

Could You Be the Dream That I Once Knew?

This supplement details the history, plans and methods of Déjà You—a psychotherapeutic collective that promises to solve your problems by “regressing” you through your past lives. At the end, you’ll find statistics for the group’s founders, the husband-and-wife team of Diego Shoulder and Dinah Flow, as well as typical stats for one of its field operatives.

HISTORY

In the early 1950s, Diego Shoulder left medical school with a crisp new degree and big, boring plans. The war was over, and Americo was ready to start navel-gazing—the perfect time for a middling psychiatrist to set up shop in suburbia and make an easy living off harmless neurotics.

Sure enough, he soon found his waiting room full of unappreciated housewives and sublimating husbands. He started scheduling tee times with the local OB-GYN and settled back for a slow, steady life.

Unfortunately, his wife—*nee* Dinah Flow—had no intention of sitting still. As heiress to a vast feminine-hygiene fortune, she had grown up in a circle of wealthy eccentrics and spent her youth rushing from one scandal to another. When she first met Shoulder, he seemed to have hidden depths—So silent! So sad!—but over time he turned out to be just as dull as he looked. Things had to change, soon, or she would do something rash and ruin them both.

Salvation arrived in the form of a patient with the usual difficulties: three children, big house, distant husband, bored senseless. But unlike Shoulder’s other regulars, she wasn’t grateful for the chance to talk about herself. In fact, she seemed almost hostile on the couch. So he decided to hypnotize her—and she became another person.

Literally. She told Shoulder that she wasn’t a suburban housewife. She was Molly Begorrah, a scrubwoman from the northwestern reaches of Hardcastle—and she was living in the year 1858. At a loss, Shoulder pressed her for details. She obliged with a photographic account of small-town life in the provinces of the old empire, down to a pitch-perfect accent.

Shoulder was more annoyed than curious. What had he done to deserve this? It would mean interviews, it would mean research, it would mean *work*. Best to just pawn her off on a specialist.

When Dinah heard that, she nearly kicked him into the fireplace. *Drop* her? Just the opposite: Shoulder had to put aside all his other clients and get to the bottom of Molly Begorrah. Couldn’t he see how important this case was? It could stand psychiatry on its ear, and make Shoulder a star—and, not incidentally, a more exciting mate.

Shoulder relented. He began spending whole afternoons with Miss Begorrah and whole evenings typing up his session notes—with Dinah standing over him, redacting at the top of her lungs.

From this uncomfortable collaboration came a theory—“regression therapy.” Individual human souls persisted throughout time, and were reincarnated into new bodies when the old ones died. All those past lives left a mark on human

consciousness: layer upon layer of overlapping memories. In earlier eras, when there weren't as many past lives to reconcile, people got along just fine. But in the twentieth century, the sheer mass of past lives had driven the human mind to its breaking point. People simply couldn't handle the load of thousands of years of memories—hence the spread of neurosis, terror and dissatisfaction. Only by regressing through all those past lives, confronting them one by one, could a patient truly be cured.

Shoulder didn't believe a word of it, and even if he did he wouldn't want anyone to know. To his immense embarrassment, Dinah published their work under his name alone, with the title *The Hunt for Molly Begorrah*. His mood sank to outright horror when the book became a world-wide sensation and he found himself flooded with requests for lectures and interviews and couch time. He couldn't even hit the links without hearing how his caddy used to be a pharaoh.

Dinah, meanwhile, was in her glory. Shoulder's newfound celebrity hadn't exactly made him a thrilling husband, but at least she could boast about him with a straight face. She made him seem even sexier (by proxy) by splurging on a chain of regressive-therapy branch offices—under the name *Déjà You*—and creating a clinic for elite clients in the far northern suburbs of Fun City.

Shoulder got his revenge in small ways. He folded his arms and rolled his eyes as clients cooked up garish pasts for themselves. In interviews, he made sure to come across as hapless and stammering and generally untrustworthy. And he started a cold war with Dinah, mumbling and shuffling his way down

every avenue of their marriage, from the breakfast table to the bedroom.

It didn't do a bit of good. Dinah countered her husband's passive sabotage by becoming the public face of *Déjà You*. She charmed clients and interviewers and convinced them Shoulder was simply a misunderstood genius who was above the conventions of polite society.

Shoulder found his star rising even higher: The press started bracketing him with Aquarian quacks like Theramin Hunker and Tweedler Daze. Even a tell-all book by the putative Molly Begorrah, claiming that her story was an elaborate practical joke, didn't put him in the clear. Dinah convinced the media that one of the woman's *other* submerged selves had developed an unresolved longing for Shoulder; the book was her subconscious revenge.

One endless afternoon, Shoulder realized he couldn't take it anymore. Not another client, not another hour of magical thinking, not another day as a fraud. When he heard his three o'clock appointment at the door—a Fleurese courtesan many times removed—Shoulder decided to hide.

There—the perfect spot—a piece of godawful art his wife had just bought. A primitive kiosk, the size of a phone booth, carved from a single piece of stone. He sat down inside, sealed the door and waited for his client to leave. Although, knowing her, she might just jabber away for an hour and not notice he was gone.

And then, history arrived.

In his mind's eye, Shoulder began to see scenes as vivid as waking life—*more* vivid, considering what his waking life was like. Shaggy proto-humans battling

sinister reptiles by the shores of a prehistoric lake...a bloody ambush with spears and nets and crossbows...the horrible pyre of a primitive village burning to the ground...terrible hissing from the shadows...

Shoulder stumbled out of the chamber hours later, staggered past his furious wife and locked himself in his office. There he sat, in the dark, hands folded under his chin, and thought about what he had seen. For all the nonsense and lies and Molly Begorrah—*could the regressive theory be true?* Could that chamber somehow have unlocked his memories of a past life?

Even more intriguing: Did this mean he really *wasn't* a fraud—that he might actually be the secret genius Dinah tried to make him out to be?

Shoulder began spending every spare moment in the chamber, refining his visions and learning more about the creatures who populated them. The reptiles were the Kreelak, the lost children of the dinosaurs who saw themselves as rightful rulers of the planet. Through long decades of campaigning, they tried to wipe out the primitive human race but in the end retreated before the glacial ice.

Shoulder tried mightily to move on to later epochs, but he found himself stuck in the long dawn of history. He began putting his clients in the kiosk, supposedly to give them a look at their “fundamental selves.” But he was actually trying to glean more clues about the artifact and how it worked.

Dinah saw the changes in him. Shoulder was growing more confident, more aggressive; even, so help her, more attractive. It was what she had always wanted him to be—but he didn't seem to

need her anymore. She began to drink, heavily and publicly. When the world fell apart on August 9th, 1974, the two of them were so deep in their own heads they barely noticed.

Not long after, as Shoulder prepared for another evening inside the chamber, he heard a scream from his wife's bedroom. He found Dinah trembling on the bed, stabbing at the air with a fireplace poker. She had seen something in the trees, something that hissed and stared into her with horrible dark eyes. Stepping out onto the patio, Shoulder found nothing—then noticed a webbed footprint in the soft earth.

Shoulder didn't waste any time. He brought in a team of security guards and set up an electrified fence around his home. The next evening, gunfire and unearthly screams echoed through the darkened hills. Through lightning flashes from the fence, Shoulder saw creatures raining spears and arrows on his guards, as they hissed battle plans in a hideous whisper. By morning, half a dozen guards had been bitten and stabbed—and a monster out of nightmare lay dead on Shoulder's doorstep. A six-foot reptile with a crested head and enormous dark eyes. A Kreelak.

Dinah lost herself in a bottle. Shoulder sank nearly as far into himself, out of guilt. Had he brought the creatures forward in time with his experiments? Imagine if it were true: He had taken one chance in his life, and it had nearly meant death for his wife—and, next, maybe the end of the world.

Then an idea struck him. In his visions, he saw the reptiles retreating as the Ice Age loomed. What if they had stayed alive all this time in hibernation, and the cataclysms of August 9th brought them out of hiding? Whatever the answer, he

knew one thing for sure: The Kreelak hadn't lost their fighting spirit—or their hatred of humans—over the long centuries of sleep. Something had to be done.

CURRENT PLANS

Shoulder met with everyone he could in District One to spread the word about the threat. But his stammering manner finally caught up with him. The bigwigs took one look at his hangdog face and nervous twitches and brushed aside everything he said. At best, Shoulder came away with polite non-promises. At worst, they called him an idiot to his face. Dinah could have won them over, but she hadn't come out of her bedroom for days.

So, for the first time in his life, Shoulder decided to be a hero. And that's where things stand today.

Shoulder is embracing the theory that made him famous, proselytizing for Déjà You and trying to draw as many clients as he can—so he can send their minds spiraling back in time and possibly glean some useful new detail for battling the Kreelak. The therapists in Shoulder's satellite clinics are instructed to look out for unusually sensitive patients, ones who seem to have a knack for calling up detailed visions of their past lives. The best get sent for a session in the "Shoulder Box" at the head man's compound. (For an idea of what Shoulder's home looks like, take a look at the asymmetrical mansion on page 61 of the *Damnation Decade* rulebook. The "regression pit" itself has glass walls, to give clients an evocative view of the surrounding mountains, and throughout the room Dinah has set up display cases full of eclectic artifacts: tribal fetishes, ivory-handled daggers, illuminated manuscripts.)

Meanwhile, Shoulder has deputized select therapists to act as field agents. These fearless shrinks search endlessly for Kreelak artifacts, to keep the treasures out of Kreelak hands and to scrutinize them for clues. Some of his agents have even captured Kreelak speech on tape and worked up a rough lexicon. With every new piece of information, Shoulder comes closer to understanding the labyrinthine workings of the Kreelak mind—and possibly even uncovering their master plan to destroy the human race.

But Shoulder faces a traitor close to home. Dinah's brush with the Kreelak left her blasted and staggered—but also darkly curious. The creatures had been horrible, of course, bloodthirsty and menacing. But they had a certain quality. So alien. So aloof. So masterful. So unlike her husband, who hid behind a droopy face and an electrical fence.

Dinah began poring over Shoulder's notes and experimenting with the kiosk. The more she learned about the Kreelaks' cruelty and misanthropy, the more she respected them. One evening, an impulse overtook her—she decided she had to see the creatures firsthand. So she followed a team of Shoulder's agents to a quarry in the deep woods where the Kreelak had unearthed a kiosk.

As the creatures chanted to their ancient icon, she found her heart racing, her breath quickening—and before she knew what she had done she called out to the Kreelak. When the creatures whirled to face her, she switched on her flashlight and shone it on the outcropping where Shoulder's agents were hiding.

They didn't stand a chance. Nor did Dinah: The reptiles dragged her into the quarry and prepared to tear her to pieces. Then she hissed out some words she had

heard on a reel of tape in her husband's office. The first line of a Kreelak prayer.

The Kreelak, ever cunning, sized her up immediately and knew they had a valuable resource on their hands. Now they're stringing her along, promising to let her into their circle if she keeps them abreast of her husband's moves. And she has made up her mind to do even more: She would kill Shoulder if it meant sealing her friendship with the Kreelak.

SHOULDER AND FLOW AS GM CHARACTERS

The good doctor is a schlub: balding and droopy-eyed; soft-spoken and stammering; dry and witty but not charismatic. He wears checkered slacks and safari jackets and wide ties—a shut-in's idea of style. Just about the only thing that animates him is the Kreelak. He recognizes the threat they pose to the human race and will do just about anything—short of harming an innocent—to defend against them.

Naturally, that means lots of lying and scheming, and lots of loose ends for the heroes to stumble over. Why are his clinics keeping such weirdly detailed records on their patients? Why are certain people singled out to travel to Shoulder's own home for sessions? And why all the bizarre artifacts?

Dinah Flow, meanwhile, is gorgeous and predatory. She speaks in lurid double entendre—with a deep, raspy voice—and usually wears outrageous pantsuits and flowing disco dresses. When drunk, which is most of the time, she can be enormously abusive, but will turn on a dime if she needs something from you. When it comes to the Kreelak, she will lie and manipulate to further her plans—and, if pushed to extremes, she will take a life. If the heroes confront her, she will

present herself as a helpless victim of her cunning husband, who hides his dark side behind a dull professional facade.

USING DÉJÀ YOU IN A CAMPAIGN

The *Damnation Decade* rulebook gives a number of adventure hooks involving Déjà You, but they mostly focus on using the group to introduce the Kreelak into your campaign. (For instance, the heroes uncover a Déjà You plot to steal a prehistoric artifact, and in the course of the investigation, they stumble on the reptiles themselves.) If you decide you want Déjà You to play a larger role, you might make them recurring allies of the heroes—they meet during an initial skirmish with the Kreelak and then team up when necessary to battle the creatures. This way, the group can also be a valuable source of clues and adventure hooks: “Our field agents say they heard some weird hissing in the sewers over on Fifty-Eighth Street.”

For a series of adventures, you can explore the tensions between Dinah Flow and Diego Shoulder. In the initial session, you might have Shoulder approach the heroes with a desperate problem: His field agents are getting slaughtered left and right. Someone inside his organization is tipping off the Kreelak, and he wants your team to find out who it is. (Or perhaps Shoulder is murdered, and the heroes have to first figure out Déjà You's plans and then find the killer.) You might then have Dinah escape—then show up in a later adventure as the leader of the Kreelak, siphoning her family fortune to help hunt down the great kiosks. Perhaps she has even performed a terrible ancient ceremony—bathing in crushed power crystals, for instance—to transform herself into one of the creatures.

A FINAL THOUGHT

Throughout this supplement, we've assumed that regression therapy doesn't actually work. The gifted clients that end up in Shoulder's regression pit are generally latent psychics who can visualize other times and places with pinpoint accuracy.

But you could certainly throw your players a curveball by having Déjà You's theories turn out to be true. Perhaps the Omega Ray fundamentally altered the human mind, opening pathways to the collective unconscious.

The players—particularly psychics—might start getting glimpses of some wonder from the distant past. This can be a particularly effective way to drop hints about the game's prehistory and set up some of the people and places the players will run across later on. For instance, if the next villains in your campaign will be the Nagathrite, you might have a player start remembering his past life as a human slave on the lost continent.

STATISTICS

DIEGO SHOULDER

Ded7; CR 7; HD 7d6+14; 44 HP; MAS 15; Spd. 30 ft.; Init +3 (Dex); Defense 18, touch 17, flat-footed 15 (+4 class, +3 Dex, +1 pleather jacket); BAB +5; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (reinforced sand wedge, 1d6 dmg) or +8 ranged (Blisstol, DC 15 Fort or paralyzed for 1d6 rounds); SV Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +9; Str 11, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 15; Rep +8; Wealth +18; AP 6.

Skills: Bluff +4, Concentration +7, Diplomacy +9, Disguise +4, Knowledge (arcane lore) +7, Knowledge (art) +7, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +13, Knowledge (history) +12, Listen +13, Sense Motive +25, Speak Language (Kreelak), Spot +13.

Feats: Alien Language Affinity, Attentive, Deceptive, Double Bluff, Iron Will, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Psychobabble, Renown, Simple Weapon Proficiency.

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Empathy; Improved Aid Another x1, Intuition, Skill Emphasis (Sense Motive)

DINAH FLOW

Cha6; CR 6; HD 6d6+12; 36 HP; MAS 15; Spd. 30 ft.; Init +1 (Dex); Defense 14, Touch 13, Flat-Footed 13 (+2 class, +1 Dex, +1 denim armor); BAB +3; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (priceless ritual dagger, 1d6 dmg) or +4 ranged (Knobber, 2d6 dmg); Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +9; Str 11, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 18; Rep +8; Wealth +25; AP 6.

Feats: Deceptive, Life of the Party, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Power to Will, Renown, Sensualist, Simple Weapon Proficiency, Trustworthy.

Skills: Bluff +11, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +6, Gather Information +17, Handle Animal +9, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (art) +10, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +10, Knowledge (current events) +6, Listen +4, Ride +5, Sense Motive +4, Speak Language (Kreelak), Spot +4.

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Charm (males), Favor, Captivate

TYPICAL FIELD AGENT

Str2/Ded1; CR 3; HD 2d6+0+1d8+0; 16 HP; MAS 11; Spd. 30 ft.; Init +3 (Dex); Defense 19, touch 16, flat-footed 16 (+3 class, +3 Dex, +3 pleather armor); BAB +2; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+4, baton) or +6 ranged (Colt Python revolver, 2d6 dmg); SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 17, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 12; Rep +1; Wealth +8; AP 3.

Skills: Climb +5, Disable Device +1, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +2, Listen +11, Move Silently +4, Search +4.5, Sense Motive +5, Speak Language (Kreelak), Spot +11.

Feats: Alertness, Armor Proficiency (light), Combat Martial Arts, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Psychobabble, Simple Weapon Proficiency.

Talent (Strong Hero): Melee Smash

Talent (Dedicated Hero): Skill Emphasis (Search)

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