fog's thickness does indeed pose a serious obstacle for one's vision. Buildings, even those nearby, appear as silhouettes until about 20m, where, even then, their features are grayed out and blurry. Buildings and other features of the landscape appear clearly only when characters are 10m or less from them, but the colors of those buildings are still washed out, as though they had spent many decades in the sun.

During the day-time, the fog imposes penalties depending upon how far out a character is trying to see or shoot a firearm. At 10 meters, the penalty is -1. At 20 meters, the penalty becomes -2. At 30 meters, sight becomes impossible, and the rules for blind-fighting apply (World of Darkness rulebook, p. 166).

Once the sun falls, these penalties worsen considerably as the gray curtain of fog becomes a black wall of darkness. At 10 meters, the penalty is -3. With a source of light, this penalty is reduced to -2. At 20 meters, sight becomes impossible and the rules for

fighting blind apply. At night, if the character does not have a light-source, then sight is impossible, and the rules for blind-fighting apply no matter how far away the target is.

Besides its effects on the vision, the fog also plays tricks with sounds. If something further than 20m away makes a sound, then the sound is distorted. Recognizing it is made difficult, as it starts to sound more sinister, even when the original is something completely innocent. A blown car horn, once distorted, sounds like a creature's shriek rather than something mechanical. Not only is the sound distorted, but the fog confuses the locations where the sounds came from. Any rolls to determine where sounds originated suffer a -2 penalty.

A special exception applies to the above rules. During both the day- and nighttime, these penalties and effects do not apply to the inside of buildings. During the daytime, precious little light gets into buildings, since nearly all the windows are tightly boarded up, only allowing slivers and threads of light to penetrate the gloom of the buildings. Strangely, however, most locations are not totally dependent on the sun, or whatever gives Silent Hill its light. A few sources of light dot the insides of buildings, whether they are occasional hall lights that have not burnt out yet or glowing, static-y televisions. Consequently, the penalties in buildings with light-sources are not as harsh as those outside, and a general -1 penalty is incurred against characters trying to see beyond 20 m, and a -2 penalty is incurred at 40 m. If no light-sources are present, then the same conditions apply to building interiors as the fogbound outside.

## TIME

Time in Silent Hill is . . . unusual.

More often than not, time in the outside proceeds straight from past to present to future at roughly the same rate. This regularity is taken for granted by most, since they have never known time to behave any differently. Silent Hill makes people thankful for time's regularity.

Time itself in Silent Hill races, hitches, and chugs, like some worn video tape. Once inside the town limits, time's procession is not noticeably different. Perhaps a second here or there is missed. Perhaps something is heard a few moments earlier than the thing that originated the sound. In game terms, when characters are walking the streets of fogbound Silent Hill, Storytellers can feel free to have events happen slightly out of sequence. Shots are heard before a gun is fired. A note is left before anyone can be seen leaving it. While in combat, however, it seems that time proceeds more or less as normal, as wounds don't appear before a monster attacks. Despite all these irregularities, time proceeds in a more or less straight fashion from past to future in the fogbound version of the town. This is not true at all for the Otherside.

When the nightmare world swallows the gray world, all the rules breakdown. Time functions exactly as the Storyteller deems fit. If it serves the purposes of the story, then time can behave any way. Events could occur clearly out of sequence: characters could perceive themselves walking into a building. Only one constant applies to time on the Otherside: this malfunctioning time only works to benefit characters in indirect ways, such as giving pieces of information, or allowing to speak with someone who is long dead. In all other cases, it serves to make things more difficult. No matter how time flows, obstacles are not undone and monsters remain unchanged.

## THE OTHERSIDE

Out of everything that Silent Hill has to offer, the Otherside promises to be the most harrowing. When the Otherside falls on the town, everything goes from bad to worse. The world warps, changing to reflect the depravity of the world and of those in it.

In the mildest cases, the basic lay-out of the building or location remains the same. The floor will remain basically the same, but it will become heavily soiled and stained, pock-marked with blood and rust. Tiles are sometimes out of place, torn from the floor and strewn about. Blood and rust stain the walls as well, but they are usually further transformed. Typically, they are covered with something out of place, even on top of the blood and rust. Sometimes, the walls are completely covered with padding, other times, sheets or tarps are draped on the walls haphazardly, as though they were added hastily. Besides strange coverings and blood and rust, manifestations of decay appear on the walls, as they are typically cracked and crumbling.

These general transformations are hardly the whole of it. Besides stained floors and ceilings, other disturbing vistas appear. Windows disappear, or become heavily barred or boarded, becoming impassable. Escape is made that much harder with their disappearance. Evidence of past brutality manifests. Caked blood is soaked into a first aid office bed, around which blood has been spattered on the floor. The exact time of the violence and the perpetrator are always a mystery. Other times, bottomless pits swallow up parts of the structure that had been there in the 'normal' world. Non-functional escalators run into an endless dark. A wire-mesh walkway suspends travelers above a black chasm. What awaits at the bottom of these pits is unknown and best left undiscovered.

Other, stranger things, also appear. Gurneys are plentiful in some locations, complete with cadavers strapped to each one. Who these people were is not readily apparent, as all are bound in sheets. If one should wish it, then their identities might be discovered, or something truly horrible could lurk beneath the cloth.

In the worst of cases, travelers find themselves thankful for the 'minor' inconveniences that mild cases present. Bodies are hung from meat-hooks in seeming display cases fashioned from bars, making them look more like cages. The floor and ceiling become covered with twice as much blood and rust. Certain doors are covered in stretched, apparently human, skin. Certain walls and floors are composed entirely of flesh that convulses and bleeds. The normal geography of structures stops applying, as new features are added. Furnaces used for cremation of innocent prisoners appear in previously non-existent basements. These new places are dominated with rust and normal surfaces are replaced with cast-iron grills and riveted steel. Blood is omnipresent in these 'unplaces.'

Whether the transformation is mild or extreme, light becomes precious on the Otherside. Oftentimes, light sources in the environment are rare or non-existent. Even if they are present, the darkness oppresses any light, so that any rays it may produce feebly reach far shorter than they should. As such, when travelers are in the Otherside versions of buildings, then the same rules apply as those walking the fogbound streets after sundown.

## UNIQUE ITEMS

In addition unique environmental effects, Silent Hill also provides two unique items that have potent effects on the denizens of the town.

## AGLAOPHOTIS

Aglaophotis was first seen when the plague reappeared and nearly swallowed the entire town. The head doctor of Brookhaven hospital spent a few days barricaded in his office, developing what would later be known as aglaophotis. None know why the doctor named it as such, but he wasn't really able to provide logical explanations of anything, as his sanity disappeared with the plague, for unknown reasons. Since the doctor wasn't able to elaborate on the substance, none know all of its effects or how to reproduce it.

Aglaophotis in Silent Hill is quite rare, but it is found in vials containing approximately one fluid ounce. If one drop, no matter how small, lands upon the flesh of any monster or Guardian that possesses Bound to the Town rated at less than 5, the creature drops dead, its body vanishing and its very existence torn from the world. Any damage that the creature wrought on the travelers before it was dispelled is undone, as if even its past existence was eliminated as well. With any creature at Bound 5, aglaophotis undoes all the special capabilities that Merit provides, so no healing rate and no defense against attacks.

The sheer usefulness of this substance is balanced by the difficult nature of its application. Using it is risky, because in the heat of battle, it is catastrophically easy to

spill more contents of a vial than one intends. In order to avoid doing this, a Wits + Dexterity roll is required. If it succeeds, then the character uses the exact amount that he intends.

Aglaophotis sublimates quickly when exposed to air, so its containers must be securely fastened. If any is found in the open, then it should be quickly contained before it can evaporate.

## FLAUROS

Flauros is an ancient piece of stone, carved into a perfect tetrahedron and covered in indecipherable runes. Flauros, when brought into the proximity of certain entities, it undoes all supernatural protections, as its small parts whirl before locking in place again. In game terms, any creature that has a Bound to the Town rating of 5 triggers the Flauros, which undoes all the benefits that merit provides, much as Aglaophotis does.

The Flauros' effects does differ from those of Aglaophotis in two important ways. First, it has no effect on any creatures whose Bound to the Town rating is less than 5. Second, it does not need to make immediate physical contact in order to take effect. It need only be brought within 2m of any Bound 5 creature to become active.

Lastly, as often as not, the Flauros disappears once activated. Why this happens is unclear. The Storyteller may decide either way once Flauros is used.

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### *But Where Can I Find These Things?*

For two items so crucial to defeating the most powerful creatures in Silent Hill, the means of locating them are quite vague.

The reason for this is simple: both Aglaophotis and the Flauros come into the possession of the characters however the Storyteller wants them to. The games have a few examples of how these items can appear. One such instance is that some Aglaophotis was hidden within a pendant given as a gift.

With either of these items, Storytellers are encouraged to make their discovery significant in some way, by either accompanying an explanation or making the characters have to fight for their prize.

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## STORYTELLING

The functioning of Silent Hill presents a number of challenges to ST's. These concerns will be addressed here.

## THEME

Perhaps more than any other setting, Silent Hill is very dependent on it's theme for its identity.

While many different events occur in the town, and

many different secrets are revealed, there is one theme that is constant to all the experiences that travelers ever have in the town. That theme is Trial. Once characters have entered the town, then they begin having to face obstacles and challenges that will either drag out the best in them or break them down until no sanity is left.

Much as the Storytelling section in the **World of Darkness Rulebook** explains, the theme of a story keeps the focus for the ST clear. In this case, the ST should constantly focus on all the difficulties that the town produces. For there to be obstacles, though, the ST must design them all. This can be a daunting task, but this chapter provides the Storyteller with the tools that he or she needs in order to develop the obstacles that Silent Hill offers. A brief outline of what sort of trials the ST has at his or her disposal are outlined below.

First and foremost, of course, is the omnipresent fog. The specifics of how the fog functions were outlined earlier in this chapter. The ST should certainly use those mechanics to their full effect. With the fog firmly in place, then simply seeing your surroundings clearly becomes quite an obstacle. Just knowing if a building is down the street or not becomes troublesome thanks to the gray of the fog.

Second are monsters, who serve as the most physical of challenges that Silent Hill provides. While this is addressed in more detail later in this chapter, the ST should not feel obligated to use monsters constantly. Instead, use them strategically, highlighting the fact that simply moving from point A to point B is a struggle. Just because monsters are present, though, does not mean that characters must always confront them, at least out on the streets and other wide paths. If the players choose to avoid monsters, then use them as a mental distraction, and describe sounds that they make and mention the static of any electronic devices that the characters may possess. Much like monsters themselves, however, the overuse of sounds related to them could grow annoying.

Monsters are not the only creatures that serve as very real, physical obstacles. Guardians fulfill this role as well, perhaps even better. Most times, these people, or whatever they may be, serve as prods for the character. A final confrontation is certain if the characters wish to leave the town, though, so Guardians are not just 'around'. Besides serving as enemy combatants, the Guardians can also be reminders of possible outcomes of failing the trials of the town. They could become bound to the will of the town, forever.

Besides physical trials, the town provides many psychological ones, as well. These puzzles range in difficulty from simple number puzzles to complex enigmas built around a series of clues. Puzzles, even more than monsters, should be used strategically, blocking players from making progress through the town too quickly. Specifically, they should be used in buildings, serving as roadblocks to the most important

areas of the complex or the way out.

Other psychological trials manifest in seeing friends and family members long dead, but speaking. Or even worse, actively pursuing and harming characters. These instances are coupled with revelations of the darkest parts of the character, even for all to see. Worst of all, once characters have entered unplaces, then their memories, and even wishes, can manifest in real and physical form, connected in a bizarre montage that makes no logical sense. Rooms from childhoods will be connected with high school classrooms, all as characters remember them, down to the last detail, but they will be empty of any of the people that really made those locations what they were. These montages should be saved for the end of the story, when Silent Hill is holding nothing back and showing the true depths of insanity that have now infected it.

## MOOD

Much like the theme, Silent Hill's mood is crucial to producing a 'Silent Hill' experience.

In this case, the mood is the 'enveloping dark.' This means that any evil that is present in Silent Hill becomes pervasive, omnipresent, whether that be the monstrous acts of the denizens of the town or those who are drawn into it from outside. Visitors often find evidence of past acts of violence and atrocity scattered throughout town. A maul buried in a metal locker, both of them covered in dried blood and viscera. A trail of blood leading away from wheelchair, down to a seemingly bottomless elevator shaft.

Evil, when it is present, is shown for all to see in the gray world. It seems as though the evidence were not even bothered, but put on display. Everything from murders, to animal mutilations, to crucifixions. The Storyteller should set these sites up throughout town so that characters discover them as they are roving Silent Hill. These sites do not seem to have any particular logic to where they occur, so the ST can place them wherever he or she desires. These sites serve as a tool of the mood, being a reminder to players that Silent Hill is truly an evil place, and unique in that it displays its darkness so readily.

Even more than sites of violence scattered throughout town, the Otherside is the purest manifestation of the mood. Once the darkness of the Otherside warps the world, then all the evil that was present before becomes an infection in every aspect of the setting. Even mundane locations like shopping malls display the darkness in the hearts of man, with filthy floors and stained walls, with gurneys complete with corpses. What, exactly, these elements represent, if anything, is ultimately up to the Storyteller, but one thing is certain: the worse the violence, the worse the Otherside is in response. In a place where many children

and adults were murdered, and dark rituals were carried out for decades, the Otherside version of building will be covered in fleshy walls, skin-covered doors, and decorative, hanging bodies. The sites of violence present in 'normal' Silent Hill take on a new character in the Otherside. They become centerpieces, focal points of rooms and even entire buildings. Worse, left over sounds and emotions can be heard and felt in the presence of such places, so that the original atrocity is within arm's reach.

## INCORPORATING VICES

The Storyteller system gives Storytellers a tool that is very important to the Silent Hill experience. That tool is the trait of Vice in every character. With Vice, the Storyteller can give very personalized versions of Silent Hill, which reflects each vice a little differently. What follows are merely suggestions. If the Storyteller has better or ideas, by all means, use them.

Characters who have **Envy** as a vice find a town that shows small comforts and happiness, to all but the character. Often, reminders of the character's least favorite parts of her life will accompany traces of parties, of festive celebrations, and of comfortable homes. Whatever a character wants most, he will see that plenty of people in the town had it or have it still, even if they should be dead.

Characters who are weighed down by **Greed** will find that Silent Hill is littered with all kinds of things, piles of trash, broken equipment, and even ruined treasures like scuffed coins and torn art-pieces. Greedy characters will be almost taunted with the value of certain things, as if the town is showing them that had they come mere moments or days earlier, that they could have these things and the riches that accompanied them.

Characters who are ablaze with **Wrath** see that Silent Hill has no small amount of things to get angry about. These characters will constantly find small but traversable obstacles, such as fences that must be climbed over, or a narrow passageway that has nails sticking out at intervals, cutting the characters legs, more annoying than really harmful.

Characters who are consumed with **Lust** or **Gluttony** will discover all sorts of missed opportunities to indulge in their favorite passions. Traces of passionate trysts will persistently haunt those who exult their sexual natures. Empty alcohol bottles are present in many places for those who cannot stop hitting the bottle. Worse, the smell of alcohol is still present strongly within such containers, suggesting that the bottle was finished off mere moments ago. Recently used crack pipes sit in dark corners, taunting those who are addicted to cocaine.

Characters who are shackled to **Sloth** find an abandoned town that is filthy, even more so than usual. No matter which building or location, trash is strewn

about the streets or magazines and other items are scattered over the floor while thick layers of dust coat nearly everything. Scenes of murder are covered in cloths, like those who perpetrated the crime were to lazy to do anything with the body.

Characters who tower over others with their **Pride** will see that the town leaves notes and messages praising the rightness and wisdom travelers' actions and decisions, especially when they were wrong and folly. A note will say how good and wonderful it was of a character to screw over his colleague to get that promotion. Graffiti covers a wall, showing how great a character was for planning a robbery where *only* 3 people were killed. Good job!

In groups of characters, Storytellers can either alternate these environmental characteristics, or have them all present together.

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### *. . . And the Monsters, Too*

If Storytellers want to have an even more physical manifestation, here follows some rules for modifying monsters according to Vices.

#### **Envy**

Beasts showing Envy are one size larger, with added Health as a result. As well, they gain a +2 bonus on all grapple attempts, and the grapple causes one lethal damage at its onset when the creature digs its claws into the traveler's flesh.

#### **Gluttony**

Beasts showing Gluttony have large mouths, filled with razor sharp teeth. This even applies to Faceless Men, who gain a mouth as a result of this condition. Any Gluttony beast which grapples onto a traveler can make a bite attack by rolling Strength + Brawl

#### **Greed**

Greed Beasts reduce their size by one, but increase their Stamina and Dexterity by one each. These creatures also gain three dots in both Stealth and Larceny skills. Greed beasts attempt to pilfer from travelers before they attack, stealing whatever is not directly in the person's hands. These items are then ingested, only to be retrieved by splitting open the beast's corpse.

#### **Lust**

Lust creatures are especially skilled in the use of blunt and stabbing weapons, gaining an extra dot in each. These creatures also have more dominant primary and secondary sex characteristics, and if they grapple with a traveler, they will immediately begin to molest him/her, requiring the victim to succeed in a Resolve + Composure roll or take all actions for the remainder of the scene at a -1 as a result. If Lust creatures overpower a single traveler... let's just say that his night will be far from pleasant.

#### **Pride**

Pride creatures have enlarged fists, and avoid the use of weapons. They gain one dot in all physical attributes, and attack using a pool of Strength + 4, the latter being an artificial score for the creature's Brawl. Attacks done deal lethal damage. Pride creatures tend to space themselves out as far as possible, but in a restricted space, this might not be possible. Pride beasts, unlike other monsters, will not work together to bring down a traveler.

#### **Sloth**

Sloth beasts gain three dots to their stamina trait which can raise it above five, in exchange for a lowering of their speed trait by the same amount. Creatures manifesting the Sloth Vice appear bloated and grotesquely obese, but this can create a dangerous misconception, because those rolls of flesh are not fat, and afford the creature 2/2 armor, and they are not hampered in making attacks of their own in the slightest by their girth.

#### **Wrath**

Monsters showing the Wrath Vice are some of the most dangerous. They appear lithe and fit, their bodies bereft of their usual frailty or obesity. Their weapons, natural and artificial, appear larger, sharper, or more menacing, because they are. All attacks made by Wrath creatures deal lethal damage, and all creatures gain one dot of strength. Their weapon skills increase by one across the board, but they lose the willingness to grapple, and whatever help they offer each other is incidental. They will not stop attacking until their last box is filled with lethal damage, and will follow fleeing prey as long as it takes, or until another potential victim comes into sight.

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## **INCORPORATING MORALITY**

Just as Vice is very important to Silent Hill, so is Morality.

While people who have any level of Morality can be pulled into Silent Hill, those who have poor levels (5 and below) can expect to receive some 'special' treatment from the town. While traveling throughout town, travelers (and anyone accompanying them) will see notes that hint at the character's past sins. Of particular attention are those that caused the character to drop a Morality level, whether it was theft, murder, or something even more heinous. As the traveler progresses through the town, the hints become more and more clear, as the character is forced to remember the act, either through psychotic breaks, journals of his victims, or any of an assortment of means. At the close of his visit, the traveler can expect to face a living (or close enough) embodiment of his crime.

Just as notes and other things hint at the crime, Silent Hill presents something else as intelligent reminder of his crime: a manifestation. This creature appears as

something desirable, such as an idealized version of a long-lost wife. This creature will be human as far as characters can tell, and it will act exactly the way a character would want for it to act. For example, the man who was unhappy with how 'unsexy' his wife was would find a woman who looked much like her but practically threw herself at him. This illusion will not be pierced until the end of the travelers' stay. If, at the end, the character chooses to repent of his crime instead of embracing it, then the manifestation will transform into a terrible monster and seek his death.

These manifestations, being a very physical incarnation of Silent Hill's power, will have the Bound to the Town merit rated at 5. Strangely enough, however, if these creatures are faced after the character has admitted his faults, then they will be robbed of their usual damage reduction.

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### Multiple Manifestations?

Some of you may be asking if you can have multiple manifestations. The answer: yes. If you have more than one character, then there can be multiple manifestations, but not necessarily. Either that, or the Storyteller could choose to combine multiple characters' crimes into one manifestation, who will shift into monstrous form if rejected by even one character.

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## PACING

Silent Hill offers many possibilities for stories, though, just as much, it offers many unique pitfalls as well.

The first potential pitfall is the use of monsters. While they can serve as unifying thematic elements, they could also be overused. If they are overused, then two things will probably result: they will become annoying and they will lose their frightening value. As a matter of fact, if they are used enough, then the game could start to bog down and even become much like a hack and slash game with pacing very similar to certain high-fantasy games. If that is what the Storyteller and his or her players want, then the monsters can be used specifically for that end. If that is not what the group wants, then there are two primary options. Indoors, the Storyteller should use monsters seldom. Outdoors, the Storyteller should remind players that they can merely avoid monsters, running by them by going to the other side of street, even. That means that they must turn their backs to those creatures, but that is a risk that they must take if the Storyteller keeps monsters plentiful.

The second potential pitfall is exploration. In the Silent Hill video games, players typically try door after door until they find one that is open. While this is tolerable in a video game environment, it could quickly grow thin in a table top roleplaying game, unless of

course, the troupe is aiming for reproducing the Silent Hill experience exactly or altering the usual pacing of the World of Darkness. That said, Storytellers should facilitate making exploration quick by simply letting their players gloss over trying every last door and simply describe the open one they come to. Storytellers should also keep exact notes about where their players have been, and where they intend to go. Storytellers should also use obstacles in blocking certain paths. To all these ends, it is recommended that Storytellers have maps of buildings so that the players can see exactly what is going on.

The third potential pitfall is puzzles. While it is recommended that Storytellers certainly use these, they should be used strategically and sparingly, typically one or perhaps two puzzles per building. Also, unless your players really like brain-bending, brow-furrowing puzzles, Storytellers should keep them either easy or medium difficulty. If the players are unable to make progress after some time, then Storytellers should provide hints, otherwise frustration could ruin the experience. Another aspect of puzzles that Storytellers should consider is whether all the pieces of the puzzle are present in the room with the puzzle, or they are scattered through the environment. Having all the pieces together can save some time, while scattering them forces players to explore the area, which can provide the Storytellers with more opportunities for combat, scares, or revelations.

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### Puzzle Building Tool-kit

What follows is a series of steps that can help ST's build puzzles appropriate for the Silent Hill setting. For those who feel that they have a good enough idea already, please disregard this sidebar.

**Step 1:** Determine general difficulty. This will affect all later steps, as easy and hard puzzles have different numbers of elements and clues.

**Step 2:** Select puzzle type. These can be lock-and-key (the characters simply need one item or piece of information to move forward; usually easy), numbers (devise a number or a numeric code from clues in the environment, or math can apply here, too; usually easy to medium), or logic (arrange elements according to a theme and/or clues given; usually medium to hard).

**Step 3:** Determine theme (if appropriate). Decide which theme the puzzle will have. Classics are theology and tarot cards. Really, anything will work, just as long as your players are familiar with it, but traditional things are usually most suitable.

**Step 4:** Determine number of elements. Decide how many items you want involved in the puzzle. With lock-and-key, you only need one key and the slot it fits in. With numbers, determine how long the code is. With logic, determine how many pieces you want with the

puzzle. Remember, the more elements involved, the more difficult the puzzle will be to figure out.

**Step 5:** Determine what the elements physically are. Lock-and-key puzzles do not always have to be as simple as an actual lock and key. The 'key' could be a fake snake's eye, and the 'lock' could be the fake snake. Perhaps the solution to the number puzzle is input in the form of a briefcase's combination lock. With logic puzzles, the elements could be Tarot cards, and they could fit in a 3 by 3 grid of slots, where they have to be inserted in the correct arrangement.

**Step 6:** Determine the solution and the method of arriving at it. Decide what the answer to the puzzle is. This is pretty simple. This doesn't really take much thought with lock-and-key puzzles. With number puzzles, just determine what the final number is. With logic puzzles, decide how the elements are to be arranged, in what order, etc. Also, decide whether the players will arrive at the answer through reasoning, through theological clues, or through mathematical operations.

**Step 7:** Determine where the elements of the puzzle are in the environment. Decide whether all the puzzle pieces are together in one room or scattered throughout the nearby area. Typically, the 'key' for lock-and-key puzzles is separate from its lock. In number puzzles, the clues are usually best included in the same room as the place where the input is, but that is not necessarily the case. Logic puzzles will take longer to solve if their elements are scattered around the environment instead of the same room as the input.

**Step 8:** Determine number and location of clues. In case it needed to be said, a large number of clues will make the puzzle easier while scant clues will make it harder. Alternately, ST's could place the clues in hard to find places, which would increase the difficulty of the puzzle, or they could make the clues easy to find.

Just to see this toolkit in action, here is an example.

*Michael is determining the puzzle that his players will encounter at the top of the Lakeside Apartment Building, which blocks the way to the place where a manifestation important to one of the characters is waiting.*

*Since the manifestation is an important part of the story, Michael doesn't want it to be real easy to get to her, but he doesn't want to make it so hard to be frustrating, either, so he decides that he wants a medium difficulty puzzle. Toward that end, he will use a number puzzle. Since it is only numbers, Michael doesn't have to use a theme, so he chooses not to.*

*Next, Michael decides that, in keeping with a medium difficulty, he will use a 4 digit code. He decides that numbers will be the code necessary to use a number pad on a door lock. He wants the code to be 4188. The method for arriving at the conclusion is a combination of a man's age (41) and the birth year of his daughter (1988). Since the only element that he needs is the key pad itself, then Michael doesn't have to worry about placement for anything else.*

*Michael will have two clues, and both will be in the room. One will be a piece of a journal entry, and the other will be a picture. The journal entry says . . .*

*"I was born 41 years ago today. It's hard to believe that I've been alive that long . . .*

*Oh, that reminds me, I need to change the pad's combination now. My age and Natalie's . . . \*the rest is missing\*"*

*The picture has a banner draped in a living room that says "Happy 19<sup>th</sup> Birthday Natalie!" with today's date written on the back.*

*So, from the journal entry (41) and from the picture either (19) or (1988) or (88). With some trial and error, Michael's players arrive at the answer, and they meet with the manifestation who was waiting for them.*

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## THE CONCLUSION

Standing at the end of every journey through Silent Hill, assuming that the characters survive, is escape from the town, but that is not all. A reward, something significant, also awaits characters who fight their way through all the town's trials.

For those who have committed terrible crimes, redemption awaits. Once they have faced down the manifestation embodying their transgression, then a weight lifts from them, and they see the world afresh, as they had once seen it. In game terms, characters at the conclusion of the Silent Hill story may regain Morality for a rate of new dots X 2 instead of new dots X 3.

For anyone else, some sort of new knowledge or capability is the reward, but things material are usually not available. A one-time purchase of a merit is now new dots instead of new dots X 2. Specialties are also available for a one-time reduced rate of 1 point instead of 3.

Storytellers are also free to come up with rewards of their own, such as pieces of information that will further one of his character's goals, or even a brief reunion with a loved one. Whatever form the reward takes, it should be very important the character who receives it.

## EPILOGUE

“**SO FINE TO STRIP THE FLESH**, so neat, so sweet to drink the blood, it burns, burns like the flesh,” she whispered as he glanced around the abandoned church. She’d been doing that for the last hour or so. And in that hour, he’d been attacked at least a dozen times, and she hadn’t lifted a finger to help him. He was wondering if the town had finally crept into her head, warping it like it did everything else.

“They burned a seven year old girl alive?” Robert said after he had stared at the 3 paintings.

“...and they rejoiced at the offering, and the heavens opened to them and rained down on their sacrifice,” Vera chortled, an alien noise to issue from her.

Robert shook his head. “Why would they do this?”

“They were trying to birth a **GOD**,” Vera said, her voice taking on a very odd tone, like Father Marcus when he was reaching the height of his sermon. He heard the click of a revolver’s hammer being pulled back. “**AND THEY DID.**”

Robert reacted faster than even he thought possible, twisting his body to the side as he threw himself behind the pews. He still felt the searing lead digging along his ribs, though, and several more shots followed him down. He released a long and gritted profanity as he counted out the shots. Six shots used, he sprang from his cover, swinging the pipe in a wide arc. Vera casually stopped his swing one-handed. Exceeding Robert's expectations of her strength, she ripped the weapon away from him and grabbed him by the throat, lifting him well off his feet, despite the fact that he was quite a bit taller than her.

The door burst open behind Vera and... Vera lurched through the door. Once she took one look at the scene, she pulled out her revolver and fired. The Vera holding him remained motionless with each of the 3 piercing shots blowing through her chest, where her heart should have been. The holes grew together. The invincible Vera's grip released, Robert slumped to the floor as her head spun around to face the other Vera, even though she was directly behind the creature.

“What are you?” she said.

“I am the death-cry of a failing world,” it said as it turned and walked toward her, its head righting itself with a grinding pop. “I am the darkness at the end of all. This is my kingdom,” the thing said as its smile spread wider and it raised its arms high.

That siren began to sound, very close this time, as if from directly above. The world seemed to pulse and quiver, its walls bleeding and dripping as though to slough their skins. The lights went dim, but for the pillar of light surrounding this unbelievable monster.

“Robert,” Vera said, keeping her eyes on the creature. “You need to go. Now. I can’t hold this thing off forever, and if one of us is to meet Shelley, it has to be you.”

“But,” Robert said, struggling to get up.

“**GO NOW!**” Vera said, walking toward the monster, unloading the last 3 rounds into it. Robert took to his feet and ran, and he bolted for the exit. As he fled, he heard a crushing thunk followed by the sound of Vera's body hitting the floor. Robert looked back at the monster for a moment. Now, it was wearing his face, instead of Vera's, and it held a pipe which looked almost exactly like Robert's, except that it was encrusted in a much thicker coat of dried gore. Robert flew to the door, which held fast despite his pounding. His double smiled at him.

When he saw that escape was impossible, he turned to face his double. He swung and swung, but his double dodged every blow. He couldn't possibly fight against himself and win. Shadow boxing never had a victor or a vanquished, just two very tired opponents.

At least, Robert thought it was just his shadow. It was better. The thing started swinging its pipe, and snapped into Robert's side, breaking a rib. A second swing snapped the fingers on his right hand. Robert brought his own weapon up just in time to divert a third swing which would have brained him and begin to run away again.

Robert ran as best he could to the outside of the pews, where he tossed himself to the ground, next to Vera's body. She was still breathing, but she wasn't waking up.

“You're pathetic,” the thing said as Robert heard the its footfalls getting closer.

When his double was so close, he plumbed deep into Vera's pockets with his broken and numbed fingers. He felt like he was groping for razors while blindfolded, and every motion of his digits sent another shock of agony up his wrists. Finally, his brutalized hand finally felt something cold and hard in her pocket. He hissed with pain, and his search produced the spare gun the Vera kept on her.

A wide grin was on its face as it made its way calmly toward where Robert knelt. One pocket was plumbed, and he was into a second when the thing raised the bar high, ready to strike. He felt something, and pulled it out as he rolled away. The gory pipe landed with a horrifyingly painful crunch on Robert's ankle.

“You can't beat me,” it said, its laugh even louder. Robert slammed the rounds in the gun, pointing it at his double. Its smile grew wider.

Robert squeezed the trigger three times, each exploding chunks of thing's flesh. It laughed, louder still, when its flesh began knitting back together. Then Robert remembered, and dug his free hand back into his own backpack, pulling out the small object he'd stored there. The Flauros spun and twirled, and the thing's smile dropped from its face while it stumbled backward.

“How did you...?” it began. Robert answered him by firing the next three shots, which blew more of the creature apart, the last blasting off a part of thing's head. No regeneration this time. The pipe slipped from its hand, and it took a stumbling step backward.

“No,” it muttered. “**IMPOSSIBLE**. I am a god. I am...” A god or not, it collapsed to the floor, black pooling underneath it. And that’s when the siren came.

It tore through the air like a thousand storms, deafeningly, gut wrenchingly loud. It came from all directions, and with it, the world dissolved. The walls behind him cracked and crumbled, the floor, starting in the center of the room where it fell and shooting outward, sluiced down and away like baked sand which had just been disturbed. The ceiling came next, falling down in chunks which vanished into dust before they even hit the floor. And the light... Good God, **THE LIGHT**...

**THE SMELL**. That's what convinced him that the world hadn't exploded for no adequately explained reason. The smell of water and trees and well-settled asphalt. The smell of a town, clean and pure, shrouded in early morning fog. He opened his eyes, trying to see, but there was nothing. Just him, and Vera about a yard away, and the motionless body of... something, not far away.

“I beat a god, eh?” Robert whispered.

“I'm so glad you did . . . for a minute there, it wasn't looking good.”

Robert paused. He knew that voice. He knew it better than anything in his miserable life.

"Shelley?" he said, turning. He saw her, just as she had been before the accident, even down to the stupid ketchup stain on her jacket. He winced, in preparation for his leg to rack him with pain, but the pain never came.

She ran up to him, and grabbed him tight. "Oh, Bobo, it's so good to see you," she said, tears edging her voice.

He dropped everything he was holding and embraced her even harder. He still didn't hurt, though. Why didn't he hurt?

"Shelley . . ." he said, but no more words would come out.

"I know," she said. She let go, and he did, too. She immediately took his injured hand in hers. "Oh, you're hurt so bad . . . I didn't think that it would look like this."

"Well, my arm was practically cooked, right? What else did you expect?"

"I . . ." Shelley trailed off, then some realization dawned on her face. "Oh, Bobo, you still don't get it, do you?"

Robert looked back at her, questioning. "What do you mean . . . ?"

"I have to explain this to you. . . before I do, though, I need to talk to Vera."

Shelley walked over to where Vera lay, and she laid her hands on Vera's chest. She gasped deeply, her bright blue eyes flying open.

"Robert, he's..." she yelled, trying to pull away. Shelley gently held her down then pointed to the corpse. She glanced between the corpse, Robert, and Shelley, and she was at a loss of words.

"Hey Vera," Shelley said, a soft smile spreading across her face.

Vera wrapped her arms around Shelley, and she returned the embrace just as tightly. "Shelley, I didn't . . . I got your call, I hoped, but I didn't . . . oh, thank God you're alive!"

Shelley released her embrace, and her soft smile faded, touched by the most subtle sadness. "No, Vera, I'm not alive. I haven't been in months."

Vera just stared at her. "Then how . . . ?"

"It's this place. Silent Hill, it . . . it lets us come back. I don't know how or why, but it does."

Vera continued to stare. Shelley stood up and offered her hand to Vera. Vera took it, and Shelley helped her to her feet.

"I know it was kinda selfish," Shelley continued. "But I called you so that you could keep Bobo safe. He wouldn't have made it here without you, and I thank you so much for that. Now, go back to them and tell them what you've seen here. Tell them to stay away. They don't want to know what things are buried here."

Shelley embraced Vera again. "I'll love you always," she whispered, and she kissed Vera on the cheek. When Shelley let go, Vera faded away, to be replaced with the whiteness that was all around them.

"Where did she go?" Robert asked.

"I sent her back to the city, where she needed to be."

"Oh," Robert said, not really understanding.

"Now Bobo, I want to tell you: this is going to be hard, but you need to see this, OK?" She walked over to him and grasped his burnt hand. "But I'll be here the whole time."

Suddenly, the streets leaped back into view, the corner of Bachman road and Nathan. The bar. What bar? How did he know this place? It was so very familiar.

"What is this . . . ?" he began, but trailed off as the door opened, and music momentarily blasted out into the streets. Robert watched as Gina and Valerie staggered out of the club, each trying drunkedly to hold each other up. Impossible! When the truck hit the car, they'd been

crushed like grapes! And next through the door was . . .

"Me," Shelley prompted, and her grip tightened. She made her way out, with Robert supporting her with one hand. This second Robert was bereft of the horrible burns. This was the Robert that got into that car. This was the Robert who failed.

"What's going on?" Robert asked. "I've never been to Silent Hill before now."

Tears touched Shelley's eyes. "No, Bobo, you never left."

The surroundings changed, this time to a non-descript corner, not overly far from Brookhaven Hospital. He turned to Shelley.

"What'n the hell's goin' on here?" he demanded, but Shelley held his hand tighter and put a finger to her lips.

The car, with he, his sister, and her two friends came into view, driving along with remarkable adherence to the road laws. Remarkable, considering all the occupants were smashed out of their brainpans. They drove through a red light when a transfer truck didn't break, smashing into the driver's side and throwing the car through a bus stop, coming to rest somewhat wrapped around the corner of a building. Robert ran over as Shelley let go. She watched sadly as her brother bolted for the wrecked vehicle. Robert watched in horror as the tiniest of flames leaped to life.

"You saw them as monsters, Bobo, because they took away everything you love," Shelley said. Robert was only barely listening as he pawed at the door. It wouldn't budge, and he could see himself just on the other side of it.

Robert gasped as his arm began to hurt again, all the way from elbow to fingertips, along the burn which almost killed him. He watched as the other Robert, trapped inside the car, slowly caught on fire. The Shelley in the car didn't move. The Shelley behind him rested her hand on his shoulder.

"You weren't ready, yet, so you saw them as monsters, ripping your life apart. Bobo, they were helping you to move on, but you didn't see it that way. You couldn't see it that way."

Robert watched as his trapped body struggled awake, trying to beat out the flames which were consuming him, trying to reach Shelley, to free her. The street became alive with activity, as men in jackets . . . white jackets . . . yellow jackets? . . . like those monsters, but. . . not . . .

"I couldn't see . . . ?" Robert repeated, as he rose to his feet. Shelley nodded, tears spilling down her face.

The door was torn off the car, as the cutters finished their work. The men in yellow jackets pulled her out, first. They reached for her throat, but a man waved him off. No . . . they took him first. This made no sense.

"No rush with that one," a voice came to him, so distant.

"I don't understand," Robert said.

". . . you see them like they really are, not like you saw them before."

"If only we'd gotten the door off faster..."

"I still don't..." Robert started.

"Fire's out, chief. What do we do now?" one of the men in yellow jackets shouted. A woman in a white, no green suit . . . like the suits some of the monsters had . . . but not . . . She shook her head.

"Wrap them up," she said. Robert turned to Shelley, who returned a teary gaze at him. "All four of them."

Shelley wrapped her arms around her brother as the woman spoke that last phrase. "See them as angels, Bobo, please, I don't want you to be stuck here, just see them as angels . . . "

Robert watched as they pulled his body out of the car. His entire body was burning now, and it was all he could do not to scream. His now-freed face was blasted down to the muscle, his right arm burnt right to the bone. His milky, unseeing eyes stared up into his own, which stared back in shock. Robert watched as he was placed into a long black bag, which was zippered shut.

**AND FINALLY, ROBERT FREEMAN UNDERSTOOD.**



WELCOME TO SILENT HILL!

WE OFFER GREAT SIGHTS,  
COMFORTABLE STAYS,  
AND A WHOLE LOT OF FUN  
FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!

IT WILL BE AN  
EXPERIENCE YOU'LL  
REMEMBER FOREVER!

-FROM A SILENT HILL BROCHURE