RIVERS of LONDON
the Roleplaying Game

No Place Like Home

PLAYER HANDOUTS AND MAPS

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Lidija Radu's Statement

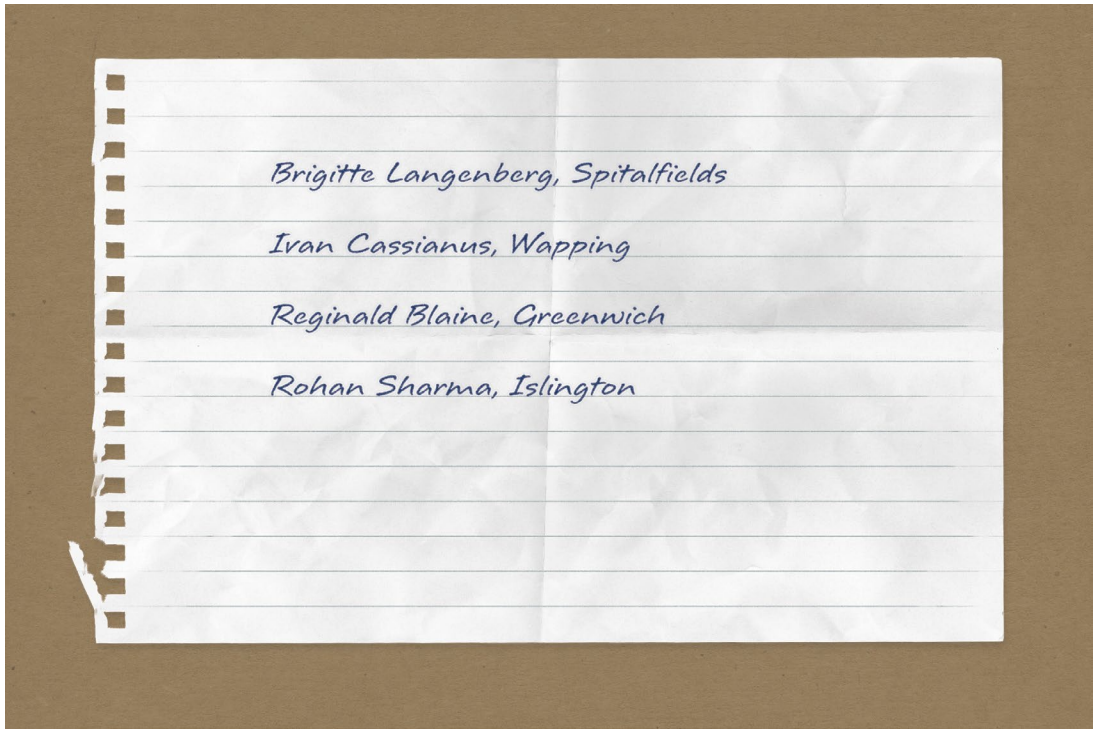
Suraj, my assistant, phoned me at about 9:00 am this morning and said there was a dead man in the museum. I phoned the police and ambulance as soon as I'd finished speaking to Suraj, then rushed over here myself. By the time I got here there was an ambulance outside, and they said that the man was definitely dead. It's shocking.

No one should have been in the museum last night. I don't know how the man got in. My staff has keys to the building, as does my business partner Myron Lowe, of course. No one else should. Plenty of people know what's on display–we are a museum, after all. I invited some antiques dealers here recently, but that dead man isn't any of them. I've no idea who he is. Was he a burglar?

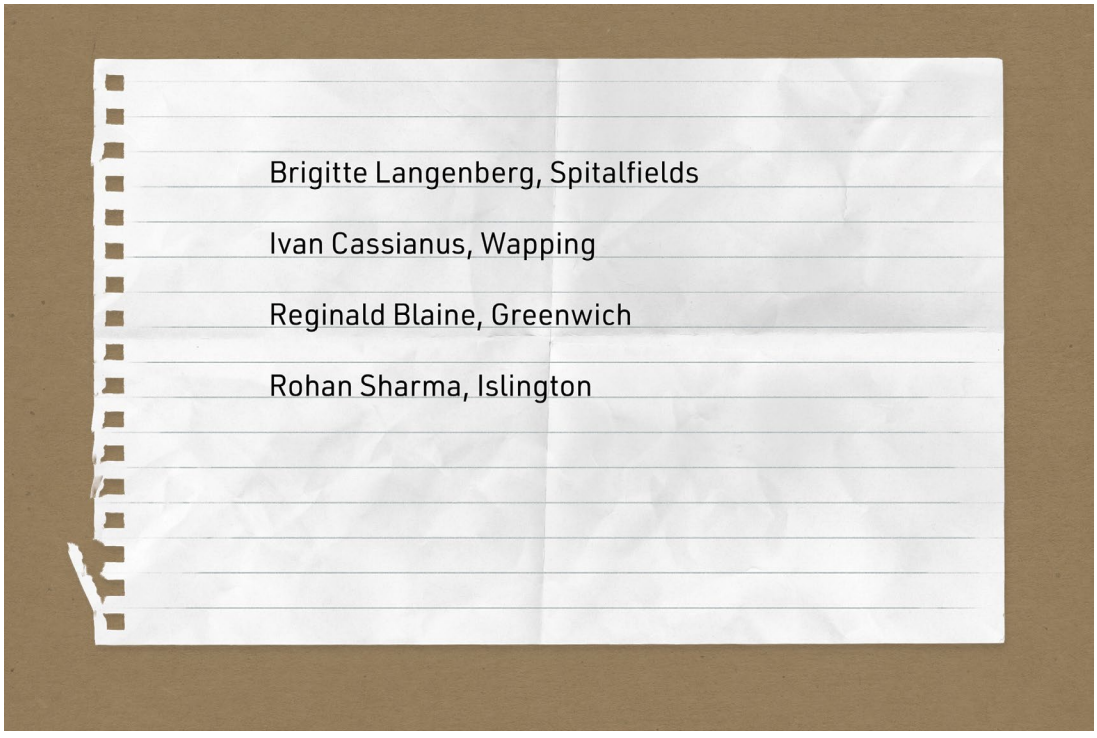
I was with Sadia until late last night–or, rather, very early this morning. As you know, she manages the café, and she's a friend. Anyway, I went over to Sadia's yesterday evening after we closed the museum to have a meal with her and her family. I booked a cab through an app at about 2:00 am and went home to my flat in Bethnal Green.

If you need to see around the museum, I can take you on a tour. Is that allowed?

Handout: Memories 2 version 1



Handout: Memories 2 version 2



Suraj Khan's Statement

I got to the museum around 8:30 am. That's normal–I open up. I unlocked and did my usual morning inspection of the place just to check that everything's okay. Except it wasn't. I saw the body in the third-floor corridor, just at the foot of the attic stairs. It was awful. I didn't know what to do, so I phoned Lidija. She said she'd phone the police, and to stay here and wait for her to come over. She was here really quickly, just after the ambulance people. Then Sadia and the police officer turned up. Sadia made us all a cup of tea. I prefer coffee, but it's the thought that counts, innit?

I've no idea how the man got into the place, or who he is. I've never seen him before. The museum was locked up like normal, no doors open or broken windows or anything. I don't know about the attic, though. I didn't go up there because I'd have had to step over him, yeah?

I was home yesterday evening, online gaming most of the night with my crew. You can check my computer logs, if you like, and ask my mates what we were doing.

Can I go home now? I don't really want to be here after this.

Sadia Ahmad's Statement

I left the museum with Lidija yesterday. She came over to my home and shared the family meal with us–I cooked prawn malaikari because it's one of her favourites. We spent the rest of the evening together, talking about ways to raise money to mend the museum's roof. It's started leaking. Not much, yet, but you know what water's like once it starts getting in places. Lidija's offered some bits and pieces from the museum to some antiques dealers. I don't know which dealers, but she'll be able to tell you. They were here a few days ago. I hope their offers will be enough, but I also suggested that we could hire the café and garden out for more events. Lidija is passionate about the museum, and I agree with her that it should stay open. We sat up talking until something like 2:00 am, then she booked a cab on her phone to take her home.

I got to the museum just before 9:30 am this morning, as always. I saw the ambulance outside; it gave me quite the fright. That was when I heard about the dead man from your Sgt Donaghue. I've no idea who the poor soul is. The sergeant told me to stay out of the way, so I asked if I could make tea and she said I could, so that's what I did.

Myron Lowe's Statement

I can assure you that I had nothing to do with this awful business at the Museum of Memories. I spent yesterday evening with my wife. We ate, watched a movie on television, then went to bed and slept.

I will admit that Lidija and I didn't agree completely about the museum's future. It's a money pit. I funded Lidija back in the day because she was a friend, but really, she should see sense now, as time has shown that it won't make a profit. I suggested we turn the building into flats and even offered to buy the building from her. She could then do what she wanted with the money—open another museum somewhere cheaper if she liked. I have no interest in the contents, but Lidija told me that she'd contacted local antiques dealers to offer them some of the museum's Art Deco items. I told her I was happy for her to do that. I have a copy of the list of dealers, if you need it.

Anthony Frost

— Classification: member of the demi-monde (part fae?).

— Place of Birth: Stoke Newington, London.

— Last known address: Graham Road, Hackney.

— Family: none listed.

— Employment status: freelance reseller of antiques and collectables.

— Arrested: 2014, suspicion of burglary. Released without charge; insufficient evidence.

— Frost may possess an ability to bypass locks in a similar manner to Zachary Palmer (qv).

— Note added to HOLMES to inform us immediately if Frost is a person of interest in any future investigations.

— Known associates: Tahmina Ogtrop, curio dealer (demi-monde); c/o The Goat and Crocodile, Shoreditch.

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Irene Dana's Statement

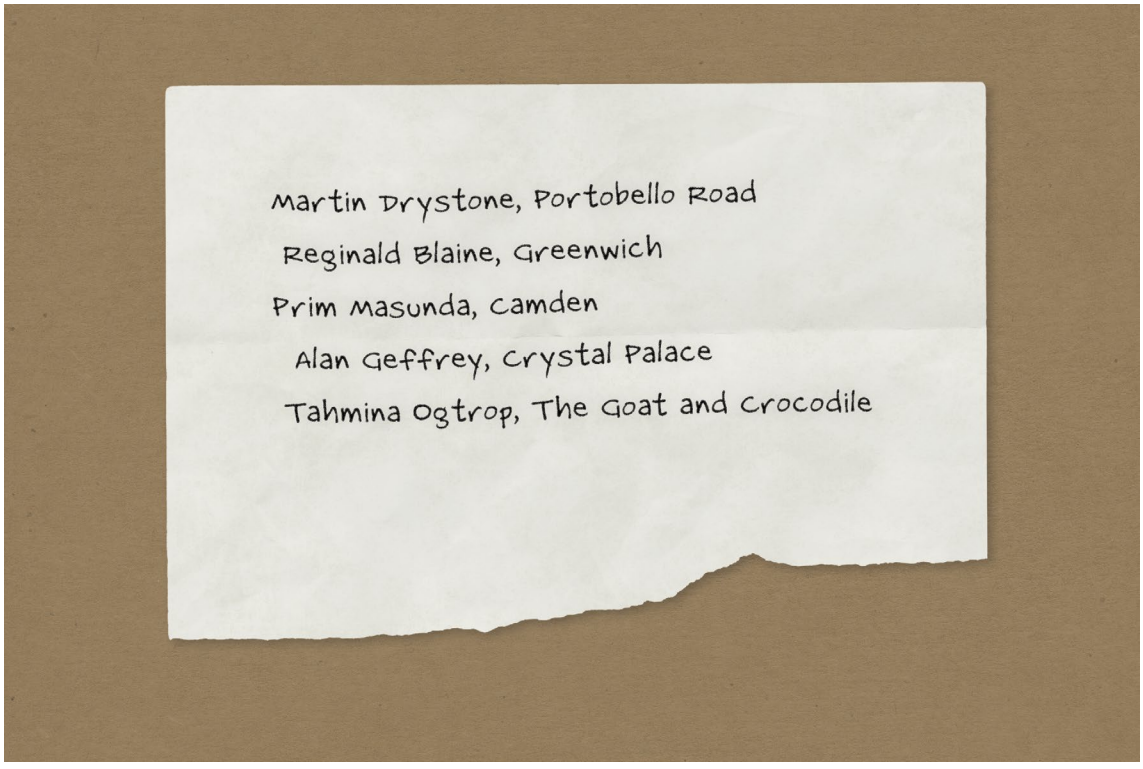
I've lived next door to the museum for years–well, even before that, when Ada was there, and her mum, Rachel. They were a bit weird, you know. Something odd about them both, though always friendly.

The museum staff are lovely to me, especially Sadia. I attend the old people's community group they have in the museum's basement. They bring items from the museum down to us in this dumb waiter contraption hidden in the walls. It is so lovely to see the old things as they do bring back memories.

Last night? Yes, I did see something a bit odd last night. I was calling one of my pussies–it would have been about 1:00 am. Tiddles, my lovely boy cat here, is such a naughty stop-out, especially in the springtime. As I was at the door calling him in, I saw someone I thought was a pizza delivery driver on a scooter. He turned into the side alley by the museum. I thought it was a bit odd at the time. A little while later I thought I heard a sound of crashing and a scream through my bedroom wall, coming from the museum.

No one's normally there at night, so I almost called the police. But then I thought I was making too much fuss. What if I'd just imagined it? I should have rung, shouldn't I? What's happened?

Handout: Memories 8 version 1



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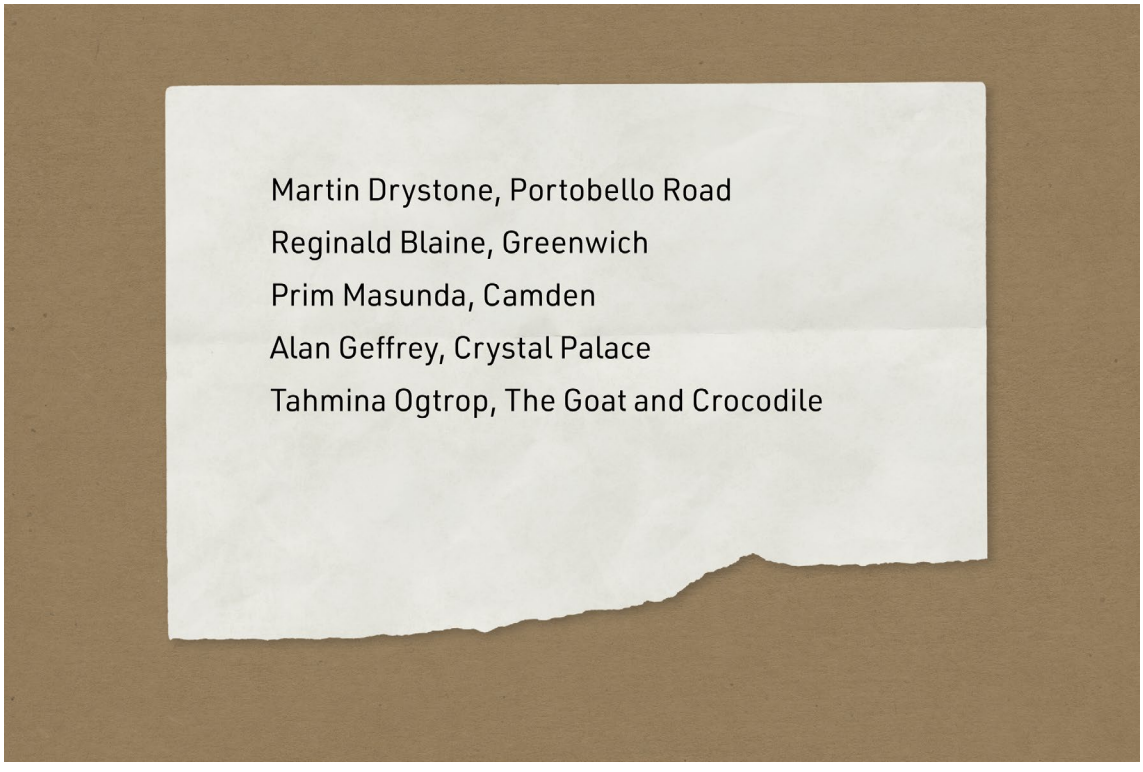

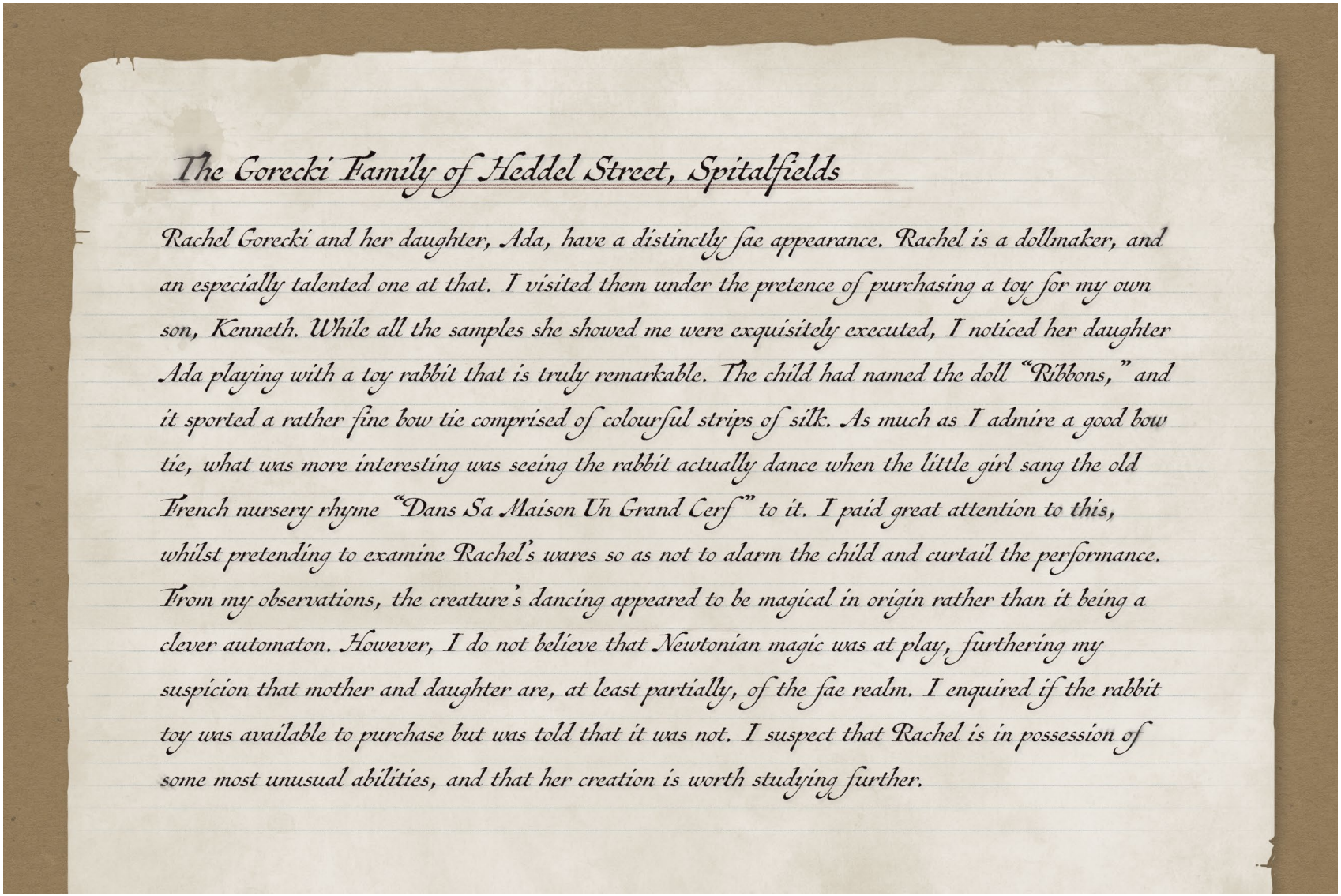

The Gorecki Family of Heddel Street, Spitalfields

Rachel Gorecki and her daughter, Ada, have a distinctly fae appearance. Rachel is a dollmaker, and an especially talented one at that. I visited them under the pretence of purchasing a toy for my own son, Kenneth. While all the samples she showed me were exquisitely executed, I noticed her daughter Ada playing with a toy rabbit that is truly remarkable. The child had named the doll "Ribbons," and it sported a rather fine bow tie comprised of colourful strips of silk. As much as I admire a good bow tie, what was more interesting was seeing the rabbit actually dance when the little girl sang the old French nursery rhyme "Dans Sa Maison Un Grand Cerf" to it. I paid great attention to this, whilst pretending to examine Rachel's wares so as not to alarm the child and curtail the performance. From my observations, the creature's dancing appeared to be magical in origin rather than it being a clever automaton. However, I do not believe that Newtonian magic was at play, furthering my suspicion that mother and daughter are, at least partially, of the fae realm. I enquired if the rabbit toy was available to purchase but was told that it was not. I suspect that Rachel is in possession of some most unusual abilities, and that her creation is worth studying further.

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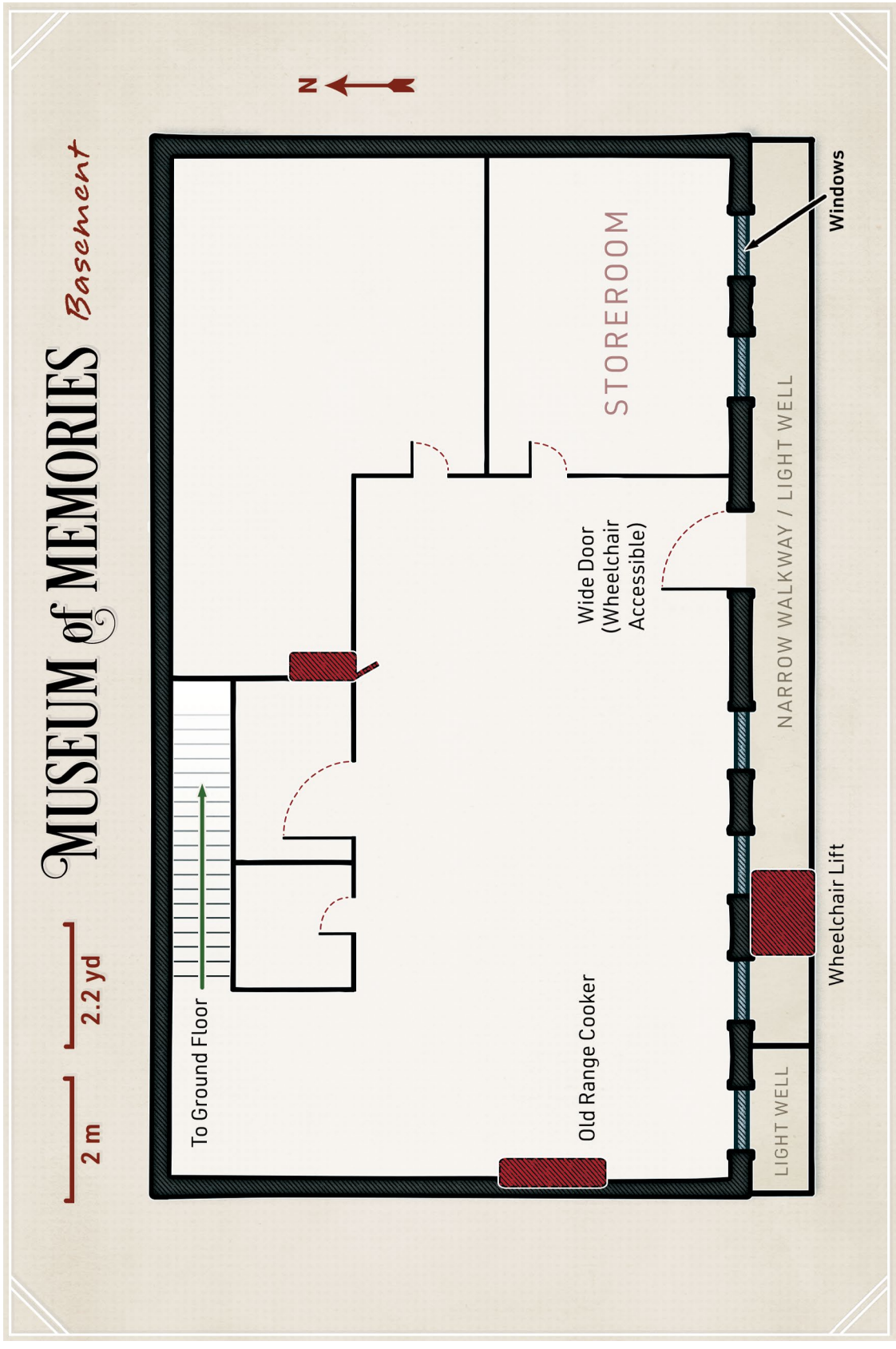
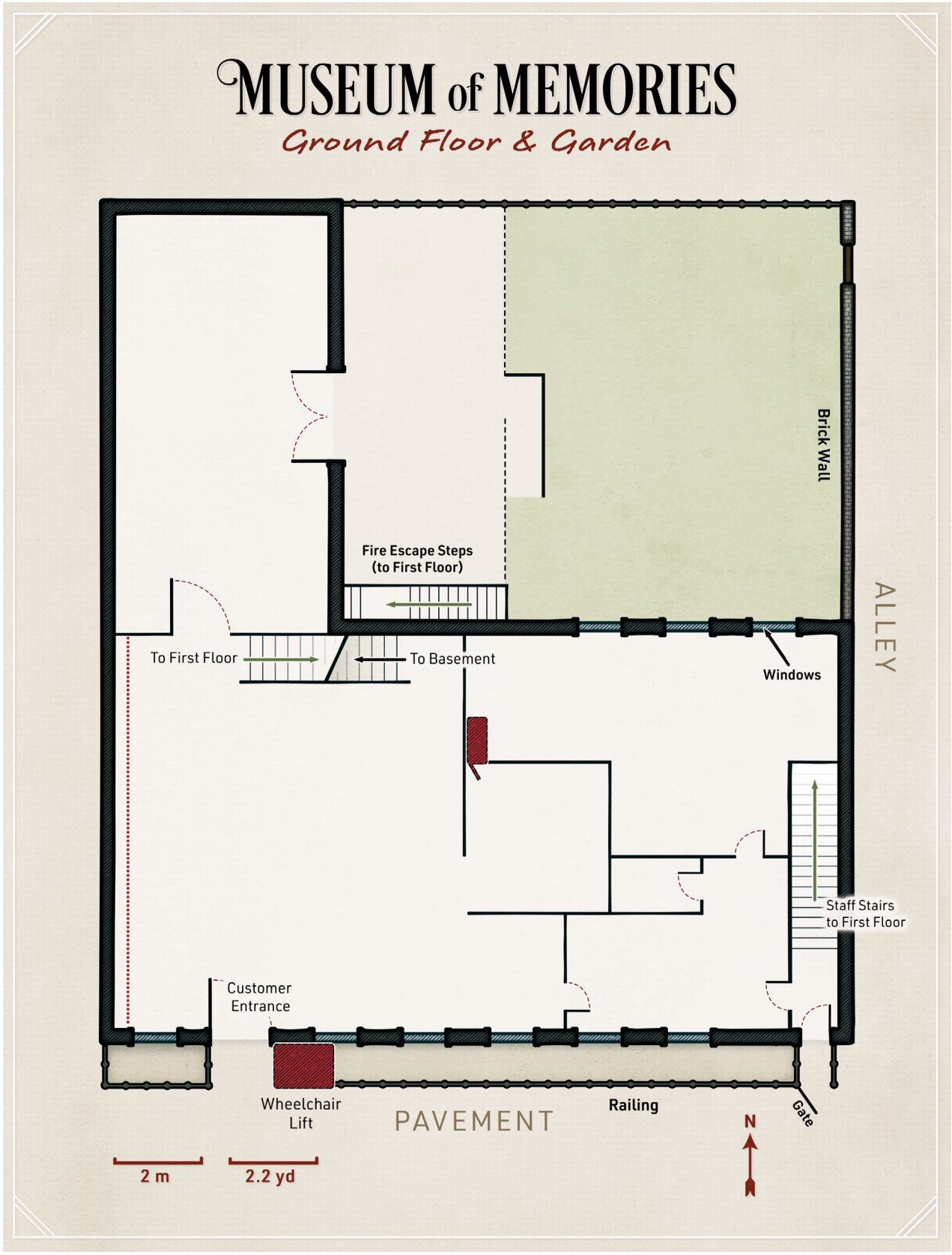
Case File Location Overview, Players

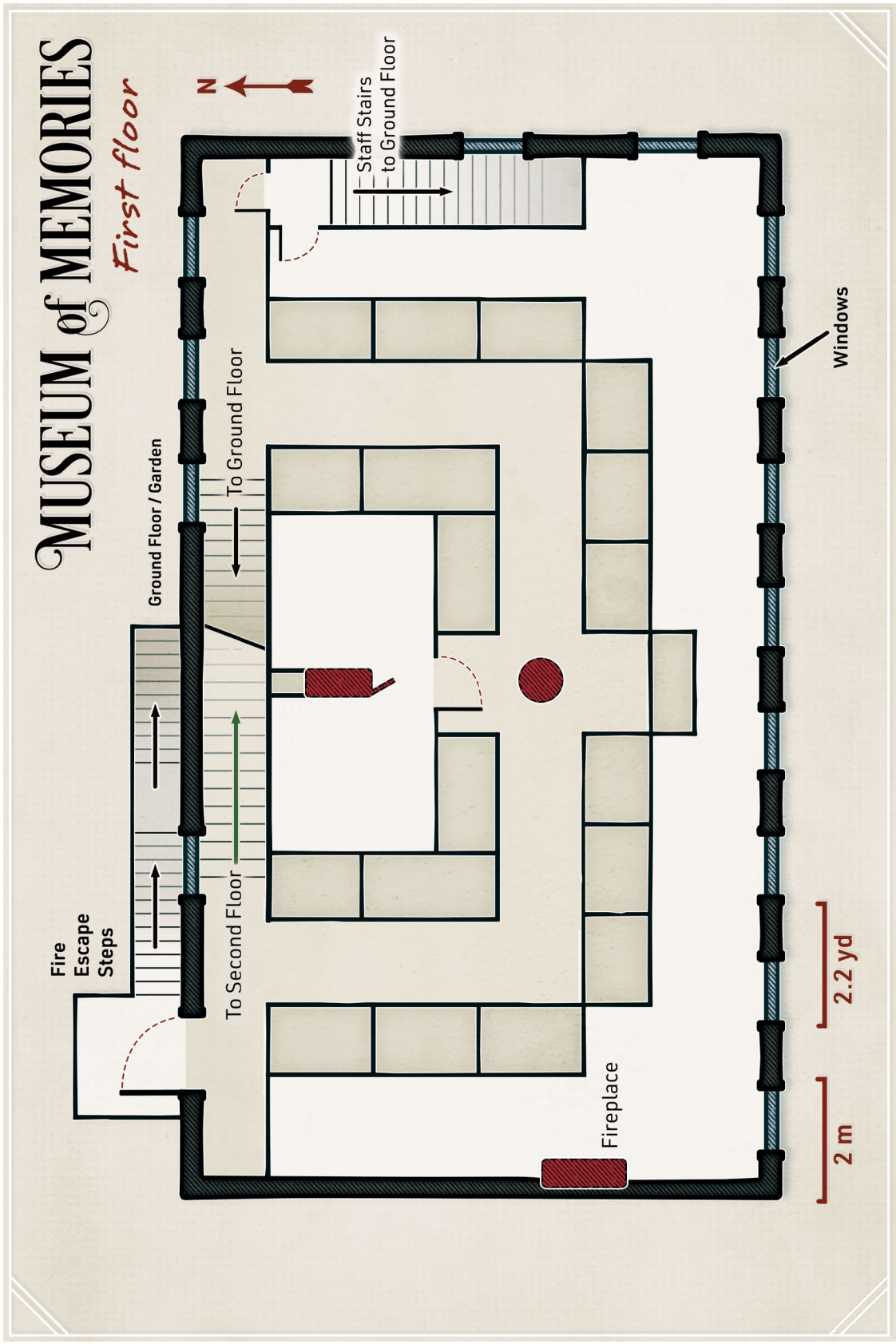
Museum of Memories—Basement, Players



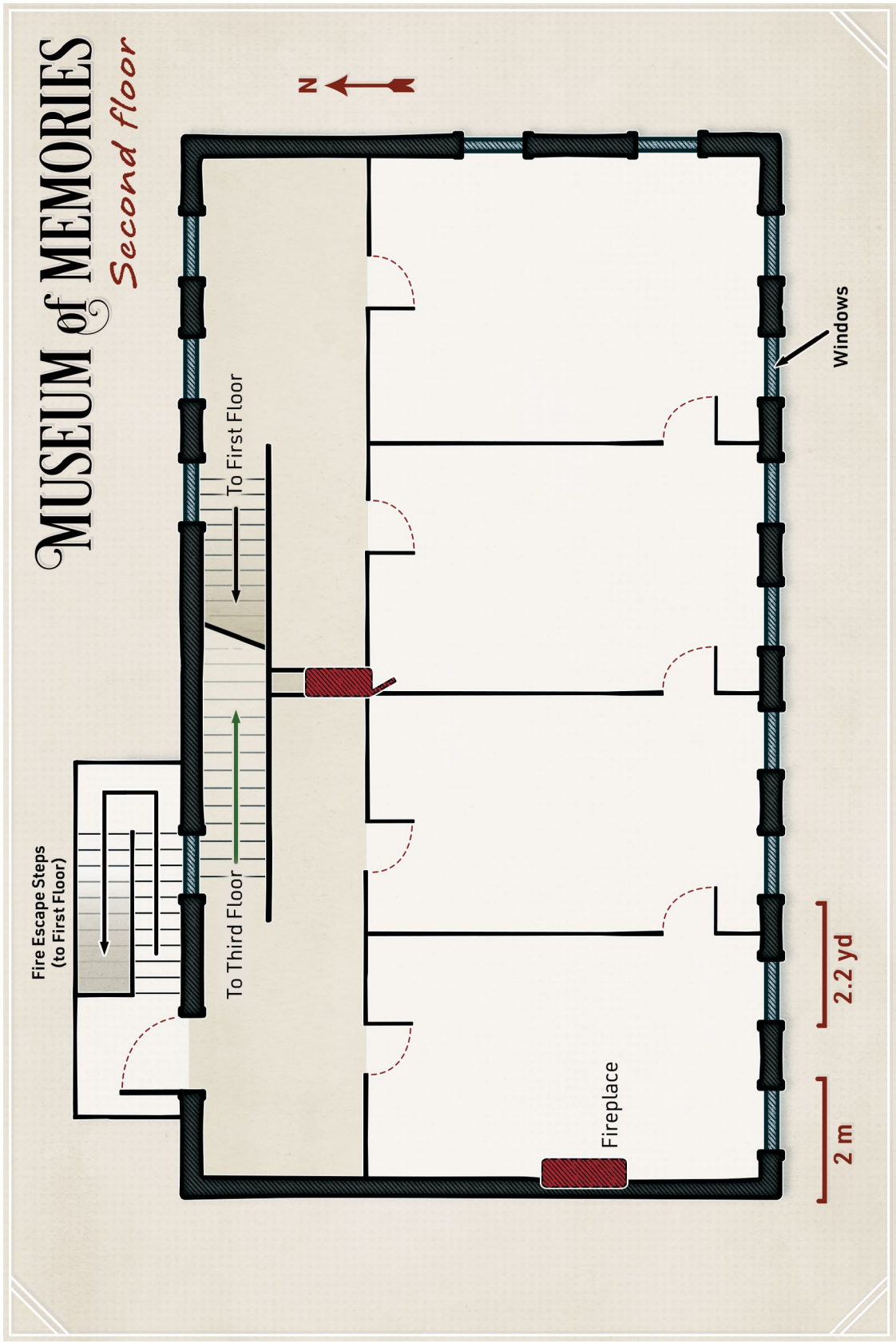
Museum of Memories—Ground Floor, Players



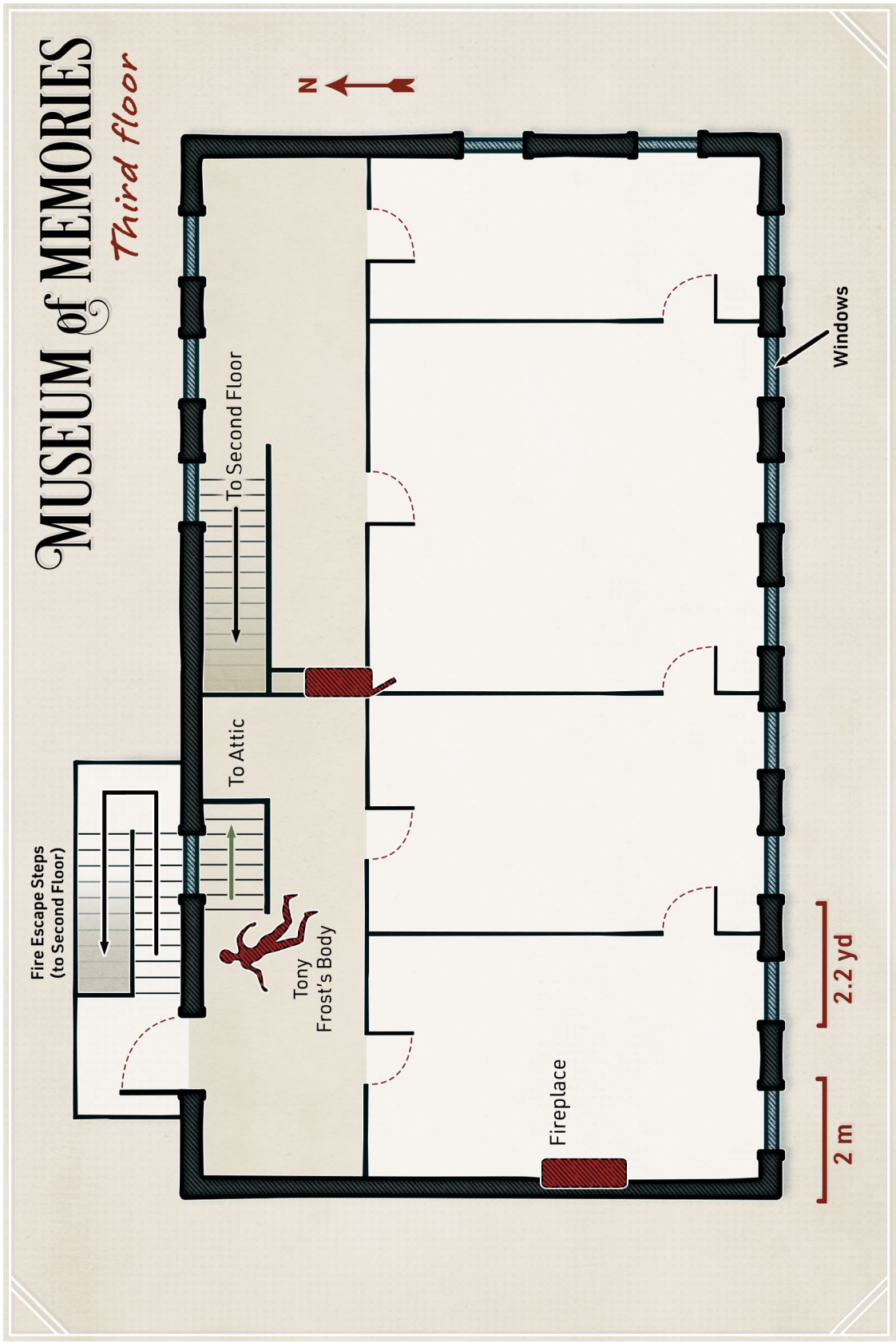
Museum of Memories—First Floor, Players



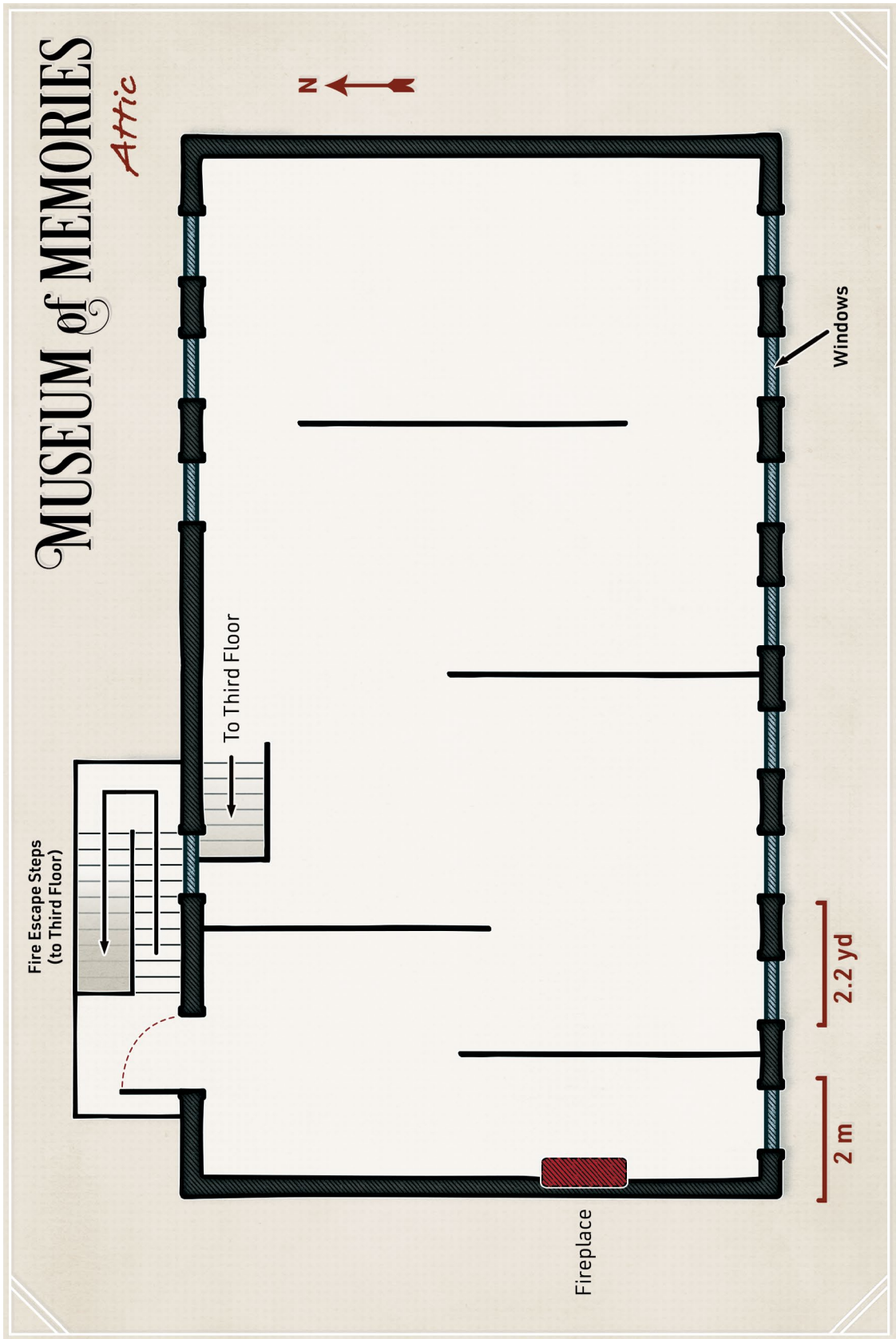
Museum of Memories—Second Floor, Players



Museum of Memories—Third Floor, Players



Museum of Memories—Attic, Players



Handout: Line 1

Incident Report: Saturday 3rd September 2016

Sarah Huntley (PCSO)

At 22:34 last night, PC Raff Yussef and I were on the beat at Woolwich Market when we observed an altercation outside the Woolwich Club. Approaching the scene, we saw two women in the middle of a fight, so we moved to de-escalate the situation. Upon our approach, one of the belligerents spotted us and paused in the fight, at which point the second woman took the opportunity to punch the first woman in the face with such force that it knocked her into the nightclub's wall. Upon hitting the wall, the woman disappeared. Like, actually vanished. I was already approaching the woman as she hit the wall, whereupon my Airwave made a popping noise and died.

The remaining woman was detained and taken to the drunk tank to cool off. She gave her name as Janet Scott, age 22. She explained that the missing woman had snatched her bag and run out of the club. Ms Scott caught her outside and the fight began. Her description of the bag snatcher follows: IC6 [mixed race] female individual, age 20s to 30s, brown hair, unkempt, wearing a green bomber jacket with grey tracksuit bottoms and white trainers; distinctive tattoo of a dragonfly on her neck. Ms Scott described her bag as a black diamante-studded clutch bag, containing her phone, keys, bank card, lipstick, and driving licence.

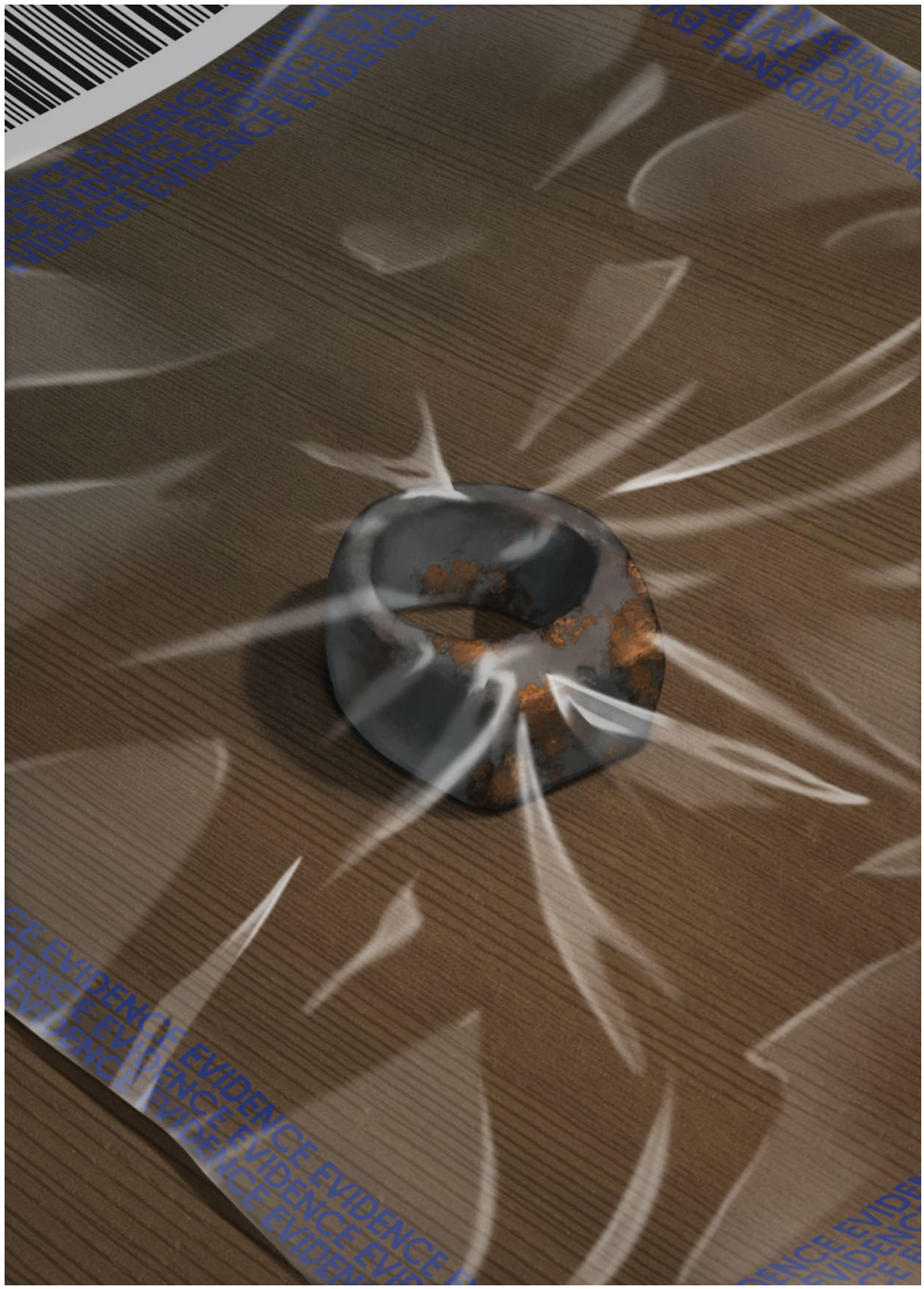
An IVA of the scene immediately after the first woman disappeared identified a strong sense of *vestigium*. On the floor near the altercation was a stone ring (enclosed as evidence) with a small amount of blood on it. It appears to have been dropped by the woman who vanished. The first aider on site found that Ms Scott had sustained a cut to her lip from a blunt object, presumed to be the ring.

What is odd is that last night there were a number of other related crimes reported across the Woolwich/Plumstead area. As you know, people are notoriously bad at describing suspects, but everyone we've spoken to describes a young woman with a dragonfly tattoo on her neck and bruises on her face. What's even stranger is that, despite the thefts taking place over an area of 12 square kilometres [4.5 square miles], the suspect was able to commit the crimes in under an hour.

We also have a witness, Ryan Cooper, who interacted with our suspect at an illegal rave at Gallions Reach that we broke up last night. He was arrested on drugs charges but has a rather odd tale to tell. He's currently in the cells at Plumstead police station.

Given the suspect's sudden and unexplained departure, the *vestigium*, and her impossibly fast travel, my Chief Inspector at Plumstead, Rania Saleh, has called this in as a Falcon case and requested your help in working out what's going on.

Handout: Line 2



Handout: Line 3

Incident 1: The Woolwich Club (Woolwich Market)—22:34

» **Victim:** Janet Scott (age 22).

» **Incident report:** see PCSO Huntley's statement.

Incident 2: The Crypt Cat Club (Lodge Hill, Plumstead)—22:45

» **Victim:** Simon French (age 47).

» **Incident report:** club security called police after the victim reported his wallet missing. A review of the club's CCTV footage showed the suspect stealing it and running outside.

Incident 3: Gullcrest Lounge (Shooters Hill)—22:56

» **Victim:** Georgia Bowery (age 24).

» **Incident report:** a report of a trespassing woman—clearly not a member and not following the club's dress code—snooping around the guests then grabbing a bag. Security gave chase but the suspect ran into the staffroom and vanished; they assume she escaped through the back door.

Incident 4: Cock and Bottle (Knee Hill)—23:07

» **Victim:** Anastasia Chornovil (age 22).

» **Incident report:** the suspect was seen by the victim lingering at the bar. She then lunged for Ms Chornovil's bag, breaking the strap in the process, before dashing out of the side door towards the smoking area. No one saw where she went next.

Incident 5: Marco's (Brewery Road, Plumstead)—23:16

» **Victim:** Pippa Fuller (age 23).

» **Incident report:** the club was crowded last night, with people queuing for ages to get in. The victim was about to enter when she was jostled by someone she thought was cutting the queue. She turned around to see the suspect holding her bag. Suddenly, the large neon sign above the club's entrance exploded, showering the crowd with fine shards of glass. When the victim opened her eyes, the thief was gone.

Incident 6: Welling Arms (Bellegrove Road, Welling)—23:23

» **Victim:** Deckard O'Sullivan (age 44).

» **Incident report:** last orders had been called, and the regulars were having a lock-in. The suspect appeared from the back of the pub, which surprised the regulars as they didn't expect to see anyone there. Having had a few drinks, they started chatting with the suspect, who suddenly grabbed one of the men's wallets and ran to the back of the pub, out of sight.

Incident 7: Illegal Rave (Gallions Reach, Thamesmead waterfront)—23:30

» **Victim:** unknown female (age mid-20s).

» **Incident report:** local police responded to reports of an illegal rave being held at the old arsenal buildings on Gallions Reach. Upon arrival, they started to move people along. The victim complained to an attending officer that her bag had been stolen by an unknown thief but left the site without giving her details. She hasn't come forward again and her identity remains unknown. In addition, an officer spotted known drug dealer Ryan Cooper talking to the suspect, when they both suddenly vanished in front of him. Just as suddenly, Cooper reappeared a few metres closer to the officer and begged them to take him into custody.

THAMESIDE TIMES

08 April 2012 | News, International and Organised Crime, Greenwich

"PRINCE OF PLUMSTEAD" JAILED FOR LARGE-SCALE SUPPLY OF ILLEGAL DRUGS

A self-styled drug baron who gave himself the nickname "Prince of Plumstead" has been jailed for shipping cocaine and heroin across England.

Joshua "Joss" Cracknell, 43, was sentenced at Woolwich Crown Court on 8 April 2012 to 18 years in prison, after the jury found him guilty of four counts of being concerned in the supply of a controlled drug, four counts of being concerned in the fraudulent evasion of a prohibition on the exportation of drugs, and one count of grievous bodily harm with intent. Until his arrest last year, Cracknell, formerly of Plumstead, oversaw an organised drug enterprise which brought Class A drugs into London before distributing them across towns surrounding the city.

The organisation was notable for its use of vulnerable young people in moving drugs in "county lines" operations. His grandfather was Albert Cracknell, a notorious East End gangster who died in 2000 while incarcerated in HM Prison Wormwood Scrubs.

Joss Cracknell was arrested on 19 March 2011 in a property in Dartford where he was in the act of violently assaulting a man he suspected of being a police informant. During the arrest and subsequent search of the property a number of electronic devices were found and seized, along with bags and packages containing thousands of pounds in cash, a designer watch worth £31,000, Post Office receipts, illegal drugs, and drug paraphernalia. Following Cracknell's arrest, four further high-up members of the gang were also brought into custody. They have been charged with a number of drugs-related offences and will go to trial soon.

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Handout: Line 5, Players

in the London area. At Neasden, near Wembley, five miles from the Marble Arch, it was recently believed that the road between the Welsh Harp and Kingsbury is haunted. There are ghosts seen at All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, and haunted houses almost by the score. The most advertised ghost is, perhaps, the Brentford Cross Roads ghost of the early part of 1906. Whether these ghosts are indeed the spirits of the departed, or a manifestation of something more, one cannot be sure, but the tales of them certainly grip the imagination.

One of the lesser known of these legends is that of the Lady of Winn's Common, in the parish of Plumstead. It is said that the Lady of the Common appears but rarely, and inspires great terror in those who spy her, or so I was informed by the locals of the nearby public house.

The enduring belief of entities or spirits haunting the heaths and commons of London has no-doubt led to the many tales of ghosts that inhabit these places; from the phantasmal rider of Hyde Park, to the hanged highwayman Claude Duval on Hampstead Heath. Of the latter it is said that his shade can

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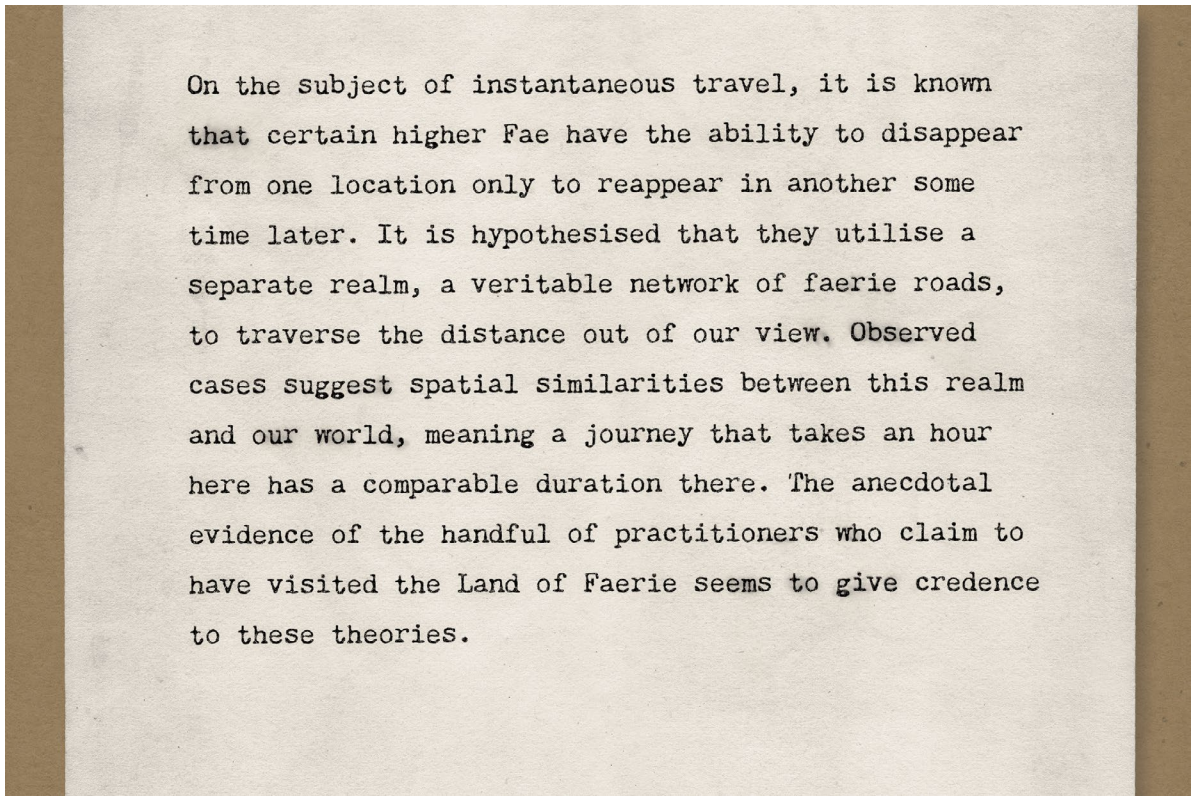
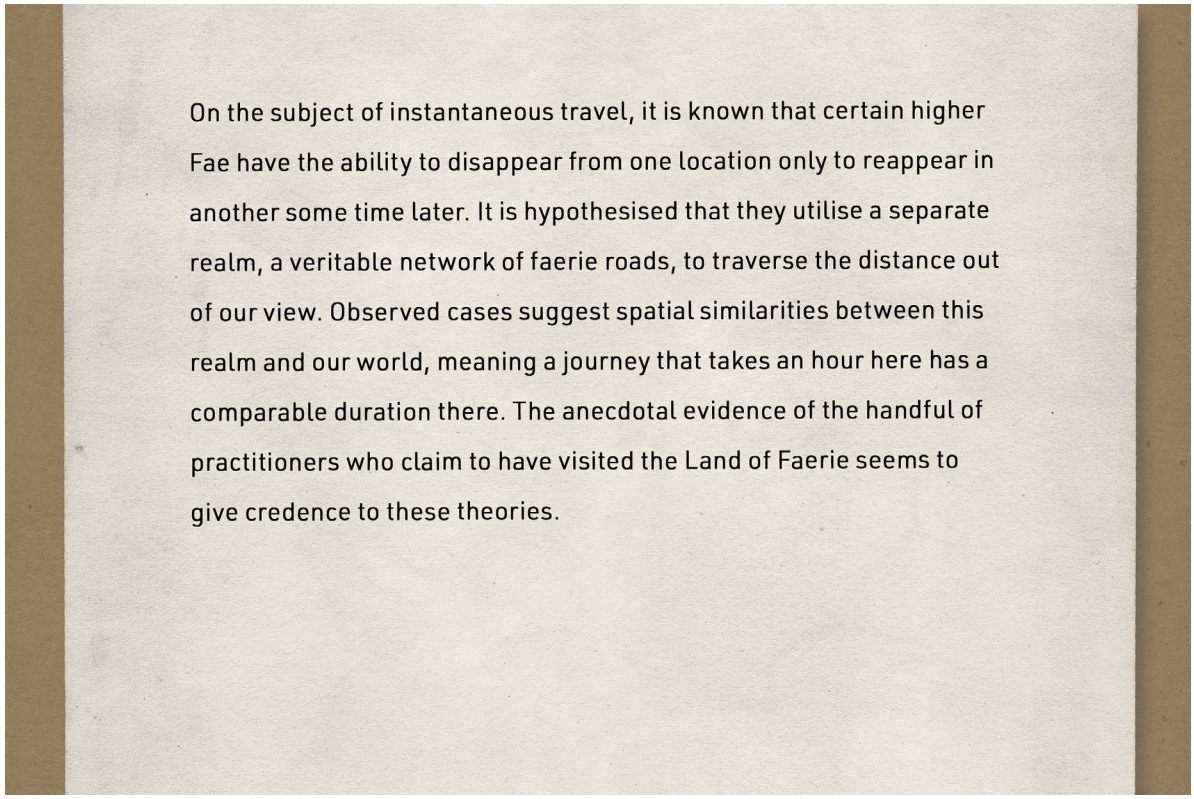
Handout: Line 7 version 1



On the subject of instantaneous travel, it is known that certain higher Fae have the ability to disappear from one location only to reappear in another some time later. It is hypothesised that they utilise a separate realm, a veritable network of faerie roads, to traverse the distance out of our view. Observed cases suggest spatial similarities between this realm and our world, meaning a journey that takes an hour here has a comparable duration there. The anecdotal evidence of the handful of practitioners who claim to have visited the Land of Faerie seems to give credence to these theories.

Handout: Line 7 version 2



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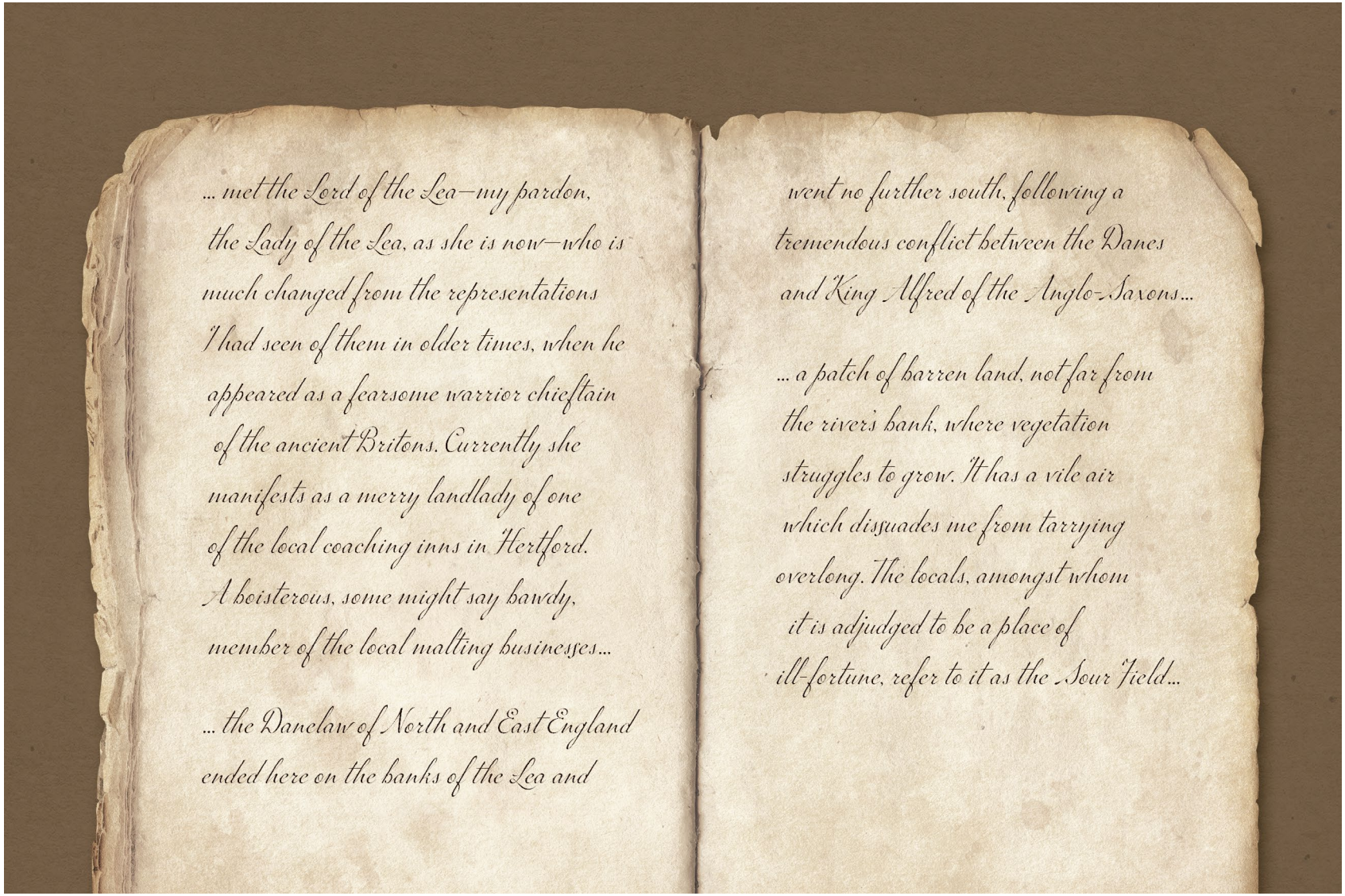
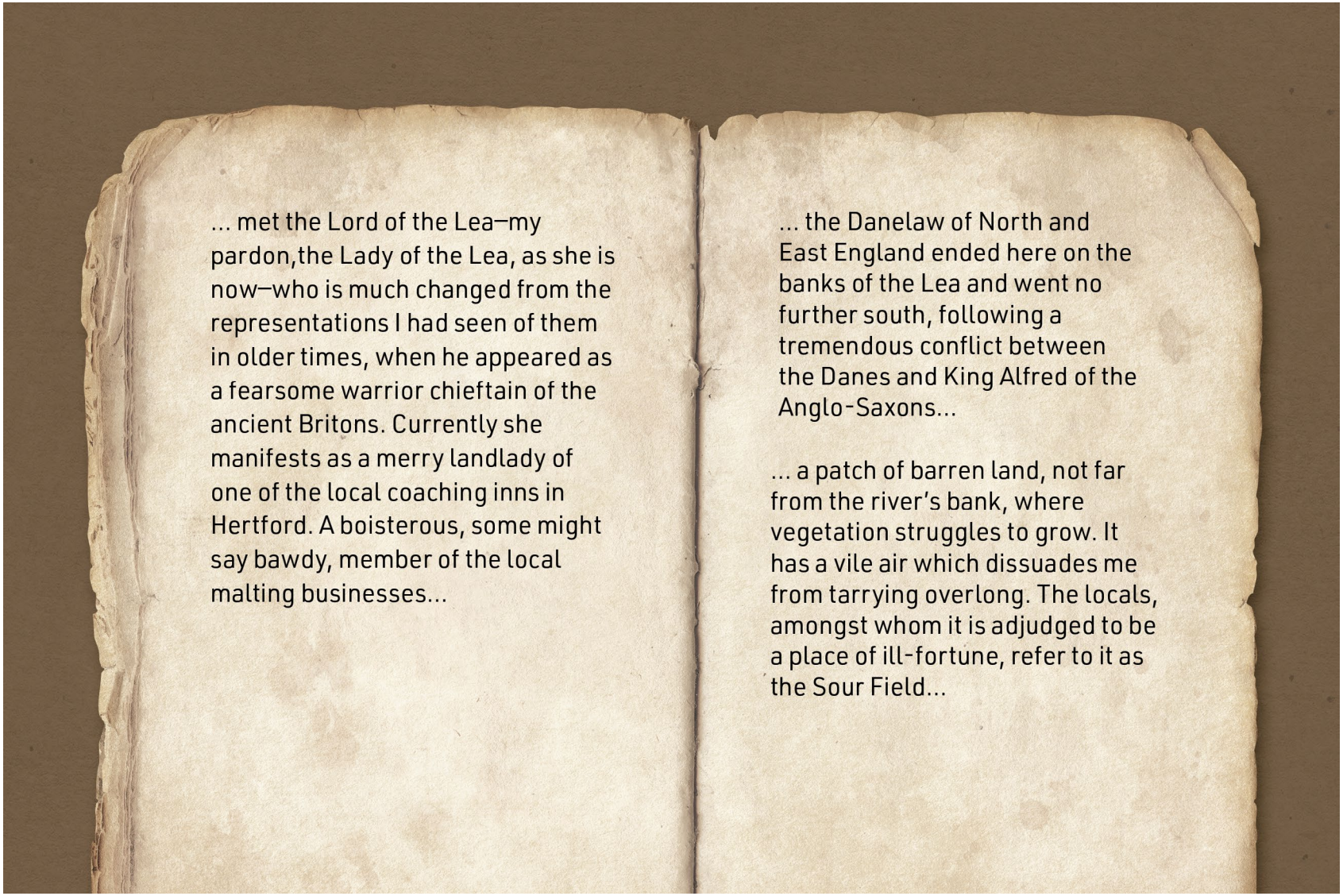
Case File Location Overview, Players



... met the Lord of the Lea—my pardon,
the Lady of the Lea, as she is now—who is
much changed from the representations
I had seen of them in older times, when he
appeared as a fearsome warrior chieftain
of the ancient Britons. Currently she
manifests as a merry landlady of one
of the local coaching inns in Hertford.
A boisterous, some might say bawdy,
member of the local malting businesses...

... the Danelaw of North and East England
ended here on the banks of the Lea and
went no further south, following a
tremendous conflict between the Danes
and King Alfred of the Anglo-Saxons...

... a patch of barren land, not far from
the river's bank, where vegetation
struggles to grow. It has a vile air
which dissuades me from tarrying
overlong. The locals, amongst whom
it is adjudged to be a place of
ill-fortune, refer to it as the Sour Field...

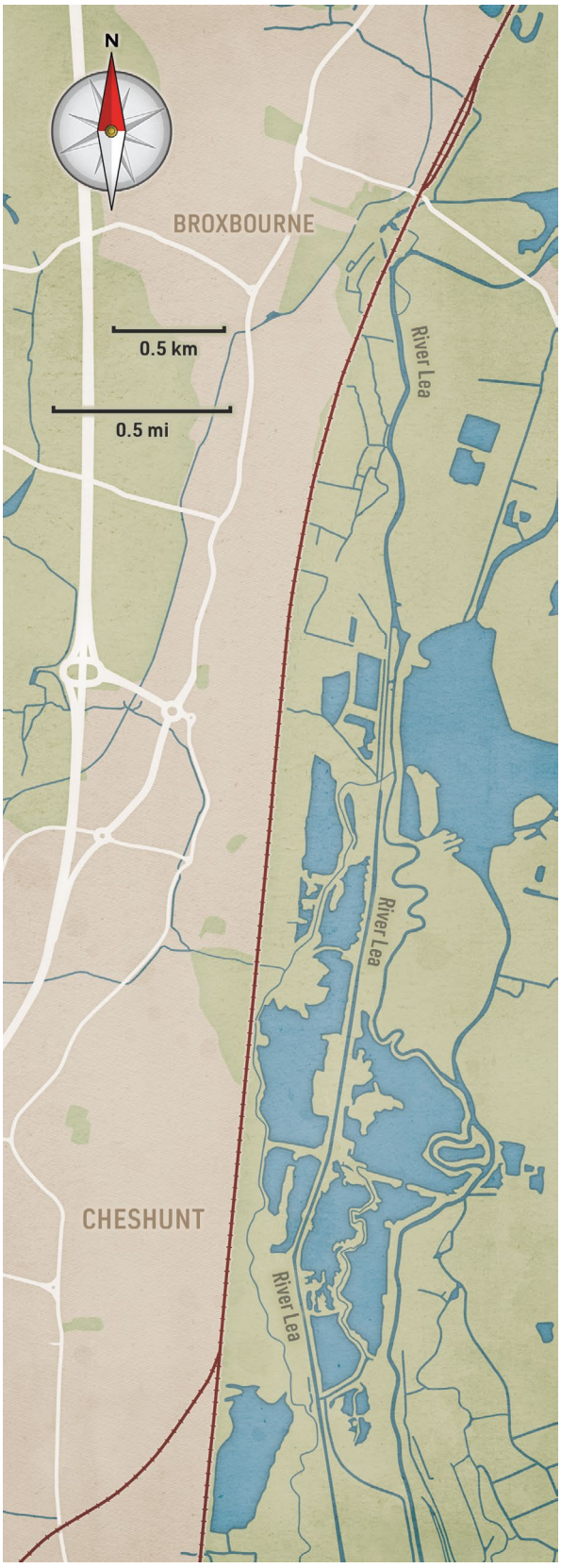


... met the Lord of the Lea–my pardon,the Lady of the Lea, as she is now–who is much changed from the representations I had seen of them in older times, when he appeared as a fearsome warrior chieftain of the ancient Britons. Currently she manifests as a merry landlady of one of the local coaching inns in Hertford. A boisterous, some might say bawdy, member of the local malting businesses...

... the Danelaw of North and East England ended here on the banks of the Lea and went no further south, following a tremendous conflict between the Danes and King Alfred of the Anglo-Saxons...

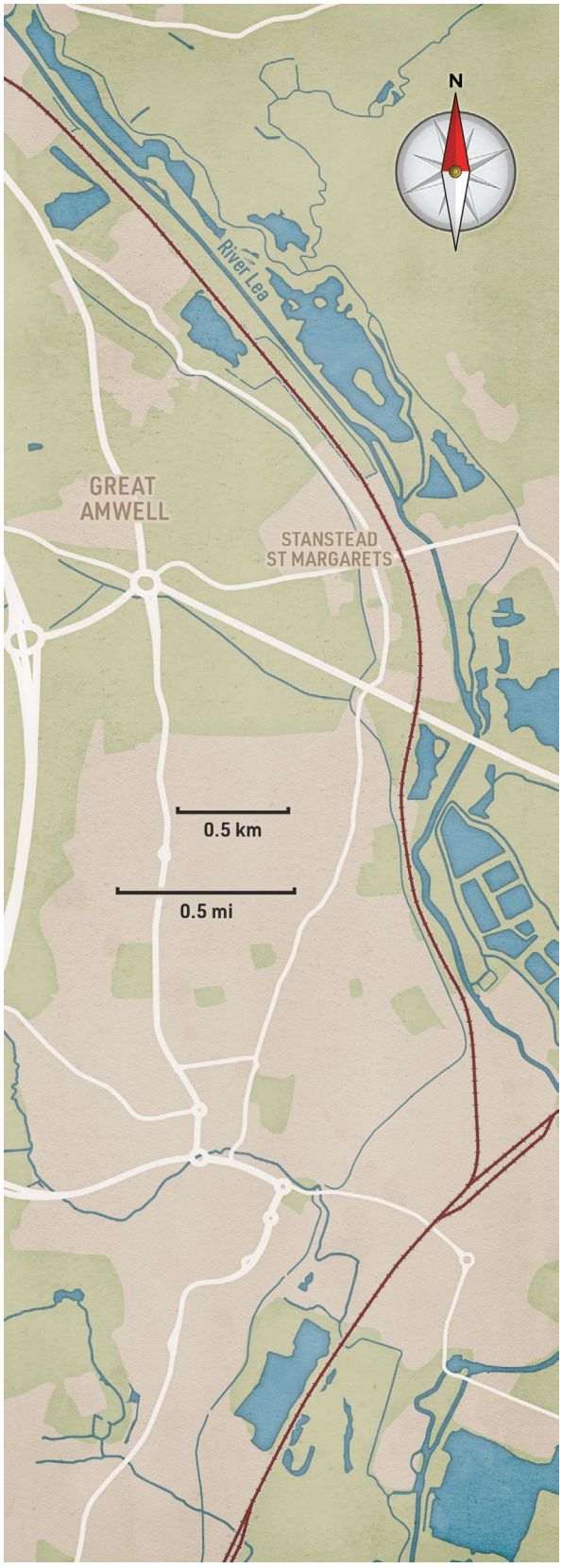
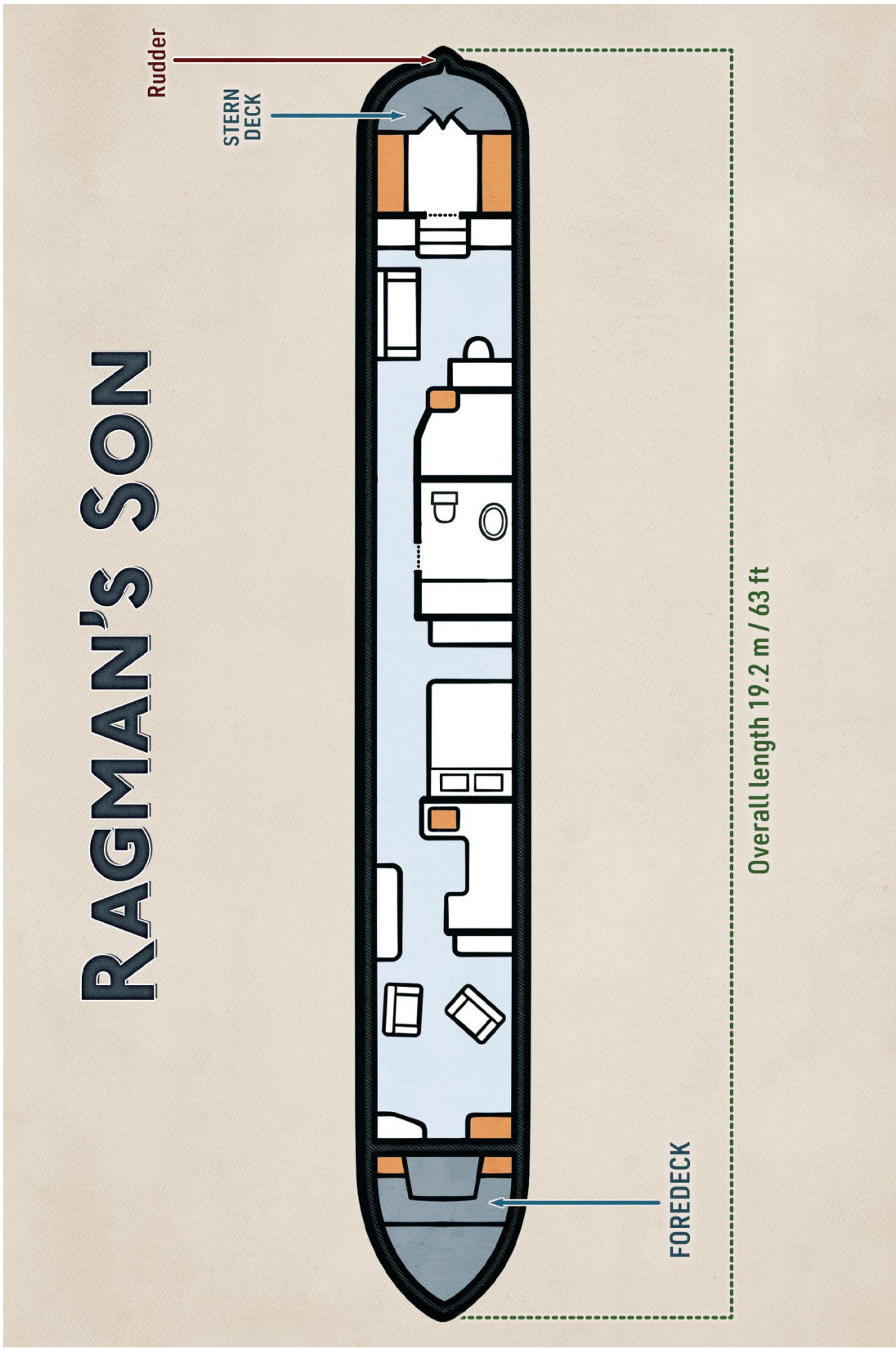
... a patch of barren land, not far from the river's bank, where vegetation struggles to grow. It has a vile air which dissuades me from tarrying overlong. The locals, amongst whom it is adjudged to be a place of ill-fortune, refer to it as the Sour Field...

River Lea Map 1, Players



River Lea Map 2, Players

River Lea Map 3, Players



Ragman's Son, Players