

AFTERLIFE

Retired billionaire movie producer Howard Barclay arranges a séance at his home, the Barclay Mansion, and with his wealth and influence draws the players in the upcoming tragedy.



Meadow Walters, the faithless medium, who's only interest in the dead is what she can rob from them. But she can do that to the living, and dying, just as well.

Alan Vincent, a respected movie star. He has ambitions he would do terrible things to fulfill. That he has already done to fulfill. A weak man.

Tom Shepard, gallery owner. He's taken advantage of those whose trust he was given, but he wants to make it right. He never will have a chance.

Howard Barclay himself, a billionaire movie producer. No family he cares to claim, dying of disease, with all the wealth in the world and nothing of value for that wealth to buy him. Now he tries to spend his wealth to buy the one thing it can't give him, a guarantee.

And finally Ed Miller, photographer. His photos catch more than just the physical. Alone here, he is uninvolved in the web Barclay has spun.



And then there's you. Who were you in this drama? I would say it hardly matters now, but memories are important to the dead. Without them, what would they be?

You start with 0 CP (Corpus and Pathos), a remnant soul clinging to it's fetters as if they make you free. You bring nothing with you to this place, no mastery or power, not even your own body. I can only offer you this, if you fail and fall here, then this leg of the journey will have been not but a harrowing nightmare.



FETTERS

One spectre has tied you… us to Barclay Mansion, one that touched you during that fateful séance. I don't know why, but until you unravel the mystery of what happened you won't be able to leave the manor, or this Gauntlet.

Come find me. I'll lead you to where you need to go. I don't want to be trapped in this shadowland forever, either.

There is another soul trapped in the same situation. That loser Ed Miller. If how he went on a fucking murder spree, quite possibly being the one who did you in didn't give you a clue, then he's a problem you should avoid. Worse, his movements will aggravate the spectres of the Manor, driving them to more vigorous action.

He's tied to The Broken Woman, so you can't be. Your fate lies with a different spectre.

This Mansion is creepy, take it from me. It's more than half-relic, so that more of the walls are solid to a wraith than not, and it follows nightmare fairy tale logic, locking and unlocking doors based on it's own logic. It's also overgrown with roots that seem to extend from a deeper layer of the world of the Dead. They shy away from the light of Pathos, but until you burn them out they'll shut off paths you need to follow and hide the items you'll need to proceed.



GRAVEN HISTORY

Starved Artist
What, did you think people wanted you for your talent? Whatever you made freaked normal people out. However hard you tried, you struggled to get by. Maybe you had some talent, but it was always tainted by something otherworldly and morbid that showed through in your work. Maybe you would have succeeded if you just tried harder.

Waitress
Did you think I was going to call you an actress? Everyone knows you aren't going to ever make it. You'll never pay them back. You're a cute face, but that's hardly served you well. You have a history of drawing creeps and weirdos. They all know, no ones going to miss you.

Coward
Oh, I guess you are an actor, not that anyone who matters cares. It's no mystery why YOU'RE here, you're a lackey. For all your success, Howard treats you like a secretary, only with less respect. You thought if you could just hold on long enough you could get what you needed from that old bag of bones, but we can all see how THAT turned out.

Parasite
That dying old man didn't really need all the material wealth that accrued, now did he? It's a waste. You would be here working so hard if he didn't cling to things he didn't need with a rigor mortis grip. It's his fault for making this hard. So you put on a show, it was the excuse you needed to hang around the manor. But you fucked up, I guess, since now you can't leave.

Predator
You were one, unlike the fucking sheeple that bawed and milled around you, pretending to be people. All that money, all that wealth and power, all the strength with which you mastered the world, and it still failed you. You saw farther then the mewling masses around you, that's why you succeeded. You weren't a sheep. Even the people who have some faint glimmer of talent ended up wasting it in ignorance. You're better than them. You're someone who had your shit together. Why the fuck should you care what any of them think. You don't regret any of it.

Adapting to Death

Have you found some inner strength to face your fate? There are few perks to being dead, but it seems you have clung to them, however illusory. Does that make you wise, or merely desperate to pretend this isn't all just a big joke?

Ed. Is. Dead. (Free, Mandatory)
You died. You died years ago, in fact, as it's taken awhile for you to pull your Corpus back together after that [redacted] séance.

As a ghost, you see a version of reality through your **Deathsight** where all that is rotten and wrong is highlighted and enhanced, a patina of foulness revealing itself.

Objects that haven't been left to sit for a long time are ghostly mists, and even those that have been left ideal long enough to fully reflect in the Shadowlands can be passed through, if you're willing to suffer disruption to your **Corpus**, your 'physical' integrity. That whole bit about running water stopping the dead? Nonsense, water that's hung around long enough to be a feature is solid as bedrock to your tred.

While you can't wield much physical force, your **Wraithgrasp** is no longer particularly tied to your body. You can reach out to grab something several meters away, or lift something without ever actually touching it. Only have the strength of a brat, though.

Your senses are more refined now, sharper. Your **Heightened Senses** can be strengthened further while you WANT it bad enough, including that faint sixth sense humans can barely feel. You can be certain to follow it to something interesting while you're here, though it probably won't be as quite as much good shit going forwards.

In future jumps you'll keep all of these advantages except Corpus. You aren't such a loser that you already *lost* your new body, are you?

Don't you recognize Yourself? (Free, Mandatory)
Death broke us, split us down the center. Now there is an Us, where there once was just you. Honestly, if I had known this would happen when I died, I wouldn't have fought so hard to stick around.

A Wraith has a **Shadow**, an other self that sees and feels all the shit that flies right over that loser ghost's head… That **Shadow** has strange insights and flashes of knowledge about occult and hidden parts of the world, the movement of dark forces near it's Wraith, and other hidden knowledge. But mostly shit to do with the dead. It isn't all knowing, or even vastly deep, but we know things you ignorant [redacted] never learned.

We also pick-up your *failures*. No one knows a Wraith's weaknesses, its mistakes in the making, its broken assumptions and self-delusions like that Wraith's **Shadow**. We're your muse of self-reflection. At least so long as that self-reflection is your fuckups. Which means all the time, considering. Still, while we can help you come to a conclusion you didn't pick up, or a flaw you missed, don't expect us to help you come to a conclusion you couldn't. We're you, as depressing as that is.

And speaking of negative muses, we're an endless source of energy and drive, so long as that's an honest one. None of that vapid 'think positive' crap or other lies. Frustration, humiliation, failure, defeat, pain, and loss are the source of our existence. We aren't going to be stumped by fear, cower at what we can't beat, or give up simply because we were crushed or defeated. We never give up. No longer how long it takes, no matter how far we're suppressed or beaten. Even if you beg us to.

For the duration of the jump, the pull of Oblivion guides our actions, and we'll put all our focus into making you realize your place. Unfortunately that pull won't follow us into future jumps, and we'll get pulled back into your orbit. Worse, the experience will inoculate your soul, such that we can never be turned against you again, which will screw efforts to turn parts of you against yourself, corrupt you through your own darkness, or feed on your mental and spiritual weaknesses.

Harrowed (50 cp each, 1 free)
Even when I try and kick you down, you cling to your pointless existence with a tenacity I have to give at least grudging respect. Once a jump for each time you take this, you can downgrade a near death experience to something less serious, though you have to decide to use it at the beginning of the shitstorm. This is 'get out of a destruction harrowing free' card. You'll pop out of a Nihil or show up in another appropriate location shortly after your fall, unharmed and unreduced.

In future jumps you might get thrown out of an exploding building, with the force of it shattering every wall before you can hit them, or otherwise escape in an absolutely improbable manner that only temporarily inconveniences you. Or perhaps you return from death as a ghost, if that works for the local metaphysics. It would just be like you to die again, wouldn't it.

If the experience is just inescapable death, this won't help.

Eidolon (300cp)
The angel of your better nature, your hopes and dreams. Just as your **Shadow** is your worst self, your Eidolon is your best. This perk is in all ways like having a second **Shadow**, except being the opposite, positive where the **Shadow** is negative. And unlike with a Shadow, you don't have to wait for the end of the jump for it to be on your side. It's in your corner from the moment it manifests. No force in this or any other universe could turn your Eidolon against you.

Starved Artist

Dead Space (100 cp)
What isn't captured is oftentimes more important that what is, dumbass. That's unfortunate because your art captures things best left unshown, things the mewling masses don't want to see or experience. This effect is stunningly obvious in photography, where you literally capture the images of the dead in film, but even if it's not film, or you take a shot without ghosts in it, something of the underworld will show through.



Lets just say you don't have a bright future in taking wedding photos, unless the nuptial couple are hard core goths.

This effect comes from a natural weakness in the shroud tied to you. Now that you get it, you probably can suppress it if that crap still matters to you. It also probably isn't a

great idea to gather too much of your artwork together in one place if you weren't suppressing this. Wait, hold that thought. I was wrong. Do it, it would be hilarious!

Photo Inventory (200 cp)
Here's a good trick - you can take a mental snapshot of any small object you could hold in one hand… and then put the physical item into that snapshot. It's pretty fast to pull things out or put them back into this kind of mental storage. You can only store about a large suitcase worth of crap, so don't litter your mind with things you don't need. I know that's probably impossible for you, but it will be hilarious if I get you because you loaded up with crap and then couldn't carry the shit you actually needed.

Though you don't need to worry about purely information items if they're just for your personal browsing - and by that I mean print. Paintings, pictures, photos, books… while they still have to obey the size limit, you can copy as many of those into your memory palace as you want. Such unphysical copies only exist for you to read or look at, but they don't take up any of your 'weight limit.'

Human Interest Story (300 cp)
As an artist, you don't have money. People make money off you, but you'll only get famous after you're dead and… oh, I'm laughing. Yeah, that's never going to happen to you. Anyways, your help is kind of worthless, you know. All you can do is watch, and listen. You can uncover the stories, be the person who knows what happened. I bet you get off on that, like some kind of creepy voyeur. Still, for some reason, sometimes people find your nosy prying cathartic rather than insulting.

When you learn about a tragedy or a hardship, and sympathize, your sympathy… helps. It can lift the burden of existential angst, weakens the bonds of grudge. A curse tied to a forgotten bitterness could losen, or a wraith almost completely lost to their shadow might step back and take back control. Fuck knows why, but your sympathy matters to foiks.

We all know you're just a shitty emotional vampire planning on turning their pain into "art." It's disgusting.

WAITRESS



Center of Attention (100 cp)
You are startlingly attractive, which I guess explains why anyone pays attention to you. While beauty is subjective, and there's no such thing as a universal 10/10, you regularly hit an 8. And maybe you're innocent enough to pretend you don't know what they all imagine doing to you, slut.

But that doesn't fully explain how you draw attention to yourself. It's like you're a little more present than everyone else in the room.

This isn't always a positive thing. But if it was, we wouldn't be having this conversation.

It seems like this isn't a purely natural phenomena. You'll find that you can more easily assert yourself not just in the reality you stand in, but across reality. In an séance, your presence would be a beacon across the shroud. On the other hand, as a ghost, you would find it easier than most to possess someone or manifest in the skinlands. You are here, and you're happy to announce it across the borders of reality… at least, you can for now.

It seems you've figured out how to retract your presence. Maybe you should have figured out how to do that before things went this far, dumbass.

EVERYONE MUST PAY (200 cp)

There are some things that cannot be forgotten. There are some things that cannot be forgiven. There are crimes so petty, so selfish, so fundamentally cowardly that they stick in your throat like vomit and poison your teeth with the taste of copper. There are things…

I respect your hate, because it's a vibrant thing, more real than your pointless forgettable little life ever was. Your dark passions respond to you, filling you with more power and energy than another could scrape from it. I can offer you more for less than another Wraith would receive, and so long as the darkness you're calling upon is an inner one, it will do more, go further, and cost less than it would for another. This isn't a huge shift, but it's reliable and free.

As free as your own darkness, at any rate.

Sympathy (300 cp)

Sometimes you go too far, cast your net too wide. I get your hate, it makes a fucking lot more sense than the nonsense most people get up to. But they're never going to understand. And why should you have to justify yourself to them. They did nothing, *nothing*, while you died in pain.

Only you rarely have to. Your side of the story seems to come out. Maybe not instantly, but inevitably, and proportional to how much people are paying attention to you. If no one knows you from Jane, your story will remain forgotten, but the more visible you are, the more your version of the story will get out, despite any efforts to stop it.

Maybe the assholes will think you crossed a line, but everyone will know why you crossed it, will know your viewpoint on why it had to be done. All without you lifting a finger. At least, if you want it to.

COWARD

Commanding (100 cp)



You're good at presenting yourself as strong and someone people like. Not that people actually like you, of course. You're still you, your stink is the same as always. No, you command a subtle peer pressure, as if you walked around with your own band of flunkies even when you're alone, as if you were bigger than you actually are. You could insult someone to their face and they would pretend it was joking fun or ignore it. You can force your way into a conversation and project an air of confidence.

Just don't expect it to work on someone with real backbone. Of course, most people have no more backbone than you do.

You can, with a moment's focus, shift that air into something else. Friendly, inviting, cold, or any other persona you need. It doesn't exactly make you a great actor, but it's enough to fake you a basic range. Don't completely stumble your lines and stick to the more low-brow drivel and you'll do fine.

Vigor (200 cp)
You might not be an action hero, but you used to play one on TV. Even if fat and rot have coved muscle and brawn, they're still there. You probably could do your own stunts. You don't do the dangerous ones obviously, this doesn't come with balls, but you could. Age might weaken you, and this won't keep the weight off your, but don't lose any gains you made due to lack of maintenance. Even if pushed below a level you're reached before, you'll naturally return to it over time if the harmful factor is removed.

Of course, it's not your BODY that's weak.

Weasel (300 cp)
There's a use for weak men, you know, stronger personalities have always seen that. Someone they can browbeat into doing what they need. Someone who will do what they're told when the chips are down despite any moral objections. You find it easy to be someone's 'weak man'. The person the strong man goes to when they need affairs handled and things done. It's easy for you to naturally fall into the role of second to a leader, because they know YOU won't turn on them, you're too weak.

You're enough of an actor that this aura of weakness only shows when it would be useful. Your boss sees you as bidable, while your rival doesn't. The detective writes you off as too cowardly to be the murderer, but it makes you no less intimidating when you tell that two bit actress to shut her whore mouth about what happened at the party.

This is a long term subtle effect, and if you truly show yourself to be strong then it will stop working to those you've disabused of your weakness. Of course, that would require strength of character, so you should be safe.

PARASITE



Medium (100 cp)
It's what you sell yourself as, at least. If you had any real power, well… you wouldn't be dead, now **would you**. Still, you know all the trappings, how to put on all the bells and whistles. You can manage to lead a group of people who hold you in contempt, and get them to properly perform a ritual that none of them believe in, not even you. Congratulations, by the way.

Whether it's a wedding, or a ritual defilement, rituals make sense to you on an intuitive level. You know how to do it right, you know when it's proceeding right, and you know when something is off. You can perform and manage ritual with grace and ease; and so long as you don't call up what you can't put down, that's a great trick from robbing the rubes, isn't it.

After all, it worked out so well for you the last time.

Forgettable (200 cp)
While being a medium is all about selling yourself, you don't really want to be remembered after you're done, do you? You have the ability to fade from the minds and attention of others when it's

convenient. While it won't help you hide moment to moment, it will obscure your traces once you are out of sight. Whether it's losing the trail of a spectre hunting you, witnesses not being able to agree on your face, to video footage or evidence getting lost, misplaced, or destroyed, proof for your existence cleans itself up in a subtle but useful way. People rarely wonder where you are once you've left the room, or wonder when you reentered it, and gloss over inconvenient details for you. While it's probably useful to keep your story straight, outside a truly focused mind you shouldn't have to.

You can also expect this to smooth over lesser inconsistencies. You really have screwed so many people over this way, it's hilarious.

Unlike most people with this gift, it won't erase or confuse memories or evidence you want to keep around. Just don't come crying to me when that leads someone right to your door. If someone recognizes you because they watched you on TV, then it will be much harder to make them forget you when you really need them to.

I wish you didn't force me to this (300 cp)
It's not your fault people hoard things you need. Whatever, you can solve that issue peacefully. You know exactly how far you can push things before there's consequences. Not in the 'ruin a friendship' sense, but in a 'call the police' sense. You know how much silverware you can pocket, or how much money you can scam someone for before they punch back.

Do remember that there's a difference between what you can get away with fait accompli and what you can get away with if caught in the act. Even the worse sap might fuck you up if you're too blatent. On the flip side, you might be able to scam someone much harder if they're paying money to talk to a departed loved one - the embaressment and humiliation can shut their stupid mouths for you.

All these factors are just intuitively obvious to you. What you can get away with blatantly, what you can get away with so long as you aren't caught, how to play with boundaries so that people shut themselves up. You'll never cross a line you don't want to cross. Well, not a line that matters, anyways.

You never had anyones respect to begin with, after all.



You need to help me out here (100 cp)
People have said that to you so many times, in so many different ways. Sometimes with threats, sometimes begging. I know you would claim you don't get why they keep trying, but that's a lie. It's because they're weak.



You've never really needed the carrot, have you? People convince themselves that you'll have a carrot for them, if they just hang on long enough, do what you tell them to for long enough. All that's required is that you could do what they want. For your part, you never need to have made a promise, or even implied an offer. They'll string themselves along for

you without you having to lift a finger. They'll debase themselves

you without you having to lift a finger. They'll debase themselves for you.

This won't work nearly as well for people who actually have it together, who can be clear sighted and put things in perspective. Oh, they might make assumptions for a little while, but at some point you'll need to actually buy them off if you want them to keep dancing to your tunes.

But the weak, the young, the hopeful and the gullibly will play themselves as long as you need them to. It's as pathetic as they are.

There are three kinds of people (200 cp)
You've never let anyone feed you a line of shit about human goodness or mutual respect. It's all about hunger. You know people's hunger, and what those hungers make them ready to do. Maybe you're not up to predicting the empty headed crap that spew that sometimes makes them pretend to be better than they actually are, but you can map out how their real nature, their **Dark Passions**, motivate them to act, and where they will take them.

While your critics might call you cynical, or that all the relationships in your work seem ultimately based on a negative animus, your insight into human nature lets you tell stories that feel more alive, more snappy than most can manage. This is no accident, because you regularly manage to tell the stories people around you are going to play out long before they happen. You know who's going to cheat with who before they ever meet in the office, or who might be willing to embezzle money, or what bribes or blackmail would be needed to shut up an inconvenient witness.

Directing real life really is no different from directing a movie in the end. When you want to, you can feel as little emotional connections to what you're doing to others as you would directing it to happen in a movie. Is it actually any different in the end?

I could destroy you in a fucking instant (300 cp)
People cling so hard to things you can take away from them.

While their mewling wants and empty hungers are useful for getting people to do what you want, in the end, you don't need it. You understand how to destroy people. It's amazingly easy for you to see what's needed to shut someone down, whether in the moment, in general, or to do it to their entire life. You can pry open weaknesses with mere words, tear down someone's self-respect in a snapped demand, or deconstruct their lives with a handful of calls.

Not only are you good at finding out where the bodies are buried, but you can make other people bury your bodies for you. And after it was done, that would be just one more hook you had sunk into their psyche to control them with.

You need to actually have those handholds, those secrets, or weaknesses to attack them. But once you have them, not even someone's own **Shadow** could equal the casual proficiency or devastating effect with which you use them. Just remember that you're attacking weakness. It's embarrassing when someone manages to rise above their weakness. It doesn't happen often, and it doesn't stop you from hurting them, but some people can take it.

You would respect that, if it wasn't so annoying.

Relics of the Dead

Memories of the living, treasures of the dead.

Flashlight (Free)
It can light up dark spaces, and when focused can burn away the invasive roots locking down parts of the Manor. It just takes a few moments of focus. The flashlight can be overcharged so that it momentarily strobes, and some of the Spectres will flinch at such a focused flash. Some of them.

Camera (100 cp, Free Starved Artist)
Just as a normal camera can take a snapshot of current events, this one can take a photo of a moment of history. Not any random moment of history, but a powerful one that left echos. Not only that, but taking the photo will momentarily stir those echos, so that you can look upon a few moments of that past.

Locket (100 cp, Free Waitress)
It has a photo of your family in it. They love and support you, and so this symbol of home also supports you. You may draw upon it to stabilize your existence as a wraith, or to draw energy that you may use. It doesn't have a deep reserve, but it doesn't take long for it to refill. In future jumps, you'll be able to use it for other kinds of positive spiritual energy.

Film-Reel (100 cp, Free Coward)
Not a positive memory, this reel is attached to the moment you proved yourself hollow. It doesn't matter that you're sorry.

It's a much better source of energy, all of it negative. What use do you have for such a thing? It's hard to see how this will do anything but hurt you.

Snow-Globe (100 cp, Free Parasite)
A crystal ball is a little too on the nose, so you picked up this trinket and claimed it's from your childhood. It looks mystical. In truth, the utter lack of real significance is so profound that it's almost a force into itself. Place the globe, and let it settle completely. Once that happens, the area around it becomes harder for spiritual entities to perceive.

Barclay Mansion (300 cp, Free Predator)
An expensive manor with a ground floor, two upper floors, a basement, and a nuclear bomb shelter under that. It has a massive set of 'gardens' including luxurious guest houses and gazebo.

After this jump, it will be restored to pristine condition. While it should take a massive staff to maintain, it just takes care of itself, as if it had a full complement of ghostly staff. Meals are made, rooms are cleaned, and repairs happen, always just out of sight. It's guarded by four spectral copies of the four spectres that once were chained here. They're tied to the ground, and they aren't terribly smart, but they're fine as attack dogs. The entire grounds are a massive, powerful Haunt that protects and occults friendly spirits within, which subtly cursing hostile ones.

Pacts of Doom

Have you finally picked up that you don't have the strength to win on your own? Self-reflection came a little late, but there's still time. We're linked, after all. Let me glut myself, and as I grow, so shall you.

Haunted (+100 cp)
I've been awake longer than you have, and have come to a greater understanding with the Mansion. It will respond more readily to my needs, locking doors behind you, trapping you in dangerous situations, or forcing you to puzzle out more of the dark history of the Mansions residents before it lets you proceed. I can't make it significantly worse, but I can pick when I make it worse.

Trick of the Light (+100 cp per purchase, max 5)
Every time you take this you give me one chance to pull the wool over your eyes. Not only that, but I'll be able to manipulate your senses to keep up the deception. Over time, inconsistencies might creep in, but I certainly know what to pick to make it something you'll want to believe.

In the end, it's not like I need the help, but at least this way you don't come to me to complain. I just want to see your face when it all comes crashing down, and you see how far I've pushed you.

Honeyed Tongue (+100 cp per purchase, max 5)
Every time you take this, you'll take me at my word once. You will assume I'm giving you decent advice or advising you wisely to the best of my ability. I can't be too obvious with it, but as long as it isn't blatant, you'll take me at my word.

Manifestation (+100 cp per purchase, max 3)
Every time you take this, I'll get an opportunity to actually show up in more than just your mind once. While I may be no stronger than you, I'm a hell of a lot smarter and more focuses than any of the spectres of the Mansion, and I'll save it till the worse possible moment for you.

Shadow Mentor (+200 cp)
With there here, I'll have some piece of knowledge you'll need to have. You'll have to listen to me, at at least a few point, even if you know better. Of course, I always know better than you. If you just listened to me we wouldn't be hanging onto this pointless existence to begin with. But there will be a few points in the journey where even you'll need to admit I'm the one with the answers. Good luck separating that from everything else I'll tell you.

Shadow Call (+200 cp per purchase, max 4)
The spectres of the Barclay Mansion all have their own favored stomping grounds that they mindlessly circle. Fucking losers. With this, I can call out to them once for each time this is taken, shifting the area they guard. I obviously will wait to shift them until the absolutely BEST moment.

Whispers (+300 cp)
While I'll certainly be able to get momentary messages to the spectres of the Manor, with this it will be a more regular thing. It will be like they are more on top of the ball. I can't just lead them to you, it's not that clear, but I can keep him searching in the area you're in, give them warning when you're around, and lure

them a little bit outside their normal zones. I won't tell you I'm doing this of course, and you won't know I can. It's just like they are more on the ball.

Dark Allies (+500 cp per purchase, max 4)
One spectre has tied you to Barclay Mansion, one that touched you during that fateful séance. Or rather, **I've** tied you to it, holding you fast, and they are the anchor. For each time you take this, that becomes true for another spectre. At the third purchase, you gain the Broken Woman as a target, which means that that loser Ed didn't manage to hang on as a Wraith, so his poor help is now lost to you. At four, he did hang on. Or at least his Shadow did, with him becoming the fourth spectre haunting the Maner.





Fetters
In case it isn't obvious, the thing that's anchoring you to the Mansion is your Shadow. It has some connection to the spectre you touched before your death, and it's using that connection to pin you in place. You can't leave before you destroy that spectre's Fetters. It will have three of them, and your Shadow will eventually lead you to them (in a way that calls that spectre down on you, and possibly strengthens and empowers it).

If you have an Eidolon, it can give you advice on how to destroy the fetters.

The Mansions Doors follow something like Harrowing logic - they can't stop you from proceeding, but they can screw with you or force you to take the paths you don't want to take. They can rarely re-lock themselves though, once you've earned your way past.

Forgettable is basically 2 or 3 dots of Arcane.