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WHAT IS THIS?

THE BOOK OF MIRRORS is a supplement for **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE**, a tabletop roleplaying game of supernatural horror set in a familiar fairy tale. The game is a little different than the fairy tale, in that a group of players explore Bluebeard's home together as the newest Bride and create their own version of the dark fairy tale.

Yet the **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE** game echoes throughout time and space, horror and beauty colliding in infinite combinations. Bluebeard takes on different faces, different domains...and different wives. And the Bride discovers new opportunities to prove her faithfulness to Bluebeard...or to fall into the shameful trap of curiosity, revealing her disloyalty for all to see.

THE BOOK OF MIRRORS allows players to take on the role of different kind of brides—some that may or may not have marriage on their minds—and gives you the keys to explore the grounds of new estates that range from a Dark Carnival of Wonders to the Granville Correctional Facility. Nothing is what it seems, and yet all are chilling and familiar.

How Do I Use This Book?

THE BOOK OF MIRRORS contains five new playsets for **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE**—each featuring a letter framing the new version of the game, specific Groundskeeper advice, new Sisters, and custom move sheets and play materials.

In other words, each playset contains *everything* you might need to play an entirely different version of the original game.

We begin with a story that verges on the familiar, the Son of a runaway bride returns to explore the horrors of his father's mansion. After that we visit an English boarding school in the 1800s—a Teacher must decide what she is willing to do to keep the children safe from her feminine corruption. Thirdly, the Patient of an asylum struggles to find her role in a mental hospital of the 1910s.

Subsequently, a Showgirl looks for her true calling in Bluebeard's 1950s Dark Carnival and—finally—a Guard of a 1980s correctional facility must prove herself to the inmates, her fellow guards, and the blue-bearded warden.

THE BOOK OF MIRRORS relies on the rules, advice, and references already addressed in the core rulebook for **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE**. Do not get ahead of yourself, lest you find yourself in over your head. You should first dirty your hands as the Groundskeeper of the original game before diving into the role for these new tales and stories.

Players and others may enjoy perusing the book to discover how the game changes with each playset, or to see what horrors Bluebeard has in store across the many tales contained within these pages. Each tale of woe drawn from **THE BOOK OF MIRRORS** will be different each time it is told; do not assume you know what lies in store for any who enter Bluebeard's web of suffering...





CHAPTER 1

Bluebeard's Legacy

Dearest Son of Mine,

Thank you for your letter, along with its kind and precious gifts. I can lay to rest all your concerns—yes, I am indeed your father, and you are indeed my heir.

I know you must have heard rumors of my illness. Allow me to speak to those concerns: my health wanes, but I remain capable. I hope my good humours last long enough that I might behold your face with my own eyes, but I fear the worst.

I hereby invite you to our manor, to inspect your inheritance and birthright. I fear that by the time you reach the estate I might no longer be among the living, but that changes little. You and I, we are connected, and you need to see this manor—and all that I have left for you—whether or not I still reside within it.

Your mother has certainly told you terrible stories of me, after all that nasty business so many years ago. She fled from the manor in the night, before we could truly speak; I believe something must have struck her ill and brought phantasms to her weakened mind, phantasms I was not given the chance to dispel with reason.

Since then, I understand that she holds me the greatest sort of monster, but not so horrible as to diminish her love for you, the blood of my blood. If even she must hold such a doubt in her heart, then you must acknowledge that her stories may be false. I implore you to believe me when I say they are naught but the slander of an ill mind.

Come to the manor. Claim your inheritance. Here you will find the deed to the property and enough money to provide for you and your life, although sadly, not enough for your sons. If you do not come to claim these funds, I fear that others with poor intent will attempt to take from us our family's right to the land and property.

I trust that you agree with me when I say that our family's domain should remain within our family. This house, and all its noble history, belongs to us. And only us.

I know that you will fall in love with the estate as soon as you spend some time in its halls, just as I did as a young boy. It will awaken in you a part of yourself you may only be dimly aware of, a part that is the truest part of you.

Please, come. Explore the estate, and find yourself.

I will be in my chambers, either lying in state or resting. The servants have orders to keep my body there, in the event that I do pass. Enclosed in this letter are the keys to the estate, but please do not enter into my chambers unless specifically invited. I do not wish for you to see my corpse the first time you behold my face.

The servants have been ordered to obey your commands in all regards. They will look for your mother's wedding band upon your finger as a symbol of authority—I believe you said you still have it in your last letter. Please wear it when you come here.

I hope to live long enough to hear your footsteps in our entrance hall. Come soon, my son.

Your loving father,

Bluebeard

P.S. I do miss your mother and her beauty. She haunts my heart, even now—the love that got away. Please, if you see her, tell her I never stopped loving her. And do be the good boy I know she has raised you to be. Stay out of my chambers.

GROUNDSKEEPER ADVICE

The Bluebeard's Legacy playset is an opportunity to explore the estate of your late father, Bluebeard.

How will the Son interpret the rooms of his father's house? Will he reject the tales his mother spun, claim his birthright, and remake the estate in his own image? Or will he reject his father's legacy, leaving the mansion to rot? Or perhaps—as noble as the Son's intentions may be—will he succumb to madness?

KEY DIFFERENCES

Bluebeard's Legacy inherits many of the tropes of the original **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE** game. Below is advice on how to fit the dark fairy tale to a new shape and form.

The Son, Not the Father

Do not assume that this playset allows the players to take on the role of Bluebeard himself. They are but a boy, doomed to witness the horrors his father has brought to bear over the years, a grotesque legacy waiting in the shadows of the estate to ensnare them.

Yet...an estranged son is not destined to become his father's monster. The path laid out before this young man is most real when the Son feels the weight of a conscience. He is a boy who wishes to care for his mother, who may feel sympathy for a "misunderstood" father, but who may still grow to be a better man.

Bluebeard's Servants & Horrors

The horror of **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE** is often rooted in the Bride's powerlessness, her need to rely on others to accomplish even basic tasks. The servants may respect her authority, but most despise her for her weakness. Some even feed on her fear, terror, and loneliness, finding in her what they cannot get from Bluebeard.

The same is true for the Son. Some members of the household will see him as a babe to be nurtured and protected, a son they never had. Others will mistake him for his father, their despair palpable as they relive the nightmares caused by the master of the house through the innocent young boy. Others will try to seduce or mislead him, hoping to become favorites once he takes his place as master of the estate.

Fill the haunted hallways of the house with those who have been affected by Bluebeard's reign. Give the staff and monsters desires that show they are aware of what the Son represents. Let them intimidate the Son, beg for his forgiveness, or prey upon his innocence.

He is a unique opportunity for their hungers, a child who may yet become a vessel for his father's cruelty, a boy who may be too weak-hearted to master the role his progenitor wishes to see him take on in the mansion.

The Continuity Of His Legacy

You may be concerned about where this story fits in to the history of the Bride's tale. How, you might ask, could the Bride have given birth to a child? When did they consummate the marriage? Where would she have kept the boy after fleeing the estate?

Bluebeard has many wives, some of whom were murdered, some who lost their minds, some who even managed to escape. The cycle, like Bluebeard, is endless and eternal. It repeats and repeats and...

Any of his disloyal Brides may have been fortunate enough to escape the mansion with a son in their womb. But Bluebeard is not likely to allow such a Bride to go unwatched; as he lies on his deathbed, dying of natural causes, the need to continue his legacy grips at his soul. Or perhaps he is not concerned for anything more than one more chance to rope his Bride—the one that got away—back into his clutches.

Whatever his reasoning, Bluebeard would not have left the fate of his estate in the hands of just one Son. Much like the Brides, the Son may believe he is unique, but he is one of many who the old man has invited to the mansion before now. Some find death awaiting, some lose their minds, some even become Bluebeard himself. This story has no happier ending.

HISTORICAL INSPIRATION

In many cultures and societies, male heirs come under undue pressure to take up and continue a legacy—for good or ill. Children are judged by the sins of their fathers; entire family lines wiped out by a damning rumor, or frightful crime committed by a progenitor.

Even without strict laws to enforce this dynamic, young men often find themselves at a loss when trying to confront the controversial truths of a parent's past. A son has a need to discover his roots, to learn the truth of his father's path, no matter what tales his mother had told him. He must see it himself.

And yet he runs the risk of becoming what he fears.

We walk our own paths. Even when we follow in the steps of others, the life we lead and the choices we make along the way are our own. So it is with the Son.

MEDIOGRAPHY

FRAILTY

THE NINTH GATE

AMERICAN HORROR STORY: MURDER HOUSE

THE OMEN

STAR WARS

THE SHINING