

Babalon

(A brief summary of Babalon)

In the wake of the asteroid impact, The Vale built the city of Babalon as superpowers collided. The city resides at an altitude of approximately 15,000 ft over a wasteland. Babalon is a theocracy controlled by the Vale.

The Vale are led by the Pure One chosen by the Harvester. Priests and priestess act out the will of the Pure One, instructed by the Harvester. The Garden contains limitless resources, but few see such spoils.

The Enclave established their authority over the Neon and Underground districts. They're responsible for a majority of criminal activities: thievery, assassination, smuggling, racketeering, etcetera.

- **Tier One:** The Garden
 - Populated by The Vale and the elite (scientists, doctors, socialites).
 - Buildings made of white marble. Plenty of real flora (trees, bushes, and flowers).
Fountains of clear, drinkable water.
 - Resources are superfluous.
 - Sanction higher education.
 - Extreme wealth.

- **Tier Two:** Neon District
 - Named after the heavy use of neon. Neon is energy-efficient and consumes far less power.
 - Resources must be carefully maintained and upkeep.
 - Controlled by the Enclave.
 - Terry Pratchett - *Crime* was always with us, *he* reasoned, and therefore, *if you were going to have crime*, it at least should be organized *crime*
 - ' Freelance ' criminals are often recruited into the Enclave. Primarily done when said criminals are causing problems (mass crimes with no purpose, usually).
 - The general population can not pay their way into the Garden, but are able to afford three meals a day (minimum).

- **Tier Three:** The Underground
 - The poorest level of Babalon. Most denizens are sick, starving, or both.
 - The Enclave supplies the Underground with food, medical attention, and other necessities with Vale withhold.
 - Communities are exceptionally tight-knit and often hostile to social outcasts.
 - The Underground is the only location with orphanages.

- Tier Four: **Maintenance Level**
 - No official population. Robotic workers - with a varying degree of anthropomorphism depending on their job - reside here.



Maddox

Height: 6'4"
Pronouns: He/They
Birthday: May 27th

Lore

Raised in Northstar Orphanage, located in the Underground, Maddox was odder than the other children. While Maddox wasn't always the kindest, more often mischievous and arrogant at times, he was never purposely mean. He simply felt out of place, unable to connect with not only others his age but the filthy, hateful city as well. The only comfort Maddox had was an imaginary friend, a white-haired girl with uncanny features.

One day, Jamison Everhart, the Pure One, visited the orphanage. Powerful, wealthy, and widowed, Jamison's disconnect with society and his loneliness led him to one solution: adoption. It felt as if fate guided his hand, Maddox was adopted the moment Jamison laid eyes on him. What little Maddox had was packed and, holding tightly to his imaginary friend's hand, was taken to the Garden.

The Garden was bright with clean air, smelling of peat and roses, filled his lungs. Extravagance surrounded him at every turn and the young Maddox was happy to embrace it.

Jamison and the Vale showered Maddox in attention and praise. Jamison declared to his flock that Maddox was meant for greatness, born with purpose, and capable of seeing it through. Pride swelled in Maddox's chest, feeding the rightful arrogance in his heart.

What is my purpose? Maddox once asked a member of the Vale. The member paused, staring beyond Maddox. *All will be revealed in due time.*

Not wholly satisfied, and enticed by praise, Maddox delved into the teachings and practices of The Vale. He scoured their expansive library, discovering an old creed: mass pain and distress, both psychological and physical, would bring about great fortune. A series of rituals accompanied the creed, describing a perpetually hungry horror promising riches beyond one's wildest dreams.

On Maddox's sixteenth birthday, Jamison Everhart was assassinated by a member of his clergy. Blood and brain matter splattered onto Maddox, staining his white suit. He stared blankly at his father's crumpled body, listening to the wet rattling sound of Jamison's last breath.

Am I going to die? He looked towards the priest. *No.* The priest responded.

Maddox felt he couldn't move, his breathing shallow and rapid. Black spots blurred his vision, a thick fog enveloped him and whispered worrisome thoughts. The night was a blur of adrenaline induced euphoria, a cold-blooded massacre of the Vale's children. He sat for sometime in the blood and gore, coming to realize the ritual forced upon him.

What do I do now?

Maddox crawled into bed and stared at the blood-stained cleaver laid beside his head. When he awoke, Maddox set out to find who commenced the ritual and abandoned the Garden. He sold his late father's estate and disappeared into the Neon district. It was there that truth would be found, somewhere within the Enclaves archives hid the contract for Jamison's execution.

Although young and inexperienced, Maddox grew both skill and reputation by taking the contracts that others rejected. The reward didn't matter. He was satisfied with butchering, devouring the look of fear on his targets, and basking in the euphoria of control. He was becoming a nuisance - to everyone. So much so that the Enclave started paying attention.

The Enclave offered Maddox an invitation to join them. *It was much easier than I thought.* Maddox mused, accepting without hesitation. Friendly enough to be liked, admired for his skills, Maddox established himself as a valued and trusted member.

Of course, it wasn't long before Maddox began hunting his fellow Enclave members.

During a chase, a heavy fog rolled over the city and once it cleared Maddox found himself in the alleys of the Neon District. Except it wasn't the same. Incorrect. Alleys twisting and turning, shops in the wrong location, and ancient generators were scattered about. He heard footsteps in the distance and followed them.

Power & Perks

Special Ability: Slaughterhouse

Press and hold the *Power button* to enhance your next basic attack.

- Increases vertical melee range, allowing the killer to hit multiple survivors. Does not increase lung range.
- Injures survivors and causes them to suffer from the deep wound status effect.
- Missed enhanced attacks increase Slaughterhouse's recharge rate.

Enabled power indicator: glowing eyes, glowing weapon.

▶ **Scourge Hook: Salt in the Wound**

Each time a Survivor is hooked on a Scourge Hook for the first time, 1 Token is consumed and the following effects apply:

- Upon being unhooked, the Survivor suffers from the broken status effect for 10/20/30 seconds.

"I walked home that night. On the porch was a bouquet of orange flowers. The card read ' sorry for your loss' ." Maddox Ward

▶ **Sleight of Hand**

Within 20 seconds of hooking a downed survivor, Sleight of Hand activates:

- A randomly selected hook, excluding the hook the survivor is put, will trigger a loud noise notification.
- Survivors not on a hook suffer from the blindness status effect for 10/20/30 seconds.
- Sleight of Hand has a 30 second cool-down.

"I like when they're confused." - Maddox Ward

▶ **Contract: Target Lock**

Contract Perks allow killers to initiate a bounty on a board located inside the basement. When in the basement near the board, press the active ability button to begin the contract.

- Selecting a survivor from the bounty board becomes your obsession. The survivor is then marked as a target.
- Every 10 seconds a trail of fog will appear and guide the killer towards 3 meters of the obsession's current location.
- This perk has a cooldown of 30/60/90 seconds.

“Anything can be done for the right price.” - Maddox Ward