

AUGUSTE

Personality

Sharp: The process of logical deduction is more than a tool of the trade for you: It is the mould that shaped your mind. Unravelling enigmas is your whole life.

Empathetic: Guns and motives don't kill. Only people kill. Each case is a personal matter, first and foremost for you.

Spent: You don't drink, you don't smoke, your mind works tirelessly at all times. You have too many thoughts and not all of them are good. You cannot sleep anymore; you feel exhausted.

Relationships

Past: You are not the friendly neighbourhood cop, carrying on the family trade, only hanging out with colleagues, the kind that gets carried away with his baton after one beer too much. You have a degree in mathematics and another in philosophy, you could have put your talent to good use in any field but you chose to pursue truth in the most direct way possible. You are a rare breed, a true detective, and you work alone. Or rather, until two years ago you had a very capable partner, Eugene. Then a lunatic killed him. The judge condemned him to serve his sentence in a clinic and after six months he was discharged and vanished. That's the justice system for you.

Friends: All your life you've had two friends, Eugene on the job and Ernest outside of it. One was killed by a madman, the other devoted

his entire life to taking care of them. Maybe it shouldn't surprise you that you're going insane as well: If you can't beat them, join them. Unfortunately, all jokes aside, you haven't had a good night's sleep since your partner's murder. Your nights are still plagued by terrible nightmares that not even Ernest, with all his knowledge, managed to banish. Desperation drove you both to set aside scientific methods and move on to less orthodox ones. You're starting to hate this clinic, and not just because you despise its guests.

Tonight: As usual, you won't be able to get any sleep. Ernest just called you back to the clinic, even though you've already been there in the afternoon for the usual, useless session. In the monotony of the now-familiar car ride, you can only remember one word from his phone call: "Murder". The victim is an elderly patient of the clinic nicknamed The Old Man. Ernest wants to keep the buzz to a minimum and hopes you can solve the case tonight, but you've already asked a patrol to reach you in an hour's time. You know you are far too involved in this: Ernest is your friend and his chief suspect, Wilson, is a lunatic that he treats like a janitor. In spite of the situation, Ernest asked you to go along with it; it's like he doesn't realise the gravity of the crime. His leniency may have made things much easier for the culprit. You have given yourself an hour: If your vision is too clouded, your colleagues will take care of things. Truth always comes first, even if it means losing your only friend.

Quote: "When a madman appears thoroughly sane, indeed, it is high time to put him in a straight jacket".

Body language

Bloodhound (Metaphorical reference to help with the physical portrayal of the character, from posture to gestures)

Revelations

Pace management: You are the only one to know that the police will be here in an hour. Before then you need to find the culprit and bring him to justice. You must make sure that everyone feels this urgency.

Service pistol: Your last resort. You are not one to draw it often; on the contrary, you haven't fired a bullet in years. Still, it's the only instrument of death in the game and no one can take it away from you, given your training, if you do not surrender it willingly. One of the *Revelations* on the other character sheets will tell you how many bullets you have left.

Nota bene: William does not exist to you. Ignore his words and actions even if directed at you, unless he gets violent or raises his voice to a yell. In that case attribute this behaviour to Wilson and consider it real in every way. Effects included.

➤ Ernest is delusional, he only lives in his books and never in the real world. He treats his madmen like children, he uses unorthodox methods worthy of a warlock and this is the result. He thought hypnosis would free you from the nightmares, but how many times have you already tried, without a single hour of peaceful sleep to show for it?

➤ A man has been killed, it's time to stop playing games. There is no William in this room: Wilson has got to stop talking about him and Ernest has got to stop indulging him! It's just the three of you in here and imaginary friends don't shoot real guns. No more of this "good cop, bad cop" foolishness, or you're going to have to draw your own gun.

➤ Let's put all cards on the table. All the lunatics are locked in their rooms after dinner, when most of the staff goes back home. All except Wilson, who is no janitor, but a psychopath like all the others. If even Ernest suspects his beloved guinea pig enough to summon him with you there, it means he really is a potential murderer.