The following is to be read prior to Adventure Twenty-Seven

Cut Scene One

It’s raining. The camera pans across a vast and beautiful green meadow. The rain is torrentially pouring down, the ground appears to be soaking wet. You can see small puddles of standing water as the ground cannot absorb the rain quick enough. The camera continues to pan until it rests upon a group of people in the distance. There are about forty people standing clustered together in the rainy meadow. Some are holding umbrellas, while other are letting the rain drench their hair and clothes.

The camera is now focused closely on the crowd. You see their bleak, downtrodden expressions and their black clothing. You see a minister holding an umbrella, somberly addressing the group while standing next to a casket. You can’t hear the minister, only the sound of the rain pouring from the sky.

The camera continues to pan the crowd. You recognize the cheerless faces of Joey and Joseph Orca, each wearing identical black suits and each holding large umbrellas. Under Joseph’s umbrella, you see a woman in a simple black dress, wearing black gloves and a black scarf wrapped around her head – large sad green eyes peeking out witnessing the scene. Under Joey’s umbrella, you see the blank and sullen faces of Kyle and Ariel Jones. Kyle’s simple black suit reflecting the void in their expressions. You recognize Luke Johnson standing in the rain, letting the water pound down upon him; his hair matted down and his expression like that of a caged tiger – the look of anger and the look of someone seeking a reason to release that rage. You see Malcolm Forrest and Carlton Minno sharing an umbrella. Carlton’s usual tuxedo being replaced with a somber black suit. Malcolm and Carlton are each helping to support the other as they both quietly sob. You see Abraxis and Badger standing to the side of the group, each soaked to the bone, both seeking to avoid any sort of attention. Abraxis is dressed in an almost military looking black suit, while Badger is draped in a black cloak. The rain floods down upon them, pouring off them in sheets; neither seem to notice. As the camera continues to pan upon the crowd, you recognize the grave faces of Bill Thompson, Alexander Tyler, Electrolyte, and the Steelgrave Centurion.

The camera pulls back, now showing the crowd in the distance. You can see a man observing the funeral from afar. He’s without an umbrella, and his short choppy black hair lies wet and disheveled. He’s drenched head to toe as the downpour sheets off his trench coat. He’s staring at the ground in front of him, his teeth grit. His anger is evident, as well as his overall sense of loss. The camera pans down, passing his cowboy boots, and settles upon a golden retriever resting at the mans feet. The dog quietly whimpers to itself, not due to the torrential rain, but because he can sense his masters sadness. The tag on the dog’s collar reads, “Scurvy”.

The camera returns to the crowd. The minister is finishing his heartrending duties. The camera passes the minister and settles on the man and woman closest to the casket. The woman is sobbing uncontrollably, wailing in agony. She has halfway collapsed, but continues to reach out desperately for the casket. Meanwhile, the man tries to support her from falling to the ground. Both are well dressed, appear to be in their mid-40’s and are of African American descent.
The Devereax family has the dreadful responsibility today of burying their twenty-year-old daughter, Celeste.

End of Cut Scene One

Cut Scene Two: Yesterday
The view opens inside a vast warehouse. Within this building an enormous device has been assembled. It’s complexity, numerous exhaust vents, and never-ending catwalks give the appearance of a large chemical factory. All the staff have been evacuated to a safe distance, many behind protective screens still wearing their hard hats observing the device in action. The camera shifts to the inside of a stereotypical control booth. Several technicians are busily studying the controls and read outs. Overseeing the actions is a mammoth man in a well-tailored, monochromatic suit. He appears to be of middle-eastern or Arabian descent and is just short of seven feet tall. His well-groomed goatee and long flowing black hair frame the man’s jagged features. Standing beside the man is a outlandish blue and gray colored creature; it’s face completely alien looking.

The large well-dressed man is wearing an expression of extreme impatience. He berates the technicians for their slow progress. He insists that more power is needed to make the device work properly. The technicians caution against increasing the power flow, citing numerous technical reasons. The man’s temper is at a boiling point, finally he grabs the technician, easily throwing him across the room. The furious man takes over the control panel, flipping numerous switches and spinning dials. All the readouts flash to red. Emergency beacons sound throughout the warehouse. The staff nearby begins to run screaming from the building.

The device begins to spark and sputter. A sudden wind begins to howl through the warehouse, while the entire building seems to shake violently. The sound is deafening while the light is blinding. Everyone’s senses are overwhelmed while the shaking knocks most people to the floor. An ear splitting BOOM shakes the warehouse, causing many monitors in the control room to explode. One of the technicians, bleeding from his hairline, frantically points at the device and yells, “Something’s coming through!”

Suddenly without warning, all the noise, all the light, all the wind … just vanishes. The warehouse is still and calm. Bewildered, everyone crawls back to his or her feet; each technician looking over his or her respective control panels in disbelief. The large well-dressed man, who never lost his footing, once again yells at the technicians. He wants to know, “If something was coming through, why isn’t it here, and where did it go?!?!?!”

End of Cut Scene Two