



PLAYERS GUIDE

THE BATTLE FOR ETERNITY...

After the last Great Maelstrom they came, flooding into the night to take up the struggle against the minions of Apophis the Corrupter and all who would stand against Ma'at. But the Amenti are not alone among the Undying. There are others who serve justice and balance with equal vigor, and now that the Amenti have met and counseled these strange immortals, the World of Darkness may never be the same.

HAS BEEN JOINED

The **Mummy Players Guide** is a core sourcebook for the **Mummy: The Resurrection** game. From new character types to a wealth of expanded traits and powers, players will find everything they need to play one of the Reborn — be it one of the Amenti or their cousins among the South American Teomalli or the Wu T'ian of the Far East.

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MUMMY
The Resurrection





MUMMY™

The Resurrection

PLAYERS GUIDE

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Prelude:

Remembering The Blues

The streets of Detroit are musical. It's not like they sing anything that pleases, though. They sing gangsta rap and Grand Ole Opry; Negro blues and white-boy pop. They sing soul, rock and R&B, and if you're in the right place, they might even do a showtune.

But when played together, it all sounds like shit. Played all together, it's just gray and soupy, like Detroit streets in early January. The grime on the streets turns the snow gray, and the cars pulp it into runny shit. And it gets everywhere, don't make no mistake about that. Into your shoes, all over your pants cuffs, even on your scarf.

Even into your soul.

Oh, yes it will. It did mine before I died, and that's God's truth.

Everybody dies, you know. It's just sometimes, somebody's watching, and then maybe you get another chance. I did, but I had to go to Hell and back before anybody made up their minds on it. I had to walk to Turkey — don't really know how — and the Mumbo Jumbo Men bound me up in gauze and muslin and carved my flesh deep. I got scars all over. Most of them are from Marcus, but the deep ones — the only ones that mean anything — are from the Mumbo Jumbo Men.

Other folks like me, the Reborn, can have themselves babies. They tell me that sex is even better now they're "truly alive." I ain't truly alive, and I can't have no babies. I'm all carved up down there. Had another Reborn make a joke about that once. I broke his nose before he even got through laughing.

Marcus did that to me once, when I laughed at him, but I'm not thinking about Marcus now. I'm thinking about Detroit.

I lived here all my life, so that's why they sent me back. See, eternal life ain't no vacation. No, you got to earn your keep, and you earn it by fighting back the Devil. They can call him Apophis or whatever, but I know what I saw last night and the night before, and...

Maybe I'd best start with the plane landing.

I got here ahead of the others. They sent me on ahead because I know Detroit. I was just supposed to scout and see what I could see and see if I could find out what the Devil was doing here. They didn't tell me how to do that. They said I could figure it out. Nobody ever gave me nothing to figure out before, even in school. They just said, "You're too dumb to know it." They passed me anyway, though, so maybe I ain't so dumb.

But I sat there at the airport not knowing where to go at first, with everybody staring at the bald black lady. I wanted to scream at them, I really did, because what the hell did they know about shit? But I kept quiet. I was waiting for something.

I used to wait for Marcus. It was the same then, except I'd sing blues. Mama used to sing blues, and I remember every word, even though I ain't never seen these songs on paper before. Only since I died, I can't remember no music. The songs ain't even in my head. So I just sat there at the airport and waited until something finally happened. I wasn't sure if it was Apophis, but it was something, so I followed just the same.