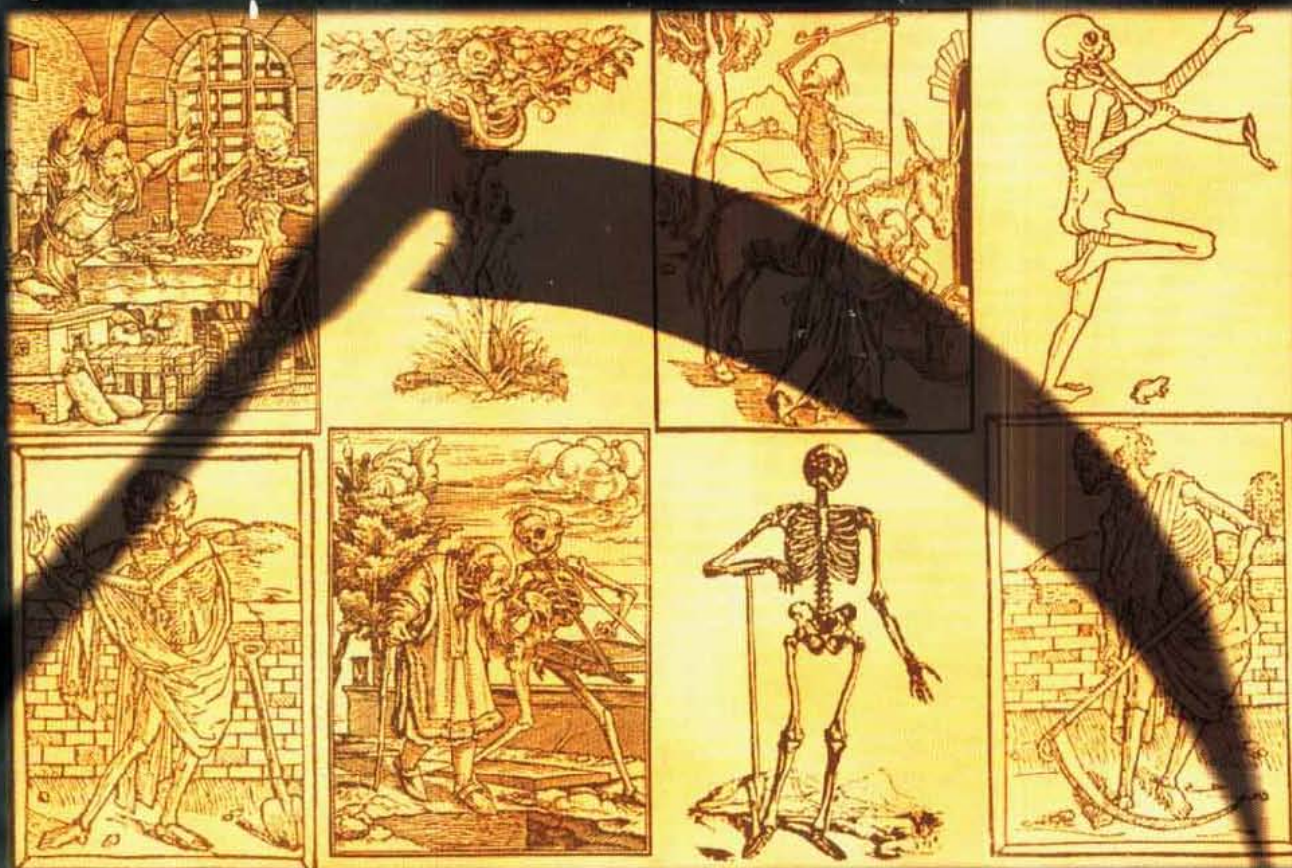


1920s

#2357

CALL of HORROR ROLEPLAYING CTHULHU

IN THE SHADOWS



Three Scenarios for Call of Cthulhu

Gary Sumpter

Dave Carson, Earl Geier,
Drashi Khendup, Eric Vogt


CHAOSIUM
INC.
SCENARIOS

IN THE SHADOWS

Three Scenarios for Call of Cthulhu



H.P. Lovecraft
1890-1937

IN THE SHADOWS

Three Scenarios for Call of Cthulhu

by

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“Now what else is the whole life of mortals but a sort of comedy, in which the various actors, disguised by various costumes and masks, walk on and play each one his part, until the manager waves them off the stage? Moreover, this manager frequently bids the same actor go back in a different costume, so that he who has but lately played the king in scarlet now acts the flunkey in parched clothes. Thus all things are represented by shadows.”

— Erasmus, *The Praise of Folly*

This book is dedicated to the memory of my
grandfather, Ernest Warden—whose tall tales
inspired me to create some of my own.

INTRODUCTION

Shadows are everywhere, my friend. Take a look around; there's at least one beside or behind you at this very moment. Look closely and you'll see that it isn't true darkness, for it can only exist in the presence of light. And if light represents knowledge and symbolizes good, yet casts a shadow of that which it illuminates, what must we then surmise about the interaction of light and darkness? The implication is unsettling—and forms the basis for the scenarios within this book.

“Devil’s Hole” begins with the disappearance of an old friend in Scotland. Subsequent investigation uncovers dreadful secrets about his ancestry, and his terrible fate.

“In the Shadows of Death” takes place in what was once the plantation country of Louisiana. Visiting a friend at his newly-inherited mansion sets the stage for a series of haunting encounters, culminating in the monstrous legacy of a blasphemous experiment.

“Song of the Spheres” takes place in New England, where the elderly father of a respected colleague has been inexplicably stricken mad. The investigators discover that a slighted musician and his act of supernatural revenge have far greater implications.

This book could not have existed without the participation of many people. First and foremost, many thanks to the dozens of gamers who sat through one of these scenarios at various conventions—UBCon and MAGIC, in particular. Special thanks, long overdue, to the most intrepid trio of players this side of Yuggoth—Rob Malkovich, Kelli Smith, and Steve Spisak. Last, but by no means least, special thanks to Debbie and Emily for ignoring the strange noises in the basement for so many nights.

— GFS, December 1995.

IN THE SHADOWS

Three Scenarios for Call of Cthulhu

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Devil's Hole

Wherein the investigators find that a plethora of clues and information may not always be helpful.

THIS SCENARIO has been designed for three to six players, and contains many basic elements that occur in the macabre fiction of Howard Phillips Lovecraft. While this adventure can introduce novice players to the game and to Lovecraft's work, experienced players may also find "Devil's Hole" to be a challenging exercise in Lovecraftian horror.

The scenario is set in and around Aberdeen, Scotland. It could be moved with little change to Kingsport, Massachusetts. The nominal year is 1927, but this may be altered as the keeper sees fit.

Keepers might find *Green and Pleasant Land*, a British sourcepack for Call of Cthulhu, useful for background when running this adventure. *Dark De-*

signs also contains relevant information, for an earlier era.

At least one of the investigators should be a friend or school chum of Edward Drake. During playtesting, the teams were based in London, England. In campaign play, they could begin the adventure anywhere, provided the keeper alters the chronology of the scenario, to accommodate the five-day trans-Atlantic crossing to Liverpool.

Special thanks are due to Robert Malkovich for his advice and able assistance during the design and playtesting stages of this scenario.

Scenario Considerations

Begin the scenario by presenting the players with *The Devil Papers #23*, which arrives by mail late one summer morning.

A short time later, while the investigators ponder Drake's disturbing letter, a telegram arrives. Give the players *The Devil Papers #24*.

This curious sequence of events gives them much to think upon: should they make the trip to Aberdeen, and take a closer look at this odd occurrence firsthand? Or perhaps there's no cause for concern at all?

But then the situation changes again. Before they've had a chance to decide on a course of action, an investigator happens upon *The Devil Papers #1*. If the investigators are not based in the United Kingdom, the article appears in the "London Calling" column of their local newspaper.

Good Heavens! Edward Drake missing? Why, it

The Devil Papers #23

112 Albany Road
Aberdeen, Scotland
October 15

My friend, I have had little time of late to set pen to paper, but the matter of which I now write cannot be delayed. Things are happening here — strange things, the implications of which I am unable to comprehend. It does not bode well of that I am certain. I am desperately in need of assistance — please come to Aberdeen in all possible haste! I've enclosed funds sufficient to cover your travel expenses. Although, I cannot begin to explain the situation now, I will fill you in completely as soon as you arrive.

Regards, Edward Drake

has only been a fortnight since the investigators' chum left for Aberdeen, and now he's disappeared. An uncle had died, Edward told them, and he had been bequeathed the family's ancestral home. He planned to stay there for a while. Unfortunately, he didn't provide the address. What has happened to poor Drake? Present *The Devil Papers* #2 to the players.

Keeper's Information

Edward Drake's maternal ancestors for four generations have had the taint of Deep One blood in their veins, ever since Duncan MacBain's fateful voyages in the Pacific in the 19th century. Young Edward, too, has that tainted blood. He is now gradually beginning to undergo the change that will separate him from mankind.

A small colony of Deep Ones — and worse — lurks in an undersea chasm in the North Sea near Dogger Bank. The fishermen know the area as Devil's Hole, a place where catches are meager and where nets are often holed if not lost entirely. There, allies of the tainted MacBains are engaged in an ongoing attempt to release a shuddersome entity from its eons-long imprisonment under the waves.

What begins as a simple missing person search becomes a larger mystery; as the investigators delve into the circumstances surrounding the disappearance

What You Know About Edward Drake

Edward is 22, and a graduate student at London's Kings College. You've been friends for years. He was born in Aberdeen, but his parents died when he was quite young. Drake grew up in London, under the care of an aunt, and attended Eton College. A studious fellow, Drake has long been fascinated with science, but had become increasingly restless in recent months. He had grown bored of his studies, he said, and needed a break; as a result, he was quite enthusiastic about going up to Scotland.

The Devil Papers #2


of their friend and discover secrets they might not wish to know.

Aberdeen

LOCATED IN northeast Scotland, this port city of 167,000 lies on the North Sea, at the mouth of the river Dee. It developed from two separate fishing villages on the rivers Dee and Don. By the thirteenth century, Aberdeen had become an active trading center based on coastal and Baltic trade. Shipbuilding and fishing remain the major industries. In the nineteenth century, Aberdeen's tea clippers were supreme in the China Tea Trade.


Known as the Granite City for its many buildings constructed of many-hued local granite (white, blue, pink and grey), Aberdeen contains several places of interest, including the Old Cathedral of Saint Machar,

The Devil Papers #24



World-Wide Telegraph

THE GLOBE IN SEVEN MINUTES



IGNORE LETTER OF FIFTEENTH STOP EVERYTHING CORRECT
HERE STOP DO NOT COME STOP SORRY FOR INCONVENIENCE
STOP KEEP MONEY STOP

DRAKE

WWT makes good faith effort to receive, transmit, and/or deliver all communications, but can assume no responsibility for incomplete, inaccurate, stolen, misinterpreted, missent, or missing communications, whether by negligence, mistake, conspiracy, error, war, or act of God.

dating from the fourteenth century, and the University of Aberdeen, which was established in 1860 by the merger of two colleges dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. High-rise buildings are not yet common; stately facades, towers, and pillars of granite still reign supreme.

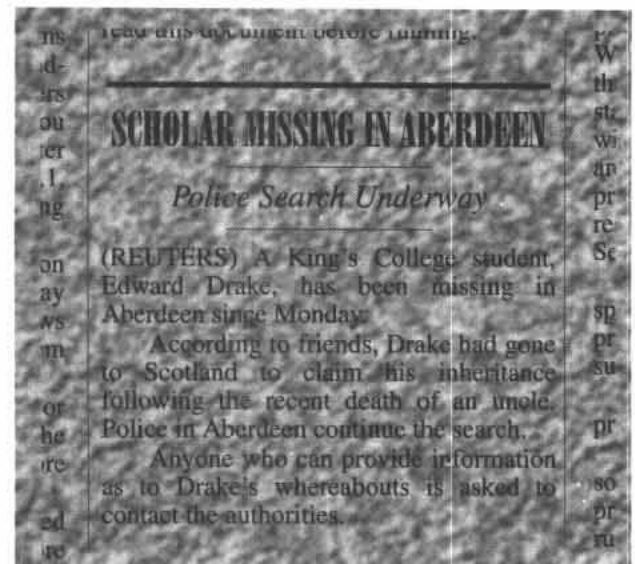
Investigators travelling to Aberdeen from London by train take the Flying Scotsman from Kings Cross to Waverley Station in Edinburgh. They must then transfer to another train to Aberdeen. The trip to Edinburgh takes about six hours; to Aberdeen takes another three.

Trains for Edinburgh leave London at 7am, 10am, 1am, 4pm and 7pm (arriving at 1pm, 4pm, 7pm, 10pm, and 1am, respectively) and cost £1/10 ("one-pound-ten"). Trains leave Edinburgh for Aberdeen at 9am, noon, 3pm, 6pm and 9pm, and cost 6d3s ("six and three"), arriving at noon, 3pm, 6pm, 9pm and midnight, respectively.

The British pound is worth approximately four United States dollars. There are twelve pennies to a shilling, and twenty shillings to a pound.

SETTING THE SCENE

Regardless of the time of day, a light rain falls in Aberdeen as the investigators' train pulls into the station. Umbrellas are not necessary, but almost everyone on the platform is carrying one. The platforms of the Victorian-era station are covered; only the pi-



The Devil Papers #1

geons perched in the rafters seem distressed. A taxi rank is just outside the station, and a sheltered bus station is located directly across the street.

At this time of year, the wind blowing off the sea is cool and fresh, even invigorating. The keeper may assume that, for the duration of the investigators' stay, the weather is consistent, if uninspiring; early morning fog gives way to a fine drizzle which lasts most of the day, broken by intermittent sunny periods. With each cloud bank that passes through, another lurks just beyond. The average daytime temperature hovers around sixty degrees Fahrenheit; at night, it dips as low as forty-five.

Cultist Activity

Edward Drake was unaware that a deep-one cult existed, or that his family had ties to it. He has had no contact with its members, who are unaware that he has gone to join his still-living ancestors in the depths of the North Sea. They are as curious about his disappearance as are the investigators. The exact nature of the actions of the cultists in their search for Edward Drake is best left to the keeper to decide, but here are some suggestions.

While visiting the MacBain house during the day, an observant investigator with a successful Spot Hidden roll might notice a battered old lorry parked a little way down the street. Its two scruffy occupants apparently watch them with some interest. The lorry belongs to Harbourside Processing, but there are no markings to indicate it as such. There are fish scales and fins scattered on the flat bed, which reeks of rotted fish. Should the investigators get close enough to detect this, the cultists will speed off.

The cultists in the lorry can be seen elsewhere: outside the Maritime Museum, the University, or at the investigators' hotel. The keeper should take care,

THE DREAM

At the keeper's discretion, one of the investigators may, at some point, experience the following dream:

"You are standing at the harbor under the moonlight, watching the tides roll in, when you suddenly become aware of a line of foam far out in the sea. It approaches with alarming speed and, though the moonlight is dim, you realize that this foam is the wake from a great line of swimming creatures.

When they reach the harbor, the swimmers leave the water and climb up onto the quay. Before you can react, you are face to face with a ghastly horde of amphibious squid-things that walk on tentacles, as no denizen of the ocean depths was ever meant to walk! In that pallid moonlight, you glimpse what appear to be almost human heads perched upon those loathsome bodies.

As they move towards you, one of the grotesque things opens its shark-toothed mouth and croaks out a handful of gargled syllables which – unmistakably – form your name! Mercifully, before these shambling, hell-spawned nightmares can reach you, you awaken in your bed – in a cold sweat."

Suitable occasions to employ this dream might be: after reading *Vestigium Scoticum*; while in the possession of the sailors luck charm to be found either in the Maritime Museum or MacFies office at Harbourside Processing; while spending the night in the MacBain house; or if admitted to the Royal Mental Hospital. An investigator having this dream must check against his Sanity: failure results in a 1D3 loss; success indicates no loss.

Great Britain



Aberdeen

- A. MacBain House (Albury Rd.)
- B. MacKendrick House (Sunnybank Rd.)
- C. Police Station (Union St.)
- D. Cemetary (Great Western Rd. & Holburn St.)
- E. Royal Mental Hospital (Berryden Rd.)
- F. Records Office (King St.)
- G. Aberdeen Evening Press (Union St.)
- H. Central Library (Skene St.)
- I. Chisolm's Office (Desswood Pl.)
- J. Rare Books (Beechgrove Terrace)
- K. Maritime Museum (Ship Row)
- L. Fish Market (Market St.)
- M. Harbourside Processing (Blaikie's Quay)
- N. Train Station



however, not to overuse the cultists by having them show up everywhere the investigators go. They should be used sparingly, just enough to keep the players on edge.

If the investigators visit the MacBain house at night, they might find that they are not alone; at an opportune time, the keeper might wish to introduce a couple of intruders to the scene: a pair of slovenly but dangerous thugs, searching for any sign of Edward Drake's whereabouts. The keeper should make this encounter as suspenseful as possible, perhaps by having the investigators hear curious sounds from elsewhere in the house, or the two parties might blunder into each other when a door is opened, or a corner turned. Whatever the circumstances, the cultists avoid any confrontation with the investigators, choosing to flee if possible (to a waiting lorry in the street, perhaps?)

Since encounters are limited in this scenario, it is important for the keeper to create the impression that one might occur at any moment. The actions of the cultists while they search for Edward Drake is one way in which an imaginative keeper can accomplish this.

THUG #1

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 10 APP 7 EDU 9 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 70%, damage 1D3+db
Club 65%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Bluff 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Drink Beer 60%, Listen 50%, Occult 10%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 50%.

THUG #2

STR 14 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 8 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

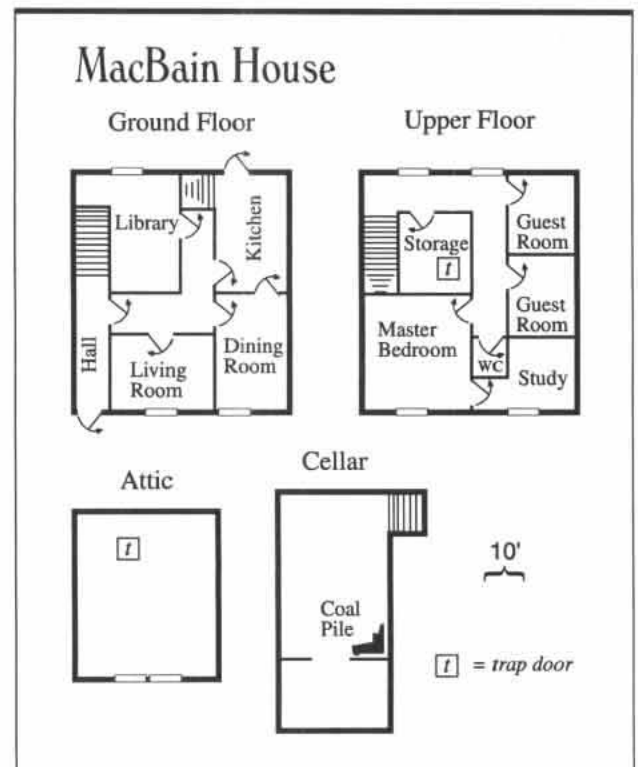
Weapons: Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+db
12-gauge shotgun (2B) 45%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Hide 45%, Listen 35%, Occult 15%, Operate Heavy Machinery 25%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 40%.

MacBain House

Now that Drake has disappeared, this two-story town house in Albury Road is empty and silent. The building is locked up, but an unlocked ground floor window allows access to the house.

Although hooked up for electricity, the power has been shut off since the death of Hugh MacBain; apparently Edward never bothered having it turned back on, employing oil-burning lamps during his stay here. The house is well-kept, although the presence of dust



in certain rooms suggests that Drake nor his uncle made little use of the entire home.

GROUND FLOOR

Hall: a narrow carpeted hallway. The stairs at the end leading to the upper floor are bare hardwood.

Living Room: oak-panelled and attractively furnished with comfortable chairs, but apparently seldom used. Dust and cobwebs abound.

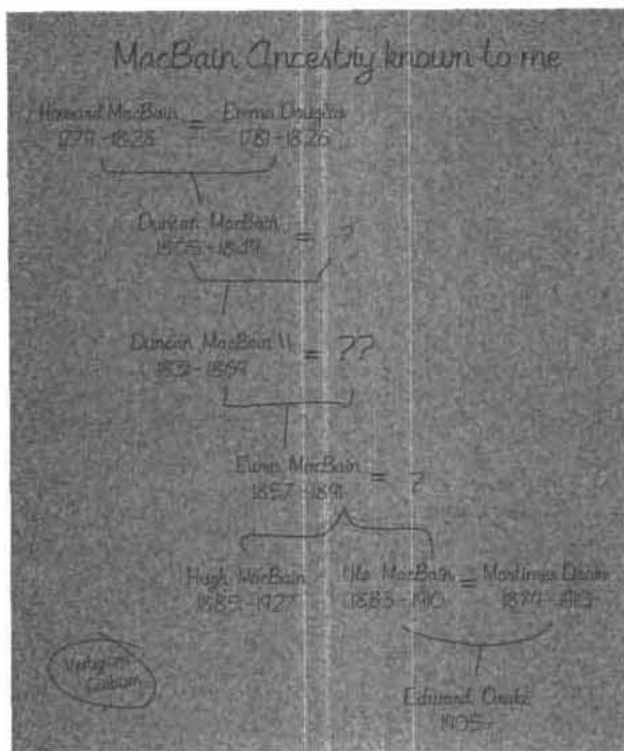
Dining Room: the unlocked window here is a convenient entrance and exit to the otherwise tightly locked house. The dust and webs clinging to the antique table, chairs, and buffet suggest little use.

Kitchen: this room appears recently used. There are dirty pots and pans scattered about. The cupboards contain a variety of canned goods, and there is a loaf of bread on the counter fresh enough that mold has just begun to develop.

Library: this room appears frequently used. The walls are lined with neatly arranged bookshelves. There are gaps on the shelves where certain volumes appear to have been removed. Investigators will find *The Devil Papers #3* on a desk here. A successful Idea roll suggests that it is in Edward's hand.

UPPER FLOOR

Storage: there are a number of crates and boxes here, containing old clothes and furnishings. Most of the contents appear to be of 19th century design. A trap door in the ceiling (accessed by standing on boxes, or a friend's shoulders) leads to the attic.



The Devil Papers #3

Guest Room: this Spartanly furnished room has apparently not been used for a long time. Dust and webs are thick here.

Guest Room: furnished simply with a bed, chair, and dresser, this room is thick with dust and webs.

Master Bedroom: a well-appointed room has been recently used, but there is little of interest here apart from a faded photograph, circa early 1900s, of a young couple and their baby. An inscription on the back reads "Edward, 6 mos." The photograph depict Edward and his parents. The closet contains clothing which can be readily identified as belonging to Edward.

Study: from the looks of things, this room saw extensive use. Books and papers lie scattered about in some rough semblance of order. A locked cabinet (STR 15, no key can be found) contains *The Devil Papers* #4.

There is also a deed of ownership, dated 1841, for a "Harbourside Processing, Ltd." The company,

started by Duncan MacBain, has been handed down, following Hugh MacBain's death, to young Edward. The processing plant is located in Blaikie's Quay, but Edward never had time to visit the plant, and planned to sell it off. Attached to the deed is a business card. Give the players *The Devil Papers* #5.

W.C: the MacBain house is equipped with indoor plumbing. Besides the usual toilet and sink, this washroom contains a large, free-standing, curtained bathtub.

ATTIC

This small, low-ceilinged room is accessed through the trap door in the storage room. The attic does not seem to have been used at all in recent years; it is empty, save for copious amounts of webs and dust.

BASEMENT

There is a coal-burning furnace here, with an abundant supply of coal piled nearby. Crates and boxes line the walls, and contain mostly cast-off clothing. A trunk in the corner embossed with the letters "H.M." contains several pairs of well-worn men's trousers and shirts, neatly folded. Sitting on top of this pile are a pair of large black mittens, spectacles of a deep cobalt hue, and a big pair of old shoes (a successful Spot Hidden or Idea roll suggests that each shoe is plainly worn out of shape as if the foot inside had been afflicted by a kind of distorting disease). These are the personal effects of Hugh MacBain.

The Devil Papers #4

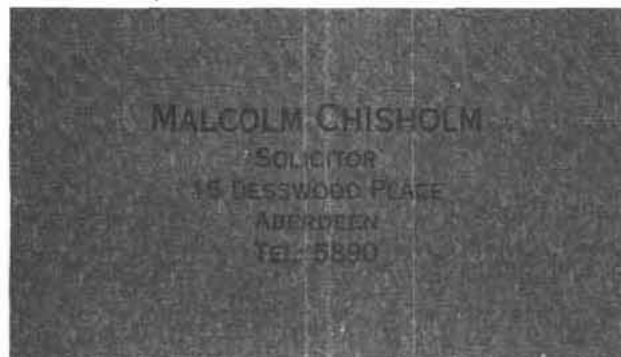
I, Mortimer Drake, being of sound mind and body, on this 20th day of June, 1910, do hereby set forth this testimony of events occurring on this day.

The woman who now calls herself my wife is not the woman I married. Something terrible is happening to Mlle; she is changing, undergoing some sort of hideous transformation. Her features, once fair, are now grotesque, almost inhuman. Her eyes bulge, unblinking, her nose flat and flabby. Her voice croaks horribly and she speaks interminably of going to join her fathers, and utters black oaths so foul that I shall not repeat them. I do not know what manner of curse is upon her, but there is only one way to end it.

With God as my witness, I have sent young Edward to my dear cousins home in London, and loaded my shotgun; I shall now go upstairs and use as many shells as it takes to destroy that croaking, gibbering thing that calls itself Mlle, and then, mercifully, turn the gun upon myself.

Forgive me...

The Devil Papers #5



Hidden in the bottom of the trunk, beneath the folded clothing, is a plain metal box which contains a decaying manuscript roll written in Chinese. This item was brought back from the Orient by Duncan MacBain. Investigators need a successful Chinese skill roll, or locate someone willing to transcribe it for them (the University has no Chinese department, but there is a small Chinese enclave near the harbor). Reading the text in the original Chinese increases the Cthulhu Mythos skill by one point. Give *The Devil Papers #21* to the players.

BACK YARD

Behind the MacBain house, like most in the neighborhood, is a square, cement, brick-walled area without a blade of grass. The only entrance to the yard is through the kitchen; neighboring yards are adjacent on three sides. The back lot is unkempt. A number of rats nest in a dingy corner and feast on the piles of rotting trash along the walls.

A covered barrel (containing stagnant rainwater) stands just outside the kitchen door. If the lid is removed and the murky water within examined, a slimy appendage suddenly flails out of the water to strike at anyone within three feet.

THE THING IN THE BARREL

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 7 INT 4 POW 7
DEX 11 HP 8 MOV 0

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Tentacle 30%, damage 1D3



Under the green seas the Ancient Masters lie, patient and potent, imprisoned when the great cities crumbled to dust and the oceans drank the land. Gone but not forgotten are they, who were served by the Sons of the Orient. These cults, with signs and symbols ancient beyond belief, are lost in the well of time but in our veins flow the blood of those who serve the Black Gods. Soon shall the stars be right, when One of the Old Race rises up from the sea, and in strange eons the world shall be yours, and you shall know that the long sleep of the dead has ended.

(seal of) Wun Su-Yin,
in the epoch of the Manchus Year 112

The Devil Papers #21

Armor: 3-point blubber and gristle.

Sanity Cost to See: viewing this minor abomination costs 0/1D3 points of sanity.

The thing in the barrel is the hideous offspring of Hugh MacBain and an unknown entity. When it was born, some ten years ago, it was so monstrous, so manifestly nonhuman, that MacBain had realized he had to keep it well out of sight of his neighbors. The thing itself is a loathsome blob of ropy, green, pustulant flesh which bears no resemblance to mankind. It has no means of locomotion, having been born limbless, apart from one tentacle which is used to draw food into its puckered gullet. This tentacle is also used to keep the curious and inedible at bay.

Although the gruesome thing is very hungry (having fed only on occasional stray cats since Hugh MacBain's disappearance), it poses no real threat to investigators, who are far too large to be consumed. Nonetheless, it is ready proof that the younger MacBain's disappearance was not accidental.

Other Leads

NEIGHBORS

Neighbors in Albury Road can provide little information regarding Edward Drake; upon his arrival at the MacBain House, Drake introduced himself to several of the neighbors and made mention of settling in for a long stay, but thereafter kept to himself. He had few, if any, visitors.

Lately, however, neighbors have seen suspicious characters skulking around the house. An old lorry

has parked on the street on several occasions, sometimes slowing down as it passes the MacBain house and then speeding away again. The locals have no idea who these people might be.

Information on Hugh MacBain is easier to come by, but investigators will have to inquire about him specifically. Several neighbors have long resided here and were acquainted with Edward Drake's uncle. Apparently Hugh MacBain suffered from some slow, ravaging disease that left him disfigured. The opinion of many Albury Road residents is that his disappearance was no accident, but suicide. Neighbors will report that Hugh MacBain was a reticent fellow, maintaining a polite but indifferent relationship with those around him.

If the investigators are well-dressed or benefit from successful Credit Rating rolls, several of the neighbors go into more detail, mentioning his staring, unblinking expression, a disquieting countenance that he apparently shared with his father. One or two may mention that the MacBains once owned some sort of fish processing plant at the harbor.

Professor MacKendrick

Professor Ian MacKendrick, of Aberdeen University, is a pioneer oceanographer. He had made crude preliminary studies of shallow Dogger Bank areas, but dreamed of penetrating the murky depths of Devil's Hole itself. That chance came when he received a grant from the University which enabled him to acquire a bathysphere (a revolutionary prototype on loan from the Maritime Museum). The fledgling British Oceanographic Society's ship *Intrepid* was also brought in.

For his crew, MacKendrick selected young Simon Murray, an undergraduate student, and Edward Drake, from London, whose knowledge, enthusiasm, and competence impressed Professor MacKendrick enough to take him on as the third and final member of the team.

What MacKendrick found in Devil's Hole horrified him. He decided to keep it hushed up, until he could think of some way to handle it. Murray was delirious, and Drake promised to mention nothing about what they had seen. He soon disappeared.

Just before the investigators go looking for MacKendrick, the Professor is found dead in the study of his Sunnybank Road home. The autopsy identifies cardiac arrest as the cause of death. The note MacKendrick had been writing at the time of his death remains in his typewriter, unnoticed by the authorities.

MacKendrick is survived by his wife Iris and his teenage daughter, Pauline. According to Iris, when she discovered her husband's body the study was curiously damp; there was condensation on the walls, floor, and ceiling, "as though someone had left a kettle boil too long."

A successful Persuade roll will convince the grieving family to let the investigators examine the study, where they can discover *The Devil Papers #6* and *The Devil Papers #7*. If asked about the typewritten document, the family is puzzled. They did not know that MacKendrick ever tried to write stories.

Aberdeen's Constabulary

Located in a dignified 19th century granite edifice in Union Street, the police station can supply inquiring investigators with Edward Drake's address (successful Persuade or Fast Talk roll required), or they can find it in the local telephone book under *MacBain, Hugh*.

Mortimer Drake's Death: no officer directly involved in the investigation is still with the force. If the investigators are patient, the desk sergeant can be convinced by a Persuade roll to dig up the old police report from the files storage. Give *The Devil Papers #8* to the players.

The desk sergeant's opinion, while being essentially accurate, is misleading and naive, as a successful Psychology roll will show.

The Devil Papers #6

A curious water sound, as of something swimming, and now a terrible trembling in the bowels of the earth itself, shuddering upward from below, as though some great being walked in the watery places under the earth! Great, sluggish, sucking footsteps grow louder and louder; the fog, seeping in through the cracks around the window frame - something in that watery fog, a bestial travesty out of nightmare, a creature that seems to have once been a man and now

We went down, past schools of curious cod and herring, into Devil's Hole. The vegetation clinging to the side of this immense chasm seemed to beckon languidly with the motion of the water. Soon the sea became an inky black, and we turned on our searchlights. At this depth, perhaps five hundred feet, the schools of fish were no longer evident.

The vegetation grew thicker, and we seemed to pass into another world altogether. We thought we saw shapes – shadows out in the blackness – and just beyond the reach of our beams.

And then we saw it. There, in the beams of our searchlights – a city of colossal size, trapped beneath the waves of this frigid sea! It must have been thousands upon thousands of years old; it was crusted with the growths of countless centuries, yet its immense outline seemed scarcely obliterated by the aeons.

That this strange city was not constructed for human use was immediately obvious: the angles were elusive, maddening, and seemed neither concave nor convex. Murray was dumbfounded; he mumbled something about there being some kind of undefined horror locked within these cyclopean monoliths.

Our searchlights could only hint at the titanic, sprawling precincts of this terrible city, but we could make out ships – dozens of them – smashed and resting precariously upon the countless terraces of that nameless abyss: whaling ships, trawlers, clippers of wood and iron, sail and steam!

I felt dizzy, nauseous, yet sought further details. Young Murray, however, had become so hysterical that to extend our visit was unthinkable; he was screaming and flailing his arms like a madman. It was obvious he was a danger not only to us, but to himself. We gave the signal to the *Intrepid* above, and at once we began to rise.

It was then, as we were hauled up towards the surface and safety, that we saw a sight to surpass the horror of all we had already seen: the most blasphemous shape imaginable, a guardian of that sunken crypt which wallowed in the murky depths. Worse, the abomination seemed to be following us at a distance. By this time Murray had, mercifully, fainted. I have never felt such relief as when – at last – we broke the surface alongside the *Intrepid*.

The Devil Papers #7

Hugh MacBain's Death: this case is on file as "Missing; Presumed Dead." Following the discovery of MacBain's capsized rowboat, a thorough search of the outer harbor was made, but to no avail.

Edward Drake's Disappearance: the investigators can readily learn that Inspector Martin Sutherland is handling the investigation into Edward Drake's disappearance. He is in his office during normal working hours, and is quite accessible. He is as interested in the investigators as they are in what he has to say. He readily agrees to swap information, since he has very few leads, and has not dismissed the possibility that Drake might simply have decided to leave Aberdeen without informing anyone. Detective Sutherland doesn't rule out foul play, either, but fancies that it is not likely. So far he has no suspect, no motive, and no evidence.

FILE CONCERNING THE MURDER OF MORTIMER DRAKE

In summary, the thin file says that the body of Mortimer Drake was discovered lying in a pool of blood at the foot of the first floor stairs of his Albury Road residence. The body was covered with deep slashes, and it appeared as though he had been cut repeatedly by razor-sharp knives. A loaded shotgun lay several feet away. The coroner states conclusively that Drake was murdered.

A subsequent autopsy revealed that his left arm, left hip, and neck were all broken, due probably to a fall down the stairs. No knife resembling the suspected weapon was located on or near the premises.

Mrs. Drake was nowhere to be found, and has not been seen since. She is still wanted for questioning. She may have killed herself, as part of a murder-suicide. No other possible killer developed, and the police exhausted their meager leads.

The case is still technically open, but no work has been done on it in more than ten years.

The Devil Papers #8

However, he is very curious as to why the MacBain men all seem to disappear or die young; he too has looked at the old files. A successful Psychology roll shows that he now considers the investigators to be his prime leads, but that he does not suspect them of murder. If background checks begin to suggest that they might have a motive for Drake's death, he will move swiftly against the investigators.

He does not yet know about the death of Prof. MacKendrick. Once he learns about that, and about Simon Murray's commitment to the Royal Mental Hospital, he will have many more questions to ask.

MARTIN SUTHERLAND, age 37, Inspector of Police

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 15 SAN 60 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Webley Revolver, 70%, 1D8
Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3+1D4

Skills: Bargain 60%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 60%, Hide 40%, Law 50%, Listen 75%, Psychology 65%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 15%.

Sutherland is a burly red-haired fellow with a handlebar moustache and a tough no-nonsense attitude. He speaks the thick local accent impeccably, though he was raised in the Lowlands. He plays by the book and expects everyone else to do the same. Inspector Sutherland has little compassion for those who break the law.



Aberdeen City Cemetery

This is a large, rambling graveyard located at the junction of Great Western Road and Holburn Street. A

wrought iron fence surrounds the entire graveyard; a narrow gravel drive leads to the custodian's house. Many of the tombstones date back centuries. Each hour of searching in this tree-filled cemetery allows a Spot Hidden roll to locate one of the following graves. With a successful Credit Rating roll and a gift of a few shillings to the groundskeeper, he can find a plot map that locates the three simple gravestones.

Mortimer Drake (1879-1910)
Howard MacBain (1779-1828)
Emma MacBain (1781-1826)

Try as they might, the investigators cannot find graves for Duncan, Duncan II, Ewen, Hugh, or Ula.

The cemetery is best visited during the daylight hours, as the groundskeeper has a shotgun and no sympathy for nocturnal prowlers. Grave-robbers are not unknown here. Anyone skulking around in the dead of night would be suspected of that heinous crime.

IVOR CONNOLLY, age 61, Groundskeeper

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 60 HP 13



Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Nightstick 50%,
damage 1D6+1D4
12-gauge Shotgun 40%, damage
4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Drive Funereal Coach and
Four 40%, History of the Cemetery
50%, Library Use 50%, Recite
Robbie Burns 44%, Sneak 30%,
Spot Hidden 50%.

A stout fellow with a heavy beard
and too romantic a nature, Connolly

has little of interest to tell investigators. He can recite many of the *Ossian* poems, a more or less fraudulent epic once much-admired by some, and is familiar with the works of Edgar Allen Poe, especially "The Raven". He dislikes strangers tramping about, for they're likely to upset the dead, and then for weeks the dead are tempted to walk again like the living do, requiring him to step lightly at night.

A successful Psychology roll shows that Connolly doesn't actually believe this, though he regularly scares himself with such tales.

Royal Mental Hospital

Simon Murray, of Edinburgh, the third member of the bathyscaphe team, is currently a patient at the Royal Mental Hospital in Berryden Road. The hospital is a shining example of British psychiatry—neat, efficient, and dignified. Visiting hours are Monday to Friday, 9am to 5pm, at the discretion of hospital staff. Medical credentials, or letters of reference, or

successful Credit Rating and Persuade rolls are needed to see Murray.

He sits huddled in a corner on the floor of his padded room, mumbling to himself. When he notices his visitors, he babbles mindlessly, "The waves... the waves... down the Hole... beneath the waves... endless, endless... up! Up! The walls... breathing—living! That thing! Up! Up!"

A successful Psychology roll made while interviewing Simon Murray suggests that he has suffered a tremendous mental shock, resulting in a complete nervous breakdown. What he witnessed, or believes he witnessed, would seem to be the cause of his state.

Here he begins to screech and rave. The attendants rush in to administer a sedative to Murray and hustle out the investigators.

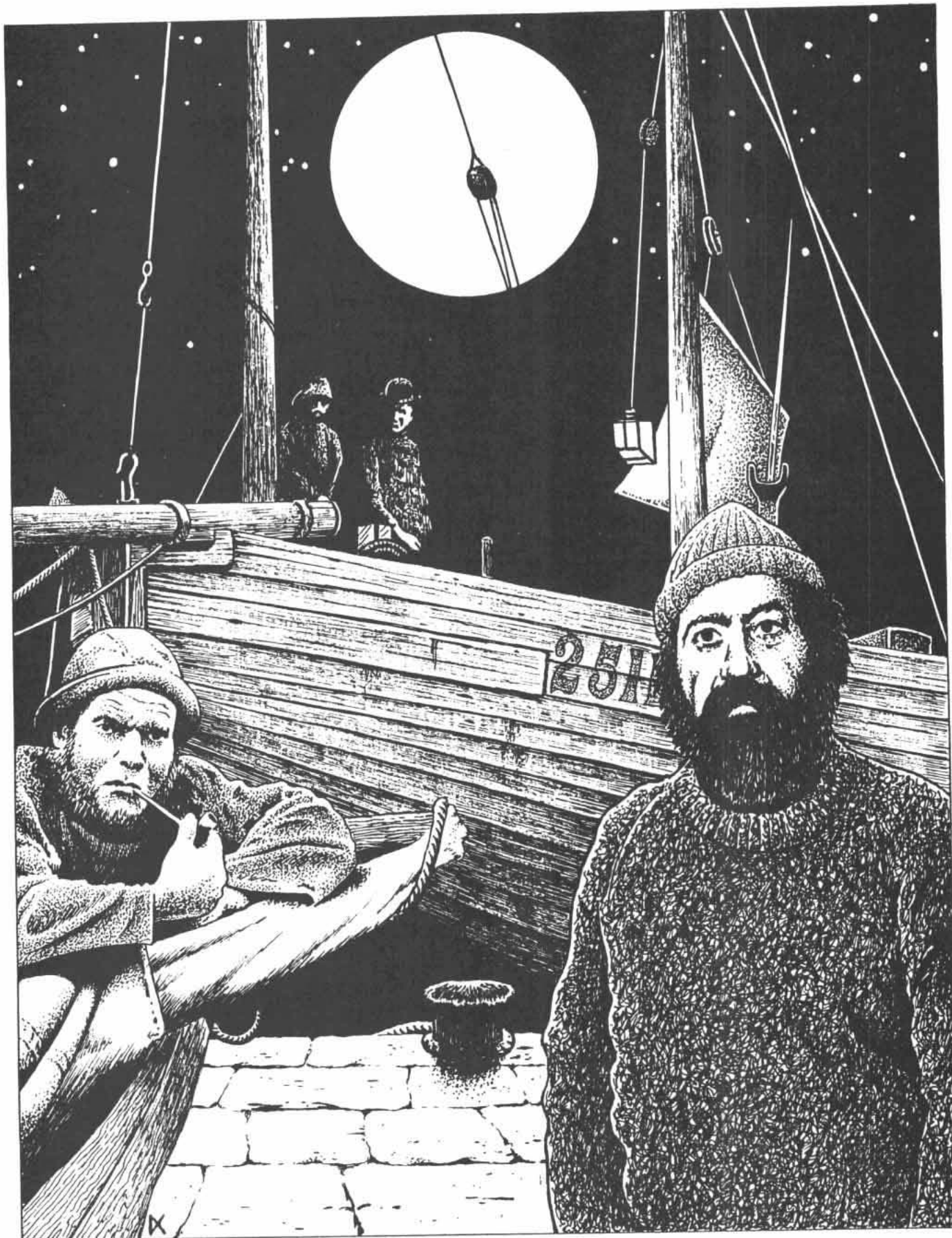
Dr. Peter Cameron, the attending therapist, is a dapper Englishman with graying hair, spectacles, and white suit. He will explain his patient's condition to the investigators: "From what we know, Mr. Murray was a reasonably stable young man, with no history of mental illness, but sometimes he who appears the most rational is often quite the opposite, under certain conditions. Hence his present nervous breakdown."

"Mr. Murray's involvement with the University's ocean survey seems to have triggered the problem. I'll be frank with you; he's in sad shape. I've seen veterans of the War with less damage. His mind has retreated, and only time perhaps can bring it back. He's certainly suffering from a variety of conditions, not the least of which we call thalassophobia: fear of the sea. It probably lay unnoticed in him all the time, but emerged when he entered that bathysphere and went down into the gray waters."

If the investigators present Dr. Cameron with Professor MacKendrick's journal, or other similar evidence, he will be quite perplexed, but remain unconvinced: "It seems that Mr. Murray isn't alone in his deep-rooted fears. Of course, what you've shown me is the result of this dread, perhaps connected with the tremendous stresses that such explorations force upon the human mind, and not based on any reality."

City Records Office

Located on King Street, this stout office of recent construction is open from Monday to Friday, 9am to 5pm. Access to the information requires a successful Fast Talk or Persuade roll. There are a number of MacBain birth certificates here, but surprisingly few marriage or death certificates entered. The heavy



Noted Professor Passes Away Expressions of Condolence

Professor Ian Mackendrick, of the faculty at the University of Aberdeen, was the victim of an apparent fatal heart attack last night. He was discovered by his family this morning.

A long-time resident of the city, Prof. Mackendrick taught at the University for 25 years, and was admired and respected by both faculty and students, who now grieve for his passing.

Prof. Mackendrick was eminent in the study of thalassography, or oceanography, as it is becoming known, and had published many scholarly books and papers.

He is the third member of a recent bathyscaphe expedition to be in the news. Member Mr. Simon Murray was hospitalized for an unannounced ailment upon the expedition's return. Yesterday, the second member, Mr. Edward Drake, was declared missing by police.

Prof. Mackendrick is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mackendrick, and daughter, Pauline.

Scott's Creeping Bent for Perfect Lawns!

Don't let your lawn be a victim of the creeping bent. Scott's Creeping Bent is the only lawn fertilizer that kills the bent and restores the lawn to its original condition.

Thursday, September 13, 1925

MUSEUM FIRE

Damage put at £5,000 Exhibits Ruined

by M. Ferguson

An unexplained fire in the basement of the Maritime Museum last night has caused an estimated £5,000 damage. No injuries were reported among the many crime crews called to fight the blaze.

One spectator was nearly overwhelmed after inhaling "deadly fumes like rotten fish," but the man was released as being unharmed after observation for a few hours in hospital.

Though no flames were visible to spectators, twice severe clouds of dense black smoke poured from broken windows.

Structural damage to the building is minimal, officials state, but several irreplaceable exhibits were ruined, among them the noteworthy, recently-discovered Ichthyofauna remains, which were completely destroyed.

The fire was discovered by a night janitor at the museum, who reported it promptly.

The Very Reverend Einar Holm of St. Blasius is a director for the museum. He expressed bafflement, stating that he had personally inspected that area of the facility only a few days before, with an eye toward fire safety. "Thank God no one was injured," he stated.

Several firemen expressed dismay at how hot the fire burned, and suggested that some incendiary chemical was involved, but offered no proof.

Aberdeen Fire Brigade officials are currently investigating the cause of the fire.

Cunningham Backs in National Election

Strange Catch at Dogger Bank

Remains of Mystery Creature Brought Ashore

The remains of a previously unknown species of marine life was taken by a Norwegian trawler fishing the Dogger Bank, excited University scientists said today.

Lars Nygaard, captain of the *Vikenberg*, described the thing as "about seven feet in length, with thick, scaly, green-grey skin. It had the head and body of a very large fish, but what looked to be stubby, human-like limbs."

When crewmen hauled that net aboard at the end of the day's run, they were shocked to find the very strange decomposing remains of the creature.

According to Nygaard, the crew were so disconcerted that they "wanted to throw it back into the sea, but I thought such an unusual finding should be seen by scientists."

The progressive captain put the remains on ice and sailed overnight to our city, to deliver the find to the nearest university.

Professors Ian Mackendrick and Holmofelley Bishop Price discussed the find with reporters today, and anticipate releasing

papers summarizing the find. Mackendrick spoke enthusiastically of sending a diving bell to the bottom of the Bank, "to find out just what is there." Local fishermen nodded sagely when told of the news. "There's lots in the sea we know nothing of," one volunteered, and his companions nodded. "We don't speak of it, lest we not be believed," said another.

The remains have been deposited in the Maritime Museum for further study.



The *Vikenberg*, captain's quarters.

Whether it was the swelling, pronunciation, or meaning of a word, or the character, or historical event, or geographical point, some detail of science, business, government, literature, or art.

Ship Arrives for North Sea Study

The motor vessel *Intrepid*, on loan from the British Oceanographic Society, has arrived in Aberdeen to share in the University of Aberdeen's upcoming explorations in the North Sea. It is now at anchor.

Using the Maritime Museum's prototype bathysphere, a University exploration party, headed by Professor Ian Mackendrick, will investigate the Dogger Bank region.

The Dogger Bank is one of the world's great fisheries. Mackendrick hopes to learn all the factors involved in making such a superior spawning ground for an large variety of fish.

SOUTH AMERICA

DIRECT TO RIO—12 DAYS

No Interruption Stops

FOUR

Albury Road Man Missing

Police Seek Public's Assistance

Edward Drake, 22, has been missing since Monday night, authorities stated today.

Mr. Drake was last seen leaving his home in Albury Road at about 7 p.m. that evening by a neighbor. Police do not suspect foul play, and speculate that Drake, a native Londoner, may have returned to England.

Persons with information relevant to this case are kindly asked to contact Inspector Martin Sutherland of the Aberdeen Constabulary as soon as possible.

To Display

Patron them to the well

Local Man Missing Following Freak Storm

Hugh MacBain, of Albury Road, is feared drowned after his boat capsized yesterday outside Albury Basin during what has been described as a sudden, freak storm.

Despite repeated searches, authorities have been unable to recover Mr. MacBain, who is believed to have been carried out to sea.

Authorities fear the worst, believing that few men could hold out long against the cold of the North Sea.

MacBain was a reclusive, self-styled scholar. His nearest relative is thought to be a nephew, Edward Drake, of London.

TRAVEL

At exclusive

order

At last a

case. No re-

quently re-

room, Han-

HA

MADE LIKE A FI

bound registers of such events bear numbered lists in roughly chronological order. There is a gap of about one hundred years where three generations of MacBain brides are unknown, corroborating Edward's ancestry chart.

The records clerk is an unhelpful Marxist with a perverse taste for reading racing forms on the job. About the missing generations he raises his eyes and says only that the proletariat have no obligation to furnish their bloodsucking masters with information of any sort. Then he returns to his racing form.

Aberdeen Evening Press

The offices of Aberdeen's popular daily newspaper, established in 1879, are located on Union Street, and are open weekdays 9am to 5pm and Saturday 1pm to 5pm. A copy of the Aberdeen Evening Press costs a penny.

Having long outgrown the building in which it is housed, the newspaper is desperately in need of larger quarters. Staff work in cramped cubicles and narrow hallways. Access to the newspaper's cellar morgue is easy enough to obtain with a letter of reference and a short interview (or successful Persuade and Credit Rating rolls) but locating relevant articles amid a jumble of nearly fifty years of newspapers is a daunting task, even if one knows the general date of the story. For each hour spent rummaging, a successful Library Use roll uncovers one of six relevant stories, *The Devil Papers* #s 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14.

While conducting research here, the investigators may cross paths with Margaret Fergusson, a reporter currently covering the local news scene; as such, she may be used by the keeper to steer confused investigators in the right direction (or to provide misleading clues and red herrings) should the need arise.

Miss Fergusson is a feisty, independent red-head in her late twenties. She is always well-dressed and good-natured. Her commonsensical Presbyterian background makes her unlikely to believe stories of aquatic cities and fish-men. She shares a flat in Westburn Road with a girlfriend.

The Devil Papers #15

Passengers aboard the steamship *Sleipner*, bound for Aberdeen from Oslo in 1922, reported sighting strange shapes beneath the sea and dark shapes swimming to starboard. By the time crew members were summoned, however, the lights and shapes had vanished. Incidents of this nature occur with some frequency in the North Sea, and seasoned sailors take stories of 'Devil Lights' with a pinch of salt or a wise and furtive nod.

MARGARET FERGUSSON, age 28, Reporter

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 60 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Kick 45%, 1D6.

Skills: Fast Talk 60%, Library Use 60%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Write Pithy Lead 55%.



University Of Aberdeen

Most of the university is housed between Gallowgate and North Streets, in a number of buildings, some dating back as far as four centuries. If the investigators look for Professor Ian MacKendrick, everyone informs them that he has taken a week's holiday. A polite inquiry to the porter gets them MacKendrick's home address, only a comfortable walk distant.

If the investigators visit here after MacKendrick's death, the faculty and staff are mourning his loss, but cannot provide useful information. No one here knows what the bathyscaphe team witnessed in Devil's Hole.

University offices are open weekdays only, from 8am to 6pm. Tutors and resident scholars keep their own hours, for the most part. The University porters can provide much assistance, if asked.

A Fast Talk or Persuade roll gains access to MacKendrick's office, which is in any case unlocked. Amid stacks of books, student essays, and scholarly journals, the investigators find an unsent letter addressed to Professor Henry Armitage, Miskatonic University, Arkham, Massachusetts. Give the players *The Devil Papers* #22 if they decide to open the envelope.

Central Library

A visit to this stately building on Skene Street (open Monday to Friday, 10am to 6pm, Saturday and Sunday, 1pm to 5pm) may turn up some items of interest. Among the bewildering piles books, manuscripts, and other documents here, a successful Library Use roll is required for each book per hour of searching, per investigator.

North Sea Tales, by P.A. Logan, Edinburgh, 1925. This book contains folklore concerning the North Sea, from the earliest tales of sea serpents in the eighth century by seafaring Norsemen, to the most recent twentieth century reports. The players should be given *The Devil Papers* #15.

Similar reports have been logged at various times in the last forty years on the Edinburgh-Oslo route,

Dear Professor Armitage,

I write this letter in the hope that you might be of some assistance to me in a matter most unusual. Please accept my apologies, for I have neither the time nor the desire to explain the situation in full.

Suffice to say that I have heard rumours about recent events at Devil Reef off the Massachusetts coast. The tales I have heard bear a disturbing similarity to what I have seen here with my very own eyes, in an undersea chasm known as Devil's Hole, in the Dogger Bank region of the North Sea. I am certain that I have attracted the attention of those from below. They do not like for others to know that which they strive to keep secret. I do not know how long it will be before they come for me. Please be assured, Professor Armitage, that this is no hoax, nor am I off the beam - not yet anyway.

If you would be so kind, could you please send to me - in all possible haste - any and all information you might have in your possession which may pertain to the situation at hand.

Sincerely, Prof. Ian MacKendrick

University of Aberdeen

The Devil Papers #22

but the most frequent occurrences seem to be on the Hull-Oslo, Hamburg-Edinburgh, and Hamburg-Newcastle routes.

Vestigium Scoticum, by D. MacAonghais, Edinburgh, 1680. This reference book is missing. No one at the library knows what the book is, where it is, or when it went missing. The librarian, Mrs. Alice Paton, will suggest that investigators wishing to obtain a copy of the book try one of Aberdeen's many used and rare book dealers.

Genealogy of the Clans, by Clive MacRae, Glasgow, 1911. A standard work on Scottish clans. There is an interesting section on the MacBain clan; give the players *The Devil Papers #16*.

Rare Books

"Aberdeen's Finest" proclaims the sign over this musty little shop in Beechgrove Terrace. The proprietor, Andrew Bruce, lives upstairs. He is an absent-minded but good-natured octogenarian. The shop is open Monday to Friday, 10am to 5pm, and Saturday, 11am to 5pm. Amid a clutter of Shakespeares, Dickenses, Brontes, Bunyans, and Burnsies, wedged between old editions of *Canterbury Tales* and *Ivanhoe*, is a musty old copy of *Vestigium Scoticum*. Locate it with a successful Spot Hidden roll.

Mr. Bruce does not remember how he came into possession of the book, but reckons that it was part

of an old second-hand job lot. Although ignorant of its arcane value, Mr. Bruce is well aware of its antiquity: this original edition fetches the princely sum of £25, more if Mr. Bruce perceives that the investigators want it badly.

Vestigium Scoticum, by D. MacAonghais, Edinburgh, 1680: this book upset puritanical 17th century Scotland because of its dark themes, and was often labeled "blasphemous." There are two relevant passages. Each requires a successful Luck roll to discover while perusing the book. Give the players *The Devil Papers #17* and *The Devil Papers #18* as applicable.

The old, worm-eaten tome gives +5% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, and a Sanity loss of 1/1D6. It

The Devil Papers #16

In Aberdeen, records of the 19th century are oddly incomplete. There exists no information concerning the brides of three generations of MacBains, following Howard's marriage to Emma Douglas in 1801. It is believed that their son, Duncan (born 1805), the captain of a tea clipper, took as his wife a woman of the Orient. Duncan's son and grandson may have followed a similar course. In any event, with the marriage of Ula MacBain to Mortimer Drake in 1902, the genealogy of the clan MacBain is once again on track.

It is spoke of with guarded tongue, but certain
fisherfolk of that Burgh betwixt the Dee and the
Don have been known to propitiate that which they
believe dwelleth beneath the cold, dark waters of
that sea which separateth the isle of the Bryttons
from the Scandynavian home of the Norse.

The Devil Papers #17

Elidh MacAlhuirich, burned at the stake in 1676
for heresies against God, and said to associate
with powers beyond mortal ken, did utter this
curse in the moments prior to her execution: May
he who is Lord of the Hole rise once more from
his watery bier to take that which is his; in that
rotten crypt are gates to a hundred hells and one
may his power grow! When he breaketh his bonds
and drowneth the world about, mankind will
tremble and perish in his wake!

The Devil Papers #18

has a spell modifier of x1 and contains two spells:
Contact Spawn of Cthulhu and Contact Deep One.

Malcolm Chisholm, Solicitor

Mr. Chisholm's office is located on the ground floor
of a town house in Desswood Place, near Forest Road.
Chisholm is a cigar-chomping, portly individual who
enjoys a spot of brandy. As executor of Howard
MacBain's will, he contacted Edward Drake in Lon-
don and informed Drake that he was the sole benefi-
ciary of the estate. When Drake arrived in Aberdeen,
Chisholm presented him with the inheritance: the
house in Albury Road (and all its contents), and the
deed to Harbourside Processing, Ltd. There was no
cash involved; apparently MacBain had a dislike for
banks, and whatever money he may have had would
probably be in the house.

Chisholm, a cordial fellow in his late thirties, has
no information regarding Drake's disappearance. If
asked about Hugh MacBain, Chisholm says little,
unless the investigators make a Credit Rating roll;
he then relates that "he was a queer sort, was Hugh
MacBain; what you'd say 'holier-than-thou,' I sup-
pose. He only visited me once, to register the will.
That was just a few weeks ago. You'd think he'd
almost knew he was going to die."

Maritime Museum

The museum is housed in two sixteenth century town
houses bordering Ship Row, one of the medieval thor-
oughfares winding up from the harbor. The museum
is open to the public Monday through Saturday, 10am
to 5pm.

FIRST FLOOR

These galleries retrace the early development of Ab-
erdeen harbor from the original north pier (1781) to
successive fishing booms. Model boats here include
pre-steam replicas. There is a tribute here to the China
Tea Trade. The exhibit mentions Duncan MacBain
as a prominent clipper captain, along with his son. A
second exhibit entitled "Memorial To Those Brave
Souls Lost At Sea" includes some familiar names.

Duncan MacBain - 1849, North Sea
Duncan MacBain II - 1869, North Sea
Ewen MacBain - 1891, Dogger Bank

SECOND FLOOR

The history of shipbuilding is traced from the earli-
est small sailing vessels, with emphasis on the tea
clippers. What is called a 19th century sailor's "good
luck charm" is exhibited here. It is a wooden object,
about six inches in length and three in diameter, re-
sembling the head of an octopus with a mass of feel-
ers or tentacles protruding from it. A successful
Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests that this represents
Great Cthulhu himself, or perhaps a Star Spawn.

GRAHAM KILBRIDE, age 49, Director

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 18 SAN 60 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 45%,
Anthropology 60%, Archaeology
40%, Credit Rating 30%,
Geology 45%, Latin 40%,
Library Use 80%, Natural
History 80%, Persuade 20%.

Dr. Kilbride is a well-mannered
gentleman in his late forties. He
wears well-tailored clothes, and
his idea of casual dress is a three-piece suit. He is a
staunch supporter of accepted scientific theories; he
has no time for the wild speculations of "publicity-
mad amateurs." Although he believes that species of
marine life hitherto unknown to man might well ex-
ist, the notion of fish-men and vast underwater cities
is utterly ridiculous.

If the investigators ask about the strange ichthyoid
remains and the fire that destroyed them, Dr. Kilbride
says that the specimen was nothing more than the



rotting carcass of a seal or walrus, and that the (unrelated) fire was the work of vandals. A successful Psychology roll suggests that he is perhaps not so certain of these explanations as he would like to be.

ABOUT THE EXPEDITION

The museum is also involved in current studies, including the Oceanographic survey of Devil's Hole. The museum curator, Dr. Kilbride, is dissatisfied with the results of the first expedition and hopes that, one day, another dive will be made. "The technology is new," he relates, "but I think we're on the verge of tremendous discoveries!"

Fish Market

The old fish market is a lively spot at the foot of Market St. on Albert Basin. When in full swing, a crowd of buyers, merchants and fishermen haggle over the stacked boxes brimming over with fish of all kinds. Each day at 7am the public can watch fish being auctioned.

Making his home amidst this jumble and cacophony is a white-haired old drunk by the name of Archibald Burns. He sleeps among and around the stalls and, perforce, reeks of fish. Gaunt and almost toothless, Archie is fond of quoting Robert Burns (of whom he insists he is a direct descendant) and, if supplied with a bottle or two of strong liquor, can provide the following to investigators who inquire about the MacBain family:

"They 'eld commerce wi' th' far corners o' th' earth, an' broch't strange things back wi' 'em."

If the investigators inquire about strange happenings and/or peculiar items in Aberdeen, or Devil's Hole itself, and more liquor is supplied, Archie will relate the following, drunkenly, before passing out:

"Well naow, ye've opened up ain whole can o' worms naow, ye have. There's ain lot more tae this world than they teaches ye in school. Ain lot more. I knaow, I seen an' heard things ain body oughtn't tae. I can tell ye that they wait by th' gates for th' time tae come, and there's them who ken th' spells put upon th' Aold 'Uns, and there's them who ken how tae break them, as already they ken how tae command th' servants o' those who wait beyond th' door fra' Aoutside."

Just how he came upon this information, Archie does not say. Perhaps his rum-sodden imagination is running wild, or perhaps he is repeating something he once read, or overheard. He has been a fixture in the fish market for more years than most folk can

remember. He does not beg, but often receives a few pennies from the locals, who tolerate his stumbling interpretations of Robert Burns. No one gives credence to any of Archie's wild stories.

ARCHIBALD BURNS, age 55, drunk

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 9
DEX 11 APP 9 EDU 7 SAN 15 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Hide 50%, Listen 35%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 40%.

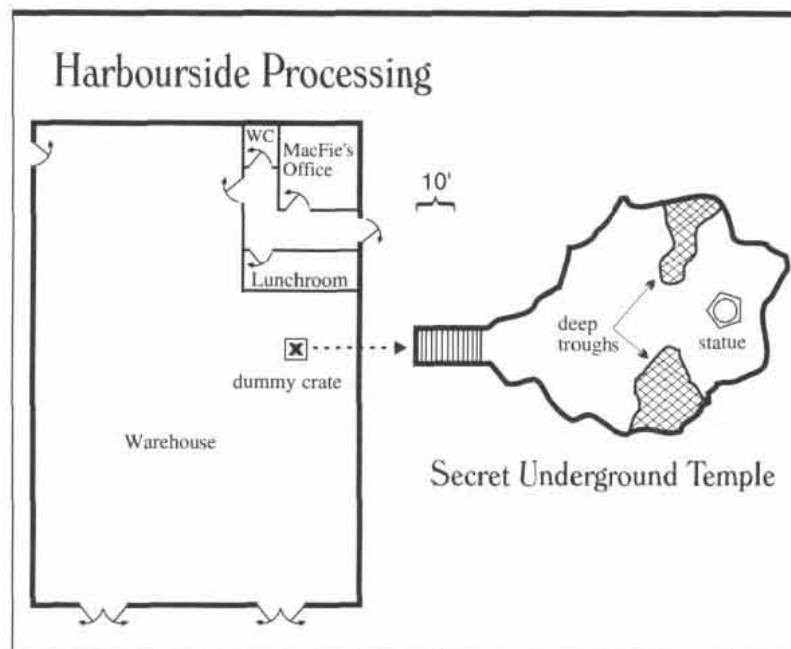


Harbourside Processing

This ramshackle processing plant on Blaikie's Quay operates Monday to Friday, from 6am to 6pm. The building itself is in a state of disrepair, but still functioning. There are about a dozen employees, all of whom are members of the cult. If investigators decide to visit during the day, the workers direct them to Rowland MacFie, the plant manager.

MacFie is a potbellied fellow dressed in ill-fitting clothes. If questioned, he admits that the plant is owned by the MacBain family. He's heard of Hugh's death, but it's business as usual: "Don't matter who owns the plant, there's a job to do." Anyone making a Psychology roll will deduce that MacFie is not telling everything he knows.

MacFie has never met Edward Drake. He will answer any other questions as briefly and unsuspiciously as possible, then politely wave the investigators off: "I've a load of work to do today, if ye'll excuse me."



If the investigators visit after here after hours, they will have to break in: doors and windows are securely locked. A single watchman stands guard, and there is a chance equal to the lowest luck score of investigators present that he will be sound asleep in the lunch room (see below). If not, he occasionally makes rounds of the plant.

Hapless investigators who have the misfortune of being captured by the cultists are brought to the plant, to be ground up with the fish viscera. If rescuers arrive in time (the cultists rarely wait longer than twenty-four hours to dispose of prisoners), they find their friend bound and gagged, awaiting the grinding machine which is in the warehouse.

Investigators who do not arrive in time might (with a successful Spot Hidden roll) find a pocket watch, hat, or other personal item of their late friend. He or she has, by this point, met his or her terrible demise in the grinder.

MacFie's Office: on MacFie's desk is a small statuette very similar to the sailor's luck charm in the Maritime Museum, a wooden object about six inches in length and three in diameter, resembling the head of an octopus with a mass of feelers or tentacles protruding from it. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the image as that of Great Cthulhu himself, or one of his Spawn. If questioned about the object, MacFie says that it is a good luck charm, "like a rabbit's foot."

ROWLAND MACFIE, age 39, Plant Manager

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: .45 Revolver 60%, 1D10+2
Knife 80%, 1D6

Spells: Contact Deep Ones, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Shrivelling.

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 25%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Law 20%, Occult 50%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%.



Lunch Room: workers take their lunch breaks in this room. There are several long, low tables and benches about the room but nothing of interest. If the investigators visit at night, there is a chance that the night watchman will be asleep here. Any loud noise will awaken him. Have each investigator who passes by the door make Sneak roll: if any fail, the watchman will awaken with a successful Listen roll. The watchman is a gruff, burly fellow with little interest in conversation.

NIGHT WATCHMAN, age 71

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 8 EDU 7 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 80%, damage 1D3+db
Club 40%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Electrical Repair 50%, Hide 35%, Listen 70%, Occult 25%, Operate Heavy Machinery 50%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 70%, Track 40%.

Washroom: this tiny room contains a toilet, washbasin, and shower.

Warehouse: the warehouse, ostensibly for the grinding and storage of fish viscera (which is used for pet food) serves another, less pleasant purpose: it is also a temple to the great abomination which dwells in Devil's Hole. The hidden temple is located in the secret cellar, accessed only through a dummy crate in the warehouse. Investigators examining the many crates stored here will stumble across the secret with a successful Luck roll.

Temple: below this crate, which is easily moved aside, lies a long flight of narrow stairs. The rock walls become increasingly damp as the steps descend, until finally a small cavern is reached. About a foot of murky water covers the floor. There is a noxious stench of putrescent fish here, far worse than the odors found in the warehouse. A gleaming obsidian statue of a huge, hulking half-frog, half-man creature looms at the opposite end of the cavern, on a small stone pedestal. The statue glistens in any light the investigators may have brought with them.

There are several exceptionally deep troughs in the floor here, hidden by the murkiness of the water. These troughs are essentially bottomless, perhaps eventually linking up with the depths of the sunken alien city. Unless a character is heavily encumbered (in which case drowning rules take effect), these troughs pose little danger, although the keeper may want to make anyone who steps into one of these troughs make a swim roll, since the sudden depth will probably startle the investigator.

It is here that the faithful come to worship. Sacrifices are tossed—bound and weighted—down the troughs. The devotees are degenerate humans of dubious breeding, simple fisherfolk all, sharing a common unwholesome appearance and lack of intelligence. There is a 50% chance that 1D4+1 adherents will be present, praying, if the investigators visit during the night. They will, of course, seek to sacrifice any and all intruders to their loathsome god.

For over a hundred years, the MacBain clan has acted as go-betweens for the human cultists of Aberdeen and the less than human denizens of Devil's Hole.

PROCESSING PLANT WORKERS/CULTISTS

All are male; ages range from eighteen to fifty.
Sanities are zero. Reuse as necessary.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	15	14	13	9	11	14
Two	13	14	12	11	12	13
Three	13	13	12	11	11	13
Four	13	14	12	11	10	13
Five	12	13	16	17	10	15
Six	15	12	12	12	12	12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db
Cosh (blackjack) 70%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Climb 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 35%, Hide 20%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Operate Heavy Machinery 50%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 35%, Throw 50%.

The Slime Horror

The real danger in the cavern is neither trough nor cultist: it is a floating pool of dark, glutinous slime which blends so well with the water in the cavern as to be undetectable.

A Spot Hidden roll as it approaches will suggest that something is vaguely wrong with the water. Otherwise, the investigators will not detect the slime's presence until it begins to flow around someone's legs in the water. The pool measures about ten feet in diameter.

The horror's highly corrosive substance inflicts 1D3 damage per round, automatically, on anyone standing within it. The victim will find it extremely difficult to move as the oily pseudopod creeps slowly up its victim's legs. An individual thus trapped may break free by overcoming the horror's STR on the resistance table. The victim is free to attack, of course, but firearms and melee weapons inflict only half damage on the slimy, gelatinous thing. The viscous pool is vulnerable to fire, however, and an aggressively-wielded torch will drive it off. The horror takes double fire damage.

The slime pool's lair is deep within one of the troughs, but it will usually be found in the shrine proper. It does not attack cultists, and is under the nominal power of Rowland MacFie, if he is present.

SLIME HORROR

STR 25 CON 25 SIZ 20 INT 11 POW 20
DEX 18 MOV 8 HP 23

Damage Bonus: n/a

Weapon: corrosion, automatic, damage 1D3

Armor: none, but the thing's substance gives it 50% protection from damage caused by firearms and melee weapons. It is, however, highly vulnerable to fire, taking double damage from all such attacks.

Sanity Cost to See: 1/1D6

At Sea

Dogger Bank

This 170 mile long, 65 mile wide sandbank is an important cod and herring fishing ground, as well as a breeding area for many types of fish. It lies 250 miles southeast of Aberdeen, and attracts trawlers from Britain, Norway, Denmark, Germany, and many other nations. Several major shipping lanes pass over it. At its most shallow point, Dogger Bank is just under sixty feet deep; at its deepest, one hundred and twenty feet.

Hiring a ship to travel to Dogger Bank will be simple; there are plenty of local fishing vessels for hire. For £10, investigators may hire a sturdy vessel and crew for such a voyage. Unfortunately, there is nothing of importance there, as far as this scenario is concerned, and the trip will be unremarkable.

Devil's Hole

This undersea chasm reaches a plumbed depth of 120 fathoms, nearly 800 feet. Devil's Hole lies about 150 miles southeast of Aberdeen. If the investigators mention a journey to Devil's Hole to local fishermen, the once-abundant ships and crews suddenly remember prior commitments. No one seems willing to undertake such a voyage: "Looks like a storm's brewing. Not a good time to set out," and "Och, I just remembered, I've already hired out the ship. Sorry, mate," are two common reactions.

Only two local captains will take the investigators to Devil's Hole. Have the investigator with the lowest Luck score make a secret roll; if he rolls equal to or lower than his score, the investigators find Kapitan Hans Mueller and his ship, *Der Grunhafen*. For £20, this sturdy fishing vessel from Hamburg will take the investigators out to Devil's Hole on an uneventful voyage. While in the Devil's Hole area, investigators making a Spot Hidden roll will catch a fleeting glimpse of a large, dark shape in the water not far from the ship: "Probably a whale," says Mueller. His crew speaks little English.

If the Luck roll fails, the investigators find Captain Liam Baird and his ship, the *Kipper*. This rather decrepit-looking fishing vessel operates out of Aberdeen. It is powered by a coal dust-burning diesel engine that coughs and sputters occasionally. Baird, who bears a long scar upon his bearded face, will take the investigators out to Devil's Hole for the astoundingly low fee of £5, but this is not the bargain it appears to be: Baird and his crew are deranged

servants of that which dwells beneath the waves. They will attempt to subdue the investigators and toss them overboard, as sacrifices, into the cold, dark waters of Devil's Hole. There is but a single lifeboat, with room for eight average men.

LIAM BAIRD, age 43, Captain of the "Kipper"

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 9 APP 7 EDU 10 SAN 20 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: .45 revolver 50%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Navigate 45%, Pilot Boat 60%.

SIX UNSAVORY SAILORS

All are male. Ages range from twenty to forty. Sanities are zero. Reuse as necessary.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	12	13	16	12	12	15
Two	16	13	12	13	11	13
Three	14	10	14	10	10	12
Four	13	16	14	13	10	15
Five	13	12	13	15	10	13
Six	13	14	13	11	9	14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knife 65%, damage 1D6+db
Fist 65%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Boating 40%, Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 30%, Hide 20%, Listen 40%, Navigate 25%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 80%, Throw 45%.

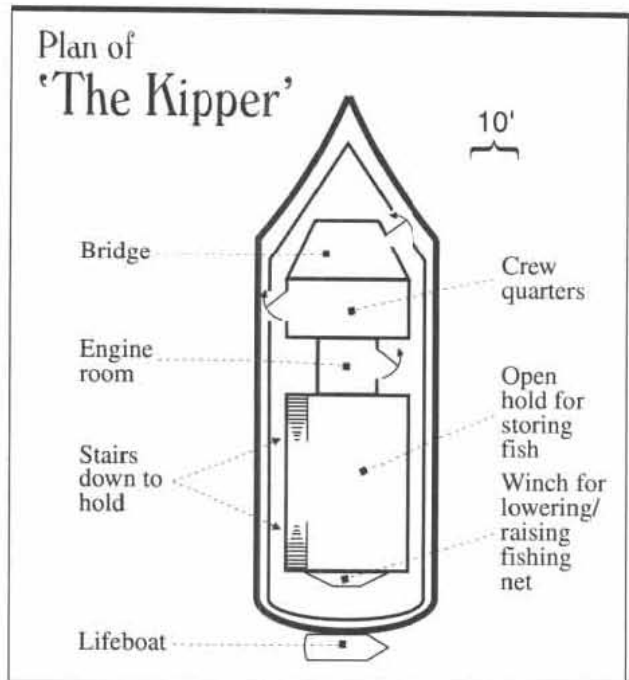
Investigators thrown into the water are essentially doomed: the nearest land is some seventy-five miles to the southwest. Even the most capable of swimmers will succumb to the freezing waters long before they even catch sight of shore. The nearest shipping route is the Edinburgh-Hamburg lane, about twenty miles to the south, still an impossible distance in the frigid North Sea.

Allow any investigators tossed into the sea a chance equal to Luck/20 (rounded up) that a ship will pass near enough to notice them floundering in the water, and pick them up. If more than one investigator is involved, the chance is not cumulative; use the highest Luck/20 score.

Any survivors fortunate enough to have a spot in the lifeboat will drift at sea for 3D6 hours before being spotted and picked up. If the keeper is kind-hearted, the ship is Aberdeen-bound.

Armitage's Reply

The investigators may decide to write to Professor Armitage themselves, or perhaps mail Professor MacKendrick's own letter posthumously, with a cover-message of their own explaining the situation. A much faster method is to send a telegram, of course. In any event, they will receive a cabled reply back. Give the players *The Devil Papers* #19.



Exploring Devil's Hole

Given the technology required, it is highly unlikely that the investigators will find the means by which to explore Devil's Hole firsthand.

Unless one of the investigators happens to be an oceanographer (or can present him or herself as one), the University will decline any offers to undertake another visit to Devil's Hole. Likewise, it will be very difficult for investigators to convince the Maritime Museum to allow them the use of the bathysphere, which is housed in a shed at Albert Basin. The British Oceanographic Society vessel, the *Intrepid*, is still anchored in Albert Basin, awaiting recall to its home port of Portsmouth.

Possible connections in the government may bring the University to heel, however. And if the investigators are wealthy, they may be able to hire the bathyscaphe for a few weeks, since there are now no University projects scheduled for it.

Less law-abiding investigators may attempt to borrow the bathysphere without permission; while this in itself presents no great challenge (the shed is padlocked, but unguarded), they will be unable to load the bathysphere onto the deck of the *Intrepid* without the assistance of dock-side cranes; nor will they be able to put out to sea unless one or more of the group is familiar with operating such a vessel, and the principles of navigation. Any Idea roll made in connection with stealing the bathyscaphe in order to dangle at the end of a cable in the middle of a deep one city suggests that the notion is very bad indeed!

Should they somehow manage to make their way to Devil's Hole, an Operate Heavy Machinery roll is

required to successfully lower the bathysphere into the murky depths by way of the steel cable and winch system.

Intrepid investigators will find Professor MacKendrick's description of the undersea city in his journal disturbingly accurate. Viewing such a loathsome, impossible sight requires a Sanity roll. Those who succeed lose one point; those who fail lose 1D6. Each round that the investigators spend gazing at the impressive, non-Euclidean design of the sunken city through the porthole, there is a 10% chance (non-cumulative) that their view becomes obstructed by some large, dark shape. If the investigators continue watching, they see that the shape is moving - towards them. Blubbery flesh becomes evident; the bathysphere is rocked violently and, before it is torn asunder, the investigators catch a glimpse of a single monstrous eye glaring at them through the porthole.

STAR-SPAWN OF CTHULHU

STR 75 CON 50 SIZ 99 INT 20 POW 22
DEX 10 MOV 20 HP 75

Damage Bonus: +10D6.

Weapons: Tentacles (1D4) 80%, damage 10D3+db
Claw 80%, damage 10D6+db

Armor: 10 points; regenerates 3 points per melee round

Spells: any 10 spells, keeper's choice

Sanity Cost to See: viewing this monstrosity costs 1D6/1D20 SAN.


On board the *Intrepid*, a violent tug on the steel cable nearly capsizes the vessel; when the crew winches the cable in, they find that it has been sheared off, and the bathysphere and its unfortunate crew are gone forever.

Defeating the Horror

There is only one way in which the investigators may hope to defeat the horror from Devil's Hole, and that is by convincing the authorities to take action. Accomplishing this will not be easy. These people are skeptical by training and by experience alike, and they have learned to go slow and be sure of each step.

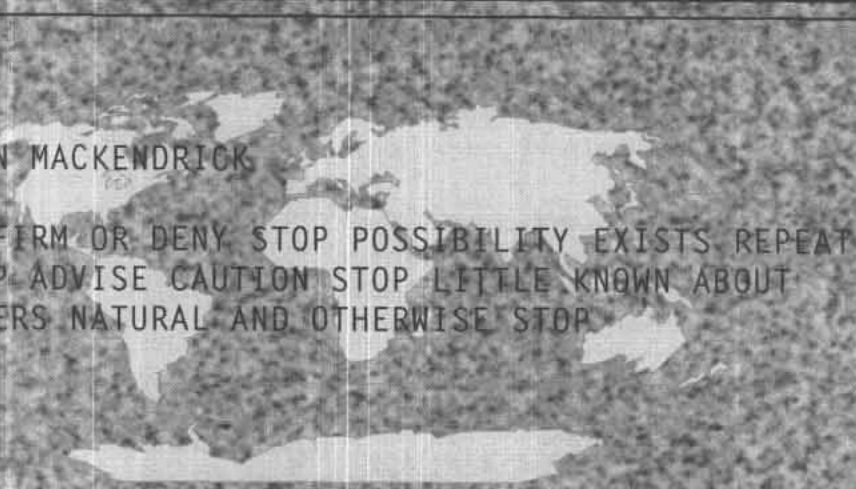
If the players go to the police or other agents of the government with their story, allow a base chance to succeed equal to the highest investigator Persuade score divided by five and added to the highest investigator Credit Rating divided by five. Then add also the percentiles for evidence found and for actions taken during play, as per the table at right, **Percentiles for Evidence Found and Actions Taken**. Roll D100 against the final total. If the roll is equal to or less than the total percentiles, then the authorities are convinced, and secret actions take place against the deep one enclave. If the roll fails, the authorities do nothing, and the deep one city, the cultists, and the Star-Spawn survive and prosper.

The Devil Papers #19



World-Wide Telegraph

THE GLOBE IN SEVEN MINUTES



TO PROF IAN MACKENDRICK

CANNOT CONFIRM OR DENY STOP POSSIBILITY EXISTS REPEAT
EXISTS STOP ADVISE CAUTION STOP LITTLE KNOWN ABOUT
OCEAN DANGERS NATURAL AND OTHERWISE STOP

ARMITAGE

WWT makes good faith effort to receive, transmit, and/or deliver all communications, but can share no responsibility for incomplete, inaccurate, stolen, misconstructed, missent, or missing communications, whether by negligence, mistake, conspiracy, error, war, or act of God.

SUCCESS

If the investigators succeed in convincing the authorities to take action, the latter may take any or all of the following steps: raids on the processing plant; arrests of suspected cultists; employing naval vessels to investigate Devil's Hole, and finally naval attacks upon the alien city. The investigators are not permitted to take part in these events unless they are authorized agents of the Crown.

All such actions are done in secret, and are thoroughly covered up. No person in Aberdeen ever learns the truth.

Each investigator regains 1D10 Sanity by convincing the authorities to take action when they are finally informed by the smug officials that "nothing could have survived the barrage we laid down there."

The day after the attack on Devil's Hole, a fishing trawler ensnares a mangled, misshapen body, and brings it ashore. The body is identified (perhaps with the investigators' assistance) as that of Edward Drake. The autopsy shows that Drake was killed by explosives, not unlike those discharged into Devil's Hole. The body is quietly laid to rest, the last of MacBain blood to be buried in Aberdeen Cemetery. When the terrible truth about Drake is revealed, each investigator loses 1/1D6 points of Sanity.

FAILURE

If the players fail to convince the authorities to destroy the horror from Devil's Hole, over the ensuing

Percentiles Awarded for Evidence Found and Actions Taken

%	item or action
- 40	Each major brush with the law
- 20	Each minor brush with the law
+ 02	MacBain Genealogy [dp 3]
+ 02	Passage from <i>Wisdom of the Man from the Sea</i> [dp 21]
+ 04	"Strange Catch at Dogger Bank" article [dp 14]
+ 04	Passages from <i>North Sea Tales</i> [dp 15]
+ 04	Passages from <i>Genealogy of the Clans</i> [dp 16]
+ 04	Passages from <i>Vestigium Scoticum</i> [dp 17, 18]
+ 06	MacKendrick's note [dp 6]
+ 06	Simon Murray's babblings transcript for his case history
+ 08	Armitage's reply [dp 19]
+ 12	MacKendrick's journal [dp 7]
+ 16	Shrine beneath processing plant discovered

dp = Devil Papers

months an increase occurs in the number of ships lost in that area of the North Sea. There is also an increase in the number of humans who disappear, not only in Aberdeen but in many other communities along the east coast of Scotland.

Then a letter from Edward Drake himself arrives at the investigators' hotel, having been forwarded there from London, where it had been originally sent. Give the players *The Devil Papers* #20.

The investigators may yet meet up with their old chum; although he retains a resemblance to his former self, young Edward's features are decidedly batrachian: prodigious bulging eyes that never close; palpitating gills at the sides of his neck; and webbed paws. He hops irregularly, sometimes on two legs and sometimes—more easily—on four. His voice is a croak and, if he recognizes his old friends, Edward's gibbering ululations mercifully do not reveal it.

EDWARD DRAKE, Deep One

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 11 MOV 8 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Claw 25%, damage 1D6+db

Armor: 1 point of skin and scales

Sanity Cost to See: 0/1D6 plus an automatic 1D6 for witnessing Edward's hideous transformation.

Edward may be found in the secret temple beneath Harbourside Processing or, perhaps, skulking about the MacBain house at night, haunted by some dim ancestral memory. Unless facing a lone opponent, he always seeks to flee, but will fight ferociously if cornered.

The Devil Papers #20

My friend,

Do not think me crazy, but I must learn the truth. Why am I so attracted to the sea? It's so dark, so cold, yet for these many reasons, I feel a strange affinity for it that I've never before experienced. Then there are the dreams — the dreams that began shortly after my arrival here. In them I am swimming in the deepest, darkest recesses of the ocean, and I meet my ancestors: my mother, my grandfather, his father before him, and his father's mother. Although I instantly recognize them, there is an odd look about them as though they "belonged" in — and to — the sea. Each night these visions become more clear, more real. Last night my mother told me that I would soon join them.

I've learned that the University here is preparing for an underwater study of Dogger Bank. I've convinced Professor MacKendrick, the man in charge, to let me accompany the expedition. What lies there, buried deep beneath the waves? Am I a madman, or is the horror from Devil's Hole real? I dread the answer but I must learn the truth.

Edward

Conclusion

Even if the investigators do manage to convince the authorities of the danger, and Devil's Hole is torpedoed, or a whole shipload of explosives is dropped on the place, this is not an outright victory; the nameless abomination, wounded but not dead, has been driven deeper into the chasm, but it still exists. Even if all known cultists have been rounded up, others will take their place. The horror from Devil's Hole has lost this battle, but the war is far from over.

If the Royal Navy succeeds in blasting the sides of the chasm, causing it to collapse upon the city and

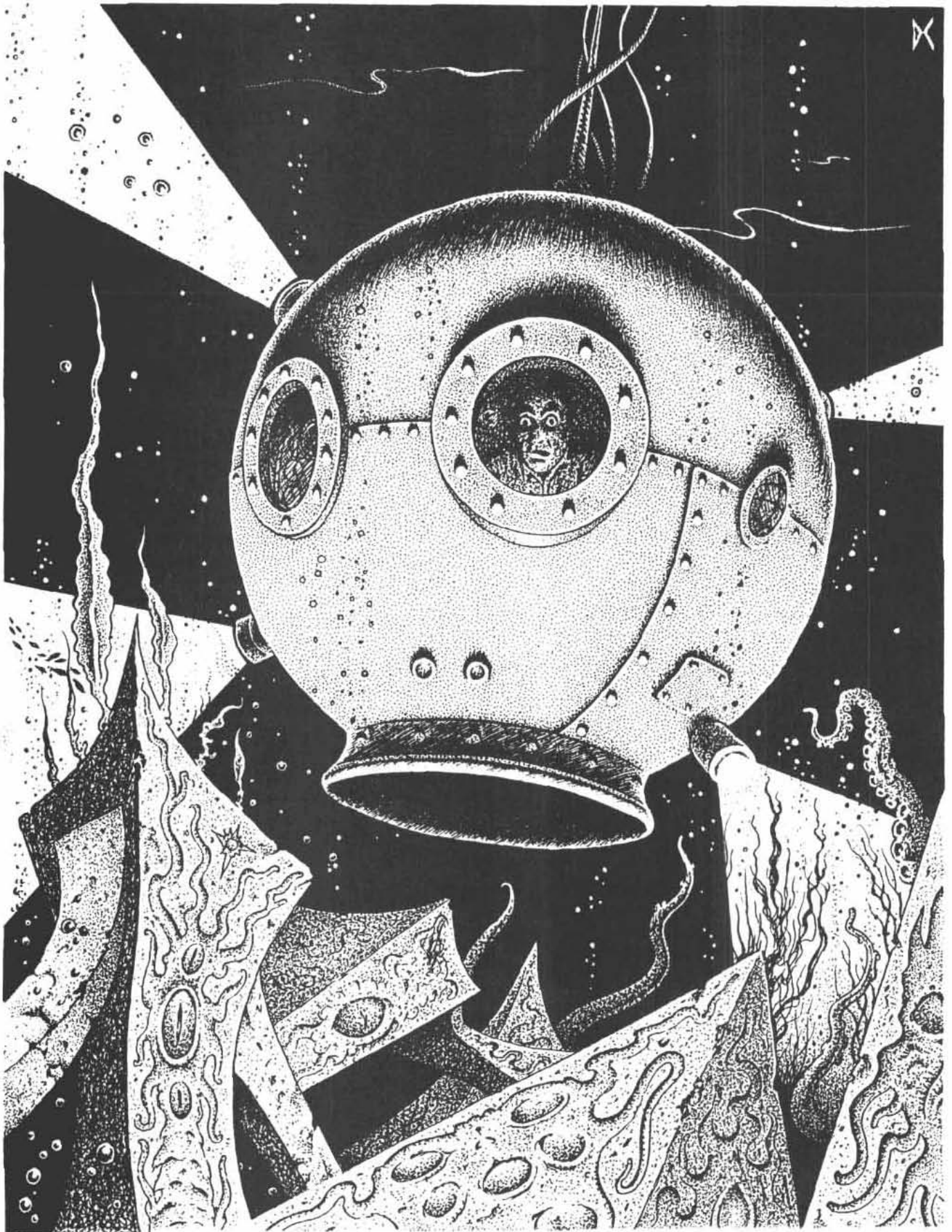
trapping the Star Spawn beneath the debris, the horror will still survive, and one day return.

If investigators fail to motivate the authorities, even fleeing to a dry location as far from the sea as possible does not have a significant effect on cultists, who may continue to show up to do harm to the investigators. More immediately, though, the investigators should worry about efforts of the authorities to have them join Simon Murray in the Royal Mental Hospital.



Edward Drake

1905 – 1927





In The Shadows of Death

“...Monstrous things abide in the shadows of death, lurking and waiting to seize the souls of those who meddle with forbidden things.”

— Robert Bloch

THIS SCENARIO takes place nominally in 1927. The year can be changed to suit the keeper's game, but certain specific dates mentioned in the text will need to be altered accordingly, especially the birth and death dates for the Butler family.

At least one of the investigators should be friends with Dr. Isaac Butler, a New England physician. It seems appropriate for the investigator selected to be a trusted colleague—a doctor, or another professional, perhaps—and the keeper can provide background details of the friendship which seem pertinent to play.

The investigator in question receives a letter from Dr. Butler; the envelope bears the postmark of Champillon, Louisiana. Give the players *The Shadows Papers #1*.

Although Dr. Isaac Butler seldom made mention of the fact, he is the descendant of a wealthy Southern family; and, following the recent death of his elderly uncle, Dr. Butler and his wife have traveled to Louisiana to settle the estate.

Later that day, a telegram arrives for the same investigator; it was cabled early that morning from the telegraph office in Champillon, Louisiana. Give the investigators *The Shadows Papers #2*.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

The remaining investigators should be also be acquainted with Dr. Butler; they might be patients or colleagues, or members of the same societies or clubs. The keeper need only provide sufficient reason for those other investigators to respond to Dr. Butler's summons.

Dr. Isaac Butler is known to the investigators as a hard-working physician, forty years of age. Isaac's father was an exceptionally gifted man who was born in Louisiana and eventually moved north to estab-

The Shadow Papers #1

Dear Friend,

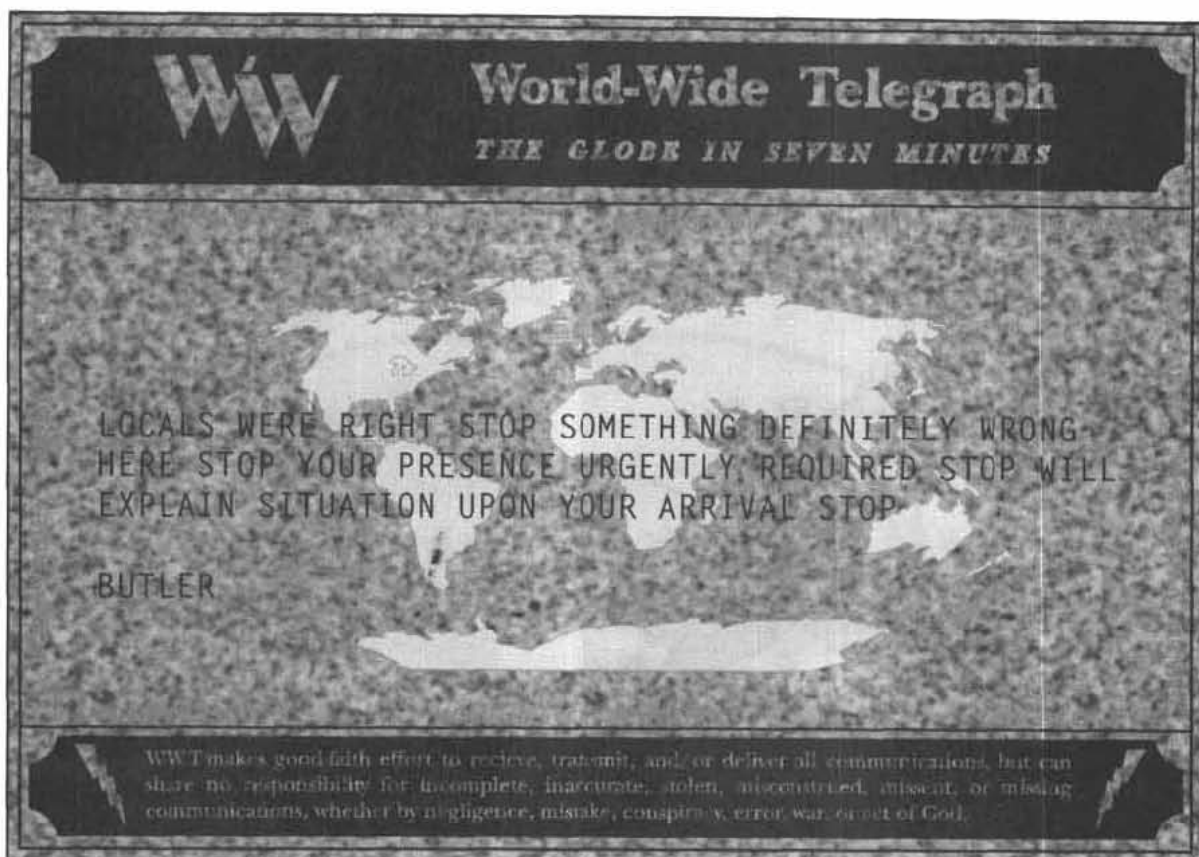
Hannah and I arrived at the old Butler Plantation two nights ago, in the midst of one of the wildest storms I've ever witnessed. It's quite calm right now and no damage was done, but our proximity to the Gulf of Mexico is no doubt responsible for the savage weather.

I've had no opportunity for sight-seeing whatsoever; settling through the affairs of the estate has consumed virtually all of my time. I find it puzzling that, in these parts, the Butler legacy is spoken of in such strange, half-whispered tones. The residents of Champillon, the nearest town, reacted with a queer furtiveness the other day when we stopped to ask for directions. One gray-haired patriarch went as far as to warn us away from the place altogether, but refused to elaborate. I'm beginning to think that these bumpkins are as superstitious as let us our boogie Wabers!

Since our arrival, my wife Hannah has not slept well. She seems quite unnerved, but cannot explain her vague apprehensions. While I myself have not noticed anything amiss, I can sympathize with the sense of isolation Hannah feels here; my ancestors were never gregarious folk, and the location of the Butler Plantation reflects this reticence.

I was rather disappointed to find that the old place is quite decayed and in need of repair; my late uncle appears to have been unable to prevent it from falling into neglect. If a suitable arrangement can be made with my cousin, Hannah and I are likely to sell the place off; but I doubt we'll get more than a modest sum for it. Who knows, we may decide to have the place fixed up first - in which case you'll have to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Butler at the Plantation!

*Give my regards to one and all; I shall ring you upon my return.
Sincerely,
Isaac*



The Shadow Papers #2

lish a medical practice in Boston. He married a local girl and, in 1888, Isaac was born.

Shortly after Isaac's birth, however, tragedy befell the family: the elder Butler went inexplicably mad, and died raving in a Boston asylum in 1891. Young Isaac, however, inherited his father's aptitude for rapid learning, and went on to attend college and then medical school.

Tragedy struck again in 1915, when Isaac's mother was lost at sea following the sinking of the ill-fated *Lusitania*. Soon thereafter, Isaac graduated near the top of his class, and established a practice in the investigator's home town in 1918. In 1921, he married a young woman named Hannah Bell.

Louisiana

THE BUTLER PLANTATION lies south of New Orleans, on one of the many by-ways of the Mississippi River. Investigators inevitably pass through New Orleans—a modern city of 500,000 people—on their way to Champillon, but no relevant information can be found there. Rail lines run no further than New Orleans; the investigators will have to hire a car or board the twice-daily bus for Champillon.

The air is close and humid, the sun hot. The trip takes an uncomfortable hour through the lagoons and swamps of the bayou country, past ancient homes and gardens festooned with Spanish moss. With each passing mile, the number of plantations dwindles. Some squat amid clusters of brooding, moss-grown trees, lost in various stages of desertion and decay. A sense of isolation grows.

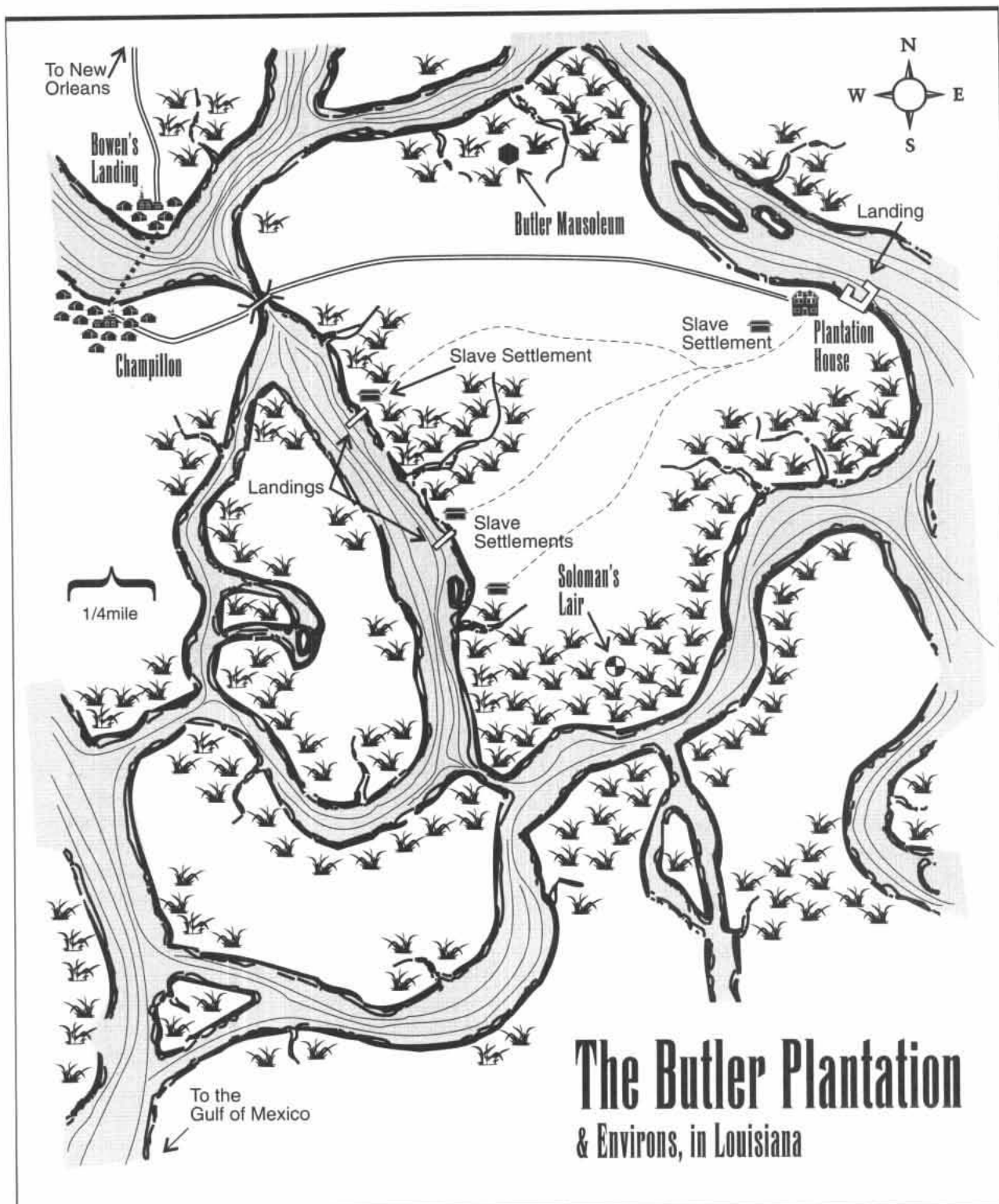
Bowen's Landing

The road reaches Bowen's Landing, a tiny hamlet where a ferry waits to take passengers and vehicles across muddy river to the town of Champillon.

The Bowen family has been operating the ferry for generations. Francis Bowen, the current ferryman, is a sturdy, middle-aged fellow who reacts with surprise if the investigators advise him of their destination: "What you wanna go there fer?" he asks.

Although Bowen has heard the blasphemous rumors associated with the Butler family, he is not a superstitious man and puts little faith in those old stories; Bowen simply finds it strange that a group of well-dressed and (presumably) well-educated Yankees would want to visit that decrepit old plantation.

Bowen and his teenaged son operate the ferry six days a week (there is no Sunday service), with crossings every two hours from sunrise to sunset. The ferry has room for three automobiles or about fifty



The Butler Plantation & Environs, in Louisiana

people, and each crossing (one-way) takes about fifteen minutes.

Champillon

Champillon itself huddles close on the banks of the muddy river. A few small sawmills and paper mills provide the town's economic livelihood, the only other industry of note being a glasswork. The town has no library, and the closest hospital facilities are

located in New Orleans, though there is a local M.D. The 2300 residents of Champillon are suspicious of foreigners. Sophisticated Yankees are about as foreign as they come in these parts.

Most of the townsfolk are unwilling to discuss the Butler Plantation with outsiders, either denying any knowledge of the place, or simply urging caution if pressed. If the investigators seek out the "gray-haired patriarch" who warned Dr. Butler away from the plan-



tation, they have little difficulty locating the fellow. He is Seth Rutledge, and his testimony occurs in a box below, *The Shadows Papers* #4. The keeper can either use it as a script and read it out loud to the players, or photocopy it and give to the players so that they may study it and refer to it.

Information in Town

If the investigators stop in town for a while, they can use daylight hours to good effect in researching the Butler family. If they wait until another day, the walk between the Butler house and town is only half an hour.

Investigators searching for death certificates or autopsy reports of deceased members of the Butler

family meet with no success. In the rural south, records of this nature were seldom kept; nor did the parish of Champillon actively seek them. Such information was placed in the family Bible, traditionally, so that the line of *begats* might extend even unto the living day, and was thought to be the business of no one else.

THE CHAMPILLON GAZETTE

The local newspaper has files dating to 1873. Each investigator who searches through the back issues for four hours and makes a successful Library Use roll uncovers one of the items included in *The Shadows Papers* #5.

GENEALOGICAL DATA

With a successful Credit Rating roll, a clerk at the Gazette voluntarily mentions records in a local historical society: information prior to 1873 can be gleaned from the office of the local historical society, a chapter of The Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. The office is just a back room in the home of Mrs. Elihu Gervaise, lined with stacks of old letters, invoices, land documents, and stacks of expired Louisiana Lottery stubs (these of course are post-Civil War), all accumulated with an eye to showing the genealogies of those who fought for the South. Each investigator who spends four hours searching the files and succeeds in a Library Use roll uncovers one of the items listed in *The Shadows Papers* #6.

Butler Island

IT IS CONVENIENT to the plot if the keeper can arrange for the investigators to arrive in the evening, around sunset. The keeper should feel free to cause delays in Champillon, allowing research time there, or make the road temporarily impassable due to flash-flooding.

About a quarter of a mile east of Champillon, an unmarked, unsurfaced road leads to an old wooden bridge which spans one of the freshwater bayous which surround Butler Island. The bridge is the sole link to the mainland, but was never designed to carry the weight of modern automobiles. If a vehicle is driven across, the battered planks and beams creak and bend beneath the load. Investigators may want to walk the seventy yards. Although the bridge survives every automotive burden this day, it is destined to be swept away by a storm during the investigators' second night on the island.

Regardless of what time the investigators actually

The Shadow Papers #4

Seth Rutledge Speaks

Seth Rutledge is a grubby derelict in his eighties who sleeps in the town square. He is frequently seen sipping moonshine out of a brown paper bag. In exchange for booze, or enough money to buy some (a dollar), Rutledge answers the investigators' questions about the Butler Plantation, but it is difficult to tell exactly how inebriated he really is; he speaks clearly, but there is a wild gleam in his eyes.

According to him, the blasphemous rumours surrounding the Butler family are true. "Sure's I'm a-settin' here," he says, spitting out a wad of chewing tobacco, "they's been muckin' about with what no man got a right to. Y'know, even back 'fore the Yankee Invasion, them Butlers had trouble keepin' their niggers. They was always escapin'—or dyin' tryin'. Them what didn't make it still talked to other niggers, like they would do, and I've heard tales that'd make yer hair stand on end.

"Now mind, most folk don't put much stock in what a scaret nigger got to say, but I reckon they was tellin' the truth. Sometimes, if the wind was right, folk could hear them niggers wailin' somethin' fierce clear into town, like they was fearin' for their very souls. Ain't no whip gonna do that, no sir. They jes' ain't no denyin' that them Butlers was up to somethin' no God-fearin' Southern family ought to be. I use to live out that way. Certain times o' the year, everythin' would go real quiet out in the swamp, and then the whippoorwills would set to callin' so loud as folk couldn't sleep. All night long they'd cry, hundrets of 'em. My ma use to say they was jes' waitin' to ketch somebody's soul.

"The first Butler hereabouts was ol' Virgil. He was a privateer—that's how he made his fortune—an' he come here and built that plantation, a hundret years ago or more. When ol' Virgil died, he left one son, Zachariah, who found a sea-chest full of devil-books that belonged to his pa, so the story goes. Virgil couldn't read nor write, but Zachariah got some schoolin', enough so's he could read them books, an' he learnt how to do strange things. He use to disappear for months at a time, an' folk use to say he was out visitin' corners of the earth what weren't never meant to be visited.

"Well, when the war come, his son Abraham went off to fight the Yankees, and when he got hisself killed, the old man set about learnin' his grandson what was in them books. That was ol' Aaron—who got took to meet his maker last month.

"I reckon't ol' Aaron was the last of 'em, but now they's another Butler on the plantation, a smart-talkin', fancy-dressed Yankee. Well, they's been enough goin' on already. I'm warnin' you, as like it's too late for him—stay clear of that place, if you knows what's good for ye."

Information at the Champillon Gazette

1873: Zachariah Butler, patriarch of the Butler family, dies at the age of 72. He was the son of a privateer out of Savannah during the War of 1812 who later settled in Louisiana, purchasing property near Champillon and establishing the Butler Plantation. Zachariah survives both his wife Josephine and son Abraham.

1880: Victoria (Mann) Butler, daughter-in-law of Zachariah, dies at the age of 47 when she is trampled by stampeding horses. She dies after her husband Abraham, and is survived by her sons Aaron, Daniel, and Jacob.

1889: Aaron Butler, son of the late Abraham and Victoria Butler, marries Rebecca King.

1891: Rebecca (King) Butler dies in childbirth at the age of 21.

1892: Jacob Butler, son of Aaron and Rebecca Butler, marries Mary Wister.

1894: Alexandra Butler is born to Jacob and Mary Butler.

1899: Mary (Wister) Butler drowns at the age of 30. She is survived by her husband Jacob and daughter Alexandra.

1906: Jacob Butler, son of Abraham and grandson of Zachariah, dies of an accidental gunshot wound at the age of 47. His wife Mary has already died. He is survived by his daughter Alexandra.

1927: Aaron Butler, son of Abraham and grandson of Zachariah, dies at the age of 74. His wife Rebecca has already died.

The Shadow Papers #5

Data at the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy

1830: Abraham Butler is born to Zachariah and Josephine Butler.

1851: Abraham Butler, son of Zachariah and Josephine Butler, marries Victoria Mann.

1852: Josephine (Middleton) Butler dies of rheumatic fever at the age of 42. She is survived by her husband Zachariah and son Abraham.

1853: Aaron Butler is born to Abraham and Victoria Butler.

1859: Daniel and Jacob Butler are born to Abraham and Victoria Butler.

1864: Abraham Butler is killed during the Battle at Atlanta at the age of 34. He is survived by his wife Victoria and sons Aaron, Daniel, and Jacob.

The Shadow Papers #6

reach Butler Island, however, they arrive in the middle of a driving rainstorm. Across the bridge, an unpaved track leads the width of the island (two miles) to the plantation house. The slow, slick way is churned into mud by the passing vehicles. As the investigators cross the island, they pass the neglected, marshy remains of the rice and sugar cane fields which once flourished in the fertile delta soil. In the

distance, crude huts are glimpsed, the deserted remains of slave quarters.

The Butler House

At the east end of the island, adjacent to the ramshackle collection of crude huts which forms the remains of a long-abandoned slave settlement, the investigators find the plantation house. The overseer's bungalow, the machine shop, and the rice and sugar mills have weathered the years poorly and now lie mostly in ruins. Nearby stands the two-story Butler plantation house, silhouetted against the dark sky and surrounded by rampant weeds.

This once-elegant example of classic-revival architecture has fallen into gloomy disrepair. The hipped roof sags, the whitewashed clapboards are badly weathered but, although vines cover much of the house, the formal facade with its magnificent portico, supported by Ionic columns, remains impressive. Wisps of smoke rise from several of the chimneys, and out front sits a gray Packard bearing Massachusetts license plates.

The grimy, multi-paned windows of the house are hidden by crumbling wooden shutters, closed against the storm, but when the investigators mount the steps to the portico and approach the pedimented front doorway, they can see the faint glow of warm candlelight through the second-floor Palladian window above.

When the investigators knock upon the front door, the reply is not immediate. The keeper should delay long enough to start the players thinking that something has happened, then announce that the door suddenly swings open on creaking hinges.

Isaac Butler stands in the doorway. A successful Psychology roll detects that he seems surprised to see the investigators. He hesitates for a moment, then greets his visitors with a familiar smile. Extending his hand to each investigator, Dr. Butler invites the group inside and out of the rain.

DOCTOR ISAAC BUTLER

Dr. Butler is middle-aged, with dark hair and a thick moustache. He is of average build and in good health, but a Psychology roll indicates that he seems tense.

He carries in his pocket the only key to the locked downstairs study.

When Abraham Butler was killed during the Civil War, the plantation fell into neglect. The few remaining slaves fled or were sold, leaving Abraham's wife Victoria to raise their three children. Old Zachariah tutored the oldest son,



Aaron, in the forbidden ways. The twins, Daniel and Jacob, were as different as night and day; while Jacob was drawn to the dark side of the ancestral legacy, Daniel shunned it, eventually fleeing after the death of his mother in 1880. Daniel made his way to Boston where he eventually became a doctor. In 1887 he met and married Sarah Pinckney; their son, Isaac, was born the next year.

Shortly after Isaac's birth, his father went mad, and died in a Boston asylum in 1891. Isaac subsequently attended medical school and, like his father before him, became a doctor. He established his own practice in 1918.

Isaac's mother had been killed three years earlier, a passenger aboard the ill-fated *Lusitania*. In 1921, Isaac Butler married Hannah Bell.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Dr. Butler takes his guests' hats and coats and hangs them up to dry. He politely defers immediate questions about the urgent telegram and leads the investigators through the elegant, receiving hall, with its graceful curved oak staircase open to the second floor, and into a spacious parlor boasting comfortable chairs and couches, and a large stone fireplace.

A warm fire crackles in the fireplace. Dr. Butler invites the investigators to pull their chairs closer. He offers brandy and cigars. Here, as throughout the house, paraffin lamps provide the evening illumination; the plantation house does not have electricity, nor indeed does the town of Champillon.

"I owe you an explanation and a great apology," he says. "That telegram I sent was foolish—and completely unnecessary. I was over-tired, and the place was getting to me; my mind was simply playing tricks on me."

There is a knock upon the parlor door, and Dr. Butler adds hastily: "Please mention none of this business to my wife. She is apprehensive enough about the plantation, and I don't want to cause her additional concern."

Dr. Butler opens the parlor door and admits his wife Hannah, a gracious and engaging woman with whom, it can be assumed, at least one of the investigators is already acquainted. Meanwhile, a successful Psychology roll directed at the doctor suggest only that what he says he very much wishes to be true.

HANNAH BUTLER

Hannah is a slim woman, pretty but without glamor. She dresses modestly in conservative attire and eschews cosmetics. She is obviously

surprised to find the investigators here, and politely inquires as to what brings them to the plantation.

Outside, the storm continues unabated; distant thunder booms and, through the parlor windows, lightning flashes. The investigators may make small talk—about the weather, social conditions in the south, etc—with Dr. Butler and his wife, but if the conversation begins to move toward his urgent telegram, Dr. Butler abruptly steers to another topic.

If the investigators find a convenient opportunity to talk with Hannah in private, she confides her concern for her husband's recent behavior. According to Hannah, Isaac has been spending more and more time poring over the documents pertaining to the estate; and, on more than one occasion, he has sequestered himself for hours within the locked study. He sleeps poorly, and she fears that he has become obsessed with the legacy left by his ancestors. Hannah dislikes Alexandra, as she seems to encourage Isaac in his fixation. (She does not mention Alexandra's scandalous private conduct with an as-yet-unknown member of the household, but when the investigators notice Alexandra's behavior, they will better understand Hannah's disapproval.) Hannah expresses the hope that the investigators will be able to convince her husband to leave the island and retain the services of a solicitor to settle the estate on his behalf.

The evening wears on. The storm has passed, but a light drizzle remains. The hour having grown late, Mrs. Butler announces that she will retire; on her way to bed, she says, she will have Jack, their only servant, make up rooms for the visitors. She bids her husband and the investigators goodnight.

After his wife has left, Dr. Butler continues to make small talk until it is time for everyone to turn in. If the investigators broach the subject of his telegram, or make mention of what they heard in Champillon about the plantation, Dr. Butler chuckles:

"Local superstition has not been kind to my ancestors," he reflects over a goblet of brandy. "Do you know what they call my grandfather? A wizard! They say he dabbled in black magic, of all things. My late uncle, too. Folk clearly disliked my family; and I suppose it was their secluded nature that fostered these strange fables.

"I'm not a superstitious man, by any means, but I must admit that when I sent you that cable, I was in quite a panic. You see, I had been working into the small hours of the morning on the estate, going over my late uncle's papers, and there was quite a storm—worse than tonight's. I must have fallen asleep, for I had the most terrible dream. I dreamed of my late



uncle; he was outside the window—beckoning me, calling my name. I found myself following him into the swamp, where he promised that ancient secrets would be revealed to me.

"I awoke suddenly, in a cold sweat. I was so unsettled that I didn't dare sleep again that night. Come the first light of dawn, I wasted no time getting into town and cabling you. It was rash and foolish of me, I know. I really am quite embarrassed about this, and I'm terribly sorry for having dragged you all the way down here for nothing. I hope you can forgive me."

At this point, Dr. Butler notes the late hour and says he'll show the investigators to the guest rooms in the old servants' quarters. "They've been empty for some time," he says. "My family has not had a full complement of servants for many years."

As they leave the parlor, the investigators see a woman in a long black dress coming down the stairs in the receiving hall. She is darkly beautiful, and approaches the group with a supple feline grace.

"Ah yes," says Dr. Butler, clearing his throat, "allow me to introduce my cousin, Alexandra."

ALEXANDRA BUTLER

She is an alluring woman with long black hair, dazzling green eyes, and a mole on her cheek; a true southern belle despite her rather pale complexion. Alexandra's voluptuous figure is enhanced by the suggestive style of her snug-fitting, low-cut dress.



She wears the only key to the mausoleum suspended from a heavy gold chain around her neck.

As she is introduced to each guest in turn, Alexandra's attention lingers longest on that investigator (male or female) with the highest APP. Anyone who makes a Psychology roll determines that Alexandra seems quite interested in that individual.

She is intelligent but not garrulous, and her smile is enigmatic. Alexandra's tastes are decadent, her pleasures obscure and deviant. She is nocturnal by nature, and rarely seen during the day. On calm nights, she ostensibly takes long, solitary walks around the island, but investigators who surreptitiously trail Alexandra follow her either to the graveyard behind the house, where she lays fresh flowers at her mother's grave; or to the Butler mausoleum near the northern end of the island, where she unlocks the door and disappears inside for hours at a time, emerging before dawn and creeping back into the house. The investigators might draw the (errone-

ous) conclusion that Alexandra is some sort of vampire; the keeper should feel free to play upon this fear without unduly misleading the players.

Alexandra welcomes the investigators to the Butler Plantation in her deep, velvety voice, but does not linger to make idle conversation; she bids everyone goodnight and saunters away. If the investigator with the highest APP happens to watch her sinuous progress across the room, Alexandra turns her head when she reaches a door leading off of the receiving hall and, with a sly grin, blows that investigator a discrete kiss before disappearing into the living room.

Dr. Butler proceeds to lead the investigators through the house to the servants' quarters, where Gullah Jack has just finished preparing the rooms. It is a mark of Dr. Butler's disfavor that all the investigators are placed in the servants' wing, while the family guest room remains empty.

ISABELLA

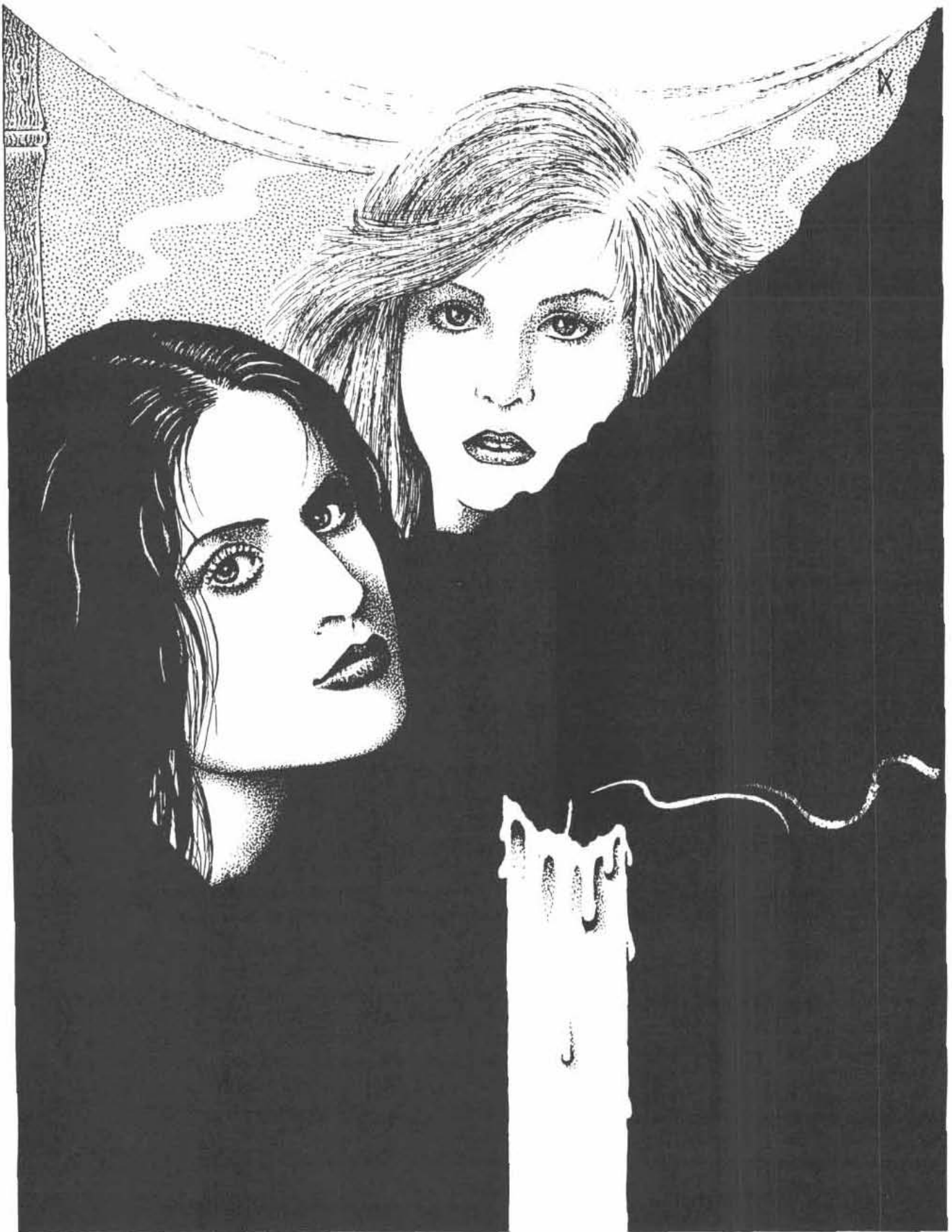
Isabella is a beautiful but dimwitted blonde girl. She wears a simple homespun cotton dress and spends most of her time in Alexandra's room, tending to the whims of her mistress, or sitting for hours in front of an ornate cheval mirror, singing quietly to herself and brushing her hair. The best opportunity to talk with her arises whenever Alexandra leaves the house in the middle of the night, leaving Isabella alone in Alexandra's room.



No one knows where Isabella comes from; Gullah Jack found her wandering mindlessly near the bridge to the mainland about five years ago, and brought her back to the house. Aaron wanted to put the half-wit girl in the swamp for Solomon, but Alexandra insisted on keeping her. Although Isabella has seen much in the last five years, she is too dull to comprehend most of it; she has the mind of a five-year old, and often behaves accordingly.

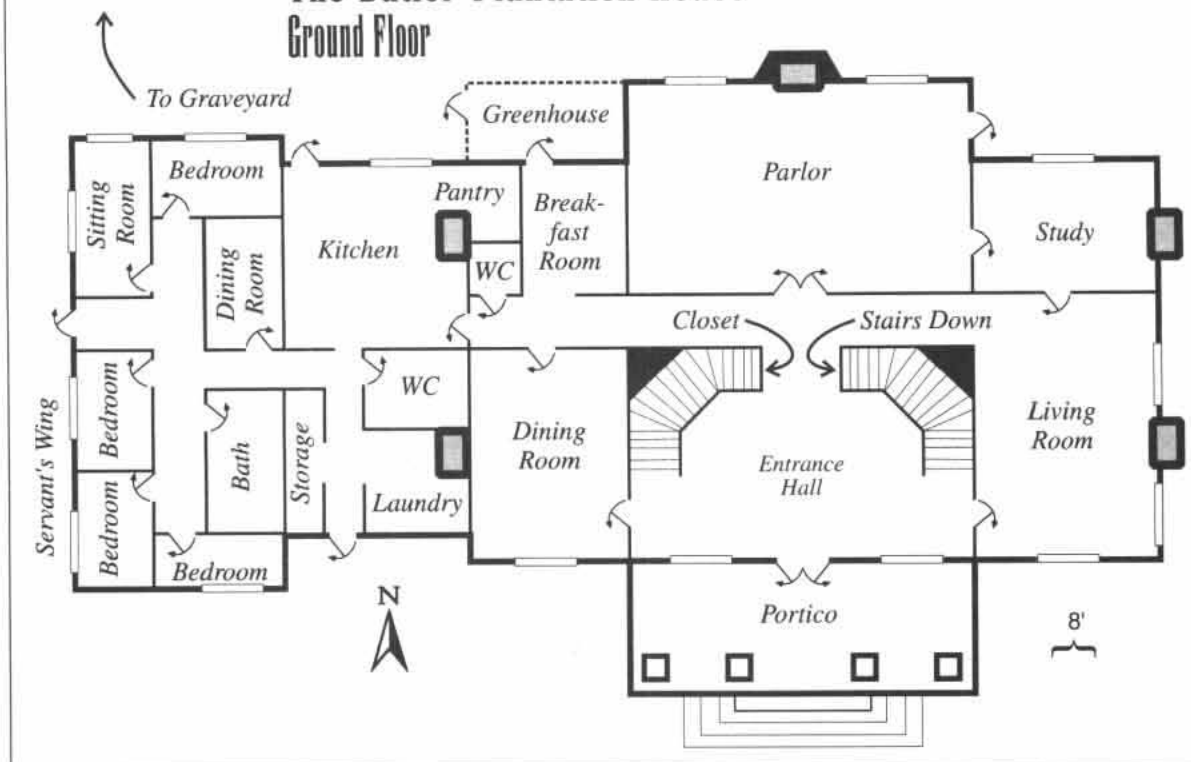
If the investigators ask where Alexandra goes at night, Isabella giggles and says "to see her daddy." Isabella does not know who her own parents are and refers to Alexandra as her "best friend." She is glad Uncle Aaron has "gone away." He didn't like Isabella.

Isabella is devoted to Alexandra, but also insanely jealous; any investigator to whom Alexandra has offered her affections (regardless of whether those affections were accepted or declined) invariably gains Isabella's undying enmity. The girl's jealousy might drive her to attempt murder, using a piano wire garrote to satisfy her anger.



The Butler Plantation House

Ground Floor



GULLAH JACK

Gullah Jack is an old black man who walks with a noticeable limp. He has a cataract on his left eye, leaving it filmed over and sightless. Jack knows many secrets of the Butler family, but he does not speak; his tongue was burned away many years ago to prevent any such disclosures during his infrequent trips to Cham-

pillon for supplies. During the investigators' visit, he relinquishes his room in the servants' quarter and sleeps in the kitchen.

Jack is quite mad, and devoted to the Butler family. He will not allow harm to come to Dr. Butler or Alexandra.

Investigators often see him shuffling about the house on mysterious errands; footsteps heard in the dead of night usually belong to him.

"I hope you'll find everything in place," Dr. Butler says.

There is room for one investigator in each bedroom; any more will have to make do in the servants' sitting room. Dr. Butler wishes the investigators a pleasant evening and heads off.

Exploring The House

The interior of the house retains much of the splendor of bygone antebellum days, but modern conve-

niences are completely lacking in the plantation house; there is no electricity, no telephone, and no furnace. Light is furnished by paraffin lamps and candles; numerous fireplaces provide the warmth.

Dr. Butler tactfully discourages any exploration of the house; the investigators find it easiest to look around without his knowledge.

GROUND FLOOR

Entrance Hall: this elegant hall, with its graceful curved oak staircase open to the second floor, is lit by a brass chandelier with sixteen candles suspended from the ceiling by an ornate chain which can be raised and lowered to light or extinguish the candles. An old grandfather clock marks time in the corner.

With a Luck roll, followed by a Spot Hidden, an investigator passing through the receiving hall at any time of the day or night catches a fleeting glimpse of Isabella, Alexandra's lover, watching from one of the second floor balconies. Unfortunately, the glimpse does not permit the investigator to recognize or describe the features of this half-seen watcher.

Kitchen: the large kitchen is relatively new, replacing the separate kitchen from slave-holding days that burned down at the turn of the century. This one has vast cupboards for crockery, a large wood-burning stove, and brick ovens for roasting, smoking, and rendering. Gullah Jack sleeps on the floor here during the investigators' visit.

Dining Room: there is a long, heavy oak table here, surrounded by twenty-four tall chairs. Buffets, closed glass and china cabinets, and serving tables line two walls. There is a fireplace here, too. A thirty-two-candle brass and crystal chandelier is suspended from the ceiling by an ornate chain, by which the chandelier can be raised and lowered to light or extinguish the candles.

Living Room: this cozy, stone-floored room is wood-paneled, with several velvet-covered armchairs and a raised-hearth fireplace with built-in wood box. An upright piano stands against one wall, and a chess board sits on one of the many decorative tables, but no game is in progress.

Parlor: the spacious parlor overlooks the terrace and garden, and boasts a paneled ceiling and large stone fireplace. There are several deep, cretonne-covered armchairs here.

Study: the study, which is locked at all times (door STR 15), has many fine mahogany bookcases stuffed with books. A cursory search reveals works on folklore, theology, astrology, metaphysics, and astronomy, and there are also numerous examples of 19th century literature. Many of the books are of an esoteric nature; such titles as Sir Walter Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, J. Beaumont's *Treatise on Spirits, Apparitions, and Witchcraft*, and Allen Cozy's *The Book of Spirits* rub shoulders with the more conventional works of Scott, Wordsworth, Poe, Dickens, Trollope, Shelley, and Keats. A first edition of *In Ole Virginia* contains moral tales extolling the virtues of the antebellum South; uncut, this copy appears to have been foresaken.

Any investigator who spends at least an hour thoroughly searching the precisely-ordered shelves receives a Spot Hidden roll to discover a slender volume which appears to have been shelved incorrectly. A summary of it, *The Shadows Papers #7*, appears below.

The volume is titled *The Book of Celestial Providence*. It adds +9% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, and causes a SAN loss of 1D4/1D8 to skim or to read, respectively. It has a spell multiplier of x1 and contains one spell: Call Nebhroth.

Greenhouse: this small extension to the main house is built entirely of glass. Several panes are broken, but the area is overgrown with lush vegetation.

Servants' Quarters: the servants' quarters are clean and spartanly furnished; except for Gullah Jack's room, they have not been used in many years. There are four bedrooms in this wing of the house. They serve the investigators as guest rooms while they stay.

The Book of Celestial Providence

This is a slim, maggot-eaten folio bound in black leather. The title is inscribed in large handwritten gilt letters on the first page.

There is no date of publication, but the style of the book is obviously old, and age has spotted its linen paper pages. On an inside page is inscribed in ink, "To Zachariah Solomon Butler, from his loving father".

The book, comprised of some three-dozen frayed pages, is written in the barbarous English of a semi-literate author. It purports to be the translation of a treatise on the bloodthirsty worship of a fertility deity known only as Nebhroth, originally composed in a long-forgotten language by the sorcerers of Atlantis.

Mentioned within the moldering pages are two gifts that the petitioner might ask of the summoned deity: "The Covenant of Nebhroth" is ambiguous, but implies an ability to grant eternal life; "The Bride of Nebhroth" is equally vague, but hints at a supernatural potency that allows even an infertile wife to conceive. The former requires a human sacrifice; the latter, nothing more than "a suitable vessel".

The Shadow Papers #7

Each contains a single bed, a mahogany bureau, a wash-stand with shaving mirror, and a wooden chair. Clean linen has been set out. The rooms in the servants' wing are empty and unremarkable.

SECOND FLOOR

The second-floor bedrooms are all tastefully-decorated, but only three are currently in use.

Four 19th-century oil portraits hang on the hallway. They depict members of the southern aristocracy; the men are stern, the women pretty but lethargic. Although none are named, Dr. Butler or Alexandra can identify the subjects of these portraits as Zachariah, Abraham, Josephine, and Victoria.

Master Bedroom: Dr. Butler and his wife occupy this grand bedroom, with heavy mahogany bureaus, canopied four-poster, and roll-top desk. A private bath and dressing room are adjacent.

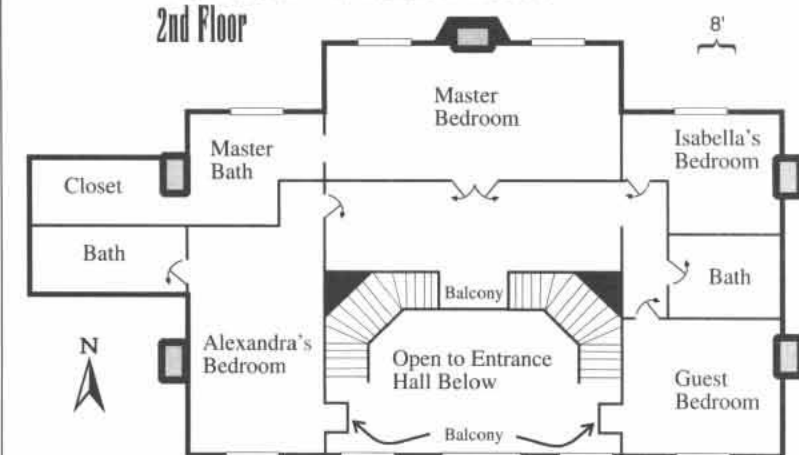
The roll-top desk is unlocked and contains a jumble of unremarkable papers concerning the estate. Amongst these papers, a tattered old notebook can be found.

This notebook bears the title "Experiment - 1891". Its handwritten contents describe in disturbing detail the anonymous author's attempts to invoke the power of an otherworldly entity. Give the players *The Shadows Papers #3*, Aaron Butler's journal. Reading this account costs 1/1D3 sanity points.

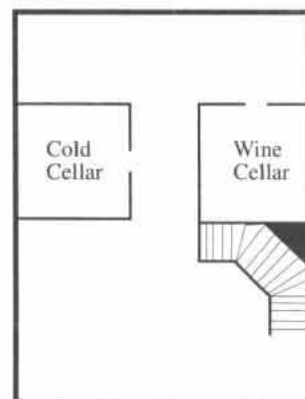
Alexandra's Bedroom: Alexandra resides in this well-appointed bedroom which, along with its southeastern counterpart, has a balcony which overlooks the receiving hall below. There is a canopied four-poster

The Butler Plantation House

2nd Floor



Cellar



bed in the center of the room; and a huge armoire stands in one corner, a mahogany dresser in another.

Because of her nocturnal habits, Alexandra often sleeps through much of the day; she is usually attended to by Isabella, her devoted lover.

Isabella's Bedroom: when Alexandra wants to be alone, she sends Isabella to this small room. It has a deal armoire, a basin and wash stand, and a narrow, high child's bed. A box in a corner holds undergarments and ribbons. Many dolls sit or stand on the floor, or are arranged on the bed. All of the dolls are gifts from Alexandra.

The Guest Room: a spacious and comfortable room, not offered to any of the investigators. Its furnishings match those in Alexandra's room.

CELLAR

This part of the island is high enough that someone could sink a cellar under part of the Butler mansion. A cellar or basement is almost unheard of in this part of the state, because the water tables are so high.

Lined with stone to keep out insects and rodents, the cellar is cooler than the upstairs rooms, but rarely cold. It mostly holds salted or pickled foodstuffs, cases of canned goods, and bottles of wine. Drenching rains occasionally flood the cellar; then a hand pump helps remove the standing water.

Beyond the House

The Covenant

THE COVENANT OF Nebhroth was undertaken by Zachariah Butler almost a century ago. As a result, the lineal male descendants of the Butler clan are immortal. The result of this black sorcery is

not the blessing it appears to be, however: after death, the Butler heirs are resurrected and, rather than having cheated death, they are its eternal prisoners, suspended forever in a gruesome state of undeath.

The Shadow Papers #3

Those cringing fools who call themselves doctors may be unable - or unwilling - to provide Rebecca and I with a child, but tonight I invoke Nebhroth in the manner set out in grandfather's book; he will not fail me!

Success! Ygnaiht! He has answered my call! The whole island shudders beneath him... howling of the void... Nebhroth Ahtagn...

...nerves now settled enough to relate events... all necessary preparations were made, locked R. into bedroom and went down to cellar to perform ritual... incantation completed - retired to study to await. Must have fallen asleep... awoke suddenly during violent storm. Upstairs, R. screaming. First impulse to assist, but other noises - uncanny sound of wind between stars... that horrible, furthest rattling... hastened back to study and bolted door. How long did I sit and listen to R.'s shrieks?

Madness! Memory of other events gone, but recall venturing upstairs next morning with much uncertainty. Quiet within, but it took every ounce of courage to unlock that door. Inside, R. lay upon the bed... babbling, mindless... glossy eyes fixed on open window.

All servants gone now, only Gullah Jack left. Just as well.

Plain now that R. has been driven quite mad - small price to pay to be the chosen vessel of Nebhroth's seed - yet think she comprehends changes... how glorious to nurture the progeny of a god!

...time draws near... past six months very difficult... caring for vessel consumes much time, but essential. Gullah Jack remains loyal. Fearing betrayal, have taken his tongue.

Vessel has ruptured! R. dead, but new life begins! Nebhroth Ahtagn! Ygnaiht! Thy child is born! Must tell grandfather glorious news!



Immune to all natural causes of death, the tomb-spawn are bitterly aware of the cruel jest which has been played upon them; but while they lament their misfortune, these living corpses cling desperately to their half-life, fearing the nameless horror that awaits them should they be killed.

Alexandra frequently visits her father in the mausoleum, to comfort and soothe him, but the undead are not so favorably-inclined toward others among the living. If the investigators visit the mausoleum at any time of the day or night, they soon witness several of the slabs being moved aside—from within—as the animated remains of Zachariah, Jacob, and Aaron rise to attack. Though they need no sustenance, these undead bitterly resent the living, and seek to devour them.

The Graveyard

Behind the plantation house there is a small and neglected graveyard. Buried here are the wives of most of the Butler men: Josephine Middleton Butler (1809-1852), Victoria Mann Butler (1833-1880), Rebecca King Butler (1870-1891), and Mary Wister Butler (1869-1899). Fresh flowers adorn Mary's simple tombstone, having been placed there by her daughter, Alexandra. There are several non-Butler graves, all long-forgotten; over the years, a few trusted Butler overseers without other family have been interred here as well.

There are no graves for Zachariah Butler and his lineal male descendants to be found in this plot. If

the investigators do not notice this themselves, an Idea roll suggests the unusual discrepancy.

If asked about this, Isaac Butler does not reply, except to observe that the question is a rude, blunt, Yankee-style one. "You must become more familiar with our gentler Southern ways here, gentlemen," he admonishes.

The Spawn of a God

This terrible entity is the offspring of Nebhroth, one of the Lesser Other Gods, and Aaron Butler's unfortunate wife, Rebecca, in 1891; Aaron bestowed the name Solomon upon it—in honor of his grandfather—and, as such, it is "step-cousin" to both Isaac and Alexandra. Despite the death of its mother in childbirth, the creature survived and has attained prodigious size.

Solomon is larger than a horse, and weighs close to 700 pounds. A shambling, vaguely-human mass of pustulant flesh, its terrible form is covered with twitching, finger-like appendages. It dwells deep in the swamp, scuttling forth at night on its four crab-like legs to devour any of the island's wild livestock that it can find and catch. It also preys on muskrats and raccoons. It also likes large catfish, but rarely stays underwater more than a few minutes, feeling vague alarm then and scuttling back to shore. It walks on the bottom, it does not swim.

Occasionally Solomon inspects the outside of the plantation house, rattling doors and scratching at windows. The thing does not attack any of the Butler clan, but the unfamiliar scents of visitors attract its attention and tempts its voracious appetite. Incautious investigators who wander the island after sunset probably end up in Solomon's belly.

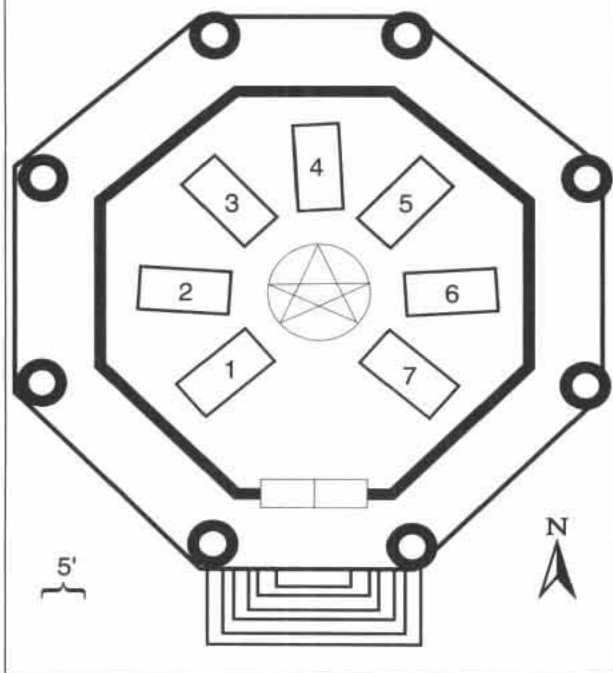
Statistics for this unholy child are at the end of this adventure.

The Butler Mausoleum

Midway between the plantation house and the bridge to Champillon, a path departs north from the road. Occasionally, dim footprints can be seen along it, a woman's shoe by the size of it, always the same size, often overprinting earlier versions of the same print in the wet, boggy earth. At the end of the path, on a little promontory, surrounded by swamp, is the family mausoleum.

This large stone tomb dates back to the mid-nineteenth century. It is an octagonal building with white walls and a black, domed roof. An Ionic peristyle surrounds the mausoleum. Steps ascend to the ornate colonnade, where a set of heavy iron doors af-

The Butler Mausoleum



fords the only visible entrance. The doors are secured by a massive padlock; Alexandra has the only key. Investigators seeking to enter without benefit of the key must match their combined STR (up to two investigators per door may make an attempt) against the door's STR 35 on the resistance table.

A successful Locksmith or Mechanical Repair skill roll can open the big, simple padlock in one minute.

The inside of the mausoleum is pitch black. There are seven unadorned stone sarcophagi arranged in a circle around an inlaid and corroded copper pentagram.

Each sarcophagus is covered with a cement slab. Close inspection reveals that each slab bears a small inscription. The slabs may be moved aside by matching the combined STR of up to four individuals against a slab's STR 11 on the resistance table.

LITTLE SOLOMON

B. 1891 -

O FATHER, PROTECT THY LAMB

Sarcophagus 1: empty. This sarcophagus was intended for the child begotten upon Aaron's wife Rebecca by Nebhroth, a Lesser Other God.

ISAAC ABRAHAM BUTLER

1888 -

Sarcophagus 2: empty. If Dr. Butler becomes aware that this sarcophagus is reserved for him, the real-

ization that he is doomed to join his ancestors in their ghastly undeath probably robs him of his remaining sanity.

ABRAHAM MIDDLETON BUTLER

B 1830 - D 1864

A JUST CAUSE

Sarcophagus 3: empty. Abraham was blown to pieces outside Atlanta as Hood's ill-considered counterattack gave the keys of the city to Sherman.

ZACHARIAH SOLOMON BUTLER

BORN 1800 -

Sarcophagus 4: contains the desiccated skeleton of the patriarch of the Butler clan. He is the grandfather of Daniel, Aaron, and Jacob. His leathery skin is stretched tight over his skeletal frame, exposing the bones beneath. Investigators who saw the portrait of Zachariah in the plantation house may attempt an Idea roll to recognize his features.

ZACHARIAH BUTLER, age 126, tomb-spawn

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 14
DEX 12 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Claw 40%, damage 1D4 + db

Armor: 2 point skin

Sanity Cost to See: 1/1D8 SAN.

AARON ZACHARIAH BUTLER

1853 - 1927

Sarcophagus 5: contains the immortal remains of Dr. Butler's late uncle. Grandson of Zachariah, brother of Daniel and Jacob, and recently interred, Aaron is a pale, bloated creature; his flabby skin is just beginning to desquamate.

AARON BUTLER, age 74, tomb-spawn

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 5 POW 11
DEX 13 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Claw 35%, damage 1D4 + db

Armor: 2 point skin

Sanity Cost to See: 1/1D8 SAN.

JACOB ALEXANDER BUTLER

BORN 1859 -

Sarcophagus 6: contains a fiendish, half-fleshed cadaver: grandson of Zachariah, brother of Daniel and Aaron, and late uncle of Isaac. Half of Jacob's head is missing—blown off by the shotgun blast that killed him—and oozing exposed bone and brain matter.

JACOB BUTLER, age 68, tomb-spawn

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 5 POW 11
DEX 8 MOV 2 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.
Weapon: Claw 70%, damage 1D4
Armor: 2 point skin
Sanity Cost to See: 1/1D8.

DANIEL MANN BUTLER
1859 - 1891

Sarcophagus 7: empty. Daniel died in a Boston madhouse and his body was promptly dissected for medical examination.

Events

THE CHRONOLOGY of these events is elastic, not absolute; the keeper should feel free to hasten or delay each incident as intuition dictates. Other events may be added as required: perhaps Solomon attacks and carries someone off—Hannah, Isabella, Jack, or possibly even one of the investigators themselves. Strive to present as many of these events as possible, however, for they provide tension and, ultimately, the climax for the adventure.

The First Night

STORMY WEATHER

The wind howls and the downpour continues unabated until dawn. The day is damp and plagued by drizzle.

SEDUCTION

Alexandra Butler attempts to seduce one of the investigators: that night, after the investigators have unpacked and gone to bed, the investigator with the highest APP, male or female, receives a visit from Alexandra. To keep the other players in the dark, the keeper may wish to resolve the situation privately with the player involved, or through written notes.

There is a quiet knock on the door. If the knock is ignored, it is repeated. Should the investigator continue to disregard the knocking, it persists for a time—softly, so as not to disturb the other guests—but eventually the caller gives up and the rapping ceases. Inquiries as to the caller's identity made from behind the closed door are not acknowledged.

If the knock is answered, the investigator in question opens the door to find Alexandra Butler standing upon the threshold, barefoot in a translucent black night dress; wordlessly, she smiles and lets the robe fall open, revealing the smooth curves of exquisite, bare flesh beneath.

By seducing one of the investigators, Alexandra hopes to learn why these unexpected visitors are really here, and what they know about the Butler family and the plantation; she wants nothing to interfere with her cousin's destiny. Her pursuit of intimacy may be bold, but her quest for information is much more subtle; she relies on shrewd questions asked at the most judicious of moments. Alexandra wants to convince the investigators to leave the island; through seduction, she hopes to gain the acquiescence of at least one of the investigators.

Alexandra is a beguiling, desirable woman who does not give up easily; her desire is insatiable, her enthusiasm unrestrained. An investigator able to resist Alexandra's amorous advances requires single-minded determination and a lot of willpower: as an option, the keeper may wish to have the investigator match his or her POW against Alexandra's APP on the resistance table to resolve the issue. Yielding to temptation results in a night of unbridled passion; the investigator sleeps until late the next morning, awaking exhausted and alone.

Whether it is possible for a decadent and lascivious libertine like Alexandra to actually fall in love with an investigator, and how such a situation might effect the course of subsequent events, is an intriguing consideration, but entirely beyond the scope of this scenario; as such, it remains for the keeper alone to judge.

DR. BUTLER'S FIRST REVELATION

Dr. Butler reads his late uncle's journal and encounters Aaron Butler's successful attempt at providing the Other God, Nebhroth, with a bride. His sanity is shaken and, though Dr. Butler is visibly troubled the next day, he refuses to discuss the matter with anyone. Psychology rolls suggest that Dr. Butler seems to be under a lot of strain. Hannah privately expresses fear for her husband's health.

The Second Night

ANOTHER STORM

The drizzle tapers off by late afternoon, but the sun remains hidden by dense clouds. By sunset, a storm is brewing. Thunder and lightning presage a torrential downpour, heralding the worst storm of the season. That night, the whippoorwills are raucous and the bridge connecting Butler Island to the mainland is washed away. The only escape from the island is to swim.

DR. BUTLER'S SECOND REVELATION

Dr. Butler reads *Celestial Providence* and realizes the hideous fate of his forefathers—and what awaits

him. He goes mad, and becomes quite paranoid; the next day, he avoids the investigators whenever possible. Psychology rolls suggest that Dr. Butler is in a state of shock. Hannah begs the investigators to get help for her husband.

THE SECOND SEDUCTION

Alexandra Butler may make another attempt at seducing an investigator, or possibly the same one: Alexandra continues to bestow her affections on the previous investigator only if he or she seems amenable and there is further advantage to be gained in so doing. If the investigator spurned her advances, or avoided providing adequate answers to her questions, Alexandra attempts to seduce the investigator with the second highest APP.

The Third Night

A BRIEF RESPITE

By dawn, the storm has abated. Outside, the effects of the storm are clearly visible: trees have fallen, and low-lying parts of the island are flooded. The sky is gray and overcast all day, but by nightfall there is no sign of rain.

THE OTHER GOD APPEARS

Dr. Butler summons Nebhroth, using the spell in *Celestial Providence*, and offers his wife to the terrible entity; the Lesser Other God appears and proceeds to ravish Hannah Butler (who, mercifully, goes indefinitely insane). Her screams echo throughout the island and are carried on the wind as far as

Champillon. Witnessing the appalling ritual costs the viewer 1/1D6 sanity points. His heinous appetite satiated, Nebhroth returns to his starry home; investigators who interfere must face his terrible wrath.

There is a 25% chance that a female victim molested by Nebhroth becomes pregnant; the dreadful realization costs another 1/1D20 points of sanity. Six months later, when the half-human progeny is born, another 1/1D20 points are lost—but the mother must receive a D100 roll equal to or less than her CON to survive the terrible birth experience.

If necessary, Nebhroth can call a Servitor of the Other Gods to attend him.

ANOTHER SEDUCTION

If necessary, Alexandra Butler makes another attempt at seducing an investigator—possibly the same one. That day, Alexandra continues to bestow her affections on the previous investigator only if it seems there is further advantage to be gained in so doing. If the investigator spurned her advances, or avoided providing adequate answers to her questions, Alexandra attempts to seduce the investigator with the third highest APP.

The Fourth Night

WEATHER

Under partly sunny skies, the flood waters recede. By nightfall, however, ominous dark clouds have returned. Distant thunder booms for much of the night, but the storm passes by.

Scenario Statistics

DR. ISAAC BUTLER, age 39, troubled heir

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 18 SAN 30 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Bargain 25%, Biology 35%, Chemistry 40%, Credit Rating 55%, History 45%, Latin 25%, Law 25%, Library Use 75%, Listen 30%, Medicine 90%, Persuade 25%, Pharmacy 45%, Spot Hidden 30%.

HANNAH BELL BUTLER, age 30, devoted wife

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 13 SAN 55 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 45%, Credit Rating 25%, First Aid 40%, History 35%, Listen 30%, Psychology 25%, Ride 35%, Spot Hidden 30%.

ALEXANDRA BUTLER, age 33, seductive heiress

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 16
DEX 15 APP 16 EDU 12 SAN 20 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Kitchen Knife 40%, damage 1D6

Skills: Listen 55%, Occult 15%, Psychology 40%, Persuade 65%, Ride 45%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Spell: Call Nebhroth.

GULLAH JACK, age 61, sole servant

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 5 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Hatchet 85%, damage 1D6+1
Broken Bottle 60%, damage 1D6

Skills: Conceal 25%, Hide 35%, Listen 40%, Natural History 35%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 35%.

AN ULTIMATUM

If events have not yet been resolved, the deranged Dr. Butler urges the investigators to devote themselves to Nebhroth and become servants of the Other Gods. If they refuse, he orders the investigators off the island in no uncertain terms. If they do not leave immediately, he attempts to have them eliminated. To this end, Dr. Butler will employ the Tomb-Spawn and the demon-child Solomon (unless the investigators have already dealt with them). He might also summon Nebhroth again, this time offering a female investigator as "a suitable vessel."

Conclusion

Having arrived at Butler Island in response to Dr. Butler's telegram, the principal goal of the investigators is to prevent their friend from going insane. This may be accomplished by destroying or preventing Dr. Butler from reading the maggot-eaten grimoire that reveals the terrible secret of his ancestors, and the journal kept by his late uncle, which details Aaron Butler's successful attempt at providing the Other God, Nebhroth, with a bride.

Alexandra Butler also knows the eldritch secrets of the Butler family; if the books are destroyed, she can impart the knowledge to her cousin herself. The investigators will have to deal with her sooner or later.

As a last resort, the investigators can physically remove Dr. Butler from the island. This solution may be only temporary, for having already encountered hints of the awful secrets of his ancestors, Dr. Butler is likely to soon return and continue his studies.

If Dr. Butler dies, his cousin Alexandra insists on having him interred in the family mausoleum. Regardless of the location of its final resting place, however, the corpse is destined to rise within twenty-four hours to join the tomb-spawn, provided a reasonable portion of the body is intact. If moved for burial elsewhere, the living corpse always attempts to make its way back to the Butler Island and the mausoleum. Seeing Dr. Butler in this condition causes a loss of 1/1D8 sanity points. Only destroying the corpse (through dissection, or some act of violence) prevents it from reanimating.

If Dr. Butler or Mrs. Butler is alive and sane when all is done, the investigators' travel expenses will be quietly deposited to their accounts. Alexandra is the heir, however, and will make no recompense.

SANITY REWARDS

The investigators may be awarded the following Sanity bonuses following the conclusion of this adventure:

Each investigator gains 1D4 points of sanity if Dr. Butler is prevented from going insane, and an additional 1D4 if his wife is rescued alive and unharmed (and being a Bride of Nebhroth does not constitute "unharmed").

For eliminating all of the tomb-spawn, each investigator recovers 1D4 points of sanity.

Destroying Solomon, the half-human offspring of Rebecca Butler and the Other God, Nebhroth, each investigator recovers 1D6 points of sanity.

Scenario Statistics

ISABELLA, age 19, a half-wit girl

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 8 INT 5 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 17 EDU 3 SAN 15 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Garrote 80%, damage special (use drowning rules)
Kick 35%, damage 1D6

Skills: Hide 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

SOLOMON, age 36, the demon-child

STR 21 CON 26 SIZ 31 INT 5 POW 22
DEX 9 MOV 6 APP 2 SAN 0 HP 28

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Claws (x2) 50%, damage 3D6 each
Bite 40%, damage 3D6

Spells: Call Nebhroth, Summon Servitor of the Other Gods

Skills: Dodge 65%, Hide 75%, Listen 80%, Sneak 70%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Sanity Cost to See: 1/1D10 SAN.

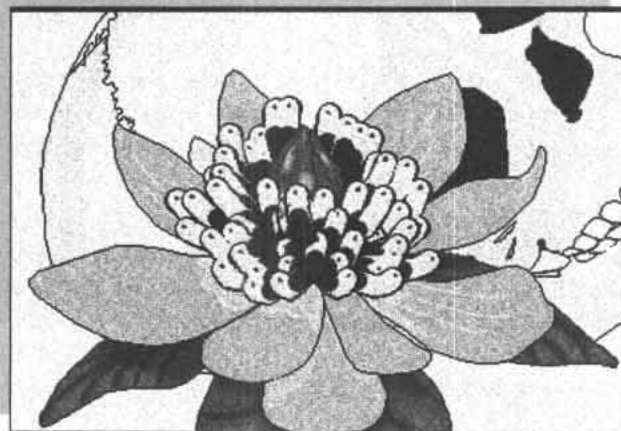
NEBHROTH, timeless, a Lesser Other God

STR 47 CON 64 SIZ 59 INT 0 POW 62
DEX 11 MOV 7 HP 62

Damage Bonus: +6D6.

Weapon: Smash 60%, damage 8D6

Sanity Cost to See: 1/1D20 SAN.





Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust.

— Isaiah xxvi, 19.

THE INVESTIGATORS learn of a rare instance of sudden psychological disintegration, significant to them because it involves the grandfather of William Hatton, an acquaintance or friend of at least one investigator.

If the investigators decline, cause young William Hatton to listen to the same recording a few days later, and collapse just as his grandfather did. The same thing might then also happen to some of the investigating police, and by that time the story of the "haunted bungalow of New Haven" should be strange enough to pique the interest of any investigator.

Timing is of some importance. Quantrill needs several days, for instance, to make the full version of "The Song of the Spheres," with Antonia Balsamo.

If a keeper wants appropriate sound effects, Kate Bush's "Experiment IV" has as a premise the seeking of a song that could kill.

Assuming that the investigators are interested from the start, present the players with *The Song Papers #1*.

The keeper should devise whatever link he or she feels tenable between William Hatton and the investigators; perhaps they attended school together, belong to the same organization or society, or are acquainted professionally. Modify Hatton's particulars as required.

If the investigators require further incentive to inquire into the case, Hatton himself contacts his old friend and invites him or her to New Haven, Connecticut. This approach works best if Hatton's investigator friend is, by profession, an M.D. or psychologist.

The Hatton Residence

When the investigators visit Hatton's modest but comfortable home in New Haven, they learn of the circumstances surrounding Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett's sudden psychological breakdown. The younger Hatton had been out for dinner with a lady friend that evening, and upon his return at about nine o'clock he found Sir Hubert sitting in an armchair, staring blankly into space. Nothing William could do would rouse his grandfather, who had been quietly reading and listening to music.

William Hatton summoned the family doctor, who examined Sir Hubert but was baffled by his condition. Sir Hubert was taken by ambulance to the hospital, where he was diagnosed as catatonic. William's grandfather remains under observation at the hospital.

Sir Hubert's ground-floor room has been left more or less untouched, and William is happy to show it to the investigators. The room is cozy and, at first glance, unremarkable: Sir Hubert's

The Song Papers #1

KNIGHT IN LOCAL HOSPITAL

Sudden Breakdown

Special to The New York Times

NEW HAVEN — Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett, 76, has been admitted to New Haven General Hospital for observation following his collapse sometime yesterday evening.

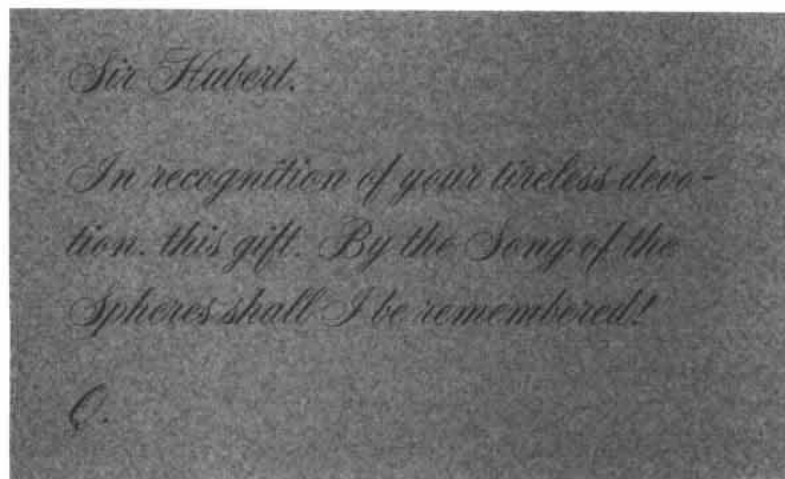
At about nine o'clock yesterday evening, William Hatton of 11 Providence Lane in this city, returned home to find his grandfather comatose in a chair. Medical authorities were summoned, and Sir Hubert was taken to hospital.

According to Mr. Hatton, who is Sir Hubert's grandson, the distinguished visitor had been in good health and of sound mind.

Experts at New Haven General Hospital have no explanation. They expressed hope that Sir Hubert's condition is temporary.

Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett was a hero for England in the African tribal wars, then became a distinguished educator with many honors. He was knighted in 1917.

40



The Song Papers #2

armchair faces the fireplace; a small table next to the chair contains a book (*The River War* by Winston Churchill, writer and English politician), a plain white envelope, an ashtray, and a humidor with a half-dozen of Sir Hubert's favorite Cuban cigars inside. A gramophone sits on top of a wooden stand in the corner, next to a great bookcase containing Sir Hubert's fine collection of works on 19th century British military history. Everything appears in order—the mark of a fastidious occupant and meticulous housekeeping.

Anyone who examines Sir Hubert's copy of *The River War* notices the folded slip of paper marking a chapter detailing the Battle of Omdurman. While the book itself is of no relevance to the mystery at hand, the bookmark is. Give the players *The Song Papers #2*.

Should the investigators inquire, William has no idea who Q. is nor what gift is referred to in the note. (In their researches, though, the investigators soon find a likely candidate for the unidentified Q.)

The envelope contains two tickets to an upcoming performance of Verdi's opera *Aida* in New York City. William purchased these tickets and had planned to take his grandfather, a lifelong lover of music, to see it. He sighs, offering the tickets to the investigators. "They are of no interest to me, now. The soprano lead is said to be marvelous." Then he absent-mindedly thinks of something and leaves the room.

Investigators who examine the gramophone notice a stack of ordinary talking machine records on the platter. However, the records have blank labels, except for the numbers 1-4. There are no titles. If the investigators attempt to play the recording, the keeper should refer to the boxed section on the effect of "The Song of the Spheres" at the end of this adventure. This is the instrumental version; the libretto is not sung in this version.

If need be, William can return in time to rescue

William Hatton

Born in 1898, William Hatton is a grandson of Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett. William's father was killed in the Second Anglo-Boer War. When he was still a child, William and his mother emigrated to America, settling in New Haven, Connecticut. In 1921, his mother re-married and moved to Florida. William's grandfather joined him in New Haven in 1923.

the investigators by turning off the recording before it has time to take effect.

The rest of Sir Hubert's record collection rests in a nearby cabinet. Consisting mostly of military band favorites, the recordings argue a certain stolid quality to his imagination.

Researching "The Song Of The Spheres"

Investigators wishing to learn more about "The Song of the Spheres" need only visit the New Haven Conservatory of Music or any similar institution located in large cities throughout the northeast, including New York, Boston, and Providence. Four hours of research identifies the piece and its possible composer. Give the players *The Song Papers #3*, appearing below.

Information about Gabriel Quantrill can also be obtained. Give the players *The Song Papers #4* after a successful Library Use roll.

The Song Papers #3

About "The Song of the Spheres"

When, in 1901, police discovered the body of composer Charles Frye following his suicide in a London hospital, they also found the unfinished score of an oratorio called "Song of the Spheres." This piece, for soprano with accompaniment by piano and flute, is reputed to be Frye's work, written during his convalescence. Those who have studied the musical notation describe it as awkward and unconventional. The Latin libretto "Nebulum Nigritiae," or "Dark Nebula", is apparently equally unorthodox, and the identity of the librettist remains unknown. As far as is known, the piece has never been performed, nor are recordings known to exist.

About Charles Frye (1863-1901)

An unremarkable English composer who, in the late 19th century, produced a number of minor operas that range from mediocre to uninspired, Frye's last musical work, an opera to commemorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, was begun in 1896 but never completed. Frye disappeared, along with virtuoso flautist Gabriel Quantrill, under mysterious circumstances shortly thereafter, only to surface five years later — Quantrill in a state of mental decay and Frye an amnesiac. Less than two weeks later, Frye committed suicide in hospital. He is survived by his daughter Marion (1894-), herself an accomplished pianist, and now a resident of Boston, Massachusetts.

About Gabriel Quantrill

Born in England in 1866, Gabriel Quantrill showed precocious musical talent but was refused entrance to the Royal Academy as having been inadequately trained. Disenchanted, he went to Vienna where he came to be regarded as a virtuoso flautist.

While there, Quantrill mingled with underworld figures, the demi-monde, and various eccentric occultists. Through his choice of friends, his quick temper, and his dark moods, Quantrill disengaged from legitimate Viennese musical society. He returned to England and, in 1896 made the acquaintance of composer Charles Frye.

Later that year, Frye and Quantrill disappeared under mysterious circumstances. When they surfaced five years later, Frye had no memory and Quantrill had gone mad. Quantrill was committed to the Royal London Infirmary in 1901 where he remained until escaping in 1926.

The Song Papers #4

QUANTRILL'S ESCAPE

Information about Quantrill's murderous escape from the asylum can be found in a back issue of *The Times* of London, available at any large North American public or university library. The story also runs in many other London-area publications of the day.

Four hours of research followed by a successful Library Use roll uncovers a relevant article from 1926; give the players *The Song Papers* #5.

Perceptive investigators have already deduced that Quantrill was denied entrance to the Royal Academy by none other than Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett.

New Haven General

Sir Hubert is a patient in the Psychiatric Ward of the hospital. Unless they get successful Fast Talk or Persuade rolls, visitors must be accompanied by William Hatton.

Doctor Eastman, the hospital's resident psychiatrist, informs the investigators that Sir Hubert is catatonic: "He is completely oblivious to events, and must be forced to eat. Sir Hubert's mind has suffered a severe shock, one I am at a loss to identify. Very rarely does someone of Sir Hubert's steady faculties regress this quickly."

The investigators find Sir Hubert sitting in a wheelchair, staring blankly into space. He appears to take no notice of his visitors, or his environment. Sir Hubert breathes, blinks, and swallows, but no external stimulus brings a response—his mind appears completely absent.

The investigators are unlikely to be permitted to visit long enough to attempt a Psychoanalysis roll, but if by chance they are—and get a successful roll—

Sir Hubert simply shrieks out a single word, "Quantrill." None of the staff knows to whom or to what the word refers, if it indeed refers to anything at all.

A successful Psychology roll applied to Sir Hubert merely corroborates Dr. Eastman's opinion that William's grandfather is catatonic.

Boston

Investigators visit Boston, no doubt, in search of the daughter of Charles Frye. The woman's married name is Farwell, making it impossible for the investigators to trace her residence through the telephone directory; although there are dozens of Fries listed, none are related to or acquainted with Marion.

Armed with the knowledge that she is an accomplished pianist, however, a successful Idea roll suggests that the best way for the investigators to discover her whereabouts is to check a business directory—available at the Boston Chamber of Commerce, any branch of the public library, and at most

The Song Papers #5

POLICE ADVISE OF PUBLIC DANGER

Escapes From Royal London Infirmary

TWO MAY HAVE BEEN VICTIMS OF FOUL PLAY

ONE GABRIEL QUANTRILL, age 60, a former musician of no private residence, escaped the custody of the Royal London Infirmary late last night.

Police allege that Mr. Quantrill also may be responsible for the deaths of two Infirmary employees, effected during the course of his escape.

Mr. Edward Cole, an attendant, of 11 Whitechapel Mews, was found deceased in what is recorded to have been the murderer's cell of residence.

The earthly remains of Mr. Thomas Dooley, a guard, residence unavailable, was found hidden behind dust bins at a rear entrance.

According to a night superintendent for the Infirmary, Dr. A.B.S. Mann, Mr. Quantrill is criminally insane and should be considered extremely dangerous.

No official causes of death have been announced. Unofficial statements made by parties to the investigation appallingly suggest that Mr. Cole was bitten to death, and that Mr. Dooley was strangled.

Police describe Gabriel Quantrill as tall and thin, with white hair, narrow blue eyes, and a prominent brow.

An Earlier Episode

Mr. Quantrill was committed to the Royal London Infirmary in 1901. Once a talented musician, he along with a successful composer of music, Mr. Charles Frye, disappeared under mysterious circumstances in 1896. Discovered in London in 1901, Mr. Frye had become an amnesiac while his companion Mr. Quantrill had lost his mind.

Mr. Frye then committed suicide in hospital. Due to his unsettling nature, Mr. Quantrill spent most of the last twenty-five years in solitary confinement in the Royal Infirmary.

Scotland Yard appeals to those who might provide information in this matter to step forward. Citizens are reminded to use caution if approaching Mr. Quantrill.

banks and financial institutions—under “piano instruction”. Among the teachers listed therein is one *Marion Frye Farwell*.

MARION FRYE FARWELL

Once they have located Mrs. Farwell, interviewing her is easy. Born in 1894, she is the daughter of the late English composer Charles Frye. She married an American serviceman in 1919 and moved to Massachusetts; she and her husband currently reside in Boston's Back Bay district, and have two young children.

Mrs. Farwell is happy to answer the investigator's questions, but she can provide little relevant information. She was a small child when her father died,

and never knew Gabriel Quantrill. She cannot speculate about the nature of her late father's relationship with Quantrill, their subsequent disappearances, or her father's suicide.

She adds that she feels no curiosity whatsoever about his strange behavior. A successful Psychology roll suggests that she believes her father to have been in a perverse relationship with Quantrill, and that this perception has stifled all her natural curiosity about her father.

Following the death of her mother in 1923, Mrs. Farwell came into possession of her late father's effects. With a successful Credit Rating or Persuade roll, Mrs. Farwell shows the investigators the old trunk containing her father's effects. In it are correspondence, a journal, and the original sheet music for all of Charles Frye's works, save the score for his unfinished oratorio, “The Song of the Spheres.” It was recently stolen.

She tells the investigators that her home was broken into about a month ago.

Hatton-Bartlett, Sir Hubert Bysshe

Born Bainbridge Manor, Herts., England, 11 Dec. 1851. Eton. Oxford 1872. Commissioned with the Royal Engineers, Second Ashanti War (1873-74). Mentioned in dispatches, then wounded at Amcaful 1874 and discharged. Upon his return to England, Instructor at the Royal Academy of Music, 1875; appointed by Her Majesty as an Academy Director 1882. Distinguished service as an educator. O.B.E. 1908. Ret. 1916. Knighted in 1917, in recognition of his service to the arts in England. Currently residing with a grandson, William, in New Haven, Connecticut, the United States.
— from *Leaders of the English-Speaking World*, 1925.

Returning from a family picnic, the Farwells found the back door forced open. A search of the house revealed that only one item had been disturbed: the lock on her father's trunk had been smashed, and the papers within rifled through. Mrs. Farwell does not have an inventory of the contents, but she did like the title of the missing oratorio, and so remembers it. If something more was stolen, she is unaware of it. Curiously, nothing else in the house was touched.

The correspondence in the trunk is unremarkable, consisting of old letters from various friends and relatives, all of it wholesome and aboveboard. The journal is a yellowed, crumbling, handwritten manuscript that begins in 1889 and ends just prior to Charles Frye's disappearance in 1896. It takes two hours to read. Give the players *The Song Papers* #11.

New York

Antonia Balsamo

BY THIS POINT the investigators have no doubt concluded that Gabriel Quantrill is alive, probably linked to the break-in at the Farwells' in Boston, and somehow responsible for Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett's sudden breakdown. As Quantrill's scheme unfolds, his activities come to the investigators' attention accidentally, as the odd initial Q pops up again. Give the players *The Song Papers* #6.

FREDERICO ARGENTO

Further information about Signorina Balsamo can be provided by the touring company of *Aida*, in New York City. Rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera House, located on Amsterdam Avenue in midtown Manhattan, are at a standstill, while the company waits for news of Signorina Balsamo. Any member of the company can direct the investigators to the manager, Federico Argento, a portly fellow with a

The Song Papers #6

ITALIAN OPERA SINGER DISAPPEARS

New York Performance In Jeopardy

Miss Antonia Balsamo, the acclaimed Italian soprano who is to star in the Metropolitan Opera's production of *Aida*, has disappeared, authorities reported this morning.

Miss Balsamo, 24, was last seen by a travelling companion in her Empire Hotel suite at about five o'clock Friday afternoon. When Miss Balsamo failed to appear for breakfast the next morning, fears for her safety were aroused, and police were notified.

Miss Balsamo, who was to appear in the title role of *Aida*, has been in New York the past week, in rehearsal.

According to a spokesman for the Metropolitan Opera House, the three-week run of sold-out performances may have to be cancelled if Miss Balsamo does not return soon.

Although foul play is a possibility, police state that no threats or ransom demands have been received. Miss Balsamo is a slender, dark-haired young lady of considerable beauty. She speaks English with a charming accent.

She was last seen wearing a black afternoon suit with white accents, of European cut, apparently intending to keep a journalistic interview with a reporter identified to the New York Times only by the initial "Q".

Anyone who might have seen Miss Balsamo Friday afternoon or evening, or who can supply information regarding her whereabouts, is kindly asked to contact police immediately.

The Journal of Charles Frye, excerpts

The Song Papers #11

September 5, 1896

Today I made the acquaintance of Mr. Gabriel Quantrill, an accomplished flautist, late of Vienna. I had been enjoying the performance of a string quartet in Hyde Park early in the afternoon, and was recognized by Mr. Quantrill. He lavished great praise upon my work, and expressed great interest in my Diamond Jubilee piece.

September 13, 1896

My wife and I entertained Mr. Quantrill at dinner this evening. He spoke eloquently of Vienna, and his travels through Europe. Afterwards, he and I repaired to my conservatory, and I played at his insistence a portion of my Diamond Jubilee tribute.

He seemed to enjoy it, and inquired as to when it would be complete. I was forced to admit that my inspiration had run dry of late, and had written nothing in several months. Quantrill had brought with him his flute, a curious, bone-white instrument, the like of which I have never before seen, and we improvised for a while. He is a remarkable flautist, of almost uncanny ability, able to coax the most astounding music from the instrument. To think that fool at the Royal Academy denied him admission!

My wife later expressed a curious but profound dislike for the man, and for the music we played. Odd — I find Quantrill quite congenial. Our improvisation (while spontaneous and unrehearsed) was surely not unpleasant.

September 18, 1896

Quantrill and I met briefly in his flat this evening; my wife has made it clear to me that he is not welcome in our home. My friend told me that he had given my lack of inspiration much thought, and proposed a solution; I would accompany him on his next journey. Quantrill assumed responsibility for all the arrangements and promised all the inspiration I needed, and more. I told Quantrill that I would need to deliberate upon his proposal for a time. He concurred, asking only that I tell no one of his offer, not even my wife.

September 21, 1896

My friend Quantrill and I sat up into the small hours of the morning while he regaled me with wild tales of this world, and others. He has travelled far, indeed. Quantrill tells me that he learned certain things from his friends in Vienna that he dare not repeat here, if I am willing, he will arrange for the two of us to make a most wondrous trip. He offered proof of the most singularly outlandish sort — my skin still crawls when I recall the ghastly evidence of his esoteric knowledge. Is mankind meant to possess such insight? Yet, at this moment, I am sorely in need of inspiration — my Diamond Jubilee tribute is at a standstill; I fear I shall never complete it.

October 15, 1896

Quantrill has taken care of all necessary preparations. All is ready; we leave tonight. While I am looking forward to this, I remain visibly nervous; my wife is concerned for my health, but I cannot reveal our plans to anyone. I will greatly miss little Marion, but Quantrill promises a speedy return. The night is exceedingly dark and each rustle of leaf outside my window sets my heart pounding. I have only to wait for my wife to fall asleep to join Quantrill at our appointed rendezvous. Our friends will soon be here — fame and fortune await!

receding hairline and full beard, who can be found pacing anxiously and chewing on an unlit cigar.

FREDERICO ARGENTO, age 49, Impresario

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 13



Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 50%, damage special

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 55%,
Credit Rating 45%, English 65%, Italian
80%, Law 15%, Persuade 75%, Psychology
25%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Signor Argento is baffled by Signorina Balsamo's disappearance and genuinely concerned for her safety. She is intelligent and steady, not at all the sort to do something like this. Although he has no relevant information to offer the investigators, Argento gladly accommodates their requests for assistance if he thinks that doing so will help locate the young lady.

According to Argento, Antonia Balsamo was born in Milano, in 1903. A lyric soprano, she is possessed of a light, pretty voice and impressive vocal agility. She received her formal training at the Conservatory there, and began her professional career at age eighteen. She studied with Caterina Cavollaro of La Scala (the *Horror on the Orient Express* campaign has background information about Signorina Cavollaro). While virtually unknown in America, Antonia Balsamo is acclaimed throughout Europe. This is her first visit to the United States. She arrived a few weeks ago, to begin rehearsals for *Aida*. She is well-liked by everyone in the company.

As for the note from "Q" mentioned in the *Times* article, Argento shrugs. It may or may not be significant. He has not seen the message; the police have it. But perhaps Balsamo's companion, Signora Capaldi, can add something concerning it, since she found it.

What Happened To Signorina Balsamo?

In actual fact, Antonia Balsamo left the Empire Hotel just before seven o'clock on the evening of her disappearance. Gabriel Quantrill, presenting himself as a reporter with the New York Times, had obtained an interview with her, and arranged to have her met by a car at the hotel, ostensibly to be taken to a nearby restaurant. Once she had entered the car, however, Quantrill discreetly used the spell Cloud Memory to cause the doorman to forget the whole incident. Quantrill, his henchman, and the abducted singer disappeared into the night.

At the keeper's discretion, a successful application of Psychoanalysis might cause the doorman to recall vague details of the incident, but these should not be specific enough to provide clues.

SIGNORA MARIA CAPALDI

Like most of the touring company, Signorina Balsamo has been staying at the Empire Hotel on West 56th Street in midtown Manhattan. Her traveling companion, Signora Capaldi, is a beefy, good-natured matron from Milan who stays in an adjacent room. She speaks passable English. If an investigator is able to interview Signora Capaldi in Italian, she is pleased and very forthcoming.

MARIA CAPALDI, age 47, Chaperon

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 17
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 13 SAN 85 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Grapple 65%, damage special

Skills: Accounting 30%, Bargain
35%, English 5%, Italian 80%,
Listen 55%, Persuade 65%,
Psychology 45%, Sing 25%,
Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Signora Capaldi has already told the police everything she knows about Antonia's disappearance but, if the investigators impress her as being competent, Signora Capaldi discloses that, to her regret, Antonia is a willful young woman who sometimes disregards the curfew imposed on the company by its managers. Still, says the Signora, Antonia is not foolish and does not often go out alone in such a big, unfamiliar city, especially at night.

If the investigators express an interest in examining Signorina Balsamo's room, Signora Capaldi tells them that the police have already been through it. If the investigators persist, a Persuade or Fast Talk roll obtains her consent, though she insists on accompanying them.



SIGNORINA BALSAMO'S SUITE

Signorina Balsamo's sixteenth-floor suite is expensive but not unusual. The room has a private bath, a separate sitting area, a bedroom, and a dressing room. The windows give an unremarkable view; most buildings in this part of Manhattan are as tall, and their proximity eliminates the panorama of the Hudson River.

Signorina Balsamo's empty luggage is in a closet; Signora Capaldi attests that all the pieces are present. Balsamo's clothes hang in the closets or rest in bureaus, and her toiletries and cosmetics are found in the dressing room. A copy of the score to *Aida* sits on a small table in the sitting room. Several bouquets of flowers decorate the suite, but the most magnificent bouquet, of white roses, is in a vase on the table bearing the score.



The Song Papers #7

With a successful Spot Hidden, a small card can be seen nestling among the white rose blossoms and ferns. It reads, *Best Wishes from Johnny*. Signora Capaldi says that the flowers are from Johnny Crandall, a member of the Met's chorus who is enamored of Signorina Balsamo, and who sent the flowers as a token of his regard. Offers of romance are constantly made, the Signora smiles. Crandall, she assures the investigators, is a nice boy, and a harmless person.

This is true. Crandall is in no way connected to Antonia's disappearance, but paranoid investigators might assume otherwise, and the keeper should exploit or dismiss this angle as he or she sees fit.

A REAL CLUE

If the investigators inspect the score, they notice something inside it, at the spine inside the back cover. It is a business card, *The Song Papers #7*, reproduced above.

Signora Capaldi has never seen the card before, and knows nothing of it. Reporters from all the local newspapers are interested in Signorina Balsamo and eager to get an interview, she says. Besides, she says evenly, the Signorina is an attractive young woman.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

The address on Quantrill's business card is a fake, as is the telephone number. If the investigators visit the editorial offices of the *Times*, they are vast and busy. The investigators get the fastest attention by going to the personnel office, where they learn that no Gabriel Quantrill is or ever has been on staff. The card is a complete fraud, but the police will be interested in it.

Police Involvement

The New York Police Department was contacted the morning after Signorina Balsamo was last seen. Jack Heathcliff, a trim and hearty twenty-year veteran of the force, has been assigned to the case. He may be interviewed at his office, which is located in a nearby precinct. Heathcliff may also be found conducting

his investigation at the Empire Hotel. If he becomes suspicious of the investigators, the detective approaches them.

So far, Heathcliff has been unable to make progress in the case: satisfied with the investigators' explanation of their interest in the episode, the detective welcomes any information they can provide, but insists that all police work is left to him. Looking at the business card they have found, he agrees to let them see the note from Q.

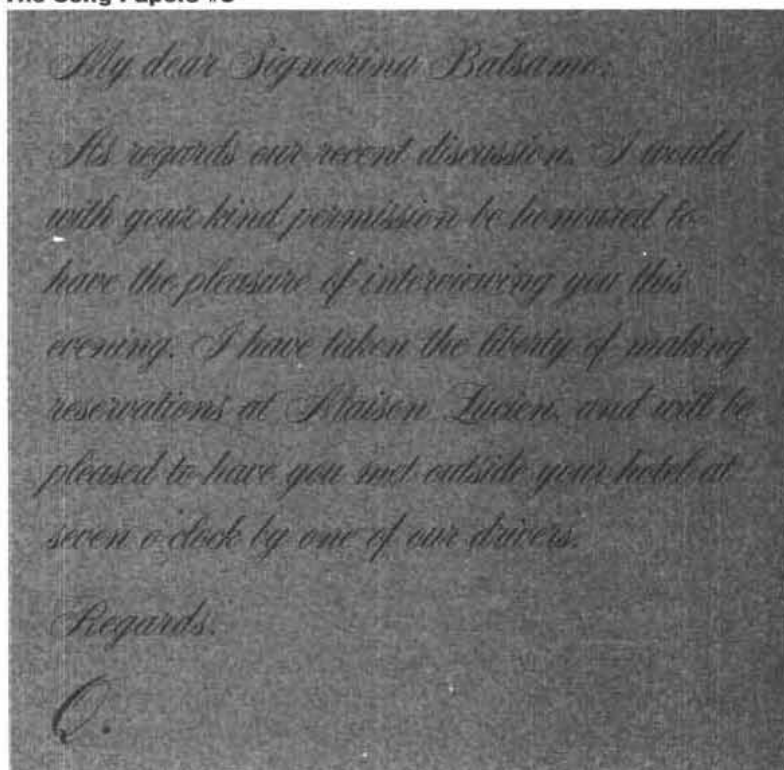
Give the players *The Song Papers #8*.

But Maison Lucien, a nearby restaurant specializing in French cuisine, said that no reservations were made under the name Balsamo or by any name beginning with a Q in the past few weeks. No one matching Signorina Balsamo's description was seen.

However, if the handwriting of the note found in Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett's room (*The Song Papers #2*) is compared to the note from Q., similarities are immediately visible. This interests Heathcliff very much, and he contacts the New Haven police. After they show him this connection, the investigators get Heathcliff's full cooperation. He also takes an interest in *their* backgrounds and motives: "Strictly professional," he smiles. "You guys are the only leads I have."

Despite his honest efforts, however, Heathcliff is destined not to find Quantrill, for Miss Balsamo will be released into the streets of SoHo.

The Song Papers #8



JACK HEATHCLIFF, age 43, Police DetectiveSTR 14 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 13 SAN 70 HP 13**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+dbNightstick 60%, damage 1D6+db
.45 revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Bargain 35%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 30%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 50%, First Aid 40%, Hide 30%, Jump 55%, Law 50%, Library Use 30%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 35%, Track 20%.**A Dead End?**

The investigators find that the trail of clues dries up, and they are thwarted in their attempts to locate Gabriel Quantrill and interrupt whatever malevolent scheme he has in mind. When this point is reached, the keeper should allow the investigators to wander without aim, clutching at ambiguous straws and following dubious red herrings, until they start to become frustrated. They notice that Heathcliff lets

himself be seen now and then. Then, as suddenly as she disappeared, Signorina Balsamo re-appears. Give the players *The Song Papers #9*, and adjust the time reference as needed.

Bellevue Hospital

The investigators, having learned of Signorina Balsamo's re-appearance, will be eager to interview her. They have no difficulty in doing so if they are accompanied by Signora Capaldi or Detective Heathcliff; otherwise, they must succeed with Fast Talk or Persuade rolls to get past vigilant Bellevue staff.

The famous soprano is a vigorous, attractive young woman with long dark hair and green eyes. She dresses elegantly, and there is an air of demure sophistication about her. Signorina Balsamo is generous and good-natured, with a cheerful disposition.

She is always courteous and well-mannered, has a lively sense of humor, and is something of a flirt.

Signorina Balsamo speaks effective English and is happy to answer the investigators' questions. Unless they state otherwise, she assumes them to be police detectives. She does not remember leaving the Empire Hotel that night, nor does she recall an appointment with Mr. Quantrill of the *New York Times*. The last thing she remembers is resting in her hotel suite—and then finding herself wandering in a daze in an unfamiliar district of rundown warehouses. Her memory of events in between are vague and dream-like; Signorina Balsamo dimly recalls many brilliant points of light, like stars, dancing to some shrill and ghostly cadence, while beneath her the earth itself seemed to tremble with a great rumbling noise like that of an earthquake or thunder.

Miss Balsamo can provide no other useful details. She has never heard of "The Song of the Spheres," Charles Frye, or Gabriel Quantrill, and, although she recalls meeting and can describe a fellow named Quantrill from the *New York Times*, Signorina Balsamo does not recall his having arranged an interview with her; if the investigators show her the note they found in her hotel suite, she remembers it only vaguely.

**ANTONIA BALSAMO, age 24, Italian soprano**STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 16 EDU 15 SAN 56 HP 13**Damage Bonus:** none.**Weapons:** none.**Skills:** Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 60%, English 40%, First Aid 45%, Flirt 56%, Listen 40%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 15%, Ride 25%, Sing 80%, Swim 50%.**What Happened While She Was Missing**

Having completed his enchanted recording of "The Song of the Spheres" (with Signorina Balsamo performing the libretto), Quantrill released the singer after magically erasing her memory of the incident, encouraging her further disorientation.

The "great rumbling noise" to which Signorina Balsamo referred was actually a subway train thundering past: if the investigators make the connection, they can easily determine that there is only one line that runs through the SoHo district, a little to the east of Broadway; it forks south of Broome Street. There are two stations at the south end of SoHo, in the vicinity of Canal Street, and a third at the north end, near Houston Street.

The Song Papers #9

MISSING SOPRANO SAFE

Aida to Open as Scheduled

Metropolitan soprano Miss Antonia Balsamo, who recently disappeared from her Manhattan hotel, was found this morning, dazed but unharmed, wandering in SoHo.

Miss Balsamo has been taken to Bellevue Hospital for observation. According to a spokesman for the hospital, Miss Balsamo had a few minor cuts and bruises but is otherwise in good physical condition.

She suffers, however, from partial amnesia, and has so far been unable to recount her experiences or her whereabouts of the past few days.

The hospital spokesman indicated that Miss Balsamo will be released today. Police continued to express interest in the case.

Impresario Frederico Argento gave profuse thanks to the alert police officers who noticed her. With a little rest, he fully expects his star to open in *Aida* on Saturday.

Metropolitan Opera officials have indicated that the performances are anticipated to be standing room only. Given this incident, public interest is doubly high.

Quantrill

SOHO

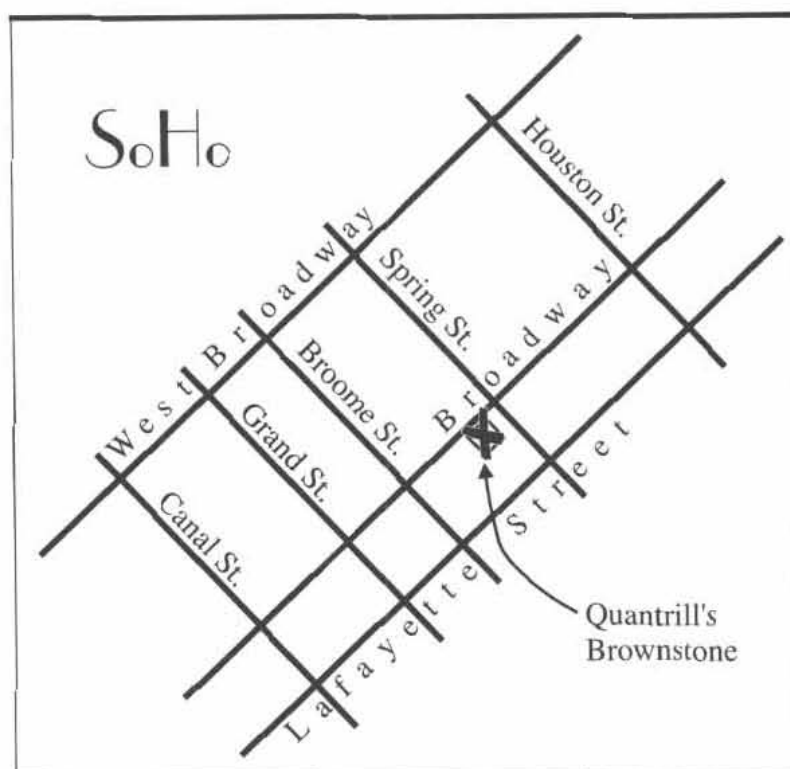
SOHO, AN ACRONYM for “south of Houston Street”, is in the 1920s a rundown warehouse district bounded by West Broadway, Houston, Lafayette, and Canal streets. Most of the buildings are old cast-iron structures. The area is just beginning to appeal to impoverished artists who, in the decades to come, will help transform SoHo into an avant-garde district of galleries, shops, and eateries.

If the investigators query local residents, their players get one successful Luck roll a day to learn of someone fitting Quantrill’s description. If the keeper wishes, of course, the process of locating Quantrill can be more difficult, and require hints from several people before he is precisely located.

This fellow, they are told, has been seen in the neighborhood recently, and has been renting a small brownstone on the east side of Broadway, just south of Spring Street, for about a month. No one mentions that there are two people in the building, though.

His Rented Brownstone

Gabriel Quantrill’s rented brownstone is unremarkable. It is of two stories, with other residences adjacent on either side, and an alley in the back. Most of the houses along Broadway in this faded district look alike.

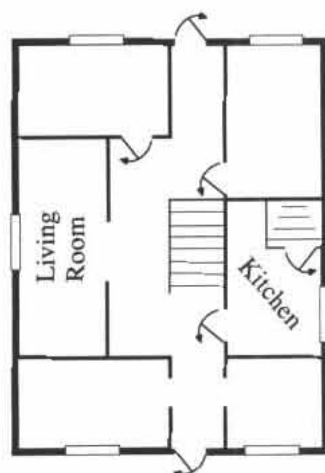


Investigators who stake out the house are unlikely to glimpse their quarry; Quantrill seldom leaves. A battered old Ford Model-A is parked on the street. Anyone with an ear pressed to the front door might, with a successful Listen roll, hear the faint, forlorn strains of music from within.

Front and back doors are kept locked at all times. The front door has STR 20; the back, STR 15. All ground floor windows are kept tightly shuttered. In-

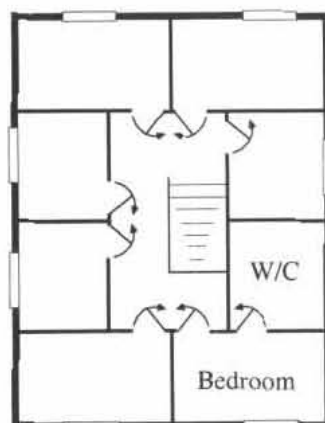
Quantrill's SoHo Brownstone

Ground Floor

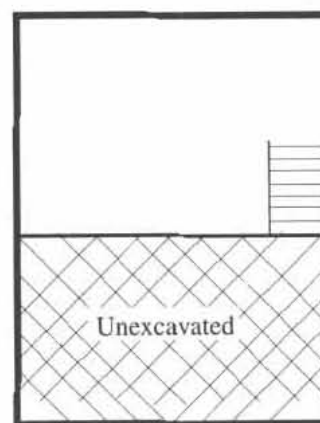


← Broadway →

Second Floor



Cellar



10'

side, most of the rooms are unfurnished and dusty; on the first floor, it appears that the occupant makes use of but few. Only the kitchen and living room are in current use.

The kitchen contains an old wooden table and chair, and there are a few plates and utensils scattered about. The icebox contains some fresh milk. Canned food-stuffs can be found in one of the cupboards. A door from the kitchen leads down to the cellar; if Quantrill or Wilson Oliver are downstairs, the door is locked from within. It has STR 15.

The Song Papers #10

Free of the chains that fetter mankind, I have journeyed to many places far-off and wondrous, of which most men do not even dare dream. Have I explored the caverns of Lo' n- Yau and bridged the black gulf of N' Hai without learning the terrible secrets they harbour? Yuggoth, Tumatlant, and Mldokaran - all are known to me, having been borne there upon strange wings to discover the dark wisdom of the stars. But above all, I have travelled beyond normal space and time to join the company of demon flautists who play for H'gathoth at the centre of the universe.

At the daemon sultan's nighted throne, the true nature of the universe was revealed to me; the lies fostered by society were exposed for what they are, puerile corruptions and perversions to shroud the knowledge of the void and its origins, and to mask the true destiny of mankind.

The living room contains a battered old piano and some sort of gramophone. A successful Idea roll suggests that this is an outdated recording device, surpassed by advances in electrical recording techniques; a Know roll allows an investigator to operate the equipment properly. If the investigators surprise Quantrill and his henchman, they are likely to be in this room, improvising some outlandish piece of music.

Beneath the hinged seat of the piano bench is a small compartment containing Frye's frayed musical score for "The Song of the Spheres," stolen from his daughter. Anyone familiar with musical composition concludes, after only a brief examination, that the score to Frye's unfinished oratorio is incredibly complex, and appears to have been written using an unknown form of musical notation. The libretto can be read with a successful Read Latin roll—it is an archaic invocation to Tru'nembra, the Angel of Music.

On the platter of the recording device, there is a flat wax disc bearing a number of ridges. A Know roll indicates that this is a master recording, from which shellac pressings are made. This disc cannot be played on a standard gramophone, but it contains Quantrill's most recent recording of "The Song of the Spheres"—this one complete with libretto.

Upstairs, only the bathroom and a bedroom appear to be used. The bedroom is furnished with a dingy old cot and a writing desk and chair. There is a poorly-bound book on the desk, handwritten in English; it is an unfinished manuscript by Quantrill, titled "An Elegy For The Universe." For the most part it is incomprehensible, full of obscure references to muddled and blasphemous ideologies. Reading the book in its entirety takes four hours and requires a Read English roll. Those who succeed gain 2% Cthulhu Mythos knowledge and lose 1D4 Sanity. The book contains a single spell, "Enchant Recording," with a spell multiplier of x1. Give the players *The Song Papers #10*.

Quantrill regularly retires in the small hours of the morning, and sleeps until noon.

The cellar contains an oil furnace, a lopsided chair, and an old army cot. There are half-drained bottles of bootleg whisky strewn about the floor. Quantrill's henchman sleeps here, and spends most nights drinking himself into a stupor; he does not wake until well into the afternoon. A bundle of filthy, threadbare blankets and a length of frayed rope in one corner represent the location of Signorina Balsamo's captivity during her abduction.

ENCHANT RECORDING, a new spell

A rare but potent incantation, used in conjunction with a specially-designed, magical piece of music. The spell causes the effects of the recorded music to retain the same potency of a live performance or recital by creating a reservoir for magic points, which are utilized when the recording is played back. A group of people can help to enchant a recording, but the caster always acts as the focus for the group. He or she must know the spell, and may expend as many magic points as desired. Anyone else present knowing the spell may also expend as many magic points as desired. The remainder of the group may spend only one magic point each.

At the end of the brief ritual, the enchanter loses one point of POW and 1D4 points of Sanity. The total of the magic points used to enchant the recording is the amount available each time it is played.

Other than the Song of the Spheres from this scenario, the spell could work with other published song-spells, such as the Song of Hastur, the Song of Glissande, or Soul-Singing; the keeper decides, and may devise other uses.

WILSON OLIVER, age 42, drunken jazz pianist

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 9 SAN 15 HP 15



Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3
Grapple 40%, damage special
Head Butt 25%, damage 1D4

Skills: Bargain 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Drive Automobile 40%, Fast Talk 30%, Listen 65%, Play Piano 75%, Sing 25%.

Wilson is a black jazz pianist who fell on hard times when his drinking got out of hand. He lost his gig, his wife, and his self-respect. When he met Gabriel Quantrill, Wilson had hit rock bottom and he figured things could only improve. The black secrets Quantrill revealed to him, combined with the effects of chronic alcoholism, have eroded much of Wilson's sanity, but he still can make glorious music.

A big bear of a man, Wilson serves Quantrill faithfully, helping to abduct Signorina Balsamo and playing piano during the recording of "The Song of the Spheres." He spends most of his time inebriated, deprived of his common sense but not his strength.

The house is entirely without carpet, and there is no electricity or telephone. Light is provided by kerosene lamps in the kitchen, bedroom, and bathroom.

If Quantrill and his henchman are aware of the investigators' arrival, they attempt to hide and take the intruders by surprise. Both are vicious and fight to the death; Quantrill was thought to have bitten one person to death while escaping from the Royal Infirmary, remember.

GABRIEL QUANTRILL, age 60, deranged musician

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 15 APP 13 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .32 Automatic Pistol 50%, damage 1D8+db
Sword Cane 45%, damage 1D6+db
Bite 50%

Skills: Astronomy 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, French 25%, German 40%, History 35%, Italian 50%, Library Use 40%, Listen 55%, Occult 20%, Persuade 50%, Play Flute 80%, Play Piano 45%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Spells: Brew Space-Mead, Cloud Memory, Contact Ghoul, Contact Nyarlathotep, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Recording*, Enthrall Victim, Mental Suggestion, Pipes of Madness, Summon/Bind Byakhee.

** this is a new spell, detailed at left.*

Gabriel Quantrill is a gaunt, brooding Englishman. Above a prominent brow, his chalk-white hair is uncombed, his features cruel but colorless. Quantrill wears a monocle and walks with the aid of a cane, though he has no noticeable limp. Dapper but dishevelled, he is smug by nature and cunning by design.

Quantrill possesses an ornate bone flute of exquisite workmanship, a gift from Tru'nembra, one of the Outer Gods who dances at the court of Azathoth. It enables him to cast the Pipes of Madness spell.

Conclusion

With Gabriel Quantrill dead and the master recording of "The Song of the Spheres" destroyed along with the musical score, the investigators have succeeded. In time, Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett effects a full recovery. If success is total, the investigators should receive 1D8 points of Sanity. If Quantrill survives, reduce the Sanity bonus to 1D6. If either the musical score or the master recording survive, further reduce the reward to 1D4.

Signorina Balsamo, grateful for their efforts on her behalf, invites the investigators to the gala premiere of this production of *Aida* at the Metropolitan Opera House. Seated in a private box, they enjoy a superb performance of Verdi's opera. The audience is spellbound throughout and, at the end of the last act, loudly appreciative. Reviews rave, and critics are uniform in their praise of Signorina Balsamo's vocal talents.

Following the performance, the investigators are invited to a party at the Empire Hotel to celebrate a successful premiere. Despite prohibition, champagne flows freely, and everyone is in high spirits. Cast, crew, and guests mingle in a festive mood. A waltz by Strauss crackles from a gramophone in the corner, and Signorina Balsamo asks one of her new





X

friends to dance. She is thrilled at the evening's success, and just tipsy enough to be bold. The waltz ends prematurely, for those enjoying the proximity of their present company, and new disks are put on—Gabriel Quantrill's awful legacy. Somewhere in the black void, the Angel of Music hears the call.

The Angel Of Music

The manifestation of Tru'nembra is heralded by a single sustained note that gradually increases in volume until it becomes almost unbearable. As the note begins to oscillate, glass shatters and ears begin to bleed: the Angel of Music has arrived.

Because it has no corporeal form, Tru'nembra cannot be harmed by physical attacks. Once summoned, the Angel of Music wreaks havoc upon the scene, using its music to attack the guests in the ballroom, who must flee or continue to take damage. The god does not use its Sonic Blast unless powerfully attacked.

Tru'nembra searches among them for a suitable sacrifice, a performer worthy of the gods. This unfortunate is taken either in body or in soul to play eternally for the Daemon Sultan and its courtiers.

Signorina Balsamo is a likely target: if selected, she begins to sing from the beginning her role from *Aida*. Her performance is magnificent, as good as

any ever given upon the stage. As Signorina Balsamo sings, the ethereal music of Tru'nembra unerringly finds the cadence and, in unison, the two reach a terrifying crescendo and suddenly there is silence.

The Angel of Music is gone. Signorina Balsamo begins to sing again, only this time her voice is devoid of passion, dull and listless. She stands like a rag doll, reprising *Aida* without emotion. Her glassy eyes have a faraway look and her skin is cold and clammy to the touch. Upon examination of her, a Medicine roll confirms that she is dead, yet continues to sing. Anyone witnessing this loses 1/1D8 points of Sanity. Shortly thereafter, the body of Signorina Balsamo crumples to the floor, never to sing again.

TRU'NEMBRA, Outer God

STR n/a CON n/a SIZ n/a INT 14 POW 80
DEX 50 MV speed of sound HP80

Damage Bonus: as sound, not applicable.

Weapons: Music automatic, damage one hit point per round

Sonic Blast automatic, damage D100 hit points

Armor: none; however, as living sound, Tru'nembra can be dispelled only by spells which affect INT or POW, or by mechanisms which affect sound waves.

Spells: none.

Sanity Cost to See: Tru'nembra is invisible, but 1D10 -4/1D10 to hear or experience it.

The Song Of The Spheres

The tempo of the piece conveys the anxious feeling of a mysterious wait; the shrill flute produces weird melodic strains while the piano provides rhythmic pulse beats. Suspense builds; weird piano glissandos are augmented by the eerie inner voice of the suspenseful, mystifying flute. The melody becomes elusive, then disappears in a cacophonous maelstrom of uncanny, mesmerizing notes. Cosmic excitement turns to cosmic terror as a strange rhythmic chant, indescribably haunting and beguiling, is offered to the starry void and, as in reply, ghastly sound-phantoms seem to echo out of space and the stars begin to flicker.

Hearing an instrumental performance (live or recorded) of the unfinished oratorio fills the listener with a soul-chilling dread, and costs 1/1D6 points of Sanity. Anyone actively listening to the piece suffers a major mental shock and loses 1D10 points of Sanity. Regardless of the amount lost, he or she automatically lapses into stupefaction for 1D6 months; handle recovery in the same manner as that outlined for Indefinite Insanity in the rulesbook.

These effects depend upon the listener's relative POW. Those of POW 1-6 are swept up by the music in the first combat round, POW 7-10 in two combat rounds, POW 11-14 in three rounds, and POW 15-18 in four rounds. Those few of 19 or better are unaffected.

The full version, with vocal accompaniment, is far more dan-

gerous. The libretto "Nebulum Nigritiae", written by Quantrill himself, is a blasphemous evocation of the Outer God Tru'nembra; when successfully sung and recorded using the Enchant Recording spell it becomes a potent, re-useable method by which the Angel of Music can be summoned from the stars. Since Tru'nembra is not subject to the laws of space and time as mankind perceives them, it is conceivable that multiple performances of the piece may summon the god in several places simultaneously. The recording made by Gabriel Quantrill with Signorina Balsamo singing the libretto has a reservoir of 35 magic points.

How many discs were pressed from the original master recording is a matter for the keeper to decide; tracking down and rounding up the remaining pressings could provide the investigators with any number of additional missions, and could serve as a lead-in to another scenario.

If, at any time, the authorities (including conservatories and music libraries) are given the opportunity to hear a recording (with or without vocal accompaniment) of this hideous piece of music, those who retain their sanity will be filled with such loathing and dread as to attempt to destroy the recording and its musical score immediately. The consequences of broadcasting the deadly oratorio are too terrible to contemplate; no doubt some mad musical genius will one day make the attempt.

IN THE SHADOWS

Sir Hubert

Three Scenarios for Call of Cthulhu

In recognition of
tion, this gift. By the
Spheres shall

"It is absolutely necessary, for the peace and safety of mankind, that some of earth's dark, dead corners and unplumbed depths be let alone; lest sleeping abnormalities wake to resurgent life, and blasphemously surviving nightmares squirm and splash out of their black lairs to newer and wider conquests."

- H.P. Lovecraft, "At the Mountains of Madness".

A disappearance.

A plea for help.

The strike of sudden madness.

Fear forms where shadows begin. The Cthulhu Mythos hovers at the edges of reason and sanity. With their courage and intelligence, investigators can dare the unknown and the unknowable, and roll back a little of the darkness.

Three new mysteries lure the investigators into the penumbra of the Mythos. Each adventure is sanity- and life-threatening, but also includes much evidence-gathering and serves to promote discussion and generous teamwork. The scenarios are apt for new investigators. Each can be played through in an evening or two.

The many illustrations and maps, and their more than forty handouts make these adventures unusually accessible and easy to present.



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