

PARTY IN THE PARK!

WITH DJ LUCY SULPHATE

23 JUNE, 8PM

FIREWORKS
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The Hanged Woman

Louisa-Jane. Oh, Louisa-Jane. What have you done to yourself, Louisa-Jane?

There it is again, running through her head like a mantra. Lucy suppresses it, takes a deep breath and surveys the wreckage of her home. Every picture, every ornament, the TV, the stereo, all smashed, the white stone walls daubed with obscenities, the word *bitch* dominating the end of the lounge in huge, red spray-painted letters. Lucy leans against the doorframe, her stomach like a fist in an icepack.

Picking her way across the broken glass and the slashed, smashed, overturned furniture, she maneuvers into a position where she can see into the sound room. The mixing desk has been eviscerated. Its electrical guts are strewn across the room, the decks torn apart. Five boxes of twelve-inches overturned, their contents smashed into black shards. Lucy crouches down, picks up a few fragments of vinyl, reads the bits of white label still left, one, two, three, four. "Fuck," she says. Irreplaceable.

Lucy lets them clatter to the floor, runs her hand over the stubble on the top of her head. She feels a hangover coming on. It's 8:55 a.m.

• • •

You should have been there last night. Lucy Sulphate plays the Party in the Park! An hour-long support set in the open air, three thousand people dancing under the Swansea sky, three thousand pairs of hands raised to the air, three thousand bodies addicted to bass — a magic time.

Ten minutes into the set, Lucy looked up, and saw a lone figure among the dancers, an older man, not moving, not dancing, staring right at her, mouthing words lost in the thump-thump-thump of the bass, reaching out with the weight of his malice into the revelers (*children, they are hardly more than children!*) around him.

Lucy put a hand to her mouth, bit at her thumb. The key changed, every disc becoming an incantation. The sparks began to play across Lucy's scalp again. The droplets of sweat on her head evaporated, one by one,

in little cracks of ozone. *This is my home ground*, she thought. *You're not doing this again*. Something shifted in the world.

The old man stumbled, jostled from behind. He faltered. A shove in the back. An elbow in the face. Blood running from his nose, he began to lose confidence, tried to change tack, tried something blatant, flailed out, capsized. The energy in his hands sputtered, went out. Lucy, her tears popping into steam, pushed a bit more, added a note of dissonance into the mix. Someone kicked the old man's legs out from under him. He went down, and no one saw him go, no one felt him under their feet. Lucy did not allow the crowd to care. Lucy reached out her senses. She felt him die. She went cold inside.

• • •

The kitchen's trashed, too, but Lucy finds the plastic kettle in one piece. One of her mugs is intact, and — a miracle — whoever trashed the flat didn't bother with the contents of the fridge, contented themselves with ripping the cupboards off the walls. Milk, then, and water, a salvaged teabag, and, five minutes later, Lucy has a cup of tea. She cradles the warm mug in her hands, leans against the work surface and stares at the kettle's cord. It's got about six feet of flex on it. She finishes the tea, puts the mug down, investigates the cord, disconnects it from the kettle, snaps the cord in her hands a couple of times, shakes her head, puts it down.

Then she sees the object sitting on the threshold between the kitchen and the lounge. She steps over a heap of broken plates and cups, picks it up: it's just a Kirby grip.

• • •

They met at a club, of course. Sharon and Mal brought a friend, a girl. She had cheekbones like knives and hair as black as her eyes, straight, clipped back, shining like black porcelain. The girl stared at Lucy and smiled in an odd way. When Lucy danced, the girl joined her, danced close to her, hips brushing against hips. Later, they all headed back to Lucy's for chill-out drinks. As they walked along the esplanade, the girl stayed close beside Lucy, talked to her, reached out and held

Lucy's hand in cold, graceful fingers. Lucy let the girl hold it, wondering instead at the strange fluttering in her stomach.

The first time they kissed was a week later, and after they parted lips, Lucy said, "I'm not gay." The girl withdrew her hand from Lucy's cheek, smiled, raised an eyebrow. "Who are you telling?" she said. They had sex for the first time that night, urgent, terrifying, new. Each time they made love, the girl left before sunrise. Lucy wondered if the girl had powers of her own, suspected that the girl had cast some spell on her. Each time, each morning after, Lucy checked, in every way she knew: nothing.

They began to argue. Lucy challenged the girl, asked for a little trust, asked where she went for weeks on end, confronted her with the rumors. The girl told Lucy nothing, made her own demands.

A month later, at night, by a bench in the park, it ended. Ultimatums were made. "Please, don't," said Lucy. "If you love me, you won't ask me this."

"If you loved me," said the girl, "you wouldn't need to be asked." No compromise.

The girl claimed betrayal, disappointment. Lucy begged her not to finish it like this; the girl turned colder than Swansea Bay in high November, screamed the word *bitch* into the sky. She got up, turned her back on Lucy, walked away.

• • •

It's a ground floor studio flat now, but three hundred years ago, it was a forge. As is the way of things, certain features remain, now quaint selling points for interested buyers of heritage residencies, such as a number of wrought-iron hooks and loops that still stick out of the ceiling.

Lucy stands in the doorway, still holding the hairclip, looks up and notices one of those thick metal rings on the ceiling. She drops the clip, turns and heads out through the back door, which hangs half-divorced from its hinges. She retrieves the stepladder from the shed.

• • •

Just for one day, ignoring the advice of her friends, Lucy became Louisa-Jane again. A beautiful day. Louisa-Jane looked around at the front garden, unchanged since she was a girl, felt the flowers and the privet hedge and the old street welcoming her back. A sign. She smiled, rang the doorbell. The door opened. "Louisa-Jane. Oh, Louisa-Jane. What have you done to yourself, Louisa-Jane?" was Mrs. Simms' only greeting. Louisa-Jane reached forward to embrace her mother, felt her go rigid in her arms, politely wriggle away.

"Hello, Mum," Louisa-Jane said. Her mother ushered in, hurriedly, looking up and down the street before closing the door.

Sitting on her parents' upholstery, Louisa-Jane began to feel faintly ridiculous. The shaved head, the Union Jack T-shirt, the Japanese sunglasses, the fake fur coat — they might not be so out of place in Miss Money Penny's. Here, besieged by the floral curtains and the soft furnishings and the china teacups, here Lucy felt ridiculous, naked and overdressed at the same time.

Louisa-Jane's father said nothing at all beyond the first hello, recoiled from a kiss on the cheek, made no eye contact. Louisa-Jane sat on her parents' sofa with tea and cakes and exchanged the few pleasantries she could bear, tried to explain to Mr. and Mrs. Simms what it was she had achieved these last three years. Residencies in Cardiff and Bristol, a track on a Ministry of Sound CD, a couple of remixes with a respectable showing on the club charts, some modeling. (And the rest? The magic? The room in the silver tower? The angels and the devils and the faeries and the witches? The sparks in her hair? No. Louisa-Jane had learned that lesson in the hospital).

Mr. Simms kept his silence. Mrs. Simms, politely horrified, said, "Have you thought about what you're going to do about a career?" Louisa-Jane did not answer.

By the end of the visit, Mr. Simms had solidified, sat perfectly still, gazing at the street outside, did not acknowledge when Louisa-Jane said she'd go now, got up and picked up her coat. She was shown the door by her mother. Becoming Lucy again, she walked down the path without looking back, knowing that her mother was not watching her, was looking up and down the street for fear of seeing someone she knew.

• • •

Lucy clears away the smashed remains of her life enough to stabilize the ladder, returns to the kitchen, retrieves the flex from the kettle, ties one end into a noose as best she can. She climbs, ties the loose end of the cable to the ring on the ceiling, slips the noose around her neck, tightens it a bit, hesitates, nearly gets back down again. She kicks away the ladder.

Her hands go to the noose; her legs begin to tread at air. Suddenly she thinks, *No, wait, hang on* —

• • •

Lucy's eyes snap open. She is naked, sweating, standing on the balls of her feet, breathing hard, breathing rhythmically in time with the crowd of naked, painted, shaven-headed people around her, breathing in time



with a battering bass, pounding drums. A chorus of pipes begins to screech over the rhythm, and, forgetting who she is, she dances, joins with the people around her as they sacrifice themselves to the beat, whirling, coiling, coupling through their eyes.

Fire blazes across the sky. Lucy regains herself, stops dancing, mouth an "o".

Panicking, she turns, tries to force her way through the mesh of people, to find a way off the plain. Hands grab her, lift her up, bear her over waves of hands and mouths and eyes. She struggles. A hand slips, and she falls into the mass of people, head first. She drowns. She screams.

• • •

Lucy, clothed, breathless, opens her eyes. People still dance all around her, but this is different. A party. The music has the same beat, but now the anthem is electronic, the bass vast, warm, synthetic. The floor is circular, glass all around, high above a vast city of stars – London? LA? New York? Paris? — that stretches out below for miles.

The floor lurches, slightly; outside, fire rains from the sky. Lucy goes to the glass window, watches the city below, consumed in heavenly fire. The hall is untouched. The music surrounds this place, sustains it. Lucy looks for the unseen. The music surrounds this place: when the bass line meets the fire, there's a cloud of steam, and then nothing.

Lucy turns to the center of the hall. She sees herself on the decks, maybe twenty years older, in the middle of it all, controlling it all. The sparks play across the older head more brightly than Lucy has ever seen.

The DJ of the apocalypse catches Lucy's eye, scratches a disc, adds another track to the mix, and Lucy is drawn to the floor, can do nothing but dance. She forgets everything; she is no one, nowhere. There is only the beat. She closes her eyes.

• • •

Lucy opens her eyes to silence, to a suburban hallway not unlike her parents'. A woman, blonde-haired, sensibly dressed, has her back to Lucy. The woman crouches over a boy of six or seven, straightening his school uniform. A gentle-looking man in a suit pulls on an overcoat. The woman kisses the boy on the cheek, kisses the man; the man takes the boy's hand. They go out the front door. Outside, it's a beautiful day. The woman watches as the man helps the boy into a new Volvo and drives off. She closes the door, turns back into the house. Now Lucy can see her face: it's Louisa-Jane, a little older, but the Louisa-Jane she had always

expected to become after she left college. She walks past Lucy, doesn't see her.

Lucy, unseen, follows her for hours: Louisa-Jane cleans the kitchen, makes herself some coffee, watches some daytime TV, calls a friend for a chat, sits in an armchair, her legs coiled up beneath her, doing a crossword in a magazine. After a while, Louisa-Jane curls up around a cushion and falls gently to sleep, a quiet smile playing across her lips.

Lucy sits on the arm of the chair, reaches over and strokes Louisa-Jane's hair. Eventually, she leans against the armchair back and falls asleep, too.

• • •

Lucy wakes up, still in Louisa-Jane's house. She's alone. She gets up, walks through the house. She finds Louisa-Jane sitting at the kitchen table, all serene and soft-focus. The other Lucy, the older Lucy, sits at her left. They've got coffee. There's a third cup on the table, between them. Louisa-Jane smiles, and motions Lucy to the table. Lucy takes a breath, sits down.

"That night," says Older Lucy, "You were a stunner. I was a stunner. Small magic, yeah. But so many people. That, darlin', was fabulous."

"Bollocks," says Lucy. She runs a hand over the back of her head. "I killed a man."

Louisa-Jane looks away. "He would have killed you, you know," says Older Lucy.

"That's beside the point," says Louisa-Jane, all perky and disapproving. "Murder is murder."

"She's right," says Lucy. "It was murder."

Older Lucy shrugs. "That's just your conscience talking. Sometimes you have to," she says. "Omelette. Eggs." She mimes cracking open an egg.

Lucy shakes her head. "It was an abuse," she says. "The people — they stopped being people. Because of me. They were just a weapon."

"Everything is a weapon," says Older Lucy. "It's just a matter of degree."

There's a pause. Lucy takes a sip from her own cup. It's really good coffee.

"Look," says Lucy. "I know what's going on here. I'm dead, right?"

"Dying," says Older Lucy.

"Yeah," says Lucy. "Thought so." She looks out of the window on to a suburban street. "Not what I was expecting."

"You're not there yet," says Older Lucy. She folds her arms on the table, leans on her elbows. "So. Why'd you do it?"

Lucy bites her lip. "I don't know," she says. "It felt ...appropriate. You know?"

Older Lucy puts her tongue in her cheek.

Lucy looks away. "Oh. Yeah. Right." She takes a swig of coffee. "So you know. So you tell me."

"All right," says Older Lucy. She counts off the reasons on her fingers. "One, you've already realized that playing dance music in clubs is not enough. It's old. You're 10 years too late. Two, you've begun to realize that writing and recording music is not enough, because — and this is the killer — you're quite good at it. But you're not brilliant. You're just OK. You sing a bit, you can play all right, but that little light of genius, it's not there. You're just good enough to know how good you're not. And that galls you."

She shifts in her chair, warms to her theme. "Three, you've had a bad relationship. You'll get over that one. Mostly. You'll need to change the locks, though." Lucy stares at the table. The older woman continues. "Four, you blame the magic for all of it. Because it was only after you got it that you started wanting to succeed in music. Without the magic, you wouldn't have tried at all. Without it, you'd have settled for Grade Nine piano, a two-one chemistry degree, a job, a house, a decent bloke, and by now, you'd have become Louisa-Jane here."

Louisa-Jane smiles.

"All right," says Lucy, "you've got me. So?"

"Consider," says Older Lucy. "For you, the real problem with the magic is that its success cannot be public. You, poppet, need to make a real, public difference. Because of Mum and Dad." The archmage points a finger at her younger self. "To top it all, now you're a killer."

Lucy scowls, scuffs her heels against her chair.

"You're just tired," says the older woman. "And still a bit drunk. You didn't really want to go through with it. You know that. You don't want to die."

Lucy looks into her coffee cup. "And if I keep going?"

"You need to find a bit of direction."

"So?"

"You know Wyn, right?"

"Bloke lives in a caravan out at Langland? Writes novels?"

The older Lucy nods. "Have a word with him. Tell him about this. Ask him about Pygmalian."

"Pygmalian?"

"Mm-hmm."

"And then what?" Lucy suddenly feels short of breath.

"Then he takes you on as a pupil, and you get your way out. One day, my love, you're going to shake the world to bits and put it back together again, your own way. It won't be the way you wanted to do it, but it doesn't matter. You're going to be one of the greats. You're going to build Jerusalem, darling. Because *you* are going to be *me*." For a split second, sparks play across the older Lucy's face.

"You're really bloody conceited, you know that?" says Lucy. "So what about her?" She casts a thumb at Louisa-Jane.

"Oh, I just made her up for effect," says Older Lucy. Lucy looks back across the table. Louisa-Jane is gone. The setting has changed. The table is on the plain, in the night, on a circle of flat barren earth, surrounded by the same blank-eyed, shaven-headed naked dancers, who wait, tensed, breathing in time to the rising beat of enormous drums.

Older Lucy rolls her eyes. Then she nods. "Get up," she says.

Lucy coughs, gets to her feet. Her breathing is becoming labored. "This isn't set, is it?" she says. "The future, I mean?"

"Quite possibly not."

"I'm not going to kill again," says Lucy.

Older Lucy leans forward, kisses Lucy on the top of her head. "I'm so sorry," she says.

"It's exactly what I said."

The older woman stands back. "Now. You want to live?"

Lucy licks her lips again, runs a hand over her head. "Yeah."


"Dance," says the older woman. The bass kicks in, and the crowd rushes into the circle like a wave. Nearly engulfed, Lucy struggles for air, loses sight of her older self. She dances, and keeps dancing for what seems to her like a day and a night, and she is not Lucy, not anything, just a blank-eyed body, writhing in thrall to the beat.

Her mind drains away. For a moment, she is back in the glass tower. The fire rains down. The skyscrapers burn, but do not fall. They become fire, shining, unconsumed. Sparks rise from them, back into the sky, like thistledown. Her brain is consumed in light. *The future is not fixed*, Louisa-Jane whispers in her ear.

• • •

Lucy comes to herself, to chaos. The blood in her head is going at 160 bpm, gabba style. Colors pop in her





field of vision like fireworks. Her mouth opens wide. Half-screaming, she gulps in air. Her vision clears. Lucy realizes she's hanging upside down. She flails her arms, starts to swing back and forth, begins to spin around. Nausea.

She manages to control her breathing, gets a grip, stops swinging.

She puts a hand to her neck. "Christ," she says. "I'm not dead." Her throat is sore; her voice is hoarse. Craning upwards, she sees that she's hanging by the flex, tied around her right ankle.

• • •

Eventually, she gets herself down. It's 9:15 a.m. Lucy discovers that no one got to her clothes or to the bathroom.

Lucy examines herself in the bathroom mirror. She has a red weal around her neck. And a purple lipstick mark on her head. She pushes the rising panic back down into her chest, resolves not to think too hard about it. Then she vomits into the toilet bowl.

She showers, dresses, gives her head a fresh shave, puts on some makeup. And then she wraps a silk scarf around her neck, and goes out to the car, looking for her way out.

Sample file

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This book uses the supernatural for settings, characters and themes. All mystical and supernatural elements are fiction and intended for entertainment purposes only. This book contains mature content. Reader discretion is advised.

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the
SUBLIME

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INTRODUCTION: REACHING FOR THE SUPERNAL

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are portions of eternity, too great for the eye of man.
— William Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*

Mages know the world doesn't work the way most people think it does. A mage's soul has Awakened to another reality — a Supernal World of limitless power. Because mages' souls have touched this other, superior reality, mages can change the everyday world around them — the phony, Fallen World of common perception — by acts of will. Various tools, from magic wands to words and runes of power, can help a mage cast spells. Other mages find a hint of Supernal truth in myths, folklore, religious practices, occult traditions or even modern art and science. They use such ideas to guide and assist their magic. Such trappings have no power of their own, though. Fundamentally, mages need nothing more than their own wills and the power of their souls. They are willworkers — the Awakened.

Some mages learn to change their own souls in order to gain special powers. The Fallen World doesn't like magic. Unless a willworker takes special care to conceal her magic, reality sometimes snaps back in a supernatural disruption called a Paradox. Performing magic in front of ordinary people — the Sleepers — is especially dangerous. Mages can acquire a few supernatural powers that don't cause Paradoxes by reshaping their souls. These powers are called attainments. It's easier to craft your soul if you have the help of a mage who already did it, so willworkers copy the attainments devised by earlier mages. The soulcrafting methods for particular attainments become schools of magic. The Awakened call these magical schools or traditions Legacies, because each one is the legacy of a great mage of the past who found a new way to craft her own soul.

Some Legacies are very old. They pass on traditions and magic whose origins have vanished into legend. Other Legacies began recently, invented by willworkers who explore new ways of working magic or who pursue soul-altering quests and passions. Mages continue to invent new ways to craft their souls, though no one can say whether their new techniques and attainments will endure to deserve the name of "Legacy."

The *Legacies* series explores these societies of mages who craft their own souls. Legacies are extremely diverse. Some Legacies enjoy great respect from other willworkers. Other Legacies become so hated that membership is a death sentence if other Awakened learn about it. These magical societies can be large or small, secretive or self-promoting, tightly organized or utterly chaotic. Legacies come from every part of the world; some of them stay local, while others spread far and wide. In willworkers' search for the Supernal traces hidden in the Fallen World, mages create Legacies based on an endless variety of occult, mystical or religious notions.

The Sublime

The 13 Legacies in this book all express a particular theme: the sublime. "The sublime" is a kind of grandeur that reaches beyond the merely human scale. The sublime induces awe, and maybe fear as well. The starry sky — the sort of sky people in cities never see — is sublime in its remote, inhuman splendor. So is a thunderstorm in the mountains. The "Hallelujah Chorus" is sublime. A soldier who

throws himself on a grenade to save his buddies brings the sublime into the moral sphere. But the atomic bomb is sublime, too, in a dreadful way. When Robert Oppenheimer, head of the Manhattan Project, saw the first mushroom cloud rise over New Mexico, he could only express the awe and terror he felt for his creation by quoting a Hindu scripture: "I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds." In the realm of the sublime, the divine and the demonic can merge.

Every mage had her life changed by one sublime moment when her soul Awoke and witnessed the Supernal World. Awakening is sometimes wonderful, sometimes horrible, always shattering. And then the new mage fell back to plain old Earth. The mages in these Legacies, however, don't accept the limits of human existence in the Fallen World. Even magic isn't enough. One way or another, they reach for something superhuman or otherworldly, diabolically terrifying or divinely glorious — or all of these at once. They want to change the world, or escape to a different one. They want to become gods, or think they already are. They break the bonds of time and death, or pursue strange and awesome secrets even their fellow mages can barely imagine.

When you use these Legacies in your game, therefore, try to create a mood of awe — both as the player of such a character or the Storyteller. Remember that these characters want to do, make or become something amazing, even by the standards of the Awakened. This transcendent goal shapes a Legacy member's motives and actions. Look for chances to astound other people — Sleepers or fellow mages — with feats of magic and revelations of a world that's wider and weirder than they thought. The mysteries are especially wondrous or frightful, and solving them brings stunning revelations. When members of these Legacies do good, their virtue and compassion make other mages feel unworthy before such holiness. When these Legacies members do evil, other mages shudder at the depths of their malice. Either way, when characters encounter the Sublime, they will remember how privileged they are to be Awakened and live in this greater world that most people never see.

Because that's an important part of what **Mage: The Awakening** is all about. It isn't **Mage: The Blowing Stuff Up** or **Mage: The Brilliant Strategic Use Of Powers**. The game certainly includes opportunities for clever use of magic or supernatural brawling, but **Mage** is about so much more. The

Awakened earn their self-given title by opening their eyes to possibilities most people can't imagine. The Awakened know how good or evil they could be, how *powerful* they could be. The Sublime embrace these possibilities.

New Shapes for the Soul

Legacies: **The Sublime** offers 13 new Legacies for your **Mage: The Awakening** chronicles. Eleven of them are fully suitable for characters to join.

Clavicularius mages practice Goetia, the art of conjuring demons from one's own sinful urges and moral failings. Most willworkers condemn this sinister and dangerous art, but the proud and daring **Key-Bearers** wrestle with their own evil and force their inner demons to serve righteous ends . . . assuming they win the struggle.

The **Daksha** proclaim that they are the next step in human evolution, a *Coming Race* of Awakened supermen destined to populate a new-risen Atlantis and inherit the world. Their bizarre physical mutations show the Daksha have become something other than human — but what? And who, really, directs this messianic cult?

The **Daoine** strive to master the arts of blessing — and cursing. Like the faerie-lords from whom they take their name, the *Good Folk* wreak terrible vengeance for mortal crimes. Or bad manners. Or because they're paid. Nevertheless, the helpless and the forgotten may find the Daoine their only hope for justice in a World of Darkness.

The **Fallen Pillar** seeks spiritual ecstasy in physical denial and pain. The *Exultants* meet the world's temptations and torments with the same mad, joyous laugh. Few indeed are the mages who reject the Fallen World so completely as these joyous ascetics.

The **House of Ariadne** roams the city streets in search of secrets. These willworkers follow tangled threads of Fate through streets and alleys, tunnels and buildings. The *Metropolitans* say the city talks to them through signs and omens — and it tells them everything that happens within its bounds.

Pygmaliens believe that great art carries a breath of Supernal influence that nudges sleeping souls toward Awakening. Each Pygmalian is an artist — but not a *great* artist. The *Sculptors*, therefore, try to create the artists who can change the world, molding their own minds and those of people around them as they seek to inspire genius.

Scions of God believe they know a way to reclaim the Supernal World. Through hieratic costumes and sacred rites, the *Masquers* hope to transform themselves into angelic creatures that can ascend to the Supernal World after corporeal death. In the meantime, these Legacy members claim a divine authority to police and guide the spirit world.

The **Sodality of the Tor** centers on a single, sacred hill, Glastonbury Tor, though this ancient Legacy has spread around the world. The mystical, pagan rites of the *Spiral Walkers* call forth the soul's latent divinity from mage and mortal alike, so their Sleeping co-religionists can feel — if only for one moonlit dance — what it's like to see through Awakened eyes.

Stone Scribes devote their lives and magic to a task that seems odd and obscure: recording the mystical True Names of the dead and dying. The *Namers'* rune-engraved stone tablets preserve the essence of the dead against time: a useful relic for some magic, but not astounding. Through their tablets, however, the *Namers* pursue a strange and secret plan.

Threnodists believe they unite modern physics and ancient magic in a bizarre, hybrid science. The *Wailers* seem insane, with their talk of quantum demons, disintegrated egos, mystical math and parallel worlds. Still, their space-warping magic works — and they can prove everything they claim through rigorous, scientific experiment.

Transhuman Engineers also seek an intersection between magic and technology. They believe the ever-increasing pace of science and technology leads to a Singularity where humanity is transformed into unimaginable new forms. Most mages dismiss the *Engineers* as mere Awakened gadget-heads, but the *Prime Movers* believe they drive the world to a Supernal consummation.

Two more Legacies are “Left-Handed Path” schools of magic hated and feared by other mages. For the players' characters, these Legacies are enemies; any mages who join them find they are soul-corrupting traps. Nevertheless, evil and horror can achieve their own forms of otherworldly grandeur.

The **Cult of the Doomsday Clock**, a young Legacy born in a storm of Paradox, argues that only the absolute destruction of the Fallen World can free mages' souls to unite with the Supernal. The weird and dreadful *Ticktock Men* bend time and unravel reality as they seek the hour of the world's ending.

The **Fangs of Mara** learn to wield the powers of horrific entities from the Abyss beyond reality. These mages claim that the only way to defeat reality's most horrific foes is to study their powers and turn them against themselves. Since the *Nightmares* use their powers to spread soul-upheaving terror, however, most mages loathe them as much as the Abyssal horrors themselves.

Finally, **Shaping the Soul** gives advice and inspiration for players and Storytellers who want to devise their own Legacies. This Appendix expands and comments upon the information about Legacies already given in **Mage: The Awakening**.

Insurrection

The Sublime is a mood, more than an idea. You either feel it or you don't. Therefore, there aren't really any books or movies you can consult to see how to bring the sublime into your game. What one person finds awe-inspiring, another person finds pretentious, ugly or absurd. Any suggestion about “sublime” in magic would be especially useless: many occult writers show a perverse anti-genius at treating transcendent, mystical concepts in a dull, pedantic or incoherent way. In any case, **Mage: The Awakening** takes an oblique approach to the mystical, occult or mythological ideas of the real world.

Instead, read a lot, watch a lot and listen a lot. Find out what makes you feel that sense of awe and wonder. Then ask yourself *why* a book, movie, work of art or historical incident gives you that feeling. If you can isolate that element and filter it through your own imagination, you can bring it to your character or your game.

THE CLAVICULARIUS

Master thy demons, boy, lest they master you.

The Clavicularius, or the Keepers of the Keys, have a reputation as power-mad mages who delve into demonology and the darkest recesses of their own minds. They flirt with madness and the Left-Hand Path at every turn of their enlightenment. Perhaps most damning of all, they cannot claim that reputation as untrue, though it is myopic.

Mages who embrace this legacy certainly do engage in Goetia, and are highly interested in the deepest mysteries of the human mind, as it pertains to wickedness, vice and weakness. Many who seek to master their inner demons stumble from narrow, treacherous discipline and find themselves walking a Left-Hand Path.

Nevertheless, the Clavicularius Legacy offers great rewards for mages who have sufficient will and courage. Elder Solomonists become mages of great and terrible power, tall bastions of the kind of virtue that comes not from denying evil within, but from confronting it, defeating it and forging it into a weapon — something that the mages control, rather than being controlled.

Clavicularii consider themselves modern-day inheritors of King Solomon, the virtuous king who summoned demons to build a great temple and palace in which he ruled in wisdom. The Clavicularius mage follows the lessons Solomon left behind. The mage, having confronted her own vices, feels qualified to confront the sins of everyone else. As a result, some initiates of this Legacy seem fearsomely judgmental; others take a softer, more compassionate approach but, nevertheless, do not permit other people to compromise the initiates' morals.

A Clavicularius initiate often seeks to bring out the best in those around him. The concept of ordering an infant cut in half in order to flush out which woman is really its mother is archetypal of Clavicularian thought: force a moral crisis in order to expose deception. At any given time, a Clavicularius may work on a "pet project," putting a Sleeper through a crucible with the intention of strengthening her, by whatever means necessary. A corporate executive who finds she must deal with a business crisis and the debilitating illness of a child at home may be going through such a crucible. A Clavicularius rarely uses his magic for the overt good of a person he tests; most of the time, the Clavicularius alters the world around the one he seeks to strengthen, forcing his subject to find the strength to overcome her vices and weaknesses of character.

A Keeper of the Keys delves deeply into her own psyche, seeking out her greatest weaknesses; such a mage usually knows her personal Vice.

Indeed, not only are Clavicularii aware of their Vices, but the Solomonists make a point to carry out dialogues with their Vices, through their mastery of Goetic magics.

These mages make extensive use of the Keys of Solomon, a system of sigils, pentacles and seals meant to invoke, control or banish demons that correspond to the moral and psychological weaknesses of humans and mages. Sleeper occultists believe the Keys themselves have power. The Awakened understand the true meaning of these symbols. The sigils are not mystic in and of themselves; rather, they are a shorthand description for demons that personify different vices and desires, codified by Goetic mages of long ago. Mages can use these sigils, and the devils to which they refer, as "standard forms" when the mages want to wrestle or evoke their inner demons. The Legacy's most popular oblation is the Rite of Castigation, wherein a demon that embodies a mage's Vice or derangement is symbolically invoked under a Solomonic name, punished and banished, reaffirming the mage's power and will.

Parent Path: Mastigos or Silver Ladder

Nickname: Solomonists or Key-Bearers

Orders: Though every order knows the power and terrible responsibility that comes from the practices of this Legacy, the orders also know that this Legacy has produced many Accursed. Therefore, the orders watch known Solomonists carefully, for fear of the chaos that results when a Key-Bearer calls up what she cannot put down again.

That said, fully a quarter of the Key-Bearers were not originally Mastigos, but found their way into the Legacy's sanctums through their membership in the Silver Ladder. The remnants of the Vox Draconis remember how these arts once gave humanity power over demons, forcing humankind to face and overcome its own weaknesses and evil. Furthermore, this Legacy has ties to King Solomon, if only through myth and archetype. To the Silver Ladder, Solomon provides a model of the Awakened ruling over those who yet Sleep: stern yet wise, his power guided by justice.

Members of the Adamantine Arrow initiated into the Clavicularius defend the Awakened and Sleepers alike from the depredations of demons and the Scelesti. These mages follow the example set by Les Enfants de Sévérité, the famous cabal of demon-hunters who founded the Clavicularius. On the other hand, the Legacy's implications for psychotherapy