

THE CLEANERS

*You're a shinkansen cleaner, a pink-uniformed soldier in the war on waste. You clean and prep Japan's high speed train cars in the seven minutes between passengers detraining and the next group getting on. You're used to disappearing evidence of human activity and leaving no trace of your presence. You're also a **Katharomancer**, an ascetic or aesthete for whom cleanliness is transcendent pleasure and a strobing headache of the soul.*

Your shop is unionized, that means you can't be terminated for being a freak. You have trouble fitting into square society and probably couldn't hold down a job anywhere else. What's wrong with you? Maybe

- *You compulsively narrate your own actions out loud. Try to stop and you'll bite through your own lip, dribbling forensic evidence everywhere.*
- *In stressful situations (anything that uses initiative or provokes a stress test) you are nonverbal. You can act normally but not speak.*
- *You don't know what to do. When you fail a stress check, you always freeze. You can't run or fight back.*
- *Some things set you off. You engineer your life around not encountering them. You've got five failed notches in a stress meter. See pp27 of Book 1: Play.*

THE JOB

The Japanese Federation of Textile, Chemical, Commerce, Food and General Services Workers' Unions (UAゼンセン) shop steward meets the Cleaners at a quiet coffee shop in Shin-Okubo, Tokyo. There's this company, Mokusouji. A legion of silent, cleansuited scabs, underbidding unionized outfits by ridiculous amounts for cleaning jobs on the Tokyo line. Careers are on the line, the Cleaners' and everyone else's.

The message is clear. She wants this place put out of action. A "workplace accident" to convince the owners this is a labor war they don't want to fight.

MOKUSOUJI (無垢掃除)

Public facing materials list Mokusouji's corporate address in Tokyo's San'ya neighborhood and not much else. Leaning on the staff at Japan Railway Group gets the name and home address of the CEO **RIN MAEDA**, but if Cleaners aren't discreet this lets him know they're after him.

Mokusouji is secretly part of a network of "black companies" that trade in ghost slaves. They prey on migrants, sex workers and other dregs of the Japanese economy who can be induced to sign bizarre labor contracts in exchange for generous pay, promising over their immortal souls to the conglomerate. The company works them to death, then imprisons their demons in **DARUMAN** which allow them to be controlled.

Mokusouji is a "workplace automation" venture, sleeving the ghosts in articulated dummies and using them for manual labor. They operate out of an **OFFICE** in Tokyo's San'ya neighborhood. It has a potemkin cube farm that's only ever used when CEO **RIN MAEDA** needs something to show investors, and a back area with rows of lockers where the **DUMMIES** are kept. The "cleaners" travel to jobs in white vans, driven by mannequins or by part timers that Rin hires when he needs someone to talk with the client.

THE OFFICE

The purpose of this adventure is to push the players into a nighttime raid on the Mokusouji office, to start a fire that looks like an accident. The moment of revelation occurs when they open the lockers and find the rows of dolls. Unless the **DARUMAN** at the **HOUSE** have been disabled, the dolls animate, lurching out of their boxes and crowding the room with ghastly wooden automata.

DUMMIES / 文馬鹿

Human-sized bunraku puppets, dressed in cleansuits, facial features painted on to make them look human at a distance - though only one of their pupils is colored in. They can't speak, and only write to answer questions Rin asks them. They follow whatever orders he gives, usually "clean the train car according to the contract" or "wait in the locker".

Mechanically, they're simple artificial bodies remote operated by revenants trapped in the Daruman. If targeted by a *Disinfecting Exorcism*, they clatter to the ground. The drawn out substance looks like puke green taffy, smells terrible, and assumes the distorted shape of a daruma with one eye missing.

Unmasking a single Dummy is a rank 3 Unnatural shock.

If Rin has identified the Cleaners as a threat, the dolls attack, slashing with box cutters. Otherwise, the Cleaners only have to worry about being trampled by the big crowd of Dummies pouring out of the lockers into the confined space of the office. Getting caught in the crowd inflicts riot damage (pg 98) and a rank 4 Violence/Helplessness shock.

If Cleaners break a dummy, the digital imprint of the animating spirit manifests briefly before dissipating. Destroy lots of dummies (by setting the building on fire) and the air grows thick with black-suited ghosts, crying and begging. The monitors in the cube farm light up, displaying the pleas of the dead:

HELP US, GOD MAN
NEXT TIME HE WILL MAKE US HURT YOU

The screen flashes and displays a street address in Suginami City (the **HOUSE**.) Beneath the address is an image of a daruma with *both* eyes filled in.

THE HOUSE

Rin lives in a small, modern house in Tokyo's Suginami ward. He keeps two **DUMMIES** there for use as personal servants. They normally clean things and alert him if someone breaks in. If he knows the Cleaners are after him, he adds an extra two mannequins, arms them with knives and tells them to stab intruders.

The spare room on the second floor is filled with shelves of **DARUMAN**, each with one eye stamped, all plugged into a single posable artist model with serial bus cables.

RIN MAEDA (前田林)

Rin is the exact right blend of smart and airheaded to run a front company for a secret conspiracy of Japanese necro-capitalists. He is driven relentlessly forward by the power of positive thinking, he has an answer for everything but often forgets the details. He's excited for Japan's population to get so old they can't take care of themselves. It's like a dragon dying in its sleep, leaving its hoard undefended. Sometimes he likes to put on a cleansuit and "blend in" with all the dolls.

- **Rage:** People walking slowly and keeping him from getting by.
- **Noble:** Rebels who refuse to play the game.
- **Fear:** Traumatic brain injury (Self)
- **Obsession:** Get what's mine.
- **Going Straight To the Top 60*%:** Subs Lie, Protects Isolation, Coerces Helplessness
- **Tennis Player 60%:** Subs Notice, Subs Fitness, Protects Helplessness

	Helplessness	Isolation	Self	Unnatural	Violence
Hardened	3	3	2	2	2
Failed	2	1			2

ARTIFACT: DARUMAN (達流マン)

Power: Significant

Description: A paper mache Daruma, black, one "pupil" a *hanko* (signature stamp).

Effect: Stamp one eye of the Daruma with the hanko of a karoushinigami - a worker who died after signing a contract promising a black company their immortal soul. Push a phone jack, USB, or other electronic adapter through the back of the Daruma's head, like in *The Matrix*. Connect the other end of the cable to an electronic device. The soul of the grim worker is bound to the Daruma, and can be ordered to manipulate any device connected via the cable. Coloring in the doll's remaining blank eye frees the spirit immediately.

ARTIFACT: BLICK MODEL

Power: Significant

Description: A posable wooden mannequin, twelve inches tall, featureless, mounted to a base via a metal stand. The base has a serial bus port in it, to which a thick bundle of cables have been inserted.

Effect: The model lets the souls trapped in the Daruman in the closet pilot the the **DUMMIES** remotely.

THE END

Destroying the corporate offices ends the immediate threat but doesn't free the trapped spirits. Coloring in the eyes of all the Daruman liberates them and prevents Rin from just ordering new dummies for the grim workers to inhabit.

Rin is easy to kill, but reminds would-be assassins that murder will make them *unclean*. It breaks taboo if done messily, and even a spotless *Dexter* style execution inflicts a rank 7 Self shock from spiritual pollution.