

..... CONVERGENCE

Note: This mystery is only available if one or more Latchkeys have survived the Night of the Bone-Wolves.

PRESENTING THE MYSTERY

A shuttle is taking you to Converge, a posh wellness resort situated in a remote corner of the county. It's a slow journey, winding through hills and speeding across flats; a recording about the history of the region plays over the sound system, but it's all banal trivia you've heard a million times since you were a kid.

The Latchkeys received a comped stay at the resort from an anonymous benefactor, someone who appreciates the work you've done shedding a light on some of the area's mysteries. The invitation is a special thing: Converge is the sort of place the intergenerationally wealthy come to reset their special airs, a perfectly manicured hospitality experience with an emphasis on the healing power of music and sound. And you could use a little bit of that healing magic, especially after what you went through with the Great Hungers.

Pose the following to each Latchkey: *Why do you expect to feel out of place at Converge?*

There are strings attached to all this, of course. The audio recording abruptly changes. A disguised voice addresses you each by name and then says, "I really do want you to get some well-earned rest, but I'm afraid there's another reason for your stay."

The details flow in a nearly incoherent stream: there's a whole thing about the convergence of celestial bodies, a secret cult of the rich and powerful known as the Harmony, and an inevitable human sacrifice. Most importantly: the person on the recording has tasked you with putting a stop to this ritual activity.

As the recording reaches its conclusion, the shuttle driver, Rory, ejects the CD, snaps it in half in his hand, and tosses one half out the window. "How about we don't tell anyone we heard that?"

Pose the following to the Latchkey that seems like they'll be most out of place: *During the drive, you saw a figure in a long, cowled robe standing on the side of the road. The sight made you feel strangely at home... but no one else seemed to notice it. At all. Describe to the other Latchkeys what you saw and how it made you feel.*

QUESTIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Question: Which person at Converge has been marked for sacrifice? (Complexity: 6)

Opportunity: Resolve the mystery by getting that person safely out of the Harmony's reach. The Harmony will be an ongoing Danger in the campaign.

Question: When and where will the Harmony's ritual take place? (Complexity: 8)

Opportunity: Resolve the mystery by confronting the Harmony and putting a stop to their plans. The Harmony will cease being an ongoing Danger in the campaign.

THE HARMONY

As the universe ratchets into a prime configuration—a mere long weekend away—the Harmony prepares a true opus of a blood ritual: the alignment. Their most devoted members now discreetly gather at Converge, having spent years luring in the ideal sacrifice. The Harmony trace their practice back to the acolytes who performed for the Great Render of Flesh. While their sacrificial rituals do resemble those selfless days of yore, the passage of time has distorted the rest into a weird amalgam of New Age esotericism, Old-World paganism, and timeless narcissism: healing crystals and aura photos; flower crowns and goat horns; business cards and diet pills; death and dismemberment.

Roughly half the Side Characters and Converge Staff are secretly members of the Harmony, but it's for you to determine exactly who. Use Keeper reactions to reveal a member of the Harmony at an inopportune moment for the Latchkeys.

If the Latchkeys ignore the Harmony...

The alignment ritual will raise an epic structure of screaming flesh from the ground—a towering horror belting out a distorted cacophony of songs from across the millennia, its aural hellbeam obliterating all in its path, like a discordant Death Star.

MOMENTS

- > **Night:** Across a stream through the dark, you can make out a circle of nude figures in wooden masks thrashing a central figure with wire lashes. As you gaze on, they abruptly stop and the entire group stands staring at you.
- > **Tub/pool:** The water bubbles in a frenzy, arms struggle to escape before slipping back underneath. The surface stills with only small ripples expanding from the spot.
- > **Sun:** Human shadows dash between structures. They seem to be unconnected to anything physical.
- > **Music:** Your body feels possessed by someone else, uncontrollably dancing for a song's duration. Onlookers think you're just being quirky.
- > **Alone:** A cloaked figure standing somewhere impossible, humming a song you loved as a child; it extends a beckoning hand.
- > **Garden/treatment:** Someone meditating begins to float, just a foot or two, for only a moment.
- > **Fire:** Flames trickle out in two paths, forming a circle on the ground around you and then retreating back to their source.
- > **Walkway:** A rattlesnake slithers away in distress. As it rattles its tail, its head is sliced from its body, seemingly by an invisible blade. With each rattle, it's sliced into additional segments.
- > **Nature:** A large, wild gourd splits open, bursting with sheep's wool and black ichor. It happens quickly—jerkily—like a time lapse nature video.
- > **Quiet:** The sound of music can be heard coming from beneath the ground. The soft moan of bass rhythm, muffled treble. Voices singing? Screaming?
- > **Trees/wall:** Five black birds perch above you. One chirps a beautifully complex melody before the other four turn on it in a frenzy.

DANGERS

Converge management

Converge will go to great lengths to ensure its paying guests are undisturbed. Management operates in ways that are quiet, swift, and stern ... but fair ("Converge is stern, but it's fair," is what the authorities will say if the Latchkeys try to report the facility). If the Latchkeys cause trouble, management might: revoke Latchkeys' access to amenities; trap Latchkeys in decoy rooms; have security bury a Latchkey alive; and more.

Skin in the game

The Harmony's members are actively shepherding their sacred lamb for slaughter—as well as any other sheep wandering the grounds. Every ounce of blood dropped only makes their ends more powerful. If the Latchkeys get too nosy about ritual magic, secret societies, or ancient history, the cult might: leave sinister markings on belongings (or people); plant terrifying totems that watch and guide; slip ayahuasca into drink or food; and more. Additionally, in the hands of the Harmony, anything that can slice, bore, or tear with ornate style may eventually find its way into a Latchkey.

LOCATIONS

Note: This mystery unfolds on the grounds of the all-inclusive Converge Spa & Resort, and there's an expectation the Latchkeys will sleep there while the mystery is active. A shuttle to town is available 24/7 at the front desk if the Latchkeys need to handle other matters.

Treatment

Aside from standard spa services like a masseuse, sauna, and body waxing, Converge's Treatment facility includes a massive sound bath and sensory deprivation chamber: a shallow pool of hot spring water—heavily salted from natural deposits—lies beneath a geodesic dome. The interior is architected and sound-dampened to a point where you can barely hear yourself speak. Guests float effortlessly across the surface, losing themselves in the cavernous space and mellow instrumentals.

Paint the Scene: *How has some familiar spa service been transformed into something extra?*

Conservatory

There's a perfectly cylindrical structure about two stories tall down a sloping hill at the center of terraced gardens. The building itself is the conservatory, where Converge hosts musicians pushing their craft to a transcendent level. Gramophone horns are set into the walls of the structure, channeling sound from the studios inside to the surrounding space, where guests snack, nap, and meditate. An underground archive stores every recording made at Converge since its inception.

Paint the Scene: *Does the music being piped into this space make you feel inspired or uneasy? Why?*

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LOCATIONS (continued)

Guest rooms

Converge embraces communal transparency, so a glass wall spans the rear of each guest room, seamless aside from a doorway in the middle. Beyond a small patio, there's a panoramic view of the rugged hills and swooping desert valleys surrounding the resort. Inside, modern furniture and soft lighting is placed at thoughtful angles around a huge fireplace set in jutting sandstone. A curving incline and canvas curtain separate the main floor from a bedroom space, lofted above. Latchkeys can investigate any number of rooms. Assign a guest to a room and then...

Paint the Scene: *What makes it clear that [name of guest] is staying here?*

Dining plaza

Guests gather at a long table made of a single stone slab in an open-air courtyard. Staff adjust a pair of narrow canvas awnings to shade the parallel rows of guests throughout the day. On one side, water rolls gently over a ten-foot wall; on the other, rescued cheetahs nap and dash just past a low fence. Equally exotic, exquisitely plated dishes fill the dining hours with rich aromas (including specially curated vapor infusions) over the hum of conversation.

Paint the Scene: *What food is being served, and why do you find it intimidating?*

× "The center of the universe"

"It's like being on Mars." A short, paved hike takes you to a circular outcropping that Converge declares the center of the universe. The rocks here are weird, like fossilized viscera dropped from the sky, shaped by a giant toddler's hands. Sound bounces in surprising ways: you can hear whispers from across the way as if they're next to you. Strips of polished quartz on the ground all lead to the center, supposedly marking the world's major leylines.

Paint the Scene: *A series of thin pillars—installed by the resort—softly play live audio from sacred sites and landmarks around the world. What do you hear?*

Special Rule: The 12+ result on the Meddling Move is replaced with the following: "On a 12+, you also find a TV and VCR on one of those old gray carts like the teacher used to roll into the classroom on Movie Day." The TV and VCR are fully operational in this Location, despite not being plugged in. If the Latchkeys watch an Odyssey tape here, the Harmony will complete the alignment and this mystery can no longer be resolved. Then, immediately unlock Layer Five of the campaign.

The Shuttle

Behind deeply tinted windows, the resort's shuttle has seats like the first-class section of an airplane. There's a small bar displaying bottles of rare whisky with tumblers at the ready. An antique top hat holds cash tips. The shuttle always arrives within eight minutes of being summoned.

Paint the Scene: *What insignificant landmark does the shuttle driver always point out?*

Tweeter Dee's Hifi

A few feet past the property line, four walls of speakers are piled as high as a house, all facing toward each other, nestled within a complex web of cables. Beneath the wavy metal roof sits Tweeter Dee's Hifi, an audio equipment shop famed for replicating the sound of being in the same space as the recorded artist. It's scrappy and Bohemian in a way that Converge's owners hate. The resort's clientele are drawn here anyway. Where else can they spend a thousand dollars on speaker cable hand-braided with Elvis's hair? **Paint the Scene:** *What newly arrived audio product seems more like a mystical relic than electronic placebo?*

SIDE CHARACTERS

Tets Falconi, a pop star

Frosted tips, rimless sunglasses, cargo shorts. Tets's band Golden Boom had two songs hit the Top 40 in the past year, but then they split up, citing artistic differences. Charismatic and self-destructive, Tets has been involved in reckless incidents with fans recently. He's supposedly at Converge to straighten up.

Quote: *"You can be in the crowd or you can be on the pedestal, babe. What's in between? Security. And that's for losers."*

Beste Tiryaki, a cellist

Yo Yo Ma might get headlines for being the greatest living cellist, but the people who really know swear by Turkish marvel Beste Tiryaki. Stoic, serious, private. Layers of dark-charcoal wool clothing, no jewelry. Removes her calluses with a small file knife before playing. Avoids pop music like a plague.

Quote: *"We create and destroy in every action. Every note I play, scraped off a bow hair snipped from life."*

Abigail Stratford, a streaming audio CEO

Patagonia puffy vest. High and tight socialite ponytail. Kind of a troll. Vows to launch a technology that stores audio digitally in air particles, making all recorded music available anywhere in the world. Right now, it's effectively a buggy form of FM radio, but investors and talent flock to Incus, Inc. to bring life to the promise.

Quote: *"To change the world, you can't just be the best. You have to be the best for an audience of 6 billion."*

Elio "Moon Father" Saturn, Rings of Heaven leader

Founder of a religion that claims aliens walk among us, seeking exemplary humans to raise to a greater plane. Flowy clothing and a very-guru goatee. Boasts mixed parentage of alien and Greek gods. Top among his 83 Principles? "Transcend in dance." Imagine Gene Kelly without good footwork. He escaped an FBI raid to be here.

Quote: *"You must dance more. Unlock your hips, unlock your potential. With your Moon Father now."*

Harper O, a Michelin star chef

Hair clips, corset top, massively baggy jeans, Adidas with fat laces. Will taste literally anything. Harper has three restaurants, each with reservations booked for the next eight years. Diners claim to have seen whole new worlds when eating their dishes. O laughs off the suggestion.

Quote: *"Wanna know the secret? It's not the ingredients; it's the presentation."*

Dr. Cal Laguna, an experimental surgeon

Silk-robe lifestyle whenever they're off shift. Here, that's all the time. Hair to the hip, but worn in a thick bun. Usually barefoot, but sandals nearby. Dr. Laguna's experiments have directly injured hundreds, but every success has indirectly helped thousands. Dream up a weird surgery—they've probably tried it.

Quote: *"Every day, I see the sickness of this society. It's depressing. But my oath is to give it life."*

Gladys Grove, citrus heiress

Are "resort rats" a thing? She's come here unsupervised since she was twelve in lieu of summer camp. Knows the rhythm of the place by heart: shares tips, but not in a particularly affable way. Standoffish, spoiled, young. Other kids at a party instinctively herd around her. Always ¾ of the way into a new weighty book.

Quote: *"Is it a sin to live this well? Meh."*

Tweeter Dee, shop owner

Boomer Deadhead. Tie-dye shirt and headband. Not much of a talker... until the conversation shifts to the shop's stock.

Quote: *"Yeah, yeah: Coltrane's cool, but you throw like The Breeders' Cannonball on this thing? With that aluminum sandwich accuton shit that got blessed by Aleister Crowley himself? You're not gonna be the same after that. Never gonna be the same."*

CONVERGE STAFF

The following are Converge staff members that may or may not be in the spotlight. Use them as needed.

Halston, resort manager

Has seen it all before. Seriously. Well-pressed blazer. Perfect hair. Perfect teeth.

Quote: *"I do apologize. Converge is known—of course—for delivering at the highest possible levels, and at this moment, we've clearly fallen short."*

Andie, housekeeper

College student. Tries to stay out of things. Gets stoned on breaks. Probably going to get fired.

Quote: *"Yeah, sooo ... Maybe talk to Halston about that one?"*

Sutton, spa staff

Practically clairvoyant. Always knows how you're feeling. Full sleeve of floral tattoos.

Quote: *"Feeling a little on edge? Take a breath. We've got this. We've got you."*

Rory, shuttle driver

Focused on the drive, but will always ask how you're doing. Killed a man once.

Quote: *"They treatin' you well up at the house? Some place, huh?"*

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