

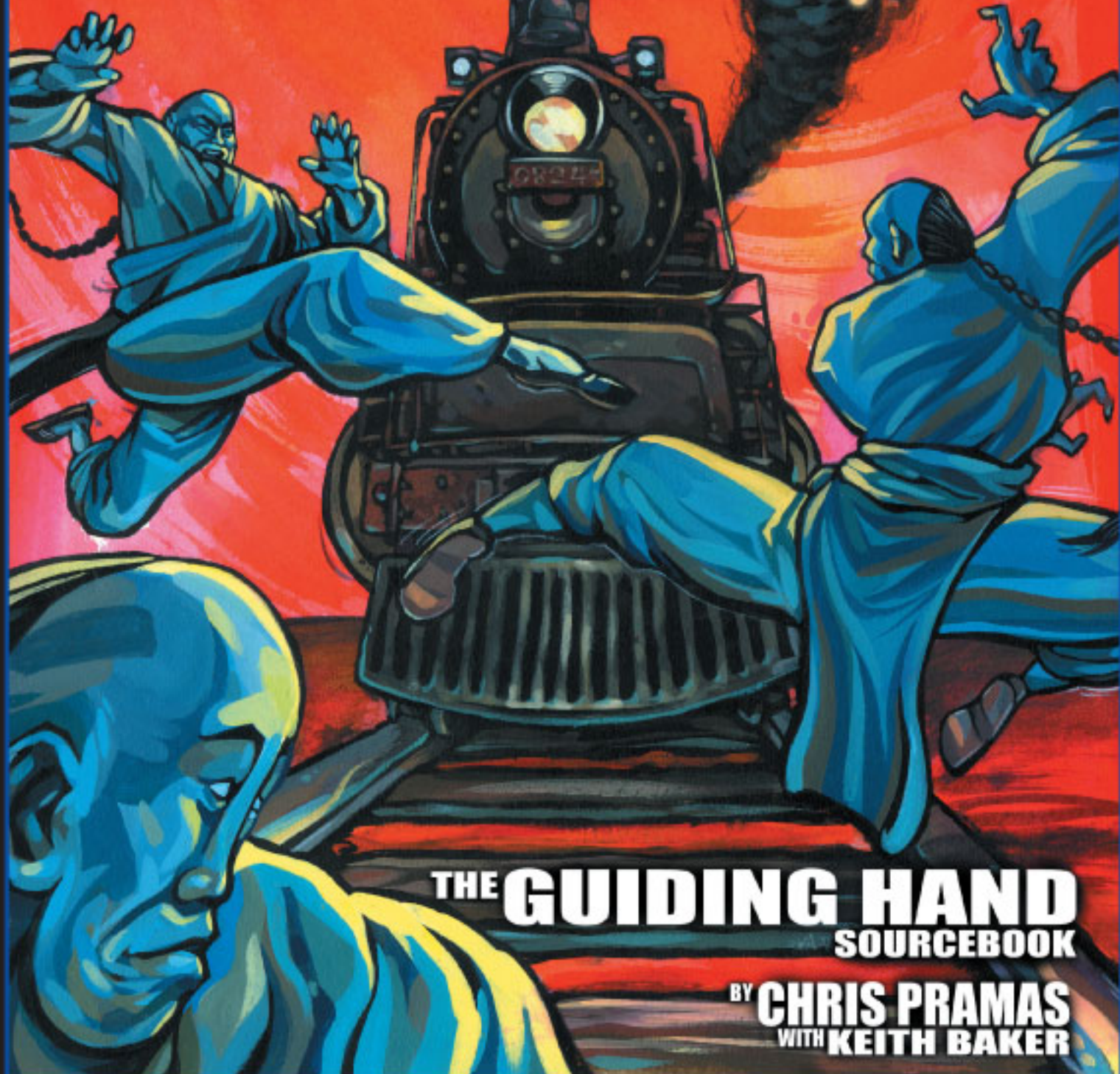
FENG SHUI

Action Movie Roleplaying

ATLAS
GAMES

BLOOD VALIANT

OF THE



THE **GUIDING HAND**
SOURCEBOOK

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E X P A N D E D • E D I T I O N

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The Voice in Darkness

Qian Zheng awoke in darkness. When he tried to sit up, white hot pain shot through his head. He lay still for a few moments and then tried again. The pain came again, but, expecting it this time, he fought through it and sat up. A voice in the darkness addressed him, "Very impressive, Qian Zheng. Your will is strong."

He looked into the blackness, squinting in an effort to see who it was that spoke to him. The last thing he remembered was going to bed in his new quarters in Hong Kong. Now he was sitting against a wall – bound he realized – and seemingly at the mercy of this stranger.

"There must be some kind of error," Qian ventured. "Why am I bound?"

"There is no error, Qian Zheng," the voice said. "You are an important member of the Jade Wheel Society and I brought you here to find out the answer to a burning question." The stranger's voice was perfectly calm, and Qian could detect no movement at all. Who was this man?

"If you know that I am a member of the Jade Wheel Society, then you should know I am bound by oaths never to tell its secrets. You can do whatever you wish to me. I will tell you nothing."

There was silence for a moment and then quiet laughter. "What pride you have, Qian Zheng. There is little you could tell me that I don't already know. I know that you work with the British here in Hong Kong and elsewhere. I know that the British have a society such as yours called the Order of the Wheel and that your two groups work closely together. No, there is nothing you can tell me and there is nothing that I will do to you. I am content to watch and wait."

Qian was dumbfounded. How could this man know about the Order of the Wheel? It was a well-kept secret. For that matter, how had he penetrated a compound protected by

British guns and kidnapped him in the first place? And now, after all that, he is content to simply sit here?

"Tell me," began Qian. A fist flew out of the darkness, killing the question on his lips and knocking him unconscious again.

"I will tell you nothing," said the voice in darkness.

Qian woke up again and now it was light. He saw that he was in some kind of cave. The walls were covered with ancient script and paintings. Looking across the cave, he finally saw his adversary. By his robes and bald head, he looked to be a monk. He sat on the floor of the cave in the lotus position, apparently meditating. Qian rolled up to a sitting position and a wave of nausea swept over him. He felt very weak and seemed to have a fever. Every joint and muscle of his body seemed to ache. He could not recall ever feeling worse.

"Monk, what have you done to me? How long have I been here?"

The monk opened his eyes, "To answer your second question, you have been here for three days. As to your first, I have done nothing to you. I only watch and wait."

"Enough with your watch and wait!" he screamed. "I am a member of the Jade Wheel Society! You will release me now or know our wrath!"

"Your threats are quite hollow," the monk said calmly. "No one in your society knows where you've gone. As for my watching and waiting, I think I need only be patient for a little while longer. Can you not guess what is happening to you?"

Qian Zheng's retort remained unsaid. A look of horror crossed over his face.

"Yes," said the monk, "you are correct. This cave is a relic of the ancient days when the vile art of sorcery flourished in China. It's chi has been warped by such practices, but even warped chi can sometimes serve the



History

greater good. I needed to prove certain suspicions about those who run the Jade Wheel Society. I can see from the look on your face that I was correct."

"Please, take me away from this place," pleaded Qian. "You can't know what you are doing to me."

"I know that you have sullied your chi. I know that you have strayed far from your li. You can pretend to be human all you like. Now I know the truth."

"Nooooooooo!!!!!!!"

The monk watched as Qian Zheng began to change. His body shrank and his skin peeled away. His hands turned into claws and a tail began growing rapidly. As he continued to shrink, a hard shell covered his body. In ten minutes it was all over. The man known as Qian Zheng was gone. Amidst the wreckage of his body scuttled a scorpion.

Yung Chang, Shaolin Master of the Guiding Hand, looked down on the scorpion. Focusing his chi, he shot a gout of flame at the animal that once masqueraded as a human. He began to leave the cave, already planning for his long journey. Quan Lo, of course, would have to be notified immediately. At the mouth of the cave, Chang turned and looked at the smoldering remains of the Qian Zheng.

"You will poison our world no longer."

Intro

China in the 19th century is a country in decline. The Western Powers, kept at bay since the 17th century, have come knocking with opium and gunboats. The Manchu government is wracked with corruption as power cliques compete for the state's resources. Secret Societies like the White Lotus sow rebellion and discord and even bandits prove too much for the Manchu military to deal with. And behind it all, manipulating events from the shadows, are the Ascended. Through their control of the Imperial Court and the Western imperialists, they have taken control of the most potent feng shui sites in all of China. While the transformed animals of the Ascended control these feng shui sites, China is doomed to internal strife and Western domination. Only one group opposes the Ascended in this time: the Guiding Hand. But before looking at the Hand in closer detail, it is necessary to put China into some historical perspective.

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The Final Test

Unbeknownst to Quan Lo's Shaolin Disciples, there is a final test to endure before they can become a full Shaolin Master. When a Disciple has passed the philosophical exam and successfully navigated the training chambers, he is taken to see Quan Lo. The Perfect Master awaits in his chamber, wrapped in a robe adorned with a white lotus. When the Disciple enters the room, Quan Lo says nothing. He waits to see the reaction to his robe, which might be a symbol of history or a mark of the enemy. Will the Disciple take Quan Lo to task, ask the Perfect Master about it politely, rant and rave, or show proper Confucian respect for his elder? There is no right answer, but Quan Lo's opinion of the new Master is colored by this encounter. He finds that it tells him much about the character of his new Masters.

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