

# Seeds Compilation: Horror I-V

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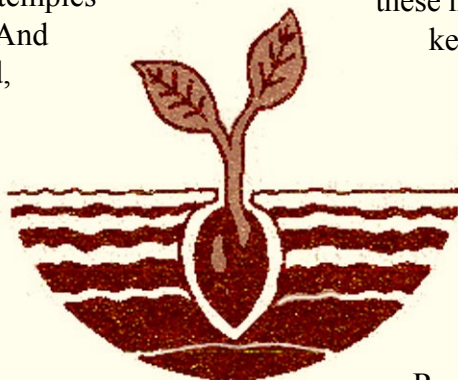
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## Here Begins Seeds Horror I

In the near future, the grandest subway system of the world is located in Mexico city, with stations built to resemble ancient temples filled with Mesoamerican (and current Mexican) art. And today, Mictecaciuatl, Lady of the Place of the Dead, an Aztec death goddess, has reclaimed it. Anyone who enters the expansive, subterranean world who has not undergone ancient Aztec protection rituals dies within a few agonizing minutes, and rises as a zombie under her control. If PCs can rescue a victim in the vital few minutes, they'll find the curse relents for that person.

Demon possession has become an accepted fact of life. But possession is a symbiosis entered willingly, not a psychic rape. The Possessed are stronger, faster, smarter, more confident; the Possessed are society's elite, and as a result of wide spread Possession, the nation's standard of living is improving in every measurable way. But the Possessed also become more like a demon- cruel, manipulative, colder, and more apt to take the expedient option, not the moral one. The Possessed are no worse than a bad man, and certainly less despicable than the worst men, but it seems no Possessed is what you would call a genuinely good man. Is this seemingly beneficial partnership just a hint of the horror to come? What will happen in a year? In five? What will happen to the Earth when all the world's powerful are Possessed?



New street gangs with names steeped in the Cthulhu Mythos are emerging all over SoCal. Are the names coincidence? Did some gang member watch the right horror movie and start a trend? And what's with these new drugs hitting the street? The medical examiner can't keep up with all the ODs, and there's even rumors of... new organs in some of the deceased. The graffiti those cops think are only turf markers seem strangely like ancient carvings. And that guy in the hood...what's wrong...what's wrong with his skin?!? It looks almost...scaled.

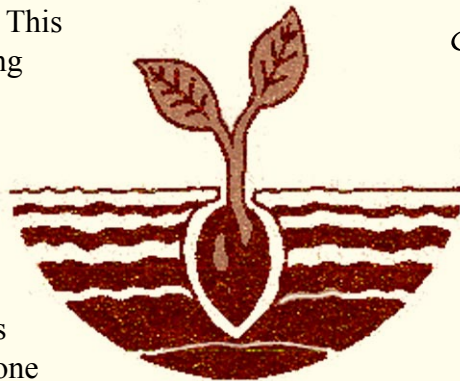
Bitter and mad from long centuries of imprisonment, Roman Puti (cherub like spirits in the vein of Cupid) have forgone love in favor of rape and perversion. They've come to America, and found somewhere new to play. Urging the weakest willed guards at a women's prison to give in to the darkest imaginable desires, the imps soon turn the prison into a voyeuristic hell of hidden cameras, repressed desires and the corruption of undeserved authority.

A potent, highly concentrated hallucinogen is dumped into a major city's water purification system. Riots and madness erupt, as the city's inhabitants start tripping out of control. The chaos is a kind of cultish sacrifice, designed to provide the concentrated measure of insanity necessary to return one of the Great Old Ones to our reality.

St. Felix is the Catholic patron saint of teachers, though he's probably not the most ideal candidate. According to one legend, the Saint was a universally loathed, cruel tutor to pagan youth. When the secret of his faith got out, St. Felix was murdered by his vindictive students, who stabbed him to death with their styluses. Now, his vengeful spirit has instigated a deadly Catholic school shooting. This time though, the culprit isn't some disaffected Goth kid - it is one of the most beloved teachers in the school, who "just seemed to snap."

Once in a long while, an ideal can be given form; a threatened cause can come to life and fight on its own behalf. In the current pro-censorship political climate, in the wake of the Janet Jackson debacle, one of these Incarnations is given form. This creature is the incarnation of free speech; the living embodiment of the open exchange of ideas. And it is pissed. Initially targets of the Incarnation's wrath are logical adversaries: FCC bureaucrats, pro-censorship politicians, and executives of conservative media outlets like Clearchannel Communications. But with each mutilated carcass found (with eyes, ears and mouth scorched shut by hell fire), the Incarnation's wrath and power increases. Soon, the beast views anyone who has ever stifled another's free speech as a foe. Soon, even doing something as innocuous as shushing someone in a movie theater warrants death in the view of the vengeful spirit.

A new trading card company wants to make a hip new kid's CCG in the vein of Yu Gi Oh. The design firm hired to design the game's characters and art looks for inspiration in some pretty bad places; old Goetic sigils become part of the design. Suddenly, all across America, kids who've bought the cards engage in criminal, violent behavior. Was it an innocent, albeit horrific accident, or does one of the art team have sinister motives?



Demons are in the air. The Gremlins that plagued WWII planes find an even more fun hobby. Sure, they could crash airliners if they wanted, but making the passengers "glitch" is far more fun for the sadistic little imps. Possessing passengers, the Gremlins cause chaos, fear and fights- all incidents blamed upon too much booze or simple "air rage".

The ghosts of starved, abused animals haunt the unscrupulous zoos, water parks and circuses where they were tormented...and they want revenge. Those guilty of animal abuse are the first to die, but then even innocent zookeepers and veterinarians find themselves at risk from the Undead Stampede.

The town of Odyssey is a dimensional nexus. All manner of fey, monsters and undead call the town home, and live for the most part peacefully, even training monster hunters to take down supernatural rogues. Every Halloween is the "Festival of the Odd" a street carnival where the town's magical camouflage drops and a few select mundanes get a chance to see it for what it really is.

An Aswang -a bird-like Phillipino vampire that feeds on pregnant women and their fetuses- is loose on the San Diego Naval base, and is feeding on the dependents. Turns out one of the 18 year old sailors who came back from the islands with a Phillipino wife is completely in the thrall of a demon who needed a quick way off the island when the monster hunters were closing in.

An Indian Tantric mage who works in the LA porn underworld as a semi-licensed plastic surgeon has started inscribing hidden mystical symbols on the silicon breast implants of the women he treats. These