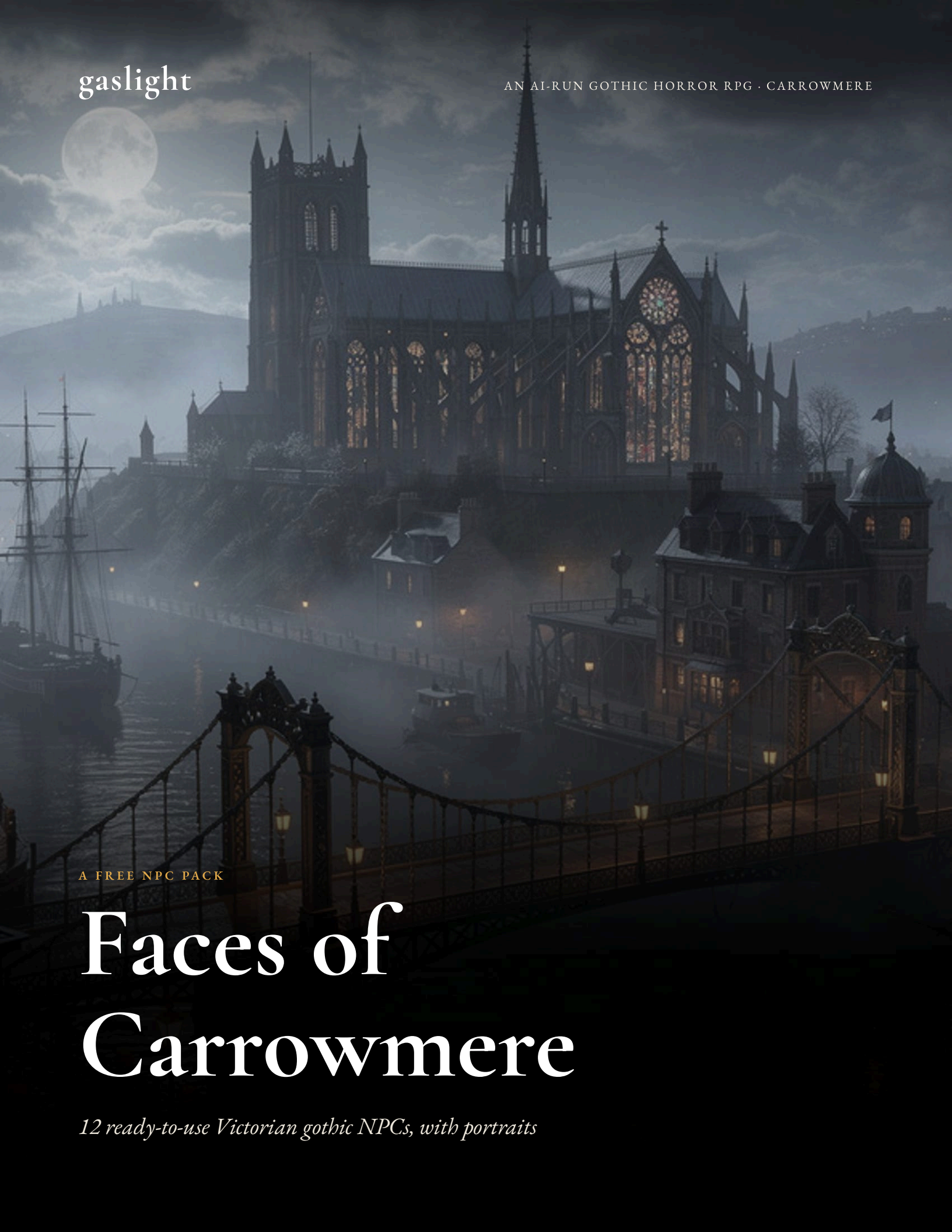

gaslight

AN AI-RUN GOTHIC HORROR RPG · CARROWMERE

A FREE NPC PACK

Faces of Carrowmere

12 ready-to-use Victorian gothic NPCs, with portraits

Twelve people worth meeting

Every name in this pack is a real person in Carrowmere, a fog-bound gaslit city built on the stones of a drowned abbey: someone with a job, an organisation, a place you can find them, and a history that ties them to everyone else. Drop any of them into your own Victorian gothic game as they are — a contact, a rival, a quest-giver, a suspect — or borrow a face and a voice and change the rest.

Each entry gives you who they are, which organisation they answer to, where they are usually found, and enough of their story to play them tonight.

> In **gaslight** these people are already waiting. The AI Dungeon Master knows where each of them lives, who they work for and what has happened to them in your campaign. Meet them at gaslight.city; read every one of them, and three hundred more entries, in the Lexicon.



Alderman Septimus Crowe

Chairman of the Corporation's Lighting Committee — and a regular guest at Harrow House.

ORGANISATION The Corporation of Carrowmere

FIND THEM Harrow House, sometimes Marrow Lane

Septimus Crowe made his money in soap and his reputation in drains. He chairs the committee that approves the lamp register, the gas contract and the Night Office's "sundries". He is pompous, hard-working and, as far as the city knows, incorruptible.

Eleven years ago his only daughter was dying of consumption. She recovered overnight. He has dined at Harrow House on the first Friday of every month since, and this autumn he signed an order for new burners in eleven street lamps, fitted by a contractor nobody at Candlewick Hall had heard of. All eleven are in Marrow Lane.



Dean Tobias Fairweather

Dean of St. Brannoc's — a mild scholar who holds the only key to the cathedral's lowest stair.

ORGANISATION The Chapter of St. Brannoc

FIND THEM St. Brannoc's Cathedral

Tobias Fairweather wanted a quiet deanery and a life among manuscripts. He got the chronicle, the Reliquary and the knowledge of what they are for. He has grown thin on it.

He is gentle and honest and not naturally brave, which makes what he does at night the more creditable. He bound the bells. He has read the abbey's rites aloud in the crypt, alone, when the stair smelled of the river. He would give a great deal for someone to tell him he is doing it correctly.



Dr. Cornelius Vane

Senior alienist at St. Odile's — brilliant, kind and far closer to the edge than he admits.

ORGANISATION The Odile Circle

FIND THEM St. Odile's Asylum

Cornelius Vane began the second case books. He was the first physician to say aloud that the Annexe patients were not deluded but injured, and that the injury had a cause outside themselves. His treatments — light, routine, never leaving a patient alone at dusk — work better than anything else known.

He has spent fifteen years listening to what the Marked say, and he has begun finishing their sentences. His colleagues in the Circle have noticed. He has noticed them noticing. He has not stopped.



Dr. Hester Whitlock

The reformer who cleaned up St. Odile's — still hunting the names behind nineteen committal orders.

ORGANISATION The College of Anatomy

FIND THEM St. Odile's Asylum, sometimes Harrow House

Hester Whitlock was the first woman to qualify at the College of Anatomy and the last person its governors expected to cause trouble. Her Inquiry made her famous and unemployable in the same year. She runs a free dispensary in the river wards.

She is no believer in spirits. She believes in records, and the records of the nineteen have been altered by someone with access to the Corporation's seal. Five of the nineteen are still alive in the Annexe. One of them, she has lately learned, was a housemaid at Harrow House.



Gideon Tarr

Master of the Sextons' Guild — who knows which graves in Carrowmere are empty, and why.

ORGANISATION The Sextons' Guild

FIND THEM Pale Hill

Gideon Tarr has dug graves for fifty years and lifted a fair number in his youth, when the College paid well. He is bent, sardonic and entirely without illusions about the dead, whom he regards as mostly peaceful and occasionally not.

He keeps the Guild's book of plots and adds to it in a careful copperplate. He will tell an investigator what is buried where for a fee, and what should stay buried for nothing. He buried his own wife face down, with iron, and has never said what she died of.



Inspector Judith Rook

The Night Office's best investigator — the only woman holding the rank, by an oversight nobody dares correct.

ORGANISATION The Night Office

FIND THEM The Stable Rooms

Judith Rook was a police matron who solved a locked-room death the detectives had given up on. Kell had her sworn as an inspector on a form the Commissioner signed without reading. She has cleared more Night Office cases than the rest of the staff together.

She is sharp, unshockable and scrupulous about evidence. She does not claim to know what the Office is dealing with and distrusts anyone who does. She carries a notebook, a revolver and a stub of blessed candle, and has had occasion to use all three in a single evening.



Lady Honoria Marchmont

The city's most admired hostess — and the first voice of the Quiet Communion.

ORGANISATION The Quiet Communion

FIND THEM Harrow House

At seventy Lady Marchmont is charitable, formidable and received everywhere. She endows hospitals. She has outlived two husbands, a scandal and every enemy she ever made, several of them unexpectedly.

She is not a wicked woman by her own lights. She was a grieving widow who asked a question and was answered, and she has spent thirty years honouring the terms. She speaks of the Communion's patron as one might of a difficult old relation: with respect, with patience and with a perfectly clear idea of what is owed.



Master-Lighter Barnaby Wick

Head of the Candlewick Society — forty years on the round, and the keeper of the Register.

ORGANISATION The Candlewick Society

FIND THEM Marrow Lane

Barnaby Wick lit his first lamp at twelve and relit the river wards by hand on the Night of Bells, when he was the only senior lighter to come back. He has led the Society since, from a cluttered office over the gasworks with a ladder still propped behind the door.

He is plain-spoken and mistrustful of gentlemen, clergy and anyone who uses the word "phenomena". The Vanishings have shaken him as nothing else has. He has taken to walking the Marrow Lane round himself, alone, and leaving a sealed letter on his desk each evening.



Miss Ottoline Graves

The medium of the Marchmont Séance — fifty now, and still the only one it speaks through clearly.

FIND THEM St. Odile's Asylum

Ottoline Graves was a draper's daughter with an odd knack when Lady Marchmont hired her for an evening. What came through her that night has never entirely left. She spent four years in St. Odile's and came out able to hear the dead as other people hear rain.

She lives quietly above a bookshop and takes few clients. She is the best medium in Carrowmere and the most afraid. The Communion sends its carriage for her twice a year. She has never yet refused, and she has begun to wonder what happens on the day she does.



Nettle

Captain of the Marrow Lane mudlarks — thirteen, fearless, and the best guide under the city.

ORGANISATION The Mudlarks

FIND THEM Marrow Lane, sometimes The Tallow Docks or The Whispering Stair

Nobody gave her the name; she took it. Nettle runs a gang of nine from a dry arch under the Tallow Docks and knows the cellars of the river wards the way a cabman knows the streets. She has been down the Whispering Stair as far as the fourth step.

She trusts no adult and can be hired by one, for coin in advance and food for her gang. She lost two of her smallest to the Vanishings. She has not cried about it. She has started carrying a lantern she stole from a lamplighter's cart, and she never lets it go out.



Professor Lucian Pellew

Keeper of the Athenaeum's restricted stacks — and the last man known to have read the Tome through.

ORGANISATION The Athenaeum Fellows

FIND THEM The Athenaeum

Lucian Pellew holds the chair of antiquities and the committee's seventh key. He is charming, immensely well read and of the party that believes the dangerous books must be studied. He read the Unbound Tome cover to cover the winter before the fire.

He remembers doing so. He does not remember the three weeks afterwards, and he has never told the committee that the hand in which the Tome's final chapter is written is now indistinguishable from his own. He still lends freely. He is always interested in what borrowers find.



Euphemia Hartwell

Exposed fraud turned honest teacher — founder of the League, and nobody's fool.

Mrs. Hartwell faked the dead for fifteen years and was very good at it. Then, on the worst night of her life, she heard the real thing and understood at once how much danger her tricks had been keeping her out of.

She is sixty, brisk and unsentimental. She can spot a false medium across a room and a true one by the way they flinch. She teaches the gifted to protect themselves and tells the rest to take up knitting. She has refused Lady Marchmont's invitations for twenty years, in writing, by return of post.

gaslight

Meet them in person.

Every face in this pack lives in a world your table can play tonight, run by an AI Dungeon Master that remembers who you helped, who you crossed and who you left for dead.

Scan to read the whole cast in the Lexicon, or visit gaslight.city.
More free adventures: gaslight.city/adventures
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