

The Darklords of gothic earth eternal

A Netbook compiled by Rucht Lilavivat and The Fraternity of Shadows

*From Halloween 2011 to Halloween 2012, the Fraternity of Shadows ran a contest, asking our readers to fill out the world of Rucht Lilavivat's Gothic Earth Eternal netbook with darklords, pulled from historical, folkloric, and literary sources. The question posed was: "What would these great villains of history be doing in the 21st century of an Earth tainted by the **Red Death** and the **Jade Horror**?" These are the answers to that question...*

mengele

Alan Hanley

Josef Mengele was known during his time as the director of the Auschwitz “medical research facility” for his obsessive interest in ESP, paranormal communication between twins, and the occult. Guided by the **Red Death**, his research eventually bore fruit. By the time of his “death” in Brazil, where he fled to escape justice at the end of World War II, he had learned the secrets of astral projection and communication from soul to soul. Unfortunately, he could only maintain the intense focus this required by drawing on the emotions of others; fortunately (from his point of view) he soon learned that, while having out of body experiences, he was able to produce such feelings by influencing others to do evil deeds —the “devil on one’s shoulder” , as he thinks of himself. He has inspired many of Brazil’s most notorious and frightening serial killers, including Marcelo Costa de Andrade and Francisco das Chagas.

Mengele now “lives” in a bungalow in a suburb of Sao Paulo, tended by a woman who is well-paid to keep the place clean, do a very little cooking, and keep her mouth shut. He has learned to disincorporate and exist as a purely astral presence for as much as twenty hours in the day, but he must still take physical form to eat, drink and sleep a little. He only ages while in physical form, but even so he is now quite elderly and weak. He hates and fears having to return to his physical body and has often considered committing suicide and continuing his existence as a purely astral being (a ghost, although he is careful never to use that word with himself). He fears, however, that suicide would leave him truly dead and either nonexistent or in Hell. This, and the fear that he will be discovered by Israeli agents (who have already nearly found him three times, forcing his repeated relocations), keep him in perpetual dread, which he can only distract himself from by his evil games of manipulation and murder. Even worse, his abilities to communicate and dominate others are also gradually eroding; as he ages, he has found his ability to influence adults has waned. He could once influence young adults, but can now reach only those who are roughly between the ages of 8 and 18. Having seen that he must conduct a murderous spree to relocate from place to place, Mengele now plans a final gambit--to find some especially susceptible teenager and begin a program of murder and torture on as great a scale as possible, hoping to somehow bind his own soul to the body of his victim and thus regain his youth, and forever foil his Israeli pursuers. He has chosen an abandoned warehouse in northern Sao Paulo to be his chamber of horrors and is busily seeking a final victim to put this culminating scheme into action.

frankenstein

"nothri"

It has been over a century since Frankenstein's monster confronted his creator and left him dead in the frigid North. On that day, the monster swore to end his own existence as well. That was a promise easier made than carried out, for the creature was better constructed than either it or Frankenstein ever suspected. While he could feel the burn of the fire on his skin, or the pain of the blade that pierced his chest, this did not come with the release of death. The monster did nearly succeed in his own destruction once, with the use of forbidden occult magics. But this brought on only a semblance of death, a paralysis that rendered his limbs inert and dead to all outward appearance but did nothing to still his awareness of his surroundings. Had a cabal not tracked down the remains and reassembled the monster, (seeking, so they said, to create a new race of men with him as the template) he would still be there, torn apart and unmoving, silently cursing his existence and going ever more mad. He dispatched them quickly to show his thanks.

So that is what occupies his time and attention. The monster seeks an answer to a forbidden question, much like his creator. Whereas Frankenstein wished to discover the secrets of life, the monster longs only for the knowledge of death. To that end, he has crossed the globe, seeking hidden texts on philosophy and alchemy, religion and science. He has conducted experiments, many repugnant, on the nature of death and the soul. He has even animated his own golem children. In this he has discovered an awful truth, even amongst the created, he is of a superior breed. Frankenstein knew some truth that eludes the monster, for his own creations can die as surely as any man.

The monster now lives in Frankenstein's ancestral home. The modern age allows him to conduct business over great distances, a necessity for him. Though reclusive, he keeps a careful eye on the outside world. He has an equally keen interest in new scientific advances and ancient texts long forgotten. He has often aided adventurers seeking such things from a distance. He has a particular interest in would-be creators like his father, though whether he offers helpful hints in their quest or destroys them is at the monster's whim. His library holds many secrets, and many have died trying to steal them. He has no desire to play a role in the **Red Death's** games, yet his research and experiments have often led to awful corruption and horrible abominations. He will fight savagely to protect his own life (fearing the inert awareness such a 'death' would bring) yet paradoxically could happily aid in research aimed at destroying him. In this way, he might serve as either a potent enemy or ally to any group of heroes seeking forbidden lore or scientific truths.

ching shih

“HuManBing”

The pirate lord Zheng Yi took on his concubine in 1801, in the lawless final century of Chinese Imperial rule. Free on the South China Sea to plunder, loot, and slaughter, the Zheng leadership united as many as 80,000 pirates under its rule, defying European and Chinese navy alike. The legend grew steadily as Zheng Shi or Ching Shih (“Zheng’s Widow”) took over following her husband’s death, marrying her adopted son, and it persisted even after she allegedly accepted an 1810 amnesty and lived her life quietly as a gambling house proprietress.

Though colorful, the legends miss the whole truth. Zheng Shi never hung up her pirate’s flag, and she likely never will. Although he was the strongman who united the pirate clans, she was the persuasive diplomat and canny administrator who wove the alliance into a full-fledged brotherhood. When Zheng Yi died in 1807, the pirate fleet was already collecting taxes, providing mail services, and running state functions across several coastal regions from India to Indonesia.

Her husband’s death came after a fatal injury in a Portuguese ambush. Zheng Shi helped him seek powerful medicines, turning to black magicks when all else failed. The best they could find was a forbidden ritual from the Hokkien boathouse peddlers in Formosa - the shamans could prolong her husband’s earthly span, if Zheng Shi would give her own life to extend his.

Zheng Shi returned rejuvenated from the ritual carrying a secret: for each husband she sacrificed to the [Jade Horror](#), she would live out the victim’s span, unaging and immortal. As a mark of her unearthly pact, Zheng Shi would never again walk the living soil - even stepping onto the docks would cause her to age rapidly unless she returned to the sea immediately.

Zheng Shi sent an impostor to accept the 1810 amnesty, establishing a brothel in Macao to launder money. She married her adoptive son Zhang Baozai (Cheung Po-Tsai), who ruled the pirate navy and then “donated” his years to hers. She buried his urn, and his successors’ urns, in shallow waters that only she knows, to prevent the undoing of her enchantments. However, the location of the first husband’s urn is hidden even to Zheng Shi - the 1895 Sino-Japanese War wiped out the Formosan Hokkien, scattering their secrets to the winds.

Centuries later, Zheng Shi’s fleet is numerous and nimble - the small wooden craft are radar- and satellite-invisible, and can quickly unite to comprise a floating city. Its piracy ranges from slave trade, protection rackets, cargo raiding, and drugs to truly globalized crime: gun running in East Timor, nuclear smuggling for North Korea, attacks on the Soviet aircraft carrier Varyag en route to China, even South Korean genetic treatments beyond ethical oversight.

Her own personal fixation is with sunken Chinese treasure troves. She values these above all else, obsessively pursuing every last rumor of them, hoping to secure her first husband’s hidden urn and forever ensure her own immortality.

the wendigo

Nathan Okerlund

Hunger.

Hunger, and cold; winter nights that last for weeks, or months, and the vast emptiness of the North...the Wendigo is the embodiment of all these inimical forces. It is among the least willing, least human, and most powerful of the **Red Death**'s servants.

The Wendigo was once a bear-spirit worshipped as divine by shamans in the circumpolar North. Neither good nor evil by human standards, its thoughts and interests were those of a bear until the day when a Siberian shaman serving the **Red Death** used a new ritual, taught him by his master, to bind the Wendigo in a physical form and control it absolutely. Unfortunately for the shaman, his performance of the ritual was imperfect; the Wendigo came, bound to a Kodiak bear, but was not under his control. Unfortunately for the Wendigo, in its anger and fear it vindictively killed and ate the shaman, ingesting the tattoos and trepannings that linked the shaman to the **Red Death** and forging a link between the **Red Death** and the Wendigo itself.

Realizing what was happening, the Wendigo fled over the pole to escape the **Red Death**'s influence—but too late. Its bond to the **Red Death** had already begun to influence its nature. The long journey to North America and the insidious influence of the **Red Death** worked in it to create a terrifying, gnawing hunger...a hunger only satisfied by human flesh.

The Wendigo ate, and as it ate it grew, taking the spirits of its victims into itself and gradually becoming something neither human nor bear nor nature-spirit, but partaking of all three. It now appears as a vaguely humanoid figure, emaciated yet powerful, standing two or three times the height of a man, with a face combining human and ursine features. It can speak with a human voice, although only two or three words at a time, and it is so steeped in evil that to see it, hear it or even smell it can infect a human victim with madness and its own grisly hunger. The Wendigo lays few plans and takes no-one and nothing into its confidence, but it hates everything made by human hands and it takes great pleasure in seeing human society turn on itself. It hates and fears fire, bright light, and large gatherings of people, and it attacks the isolated by preference. It has limited control of the weather in its domain and can raise undead servants to do its will.

Domain

The Wendigo's domain is a large one, presently covering the mountainous areas of Vermont and Maine, and the bulk of south eastern Ontario, as well as the area up to the northern tips of Québec and Ontario, surrounding James Bay.

Unlike most Darklords, it moves with some frequency, often spending no more than five or ten years in a given hunting ground before moving. It is presently at the extreme southeastern edge of its range; it has been found as far north as the northern shore of Hudson Bay and as far west as Minnesota. But to stay concealed, it avoids the cities of Montreal, Quebec City, and Ottawa, as well as the deforested agricultural areas south of the St. Lawrence River. Its relocation is always announced by a grisly act of murder and cannibalism performed by a human in the Wendigo's thrall.

fu manchu

Leyshon "DeepShadow" Campbell

In his early days as a writer, Arthur Henry Sarsfield Ward's pursuits brought him to the innermost circles of the Golden Dawn, the Rosicrucians, and the qabal known as La Lumiere--the Enlightened Ones. Under the pen name Sax Rohmer, Ward took it upon himself to expose evil under the guise of fiction, but he never completely understood his enemy. He believed he was shedding light on a web of crime led by a singular ruthless, ageless, brilliant "Chinaman." In fact, the immortal creature he had dubbed "Fu-Manchu" was not human at all.

While not truly immortal nor literally divine, the creature that became Fu Manchu started out noble and compassionate -- the latest in a line of guardian nagas that watched over the imperial family. Like his ancestors, Fumarxhō dreamt only of leading the current ruler back into the auspices of Heaven, then settling down with his mate to raise a new generation from their clutch of eggs.

But it was not to be. Empress Cixi had departed so far from the auspices of heaven that Fumarxhō renounced her in disgust. Expecting a rebellion, he moved his fledgling family to a roadside shrine, just outside the Forbidden City for safety. As he went among the people in disguise, Fumarxhō discovered that a corruptive force called the [Jade Horror](#) had sown the seeds of uprising not against Cixi, but against boorish foreigners who had ravaged the nation with opium. In the ensuing months, what became known as the Boxer Rebellion brought the wrath of eight nations all the way to the Forbidden City, where they spared not women, children... or the inhabitants of a little roadside shrine....

With his mate and nest destroyed in the Battle of Peking, Fumarxhō lost all reason. The Western Barbarians were worse than rabid animals -- they were a plague of devils, sent to drag the entire earth down through every level of Hell. Fumarxhō struck a bargain with the [Jade Horror](#) for the power to destroy the barbarians at any cost. He forged the Si-Fan qabal out of the worst disaffected Chinese criminals, the desperately poor, even the insane. Where he needed additional aid, the [Jade Horror](#) showed him how to overpower the minds of Westerners with a glance, use them as he pleased, and dispose of them when he was done. He became what Sax Rohmer called Fu-Manchu: the insidious arch-prince of crime.

Over the next few decades, Fumarxhō came to the attention of several western qabalists, but none vexed him like Sax Rohmer. Rohmer's truth-as-fiction approach informed other qabalists of the existence, plans, resources and weaknesses of the Si-Fan and its diabolical leader. Fumarxhō's one advantage was patience -- a long lived creature like a naga could afford to wait while Rohmer's years slipped away and his work was increasingly dismissed as racist jingoism. Still, Fumarxhō's pride demanded that his nemesis pay for his insolence; history records that the novelist died of an especially virulent strain of "Asian flu."

CURRENT SKETCH

Fumarxhō believes that he is the instrument of fate upon the Western barbarians. Thus, he eschews the weapons of war in favor of what he calls the weapons of fate: animal attacks, poisons, diseases,

and sabotage. He is especially adept at the manipulation of virulent plagues and mob mentality. To this arsenal, he sometimes adds traps and other devices that can be understood or detected by cunning, because he believes in respecting an intelligent adversary. When physical violence is called for, the naga prefers the old Chinese axiom of killing with a borrowed knife -- he'll manipulate conflict among unwitting parties rather than pay mercenaries directly. He is especially careful to use non-Asian agents whenever possible, so that the tongs and other groups in his patronage do not suffer by direct association with crime.

Despite his prodigious intelligence and ambitious goals, Fumarxhō doesn't always lead the Si-Fan directly. As the weight of years and grief weigh upon him, he may leave the leadership in the hands of another while he goes into hibernation for a few years, each time hoping to emerge to a world cleansed of barbarians and waiting to be rebuilt. In these idle moments, Fumarxhō reflects upon the gifts of the **Jade Horror** with dread and revulsion. His powerful hypnotic gaze and more potent venom strongly resemble the weapons of the spirit naga, the legendary nemesis his kind had eradicated long ago. During this last torporous hibernation, Fumarxhō has dreamt of finding another mate and producing another clutch of eggs, only to discover that he is truly the last of his species, and the father of another....

New Qabal: The Si-Fan

Seething beneath the barbarian occupation of China, the Si-Fan nursed their hunger, hatred and wrath by scavenging the bones of their once-great society. Once the Chinese are the last nation on earth, they will rebuild, but until then, they know no depths. The lowest levels of this secret society are ignorant, hand-to-mouth thugs who are loyal because the qabal keeps them alive and allows them to "be themselves." Above this are the gang leaders who run petty scams, confidence games, extortion and other rackets. The true inner circle consists of people of knowledge and talent, many of them spellcasters serving the **Jade Horror**. Of these, less than half a dozen living Si-Fan have seen the naga in his true form, and know his ultimate aims.

caligula

Abbot Suger

History is written by the victors.

It was foreseen. The fall of the Roman Empire, as it was originally envisioned. It was foreseen by a mad man, for only mad men and the users of hallucinogens can truly see past current realities. Was it the uncapped wine that brought him the visions? or was it the bout of dysentery from the trip to what would go on to be Constantinople?

These are what were thought to have driven him mad. But alas it was neither of those. It was the special potion concocted in collaboration with the greatest alchemists in Persia that changed his life forever. This potion was what the Armenians call the “Drink of the Un-Dying”. The elixir was concocted during a time of great unrest in the empire, with the assistance of his closest Pretorian guard Cassius Chaerea (who later went on to become a Death Knight) to trick the senate into believing he was dead. When the man known as Caligula was ignominiously slaughtered in that castaway alley, his body collapsed, but his men looked on in horror as his very shadow separated from its body. For this very reason, his bones and flesh were burned. But it mattered not.

From the darkness, the shadow that was once Caligula waited and observed. It looked on as the one called Constantine adopted some new and strange religion. He watched as the old ways – the ways of sacrifice and blood – faded.

Around the year 380, the Edict of Thessalonica was published by Emperor Theodosius I, essentially making Christianity the official Religion of the Holy Roman Empire. Pope Damasus I was one of the first to wield the true power of the Roman Catholic Church. His power would grow in strength, stacked up against other kings and emperors of the time. This, the shadow had all foreseen, thanks to the power and magic of the Drink of the Un-Dying.

While the shadow was unable to influence the entirety of the Church, he was able to spread his whispers to a particular group of followers – the Rosicrucians. From its very inception, this masonic cult opposed Catholic Church, as directed by Caligula. For there is nothing this shadow loathes more than the Catholics – the very force which put to death the Old Ways, the ways of blood and burning and sacrifice. Most scholars believe that the Rosicrucians are a secret society steeped in Lutheranism, but the darker truth is that they secretly worship their icon Christian Rosenkruz – who is none other than an alias for Caligula.

Currently, the Rosicrucians believe that the Catholic Church has spirited away the Spear of Longinus and keeps it from them for some insidious reason. But the truth behind the secret is darker still. Deep within the labyrinth-like catacombs of Vatican library is a living wall 5 yards high in the shape of circular chamber which houses the Spear of Destiny. But the real and true Spear of Destiny has been long since safely hidden. The chambered weapon is Caligula’s phylactery.

Today, the shadow still lingers. And should the Rosicrucians ever lay hands upon their precious spear...Caligula will at last rise, a lich who has waited two-thousand years for his body.

the usher designs

Michael "Trike" Travis

*A house stands on Priory Hill
With dark spires and searching windows,
Simply seeing it will drive you mad
And the mad will surely kill.*
- An English rhyme from the 16th Century

They say the Priory Hill house was built using an old floor plan found in a hidden basement in the British Museum. The house was owned by a Member of Parliament until his wife suffered a breakdown and forced the family to flee the old manor. Years later, it was used as a home for orphaned children. In 1874, the priest who oversaw the orphanage slaughtered every child who couldn't run and set himself on fire in the chapel. The nation mourned but few knew that the town at the foot of Priory Hill had feared the old house for decades before the deaths.

The Priory Hill House was built using the Usher Designs. No one knows where the designs were drawn or whose intricate plans they represent. But they are some of the most beautiful architectural designs ever set to paper. Their intended purpose is a grand mansion. Yet, there are handwritten notes for how the designs can be used for other structures, as long as certain aspects are never changed.

There is one written reference that can be specifically tied to the Usher Designs. Between the 17th and 18th Centuries, a grand mansion was built for the Usher Family in the northeastern United States. It stood on blighted land for over a century before it finally destroyed the family that lived there. The final lord of the house swore that the house had formed a terrible sentience because of the design of its masonry and its landscaping. In the end, the Usher House was pulled down by the weight of its own hatred and evil. It shattered and collapsed into the swamps that surrounded it.

The Usher Designs have been found in different languages and different forms. There is no date on these designs – no label or signature. Rumor has it that the designs have been used to build a hotel in the Colorado Rockies and several ill-fated houses in the American and English country sides. They could be used as the foundation for a grand ocean liner or the layout of an online game. The end result will always be the same – madness and death.

Things always start subtly. There are accidents as a building is built. But no one would connect these accidents to such a beautiful building. Later, the owners move in and begin the slow decline into oblivion. When the Usher Designs are followed correctly, the end result is a sentient, malevolent structure. It's hatred for the living knows no bounds. The house is the Darklord and the Domain.

Domain

RE: Not Satisfied with the Floor Plans

Mark—Don't worry about the old designs. I was going through the company files and found some beautiful plans. They've really got some old world charm. I don't think I've ever seen a better design. The wife and kids are going to love their new home. Trust me. – Steve, Setting Sun Real Estate

Each use of the Usher Designs creates a unique and singularly terrible Darklord. The layout of such beautiful archways and grand staircases works as surely as alchemy to build a living structure with all the rage and enmity of any lurking monster. The now-animated structure will seek to destroy any living thing within its influence.

That influence is very weak at first. The growing sentience can only create minor accidents in the beginning. A window or shingle may fall free and strike someone. A worker may be walled in alive. As time passes, the structure grows more powerful. Doors can slam to control fleeing homeowners. The walls can begin to seep and crack or swell in and out like some terrible breath. Truly powerful houses may even be able to trap the spirit of someone who died inside. Weak willed spirits can be forced to serve the house and torment the living. The influence may even begin to spread beyond the walls of the property into the land beyond. The power and hatred of the structure can build to such an extent that it destroys even itself in a final torrent of power and evil. An observatory built using the Usher Designs locked its victims inside by creating a terrible storm around itself. In the end, the torrential power of nature obliterated the observatory along with the poor souls left inside.

Perhaps the most dangerous power the structure possesses is to cause madness in its victims. A living being within its influence for any length of time can be affected with mental disorder. These can be minor or disastrous but they always work to build an atmosphere of menace. Catatonia and anxiety are common. Fears run wild. Madness builds on madness until desperation leads to destruction. One particularly effective mental disorder the structure uses is known as hyperesthesia. The victim becomes mind-shatteringly sensitive to the stimuli of their own senses. Bright lights can be blindingly painful. The smallest noises are like screeching metal in the skull. The victim often becomes violent and aggressive from the constant cacophony of the normal world.

Dread Possibility – The Usher Designs could be a terrible weapon sent to destroy any family or group with the means to build with them. But what if the sorrow and madness created by a Darklord in the form of a building created another Darklord of one of its inhabitants? Would these Darklords destroy each other? Or would they be linked to each other eternally?

Closing the Border

The border would be considered the outer limit of the structure's power. These structures must use physical means to close their borders. Doors lock themselves; gates close; a section of stone wall may collapse and let a climber fall toward rusted, iron spikes. These boundaries may be strong but they are merely physical. Doors made of wood can be chopped down. Gates can be forced open. Stone walls can be climbed...carefully.

martha needle

Todd "Devilfox" Payne

At 8AM, on Monday 22 October 1894, 30-year-old Martha Needle was led to the gallows of Old Melbourne Gaol. Martha had a troubled history littered with tales of alcohol and abuse, cruelty and manipulation, greed and poison. She was a murderer – a black widow – convicted of the deaths of her husband, her three daughters and her future brother-in-law.

In life, Martha was beautiful, manipulative and ruthless. Even as a child, she knew what she wanted and she pursued it without mercy. And if she couldn't get what she wanted with her looks then she was happy to resort to other measures – starting with childish pinches and cruel taunts until finally, as an adult, she discovered her tool of choice: arsenic.

Rumours abound as to why she turned to poison. Some say it was hereditary: her father, it is said, had tried to poison her mother before Martha was born and, therefore, poison was in her veins. Others claimed it was nothing more than insanity and convenience. What is true is that she profited financially with each death – in the case of her family, using some of the monies to build an elaborate grave – and that she showed no remorse until the end. Indeed, she insisted that she had merely been God's instrument, and that she had saved each person she put to death. Martha went to the gallows willingly in the hopes of finally being reunited with the people she loved.

Powers

Death did not bring Martha the release she had hoped for. Instead she found her spirit earth-bound – and worse, unable to enter the cemetery where her family were buried, though this is her greatest desire. Her fury at what she believes is Heaven's betrayal, combined with her utter insanity, have granted Martha the powers of a corporeal, fourth-magnitude ghost. She appears much as she did in life: beautiful, but always garbed in black; further, she has recently learned to manipulate her appearance and thus opts for modern styles over those of her era.

Martha has the abilities to charm people, and to cause despair in those around her; she often employs this last power to push young mothers into murdering their own children with thoughts that they are saving them from a life of hopelessness and despair. She also has some telekinetic power that she uses to make herself appear more alive.

Finally, Martha has fully embraced her role as a black widow and, as such, has developed a special affinity for her namesake: the black widow spider. In Australia, the native black widow is the red-backed spider, and Martha has gained the ability to summon a swarm of the creatures to do her bidding – a fact she employs often when she needs to rid herself of 'excess baggage'.

Martha's Domain

East of Melbourne's central business district lies the suburb of Kew. With its tree-lined boulevards and plethora of Victorian and Art Deco mansions, Kew has gained a reputation as one of Melbourne's most affluent districts.

It is everything that Martha desired in life: it is what she killed for.

But though she is Lord of the entire suburb, there is one place that Martha cannot enter: Boroondara Cemetery. Named for the local aboriginal word meaning 'place of shade', it is here that Martha's family is buried. Martha wishes to be reunited with her family, but an unseen force violently repels her from any attempt to enter the site. Her anguish is further increased by the fact that, every night, her family can be seen waiting patiently for her just beyond the cemetery gates.

Kew also holds its own dark secrets. In the northwest corner of the suburb, overlooking the Yarra River, stands Willsmere Apartments – once the infamous Kew Asylum. Completed in 1871, the asylum quickly came to be home to a large number of troubled individuals. Following Martha's death, as she experimented with her power to cause despair, the female population of the asylum grew, swelled by ranks of young women who had murdered their children. Today, the site is haunted by emotional spectres despite numerous attempts at exorcism.

Closing the Borders

When Martha wishes to close the borders of her domain, those attempting to leave by land find themselves physically trapped within her web. Strands of magical spider silk rise from the earth, wrapping themselves around limbs and axles. Lingering too long in the web increases the chance of an attack from Martha's spiders; only by turning back towards Kew can a person save himself or herself from this fate.

Dread Possibility

Martha can only be fully destroyed by reuniting her with her family. To do this, her body must be interred within Boroondara Cemetery and any physical links to the world destroyed.

Locating Martha's corpse will not be an easy task. After she was hung, her head was removed for study and her body buried in the grounds of Old Melbourne Gaol. However, following the closure of the site, Martha's body along with those of 31 other inmates was exhumed and reburied in an unmarked mass grave at Pentridge (now Coburg) north of the city.

Martha's skull was originally displayed at the Gaol itself; however, using her influence, Martha arranged for its theft. It is now hidden in a safe house inside the boundaries of Kew. Any attempt to retrieve the skull will certainly invite Martha's wrath.

Her sole remaining physical link is her headstone. Originally located within the ground of Old Melbourne Gaol, Martha's headstone was removed to Green Point beach in Brighton, south of the city, during the Great Depression to be used in the building of a bluestone wall to prevent beach erosion. Strangely, while most of the stones were faced inwards, Martha's headstone was faced outward and her initials are still clearly visible.