

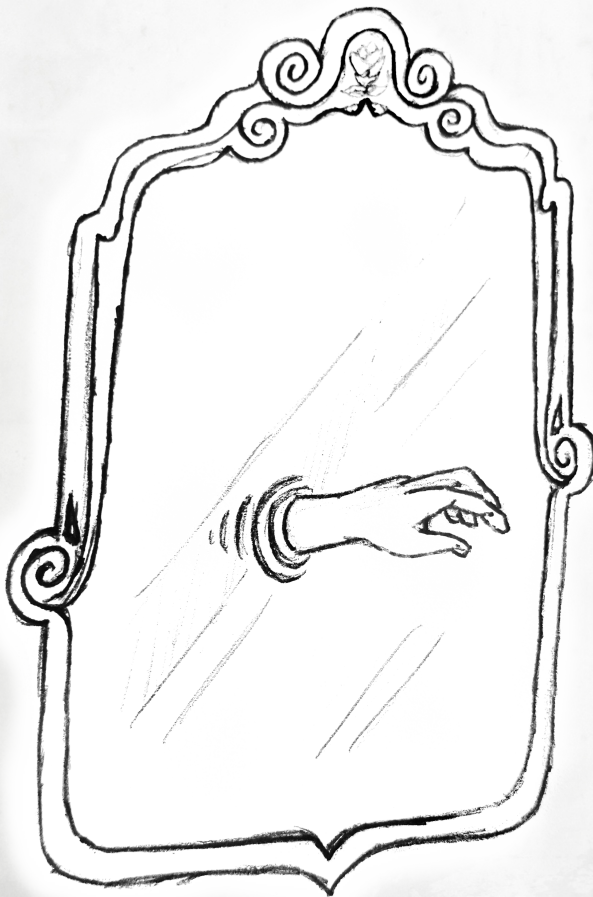
SCATHAN

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It's not the worst way to die that I've heard of, but it certainly isn't ideal. Anyone who crosses paths with the Scathan eventually ends the same way: bedridden from heavy fever that refuses to break. It isn't the fever that proves lethal; the body invariably explodes within three weeks of initial contact. It's said that if anyone survived the experience, they would serve as host, that each victim the Scathan claim is merely an attempt to cross over into our world. I fear the day they find a strong enough vessel.

"I KEEP SEEING THAT POOR WOMAN OUTSIDE MY WINDOW,
BUT NO ONE ELSE SEEMS TO WANT TO TALK TO HER.
I DO HOPE SHE STOPS BY."
-VIVIAN SKIRESS, WIDOW

The name comes from an ancient word for "mirror". It isn't known if it is one creature or many. It's difficult to collect information given the rapid nature of the affliction. What I do know is the following:



The Scathan lives in mirrors. Or rather, they appear in mirrors. It's unclear to me if they live in them, or in some realm that is accessible only via mirror. Victims report seeing an elderly woman, doubled over, almost unable to walk. She seems blurry, and is beckoning the victim to take a close look, to lean in for a better view. The woman is dressed in dark rags, with ragged hair falling down about her. I know of no one who has seen her and survived, nor anyone who managed to look away.

"EVERY TIME I LOOK IN THE MIRROR, SHE GETS CLOSER.
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE OF HER NOW, I THINK."
-ADRIN VOURSMITH

Once the victims see her, she appears more often, and more clearly each time. She approaches the mirror, whispering and beckoning as if she has some important message to convey. If only one exists, then all mirrors must be connected; reports of her have been collected from thousands of miles apart, from cultures whose only communication has been me and my ilk, collectors of stories. It's possible that this story was spread by those like me, but right now I have to believe that that isn't true. The implications astound me. An entire realm of passages beyond the mirror. If we could find some way to tap into that, to explore these lands...

"I FEEL LIKE THERE IS A CROW LIVING INSIDE MY RIB CAGE. INSTEAD OF FLUTTERING, IT IS TRYING DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE. I CAN FEEL IT THRASHING, BEATING AGAINST MY BONES IN PERFECT, HAUNTING RHYTHM, EVERY STRIKE ECHOING THROUGH MY BODY. I AM NOT AWARE OF MY HEART, EVERY PULSE REPLACED WITH THE ANGRY BEATING OF WINGS. IT IS MERE COINCIDENCE THAT THIS IS ENOUGH TO KEEP MY BLOOD FLOWING."
-FINAL JOURNAL ENTRY OF MOIRA FANGLY, VICTIM

| | |
|--------------|---|
| Initiative | 5 |
| Move | 5 |
| HP | 15 |
| AC | 14 |
| REF | 12 |
| FORT | 10 |
| WILL | 14 |
| AP | 300 |
| AP Regen | 40 |
| Melee attack | Claws +3 vs AC, 1d4 * 2 |
| Abilities | Mirror Walk (As teleport, except can move to any reflection within 15 squares). Enthrall: +3 vs Will within 6 Infection: +3 vs Fort within 6 Plague (Control mod of 3). Anyone who dies while affected will turn into a Scathan. Backfire (Control score of 35 +3 vs Will within 3) Insanity: Cost 60 +3 vs Will within 6, target becomes insane Save Ends |

Still, I prefer this to the idea of there being multiple. Multiple Scathan could surround a city in minutes, turning friend against us. I don't know if the host would alter physically, or if the Scathan would live silently inside, a parasite among us, watching, learning, waiting to strike. I suppose it's possible that there are infected among us, that several Scathan have survived the transfer...