

RIVERS of LONDON

the Roleplaying Game

The Font of All Evil

GM PLAIN TEXT HANDOUTS

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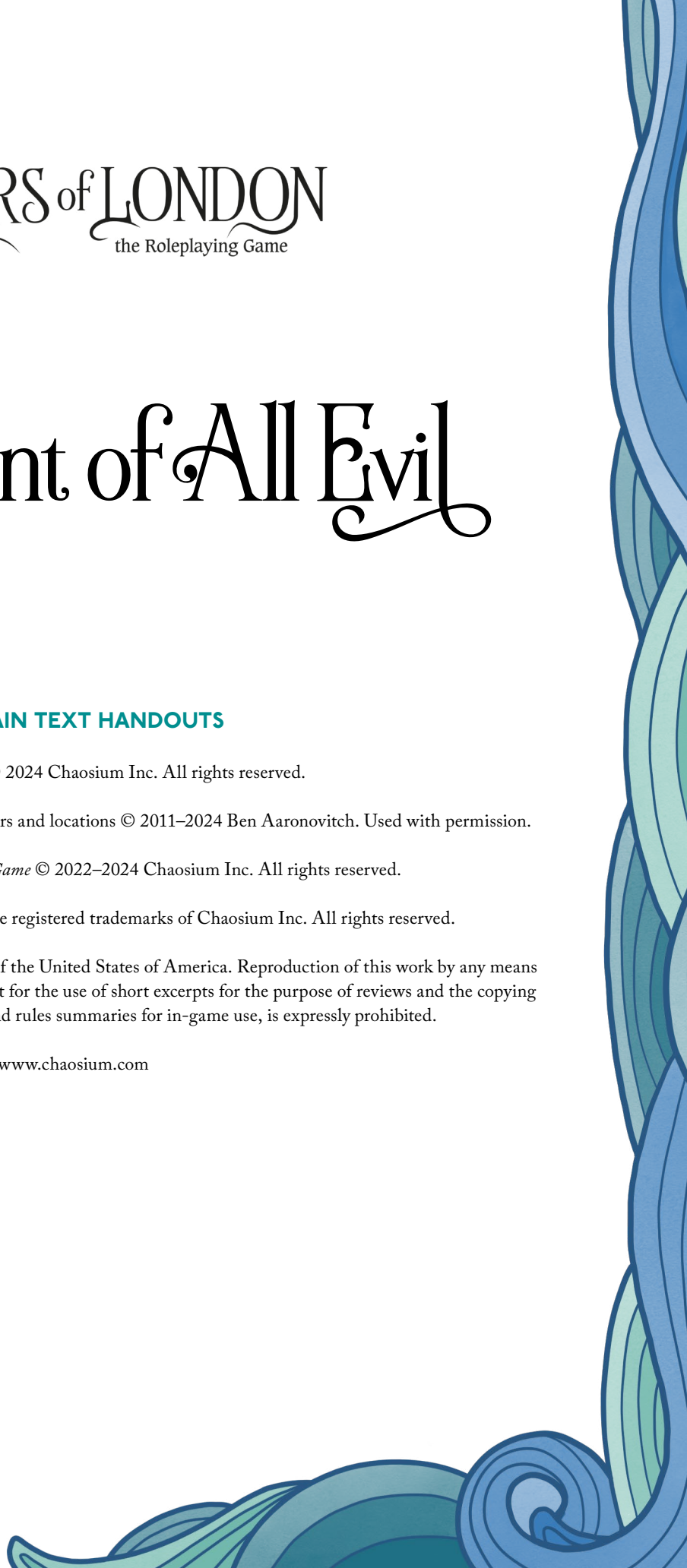
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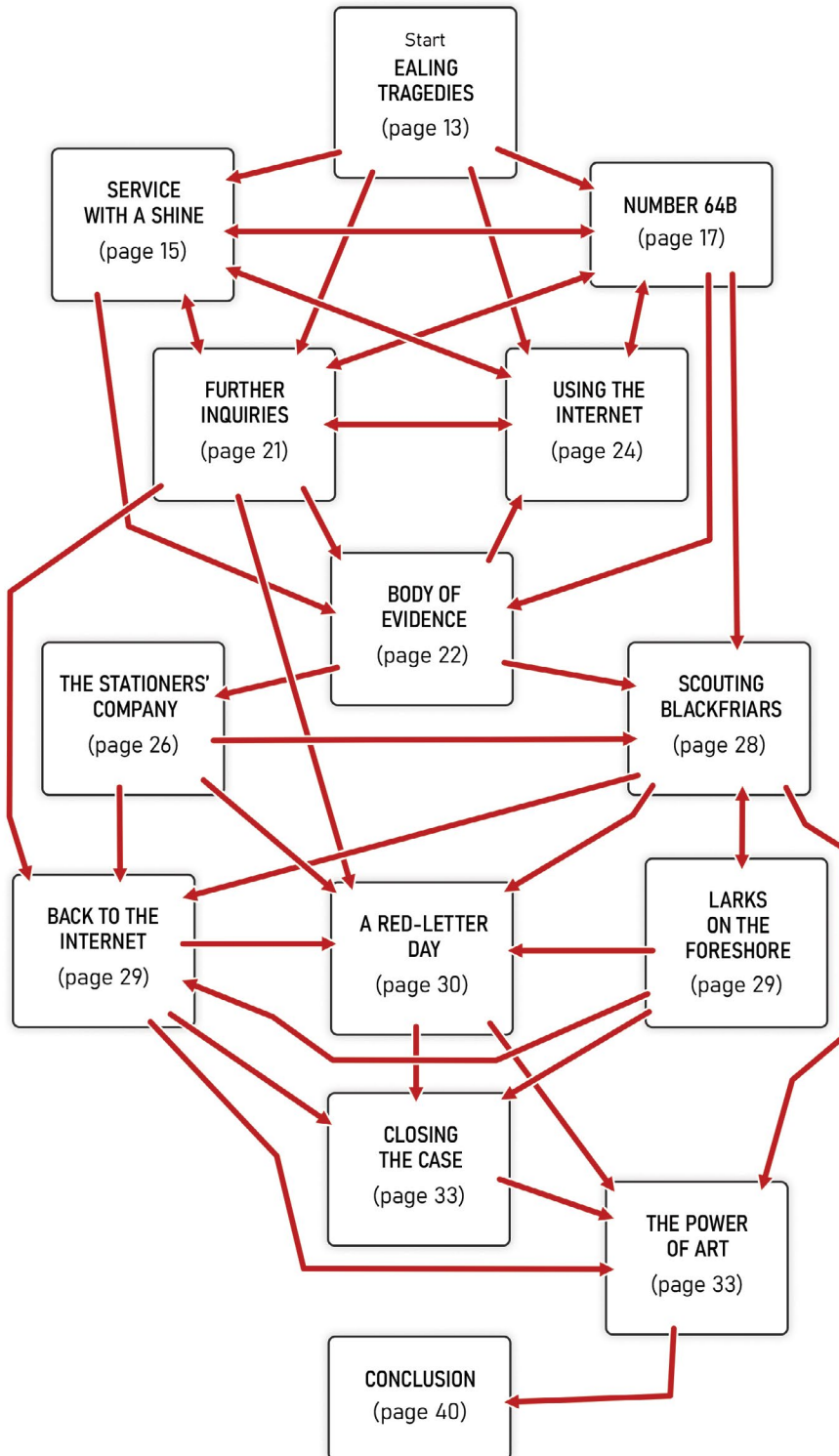
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THE FONT OF ALL EVIL

Plot Progression Diagram



- Edgar Marsh, age 29. Born in Wilton, near Ross-on-Wye, in Herefordshire; has lived in Ealing for the past three years.
- Single, no dependents, not even a pet.
- Work history patchy, at best; primarily light service jobs, like serving in local eateries or working low-end retail—nothing that paid well enough to maintain even a frugal London lifestyle.
- However, Edgar didn't need to earn much, as, despite a poor relationship with their parents, the Marshes kept a steady trickle of support going, paid monthly into Edgar's savings account.
- Attempts to reach Edgar's parents have so far only reached their housekeeper, who made it clear that they are away on a cruise and have been out of the country for six weeks.
- Has a younger sister, Vanessa, currently studying Medieval Literature at Durham University. She has been informed of the situation by Durham Constabulary officers, face-to-face.

Adrian Shine's Statement

I arrived to open the garage this morning around 5 o'clock. I get in early to handle the morning crowd—there are always customers dropping off or picking up before they head into work. Anyway, when I turned into the courtyard and walked towards my shed, I could see that Edgar's door was open. Just a bit, but still. I reckoned he might have left already and forgotten to secure it properly. Sorry, not he. They.

We often bump into each other. I took over this place two years ago, this past February. Edgar was already here and for the first couple of weeks I remember seeing them leaving their house early, always dressed like they were doing something outdoors. Manual work or community cleaning or something. One day, about a fortnight in, I literally bumped into them as they came out of their gate. I spilled a coffee, Edgar apologised profusely and offered to get me a fresh one. Introductions were made, pronouns were explained, but things never really went beyond that. Shy type, I reckoned, so I didn't look to push it.

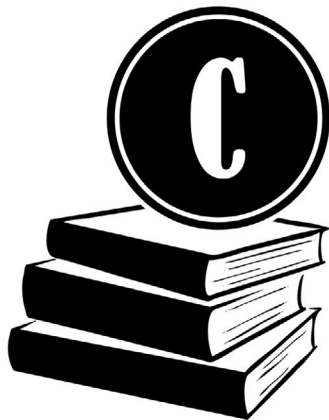
Anyway, so we knew each other's habits well enough and given the time I reckoned they'd gone out. So, I nipped through the gate to have a look and make certain everything was okay. I could smell something wasn't right when I got to the door. The light was on inside and when I nudged the door open, I could see blood and... Edgar's body. I wasn't thinking straight, because I walked right in and checked them, looked for a pulse or something. But their skin was cold... lips were blue. I pulled my mobile out and dialled 999.

Guy on the end of the line asked me not to touch anything. He confirmed the address and the basic details, then asked me to step out but stay around until someone arrived. So, I did. I opened the garage up and got on with the morning's chores and pick-ups. Then the police arrived, and, well... here we are.

The Printer's Mark

The printer's mark associates the type with **Thomas Helgreen**, who worked in London under the auspices of the Company from 1706 through to 1720, when he failed to renew his membership and disappeared from all available records.

Thomas Helgreen, originally of Norwich, had good standing with the Company and mainly produced flyers and pamphlets for various “entertainments” on the South Bank. For example, theatres and baiting halls advertised their events with flyers printed by Helgreen's hand. He fell out of sight, and favour, after allegedly producing a piece of Jacobite propaganda for a gentleman called **Edward Haswell**, who ended his days with his neck on a block. The propaganda was damning, denouncing **King George**, and cursing his lineage. There are no known copies of it in existence. Helgreen is said to have disposed of all his possessions by casting them into the **Fleet** and fleeing London before he met the same fate as Haswell.



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