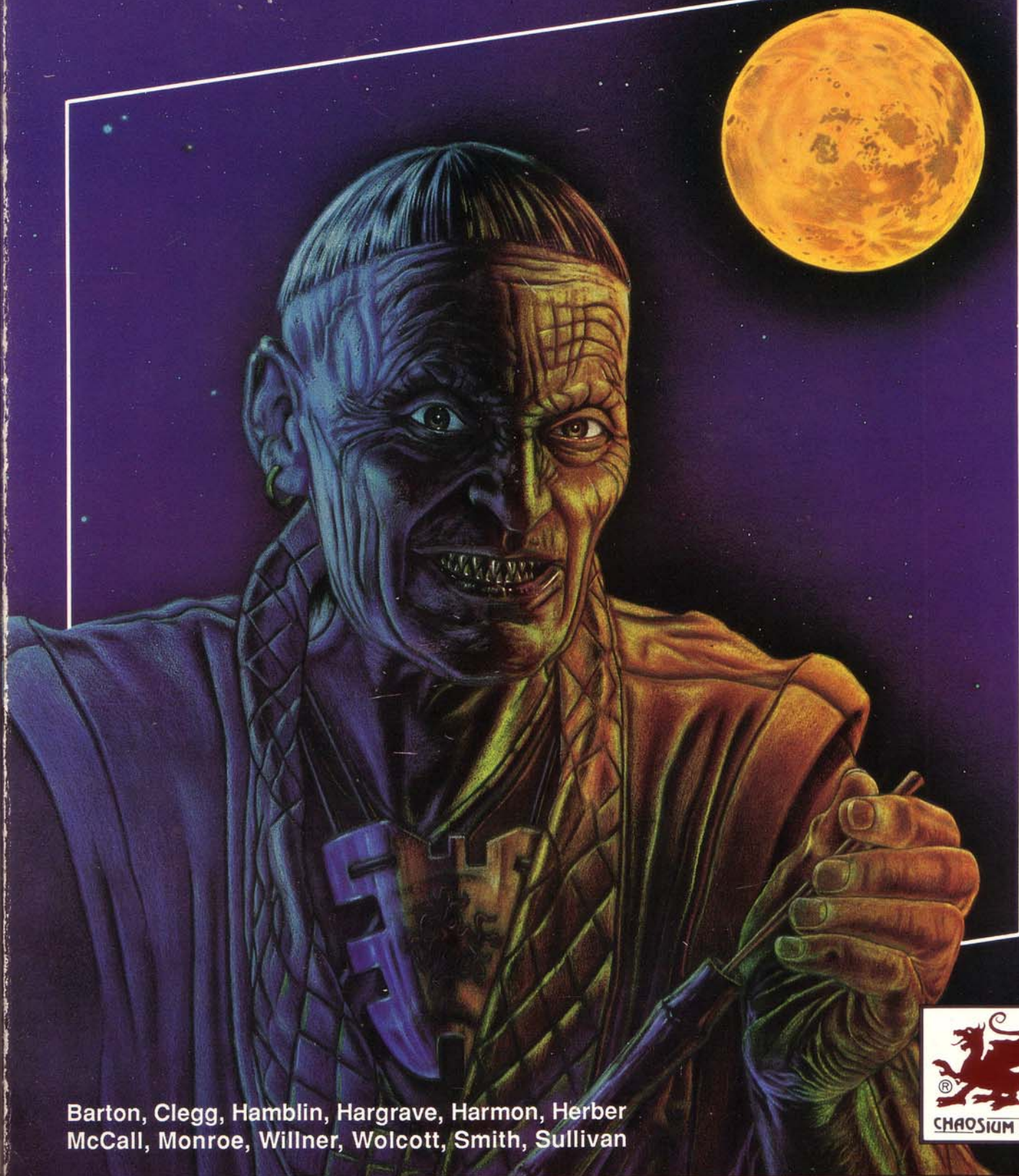


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FOR
**Call of
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1920s

CTHULHU CASEBOOK

A Plethora Of Plots and Adventures

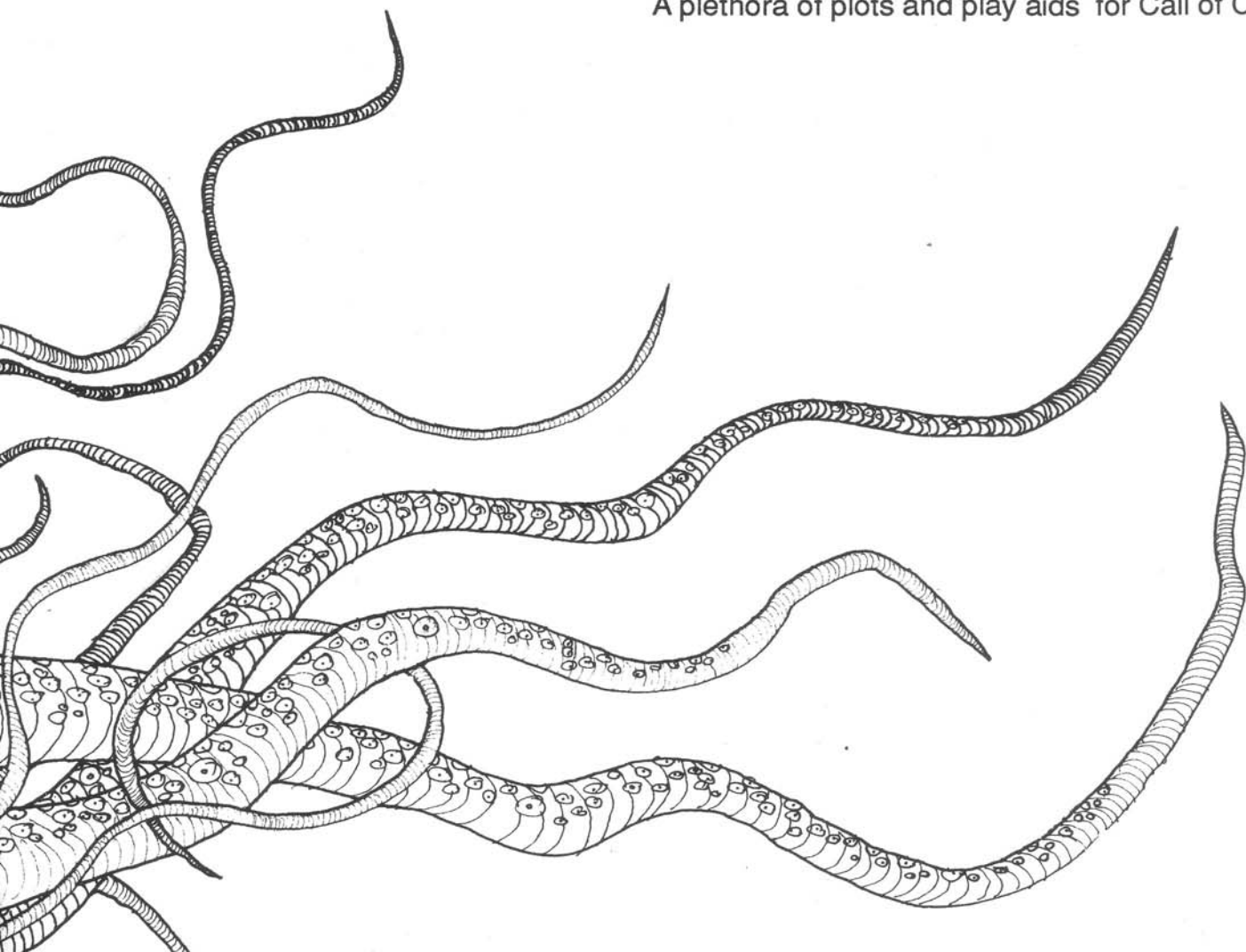


Barton, Clegg, Hamblin, Hargrave, Harmon, Herber
McCall, Monroe, Willner, Wolcott, Smith, Sullivan



The Cthulhu Casebook

A plethora of plots and play aids for Call of Cthulhu





Howard Phillips Lovecraft
1890-1937

CTHULHU CASEBOOK



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Introduction

*Wherin the Hideous Secrets of the Cthulhu Casebook are
Revealed For Those Who are Interested.*

Welcome to *THE CTHULHU CASEBOOK*! Within the pages of the book you now hold are several situations designed to tax the detective powers of any team of investigators. Sinister foreigners, ancient curses, evil mad scientists, and hideous rotting dead guys all await your characters. In any *Call of Cthulhu* campaign there are certain situations which arise fairly regularly. Many of the scenarios in this book are inspired by those situations. For the benefit of the keeper, the individual chapters of this book are explained in summary below.

The Auction — An auction of occult items should make any investigator's mouth water. This scenario is divided into two parts. The first covers the auction itself, wherein the investigators have ample opportunity to purchase many magical and pseudo-magical items. The second part contains a sinister murder which snares the investigators before they know it.

The Madman — Madness is one of the commoner fates of the luckless investigators. This scenario can be made even more terrifying if you substitute one of your temporarily insane investigators for Adam.

Black Devil Mountain — One problem which plagues all investigatorial teams at one point or another is a lack of money. In this scenario one of the investigators receives an inheritance large enough to entice the investigators into examining their new property. They may be able to remove the foul evil which lurks there.

The Asylum — In every *Call of Cthulhu* campaign someone will go insane at one point or another. The lunatic's companion's will frequently have such a character given over to the care of a sanatorium in hopes of eventual rehabilitation. When the next investigator goes insane, use subtlety to incarcerate him in the Greenwood Asylum. A few scenarios later the keeper can drop hints to the other investigators that their friend may actually be in trouble there.

In addition, the floorplans and Non-player characters at Greenwood can be used again later by an imaginative keeper.

The Mauretania — In most 1920's campaigns, a steamship voyage is a likely occurrence. This scenario gives a more interesting voyage than most, and also gives information on the great ship for future globe-trotting.

Gate from the Past — Gate is one of the most used spells in the *Call of Cthulhu* game. This scenario details the use of a temporal gate by the bizarre Elder Things. This scenario may be initiated by one of the investigators learning the gate spell and opening this specific one.

Westchester House — This scenario offers a well deserved break for investigators who have become used to finding hideous monsters lurking behind every corner. No mythos menaces whatsoever are to be found in this scenario, yet paranoid investigators will be convinced otherwise.

The Curse of Chaugnar Faugn — Museums are always good places to find sinister objects of the mythos. In this scenario, a sleeping god is stolen from a museum. It is up to the investigators to find out that it is behind a series of grisly murders and take care of the foul thing.

Thoth's Dagger — This scenario opens up in another auction hall. The investigators are then caught up in web of intrigue that sends them halfway across the world and pits their abilities against the elements and the sinister cultists of the Black Sphinx.

The Ten Commandments of Cthulhu Hunting — Advice from the experts on how to conduct successful Cthuloid investigations. A simple list of do's and don'ts which may help the investigators in their quest for knowledge.

Sinister Seeds — Many times a keeper does not have the time to read one of our published scenarios, or design one of his own. The sinister seeds are here for just such an

emergency. Included are eleven short outlines for thrilling *Call of Cthulhu* investigations which can be fleshed out by the keeper as needed.

Death Reports — Investigators and non-player characters die in *Call of Cthulhu* all the time. Describing how the

character was killed can often provide useful clues to the investigators. The Death Reports are provided as a set of descriptions of characters who have been killed by Cthuloid nasties. Modify them as you feel necessary. ■

The Auction

*The Investigators have been invited to Vienna, Austria.
The renowned House of Ausperg is holding an exclusive auction
of occult paraphernalia.*

INTRODUCTION

Through the favor of a patron, the intrepid investigators have been invited to an auction of occult items at the famous House of Ausperg [OWS-peerrrg], auctioneers to the titled, in Vienna, Austria. If the investigators have no patron, and none of them are wealthy enough to be invited on their own merits, choose either Sir Martin Murray or George Walker as their patron to intercede with Ausperg and put the investigators on the job. Sir Martin wishes to be discreetly guarded as soon as he acquires lot 16, the Ring of Solomon, for he fears demonic intercession once he controls such an artifact (in fact, the ring has no magical power). George Walker wishes help in acquiring lots 6, 7, 12, and 15; if possible, by bidding up the first five items to exhaust the immediate cash of other potential bidders before they have a chance to bid on the items George wants. In either case, the patrons will want to avoid association with the investigators before the auction ends.

In this scenario, the investigators travel across Europe and mingle with high society before the actual adventure starts. The intrigue begins with a dreadful murder during the auction, and the theft of one of the items being auctioned. Direct all efforts to convincing the investigators that the auction is simply an interlude, a chance to make contacts and perhaps to obtain some interesting objects or information. Introduce the murder and subsequent activities to obtain the maximum effect. Using ghouls under his command, the murder and theft have been engineered by the priest of a forgotten god.

HISTORICAL NOTE

Austria's people suffered greatly after the end of the First World War. Tremendous unemployment, prompted by the partitioning of the Austro-Hungarian Empire into several separate states, reduced a once-great nation to poverty. Austria began to recover only in the mid-1930s. Until that

recovery, the cities did what they needed to survive. The black market thrived; politicians were bought and sold; bribery of civil servants and police was common; the average person endured in any way he could.

These bad years affected even the nobility of Europe, who had thought themselves above such troubles. The property of many titled personages was confiscated for debts; many more of the once-great were forced to sell estates, and prized collections of art and antiquities, to avoid public embarrassment or bankruptcy. Because workmen were paid daily, it was said that only workers and foreigners could afford to take a streetcar.

Private auction houses became useful and important, selling to the wealthy of other countries the properties of unfortunate nationals.

INVESTIGATORS' INFORMATION

The Catalog

The invitation includes a short catalog of the items to be auctioned, a copy of which is included in the player handouts. The same information (the description) is in the Keeper Information below.

The investigators may research any or all of these items; their players must successfully roll a halved Library Use skill percentage for each item, unless they are using the Miskatonic University library or the New York Public Library, which allow full use of the skill. Just what that research will uncover is presented in the 'history' section of the keeper's version of the auction catalog.

The House of Ausperg

Before the investigators leave for the Continent, they may wish to research the House of Ausperg. The following information can be obtained with a Library Use roll at any large library, or by talking with a representative of any reputable fine arts auction house.

The House of Ausperg is one of the oldest and most respected auction companies in Austria. The House has been in operation since 1847. Since the Great War, the house has tactfully and satisfactorily auctioned items and property from some of the greatest families of Europe. Scrupulously honest, their dealings are of the highest caliber. Few auction houses anywhere have better reputations or more wealth. The present owner, Frederick Albert Ausperg, represents the fourth generation of Auspergs.

If their players can successfully make either an Occult or half a Know roll, the investigators will know that the House of Ausperg will, when a large-enough private collection is brought to Ausperghaus or when enough single items are acquired, hold a special auction of items relating to the occult for a select group of collectors. Admission to these special occult auctions is allowed by invitation only, as indeed are most of the more general auctions — no gawkers or gossipers allowed. The investigators should understand that they will be dealing with the upper class — those with enough money and time to be able to appreciate rare and unusual items.

Travel and Accommodations

Transport to Europe can be had via any of a number of trans-oceanic liners. Second-class passage from New York to Hamburg is possible for about \$210. First-class passage is available for about \$600. From Hamburg, the investigators can travel to Vienna for about \$12 by train, a journey of some 600 miles. The invitation to the auction will arrive two months before the auction takes place, ample time for arrangements and travel.

Arriving in Vienna, the investigators must find a place to stay. They find accommodations of all sorts, from the seamy to the luxurious. Rooms are classed excellent, costing £5 per night; deluxe, costing £2 per night; comfortable, costing £1 per night; dingy, costing 10 British shillings per night; and disgusting, costing a mere 1 British shilling per night.

The investigators' accommodations may influence the people they meet later in the scenario. For instance, if an investigator takes a person of high birth and social standing to a dingy room, the visitor is unlikely to be impressed and less apt to listen to what the investigator has to say. The rooms the investigators take, if known to the wealthy people met during the course of the scenario, will modify all of their communication skills by the following percentiles: Excellent +10, Deluxe no change, Comfortable -10, Dingy -20, and Disgusting -40.

The invitation which the investigators received asks that they pay a call at Asperghaus to indicate the number of people in their party, and to arrange any necessary financial transaction, to be given the exact time and date, and (purely incidentally) to be sized up as customers by a genteel factotum.

The language of Austria is German. If dealing with locals, an investigator attempting to speak has his Speak German lowered by 10 percentiles, unless he makes a Linguist skill roll upon arriving, or unless he is Austrian.

Financial Crisis

In the time of the adventure, the old Austrian currency system had been destroyed by the war and enormous in-

flation. A new monetary system based on the gold schilling would soon be established, but at the moment, all serious transactions will use the British pound sterling, exchanging one pound for a little less than \$5 U.S. Establish a Vienna exchange rate for dollars to pounds sterling as \$4.50 plus half a 1D100 roll, but constantly have native Austrians come up and try to exchange kroner (the native Austrian crowns) for dollars at astronomical rates, especially if vulnerable characters have low Bargains or Fast Talks.

Frederick Albert Ausperg

When the investigators go to the House of Ausperg, they will be met at the door by a major-domo, who will take them to an assistant, who in turn will handle any necessary details, such as establishing letters of credit. When the details are complete, they will meet the head of Ausperghaus.

Herr Ausperg is a 50-year-old example of a perfect Austrian gentleman. He is elegantly mannered, and certainly will kiss the hands of any ladies present. He of course speaks perfect English, with a cultured British accent.

He thanks the investigators for coming, and makes polite conversation with them, asking about their trip and such, and will talk at length about present conditions in Austria if asked. The investigators have arrived just in time, as the auction has been re-scheduled to take place the next evening at 11 p.m. after a late champagne dinner given at Ausperghaus.

For reasons of privacy, the auction is being held after normal business hours, Herr Ausperg explains. A few of the participants do not want it to seem as if they might be selling (rather than buying) at Ausperghaus.

Frederick himself has no interest in the occult. He, for reasons of business and of the honor of the house, oversees all the special auctions which take place in the House. If any of the investigators ask why he is holding an auction of the occult, he will state that the sale of these items is a service to old and valued clients, and that he would be remiss in his responsibilities if he did not attempt to nurture their every interest.

THE AUCTION LOTS

The lots to be auctioned are listed below. For each lot there is a short description of the item. The investigators also have this information.

Following this is a short history of the item, including any rumored special abilities it might possess. The investigators may have learned the history of particular lots. If they go to a Viennese library before the auction takes place, they will have to roll both a Read/Write German and a Library Use just to find a book covering the desired item, then roll another Read/Write German to read the book itself. This procedure must be followed for each lot the investigators wish to research. Since there is only one day to look up library information in Austria, the investigators can only attempt one Library Use each.

Finally comes a short paragraph for the keeper alone, which describes what the item can actually do, if anything. The investigators can discover this information only by experimentation.

Lot 1. Ankh, Egyptian

Description: Circa 550 B.C. Height, 23cm [9"]; width 10cm [4"] across the arms. Composed of an alloy of copper and silver bearing untranslated hieratic markings about the front. Also known as the "Blood Ankh." Minimum bid £100.

History: First known to be in the possession of Theosophus Magnus, a 14th century sorcerer who reportedly used this item as a adjunct in summoning demons. It was lost when he was burnt at the stake in 1371. It is next recorded in the hands of Lady Maria Spendoza of Madrid in 1587. She is said to have murdered children and bathed the ankh in their blood to give it supernatural qualities, whence comes its common appellation, the "Blood Ankh." In Inquisition records, the ankh was confiscated when Dona Maria was apprehended in 1595 and committed suicide in prison. Since that time, the ankh has rested in the successive hands of several private collectors.

Keeper's Information: The ankh can be used as a Voorish Sign if used to gesture during a spell's casting. An ordinary Voorish Sign may be used simultaneously. Using the ankh costs no POW nor SAN. This ability of the ankh may be discovered by closely inspecting the ankh and making a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll simultaneously. It has no other value save its age.

Lot 2. Manuscript of Beṯh Eloim

Description: In Hebrew, it was written circa 1580. The pages are illuminated with gold leaf. Leather binding, octavo, 426 leaves. Minimum bid £60.

History: Unremarkable

Keeper's Information: This book is a cabalistic treatise on angels, demons, the soul of man, how and why they exist, and what relationship they have to each other. Reading this book and studying it thoroughly adds +5% to the peruser's Occult skill. It has no relevance to the Cthulhu Mythos.

Lot 3. Multiple Lot

Description: *Nineteenth Century Ritual Objects – Magician's cassock*, embroidered with various signs of ceremonial magic; *hickory wand*, carved with astrological signs; *athame*, bronze inlaid with silver designs, 30cm [12"] long, double-edged. Minimum bid £40.

History: The three items are scorched as if exposed to extreme heat. Each is basic to a modern performance of ceremonial magic (which does not mean Mythos magic). The cassock, wand, and athame (a dagger used in the various ceremonies) are beautifully made; there is no chance that they are stage props.

Keeper's Information: All of the items were used by a person enthusiastically caught up in the renaissance of ceremonial magic in the late 19th century. The accoutrements have no magic power.

Lot 4. Hand of Glory

Description: U.S.A., circa 1900. The preserved left hand of a human, marked overall with mystic designs. Each

finger supports a candle reportedly made of rendered human fat. Minimum bid £20.

History: The Hand of Glory has been a staple of black magic for centuries. A preserved human hand (ideally from a hanged criminal) is surmounted with five candles, one on each finger. Each candle is made from fat rendered from the body of a murderer. Reputedly, when the proper spells are performed, the candle flames will point the way to treasure. The hand also could be used in summoning the dead. Finally, when taken into a household, the residents will fall asleep, and the hand's wielder can rob the building.

Keeper's Information: While authentic, this item has no magical powers.

Lot 5. Multiple Lot

Description: *African Fetish*, circa 1800, of teakwood and hair. About 18cm [7"] tall, in the style of the Hausi tribe of western Africa; *African drum*, circa 1800, teakwood and skin, irregularly shaped, 41cm [16"] tall. Both bear the sign of the same artisan. Minimum bid £30.

History: Both these items were brought back from Africa by Winston Rhys-Smith, a well-known English explorer who recently passed away. Both drum and fetish were made by a witch-doctor of the Hausi.

Keeper's Information: A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll when the items are viewed will inform the investigator that both the hair on the fetish and the skin on the drum come from a minor Mythos creature. A successful Zoology skill roll lets the investigator know that the skin and hair are from an animal new to science. Inside the fetish is carved an Elder Sign. If the investigators try to dismantle the fetish to see if there is anything inside, they must make a successful Mechanical Repair roll or they will destroy the sign in the process. The sign is only operative when the fetish is complete. The fetish could be placed across a path or entrance to block passage, as does an ordinary Elder Sign. The drum serves no Mythos purpose.

Lot 6. The Magus

Description: Book by Francis Barret, first edition, 1801. Lackington, Allen, & Co. Publishers. Minimum bid £50.

History: This book helped start the occult renaissance of the 19th century. Francis Barret was considered a learned man by some and a fraud by others. His book has become one of the mainstays of modern occultism, and deals with alchemy, astrology, ceremonial magic, and demonology. A first edition copy of this book would certainly be a collector's item.

Keeper's Information: This counts as a Mythos book, although most information in it is unrelated to the Cthulhu Mythos. It adds +10% to Occult, +2% to Cthulhu Mythos, and costs 1D4 SAN to read. It has no Spell Multiplier.

Lot 7. Sword

Description: German, circa 1350. First belonged to the alchemist and sorcerer Paracelsus, it is 108cm [42"]

long, with a crystal pommel engraved with the word "AZOTH." Minimum bid £250.

History: Paracelsus was a German philosopher and alchemist renowned for his wide knowledge. Supposedly he summoned up a demon and had it imprisoned within the hilt of his sword, to do his bidding. Modern occultists and students of alchemy believe that Azoth, the name engraved on the hilt, stands for the vital alchemical principle which makes life possible, not for the name of a demon.

Keeper's Information: The students of the occult are correct. The sword's only magical power is its ability to act as an enchanted weapon for purposes of striking certain types of Cthulhu Mythos entities, such as the Hounds of Tindalos. It is valuable simply from a collector's viewpoint, as few swords from Europe survived the Middle Ages.

Lot 8. Skull, Human

Description: Used during black masses, circa 1500. Top of skull has been removed and the interior inlaid with silver, to form a cup. The rim is surrounded by 13 garnets. Minimum bid £100.

History: Frequently, human skulls were used in black masses during the Middle Ages. This one is particularly ornate; perhaps it belonged to a nobleman or was constructed for a specific purpose, such as the consecration of a new coven leader.

Keeper's Information: This artifact was indeed used in black masses, but has no other powers. Garnets are stones of Saturn, astrologically the planet which governs the doings of evil. Silver is the metal of the moon, which represents hidden things.

Lot 9. Riveted Brass Head

Description: German, circa 13th century, artisan unknown. Similar to the "Philosopher's Head." Minimum bid £130.

History: This item is purported to have been constructed by a black magician in imitation of Roger Bacon, and is said to have had the ability to answer questions dealing with metaphysics and deep philosophy. An unknown ceremony evoked it.

Keeper's Information: This is a Mythos artifact, and a powerful one, which the ghouls will steal. The brazen head is made of riveted brass shaped into the form of a human head, with hinged eyelids and jaws which will prove immobile to prying investigators.

The brazen head itself does not appear to be much, but if at least a quart of blood is burned over it, and the correct ceremony is performed, the brass eyelids open, revealing living eyes within the head. Anyone who sees this must make a SAN roll — failure causes the loss of 1D6 SAN points. A successful roll means no points are lost. ("Burning blood" is best created by mixing blood with some flammable substance before igniting it and pouring it over the head.) The brazen head will then answer one question dealing with the Mythos with an accuracy of 75%. If an investigator seeks increase of his Cthulhu Mythos knowledge by conversing with the head, he can add one

point to his skill (losing 1D3 points of SAN in the process) each time he activates the brazen head specifically for that purpose. Such activations may be performed numerous times. If the brazen head is asked to teach spells, it will reply that it knows but one, which summons a potent being from the void, capable of teaching much. A person learning this spell can attempt to make a Cthulhu Mythos roll. If it succeeds, he will realize that there is something vaguely wrong with the spell. Though it doesn't sound right, the head will insist it is correct. After finishing a conversation or answering a question, the head will close its eyes and will not speak further without a new sacrifice and ceremony.

Imprisoned within the head is a Servitor of the Outer Gods, the source of the brazen head's power. A human sorcerer imprisoned it, and it can only be released via the spell it teaches. This spell will release the Servitor of the Head and crack open the brazen head. The being will travel from the broken head to wherever the caster of the spell is. Once the Servitor has arrived, it will attempt to kill the caster and all with him. It will go on to hide in the neighborhood, sneaking out to slay, and will only stop when it has killed a total of 600 people — roughly one for every year of its imprisonment. The caster of the spell and his friends will be safe only if the creature can be bound or dismissed.

The Brazen Head



The Servitor of the Head

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 15
DEX 16 Hit Points 15 Move 7

WEAPON: Tentacles 45%, 2D6 damage

NOTES: Each round, the creature can attack with 2D3 tentacles. Normal weapons do no damage at all to this creature, and magical weapons (such as Paracelsus' sword) do only minimum possible damage. It regenerates 3 hit points per round until dead. It can summon a Byakhee, a Fire Vampire, and a Hunting Horror, taking 1D3+1 rounds each. It costs a point of the Servitor's POW to summon a being, and an additional point of POW each 5 rounds the being remains behind. This POW is regenerated normally. While imprisoned in the head it cannot summon these creatures, and will summon them only if endangered. Viewing the creature in the open costs 1D10 points of SAN if a SAN roll fails.

Lot 10. I-Ching Sticks

Description: China, second Ming dynasty. Carved ivory, six sticks used to cast the I-Ching, each 15.5cm [6"] long, by 40mm [1 1/4"] square. Minimum bid £70.

History: Unremarkable.

Keeper's Information: A collector's item, but nothing more.

Lot 11. Book of the Law

Description: Author Aleister Crowley. Published 1904. Minimum bid £10.

History: Aleister Crowley, born 1875, is an occultist and a practitioner of his own particular style of black magic. He started a small cult or group of Satanists; he liked to be known as the Beast. The *Book of the Law*, his first effort, laid down his principles for life and the basic tenets of his philosophy of magic.

Keeper's Information: As a first edition book, it is somewhat valuable. Reading the book will increase the reader's Occult skill by +5%.

Lot 12. Prodigies in the New-England Canaan

Description: Colonial U.S. pamphlet, circa early 18th century. Author Rev. Ward Phillips. Minimum bid £55.

History: An exceedingly rare pamphlet depicting attacks by the Devil on a particular area of New England. Much in the vein of Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World*, but Rev. Phillips' tales have a ring of truth, and his occurrences as described give a more ominous meaning.

Keeper's Information: A true Mythos book: +4% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, no spells. Costs 1D6 SAN.

Lot 13. Multiple Lot

Description: Four medallions, two gold, one copper, one tin. France, circa 1600. Protective signs to be worn by a sorcerer during various magical operations. Minimum bid £45.

History: Many protective signs and charms were used by sorcerers during the renaissance, each designed to protect its wearer from evil influences or to give the wearer cer-

tain abilities or powers. A separate Occult roll made for each medallion will give additional information following. One gold medallion is to release the wearer from bondage. The other is to cause spirits to become visible. The copper medallion is for use in love spells, and the tin medallion is meant to bring money and power to the wearer.

Keeper's Information: These decorative pieces of metal have no powers whatsoever.

Lot 14. Dictionairre Infernal

Description: Author Jacque Collin. France, published 1863 by Plon. Illustrated. Minimum bid £18.

History: This book lists and describes the major devils of Hell.

Keeper's Information: This book adds +5% to the reader's Occult skill.

Lot 15. Shaman's Medicine Bag

Description: Eskimo, leather, modern. Minimum bid £5.

History: An eskimo shaman gathers together certain items as directed by his spirit guide. The items together weigh only a few ounces. These items, when sealed into the bag by a special ceremony, become the heart of the shaman's power. It is supposed to be death to open and look into a shaman's medicine bag.

Keeper's Information: A collector's curio only. If the investigators insist upon looking inside, what they will see is brown dust, crumbled leaves, a seal's tooth, and a dried piece of animal fat.

Lot 16. Ring, Gold

Description: Arabian, circa 19th century. A design of intertwined serpents surrounding a magical symbol representing the Seal of Solomon. Minimum bid £35.

History: The Seal of Solomon is a magical symbol which Solomon, in Judaic and Arabic legendry, is said to have used to command and imprison demons. Absolute authentication is, of course, impossible.

Keeper's Information: This is a nice ring without special abilities.

THE AUCTION

At 9 p.m. on the night of the auction, the guests arrive, and a buffet dinner with champagne is served in the Green Room. A string quartet plays Hoffman and the Strauses, and Schubert as a change of pace. In the time between the dinner and the start of the auction, the investigators will have a chance to talk to the other bidders and to move about in polite company. The dress for the evening is formal. A man dressed in anything less than white or black tie suffers a -15 percentile loss to Oratory, Bargain, Credit Rating, Debate, and Fast Talk when dealing with the other bidders. Rented tuxedos penalize such skills by -5%. Carrying weapons (except for the ceremonial swords of officers) indicates a crudity of breeding and is reason for expulsion from the premises.

An investigator may commit social gaffes such as eating meat with a salad fork or drinking water from a wine glass. Each investigator's player must attempt to make a Know roll to prevent this. If successful, there is no prob-

lem. If failed, the investigator in question has done something wrong and blithely goes about the room showing his lack of social grace, and suffering an additional -10 penalty to the above skills with any NPC with which he speaks. Another investigator may correct the problem, but those impressions already made cannot be changed.

Guests of the Auction

The following lists the guests of the House, their background and their main interests. Only the first two listed, Lady Margaret and Michel de Borsavin, are willing to physically assist the investigators. Nicoli Tychevski is willing to sell information to the investigators, but will not aid them physically.

Lady Margaret Jameson, Englishwoman aged 24

STR 7 CON 9 SIZ 8 INT 13 POW 9
DEX 14 APP 18 EDU 13 SAN 30 HP 9

SKILLS: Occult 65%, Oratory 70%

The beautiful Lady Margaret, daughter of a steel baron, was brought up with the refinements common to nobility of late Victorian times. A snob, she will not speak to anyone who is not impeccably dressed or who commits a blunder in etiquette. She will not exchange more than a few polite words with anyone she considers beneath her social class although, if the investigators can convince her that they are American businessmen, she will be amused by the idea of talking to such demi-gangsters and philistines and may dally with them, hoping to pick up some pearl of a *faux pas* with which to later regale her friends.

As a product of a jaded age, Lady Margaret has spent her short lifetime looking for the different and unusual. Recently she has been studying the works of Aleister Crowley, and has corresponded with him. Her purpose at the auction is to acquire the first-edition copy of Crowley's *Book of the Law*. But, (from her communications with Crowley) she also has heard the legend of the brass head, and is determined to present it to him. Therefore, if asked for help later in the scenario, she will give it, using the request as a chance to steal the head for Crowley.

She does not understand the workings of the head, nor does she know the ceremony to activate it, but there is a 10% chance per week after she steals it that she will find out how it functions and will release the Servitor of the Head 1D10 days later, resulting in the destruction of herself, the building she is in, and all the people in it.

Michel de Borsavin, Frenchman aged 39

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 8 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 8 EDU 19 SAN 17 HP 9

SKILLS: Occult 40%, Oratory 65%

Michel heads some French spiritualists who are dedicated to communicating with the dead. He found out about the brass head in his researches and believes the spirit world speaks through the head. He wishes to acquire it for use as a centerpiece in a special seance which will allow him to contact the spirit world with greater ease. He will agree to help the investigators in return for a promise to be able to use the head in such a seance. Michel is a true psychic with a 05% chance of actually contacting some sort of

ghost, a 50% chance of getting miscellaneous tapping noises and a 10% chance, if 91-00 is rolled, of contacting the entity in the head if he performs the ceremony with it. If that happens, he must make a POW vs. POW roll on the resistance table or be taken over by the head's entity and forced to free it by reiterating the releasing spell.

Sir Martin Murray, Englishman aged 43

Sir Martin is a famous collector of the occult. When he was stationed in India during the Great War he interviewed fakirs and wonder-workers there. Sir Martin ran into more than just fakirs, and now has a Cthulhu Mythos knowledge of 10%. Terrified by this information, he will leave if anyone seeks to talk to him about it. Other than that, Sir Martin is a classic English bore, droning on about horses, hounds, guns, and stocks.

Count Nicolai Tychevski, Russian aged 36

Refined in both manner and dress, he professes to have been a courtier to Czar of all the Russias before the recent revolution. He claims to run an export house in Greece. If any of the players for the investigators make half a Know roll, his character will have heard of Tychevski's name connected with one of the largest black market rings in Europe.

He was actually a personal servant of the Czar. During the revolution he fled with what gold and jewels he could grab. He first became interested in the occult through contacts with supporters of Rasputin.

If the investigators ask him for help, he will, for a \$100 fee, use his Viennese contacts to get information on a person. This information has a 70% chance of being correct. It will be general information, such as sources of income, criminal contacts, criminal records, scandals, mistresses, and the like. Refunds are not given. If the investigators make threats, they are likely to be beaten up by hired thugs.

Lesek Czernin, Hungarian aged 30

This secretive fellow will talk to no one before or after the auction. He is a retainer of an old Hungarian family which has sent him as an agent to buy for them. He will not reveal the names of his patrons.

George Walker, American aged 41

George is an agent for the Smithsonian Institution and is here to acquire several of the items for the Smithsonian's collection. He is passing himself off as a private collector, as he fears that if the Smithsonian's name were brought in, the bidding might become more difficult and expensive, since institutions tend to retain collections in a way that private collectors do not. He nonetheless has a line of credit adequate to his task.

Klaus Hunderprest, Austrian aged 57

Klaus is secretly a priest of the Great Old Ones. He is fully described later. He pretends to be a stuffy Austrian gentleman with a dilettante's interest in the occult. He will try to distract any probing questions with spiels about the recent Bavarian and Bolshevik atrocities, and the horrible communists. More information on him is found later.

Darnel Kolson, Swede aged 25

Kolson recently inherited a vast family fortune. He has a special interest in alchemy and has written several important papers about alchemy for a variety of prestigious scholarly publications. His greatest joy is greyhound racing, and he loves to go on at great lengths about the sport, its training techniques and its history.

Bidding Table

The following table seeks to recreate a realistic bidding atmosphere. The name of each guest is followed by the total amount of money they are willing to spend, which in turn is followed by a bidding ceiling for any item except those marked with a dagger [†]. For example, Margaret Jameson: £1600-£500. This means that Lady Margaret has a total of £1600 at her disposal and will bid a maximum of £500 on any item except the one marked with a dagger, to obtain that item, she will bid all she has.

Cross-index the bidder with the lot number to see how willing the person is to bid for that item. The legend for the chart is as follows:

A dash [—] means the person will not bid on that item unless the keeper decides to liven up the situation by forcing him to do so.

An asterisk [*] means the person will definitely bid on the lot. There is a 40% chance per round of bidding that he will drop out. To see how much he increases the bid by each round he remains, roll 1D6 and multiply the total by £10. No guest will bid over his bidding ceiling for items marked by an asterisk.

A dagger [†] indicates that the guest will bid on that item, ignoring his bidding ceiling. He will up the bid each round by 1D6 time £20. There is a 20% chance per round of bidding that he will decide to drop out of the bidding even on these items.

The keeper may, of course, modify any die roll he receives for any result on the bidding in order to keep tension high for the players.

THE AUCTION AND MURDER

At 11 p.m. the buffet is cleared and the guests settle into comfortable easy chairs set up in front of a display table. A small podium at one side is for the use of Frederick Ausperg, the auctioneer. Servants continue to pour champagne and brandy. Cigars are offered. Viennese coffees are available, as well as fabulous pastries.

The lots will be sold in numerical order, one at a time. When a lot is brought in, a house attendant will wait in attendance with it, and for a few minutes all of the guests will be able to observe the item. Surely no investigator will be so gauche as to touch an item — the non-player-characters certainly will not. If they wish to see an item from various angles, or if they wish to see the interior of a book, or hear the ring of the metal, the gloved assistant will show or achieve whatever the bidders desire.

When the bidders are content, the muted strings of the quartet fall silent, and the auctioning will begin, following the previous rules. Decide randomly among those bidding as to who bids first. If the investigators do not bid on an item, it may be ignored or disposed of quickly.

After a lot has been sold, it will be placed on a side table; a card bearing the purchaser's name accompanies it.

The languorous, restrained bidding goes normally until an assistant leaves to fetch Lot 7. Several minutes will pass, and while Ausperg smoothly fills the interval with urbane conversation, he finally dispatches another assistant to speed up things.

Moments after the servant leaves the room, the air is rent by a scream. The guests freeze in their seats, but Ausperg strides to the door. Any investigators succeeding from a roll of POWx4 or less will not be shocked by the scream and may follow Ausperg out the door; no non-player-characters will follow.

Going down the hall, they see Ausperg kneeling at the open door of the room holding the articles for auction. On the floor beside him is the assistant who just left the

<i>Bidder</i>	BIDDING TABLE															
	<i>Lot Number</i>															
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Lady Margaret Jameson £1600 — £500	—	—	*	*	—	*	—	*	†	*	*	—	*	—	—	—
Michel de Borsavin £600 — £200	—	*	—	—	—	*	—	*	†	*	—	—	—	*	*	*
Sir Martin Murray £2500 — £600	†	—	—	—	*	*	—	—	—	*	—	*	—	*	*	*
Nicolai Tychevski £3600 — £800	*	*	—	—	—	*	—	*	*	*	*	—	†	*	—	*
Lesek Czernin £1000 — £300	—	—	*	—	—	—	†	—	*	—	—	—	*	—	—	*
George Walker £4000 — £1000	*	—	*	*	*	—	*	*	*	*	—	†	*	—	*	*
Klaus Hunderprest £300 — £100	†	—	—	—	*	—	*	—	—	—	—	*	—	—	—	—
Darnel Kolson £500 — £200	—	*	*	*	—	—	†	*	*	—	—	—	*	*	—	*

auction room, sprawled motionless. A successful First Aid roll tells the investigator that the assistant has swooned but is not injured.

If the investigators look past Ausperg into the preparation room, they can see a shambles. The furniture is destroyed, and the articles for auction lie strewn about the floor. Worse, the body of the first assistant, or what is left of him, has been torn limb from limb and scattered about the room. Players must make SAN rolls for all characters seeing this. A failed roll means the loss of 1D6 SAN points. Players must also make a roll of the character's CONx5 or less for all characters (even those succeeding on the SAN roll) or their characters vomit on the spot.

The body of the assistant has been clawed and gnawed. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals that they are dealing with a minor Mythos monster, and perhaps more than one. If an investigator examines the remains, and receives successful Spot Hidden and Idea rolls, he will notice that parts of the body are missing, especially muscle slabs from the thighs and torso. The internal organs appear to be fully present. In addition to the stench of blood and the internal organs, investigators will be able to detect a sickly-sweet smell hanging in the room.

If the auction articles are meanwhile examined, have the investigator make a Spot Hidden roll. If he succeeds, he may try an Idea roll. If this succeeds, he will realize that the brass head is missing. Of course, if the player is smart enough to check for the brass head, the investigator will be certain to note its absence.

A trail of blood leads to the dumbwaiter in the preparation room. The doors are closed. If the doors are opened, the shaft leading to the basement is visible, and the top of the powered dumbwaiter can be seen. This dumbwaiter is about 30 cubic feet in capacity, and might easily carry a man (or even two) for such a short distance. A push of the button fetches the device to the second floor. Its interior is stained with bloody footprints and handprints, but is otherwise empty. It reeks of the same sickly-sweet smell as the room, but the smell is stronger.

At this point, the investigators' patron appears. Though severely shocked by the situation, he or she is nonetheless firm-willed, and introduces the investigators as "gifted amateurs who have been successful in several macabre episodes. Their intelligence and discretion may be relied upon." Their patron further says that they should not wait for the police to arrive to begin investigating this heinous crime which has sullied the honor of Ausperghaus.

His Austrian honor shining brightly, Herr Ausperg summons another assistant (who always runs at first danger), instructs him to give the investigators every assistance so long as they need, and then the head of the House of Ausperg goes to meet the police.

If the investigators move swiftly, they can learn everything they need before the police finish their initial interview.

The assistant will show them the basement (if they do not bravely take the dumbwaiter down). It will be discovered that one wall of the Green Room vault has collapsed. A tunnel, now collapsed, has been opened through the outside wall of the vault; large jacks still in place pushed apart iron reinforcement rods. The tunnel earth is still fresh, the opening is obviously brand-new.

A quick inspection of this vault and all the others shows that only the brass head is missing.

AUSPERGHAUS

This building is in a fashionable business section of Vienna, not far from the Hofburg. It is an unremarkable two-story stone structure of unimpeachable sturdiness.

On the first floor, visitors enter into a magnificent main reception room with burgundy carpeting, crystal chandeliers, and Louis XIV furniture. A marble staircase leads to the second floor.

Most of the first floor is offices and filing rooms. There is a complete kitchen with an excellent French chef and an expert Austrian pastry maker — the stars of its staff. In the rear of the offices a rear stairwell leads to a full basement.

The basement door is made of sturdy oak and the investigators will see that it is always locked. The basement holds the coal-burning furnace, the steam of which heats the building. There are also four large concrete and brick (STR 150) vaults in which items to be auctioned off are stored. The steel doors to the vaults are still locked and secure; they cannot be overcome by any amount of smashing and bashing.

Each vault is an identical plain room, with an oversized dumbwaiter in a wall leading to a different preparation room two stories above. In each vault are a number of actual safes, strongboxes, labelled shelves, and so on. Instruments on each door tell the temperature and humidity.

In the second story are eight rooms. Four are superbly-furnished auction parlors, all with Austro-Hungarian empire motifs, and each has an adjoining preparation room. The decor is uniform, but each set of parlor-preparation rooms has a different basic color. Unused tables and chairs are stored in the appropriate preparation room.

An oversized dumbwaiter in the wall links each preparation room with the vaults in the basement below. There are no doors to the dumbwaiters from the first story. The dumbwaiters are used solely to move items from the vaults to the preparations rooms without unseemly disturbance of the guests.

The Police

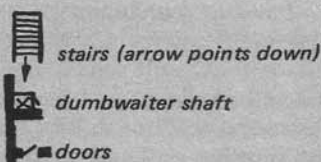
A few minutes after the first call, police arrive. They are simply patrolmen, who make a limited survey and take the names of witnesses. Police inspectors, pompous and self-important, arrive a half-hour later. They order the investigators not to leave town and ask many irrelevant questions. In truth, they are stumped, out of their depth. If the investigators wait for the Viennese police to solve the case, about two weeks later they will get a report of murder by person or persons unknown, and that will be all.

Any offer of aid by the investigators will be refused by the police, who view them as meddling foreigners. Any insulting comments made by an investigator will prevent him using his Speak German skill (because the police will guard their comments around him) to hear whispered comments dealing with desecration of graves in the older sections of town.

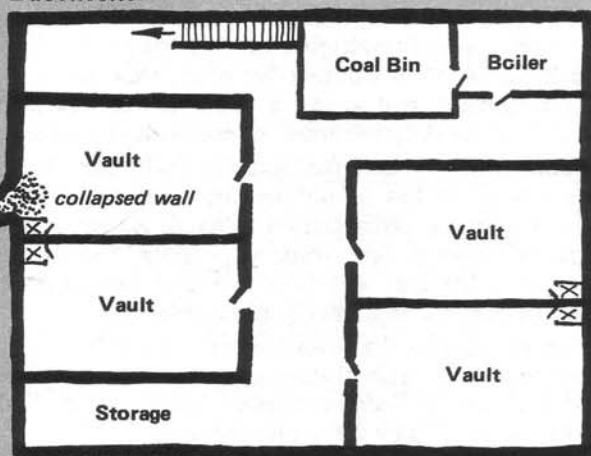
Ausperg House Plan



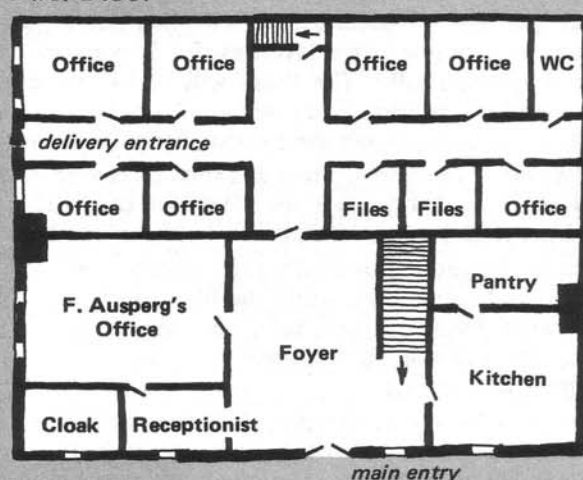
10 feet



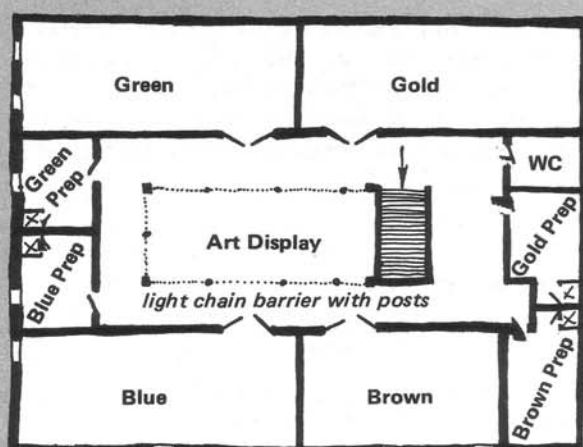
Basement



First Floor



Second Floor



If the investigator interrupts such comments, the conversation will stop immediately. If he continues to listen, he will hear more. His player must make a separate Speak German roll for each item.

Data — Five graveyards have reported graves and mausoleums disturbed. In several cases the bodies were stolen. In others only the graveclothing and jewelry were taken.

Data — Most of the nighttime desecrations have taken place at an old graveyard known as Das Tor, or The Gate. It is mostly overgrown and untended.

Data — Twice the bodysnatchers were almost caught by a local patrolman, but both times the culprits fled into the night. In neither case did the patrolman get close enough to see the faces of the culprits, who both ran with a strange skipping gait and who both wore black cloaks.

If the investigators wish to question the patrolmen who saw the graverobbers, they will have to arrange a meeting through the desk sergeant at the police station. The investigators must succeed in a Credit Rating roll to do this (money talks). The sergeant will charge a finding fee of \$20 (American) to do this. For every \$5 over the basic \$20 the investigators give the sergeant, increase their percentile chances of actually arranging a meeting by 10. The patrolmen will say the robbers were short, fair, and that both limped.

The police will not allow the investigators access to their files. No chance exists. They are foreigners without police status.

THE INVESTIGATION

After the police leave, Ausperg will ask the investigators to help in solving the murder and recovering the lost item. He has faith in the ability of the police to solve the crime, but feels that the honor of the house may call for more speed than the police can supply. He will not suppose that gentlemen such as the investigators would require payment to correct an injustice, but he gladly places excellent accommodations, guides, transport, and so on at their disposal. If the investigators land in serious trouble with the authorities he can try to bail them out. He cannot get them out of jail for felonies such as murder, burglary, or illegally carrying a firearm.

Evidence at the Scene

Under the victim's fingernails are scraps of flesh. If a sample is taken and analyzed with a successful Chemistry roll, the investigators will find that the tissue is human-like, but with disturbing chemical differences. For instance, the sample cut into sections had unusual resilience and resistance to destruction. There is an absence of pigmentation and of chemicals normally associated with pigmentation. The blood group is unknown.

Analysis of the tissue will take a week. The investigators must gain access to a lab to do the analysis. If asked, Ausperg will arrange for the use of a lab at a local university, or the investigators can hire a private chemist to do the work for £3 a day.

Fingerprint samples are quite clear for those who were supposed to be in Ausperghaus, but the prints of the attackers are strangely smudged, as if the ridges of the fingers were rubber.

Studies of the struggle indicate that (on a successful Know roll) two attackers participated.

The Tunnel

The tunnel through which the murderers gained access to Ausperghaus (and which they later collapsed to prevent pursuit) can be reopened with a few hours' labor, but smarter investigators will find that the nearest manhole cover offers a quicker route to the same sewer.

If the investigators try to track the murdering thieves through the sewers of Vienna, they will lose the trail among half-submerged stinking tunnels at the edge of the Danube. Keepers will find excellent chances to send obscenely bloated rats, desperate derelicts, and ghouls (or worse) against groping, unprepared investigators.

Suspects

A limited number of people knew of the auction and when it was held, including the servants of the house, Ausperg himself, the guests present, and an unknown number of associates of the guests. Since only those people who received invitations and actually came to Vienna knew of the changed date and time of the auction, Ausperg dismisses the idea of a foreign influence behind the crime.

Ausperg feels that all the servants of his house are blameless, but if the investigators wish to question them, he will unhappily permit it. There were five servants on duty during the night of the auction. If the investigators talk to each of them and a successful Psychology roll is made, they will find one who is obviously nervous and lying. His name is Karl Proust. He sold a copy of the plans to Ausperghaus and a schedule of the servants' positions during the auction to Klaus Hunderprest. It will be difficult to get Proust to admit this, however.

Ausperg will tell the investigators that he suspects three guests: Lady Margaret Jameson, Michel de Borsavin, and Klaus Hunderprest. Each of these people contacted Ausperg before the auction and attempted to buy the brass head from him. He could not honorably sell it, of course, as it had already been placed on the list for auction. Each was upset by his refusal to sell. Hunderprest even stormed out of the building, visibly angry. This is all the information Ausperg has.

Klaus Hunderprest

Hunderprest is a 57-year-old Austrian of uncertain parentage. His mind is quick; his stocky body is strong and capable.

He has a repellent cast to his face. His head is slightly pointed and his face is very long. His skin is oily and very coarse. He has a dark olive complexion with blond hair and beard, which make his swarthy skin stand out. There is something strange about him, though an observer will not be able to pinpoint it without watching him for at least fifteen minutes. An observer must make both a Spot Hidden and an Idea roll. If both succeed, the investigator will notice that Hunderprest blinks only once every couple of minutes.

Hunderprest is a descendant of a serpent man. Because of this, Hunderprest's family have been hereditary priests of a secret cult.

The cult worships a god called Hermes Cthonius, a psychopomp god of the dead. Any investigator receiving a successful Occult roll recognizes this name as that of a god banned in Roman times because it used corpses in its ceremonies. Through his priesthood, Hunderprest controls the ghouls.

He arranged for the theft of the brass head for a very specific reason. The murder was incidental. He had at one time a wife whom he loved dearly. Several years ago, she died. He has been searching for a way to restore her to life and believes the brazen head can teach him how. He learned of the head from the *Liber Tenebrea*, *The Book of Darkness* (a Cthulhu Mythos book, adding +8% to knowledge, having a spell multiplier of x2 [giving first the spell Contact Ghoul, then Contact Nyogtha, then lastly Contact Y'Golonnac], and giving a SAN loss of 1D8). This book also contains a ceremony for activating the head.

If confronted by the investigators he will seem distracted, as though he has something else more important on his mind than the conversation at hand. He is polite but distant, and uses as few words as possible. Any question dealing with the cult will alert him, and he will leave as quickly as possible, disavowing all knowledge.

If he encounters the investigators more than twice, or if they press him with threats or reveal Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, he will become angered and shout at them to leave him alone if they value their persons.

He will then use his own underground contacts to find out where the investigators are staying (he has a 20% chance per day for success). He will then hire a gang of thugs to kidnap one of the investigators. This attempt will succeed automatically. The thugs will all be armed with pistols and blackjacks. They will pull up in a car and hustle the investigator off the street in broad daylight.

The rest of the investigators will then receive an anonymous message stating that the safety of their kidnapped friend depends on their leaving well enough alone.

The investigator is in deadly peril. Hunderprest will use him or her as a sacrifice, using the blood to help activate the brazen head. He will then give the corpse to the ghouls. He will not do this until three days after the investigator is kidnapped.

He will have the unconscious kidnapee placed in a coffin and put in one of the funeral crypts in the secret chamber below his room. The investigator, upon waking and finding himself apparently buried in a coffin must make a SAN roll. Failure means the loss of 1D3 SAN. There are airholes allowing him or her to breathe, but no food or water will be provided. The coffin lid is designed to hold prisoners and cannot be forced from within.

If the investigators remain in Vienna, Hunderprest will send the ghouls after them.

Klaus Hunderprest

STR 14	CON 10	SIZ 12	INT 12	POW 19
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 14	SAN 0	HP 11

SKILLS: Speak English 40%, Speak French 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Occult 70%, Oratory 65%

WEAPONS: Jackknife 35%, 1D4+1D6

SPELLS: Contact Ghoul

Please note that Hunderprest's Mythos score is only 15%. He does not understand fully just what he is meddling with.

If the investigators search city records, talk to neighbors, etc., their players may attempt one communication or Law roll for each character per week. Each successive roll yields one of the following scraps of information.

Data — Hunderprest live alone at 324 Vohlstrasse No. 1, a run-down section of town. Street maps or helpful locals can tell the investigators that this location is only a few hundred yards from Das Tor cemetery.

Data — He maintains few friends and no known criminal contacts.

Data — He has no known full-time job. He acts as a consultant occultist occasionally.

Data — His main source of income comes from the wide variety of jewelry which he pawns or sells regularly. There is no apparent connection to any criminal thefts or burglaries having taken place in or around the city. No robbery or burglary victim has identified any of the jewelry as his own. Hunderprest claims the jewels are family heirlooms. (Keeper's information: in reality the jewelry is brought from graves by the ghouls after they enjoy their meals.)

If the investigators wish to check with jewelers around the city they will find that during the last year Hunderprest is estimated to have pawned or sold items valued at no less than £5200, and that Hunderprest is well known throughout the city for his continual sale of jewelry, some 300 years or more old.

HUNDERPREST'S APARTMENT

The Vohlstrasse leads the investigators to a dilapidated three-story building. If they enter, they will find themselves before a door marked "No. 2 Adolf Liebermann, Manager." To their right, stairs lead to second and third floor landings. Each floor of the building is a single and separate apartment — a flat. The doors to the second floor flat are marked "No. 3 R. Horst," and the third floor flat is marked as "No. 4. Dr. Wolfgang Dornheim." There is no sign of any apartment or flat No. 1.

Examination of the outside of the building shows a separate entrance at the rear, evidently leading to the cellar. The door is unmarked, and there are no windows to indicate a basement apartment.

Adolf Liebermann owns and manages the apartment building. He will refuse to talk with the investigators about any of his tenants unless they can make a Debate roll successfully, arguing him into it. If the investigators work through an interpreter, the chances for success are halved. For every \$10 (American) bribe money which the investigators offer, add +5% to their chances for success. He will not ask for bribe money — the investigators must offer it.

He does not know much about Hunderprest, but he can tell the investigators the rather odd story of how Hunderprest came to take up residence in the basement.

Though the area of the city is not the best, he tries to rent to the best tenants possible. The second floor flat is leased by a junior civil servant in Vienna's transportation

department, Herr Rudolf Horst, while the third floor flat is rented by a professor at the Viennese Institute of Science, Dr. Wolfgang Dornheim, astronomer. Both of these tenants have been living here for four years.

About three years ago Hunderprest came to him wishing to rent an apartment. Since all were already occupied, he was told there was no room. Hunderprest said that what he really wished to rent was the basement, then but a simple unfinished storage room. Hunderprest offered to have the basement refinished at his own expense.

Liebermann thought this rather strange, but finding Hunderprest had ready cash and was willing to sign a five year lease, he saw no harm in it (as well as a chance to gain an extra room and renter for no expense) and allowed him to rebuild the basement and move in.

Liebermann knows the apartment is rather nice since he saw it while it was being worked on. He can tell the investigators of fine oak panelling and brass gas fixtures. He does not know more than that because he has not been in the apartment since Hunderprest actually moved in.

Liebermann will not let the investigators bribe, talk, or bully their way into letting them into Hunderprest's apartment. If an investigator manages to pick Liebermann's pocket or picks the door's lock and lets himself in secretly, Hunderprest will assume Liebermann has been snooping and Liebermann will disappear, a sacrifice to the brazen head as explained earlier.

If the investigators wish to talk to Rudolf Horst, they will have to come to his apartment after 6 p.m. — he works before then. He does not know anything about Hunderprest other than he is the "nut who lives in the basement."

Dr. Dornheim can be found at the Viennese Institute during the day and at his apartment in the evening. He has a telescope set up in his flat which he uses for his secret hobby, voyeurism. He will be quite friendly to the investigators if any player can succeed in his character's Astronomy roll or if any female investigator has an APP of 13 or more.

He can tell the investigators that Hunderprest often goes on midnight walks in the direction of Das Tor. Dornheim sees him often in the small hours of the morning while he is "stargazing."

Dornheim claims that Hunderprest sometimes receives weird visitors at night. All these visitors are either very old or crippled, as they are stooped and limp. They always wear large black cloaks which hide them. Perhaps Hunderprest is some sort of quack doctor? If asked on what dates they were seen coming to Hunderprest's apartment, Dornheim will give approximate dates as he can remember. These will coincide with the dates of the grave robberies. This is all he can tell the investigators.

Any of the investigators who follow Hunderprest on a midnight walk can easily do so. He walks to and around the cemetery simply because he likes the atmosphere, not for any overtly sinister purpose. There is a 40% chance per night that Hunderprest will take one of his little walks, each walk lasting 1D4 hours. He walks often, and the locals accept it as normal for him to do so.

However, if policemen are met, and they sight the investigators, they may arrest them. With all the grave robberies taking place, anyone of a suspicious nature in the

area of a graveyard is arrested on suspicion. Because the patrolman on the beat sees Hunderprest so often, he is left alone.

If the investigator makes a Spot Hidden, he will see the policeman before he is seen. He can attempt to Hide in hopes the patrolman will pass him by, or he can attempt to Move Quietly and slip away. In either case, failure will result in the policeman's stopping and questioning the investigator, if not actually arresting him. He probably will be arrested only if poorly dressed.

A brassy investigator could approach the policeman boldly to "ask directions" or some other excuse, once he saw that the policeman had noticed him. In such a case, the investigator must either succeed in a Fast Talk or in a roll of CHAx5 or less on 1D100. A failure will result in his arrest. If he attempts to escape and fails, he will be charged with resisting arrest as well as for loitering. If at any time a policeman is injured or killed, when the investigators are eventually arrested (the police will spare no effort in hunting them down in such a case), they will be charged with assault, resisting arrest and/or murder. The charge of murder carries the death penalty. The least the investigators could hope for is to be permanently expelled from Austria as undesirable aliens; Herr Ausperg's influence will mean nothing once such a scandal developed.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

The investigators can inspect the neighborhood where Hunderprest lives. He is well-known in the area for his late night walks to the cemetery, though the locals are so used to them that unless the investigators ask specifically about what he does at night, the subject will not come up. Either an Oratory roll, a Fast Talk roll, or a bribery attempt must succeed to get the locals to talk at all.

The locals know little about Hunderprest except that he values his privacy. They know nothing about his late night visitors. They will tell the investigators that he occasionally goes to a nearby public house, the Volltassebar, or Full Cup Tavern. There is a 30% chance a night that he will stop at the tavern in an evening.

The Volltassebar

This seamy little place is hidden between two warehouses. The patrons are shabby and the drinks run to cheap beer and liquor. A drink here currently costs 5400 kroner local money, or 20 cents American. There is a chance that one of the patrons will start a fight with an investigator. To avoid this, each investigator must attempt to *fail* a Know roll. Those who *succeed* in their rolls will seem snobs and endure the drunken wrath of the patron. If more than one investigator fails his roll, the patron will pick on the smallest man (not woman) who failed his roll to fight.

Belligerent Drunk

STR 14	CON 9	SIZ 11	INT 5	POW 9
DEX 10	APP 8	EDU 4	SAN 32	HP 10

WEAPONS: Kick 30%, 1D6+1D6

Broken Chair or Table Leg 45%, 1D6+1D6

Fist 70%, 1D3+2+1D6

NOTE: This man wears a pair of brass knuckles, raising his punch damage to 1D3+2.

Once this fellow is dealt with, the investigators can make inquiries among the rest of the patrons. But if the investigators ganged up on him, no one will talk to them. If they pull a gun or a knife to fight him, they will be thrown out of the tavern, though the police won't be called if no one is seriously hurt. But, if the drunk is beaten fair and square, they will be relatively friendly.

Most patrons don't know any more about Hunderprest than the rest of the locals. One man will give extra information for a dollar or so American money and a bottle of schnapps. This person was present on a night when Hunderprest became seriously drunk and began saying some strange things, but he will refuse to give his own name. If paid, the narrator will relate how one night Hunderprest came in from a midnight ramble and drank heavily. After several hours, he began to stumble about the room muttering about "getting m'wife back, I know the way," and mumbling about his "deep friends who can find people for me and who keep me in ancient glory."

At this point have whoever is translating for the rest of the investigators try another Speak German roll. If failed, only the information above is received. If successful, the line "who could find people for me" is translated correctly into the colloquialism "who could *dig people up* for me."

Soon the locals had enough of his garbled shouts and staggering about, and forced him to leave. Hunderprest went berserk and frothed. He screeched at them to leave him alone or he would serve them poorly. After Hunderprest was kicked out, a tough guy decided to follow after him and rob him. The old man would be an easy mark, in his drunken stupor and after being thrown around the tavern. The tough guy didn't come back. Now everyone leaves Hunderprest alone. If the investigators ask why this man is taking a chance on talking to them, he will state that the tough guy was his brother.

He will go on to say that while Hunderprest was raving, much of his colloquy was directed at a Doctor Wilhelm Verhamme, who was present. Though he is called "Doctor," he has never been able to produce a diploma or certificate. Verhamme shrank into a corner and cowered until Hunderprest left. He does not know what connection Verhamme had to Hunderprest, but will suggest his name to the investigators. After the narrator has said this, he will finish his drink, wish the investigators luck, and leave. He will not join the investigators, nor will they be able to find him again.

One of the patrons will tell Hunderprest that the investigators have been asking questions about him next time he shows up.

The Quack

As stated earlier, Verhamme passes for a doctor in the area. He actually has a First Aid skill of only 60%, and makes most of his money performing illegal abortions. If any of the investigators are wounded in the area, the locals will take them here.

If asked any questions about Hunderprest, Verhamme nervously will deny all knowledge of the man. He will talk only if bribed (minimum of \$100 American) or if the investigators threaten to tell Hunderprest that he gave them information.

Verhamme says that four years ago Hunderprest called him to his apartment (at that time on the far side of Das Tor), to attend to his wife Ida. The poor woman was suffering the last stages of cancer ("I think") and there was nothing that could be done. She had only days or weeks to live.

When he told Hunderprest this, the man flew into a rage, swearing to have the demons of the night tear Verhamme apart unless he helped her. Despite the ludicrous nature of this threat, Hunderprest's expression and tone of voice petrified Verhamme. When he reiterated that there was nothing he could do, Hunderprest horsewhipped him and chased him out. Verhamme still fears Hunderprest.

HUNDERPREST'S APARTMENT

If the investigators gain access to Hunderprest's apartment, they will first see an entrance hall, small and well-decorated. They may detect a faint trace of the same sickly sweet stink they first noticed at Ausperghaus.

Upon opening the door from the entrance hall they will be in a short corridor with five doors. The first door on the west leads to a well-appointed living room. Lieberman was not mistaken when he said much expense had gone into refinishing the basement. The living room contains a couch, two chairs, various side tables, and a cabinet with a variety of liquor in it and a small radio on top.

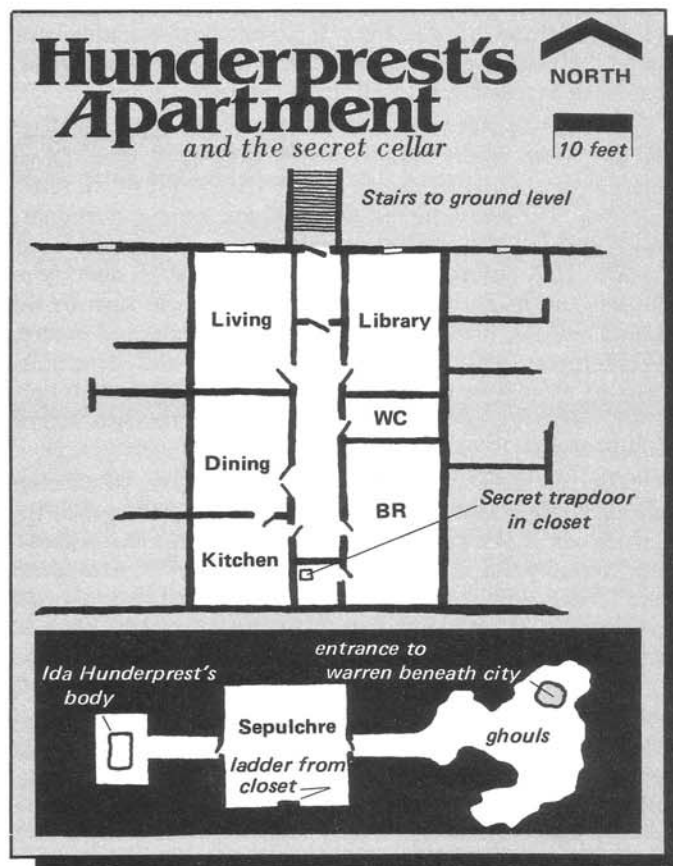
The door across the hall leads to a library and reading room. Books include the classics, an entire section of mystery novels, and an even larger section on the occult. While there are no Cthulhu Mythos books present here, if a player can make his investigator's Idea roll, the investigator will realize that many of the books are about resurrection of the dead or about reincarnation.

The next door on the west leads to the dining room, set up for only one person, with a small table and chair in the room. A door in the south wall of the dining room leads to a modest kitchen. The room is dirty; dishes in the sink have been there for weeks. The variety of kitchen utensils in the room could be used as weapons if need be. There is no icebox.

The door across the hall from the kitchen leads to a small bathroom, complete with claw-and-ball-footed tub and copper fixtures.

The remaining door from the corridor opens onto the master bedroom. This room is a disorganized shambles. Clothes are strewn about; drawers are half-open; remnants of late-night snacks litter the floor. If the investigators search this room and make a Spot Hidden they will find a diamond ring worth \$500. Unfortunately the last owner's rather skeletal finger is still wearing it. The character finding the ring must endure a SAN roll — failure means the loss of 1D2 points of SAN.

In the east wall of the master bedroom is a large walk-in closet. The sweet odor which the investigators may have noticed earlier is stronger here than anywhere else. If they search the closet and make a Spot Hidden roll, they will find a trap door concealed in the floor. To find the opening mechanism of the trapdoor requires a resistance table roll of the investigator's INT vs. the door's trickiness of 15. Each attempt takes 5 minutes. A given investigator may try only once to figure the door out.



Once the trap door is open, the stench will suddenly triple in strength, creating much discomfort. Investigators may clap handkerchiefs over mouths, etc. Below them is a hole in the earth with a ladder set into one side. On the wall of the dark tunnel is a light switch, with electrical wires running down the side of the hole. If the investigators turn on the lights to make their way, they will alert the ghouls below. The ghouls will not leave their room unless an unusual amount of noise is made, or unless the investigators talk while in the Sepulchre room itself.

While climbing down the ladder, have each investigator try a Geology roll. If successful, he will realize that this hole was not dug down from the basement, but dug up from below! This hair-raising conclusion could cost the character 1D2 SAN points if his player fails a Sanity roll.

At the bottom, 60 feet down, the investigators will find themselves in a nightmare. The walls are marble slabs stolen from mausoleums. Tapestries made of shrouds hang across the room, interwoven with the filthy bones of their previous owners. If the electric light is on, it shines in a ghastly way, giving everyone the pallor of corpses. The effect of this unsettling room is so grim that all investigators must receive a successful SAN roll or lose 1D6 points of SAN. Even upon a successful SAN roll an investigator must lose 1 point of SAN.

In the middle of the room is a small table and chair. On the table is a book and the brazen head, sitting on a silver platter. The head and platter are both encrusted with a blackish substance. A Zoology roll will tell the investigator that the blackish substance is burnt blood. The book is Hunderprest's copy of the *Liber Tenebrea*, the book of darkness.

On the north wall are three small tombs built into the wall. A captured investigator may be imprisoned with-

in one of these dread coffins. If no one has been kidnaped, or if the investigators are too late and their friend already has been sacrificed, then all three tombs are empty.

Of the two stout doors in this room, the west one leads to the room where Hunderprest's wife, Ida, rests upon a marble slab, awaiting the day when Hunderprest can resurrect her. Ida has withered and become wormy during her wait, and investigators must receive a successful SAN roll or lose 1D3 points of SAN. If the investigators destroy or molest the body in any way, the ghouls will rush to the attack. If the investigators destroy the body and escape, Hunderprest will summon more ghouls and personally lead an attack on the investigators, no matter where they are or what the hour is. Frenzied, his only thought will be to kill them.

The east door opens on the ghouls' cavern, where four ghouls always await Hunderprest's orders. Along with the ghouls are the leftovers of their most recent meal. Excepting Hunderprest, the ghouls will attack anyone who opens the door. When the investigators kill two ghouls, the others will try to escape down the hole (C) which leads to a warren of ghouls-dug tunnels beneath the city.

In the room of the ghouls, investigators will find a small chest filled with grave jewelry worth £2,000. They also will find several of the long black cloaks which the ghouls use to disguise their movement through the city. Cloaked ghouls were the visitors whom Dornheim saw.

If the investigators follow the ghouls, the players must roll beneath their characters' INT on percentile dice or become lost; these foul, slimy ways are lightless, random, and nearly airless, and frequently will defeat well-conceived plans to mark a path. If the investigators take no precautions, they automatically will become lost. Every four hours after that, their players can attempt to roll the investigators' POW or less on percentile dice. Success lets them emerge, blinking and befouled, into one of the city's graveyards. For each hour of wandering within the earth, there is a 30% chance they will encounter 1D10 ghouls. When the investigators realize they are lost, each investigator must receive a successful SAN roll or lose 1D4 points of Sanity.

The Ghouls

These ghouls have different characteristics, but their capacity to move and attack is identical. They have no armor; all guns do half damage to them. Sanity loss for viewing a ghoul is 1D6 unless a SAN roll succeeds.

WEAPONS: Claw (2) 30%, 1D6+1D6

Bite 30%, 1D6+1D6

Move 7

SPELLS: none.

Ghoul One

STR 17	CON 18	SIZ 6	INT 6	POW 10
DEX 15	HP 12			

Ghoul Two

STR 16	CON 10	SIZ 10	INT 9	POW 12
DEX 11	HP 10			

Ghoul Three

STR 18	CON 12	SIZ 9	INT 5	POW 12
DEX 15	HP 11			

Ghoul Four

STR 21	CON 10	SIZ 12	INT 6	POW 13
DEX 17	HP 11			

Ghoul Five

STR 19	CON 9	SIZ 11	INT 4	POW 9
DEX 15	HP 10			

Ghoul Six

STR 17	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 7	POW 10
DEX 16	HP 12			

Ghoul Seven

STR 18	CON 9	SIZ 9	INT 8	POW 12
DEX 18	HP 9			

Ghoul Eight

STR 19	CON 11	SIZ 13	INT 4	POW 8
DEX 19	HP 12			

Ghoul Nine

STR 21	CON 12	SIZ 12	INT 5	POW 10
DEX 15	HP 12			

Ghoul Ten

STR 20	CON 8	SIZ 12	INT 6	POW 11
DEX 16	HP 10			

Ghouls can attack with two claws and a bite in each round. After once biting a victim, the ghoul will hold on with its fangs and worry the victim, automatically hitting its victim every round thereafter. When the ghoul so clings, both victim and ghoul fall to the ground and roll about, and both ghoul and victim increase their chance to hit each other by 20 percentiles. The victim may attempt to dislodge the ghoul by rolling STR against STR. A victim cannot attempt to dislodge a ghoul and attack in the same round.

FINAL CONSIDERATIONS

Sanity Point Rewards

For killing or stopping Hunderprest and the ghouls and for returning the brass head, each investigator gains 2D10 Sanity points. The brass head is best secured by an Elder Sign. If Hunderprest and his foul ghouls are killed or stopped, but the head is not returned, the SAN point gain is 1D10. If the head is returned, but Hunderprest and crew are not stopped or otherwise disposed of, the SAN point gain is only 1D6.

Financial and Social Rewards

If any SAN points are gained as rewards, the investigators also will have 10 percentiles added to their Credit Rating when talking to European nobility. Further, if the SAN point gain is 2D10, each investigator also receives a gold and bejeweled ring bearing the Ausperg crest; each ring is worth \$2,000 American. The investigators will in any case be given Herr Ausperg's heartfelt thanks; they always will have friends in Vienna.

Author's Note

This scenario can establish, if the keeper desires, a worldwide web of contacts from the non-player-characters who were met at the auction. All of the occult items at the auction are existing or historical occult items and can, at the keeper's discretion, be made magical for the use of the investigators.

The Madman

*Black Knob, a community of 2500, has been well-publicized recently.
Farm Animals and townsfolk are inexplicably disappearing.*

INTRODUCTION

Investigators' Information

A small local paper, *The Trumpet*, has printed a series of articles about strange disappearances in the town of Black Knob, a community of 2500. Papers in New York and other cities have run these syndicated stories as features. Many pets and farm animals have vanished, along with a couple of citizens. Additionally, a woman, one Margaret Brown has been institutionalized after she was found babbling incoherently about a week ago. Some neighbors reported hearing a great flock of birds during that same night.

Several of the smaller tabloids have carried these stories together, along with a review by one or another noted occultist, who claims that there is a supernatural significance to these occurrences.

Keeper's Information

Adam Smythe, a wealthy New York dilettante, bought a small house outside of Black Knob three months ago. Adam Smythe had learned some mind-blasting outé lore from an old book, and this knowledge had driven the normally kind Adam into insanity and a completely split personality. One, whom we shall call Adam the Good, is a kind and sensitive person who has befriended and been befriended by the small community, and who has fallen in love with one Margaret Brown. The second personality, Adam the Bad, is the weaker of the two personas, but he is fully aware of Adam the Good, while the reverse is not true. Adam the Bad saw that a relationship with Margaret Brown could stifle his evil projects (having an innocent female at his side would make nocturnal trips and meetings with alien monsters difficult), so he drove her mad to eliminate the problem.

Currently, Adam the Bad takes over about twice a week. At other times, Adam the Good is in charge — and he knows nothing of the Great Old Ones (all memories of such have been expunged from his mind), nor of Adam the Bad's plans. Adam the Bad wishes to summon the Keeper of the Yellow Sign to earth in hopes that this being will purge him of Adam the Good once and for all. To succeed in this summoning, he must first contact Hastur, also connected with the Yellow Sign. Adam the Bad is in the process of consecrating the nine huge concrete blocks that he will need to summon Hastur (and, later, contact the Keeper of the Yellow Sign). These blocks are arranged in the forest, about one mile from Adam's house.

The keeper should carefully read this scenario, as the players are going to be confronted with an intriguing problem. Adam Smythe is a well-liked and gentle person. His death would galvanize this small community. The investigators will be highly visible while gathering information and will be the first suspects should what appears to be a murder occur. The police might even try to pin Margaret Brown's insanity on the investigators. What then can they accomplish?

One excellent way in which to deeply involve the investigators in the problem is to replace Adam Smythe with one of their own. The next time that an investigator goes indefinitely insane (from losing 20% or more of his SAN in a single shot), let him believe that he has been cured, by whatever means, but in reality, plug him into this scenario. This investigator should retire from play for a few weeks, perhaps ostensibly to regain his lost SAN, or to just semi-retire after his shocking experience. He can move to Black Knob, purchase the house described here, and in every way be like Adam Smythe in this scenario. He could even play his character completely unbeknownst of the fact that he has a split personality. If the investigator has a fiancée or girlfriend, replace Margaret Brown with that woman. If the investigator has none, then you can either say that during the few months he has been staying in Black Knob he became enamored of Margaret Brown, or else that Margaret is a close relative, say, a first cousin. Such a scenario may well be difficult to set up, but the rewards are well worth the efforts for an experienced keeper. Remember that at least once or twice a week, "Adam Smythe" will need to be out of play so that Adam the Bad can step forth. The scenario starts off without any obvious clues pointing at Adam Smythe, so that the investigators could be called in by Adam the Good to investigate the mysterious happenings!

THE TOWN OF BLACK KNOB

Police Desk at the Town Hall — Either a successful Law or Oratory roll will be required to get any information here.

Over the past few months the station has gathered many more reports than normal of missing pets and farm animals. This is a small community where everyone knows everyone else and their animals, but more ominous are two missing persons reports. One missing man is a gardener, Scott Spade, and another, Sim Monson, was a hobo. The constable is worried and mystified.

Office of "The Trumpet" — Anyone respectable-looking will be able to read the back files of the old *Trumpets* and

reports. Tom McKay, the editor and general author for *The Trumpet*, a 4-page weekly, will be more than glad to have visitors, especially if they are journalists. There have been three interesting stories lately. First were the mysterious disappearances. Second was the arrival of Adam Smythe in town and his whirlwind romance with poor Margaret. Third was the institutionalization of Margaret Brown.

There is little to tell concerning the disappearances except that neither of the men was respectable. The disappearances may be coincidental. Certainly Monson was a no-good, and anything could have happened to him.

The second and third stories tie together. Adam Smythe moved into town three months ago, and soon was courting Margaret Brown, giving money to charities, and showing that there was no end to his bankroll. His generosity was so innocent that everyone loved him. Then one night, about a week and a half ago, the bottom fell out for those two. Margaret was found sitting in her garden and babbling hysterically, though previously she was strong and sensible. She has been institutionalized. Poor Adam hasn't left his house since, though people do visit him every day, usually bringing food so that he doesn't have to cook. Nobody thought to try to understand what Margaret was gibbering so there is no record of that here.

Black Knob Sanatorium — It will take either a Psychology or a Debate roll to see the records. If a Psychology roll was made, her doctor will allow the investigators to see Margaret.

The records here are in bad shape and it requires a successful Library Use roll to make heads or tails of them. Margaret Brown was brought in eleven days ago babbling incoherently. The words and phrases used were nonsense.

If an investigator can speak to Margaret, and his player can make a successful Psychoanalyze roll when speaking with her, she will make sense for a few minutes. She will tell him or her that she is deeply in love with Adam Smythe. She doesn't understand what came over him. When he came to see her he was cruel and mean — nothing like the man she loves — and he brought those hideous creatures with him to torment her. Margaret will break down at this point and begin screaming. Interns will come in to remove her and ask the investigators to leave. Margaret knows nothing more.

Town Hall — To get to see the town's records will require an Oratory or a Law roll, or the written permission of a town official.

The investigators will find that 2½ months ago Adam Smythe asked for help in moving some heavily-loaded trucks through the town. The loads were covered and nobody here bothered to find out all of what was moved, but cement dust could be seen. The investigator can also see the file copy of Adam Smythe's house plan.

Black Knob Library A successful Library Use roll reveals that Adam Smythe is a well-known occultist. His theoretical work infers that psychic beings are invading the earth, though this work does not contain any specific reference to the Great Old Ones.

Copies of all of the issues of *The Trumpet* are here, but talking with its editor is much more informative than reading his articles.

The Townspeople — If approached in a friendly fashion, the locals can be talked to and impressed by either a successful Credit Rating or an Oratory skill roll.

Most of the townspeople have never met Adam Smythe formally. A few feel that Mr. Smythe may have toyed with Margaret's affections. They also wonder what he is doing with those big concrete slabs beyond his house, which hunters have noticed lately.

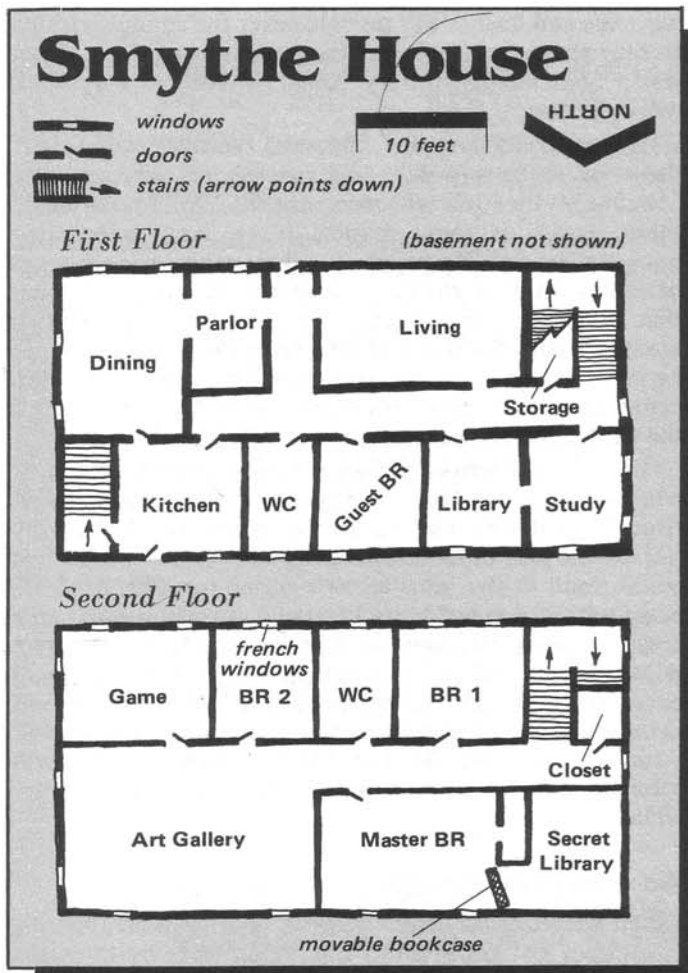
AT THE SMYTHE HOUSE

The Smythe house lies about five miles beyond Black Knob, just off the road to New Hampshire. The area around the house is hilly and wooded. The driveway is a quarter of a mile long and quite wide, wider than the road it joins. The house itself is a nice two-story bungalow, not 15 years old. If the investigators make a successful Spot Hidden as they approach the house, they can see a wide track leading eastward and cutting through the woods. This path is overgrown with bushes and weeds, but is wide enough for a truck to pass in dry weather. If inspected, a successful Track roll will reveal the wheel marks of the trucks which transported sand and concrete a few months ago. A foot path going the same way will also be seen.

Inside the house the investigators can meet Adam Smythe himself. He is a friendly, thoughtful man who states emphatically that he is willing to help clear up any

A Walk Through Smythe's Woods





problems in the community. Adam is heartbroken about Margaret Brown.

Adam the Good is unaware of the secret library upstairs and never, under any circumstances, does he go into the second bedroom. If, for some reason, the investigators enter this room and Adam sees the byakhee ensconced therein, Adam the Good will immediately become Adam the Bad. He may not try to kill the investigators then and there, but he may try to trick the investigators into getting themselves killed, or move on them in other ways. This is up to the keeper.

The Living Room: This is a lavishly-furnished but otherwise ordinarily-built room. Nothing here is of major interest.

The Kitchen: A typical kitchen except for rare and unusual spices in the cupboard. A door leads to a small basement.

The Parlor/Dining Room: Has a nice crystal candelabra that was picked out by Margaret Brown.

The Library: The books are all literary and historical works. Anyone searching will find no books on the occult.

Guest Room: Fully furnished.

Storage Room: This holds cleaning supplies, extra chairs, blankets, and other household equipment. Once a week the cleaning lady comes and uses this equipment.

Study — Here Adam does most of his work. Once again, there are no books on the occult. On the desk is Adam's latest work. It contains *The Truth About Alexander The Great's Sex Life*.

The Basement: A coal bin fills much of the room. It is now about half full. The remainder of the basement holds gardening and woodsman's tools.

The Second Floor

The Art Gallery: Adam's pride. In this room are four old drawings done by Rembrandt and 6 valuable paintings; one by Daumier, two by Vermeer, and three by minor Flemish painters. If sold together, they would bring around \$12,000.

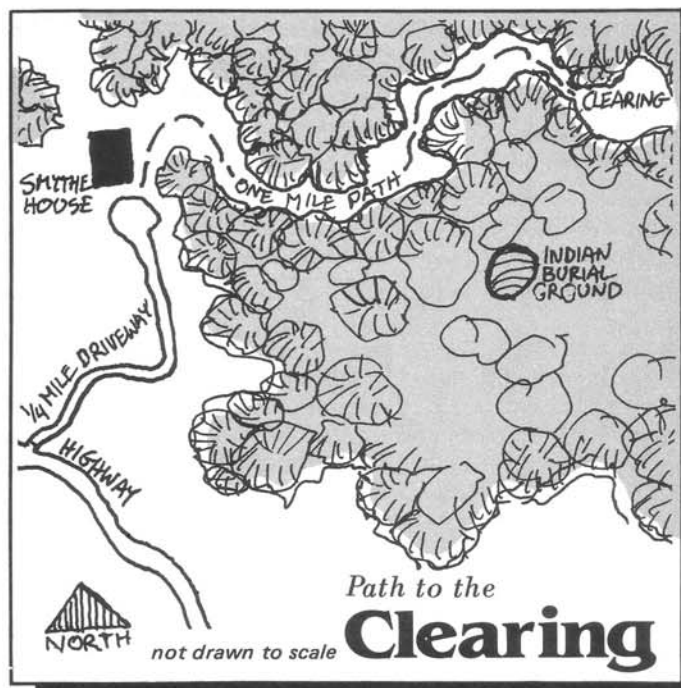
Game Room: Actually a billiards room with an expensive billiards table.

First Bedroom: A normal bedroom (but with silk sheets on the bed).

Master Bedroom: Again a very nice room. This room is half the size of the one shown on the official city floor-plan (if the investigators have one). If an investigator closely searches the room and can make a Spot Hidden roll, he will find that a small bookcase on the south wall can be moved aside, revealing an entry into a secret library.

The Secret Library: This musty room has no windows. Adam the Bad uses it for research. In here are many books on the occult. Also here is a book bound in human skin. This book, written in Latin, is titled *De Vermis Mysteriis*. The author is listed as Ludvig Prinn. This book is the original source of Adam's insanity, which now feeds on itself. This book is listed among the books of the Cthulhu Mythos in *Call of Cthulhu*.

The Second Bedroom: The door to this room is barred from the inside. The door has a Strength resistance of 26. Up to two characters may try to force it at once. Inside is the nesting place for two byakhee bound to Adam the Bad. If Adam is in the house, the two will be here. If the investigators enter while Adam the Bad is off somewhere, the room will be empty, but a straw and bone nest will be here. In the south wall large French windows have been installed so the byakhees may fly in and out of the room. Since these windows are never locked, investigators could climb in from outside.



THROUGH THE WOODS

Adam the Bad has found and placed a ghoulish to live in these woods. There is a 50% chance each time the party goes through these woods that the ghoulish will sight them. If the ghoulish sees the investigators, it will ambush them. If the investigators number three or more, the ghoulish will stalk the party, jumping upon the last person in line at an opportune moment. If the ghoulish can kill the person in a single round of combat, the victim will not have had a chance to cry out, and the ghoulish can sneak off with his prey. This ghoulish has a foul lean-to in the center of the Indian burial ground, but the only things inside are bones of sheep and dogs. Adam the Bad will not notice the loss of his ghoulish for at least a week.

If an investigator's player successfully makes an Archaeology roll while at the burial ground the player will find a full suit of beaded birchbark clothing worth \$650 to any major museum. The suit is quite fragile.

The Ghoulish

STR 21 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT-6 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 1 Hit Points 12

SKILLS: Camouflage 60%, Hide 95%, Sneak 95%, Listen 65%, Spot Hidden 90%.

WEAPONS: Claws 60%, 2D6
Bite 75%, 2D6

SAN: If SAN roll fails, lose 1D6 SAN.

NOTES: The ghoulish can attack twice with his claws and once with a bite in each round. If the bite connects, then the ghoulish will hold on and continue to bite on subsequent rounds, automatically hitting. Firearms do half normal damage to ghoulishes.

THE CLEARING

The clearing is about a mile from the Smythe house and is easy to find. It is atop a small forested hill. The surround-

ing trees and bushes will provide cover for anyone wishing to hide themselves (a Camouflage roll is needed as well, or else a Spot Hidden roll by Adam Smythe or a byakhee will sight them).

Atop the hill are nine huge cast concrete slabs, all of the same shape and size. Any investigator who makes a Cthulhu Mythos roll will recognize the "V" formation of these stones as some magical place. Any investigator knowing the Call Hastur spell will recognize the stones as necessary to that ritual. A close examination will show that seven of these blocks are bloodstained, but two are not. Adam the Bad is consecrating these shapes so that he can call Hastur. He has two slabs yet to go. The investigators have eight days from when they arrive in town until the final stone is consecrated.

If the investigators are waiting here at midnight, they will see Adam the Bad come to this clearing. Once he arrives, he will strip and his two byakhee (check for SAN loss on the part of hidden investigators — serious SAN loss could result in the investigator's crying out) will paint his body with green and black diagrams. Anyone seeing these arcane pulsing diagrams must make a SAN roll or lose a point of SAN. After this preparation, Adam the Bad will consecrate the next stone through a lengthy chant and careful walking of intricate patterns around the concrete. After consecrating the last block, Adam the Bad will attempt to call Hastur. He will do this every four days until he succeeds.

An Additional Problem

Adam the Bad has driven another person insane, but the town does not know about this. A gardener by the name of Banner, a friend of Scott Spade who had disappeared earlier, started to investigate matters on his own and happened upon Adam's secret. When Adam was done with him, Banner was not only insane but a loyal slave. If the investigators talk to Adam, and Adam the Bad suspects they could be troublesome, he will send his mad gardener to kill the investigators. No matter what questioning is done to this man, he will in no way implicate Adam, believing all his acts to be commanded by "those Ones that chew my brains."

Banner the Gardener

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 5 EDU 6 SAN 20 HP 12

SKILLS: Botany 70%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 30%, Drive Auto 35%, Hide 60%, Sneak 35%, Climb 65%, Dodge 60%, Jump 70%, Throw 55%

WEAPONS: 9mm automatic pistol 55%, 1D8+2 damage
Fist 65%, 1D3+1D6 damage
Kick 40%, 1D6+1D6 damage
Bowie Knife 55%, 1D4+2+1D6 damage

Neutralizing Adam Smythe

Adam Smythe the Good would be greatly surprised by his alter-ego's activities. Perhaps the investigators could convince him that he is the problem. A photograph of Adam at the clearing could convince him. A successful Psycho-analyze skill use could get Adam into one person long enough to get him to commit himself or confess to the police if Adam the Good is convinced of Adam the Bad's existence.



Adam Smythe

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 16 APP 18 EDU 20 SAN 25 HP 12

SKILLS: Latin 90%, Listen 55%, Spot Hidden 40%, Hide 60%, Sneak 35%, Oratory 85%, Climb 60%, Dodge 80%, Jump 50%, Throw 55%

SKILLS [These skills are usable only in the form of Adam the Bad until and unless Adam is cured of his condition]: Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Occult 90%

WEAPONS: 20-gauge shotgun 40%, 2D6 damage
Fist 60%, 1D3 damage
Kick 45%, 1D6 damage
Dirk 55%, 1D6 damage

SPELLS [known only by Adam the Bad]: Call Hastur, Summon Byakhee, Bind Byakhee

Byakhee One

STR 21 CON 10 SIZ 17 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 15 Move 5/20 Hit Points 14 2-point armor

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 50%

WEAPONS: Claw 50%, 1D6+1D6
Bite 40%, 1D6+1D6 plus blood drain

SAN: A failed SAN roll costs 1D6 points of SAN. One point is lost in any case.

NOTE: Each round, the byakhee may either claw twice or bite once. If it bites, and the bite strikes home, the byakhee remains attached, and drains 1D6 points of STR on each successive round.

Byakhee Two

STR 19 CON 12 SIZ 18 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 14 Move 5/9 Hit Points 15 2-point armor

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 50%

WEAPONS: Claw 45%, 1D6+1D6
Bite 40%, 1D6+1D6 plus blood drain

SAN: A failed SAN roll costs 1D6 points of SAN. One point is lost in any case.

NOTE: Each round, the byakhee may either claw twice or bite once. If it bites, and the bite strikes home, the byakhee remains attached, and drains 1D6 points of STR on each successive round.

Black Devil Mountain

*One of the Investigators is the inheritor of a small estate in northeast Maine,
and an unfinished letter from a brother.*

VICTIMS OF THE MOUND

Waning daylight skittered amongst the bare limbs of late fall like a macabre jester in a court of skeletal hags, their arms upraised in perpetual pleading for salvation from the white damnation of winter that surely is to come.

Above, the mound waited, as it had always waited, biding its time in silent, insane glee. Another mortal had come to test an ageless saying: *That is not dead that can eternal lie; And with strange aeons even death may die.*

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Dead leaves cautiously scrunched. Moccasined feet lightly tattooed the earth as Bear Who Laughs ascended the faint trail.

The Algonquian shaman had traveled far to come upon this place at this time. Tired as he was, he began to worry as he saw his destination clearly for the first time — the rocky tree-covered mound his people called "The Place Who Howls in the Heart," "Howl Mound," "Eater of Souls," and other such names.

No longer nervous, his tiredness shed like the bearskin robe now at his feet, he grasped his medicine bag and with steady steps walked towards the blackly-beckoning opening in the grassy hillock.

Bear Who Laughs, the most potent of his people's shamans in more than seven generations, was here for a mighty and good purpose. He had come to still the voice that had howled since before the time of men. He was here to stop the greatest evil in all the land.

He entered the rocky passageway to do so, and to be that which his great-grandfather had prophesied upon him: "Guardian at the Mouth of the Devil." A worthy title, a fit deed for the last and the greatest Algonquian shaman. Or so he believed.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

He didn't believe in no fairy tales. He only believed in those things that he could hold in his own two hands. He weren't about to be skairt off by no yaller-bellied injun anyhow! Not especially offen his new property. Thus he now stood halfway up Black Devil Mountain, at the edge of the pocket valley holding the ancient mound.

Damnation! What in tarnation could that humpy thang thar be? Scratching the snow-white stubble upon his octogenarian face, the old man hesitantly moved towards the half-choked opening that beckoned in a way he couldn't grasp. Hah! It's some old injun burial mound, that's what it is, I just knowed that there were a damn good reason that sneaky redskin wanted to skeer me away from here! Haunts and ghosties? Why I bet there be good copper and amber gewgaws all a-buried in thar!

With an avaricious smile Martin Waterman stepped right lively into the blackberry-tangled entrance. Peering squint-eyed, he marched into oblivion.

The mound waited for more mist-drowsed years in lonely and silent anticipation of what it knew would eventually come.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

He had inherited the meager assets of his uncle, Wesley Waterman, including Waterman's \$1260 bank account and an old land grant deed. The deed was for 640 acres in northeastern Maine, and included, so it said, all rights both mineral and otherwise. Dated 1789, it had been reaffirmed in 1814 and in 1886. Now it was his, and the year was 1919.

THE SCENARIO

Investigators's Information

Someone's brother has died. This may either be the brother of a non-player-character, or the brother of one of the investigators. This investigator should be carefully chosen by the keeper, and should be an important and fairly poor character. He has not seen his brother much for the last few years — understandably, if the investigator has spent much time investigating the secret nuances of the occult. He does know that his brother had just inherited a sum from some distant uncle. This would presumably now revert to the investigator.

He receives a letter from the lawyers, an unfinished letter from his brother, a map of northeast Maine, and no more. Any investigator worth his salt should be eager to look into his brother's death.

Perhaps it would be worthwhile to have the investigator's brother appear before his sudden tragic death as a preface for this scenario. The keeper may find it useful to run a few short scenarios before this in which the chosen investigator's brother makes at least a cameo appearance. This way, his death will be more shocking.

The "brother" will be called Albert Goddard hereafter.

Cobb, Lichter, and Burns
Attorneys at Law
Cobb Building
Jonesport, Maine

February 12, 192—

Dear Sir,

Sorrowfully, I must inform you of the death of your brother. Mr. Albert Goddard had a poetical eye and a generous spirit, and we are the poorer for his loss. I hope you will accept both the firm's and my personal condolences. I know how grievous such news must be.

His body has been temporarily interred, pending your instructions for final disposal. Small fees involved (of \$47.29) can be deferred until final disposition of the estate, if so desired.

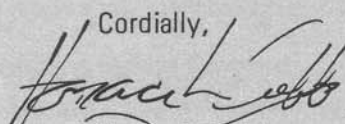
You are now the sole remaining Goddard named in the will of Wesley Waterman. Please peruse the enclosed documents and respond at your earliest convenience to each of the matters as you may.

We would be happy to continue as the attorneys of record for the aforesaid estate, as we did for your brother and uncle.

All matters pertaining to the sale of this land can be performed by our firm without your presence, unless you wish otherwise. Our little corner of Maine must seem far away.

I await your reply and hope that association with our firm will be of help in easing your burden of grief. If there is anything further that you need please let me know. All of us are happy to assist you in any way possible.

Cordially,


Horace L. Cobb

Enclosures:

Death Certificate
Bill of Holding, Jonesport Mortuary
Statement of Account for Cobb, Lichter, and Burns
Deed to the Black Mountain property

THE UNFINISHED LETTER

Albert Goddard
 Crowfoot Farm
 General Delivery
 Indian River, Maine

28 December

Dear —

Christmas has passed and the new year looms before us. Seasons greetings to Mary, Arthur, little Pamela, and all of my friends at the firehouse! I miss them all dearly, but not as much as I miss you and Greta. Please think of me in your prayers.

I must relate to you the odd things that have happened since I refurbished the cabin on uncle Waterman's land.

The area is just beautiful, what with elm, oak, birch, and other such trees in profusion. Wild blackberry, holly, and even some wild pumpkins I have discovered in my daily walks about the mountain that the land is on. I really love it here, it is so peaceful and serene.

But do you know, that when those down-easters at Drucker's store in Indian River found out that I was the new owner of the land and that I planned to live on it, well, they all up and left the store! Even the keep, Alvin Hodges, seemed upset. In fact he said that I shouldn't be astaying there, as it were a darksome and evil place. I was never so flabbergasted in my whole life. When I pressed him, he wouldn't say another word except that he was closing up his store (at three o'clock in the afternoon!) and that I wouldn't be able to buy my food and other supplies there any longer.

I was so angry I went right over to Sheriff Beauchamps office and demanded to know what in the blue blazes was going on. He shocked me. He as much as agreed with the others and went on to tell me that "no one here 'bouts goes anywhere near that mountain, most specially the southeast slopes" where the cabin is. When I went on about not being able to buy my supplies at the store, he told me that it was a free country — ain't no man gotta sell nothing iff in he don't feel like it. "No law 'gainst bein' ornery," were his exact words.

I was so mad I couldn't speak. I've been going to Addison six or seven miles away for my supplies since.

29 December

I stopped writing last night to bring in more firewood; it has been very cold since the snow stopped two days ago. I was bringing in an arm load when I heard the same sounds I had been hearing on and off for the past four or five evenings. How I wish I had once again only listened.

From a distance came an odd chant or song in some language I didn't recognize. It sounded Indian, except that I could hear what sounded like a fiddle as well. And I've never seen an Indian play a fiddle. Anyway, my curiosity got the best of me, and I went off to see. I certainly didn't want a band of gypsies or something encamped on my land.

I grabbed my Holland and Holland double barrel (you know, the beauty I brought back from England after I mustered out there), grabbed a dozen shells, strapped on snowshoes, and set off.

Though the singing had stopped, I had heard it enough to have a good idea where it came from. So upslope I went, ready for anything from bear to vagabond. But not for what I saw.

What I found I must tell you dear brother has left my heart cold and my brain benumbed with fear. Fear.

I climbed more than halfway up the mountain, straight away from the cabin in a northwest direction. There, in a place I hadn't seen before I saw and heard things that shook my soul.

Do you believe in the Devil? Now you must! I have beheld him in his dark glory and I am sore afraid.

Even now I can still hear that eerie piping, that cold and godless chant seeming to suck the marrow from my bones. But let me tell you exactly what I saw tonight. I must tell someone. I must tell —

The body of Albert Goddard was found on the morning of Jan. 2. He had been dead for at least two days. No details of his death were given on the death certificate, except that it was by unnatural causes. Evidently he was mauled by a bear.

INDIAN RIVER

This small town has a single business street; there is a general store, rooming house, barber and bath house, diner, a township building with a tiny lending library, three churches, boat yard, schoolhouse, and other necessities.

The investigators will reach Indian River after a long and tiring journey. Of the characters who could possibly help them, initially only two are willing to talk, regardless of bribes or intimidation, or fast talk. One is lawyer Horace Cobb who accompanied the group from Jonesport to "show you where everything's at." During the trip he told the group a few things which may be of help.

Horace L. Cobb

The lawyer is a fiftyish balding and bespectacled man who dresses severely in a gray pinstripe suit. A no-nonsense person, he doesn't believe in any of that hooey about the mountain. He feels that the death of Albert Goddard was unfortunate, but accidents happen, and this investigation into it is unnecessary and downright stupid. Beyond his capacity as a lawyer, he will not help the investigators, and, in fact, will try to dissuade them (his client in particular) from this needless folly.

Data: The land on and around Black Devil Mountain has had a bad reputation for centuries. Even the Indian tribes who once inhabited the area refused to walk its slopes.

Data: The badness is predominant on the eastern slopes. At least a dozen hunters and travelers have either disappeared or been mauled by animals in this area.

Data: Rumors persist of a wailing or fluting music peculiar associated with the deaths and disappearances.

Data: No official investigation has ever uncovered just what, if anything, has been happening on that mountain.

From the tenor and style of the lawyer's remarks, the group can tell that he does not believe that anything out of the ordinary is amiss on the mountain, and he ascribes the deaths to exposure, bears, and so on. All of his comments and the data he delivers are preceded and followed with lengthy explanations and rationalizations of the events, proving that they were perfectly ordinary.

Black Tom

The second person willing to help is an indian guide named Black Tom. This Quebecois half-breed is a shifty character who claims to know the area quite well, the mountain being particularly familiar to him. His comments concerning the place are to the point, and lead up to his asking to be hired.

Of an indefinable age (he could be thirty or fifty), the weathered-brown guide has coal-black hair and eyes to match. His eyes never seem to equal the smile so often on his face. "Reptilian" would be one way to describe his eyes. He is nearly six feet tall, and obviously in good physical condition. A long scar (from a knife fight in Toronto

during his whiskey days, he claims) runs down his cheek from the temple to chin on the left side of his face.

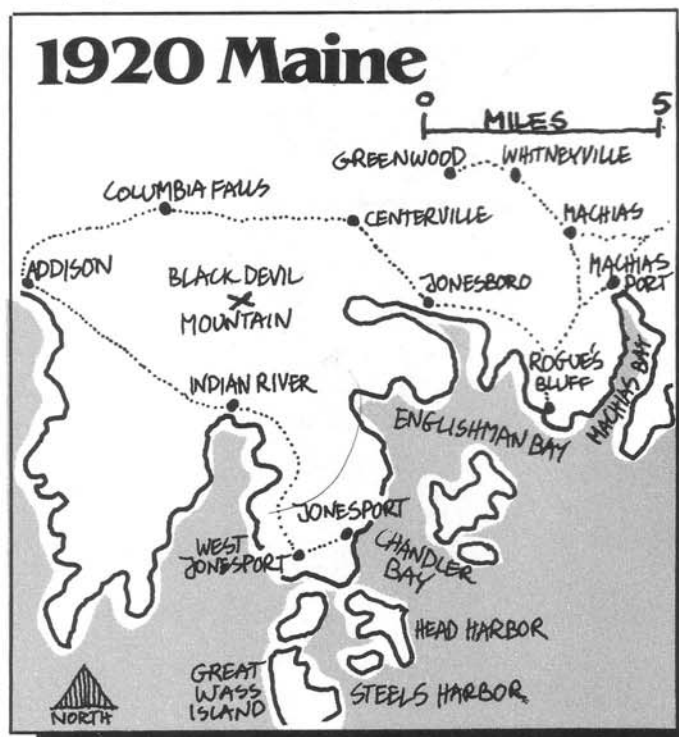
He always has a huge bowie knife in a beaded scabbard at his right side, and the yellowed ivory handle of a wickedly sharp boot knife protrudes from the top of his logger's boots. In the wilds he also carries a lever-action Winchester 30-30 carbine.

He is talkative and friendly in a calculating sort of way, and is rather evasive in his answers about just what he thinks is going on. He always gives the distinct impression that he is hiding something behind his half-mocking, perpetual smile (some would call it a sneer).

Data: The mountain is well known for sudden mudslides in the spring, mist-shrouded avalanches in the winter, and for hungry bears the year round. "I teenk eet ees not a safe place to be at anytimes, gen'mems, but Black Tom, he take you dere! He no 'fraid dis piece of rock!"

Data: He has heard weird sounds, music and such from certain eastern slopes of the mountain. "She is no sound I hear afore. She is crazy like de call de loon she make, but ees no loon. Black Tom knows! Somebody, hermit maybe, live dere, I hear heem laugh many time. Crazy too is dis I teenk."

Data: Finally, he will tell of a group of hunters that he had guided eleven years back. They came to grief upon the slopes of Black Devil Mountain. The gist of the story is that, of the seven people he had taken up the mountain, two were clawed to death by "a bear mebbe, mebbe so a wildcat. I know only zat they clawed real good, you bet!" Two others disappeared completely and have never been seen nor heard from to this day. A fifth person, a Mr. Andrews, went mad. "Meester Andrew, hees hair turn white like ze snow, by God! Heem now locked in some crazy house in Lewiston, I theenk." A sudden snow storm separated the party, and he spent two days searching for survivors. He provides scant real details. If a party member makes a Psychology roll successfully, it



can be perceived that Black Tom knows more than he says, but if confronted with this, he will act hurt, and say, "I hide notheengs that are happen to me, by God!"

Black Tom will agree to guide the group around Black Devil Mountain for \$50.00 now, and for \$5.00 more each day he guides the group. His price can be cut to \$30.00 up front plus \$4.00 a day, but only by hard bargaining, which may leave him surly and obviously unhappy.

Black Tom

STR 13 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 9 EDU 7 SAN 45 HP 13

SKILLS: First Aid 75%, Make Maps 80%, Listen 80%, Spot Hidden 90%, Track 95%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Camouflage 60%, Hide 80%, Sneak 85%, Bargain 50%, Fast Talk 50%, Climb 85%, Jump 80%, Swim 70%, Throw 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%

WEAPON: 30-30 carbine 60%, 3D4 damage
bowie knife 90%, 1D4+2+1D6 damage

Sheriff Beauchamps

The sheriff is a portly man, all stubbled jowels and aggressive belly. He is perhaps fifty years old, has piercing blue eyes, and salt-and-pepper hair. He moves surprisingly fast when he needs. Always strapped to his left side is an old .45 Colt Peacemaker. In the woods he also totes around a 32-20 Winchester lever-action rifle.

He is a gruff, rapid-talking man who will do his utmost to get the investigators out of town and away from the mountain. He doesn't like the idea that they are here, implicitly questioning his ability to solve the killing, and will say so in no uncertain terms. He will refuse, at first, to give any but public information pertaining to the mountain, to past happenings, or to the present situation. However, if the investigators make an Oratory or Debate roll, and do *not* try to intimidate him (attempting a Law roll may qualify as an attempt to intimidate), he will let them see the coroner's report on Albert Goddard.

Should the group attempt to intimidate or Fast Talk him, he will throw them out of his office and sternly warn them that he'll "be a-watchin' ever move you make. One tiny mistake, and it'll be in the jail for you all." However, if the investigators act politely, and refrain from belittling him or his office, then he will warm up to them, offering them coffee and a bit of information surrounding Goddard's death.

Data: There were no tracks, animal or otherwise, at or near the corpse, even though it hadn't snowed in over a week. The snowdrift where he lay was of unbroken packed snow, about three feet deep.

Data: Goddard's shotgun was literally shattered. Six empty shell casings were nearby, so the sheriff assumes that he fired at least six times.

Data: The body was, frankly, dismembered and scattered over a 15 yard area. Not in the coroner's report: neither the brain nor the heart have been found.

Data: The tree under which the shotgun and his legs were found had been splintered from the top down, a phenomenon Beauchamps had never seen before. It was as if the tree had been struck by lightning, but the wood was neither burnt nor blackened.



Goddard's Death

If then asked (after he has gotten a bit friendlier) about the remark of the shopkeeper "ain't been no treasure thar for years." Sheriff Beauchamps will squint uncomfortably at the asker, sigh, and say, "I've heard all of them tall tales, and I've even seen a few silver and amber trinkets ol' Black Tom claimed to have found up thar, but I'll tell you folks that I don't trust Tom one whit, and I think that shifty half-breed has fostered the story all of these just to sucker greedy city-boys into hiring him. I reckon that's all there is to it."

If asked specifics, he thinks that the "Ol' Tom is a bit close to the bad side of the law for my likes, and I wouldn't put much past him." The sheriff does not like nor trust Black Tom, on evidence mostly intuitive.

Sheriff Beauchamps

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 16 APP 11 EDU 11 SAN 58 HP 16

SKILLS: First Aid 50%, History 25%, Law 35%, Listen 60%, Psychology 70%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 80%. Hide 35%, Sneak 80%, Oratory 70%, Ride 80%

WEAPONS: .45 revolver 80%, 1D10+2 damage
32-30 lever-action rifle 55%, 3D4 damage

Einar Larsen

One of the old codgers who hangs out at the general store, he probably is at least 90 years old. This skinny backwoodsman will not give any specific answers to questioning, but will say the following if spoken to politely and respectfully: "H'ain't bin a killer bar in these here parts in thirty year. H'ain't no bar, nor nothin' natural what tore up the fool Goddard feller." He will say no more regardless of further prodding or attempts at bribery, though he'll take the bribe, and spend it on more booze.

Mac MacDougal

Another of the country store codgers, about 75 years old, he is over-weight, balding, and with a corn-cob pipe (rarely lit) perpetually clenched betwixt his teeth. More garrulous than Larsen, he meanders on about weather, youngsters who nowadays lack respect for their elders, the Civil War, and so on. He is visibly reluctant to discuss the mountain or any of the happenings thereon. If gently led to the subject, perhaps with the help of a pint of illegal whiskey

from behind the counter of the general store, he will eventually say this: "Mighty fine wee bit o' the sippin' whiskey here. Years ago, me bein' a might foolish then, I were a-huntin' rabbit up on thet mountain. Near 'bout sunset I began a-heerin' what I fust thought to be a lady a-cryin' and a-sobbin'. But as it got louder, I cud tell it weren't thet a-tall. T'were music! Like mebbe a whistle or one o' them pipes, only more lonelier. I thought to meself thet t'were no sound for a Christian man to be seeing what were makin' it, so I hied meself back down offen thet mountain, and I h'ain't never a-going back these forty year." Nothing else of import can be learned from Mac, and any attempt to bribe or intimidate him will get his dander up and stop the conversation right there.

Cooter Falwell

Cooter is the town's religious nut, who can be met only if all goes well both with the old codgers and with the storekeeper. One of those three will, as an afterthought, state, as the investigators are leaving, "Y' know, ol' Testifyin' Cooter might be talked to; he's always a-preachin' 'bout devils up on ta mountain."

Cooter is a disheveled, unkempt man in his late forties, with sandy hair, sparse whiskers, and a perpetual stink of border whiskey. He is short, nervous, and constantly looking behind and about himself. His hands gesture and fidget aimlessly. He speaks in a high-pitched, grating tone.

He lives in a foul-smelling shack on the east side of town. He will have to be accosted there as he will not come to the characters. He will accept any donations to "ta Lord" that are offered and will gossip endlessly about the sins of the town and why the devil himself has come to roost upon the mountain. It will soon become obvious to anyone making a Psychology roll that Cooter is a little mad, but it will also be apparent that he has been driven to this state by evil horrors that he has seen. Whether these horrors came out of a bottle or not is not readily apparent. However, amidst his religious exhortations and prayers comes the following:

"I hev seen the devil, Lord save me! I hev seen their foul shapes awing in the night sky." [At this point he breaks into tears, and begins to blubber. If pressed to continue, he will speak through his weeping.] "They as big as houses, all scaly and web-winged with heads like fire-breathin' horses and pigs, all black and noisome. An' there were sounds. Sounds with these visions from hell. Thin, high pipin' that skirled and danced amidst the stones like a live thing. And the dead damned rose up out of the earth to dance and cavort with the devil!"

After the investigators have interviewed Falwell, he will follow them everywhere. At first he will be friendly, but if told to mind his own business, he will slowly become more and more hostile, deciding at last that the investigators intend to unleash the devil: he then will try to stab one or more of the investigators, unless they get the sheriff to lock him up for his own good.

Testifyin' Cooter Falwell

STR 7	CON 6	SIZ 10	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 9	APP 4	EDU 8	SAN 15	HP 8

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Oratory 60%

WEAPON: jackknife 45%, 1D3

Margot Desplaines

This is the last character who can help the investigators, but she will only appear if the investigator with the lowest POW makes a Luck roll. If she does come onto the scene, the investigators will meet an engaging, very serious, little red-haired girl nine years old. Each few minutes into the conversation there is a 25% chance that Margot's mother will storm up to the group and take her daughter away, pointedly telling the outsiders that they have no permission to detain her child. By the way, Margot just loves the horehound and licorice candies from the general store, and will take pains to make this love known early.

"I play up on the mountain sometimes; mum doesn't like me to, but I do anyway. It's so quiet and peaceful, almost like church." She describes the oddly bare-limbed trees there, even in summer, and paints a disturbing picture of an area with little or no wildlife, few plants, and strange, gnarled rocks.

Once she has been given some candy and has warmed up to the investigators, she casually mentions a mountain friend who talks to her in a funny language and plays a whistle for her. If gently questioned, she describes what sounds like an Indian shaman in deerskin breeches, loin-cloth, and with a brightly beaded and feathered bag on a thong around his neck. "He must be very old, he's all wrinkly like a prune. But he's nice, he even gave me a pretty." If asked to show her present, Margot will lean forward and whisper conspiratorially, "Don't tell mum, she'd pitch a fit!" Margot will reveal a small amber amulet on a thong; it resembles a large bat with an oddly-shaped head, maybe tentacled, and has runes carved into it. She will not part with the amulet for any reason. If the investigators take it anyway, she will scream, bringing the whole town down on them. If the runes are copied down for later translation (actually, the writing is the old Welsh alphabet), it will read simply "The Chosen." If her overly-protective mother has not yet come to haul her away, she can tell the investigators where her friend lives. "It's kind of like a small hill, you know? Only it's on the mountain in a little valley. Anyway, it has some trees, the onliest ones without leaves in the summer, and big rocks all over it. They's a hole, too, hid by roots and blackberry tangles, which my friend showed me. I never went inside it, though." [Then, defiantly] "But I could! I could iffen I wanted to!"

At this point the belligerent mum will definitely appear, cutting off all further conversation. She will refuse to let the investigators interview the child at any later time, threatening to speak to the sheriff if they don't stop bothering her daughter.

BLACK DEVIL MOUNTAIN

This long ridge rises to a knoll at its north end. Its western slope is abrupt; its eastern slope gradual, and broken by a dozen or more vales and small valleys. Goddard's cabin is about a mile and a half from Indian River. Howl Mound is to the north of the cabin another three-quarters of a mile. The ground in that direction is broken by several small gorges; dense thickets frequently impede travel unless a trail is found. The mountain — about 700 feet high — would only be called a mountain in Maine.

Howl Mound is easily recognized: the snow has melted completely from it (though it still sticks everywhere else),

and only scraggly trees, bushes, and vines grow on it, not hiding the great black stones standing atop it.

THE SURFACE OF HOWL MOUND

Keepers should modify or change the areas to suit their individual taste. The area map is located on p. 33.

A-1 — This is the Circle of Destiny. With the proper spells, it can be used as a magic gate to such places as the Great Library owned by Caelano. The thirteen black basalt menhirs are all nine feet high. The central altar stone is actually two stones, one atop the other. The lower one, of obsidian, is three feet high, while the upright stone atop it is of a red nephrite and rises another ten feet into the air. The flat lower area on the east side of the altar shows sign of scorching fire and blood sacrifice.

Player-characters benefitting from a successful Idea roll will notice a distinct temperature drop of 15 degrees F. as they first enter the stone circle. A second such successful Idea roll allows them to notice that sounds coming from outside the circle are muted and indistinct, as if coming from a great distance, while every sound inside the area seems to crackle with sharpened clarity. The zombies, when called, will rise up from the earth in the spaces between the menhirs.

A-2 — These are the stone megaliths used to summon the loathesome Hastur and, as such, have a miasma about them. Anyone with any psychic awareness will immediately detect the deathly aura.

A-3 — This faint trail leads generally toward the Goddard cabin.

A-4 — This moderately well-marked trail leads to the summit of the mountain.

A-5 — Half-buried in the loamy soil (recently exposed through weathering, as a successful Geology or Archaeology roll can tell), but visible if more than just a cursory inspection is given and a Spot Hidden is made, are the splintered skeletal remains of old Martin Waterman. Wrapped tightly about his bony right hand (buried still) is the tarnished silver chain with a small gold crucifix which failed to save him.

A-6 — A huge, crazed, black bear has its lair here, in a hollow under the boulder. The lair is a good hiding place, if the bear were gone. The bear is now hibernating (it is winter, after all), but, like all bears, is a light sleeper, and can be awakened, especially in his irritable state. If the investigators make loud noises within a few yards of his lair, or poke into his lair, he will arouse and come out, ravaging and angry as a bear with a sore head.

The Bear

STR 22 CON 16 SIZ 25 POW 10 DEX 9
Move 8 Hit Points 21 2 point armor (fur and skin)

WEAPONS: Claw 40%, 1D6+2D6 damage each
Bite 60%, 1D8+2D6 damage

NOTE: This bear will attack berserkly until it is killed, which anyone making a Zoology roll will know is abnormal. It can attack either with both claws or a single bite each round.

A-7 — This large oak tree here has its bark peeled away on the east side of the trunk in a patch some three feet high

by two feet wide. Carved into the tree, in classical Latin, is the following verse:

*The crown of the devil, dark and bare,
bides lost hope for those who dare
to reach for blackest truth.*

The verse refers to a hidden cairn under which a Latin translation of the dread *R'lyeh Text* rests. Its binding is of human skin; its ink, the blood of a king. It is wrapped in the finest silk of ancient Cathay and wrapped again in sturdy oilcloth. Open and read if you dare! The cairn's location may be set by the keeper.

INSIDE HOWL MOUND

B-1 — This is a crypt. If the stone sepulchur is opened, the skeletal remains will rise up and attack. The mere sight of the undead thing with its blazing red eyesockets will cause an immediate SAN loss of 1D6+2 points if a SAN roll is failed. It wears a copper thumb ring, set with a 36 carat black star sapphire, wobbling between two knuckles on his left hand. A valuable but dangerous piece of jewelry to own: anyone wearing this ring will hear in dreams the voice of a long-dead necromancer promising dreadful and terrible glories. The inevitable results are fairly obvious.

Necromantic Skeleton

STR 12 SIZ 15 POW 7 DEX 14

Right Claw 40%, 2D3

Left Claw 30%, 2D3

NOTES: When this skeleton is struck, multiply the damage done by 4 and try to roll this product or less on 1D100. If you succeed, then the skeleton has been destroyed and shattered. If you fail, the skeleton remains unharmed. If the weapon striking the skeleton is an impaling type of weapon, such as a rifle bullet or rapier, then multiply the damage done by 2 instead of 4 to determine chances of the skeleton's breaking. It can attack twice in a single round.

B-2 — This room has red-painted walls covered with crude, but distinct, black line drawings depicting all manner of depraved and unholy ceremonies. The drawings seem to move and writhe when one does not look directly at them. The room forces a loss of 1D3 SAN points to anyone failing a SAN roll.

B-3 — This room is totally rimed with a two-inch crust of dirty, slimy ice. A nauseating smell of rotted fish permeates the room. A trap door opens to reveal a 20-foot slime-covered shaft with a scummed brass ladder leading down. (It ends in a cross-tunnel from here to B-12. This tunnel is semi-circular in cross-section, carved from solid rock, and about five and a half feet high. Anyone traversing this tunnel to B-12 will meet a young, 2nd or 3rd instar cthonian.)

Young Cthonian (3rd instar)

STR 24 CON 31 SIZ 33 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 7 Hit Points 32 3-point armor

Tentacle 30%, 1D6 damage each

Crush 80%, 3D6

NOTE: Each round, this creature can attack 1D8 times with its tentacles. If a tentacle hits, it will hang on to its

target and begin to drain his blood at the rate of 1 point of STR loss per round. Subtract one from the number of tentacles that are attacking each round for each tentacle that is attached to a target and draining blood. The creature can only crush if it is not attacking with its tentacles, though it can continue to drain victims already caught. The crush area has a diameter of 6 feet. All within are attacked separately. The monster heals up from wounds at the rate of 3 points per round. If it is reduced to 0 hit points, it will cease healing and die.

B-4 — This tomb is a trap that triggers when the lid of an (empty) wooden coffin in the southeast corner is opened. This causes the roof of the room to collapse, doing 4D6 points of damage to all inside the area of rockfall.

B-5 — Here is the first of the lairs for the shaman's ghouls. Disgusting drawings decorate its walls.

Ghoul One

STR 15 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 8 POW 11
DEX 13 Hit Points 13

Claws 30%, 1D6+1D6

Bite 30%, 1D6+1D6

NOTES: Firearms do half damage to ghouls. A ghoul can attack with two claws and a single bite each round. If the bite hits, the ghoul will continue to hang on, biting automatically each round.

B-6 — Here is the second.

Ghoul Two

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 6 POW 13
DEX 9 Hit Points 12

Claws 20%, 1D6+1D6

Bite 20%, 1D6+1D6

NOTES: Same as ghoul one.

B-7 — Here is the third.

Ghoul Three

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 9 INT 7 POW 10
DEX 9 Hit Points 12

Claws 25%, 1D6

Bite 25%, 1D6

NOTES: Same as ghoul one.

B-8 — This is the resting place of the shaman-thing, Bear Who Laughs. There is a scabby straw pallet with maggots writhing through, and nothing else except that the shaman's familiar is on guard. This creature is an unnaturally large and bloated snow owl.

The Evil Owl

STR 5 CON 9 SIZ 4 INT 7 POW 12
DEX 15 Move 3/12 flying HP 7

WEAPONS: Talons 45%, 1D3+1 damage each
Beak 40%, 1D4+1

NOTE: The owl can claw twice and tear with its beak once each round. In addition, when it attacks, it buffets

furiously with its soundless wings. These wing buffets do no damage, but fluster and blind the target to the degree that all his attacks are cut in half. This owl is so abnormal in its behavior and size that a failed SAN roll upon first encountering it costs 1D3 SAN points. If this owl is killed, the shaman-thing loses 3 POW points permanently.

B-9 — This rocky cave is the entryway, via the "Twisted Way," into labyrinthine cthonian caverns honeycombing the mountain. Any who venture into the cavern's mouth will almost certainly meet a full-grown cthonian. Merely entering this cave-like chamber provokes a 15% chance of such an encounter.

Fully-grown Cthonian

STR 50 CON 43 SIZ 40 INT 23 POW 18
DEX 4 Hit Points 42 5 point armor

Tentacles 65%, 2D6 damage each

Crush 80%, 5D6 damage

NOTES: Each round, the cthonian can attack 1D8 times with tentacles. After hitting, a tentacle will hang on and drain 1 STR point worth of blood from its victim each subsequent round. Subtract one from the number of attacking tentacles for each tentacle draining blood. The creature can only crush if it is not attacking with its tentacles, though it can continue to drain blood with them and still crush. The crush covers an area 8 feet across, and attacks each target therein separately. It regenerates from damage at the rate of 5 points per round, until slain.

B-10 — This moss- and lichen-covered area contains a 200-foot-deep cistern of dark, stagnant water. The possibilities here are intriguing and well-worth exploring by fiendish keepers.

B-11 — This room, which also is painted terrifyingly in the fashion of the aforementioned B-5, B-6, and B-7 areas, also contains some interesting artifacts.

1) Assorted gold prospecting equipment (pans, picks, and so forth.)

2) Skeletal remains of two prospectors dismembered by the mound's gruesome guardians about 20 years ago.

3) Two pouches each containing a pound of gold dust and gold nuggets.

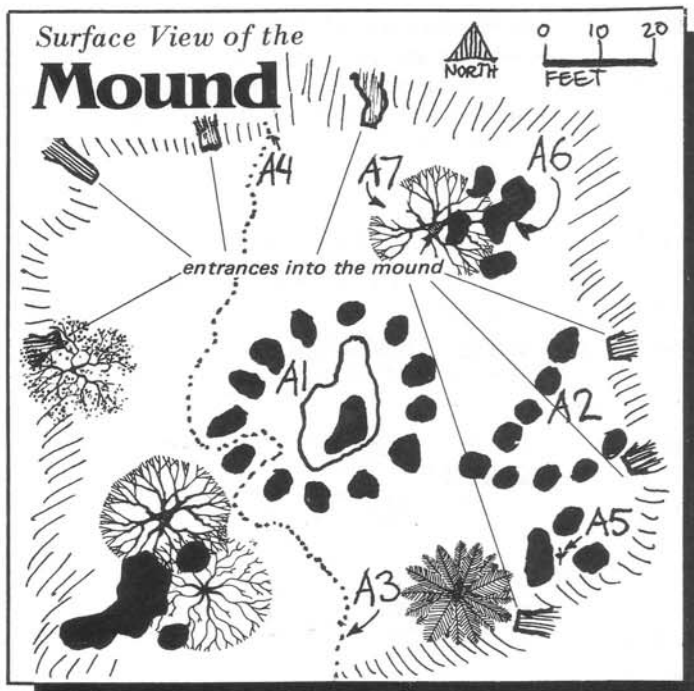
4) An old single-shot .45-70 Sharps carbine. It will do 2D8 points of damage if fired, but if a 91-00 is rolled on a shot, it will explode in the face of the firer, giving him 2D6 points of damage and stunning him for several rounds.

5) A rusted but still-sharp nine-inch sheath knife.

6) Two capped canteens, containing a total of 54 ounces of gold dust.

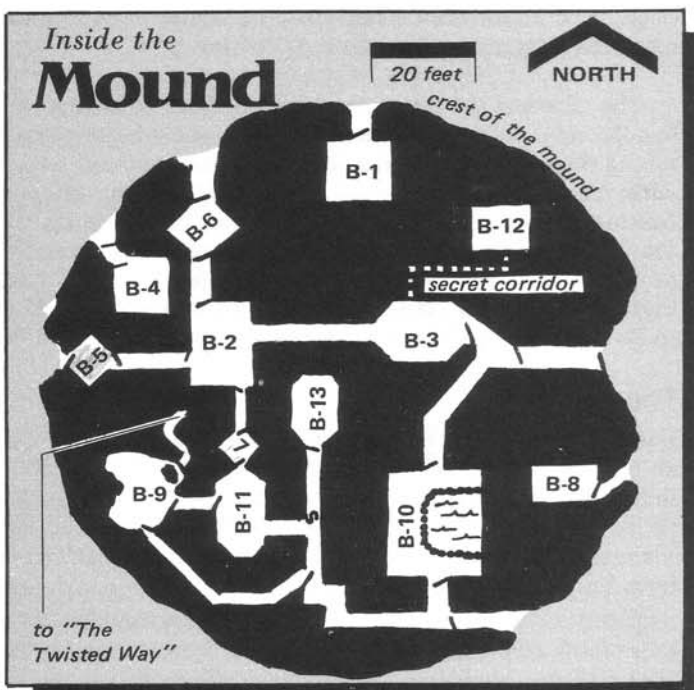
B-12 — This small room is carved from rock, and is only reachable via the passageway beginning in B-3. Inside is the secret hoard of the mound. This hoard contains an irregular (13" x 4", tapering to 1½") piece of enchanted glass from mystic Leng. It also contains a pouch with, essentially, four doses of a Plutonian drug. (See 'Magical Items' in *Call of Cthulhu* for more information.)

Finally, this room also contains a Pipe of Dreams and enough dried herb leaves for seven smokings. When these herbs are smoked, this pipe would allow the smoker to go



into a deep trance and dream about any object he was holding or touching, or about any room or space that he was currently inside. This trance lasts 1D100 minutes; when it terminates, the imbiber slips off into a dreamless, narcotic sleep lasting 2D10 hours. After awakening, the smoker will remember everything he dreamed. It would seem if he had actually watched the creation of the item or place and the progression of its history until the present day. The uninitiated cannot know that, while the dreamer dreams, beings of occult power can also view the dreamer — not always a good or a safe thing to occur. Each time this pipe is smoked, the user must make a Luck roll to avoid being sighted and attacked (or harassed) in some way by powerful arcane beings.

B-13 — This room is the only safe area in the mound, as it has in its smooth stone walls and floors the potent Elder



Sign, in turquoise and silver inlay. The inside of the door also has a single large sign in gold inlay. Needless to say, the shaman-thing and his minions have not been inside this room since the symbols were emplaced.

All that now remains here are the dessicated and mummified remains of the long-forgotten witch-hunter Josiah Witherspoon. He apparently managed to keep the fiendish things out of the room, thus saving his soul, but as he could not safely leave, his life was forfeit. On or about his person are several artifacts.

1) A mint-condition .58 calibre wheel-lock pistol, unloaded, with powder and shot for eleven rounds at his belt. The old powder will no longer explode.

2) The remains of various rings, buttons, goblets, and such which he evidently cannibalized to inlay his carven signs.

3) Badly-rotted clothing, boots, scabbard, etc., and a perfectly-good full-cupped rapier of French make — a rare collector's item.

4) If the keeper desires, his diary or some last notes, scribbled as his last candle burnt out, may also be found.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE MOUND

Bear Who Laughs

The Algonquian shaman spoken of at the beginning of the scenario is now totally controlled by the star-born forces of the sinister mound, and has indeed become a Guardian of the Door. He is, essentially, an undead but free-willed revenant. His magical powers have been greatly enhanced and augmented by the Great Old Ones so that he can now perform extra spells.

Bear Who Laughs

STR 24 CON 21 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 32
DEX 5 Move 6 HP 17 2-point armor

SKILLS: Hide 95%, Sneak 95%, Spot Hidden 95%, Listen 95%, Trap Setting 100%, Track 60%

WEAPONS: Claw 70%, 1D6+1D6

SPELLS: Summon & Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon & Bind Byakhee, Contact Cthonian, Call Hastur, Contact Ghoul, Shriving, Voorish Sign, Soul Singing, Pipes of Madness

NOTES: Seeing the shaman-thing costs 1D8 points of SAN unless a SAN roll is made. This mummified horror is immune to gunfire, even silver bullets.

The spells of Soul Singing and Pipes of Madness are enhanced variations of his old Algonquian shaman magic. Both require the playing of his enchanted bone whistle.

Soul Singing will cause the one it is aimed at to see and hear only what the piper desires, leading him on in a trance-like state to any doom or destination desired. This spell takes effect only if the intended victim's MP are overcome by the caster's MP on the resistance table. This spell only affects a single target, and others present cannot hear the tune unless their players succeed in rolling their investigator's POWx3% or less on 1D100 — then the investigators hear a faint, non-directional piping. The spell costs 8 magic points to cast.

The second magic, that of Pipes of Madness, is a much less subtle form of attack and, should a listener fail his SAN roll, result in his immediately going insane. This insanity takes the form of scrabbling frantically at the ground, frothing and biting oneself, and shrieking in fear whenever touched. It will wear off in 1D10 days. Also, anyone failing a SAN roll forced by this spell loses 5 points of SAN. Should the victim succeed in a SAN roll, then he loses only 1D3 points of SAN. A new SAN roll must be attempted by those that succeeded originally every five rounds that the pipes can be heard. Anyone within earshot of this spell can be affected. Characters with a SAN of 0 are not affected by this spell. This spell costs the caster 5 magic points every five rounds.

The shaman-thing Bear Who Laughs also carries three magical items of mystic power. These are:

1) A meteoric iron dagger with a human bone handle, some 13 inches long. This dagger always impales, going through flesh like butter, and can be easily pulled out again, with no special die roll needed. Because it automatically impales, it does 6+1D6 points of damage when it hits. Also, anyone seeing the knife slide through a victim this way for the first time must make a SAN roll or lose 1D3 points of SAN.

2) A wooden whistle in the shape of four interconnected human skulls. Its note is beyond the range of human hearing, and it is used to summon the Byakhee. It gives a +50% chance for success at this spell.

3) A beaded and befeathered medicine bag will cause arrows, thrown objects, and other such low-velocity projectiles to miss him completely. He is immune to gunfire, so that threat does not bother him, but if another were to wear this bag, the new wearer would discover that high-velocity projectiles such as bullets have the chance to hit halved, with no chance to impale. Hand-held weapons strike the bag's wielder normally.

The shaman also has the ability to summon bears, wolves, mountain lions, and other animals. In fact, these animals will be the first line of defense that he will use. The 1920's *Sourcebook* section of the *Call of Cthulhu* rules has the information needed to play such creatures. Only one bear, five wolves, a single mountain lion, or 3D10 birds (crows) can be thus summoned. The animals will not behave madly, and will flee if badly injured (losing half or more of their hit points). The animals will not attack *en masse*. Each time the shaman summons an animal group, it costs him 4 magic points. Each group must attack separately, so at most the shaman has four individual waves of animals with which to attack intruders.

Summoned Bear

POW 10 DEX 9 Claw 30%, 1D6+1D6 damage
HP 17 Move 8 Bite 50%, 1D8+1D6 damage

NOTE: The bear can either attack once with its bite or twice with its claws in a round. Its skin and fur act as 2-point armor.

Summoned Mountain Lion

POW 8 DEX 19 Claw 60%, 1D6 damage
HP 11 Move 11 Bite 40%, 1D8 damage
Rip 80%, 2D6 damage

NOTE: The mountain lion will attack three times in each round, twice with claws and once with its bite. If both claws hit, it will hang on and rip with its hind legs from then on instead. It will continue to bite. Its skin and fur act as 1 point of armor.

Summoned Wolves

Wolf One

POW 7 DEX 13 Bite 30%, 1D8 damage
HP 10 Move 12

NOTE: Skin acts as 1 point of armor.

Wolf Two

POW 7 DEX 13 Bite 30%, 1D8 damage
HP 10 Move 12

NOTE: Skin acts as 1 point of armor.

Wolf Three

POW 7 DEX 13 Bite 30%, 1D8 damage
HP 10 Move 12

NOTE: Skin acts as 1 point of armor.

Wolf Four

POW 7 DEX 13 Bite 30%, 1D8 damage
HP 10 Move 12

NOTE: Skin acts as 1 point of armor.

Wolf Five

POW 7 DEX 13 Bite 30%, 1D8 damage
HP 10 Move 12

NOTE: Skin acts as 1 point of armor.

Summoned Crows

POW 3 DEX 21 Peck 35%, 1 point damage
HP 2 Move 10

NOTE: Only ten or so birds can attack a single target at once. A shotgun blast fired into the midst of the flock may well take out more than a single bird.

The shaman-thing's second inclination is always to handle any intruders himself, either sneaking up and killing them with his magical knife, or sending them astray with his spells. Failing that, he will call up the undead zombies that many of the past intruders have become. If the zombies fail, he will summon a dimensional shambler or byakhee to deal with the persistent foes. Failing with that effort, he will attempt to call his god, He Who is Not to Be Named (Hastur the Unspeakable).

The Zombies

These undead slaves to the shaman-thing can be summoned by him at will. A Contact Ghoul spell will also awaken them. If aroused, about a dozen will arise from the earth all around the mound. They will shuffle forward at the shaman-thing's piping command to rend intruders limb from limb.

Each zombie moves at a rate of 5, and attacks three times each round, twice with rending fingernails and once with its bite. Their hardened bark-like skin is the equivalent

ent of 3 points of armor. Guns have only a minimal effect. Any firearm used on these creatures does only half normal damage.

Zombies

Zombie One

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Two

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Three

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Four

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Five

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Six

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Seven

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Eight

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Nine

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Ten

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Eleven

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

Zombie Twelve

POW 4	DEX 3	Claw 20%, 1D6 damage
HP 10	Move 5	Bite 20%, 1D4 damage

OTHER POSSIBILITIES

Shamanic Magic

The shaman can control the local weather around the mountain to some degree, perhaps only enough to precipitate snowstorms which were due anyway. Summer winds are another possibility, as are spring rainstorms. The ex-

tent of these powers and the ease with which they may be used is left to the tender mercies of the keeper.

Mystic Artifacts

The shaman can be given other magical artifacts, perhaps a magical amber necklace which allows him to shape-change into particular animals. Again, individual keepers must judge just how tough they wish to make this power.

Other Guardians

The keeper may perhaps wish to include a hunter or two under the sway of the shaman-thing's pipes. These hunters are probably armed with rifles, and would be caused to see the investigative group as game animals, horrible monsters, or dangerous criminals. The complications arising from killing these "innocent" people could lead to interesting problems for the player-characters, a point worth pursuing by fiendish keepers.

Another Shaman

If the keeper sees that the scenario will be too much for the intrepid investigators, then perhaps he could allow the timely introduction of another Indian shaman, one bent upon destroying what his ancestors had failed to destroy. His intervention could save one or two of the player-characters, allowing them to flee for their lives and souls at an opportune moment. This shaman should himself, of course, be killed or "taken" as his ancestor was. This would provide more guilt to ladle on the cowardly survivors, perhaps even causing SAN loss! This shaman can utilize the elemental magics such as wind and lightning in his rescue attempt, but *in no case should he be allowed to succeed where the players themselves had failed.* If the investigators can't do it, then no Lone Ranger figure should be able to do it for them.

The Little Girl, Margot Desplaine

As The Chosen of He Who is Not to be Named, she can be worked into any advanced scenario plans that the keeper might have. She could be used as bait to draw down the shaman-thing or his minions from the mountain. She could, herself, already be too thoroughly infected to be saved and might even ultimately betray the group. Perhaps she will Call to Hastur at a seemingly safe moment when the survivors are congratulating themselves upon their escape. Only the keeper's imagination limits the permutations!

The Townspeople

Some of the town may be secret worshippers at Howl Mound and so would rise up to smite the interlopers when they least expect it. Perhaps only a few have so been converted. Again, possibilities are nearly endless.

END NOTES

Keepers should remember several things to properly run this scenario.

Don't forget that it's winter in Maine, and that snowstorms are normal in January.

All of the entrances to the mound have long since been overgrown by roots and vines until the entrances are no

longer readily visible to a casual observer. The sole exception this is the entrance to the shaman-thing's lair, which is still somewhat overgrown.

The main defenders of the mound (zombies, ghouls, shaman-thing) are all undead. They never know pain nor fear. Use them accordingly.

The keeper should feel free to improvise, using part or all of the available information and characters provided to create the most enjoyable and challenging scenario.

Do a little reading about this actual Maine coast, so that you can add to the feel of the scenario.

With so many areas within the mound, it could be that several attempts will have to be made before the shaman-thing and his minions are destroyed. Then you still have the "Twisted Way" that leads down into cthonic caverns. This does not have to be a one-shot scenario and can, in fact, be quite lengthy. Remember this final thing:

*That is not dead which can eternal lie,
and with strange aeons even death may die.*

Sweet dreams!

The Asylum

*A typical sanitorium which has an excellent record with difficult cases
and an impeccable reputation for patient care.*

INTRODUCTION

Investigators' Information

This scenario takes place in a sanitorium. There are several methods to get the investigators involved. The most obvious is to have one of them committed to this asylum. Investigators go mad with appalling frequency, and the Greenwood Asylum for the Deranged can be recommended to the investigators as a good spot for difficult cases.

Once the investigator has been committed, his comrades can begin to find out that there is something wrong with the place. The keeper can provide them with the following information by any means he desires.

An Ambrose Morven recently died after committing himself after suffering a nervous breakdown caused by overwork. Accidentally, the insane investigator, or his friends, learn that this has been the fifth death at the institution in the past two months. From the town coroner, they can find that in each case death was due to natural causes (heart attacks and the like), but that in the fifteen-year operating history of the asylum, there had been only four other deaths. In each of the five most recent deaths, the deceased had no family. Suspicions of foul play may arise. A check on the disposition of the dead men's estates will give no murder motive. None of the five owned significant wealth or property. All were buried in the local Greenwood cemetery.

While the local police and the State Board of Health are satisfied that there has been no negligence on the part of the Greenwood Asylum, the investigators may suspect either that something is victimizing the asylum, or that the staff there may know more than they have told the Board of Health.

Keeper's Information

The deaths are, in fact, not at all natural. The five victims were murdered by Dr. Freygan, who is himself no longer fully human, and who is now a priest of the evil Silent Shouter of the Hills. He is preparing to create an army of proto-shoggoths with which to conquer the world.

Dr. Freygan is a 48-year-old man of Dutch extraction, who immigrated to the U.S. 25 years ago. At age 32, when a new graduate of Princeton University in medicine and psychiatry, he came to Greenwood and bought a Italianate mansion from the old Blackshire family, a feisty lumber-baron clan whose fortunes had declined over the years. He then established the Greenwood Asylum for the Deranged. Until recently, the asylum's reputation had been impeccable, both for its cure rate and for the welfare of its inmates.

About eight years ago, Freygan learned about a band of squatters living in the hills 20 miles outside of town. They had a bad reputation for odd ways and strange superstitions. Deciding this might be a marvelous chance for a paper on the psychology and superstitions of an inbred folk cut off from the world, Freygan began visiting to record their activities and to note their beliefs.

After a year, he won their trust; they allowed him to take part in ceremonies performed at an old stone cairn on a nearby rise, which the locals called Stonecrest Hill. Amazed and fascinated when an entity actually appeared, Freygan joined the cult and has, over the past seven years, become an important figure.

Among the objects used in worship which the squatters were too ignorant to recognize, Freygan discovered an ancient handwritten Greek translation of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*; a more complete version than the English

translation (gives +15% Cthulhu Mythos, x3 spell multiplier, and -2D8 SAN). This version hinted that man may have developed as a creation of the unearthly Elder Things.

In his studies of the foul being worshiped by the squatters, Freygan learned about the creation of shoggoths. The doctor has spent the last three years equipping an experimental lab, paying for it from the asylum's profits and out of his own pocket. But until a year ago he had not learned enough to accomplish the goal which obsessed him, the transformation of human tissue into proto-shoggoth tissue.

Then, a child was brought to the asylum suffering from an apparent nervous breakdown. He could no longer walk, talk, nor even use his hands properly, and was capable only of crab-like movements. Freygan, remembering his studies, immediately realized that the child had been taken over by one of the prehistoric Great Race, who traveled forward in time to study history. The child's personality had been exchanged with a member of this race. Placing the child in a secure cell, Freygan built and enclosed the locked cell within a special magnetic field, preventing the creature from communicating with its own kind or from leaving the body in the cell. If the captive Great One could return to his own time, young Quarren would be returned to his own body.

Using information extorted from the captive Great One, Freygan unraveled the secret of proto-shoggoth tissue, and even managed to turn himself into a sort of miniature shoggoth, now staying in human form only when dealing with non-cultists of the Silent Shouter.

He murdered the five inmates and converted them into raw proto-shoggoth tissue, with which he experiments to perfect the process of transmuting human tissue. Once his experiments are complete, Freygan plans to create an army of proto-shoggoth, using his cultists and the townspeople as raw material.

THE TOWN OF GREENWOOD

Greenwood is a town of 5000 souls. This quiet community supports itself by farming; other locals are employed in a small furniture-making factory and in the lumber mills.

If the investigators question townsfolk about Freygan or the asylum, they will perceive that they are mistrusted. A successful Psychology roll will tell the investigators that the locals genuinely fear something.

If the investigators go to city hall and their players make successful Oratory or Credit Rating rolls for them, the investigators will be able to get information and history concerning Freygan and the asylum.

Dr. Mike Hanover, Town Coroner

Dr. Hanover is the town doctor as well as coroner. He is 48 years old, a crusty and opinionated bachelor. Investigators may (30% chance) smell alcohol on his breath. If the investigators go to him and successfully perform Oratory, or if one of the investigators is a doctor himself, they will be allowed to look at the autopsy records of the five victims from the asylum; if they wish, the records of the four previous deaths (from the times before Freygan became a monster) also will be available.

The latter four died, respectively, of old age, cancer, a heart attack, and by strangulation during an epileptic fit. The records of the recent deaths show, however, that all five victims died of vague cardio-vascular problems and that the causes of death were ambiguous. Dr. Hanover found no legal evidence, but he suspects foul play. Accusations that he has not done his job properly, even by a sarcastic tone of voice, will cause him to angrily order out the investigators. Unless their players can successfully roll Debate, he will not help further. If they do get into his good graces, however, he will fill them in on local details, both geographical and about the people in town. The only doctor in these parts, he knows about everyone and everything.

Dr. Mike Hanover

STR 9	CON 8	SIZ 10	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 13	APP 7	EDU 18	SAN 70	HP 9

SKILLS: Read/Write English 90%, Read/Write Latin 40%, Chemistry 35%, First Aid 100%, Pharmacy 70%, Treat Disease 90%, Treat Poison 50%, Diagnose Disease 85%, Psychology 40%, Drive Automobile 50%, Credit Rating 40%, Psychoanalyze 15%

Eliphalet White, Chief Constable of the Township

Eliphalet White is 37 years old and has been chief constable in Greenwood for eight years. He has an easy-going style, but knows his job and does it well. At one time he was a professional bare-knuckles boxer and has the fear, if not respect, of everyone in Greenwood.

If the investigators go to him to request a look at police records of asylum deaths, they should explain why they want to see them. If, while they are in his office, they voice the opinion that Freygan is somehow responsible for the deaths, at least by his negligence, and then the investigators make one or more successful Law rolls and Oratory rolls (at least one of each), he will scroop back his chair and hint that he thinks Freygan is involved in the rum-running trade. If he finds out that the investigators are of good reputation and have not been involved in any shady deals in the past, perhaps by phoning references in Boston, he will reveal his suspicions:

(1) Freygan is connected with a group of known moonshiners — the squatters near Stonecrest Hill.

(2) A large number of out-of-state trucks have gone to the asylum over the last two years, making trips both day and night, but never on a regular schedule. White believes that these trucks pick up the hooch.

If any of the investigators bring it up, White can explain that the townspeople are reticent about Freygan because about a year ago an old trapper by the name of Dave Bowen related how he had watched Freygan "in strange goings" on with them squatters up at Stonecrest Hill." When next Freygan came into town, Bowen was drunk and publicly confronted Freygan, in the middle of James G. Blaine street. Freygan ignored him, but about a week later Bowen was found about five miles from town, apparently run over by a truck. Since then, people don't say much about Freygan. Both the police report and the coroner's report say that Bowen died in a traffic accident, all they think could have done it. (Keeper's Note: but it

was Freygan — in shoggoth form — who actually killed Bowen.)

White will not further help the investigators unless they present him with proof of Freygan's guilt as a rum-runner or murderer.

Eliphalet White

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 9
DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 9 SAN 45 HP 14

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 55%, Track 75%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Sneak 80%

WEAPONS: .45 revolver 60%, 1D10+2 damage

.30-06 rifle 65%, 2D6+3 damage

Fist Punch 85%, 1D3+1D6 damage

Fist Parry 90%, blocks 3 points of melee damage

Amanda Seaforth

Widow Seaforth runs the only hotel: "Amanda's Rest" — no visitors, no smoking, no drinking, no swearing, no spitting, no cheques. It has good food, clean sheets, and no trouble. A fiesty woman, Amanda runs her hotel with an iron hand. She allows no impropriety between the sexes in her establishment, and whoever breaks her rules will be ejected immediately, even if she has to go get help from the street to do it.

Amanda has one fault, for she is a gossip. The investigators, if polite and able to benefit from a successful Fast Talk roll, can find out about anyone or anything in town. The report might even be true. The Keeper should use his imagination here. For instance, if telephone calls are made from the hotel, the switchboard operator will remember any juicy tidbits and by supptime, those secrets will be spread all over town.

Widow Seaforth

STR 7 CON 10 SIZ 8 INT 12 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 12 SAN 70 HP 9

SKILLS: Accounting 70%, Listen 95%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 60%, Sneak 70%, Bargain 60%, Credit Rating 50%, Debate 90%, Fast Talk 40%, Oratory 70%

TELEPHONES

In this small town, in this era, private lines are unknown; any call the investigators make may have several eavesdroppers. The investigators should be told the first time they need to use a phone that they will have to wait until the line is clear, for someone else is using it. If they do not get the hint, someone they are visiting might pick up a phone, apologize when they find the phone is being used, and hang up. Anyone they ask can tell them about party lines.

God-Bespoke Johnson

God-Bespoke Johnson's real first name is Albert. A 57-year-old man, he found the smashed corpse of Dave Bowen in the woods. Bowen and he ran a trap line near Stonecrest Hill for years. Since the tragedy, Johnson claims to have received a call from the Lord, has changed his name, and has become a preacher, spending most of his time announcing "the end of the world! When creatures of the pit burst out to take the unrighteous!" The townspeople be-

lieve the shock of finding Bowen's body was just too hard on Johnson. Amanda Seaforth lets him have an attic room at her hotel and most townspeople are protective of him.

Johnson went insane from witnessing Freygan, in full shoggoth form, engulf Bowen and suck him to pieces. Johnson fled into the woods. Johnson thinks Bowen's sins caused him to be taken by the devil. If the investigators can get Johnson alone and make a successful Psychoanalysis roll, he will describe what he saw.

Any investigator making a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will recognize the creature of Johnson's experience as a major threat.

Johnson may be willing to help the investigators cleanse the area of this scourge, but his Sanity is only 10. Though he is tenuously sane, having found strength in his fanatical religious feeling, a mere 2-point loss will cause him to go screaming into the woods, crying about pursuing demons. Unless forcibly restrained while insane, he may commit suicide. If his madness can be traced to the

GOD-BESPOKE JOHNSON'S WITNESS

"Before I saw the blessed Light, the Light of God and His Holy Angels from on High, I saw the black Darkness of the Pit. Yes, friends, years ago, when I was still in my sins, sinfully taking life without license ..." [here Johnson is referring to his trapping] "... I came from the woods and saw my companion in sin, poor damned Bowen, clutched by Satan and torn limb from limb!

"I could see the devil as clearly as I see you gentlemen, and I fell to my knees, certain that the Holy God on High was going to let me suffer the just reward for my crimes. But He had mercy on me! Yes, and He can have mercy on you too! Just fall on your knees and praise Him. Praise Him and beg Him not to let you fall into the clutches of that devil." [Here Johnson will go into a fairly lengthy spiel and try to get the investigators to confess God and repent of their sins. Whether or not they do, will eventually get back onto the subject.]

"You ask what that old devil looked like? He was cold, gentlemen, cold as that Hell you'll end up in if you don't praise the Lord on High this instant! He was clad in the garb of a common man, doubtless fresh from a disguise while walking to and fro in the Earth, and down and up in it. His clothing was white, mocking that of the Holy Angels, but his was stained with mud and filth, showing his true origins. He had no head to resemble man's. He had no arms like a man's. He had no legs like a man's. And he had no heart like a man's. He was just a doughy mass within his false costume, a mass of corruption and sin! He leapt from the woods and fell upon poor damned Bowen, and then the two were one. The devil had his own. Though Bowen screamed like the damned soul he was, Satan had no mercy. But the Lord and His Holy Angels can have mercy, and They may do so if you will only turn to Them, and forsake all your past crimes and sins. Worship in His name!

"The devil was colored like a man, but his eyes glared redly, and were not in his head. The devil cracked Bowen apart and yanked his soul right out of his body! I knew then that God only could save me, and I went down on my belly and I grovelled and I prayed, and God spared me! He spared me, for when I next looked up, Satan had gone. He had gone, and left only the mortal coil of Bowen behind. I had been privileged, yes I had been blessed to have a Vision of the Last Day of Judgment, when the Earth will be filled with those two classes of people; those caught up to Heaven with the Holy Angels, and those left on Earth with the Fallen Angels, like the one I saw that night. Pray with me, please, gentlemen, that you may be spared, as I was." [Bowen will now go into a long and excruciatingly tedious prayer with no more useful information for the investigators.]

investigators, the town will become extremely unfriendly. Rocks will be thrown through the investigators' windows; Amanda will kick them out; they will receive anonymous notes saying that it might be a good idea if the investigators left town, and soon; and so forth. No one from the town will help them. Everyone will ostracize them and make their work doubly-difficult.

God-Bespoke (Albert) Johnson

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

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Track 60%, Set Trap 70%, Camouflage 80%, Debate 25%, Oratory 80%, Sing 50%, Climb 70%, Jump 60%

WEAPON: .22 rifle 55%, 1D6+2 damage

The Townspeople

As stated earlier, the townsfolk will be reticent about Freygan and the asylum. An investigator's player must make a successful Fast Talk, Debate, or Oratory roll to break through the townsmen's wall of silence. A single attempt may be made for each investigator. For each successful roll the investigators as a group obtain, they will receive one further paragraph of these successive pieces of information:

Data: Doctor Freygan first arrived in town and opened the asylum about 15 years ago.

Data: About eight years ago he started visiting with the detested squatter folk up by Stonecrest Hill. He said he was doing a paper on them.

Data: The squatters are known by everyone to be un-Christian, thieving drunkards who are insulting, threatening, and surly to whomever they think they can bully. No one can remember when they first came to the area.

Data: For the last five years, trucks have gone to the asylum, day and night. Freygan said he was establishing a laboratory in the asylum, but no one from town has visited it.

Data: Like the constable, most of the town thinks Dr. Freygan is in the rum-running trade, and that the trucks are picking up whiskey or delivering raw material. The types of trucks vary. Some were local coal and supply trucks, but most were from out of state. Both large and small cars and trucks and even oil carriers have been seen.

No townsman will volunteer to help the investigators check out the asylum or the squatters.

The Town Library

If the investigators check the tiny library, they will find the following data. A successful Library Use roll is needed to gain each of these entries.

Stonecrest Hill is called that because of the old indian monument there. A small tribe, feared as having great medicine by other indian tribes, worshiped a deity they called Arwassa on that hill. They called the hill Arwatomagoma, Hill of the Silent Shouter.

The forefathers of the squatters at Stonecrest Hill descend from a group of Swiss settlers who came to Pennsyl-

vania in 1720 to escape religious persecution. They belonged to an Anabaptist sect whose beliefs were held un-Christian by Lutherans, other Anabaptist, and Catholics alike. Forced to relocate several time (and losing and gaining converts each time), they finally founded their own town, Farenfield, in Maine in 1738. But Farenfield was destroyed during the War of 1812 — some say not by British soldiers but by hordes of their outraged Maine neighbors. The survivors fled to the woods, where they have lived shadowy lives since. They have remained there, inbreeding, for over a hundred years. Many of their young people move out of the area (Keeper's information — to keep the cult's infection spreading), but enough remain to keep the settlement going.

The Diary of an English officer is located in the library buried at the bottom of a stack of old books. To find this treasure, the investigator must make both a successful Spot Hidden as well as a Library Use roll. This diary was captured from Captain James Fitz-Hugh in the war of 1812.

During a night march, his company became lost and entered a small town in the hills:

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF JAMES FITZ-HUGH

June 5th, 1814

... the inhabitants of the town were most churlish and unfriendly to us, but I ordered my men to betake themselves for the night to whichever of the townfolks' dwellings suited them best, and not to notice any impoliteness on the part of the owners thereof. I personally spent the night in the mayor's house, which was spent verie pleasantly.

June 9th, 1814 [Fitz-Hugh apparently is referring to the events of June 6th, but had no opportunity to write of them that day, for obvious reasons.]

In the morning, I did not break my fast, though the mayor was insistent that I eat something, which was odd, to my thoughts, for the very night before, he had been most surly and rude. He finally blocked the doorway and swore that I should not leave his house until I had obliged him. I knocked down the churl and went to inspect my soldiers.

In the town square, only two- or three-score of my men were so far assembled, and I sent Broughton [Fitz-Hugh's attendant] to check on the rest. Before Broughton returned, several of the townfolk came out displaying musketry and fired upon us, dropping several of my soldiers. We did not load, but charged with bayonets and scattered the villains with some short but fierce fighting. They could not stand up to the steel, just as other Americans we have fought could not. More of the Americans came out then, snapping their muskets, and we retreated to the city hall, the largest building nearby, where we held off the Americans for the best part of the morning. About noon, the Americans charged our building, and we drove them off, inflicting great losses. We were then most astonished and disgusted when the Americans displayed the bodies of several dozen of our soldiers, whom they had apparently poisoned and murdered while they were innocently stationed in their homes. The villains had hacked and mutilated the poor men's bodies so that they were nearly unrecognizable. I thanked Our Lord that I had not partaken of the mayor's victuals. After the noon, Broughton and about a score of soldiers came running through the square, catching the Americans by surprise, and evidently trying to get to the safety of our own building. We cheered them on, and fired at the Americans who had sallied forth to detain them.

At that time, we were much mazed when the mayor ran into the middle of the square and began to shout and gesture wildly at our men, who were advancing in good order, despite the American muskets' efforts. We fired at the mayor,

but our shots did not seem to have effect. As he stood there, at once Broughton began to clutch at his stomach, and then fell to the earth, scrabbling at the dirt. Whilst we stared, mazed, another soldier, and then another fell, shewing the same symptoms. I then saw that every time the mayor finished a series of motions, another one of our men would shew signs of discomfort, and shortly become incapacitated. I therefore had our soldiers aim all their fire at the mayor, and he was shortly riddled with balls, falling prostrate upon the soil. By that time, some half-dozen or more of our men had been affected, and I watched to see that they would become cured of their affliction, whatever the mayor had been doing. To my dismay, the injured men stood up jerkily and unnaturally, then raised their weapons and began to vigorously, though clumsily, attack their comrades, who were forced to fight back to save their own lives. We could not shoot, for they were closely engaged with the rest, and we dared not leave the city hall, for fear of the American muskets. Broughton and the afflicted men fought diabolically, and though they were outnumbered and quickly stabbed through again and again, they continued to fight most ferociously until their spines were broken, when they fell over and died. Before long, all the afflicted men were dead, and at least a dozen of their comrades, leaving but two men alive. The Americans poured out and quickly butchered them, though we shouted and snapped our weapons at them.

Just before the sun went down, the Americans formed up in the town square behind furniture, stones, and other materials for a barricade. Behind this secure defense, we could hear them singing hymns and chanting. The hymns were not in either English nor Latin, and I could not determine for myself what language they spoke. This singing went on for several minutes, then a great Being rose from among them. So horrific was this demon from the Pit that many of my men swooned, and I myself was sorely affected. It was great and black, with boneless limbs and a great open mouth. Recognizing our incapability to deal with such a being, as we had no chaplain nor priest with us, we fled from the building, suffering severe losses from American sharpshooters, and made our way to the high road, where we joined up with Major Wittington and his force.

I recommended to Major Wittington that we proceed at once to the aforementioned village and cleanse it of opposition, but I did not inform the Major of our more grisly experiences. The Major was impressed by my account of the mayor's treachery, and we went there the next day, which would be June 7th. Though I fearfully watched the buildings, no demon from the Pit appeared, and we successfully burned the town to the earth, killing many of the townsfolk. Though the town looked rather prosperous, no large amount of gold nor silver was found. May God have mercy on my soul.

GREENWOOD ASYLUM FOR THE DERANGED

The asylum building is a fine Italianate-style mansion with two wings. One wing is two stories, but the other is three. The house and grounds are surrounded by a ten-foot-high, two-foot-thick stone wall. The front gates have an inset lock, with a Strength of 50. Three characters can effectively put their weight upon a prybar at once to open this lock. There is a sound tube on one of the gate posts; it connects to the main house.

The front grounds have sculptured hedges, trees, numerous benches with inmates sitting on them, and a fountain. As the investigators walk up to the asylum, their players can attempt two Spot Hidden rolls for each character. The first will allow their characters to notice that all windows in the asylum are barred, not just the windows of the inmates' cells. The second Spot Hidden will reveal a faint trail of spilled coal leading to a coal chute at the back of the mansion. This chute will not admit anyone larger than SIZ 10.

Freygan vs. the Investigators

If the investigators go directly to Freygan with suspicions, whether of him or of some other unknown being victimizing his asylum, he will deny everything, be extremely polite, and give them a short tour of the asylum if they desire it, showing there is nothing to hide.

If they go to the asylum incognito, using some sort of cover story to give them an excuse to look around, he will be a masterful host, giving a complete tour and showing off the excellent medical facilities, including his basement chemistry lab, and explaining to the investigators how he concocts theories about the chemical causes of insanity. He will also show them the wards, allowing them to talk to any of the inmates. Freygan's Psychology skill is 80%, and if an investigator talks to him for a prolonged time, he has an 80% chance of knowing whether the investigator hates or fears him.

If the investigators make a slip, or accuse Freygan directly, he will do nothing, believing that they cannot stop him and that no one will believe them anyway. If they try to create a public outcry against him that might interfere with his plans, or interfere with the squatters' moonshining, he will attack them in full proto-shoggoth form if they go outside the town, and either attempt to incapacitate them and take them to his underground lair to become new material for his vats, or he will tear them to pieces if he must.

Dr. Terence Freygan

STR 14	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 16	POW 12
DEX 15	APP 7	EDU 21	SAN 0	HP 12

SKILLS: Read/Write English 105%, Read/Write Ancient Greek 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 47%, Astronomy 45%, Botany 60%, Chemistry 90%, Pharmacy 90%, Treat Disease 75%, Treat Poison 75%, Zoology 80%, Diagnose Disease 80%, Psychology 80%, Debate 60%, Oratory 70%, Psychoanalysis 65%, Biology 95%, Electrical Repair 60%

WEAPONS: Crush (as proto-shoggoth) 100%, damage 2D6 per round after engulfing victim.

Fist 60%, 1D3+1D6

Kick 35%, 1D6+1D6

Grapple 30%, no damage, but can immobilize victim.

Nerve Pinch 60%, special effect.

SPELLS: Gate, Call Arwassa, Create Scrying Window

NOTES: Freygan's Crush attack in shoggoth form is performed at 100% accuracy, but can only enclose a single human at a time. The initial attack does no damage, but on succeeding rounds, the target takes 2D6 damage per round.

Freygan takes minimum damage from any physical weapons, and cannot be impaled. Fire does only half damage, and he can regenerate from damage at the rate of 2 hit points per round until he is dead.

Freygan has one special attack. Due to his studies, he has a fiendish knowledge of the human body and can, in hand-to-hand combat, give a nerve pinch rendering the victim incapacitated for 1D10 rounds unless the target's player rolls his character's CONx3 or less on D100. This nerve pinch attack is made at 30%. Freygan's proto-shoggoth body allows him to suddenly elongate his arm, so this attack can be made at a distance of ten or twelve feet. Freygan can also see around corners or over ob-

stacles, for he can simply form an eye on his hand to see with.

If Freygan becomes unusually angry or upset, there is a chance that he will lose control and his features will warp and change before the eyes of the horrified investigators. When Freygan is thusly emotionally disturbed, the keeper must make Freygan's Luck roll (60%) or the fiend will change involuntarily.

SAN loss for seeing Freygan as a proto-shoggoth is 1D10, with a 1 point loss even if the SAN roll is made. Seeing Freygan change partially or entirely from shoggoth to human form also causes this SAN loss.

Freygan cannot change his face to resemble or imitate any other human being effectively. He can either maintain his old body form, or warp and flow into monstrous shapes.

GREENWOOD ASYLUM FIRST FLOOR

B-1 Reception Room — This large and handsome room has wood panelling, several large landscape paintings, a fine leather couch, and a number of plush chairs. The receptionist's desk is in one corner of the room. On the wall behind the desk are a number of covered speaking tubes connecting with Freygan's office and lab, the workrooms, attendants' quarters, and the servant's rooms. These tubes can also be used to eavesdrop on another room. The listener must make a successful Listen roll to eavesdrop, for the speakers in the room are not always standing right next to the tube.

On the desk is a typewriter, notebook, admission book, and pens. Nothing incriminating can be found here. Char-

ity Ballow will always be here during business hours, and will receive visitors.

B-2 Closet — This room holds galoshes, winter coats, and extra dry wood.

B-3 Storage — This room holds old furniture, lumber, several bags of cement, and so forth. There are no tools.

B-4 Exam Room — This room has everything needed for complete physical and mental examination and treatment, including an examination table, a couch, and basic medical examination equipment tools such as tongue depressors, stethoscopes, and the like. Both table and couch are fitted with restraining straps.

B-5 Electro-Therapy — This room is fitted with all the necessary equipment for 1920's vintage electro-shock therapy, including a table with straps, generator, and wires with electrodes. Restraining devices are hung on the walls.

B-6 Storage — This room contains used and broken electrical equipment and some broken furniture, including patients' beds.

B-7 Driver/Handyman's Room — This is where Standish Schlechter sleeps and rests. A normal bedroom, it has a 12-gauge pump-action shotgun mounted on one wall. A box of perfectly-spherical rocks rests beside the bed. When not working around the asylum, Schlechter likes to sit in his room and use the rocks to make designs on the floor. Anyone watching him do this will see that as he changes the design, the floor seems to pulsate, bulging up one second and becoming a pit the next. A SAN roll must be made upon seeing this, with 1D6 points lost if the roll is failed. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will enable an investigator to realize that the man is warping the

PROTO-SHOGGOTHS

Freygan, an excellent doctor and scientist, has extensively researched the problem of creating a new form of proto-plasmic life. With his readings in the pre-human *Pnakotic Manuscripts* and his worship and study of Arwassa, (his god), he has finally succeeded in isolating a process which will transform animal tissue into a form resembling that of the dread shoggoth — a sort of proto-shoggoth matter. Through the process, he has succeeded in keeping the human brain intact, though spread throughout the organism, thus preserving intelligence and personality.

Freygan's first human success was on himself. He is now composed entirely of proto-shoggoth matter. Proto-shoggoth tissue (in the form which Freygan has created) is the color and texture of human flesh, though it is mobile and can change form at will. A mass of proto-shoggoth tissue looks like a large piece of human flesh, light brown or tan colored, with nipples, navels, what seem to be ridges where muscle or bone is sticking up, and even eyes or other human orifices. There may be what appear to be large open wounds that do not bleed, acting as openings to the interior, where intestines and other organs may be visible. The whole continually quivers, breathes rhythmically, and heaves. It can thrust out a limb at will, which will resemble a human limb, though it may bend in the wrong spot, or have thickly corded muscles where they should not be. The thing may be compared to a purse of human skin that encloses a mass of different organs and body parts. The "purse" is packed too full, so the parts within seem to be pushing out against its walls. SAN loss also applies to seeing Dr. Freygan flow into proto-shoggoth shape. Freygan will only do this when no outsiders are about or when he is ready to attack and kill somebody. Basically, Freygan can change his shape at will. He can sit quietly and suddenly sprout a perfectly formed finger from his forehead muscles, or open an eye, complete with lashes, on the palm

of his hand. Such parlor tricks are reserved for frightening patients, to drive them more insane, or to impress the squatters and maintain his authority.

Dr. Freygan (and, eventually, his army of proto-shoggoths) has the following abilities. He may change his body form at will, greatly lengthening a limb, or growing new ones. He may open lipless mouths or sprout sense organs anywhere on his body. His total body mass and volume cannot be changed, however, so if a long, thick arm is stretched out of his chest, some other part of his body will need to shrink accordingly. He may attack in normal hand-to-hand combat, kicking, punching, and grappling (and even biting), or he may simply enfold himself around his target and crush it. In normal combat, Dr. Freygan can sprout as many limbs as he wishes, but he can only strike with two in a single round. These may be any two attacks, whether kick, punch, or even grapple. Freygan can, if he desires, grapple his victim with a few limbs, then continue to kick and punch him with others. If he simply decides to try to enfold his victim, he has a 100% chance of success. Of course, the victim attacked can try to Dodge, if the victim makes no attacks himself that round. Unlike a true monstrous shoggoth, Freygan can enfold but a single human in his clutches. Each round after grabbing the human, he can squeeze and grind. The victim will feel Freygan's twisted ribs and vertebrae digging into his body and thickly bulging muscles smashing his nerves and muscles. This attack does 2D6 points of damage per round that Freygan remains on his victim. This damage is equal to twice Freygan's damage bonus. If a proto-shoggoth were made that was so small as to have no damage bonus, it would still do 1D6 points of damage per round in its Crush. If a proto-shoggoth was so small that it would normally receive a negative damage bonus, it will do but 1D3 points of damage per round.

space-time continuum and playing with non-Euclidean angles and geometry.

B-8 Housekeeper/Cook's Room — This is Bettina Marston's haunt. There is a bed, two dressers, and three mirrors, but nothing worthy of suspicion.

B-9 Work Room — Here are old plans, notes, and correspondence dealing with the asylum dating from the days that Freygan actually was interested in it as a place to heal the sick. The dust is thick here.

B-10 Doctor Freygan's Bedroom — Freygan does not now sleep in this room (his proto-shoggoth form needs no sleep), and a successful Idea roll will let an investigator notice the unusually thick dust layer everywhere. The room has a bed, nightstand, and a chest of drawers full of clothes.

A successful Spot Hidden roll will show that one painting on the wall is slightly askew. If the investigators look behind it, they will find a wall safe. Its sophisticated combination lock requires four consecutive Pick Lock rolls to open (or four consecutive Mechanical Repair rolls, if it is just broken into). Inside is a leather bag holding \$5000 worth of antique gold coins, an account and receipt book, two manila folders, and a small silver medalion.

The Account Book: If the account book is studied and if an Accounting roll succeeds, it will be obvious to the peruser that there is no way the income of the asylum could approach paying for the expenditures Freygan has incurred: there are receipts for such things as diesel-powered electrical generators, a vast amount of lab supplies, including large vats and sealed tanks, and great quantities of electrical equipment.

Manila Folder One: The first manila folder from the safe has a typed copy of the spell Create Scrying Window. This spell may be learned from the copy if the reader studies the spell carefully for at least a week, then rolls his INTx3 or less.

Manila Folder Two: The second manila folder is marked "Creation Technique." As an investigator reads through this, he will discover exactly what it is that Freygan has been doing. The reader or readers must make various skill rolls to understand the manuscript's highly-technical language and to understand exactly how the process works. Reading the manuscript adds +3% to Cthulhu Mythos and costs 2D6 SAN. It also gives the reader a great head-start if he ever decides to start making proto-shoggoth material himself.

The full title of the manuscript is "Intracellular Transformation Pathways." The first section, which requires only a Read English roll from the peruser, summarizes how the process is performed. A victim is first injected with the variety of drugs listed below. If the mind of the victim is to be functionally retained, the Mood Flattener is also injected; if not, the Mind Destroyer chemical poison is given to induce severe brain damage, yet not kill the victim, resulting in living body without a mind. The victim is then immersed in a transformation vat, which reduces the body over a period of time to proto-shoggoth tissue. The amount of drugs and electricity must be precisely controlled to achieve the desired effect.

The following drugs and their effects are listed in the manuscript. To figure out how to make and use one of

these drugs from the manuscript, an investigator's player must successfully roll his character's skills in Chemistry, Cthulhu Mythos, Pharmacy, and Electrical Repair. He may try once per drug.

Proto-Shoggoth Catalyst: This drug is the threshold agent which prepares the human body to transform into proto-shoggoth tissue when exposed to the proper solvents. While the drug itself does no damage, immersion in the vats without this drug results in instant death.

Cellular Accelerator: This formula is easier to figure out than the others. Anyone making a successful Chemistry and a successful Pharmacy roll can recreate it at will. The ingredients are available from any large lab, and a normal dose of the product costs approximately \$10 for the ingredients. The process of manufacture requires about 6 hours of time, during which the chemist must be present at all times. Any amount of drug may be made in a single batch — the only limitation is in the size and quality of the chemist's laboratory, which must be fairly good and extensive.

Injection with this formula speeds up the healing powers of the body, healing 1D10 points of damage in 1D4x10 minutes. Each time this dangerous drug is used, the patient's player must roll under his character's CONx5 on D100. If this roll is failed, the drug incites massive cellular malignancies, like cancers (however, damage would still have been healed). After a failing CON roll, unsightly tumors form over the victim's body. The first tumors will appear within a few hours, though muscle and joint pains will be felt within thirty minutes. Within a day, the character will be bedridden. After 2D6 days, the victim will be reduced to a massive pile of suppurating flesh, and after 1D3 more days of torture, he will die. Nothing can be done to save him. Anyone seeing the final state of the victim must make a SAN roll (once only) or lose 1D8 points. The victim's frightened doctors can tell that the disease is new to science.

Cellular Solvent: This formula, which can be used as an ingested poison with a strength of 14, does 1D6 points of damage per dose to any creature it is poured over or is splashed onto, due to cells dissolving and whole parts of the body sloughing away. The formula's power extends even to creatures such as shoggoths. If used on proto-shoggoth tissue, it turns it into soup (the solvent does 3D6 damage per dose to proto-shoggoths, though not shoggoths). SAN loss for seeing it act on any creature is 1D4. Human CHA is lowered by one point for every point

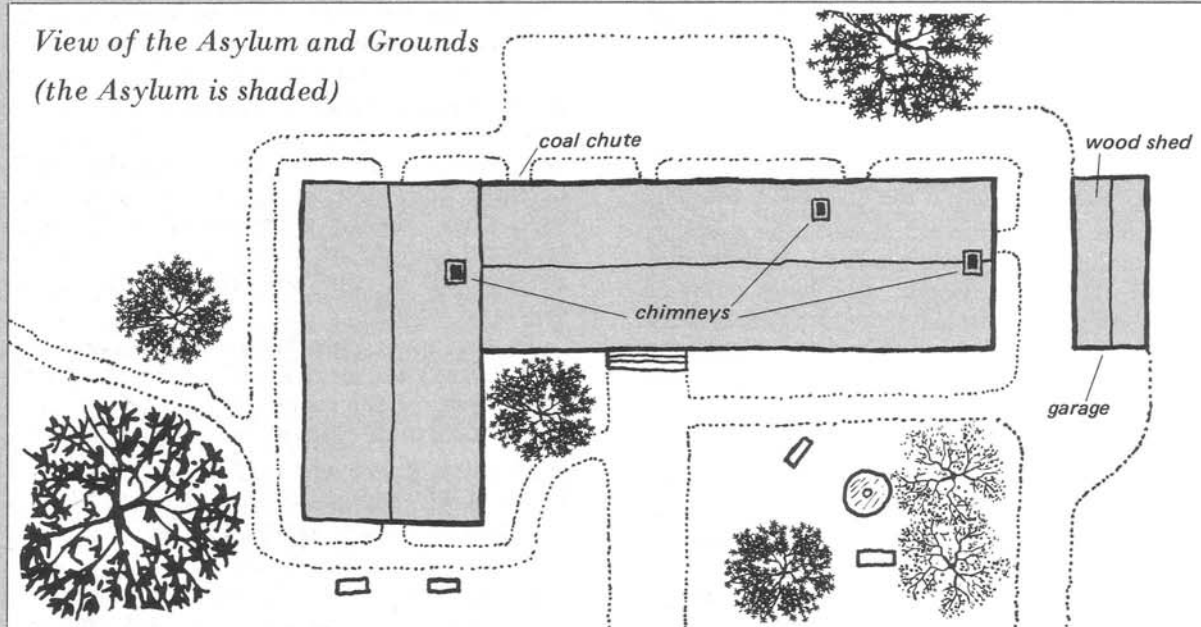
NOTES ON DOORS AND OTHER OPENINGS

Window Bars: The window bars are of cast iron. Each bar has a STR of 40 to resist being pried open or broken. A hacksaw will do 1D3 points of damage per successful Mechanical Repair roll made. The roll may be attempted every full minute. Any roll of 96-00 causes the hacksaw blade to snap unless the character immediately succeeds on a second Mechanical Repair attempt (this second roll will not cause damage to the door — it merely keeps the blade from snapping because of a catastrophically poor roll).

Armored Doors: All doors marked with a dot are steel which have a Strength of 150 each. There are viewing grates at eye-level in all such doors.

Other Doors: All doors in the wards are kept locked. Each attendant (and Freygan) has a set of keys that will open any door.

View of the Asylum and Grounds
(the Asylum is shaded)







Asylum Plan

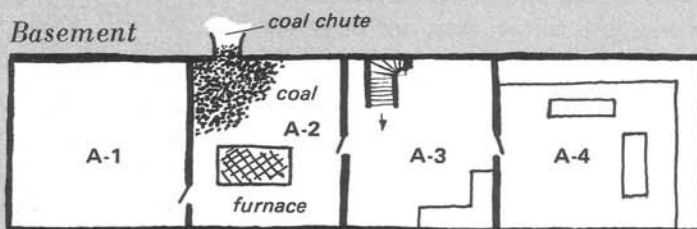


20 feet

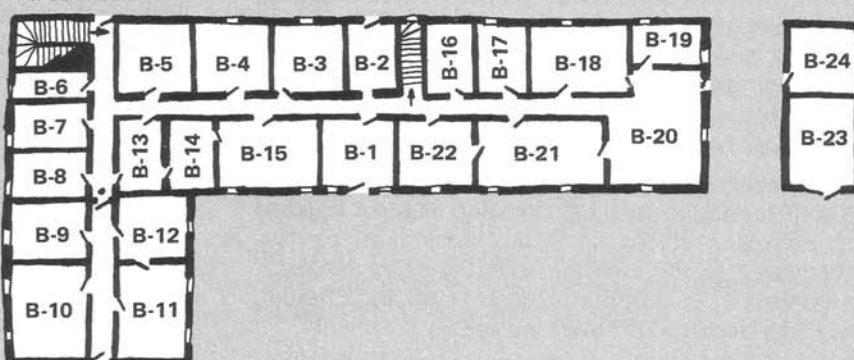
(there is also an armored door covering the stairs up to the second floor)

-  doors
-  armored doors
-  stairs (arrow points down)
-  windows

Basement



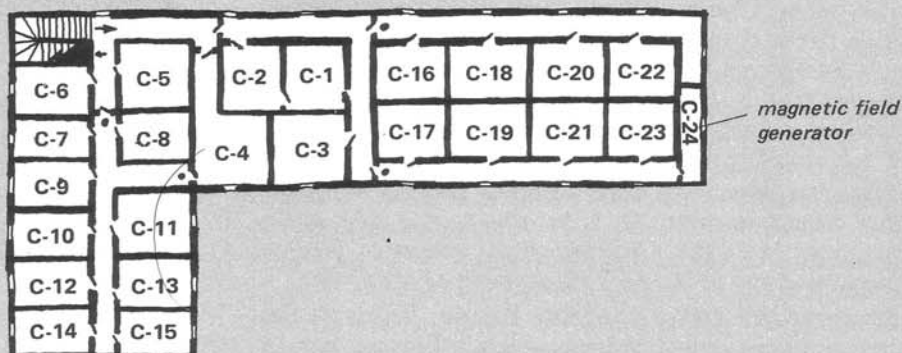
First Floor



Third Floor



Second Floor



of damage done unless a Luck roll succeeds. If more than half of a victim's hit points are destroyed by this solvent, it has caused a major deformity, such as the loss of some flesh from a limb, as though it had been melted or burned away.

Mind Destroyer: An organic drug with a strength of 12, which is matched against the victim's INT. If it overcomes the victim, he will lose 1D6 points of INT. As the victim realizes his mind is slowly being destroyed, his SAN loss is 2D6, with a 1D3 point loss even if the SAN roll succeeds.

This chemical is usually injected in successive doses, as too large a dose all at once can cause death. If the victim loses more INT than he possesses, each extra point of INT damage is subtracted, instead, from his CON. If more than one dose is given at once, each drug attacks the victim separately. Usually, at least four or five doses are necessary to prepare the typical subject for transformation into proto-shoggoth matter.

Mood Flattener: This drug is injected only if Freygan plans for his victim to retain his mind after being transformed. It causes the mind to be able to view the most bizarre happenings with no chance of an insane reaction, although it does *not* prevent the loss of SAN points. (If however, Sanity reaches zero, the character is still insane.) The drug temporarily kills all emotion in the brain.

The user feels no emotion, neither fear, nor pity, nor anything else for 30 minutes, minus the character's CON in minutes. For instance, if the drug was taken shortly before a combat with a supernatural monster, users would attack the monster without fear until either it or they were dead. Injured comrades would be left behind until the objective of the user was obtained. After recovering from this drug's effects, the user remembers what he did and how he felt, and takes an automatic loss of 1D4 more SAN points.

The Medallion: The final item in the safe is a small silver triangle. Successful Cthulhu Mythos study will identify this as the Sigil of Yr. When worn, it increases by 5% the chance of the wearer's successful dismissal of any Mythos creature (that can normally be dismissed).

On the night table is a lamp and a long-unopened book — a little of Freygan's light reading. It is *An Inquiry Into the Hermetic Mysteries, With Dissertations on the More Celebrated of the Alchemical Philosophers*, by Mary South, published in London, 1850 [+2% to Cthulhu Mythos, +5 to Occult, -1D3 SAN, no spells].

B-11 Den — An informal room for relaxation; leather furniture; some rather suggestive etchings decorate the walls. A mattress with sheets and blanket is placed in the corner of the room. Charity Ballow sleeps here on weeknights. During the weekend, she returns to the squatters' encampment. Sometimes Dr. Freygan spends the night with her. The perversions possible between two people of such mentality, combined with Freygan's special powers, do not bear thinking upon.

B-12 Sitting Room — This is a normal sitting room, with rather formal furniture. It is kept clean and tidy; a ten-year stack of *JAMA (Journal of the American Medical Association)* and of *Harper's Magazine* decorate a table.

B-13 Secondary Office — Bristol Knegin, Freygan's factotum, runs the asylum from here when Freygan is in his laboratory, which now is most of the time.

B-14 File Room — The file room holds all the asylum records, including patients' records, deeds, and so on. There are 20 drawers of files, a table, and two chairs. Close inspection of the files on the five newly-deceased residents will reveal no mention of any organic complaint or disease before their deaths.

B-15 Freygan's Office — Tastefully done in the straight lines of Edwardian furniture and furnishings, it includes a desk, a number of chairs, a couch, a bookshelf holding an extensive collection of clinical and theoretical works on psychology, though a Psychology roll reveals no controversial authors. An inspection of the books shows that Freygan has a large number of books on biochemical causes for insanity.

In the upper right hand drawer of his desk, (always kept locked), is a set of keys for every door in the asylum. In a corner of the room a set of filing cabinets hold the case records of all past and present inmates of the asylum.

B-16 Men's Room and B-17 Ladies' Room — These two identical WCs have the most modern available toilets, with wall-mounted toilet tanks. The ladies' room also has a horsehair-covered couch.

B-18 Kitchen — This is a normal kitchen for a large establishment. There is the usual proliferation of knives, cleavers, rolling pins, poker, and the like. The kitchen has its own fireplace, which is used both to heat the room and cook the food over. There is a great deal of food preparation necessary here, and Bettina Marston spends much time working in this room.

B-19 Pantry — It contains canned goods, jars of preserves, bags of flour, and other staples.

B-20 Staff Dining Room — Where the staff and their guests eat. There is a china cabinet on one wall. In the center of the room is a long table seating 12 people. In a corner of the room is a small table bearing a 10-inch-high statue. A successful Anthropology roll will reveal that it is of New England Indian creation and at least 100 years old. It is only vaguely human, but most of the features of the limbs and face seem to have been worn away. One can still make out a huge, gaping mouth and a series of decorative symbols around its feet.

A successful Geology roll can tell an investigator that the face and limbs are not really worn away — they have always been blank. If an Occult roll is successfully made, the investigators also will realize that the decorative symbols around the statue's feet are arcane Indian signs.

If Freygan is asked about the statue, he will state truthfully that it was a gift from some backwoods people, and that it is a representation of the Indian deity Arwassa.

B-21 Staff Meeting Room — Here is a long table surrounded by chairs. It is never used, but Freygan likes to show it to visitors as an example of the facilities.

B-22 Staff Lounge — This room serves as a living room for the staff, and has a dilapidated look from the wild parties they like to hold.

B-23 Garage — Freygan's car, a large Studebaker sedan capable of holding seven people, is kept here. There are two sets of keys. Freygan has one and the handyman has the other.

A cabinet at the back of the garage contains a complete set of mechanic's automotive tools. Clipped to the wall below eye level on the inside of the cabinet is a loaded .32

revolver. An investigator must have his head completely inside the cabinet before he can see it with a successful Spot Hidden.

B-24 Woodroom — The cook prefers to use wood (rather than coal) for cooking and baking. A cord and a half are stored here, as well as a lot of kindling and two axes.

THE SECOND FLOOR

C-1 Attendant's Station — Here one of the attendants will always be stationed. The room is equipped with a desk, chairs, a voice tube, and a series of straitjackets, ropes, bonds, and a drug cabinet. Each room on this level needs a separate key to open its locks. The keys are locked in a desk drawer, and only Freygan and the attendants have keys to the drawer.

C-2 and C-3 Attendants' Rooms — These two small rooms contain only normal bedroom furniture.

C-4 Visiting Room — A clean and formal room where visitors may wait until their loved one is brought forth. If the investigators have a comrade installed here, they will only be permitted to speak with him in this room while an attendant listens.

C-5 Hydrotherapy — This is used mainly to clean up patients before they are visited, and includes a tub, shower, scrub brushes, and similar lavatory paraphernalia.

C-6 Linen — This holds bedding, patient gowns, and a liberal supply of straitjackets. There is a folding table and shelves.

C-7 Laundry — Has a pump, a boiler, and a hand washer and scrub boards. Foul laundry from the patients is piled in the corner, and a number of sheets crisscross the room on lines to dry.

C-8 Cell — Empty

C-9 Cell — This cell holds a patient, Janice Willowbe, 32 years old. She spends most of the time crouched behind the bed in her cell. She will not answer or respond to questions from the investigators. She will struggle violently if touched or moved. She suffers from a malignant form of schizophrenia in which she is frightened by any human.

STR 15	CON 6	SIZ 8	INT 10	POW 11
DEX 5	APP 11	EDU 11	SAN 15	HP 7

SKILLS: Janice is incapable of using any skills until she is cured of her madness.

WEAPONS: Scratch 50%, 1D2 damage

C-10 Cell — Holds a patient, Toby Smith, 62 years old. Toby is sure that unknown agents hired by his mother want to kill him. He will assume the investigators are some of those agents. He may act friendly for a bit, but won't let any investigators get behind him. At any moment, he may scream and fall cowering to the floor, begging for mercy. If the investigators behave aggressively or threaten him, then he may fight them, but he is basically harmless, and will not normally try to hurt them.

STR 12	CON 9	SIZ 17	INT 13	POW 10
DEX 8	APP 11	EDU 6	SAN 32	HP 14

SKILLS: Mechanical Repair 85%, Electrical Repair 85%, Plumbing 100%, Spot Hidden 70%, Listen 60%

WEAPONS: Fist/Punch 65%, 1D3+1D6
Bite 50%, 1D4

NOTE: Toby was once a plumber and handyman, but rarely gets a chance to use his skills nowadays. If scared into fighting, he will try to bite his enemies and flail wildly with his fists (alternate Bite and Fist attacks each round).

C-11 Cell — Empty

C-12 Cell — Holds patient Emery Howard. Emery witnessed a terrible automobile accident in which his fiancée died. He is catatonic, spending his days staring wildly into space at strange visions, and cannot possibly respond to investigators.

STR 9	CON 15	SIZ 16	INT 14	POW 12
DEX 13	APP 10	EDU 9	SAN 41	HP 16

SKILLS: Can utilize none.

C-13 Cell — Empty

C-14 Cell — Holds patient Leslie Davenport, 28 years old. He is very talkative. If investigators speak to him, he will talk about the Napoleonic wars and the battles he waged as a general. If asked if he is Napoleon, he will become very upset and shout, "No, you boulder(s)! I'm Wellington!" A successful Oratory or Fast Talk roll will convince him to help the investigators, but he will continually look about for his horse and sword, demand uniforms and proper respect and subservience shown him, and call for aides.

STR 16	CON 8	SIZ 10	INT 8	POW 6
DEX 7	APP 10	EDU 15	SAN 37	HP 9

SKILLS: Ride 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, History 80%

WEAPONS: Will fight with no weapon less noble than the sword.

Sword 15%, 1D8+1 damage

C-15 Cell — Holds patient Don Vaughan, a 52-year-old accountant. Don is now cured of his insanity and due to be released in two weeks. If he is not freed by the investigators or if Freygan is not stopped, Don will be released only on paper and said to have left the asylum. In truth, he will be killed and his flesh turned into proto-shoggoth tissue.

STR 15	CON 16	SIZ 8	INT 12	POW 14
DEX 16	APP 4	EDU 15	SAN 51	HP 12

SKILLS: Accounting 80%, Law 35%, Library Use 55%, Drive Automobile 30%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Credit Rating 40%, Debate 40%, Swim 40%

The Security Wing

All the inmates of this floor are, at least theoretically, permanently insane and extremely dangerous. All these rooms have heavily padded walls, no windows, and a steel door (with padding over the inside). There may or may not be furniture within, depending upon the degree of madness of the resident. One of the attendants is always on duty nearby.

C-16 Cell — If a player-character is incarcerated in the asylum, Freygan will put him or her in this room. Otherwise, it will be empty. Freygan's reason for placing the player-character in the security ward is simple. It is probable that the player-character was brought in raving of

Cthulhu Mythos secrets, and of obscene monsters. Freygan naturally thinks that such individuals bear watching.

C-17 Cell — Patient Brian Powys, 49 years old. This man believes everyone is out to kill him. He especially suspects Freygan and will recite the time (unless stopped by Freygan or his attendants) when two fellow inmates were dragged off by the attendants and never came back. Their cells were emptied, as if they had never lived. If the investigators decide to release him, even if it is to save his life, he will not be fooled. He will understand that they are just leading him along until it's his time to be slaughtered like the rest. He will bide his time until he can strike one or more investigators down and make his escape.

STR 15	CON 9	SIZ 10	INT 8	POW 10
DEX 8	APP 8	EDU 6	SAN 20	HP 10

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 50%, Listen 60%, Hide in Cover 40%, Sneak 40%

WEAPONS: Fist 70%, 1D3+1D6
Club/Chair Leg 50%, 1D6+1D6

C-18 Cell — Patient Arnold Jackson, 37 years old. Arnold is depressed 60% of the time, and when in this state must be physically restrained from committing suicide. The other 40% of the time he is maniacally sure he has super-human strength and abilities. If the investigators free him and he commits suicide, they will each lose 1D4 SAN. If he becomes maniacal, he could not restrain himself from taking on Freygan, the squatters, and Arwassa all at the same time, with both hands tied behind his back.

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 6	POW 6
DEX 12	APP 9	EDU 9	SAN 10	HP 12

SKILLS: Never uses any.

C-19 Cell — Empty

C-20 Cell — Patient Betty Lou Bulton, 19 years old. Betty appears to be a perfectly normal and pretty young girl, and will appear eager to help the investigators. Once released, she will await the time when no one is watching and then start a fire by any means possible, even if she must burn in the blaze herself.

STR 8	CON 14	SIZ 9	INT 8	POW 13
DEX 9	APP 16	EDU 6	SAN 08	HP 12

SKILLS: History 25%, Listen 60%, Start Fire 95%, Camouflage 40%, Fast Talk 40%, Climb 70%, Jump 50%, Swim 80%

C-21 Cell — Empty

C-22 Cell — Patient Mark Zills, 30 years. Mark will immediately attack anyone releasing him from his strait-jacket, though he will be mild enough until then. He has maniacal strength. His weakness is his teddy bear, hidden under his bed. He will do anything rather than see it hurt.

STR 25	CON 12	SIZ 16	INT 5	POW 13
DEX 10	APP 15	EDU 2	SAN 0	HP 14

WEAPON: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3+2D6

C-23 Cell — Patient Jeffry Quarren, 13 years old. Jeffry is not currently human. His mind has been seized by a member of the Great Race. He is kept gagged and in a strait-jacket, except for those times Freygan wishes to get information from him. Unseeable from the eye slit in the cell door, on the west wall are instruments of torture,

including thumb screws, clamps, vises of different sizes, a cattle prod, dental tools, and high-voltage batteries. Freygan or one of the assistants will stop the investigators should they attempt to enter the cell or try to communicate with the prisoner. They will claim he has an extremely virulent form of typhoid fever.

When the intelligence from the past (a Great One) took over the body, he could not control it properly and was brought to the asylum by Jeffry's family, hoping he could be cured. Freygan helped him learn to use his new body, then proceeded to pump from him advanced scientific and occult knowledge. The Great One's only goal is to escape Freygan and be about his business. As a coldly intellectual non-human, he holds no malice towards Freygan. If he must, to help his escape, he will help destroy Freygan. To aid in his escape, he can tell the investigators how to make and use the cellular solvent which can destroy Freygan. His instructions can only be understood by an investigator making a Pharmacy or Chemistry roll, but if worst comes to worst, he can make the stuff himself.

Freygan prevented the Great One from being called back in time by placing a special magnetic field around the cell. If part of the padded wall is torn away, a metal mesh will be revealed beneath. Using this and the equipment in C-24, the Great One can, in one hour, produce a portable force field generator which weighs 60 pounds. The field is composed of a parabolic surface 10 feet in diameter. It will be projected 5 feet in front of the field generator, and will act as 10 points of armor against attacks passing through it. The generator will last 2 hours before burning out. The Great One cannot take the time necessary to explain to any humans how the field projector works. If a character wishes to reproduce the device for his own use, his player must successfully roll his Electrical Repair minus 80 from the normal chance, as well as his Physics skill minus 50 from the normal chance, and also his Cthulhu Mythos score. If any one of the three rolls fails, the attempt is a failure, and destroys the device's remnants. The device may not be created without a copy of it before the experimenter.

C-24 Magnetic Field Generating Room — This small room is filled with a variety of electronic devices, all in operation. If the investigators are being given a tour of the building, they will not be shown this room. If any asks why, they will be told it is just a linen closet. If they gain access to this room, a Spot Hidden roll will allow them to notice a series of cables going through the wall into C-22. (All of this equipment maintains the magnetic field which keeps the Great One a prisoner.) A successful Physics roll or half or less of an Electrical Repair roll will inform the investigators that the equipment is meant to generate some kind of electrical or magnetic field.

THE THIRD FLOOR

Exercise Floor and Patient Lounge — Occasionally patients are brought here to walk about aimlessly, or to curl up on the barren floor. There is no furniture, though there are a few window seats. The steam heat rarely makes this room warm in the winter, the only time when it is used.

THE BASEMENT

A-1 Storage — This is a large, dark room, half-full of crates and sacks. An inspection shows that the crates are all ad-

dressed to Freygan and that most of the return addresses are electrical manufacturers and medical suppliers. There is far more equipment here than should be needed for a small operation like the Greenwood Asylum for the De-ranged, but investigators may not realize this unless they are familiar with hospitals.

A-2 Furnace Room — The building is steam-heated throughout, except for the dining room and kitchen fireplaces. In the center of this room is a large coal furnace. Against the south wall is a great heap of coal, enough to last several winter months. The investigators might find this interesting if they recall that some townspeople said there had been several oil deliveries to the asylum. In the northeast corner of the room is a storage area for garden tools. As might be guessed by the beauty of the grounds, there are a large number of tools here, most of which could be used as weapons if necessary.

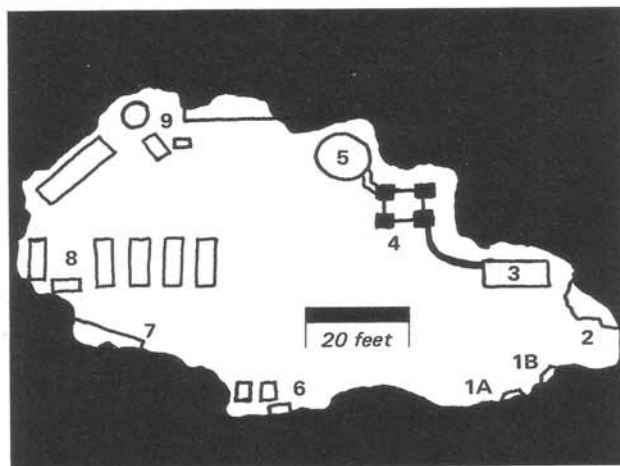
A-3 Workroom — This is where many small maintenance projects for the asylum are done. On the south wall are workbenches and a lathe for woodworking and light metalwork. There is an acetylene torch in the south-west corner of the room. In the northern part of the room are several contemporary washing machines and a table with folded laundry on it.

A-4 Laboratory — This is where Freygan supposedly does all his experiments concerning the biochemical causes of insanity. It is complete as any chemist could wish — there are microscopes, a bacterial incubator, a centrifuge, a refrigerator, pressure bombs, and a number of retort stands and alcohol burners with flasks of chemicals bubbling away on them. On the north and east walls are shelves containing standard chemicals and reagents, and cabinets full of test tubes, retorts, glass containers, and the like. If examined, and if a Spot Hidden roll succeeds, it will be seen that the cabinet on the southern end of the east wall sticks out more from the wall than the others. If the doors are opened, the investigators will see rows of glass vials. If any vial behind the first row is touched, it will be found to be glued to the shelf. If the shelves themselves are pulled, the back of the cabinet will swing out, revealing a secret back which seemingly leads only to the cement wall behind the cabinet. That wall, however, is covered with a series of oddly-angled lines, and deeply-incised carved marks. If the wall is looked at for any length of time (as it would be, for example, if it were searched for secret openings), any character so inspecting it must attempt a Luck roll. Success indicates that the wall will suddenly seem to spin and rapidly withdraw from the character. Just as suddenly, things will return to normal. Any character to whom this happens may attempt a Cthulhu Mythos roll. Success will tell him that the wall is actually a doorway through space to some other location, and it will also allow him to understand just how to see the wall so that he can walk through this doorway if he wishes. If he tries to explain the process to his companions, each may also attempt a Cthulhu Mythos roll to understand the process. Those who fail cannot understand the fourth- and fifth-dimensional reality of the gateway, but those who succeed can freely pass through the "doorway" at will. This particular gate leads to Freygan's underground laboratory. It costs 1 point of POW to go through the gate, and 1 point of SAN.

THE UNDERGROUND LABORATORY

This is a lab in a secret cavern somewhere in the area of the Greenwood asylum. It is accessible only by two gates, one of which being in Freygan's laboratory at the asylum, and the other in the holy shrine of the squatter folk who live near Greenwood.

The Secret Lab



1a Gate — This is the gate which opens to and from the asylum. Use of the gate costs 1 point of SAN and 1 point of POW.

1b Gate — This gate goes to and from the holy shrine at the squatters' camp. Use of this gate costs 1 point of SAN and 1 point of POW.

These two gates are not identical in appearance, though they are very similar. There are subtle differences between them, and anyone that has passed through one can see the difference, though he also will understand the process well enough to try to pass through it.

2 Spring-Fed Pool — If the investigators examine this pool, they will find it to be bottomless. If an attempt is made to dive in and follow the current out, the player must make six successful Swim rolls for his character. He may try as often as he likes, but each failed roll after the first gives the investigator 1D8 points of damage from water inhalation. The player should not, of course, know how many Swim rolls are required. If his character decides to Swim back after going a little ways, the player must make a number of Swim rolls equal to those he has already succeeded at. If he perseveres, he will emerge in a stream near the University of Maine fish farm at Machias.

3 Air Recycler — This is a large metal container with grilles on both sides. It draws in stale air on one side and pumps out fresh air from the other. Inside is a specially-created section of trained proto-shoggoth tissue which acts like a giant lung in reverse, pulling carbon-dioxide and impurities out of the air and replacing them with oxygen. The creature has no intelligence, no other functions, and no mobility. If the container is opened, the ballooning creature will horrify those looking, causing 1D6 SAN loss unless a successful SAN roll is made by those seeing it. Weapons only do minimum damage to it, but it cannot regenerate damage and can take only 20

points of damage before dying. If it is killed, the air in the underground chamber will begin to grow noticeably stale in 5 minutes, due to the unfiltered exhaust from the diesel generators. If the generators are turned off, the air will be good for eight hours. If the generators remain active, within ten minutes players must roll their characters' CONx3 or less, or their DEX is halved. In 15 minutes, anyone in or entering this room will take 1 point of damage per 5 minutes from lack of oxygen and must roll his CONx5 or less each 5 minutes or fall unconscious. Any DEX loss may be healed by resting and breathing fresh air for a half hour or so. Damage taken is healed normally.

4 Electrical Generators — These four diesel generators have their exhausts linked to the air-recycling monster. They supply power for the lights and for Freygan's proto-shoggoth creation process.

5 Oil Tank — This is a 200-gallon diesel storage tank. The metal walls of the tank can take 20 points of damage before rupturing. If this happens, the diesel will cover the floor of the cave. Any sparks or gunfire will set off a fireball doing 6D6 to everything in the cave. The diesel will ignite within 2D6 turns even if nothing is done, due to sparks from the generators (unless said generators are turned off).

6 The Guard Quarters — Freygan has been training some of the more intelligent squatter people to act as assistants in the creation of proto-shoggoths. Two live in the underground lab, keeping an eye on the proto-shoggoth cultures and preparing for the next series of experiments. Each guard is armed with a sawed-off shotgun (doing 4D6 damage). In the room itself are cots, a washstand, and the like.

Guard Bezaleel Framptkin

STR 12	CON 15	SIZ 14	INT 7	POW 9
DEX 16	APP 5	EDU 3	SAN 0	HP 15

SKILLS: Listen 70%, Spot Hidden 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Electrical Repair 40%, Chemistry 25%

WEAPONS: Sawed-off Shotgun 50%, 4D6 damage
Kick 40%, 1D6+1D6 damage

Guard Othbesheth Framptkin

STR 11	CON 16	SIZ 13	INT 8	POW 7
DEX 13	APP 3	EDU 3	SAN 0	HP 15

SKILLS: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Electrical Repair 30%, Chemistry 15%

WEAPONS : Sawed-off Shotgun 40%, 4D6 damage
Fist 75%, 1D3 damage

7 The Scrying Window — This is a stained-glass mosaic, standing 15 feet high and 10 feet across. In the center of the window is a circular piece of glass. If an investigator looks into the center piece he will get a view of a weirdly carved stone chamber, containing bizarre monstrosities resembling ridged barrels with tentacles springing out of their tops and bases. These creatures carry convoluted pieces of metal and move around a gigantic glass globe in which floats a shuddering, pulsating piece of phosphorescent black flesh. This is a vision from the past. The barrel-like creatures are the primordial Elder Things, working on the creation of a shoggoth. SAN loss for viewing this scene is 3D8 unless a SAN roll succeeds, and 1D4 even if the roll is made. The window was created by Freygan.

To create such a scrying window, the spell must be known. Points of POW must be permanently emplaced into the window. Ten points of POW must be put into the central clear viewing glass, and these are not regenerated. At the time the glass is enchanted, the exact time that the glass is meant to be able to see to must be specified, and the glass will be keyed to that time. The time specified is given in terms relative to the time the glass is made, so that one could specify "10,000 years in the past," but not "825 B.C." Then, 98 pieces of expensive colored glass must also be enchanted, requiring 1 point of POW each, and they must be fitted into a mosaic of the proper geometrical relationships with the viewing glass at the center. The glass will start out showing the site it is placed at, but at whatever



View Through the Scrying Window

time has been specified. The viewing site may be moved by spending one Magic Point per 100 miles or fraction thereof moved.

This glass has obvious limitations. For example, a given scene may be viewed no more than once, for as time passes in our world, so it passes in the time being viewed. Also, the glass must be sighted in on an interesting site, or nothing can be seen. Currently, the glass is centered on a lab of the Old One. This lab is quite active, and the Old Ones there have been making at least one shoggoth a month for the last four years (ever since Freygan found the site). This scrying glass is tuned to one hundred million years in the past.

There is a danger associated with scrying windows. Any being that is viewed has a chance equal to its POW minus 20 or less on 1D100 of realizing that it is being observed. They could then cast a spell through the window, including a Summon or Call spell which could be cast so as to summon a monster to appear on the side of the window with the observer. Using the scrying glass costs the viewer 1D3 points of SAN per session, in addition to any SAN loss for viewing obscene creatures. POW need only be expended if the location of the window's scene is changed by the viewer.

8 The Chemistry Lab — This lab is integral to the proto-shoggoth creation process. At first glance, it appears to be a counterpart of the chemistry lab in the asylum. If, however, the bottles of chemicals are checked and the labels read, the room will seem more like an alchemist's workshop than a chemistry lab. There are such items as mummy dust, corpse tallow, witch's blood, myrrh, salamander bile, and star of mercury. There is a chance that any rare ingredient needed for magical operations or alchemical works will be found in the storage cabinets. If an investigator seeks for such, the keeper should determine his chances of finding any such item, as well as the quantity found. In one locked cabinet are four glass vials: proto-shoggoth catalyst, cellular accelerator, mood flattener, and cellular solvent, respectively. Each vial contains four doses of chemical inside, except for the mood flattener, which contains only two doses.

9 Transformation Equipment and Storage Tanks — This rather large collection of equipment is the heart of Freygan's proto-shoggoth creation process. It partially consists of a series of capacitors and electrical control banks and centers around a bathtub-like vat. There is a parabolic mirror above it, and a series of metal tanks at its head. One of these containers is much larger than the rest, and actually contains the current proto-shoggoth material.

After a victim has been strapped into the vat and injected with various fluids, power is sent to the parabolic mirror, and electrical bolts charge into his body. Simultaneously, and carefully timed, acids and solvents are poured into the vat from the containers at the vat's head. The whole is left to sizzle and react, and after several hours, the corpse is lowered into the large tank at the vat's head, to combine with the seething proto-shoggoth tissue already there. The mass of tissue in the large tank consists of the first five victims of Freygan. This mass has no intelligence, but if released, will hump up and lurch about the room, trying to attack and crush anything living it sees (with the deformed eyes scattered here and there across the body).

Proto-shoggoth matter

STR 35 CON 23 SIZ 30 POW 12
DEX 3 HP 27

WEAPONS: Crush 100%, 6D6 damage
Fist/Punch 50%, 1D3+3D6 damage
Kick 25%, 1D6+3D6 damage
Bite 40%, 1D4 damage

NOTE: This proto-shoggoth will either crush or attack with one bite, one kick, and one punch in each round. If it does not crush, it can attack up to three foes with its three attacks. It will crush if injured badly (if half or

more hit points are gone), or if there is but a single opponent. Otherwise, it will use its basic three attacks. It takes only minimum damage from all attacks against it, and can regenerate 2 points of damage each round until slain.

The equipment here for creating proto-shoggoth tissue can be rendered non-functional for at least a day if 10 or more points of damage are done to it or destroyed completely if 60 or more points of damage are done. Anyone moronic enough to climb into the vat and turn on the apparatus without first being injected with the series of drugs will instantly and horribly die.

Dr. Freygan's Assistants

All belong to the inbred squatter tribe in the hills near Stonecrest. They are all insane and completely devoted to Freygan and the worship of their deity, Arwassa. They will defend Freygan and the asylum to the death; all look forward to one day being part of Arwassa's proto-shoggoth army.

Charity Ballow is a repulsive, coarse-skinned girl. Still, Freygan has trained her well in her duties. Each day from 8 to 5 she will be found at her desk taking care of the routine matters of the asylum. Night is spent in Freygan's den or fraternizing with one or another of the hospital staff. She always carries a stiletto in her purse.

STR 9 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 9
DEX 10 APP 7 EDU 11 SAN 0 HP 14

SKILLS: Read/Write English 80%, Accounting 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Psychology 25%, Typing 90%, Sneak 75%, Fast Talk 45%, Oratory 35%

WEAPONS: Stiletto 45%, 1D4
Thrown Stiletto 35%, 1D4

Standish Schlect is the hospital's handyman. He is strong and somewhat simple-minded. He has a receding jaw and forehead, with a large-pored skin and a sullen expression. He has a natural affinity for machines. He is also an intuitional genius at non-Euclidean mathematics, and likes to practice basic interdimensional designs in his room using a box of spherical stones. His family thinks that he is a scion of the Silent Shouter itself.

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 6 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 9 EDU 3 SAN 0 HP 15

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Spot Hidden 60%, Drive Automobile 70%, Mechanical Repair 100%, Electrical Repair 75%

WEAPONS: Knife 40%, 1D6+1D6 damage
20-gauge Shotgun 35%, 2D6
.32 Revolver 30%, 1D8
Fist 70%, 1D3+1D6

Bristol Knegin is Freygan's right-hand man, and does most of the day-to-day work at the hospital, making assignments, dealing with the financial affairs of the hospital, and making arrangements with the mobsters who come to carry away the liquor. The full details on Dr. Freygan's rum-running business is given in the section on the squatters' home. Bristol spends most of the day either in his office or running about the hospital, making sure that everything moves smoothly. At night, he usually sleeps in the staff lounge, unless a party is taking place, in which case he participates.

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 8
DEX 10 APP 9 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 13

SKILLS: First Aid 70%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 40%, Bargain 35%

WEAPONS: .32 Revolver 40%, 1D8
Fist 65%, 1D3+1D6

Bettina Marston, the housekeeper, is an older woman and the image of the buxom housekeeper. She is the most normal-looking of all Dr. Freygan's help. She is a rather friendly, chatty-appearing lady. Anyone who watches her prepare a meal will notice an odd look on her face when she chops meat, as if she were enjoying it too intensely, or thinking of using the cleaver on someone.

STR 8 CON 16 SIZ 7 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 11 APP 14 EDU 3 SAN 0 HP 12

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 15%, First Aid 60%, Cook 85%, Oratory 50%

WEAPONS: Rolling Pin 65%, 1D6 damage
Cleaver 75%, 1D4+2 damage

Freygan's assistants are similar to each other and have the same basic attributes. There are four — two act as attendants for the inmates of the asylum while the other two assist Freygan in his underground lab. The two asylum attendants always carry short clubs with them, while the two underground lab assistants are armed with sawed-off 12-gauge shotguns. The underground assistants are detailed in the section describing the lab. The two asylum assistants are given below:

Farley Blaine

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

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Spot Hidden 60%, Listen 70%, Sneak 70%

WEAPONS: Club 50%, 1D6 damage
Fist 65%, 1D3 damage

Grange Greer

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 5 POW 10
DEX 16 APP 6 EDU 5 SAN 0 HP 14

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Spot Hidden 50%, Listen 80%, Sneak 80%

WEAPONS: Club 50%, 1D6+1D6 damage
Fist 85%, 1D3+1D6 damage

THE SQUATTERS' CAMP

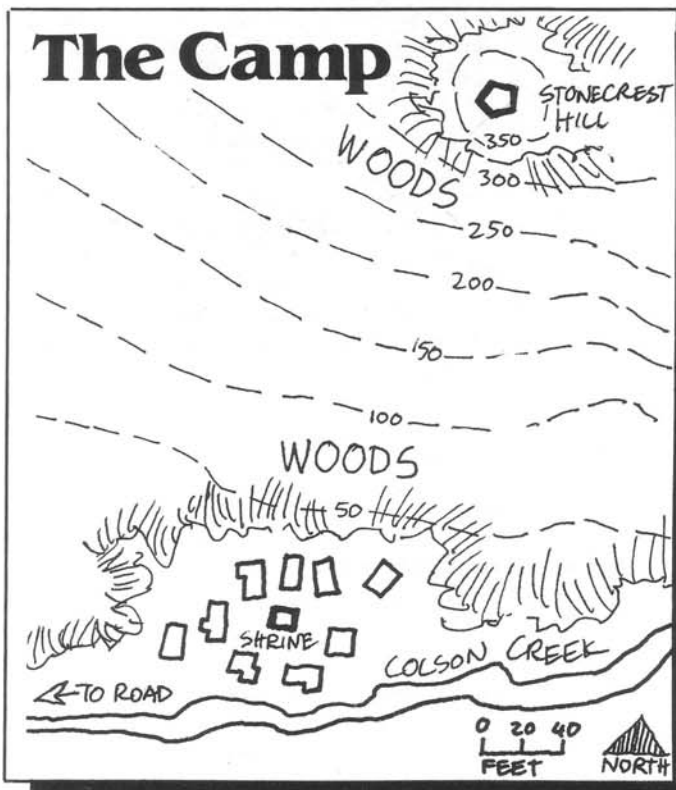
This camp is in an open area in the middle of the forest, near the foot of Stonecrest Hill. The hill is some 20 miles from the town of Greenwood and is about 2 miles from the nearest road. The only way to get to the camp is by hiking two miles along Colson Creek, which passes right beside the squatters' camp [see map].

The encampment consists of ten shabby, one-room shacks. Some of the squatters are descendants of the people of Farenfield, a town destroyed during the war of 1812 by British soldiers. Most are heavily inbred and all have zero SAN from their foul worship of Arwassa. Most of the shacks have illegal stills rudely camouflaged behind them.

If an investigator makes a successful Spot Hidden roll at the camp, he will see that one of the shacks is in much better repair than the rest. This is the holy shrine for the squatters' cult. If a close examination is made, the lintel of the door can be seen to be decorated with crude carvings of worms. Within this shack is a pile of rotted cloth and wood, remnants of Farenfield's destruction. Rusted swords and a number of small stones with thongs for wearing around the neck are buried in this pile. These are cult recognition symbols for the squatters' worship. They are rarely used now, as all nearby cult members know each other by sight. There are two items in this mess which are truly valuable; the first is a leather sack containing \$10,000 worth of antique gold coins which Freygan is saving for later operations. The other is a handwritten copy of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* translated into classical Greek. This manuscript is so old and worn that anyone handling it must roll under his DEXx3 or it will crumble to pieces in his grasp.

One wall of the shack is arranged with several peaks and hollows, and inscribed with carved lines. This is a gate which leads to Freygan's underground lab. If a character inspects it carefully, he must attempt a Luck roll. If he succeeds, the wall will suddenly seem to swirl and pulse for a moment, then return to normal. If he then makes a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, he will be able to understand that the wall is a gate to elsewhere, and he will also know how to pass through the gate (which takes a point of POW and a point of SAN). He may try to explain the process to others, but they must still make their Cthulhu Mythos skill roll to succeed in understanding how to pass through the wall.

In the encampment live 32 people, 14 rather old men, 8 women, and 10 children. These, together with their kin at the asylum and the underground lab comprise the entire squatter tribe. The holy shrine is comparatively clean,



but the rest of the camp is a squalid mess. The interiors of the other shacks are covered with filth.

The squatters make their living by hunting, thieving, farming, and brewing illegal liquor and selling it to gangsters from Portland. The liquor is poured into large barrels and these are rolled through the gate in the holy shrine into the underground lab. They are stored in the lab overnight, and then rolled from the lab through the gate into Dr. Freygan's basement lab. In the night, mob-owned trucks drive to Dr. Freygan's lab, load the jugs of liquor, and depart. No shipments of liquor are ever seen being transported to the asylum, since it comes by gate; the squatters brew their moonshine far from roads, for safety, and still easily transport it to paying customers; the liquor can be stored in a spot completely inaccessible to the prying eyes of federal agents; and Dr. Freygan gains an excellent supplement to his income. Most of the money given to Freygan by the gangsters goes to fixing up his laboratory and preparing for his proto-shoggoth army, but some is given to the squatters.

MEETING THE SQUATTERS

When the investigators arrive, they will find the squatters to be a sullen, dirty folk. If an Anthropology or Diagnose Disease roll is made, the investigator will see that they are inbred almost to the point of imbecility. The squatters answer all questions as tersely as possible, and will not talk unless given a direct question. If asked how he supports himself, one will reply, "hunt, farm, trap and fish a little." If asked about Stonecrest Hill, he will not talk about it. If pressed, any squatter will tell the investigators to leave Stonecrest alone, as "it b'longs t' us, and no one else c'n have it." If the investigators state they are going up to look at the hill, the squatters will not care. Only if they are pressed for information will they become upset.

If the investigators ask for the leader of the camp, they will be taken to an old man, Pleasant Marston. He will answer most basic questions about the band, such as whence they are from ("we's always bin here"), whether they know of Freygan or ever heard of Farenfield ("naw" to both questions). He will deny that they are anything but simple hill folk. Pleasant is actually the next in line after Dr. Freygan as ruler of these people. If the investigators give any obvious sign that they know about the Great Old Ones, Pleasant will make an arcane reference to them in speech, (something like, "Y'know, thet moon tonight looks about as dim as it cud th' day thet ol' Shoob Niggerat's gone to crack that lens wide open.") An investigator must roll under his Cthulhu Mythos skill to reply appropriately ("Yes sir, it does. And I think that That One hidden past the ice city in Leng could overlook the world in the same way that that cloud seems to be moving across the sky.") If the investigators do not make an appropriate reply, Pleasant will order them to leave, or regret it, and will later inform Freygan about the strangers who came asking questions. If the investigators do reply appropriately, Pleasant will tell them that the squatters have found Arwassa, the Silent Shouter of the Hill.

If the investigators can convince Pleasant that they are willing converts, he will welcome them, show them the items within the holy shrine and invite them to partake in their next ceremony, at the full moon. To convince Pleasant that they would be willing converts, the investigators

will certainly have to visit him at least several times, over a period of a week, and basically go undercover. In addition, each investigator trying to become accepted as a cult member must make both an Occult roll and a Cthulhu Mythos roll some time during this spy activity.

If the investigators try to force their way into the holy shrine, Pleasant will become violent. This is the only action which can cause the apathetic squatters to attack the party members. Two of the old men have guns, while Pleasant keeps a shotgun hidden in the holy shrine. All the other men and women (but not children) of the camp will attack the investigators and try to tear them apart with their bare hands. When the squatters attack they will seem to lose their relationship to humanity, foaming at the mouth, and scrabbling on all fours. Seeing the squatters assault in such an animalistic way forces a SAN roll on the investigators. Failure costs 1D3 SAN points. The squatters will fight until the death.

If the fight goes badly for the squatters, Pleasant will go to the holy shrine and use the gate to go to the underground lab and summon reinforcements — the two armed assistants stationed there. If Pleasant is dead, another old man will do this. If they are still losing after these reinforcements have arrived, one of the lab assistants will use the gate to reach the underground lab and go thence to the asylum, getting Freygan to aid them. If Freygan feels it is necessary, he may even release the proto-shoggoth from its vat and herd it through the gate to attack the investigators. Freygan is not confident in his chances to recapture the creature once released, so he will only bring it if he believes it is necessary. In any case, when Freygan appears, the squatters will fall to their knees and start chanting "Arwassa, Arwassa, min yath m'lath N'har." Freygan will try to crush the investigators, rather than beat them to death, so that their bodies can more easily be used for proto-shoggoth tissue.

Pleasant Marston

STR 6	CON 12	SIZ 12	INT 8	POW 18
DEX 8	APP 13	EDU 9	SAN 0	HP 12

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 60%, Occult 50%, Distil Liquor 90%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Camouflage 40%, Hide 55%, Sneak 45%, Oratory 40%

WEAPONS: 12-gauge shotgun 55%, 4D6 damage

Squatter Elders

Elder One

STR 8	CON 11	SIZ 11	INT 7	POW 14
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 6	SAN 0	HP 11

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Occult 50%, Distil Liquor 90%, Hide 40%, Sneak 50%

WEAPON: .22 rifle 50%, 1D6+2 damage

Elder Two

STR 8	CON 11	SIZ 11	INT 7	POW 14
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 6	SAN 0	HP 11

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Occult 50%, Distil Liquor 90%, Hide 40%, Sneak 50%

WEAPON: .22 rifle 50%, 1D6+2 damage

Squatter Menfolk**Man One**

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Two

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Three

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Four

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Five

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Six

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Seven

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Eight

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Nine

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Ten

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Eleven

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Twelve

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Thirteen

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Man Fourteen

POW 10 DEX 10 Fist 70%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 10 Kick 30%, 1D6 damage

Squatter Womenfolk**Woman One**

POW 10 DEX 11 Fist 60%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 8 Kick 40%, 1D6 damage

Woman Two

POW 10 DEX 11 Fist 60%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 8 Kick 40%, 1D6 damage

Woman Three

POW 10 DEX 11 Fist 60%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 8 Kick 40%, 1D6 damage

Woman Four

POW 10 DEX 11 Fist 60%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 8 Kick 40%, 1D6 damage

Woman Five

POW 10 DEX 11 Fist 60%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 8 Kick 40%, 1D6 damage

Woman Six

POW 10 DEX 11 Fist 60%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 8 Kick 40%, 1D6 damage

Woman Seven

POW 10 DEX 11 Fist 60%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 8 Kick 40%, 1D6 damage

Woman Eight

POW 10 DEX 11 Fist 60%, 1D3 damage
Hit Points 8 Kick 40%, 1D6 damage

STONECREST HILL AND THE SHRINE

Stonecrest Hill is a knoll about 350 feet tall. The crest of the hill flattens and there is a triangularly-shaped stone cairn on top. This is the place where indian shamans first chose to summon their dark god, and where the indians taught the by then mostly pagan folk of Farenfield the worship of the Great Old Ones.

When he appears, during the monthly ceremonies of the squatters, Arwassa appears as a giant, inhuman shape, sprouting four giant tentacles in place of limbs. Arwassa can attack with all four tentacles, due to the fact that he is not affected by gravity, but hovers in the air. This creature is headless. The neck opens into a giant toothless maw some eight feet across which continually yawns as through screaming. Although humans can hear nothing, all animal life for miles round begins an exodus from the area, as though unheard noise was terrifying them. This rush of animal life first attracted Dave Bowen and Albert (God-Bespoke) Johnson here, much to their regret. Arwassa speaks to his followers by telepathy. If any of the investigators are with the squatters, posing as cultists, they will be attacked immediately by Arwassa. If they watch from a distance, they will be relatively safe, but if the squatters find them, they will be captured for Freygan to use in his experiments.

The Silent Shouter of the Hill — Arwassa

STR 50 CON 50 SIZ 100 INT 26 POW 35
 DEX 19 Move 12 flying HP 75

WEAPONS:

Tentacles (four attacks per round) 120%, 4D6 damage
 Swallow (only target held by tentacle) 100%, victim completely dissolved and destroyed

NOTES: Seeing Arwassa costs 1D100 points of SAN unless a SAN roll succeeds. Even if it succeeds, the viewer must lose 1D10 points of SAN. In addition, each five minutes a human stands within a kilometer or so of Arwassa's inaudible howling, he will automatically lose a single point of SAN.

At Arwassa's worship services, chickens, dogs, pigs, and lambs (all stolen) are flung into his mouth. In addition, each month at least one human is sacrificed to him in the same manner. This presents a constant drain on the squatters' resources, and they have been forced to go to great lengths to provide sacrifices for Arwassa. They have been doing this for almost a hundred years, and are experts — no one has even a suspicion that they engage in human

sacrifice, and the first inkling that the investigators should get of this is when they actually witness a ceremony.

They have several sources for their victims, who are always brought into camp on the night of the sacrifice, so that there is as little chance as possible that they will escape. One source, which is used only in emergencies, is Dr. Freygan's hospital — he has on several occasions pretended to discharge people and actually delivered them to the squatters. He dislikes doing this, and would much rather use his people for raw proto-shoggoth material. Many young people of the squatters move away from town, and they, true to form, usually go into criminal endeavors. These people with their mob connections can often bring other gangsters marked for a "hit" or kidnap individuals for the sacrifice. Such victims are usually brought on the same trucks that depart with the liquor, and are transported to the squatter village via the inter-dimensional gates in the basement. The squatters sometimes send out kidnapers into neighboring counties to kidnap derelicts, loners, and similar people. They never nab victims from the same county they live in, to avoid suspicion. If all else fails, they will choose one of their own as a sacrifice, usually a senile man or a bewildered child.

The Mauretania

*A relaxing, high-society cruise
 across the Atlantic on the most luxurious passenger liner in the world.*

INTRODUCTION

Occasionally investigators come up against something far too dangerous to handle, and almost too dangerous to let go. If that something discovers the investigators, and that they have been meddling in its affairs, even the most staid character may say, "I hear the south of France is lovely this time of year!" In *Call of Cthulhu*, escape, as far and as fast as possible, is often the best choice. This chapter provides some transport.

In order to give the keeper enough background to run an adventure for a six game-day period in a closed environment, the first part of this piece is information about the ship itself. Glimpses of the vessel, crew information, and data on day-to-day life on the ship have been provided to establish the tone of the adventure. There is a section devoted to common knowledge — the costs to the characters, the forms of entertainment to be had, ship's rules of conduct, and so on.

The player's information section serves to introduce the group to the setting, and to some of their fellow pas-

THE MAURETANIA

In the 1920's, there was no more popular pastime among the well-to-do than travel. And there was no more glamorous and fashionable way to travel than on the great ocean liners. Socialites shuttled between Europe and the United States by means of these queens of the sea. The relatively inexpensive second and third class accommodations allowed the less-wealthy to cross the Atlantic in comfort. And for the poor who needed to get home, or away, there was always steerage.

A magnificent liner of the day was the Mauretania. This monument to luxury was built with every comfort and convenience. She, and her sister ship, the Lusitania (sunk during World War I), were landmarks of oceanic travel, the largest, fastest, and by far the most luxurious ships afloat.

First class passengers were treated to wood-paneled staterooms, spacious and well-appointed lounges and smoking rooms, live chamber music, and stewards seeing to every need. Second and third class passengers enjoyed many of the same services, but on a lesser scale. Steerage class was, as on most ships, crowded, uncomfortable, and cheap.

The dream of everyone was to occupy a suite of rooms on the Boat Deck of the Mauretania, relaxing on the cruise between wild New York and stately London.



Lounge of the Mauretania — with Unwelcome Guests

SHIP'S DATA

Length — 790 feet
 Width — 88 feet
 Displacement — 45,000 tons
 Height (from the waterline) — 80 feet
 Average Speed — 25 knots
 Turbine Horsepower — 68,000
 Crew — approximately 850
 Passengers — 500 first class
 500 second class
 1,300 third class

sengers. The keeper's information relates just how the personalities and events aboard the ship affect the investigators, detailing the major non-player-characters, their motivations and secrets, and how they interact with each other. A menu gives the course of action for the cruise. Finally are listed all the books, magic items, and spells that the investigators could encounter.

Call of Cthulhu is a demanding game for both players and keeper. There are no random events tables, stock magic items, nor pre-rolled encounters to fall back on. The scenarios are stories, and must be told with imagination, suspense, color, and care. Therefore when running the adventure outlined here, the investigators may not be interested in getting involved in the events of the voyage.

If a relaxing six-day cruise is all they want or can handle, don't force action on them. Use the information herein to give the trip an authentic flavor. Your group can begin probing the dark mysteries of the void when they arrive at their destination.

But if they are anxious to come to grips with Cthulhu's minions wherever they find them, those evil sorts are here for the finding.

Enjoy the cruise!

THE COST OF THE TRIP

The players should travel first class, for this best serves the purposes of the scenario. If they are absolutely destitute, perhaps they can find the cash or be given tickets by others desiring them to cross the Atlantic. The average stateroom on A Deck or Boat Deck costs \$400 per person, including meals and baggage allotment. Services not included in the cost of the ticket will be collected by the stewards at the end of the trip, before the passenger retrieves his baggage.

Investigators' Information

The gigantic Mauretania sits like royalty in New York Harbor, towering over the lesser ocean liners which surround her. The shipping agents, Cunard Lines, have ex-

partly transferred your baggage and reserved your state-rooms. Every detail has been looked after and every pain taken to ensure that your time aboard is pleasant and enjoyable.

You push your way through crowds of waving, smiling well-wishers as you approach the ship's gangway. Many here bid *bon voyage* to loved ones, while others just wish to glimpse the famous Queen of the Atlantic. At the bottom of the gangway a polite young man checks all boarding passes. You form up in line behind the other passengers waiting to go on, happy to be sailing first class on this luxurious vessel.

A bit in front of you, a superbly-dressed gentleman is mounting the gangway, guarded by a half-dozen large, brutish fellows. No one gets within arms' length of this haughty, aloof dignitary. One of the bodyguards scurries ahead and produces a handful of first class passes, and the rest of the group sweeps past the ticket-taker without breaking stride.

Following them is a small pear-shaped man. Fumbling in his pockets for his ticket, in his clumsy haste he drops the load of books he had under his other arm, and his glasses as well. The checker retrieves the books, while this nervous little man ruffles absently through his coat in search. Ah, there, he has it; the line moves on.

Past they go: the rich, those who wish they were rich, shopkeepers on their first luxury cruise, the poor, all flowing up the gangways. A priest, head humbly bowed, waits to board. The Father looks quite rumpled, and he needs a shave, and certainly a haircut. What order lets its priests go out so shabbily?

Your turn comes. The nice young man takes your ticket and tells you that a steward will show you to your stateroom. For six days on the high seas, you'll enjoy everything this great ship has to offer, and then pursue adventure in Merrie Olde England or on the Continent.

BAGGAGE

First class passengers are allowed 20 cubic feet of baggage. All baggage must be labeled *stateroom* (no more than five cubic feet — about two medium-sized suitcases) or *hold*. Larger items (bicycles, machinery, etc.) must be taken to the Port Baggage Master, at additional costs of \$2.50 to \$10.00, by item size.

Most firearms are outlawed in the United Kingdom, and those brought on board must be taken on clandestinely (not too hard, but they will be confiscated if discovered), or packed in the hold. Hunting rifles and shotguns can be rented or purchased in the United Kingdom. The Port Master in Liverpool will hold firearms, and return them upon departure, or will ship them to some point outside the United Kingdom.

Please Make All Cheques Payable to the
Cunard Steamship Company, Ltd

Keeper's Information

The six days aboard the Mauretania could be the restful time a passenger would normally expect. But the players will be exposed to a few sinister happenings on board. It is up to the keeper how the events and encounters described here affect the investigators. If they seem not to want to get involved, then they can observe the antics of the non-player-characters;

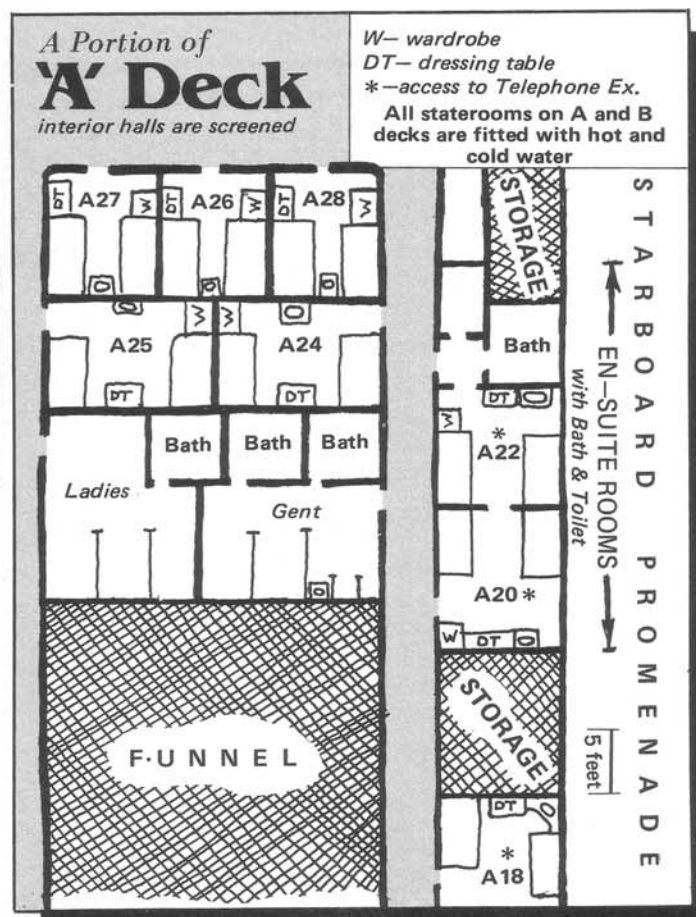
The finely-dressed gentleman with all the bodyguards is a Russian Count, one of the many surviving Romanovs, and with rather a clear claim to the Russian throne. He is returning to his native land via Poland in an effort to exploit the confusion during the Russo-Polish war, and re-establish the Czarist monarchy (futile, as it will turn out — the count is very misinformed). He will spend most of this trip planning and preparing for his coup. His thugs, who are always with him, speak no English, and fanatically follow the count's every command.

The priest and two companions are on board to see that the count never reaches Europe alive. They are assassins and will at some point make an attempt on the count's life. They are not experts, however, and (like the would-be czar) are doomed to failure.

The clumsy man who couldn't find his ticket is Professor Alvin M. Paterson, lately retired from Harvard University. He is versed in the fringes of the Cthulhu Mythos. During the trip he will give the party a chance to see the grim magic of the Elder Gods at first-hand. What he himself later sees will derange him and drive him to suicide.

Also among the passengers of the two upper decks is an insane killer. The horrible crimes he is destined to commit on the ship call to mind the not-to-distant-past London Whitechapel murders of 1888 (popularly-known as the Jack the Ripper killings) and the maniac who was never caught.

Three travelers from the small New England town of Arkham seem normal enough, but these men possess terrible and dangerous secrets about the Elder Ones. In Arkham they uncovered an age-old plot against humanity, and in a small way thwarted it. Now they are fleeing the wrath



SHIPBOARD ACTIVITIES

DAY ONE

- ☐ *Morning* — Boarding and associated details.
- ☐ *Afternoon* — Lunch; Exploration and Familiarization with the Mauretania. Notice or Meet Professor Fuda and his Students.
- ☐ *Evening* — Dinner at the Captain's Table. Meet the Prince; Meet or Notice Professor Paterson; and Notice the Skulking Priest

DAY TWO

- ☐ *Morning* — Ablutions and Breakfast
- ☐ *Afternoon* — Meet Malcolm Pinkum, Ship's Purser
- ☐ *Evening* — Observe and Flirt with Members of Opposite Sex

DAY THREE

- ☐ *Morning* — Ablutions and Breakfast. The Count's Shuffleboard Game. Assassination Attempt on the Count's Life
- ☐ *Afternoon* — Visit Cleaners. Professor Paterson Invites Investigators to Visions of the Glass
- ☐ *Evening* — See the Visions of the Glass

DAY FOUR

- ☐ *Morning* — Ablutions and Breakfast. Discover Remains of Professor Paterson
- ☐ *Afternoon* — Give Testimony at Inquest. Purser Goes Belowdecks for Cthulhu Ritual
- ☐ *Evening* — Eavesdropping Cthulhuoid Sailor. Masked Ball

DAY FIVE

- ☐ *Morning* — Ablutions and Breakfast
- ☐ *Afternoon* — Talent Show
- ☐ *Evening* — The Ripper Strikes

DAY SIX

- ☐ *Morning* — Ablutions and Breakfast
- ☐ *Afternoon* — Conclude Flirtations and get addresses
- ☐ *Evening* — Farewell Ball; Ripper Strikes Again

Each day the players will wish to do many things. The above events may be mandatory or not; their exact order and timing is up to the keeper. Days five and six, apart from the Ripper, should see the investigators dealing with or wrapping up the situations they have so far come across. Debarkation occurs on the morning of the seventh day.

of a dark brotherhood (perhaps the Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight). Their destination is Jerusalem, where they hope to find help in stopping the menace which threatens their very souls.

There is a cabal of Cthulhu worshipers aboard. They are coal-shovelling crewmen, who live and work out of sight of almost everyone. The ship's purser, who is also a worshiper, leads them. By his position aboard ship, he can hire these degenerate creatures and shuttle them back and forth between the United States and Europe. He will not hesitate to use his power to remove anyone threatening his position, or anyone interfering with his cultists.

Final Notes

If the trip takes place in the winter, remember that the north Atlantic in that season is cold, and rough. Anyone venturing onto the Promenade risks illness. Are any of the investigators prone to seasickness? Failing to succeed on a CONx5 roll on D100 means that the character will be incapacitated for 1D3 days. (All skills cut in half during that time.)

Please read the entire scenario before running it. Most of the non-player-characters interact in some way. Become familiar with their motivations and stories first, then spin the tale.

Count Mikhail Andreevich Kurosov

The count has substantial claim to the vacated Russian throne by virtue of a blood connection to the Romanov czars. He also has a huge personal fortune. His ostensible reason for travelling to Europe, if he is asked, is a sight-seeing tour. In reality, he is returning to Russia courtesy of the Polish government, much as Lenin came home with the help of Germany. He hopes to exploit the confusion and chaos of the Russo-Polish war, which has all but paralyzed the central government of the Soviet Union. Using all his wealth and power, he hopes to begin a revolt that will topple the Soviet government. Then he will make his claim as the regent of the Czar, calling the discontented and the monarchists to his banner. This mission is top-secret.

He speaks fluent French; his English is heavily-accented, but understandable. He is not easy-going; his bodyguards will intercept strangers who approach him for no apparent reason. The count is always well-dressed, fastidiously-mannered, and a bit condescending in conversation.

The count has brought with him six personal servants (bodyguards), all of whom are big, well-armed, alert, and suspicious. At least two of them accompany the count everywhere he goes. None of the bodyguards speak English. All are completely loyal to the count, and would instantly kill at his command.

The count also is served by a personal valet, a (male) secretary, and a food taster. He has with him in cash some \$100,000 American dollars, as well as 30,000 British pounds, to take care of travel expenses. Letters of credit to Swedish and Polish banks will fund the projected revolution.

Count Kurosov is staying in Deck A suite A20, 22, and 24. His suite contains a wall safe, in which he keeps papers a small amount of cash (the rest is with the purser), and a line to the Telephone Exchange. He is never armed.

Count Mikhail Andreevich Kurosov

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 16 SAN 50 HP 10

SKILLS: Speak French 80%, Speak Russian 90%, Speak English 40%, Psychology 40%, Credit Rating 95%

BODYGUARDS

All the count's bodyguards have the skill of Block. This skill is used to block a third individual's shot or blow at the count. If the bodyguard can see an assassin aim a gun at the count, or jab with a knife, he will attempt to hurl his body between the intended attack and the count. If he succeeds in his Block skill roll, and he was within 10 feet of the count, then the bullet or blow lands on him instead of the count.

Bodyguard One

SAN 50 DEX 12 Hit Points 16

9mm automatic in shoulder holster 45%, 1D8+2 damage
Fist 70%, 1D3+1D6 damage

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 60%, Listen 60%, Block 60%

Bodyguard Two

SAN 50 DEX 12 Hit Points 16

9mm automatic in shoulder holster 45%, 1D8+2 damage
Fist 70%, 1D3+1D6 damage

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 60%, Listen 60%, Block 60%

Bodyguard Three

SAN 50 DEX 12 Hit Points 16

9mm automatic in shoulder holster 45%, 1D8+2 damage
Fist 70%, 1D3+1D6 damage

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 60%, Listen 60%, Block 60%

Bodyguard Four

SAN 50 DEX 12 Hit Points 16

9mm automatic in shoulder holster 45%, 1D8+2 damage
Fist 70%, 1D3+1D6 damage

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 60%, Listen 60%, Block 60%

Bodyguard Five

SAN 50 DEX 12 Hit Points 16

9mm automatic in shoulder holster 45%, 1D8+2 damage
Fist 70%, 1D3+1D6 damage

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 60%, Listen 60%, Block 60%

Bodyguard Six

SAN 50 DEX 12 Hit Points 16

9mm automatic in shoulder holster 45%, 1D8+2 damage
Fist 70%, 1D3+1D6 damage

SKILLS: Spot Hidden 60%, Listen 60%, Block 60%

Valentin, Kolya, and Mikhail, Bolshevik Assassins

These three bolsheviks know of the count's mission, and they have come to kill him. Their leader is Valentin, who has been disguised as a priest from the start of the trip. They are staying on Deck E, cabins 14, 15, and 17. Valentin, as the priest, is rather conspicuous the first day. On

later days he will have a more polished appearance; his dress gains him access to all decks without question. He will spend most of his time reading at strategic points on ship, watching the count's movements, and planning the actual assassination. The other two assassins stay on the lower decks where they belong, until it is time to kill the count. They speak poor English and, of course, good Russian.

Valentin is armed with a hand grenade, a .32 revolver with one empty chamber, and a long knife strapped to his leg. The others have .32 revolvers and knives strapped to the insides of their left forearms. Their cabins are empty except for clothing, a 50-round box of .32 ammunition, false papers, a copy of *Bolshevisheskiye Revolyutsyonnye Kampanie (Bolshevik Revolution [Military] Campaigns)*, and their tickets.

These would-be assassins are not particularly competent, but are serious about their task; the count's bodyguards will spot obvious imposters at once and take appropriate steps with or without the aid of the Mauretania's captain and crew. Valentin, Kolya, and Mikhail are foredoomed to failure.

Valentin

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 8 INT 12 POW 7
DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 13 SAN 30 HP 10

WEAPONS: .32 revolver 30%, 1D8 damage
long knife 40%, 1D4+2 damage

SKILLS: Speak English 30%, Throw 55%

Kolya

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 10 INT 10 POW 10 0
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 12 SAN 55 HP 10

WEAPONS: .32 revolver 30%, 1D8 damage
knife 35%, 1D6 damage

SKILLS: Speak English 30%

Mikhail

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 9
DEX 11 APP 6 EDU 11 SAN 43 HP 12

WEAPONS: .32 revolver 35%, 1D8 damage
knife 25%, 1D6 damage

SKILLS: Speak English 30%

Professor Alvin Morley Paterson

The professor is a small, round, unkempt man with white hair. His clothes are wrinkled, and he always needs a shave. He is prone to sea-sickness, so the first day of the trip he will be miserable. This means that if any of the investigators approach him, he will be unfriendly, especially if they invite him to dinner or otherwise mention food. Once over his sea-sickness, he will prove to be an interesting person.

He has just recently retired as professor of European History at Harvard, spending much of his life in solitary academic pursuits. Now he looks forward to seeing the world. He is touring with the money he has saved. First, he intends to visit his cousin in London. He will then take in Europe at a leisurely pace, then move on to the Near East. His stateroom is A27, on Deck A.

He is familiar with the Cthulhu Mythos. If any of the investigators wear items connected with the Elder Gods, or are noticed by the professor as reading some of the books of the mythos, he will take an interest. At some point, the investigators will notice him reading his copy of *Nameless Cults* (Golden Goblin edition) in the lounge. He has a working knowledge of the mythos, and even knows some spells. He has an academician's attitude toward it, though, and will discuss it only as an ancient pagan religion.

He has three books with him: *Cthulhu in the Necronomicon*, *The Zanthu Tablets*, and *Nameless Cults*. He also has the sorcerous Glass of Mortlan, and the brazier needed to evoke it.

Professor Paterson

STR 7 CON 4 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 9 APP 12 EDU 21 SAN 35 HP 7

SKILLS: Read Arabic 75%, Occult 35%, History 95%, Cthulhu Mythos 39%

SPELLS: Enchant Brazier, Conjure Glass of Mortlan, Voorish Sign

Malcolm Pinkum, Ship's Purser

The purser is a large, outwardly good-natured man, but will leave disquieted anyone who meets him. He tries to leave the impression that he is stupid, but a successful Psychology roll will see through that. He prefers to remain in the background, and will at times surreptitiously tour the ship.

Casual investigation reveals that he often disappears from the ship for hours, or even days at a time during trips. This behavior is tolerated by the captain; it is thought that the captain puts up with such strange behavior because Pinkum is a talented officer. But, this is not so; the captain remains silent because the blackmailing Pinkum has damaging evidence against him, implicating him as a German spy during the Great War.

The pendant he wears around his neck is the same as the cultist crewmen wear. He is always armed, and will not hesitate to use extra-legal actions against the investigators if needed.

Malcolm Pinkum

STR 9 CON 7 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 17
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 12

SKILLS: Know Ship 90%, Spot Hidden 40%, Sneak 50%, Hide 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 59%

WEAPON: .38 revolver 35%, 1D8+2 damage

SPELLS: Contact Cthulhu, Summon Dimensional Shambler, Bind Dimensional Shambler, Curse of the Stone

Professor Felix Fuda

The professor teaches Ancient History at Miskatonic University in Arkham. He is an intellectual, though his involvement in the dark side of his studies has brought out his more active qualities. Usually he will not have too much to say, but when he does speak, it will be to ask incisive and relevant questions, or to silence one of his students if he feels they are being too talkative or are revealing too much.

He carries a small derringer in his coat pocket. He keeps his copies of *The Key of Wisdom* and the *Clavis Solomon* in his stateroom.

Fuda and his two students, Hargrove Thorpe and Richard Bloch, are deeply involved with the dark side of the mythos. The three of them hail from Arkham, and there they recently uncovered an ancient brotherhood of evil sorcerers who, through their foul spells, have gained immortality. They foiled a scheme of this brotherhood only to find out that they were far stronger than the professor and his students had first dared to believe. The trio is now headed to Jerusalem to consult some arcane works available only there. They hope to learn enough to end the evil menace, and incidentally save themselves from the revenge of the brotherhood.

It is possible that Fuda or one of his students will tell the investigators the full truth. First, though, it will be necessary for the investigators to gain their trust.

Professor Fuda

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 8 INT 18 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 18 SAN 45 HP 9

SKILLS: Read Latin 85%, Read German 60%, Read Magyar 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 52%, Library Use 75%, Occult 50%, Hide 70%, History 85%, Debate 30%

WEAPON: .45 derringer 30%, 1D10 damage

SPELL: Contact Nyarlathotep

Hargrove Thorpe

Hargrove is a college student, and looks it. He wears his sleek hair in the latest style, uses the latest slang, and is confident and well-dressed. A well-built young man, he sports a fashionably trim moustache. Friendly and outgoing, he converses easily. If asked, he will say that he is travelling to London as part of his Master of Arts in Comparative Literature, accompanied by his teacher professor Felix Fuda and a fellow student, Richard Bloch. The three of them often sit together in the lounge or on the promenade, weather permitting.

Hargrove always carries a slim .22 automatic since his recent experiences. He wears a small clay pendant around his neck, about the size and shape of a quarter, inscribed with an Elder Sign. It does little good there in the case of a direct attack, but he can hang it over an opening to block passage to various arcane sources. Sewn in the lining of his coat is the enchanted knife (described elsewhere). This was stolen from the brotherhood, and would be very valuable to any worshiper of the Old Ones.

Hargrove Thorpe

STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 7 APP 14 EDU 13 SAN 56 HP 14

SKILLS: Read Arabic 30%, Read Greek 25%, Occult 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 24%, Listen 65%, Hide 70%

WEAPON: .22 automatic 40%, 1D6 damage

Richard Bloch

Richard is the third of the Arkham trio. He is a big, strong boy, and very imaginative. His favorite sport at school is lacrosse, but his favorite topic of conversation is pulp

fiction. Because he is very suggestible, all communication skills have a +10% chance for success with him. He can be quick to anger, and if he thinks he is being made fun of he may even react violently. For this reason, one of his friends usually accompanies him when he goes around the ship. Richard is never without a double-barrelled .22 derringer since his experiences in Arkham.

Richard Bloch

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 8
DEX 17 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 40 HP 16

SKILLS: Read Hebrew 35%, Anthropology 30%, Sneak 65%, Throw 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%

WEAPONS: Kick 45%, 1D6+1D6
.22 derringer 45%, 1D6

The Ripper

One of the Deck A passengers is a deranged murderer, who kills in the fashion of Jack the Ripper. His identity is left to the discretion of the keeper, and may even be one of the characters already described (except for Professor Paterson, who commits suicide before the Ripper strikes, and for Malcolm Pinkum, who would have been caught long before now if he committed slasher killings every trip). Two nights before the end of the trip, he will strike, going to Deck E, and selecting a female victim. Committed with a straight razor, the murder will be bloody and awful. A message will be left in blood on the wall:

**CAN YOU STOP ME IN ONLY TWO DAYS?
THE RIPPER**

The night before the ship docks, he will strike again, leaving this message:

I LOVE MY WORK

The Ripper has nothing to do with the machinations of the Cthulhu Mythos; he is a lone crazy. If the Ripper goes uncaptured, he will begin playing his trade in the port of origin. Hunting him down should provide an interesting adventure for the investigators.

The Other Passengers

The keeper always should be alert to ways to make the time spent on ship more interesting, by presenting different types of characters. Perhaps they could run into a con man trying to sell them swamp land in Florida, or perhaps get a plea from someone who has discovered the Cthulhu worship among the sailors. Keep such encounters varied, perhaps challenging different spectra of skills.

THE CREW

The Sailors — These are coal shovelers and menial laborers on shipboard. There is little chance that the party will encounter these men in other than the Cthulhu-worshipping Sailor event. Their duties have nothing directly to do with the passengers. Any seen will be at random.

The Engineers — These men operate and maintain the ship's machinery. As with the sailors there is little chance that the investigators will encounter or interact with them. It may be possible, through an appeal for help or through a bribe, to get one of these men to help appropriately.

The Stewards — The investigators will see their stewards daily. Stewards tend to passenger staterooms, laundry, meals, and anything else benefitting passenger comfort or convenience. Whether they are honest or bribable (to a large degree these men work for tips) is up to the keeper. Keep in mind that the ship's purser oversees them, and will quickly deal with overt violation of rules and regulations.

Telegraph, Telephone, and Lift Attendants — This is a semi-professional class of crewman. The same general rules of behavior apply to them as to the stewards.

The Ship's Purser — For passengers, he is the chief officer of the ship, responsible for everything concerning the safety and welfare of the passengers. He supervises the stewards, keeps order, sees to passenger valuables (the passengers are urged to leave their money, jewelry, and so on, in the purser's safe) and so forth. All complaints, comments, and special arrangements are made through his office.

EVENTS AND ENCOUNTERS

Meeting the Count

As soon as the ship passes beyond the three-mile limit, liquor will be served (the ship is now outside U.S. jurisdiction and Prohibition). At a formal dinner given for all Deck A passengers by the captain, the investigators first glimpse the count. Nobody knows exactly who he is, but talkative society matrons and verbose college boys may be overheard guessing that he is some royal muchness or other returning to Europe to get married. There should be no real way for the investigators to approach him then — that will come later. He will be tended to by his own servants. He has his own cook, and his food taster checks all his meals before he eats them.

This will be all that the investigators see of him for the next few days.

Noticing the Priest

Bring the priest to the notice of the party quickly. If nothing else, point out that he is always skulking around Deck A. A successful Psychology roll will reveal that something is not quite right about him. A little bit of detective work will disclose that he is a third-class passenger with a cabin on Deck E, and that he shouldn't even be on Deck A.

Each night he returns to Deck E, requiring a Sneak to follow him (if he were to hear a follower, he would go to the lounge and stay there all night instead) and meets with his fellow conspirators to discuss their plans (speaking in Russian). If accosted by the investigators, he will be unfriendly and uncooperative. If reported to the purser, he will be admonished and told to stay out of first class, but out of respect for the cloth, the words will be gentle. He will not be searched. His fellows will still make an attempt on the count's life.

Meeting Professor Paterson

Before the fourth day out, either the investigators will notice the professor reading *Nameless Cults*, he will overhear them talking about the title he is reading, they will get into a conversation over tea, or by some other method up to the keeper, they will become known to each other. After recovering from sea-sickness, he will be

friendly and eager for conversation. On the third day out, he asks the investigators if they care to see a demonstration of the magical arts of the unseen world. If they accept, and they should, the following will occur:

The Visions of the Glass

Incense smoke will engulf the investigators when they enter the professor's stateroom. Paterson will be seated cross-legged on the deck, with the *Zanthu Tablets* open before him. The Glass of Mortland is also sitting on the floor near the wall, with a candle in front of it; the candle light passes through the glass and onto the wall. The brazier gives off clouds of smoke. After asking the investigators to take seats, he tells them that they may ask to see any vision that the glass can produce, but, he warns, the resultant visions are not always what the viewers may want, for dark powers often control the glass.

The professor goes through the glass-awakening ceremony in a straight-forward, unmythical manner, more as though he were mixing chemicals than going through a magic spell. He often pauses to mutter to himself, leaf through the book, and mutter remarks like "that's very interesting," or "Oh, I see!"

If the investigators have a specific question or request, there is a 40% chance that they will witness something in the pool of light on the wall that relates to their query (it is, of course, up to the keeper as to exactly what appears). They may keep asking questions until the keeper rolls 41-00 on 1D100. Then, they will see the following:

The smoke in the room swirls about the candle. As the professor finishes the invocation, the pool of light reflected on the wall takes on shape and color. Slowly, an image forms and grows clearer, like a motion picture projected on the wall.

At first, the scene looks indistinct and blurry. The professor consults the text, mutters some words, adjusts the position of the glass or candle, and the vision grows clearer. If any of the investigators try to interrupt the ceremony by touching the glass, he will receive a severe electric shock, lose 1D3 points of SAN unless he succeeds in a SAN roll, and take 2D6 damage. The vision will also disappear.

The vision will clarify as a dimly-perceived mass of people dancing in unison. As the vision strengthens, far-off chanting will be heard — if the investigators have had dreams caused by the cursed stone pendant, they will recognize the sound. Vistas of vast ocean and starry void above it engulf first the dancers and then the entire vision. Very gradually, the monstrous outline of dread Cthulhu condenses from and takes command of the vision.

The professor now moves the glass from side to side frantically, evidently trying to lose the image, and the feeling of cosmic horror looms ever more distinct. The chanting grows louder and louder, and all present will feel that the now unutterably clear image of Cthulhu is searching time and space for them. The horrified professor will urgently try to dispel the image, but Cthulhu's alien intelligence is felt to grow even stronger, though at last his image fades from the wall.

Once the vision has died, the feeling of being hunted by Cthulhu will also slowly fade. All present now lose 1D6 SAN, whether or not a SAN roll is made.

The professor will be much perturbed. He will ask the party to leave without discussion, saying that he must investigate this thing more deeply in private.

The next morning the group will find a *Do Not Disturb* sign on the professor's stateroom door. All knocks and calls go unanswered. The door is unlocked, however, and slightly ajar. If the investigators enter, they will find that the professor has hung himself. The following note is taped to his dresser:

*I see too much!
I cannot go on, I am maddened
by the Things that lurk and wait.
They are waiting now.
Please give my personal effects to
my cousin Maurice in London, and
BURN my books in this room!*

Maurice Paterson at a London, England, address, is listed as next of kin on the professor's passport.

If a steward is brought to open the door, he will scream and run off to find a security officer. If the investigators don't try to take anything in the interval, all the possessions of the professor will be cataloged and held by the purser in his safe. All magical artifacts and arcane books will simply disappear.

The Attempt on the Count's Life

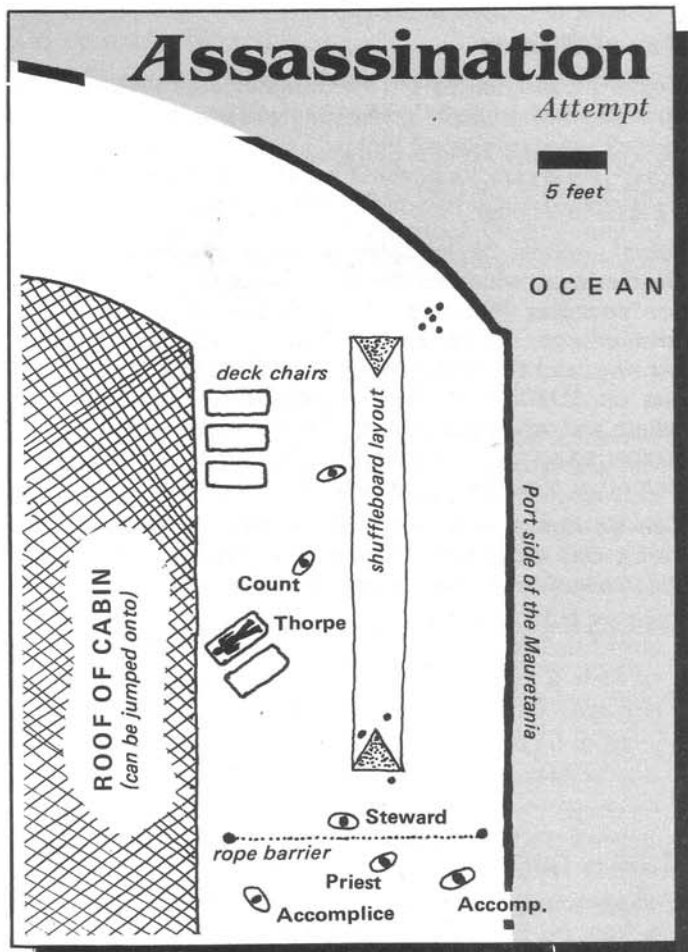
On the third day of the trip, the party will hear that a yacht is running beside the Mauretania's course. This is not unusual; the Mauretania is one of the wonders of the sea, and many passing ships close for a better look. Powerful binoculars resolve no flag on the yacht, and blinker and radio signals to it go unanswered even when it is no more than 4-5 miles distant. By order of a high official of Cunard Lines, a Russian noble has taken the entire shuffleboard court for his personal use this morning. (If it is winter, the indoor courts are used.) The captain, if asked, will be furious about this, and any first class passengers learning the secret will be livid at this unsocial arrogance: the fellow is among his peers; what more can he want? Finally, an investigator's Spot Hidden will reveal a priest strolling near the court and, if any of the investigators follow him around, he will be seen to exchange furtive hand signals and whisper to two other men when they cross paths.

At 11 a.m., the game commences. The count's food taster is his opponent, and the entire area is roped off with black velvet cording. The head steward controls who is admitted to watch. Only those obviously upperclass or personally known to him will be allowed to enter and observe; Fast Talk will not sway him, for the head steward has explicit instructions. Hargrove Thorpe (one of the Arkham trio) is already seated on the sidelines on a deck chair, sipping a clear drink.

The priest will be seen near the entrance, watching the closing yacht (now 500 yards distant) intently, occasionally checking his pocket watch. As soon as his two acquaintances arrive in the area, they will exchange a final signal, and then he will engage the head steward in conversation. As the steward shakes his head "no," the priest will reach into his tunic, producing a pistol. A sharp crack will interrupt the affable conversation on the courts, and the steward falls, clutching his chest. The priest jumps the

rope. While his partners begin firing with their revolvers, he flings a hand grenade at the count, shouting, "Die, dog of the oppressing class!" If the investigators do not save the day (the keeper should give them each an opportunity to consider doing so), Hargrove Thorpe will quickly grab a shuffleboard stick and whack the grenade over the side of the ship where it harmlessly explodes. By now the bodyguards will have begun to fire back at the Bolsheviks, who all will attempt to dive over the side. If they manage to do this, they will swim out to the yacht, which will pick them up long before the *Mauretania* can slow and return to capture the assassins. It is up to the keeper whether or not the count dies, and whether or not the bourgeois navies of the west catch up with the yacht.

If the investigators had a hand in saving the count, he will express his heartfelt gratitude, and invite them to his suite for lunch. Over an elaborately-prepared and elegantly-served meal, he will tell them that he now counts them among his few personal friends, and that if there is anything he can do for them to let him know. It is to the keeper to decide the extent to which the count's patronage affects the course of events. If the characters become too dependent on his help, he will drop them abruptly, for all his energies and resources must go to save Holy Mother Russia. He might provide letters of introduction to useful persons, or the use of a bodyguard for a day. On the sixth day of the trip, he will inform the group that he must prepare for his London arrival, and wishes not to be disturbed. The true nature of the count's mission may or may not become known to the players, at the keeper's discretion.



The Cthulhu Worshiper

The evening of the professor's suicide, when the investigators are together in a cabin, they will hear a muffled cough at the door. If they surprise the eavesdropper (the one who tries must succeed on a DEXx5 or less roll), they will find a sailor bent over, with his ear to the door. If they subdue him, they will find that he cannot or will not speak any English. Around his neck is a strange pendant, and in his pocket is a small stone tablet. If he gets a chance, he will escape to his gang, but by a round-about route, and following him will require one successful Track roll per deck. Once on Deck E, he will disappear through one of the doors marked *No Passengers Beyond This Point*, leading belowdecks. If the party is foolish enough to follow him there, they probably will become lost: as they blunder about in the dark, steamy ship's interior, they will be attacked by five knife-wielding sailors.

If the sailor is turned over to the purser, he will be put under guard. A deposition will be taken, but he will be released a few hours later. If the party has kept the pendant, a steward (under the purser's orders) will come to demand its return. If the investigators took the tablet, it will be left in their possession, so that they can suffer the consequences.

The sailor is a worshipper of Cthulhu. He and eleven fellows are from the South Pacific, and were specially hired by the purser, who uses the *Mauretania* to shuttle followers between Europe and the U.S.A., to further the hidden purposes of the cult. The sailors are wild: their quarters deep in the bowels of the ship. They have a crude altar set up, and the purser will sometimes help them get sacrifices. The other sailors shun them without knowing exactly why.

Eavesdropping Sailor

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 10	INT 7	POW 10
DEX 8	APP 7	EDU 3	SAN 0	HP 11

SKILLS: Shiphandling 50%, Sailing 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Listen 75%, Swim 90%

WEAPONS: Knife 60%, 1D6 damage

Assailants

Sailor One

STR 14	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 8	POW 8
DEX 11	APP 8	EDU 2	SAN 0	HP 12

SKILLS: Hide 50%, Sneak 50%

WEAPON: Knife 50%, 1D4+1D6 damage

Sailor Two

STR 14	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 8	POW 8
DEX 11	APP 8	EDU 2	SAN 0	HP 12

SKILLS: Hide 50%, Sneak 50%

WEAPON: Knife 50%, 1D4+1D6 damage

Sailor Three

STR 14	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 8	POW 8
DEX 11	APP 8	EDU 2	SAN 0	HP 12

SKILLS: Hide 50%, Sneak 50%

WEAPON: Knife 50%, 1D4+1D6 damage

Sailor Four

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 8 POW 8
DEX 11 APP 8 EDU 2 SAN 0 HP 12

SKILLS: Hide 50%, Sneak 50%
WEAPON: Knife 50%, 1D4+1D6 damage

Sailor Five

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 8 POW 8
DEX 11 APP 8 EDU 2 SAN 0 HP 12

SKILLS: Hide 50%, Sneak 50%
WEAPON: Knife 50%, 1D4+1D6 damage

If the party ventures belowdecks after the fourth afternoon of the voyage, they will encounter the purser and a number of sailors dressed in ceremonial garb. The purser leads a chant, and the sailors respond. They have their backs to the door. They are almost finished summoning a dimensional shambler. If the party kills the purser or otherwise violently disrupts the ceremony, the summoning will occur anyway, but no spell to control or bind the monster will have been cast.

If they interrupt the ceremony, when the creature appears, they must fight the horror or run. There is a strong chance that they will become lost in the belowdecks maze. The unbound thing will rip up the sailors for a few seconds, but before long it will come after the party. It is even possible that it will reach the main decks, terrorizing the ship for several hours before becoming bored and returning to its own planes of existence.

If the investigators don't kill or incapacitate the purser, he will smirk evilly when he becomes aware of their presence, and he will send the monster after them when it arrives. If allowed, he will complete the binding spell first. He will cast the Curse of the Stone if given the chance.

Dimensional Shambler

STR 17 CON 22 SIZ 23 INT 4 POW 12
DEX 7 Hit Points 23 Move 7 3-point armor

WEAPON: Claw 40%, 1D8+1D6
NOTES: Viewing a dimensional shambler costs 1D10 points of SAN if a SAN roll is failed. The shambler may attack twice a round, and can carry a victim off with them into another dimension.

MYTHOS BOOKS
ABOARD THE MAURETANIA

Clavis Solomonis

Latin, authored by Olaus Wormius; 17th century edition
+3% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge
Costs 1D8 SAN to read
x3 spell multiplier

Facts — Tells of calling and binding demons to one's will (with descriptions); mentions the vast mines and archives built this way; makes clear the need for complete preparations; hints at the location of a secret, hid-

den, demon-built library (the location is up to the keeper: the reader's player should have to make a successful roll D100 of INTx2 or less to figure it out); and warns of the awesome power of Azototim [Azathoth], lord and master of the demons.

Can Be Found — Miskatonic University Library; New York Public Library (Special Collection); Bibliothèque Nationale; Vatican Library (Core Collection); Jerusalem Archive.

SPELLS.....
.....

Cthulhu in the Necronomicon

English, authored by a Dr. Shrewsbury; 1901
+6% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge
Costs 1D6 SAN to read
x1 spell multiplier

Facts — Explains Cthulhu's place in the mythos; tells of his wide worship among seafaring folk; warns that he is an alien monster from the stars, waiting for the right time to return and engulf mankind; delivers his messages in dream-form; his worshippers delight in bloody sacrifices.

Can Be Found — Several large university anthropology libraries.

SPELLS.....
.....

Key of Wisdom

English, translated by Dr. Farthington Braithewaite from Artrephonus' original Greek; 1834 edition
+6% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge
Costs 1D8 SAN to read
x2 spell multiplier

Facts — Tells of immortality cults; mentions a Dark Brotherhood which sacrifices to Elder Gods in exchange for unending life; tells of the fabled gathering of this brotherhood somewhere in Central Europe once every century, and the awful things done there (a roll of INT or less on 1D100 will allow the reader to figure out just where and when the meeting place is — both are up to the keeper to specify); tells of the need for enchanted knives and other tools for proper sacrificing and magic.

Can Be Found — Vienna Library (Royal Private Collection); Oxford University (Special Collection); several private collections in both America and Europe.

SPELLS Enchant Knife,
.....

Zanthu Tablets

English translation by a quorum of occultists and scientists from the original unknown tongue

+3% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge

Costs 1D6 SAN to read

x2 spell multiplier

Facts — gives history of ancient underwater lands ignorantly called Atlantis, Lemuria, or Mu; gives description and habits of the monstrous inhabitants of those lands; talks about various potent devices of them and their slaves, including the glass of Mortlan.

Can Be Found — Library of Congress “Z” collection; other, mostly private collections.

SPELLS Enchant Brazier, Conjure Glass of Mortlan,

Curse of the Stone,

.....

.....

Nameless Cults

English translation of Von Junzt’s original German; Golden Goblin edition

+9% Cthulhu Mythos knowledge

Costs 2D8 SAN to read

x2 spell multiplier

Facts — Tells of various evil pagan or ghoulish cults all over the world: one chapter for each cult. One chapter deals with the people of the Black Stone, one with the blasphemous Tcho-tchos of Indochina, one is on the near-extinct witch-cults of Europe, and so forth. The keeper should make up references to whatever cult is desired. All the cults listed in Von Junzt are either extinct or implied to be extinct by the author.

Can Be Found — Widely available from rare booksellers.

Spells — First, Contact Nyarlathotep; then, in order, Contact Tsathogghua; Contact Yig; Call Shub-Niggurath; Summon Servitor of the Outer Gods; Call Nyogtha; Call Yog-Sothoth; Summon Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath; Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods; Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath; Call Hastur; and lastly, Contact Formless Spawn of Tsathogghua.

SORCEROUS SPELLS

Conjure Glass of Mortlan

The actual ceremony is described in the Events section of this scenario. The enchanter has a chance of success in trying this spell equal to his Cthulhu Mythos knowledge skill or less on 1D100. Voorish Sign may help. Trying to cast this spell costs the user 6 points of POW. He may try again and again until the spell succeeds. The spell works on any crystal ball, though an already-enchanted brazier is necessary as well. The glass is not an independent tool and what it shows can be guided by the Outer Powers if they so choose. The proximity of an artifact or being from the Cthulhu Mythos will derange the glass, causing it to show visions pertaining to the artifact or being, instead of what is desired. The spell normally grants visions of the past, and if the glass is not under the sway of one of the Outer Powers, the caster of the spell can witness visions of his choice. Casting this spell costs the viewers 1D6 SAN. An enchanted brazier is absolutely essential.

Enchant Brazier

On the night of a full moon between the Fall Equinox and Winter Solstice, the sorcerer must sacrifice a small mammal while intoning the proper phrases and making the proper gestures. The brazier is then soaked in the animal’s blood, and then sprinkled with a palmful of gold, platinum, or mercury dust. The enchanter must then burn a piece of wood at least 500 years old, holding the brazier in its smoke. One point of POW is permanently lost as well as 1D4 points of SAN. The brazier is now enchanted, and Conjure Glass of Mortlan may be cast upon it.

Enchant Knife

This spell must be cast upon a knife made of any pure elemental metal. The knife is used to draw diagrams and lines on a flat surface, then used to kill an animal of SIZ 4 or more. The creature’s blood is then used to etch out the lines of the already-drawn diagrams. This spell costs a permanent point of POW and 1D4 points of SAN. It takes about a day to finish. At the end of the spell, the knife enchanted is suitable for casting the spell Summon Dimensional Shambler. More power may be put into it to aid in the casting of that spell. If this knife is used to make the required sacrifice in Enchant Brazier, the brazier enchanted will add +10% to chances for success in any Conjure Glass of Mortlan spell cast with it.

Curse of the Stone

Causes horrible hallucinations in the mind of the target. It requires two rounds to invoke and costs 1D10 SAN as well as 9 magic points. The caster must overcome the POW of the victim with his POW or the spell will not work. The target will be instantly overwhelmed with dreadful hallucinations, and lose 1D4 SAN. He will be blinded and misled by the hallucinations until he can roll his POW or less on 1D100. He may try every round. After the spell has been cast, the victim has tremendously gripping and realistic nightmares. Each night’s sleep after first being infected with this curse, the victim loses one point of SAN. The spell’s effects may be lifted by any one of a variety of techniques, any of which must be delineated by the keeper and could be worthy of a quest in itself.

MYTHOS ITEMS

The Brass Brazier

This is a metal dish standing on four claws, with a cover. It has the appearance of incredible age. The inscriptions are worn away, but a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will enable the user to comprehend that it is some sort of sorcerous device. A successful Occult roll allows the user only to believe that someone thought at one time that the device was magical. This item, or one enchanted similarly, is necessary to perform the conjuring of the glass of Mortlan spell.

The Tablet

This is the stone tablet found in the possession of the eavesdropping sailor. It is a small black stone with one

corner broken off. The possessor will have nightmares after taking this stone — strange dreams of alien vistas, dimly perceived masses in motion, all against a backdrop of shifting colors and forms. A far-off slithering and gurgling sound is heard. On awakening from this dream the sounds of the ocean around the ship will conspire to keep the dreamer trapped in the strange illusion for a short while. There is cuneiform writing on the tablet. If the tablet is destroyed, the effects of the dream will intensify, and be exactly as if the spell Curse of the Stone were cast successfully upon the previous owner.

If the thing is tossed overboard, it will summon 1D8 Deep Ones, which is what the thing is used for normally. The Deep Ones will bring the tablet back to the person who tossed it. If he shrieks or behaves abnormally, they will attack. It will take about two days for them to get to the ship once the tablet is tossed overboard. The dreams

will stop, incidentally, after the tablet has been thus disposed of. If the person is on land, the Deep Ones will try to find him, but will not go any real distance from the ocean. Rather, they will have local contacts do the job for them. This tablet is a specially magical version of the stone objects used in the spell Contact Deep Ones.

The Enchanted Knife

This is in the possession of the trio from Arkham. It is an obviously ancient blade, pitted and corroded, the handle scrolled with strange carvings. It is used for sacrificial rites, and adds +25% to chances to Contact Nyarlathotep if a human being is sacrificed by it at the same time that the spell is cast.

Gate from the Past

*The Investigators are hired by Miskatonic University
to investigate strange sightings near Arkham.*

INTRODUCTION

This scenario will challenge the investigators' abilities to meet new situations. Though there are monsters, they are not interested in mankind and are fighting each other more than the investigators. There is still plenty of excitement for the investigators if they fail to grasp the situation or to take the appropriate actions.

The investigators have been hired by Miskatonic University to check into reports of strange sightings on a hill west of Arkham. Each investigator will be paid ten dollars a day plus room and board at a local hotel. The university wants a report within the month. The investigators will be hired on the 12th of June, 192—. Their report is expected by July 12th. They will receive no payment after that date unless events make their continued employment desirable. If one or more of the investigators are professors or otherwise connected with an institution, their own group may send them out to help Miskatonic.

Keeper's Information

Three of the half vegetable Elder Things are attempting to flee through a time gate, to escape a mass destruction of their civilization by shoggoths. The gate debouches on the hill above the Old Wooded Graveyard (see the accompanying map of Arkham). They are being hunted by six shoggoths, hungry for the secret of time themselves, and their work is hindered by a hungry ceratosaurus which wonders if Elder Things make good snacks.

Since their gate warps both time and space, there are strange manifestations for several weeks before the gate actually opens and the Elder Things come through. These manifestations have been noticed by several of the inhabitants of Arkham and reported to the press and police.

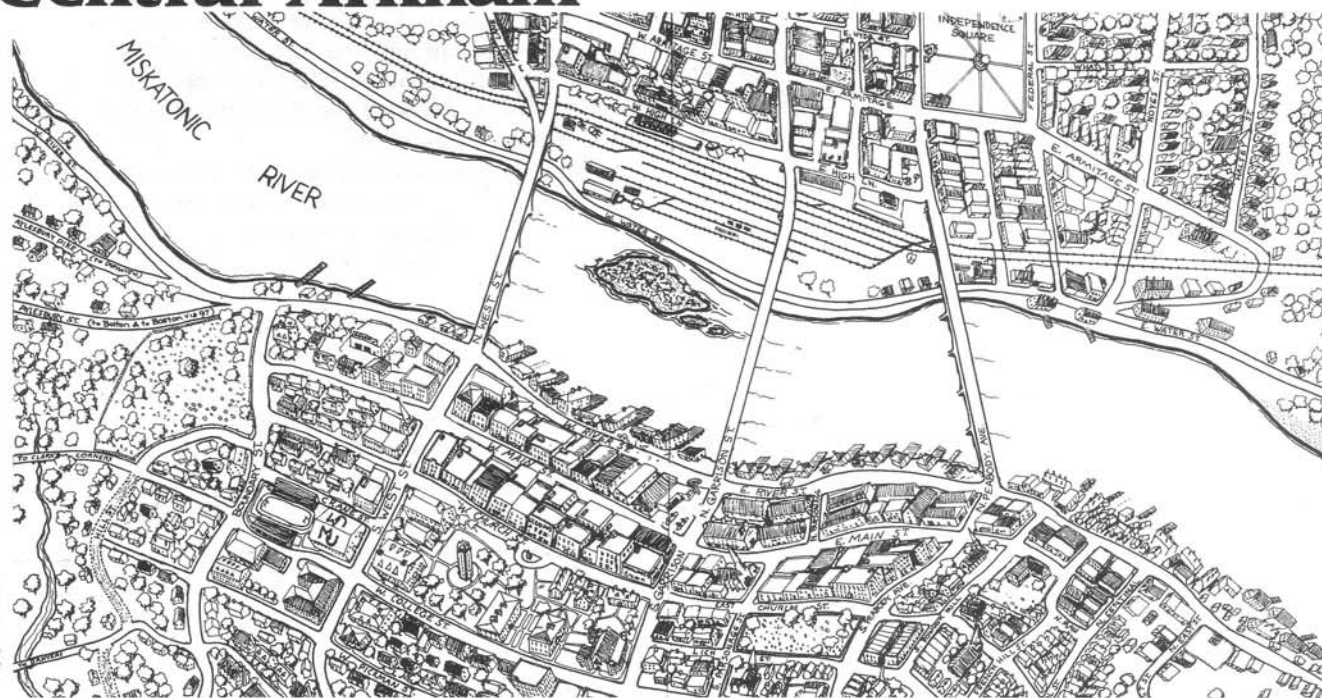
Believing the manifestations to be the pranks of students from Miskatonic, the police have asked the university to investigate and give them a report. The university has gotten the investigators to look into the matter. Perhaps one of the professors in charge of the investigation realized that there was something more than met the eye, and felt that professional observers of the occult would be in order.

Investigators' Information

The first reported unusual sighting was made by Hiram R. Jones, a local who frequently staggers around town in a drunken stupor. On June 11th, he was taken to the St. Mary's Teaching Hospital for observation after suffering from a nervous breakdown. Additional information is available in one of the local newspapers, the *Arkham Advertiser*, copies of which may be obtained at the campus library or at the newspaper's office.

After giving the investigators the above sparse information and informing them that the university does not think any of its students are responsible (another reason for hiring outsiders instead of dealing with it themselves),

Central Arkham



the dean will go back to his regular pursuits and leave the investigators on their own.

INFORMATION FOUND IN ARKHAM

Each item must be sought by the investigators. None will be given them unless they make the required rolls or search in the right places.

Summary of Newspaper Articles

Available at the campus library, or the offices of the *Arkham Advertiser* on the corner of N West St. and W Armitage St.

June 4th — Two locals passing by the graveyard last night claim to have seen lights on the hill. Further investigation reveals that Hiram Jones, loveable town drunk, had seen the lights twice before, once on the night of the 1st and again on the night of the 3rd. The article describes the superstitions of those who have believed in the past that the cemetery was haunted, and mocks the supposition that so-called "ghosts" could find it interesting to simply wander about their burial site as glowing lights.

June 6th — Hiram Jones claims to have seen the biggest lizard of all time running across the hilltop. He swore to have seen this vision during the morning hours of June 5th. The article has no commentary, except that the last line of it says, "This statement needs no commentary!"

June 7th — Local authorities visit hill to look for Mr. Jones' "Lizard." They find nothing. Blame incident on students from the university playing tricks on old Mr. Jones. The newspaper calls for an end to investigation, feeling that it wastes time and taxpayers' money.

June 11th — Hiram R. Jones, caretaker of the cemetery, was taken to the hospital with a nervous breakdown after

arriving at the police station in a distressed condition waving a shotgun and screaming of monsters about to invade Arkham. An unnamed doctor believes that Jones' earlier tales were a prelude to his current condition. He is being sent to Boston to see specialists.

Police Reports

The investigators must make appropriate Law skill rolls or other skill rolls deemed appropriate by the keeper or prove to the police that they are entitled to see the reports. Since these are active files, the police are reluctant to show them to anybody. The police station is in the town hall, in the center of the town square.

June 4th — Reports of lights on Aylesbury hill. Investigating officer saw no lights, but spoke with caretaker of nearby graveyard who claimed to have seen them.

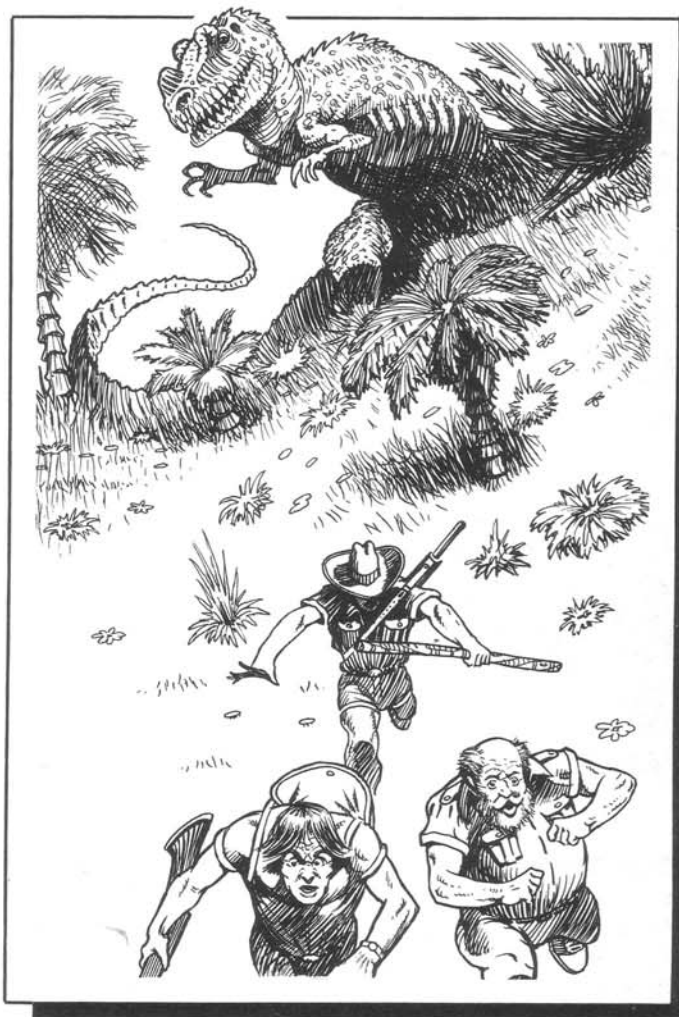
June 7th — Thorough search of Aylesbury hill yields no clues. Probably pranks by Miskatonic U. students.

June 9th — The local university hires private investigators to check Aylesbury hill's strange sights. Police agree not to interfere, though they do so reluctantly.

June 11th — Hiram R. Jones runs into station waving a shotgun and babbling nonsense. He was taken to the Pickman street hospital where he suffered a complete mental and physical breakdown during examination.

Miskatonic University Library

The keeper should determine how much data the investigators obtain at the library on magical gates, Elder Things, etc. Ceratosaur data will be easy to obtain if the investigators can describe to the librarian just what they are seeking. It will be very difficult to obtain access to the rare books collection.



Dinosaur Hunt

THE SITUATION ON THE HILL

Three Elder Things have created a flaw through space and time which opens onto Aylesbury hill, at the edge of Arkham. They are being harassed by a ceratosaur which has so far prevented them from going through. Each day after the investigators arrive there is a 25 chance that the Elder Things will manage to get through.

The shoggoths are hunting down the three Elder Things and have a 10% chance of finding their hiding place in the Jurassic age, and their chances for success increase by 5% each day that they search. The keeper should roll once each day for the shoggoths and once for the Elder Things.

Before going through this hole in the space-time fabric, the Elder Things will study their lens to see if the way is free (they are looking for shoggoths, and are not concerned with puny humans). The lens is attuned to the hill and requires a special spell to change its setting.

There is a 35% chance that the lens will be activated while an investigator is on the hill at night. If so, those on the hill will be able to see into the past through the lens. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will identify the Elder Things, if seen. A successful Geology roll will identify the setting as the upper Jurassic. There is a 45% chance that the ceratosaur will be in the background. It can be identified with both a successful Zoology and Geology skill roll.

The Gate

The gate, the flaw in time, opens on Aylesbury hill from a gully somewhere in the Upper Jurassic. The gate there has been carefully constructed by stones arranged in precise patterns on the ground. The ceratosaur has broken the pattern and deactivated the gate several times in its wanderings through the gully.

Any investigator who should happen to travel through the gate has an 85% chance of finding the ceratosaur in the area. He will have the same chance of meeting the shoggoths as the Elder Things do, i.e., 10% on June 12th, 15% on June 13th, and so on.

The Elder Things have no intention of deactivating their passageway. After they come through, they plan to travel overland for a few days, then make a new gate to take them somewhere else. They will not attack anyone who does not threaten them and will flee from conflict if possible. They are afraid of the shoggoths.

The shoggoths can activate and use the gate if it is intact, though not recreate it. They will follow the Elder Things and search Arkham and the surrounding countryside for them. The Elder Things will use the mayhem the shoggoths cause to cover their escape.

The Elder Things have with them a box-shaped device which stores POW for use in passing through gates. It is made of palladium, a silver-white metal. There are two wooden handles on the sides of a rectangular block of the metal. It does not open. In coming through the passage in time, the Elder Things will use all but 10 points of the box's POW. Since their next tunnel through time is only to take them a few hundred thousand years, they will not need the box and consider it expendable, though they will keep it if they find it convenient to do so.

The Palladium Box

A storage battery for POW, this box is charged by touching the metal part of the device and voluntarily losing 1D10 permanent points of characteristic POW. The volunteer must have at least 5% Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, or cannot make the transfer.

Stored POW can be used by grasping both of the wooden handles, automatically transferring 1D6 points of the box's POW permanently to the user, increasing his permanent POW. If the box runs out of stored POW, it can transfer none.

The box will hold any amount of POW for as long as it is undamaged. It has 100 hit points; for each point of damage it takes, its storage capacity equals 100 minus damage: the first point of damage destroys all the stored POW points above 99, but completely making useless the box takes quite a bit of effort.

Such boxes were once common among the Old Ones, so it is not considered very valuable to the three Old Ones in this scenario.

CREATURES FROM THE PAST

Elder Things

First Elder Thing

STR 19 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 14 HP 14 5-point skin armor

Tentacles 45%, 1D6 damage + constriction
Lance 60%, 1D10+1D6 and can impale

SPELLS: Create Time Warp, Elder Sign, Enchant Lance

NOTES: This Elder Thing can attack with three tentacles and a solid titanium lance. This lance is enchanted so that it can do normal damage to any target struck, even creatures normally resistant to impaling weapons. It requires a STR of 17 and a DEX of 13 to effectively wield this lance. The Elder Thing may direct no more than three of its attacks vs. a single target. After a tentacle hits, it can hang on and constrict, doing 1D6 more points of damage each round thereafter. Seeing an Elder Thing costs 1D6 points of SAN unless a SAN roll succeeds.

Second Elder Thing

STR 22 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 12
DEX 13 HP 13 5-point armor

Tentacles 40%, 1D6 damage + constriction

SPELLS: Create Time Warp, Shrivelling, Power Drain.

NOTES: This Elder Thing carries the palladium box which serves as a POW battery. It can attack up to 5 times each round with its tentacles, if it drops the box, but only 3 tentacles can attack a single target in a round. After hitting, the tentacles constrict, as per the first Elder Thing.

Third Elder Thing

STR 20 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 12
DEX 13 HP 13 5-point armor

Tentacles 50%, 1D6 damage + construction

SPELLS: Create Time Warp, Power Drain

NOTES: This Elder Thing can attack up to 5 times each round, but no more than thrice per target. After hitting, the tentacles can constrict, as per the other two Elder Things.

The Ceratosaur

STR 48 CON 20 SIZ 36 POW 13 DEX 13
Move 12 Hit Points 28 6-point armor

Bite 80%, 1D10+4D6 damage

Claw 60%, 1D6+4D6 damage, plus resist STR vs. the dinosaur's STR or fall over

NOTES: The ceratosaur can bite once or claw once each round. This is a dinosaur which lived approximately 150 million years ago. It has bony projections above his eyes and a knob-like horn on its snout. This particular specimen stands approximately 9 feet tall. It costs 1D10 points of SAN, if a SAN roll is failed, to see a ceratosaur for the first time. Subsequent viewings cost no SAN (it is, after all, a natural beast).

Shoggoths

All shoggoths attack by crushing; engulfing their target and then doing damage which varies with the particular shoggoth. On subsequent rounds, the shoggoth tries to suck its victim apart, and does double normal damage (such as 6D6 or 8D6 instead of 3D6 or 4D6). Each round, after taking damage, the victim may attempt to break out by successfully rolling his or her STR+CON or less on 1D100. All physical weapons do minimum possible damage to shoggoths. They cannot be impaled, and fire does only half normal damage. All shoggoths regenerate at the rate of 2 points per round, until dead. Seeing a shoggoth causes the victim to lose 1D20 points of SAN unless a

SAN roll succeeds, in which case the victim must lose 1D6 points of SAN anyway.

First Shoggoth

STR 35 CON 10 SIZ 35 INT 7 POW 11
DEX 4 Hit Points 23 Damage Done 3D6

Second Shoggoth

STR 40 CON 12 SIZ 38 INT 8 POW 12
DEX 3 Hit Points 25 Damage Done 4D6

Third Shoggoth

STR 43 CON 11 SIZ 40 INT 6 POW 10
DEX 2 Hit Points 26 Damage Done 4D6

Fourth Shoggoth

STR 50 CON 13 SIZ 41 INT 8 POW 13
DEX 5 Hit Points 27 Damage Done 5D6

Fifth Shoggoth

STR 30 CON 18 SIZ 33 INT 10 POW 15
DEX 4 Hit Points 26 Damage Done 3D6

Sixth Shoggoth

STR 60 CON 15 SIZ 56 INT 4 POW 12
DEX 3 Hit Points 36 Damage Done 6D6

NOTES FOR THE KEEPER

During the play-testing of this scenario, the investigators did many unexpected things. Investigators in your campaign may come up with even stranger ways of solving the problems of this scenario, but I thought I would mention a few.

The first group found the gate and created a return gate (as per the Create Gate spell, which they knew), but did not go through it before destroying both gates by attempting to create a third gate on the location of the first.

The second group let the shoggoths rampage through Arkham while they played tag with the ceratosaur in the Upper Jurassic. They finally destroyed the gate by leaving some dynamite with a long fuse behind when they returned to the present. They were all killed by the shoggoths while trying to save what little was left of Arkham.

The third group questioned Hiram Jones and learned of the Elder Things, getting a description of the view of the Upper Jurassic, which enabled them to make a return gate and use it before the Elder Things were able to get to Arkham. They needed Psychoanalysis and Psychology rolls to get this information. They then got into the Upper Jurassic and prevented the Elder Things from getting to Arkham. Only two of the group survived the attack of the shoggoths. One returned and destroyed the entrance to Arkham by creating a third gate on its site. The other survivor dismantled the original gate from the Jurassic side, stranding himself with the two remaining shoggoths, both of which were slain, one by the ceratosaur and the other by a forest fire. This intrepid adventurer was eventually killed while dinosaur hunting.

The second and third groups did not solve the problem as quickly and effectively as the first group (indeed, the second group did not solve the problem at all!), but they

had more excitement and adventure, which is, after all, the purpose of the game.

Benefits

Aside from the palladium box, which can be obtained with effort by the investigators, they will regain 1D10

points of SAN if they learn of the shoggoths and can prevent them from reaching Arkham. Each Elder Thing slain gives the slayer 1D6 points of SAN, and each shoggoth slain gains the player 1D20 points of SAN. If more than a single individual aided in the destruction of a monster, the SAN received is divided up among the survivors.

Westchester House

A well-known heiress hires the Investigators to examine spirit manifestations in her home. She will pay well for their aid.

INTRODUCTION

Investigators' Information

One or more of the investigators have received letters from Sarah Westchester, the well-known heiress, asking for help in examining spirit manifestations at her home. The characters may be professionals such as private eyes or parapsychologists, or simply friends of the family from the days before Sarah moved to San Jose, California.

Throughout Sarah's childhood and marriage, she lived a glittering high society life. After she lost her husband and daughter, she became a spiritualist; later she moved to San Jose, never to return to the East.

When the investigators arrive at Westchester House, Sarah tells them that the manifestations from the Other Side have continued. People have heard footsteps with no visible cause. Some construction workers saw a wounded man staggering toward the house, but when they went to help him, he vanished without a trace. Two maids saw a strange man pop into view and vanish soundlessly. Ghostly lights have been seen in a strange rock formation near the house.

Sarah wants to find out if these are true spirit manifestations or if there is a mundane explanation. Each investigator has been paid \$100 as a retainer. She will pay \$200 a week plus expenses to each investigator, for two weeks — plenty of time, her lawyer feels, to establish the meaning of those spirit manifestations.

Keeper's Notes

In 1906 Gregory Johnson was a San Francisco artist with great skill and little money. Then he met Elizabeth Anwell, secretary to Francis "Frank" Connington, the locally noted art collector. She had been Frank Connington's mistress and had born his daughter, Frances, but rather than marry her as he promised, Connington seemed ready to cast her off in favor of an advantageous society marriage.

Gregory Johnson and Elizabeth Anwell fell in love and decided to finance their life together by stealing one of Frank's best paintings, "The Hunter," valued at \$15,000 — nearly as much as a Rembrandt.

Elizabeth contrived to get for Gregory (under an assumed name) a scholarship from the Connington Foundation. This allowed him to visit Connington's mansion and to make copies of the great masters there to improve his technique. Gregory planned to copy "The Hunter," frame the copy, and take the original with him, then leave the state before anyone noticed the substitution. He planned to paint another picture over "The Hunter" to smuggle it out of the country and sell it.

By the beginning of April 1906, the forgery was complete and Gregory had bribed the guard, Jack Ramsey, for a copy of the gallery key. Unfortunately, Jack realized that Gregory was trying to steal something and decided to cut himself in. He did not know that Elizabeth was involved, nor that Gregory was trying to substitute a forgery.

On April 8, Gregory had just made the substitution when Jack entered the gallery and demanded a share. Then Connington entered the room unexpectedly and overheard the conversation. Jack panicked, and killed Connington. In the commotion, Gregory escaped with the original painting.

Gregory returned to his family farm, outside San Jose, California. There, he painted another picture over "The Hunter" to hide it until he could send for Elizabeth. In the glow of success, what he painted was a self-portrait with the words "Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Happy Man" in the corner. His confidence was misplaced, however.

The police learned that Gregory Johnson was the real name of the art student who had visited the Connington house at the time of the killing.

Jack Ramsey convinced the police that he had prevented the theft of the painting, and had seen Gregory John-

son kill Frank Connington. Jack was congratulated and joined the manhunt which, in a week, traced Gregory to his farm. There Gregory was shot and killed by an eager, inexperienced local officer.

At the farm, the police found only the self-portrait and a crude copy of "The Hunter" Gregory had made for practice. They never realized that the copy had been substituted for the original, nor that Elizabeth was involved. Elizabeth, who heard only Jack's story, did not realize that the substitution had been made. On April 18, 1906, the great earthquake devastated the area. A gigantic fire burnt most of San Francisco. The police had more important things to do than follow-up this crime, where no property was stolen and the murderer was already dead; the case was closed.

When the Connington household broke up, Elizabeth became a spiritualist medium and confidence trickster. Jack, too, drifted into crime, of a more violent, low-brow type. After Gregory's death, his widowed mother sold the family farm to Sarah Westchester, and took her surviving children (Robert, Betty, and Warren) to her parents' home in Pennsylvania.

In 1922, with great publicity the Connington heirs donated "The Hunter" to the San Francisco Museum of Fine Arts. But shortly thereafter it was shown during cleaning to be a forgery.

Elizabeth Anwell, Jack Ramsey, and Warren Johnson (Gregory's youngest brother) realized that the original might still be at the old Johnson farm. Separately they made their way to the former Johnson farm, now Westchester House.

Warren hid in the lesser-used places in the house. Every now and then, servants heard his footsteps or caught fleeting glimpses of him. Rumors that the house was haunted began. For their own reasons Elizabeth and Jack encouraged this belief as detailed later on. And Sarah Westchester sent for the investigators.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

If the investigators go to San Francisco, they will find some information about the crime. The great earthquake and fire destroyed the case records, and the lawyers most concerned have since died. The *Call*, *Bulletin*, *Chronicle*, and such newspapers have reestablished their clipping files, however. The investigators can find out from Connington's relatives or former servants that Connington's secretary, Elizabeth Anwell, had been his mistress and had born his daughter. The art community knows that Gregory Johnson gave an unsuccessful art show in 1904 which showed "great technical skill but no original vision."

If the investigators check the local newspaper they can find reports on the murder of Francis Connington, the

The Murder of Frank Connington



[Newspaper clipping, April 15, 1906]

CAREER OF NOTED MURDERER ENDED

Early this morning Gregory Johnson was shot and killed outside his home when police attempted to arrest him for the murder of Francis Connington, well-known San Francisco businessman and connoisseur.

Johnson, once an artist of some note, had been visiting

Connington's San Francisco mansion under the alias Norton Longville. On April 8, Mr. Connington entered his gallery to find Johnson and Jack Ramsey, a guard, fighting over a painting Johnson was attempting to steal. Johnson allegedly killed Connington and escaped in the confusion while Ramsey tried unsuccessfully to defend his employer.

Investigation by San Francisco police revealed that Norton

Longville was really Gregory Johnson, who was traced to his family farm outside San Jose. When state troopers and local police approached the farm, Johnson attempted to escape from the rear of the house. Mr. Ramsey, who was there to identify the murderer, pointed out the escaping fugitive. Johnson was shot and killed by Charles Quill, of our own San Jose Police Department. Congratulations, Officer Quill.

PROMINENT SAN FRANCISCAN MURDERED

Mr. Francis Connington, well-known San Francisco businessman and art collector was murdered yesterday afternoon, reportedly when he surprised a Norton Longville in the act of stealing a painting.

Longville, a student artist, had been visiting Connington's townhouse under the terms of a scholarship from the Connington Foundation, which allowed him to copy some of his benefactor's paintings to improve his technique.

Guard Jack Ramsey was on rounds in the townhouse when he found Longville removing a painting, "The Hunter", valued at \$15,000.

Mr. Connington, apparently attracted by the sounds of the struggle, entered the gallery and was killed by Longville, who escaped while Ramsey attempted to save the life of his employer.

Police throughout the state have been alerted to the flight of this villain.

FORGERY DISCOVERED

Goddard Haley, curator of the San Francisco Museum of Fine Arts, announced that the museum's copy of "The Hunter" has been conclusively proven a forgery. While having the picture cleaned for display, officials became suspicious and applied the Schwartz-Howard test, which revealed that pigments unavailable before 1890 had been used.

The oil painting was donated to the Museum in February of this year by Rose Connington of the Connington Foundation for the Advancement of the Arts. Miss Connington stated that Francis Con-

nington, her late cousin, had the painting authenticated when he purchased it, but that since she had inherited "The Hunter" upon his death, she had frequently loaned the painting to museums for exhibit, and so had no idea when the forgery might have been substituted for the original.

Our long-time readers may recall that in 1906 Gregory Johnson, a local artist, murdered Francis Connington in an unsuccessful attempt to steal this same painting and was killed resisting his arrest, by Charles Quill, formerly of the San Jose Police Department.

The Museum and the Connington Foundation are offering a joint reward of \$1000 for information leading to the return of the original painting.

death of Gregory Johnson, and the recent discovery that "The Hunter" is a forgery. Charles Quill, the policeman who shot Gregory, also has copies of these articles.

THE WESTCHESTER HOUSE

In 1906, Mrs. Sarah Westchester bought a simple eight-room farmhouse. In the years since that time, the farmhouse has grown to 145 rooms sprawling over five acres. In those years more than 500 rooms have been built and torn out again to maintain continuous construction — necessary to keep harmony with the "spirits." There are also outbuildings; stables, bunkhouses for the farmhands, garages, a carwash, and greenhouses. The house is built in the elaborate late-Victorian style of Sarah's girlhood, yet has modern conveniences, including three elevators, thirteen bathrooms, limited central heating, and gas stoves. Everything in the house and grounds is the finest money can buy.

The only architect of the house is Mrs. Westchester, passing along instructions and wishes from her ghostly advisors. This inexperience added to her lack of any guid-

A PAGE FROM A DIARY [found in Westchester House's "Zeus" Room]

April 5, 1906 — I can't wait until this is over, and I can shield Beth from the man who wronged her. Perhaps I can make the substitution this Saturday when Connington visits Miss Milstone. Beth has given up hope that Connington would ever marry her, but it still hurts her to see him flutter around a woman who isn't a patch on Beth. Perhaps, he thinks he has given enough since he has given her his bastard daughter. Little Frances is as bright and as pretty a little girl as I have ever seen, but nothing will do for Connington but to have a brood of horse-faced brats from Angina Milstone. No wonder Beth threw her lot in with me. I reckon his loss is my gain. Ramsey has taken interest in my "work" recently; the worst timing possible; just normal for that blockhead.

ing plan has led to architectural anomalies such as windows in inner walls, a door that opens to a two-story drop to the floor below, closets and cupboards two inches deep, and stairs that lead to the ceiling, but not through it. The vast house is a maze where "downstairs leads neither to the cellar nor upstairs to the roof."

The house mirrors other of Mrs. Westchester's eccentricities. Since she stood only 4' 10", she had her personal doors built but five feet high. Her favorite numbers, 7, 11, and 13, were incorporated into the house in ways such as a room with seven windows, a stairway with 11 steps, or a drain with 13 holes. Most of the classical columns have been installed upside down. There are several shallow stairways where each step is two inches high, and the stairway winds back and forth several times just to rise to the next floor.

A safe holds Sarah's ready cash, jewelry, and a \$30,000 gold dinner service. Several storerooms hold lesser valuables, many of which have been sitting there for years, forgotten by everyone. "The Hunter" has been sitting in one of these storerooms since purchased with the farm. Mrs. Westchester once had a wine cellar, but she had it sealed up after being frightened by a black handprint accidentally left on the wall by a careless workman. No one (except Jack's gang) knows where the wine cellar is now. While there are no purposefully secret passages or hidden rooms, her random remodeling has left spaces, sealed rooms and forgotten places.

The investigators will be put up in the "Grecian Rooms," since several manifestations have happened in the area. There were originally 12 of these rooms on the second floor, each with a stained glass window depicting one of the signs of the Zodiac in a Greek myth motif, but two of the rooms were sealed off when a corridor went through. Warren Johnson has been hiding in these sealed rooms.

There is no partition between the walk-in closets of the Golden Fleece room and the Europa room, but Warren has cleverly fashioned a plasterboard door which casually conceals the room — but not from a successful Spot Hidden roll. The window with the Aries design was removed and can be found in a storeroom. Warren reaches the Zeus room by going out the window of the Oedipus room and ströling across the flat roof of the porch, then entering through the Zeus window, which is still visible from the outside of the house. Here Warren stores his make-up kit, mirror, costumes, pallet, and food. One page has fallen from Gregory's diary here.

At the end of the corridor is a four-foot round window of plain glass. The original window had zodiac signs around the border. This window was cracked and now awaits mending in one of the other storerooms.

Warren Johnson

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 17 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 75 HP 11

SKILLS: Act 85%, Disguise 80%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 75%, Listen 55%, Mapmaking 45%, Sneak 50%, Oratory 60%

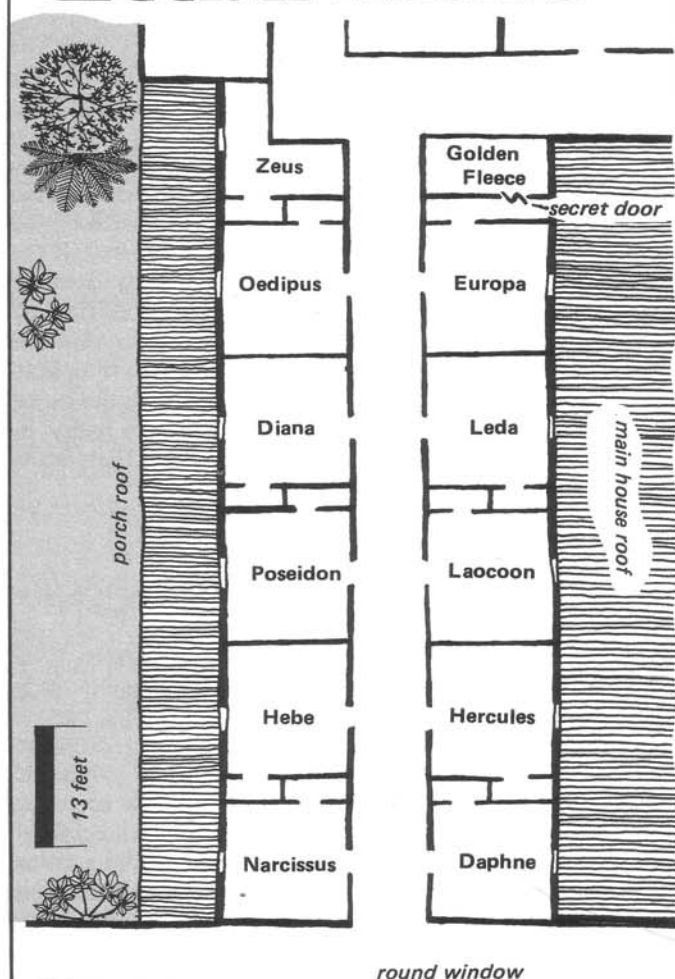
Warren is the youngest brother of Gregory Johnson, the artist who died in 1906. When he grew up, Warren became an actor specializing in impressions.

News stories about the forgery of "The Hunter" roused childhood memories of Gregory painting "Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Happy Man" over another painting. Stowed unread in a trunk for many years, Gregory's diary confirmed Warren's suspicions. This diary described Gregory's affair with Elizabeth Anwell and his plan to substitute a copy for the real painting. Warren decided to return

to the San Jose farm to find "The Hunter," bringing along the diary as a useful tool.

Warren gained entrance to Westchester House by posing as a new servant. Mrs. Westchester constantly fires and acquires servants, so no one is surprised by new faces.

Plan of the Grecian Rooms



LIST OF WINDOWS IN GRECIAN ROOMS

GOLDEN FLEECE — Aries: a ram carries two children across a river on its back. This is a hidden room.

EUROPA — Taurus: In the form of a bull, Zeus woos Europa.

LEDA — Gemini: Leda looks on with the swan while her twin children hatch from an egg.

LAOCOON — Cancer: Seasnakes are attacking Laocoon and his sons. There are several crabs on the shore.

HERCULES — Leo: Hercules hunts the Nemean Lion.

DAPHNE — Virgo: Daphne is just beginning to turn into a laurel tree to escape Apollo.

ZEUS — Libra: Zeus is deciding the fate of armies, using a balance. This is a hidden room.

OEDIPUS — Oedipus riddles with the Sphinx; scorpions parade at their feet.

DIANA — Sagittarius: Diana is seen as a huntress.

POSEIDON — Capricorn: Poseidon is in his chariot, drawn by sea-goats.

HEBE — Aquarius: Hebe and Ganymede bear cups for Zeus.

NARCISSUS — Pisces: Narcissus gazes at his reflection in a pool. Fish dart about in the pool.

Warren found that "Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Happy Man" had never been discarded, but no one remembered where it was. In order to stealthily search full-time, Warren dropped his servant guise and hid in the older parts of the house. Occasionally people overheard his footsteps or caught glimpses of him, causing the servants to think the house was haunted. When he expects to be seen, he uses his acting and disguise skills to impersonate servants or other individuals.

If Warren is caught, his actions will depend on how much he thinks his captors know. If they are still in the dark, he will tell them that he came to look for the self-portrait of his brother, which his mother now regrets leaving behind. If the investigators know that a valuable painting is involved, but not what it looks like, Warren will offer to cut them in for a share of the reward offered by the museum (or even a share of the sale price of the painting, if he thinks the investigators would agree). If the investigators find the painting before Warren is exposed, he will visit them in the guise of a museum official and claim the painting, promising the investigators that the museum will send them their reward as soon as the painting is authenticated. Then he will abscond with the painting. Warren is not a violent person. If things go badly, he will try to escape by using stealth or a clever ruse rather than fight.

Liza Andrews (Elizabeth Anwell)

STR 9 CON 14 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 14 EDU 12 SAN 40 HP 12

SKILLS: Fast Talk 90%, Library Use 60%, Listen 75%, Sneak 85%, Occult 35%, Oratory 75%, Photography 60%, Pick Pocket 30%, Psychology 60%, Sleight of Hand 90%

Elizabeth Anwell was Frank Connington's secretary and mother of his illegitimate daughter. When he refused to marry her, she and Gregory Johnson planned to steal Frank's most prized painting. In the confusion following the deaths of Frank and Gregory, she did not realize that the painting had already been stolen.

Elizabeth invented a dead husband to hide her daughter's illegitimacy, calling herself Liza Andrews and naming her daughter Franny Andrews. Over the years she sank into the life of a confidence trickster and phony medium. In the profusion of spiritualists emerging after the Great War, Elizabeth felt she needed a gimmick. Franny posed as a child medium, while Elizabeth acted as her manager. By the 1920s, Franny further refined the role by acting retarded as well. This not only made her unique, but diverted suspicion as well. After all, could a feeble-minded person perform the complex tricks that the medium debunkers exposed? Never!

When Elizabeth heard about the forgery's discovery, she felt she could get revenge on the long-dead Frank Connington by regaining the painting that was his pride and joy. Since Johnson farm had been purchased by Sarah Westchester, she studied Sarah's life and eccentric beliefs. By feeding back this information to Sarah, she gained an invitation to stay at Westchester House.

Liza encourages Sarah's belief that spirits haunt the house. This has made Sarah dependent enough on her daughter for them to look for the painting. Usually Fran-

ny does the actual searching, but Liza is always near to intervene and smooth over mischances as childish *faux pas*.

Franny has urged her mother to give up trying to find "The Hunter." They aren't sure it is still in the house, but Liza is determined to stay, too obsessed with the painting to give up now.

Franny Andrews (Frances Anwell)

STR 9 CON 13 SIZ 8 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 16 APP 14 EDU 11 SAN 60 HP 11

SKILLS: Fast Talk 50%, Listen 55%, Sneak 50%, Occult 25%, Oratory 50%, Psychology 45%, Sleight of Hand 60%, Spot Hidden 50%

Frances is the illegitimate daughter of Elizabeth Anwell and Frank Connington. She has a professional reputation as a feeble-minded medium, though her actual intelligence is above normal. Her mother acts as her manager. She is eighteen, but passes for fourteen due to her small size, and behaves as if her mental age were five or less.

Franny's mask of childlike good-nature, and her current position as Sarah's darling make her the pet of Westchester House, welcome to come and go at will. She spends most of her time wandering around the house, searching for "The Hunter" and gathering information for her act.

Originally, Franny was enthusiastic about looking for the painting, but now that she sees the magnitude of the task (and Sarah's vast wealth) she would rather deepen the confidence game against Sarah than continue searching for the painting; Liza has not yet agreed.

The Medium's Tricks.

Liza and Franny must secretly gain information about their victims, perhaps by doing research in a library or in newspaper files, questioning former servants, and reading the victim's mail. They particularly notice small details and adeptly make Holmesian deductions. This information is then relayed back to the victim with spiritual flourishes. In game terms, this can be simulated by appropriate use of the Spot Hidden skill and Idea rolls. However, since Franny and Liza have been at their trade so long and so successfully, a successful Spot Hidden or Idea roll would tell them different things than it would to an investigator.

In formal displays of their spiritual powers they have the victim write questions or messages on a piece of paper, roll it into a ball, then seal it into an envelope. Liza substitutes another envelope and burns that in a fire, while slipping the original to Franny, who reads it in the semi-darkened room, thus being able to answer the question, seemingly through thought reading. They also perform spirit tapping, spirit photography, and other mediumistic tricks.

Jack Ramsey

In 1906, Jack guarded Frank Connington's art collection. When Gregory Johnson bribed Jack to give him a key to the gallery, Jack's suspicions were aroused, and he correctly believed Gregory intended to steal a painting. While Jack was telling Gregory that he would allow the

STR 14 CON 9 SIZ 16 INT 9 POW 7
DEX 9 APP 15 EDU 8 SAN 30 HP 13

SKILLS: Fast Talk 70%, Oratory 65%

WEAPONS: .32 revolver 50%, 1D8 damage
Axe Handle 45%, 1D8+1D6 damage

theft for a cut of the money, Connington entered unexpectedly. A fight ensued, in which Jack killed Connington and Gregory escaped with the real painting. Jack did not realize that Gregory had already substituted a forgery for "The Hunter." He convinced the police that Gregory had killed Connington in an unsuccessful attempt to steal "The Hunter," and accompanied state police to the Johnson farm, to identify Gregory. There he was able to trick an inexperienced policeman into killing Gregory, hiding Jack's crime forever.

The 1920s found Jack a small-time criminal waiting for Lady Luck to smile on him. When he heard of the forgery and realized that he still might get his hands on a painting worth a fortune, he gathered a small group of crooks and managed to get his gang hired on at Westchester House. Their job was to tear out walls (for later remodelling) in what Jack took to be part of the original house.

Searching the basement, Jack's gang came upon the sealed wine cellar. They have been sneaking the wine out and drinking it at a distinctive rock formation near the house. In order to keep people away while the gang searches or drinks, Jack got the idea of frightening them off when he heard about a ghost haunting the house. Now that Jack and the gang are into the spirit of the thing, they take a fiendish pleasure in scaring people as much as possible. One or more will report a ghastly vision or ghostly laughter, while the others offer corroboration. They started the story about a wounded man approaching the house only to vanish mysteriously when they went to help him. Sometimes the acts are more like practical jokes, such as carving monster feet and leaving monstrous footprints.

If the investigators ask Jack about the theft of the original painting and Gregory's death he will readily admit that he is the same Jack Ramsey who heroically foiled the theft of "The Hunter" but was unable to prevent the murder of his employer. He will also admit that he was there when Charles Quill shot Gregory (as he so richly deserved). He will not admit that he is looking for "The Hunter." It's just a coincidence that he is working here now.

Jack knew that Elizabeth was Frank's mistress and the mother of his daughter as well as his secretary — it was an open secret in the household. He never realized that Elizabeth was Gregory's accomplice. He does not recognize Liza or Franny.

Jack would not admit it, even to himself, but he is credulous and superstitious. He has halfway convinced himself that the manifestations reported by other servants (not in his gang) are really Gregory coming back to haunt him for his part in the killings. If unexpectedly confronted with Warren (who now closely resembles Gregory) he may think it is the ghost of Gregory come back for him and Jack could break down and confess. Unless this happens, Jack will not be willing to leave the house without the painting. He sees this as a chance to make it big.

Jack's Gang

Tom Ford

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 11 EDU 8 SAN 60 HP 10

SKILLS: Climb 75%, Hide 50%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Sneak 65%, Safecracking 45%

WEAPON: Knife 50%, 1D6 damage

Dick O'Hanlan

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 10 SAN 50 HP 12

SKILLS: Dodge 75%, Electrical Repair 45%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Pick Pocket 65%

WEAPON: Knife 50%, 1D6 damage

Harry McCormick

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 9 SAN 50 HP 12

SKILL: Fast Talk 50%

WEAPONS: Fist 65%, 1D3+1D6 damage

Knife 55%, 1D6+1D6 damage

.38 revolver 55%, 1D8+2 damage

Patrick O'Hara

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 8 SAN 66 HP 13

SKILLS: Drive Automobile 55%, Oratory 45%

WEAPONS: Fist 60%, 1D3+1D6 damage

Sawed-Off 12-gauge Shotgun 60%, 4D6 damage

Jack's criminal friends help him in his search for the painting. Up to now they have been content to search for the painting, amusing themselves by drinking the stolen wine and watching the commotion provoked by their stories and stunts. Soon they will be impatient enough to consider the other criminal possibilities of Westchester House, such as a safe reputedly full of gold. If things go too slowly to suit them, they may mount a burglary on the safe. If they discover that someone else has found the painting, they will certainly try to take it by force of arms, grab the house's silver plateward, and scam.

Charles Quill

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

SKILLS: Drive Automobile 65%, First Aid 55%, Ride 40%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 50%

WEAPONS: .38 revolver 60%, 1D8+2 damage

Nightstick 50%, 1D6 damage

.30-06 Rifle 55%, 2D6+3 damage

Charles Quill is a San Jose police officer. In 1906 he was on the local police squad sent to aid the state police in arresting Gregory Johnson for Murder. Charles was guarding a back door and saw Gregory put the finishing touches

on "Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Happy Man." When the police came, Gregory tried to sneak out, but suddenly Jack Ramsey appeared, firing a pistol and yelling, "Don't let the killer escape!" The inexperienced Charles started shooting also, killing Gregory. Ironically, Charles used a Westchester rifle. Within days, the great earthquake ended the practicality of further investigation, and the case was quietly closed as solved.

This was Charles' first big case. He has several newspaper clippings dealing with it. He also has a recent clipping of the discovery of the forgery and the reward the museum offers.

Ruth Lord

Ruth Lord was a neighbor when the Johnsons lived on the farm. The Johnson family consisted of Widow Johnson, Gregory (the eldest), Robert, Betty, and Warren (the youngest). All the children were clever and talented, especially Warren and Gregory, but none were more honest than they had to be. Gregory once sold a "long-lost painting" by a famous deceased local artist. When it later turned out he had painted it himself, he passed it off as a practical joke. Warren was about 10 years old when Gregory died, and already showed signs of acting talent, used in playing tricks on anyone he could fool. After Gregory's death, Widow Johnson sold the farm and moved back east to her parents' home.

Ruth is now one of the cooks at Westchester House. If she sees Warren out of disguise (who is now the same age as Gregory when he died, and bears a close resemblance) she will think it is Gregory's ghost. If she could study Warren closely in a calm atmosphere, she might be able to see the difference, but Warren, who remembers Mrs. Lord, does his best to see she won't get such a chance.

Sarah Westchester

Sarah is the widow and heiress of arms manufacturer Wade Westchester. After the deaths of her husband and daughter, she developed an interest in spiritualism. She became convinced that the spirits of those killed by Westchester rifles were haunting the family. Spiritualists persuaded Sarah that she would die, too, unless she propitiated the spirits by building them a house without end. As long as the house was being built, the story went, Sarah would live and prosper, but if the house was ever finished, or the work stopped, disaster could ensue. Sarah promptly bought the Johnson farmhouse and began adding to it.

Blessed with a \$20,000,000 fortune, Sarah is thought only to be eccentric for keeping a small horde of carpenters, masons, plumbers, painters, and craftsmen working on the house 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Parts of the house are constantly torn out and rebuilt. The sole designer of the house, Sarah relies on direction from the spirit world rather than formal architectural training, and the result is a bizarre madhouse.

Counting the domestic servants, construction workers, gardeners, and farmhands, there are about 100 hired help. Most are hired and paid by the day. They never know when they will be let go, and are often fired without cause. Still, Sarah pays top wages, so she has no trouble getting new recruits. Sarah also insists that the different

groups of employees eat, sleep, and work in separate accommodations. The foremen of the different groups report directly to Sarah and receive instructions from her. There is little formal communication between groups, and rumors fill the vacuum of real information.

Sarah is almost convinced that the manifestations at the house are, indeed, the spirits she fears. Yet she is not so otherworldly that she can ignore the possibility of some more mundane cause. (A frightened burglar has actually been arrested, hopelessly lost in the maze of the house.) Over the objections of Liza Andrews, she has called in the investigators.

Sarah Westchester

STR 8	CON 15	SIZ 8	INT 13	POW 17
DEX 10	APP 12	EDU 14	SAN 23	HP 12

SKILLS: Bargain 80%, Debate 60%, Oratory 60%

NOTE TO KEEPERS

This change-of-pace scenario deals with detection in the mundane world rather than encounters with Cthulhoid monsters but, to throw the investigators off the track or just to provoke their paranoia, here are a few stock situations from Cthulhu Mythos stories. Use them or emphasize them at will.

Sinister Foreigners — There is already a Chinese butler, several Japanese and Mexican gardeners about the house. Jack's gang is Irish.

Strange Stones with Unknown Writing — Jack's gang drink their stolen wine while concealing themselves in a serpentine rock outcropping near the house. There are no other formations like this anywhere near, since the house is built on new sedimentary deposits in the valley, but a Geology roll will yield the information that this is not uncommon in earthquake country. Jack's gang has been keeping a betting tally by chalking a cryptic code on the gray-green rocks.

Wierd Chanting — People who have heard a drunken rendition of "Asleep in the Deep" by five men (all with singing skills no greater than 5% each) might describe it as an inhuman outcry, and one of the gang (O'Haran) is fond of parodying Gregorian chants he has heard at mass.

Unearthly Geometry — Emphasizing this in a house where "downstairs leads neither to the cellar nor upstairs to the roof" should be easy.

Outré Paintings — "The Hunter" portrays a man on horseback paused, with two dogs crouching at the horse's feet. The dogs are looking over their shoulders toward a primal forest. The overly-sensitive say they can make out something in the forest looking out at the unsuspecting horseman, but that's silly, isn't it? Just because the painter is the mysterious, murderous artist Gregory Johnson, and just because several owners died violent deaths, why there's no reason to think that the painting is cursed, is there?

Imposters — Question: When is your friend not your friend? Answer: When he is being impersonated by a monster, or by Warren Johnson the skilful actor. He may appear as a known investigator to a servant, as well. It won't do for this to work too well, since the fun comes when they realize later that someone has been impersonated.

The Curse of Chaugnar Faugn

The Investigators are drawn into the grasp of Chaugnar Faugn (one of the Great Old ones,) through the insane machinations of a once-respected professor, all leading to a final confrontation between ancient sorcery and advanced science..

INTRODUCTION

This is a scenario designed for around four to six experienced investigators. Such investigators should have at least some knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos and have access to one or more arcane books. At least a few magical spells should be known among the group as a whole. If fewer than four investigators are involved, or if they are inexperienced, the keeper may wish to adjust the scenario to balance the adventure—or perhaps not, permitting them a glimpse at horrors beyond their powers to control.

The keeper is advised that this scenario is designed to lead the investigators around by the nose—keeping them blind to the true course of events for much of the adventure. Therefore he may have to be more devious than usual in misleading the players. If the players do actually manage to pick up the subtle clues concerning the true nature of things, they should be appropriately commended and their characters rewarded. But this should not be the expected outcome.

This scenario is located in New York, but can be easily transferred to any other large city for working into a keeper's own campaign. The investigators are to be drawn into the scenario through an old lover of one of the male investigators. This investigator should be chosen carefully and intelligently. He must be role-played well and realistically to respond properly to his part in the scenario.

Player's Information

The day begins typically in the big city. The newspapers proclaim the usual events of the day—several robberies, a gangland killing, a revolution in some banana republic or another, a “ripper” killing at the Museum, Bolshevik atrocities in Siberia, another failed attempt at a transatlantic flight, a new invention by Edison, and the regular assortment of odds and oddities that obsess the readers of such journalistic endeavors. However, one of the investigators receives a distress call from an old flame—one Violet Staunton. Miss Staunton asks to come and see the investigator about a problem that she hopes he can help her with “for old times sake.” She acts agitated, but will not talk about it over the phone, and wants to come see him in person. If this investigator is money-minded she will

add that she can pay for his time. Since she is, indeed, the investigator's old girlfriend, she knows all his foibles and weaknesses, and can make appropriate responses.

The investigator should now be advised by the keeper that he and Violet were at one time quite close. He first met her in college (if the investigator attended college—if he did not, then he met her while she was attending college). Their relationship flowered, and finally ended, but not by the investigator's choice—he has always retained some feeling for her, though he has not seen her since. She is the daughter of Professor Henry Staunton, a noted archaeologist and orientalist, whom he met on several occasions while dating Violet. Staunton is known as an honorable man, well-respected by his associates. If the player makes a successful Knowledge roll, the investigator can remember reading that Professor Staunton recently returned from an expedition to the Far East, and that there was some sort of minor controversy involved with his return. Other characters may have heard of this if they can roll under 1/5 their Archaeology score.

Violet will arrive after enough time has passed for the other investigators to be summoned. Her old friend can see that, to his eyes, she looks more beautiful than ever, though she appears weary, as though not taking proper care of herself or getting enough sleep. Anyone making a Psychology roll successfully can tell that she is feeling a lot of stress and anxiety.

Once greetings and some reminiscing with her old friend are over, Violet will tell her story, directing most of it at her friend.

“It's my father—I'm afraid for him. I believe he's in trouble, and I need your help. His life—his sanity—may be at stake. Please, I need somebody's help, and I have heard that you have become an investigator of unusual events. You are the only one I feel to whom I can turn. Will you help?”

“The danger seemed to start when my father returned from his recent trip to Tibet and the surrounding areas. He was gone for almost six months, which isn't unusual for him, you must know, but apparently he'd undergone quite severe hardships on this expedition. However, he managed to get back with what he considered one of the

finds of the century—a massive idol of the Elephant God of Tsang. He'd somehow managed to barter for it with the actual natives who worshiped the thing; trading modern guns and conveniences for it. It was certainly unusual for natives to part with such a thing, but I had no doubt of my father's abilities to pull off such a trade. And I don't blame the fellows at all for wanting to get rid of it: the horrid grotesque thing. I only actually saw it once, when it was moved from the warehouse to the museum, but that was enough for me. Didn't look all that much like an elephant, but close enough for Tibetan savages, I suppose—they've probably never seen an elephant in their lives, and can't tell the difference.

"I'd really like to tell you more about the expedition and what happened there. I know it might be the key-stone of the whole problem. But father was very reluctant to talk about it. I could never find out anything really important.

"Soon after the statue was set up in the museum, the real problems began. That was about two weeks ago, just about a month after father returned with the Elephant God. He'd already fallen ill, though he tried to hide it from me, and then there was that terrible argument with Uncle Paul—Professor Ricoletti—and father started getting worse and then last night ...*[At this point, Violet will break down crying and will look to her old friend for comfort. The keeper should subtly (or not so subtly) hint that the investigator still feels protective towards her and should attempt to reassure her. Once she has composed herself, she will continue.]*

"Paul Ricoletti has been a friend of father's since college. I've known him all my life, and always called him Uncle Paul. He was always a solitary, I think even lonely, man, and became more so after his wife died, but he and father always got along, as friendly rivals in Oriental Studies. Uncle Paul never seemed to be envious in the least of father's success. But then they had that terrible fight when father brought the Elephant God to the museum. I don't know exactly what it was about. I could only hear them shouting downstairs. Afterwards, father only told me was that Ricoletti was jealous of his great discovery and had raved about wrecking the statue. He said his friendship with Ricoletti was ended and that he would not talk about the incident, nor speak of the man any more. It was he had learned that the man he thought was a friend all this time was in reality anything but. I couldn't find out more because father became very sick right after the incident and was confined to bed. *[Any character making a successful Anthropology roll will remember a Paul Ricoletti's papers in some of the less reputable scientific journals, though he will remember nothing more than that his theories were eccentric.]*

"Father's illness just got worse. He seemed to become weaker, all at once, as if some horrible tumor was draining his vitality away. And he began to have fits of incoherency, when he almost raved. At those times he'd seem to have nightmares and mumbled nonsense. It really got to me, because the nonsense he mumbled was consistent: I heard the word 'Leng' again and again, and the word 'chognarfon' as well. There were other words that I can't even pronounce, but 'Leng' and 'chognarfon' were the ones he said the most. Once, when he was lucid, I asked him about those words, and he seemed startled, but

denied ever hearing them before. But I could tell he was lying to me. The doctors couldn't find anything wrong with him, except for general exhaustion and deterioration. I ... I even had a psychiatrist examine him, but he said that father was mentally well. But he kept getting worse. The periods of incoherency became more frequent, and those of lucidity more rare. Then, a few nights ago, he asked to be strapped to his bed so he couldn't hurt himself should he try to get up and move around during one of the times he wasn't in possession of his senses. I've tried to care for him—I've had nurse training, you know—but now, I'm beginning to doubt my own sanity, too! *[Here, Violet pauses as though she is on the verge of crying again, but pulls herself together. If the investigators pose questions, she will explain what she means by doubting her own sanity.]*

"For the past few days I have had some really bad nightmares—the kind where you feel like you are paralyzed and can't move. I can see myself looking down at me, while I'm still lying in bed. Then the dream me will smile and shake her head. Then I drift off into other dreams, stranger ones in which I float through far-off vistas, wind-swept plateaus, ancient ruins that were dead, but I could just tell that they were somehow still horribly alive, and above all this, there's always the Elephant God, vast and terrifying, towering above me. I think that it is about to drain the life from me. And I hear far-off chanting in some language I can't identify. It includes the words 'Leng,' 'chognarfon', and 'Cho-cho.' I know it sounds crazy, and I figured I was just worried about Father. That's probably all it is, but then there were the black-outs. It was as though there were gaps in my memory. I almost went to a psychiatrist myself. And then last night! *[She shudders and pauses, drawing again on her old friend for support, apologizing for being so weak.]*

"Last night, trying to catch some sleep, I was awakened by a noise in my father's room. I thought he might have knocked over one of his medicine bottles while raving, so I went down to his room. When I opened the door, I saw a man there. He looked sort of Oriental, or Malay, with a long black robe, lots of beads, and white and red paint on his face. And he was standing over my father with a curved dagger—about to stab him!

"I was so shocked I screamed! He whirled to face me. I can still hear his beads rattle. His eyes were black and evil. He was so ugly and wrinkled, as if he were ancient. Then, I must have fainted. The next thing I remember, it was morning. I was lying on the floor in father's room while he was having one of his fits and the man was gone. The balcony door was still open, and I guess he must have jumped down from there—the balcony's on the second story—since all the other doors in the house were locked from the inside. But I didn't see any signs of his landing outside under the balcony. And I had a bandage on my arm. I took it off, and there was a cut on my arm. Father was all right, except for his incoherency. I guess I must have scared the Oriental off. When father came to his senses, I told him what happened, and he seemed scared. Real scared, more than I expected. I suggested going to the police, but he refused. Then I mentioned coming to you, and he agreed. I was afraid to leave him alone to come to see you, but he seemed certain he'd be all right during the day. He said that he'd keep his revolver in the

drawer of his nightstand just in case. Then I called you and came straight over. Can you help us? Will you protect my father from whoever is after him?"

Violet will look expectantly and soulfully at the investigators, a hint of tears in her eyes at the thought they might refuse her request. Any investigators worthy of the title should be intrigued by the case and the prospect of helping a beautiful damsel in distress—especially her old boyfriend. The keeper should be sure to tell him about the warm looks Violet slips in his direction throughout her narrative to help his decision along.

The investigators may have questions, but Violet cannot tell them much more than what she has already revealed. If they ask her about her dad and Professor Ricoletti, she only has superficial information and personal remembrances, such as Uncle Paul holding her on his lap when she was small. She will not think to mention his clubfoot, as it is normal to her. She does not know Ricoletti's exact address, as he always visited her father, rather than the other way round, but she can give them his phone number. She will not volunteer his number—the investigators must ask for it. If the investigators have picked up on the local news and the "ripper" murder in the museum, she will not have heard of it, but when shown the paper she knows that, yes, it is the same place they are keeping the Elephant God of Tsang. Today was to be the first day it was to be put on display. The keeper will have to field any other questions that the investigators come up with, remembering that Violet is an innocent, and knows nothing of the truth behind her father's dark ailment.

Violet will at last inform the investigators, once they've agreed to come and help protect Professor Staunton, that she has to go and take care of some errands before returning home. Her father is almost out of sedatives, and she has to pick up some papers from his office and so forth. She should be back by four o'clock, which should give the investigators plenty of time to get to the Staunton's apartment and be ready before night falls. If any of the investigators suggest that they go ahead to the house without her, she'll insist that they refrain. Her father doesn't know any of them except for her old boyfriend, and that it is best to wait for her return. She doesn't want any of them to accompany her on her errands, unless her old boyfriend offers, in which case she will let him come with her—but nobody else. It is late morning when she leaves, giving the investigators several hours to follow up on any part of her narrative or search for pertinent information.

Keeper's Information

The ultimate cause for the condition of Professor Staunton and his daughter is that the so-called idol of the Elephant God of Tsang is actually the god itself; Chaugnar Faugn, one of the Great Old Ones. Chaugnar spends much of its time in the form of a great statue on a pedestal, and it was in this form that Staunton encountered it, having heard rumors of its existence and traveling hundreds of miles across mountainous plateaus and blasted plains to locate it. Once having found it, Staunton became obsessed with returning to the U.S. with the "idol" convinced that it would make him foremost among Orientalists. The natives, a branch of the dreaded Tcho-Tcho people, said to engage in abominable practices, seemed to find the worship of this idol a frightful burden, even for them, but

they claimed that it was not yet time for Chaugnar Faugn to go West to rule the world. Yet their priest, Mo Shang, said that it would not harm the eventual prophecies for him to go West for this little while, and it would strengthen and vivify the Great One.

Staunton, of course, knew nothing of this. The Tcho-tchos let him "steal" the statue, pretending to sleep or be away, and so Staunton stole off with it, thinking that he had scored a major coup against the Tcho-tchos. From Tibet, Staunton returned with the idol to the United States, expecting to rise even farther in archaeological circles through its display. He failed to take warning at the disturbing dreams he was beginning to have, unaware that his sanity was starting to slip slowly away merely from his proximity to the mind-shattering horror that was Chaugnar Faugn. He tried to ignore the reports of missing sailors aboard the ship whereon he transported the Elephant God to the states.

On his arrival in the U.S., Staunton had the Elephant God stored at a warehouse, made arrangements to put it on display in the museum, and invited his friendly rival Paul Ricoletti to be the first to view the idol. Already, though, Staunton's disturbing dreams were becoming more severe—for a terrible reason. During his sojourn among the natives, he had voluntarily participated in one of the Tcho-tcho's rites. During this rite, one of the savages raked his unnaturally long black nails across the Professor's chest—the wounds were painful, but not serious. The "rite" was just a blind—the flesh and skin under the native's nails was enough to be retrieved by the tribe's high priest, who used the remains of Staunton's own flesh to call down the Curse of Chaugnar Faugn upon the hapless professor. The spell was designed to take over the mind of the victim, through the distance dividing them, and send the professor into fits of lunacy, at last forcing him to offer himself as a sacrifice to Chaugnar Faugn. The Tcho-tchos know that once the god had strengthened himself on a willing sacrifice, he would be able to move out more effectively, perhaps even becoming capable of taking his own sacrifices, and thus drawing the time nearer when he should leave and go out into the world, according to Mu Sang's prophecy. So each night, as the spell worked its evil power, Staunton became sicker and sicker.

When Staunton told Ricoletti what he had found, Ricoletti was disturbed. He could tell that something was wrong with his friend, and he consulted some of the less reputable books on Anthropology, and even some overtly esoteric tomes. The more he read, the more he became convinced that the Elephant God of Tsang was an evil more ancient than anything Staunton could imagine. When Ricoletti read in his crumbling copy of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* of the true nature of Chaugnar Faugn, he went at once to Staunton to urge him to destroy or rid himself of the idol. He was rebuffed by Staunton, who had slipped too far into insanity to be capable of complex rational reasoning. Paranoia had overtaken him, and he perceived Ricoletti's warnings as wicked schemes to destroy his triumph. Staunton had Ricoletti thrown out of the museum. Embittered by such treatment at the hands of his only close friend, Ricoletti washed his hands of the whole matter.

Meanwhile, Staunton deteriorated. When lucid, he wondered how correct Ricoletti might have been. But his paranoia began to warp Ricoletti's warning into a threat. Ricoletti knew what was behind his illness: *ergo*, Ricoletti could cure it—that he hadn't, proved that Ricoletti was his enemy and always had been. He attempted to play on Ricoletti's pretended friendship and obtain Ricoletti's copy of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, but Ricoletti knew that such a book was too dangerous to be put into Staunton's hands in his weakened condition.

One night when the curse was heavy upon him, Staunton awoke to find himself at the museum, standing before the statue of Chaugnar Faugn. Under his spell, he had actually walked from his home to the museum while asleep. The shock broke through his mental cobwebs enough for him to realize that he was in real danger—that Chaugnar Faugn was indeed a living entity and that he had almost

become its sacrifice. The next morning, he asked Violet to see that he was kept strapped down—knowing that if he was set loose, his life could end in Chaugnar Faugn maws. In his madness, he decided that he could not tell anyone of Chaugnar Faugn's true nature—that the only way to save himself was to gain control over the Elephant God. He was convinced that the key lay in Ricoletti's copy of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*. If he could obtain it he'd be more than safe—he'd control the god itself! And he'd have vengeance on Ricoletti! Yet he dared not let himself be removed from his restraints, lest Chaugnar Faugn's trance take him. Then, his madness offered an answer.

Ricoletti had told him that the Curse of Chaugnar Faugn needed a personal possession (or better yet, a part) of the victim as a focus for the spell, which then zeroed in on the victim's body, affecting the mind within. On

Available Information

The investigators have several options once Violet leaves. They could sit around doing nothing, or they could check out the newspaper.

Today's New York Times: The morning newspaper has many stories. If the investigators specifically look for the one on the "ripper" killing, it says that one of the guards at the American Museum of natural history was found dead this morning. His face has been slashed repeatedly by a sharp implement, and blood was reported spattered everywhere nearby. Inspector William Henderson refused to comment on the case, stating only that the police were following up some very promising leads. The murder occurred in the Oriental wing, which was scheduled to open to the public today with a new display, though the police investigation will undoubtedly delay the opening.

A side story in the back pages of the paper comments that the "silly season" has arrived. A man under the influence of alcohol staggered into police headquarters last night seeking protection from a "dragon" he saw land in Central Park. He claimed the dragon was ridden by a "painted indian." The article closes with the observation that Prohibition certainly hasn't shut off everyone's supply. The drunk described the dragon with some care. Anyone reading between the lines of the drunk's description and succeeding in a Cthulhu Mythos skill roll will recognize the creature as a Shantak.

The above information is available to anyone looking through the paper on the day Violet arrives. Afterwards, it is located in the public library or newspaper archives.

An Earlier Edition of the New York Times: A newspaper column dated two weeks earlier tells of Professor Paul Ricoletti being forcefully ejected from the Museum of Natural History after an altercation with the eminent orientalist, Professor Henry Staunton. A Museum official stated that Ricoletti had become violent and that Staunton was forced to summon aid to protect himself. This information is available to anyone searching back issues of the newspaper looking for information on Staunton or Ricoletti, if a Library Use roll succeeds.

Public Library: There are two books useful in the New York Public Library's general collection. Two successful Library Use rolls must succeed to find both the books. A single success will find only one.

An old occult book titled *Lost and Fabled Lands*, equates Tsang with the fabled plateau of Leng, and calls Leng a blasted, desolate land of occult horror and abominations.

A book on comparative religion, *Obscure Deities of Asia*, mentions the Elephant God of Tsang, "Chager Fawn" [*sic*] and states that his worship is associated with the practice of vampirism, torture, and unnatural sexual practices. It also

mentions the native belief that the idol of their god is actually the god itself, and can descend from its pedestal at night to feed.

New York University: The Tcho-Tcho people are the subject of a specialized anthropological report written by a professor of anthropology (now deceased). It is available only from the university library, and may not be taken out of the building. A successful Library Use roll is needed to find it in the card catalog. To actually see the report, one must either be a professor (in any subject) or impress the librarian with a successful Credit Rating roll. The report is very technical and understanding it requires an Anthropology skill of at least 50%.

The report tells of the degenerate nature of the Tcho-Tchos, including the facts of their ceremonial cannibalism and the strange gods from the skies they worship. Though the Tcho-Tchos are currently found in Southeast Asia, they hold that some of their tribe still live in Tibet, their ancestral homeland. The author is somewhat bemused by their racial background. There is definitely a strong Oriental strain in them, but there is some evidence of an actual Caucasian strain, perhaps even Negro. There are hints that the Tcho-Tchos may have originated further west, perhaps as far as Europe. He bases this theory on their own legends of a migration toward the rising sun, and on Basque legends of an ancient lost tribe of dark dwarfs who left their home in the Pyrenees at the command of their priests, carrying their god with them on a great pedestal to leave Spain forever. The professor admits that this theory is tenuous at best, however, and states that the deities currently worshiped are not placed upon pedestals. The author concludes the report with the observation that the Tcho-Tchos, despite their disgusting (to Western thinking) mores, are worthy of more study. He does say that all the nearby tribes both hate and fear the Tcho-Tchos, and evidently find them as morally reprehensible as do the Catholic missionaries, who have so far failed to convert any Tcho-Tchos at all.

Should the investigators inquire about the author of the report, professor Jabez Wilson, they will learn that he disappeared two years ago on an expedition to the Far East.

Arcane Tomes: Successful use of a Mythos book will give some information on Leng and the Tcho-Tchos. This will entail successfully making the Knowledge x 5% multiplier given for all books. All the books know of Leng as a cold wasteland where the old ones are worshiped in fear and blood, and as the gateway to Kadath. The Tcho-Tchos are mentioned in certain books as a tribe of folk that worship the Old Ones in a most dedicated manner. Only the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, *Book of Dzyan*, *R'lyeh Text*, *Zanthu Tablets*, *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan*, and, of course, the *Necronomicon* give full information on Chaugnar Faugn. Other books at best mention him as one of the Great Old Ones, who is prophecied to come West to help rule the world, and who drinks blood.

Staunton's last trip to the orient, he had been taught a spell by a holy man in a retreat—the monk had claimed the spell would allow him to switch bodies with another with whom he had a loving emotional tie. It was of no use to the monk, who'd forsworn all emotion. Staunton memorized the spell, and had intended to write a paper on it, not for a moment believing in it. Now, in his madness, he decided it was worth a try. He would switch bodies with Violet, then, while she was in his body strapped to the bed, he could use her body to obtain Ricoletti's book and gain mastery over the god. The curse would affect his daughter, but she'd be safely strapped down. So that she wouldn't know what was going on, he sedated his own body before switching, so she slept through the transformations. This has been the cause of Violet's blackouts and strange dreams—periods when the sedative hadn't quite taken effect and she'd fallen under the influence of the Curse while in her father's body. Staunton had just mastered the technique when the appearance of the Priest of Tsang surprised him.

Through their spells, the Tcho-Tchos knew that something was interfering with the work of the Curse they'd laid on Staunton. Though they'd invoked the curse continually with chants, he was obviously still alive, and Chaugnar Faugn awaiting his sacrifice. The priest decided to intervene personally. Mounting a dread shantak-bird, he followed the magical trail of the curse, landing in the middle of Central Park near midnight to orient himself. Then he flew to the Staunton's residence. With the shantak clinging to the brownstone exterior, he dropped onto Staunton's balcony, entered his bedroom, and saw the restraints. He took his dagger with the intention of cutting Staunton's restraints so that Chaugnar Faugn could summon his sacrifice. However, he made a noise and Violet awoke. When she screamed, the professor awakened, and, with the swiftness of a madman, recognized his danger. As he saw Violet, he quickly transferred bodies with her. She fainted and lapsed into unconsciousness in his body while he, in Violet's young, athletic body, attacked the priest, catching him off-guard, and pushing him onto the balcony. The priest slashed Violet's arm and leaped onto his shantak, escaping.

Staunton let the priest go so he could tend to Violet's body's wound. When he saw Violet waking in his body, he switched back to it. In the morning, he talked to Violet and, when Violet mentioned her old flame, he realized that the investigator would be a perfect choice. If this friend of Violet's could stop the priest, then the path to Ricoletti and control of Chaugnar Faugn was clear. Then nothing could stop him from being the greatest orientalist in the world—if he had to use Chaugnar Faugn to ensure that he was the only orientalist left alive in the world. And Ricoletti would go first!

At the Museum

Should the investigators come here, they will see several police cars parked outside. The wing containing Chaugnar Faugn is roped off, and a policeman guards it. He is under strict orders and will not allow the investigators access to the wing under any circumstances. From the doorway, the investigators can catch a glimpse of the Elephant God—enough to give them the creeps. They will also be able to see the taped outline of a body on the floor directly before the statue.

Should the investigators prove obtrusive, inspector William Henderson will have them forcibly ejected. His reaction to the investigators depends on the POW and profession of the investigators' spokesman. Multiply his POW x 4 if he is a private investigator. Multiply his POW x 3 if he is a professor, antiquarian, or other conventional academic type. Multiply his POW x 2 if he is a journalist, parapsychologist, dilettante, or anyone publicly espousing occult beliefs or theories. Unmentioned professions should be determined by the keeper.

A 1D100 roll is made. If the roll is higher than the spokesman's POW times the multiplier, then he is openly hostile and skeptical: it's a dirty job and these nosy incompetents are only making it harder with their interference. Maybe they're involved somehow. If they get in the way, I'll run them in and see what they have to hide. If the roll is lower than the spokesman's POW times the multiplier, then he will be tolerant but distant: this is his job and these are just overly-curious bystanders. If the roll is equal to or less than the spokesman's POW, he will be friendly and interested. These guys seem to know what they're talking about: help can come from unusual sources, and Lord knows I could use some.

Even if Henderson is friendly, his opinion will rapidly drop should the spokesman or his friends begin to talk about occult occurrences, monsters, and so on. If the investigators persist, he will threaten to run them in the next time they interfere with the case. If the characters ever present Henderson with tangible evidence of the occult which he cannot explain away, he still won't believe in the occult, but he will at least listen to them, and perhaps even change his opinion for the better.

If Henderson has a good reaction to the investigators, he will allow them access to the wing (providing they don't touch anything) to see the murder scene. If he was only neutral to them, the investigators' spokesman will need to ply him with a successful Debate roll. If he was hostile to the investigators, he will dismiss them with a warning. If the investigators gain access to the wing, they can see nothing more than what they saw from the door, though Henderson can tell them where the blood—now cleaned up—was splattered. Now that they can fully see Chaugnar's statue form, a SAN roll is required: 1D6 points of SAN are lost if it fails. If the investigators have been allowed access to the wing, Henderson will also tell them that the coroner says that the body was nearly empty of blood, and the face repeatedly slashed with a sharp instrument. Death was a combination of shock and massive blood loss. The official police theory, which Henderson will also give to the investigators, if he isn't hostile, is that a kook hid out in the museum before closing and killed the guard when he ran across the guy on his rounds.

The investigators may wish to talk to the museum guard who found the body. Any of the museum guards can direct them to him. His name is John Ferrier, and he is nearing retirement. He is shaken by the experience, and a successful Oratory roll is necessary to get him to talk about it. Ferrier's story follows:

"I'd just come on duty and was making my rounds, when I came across the body. I'd wondered why Charley—that's the dead man—Charley McNary—hadn't been in the guards' ready room, since he must have finished his

rounds by then. And then I found him—poor old Charley. I just blundered across his body in the Oriental Wing. There was blood all over, especially on that statue; ugly beggar, isn't it? Gives me the creeps! And there was Charley lying under it, his face shredded, all cold and pale. Kind of shrunken, too, the way some people get when they die—sort of like his uniform was too large for him. I lost my dinner then and there.

"I could only recognize Charley by his uniform. I called the cops and they came right off. I sure don't think much of their 'madman' theory. Two guards double-check the whole museum right after it closes, making sure that no one is still around. And besides, Charley's too good a guard to get caught like that. His gun was still in his holster. Me maybe, but not old Charley ..."

Ferrier has no better theories as to how the murder occurred. Should the investigators be suspicious, it is easy to confirm that Charley McNary, museum guard, is, indeed the dead man.

If they think to ask the guard about Staunton, he will say that he was "there the night they had that big fight. But most of the fight took place in Staunton's office and I'm no Paul Pry to listen through keyholes. All I know is, Professor Staunton had me come and throw out Mr. Ricoletti. Ricoletti's kind of a creepy guy anyway ... there's something weird about the way he avoids people. Mr. Staunton, though, he's a wonderful man. Even gives the guards a little something every Christmas. Funny, though, a couple of nights ago I found the professor near the statue after midnight. He's got his own key, and can do what he likes. But what was he doing at the museum dressed only in a nightshirt and coat?"

No other information is available at the museum. The wing will be closed off for several days. Should the investigators attempt to gain access to the museum, possibly later on in the scenario, it will require a successful Mechanical Repair and Electric Repair to pick the locks and disarm the alarm system. A successful Sneak and Hide roll is also needed to avoid the guards. If the investigators get to the Oriental wing, they can examine the statue close at hand. Chaugnar Faugn will ignore them unless the keeper decides that he is hungry. Any attempted offensive action against Chaugnar Faugn will be in vain unless enchanted weapons are used. Even sledge-hammers or explosives will be in vain. If an enchanted weapon is used, this will invoke Chaugnar Faugn's wrath, and this will undoubtedly doom any investigators foolish enough to attempt this course.

At the University

The investigators will meet with little success in trying to find out information about Staunton or Ricoletti at the university. The Anthropology Department, and Staunton and Ricoletti's offices are easily found, though both offices are locked (unless the investigators go to Staunton's office while Violet is there collecting papers as she said she would). If the investigators decide to break into either office, a successful Mechanical Repair roll is needed, along with a successful Luck roll to ensure that no one passes by during the attempt. Neither office contains much pertinent to the scenario, though Ricoletti's, through its unkempt state and the books of mysticism and pseudoscience lying about, should further stain his reputation in the investigators' minds.

If the investigators go to the Anthropology Department secretary and enquire about Ricoletti, she will say that he is now on sabbatical and won't be available at the university until the next semester, when he is scheduled to teach classes again. Under no circumstances will she give them Ricoletti's address or phone number. If they wish to talk to someone else about Staunton or Ricoletti, she will direct them to other members of the department, all of whom hold a high opinion of Staunton and a fair-to-low opinion of Ricoletti. Should the investigators wish to speak with Professor Huxtable, the head of the department, she will make an appointment. If the investigators display any anthropological knowledge (by successfully making an Anthropology roll—only one attempt may be made in the whole party), he will see them at once. Otherwise, they will have to wait for three days.

When the investigators do see Huxtable, they will again be required to display some anthropological knowledge (in small talk, he will carelessly toss off anthropological references—if the characters don't answer appropriately, by making a successful Anthropology roll, he will dismiss them as wasting his valuable time). Huxtable is a pompous, self-important man who considers himself an expert at his chosen field and does not readily suffer fools or the ignorant. He respects Staunton as a scientist—always has. Ricoletti, on the other hand, he doesn't care for. Would have dismissed the man long ago if he hadn't had tenure before Huxtable became department head. Never could see how Henry Staunton could waste time with the man. Always writing papers on occult rubbish as though there was some basis in fact. Preposterous. But some of the less-reputable journals are so desperate they'll even publish Ricoletti's tripe. The man's a recluse and rarely attends department social functions. Rarely even did when his wife was still alive.

He will not give Ricoletti's address or number to the investigators (he doesn't even know them), nor will he authorize the secretary to do so unless one of the investigators is a full professor at this or another university. If the investigators begin to babble about the occult or the paranormal, he will dismiss them at once.

Contacting Ricoletti

It is impossible to contact Ricoletti before it is time to go to Staunton's house with Violet. He will not answer his phone, nor his door, today.

Violet's Return

At the appointed time, Violet will return to the investigators' headquarters to take them to her father. She will greet her old boyfriend, then suddenly look puzzled, gazing blankly at the other investigators, and ask her old boyfriend who they are. When she is told their identities and that she met them this morning she will look distressed, shake her head, and mutter. She will then apologize, explaining that she has just had a memory lapse, and that it was as though she had never met them at all. In fact, she says she can't remember exactly what she said earlier, just what she had intended to say. She asks the investigators sheepishly if they'd mind telling her what she said. She will explain that she's been having such blackouts recently, though the investigators will probably inform her that she has already mentioned them before she gets too far.

Actually, of course, Staunton has exchanged minds with his daughter, deciding that it would be better if he directed things in her body, and start to indoctrinate the investigators in the idea that it is all Ricoletti's fault, and that it is imperative to get his copy of the *Manuscripts*. Henry Staunton-as-Violet will feign another memory loss on the way to the house, or soon after the group has arrived to further establish their belief that the Violet with whom they are dealing is one person with memory problems and not two separate entities.

If Violet's boyfriend accompanied Violet on her errands, he will witness the mind exchange, which looks like no more than a momentary fainting fit.

Staunton knows his daughter well enough to emulate her mannerisms so closely that anyone knowing her so brief a time as the investigators have won't be able to spot any difference. Her boyfriend might notice some differences if he makes both a successful Idea and Psychology roll, but the keeper should phrase such differences that they will be attributed to the stress she is under. Should anyone's suspicions become aroused at any time, he would be told that Violet does not appear to be speaking under any special duress, nor does she appear to be under any form of hypnosis or mental control. And in truth, she is not, as she is Henry Staunton and not Violet at this moment.

Once she has established the memory-loss idea in the investigators' minds, she will lower her eyes and admit that she hadn't told them the entire truth this morning. She was afraid that they might not believe her, but now she's sure she can tell them everything. If they bowed out now, *He* may have learned they came to her and would probably mark them for destruction as well as she and her father. Staunton-as-Violet's story follows:

When the investigators ask about *He*, she will answer almost reluctantly that she means Ricoletti. "Much as I didn't want to believe that Uncle Paul was involved, now I must. My father must have known all along, but wanted to spare me, thinking that Ricoletti would spare me in his madness, even if his friendship with my father had disintegrated due to his insane jealousy. Ricoletti had always bragged about his contacts with secret oriental cults; thugs and assassins, and of the mystical knowledge they imparted to him. As a little girl, I thought these were just fairy stories. But now I know they are real. Father told me that Ricoletti has a book of the lost mystic arts. Ricoletti came to Father when he'd brought the Elephant God to the museum and said that with the knowledge in his book—Father called it the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*—he could animate the inanimate. He wanted Father to join him and let him use the Elephant God as a test of his powers. He claimed he could use the idol to make both of them greater than ever before. Father tried to dissuade Uncle Paul from his mad idea, letting him down gently, but he flew into a rage, calling Father terrible names and saying that he'd destroy the idol and ruin Father's glory, and destroy Father, too. Father lost his temper and told Uncle Paul he was mad, and Uncle Paul said to Father, 'You'll join me in madness, then.' Then a guard took Uncle Paul out. Father was upset, but that's all.

"Then the fits of delirium began. And one day, while I was out, Uncle Paul called and told Father that it was he who was driving Father mad with his powers. Father

wouldn't believe it until Ricoletti repeated some of the visions Father had seen in his delirium! Ricoletti vowed to see Father dead. This murder you showed me in the paper: it looks like Ricoletti managed to animate the idol after all and has used it to kill. Once Father is out of the way, he'll stop at nothing."

Staunton-as-Violet will look to the investigators expectantly again, appearing to be on the verge of tears. Staunton will use all his mental powers of persuasion and the appeal of Violet's body to hook the characters into assisting him in stopping the priests of Tsang and then getting the *Manuscripts* from Ricoletti. There may be some slight inconsistencies between her current story and the original one, but they can be attributed to her distraught state and memory loss.

Staunton-as-Violet will try to answer any questions the investigators have about these added facts, always seeming sorry for not telling them everything earlier. If an investigator has spoken with the museum guard Ferrier earlier and asks about Staunton's appearance at the museum in his nightshirt a few nights ago, she'll state that her father feared that he had been drawn to the museum by Ricoletti, who'd failed to animate the statue. But she'll try to put off such questions, claiming that it is Ricoletti, who is the danger—especially that book of his. If they can get that away from him, they'll be able to stop him. But first they must stop the oriental cultists from killing her father. Let's hurry to the house at once.

At this point, the investigators should be thoroughly snowed, and motivated to head for Staunton's home to protect him from the evil Ricoletti. Violet will sit next to her old flame, Staunton hoping to further influence the investigator into helping his scheme along through his former closeness to Violet.



THE STAUNTON HOUSE

The house is located in a well-to-do residential neighborhood. It has a large yard, surrounded by high shrubs. These shrubs block off the view of the surrounding homes from the first floor. The tops of neighboring homes can be seen from the second floor, or from the upper branches of the two trees in the back yard.

The Staunton house is a two-story turn-of-the-century structure built of brownstone with a slate tile roof. Two chimneys top the roof. The bricks near the balcony are scraped and damaged. (This is where the shantak clung after letting off the Tcho-Tcho priest.) A tool shed behind the house is locked. Violet has the key. Inside is a ladder, a wheelbarrow, a lawnmower, and similar garden tools. None have been disturbed.

The exterior looks well-tended in general, as do most of the other houses in the neighborhood. The grass does need cutting—neither Violet nor Henry Staunton have gotten around to it for over a month.

The First Floor

Entry is by the front door off a low, uncovered concrete porch, or through either of two back doors to either side, one leading to the kitchen, the other into a hall. The front door has a STR of 30, the back doors a STR of 25 each, and the windows, all of which may be shuttered, a STR of 17 each.

1. Storage—This small room is used by Professor Staunton to store the smaller items he has brought back from expeditions or obtained from other archaeologists and anthropologists. All the items are mundane, and none are of any significance to the adventure. A successful Archaeology roll will identify most of the items as being of Eastern origin.

2. Bathroom—This is an ordinary bathroom, but with Buddha figures on the faucets.

3. Living Room—The Staunton living room is comfortable, but not lavish. It holds a sofa, several chairs, lamps, end tables, and a fireplace. Several shelves contain Oriental artifacts, easily identifiable as artworks, and the walls hold Oriental masks and paintings. There is nothing sinister about any of the items found here. The fireplace does not connect with the one in Staunton's study. Two doors lead out of the living room.

4. Alcove—The front door opens into a wide alcove leading to the main stairway. It contains a small coat closet and doors to other parts of the house, but is not interesting by itself.

5. Dining Room—The dining room is, like the living room, comfortably furnished, exhibiting several items of Eastern origin. In the center is a large family dinner table. On the right wall is a fireplace. Light is provided by a large chandelier in the center of the room, each individual bulb covered with a crystal pagoda. A large window gives a view of the front yard.

6. Kitchen—The kitchen, like the bathroom, is quite ordinary, with all the modern conveniences—stove, ice box, etc. A small kitchen table is set up in the right front corner for informal meals. Violet has been eating here since her father's illness. A set of kitchen knives are in a rack on the wall over the counter to the left rear of the kitchen.

7. Pantry—The pantry is well-stocked. Enough food is missing to account for two person's meals for a couple of weeks—about the time Staunton's illness confined him to bed.

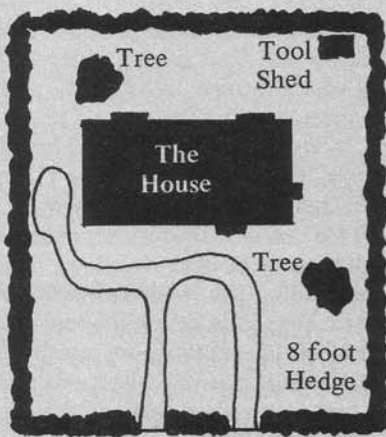
8. Rear Hall—This is where the main hall turns to run along the back of the house. There is a telephone set in a small alcove here, near the junction of the main hall and the rear hall. A back door here opens underneath Staunton's balcony, just as the back door in the kitchen opens underneath Violet's balcony.

9. Professor Staunton's Study—Staunton's study is the only room in the house that lies on no exterior wall and has no windows. The door to the study is of sturdy oak (STR 35) and has a lock. The inside is dominated by Professor Staunton's desk and by the bookcases lining each wall. Eastern artifacts are found throughout the room. A fireplace is on the south wall, opposite the one in the living room, but does not connect to it.

All the books in the professor's library are archaeological and anthropological works, mostly dealing with the Far East. Anyone with skill levels of 25% or more in those subjects can recognize many of the books as standards in the fields. If the investigators are looking for something unusual, a successful Library Use roll will find copies of *Lost and Fabled Lands* and *Obscure Deities of the East*. If the investigators had not found these books yet (they are described earlier, under Available Information, as books obtainable from the public library). A successful Occult roll will identify these books as being somewhat out of place with the scholarly tone of the rest of the library. If Violet is asked about them, she will claim that her father borrowed them from Ricoletti, and evidently forgot to return them. They were borrowed prior to his last expedition.

The professor's desk is solidly constructed and all the drawers are locked. It requires a successful Mechanical Repair to break into the desk, unless it is simply hacked apart with axes and hammers. Inside the desk are mostly papers and notes of little relevance, financial records, receipts, and bills. If an investigator reads through these, it requires a successful Accounting roll to find anything of significance. The keeper may wish to describe some of the bills and receipts in boring detail if a player does try his Accounting skill roll. The only item of significance, which should be buried among irrelevant items, is a receipt on a rented warehouse in the Professor's name, giving the address in the warehouse district. If the investigators wish access to the desk's contents and do not wish to break in, they can ask Violet for a key. She does not know where her father keeps the key. If Staunton-as-Violet is asked about it, she will state that her father keeps only financial records and bills in the desk and those shouldn't be of any interest or help in protecting her father from Ricoletti—which is why they're here, she reminds them. No search will turn up a key.

The items atop the desk may prove to be of interest. These include a notebook, an address book, a calendar, and a small carved caricature of Chaugnar Faugn. The caricature is crudely made, and requires no SAN roll, as it cannot begin to convey the mind-numbing presence of the god itself. Anyone asking Violet about it will be told that Staunton found it on an expedition a year or so before the one in which he located the actual Elephant God. This



The Staunton House

Window
Exterior
Door
Exterior
Wall

Interior
Wall
Interior
Door



10 Feet

Fireplace

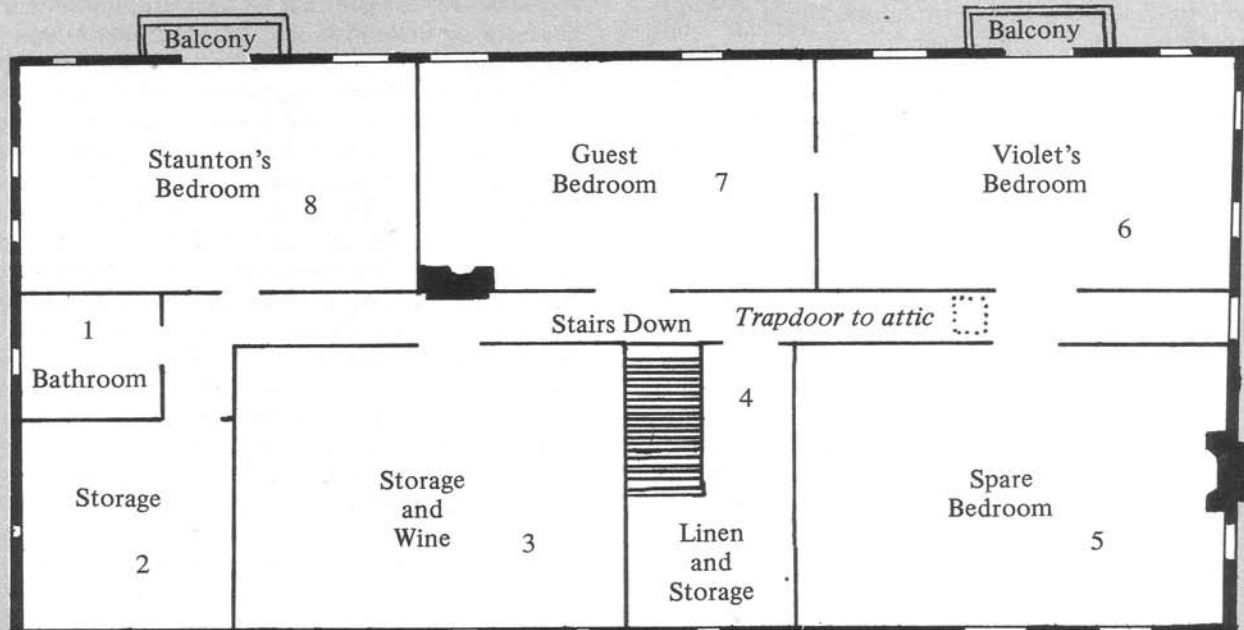
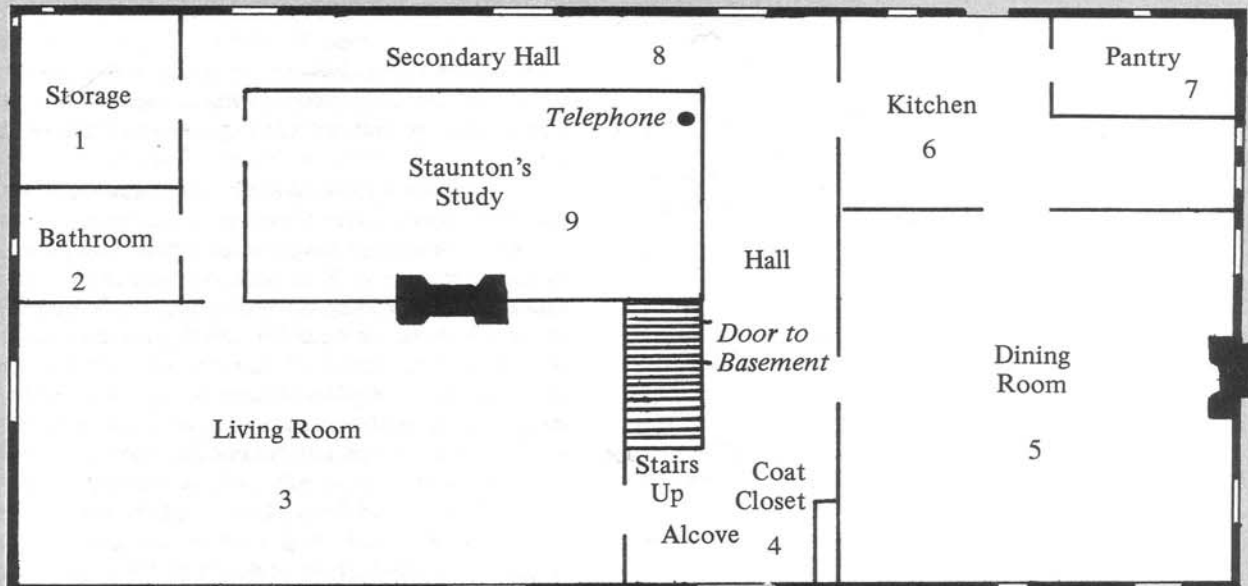


figure first put him on the god's trail. Regardless of any suspicions harbored by investigators, this caricature is harmless. The calendar has not been turned for two weeks. On the page showing is a handwritten appointment; "Ricoletti, museum, two o'clock." The notebook contains several entries, mostly unrelated to the adventure. The most recent mentions Ricoletti: "Ricoletti has the book that can control Chaugnar Faugn. Must get it from him if I'm to be saved. The Priest—he's after me. To kill me. Curse Ricoletti—that book, I must get it!" A successful Spot Hidden roll while reading these may notice that Staunton's handwriting is slightly different here than in earlier entries—not so much that it appears to be a forgery, though it could be, but not quite the same. (This is, of course, because it was Staunton in Violet's body writing these entries, though investigators should not realize this until much later in the scenario.) If asked, Staunton-as-Violet claims not to know what Father meant by that writing; if they notice the handwriting change and mention it, she will say that her father has been under such stress that it has doubtless made his hand less sure. A sharp investigator may wonder how Staunton wrote the last entry when he was strapped in his bed with the notebook down here. "Violet" will come up with an appropriate answer if asked—she brought it down before leaving, or some other plausible excuse.

The Second Floor

The second floor contains bedrooms, storage, and a bathroom. The stairs from the first floor open in the middle of the hall. To the right of the stairs is a trapdoor in the hall's ceiling, leading to the attic. Two balconies are attached to the second floor, one each in Professor Staunton's and Violet's bedrooms. All rooms have windows overlooking the grounds.

1. Bathroom—Similar to the one downstairs, but slightly bigger.

2. Storage—The professor uses this room to store more of his artifacts, just as in the storage room downstairs. This one also contains a couple of unused pieces of furniture, but still nothing of significance.

3. Storage—just like the previous room. Since he lacks a cellar, Staunton stores a large variety of vintage wines here. Despite prohibition Staunton has wine with dinner.

4. Linen and Storage—This room is used primarily by Violet to store linens and other necessities. Staunton has used it for the overflow of his artifacts as well. The stairwell from below intrudes into this room.

5. Spare Bedroom—The guest room. It has a bed, dresser, nightstand, lamp, and empty closet. Violet has managed so far to keep her father's artifacts out of here. It affords a view of the front and side yards.

6. Violet's Room—Violet's room is furnished similarly to the guest bedroom, and is neat and clean. On the wall is mounted a .22 single-shot target rifle. Around it on the wall and on the dresser are trophies for sharpshooting and archery tournaments. There are several 2nd-place trophies, a few 3rds, and two 1st-place awards. A box of bullets for the rifle are found in the top drawer of the dresser over which the gun hangs. This gun is balanced and made so well that it has a better chance by 10 percentiles than a normal rifle. A bow and quiver of target arrows (05% base chance, target arrows do only 1D6 damage) and a standup

bullseye target are in the closet. The drawers of the dresser are filled with clothing and unmentionables. If anyone rummages through them, he will find an old photo of the investigator who was Violet's former boyfriend, with a heart drawn around the picture. (The keeper can play this up if he wishes, using it to show the investigator that Violet still has feelings for him since she kept the picture, and, if he was doing the searching, isn't he ashamed for being suspicious of her?) He can also find some medals for shooting contests, including some college tournaments. If anyone examines the boxes holding the medals, a successful Spot Hidden will uncover a key. This key will open Staunton's desk in the first floor study. (Staunton, not Violet, placed it here; Violet rarely looks at her old medals anymore, and he thought it was a safe place.) In the drawer of the nightstand is a first-year anthropological text. A double French door leads to the balcony outside Violet's room. It is currently shut and locked.

7. Spare Bedroom—Another guest bedroom, identical to the other one, except that it has a door leading to Violet's room. This door is kept locked from Violet's side.

8. Staunton's Room—Professor Staunton's room is similar to Violet's except that it is decorated with Eastern artifacts instead of trophies and does not have a door to an adjoining room. It is also less neat than Violet's room; she has tried to keep up, but with her father's illness and an entire house to care for, she hasn't been able to do it all. There are signs of the struggle that morning that haven't been completely cleaned up. Staunton is in bed asleep, under sedation. He is strapped down, but his arms are free. The straps are fastened so that even with his free arms, Staunton could not unfasten them. Next to the bed is a nightstand with some pill bottles atop it. Inside the stand's drawer is a hypodermic kit and a .32 revolver. When the investigators arrive, the hypo is on top of the nightstand next to an empty ampule of sedative. The professor has obviously given himself an injection. Staunton-as-Violet will explain that her father sedates himself when he feels an attack coming on when she is not there to help. The door to the balcony, identical to the one in Violet's room, is now closed and locked. Violet will state that she locked it when she came to that morning and hasn't opened it since. Characters investigating the balcony will find it to be self-supporting, with lots of open space around it. The freshly-broken branches of the tree behind the house are clearly visible, as noted previously. With the help of a comrade and a successful Climb roll, an investigator can be boosted to the roof, but will need another successful Climb roll each minute he spends there to walk on the slippery tiles without falling. If he falls, a Luck roll will allow him to land on the balcony, in which case he will take 1D6 damage unless he makes a successful Jump roll, negating all damage. If his Luck roll is failed, he misses the balcony, and will drop to the ground below unless he can roll his DEXx4 or less, in which case he can grab hold of the rain gutter surrounding the roof. If he does, he can hang on long enough for his comrades to get a ladder from the tool shed to help him down (assuming they are present). If he falls, he will take 2D6 damage if a Jump roll succeeds, 3D6 otherwise. If he falls after successfully grabbing ahold of the gutter, his Jump roll is considered to automatically succeed.

The Attic

There is nothing in the attic but more of the professor's store of artifacts, and cobwebs and dust. There is no window, only an old ventilation grate high on a side wall. If an investigator decides to station himself here that night, on a successful Listen roll he can hear the priest and his shantak land on the roof.

The Basement

There is nothing here except more stored artifacts, the furnace, and the coal bin. The door to the coal bin is securely locked and there are no signs of tampering. It would be as difficult to break through as is the front door.

The Stake-Out

When the investigators arrive, Staunton-as-Violet will usher them into the living room and ask them to wait there for a moment while she puts away her father's papers. She'll be gone for several minutes, allowing the investigators to poke around the living room. She will then take the investigators upstairs to Staunton's room.

Staunton's body, as noted before, is under sedation. However, he is mumbling in his sleep. Violet will explain that he must be having an attack. Any character with a successful Pharmacy roll will recognize all the medicines and sedatives to be exactly what she has claimed. Staunton appears very pale and wasted. Should anyone ask to examine him further, Staunton-as-Violet will agree, but will caution him that her father is weak, so please be careful. She'll veto any attempts to waken him, either naturally or through a stimulant, due, she claims, to his weakened condition. Actually, Staunton wants to make sure Violet doesn't wake in his body and will claim all sorts of possible dangers to her "Father" to make certain the investigators don't try it. An examination of Staunton will only confirm that he is indeed under sedation, that his condition is poor, and that he is in a weakened state. It will also disclose an ugly scar that extends from his neck down his chest and around onto his back. Staunton-as-Violet will claim that he received the wound on one of his expeditions to the East several years ago. (Actually, it is the wound used by the Tcho-Tchos to obtain some of his flesh for a focus for Chaugnar Faugn.)

Once the investigators have decided on a strategy and on their tactics, and have deployed themselves, following any further investigations of the house and grounds, they will need to wait for a time. During this time, anyone looking outside will see that the sky is becoming increasingly overcast, so that by late evening there is a dense cloud cover obscuring the stars and moon and making a very dark night. Only the lights from the neighborhood provide light to see by, along with any lights the investigators have left on in the house. As it gets later, Staunton-as-Violet will tell the investigators that she feels very tired, and not feeling well—nerves, perhaps. She'll ask one of the investigators—her old flame, unless one of the investigators is a doctor—to give her a sedative to help her sleep. If they decline, or say they'd rather have her awake, she'll explain that she's so jumpy that seeing the Oriental killer again would probably drive her into hysterics. If they still don't agree, she'll get the sedative

and take it herself. She'll ask her old boyfriend to stay close outside her door to protect her in case there is danger.

Staunton has realized that the sedative he gave himself when he exchanged minds with Violet will soon wear off, and he wants to be back in his own body should the Priest attack again tonight, which he expects. He also doesn't want Violet to be in harm's way. Despite his paranoia and his obsession with Chaugnar Faugn, Professor Staunton still loves his daughter. He is using her only because he believes in his madness that he must to get back at Ricoletti and to protect himself. With the investigators here to take the risks, he wants Violet out of the way, sedating her body so that he can make the switch without her awakening and perhaps damaging the groundwork he's laid, or her getting in the way and perhaps being hurt when the priest returns. He asked her old friend to guard her door for extra protection.

Once he can feel the sedation of Violet's body coming on, Staunton will switch bodies again. His body is still sedated, but the Curse has passed for the moment. When he comes to, he will pretend to be asleep to avoid having to answer the characters' questions. If someone watches Staunton closely, a successful First Aid roll will enable that character to tell that Staunton has awakened. If he is discovered to be awake, he will feign an attack coming on. His pretense won't last long, though, as an actual attack of the Curse will soon overcome him as the Priest of Tsang returns for another try.

The Attack on Staunton

The Priest of Tsang, having been foiled on his first attempt to free Staunton to face Chaugnar Faugn, is more cautious this time. With his arcane knowledge, he has figured out that Staunton changed minds with Violet the night before to stop him. This time he has made preparations to deal with any interference. He has ensured that the Curse is afflicting Staunton's body when he returns, also ensuring that Staunton's mind is in the body at the time, through occult detection means. He has prepared certain artifacts to deal with other interference, in case Staunton has reinforced himself.

Flying high in the clouds on his shantak, the priest will zero in on Staunton's house, following the magical energy of the curse. Then he will use his Shantak to descend as quietly as possible through the cloud ceiling and thence to land on Staunton's roof. He will then use his Levitation spell to float silently to the balcony. If an investigator is stationed on the balcony, the priest will deal with him first from the roof with his blowgun. Only an investigator stationed outside the house on the grounds, concealed in the trees, for example, would have any chance of seeing the priest's descent.

Once the priest is on his way down, the shantak will fly into the front yard, landing noisily and croaking loudly to attract the attention of the investigators, assuming they have not already seen it land from their stations. It will advance menacingly toward the house, croaking and emitting awful strangled bellows all the way. The priest hopes that the majority of the defenders will be drawn to the front of the house to deal with the shantak, while he slips into the professor's room. The shantak will continue to progress toward the house as long as it is still alive. If it

manages to reach the house, it will try to crash through the wall where the investigators are defending, croaking its hate. It will ignore characters attacking from the grounds, unless no one is firing from the house at all.

While the shantak's diversionary attack is underway, the priest will attempt to get into the professor's room. If someone has spotted him from without and fired at him, he will continue on his task, trusting in his Flesh Ward spell to protect him long enough to carry out his appointed task. If his assailant is within range, he will stop long enough to take him out with a blowgun dart. If anyone has remained in the professor's room during the shantak attack, the priest will throw a rock through the balcony window to draw fire, while he stands to the side. He will follow the rock with a smoke bomb. The smoke will block off light inside, filling it with opaque black smoke, and cutting down visibility in the room to zero. The smoke is not especially irritating to the lungs, though breathing it for more than a few minutes will result in severe upper-respiratory inflammation. If the investigators within the room try to run for the door or stay inside in sight, the priest will enter from the balcony and pick off any characters in the room with his blowgun. The priest is uncannily capable of acting when blinded, and can easily fight and act in the room. The investigators will be moving blind, and will have 80% subtracted from all their chances for success in sight-oriented skills (minimum of 05%).

The priest's blowgun darts are coated with the carefully-refined nectar from a certain flower. Anyone hit with one of these darts will instantly fall asleep for at least an hour, and wake with no ill effects but a colossal headache, which will last for several more hours. The priest has complete contempt for the investigators, and will not bother to kill them, even if they have wounded him and lie helpless before him. He is only here to see that his god gets its sacrifice and can return to Tsang. Characters no longer capable of interference are no longer a concern.

The keeper should carefully orchestrate the battle so that characters fighting the shantak have little chance to leave that battle and rush to the professor's room, even if they hear shots from upstairs. If someone rushes to the professor's room after the priest has had a moment in there alone, they will find that the priest has pulled a dresser across the door, making it difficult to enter (this effectively increases the door's STR to 45). Even if they manage to push the door open a crack, they will be unable to see well through the black smoke, and will be sitting ducks for the priest's blowgun.

Once in Staunton's room, the priest will set Staunton free from his bonds. Depending on the situation, the investigators' locations, and how much time has passed, plus whether there was any hint of his entry (gunfire from investigators outside or in the room), the priest will either secure a rope he has brought, dropping it down from the balcony, and send Staunton under control of the curse down it to the yard, or will send Staunton out the door with orders to conceal himself in the house and sneak out in the confusion. In most cases, the rope will be the easiest way out. He will then lock the door, pull the dresser over it, and wait behind to keep anyone from coming to the room and finding Staunton gone. Once he is certain that nobody will be able to find Staunton gone in time to intercept him, he will telepathically order the shantak to fly away. If the shantak has been killed, he will Summon a

Dimensional Shambler to carry off the remains of the shantak into another dimension. The Shambler will wait to appear until no one is paying attention to the corpse for a moment. Then, the priest will jump into the yard from the balcony, a small container from his belt in his hand. In full view of the characters, he will douse himself with a fluid from the container (it is gasoline), then light a match and burst into flames. Anyone seeing him do this must succeed in a SAN roll or lose 1D4 SAN. The priest is by now too low on Magic Points to have a fair chance of escaping via his Levitation spell, and his Ward spell is certainly beginning to fail as well. The priest's burnt remains and the damage done to the house by the shantak should be a mystery that even Inspector Henderson cannot simply take in stride, but he will not accept talk of horrible monsters and flying priests.

If Professor Staunton is encountered by one of the investigators as he leaves the house under the curse's influence, Staunton will ignore the investigator and press on. If the investigator tries to stop Staunton, the professor will thrust a rag given him by the priest into the investigator's face. The investigator will need to succeed in a Dodge roll to escape the rag, which has been soaked in a soporific chemical with the same effect as the blowgun darts. If not close enough to grab the professor, the only way a character can get him to stop is to disable him. Attempting to knock him out will do no good (he is already "out" under the curse's influence), and getting close earns a rag in the face. Any investigator actually trying to shoot Staunton should have to take a SAN loss for injuring the person they were hired to protect. If he is shot, but not killed, Staunton will fall over, unmoving until an investigator comes close enough for a rag attack. In the unlikely event that an investigator shoots and kills Staunton, in his death agonies his mind may clear enough for him to trade minds with Violet, which will probably make Staunton even more eager to use the investigators, so that he can later seal their deaths.

Aftermath

About the time the investigators manage to kill the shantak, and watch the priest immolate himself on the front lawn, they will hear sirens. The neighbors, hearing the gunfire and monstrous croaking and roaring, have called the police. By the time the police have arrived, the dimensional shambler has disappeared with the shantak's corpse, leaving nothing to corroborate the investigators' story but the toasted priest and the damage to the house. When the police pull up, they will disarm and apprehend any conscious investigators.

Henderson will be with the police when they arrive, which may cause the investigators some problems when he recognizes them. The police will not believe that they are there at the request of the Stauntons, because Violet is sedated, and Staunton cannot be found. They will hold the characters until the arrival of the police physician. The police and Henderson will believe no stories of a monster bat-bird, and will attribute damage to the house to an explosive of some kind (traces of nitre from the shantak's wings will seem to bear out this theory). The investigators may be shocked by Staunton's disappearance if they had not seen him leave and expected to find him dead. By the time the police have finished questioning the investigators, Staunton will have made it to the museum.



The police physician will arrive finally, by which time any investigators under the influence of the priest's darts will have awakened. Henderson will then authorize the physician to inject Violet with a stimulant to counteract her sedative and awaken her. As she awakens, Violet's eyes will flutter a bit, then open wide, as she sits up and screams. If her old flame rushes to her, she will grab him and hold him tightly, appearing to be in the grip of some type of panic. The police physician will give her a mild tranquilizer to quiet her down and Violet's panic will lessen. She will seem to be disoriented, looking around blankly at the faces of those nearby, at her own hands, and down at herself. She will seem to comprehend something, and will start to cry, clinging to her old boyfriend, who will probably try to calm her down.

Tragically, this is now not Violet at all, but Staunton. At the moment the physician injected Violet with the stimulant, Staunton found himself face-to-face with the horror of Chaugnar Faugn. For a brief moment, his brain cleared from the curse enough to realize what was about to happen to him. In mindless fear, he initiated the mind exchange with Violet and suddenly found himself in her body surrounded by the police and the investigators. Having just faced Chaugnar Faugn, and suddenly realizing what he'd done—that he'd doomed his daughter in his body to the maws of the Elephant God—his mind snapped and the last vestiges of sanity slipped away. His paranoia now has full control. With the tranquilizer, his grief at Violet's death and his horrible experience have been lessened enough so that he can numbly speak and answer the police's questions. As Violet, he will confirm the investigators' story that they are there at her request. She'll not

want to answer any more questions than necessary, however, and the police will be interrupted in their questioning by a call from headquarters. Henderson will grimace and tell the patrolmen that they'd better get going—another ripper murder at the museum. The body was still warm—some guy in night clothes. Henderson will warn the investigators not to leave town, that he wants them in for questioning in the morning. Any requests to go with Henderson to see the killing should be handled depending on Henderson's current opinion of the investigators and a successful Fast Talk or Oratory roll.

Once the police are gone, Staunton (now permanently as Violet) will ask about her father to cover her confusion. If the investigators say he is gone and they think he's dead, she will react badly, as the professor is reminded of Violet's fate. She will want to rest, to sleep; she will complain of feeling weak, but she will ask the old boyfriend to stay with her, that she's afraid of being alone. Staunton-as-Violet is indeed weakened from her experience, along with the guilt of what has happened to Violet. However, her madness, a condition which will soon bring him under the control of Chaugnar Faugn, still enables her to plan vengeance. Masking her own guilt, her madness is now centering more than ever on Ricoletti as source of all her problems. If Ricoletti had given him the book, he would have controlled Chaugnar Faugn, and Violet would still be alive. Now she had to have that book! And when Staunton-as-Violet did, not only would she make sure that Ricoletti died in the maws of the Elephant God, but that anyone and everyone who'd crossed him, who'd contributed to Violet's death, would die also. Including those investigators whose laughable defense allowed Staunton in

her old body to walk to her doom. Her madness also saw her old boyfriend as more essential to her plans than ever before. Not only did she need him to get the book from Ricoletti, but she could use him in another way. Violet's body was fine for the time being, but Staunton could not be expected to remain a woman for the rest of her life. She'd need a male body to exchange with. Since the spell requires some emotional tie on the part of the victim, it would be necessary to play up to the old flame even more, attempting to rekindle his feelings for Violet. Then she would begin to switch bodies with the investigator until she was enough at home in it to take it over permanently.

Staunton will formulate these plans during the night in her madness, calmed by the tranquilizer enough to suppress her own mental horror. By morning she will be coolly ready to proceed with plans to take control of Chaugnar Faugn and wreak vengeance, not realizing that the Elephant God, now strengthened by the sacrifice, was already beginning to control her, to take her over and groom her as its companion. It is not yet The Time, but Chaugnar Faugn does not care; he wants to feast, to grow stronger, and to rule again at last. And Staunton will help it, knowingly or otherwise. By the time the police are through, morning has come.

THE NEXT DAY

In the morning, Staunton-as-Violet will seem much calmer, even colder, though it should seem to be an after-effect of the shock she's undergone. The morning paper will tell of the second ripper murder at the museum. If the investigators have not told Violet about her "father's" death, perhaps trying to spare her, she will pretend to learn from the paper. Failing that, she will "learn" when called by the police to identify the body.

In any case, she will call the investigators together and try to convince them of the necessity of getting the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* from Ricoletti. She will further paint Ricoletti as a fiend who will probably try to kill her next. Maybe all of them, now that they've crossed him by trying to intervene. She will not want them to confront Ricoletti during the day, saying she thinks it too dangerous. If Ricoletti has become powerful enough to send a monster bat-thing like they described to attack them along with his Oriental assassin, and could still manage to animate the statue from a distance to kill her father, he is too powerful to meet face to face. They must wait until tonight, when he will likely be asleep, confident that he has eliminated her father and probably not dreaming that anyone would dare to act against him so swiftly. If anyone expresses doubt about her plan, she will remind them that she's known Paul Ricoletti all her life; she knows his habits. She will reaffirm that they must get the book from Ricoletti, that it is the source of his power. If they can get it, then Ricoletti will be much weakened. The statue of the Elephant God will remain just a statue; harmless, if grotesque. But tonight they must act! Any delay could prove fatal to them all. Sooner would be too dangerous. Besides, the police expect the investigators and her in for questioning that day. It wouldn't do to fail to appear, then they'd have the police to worry about, too. During her tirade about Ricoletti, she will at one point refer to him as "that ugly freak," and continue on without ex-

planation. If someone picks up on it and asks, she will mention Ricoletti's club foot, warning them about what to expect.

Staunton-as-Violet will go on to claim that her father confided in her once that merely destroying the book would not completely foil Ricoletti. Certain special spells would have to be read over it in order to cause Ricoletti's evil to backfire on him and completely inactivate the Elephant God's horror. She was forced to learn the proper spells by her father, but will not teach it to any of the investigators, claiming that learning the spell is damaging to one's sanity, and that she doesn't want to endanger any of them. It's bad enough that she had to learn it.

After Staunton-as-Violet has further prejudiced the investigators against Ricoletti and prepared them for an assault that night, she will receive a call from the police to come and identify her father's body. She will ask her old boyfriend to come and give her moral support. She suggests that the others either prepare for tonight or go on to police headquarters and get their interviews over with. At the coroner's, she will be able to identify her father's body, even though the face is unrecognizable—sucked off the bone. The body retains the scar received in Tibet, and, if seen previously, will confirm the body's identity to the investigator. The grisly corpse will seem to shake her even more (and strengthen the professor's desire for vengeance). Her boyfriend will have to make a SAN roll if he looks at the body, or lose 1D4 SAN. Violet will be given the professor's personal effects, including his museum key, which was what was used to tentatively identify him.

The police questioning will take most of the day. Violet will suggest to the investigators that they not tell the police what is really going on, as they won't be believed, and may even be locked up, as easy targets for Ricoletti. She especially urges them not to mention Ricoletti. If the police get on to him, he'll be alerted and they may not be able to surprise him. She'll help the investigators agree on a story, but will not be imaginative enough to come up with one herself. Unless the investigators get carried away, they be released on their own recognizance. After all, there's nothing to hold them on except witnessing the suicide of a mad Chinaman and disturbing the peace with debatably excusable gunfire. Staunton-as-Violet certainly won't press any charges. Still, Henderson will ask them not to leave town till the investigation is complete. He'll warn them to watch themselves, because he'll be keeping an eye on them, as they seem to turn up whenever there is trouble connected with the ripper deaths.

If any of the investigators try to contact Ricoletti, they will encounter the same problems as before. Ricoletti has not read the papers for the last week, nor listened to the radio, so is unaware of what's been going on, and probably won't listen to the investigators any more than he would have the previous day. If the investigators are preparing for the night raid as planned, they shouldn't have time to contact Ricoletti during the day.

The Assault on Ricoletti

Once the police are through and the party has made whatever preparations are necessary, the group should meet back at the Staunton house that evening. Violet will give them Ricoletti's address, if they don't have it already. The house is located an hour's drive from Staunton's. She will

admonish them to be careful, as it will be quite dangerous. If Ricoletti discovers them, she'll warn, they should shoot him at once, before he has a chance to blast them with a spell. Remember—he's killed her father and wouldn't hesitate to kill any of them with his sorcery. It is probable that the investigators (at least her old boyfriend) will try to keep her from coming with them, and she will agree, and not come. If the investigators want her to come along, she will agree, but then suddenly fake a dizzy spell and "faint." She'll pretend to recover shortly, but will say that she had better not go along, in case she endangers the rest of them with another such fit. She will insist that no one stay behind with her, and will give her old flame a warm kiss and ask him to please come back to her.

Once the investigators arrive at Ricoletti's house, they will have to succeed in a Mechanical Repair roll to get into the house. The character doing the breaking in must also succeed in a Sneak roll to keep from rousing Ricoletti from sleep. Once the investigators are within Ricoletti's house, refer to the enclosed map.

Ricoletti's house is located in a middle-class suburban New Jersey neighborhood. It is not exactly run down, but neither can it be described as ritzy. The house is smaller than Staunton's, a one-story wood frame structure with a cheap tile roof. It is surrounded by a low fence with a front gate opening onto the sidewalk, which is right on the street, and a back gate opening onto an alley. The yard is small and unkempt, in bad need of mowing; Ricoletti has been so wrapped up in his work the past few weeks he hasn't been bothered to pay a neighborhood boy to cut it. A concrete path leads from the front gate to his

small front porch, which is roofed but not enclosed. Yesterday's and this morning's papers are sitting on the front porch.

1. The Living Room—Ricoletti's living room runs across the entire front of the house. The front door is chained and locked. It has several windows, all with venetian blinds and curtains tightly closed. The room contains a sofa, three chairs, tables, lamps, and so on—all badly in need of cleaning. There is a lot of clutter lying around, since Ricoletti is at best an indifferent housekeeper. Characters moving through this room will have to make successful rolls of DEXx5 or less on 1D100 to avoid tripping on the clutter. On a stained coffee table is a photograph of an extremely homely woman, with a penned message: "To Paul, always, your loving wife." On an end table is the telephone—the farthest point in the house from Ricoletti's work area. It is off the hook. Though it is the living room, this room looks as if it is the least lived in. A large archway opens into the dining room.

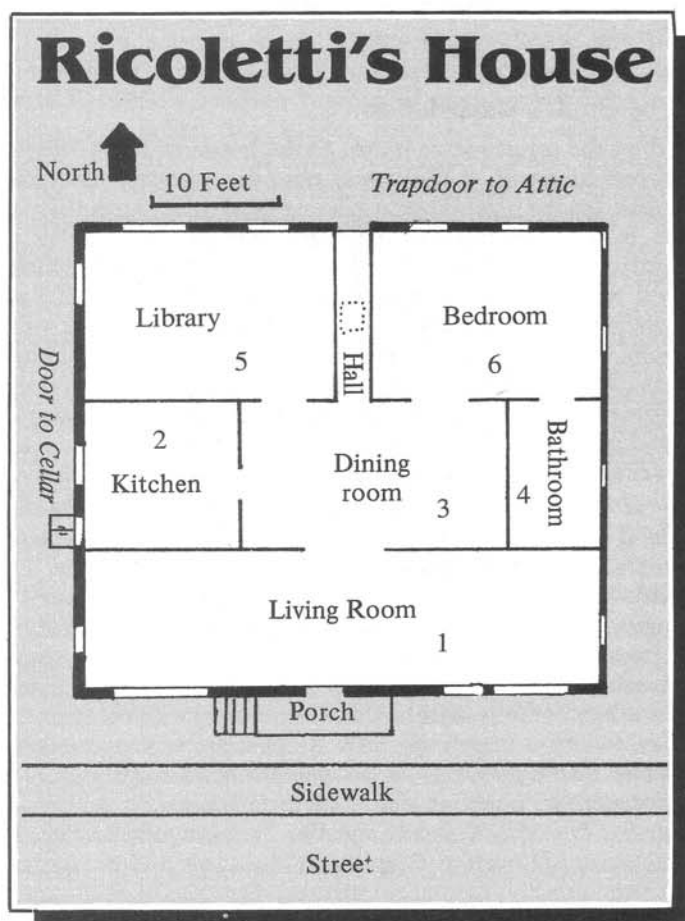
2. Kitchen—The kitchen is even messier than the other rooms, as it, along with the bedroom and study, is one of the rooms most frequently inhabited by Ricoletti. Open cans are on the kitchen table, dirty dishes in the sink, pots on the stove. A slightly rotten smell can be discerned, emanating from an overflowing garbage pail by the sink. A sidedoor leads outside.

3. Dining Room—This room is not quite as cluttered as the living room—Ricoletti merely passes through this room on his travels from the bedroom and study to the kitchen. It holds an old dining room set, the table now covered with books. A successful Occult roll will identify the books on works on theosophy, Hindu metaphysics, and similarly esoteric philosophies and pseudo-sciences. A china cupboard on the right-hand wall is covered with layers of dust as though it hasn't been used in years—which it hasn't, not since Ricoletti's wife died. A closed door on the left leads to Ricoletti's library and study, but it is not locked.

4. Bathroom—Accessible only from Ricoletti's bedroom, it is in the same general state as the rest of the house.

5. Library/Study—This is Ricoletti's main work area. On the walls are shelves of books on all sorts of subjects, but primarily anthropology, orientology, occult studies, and philosophy. On the shelves may also be found, with a successful Library Use roll, copies of the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan*, the *Book of Dzyan*, and the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*. A separate Library Use must be made for each book, and the *Manuscripts* should be the last found. There are books everywhere, stacked in piles on the floor, atop the cluttered desk in the room's center, and spread over the shelves. The desk, in addition to the books, contains piles of notes on Ricoletti's current paper. If the scrawled notes are examined, they will prove to be concerning the lost continent of Mu and its contributions to all of Eastern Culture, particularly the Ponape Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

6. Ricoletti's Bedroom—This room is quite unkempt as well, with clothes strewn across the floor and hanging off the dresser. The bed is rumpled and unmade, and is currently occupied by Ricoletti, snoring away. Unless the investigators made a truly colossal amount of noise entering the house, he will still be asleep. Anyone listening at Ricoletti's bedroom door and succeeding in a Listen roll will



be able to hear the snoring. A loaded double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun is propped up against the wall between the bed and nightstand, kept ready by Ricoletti in case of burglars or prowlers.

The Basement

The basement of Ricoletti's house is small and dingy and entered by a trapdoor at the side of the house next to the kitchen door. The stairs going down are rickety. Anyone going down them must match his SIZ versus the steps' STR of 18. If his SIZ overcomes the steps, then they will give way beneath him, causing a fall doing 2D6 damage. If a Jump roll succeeds, only 1D6 is taken. There is no direct access to the house from the basement.

The Attic

The attic is entered via a trap door in the hallway leading to the back door. This trap door has been nailed shut by Ricoletti, who has not used it for years. It contains, along with dirt and webs, mementos of his early years and his marriage.

The Assault

Once inside Ricoletti's, the investigators must attempt a Sneak roll for each room they enter, along with the DEX roll in the living room. If the DEX roll is missed, a second Sneak roll is needed to recover from the collision with the debris without too much noise. Ricoletti is a sound sleeper, so it will take three missed Sneak rolls (a possibility in Ricoletti's house—especially if there are a whole bunch of investigators intruding and all attempting Sneak rolls) to awaken him to the point where he will take action.

Once Ricoletti has been awakened by the noise, he will get his shotgun and move to the bedroom door, convinced he is about to catch some burglars in the act. An investigator listening at the door can hear Ricoletti stir and get out of bed. He will then hear a strange thump-scraps, thump-scraps heading toward the door. If the investigators do not know of Ricoletti's club foot, the keeper, to increase their nervousness, may tell them it doesn't sound like an ordinary human coming toward the door. If the investigators are convinced that Ricoletti is the powerful evil magician Violet has claimed, they may opt to shoot him the moment he opens the door. If not, and they grab for his gun or physically attack Ricoletti in any way, he will fire the gun. Any characters near him, whether grappling with him or hiding around the door, or in a direct line with the door, must make a Luck roll to avoid the blast. If more than one investigator fails the Luck roll, only the nearest investigator to Ricoletti takes the blast, or the character missing his Luck roll by the most if all are equally close. At this point, with one of their party shot and possibly dead and Ricoletti still going strong, the party should be commended later if they manage to restrain themselves from shooting Ricoletti in the heat of the moment. Most likely they will open fire on the old man, knocking him out if not killing him. As long as he is conscious, once attacked, Ricoletti will keep fighting, believing himself to have been jumped by burglars.

If the investigators choose not to fight Ricoletti, but run instead, they will have to succeed on a Luck for all of them to get out before he makes it out of his room. If the investigators try to hide in the house a successful Hide roll

will be needed. If Ricoletti is not jumped, shot, or otherwise assaulted when he emerges from his room, he will switch on the light and, if he sees anyone, he'll hold them at gunpoint, order them to the front room, and call the police, reporting that he has captured some burglars. He won't listen to the investigators at all, considering them to be nothing but cheap burglars, no matter what communication skills they use (i.e., Oratory, Debate, Fast Talk, all are useless), unless they begin to talk about Chaugnar Faun or Staunton. In that case, he'll put down the phone for a moment and listen, but it will still require a Debate or Oratory roll to convince him not to call the police. If he catches them with the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* he will probably decide that they are working for Staunton and that he's gone to far as to send crooks to steal the book. At that, Ricoletti will become so enraged, he'll probably try to club one of them with the gun, giving them a chance to jump him. If he is convinced by them that something strange is going on, he may talk with them. If the investigators are caught by Ricoletti and don't talk with him or jump him, the police will arrive in response to his phone call and take them into custody, which will result in their spending some days in jail. In such a case, Violet will bail them out, and talk them into having another go at Ricoletti.

If Ricoletti survives the attack on his home, sometime in the next few days, he will have a heart attack from all the excitement and be removed from active play. The keeper may judge for himself how severe this attack is, and whether or not it kills Ricoletti.

If shots are fired inside Ricoletti's house, there will only be a few minutes for the investigators to get the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* before the police arrive. If they tarry long, they may have to evade the police, and a car chase through the street may ensue.

The Book's Destruction

When the investigators return to the house with the *Manuscripts* Staunton-as-Violet will greet them eagerly. She will lavish special attention on her old boyfriend, especially if he is the one carrying the book. She will then be in a hurry to chant the "special spells" over the book which will end the black magic Ricoletti set into action. If the investigators seem reluctant to let her have it, she will point out that the Elephant God will probably continue to become animate and kill until the chants are performed. If for some reason the investigators still won't let her have the book, she'll relent and wait till she can exchange minds with her old lover and steal it in his body.

If the investigators go ahead and give her the book, she'll take it alone into her father's office to recheck her notes. She will be adamant about not allowing anyone in with her. She claims that she fears that if the chant somehow goes wrong, the Elephant God may manifest itself in person in the house. If her friends wait outside, they should be all right. Not even her old boyfriend will be permitted within. Within a few minutes, she will step onto the balcony, where she can be seen by anyone on the lawn, ceremoniously recite various chants (which are meaningless, but manufactured with Staunton's immense knowledge of the occult and Far East—anyone making a successful Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll will recognize various arcane phrases, though not the specific spell), and

then look satisfied. She will then suddenly throw the book onto the brazier and burn it, irregardless of protests from those below. She will say afterwards that the book was definitely too evil to be permitted to remain in existence.

What Staunton-as-Violet has actually done is to pull the old switcheroo on the investigators. She went into her father's study, quickly cut the pages out of the *Manuscripts* and another, comparably-sized text. She then put the pages from the other text into the *Manuscripts*' binding, and vice-versa. The book burned in the brazier was no more than a harmless textbook placed within the *Manuscripts*' cover.

She'll now come down and say that Ricoletti is finished. Alive or dead, he's no longer a threat and the curse of the Elephant God is finished. It's just an ugly statue now and can't harm anyone. If any of the investigators were killed at Ricoletti's and their bodies brought back, she will suggest that the corpses be burned in the furnace to avoid any connection with the Ricoletti assault. If the investigators balk, she'll point out that it is easier to explain the disappearance of one of their comrades than his dead body. With this, Violet will say that she feels like turning in. She will coyly invite her old flame to stay for the night, hinting that the others should go on home and get some sleep.

The next day, the investigators will be called in by the police for questioning in the Ricoletti case, due to their Staunton involvement. Unless they've been extremely careless—leaving fingerprints, ejected automatic cartridges, or letting a living Ricoletti get a good look at them, the police will have nothing to hold them on, especially when Staunton-as-Violet testifies that they were at her place during the time of the killing until quite late.

At this point, it should appear to the players that the scenario is completed with the destruction of the book and Ricoletti's death or "defeat" if such occurred. To further this belief, the keeper may wish to award SAN points, as many as he thinks reasonable, to the investigators, for killing or defeating Ricoletti and helping in the destruction of the book. If any of the investigators took any other books from Ricoletti's library may be kept, though Staunton-as-Violet may ask to borrow them later. The keeper should keep track of any SAN points awarded, as they must be taken away again later in the scenario when the investigators realize that they've been tricked and have helped the wrong person and (possibly) killed the wrong man. No additional penalty need be assessed, but when the "False SAN gain" is removed, the lost points should count towards any form of insanity.

INTERLUDE

Now comes a period which will vary depending on the exact nature of the keeper's campaign. If he is running a continuing campaign with steady players, he may wish to insert an adventure or two of his own during this period. If not, he may want to break the scenario here and continue it at another session. We suggest that a full-fledged campaign not be inserted between the completion of the first part of this scenario and the beginning of the second.

However, various Chaosium publications, such as *Great Old Ones*, *Dreamlands*, and similar works contain scenarios which may be used during the interim. If the

keeper does not wish to create his own scenarios to fill this time slot. Complete campaigns such as are provided in *Cthulhu Classics (Shadows of Yog-Sothoth)*, and *Masks of Nyarlathotep* are not suitable for use in the interim. They are lengthy and complete in their own right, and characters important to this scenario may well go mad or meet their demise.

In any case, this interlude should consist of a month or two of game time, during which Staunton-as-Violet furthers her plans to use Chaugnar Faugn, blithely unaware that the Elephant God has been using her as its tool all along. She will continue to build her relationship with her old lover, and appear to become a permanent non-player-character in the campaign, providing the investigators with alibis, a place to stay, monetary assistance should they need it, and other considerations. In addition, she will rekindle her ties with her old lover, who will henceforth be her boyfriend. She will not become actively involved in other cases during this interim, but will always be there to wish her boyfriend luck when he goes out on a case and to comfort him when the case ends.

This interim period also gives the players a chance to create new characters to replace those killed in the first part of this scenario.

Violet's boyfriend will begin to notice some disturbing blackouts and memory losses during this period. The keeper should orchestrate happenings so that he can attribute it to something happening during one of the interim scenarios. These switches are the result of Violet's switching minds with the investigator, working the spell on him to lower his resistance for the final mind switch.

Also, the investigators will periodically hear of mysterious disappearances among the academic staff of the University. If the keeper feels especially devious, he may even have someone contact the investigators to have them check out the disappearances. If an investigation is made, it will lead only to dead ends, though two people both reported seeing two of the missing men in the company of a woman, though they couldn't see her well enough to identify her. If they ever have reason to search, the investigators can find the remains of blood-soaked clothing in the Staunton furnace. They shouldn't have such reason till after the final switch and Chaugnar Faugn's release. The keeper should do everything possible to make it seem as if these disappearances are unrelated to the Staunton-Ricoletti case.

What is actually happening is that Staunton-as-Violet is luring to Chaugnar Faugn men whom she, in her madness, believes crossed her in some way as Staunton, using Staunton's museum key to get to the statue. Once Chaugnar feeds, she takes the victim's corpse back home and incinerates the remains. She knows the guards' schedules and can easily avoid them. She believes she is doing this in preparation for getting back at Ricoletti (if he still lives) or to prepare to destroy those who indirectly caused Violet's death in Staunton's body (namely, the investigators). Actually, she is doing this at the behest of Chaugnar Faugn itself, who needs to feed to gain strength to go into the world and rule.

The police will now claim to have several leads, with Henderson in charge, on the ripper case, now that the murders have stopped with the second killing. Henderson will not be pleased if he runs into the investigators yet again on the same case.

This period may also be used by the investigators to seek out library or other information they may have skipped before, if they think it may come in handy.

The interlude period ends with the discovery of another ripper killing at the museum. The victim is one of the college staff. The body was left behind when some museum staff returned to the museum for late night work and Staunton-as-Violet did not have time to drag off the corpse—and was not yet ready to turn Chaugnar Faugn loose on those who didn't deserve it. Chaugnar Faugn wasn't hungry after finishing off his victim anyway. She fled, and left the body to be discovered.

After this killing, it is now time for Chaugnar Faugn's unleashing and for the final mind exchange with Violet's lover.

THE WOLF IN THE FOLD

An Option for Advanced Roleplayers

One method of adding extra intrigue to the scenario, and of ensuring that the assault on Ricoletti's and following actions go as Staunton wishes them, is to use The Wolf in the Fold option. This entails the keeper having a confederate among the players who will play along during the times when Staunton-as-Violet exchanges minds with her lover. Of course, this player will have to be running the lover himself. There are several ways to actually use this option. The simplest, and least satisfying, is for the keeper simply to play the investigator as a non-player-character, either throughout the game, or by taking the character over during the times when Staunton occupies his body. Naturally, unless the spectacle of the keeper suddenly running one of the investigators as a non-player-character is a common occurrence in your campaign, all but the dullest of players (who probably wouldn't have lasted long in a *Call of Cthulhu* campaign) will know that something funny is going on.

A far superior method is to actually have one of the players in cahoots with the keeper to play his character as Staunton whenever Staunton is in control. Whether this is a viable option depends on the keeper's knowledge of his own players.

Should the keeper opt to use one of the players as a fifth columnist in the group, he should pick one who is really dedicated to role-playing and would enjoy such a challenge, even at the risk of incurring the other players' displeasure. Needless to say, if the Wolf in the Fold option is likely to cause strife or anger within the play-group, it should not be used. However, we feel that most mature players of *Call of Cthulhu* would be amused rather than annoyed by the use of this option, at least after the fact.

Once he believes he has a player who would be both able and willing to handle the chore of being a double agent, the keeper may follow one of two courses. The first is to tell the player exactly what is going to happen, instructing him how he is to act when he becomes Staunton. This will ruin some of the surprises of the scenario for the player, until the final switch occurs, in which case, the player will be running his old investigator in Violet's body, and his own body will be Staunton. There is also the chance that the player may inadvertently give away some of the scenario to the other players, or he may prove reluctant to double-cross his friends, especially when it is likely to result in their characters' deaths.

A second course the keeper could follow, once he knows which player would be most open to the challenge, is not to tell him what is to happen exactly, but rather to give him specific instructions on how he is to act at certain times, as signalled by a code word, phrase, or action. The instructions are to be followed in action, and afterwards the investigator is to claim to know nothing about what had happened during that period, stating that he'd had a memory lapse or blackout. In the playtesting, this worked beautifully, with none of the other players suspecting what was happening until the final switch. Again, whether such a course would work with your particular group is something that you, as keeper, must decide, based on your knowledge of your players' temperament, capabilities, and roleplaying enthusiasm.

THE FINAL SWITCH

With the newest ripper murder at the museum sure to attract the attention of the investigators and tip them off that the threat of Chaugnar Faugn is indeed not ended as Violet had hoped, Staunton will decide that he is familiar enough in the body of Violet's lover to take him over and disappear until the Elephant God is ready to wreak vengeance on those who caused his daughter's death. Staunton-as-Violet will collect items she believes necessary for the task, along with anything that might give the investigators a clue as to where he intends to hide out with his horrible companion. He will then sedate himself in Violet's body and, as sleep comes over him, exchange minds with the hapless investigator.

Staunton will exchange minds with the chosen investigator when he is alone. Once in the investigator's body, Staunton will secure any Mythos materials that the investigator has at his residence and return at once to the Staunton home. There, he will lock Violet's body (holding her boyfriend's mind) into the study. This room has no windows and a sturdy door that Violet's body will be unable to break down, and Staunton figures that leaving her here will prolong the time before the investigators manage to find her and figure out what is actually happening. He has removed everything that would provide a clue to his whereabouts or help the investigators—so he thinks. In his haste, he has completely forgotten about the notebook in which he sketched out some of his plans. By the time he remembers it, it will be too late to retrieve it without the risk of encountering the other investigators. Besides, he'll decide, his hideaway's location isn't contained in the notebook, so knowledge gained from it can't help his foes. Especially after he has sent Chaugnar Faugn after them.

The investigator, now in Violet's body, need only be told that he has suddenly passed out. The next thing that the investigator's player should be told is that he has come to, but that he feels drugged. Also, the place he has awakened is quite dark—there is no light whatsoever. If he begins to feel around his environment, the Keeper can describe the furniture, books, etc. to him as he feels them. The keeper may also tell him that he feels very strange, not right somehow, in a way that doesn't seem to have to do with being drugged. If the investigator feels his own body, or takes action that would otherwise reveal it, the keeper should inform him that he seems to be a woman

now. He should attempt a SAN roll or lose 1D8 SAN at this point. If the roll succeeds, 1 point is still lost. Nothing he can do will enable him to escape from the room in which he has been trapped. If the character manages to turn on a light (Staunton has unplugged them, so it may take a while), or light a match, he will learn that he is not blind, and that he is now a she—in fact, Violet. The keeper may also inform “her,” as she first awakens, that she can hear sounds outside, as though someone is just without. This is of course Staunton in the investigators’ old body, cleaning up the evidence and leaving. No matter how much he shouts (which may again give it away to her that something is wrong—the investigator’s voice sounds like a woman’s—Violet’s, in fact), Staunton will not answer, and once he leaves, no one will be able to hear the boyfriend-as-Violet’s cries until other investigators manage to find her at Staunton’s.

All the preceding information should be imparted by the keeper to the player of the appropriate investigator in private, so that the other investigators will not be able to know what is going on till they actually find their comrade in Violet’s body. If such a private conference is not possible, the keeper should withhold the above information until after the investigator-as-Violet is discovered and set free.

The rest of the investigators will probably first realize something is amiss when they cannot contact their comrade (or he fails to return from whatever errand he has gone on). His phone will ring with no answer. If they go to his residence, he will not be home, the door locked, and everything as it should be, except that any Mythos books in the investigator’s possession are missing. Staunton is so obsessed at this point he didn’t even think to take a change of clothing.

If the investigators think of going to Violet’s house to talk to her about it, they’ll find the place locked up tight. If it’s dark by the time they arrive, no lights will be on. Of course, no one will have answered the phone if they think to call. It will take some effort to break into Staunton’s (as mentioned previously in the house description). Once within, unless they’ve made no noise at all (have all who enter succeed on a Sneak roll, if they wish), they’ll hear Violet calling for help, and can trace the voice to the study. Once they have freed Violet, they will receive the shock of their lives.

To keep the investigators guessing, the keeper should continue to play Violet as a non-player-character until the party is convinced that it is actually their comrade in Violet’s body and that this isn’t some kind of trick. If the keeper has managed to describe the investigator’s condition to the player in private, he can ask the player for suggestions as to how to play the investigator trying to convince his friends that it is him in Violet’s form. Or the keeper can just play as he thinks the character would in trying to tell the others that it is their comrade in the woman’s body. Of course, once the player whose character has switched bodies begins to actually run Violet, the others may know that she is as she claims.

When all are convinced that “Violet” is actually their friend trapped in her body, or have decided to accept it for now, the player may begin to play his character as Violet. Most likely, he will want to look for clues as to how this has happened—and how to return to his own

body. The house has no clues anywhere, except in the study. All the desk drawers are unlocked and emptied. If they remember what had been in the drawers before (the warehouse receipt), they may have a clue as to where to look for Staunton in the investigator’s body. If they remembered Violet’s original comment about moving the Elephant God to the museum from the warehouse where Staunton had kept it, that might give them a further clue, especially when the new series of ripper murders shortly begins in the warehouse district. Finally, they will find the professor’s notebook on the desk where he forgot it. If they read it, they will find entries in it explaining about the mind switch, and Staunton’s plans for Violet’s lover’s body. The notebook will also reveal Staunton’s plans to kill the investigator once he has switched bodies. Why he didn’t do this may puzzle the investigators, unless they hit on the truth: Staunton, even mad, loves his daughter and regrets her death (this is pointed out several times in the notebook). When it came down to it, he found he really couldn’t harm Violet’s body, even if she weren’t in it anymore. So he simply left her there for the investigators to find, if they could. If they didn’t find her before she starved, at least he wouldn’t have killed her directly. If the investigators manage to reason this out, they may be able to use it against Staunton, if they can find him soon enough. If they don’t locate him until he’s ready to send Chagnar Faugn after Ricoletti (if he’s still alive) and then after them, Staunton’s personality will have disintegrated too far—corrupted by nearness to the evil of the Elephant God—to have any feelings even for Violet.

When the investigators rescue the boyfriend-as-Violet, the keeper should inform her of her new skills and powers. Her characteristics remain Violet’s, except that her INT, SAN, EDU, and POW are the boyfriend’s. All academic skills the investigator possessed are retained, and none of Violet’s will be known. However, all physical skills (as adjudged by the keeper) should be at a level halfway between the boyfriend’s and Violet’s, representing Violet’s reflexes and the investigator’s experience, or lack of same, in the skill.

As Violet, she won’t have access to any of the investigator’s funds—bank account, etc.—since she’s manifestly not the investigator to anyone outside the group. And she will find it impossible to duplicate Violet’s signature, keeping her from gaining access to anything requiring her signature.

Disappearance of the Elephant God

The night of the final switch, the Elephant God will vanish from the museum. Once having secured the investigator’s body, Staunton spent the day preparing things at his rented warehouse. He set up one of the offices as headquarters. He abandoned the investigator’s car (or Violet’s, if he didn’t have one) somewhere in the district. That night, Staunton summoned the god to join him. He is, of course, in mental contact with the god, and has been since Chagnar Faugn began to take him over.

Chagnar Faugn then rose from his pedestal and exited through the side wall of the museum, leaving a sizeable hole behind. The first the investigators hear of this will either be over the radio (especially if they have access to the police band), or it is possible that Henderson, surprising them all, called them and asked them to come down to the museum. If the latter, it is because the investigators

have been sticking their nose into the case all along and Henderson wants to see their reaction to this one, as he views it as similar to what happened at the Staunton home. It is possible that the investigators may decide on their own to go down to the museum that night, either just to snoop around or perhaps with an eye towards destroying the Elephant God. If they do, they will find Chaugnar Faugn gone, and the police on the scene. They may have to do some fast explaining if they've brought explosives or anything else to use against the idol.

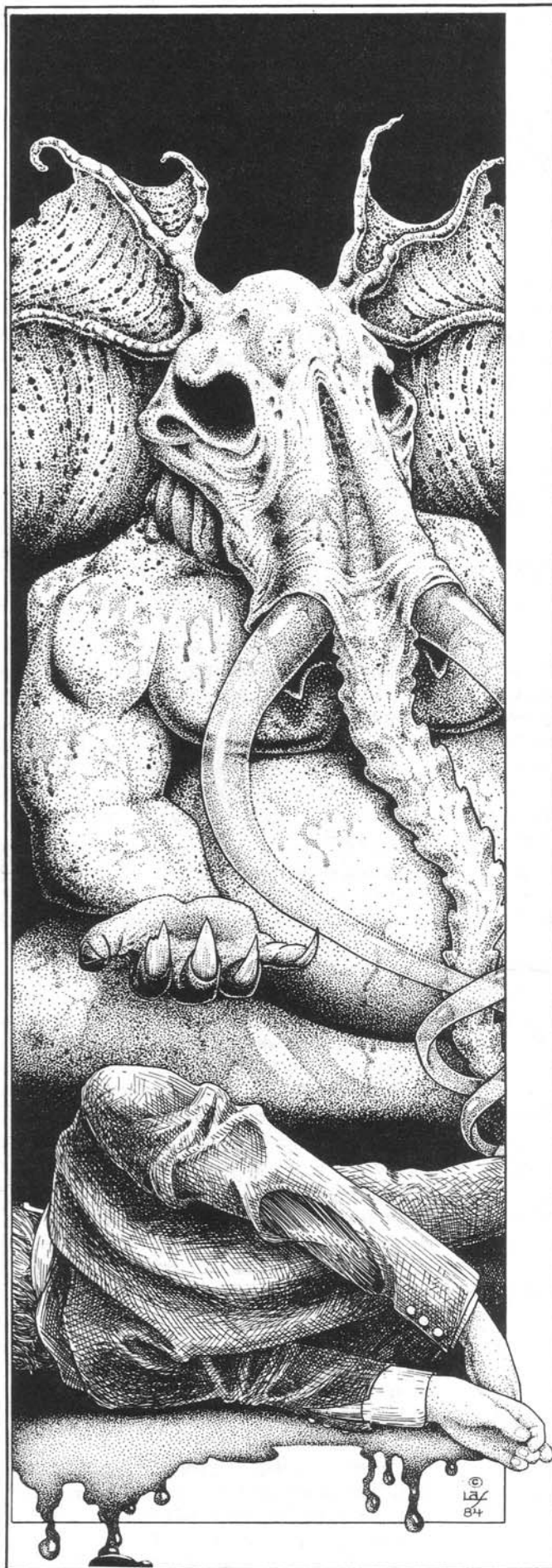
However the investigators learn of Chaugnar Faugn's departure from the museum, they should realize that they are too late to prevent Staunton and the god from carrying out their awful plans. The investigators should also realize by now that Ricoletti was innocent. If he's still alive, and recovered from his heart attack, they may wish to contact him. If so, they may have the usual difficulties, and Ricoletti is hardly likely to have warm feelings for the investigators.

If the investigators ask Henderson about the Elephant God's disappearance, they will learn the latest police theory, that someone broke into the museum using explosives and stole the Elephant God, leaving the pedestal behind. If they ask Henderson who might have done it, and why, he'll seem uneasy and mutter something about "anarchists ... a bunch of crazies .. will do anything." If the investigators point out that the wall has been broken through from the inside, not the outside; ask whether anyone claims to have heard an explosion; and question how the idol was removed from the pedestal without sign of chiselling, explosives, or other marks; and why anyone would want to take it and leave the pedestal in the first place, Henderson mutters, "We're working on it." If the investigators seem skeptical, Henderson will become irritated and ask them what they think happened. Depending on his current opinion of the investigators, this may be more or less a rhetorical question. Regardless of his attitude, he is still unwilling to listen to any mumbo-jumbo about the occult or walking statues, and will dismiss same loudly as hooky-pook garbage. He may enquire suspiciously about the missing investigator, and what Violet is doing with the bunch, especially since her boyfriend isn't with them. If the party wishes to report their friend as missing, he'll have a patrolman take them downtown and get the facts. He ends by ordering the investigators to refrain from leaving town.

After some further investigation, Henderson will probably be stumped and may be somewhat more open to theories from the investigators, especially if they have wised up enough to concoct a story mundane enough for Henderson to believe.

The Ripper Murders Continue: The Godhunt is On

The day following Chaugnar Faugn's escape from the museum should prove frustrating to the investigators, as no leads will turn up as to the whereabouts of either Staunton or his god. If they've forgotten or not learned of it earlier, he could somehow slip them the fact that Tesla has recently visited the area, a hint which, if followed up, will lead them to Vladimir Trepoff and his invention. Or if Ricoletti is still alive, they may attempt to contact him.



Should any have picked up on the clues hinting about Staunton's warehouse, they may check into that, giving them a headstart on locating their nemesis.

Whatever the investigators do with their spare time, it will not be till the next morning that the first real clue to Chaugnar Faugn's new location will turn up: the morning paper proclaims "New Ripper Murder in Warehouse District." The story explains that a patrolman on the warehouse beat was found early this morning, brutally slain, his face slashed to ribbons and blood spattered everywhere, just as in the recent series of ripper killings at the American Museum of Natural History. The police have made no comment as to whether this murder is connected to the earlier killings, but it is notable that Inspector William Henderson, the detective in charge of the as-yet-un-solved ripper killings, is handling this case as well. An alleged witness to the killing turned out merely to be a crackpot who kept babbling about seeing a two-legged elephant—pink, no doubt—attack the officer. The "witness" is being held in custody, pending a medical exam.

This should tip the investigators off to Chaugnar Faugn's new base of operation, though the warehouse district covers a lot of territory. With the death of the officer, Henderson is making the ripper case a personal vendetta, and won't suffer fools gladly, especially the investigators. The police will be all over the place, searching for the cop killer. The discovery of Violet's boyfriend's abandoned car in the district won't help the investigators' relationship with Henderson either.

Should the investigators fail to track down the available leads, they will eventually be provided with a means of pinpointing Staunton's location. The ripper murders will continue, one per night, each in a different part of the district. If the keeper has a map of New York, he can note the exact location of each killing on it and show it to the investigators as they occur. The murders fan out in a rough circle, and sharp investigators should be able to think of checking out the central location. After five nights of this, if they haven't found Staunton's hiding place by then, they will lose the initiative. On the next night, Staunton will begin his revenge killings again, sending Chaugnar Faugn after Ricoletti, if he still lives, and then after the other investigators, one per night. If the players haven't figured out the location by then, they shouldn't complain about the fate befalling their characters. With organized defense and possible the use of the Time/Space Machine (mentioned later), as well as possibly dire sorcery, the group may be able to defeat the Old One, Chaugnar Faugn, and save themselves from further attacks. In such a case, Staunton will flee the area, and remain as a threat for future scenarios, with his copy of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*. Of course, the character in Violet's body will be stuck with her form.

If Ricoletti is Still Alive

If Ricoletti was not killed during the assault on his house and his heart attack was not fatal, the investigators may wish to contact him in hopes that he can help them vs. Staunton. If they go to his house, they will have the problems outlined previously. His phone is left off the hook. Ricoletti is still working on his paper, which has grown to book-length, and does not wish to be disturbed. A pile of newspapers now sits on his porch—an indication that he is

still ignorant of current events. If they manage to attract his attention by pounding on his door or shouting in at him, he may come to the door long enough to order them off his property. To get him to listen, an investigator will need to succeed on (his choice) Fast Talk, Oratory, or Debate, and must mention Staunton and Chaugnar Faugn. Only one investigator may try—if all of them talk at once, he will just shut the door. If the investigator succeeds, Ricoletti will decide he'd better listen to their story. If the roll is a failure, he will tell them to leave before he calls the police. If the investigator in Violet's body is with the group when they visit Ricoletti, they may double their chances for success in Fast Talk, Oratory, or Debate—he is still fond of Violet. Once listening, Ricoletti will listen impatiently at first, and then with dawning understanding. The investigators will have to present him with some evidence that things are as bad as they say. Telling him about the missing *Pnakotic Manuscripts* (he's been so wrapped up in his work he hadn't noticed its absence yet), or proving somehow that Violet isn't Violet (handwriting, etc.) will convince him, as will showing him the newspaper reports on the ripper murders, especially the latest one with the "elephant" sighting.

Once he has been awakened to the danger, Ricoletti will want to assist the investigators. He is saddened by Violet's death and Staunton's falling prey to the Elephant God's influence—he will instantly recognize, and so inform the investigators that it is Chaugnar Faugn who controls Staunton now, and not vice versa, though the Old One may go along with Staunton's schemes, so long as they further the deity's ends. Ricoletti will offer to teach the investigators any spells he knows, so that if he is killed, they will still have a chance. Ricoletti must spend at least a full day in intensive study with a single pupil (only one can try to learn from Ricoletti at a time). At the end of the day, both Ricoletti and the pupil must attempt an Idea roll. If both succeed, the pupil has learned the spell Ricoletti was teaching.

If the investigators do not attempt to contact Ricoletti, or give up after a rebuff, Ricoletti will keep blindly working on his paper, and continue to do so until the Elephant God is sent after him to destroy him. If it is important to the keeper's plans for the investigators to contact him, he may encourage them in various ways to try to get to Ricoletti persistently, until they succeed.

The Tesla Connection

Things may look somewhat grim at this point. The investigators may now, however, remember the visit of Nikola Tesla to the country, and wish to contact him, presumably getting his advice on constructing some sort of weapon to use vs. Chaugnar Faugn. It is rather common knowledge that Tesla has spent some effort in trying to develop a death ray (a project that, alas, never succeeded), and the investigators may be interested in its ramifications.

The investigators will not remember about Tesla's visit until the last day of his tour in the U.S.A. If they try to contact him, they will find that he is a dead end. The only way that they can possibly manage to see the man directly is if one of them claims to be a financier interested in backing Tesla's projects. Unless the pertinent investigator has a Credit Rating of at least 85%, he will fail to pass Tesla's bodyguard. In any case, even if they get to talk to Tesla himself, and start to talk about gods, and

mind switches, and superscientific weapons, they will be tossed out. Even if they string him along, they will have to produce a sample of the financial backing he needs, and will find that Tesla has his own ideas on how to spend it and on what to be working, none of which will be of immediate assistance to the investigators, though it is doubtless of immense service to humanity.

Basically, despite possible player expectations as to Tesla's role in the scenario once his presence has been called to their attention, the electric genius has only one part to play: he enables the characters to encounter Vladimir Trepoff, eccentric genius, inventor, and unappreciated pupil of Tesla.

Vladimir Trepoff

As the investigators are finding out the difficulty of getting in to see Tesla, they will notice another man being ejected from the hotel by the bodyguard. The man will complain loudly that he must see Tesla to show him how he has built upon Tesla's coils and inventions, that together he and Tesla can surpass all the feats of Edison and all the other inventors since the dawn of history. He will scream imprecations at the bodyguard, insisting that if Tesla himself knew what was going on, the bodyguard would be fired from his service instantly. The bodyguard will sneer, "Sure, buddy, you and two thousand other winos." and throw him out. The hotel clerk will shake his head and comment that that nut, Trepoff, just won't give up. He will say that the hotel staff and Tesla's hired bodyguard have had a devil of a time keeping Tesla from being bothered by this guy, but their diligent efforts have so far kept Tesla from even finding out that Trepoff exists. The man's obviously a fruitcake.

If the investigators follow Trepoff to the street, they will find him brushing himself off with exaggerated dignity, and starting to head down the street muttering to himself. Trepoff is a shabby sort of person and, when the investigators near him, they can smell alcohol on his breath. He looks even more disreputable than Ricoletti. If they strike up a conversation, he is eager and willing to talk—mostly about himself and how great he and his inventions are. He claims that once his genius is recognized, he'll be remembered in history with Tesla, Edison, Bell, Einstein, all of them. If the investigators seem sympathetic or interested, he will give them his phone number and wink at them. "Gotta see a man about a drink."

If the investigators give up on Trepoff, it is probable that they will encounter him again, at or near the warehouse he has rented to house his inventions.

If they obtained the phone number and call, it will turn out to be the desk phone for Elmer's Transient Hotel, a sleazy flophouse. The man who answers will say that Trepoff isn't in just now, and doesn't know when to expect him, but that he does stay there most of the time, when not off inventing. He isn't running a switchboard. If they want to talk to Trepoff or his neighbors, they'll have to come on down.

If the party actively pursues the Trepoff angle, they will be able to contact him, and he will seem pleased to see them. He will begin to brag about his latest invention and how it's almost completed—he's been on an inventing binge at the warehouse. If they ask him about it (and perhaps even if they don't), he'll proudly declare that it is a

Time/Space Machine. If the investigators seem interested, he will suddenly become drunkenly suspicious. If the party wants to see or use his invention, he'd like to see the color of their money. Now. Several hundred dollars. Can't be too careful. They might steal his invention so the world would never know the genius of Vladimir Trepoff. It's only fair that they give him a little something to protect himself. Reassurances or ego-stroking will mollify Trepoff, but he will still demand a cash payment to see the invention. Once he has the cash in hand, he'll be all smiles and will take them to the warehouse where he keeps his greatest invention—the Time/Space Machine.

The Time/Space Machine

Trepoff's warehouse is full of clutter. Electrical parts are scattered all over the floor, competing for space with empty bottles and books, including volumes on electronics and advanced physics. One book has Einstein's name on the spine, and another is titled *The Dynamics of an Asteroid*. In the middle of the warehouse, and almost rising to the ceiling, is a huge complex apparatus that appears to consist of dozens of electrodes, generator poles, and Tesla coils. The entire structure must weigh at least a ton, and seems to belong in a motion picture more than a warehouse. Trepoff will point in its direction and proudly announce, "The Time/Space Machine." If anyone says, "All that?", he'll shake his head and say no, no, no, that is what charges it, what gives it its energy. He will point down to a smaller device nestled at the foot of the apparatus and state that it is the Time/Space Machine itself.

The so-called Time/Space Machine appears to be a strange agglomeration of metallic spheres and portions of spheres, of great bluish globes surrounded by tiny clusters of hemispheres and quarter-spheres, whose surfaces converge in fantastic ways. From the large globes metallic crescents with converging tips sprout at grotesque angles. It is about three feet high, and looks as though two men could carry it, with some difficulty. (It is SIZ 20.) If the investigators ask him exactly what it does, he'll offer to demonstrate but, unless the investigators have gotten on his good side by praising his genius or offering him booze, he'll demand more cash for the demonstration. Once an agreement has been reached, Trepoff will demonstrate the device. He reaches forward, grabs a switch, and throws it down. Then the machine begins to move. At first the small spheres and crescents revolve quickly and the large spheres slowly; then the large spheres spin speedily while the small ones nearly stop, then both move in unison. Then the spheres all stop for a brief instant, while their movement seems to flow into the revolving crescents. Then the crescents halt while the spheres move in varying tempo faster and faster until their movement begins to flow back into the crescents. Then both crescents and spheres begin to move in unison, faster and faster, until the entire mass merges into a geometric blasphemy—a triangular oblong with a non-Euclidean face. It is at once isosceles and equilateral, convex and concave. All those watching must succeed in a SAN roll or lose 1D4 SAN. If the investigators ask what has happened, Trepoff will answer that it has partially entered the fourth dimension. Then he instructs them to watch. For an instant, nothing happens. Then, a greenish blinding light, temporarily turning everything in the warehouse to a bright green, shoots out from the center of the crazily-distorted figure and

limns a perfect circle on the wall of the inner office to the warehouse. Suddenly, the wall becomes transparent, then vanishes. Trepoff suddenly curses and shoots the lever on the device upward. The beam disappears and the sphenoid blurs, grows indistinct, and reconstructs itself into the original form of spheres and crescents.

If the investigators ask what happened, Trepoff will mutter that he doesn't have all the bugs out of the it yet, that it is still too erratic and more powerful than expected. He seems to be more concerned about paying for the wall than anything else. If the investigators persist in asking about the wall, and what the machine did to it, he'll brighten up and explain that the beam reversed the wall's entropy, turned back its randomness, and sent it back through time to a moment before it existed. He isn't quite certain whether what the beam touches actually ceases to exist, or is propelled back in time to some point in the past. He hopes to find out as he continues testing. If asked whether he can bring the wall back, he'll reply bleakly, "Not yet, but I'm working on it."

If the investigators think that the Time/Space Machine can be used as a weapon against Chaugnar Faugn, they'll be correct. Ricoletti, if he's alive and present, can confirm that if the device acts as Trepoff claims, it could reverse Chaugnar Faugn's entropy and return him back in time to a moment before he existed, ending his threat for all time. However, if they talk about moving the device for tests elsewhere, Trepoff will balk, claiming that it still needs work, and isn't precisely tuned enough to operate the way he wants it. He also points out that he has no meters or other indicators to show how far to move the levers to operate the machine—only he knows how to work it right

now. For some reason, it seems to work differently each time he tries it. He claims to have an intuitive knowledge of how to use the machine, stemming from a sort of mystic union between inventor and invention, but even he needs time to fine-tune it.

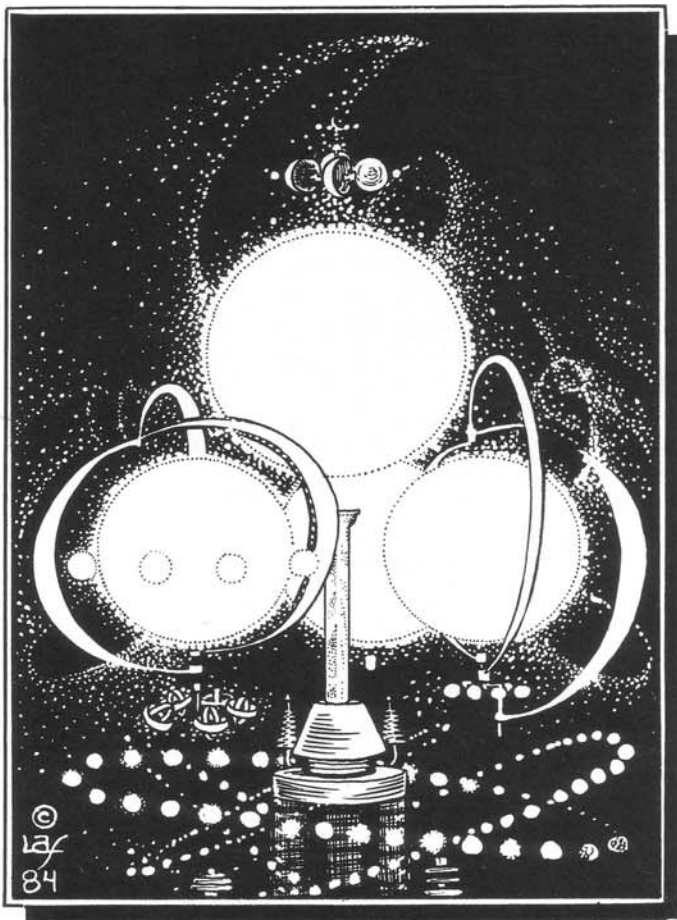
The investigators will not be able to lure the Elephant God to them until after Staunton sends it, so they really have no choice but to let Trepoff work on his device. If they decide to remove Trepoff from the picture somehow and take it themselves, they will need to take the enormous power supply/amplifier as well, or the machine will simply not work. It does indeed work erratically, as Trepoff claimed. Each time someone other than Trepoff tries to work the machine, he must attempt a Luck roll. If he succeeds, the beam will fire out (at a random angle—only Trepoff can aim the thing). If he fails, the machine itself dissolves in whirling light, as does anyone within ten feet of it, including the investigator.

If the investigators ask Trepoff how long he needs to work on his machine, he'll answer vaguely maybe a day, maybe a week, maybe more. He'll hint broadly that a man could get mighty thirsty in that time. Difficult to work, too, with such a thirst. If the investigators take the hint and agree to buy him some liquor, he'll say that a fellow he knows well comes by every so often, and should be by soon, in fact. When the man, a sleazy-looking bootlegger, comes by, Trepoff will expect his new friends to pay for lots of liquor. The investigators will have to be careful, though, or Trepoff will just go off on a drinking binge and be useless as far as readying the Time/Space Machine goes for at least a day. After that time, if liquor still remains, he will try to go on another drinking binge, and will succeed unless the investigators prevent him.

While Trepoff works on the machine (or sleeps off his drunk) the investigators can take more time to find Staunton's warehouse, encounter Henderson again, or simply have the suspense of the situation drawn out. When the keeper is ready for the final confrontation between the investigators with the Time/Space Machine and the Great Old One, Trepoff will announce that the machine is ready for testing. He will still insist that he operate the machine himself, pointing out that there are still no indicators or meters (in fact, he will claim that, owing to the very nature of the machine, it is impossible to make some), and only he will be able to operate it correctly. So where it goes, he goes. If the investigators tell him where they're going and why, he won't believe them, but will still be eager to go and test his device, even though he thinks they are just keeping him in the dark with a cover story. He will ask for a toast to celebrate the device's completion, wheedling the characters for just a little drink please. If they give in, he will attempt to drain the bottle and become roaring drunk for another six hours. In this state, he will still be capable of operating the machine, but the investigators won't know that unless they risk it.

Staunton's Warehouse

From the outside, Staunton's warehouse is nondescript. It is bordered on three sides by alleys and by a narrow street in front. The alley on the east side is wider than the others to make room for a loading dock and a below-street-level ramp. The loading dock leads to a large double door. On the front street is a pair of large double doors. A smaller door, for personnel, is located on the west side near the rear, just



forward of the offices. The entire warehouse is ringed by wire-bracketed, smoked-glass windows that pivot open horizontally. All windows are closed and locked, as is the personnel door. The double doors are padlocked and braced from within. Entry through the office windows or the personnel door will require a successful Mechanical Repair roll. The double doors are impregnable to anything other than a large amount of brute force, such as smashing a truck through them. Of course, the Time/Space machine could alleviate the problem of gaining entrance to the warehouse's interior.

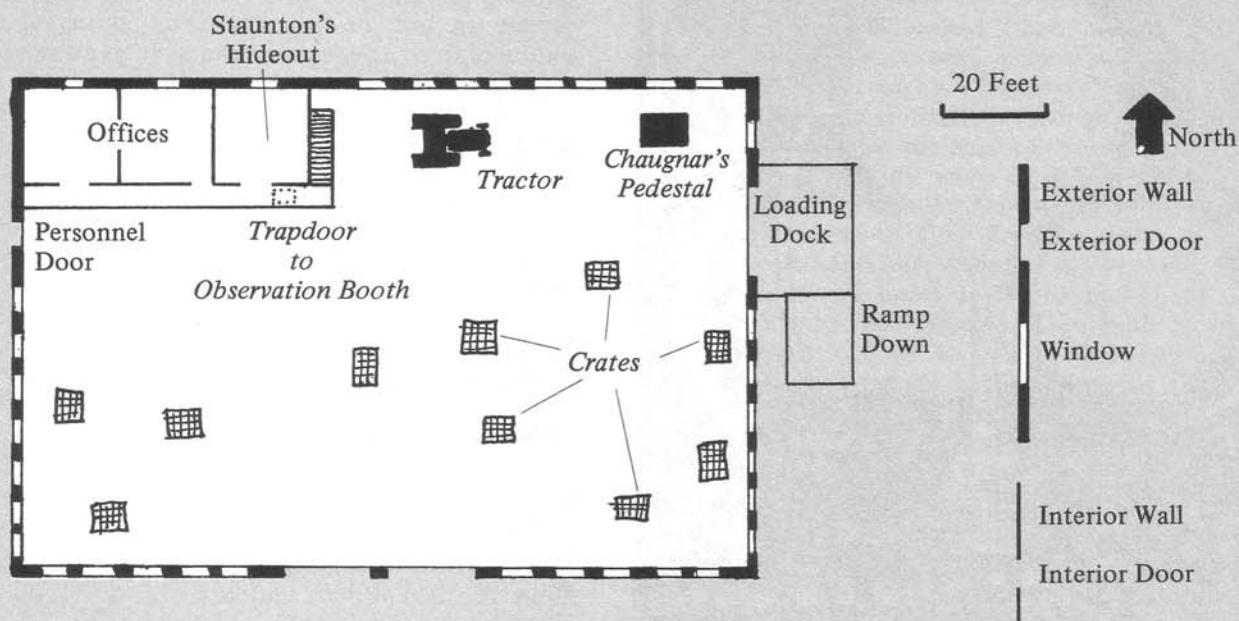
Inside, the warehouse is dingy and cluttered, with a few naked light bulbs hanging from the ceiling. Little illumination reaches the interior, apart from what filters in from the filthy windows. Numerous boxes and crates are scattered around the building. These hold some of the professor's artifacts that he hadn't yet catalogued when his problems began. A small tractor (SIZ 40) sits in the corner next to the offices. It is fueled and ready to go, and can move at up to 10 mph. An appropriate Operate Heavy Machinery is needed to drive it. Someone run over by the tractor will take 4D6 damage, and someone smashed forcefully against an unyielding object by it will take 8D6 damage. The offices are nestled in the northwest corner inside the warehouse and rise halfway to the building's ceiling. An observation booth sits atop one of the three offices. It is reached by a metal stairway on the right outer wall. The first two offices from the left are empty, except for a few of Staunton's old notes. As he has fallen further under Chaugnar Faugn's spell, he has lost interest in these. On the desk in the central office lies the small caricature of Chaugnar Faugn and a picture of Violet, which Staunton sometimes wanders in and stares at affectionately when Chaugnar Faugn is not there. By the fifth day of his proximity to the Elephant God, he will have

lost interest in this, too. His copy of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* is here, along with any Mythos books the professor has managed to abduct. Also here is a notebook containing the mind exchange spell. The book is on the desk, lying open to the spell, and the professor, in one of the tiny moments of near-sanity left to him when the Elephant God's influence is at its weakest, has circled the spell in a last fleeting bit of remorse at what he has done to his daughter. Also visible on the desk is a dead, half-eaten cat—which is how Staunton is sustaining himself. Seeing this requires a roll of CONx5 or less on 1D100 or the onlooker will be violently sick. It also requires a successful SAN roll or 1D4 SAN is lost. The investigator whose body has been stolen is considered to automatically fail both the CON roll and the SAN roll—after all, it's *his* body that the cat fragments are digesting in!

During the daylight hours, Chaugnar Faugn sits perched atop one of the larger crates, resting and awaiting the fall of night, when he goes again in search of another victim. Staunton has lost track of day and night, knowing only that the god is either there or gone. He wanders about aimlessly through the warehouse, awaiting the time when he can send the god against his "enemies." The keeper may choose the location where Staunton is at the time the investigators intrude, influenced only by the fact that Staunton spends most of his time either in the observation booth or in his living quarters.

A failed Sneak roll, or any loud noise, such as a car crashing into the warehouse or a window or door being broken, will alert Staunton. In either day or night, it is extremely difficult to see anything inside the warehouse. Both a successful Spot Hidden and Luck roll are necessary to spot Staunton. If he is seen, those sighting him will get the definite impression that something is very wrong with Staunton-as-investigator's looks, something about his face.

Staunton's Warehouse



The Final Confrontation

How the final confrontation between the investigators with Trepoff's machine and Staunton with Chaugnar Faugn commences will depend in part on how and when the investigators enter the warehouse. If they go during the daytime, they will be quite conspicuous, especially since they must haul around the Time/Space Machine and its power amplifier. If they try to break in during the day, they will almost certainly be spotted by someone and the police will be called. If they do manage to get inside without mishap, Chaugnar Faugn will be present atop his crate-pedestal, and will climb down from it to attack the investigators. If the group comes at night, there is less of a chance that they will be spotted. If they do come at night, Chaugnar Faugn will not be present—he is out on his terrible rounds. Staunton's actions depend upon his location when the investigators enter the warehouse. If he is asleep (40% chance) and they do not make a great deal of noise, it is just possible that they will catch him unawares. If he is in the office, he will become aware of the investigators' presence if they make any noise or fail a Sneak roll. If he hears them or is in the main warehouse when they break in, he will attempt to reach the observation booth by the quickest—and most protected—path possible. Once in the booth (or if he is there when the investigators get in), he will cut all power to the warehouse, blinking out all light, except that coming in through the windows. The investigators must subtract 50% from chances of success with all visually-oriented skills, including combat skills, aside from Grappling. Staunton also suffers this penalty.

As soon as Staunton becomes aware of the investigators' presence, Chaugnar Faugn will also become aware of them, and he will arrive in 1D10 minutes. Until then, Staunton will try to hold off the investigators with a gun he has kept in his warehouse. If he manages to get the drop on the investigators, he will try to delay them until Chaugnar Faugn arrives by talking to them or by feigning willingness to listen to what they have to say, perhaps even offering them a deal. He will actually be honestly willing to listen to the investigator in Violet's body, and they may manage to get closer to or jump him by using his last dregs of affection for his daughter. If Staunton has not completely lost all interest in Violet yet, he may ask the investigators to send her to him, and promise to let the others go, not even ordering Chaugnar Faugn to destroy them. At this time, he has indeed forgotten that this is no longer really Violet, and he truly wants to protect her and keep her with him. However, he will also try to rape the investigator-as-Violet if he gets her alone, because he now has a (presumably) young male body, and is feeling urges he'd long forgotten, and Violet is an attractive female. His fatherly affectation has thus degenerated into a combination of insensate lust and paternalism.

Staunton's face has become horribly deformed and bloated, taking on a sort of little-brother resemblance to Chaugnar Faugn's own. His ears are greatly enlarged and webbed to his head and neck. His hair has become reduced to wispy strands and tufts here and there over his scalp. His eyes bulge redly, with great puffs and bags around them. And his nose and mouth have been drawn out into a ridged, trunk-like affair, which is mobile and

often twitches. If the investigators reach Staunton before the fifth day, the transformation will not be so advanced, but his features will still be distorted.

If the investigator-as-Violet comes to Staunton by herself for any reason, he will keep the lights out, and croon to her how glad he is to see her, and will embrace and attempt to kiss her. If the investigator in Violet's body is playing along in an attempt to get the drop on him, she will have her chance at this point. If she has not yet become aware of how her former body has become deformed, she will feel a tentacle-like appendage brush her face when Staunton embraces her. This will require a SAN roll (after all, it was once her own body), and 1D8 points are lost if the roll fails. If she attempts to grapple with Staunton or otherwise attacks him, he will fight back, trying to knock her unconscious.

Regardless of what happens to Staunton, unless he is found asleep and slain before he can awaken, Chaugnar Faugn will soon come in response to his need for help. Its arrival will be signaled by loud bellowing and a crash, as it heaves its bulk through the side of the warehouse. It will then ensnare the nearest investigator with its psychic attack, making him helpless against the god. All the investigators must make a SAN roll as soon as Chaugnar Faugn enters the building, as must Trepoff, if he is with them. If Trepoff fails his SAN roll and loses 5 or more SAN, he will scream and flee the warehouse by the nearest exit. Should he ever be encountered again, he will stare blankly at the investigators, not remembering them, his Time/Space Machine, or even his own name. He will become a permanent amnesiac. The sight of Chaugnar Faugn has pushed him across the fine line between genius and lunacy, and he will spend the rest of his life as a human vegetable. If Trepoff manages to lose 4 or fewer points of SAN, and begins to use the Time/Space Machine against Chaugnar Faugn, the god will attempt to blast him where he stands at his machine, using its deadly psychic power to give Trepoff a heart attack or stroke. Chaugnar will continue to attack Trepoff as long as he is operating the machine or as long as the god still exists on this plane. If Trepoff is driven insane or killed by Chaugnar Faugn, one of the investigators will have to man the Time/Space Machine. If Trepoff has already turned it on and aimed the beam, then the investigator need merely continue to play it over Chaugnar Faugn, though he must stand by the machine and tilt it back and forth, keeping the beam directly pointed at the god. If the beam is turned off, or Trepoff cannot operate it or turn it on, then the investigators will have to try to work it themselves. The chances of success are equal to a user's Luck roll. This roll must be made each melee round, to keep the machine activated and trained on Chaugnar Faugn. If the Luck roll is failed on a round, then the machine will deactivate, and a successful Electrical Repair roll is needed to turn it on. This may be attempted once per round.

When the green ray of the Time/Space Machine strikes Chaugnar Faugn, its effects are immediately noticeable. The Elephant God will stop short and bellow in anguish. Any psychic attack(s) in progress at the moment will be interrupted, giving the ensnared investigator(s) opportunity to escape Chaugnar. The beam will seem to pin Chaugnar to the spot. As long as the beam is on the god, it will be able to make little headway, though it will soon become apparent that it is inching inexorably closer to the

investigator with each passing moment. Chaugnar Faugn will be able to move at a rate of a yard per melee round. If the beam shuts off, the monster will lurch forward, almost drunkenly, until the beam is reactivated. It will soon become obvious that, unless distracted, Chaugnar will probably reach the machine and the investigator operating it before the beam can do its work on the eons-old Elephant God (unless the investigator manages to keep the beam operating the whole time, in which case it will still be close).

Because Chaugnar is so old, at least a billion years, it will take a full fifteen minutes (75 melee rounds) of the beam's touch to remove the god from this plane, ending the current threat. If the investigators give up and flee with their machine, to return later, Chaugnar Faugn will have recovered from the effects of the beam at the rate of a minute per day of freedom from its effects. Thus, if the beam is held on Chaugnar Faugn for a full ten minutes on one day, and then removed, and then played on him again a day later, it will require six more minutes to destroy him, not five minutes. If the keeper wishes to draw out the final confrontation and add the excitement of a chase, when the beam hits Chaugnar, the god could bellow and flee from its power, requiring the investigators to mount the Time/Space Machine in a truck or car and drive off in pursuit of the god, finally running it down where it can no longer flee (by the edge of a large body of water, say, or caught in a swamp or wet cement) and play the beam on it till it vanishes at last.

The keeper must keep the battle suspenseful, with the investigators never knowing whether or not Chaugnar will reach the machine before its time runs out. If an investigator trying to distract Chaugnar Faugn from its forward progress comes too close to the god, it will attack him physically, attempting to grab and slay on the spot. Any investigator must take care not to get in the path of the Time/Space Machine's beam or he will instantly wink out of existence. Any investigator coming up behind the Elephant God must attempt a Dodge roll as well as a Luck roll each round to avoid getting hit by a portion of the beam spilling around Chaugnar's form.

Though its psychic attacks all were halted when the beam first struck Chaugnar Faugn, it can still activate them, and is likely to attempt a killing psychic attack against the Time/Space Machine's user. If Chaugnar does this, it will be incapable of forward motion on that round. If the attack succeeds and the operator dies, another will need to take his place.

If Chaugnar Faugn ever does reach the machine and the machine's operator, the being immediately will demolish man and machine, taking several rounds to do a completely effective job. If the beam finally does its work, after fifteen minutes of enduring its effects, Chaugnar Faugn will seem to blacken and shrivel, disincarnating before the investigators' eyes. The Elephant God will pass from a beast form to a jelly enveloped in darting filaments of corpse-pale flame. It will pulse and move in this shape for an instant and then seem to flow back out through the hole created in the wall of the warehouse by the beam and fade, with a hint of upward movement. The investigators are likely to follow it out to make sure that it is indeed gone. Then, in the sky above, Chaugnar Faugn will reshape itself, its bulk magnified a thousand times so that it

blots out the very stars, its long dangling trunk stretching greedily forward. It will not appear to be a phantom at all, but as solid as one's hand before his face. A SAN roll should be required at this sight, as if one were viewing Chaugnar Faugn for the first time that night. The form will tower above the investigators for a moment, glaring hatefully at them, then seem to stoop forward, break apart, and vanish quickly. The entire appearance lasted no longer than a second or two. After it has vanished, it leaves only the sky above them, clear and untainted by the primal evil that has passed away.

The Denouement

With Chaugnar's defeat, the investigators will want to tie up loose ends. All those involved in the final battle will gain 2D10 SAN. If Staunton is still alive, and his facial deformities have not progressed far, the investigator in Violet's body may wish to attempt to change back to her rightful form, if the spell is located and learned. This will be possible, due to Staunton's remaining attachment to Violet. Of course, if the investigators do not locate Staunton until Chaugnar Faugn has warped him into a grotesque caricature of itself, the investigator may find it preferable to remain a woman rather than live life as a freakish "elephant man."

If the investigators located and captured Staunton on the first day, the change has not progressed far enough to be really noticeable, though the body will have lost 1 point of APP. By the second day, the ears and nose will have grown enough to be noticeably exaggerated, causing a loss of 1D6 APP. By the third day, the features will be unnaturally large and extended, causing a loss of 2D6 APP and making the term "ugly" a compliment when applied to the investigator. By the fourth day, the investigator's features will be so malformed as to make public appearances outside a freak show next to impossible—his APP is considered to be 1. By the fifth day, the features are so grotesque that a SAN roll is required by anyone gazing upon him. This includes the investigator himself, the first few times he sees his features in a mirror, should he for some insane reason wish to return to his body at this point. Even the most advanced plastic surgery of the time will be unable to restore the character's face to anything resembling normal after the third day.

If Staunton is killed, and the investigator tries to change back into his body, the investigator's mind will die as soon as it enters the corpse. Violet's body will remain inert—no spirit from Staunton will come to reanimate it.

Once the characters have defeated Chaugnar Faugn and Staunton, they will hear the distant sound of police sirens. Regardless of how easily they got in, the battle with Chaugnar Faugn will attract attention. They will just have time to grab anything they wish to take with them—Mythos books, bodies of fallen companions, the Time/Space Machine—and flee before the cops arrive. If Staunton is dead, the investigators may not want to leave the corpse as is, especially if it is grotesquely deformed. On the other hand, perhaps they will enjoy leaving such a shock for Henderson—though such a joke could backfire when the corpse is identified as the former investigator. A possible solution is to destroy the corpse's face beyond recognition, and chop up the body, letting Henderson believe that it is another ripper killing.

Regardless of how the investigators have dealt with the situation and Staunton's body, even if they burn down the warehouse, in Inspector Henderson's mind they will still be linked with the series of killings and recent odd occurrences, and he will continue to keep an eye on them, dogging them relentlessly if he finds them involved in other questionable sequences of events. The keeper can use Henderson in future scenarios as a sort of gadfly to keep the characters in line.

One of the investigators is likely to find himself doomed to remain in Violet's body. This has certain advantages, of course. She will eventually gain access to any monies Violet or Staunton possessed (a total of about \$15,000), after explaining away any change in signature (a crippled hand or early onset of arthritis, perhaps?). And, of course, he will now have the APP and body of a beautiful woman, for all that is worth.

If the investigators still have the Time/Space Machine, they may retain it, unless they wait for the police or leave it for them, in which case it will be confiscated as evidence. Even if the investigators keep it, after the prolonged workout it received on Chaugnar Faugn, it will never be the same. From now on, every time it is used, there is a 5% (cumulative) chance that it will suddenly disrupt, taking itself and everything within 2-3 yards with it into nothingness. If Trepoff is still alive and sane, he can explain this danger, but not fix the machine without grave risk to himself. He could attempt to build another machine, but his days are numbered—his alcoholism and shaky sanity will catch up with him within a year or two.

Final Considerations

If Chaugnar Faugn is defeated, all those witnessing the victory gain 2D10 SAN. Foiling Staunton gains another 1D8 SAN. Returning the investigator to his rightful body gains the investigators another 1D6 SAN (1D10 for the investigator himself), unless the body is deformed beyond hope.

Of course, Chaugnar Faugn has not been slain by the entropy-reversing beam—merely disincarnated and devolved. His inhuman slaves on that forsaken plateau in the Far East will soon discover the god's doom, and seek for him in the past, among the angles of time. Since the god was eternal and existed then, they will be able to find him and bring him back to the future with them, replacing him on a new pedestal built for him by the abominable natives of Tsang. Of course, no more than a single incarnation of the god can exist at once in a given time. (Or can it? What is the true meaning of Chaugnar Faugn's "brothers" in the Pyrenees? Does the fact that they themselves will be devoured by Chaugnar Faugn indicate some symbolic, primal, horrific truth?) In any case, even though mighty sorcery and possibly the aid of monsters capable of traversing space and time (such as the Hounds of Tindalos) can bring back Chaugnar Faugn from the past, it takes a great deal of effort, danger, and time. It has certainly been a major defeat for the Elephant God.

The events in this scenario are considered to take place some time prior to those covered in "The Horror From the Hills" by Frank Belknap Long. This story is recommended to those wishing to act as keepers in this scenario, though it is not absolutely necessary.

Professor Henry Staunton

Professor Staunton is a respected archaeologist, anthropologist, and orientalist, or was at least until he became obsessed with obtaining the idol of the Elephant God of Tsang, about which he learned on one of his expeditions to the East. Convinced possession of the statue would make him the world's greatest archeologist/orientalist, he was easily tricked into "stealing" the idol by the wily Tcho-Tcho tribe. He didn't realize that the idol was actually the god itself and that in stealing it, he would fall prey to the Curse of Chaugnar Faugn, a spell spun with the intent to cause Staunton to sacrifice himself to the Elephant God. Essentially a good man who loves his daughter dearly and is kind to animals, Staunton's sanity has slipped further and further away due to the effects of the curse and the mind-exchange spell he has been using to exchange bodies with his daughter in an effort to escape the curse. When Staunton is first encountered, he has a SAN of 15. By the time he has holed up in the warehouse with Chaugnar Faugn, it has reached 0, and he has become the pawn of Chaugnar Faugn.

Professor Henry Staunton

STR 9	CON 10	SIZ 11	INT 17	POW 17
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 19	SAN 15	HP 11

SKILLS: Anthropology 65%, Archaeology 85%, Credit Rating 30%, Debate 20%, Library Use 90%, Occult 25%, Read/Write English 95%, Read/Write Mandarin Chinese 80%, Speak Mandarin Chinese 90%

SPELL: Mind Exchange

MIND EXCHANGE: This spell permits the caster to trade minds with another individual. The target of the spell must have strong emotional bonds with the caster of the spell (i.e., love him or her). The spell caster must expend a number of magic points equal to his victim's POW the first time the spell is cast on that victim. Each time thereafter, the cost in magic points goes down 1 point, until it reaches 1, where it will remain. He must also overcome the target's magic points with his own in a resistance struggle until the magic point cost for the transfer reaches 1, when he may transfer at will, with only a strong mental effort. The spell caster may not remain indefinitely within the body of his target until he has made a number of successful transfers equal to his target's POW.

Violet Staunton

Violet is a beautiful young lady, with long dark hair and brown eyes. She has an athletic figure. Violet is the daughter of Henry Staunton. She divided her time in college between archeological studies and college athletics, concentrating on sharpshooting and archery. In her senior year at the university she met one of the investigators, and began dating him. The relationship became quite intense for a while, but faded as she became more interested in other pursuits. Still, she remembers the investigator with affection and turns to him when strange things begin to happen. Violet is a bright, open girl, who loves her father dearly. She is distraught by the breach between her father and Ricoletti, whom she loves as an uncle. Essentially, she is an ordinary person caught up into an extraordinary situation, and doomed to fall victim to it.

Violet Staunton

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 17 EDU 16 SAN 50 HP 11

SKILLS: Archaeology 50%, Anthropology 25%, First Aid 70%, Sing 35%

WEAPON: .22 Target Rifle 80%, 1D6+2 damage
Archery 85%, 1D6 damage w/target arrows

Professor Paul Ricoletti

Professor Paul Ricoletti is an eccentric, a maverick, and a recluse. He is not well-thought-of in the fields of anthropology or orientalism because of his unconventional theories and his insistence that certain elements of the supernatural must be taken into account when doing research in these areas. Ricoletti writes for journals notorious for pseudo-scientific and mystic leanings. Ricoletti doesn't care so long as his theories see print. Ricoletti has always been antisocial, avoiding intimate relationships with other people in general. His only close relationship has been his friendship with Staunton and Violet. In his occult studies, Ricoletti has collected several books dealing with the Cthulhu Mythos, and run across the name of Chaugnar Faugn himself. When rebuked by his only friend, whom he had known since college, Ricoletti turned in on himself and his studies even more than before, becoming a nearly-complete hermit. Ricoletti is a small, homely man with a club foot. He is the sort of fellow who even looks unkempt when dressed up, with a perpetual five-o'clock-shadow, unruly hair, and wild eyes. Ricoletti is basically a person who has let self-consciousness over his deformity cut him off from the world, compensating with his eccentricity and his interest in the occult and the unusual. If turned loose on the evil of Chaugnar Faugn, he may dedicate himself to stopping it, believing that his life's purpose has at last been discovered.

Professor Paul Ricoletti

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 18 POW 17
DEX 12 APP 5 EDU 20 SAN 65 HP 11

SKILLS: Anthropology 85%, Archeology 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Occult 60%, Read/Write Mandarin Chinese 80%, Read/Write Arabic 40%

SPELLS: Elder Sign, Contact Nodens, Bless Blade

BLESS BLADE: This spell requires the blood sacrifice of an animal at least SIZ 10, a donation of a point of permanent POW on the part of the creator, and a blade made out of a pure unalloyed metal. The blade may be any size. Once formed, the blade will be capable of damaging creatures normally only hit by magic weapons. If the blade is broken, melted, or otherwise seriously damaged, it will lose its power.

Inspector William Henderson

Inspector Henderson, of the N.Y.P.D.'s Homicide Division, is a hard-boiled cop of the old school. Henderson is a relentless pursuer of those who break the law or hinder his investigations. Although he is smarter than the average cop, he is no genius. He credits his successes to simple hard work—keeping doggedly at a case till he manages to solve it or it works itself out. Henderson doesn't believe in the supernatural at all, except for miracles from Bible

times, and will not accept any such explanation to anything he can't figure out. He may be baffled by a case, but always retains confidence that it will work itself out. He has occasional hunches and intuitive logical jumps, but always tries to get hard evidence before following these to their conclusion. He views the ripper murders as a challenge. A quick and successful conclusion will further his career, and he will not look kindly on any interference complicating an already complicated affair.

Inspector William Henderson

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 14 SAN 80 HP 13

SKILLS: Fast Talk 20%, Law 70%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 85%, Track 50%

WEAPONS: .38 revolver 65%, 1D10 damage
Fist 65%, 1D3+1D4

Vladimir Trepoff

The epitome of the near-mad, self-taught eccentric genius. Born to a slum family, Trepoff spent his early years trying to rise above his background, scrimping to buy books on electronics, physics, and mathematics. He learned at an early age that he had a gift for working with electricity. His heroes were Einstein, Edison, and Tesla. As he aged, he failed to grow in the social graces, which, along with his preoccupation with electrons and volts, caused him to be shunned in more polite society. A taste for alcohol coupled with a low tolerance for the stuff lost him several promising jobs and contracts when he turned up roaring drunk. Nearly destitute and totally unappreciated, Trepoff still toils on his life's work, using what little money he manages to chisel to pay for the warehouse he's rented to house his laboratory and his lone scientific breakthrough—the Time/Space Machine. A true genius just on the verge of lunacy, Trepoff seeks recognition and financial rewards for his invention, but just can't seem to get anyone to listen, except a few old men at the flophouse at which he sleeps. He himself doesn't realize what a colossal breakthrough his machine is. He is still looking for someone who'll recognize his genius and lift him from the squalor he's forced to live in. Someone who'll support his twin habits—inventing and drinking.

Vladimir Trepoff

STR 8 CON 6 SIZ 11 INT 19 POW 4
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 21 SAN 25 HP 9

SKILLS: Electrical Repair 95%, Mathematics 100%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Physics 100%

The Tcho-Tcho Priest of Tsang

The Priest of Tsang has been sent by the tribe of Tcho-Tchos which inhabit the blasted plateau of Tsang in Tibet; Tsang is one of the incursions of the dread Leng into our space and time. The priest's goals and role to play are both given earlier in the scenario, in the attack on Staunton's house. Death is meaningless to him, as is life. His goals include a fervent belief that, when Chaugnar Faugn finally devours the world, he and his tribe will live with Chaugnar Faugn, after all else is annihilated. He has been

CONTACT CHAUGNAR FAUGN: This spell is similar to the other Contact Deity spells. Chaugnar Faugn will respond to a Contact spell in the form of a dream or nightmare, as does Cthulhu. In the dream, the god will inform his followers of his desires, and let them know if their petitions will be answered.

CURSE OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN: This spell requires a portion of the flesh of the spell's target, as a focus. The spell requires 12 hours of chanting per week. Only a sworn worshipper of Chaugnar Faugn can use this spell. The Curse causes the target to be continually haunted in his dreams by the spirit of Chaugnar Faugn and eventually to experience trance states in which he attempts to reach the god and offer himself up as a sacrifice to that loathsome deity. These trance states become more and more frequent and lengthy until the victim finally succumbs to the horror. Only occult means will suffice to evade the effects of the curse. However, the chanting must be kept up every week that the spell continues, or its effects will fade. The chanting need not all be done by the same person, and anyone possessing the flesh of the victim and knowing the spell can continue the Curse's effects, even if the original caster is slain.

Each hour of chanting costs the chanter a single magic point. Each week of chanting costs the chanter 1D3 SAN.

LEVITATE: This spell enables a sorcerer to float slowly through the air. It requires the expenditure of 1 magic point per SIZ point levitated. If the exact cost to cover the SIZ is

spent, the chosen individual will be able to hover three to five feet above the ground, with no horizontal motion allowed. If the individual is thrown or dropped from a height, he will fall as if in slow motion, coming to a stop a few feet above the ground. Each additional magic point expended allows the user to move himself a yard horizontally or climb that distance vertically. Floating movement under this spell is quite slow, about that of a slowly pacing man.

The Levitate spell can be cast upon another if he is willing; if he is not, his magic points must be overcome by the caster to levitate him. It can also be used to move inanimate objects. If the caster expends magic points to move another individual under the influence of the spell, that individual floats at the caster's will, helplessly, unless he is able to grasp ahold of a tree or object to brace himself.

Casting this spell costs the user 1D6 SAN. The effects will last for several minutes.

FLESH WARD: This gives the sorcerer magical protection against non-magical attacks. Each magic point spent in creating the Flesh Ward will give the caster 1D6 points of protection. This protection wears off as it is struck by damage. Thus, if a character used the Flesh Ward to give himself 12 points of protection, and was struck for 5 points of damage, he would have 7 points of protection left. Flesh Ward is useless vs. enchanted weapons. Creating a Flesh Ward, whether around oneself or another person, costs the caster 1D4 SAN.

well-equipped by his tribe to send Staunton to his doom. He carries an enchanted knife, which may be used as a magical weapon, a package containing four smoke bombs, a blowgun, and a dozen darts coated with a potent sleeping potion.

The Tcho-Tcho Priest of Tsang

STR 14 CON 17 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 23
DEX 18 APP 3 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 14

SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 97%, Hide 70%, Jump 65%, Listen 95%, Sneak 95%

WEAPON: Blowgun 95%, 1D3 damage (can impale)
Knife 70%, 1D4+2 damage (can impale)

SPELLS: Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Shantak, Contact Chaugnar Faugn, Curse of Chaugnar Faugn, Brew Space-Mead, Voorish Sign, Levitate, Flesh Ward

The priest's Shantak

STR 48 CON 18 SIZ 48 INT 6 POW 18
DEX 15 HP 33

WEAPON: Bite 65%, 1D6+4D6 damage

NOTES: has 9 points of scaly hide as armor. Those seeing a shantak must succeed in a SAN roll or lose 1D6 SAN.

CHAUGNAR FAUGN, The Horror from the hills

Description: "Words could not adequately convey the repulsiveness of the thing. It was endowed with a trunk and great, uneven ears, and two enormous tusks protruded from the corners of its mouth. But it was not an elephant. Indeed, its resemblance to an actual elephant was, at best, sporadic and superficial, despite certain unmistakable points of similarity. The ears were webbed and tentacled,

the trunk terminated in a huge flaring disk at least a foot in diameter, and the tusks, which intertwined and interlocked at the base of the statue, were as translucent as rock crystal.

"The pedestal upon which it squatted was of black onyx. The statue itself, with the exception of the tusks, had apparently been chiseled from a single block of stone, and was so hideously mottled and eroded and discolored that it looked, in spots, as though it had been dipped in sanies" [a thin, blood-tinged or greenish fluid that oozes from wounds or infections].

"The thing sat bolt upright. Its forelimbs were bent stiffly at the elbow, and its hands—it had human hands—rested palms upward on its lap. Its shoulders were broad and square and its breasts and enormous stomach sloped outward, cushioning the trunk. It was as quiescent as a Buddha, as enigmatic as a sphinx, and as malignantly poised as a gorgon or cockatrice." (The Horror From the Hills, by Frank Belknap Long)

Cult: Chaugnar Faugn is worshipped by a tribe that lives on the desert plateau of Tsang in the Far East near Tibet, a branch of the loathsome Tcho-Tcho people. The god is guarded day and night in the cave in which it rests by hideous yellow abnormalities without faces—subhuman worshipers only vaguely manlike, in thrall to the malign wizardry of the god. They move in circles about the "idol" on their hands and knees and participate in rites so foul none dare describe them. In the beginnings of time, Chaugnar Faugn made a race of beings to serve it, the Miri Nigri, a race of dark dwarfs fashioned from the flesh of primitive amphibians. The Tcho-Tchos are said to have intermingled with the descendants of that hybrid race.

Its worshippers believe that Chaugnar Faugn is merely biding its time awaiting the coming of the White Acolyte, a white man from the West, who, according to the prophecy of Mu Sang, a former priest, will carry the god safe-

ly into the world and nurse it until it has no further need of him. Then Chaugnar Faugn will become a great universal god, filling all space. Once "nursed and carried safely beyond the rising sun, it will possess the world. And then all things that are now in the world, all creatures and plants will be devoured by Great Chaugnar. All things that are and have been will cease to be, and Great Chaugnar will fill all space with its Oneness. Even its Brothers it will devour, its Brothers who will come down from the mountains ravening for ecstasy when it calls to them." It is written, and believed by its followers, that those who tend the god and then send it forth with the coming of the White Acolyte should be forever immune from its anger. The White Acolyte will be identified by speaking the prophecy and identifying Chaugnar Faugn as a great god and the priest of Tsang as its prophet. Then it will be known that Chaugnar Faugn's time has come to go out to possess the world, and not before.

Notes: Most of the time, Chaugnar Faugn remains immobile on its pedestal, appearing to be a grotesque statue. If it is after nightfall, the god, if hungry, may step down from its pedestal to feed on a sacrifice or anyone blundering upon it. If it, its worshippers, or its companion are assaulted, it may come down from its pedestal and attack the one giving offense.

Unless he can succeed in a successful roll of half normal Dodge, the character will be grabbed by Chaugnar Faugn. Chaugnar Faugn is amazingly fast for its bulk — it can outrun a car going 70 mph — but is not very agile at such great speeds, and usually slows down for actual combat and important tasks.

Chaugnar Faugn can attack psychically as well as physically. All these attacks cost the god a single magic point and require it to overcome the victim's magic points with its own. The least attack simply causes the victim to dream of Chaugnar Faugn and its greatness, though it can also entice the victim to seek out the idol and sit beneath it in meditation if he or she is especially sensitive. Characters of Oriental heritage, along with anyone with a Cthulhu Mythos knowledge of 25% or more or an Occult skill of 60% or more are especially sensitive to a dangerous degree, and can be thus lured to the idol. A second, more deadly attack will cause the target to die of a heart attack, feeling the god's crushing weight on his chest, unless he can succeed in a roll of CONx5 or less on 1D100. If the target resists, he must attempt another roll of CONx5 or less. If this second roll is failed, the target will fall unconscious and take 1D6 damage. The third and final type of attack mesmerizes the victim, causing him to walk toward the god for sacrifice. Just before reaching Chaugnar Faugn, the mesmerized character has a chance to roll his POW or less on 1D100. If he succeeds, he breaks the spell. Both the death-inducing attack and the mesmerization can only be used on someone within sight of the idol, unless the individual has been psychically linked to the Elephant God through earlier psychic contact or a Contact spell. Chaugnar Faugn doubtless possesses other mental powers as well, but those listed are most used by him.

Chaugnar Faugn respects great courage, even in his opponents and victims. In one instance, the god itself came down off its pedestal to loose the bonds of an

explorer captured by its worshippers who had withstood three days of torture of a most hideous nature without a single outcry. There is a slight chance (5%?) that it will respect some equally courageous act on the part of a character and let him live. It is the keeper's discretion as to what constitutes a courageous act, but merely standing up to Chaugnar Faugn is not enough. Chaugnar Faugn seems to have a fear of large bodies of water, and will try to avoid same if possible, though swamps or marshes do not seem to bother it, and the god may even seek swamplands as a refuge. This fear of water is a mystery, though two interesting facts lend themselves to mind: Great Cthulhu is imprisoned beneath the sea, and it also could be that the oceans and seas are about the only things on this planet as old as Chaugnar Faugn.

If Chaugnar Faugn chooses a character as a companion, that individual will gradually lose his SAN at the rate of 1D10 per day, if not already at 0. Chaugnar Faugn will also lay his snout disk on the character as he sleeps, causing the character's nose and ears to grow until his countenance becomes a grotesque caricature of the god's own. The character also grows sensitive to touch, so that the lightest brush causes him great discomfort. He is psychically linked to the god and can communicate with him at any distance, as well as remaining psychically vulnerable to the god at all times. Chaugnar will "nurse" off its companion when there is no other victim handy, draining a point of CON at each nursing. When it no longer needs its companion (either because it has plenty of victims or its time to fill the world has come), it will kill him.

Chaugnar Faugn has lesser Brothers, similar to himself but weaker, who lie sleeping in the Pyrenees mountains in Spain, awaiting the time for Chaugnar to come to the West to till the earth. At that time, they will awaken and come down from the mountains to feed. They can also be summoned by Chaugnar Faugn's followers. Chaugnar Faugn and its Brothers are linked hyperdimensionally, so that anything seriously affecting Chaugnar Faugn affects its Brothers as well (though the reverse is not true). Thus, if Chaugnar Faugn is rendered inert and inanimate for years via some eldritch and potent curse, his brothers will also remain inanimate, unable to answer attempts to summon them by Chaugnar's worshippers.

In combat, Chaugnar Faugn will attempt to grab victims, nearly at random. A character who is grasped is unable to free himself. Once gripped, the character's face will be bitten and mauled by the god, and the Chaugnar Faugn will suck out all the blood in the body with the disk on its trunk, draining 1D6 points of CON permanently. When full, the god will spray the remaining blood around at random. If Chaugnar Faugn is not hungry or angry, but in a "playful" mood, it may simply maul the grabbed character, sinking its black nails into his flesh for 1D6 points of damage per round until it tires of its sport. If the disk of its trunk is laid on a wound, that wound will never heal.

If Chaugnar Faugn ever takes more than 90 points of damage, he will become inert and lifeless, taking lengthy rituals and sacrifices to restore to life.

*Chaugnar Faugn***Characteristics**

STR	65
CON	140
SIZ	40
INT	25
POW	35
DEX	30
Hit Pts	90
Move	70



Weapon	Attack%	Damage
Grapple	80%	None; holds immobile for Bite
Bite	100%	1D6 CON drain each round

Armor: Absolutely no weapon that is not enchanted nor any mechanical device not based on relativistic concepts can harm Chaugnar Faugn in any way. Its eons-old super-

dense material will act as 10 points of armor vs. enchanted impaling weapons. Its great age, at least a billion years, will enable it to resist even powerful entropy-reversing forces for 15 minutes before disincarnation.

Spells: Contact Chaugnar Faugn, Curse of Chaugnar Faugn, Summon Brother of Chaugnar Faugn, Bind Brother of Chaugnar Faugn, various other minor spells. Also has some potent psychic powers.

SAN: Those viewing Chaugnar Faugn in his inert statue form lose 1D6 SAN unless they succeed in a SAN roll, in which case no SAN is lost. Seeing Chaugnar Faugn animated and active costs the viewer 2D10 SAN if he fails and 1D4 even if he succeeds. Viewing the remains of one of the god's victims costs 1D6 SAN, and seeing the distorted features of Chaugnar's mutated companion costs 1D6 SAN unless a SAN roll succeeds, in which case a point is still lost.

Thoth's Dagger

The theft of an Egyptian ceremonial dagger starts the investigators down a path of evil and deceit leading inevitably to Egypt itself, where the investigators may witness arcane rites older than humanity, and learn the true visage of Nyarlathotep.

by

William Hamblin

*Aru setaw amenhi septu meru,
Heseq amu Khet Ausar
Enen sekhem-sen am-a
Enen hai-a er Ketut-sen*

*"The Watchers who bring slaughtering daggers in cruel
fingers,
Who slay those who follow Osiris—
May they not prevail over me!
May I not fall under their daggers!"*

The Egyptian Book of the Dead
Ch. 17 Pl. 10-11, 30-31

Introduction

Worshippers of the Outer Gods continue to perform their dread rites in still-undiscovered ruins and temples of Egypt. In this scenario, the investigators should be maneuvered to follow certain set paths outlined below. This will expose them to these cultists and their nefarious practices, sending the investigators on a grim quest to destroy this nest of earth-threatening horror.

Sections marked "Keeper's Notes," should not be divulged to the investigators except under unusual circumstances or special situations outlined below. These sections are meant to enable the keeper to give additional hints and circumstantial flavor of his own invention.

The scenario is divided into five parts, each with a number of subsections. The general outline of these parts should be followed, but not every subsection needs to be played out.

THE IBIS-HEADED DAGGER

The Newspaper Announcement

The start of this scenario takes place at an auction of the rare books and antiques of the famed occultist and antiquarian, the late Dr. Karl von Petersdorf. If one or more of the investigators is a journalist, he could be assigned to cover the auction by his editor. Dilettantes, professors, and occultists in general should not want to pass up this chance to get some of von Petersdorf's priceless possessions. If the investigators do not know one another from past scenarios, they can meet at the auction. Professional

investigators of a scholarly nature will recognize von Petersdorf's name as that of a notable Egyptologist and occultist, whose views were generally considered eccentric in the extreme. The interest of the investigators can be raised by presenting the following advertisement in local papers:

PUBLIC AUCTION

The library and art collection of the late Dr. Karl von Petersdorf will be sold at public auction on the 23rd of November, 192—, at his estate outside Boston at 10:00 am.

The late Dr. von Petersdorf was well-known among art collectors, scholars, and occultists for his study of ancient Egyptian antiquities, mythology, and magic. His views, though never accepted by the scholarly community at large, created some stir among Egyptologists when he recently published the results of his life's research in his book, *The Antiquity of the Egyptian Religion*, in which he expounded the thesis that the Egyptian religion did not evolve from the primitive and superstitious animal worship of savages, but instead devolved from a forgotten higher form of worship, of which only hints and obscure references have come down to us. Tragically, Dr. von Petersdorf died suddenly, shortly before his book went to press. A further disaster dogged this book's publication, as the publisher's warehouse burned down before distribution had begun, destroying all copies of Dr. von Petersdorf's opus except for a few review copies.

The late Doctor's library includes many rare books on Egyptology, as well as a number of unique copies of ancient Egyptian manuscripts. The art collection includes some remarkable Egyptian artifacts, many of great beauty, and some of which are unique. All private persons or representatives of public and private institutions are welcomed to the auction.

Keeper's Note: In reality, Dr. von Petersdorf died of fright from seeing the Black Faceless One (Nyarlathotep) summoned by the Egyptian wizard Khalid Abd al-Azi. The publishing house was burned down by Khalid's band to prevent distribution of his book, which went far in exposing their rites.

If the investigators attempt to find the cause of Dr. von Petersdorf's death, his obituary states that he succumbed to "a sudden illness." The coroner's report (obtainable with a successful Fast Talk, Law, or \$5 bribe) states that he, though apparently in excellent health, died of a combined massive heart attack and stroke.

If the investigators attempt to interrogate Dr. von Petersdorf's neighbors (the closest of whom lives nearly a half-mile away), they will find that the neighbors are reluctant to talk. A successful Fast Talk or Oratory will elicit the information that they all heard a grotesque howling at Dr. von Petersdorf's estate on the night of his death. [*Keeper's Note: this was the Blind Faceless One*

screaming at the moon, as is his wont.] None of the neighbors want to know any more about Dr. von Petersdorf's death. The howling was enough for them.

If the investigators check the phases of the moon on Dr. von Petersdorf's death, they can find that it was full.

If the investigators go to Boston University, they can contact Dr. John Quincy Rogers, professor Emeritus of Egyptology, and one of the reviewers of Dr. von Petersdorf's book. If he is asked about it, he will tell the investigators that he skimmed through the book and found it to be largely rubbish. If asked about specifics, he states that it discussed various mighty gods, older than those of later Egypt, but he can't remember the names of these supposed early gods, "They all had outlandish names, like 'Kath-Low', or something," he says. If he is asked for a look at his copy, he will say he gave it to the university library.

If the library is visited, the investigators can find that the book is cataloged, but missing. It has not been checked out, nor is it in the stacks. [*Keeper's Note: Khalid's cultists have stolen this copy of the book.*]

The Auction at the Von Petersdorf Estate

[*Keeper's Note: the investigators come to a stately mansion some distance outside town. It is a little dilapidated. The key item in the Auction is Thoth's Dagger, but the investigators should not know this at this time (unless they can guess it from the title of the scenario). Inside the mansion they will find a crowd of some twenty or thirty buyers. Included below are four non-player-characters of some import.*]

William Fredricks

A moderately wealthy man about 45 years old. He is somewhat eccentric and wears oddly mismatched clothing. He is of medium height, well-built, with uncombed brown hair balding at the front.

William Fredricks

STR 14	CON 13	SIZ 12	INT 16	POW 8
DEX 10	APP 12	EDU 17	SAN 48	HP 13

SKILLS: Archaeology 50%, History 40%, Library Use 70%, Occult 25%

LANGUAGES: Read Egyptian Hieroglyphics 50%, Speak French 50%, Speak German 65%

He has brought \$3000 to the auction. He has no desire to purchase the dagger, but will approach whoever buys it and ask to examine it. The item he'll bid on is the *Egyptian Book of the Dead* with marginal notes (see below).

Clifton Jorgensen

He is an independent art collector and occult enthusiast, about 30 years old, tall, with dark hair, pale skin, and a slender frame. He is heir to a large fortune which he spends freely.

Clifton Jorgensen

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

SKILLS: Archaeology 25%, Astronomy 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Drive Auto 60%, History 25%, Occult 80%, Pilot Aircraft 50%, Psychology 35%

LANGUAGES: Speak/Read French 50%

SPELLS: Brew Space-Mead, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Summon Nightgaunt

It must be noted that Jorgensen's SAN is quite low, due to his extensive studies in the occult and many experiments with drugs. He could well go raving mad if he encountered a horrendous experience. He knows some spells but has never cast them, and privately doubts whether they would work. He also is a millionaire, having over \$5,000,000 in the bank and other investments. This is the best reason for getting to know him. He has as much money as necessary to purchase the dagger, or any other item, if he decides he wants it. On any item that the investigators bid for, roll 1D6 to see how badly Jorgensen wants that same item: on a roll of 1-2 he doesn't want to buy it; on a 3 he will spend up to \$2000; 4 he will spend up to \$5000; 5 he will spend up to \$10,000; and on a 6 he will purchase the item no matter what he must bid. (Since he is a millionaire, he can outbid anyone else present.) If he bids on the dagger, but does not purchase it, he will ask to be allowed to inspect it. Whether he buys the dagger or not, he will remain and continue to bid sporadically until the auction ends.

Butrus al-Qusi

This character will prove to be one of the most important as far as the investigators are concerned. He is short with a dark complexion and a large full black beard, wearing a conservative black suit and a tarboosh. He is a high-ranking Coptic (i.e., Egyptian Christian) monk, posing as a collector of Egyptian antiquities. His real mission is from the Abbot of the Monastery of Saint Pakomios, which is in Egypt near the shore of the Red Sea. He was commissioned by his abbot to meet with Dr. von Petersdorf. The abbot and his few select monks are involved in a protracted, losing struggle with the secret cultists of Nyarlathotep and other Elder Gods in Egypt. Butrus was to learn all that Dr. von Petersdorf knew concerning the Cthulhu Mythos and to try and enlist his aid in the monastery's fight against the cultists. However, the doctor was murdered on the very day the meeting was to occur.

Butrus al-Qusi

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 16
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 13 SAN 75 HP 14

SKILLS: Bargain 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Debate 40%, Listen 65%, Oratory 40%

LANGUAGES (Speak/Read): Arabic 65/65%, Coptic 65/80%, Egyptian Hieroglyphics 0/20%, English 50/25%

SPELLS: Contact Sand Dweller, Elder Sign

He also wishes to buy the dagger, and has \$5000 to pay for it. If he is unable to outbid the highest bidder, he will approach whoever purchases the dagger and offer to buy it at cost +20% as soon as he can obtain more money from Egypt on a bank draft.

George DiVita

He is a small-time mafioso who has been hired by Khalid Abd al-Azi, the leader of the evil cultists. He is tall and muscular (and, of course, wears a pin-striped suit). If the investigators make their Spot Hidden rolls, they will notice a slight bulge under his coat over his heart (his gun). His relevant characteristics are below.

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 16 APP 9 EDU 8 SAN 60 HP 16

WEAPONS: Fist 70%, 1D3+1D6
.38 automatic pistol 75%, 1D10

He will participate in the bidding on the dagger, but does not intend to win the bidding, and will lose to either the investigators, Butrus, or Clifton Jorgensen, depending on who bids the highest. Under no circumstances will he win the bidding for Thoth's Dagger.

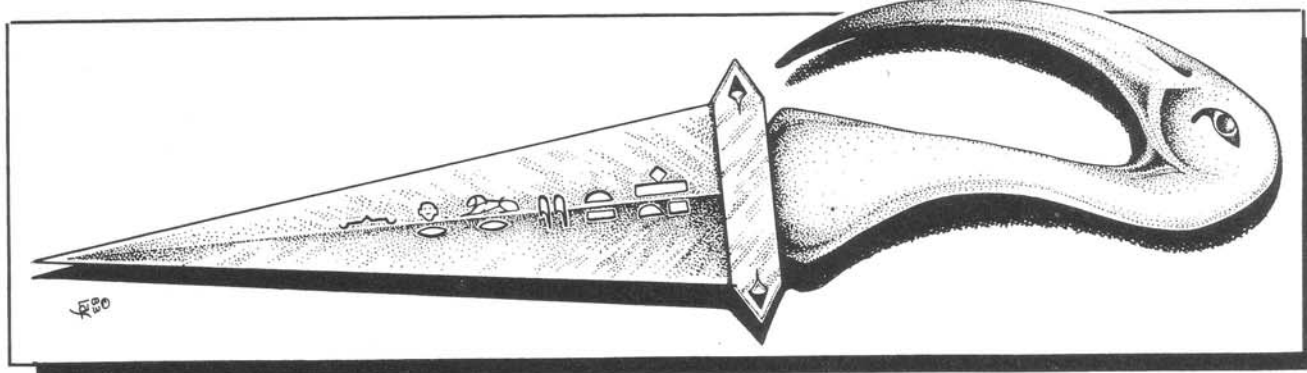
The Dagger

A complete description of the dagger and its significance follows. The keeper should allow the investigators to learn this information bit by bit, through diligent effort.

The dagger is about a foot long. The handle is 5" long and the blade 7". The blade is thin with a hieroglyphic inscription on one side. The handle is bronze and formed into the shape of an ibis head (successful Occult or Zoology rolls will reveal that the ibis is an Egyptian bird sacred to Thoth). The bird's neck forms the handle, the head of the bird is the pommel, and the ibis' bill forms a type of handguard, so that the fingers are inserted between the bill and the neck in gripping the dagger.

The inscription on the blade of the dagger (which is in Egyptian hieroglyphics) has a dual significance: a translation and a transliteration (that is, a rendering in English sounds of how an Egyptian would have pronounced the inscription). The hieroglyphics themselves are given in the Hieroglyph Description Table. There are six possible translations, all of which would be correct:

There is no rest at the place of judgment
There is no peace at the place of judgment
There is no rest at the gateway
There is no rest through the gateway
There is no peace at the gateway
There is no peace through the gateway



The significance of this inscription will become clear later in the scenario when and if the investigators find the gateway in question.

The investigators should be given these translations only if they can get someone to read the inscription for them. If one of the investigators can read ancient Egyptian, he must succeed on his skill roll to be given the translation. All the investigators with the appropriate skill may try to read the inscription. If the investigator has a skill of 01-15% and succeeded, he will learn only a single version of the translation. If he has a skill of 16-30%, he will learn two versions, and if he has a skill of 31-50% he will learn three different variations. If he has a skill of 51% or more, he will be able to figure out all six variations. *[Keeper's Note: if an investigator fails his skill roll, the keeper should feel free to tell him that he succeeded, but give him the following false translation: "Hotep (here taken to be a personal name as was often used by the Egyptians) is not (or is) at the door."]*

If the investigators ask a professional Egyptologist to translate it for them, they will get all six possible inscriptions exactly as given above. Dr. John Quincy Rogers, and William Fredericks, who may be met with later during the scenario, are both capable of such a translation.

However, the transliteration of the hieroglyphics is of primary interest. The standard reading is given as follows:

Hieroglyph Translation and Transliteration				
Transliteration	ny	har	rut (or) lut	hotep
Translation	not	at	gateway place of judgment	rest peace

The standard transliteration is therefore "ny har rut hotep." However, there is a significant variation in the pronunciation of the third word "rut." The symbol of the crouching lion (which appears in this word) is usually pronounced "r" in classical Egyptian. However, it is also occasionally pronounced "l" as in the names "Cleopatra" and "Ptolemy." In both these names, the "l" is written with the crouching lion glyph.

Therefore, a perfectly acceptable variant transliteration would be "ny har lut hotep" which is essentially pronounced identically to the Lovecraftian "Nyarlathotep." The investigators can make whatever use of this information they please. The transliteration can be given to the investigators only under three circumstances.

(1) If an investigator himself has a Read Egyptian skill and translates the hieroglyphics himself, he should attempt an Idea roll. If he makes it, he can be given both transliterations. If he fails both, he should only be given the first, and that only if he asks for it.

(2) If one of the investigators asks a scholar of Egyptology to translate the inscription and specifically asks for a transliteration, the scholar will oblige him by giving him both variant transliterations.

In both cases 1 and 2, even if the investigators obtain both transliterations, the keeper should only give them the "ny har lut hotep" rendition. Let the players figure out how close it is to Nyarlathotep for themselves. They should enjoy such a discovery, and it may even give them a chill or two. Incidentally, the hieroglyphics, translations, and transliterations used in this scenario are all legitimate and accurate.

(3) If a non-player-character with at least a 30% knowledge of Egyptian Hieroglyphics and a 20% knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos sees the inscription, he will immediately start to tell the investigators what a unique inscription it is, and give them both transliterations and some hypotheses on its relationship to the name Nyarlathotep. (This includes both Alfredo Monteverdi and Abba Shanuda, both of whom appear later. Only Abba Shanuda knows that the dagger itself is the gateway.)

Significance of the Dagger

Besides the general information about the gateway and the name Nyarlathotep which can be gained from the dagger, it has an intrinsic value of its own. The blade is made of pure silver, and the whole object is extremely ancient. It is the only one of its kind ever made. It was used to perform human sacrifices by the cultists (the neck and stomach were slit and the heart taken out). Furthermore, the dagger has magical powers. If Nyarlathotep is struck with the dagger, his current incarnation will be destroyed, and the god will not be able to return to Earth until summoned again at the next full moon. This information is available only if an investigator has at least 50% Cthulhu Mythos and succeeds on his roll, or if he can find the information in one of his ancient books of lore. (Abba Shanuda already knows this fact, and could tell the investigators outright.)

The dagger itself is the "gateway" mentioned in the inscription. If a human is sacrificed in the prescribed manner, his soul will pass to Azathoth where he will see the mysteries of chaos and return, after eternities, to be reincarnated as a not-fully-human slave of Azathoth on Earth. For this reason, the highest and most insane members of the cult are often sacrificed with the dagger since it is considered a great privilege. On the other hand, the dagger is also a gateway in that Nyarlathotep can be sent back whence he came with it. Finally, the inscription serves simply as an indication that Nyarlathotep's very name denotes his nature.

Clearly the dagger is of great value both to the cultists and those opposing them, and both groups want desperately to get their hands on it. This fact must be kept in mind by the keeper as the central feature in the course of the scenario.

The Auction

At the auction, there are two items for sale which relate to the Cthulhu Mythos. One is the dagger, which is described above, while the other is an old papyrus, actually an ancient copy of the Egyptian Book of the Dead. This copy has special significance, because an ancient Cthulhu cultists wrote marginal notes (in Demotic Egyptian) commenting on the rites of the Book of the Dead and their relationship to the Cthulhu Mythos. The manuscript will give a +05% to a reader's knowledge of the Mythos, has a

spell multiplier of x1, and the reader will lose 1D6 SAN. The main text is the *Book of the Dead*, which is in standard Egyptian hieroglyphics and has been translated on a number of occasions. (If the keeper wants a copy of the *Book of the Dead* to add extra flavor, he may consult E. A. Wallis Budge, *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* [Dover Publications, 1967 reprint of 1895 original]). The marginal notes are in the abbreviated Demotic script and are hard to read. An additional Read Egyptian Hieroglyphics must be made to read the notes.

Following are the other items offered at the auction:

- ☐ A jeweled scarab (the scarab is a beetle thought sacred by the ancient Egyptians). Bidding for this *objet d'art* should top off at around \$1000.
- ☐ The *Book of the Dead* with marginal notes mentioned above. Bidding should stop around \$2000.
- ☐ Alan Gardiner's *Egyptian Grammar*. If an investigator has no Read Egyptian Hieroglyphics skill, studying this book intensively (for at least a month) will raise his skill to 25%. He must keep the book to maintain the skill level, by occasional perusal and study. If an investigator already knows 5% or more of Read Egyptian, the book will raise his skill level by 10% to a maximum of 50%. If an investigator has a skill of 50% or more, he is considered to already own a copy of this book. The book is worth about \$30.
- ☐ An alabaster dish; bidding should top off at \$300.
- ☐ Thoth's Dagger; no maximum price.
- ☐ A finely-carved stone head of some unknown pharaoh. The price of this should top off at about \$1500.

The auction should proceed as follows. Each item will be brought up for bidding in the order given above. The keeper will bid for all the non-player-characters against each other and against the individual investigators. If the investigators do not wish to bid on an item, the keeper should assign that item to whatever non-player-character seems likeliest to buy it. Once all the items have been sold, one of three persons should be in possession of the dagger: Clifton Jorgensen, Butrus al-Qusi, or one of the investigators. (William Fredericks will not bid on the dagger—he only wants the manuscript, and possibly one of the *objets d'art*. George DiVita will bid on the dagger, but plans to lose the bidding to another.)

If an investigator purchases the dagger, various non-player-characters may ask to examine it. If one of the non-player characters purchases the dagger, the investigators can talk to him and examine the dagger if they so desire.

At any rate, no matter who purchases the dagger, while the auction is breaking up and the various items are handed to their new owners, George DiVita will steal the dagger. Events should be manipulated in such a fashion that the investigators are the only people present to see George pick up the dagger nonchalantly and walk quickly to the door. If the investigators raise the alarm, DiVita will pull out his pistol, fire a shot into the air (causing the crowd to panic and mill around—preventing the investigators from nearing him) and run off. As it turns out, the only people to see DiVita take the dagger are the investigators, and when the police guard rushes inside the auction room (after hearing shots or commotion) he will quickly take down the information they have about

the robber; his description, etc. The police will then take off on a chase of DiVita. If the dagger does not belong to the investigators, whoever has bought it will be distraught and pathetically grateful to the investigators for their quick action in spotting the theft. Now at least there is a chance for the dagger's recovery.



This dagger theft serves two purposes. First, it will help to bring the investigators together. Second, and more importantly, it will cause the investigators to be befriended by whoever has purchased the dagger. He will ask the investigators to wait up the night with him until the dagger is recovered. He will buy them dinner at a fancy restaurant, unburden his life story, etc. In the morning, the police will come back and inform the dagger's owner of the success of the investigation. The officer involved will produce the dagger, returning it to the proper owner with a flourish. He will then relate the strange quest.

"Well," says the grizzled veteran of the force, "Poor old Detective Sergeant Mike Kennedy recognized that notorious mafioso, Giorgi DiVita, from your excellent description. We immediately sent a squad to his most-recently-known hideout, in the Italian district of the city. When we got there, the whole tenement was filled with an awful rotten-egg stink, and all the tenants were out on the sidewalk gagging. Kennedy rushed in with a rag over his mouth and crashed through DiVita's door. Then we all came in, and, lo and behold, DiVita was dead!"

The room was almost completely undisturbed, except in the middle was this crisped stiff. The face and front part of this guy was fried to a frazzle, but his back, against the floor, was just fine. We checked his pockets and hair style and stuff, and we're pretty positive that the deadster was DiVita in person. We have no idea what killed him. Maybe it was another mobster settling an old score with a blowtorch."

(Keeper's Notes: What actually happened is that DiVita had returned to his apartment to meet his employer, Khalid Abd al-Azi. Khalid had given DiVita 10,000 dollars

to buy the dagger. DiVita decided to simply steal the dagger and keep all the money. When he gave the dagger to Khalid, Khalid murdered DiVita, ritually slaughtering him with the dagger. Then he summoned Nyarlathotep, whose appearance burnt the body, and who then accepted the soul into chaos. Khalid was leaving when the police arrived, and fled down the fire escape just as Kennedy broke down the front door.)

"Then one of the guys outside says he saw someone running down the fire escape, and we all ran out after him, leaving only a photographer and Patrolman Grady to guard the scene of the crime. Oh yeah, there was over 5000 bucks left scattered around the floor of the room." (Keeper's Note: Khalid did not have time to get back all his money before the police burst in.) "When we came outside, we saw two foreign guys run into a car and take off, so we chased them with our sirens blaring.

"These foreign guys drove down to the docks, and we might have lost them, but Frank Belknap shot out their tires, and their car wrecked. When we pulled up, the driver got out and beat it for the railyards. Kennedy chased after the guy along with three other boys: I didn't go with them, but they claim they split up to have a better chance of finding the guy in the dark.

"In the car was one guy in the front seat, but he was stone dead with a big glass splinter through his skull. We found the knife in the glove compartment. I guess the driver couldn't get to it because his friend was jammed right up against it. We had to do some hard, long, pulling to get him out.

"Anyway, we went and searched the railyards for a few hours, but we never found the guy that ran off. But old Mike Kennedy bit the dust. We found him between the rails, dead as a doornail. Looks like he just up and had a heart attack from all the excitement. Not a mark on him. It's really pretty sad. And him only 40 years old and all. Well, I guess that's that. Since you got your knife back and all the crooks we caught are dead, I guess you can hang onto it. To be perfectly honest, I ain't holding too big a grudge against that car's driver. Anyone public-spirited-enough to rub out Giorgi DiVita is okay by me." (Keeper's Note: Khalid, of course, killed Sgt. Kennedy by casting the Dread Curse of Azathoth on him repeatedly from the cover of a dark warehouse.)

The Curse of the Dagger

Any non-player-characters who have by now befriended the investigators (such as William Fredericks, Clifton Jorgensen, and/or Butrus al-Qusi) should now be considered part of the group. When the scenario mentions the "investigators," any attached non-player-characters should be included. These characters will offer their skills and try to help at solving any problems encountered, and one of them may even own the dagger if he won the bidding. However, the keeper should try to avoid using these additional allies to control the investigators' choices. Let these characters act only as the investigators ask them to act. Of course, if the investigators get too far off the track or into a hopeless situation, they may be able to use the non-player-characters to bail them out.

The investigators can do whatever they want at this point. They will probably try to find out as much information on the dagger as they can. In a day or two, when

they are all sitting together discussing the recent events, one of the investigators who is holding or touching the dagger, possibly while engaging in conversation, will suddenly begin to shake and sweat profusely, then start crying out and moaning. (Keeper's Note: The character who was holding the dagger has been inflicted with the Curse of Thoth's Dagger by means of an incantation from Khalid Abd al-Azi. This character should absolutely be one of the investigators run by a player, i.e., NOT Jorgensen, Fredericks, or Butrus. The victim will have a vision (described below) every day. These visions will increase in duration as the days go by. Each day the vision will start at exactly the same time: noon, and will begin at the same point in the vision. After three days, the vision's length will double to 2 minutes of length. After three more days, it will increase to 4 minutes, and so forth. As the length of the vision grows, the character will see more and more. The following chart will give the duration of the visions on any given day:

VISION TABLE		
Scene	Day Number	Vision Length
*1	1-3	1 minute
*2	4-6	2 minutes
*3	7-9	4 minutes
*4	10-12	8 minutes
*5	13-15	16 minutes
*6	16-18	30 minutes
*7	19-21	1 hour
*8	22-24	2 hours
*9	25-27	4 hours
*10	28-30	8 hours
*11	31-33	16 hours
*12	34+	continual

On the 34th day after the curse has begun, the seizures and visions will continue throughout the entire day, and the victim will be hopelessly lost.

The Visions

When the victim has a seizure, he becomes insensible to earthly things. His mind is drawn to a different time, place, and dimension. The points marked on the chart above with a "*" indicate where each new vision period should begin, and these numbers correspond to those below. For example, during days 13-15, the victim will be shown visions 1 through 5. On the days 16-18, he will see visions 1 through 6, and so forth. With each increase in the length of the visions, the keeper should tell the victim what new sights he beholds. The entire vision follows:

(1) A vast landscape is seen. It is semi-tropical in nature. There is a wide smooth-flowing river, with expansive stretches of vegetation on either side.

(2) The scene then shifts up, and the viewer can see that beyond the stretches of vegetation are desert regions, with absolutely no plant life.

(3) As the viewer travels along the river bank, a city of mud brick comes into view. Some of the buildings are of large well-made bricks, finely painted in white, with symbols of men and animals in rows and columns. (If the viewer makes his Know roll, he will recognize them as Egyptian hieroglyphics.)

(4) Some of the houses are merely reed huts daubed in mud. Brown-skinned folk can be seen carrying items, working in the fields and shops with primitive stone instruments, carrying on daily life. White birds are in the fields. (If the victim makes a successful Spot Hidden roll, he will recognize the birds as ibises, whose heads look remarkably like the handle of the dagger.)

(5) A column of men can be seen walking through the town to a series of nearby buildings built of stone (as opposed to mud brick). These men are dressed in magnificent finely embroidered robes.

(6) In front of the building towards which the finely-robed men walk are two huge stone statues, each about 15 feet high. These represent squatting animals of some type. (A successful Zoology roll will identify them as Anubis baboons, a species of baboon found in Egypt; if that fails, a successful Know roll will identify them as some sort of monkey or dog-faced man.)

(7) The stone building into which the men are going has a hall with huge round columns. The walls and columns of the building (evidently a temple) are covered with hieroglyphs and gigantic figures of Egyptian gods and demons, all brightly painted.

(8) The group of worshipers or priests enter the temple, and go to its rear. A secret panel opens, and they enter and are met by an armed guard. The guard has a face exactly similar to the faces of the huge (baboon) statues at the front of the temple. His body is furred at the back and upper arms, and his hands are clawed. He stands in a hunched-over position, with weirdly jointed legs and deformed feet. (The first time that this guard is seen, the viewer must make a SAN roll or lose 1D6 points of Sanity. If the roll succeeds, he loses no SAN. On subsequent viewings, seeing this entity will cause only 1 point of SAN loss if a SAN roll fails.) The procession marches down a long stairway and into a maze of corridors and tunnels.

(9) At the end of a particularly long tunnel is seen a huge altar in front of a statue of a man with an ibis head (a successful Archaeology roll will let the viewer know that an ibis-headed man is the traditional representation of the god Thoth). There is a ceremony with chanting and bizarre rituals going on (all performed in ancient Egyptian), and a human body is stretched out on the altar.

(10) A man in black robes with a hood approaches the person on the altar. He suddenly removes his hood to reveal that his head is that of an ibis! (The viewer must make a SAN roll the first time he sees this or lose 1D4 SAN points. A successful roll indicates no loss.) This is not a mask, but the being's actual head. He holds a dagger which looks exactly like Thoth's Dagger (in fact, it is indeed this dagger) and raises it over the person laid out on the altar.

(11) Suddenly, the victim having the vision realizes that the person on the altar is himself, and that he is about to be sacrificed by the ibis-headed entity. At that moment, his point of view suddenly switches to that of himself as stretched out on the altar, and he helplessly watches the knife come down, slice open his neck, rip open his stomach, and cut out his heart. He can look down his slit body and see himself killed. All of this sacrifice is felt by the victim in horrible detail. (A successful SAN roll must be made or the victim loses 1D10

SAN. A successful roll still causes him to lose 1D3 points. This roll must be made every time that the experience is received.) The victim now begins to feel his consciousness blur and blacken, and he feels his soul falling through endless space. As he dies, he begins to hear the faint and oddly-terrifying piping of a flute.

(12) The victim's consciousness dissolves into an eternal vision of the unspeakable horrors of Azathoth's throne. If the victim has ever reached this point in the vision, he will become permanently insane, and will soon die, his mind and soul eternal prisoners of Azathoth.

Keeper's Note: The visions are of old religious ceremonies for the worship of the Old Gods in ancient Egypt. The site of the ceremonies is Hermopolis (modern Ashmunayn). The victim's mind has been drawn back into the ancient times when Nyarlathotep's servants were in power and serving in the temple of Thoth in old Hermopolis.

Effects of the Vision

The character will lose one point of SAN each time he has a vision (i.e., one point per day). Other than that he will be able to carry on most normal functions of life. He does not make a Sanity roll for this — he simply loses the point each time with no chance of retaining it. When the visions reach the point of lasting four hours once a day (this will occur on day 25) he will be so exhausted by the ordeals of the vision that he will have to rest most of the day when the vision's pressures are not on him.

There is one beneficial effect of the visions which should not be made known until the investigators have arrived in Egypt. The victim will remember the events of the vision during the period in which he is conscious and fully in control. When and if the investigators do arrive at Ashmunayn and examine the ruins of the temple of Thoth, the victim of the Dagger's Curse (hereafter designated "the accursed") will be able to recognize in the ruins the pattern of the temple and the ancient corridors he has seen in his visions. He will therefore be able to lead the investigators to the temple, to the secret door, through the corridors, and to the inner shrine of Nyarlathotep. This will be discussed later.

After the First Vision

The first seizure and vision will last only one minute. The victim will probably explain what has happened, and will be quite shaken from the experience (he has lost a point of SAN, after all). If present, Butrus al-Qusi will give the following explanation for what has happened.

"I must now explain to you what has occurred and the significance of the dagger. You may not be willing to believe my words, but I assure I am speaking the truth. I am actually a Coptic (Egyptian Christian) monk. I and a few of my brethren are fighting the spread of a Satanic cult in Egypt which worships an unspeakably evil demon. The dagger is one of their most important cultic objects for their blasphemous rituals and they will do anything to regain possession of it. I was sent here to try to stop them from gaining it. Because of the potential evil of the dagger, it may be best to destroy it. But now the dagger's curse has laid hold of our fellow. The evil ones initiated the curse, surely in order to compel our return to Egypt with the dagger. I do not know how to remove the curse. My brethren in Egypt do, however, and I propose that we



leave for Egypt as quickly as possible so that my brethren can exorcise the power which has possessed your friend. I do not know the full extent of the curse, but this I do know: if the dagger is arbitrarily destroyed, our companion's soul is eternally lost. The only to save him/her from this doom is to return with the dagger to Egypt, where the exorcism can be performed. We should leave as soon as possible, for the curse will strengthen with each passing day."

The investigators may or may not want to believe Butrus' statement, but they should nonetheless be compelled to book passage on the liner *Ramses*, bound for the Mediterranean and Alexandria, Egypt, leaving in the next few days. The investigators should make haste in assembling for travel.

ON BOARD

Introduction

The investigators will have come aboard relatively prepared for the journey to Egypt. They will have the dagger in their possession. They will be accompanied by Butrus al-Qusi and any other non-player-characters they may have befriended at the auction, including the dagger's owner, if it does not belong to one of the investigators. One of the investigators will be under the evil Curse of Thoth's Dagger and will be subject to daily visions of increasing duration.

The Journey

The journey to Alexandria will take three weeks. (*Keeper's Note: this means that if the party left immediately after being cursed, the accursed will be at vision 8, and his visions will be lasting 2 hours per day by the time they arrive in Alexandria.*) The journey will be smooth (though the keeper could roll for seasickness). If the investigators have been wise, they may have brought books to study Egyptian Hieroglyphics or Arabic (which is the current language spoken in Egypt). Each investigator spending his three weeks in study can gain a total skill equal to his EDU if he successfully rolls his INTx2 or less on 1D100.

So, a character studying Arabic who had an EDU of 15 and rolled under his INTx2 would gain a Speak Arabic of 15%. Only characters with no skill in Egyptian Hieroglyphics or Arabic may do this, and proper texts must be available. If a character knowledgeable in Arabic or Hieroglyphics tutors an investigator during the journey, the student may attempt to roll his INTx4 or less rather than INTx2.

The Murder of Butrus

(*Keeper's Note: Khalid, who is on the boat with the investigators, has now decided to strike against the group by summoning a Hunting Horror. This monster is given the mission to kill Butrus, and it should succeed in this mission.*) At night, when the investigators are wandering in a somewhat secluded section of the ship, Butrus will excuse himself (nature is calling, or perhaps he is seasick) and will go around a corner away from the rest of the group. The investigators will then hear Butrus scream, and then the hideous rasping croak of some alien monster. The keeper now has a choice. When the investigators rush to Butrus' aid, they can either see only the lank form of the Hunting Horror flapping off into the sky with Butrus' piteous wail fading into the night wind, or they can actually meet the black monster looming over the torn corpse of Butrus. In the latter case, the investigators will be able to fight the monster, if they wish. If they manage to actually slay it, they will gain only 1D6 SAN, because they have failed to prevent the monster from killing Butrus (admittedly, not that they had much of a chance). If it is slain, its ropy body will slide greasily over the side of the ship, lost to the sea forever. A Hunting Horror is actually quite a dreadful monster and the keeper should only have it stick around for the fight if he is reasonably certain that the investigators can hold their own against it—it is entirely possible that the Horror could wipe out the entire expedition in one fell swoop!

Anyway, Butrus is now dead; carried off into the sky, hurled into the sea, or torn to quivering pieces of flesh before the eyes of the investigators.



The Attempted Robbery

It is likely that an attempt to steal the dagger will be made by Khalid's men while the ship is still crossing the sea. This will occur soon after the death of Butrus. Khalid himself will not become involved, and the attempt will be somewhat bungled, since the cultists are acting with undue haste. Whatever happens, the investigators should not lose the dagger in this attempt, but the attempted theft should put them on their guard and let them know that their unseen foes are on the boat with them. If one of the cultists is captured, he will immediately kill himself, whipping out a razor blade and slashing his throat with such force that all those within a yard or so will be sprayed with bright arterial blood. This will force a SAN roll on those watching. Failure costs 1D4 SAN.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO ASHMUNAYN

There are many fascinating aspects of life in Egypt which could be introduced to give flavor to the ensuing events. However, it is impossible to detail them here. Energetic keepers are referred to *Baker's Guide to Egypt* which was a tourist guide to Egypt printed in the late twenties and recently reprinted. It contains excellent descriptions of cities, customs, travel and living arrangements, and the ruins of Egypt. The book can be found at most public libraries. Keepers with less time for research will have to content themselves with memories of appropriate movies and stereotypes (such as *Raiders of the Lost Ark* or *The Mummy*.)

From here on, the keeper should generally harass the investigators by local Egyptians in almost everything they try to do. Flocks of beggars should follow them faithfully. Hawkers of every sort should vend their goods, forcing them upon the investigators and demanding payment, or whining and showing pictures of starving children. If the investigators had thought to bring along firearms, these will be confiscated by the government until they can get a license for use of firearms in Egypt. (This process will take a good bureaucratic month, and the guns might be lost in the interim.) The only way to avoid having the

weapons confiscated is to have had the foresight to have applied for the license before their arrival at Alexandria.

The Egyptian pound is the basic unit of currency (consisting of 100 piastres), which was then worth about 3 dollars (each piastre worth about 3 cents). As a general principle, locally produced goods and services will cost around ½ the price of similar goods in the USA, but the asking price (before bargaining) will be twice the US price. Investigators who forget to bargain, or bargain poorly, can thus be victimized by raptorial street vendors. Things up to European standard (meals, hotels, clothes, imported goods) will generally cost 1/3 more than the US price, and little bargaining will be allowed. A brief itinerary for the hapless adventurers follows.

At Alexandria

The investigators will be harassed by local Egyptian officials when they try to debark. As a general principle, all official functions need a bribe. The clerks, etc., will demand four times as much as they will accept for any service. Usually, a bribe of at least a few pounds is necessary for any higher-class clerk, and more for officials. Mere soldiers and secretaries can be bought off for only a few piastres. The investigators, naturally, will not know what the going "baksheesh" rates are, and will probably spend much more than necessary. This trend should be encouraged by the Keeper. If the investigators ignorantly offer much more than the local going price for a service, the official will instantly demand twice as much as was offered, though he will eventually and seemingly with much reluctance accept the investigators' original offer. As with most Egyptian situations, ability to bargain well (using Oratory, barter skills, etc.) will be of value. After the investigators have passed through customs they will enter into a large plaza filled with horsedrawn carriages and screaming drivers, offering to take them anywhere. In the plaza, amidst the vying drivers, they will be approached by a well-dressed Egyptian, who will call them by name.

He will introduce himself as Mikhay'el Sufyani, and will ask where Butrus is. He will be noticeably shocked at being told he is dead. He will say that Butrus wired from

the ship informing Mikhay'el of his arrival, giving the names and descriptions of his American comrades, and telling him of the need for immediate assistance. Mikhay'el thus hurried to aid them, and to inform them that they should set out immediately for Ashmunayn where the exorcism can take place. (*Keeper's Note: In reality, Mikhay'el Sufyani is none other than Khalid Abd al-Azi posing under a false name as a Coptic monk in order to gain the confidence of the investigators.*)
investigators.

Mikhay'el Sufyani (Khalid al-Azi)

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 18 POW 24
DEX 15 APP 17 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 15

SKILLS: Archaeology 75%, Bargain 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 80%, Fast Talk 60%, Hide 75%, History 50%, Occult 70%, Oratory 60%, Sneak 50%

LANGUAGES (Speak/Read): Arabic 100/80%, Coptic 50/50%, Egyptian Hieroglyphics 00/100%, English 60/60%

SPELLS: Summon Hunting Horror; Bind Hunting Horror; Contact Ghoul; Contact Sand Dweller; Contact Nyarlathotep; Dread Curse of Azathoth; Voorish Sign; Call Azathoth; Summon Fire Vampire; Bind Fire Vampire; Powder of Ibn Ghazi

Khalid's SAN is at 0, but he is still capable of functioning perfectly well in normal society, except where his diabolic activities are concerned. When alone, or in the company of other cultists, Khalid will let his true self out.

If the investigators go with Mikhay'el/Khalid, he will have them move as swiftly as possible to Ashmunayn, where he has a large number of followers. If the investigators wish to stop at the Cairo Museum first, he will permit them to do so, but will tell them they are wasting precious time. If they ask to visit the monastery of St. Pakomios (Butrus' Coptic monastery, and the center for anti-cultist activity) he will absolutely refuse, saying that to do so would lead cultist spies to the secret center of anti-cultist resistance. (*Keeper's Note: the investigators should not go to the monastery of St. Pakomios in this scenario. A realistic reason for not going there is that to go there would take so much time that the accursed would be lost before they could get back to Ashmunayn. There are no train lines to St. Pakomios.*)

As the investigators take a horse-drawn cab to head directly to Ashmunayn or Cairo, they will encounter another Egyptian. He will say that his name is Muhammed, and that he is an excellent dragoman (essentially, this means 'guide'). Mikhay'el will try to dismiss him without further ado, claiming a dragoman is unnecessary—Mikhay'el can provide all the assistance and guiding himself. Muhammed will then argue that he can provide a number of extra services that such a gentleman as Mikhay'el would not deign to perform, such as shopping, moving things, buying tickets, and making arrangements for hotels and restaurants. Muhammed will be persuasive, but the decision to hire is up to the investigators. His price is 2 Egyptian pounds per day.

Muhammed

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 7
DEX 17 APP 15 EDU 5 SAN 45 HP 12

SKILLS: Archaeology 15%, Bargain 90%, Drive Horse-Drawn Carriage 60%, Fast Talk 90%, History 15%, Oratory 75%, Spot Hidden 50%

LANGUAGES (Speaks only): Arabic 100%, English 80%, French 75%, German 60%

He would be useful to have around, but his presence is not necessary to the scenario. He can provide assistance and advice whenever the investigators are at a loss as to what to do, where to go, etc. He can also serve as a translator and may come in very handy when the investigators find out who Mikhay'el really is. Finally, he can help the party fend off beggars, vendors, and he can tell them what bribes will be necessary ahead of time.

At Cairo

If the investigators decide to visit Cairo during the scenario, or even in future scenarios, there are a number of things to do.

The National Museum: If the investigators show interest in doing research, they will be directed to the National Museum, where there is a large collection of Egyptian antiquities and a well-stocked library. Each day the investigators search through the museum, they are allowed a Library Use roll if they search the library, or a roll equal to their Archaeology skill if they search the Museum's antiquities. Of course, since the accursed's visions are increasing in intensity, each day at the museum is another day closer to completely losing the mind of the accursed. For each successful skill roll, as described above, one of the following pieces of information can be obtained:

(1) Ashmunayn: The current city of Ashmunayn is located within a few yards of the ruins of the ancient Egyptian city and cult center of Hermopolis (as the Greeks called it) or Khemennu (as the Egyptians called it). In antiquity it was one of the great centers of learning (Plato and Pythagoras, among others, studied there). The city of Khemennu was sacred to the god Thoth (which is a Hellenized form of the Egyptian name Tehuti).

(2) Thoth: Thoth was known as "the counter of the stars," and "the self-created one to whom none hath given birth." He is associated with the Greek god Hermes, and is known in Egyptian mythology as both messenger of the gods, and god of knowledge and writing. He is also the figure referred to by classical writers as "thrice great Hermes" = Greek "Hermes trismegistos" and the Latin "Hermes ter maximus." Later medieval and renaissance magicians and wizards looked to this particular Hermes (or, in other words, Thoth) as the father of all magical knowledge. The *Corpus Hermeticum* (which means, *The Works of Hermes*) was an important collection of magical texts compiled about the second century AD which were used as the basis for many of the magical grimoires of the middle ages and renaissance. This collection of texts purports to be the actual writings of Hermes/Thoth passed down in secret for centuries.

(3) Sacred Animals. There were two symbolic animals sacred to Thoth, the ibis and the baboon. The ibis is a small white bird with a long neck and a long pointed beak which resides in great numbers in Egypt. Even today it is considered a lucky animal by farmers because it subsists mainly on insects which might otherwise destroy the farmer's crops. The other animal sacred to Thoth is the

“dog-headed ape” or baboon. It is thought that Thoth was often incarnate in the form of a baboon. The baboon’s custom of braying or reacting to the moon was taken to be the baboon talking to Thoth, whose celestial symbol was the moon. (Keepers wishing more information on Thoth and other Egyptian deities should consult E. A. Wallis Budge, *The Gods of the Egyptians* (Dover 1969 reprint of a 1904 edition) volume 1, pp 400ff).

Keeper’s Note: there are a number of parallels between the Egyptian concept of Thoth and the Lovecraftian deity Nyarlathotep. Thoth is the messenger, the mind and heart of Ra, head of the Egyptian gods. Likewise, Nyarlathotep is the messenger, heart, and soul of the Outer Gods. The celestial symbol of Thoth was the moon, and Nyarlathotep frequently howls at the moon – also, what better symbol for Nyarlathotep than the dead, grinning moon, eternally mocking the earth’s short life? Finally, Thoth was an Egyptian god, and Nyarlathotep is always associated with Egypt. His human form is that of a swarthy Egyptian. According to the premise of this scenario, in antiquity, the Outer Gods established various cult centers in ancient Egypt, but over the years, these foul forms of worship and their evil priests were kicked out, and the gods evolved in the minds of their worshipers into the much more benign Egyptian gods known today. However, the old worship continued—in secret during the times of enlightened Pharaohs and priests; more openly during corrupt and evil times. One of the centers of the old evil ways was at ancient Khemennu, where, in the form of Thoth worship, Nyarlathotep’s cultists managed to dominate the region for centuries. The cultists which the investigators now oppose are the spiritual descendents of the original folk who once worshiped Thoth/Nyarlathotep thousands of years ago in the ancient temples of Khemennu. This history is not well known, and the investigators should only be able to find it out through diligent searching over a period of several months, or by speaking to Dr. Alfredo Monteverdi in the museum, or Abba Shanuda later.

(4) The Statue from Ashmunayn. This statue has the form of a standing man, with his hands displayed palms outward. Wild leopards are licking his palms. He has a peculiar mocking smile and is gazing straight ahead. The detail of the statue is remarkable, almost photographic in the manner in which it has captured the man’s expression and features. If the investigators spend some time searching through the artifacts on display at the National Museum, they may come upon this object. If an investigator, searches specifically for items coming from Ashmunayn, he must make a Luck roll and an Archaeology roll to find this statue and notice its uniqueness. Anyone noticing this statue will also notice the following information about it: it is dated from the Second Dynasty (2890-2686 BC) and was found near the temple of Thoth in Ashmunayn. It is of exquisite workmanship and is preserved extraordinarily well for a statue of such age. Any investigator making either a POWx1 or a Cthulhu Mythos roll successfully while near the statue will feel something extremely evil about it. Other than this, nothing makes it significant.

Keeper’s Note: this statue can have great importance at a later time, when the investigators meet Nyarlathotep

himself posing as a human in the future course of the scenario.

Doctor Alfredo Monteverdi

Doctor Alfredo Monteverdi is a world-famed Italian Egyptologist. He is in his late sixties, short, stout, with wispy white hair, a white goatee, and thick dusty spectacles. Each day that the investigators remain in the National Museum, they have a chance equal to half the Luck roll of the luckiest member of the party of meeting Dr. Monteverdi.

Doctor Alfredo Monteverdi

STR 10	CON 9	SIZ 13	INT 18	POW 10
DEX 13	APP 7	EDU 21	SAN 75	HP 11

SKILLS: Anthropology 65%, Archaeology 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, History 70%

LANGUAGES: Egyptian Hieroglyphics 80%, English 75%, French 85%, German 60%, Italian 100%

Dr. Monteverdi corresponded with Dr. von Petersdorf before the latter’s death, and collaborated with him on his book, *The Antiquity of the Egyptian Religion*. If the investigators meet the doctor, they can ask him questions, and he will be capable of accurately answering most of their questions about the dagger, the hieroglyphics, and the Thoth/Nyarlathotep connection. However, he will not be able to go to Ashmunayn with the investigators, as he has pressing engagements in Cairo. Although he is able to answer almost any question related to Egyptology, and can speculate upon the connections of the Cthulhu Mythos to ancient Egypt, he knows nothing about current activities of cultists in Ashmunayn (or anywhere else). He thinks that the gods of the Cthulhu Mythos are no longer worshiped, though there is evidence for some sort of widespread cult in ancient times. He would be properly shocked and horrified by evidence that such a cult continues to exist, and will deny the evidence of his own eyes in such a case.

AT ASHMUNAYN

From Cairo to Ashmunayn the trip is by rail, and takes less than a day. The investigators will arrive without incident unless the Keeper wants to spice things up by adding a little something of his own.

In the City

The investigators should go to Ashmunayn and take a room at the local hotel. This is a shabby place, as there are few foreign visitors in the place. The local hotel owner is overjoyed to see the investigators and will treat them like royalty, but he will also assume that they can pay like royalty as well. He will brush away beggars and others who might ‘bother’ the Effendis. If the investigators wish, they can hire a local guide, or if they have already hired Muhammed, he will still be with them. Mikhay’el will still claim that the need for anyone else is illusory, as he himself can guide them perfectly well.

When one of the investigators is out wandering around the town possibly attempting the impossible task of finding a good restaurant) and Mikhay’el is not with him, he will be accosted by a beggar in tattered rags who speaks perfect Oxford English.

This beggar is Abba (Father) Shanuda in disguise. Abba Shanuda is a Coptic priest in league with the monks of St. Pakomios' monastery in their age-old battle against the sinister minions of Nyarlathotep. He was educated in England.

Abba (Father) Shanuda

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 17
DEX 15 APP 13 EDU 18 SAN 70 HP 14

SKILLS: Archaeology 50%, Bargain 50%, Camouflage 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Debate 50%, History 40%, Library Use 75%, Psychoanalyze 70%, Psychology 60%

LANGUAGES: Arabic 85%, Coptic 90%, Egyptian Hieroglyphics 75%, English 90%

SPELLS: Summon Dimensional Shambler, Contact Ghoul, Contact Flying Polyp, Elder Sign, Enchant Dagger [This last spell creates a matrix capable of use in summoning a dimensional shambler, and also capable of acting as a magic weapon against monsters from the void. The dagger must be made of 80% pure silver and weigh a half-pound.]

Abba Shanuda will relate the following tale to the investigator he has contacted: "I am no beggar and I do not wish your money. My name is Father Shanuda and I am a friend of Butrus. The man you are with, no matter what name he goes by, is not one of our Order, but is, on the contrary, high in the counsels of the Evil Ones, Khalid Abd al-Azi. He has lured you here for the sole purpose of trapping you and your friends, killing, torturing, or worse, sacrificing you to his blasphemous gods and then stealing the dagger. I have followed you and your companions since your arrival in Egypt, but I have not contacted you to lull Khalid into a sense of security. I cannot emphasize enough that you and your friends are in the greatest danger. Khalid would kill you all without hesitation if he felt it would serve his criminal purposes. If you ever wish to leave Ashmunayn, you will need my help."

The investigator must now decide how to respond to Abba Shanuda's words. If he doesn't realize it himself, the keeper should point out the fact that it is possible that Abba Shanuda himself is the villain, and may be trying to lure the party into a trap. From now on, it is up to the players and the Keeper as to how the scenario will go. The following ideas give a background for the rest of the scenario.

Contacting the Local Authorities: It may be that the investigators will attempt to get help from the local police. In Ashmunayn is a Egyptian police sergeant with four patrolmen under him. In the larger nearby town of Mellawi is a British Lieutenant with more Egyptian officers. It will be quite difficult to convince any of these men that any supernatural hanky-panky has been going on. They will only enter the scenario actively if some crime, such as robbery or murder, is committed. One of the Egyptian patrolmen in Ashmunayn is secretly a cultist, and if the police are summoned, he will do his best to be assigned to the case. The police officers' characteristics can be rolled up if necessary.

Abba Shanuda's Plan

If the investigator decides to trust Abba Shanuda, his plan is that the investigators should summon Mikhay'el/Khalid to their room, with all present. Abba Shanuda will hide in

a side room. When Mikhay'el is there, they will bind and gag him as quickly as possible.

If the investigators decide to do this, Mikhay'el will naturally struggle, and the investigators may even fail to subdue him. When the investigators have gagged and bound Khalid, then Abba Shanuda will come into the room and tell the investigators that it is time for the second part of the plan. He will ask for Thoth's Dagger. If he is lent it, he will then perform the spell of Summon Dimensional Shambler, using Thoth's Dagger, and warning the investigators all the while to stand back and, if they fear the Unknown, to shield their eyes. When the Shambler materializes, Abba Shanuda will flourish the dagger, and the monster will obey him, constrained by the dagger's occult might. All investigators and non-player-characters, including Shanuda himself, must make Sanity rolls. Abba Shanuda will then command the Shambler to carry the horrified Khalid off into dimensional chaos, which it will do. All is not necessarily well now, for even if the Shambler succeeds, Khalid will mentally contact Nyarlathotep himself for help. Also, the investigators might well have questions as to whether they have allied themselves with the right man at this point, after seeing what he is able to do with the dagger.

After Khalid is dispatched, Abba Shanuda will take the investigators along into the ruins of Khemennu that night to destroy the dagger and end the curse. There he will contact one or more of the ghouls dwelling there, using his Contact Ghoul spell. The ghouls, once they see the dagger, will lead the party to the temple of Nyarlathotep. The ghouls speak only debased Arabic, so that, aside from Abba Shanuda, the investigators might have trouble communicating with them without a translator. The ghouls will lead the investigators to the secret door in the temple of Thoth and descend with them into the catacombs. When the ghouls appear, the investigators, including Abba Shanuda, will have to make appropriate Sanity rolls. As the party creeps through the catacombs, there is a good chance that other ghouls living therein will try to stop them. The investigators may have to fight their way in.

Khalid's Plan

If the investigators do not join Abba Shanuda, but decide to stick with Khalid, Khalid will lead them to the ruins and into the catacombs. He will then lead them around inside the catacombs until they are thoroughly lost, and Khalid is convinced that the investigators are incapable of finding their way out again. He will then summon the ghouls dwelling therein and command them to take the investigators. If the ghouls succeed in overpowering the investigators, all the surviving investigators will be taken to the temple of Thoth, imprisoned, and later sacrificed one by one to Nyarlathotep. Their only hope is that somehow Abba Shanuda (possibly aided by some honest Egyptian police officers) makes a rescue attempt. If this happens, it should not be until one or more of the investigators have been sacrificed. They cannot depend on outsiders to save them once they have failed.

If the investigators try to join Abba Shanuda and capture Khalid, he will attempt to escape. If he fails, he will mentally contact Nyarlathotep. After Khalid is carried off by the shambler, Nyarlathotep will arrive in human form and attempt to regain the dagger and/or de-

stroy the investigators. Nyarlathotep is fully aware of the dagger's power to send him back to the outer dimensions, so he will not risk an immediate assault. He will appear in Ashmunayn as an Egyptian peasant and trail the investigators in his human form. The investigators may try a Spot Hidden to notice their tracker. If one of the investigators saw the statue of Nyarlathotep in the National Museum, and makes an Idea roll, he will recognize the resemblance, and wonder who the man could be. Nyarlathotep will try to steal the dagger. If he ever gets an investigator alone without the dagger, that investigator will be slain brutally and instantly.

If the investigators don't capture Khalid, but go to the ruins and catacombs (either with or without Abba Shanuda), Khalid will summon Sand Dwellers to try and stop them. These will come out of the desert on the side of the Nile Valley and stalk the investigators, possibly coming into the city of Ashmunayn at night and waiting for the investigators among the ruins.

Seeing a Sand Dweller forces a viewer to make a SAN roll or lose 1D6 SAN.

Sand-Dweller One

POW 8 DEX 13 Armor/Hit Pts 3/17

SKILLS: Hide 70%, Spot Hidden 60%

Claw Attack (x2) 35%, 2D6 damage

Sand-Dweller Two

POW 7 DEX 14 Armor/Hit Pts 3/13

SKILLS: Hide 30%, Spot Hidden 40%

Claw Attack (x2) 45%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Sand-Dweller Three

POW 8 DEX 8 Armor/Hit Pts 3/17

SKILLS: Hide 60%, Spot Hidden 70%

Claw Attack (x2) 45%, 1D6 damage

Sand-Dweller Four

POW 3 DEX 14 Armor/Hit Pts 3/16

SKILLS: Hide 65%, Spot Hidden 55%

Claw Attack (x2) 35%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Sand-Dweller Five

POW 12 DEX 15 Armor/Hit Pts 3/10

SKILLS: Hide 75%, Spot Hidden 65%

Claw Attack (x2) 50%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Sand-Dweller Six

POW 11 DEX 13 Armor/Hit Pts 3/13

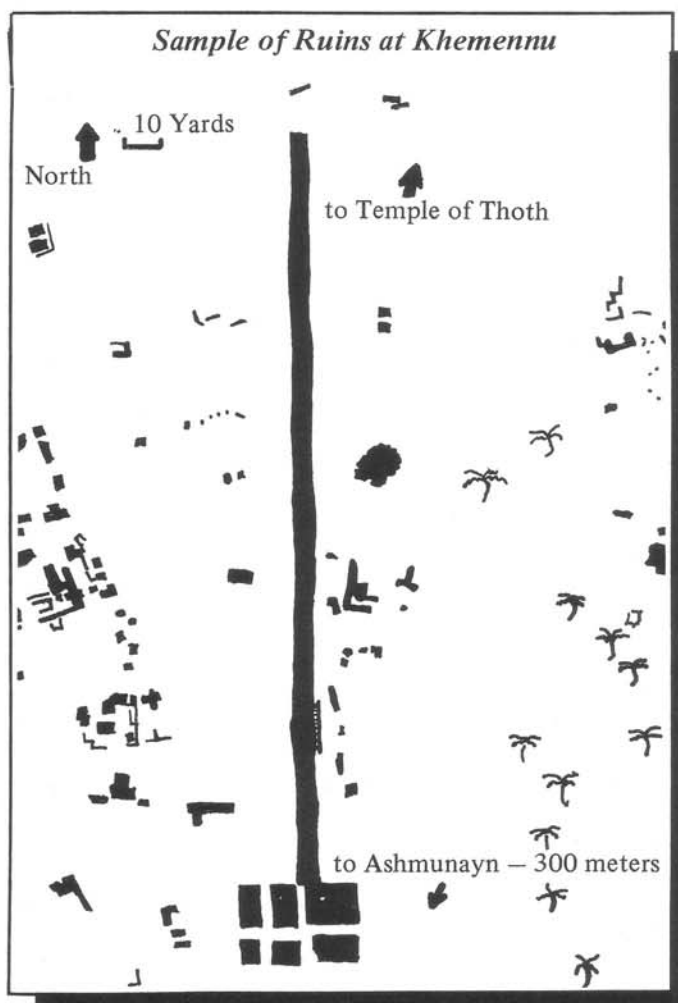
SKILLS: Hide 75%, Spot Hidden 55%

Claw Attack (x2) 35%, 1D6+1D4 damage

The Ruins of Khemennu (Hermopolis)

The ruins are north of the city, and at the time the investigators are here, have not yet been excavated (the excavations took place 1930-1939). The map is based on maps drawn by the excavation teams. The ruins look like a

series of knolls and hillocks, but are in reality all ruined buildings. The investigators will not themselves necessarily know which ruin is what or where to go.

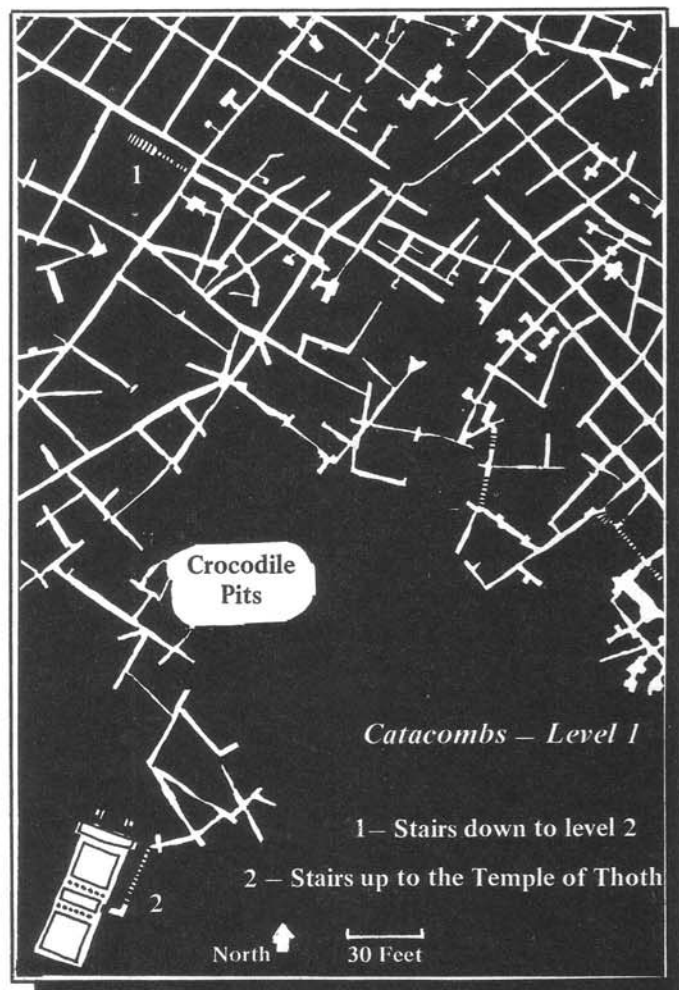


If they are alone (neither Shanuda nor Khalid with them) they will have to rely on the accursed's memory of his visions to guide them to the place they want to go. If the accursed has reached vision 6, he can lead them to the temple of Thoth in the ruins. If he has reached vision 7, he can guide them to the secret panel in the temple ruins. If he has had vision 8, he can guide them through the catacombs beneath the temple of Thoth, to some extent. If he has reached vision 9, he can lead them directly to the temple of Nyarlathotep at the bottom of the catacombs.

Although the accursed has been here in the catacombs before in spirit, he could still make an error. Every hour that the accursed tries to lead the investigators through the catacombs, he must make an Idea roll. If he fails it, then he will lead the group astray. The Keeper will be guiding the investigators, of course, stating that a certain path is the way the accursed investigator remembers they ought to go. When the investigators get off on the wrong track, the first turn thereafter, the accursed can try an Idea roll. If he makes it, he will realize he went wrong some time ago. If he fails it, he can try again until he finally makes it several turns later.

If they are with Shanuda, he will summon a ghoul to guide them. Even in this situation, the accursed will recognize the area and will be able to help guide the party in and out.

If they are with Khalid, he will know perfectly well how to guide them. He will attempt to guide the investigators to the point where they will be captured by ghouls and cultists. One hope the investigators have is that the accursed could recognize that Khalid is leading them astray. If he makes an Idea roll, he will know with perfect certainty that Khalid is doing so (if the accursed has reached this point in the visions by now). When Khalid protests that this is the right passage, the investigators could realize that perhaps Mikhay'el/Khalid may not be telling them the truth.



The Catacombs

The catacombs themselves are dank musty dark corridors in which aeons of dead have been entombed. There are numerous wall niches holding moldered corpses and mummies. Dwelling here is also a goodly assortment of living beings: rats, snakes, Egyptian tomb bats, scorpions, and so forth. Some of these creatures have grown unnaturally large, possibly due to the unhealthy proximity to the altar to Nyarlathotep. The characters should be tantalized by hints of this. Perhaps they get a glimpse of a red-eyed rat two feet long scuttling around a corner, or a scorpion as big as a lobster. The snakes here include desert adders and cobras. The Keeper should have the party assaulted every now and then by these grisly underground denizens, to keep them on their toes, to add to the horror, and to emphasize the difficulty of traversing these horrid tunnels. There are several pitfalls and cavings in

of the tunnels as well. The Keeper can throw these in as desired. They may be handy to set up a dramatic situation: a large pack of bloated, enormous, deformed rats could chase the investigators into a tunnel which turns out to be blocked by rubble — a dead end. These tunnels are under the water level during high Nile, and are extremely moldy and dank. The tunnels are prevented from being deluged only by aeons-old magical reinforcements.

THE CROCODILE PIT: The area marked appropriately on the map at the left is the crocodile pit. It is a large pool of water connected by an underground stream to the Nile. Several large nasty crocodiles reside here. If the investigators wander into this area, they will almost surely be forced to encounter one of these saurians. The number of crocodiles encountered is up to the keeper, but an interesting possibility is to have the first crocodile encounter be with only a single monster, then the second with 2-3, the third with 4-5, and so forth as they near the pit. As they move away from the pit again (if they choose a different route) they will meet crocodiles in lessening numbers once more. At the pit itself, perhaps there should be a dozen or more of these reptiles.

All crocodiles can either bite or strike with a tail lash in a given round. They cannot do both at once. If a tail lash connects, the target must match his STR against the croc's STR on the resistance table or fall down.

Nile Crocodile One (10 feet long)

STR 28 POW 9 DEX 8 Armor/Hit Pts 7/24
Bite 70%, 1D10+2D6 damage
Tail Lash 60%, 2D6 damage

Nile Crocodile Two (10 feet long)

STR 27 POW 10 DEX 9 Armor/Hit Pts 7/26
Bite 70%, 1D10+2D6 damage
Tail Lash 90%, 2D6 damage

Nile Crocodile Three (15 feet long)

STR 43 POW 12 DEX 6 Armor/Hit Pts 10/34
Bite 65%, 1D10+4D6 damage
Tail Lash 50%, 4D6 damage

Nile Crocodile Four (7 feet long)

STR 19 POW 10 DEX 10 Armor/Hit Pts 5/16
Bite 40%, 1D10+1D6 damage
Tail Lash 50%, 1D6 damage

Nile Crocodile Five (7 feet long)

STR 17 POW 7 DEX 12 Armor/Hit Pts 5/14
Bite 45%, 1D10+1D6 damage
Tail Lash 55%, 1D6 damage

Nile Crocodile Six (12 feet long)

STR 30 POW 12 DEX 11 Armor/Hit Pts 8/25
Bite 90%, 1D10+3D6 damage
Tail Lash 75%, 3D6 damage

GHOULS: There are a number of ghouls inhabiting various parts of the catacombs. The area marked "Ghoul City" on the map to the right is the region where they are most numerous, it is also where they have their lairs. They wander about everywhere in the catacombs, however. They will usually obey the commands of high ranking cultists, and are sometimes used as guards by the cultists. The accursed will be able to recognize a ghoul as resembling the statue he saw in vision 6 or the guard he saw in vision 8. The Keeper can have the ghouls appear at intervals. One way for the keeper to randomly determine when ghouls are encountered is for the keeper to roll a D6 each turn. If a 1 is rolled, ghouls are encountered. On the upper level, a single ghoul will appear the first time the result is obtained. The second time, two ghouls will show up, and so forth. On the lower level, the ghouls will start out with 1D6 ghouls, then 2D6, then 3D6, and so on.

The ghouls may not attack into strong light, or if they are outnumbered by the investigators. If Thoth's Dagger is displayed, the ghouls will be cowed, and refrain from attacking. Meeting ghouls in the dim light of the catacombs will, naturally enough, cause investigators to risk Sanity. Make a normal SAN check every time ghouls are met. A failure causes a loss of 1D6 points of SAN, and a successful roll loses no SAN. However, the most Sanity that can be lost through seeing ghouls in a single night is 6 points. After 6 points have been lost, no more Sanity can be lost through ghouls alone that night. If the investigators are hardy enough to penetrate the caverns a second night, they can again lose Sanity. (*Keeper's Note: Using Thoth's Dagger is an ideal way for the investigators to foil Khalid's plan to entrap them. When Khalid calls the ghouls to capture the investigators, the investigators should brandish the dagger, and force the ghouls to flee. The investigators can then grab Khalid themselves. Of course, if the investigators are too slow to think of this, too bad for them.*)

Ghouls can attack three times per round, once with bite and twice with claws. Firearms do only half damage to a ghoul.

Ghoul One

STR 19 POW 12 DEX 12 HP 13

SKILLS: Hide 65%, Sneak 90%

Bite 35%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Claw (x2) 35%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Ghoul Two

STR 20 POW 8 DEX 11 HP 12

SKILLS: Hide 55%, Sneak 50%

Bite 40%, 2D6 damage

Claw (x2) 35%, 2D6 damage

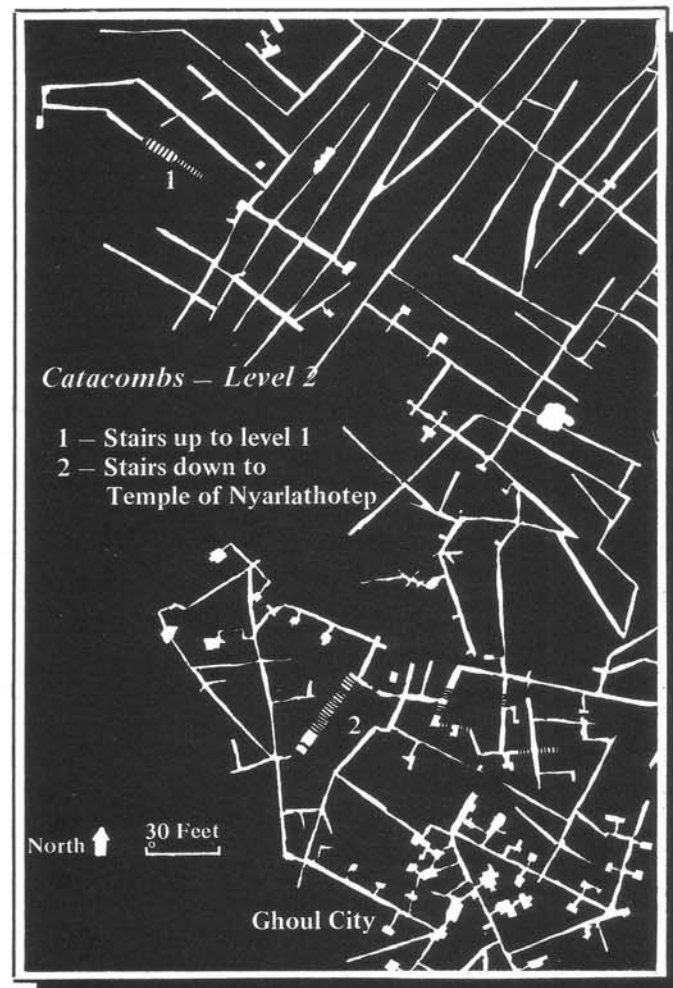
Ghoul Three

STR 16 POW 9 DEX 11 HP 12

SKILLS: Hide 65%, Sneak 70%

Bite 25%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Claw (x2) 25%, 1D6+1D4 damage



Ghoul Four

STR 14 POW 13 DEX 12 HP 14

SKILLS: Hide 60%, Sneak 80%

Bite 45%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Claw (x2) 55%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Ghoul Five

STR 18 POW 15 DEX 15 HP 14

SKILLS: Hide 50%, Sneak 80%

Bite 35%, 2D6 damage

Claw (x2) 35%, 2D6 damage

Ghoul Six

STR 15 POW 13 DEX 16 HP 13

SKILLS: Hide 60%, Sneak 80%

Bite 30%, 1D6 damage

Claw (x2) 45%, 1D6 damage

Ghoul Seven (Master)

STR 24 POW 18 DEX 18 HP 18

SKILLS: Hide 95%, Sneak 95%

Bite 95%, 3D6 damage

Claw 95%, 3D6 damage

FINAL NOTES: The walk through the catacombs should not turn into a monster-fighting free-for-all, but should rather be a matter of seeing grotesque figures and scuttling Things in the shadows, and the fear of lurking terrors beyond the next corridor. Occasionally these fears might break into awful reality—grisly deformities lurching from the dark to attack—but most of the time is spent building up tension and dread.

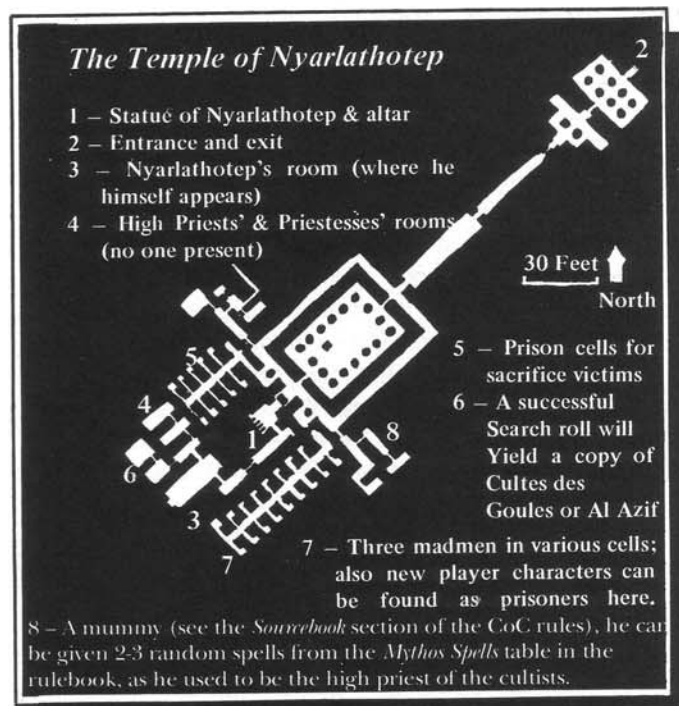
Nyarlathep's Temple

The temple itself is a fairly simple affair. At the time the investigators arrive there are no ceremonies going on and the temple will be deserted (ceremonies are held but once monthly, at the full moon.) At the far end of the temple is the altar and statue of the Crawling Chaos, in the form of a black sphinx with a smooth, featureless oval instead of a face. This sphinx is carved with various unappealing figures, and the faceless form seems to watch the investigators at all times. The investigators must lose 1D3 points of Sanity for seeing the altar and statue the first time. On subsequent visits, they need lose no Sanity.

If Nyarlathep has not yet met the investigators, he will appear to them when they arrive in his temple. He will show up in human form (and will be recognizable to any investigator who saw his statue in the Cairo National Museum). He will thank the investigators (in Oxford English) for coming so far to return his property, and request the dagger. He smoothly promises safe conduct out of the temple for the investigators. If the investigators are so craven as to give the dagger back, they will, indeed be allowed to go in peace, all but the accursed. For the soul of the accursed "is already mine."

If Abba Shanuda is present, he will cringe in fear when he first sees Nyarlathep. However, he will then try to take the dagger from whomever is carrying it and attack Nyarlathep with it. As soon as he is assaulted, assuming he is not struck, Nyarlathep will begin to balloon outward, his hands will turn into horrible jointed clawlike structures, and his head will swell and distort. His final form will stand over twelve feet high, a skeletal horror with a wildly malformed head like the toothless skull of a human embryo, and a filthy ragged robe. Seeing this transformation will cost 1D20 Sanity to anyone failing a Sanity roll (1D3 otherwise). If the investigators remain for longer than three rounds, Nyarlathep will finish his transformation, and the investigators will have to make another Sanity roll or lose 1D100 Sanity. Even a successful roll will cost 1D10 Sanity. If Shanuda can hit the deity with the Dagger of Thoth, Nyarlathep will begin to steam, shrink, and wither until nothing is left but a stench so foul all the investigators must make CONx3 rolls on D100 or collapse in a swoon. They will not be able to awaken for at least 2D6 hours. Nyarlathep will now not be able to return to this world until the next full moon. It is possible for an investigator to try to defeat Nyarlathep with the dagger himself. Whoever strikes (and thus manages to dispell) Nyarlathep with the dagger will gain 3D10 Sanity through this partial defeat of the deity. Anyone watching this victory will gain 1D10 SAN.

Nyarlathep will, of course, defend himself. Each round, he may do one of three things to slaughter the



player-characters. First, he could attack physically. He will only do this once he has fully transformed to monstrous form. If he hits, his massive claw or spine-like appendages will do 5D6 points of damage. He will attack twice per round, and each attack has a 85% chance of hitting. Since Nyarlathep will not be fully transformed into monstrous form for three melee rounds, he cannot attack physically for the first few rounds. His other attack consists of web-like strands of energy. Glaring eyes and open grinning mouths are visible within the blast, which is sickly green. These webs spin rapidly out of Nyarlathep's form and into the chosen target, who takes damage equal to the magic points Nyarlathep expends. In this case, Nyarlathep will spend 20 magic points per attack. He has 100 points of POW, so he will only use this method of attack 4 times. Nyarlathep's final combat tactic in this underground chamber will be to expend several magic points and summon Servitors of the Outer Gods. These servitors will seem to roll in through cracks in the air. They will fight for Nyarlathep and will remain after Nyarlathep has been dispelled. Hitting them with Thoth's Dagger will dispel them as well. The Keeper should use whatever tactic is best for Nyarlathep and seems best suited for keeping him safe from being struck by the Dagger.

If Nyarlathep is finally dispelled, the investigators can attempt to dispel the curse of Thoth's Dagger. To do so will require a complex ritual chant and march, which will include the permanent loss of a point of POW from the accursed, and from at least 2 other members of the party. A working Elder Sign must be carved on the altar (which requires both knowledge of this sign and 2 points of permanent Power from the engraver), and the dagger must be plunged into the center of the sign. The dagger itself will then fuse into the rock. The Elder Sign both permits the fusion, and blocks off its mystic powers. Once this is accomplished, not only will the curse's effects end, but the dagger's efficacy will be destroyed and the altar to

Nyarlathep defiled to the point that his minions will either have to abandon the temple or go through difficult, involved, and dangerous rites of cleansing.

The investigators must now return through the perils of the catacombs to the outside world. This trip back through the catacombs may be more dangerous than the original trip, now that the cultists have probably been alerted to the presence of the investigators by the noise of Nyarlathotep's battle, and also now that the investigators no longer will have the dagger in their possession.

As they finally escape, Shanuda, if still with the group, will offer to take the investigators to the monastery at St.

Pakomios, where they can retreat into meditation and contemplation. Each month spent at St. Pakomios will increase each guest's SAN by a single point (up to the maximum allowed).

*Kheft-ek ertaw en set
Seba'u Kher*

*"Thine enemy is given to the fire;
The Evil One hath fallen."*

The Egyptian Book of the Dead
Ch. 15, 11, 9-10

The Ten Commandments of Cthulhu Hunting

In Which The Do's and Dont's of Successful Cthulhu Investigating Are Discussed, As Well As How To Come Back Alive.

Cthulhu investigators have an average lifespan only half the national average. Their working careers are even shorter, compared to laymen, because many investigators don't begin exploring the Mythos until late in life. Such abbreviated careers are the result of psychological casualties and death by misadventure. Such deaths are largely preventable by following a few simple rules.

1) Keep It Secret

"Opinions were divided as to notifying the Massachusetts State Police, and the negative finally won."

—H.P. Lovecraft, *The Dunwich Horror*

The most deadly threat posed by the Cthulhu Mythos is knowledge of its arcane science, its creatures, and locales. Always remain closemouthed about your activities. It's often better not to bother with a cover story; professional seekers-after-truth make indifferent liars.

In general, authorities should not be notified of a Cthuloid menace's presence unless catastrophe looms. Police, federal agents, or the National Guard are unprepared to

deal with the preternatural, and their participation in a dangerous investigation is rarely helpful. Secretiveness is not for selfish purposes — it can save lives. The same applies to local help, who must often be hired to complete an investigation. Of course, secrecy can be carried too far — a man who has lost a family member to a Cthulhu monster has earned the right to know the truth.

Another reason for sealed lips is preventative. Widespread knowledge of paranormal techniques would change our world irrevocably. A crackpot with a grudge could whistle up Azathoth and wipe out a state. To obtain Glaaki's hideous reward of near-immortality, hundreds of hopeless or terminally-diseased folk might flock to join his service. A misguided government agency might attempt to utilize Ghatanothoa as a military asset. Worse scenarios are easy to imagine. Some scholars also believe that many authorities may be pawns of the foul Cthuloid monsters such as the Mi-Go, etc. and are not trustworthy.

By confining knowledge of arcane horrors, a handful of dedicated scholars can work to avoid the worst horrors, advance the cause of science, and protect not only humanity but also the dreams of humanity.

2) Stay Together

"Even though you're a vampire, you're still my brother."

—from *The Lost Boys*

This particular tidbit of advice is two-part: first, never operate alone if you can possibly avoid it; second, stick with your partners.

While many great Mythos discoveries have been made by intrepid explorers working by themselves, it is equally true that most of these solitary scholars came to bad ends subsequently. Emulate their skill and their values, not their solitude.

Peter Dannseys, the noted metaphysician, gives a cautionary account of the parapsychologist L. Svedin who, with several aides, ended his career while investigating cattle mutilations. Correctly suspecting a nearby mineshaft, Svedin sent a hired hand into the shaft while he and the others performed a bovine autopsy. When the hired man did not return, he sent two aides after them. They, in turn, vanished. Svedin sent a dozen men into the shaft in twos and threes before plunging in with the rest of his team, never to be seen again.

Some years later, Dr. Dannseys discovered that the mineshaft housed a rather nasty parasitic being. The shaft originally held only a single parasite, who captured the hired hand and transformed him into a being like itself. When Svedin sent in his aides, the parasites transformed them as well. When Svedin finally braved the shaft with his remaining investigators, nearly twenty parasites awaited him. If Svedin had initially penetrated the cave in force, he would have easily overpowered the parasite. By frittering away his strength, he became an accomplice to a great tragedy in parapsychological history.

3) Act in Haste, Repent at Leisure

"Then we'll turn it up hotter and burn up the ashes."

—from *Return of the Living Dead*

Enormous grief stems from the crime of acting before thinking. In one case a team discovered that an enormous clay plaque was connected with a particularly obnoxious manifestation of Nyarlathotep. Suddenly confronted by a hissing swarm of supernatural locusts, they instinctively reacted by shattering the plaque. Alas, the plaque actually contained the chant for dismissing the aforementioned manifestation, and shattering it eliminated all hope. The entire team was killed or hospitalized, and the manifestation continues to this day. Anyone knowing of a 12th Dynasty spell for the dismissal of the Bringer Of Pests is invited to contact Dr. Ratsegg c/o Department of Oriental Antiquities at Miskatonic University.

Such tales should give pause. Before doing something irrevocable, make sure you have no other choice.

4) Always Have a Plan

"...Lancelot, Galahad, and I leap out of the rabbit..."

—from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*

Even a bad plan is better than no plan at all. While a bad plan may get everyone killed or turned insane, the lack of a plan always will. In contrast, Cthulhu monsters usually operate with very clear goals.

In one sad case, a group of scholars accidentally created a dimensional Gate to a hideous alien reality. One of the scholars entered the Gate without any plan of return. Presumably he's there yet. His friends wish him luck, and periodically send sandwiches and beer through the Gate, hoping they reach him. Somehow.

When investigating a Cthuloid manifestation every member of the team should have a clear idea of what will be expected of him during the investigation. If possible, a backup plan should also be available. Have an idea of what to do if the only members with guns disappear. If one member of the team is especially important to the success of the investigation, make sure he is safe at all times, don't leave him alone in the cellar, don't take a nap while he reads some awful book, and don't let him experiment with strange talismans alone.

5) Scout It Out

"Does this house have a basement?"

—from *Re-Animator*

Before risking an encounter, make sure someone has scouted the area. This need not take the form of sending in commandoes; doing a bit of research into local history can be quite effective. Careful survey of all the evidence is vital. Remember: knowledge is power.

One of the surest ways to be killed by monsters is to run into their lair with no information about possible escapes, numbers of monsters, and other such vital information.

6) Guns are a Last Resort

"What're we supposed to use, harsh language?"

—from *Aliens*

A firearm is a useful tool, handy in opening jammed locks, an excellent way to signal a comrade, or useful in attracting the attention of local authorities. When confronted with unruly locals, nonchalant display of a firearm can often effect quick cooperation. A gun has a wide assortment of uses; no investigatorial team should be without one.

Many investigators mistakenly assume that guns can defend against preternatural entities. This is a serious error. Firearms are designed to kill or wound humans and other native Earth life. No reasonable person would expect much effect against entities from other worlds, other realities, or other geologic time periods.

Undisciplined use of guns as weapons leads to unfortunate accidents, an unscientific regard for violence as the

answer to problems, and even to possible jail terms. A gun should be the last resort of the successful investigator.

7) Know Your Enemy

"I want to measure the bite marks. Maybe we can find out what we're dealing with here."

—from *Creepshow*

Use all forms of media as research tools. Books, movies, the television news can all give clues and information about the weaknesses, powers and whereabouts of the enemy. Know the sign of the vampire, the werewolf, the deep one hybrid, and others.

But do not expect that something which worked on the Late Show will work against Cthuloid monsters. Always keep an open mind with regards to the mythos.

8) Things Are Not Always as They Seem

"I never drink... wine!"

from *Dracula*

Some entities are not distinguishable as powerful monsters, or even as monsters at all. Is that three-foot tall insectoid really an avatar of Nyarlathotep? Is your next door neighbor who spends so much time in his swimming pool actually a deep one? When dealing with the mythos, assume that what you encounter is powerful: that's just playing it safe and smart.

Keep eyes and ears open. Ronno Meeb relates a time when a friend he thought dead came knocking at his door. Some of his companions were overjoyed at seeing the friend again and invited him inside. When he claimed that he was thirsty, Professor Meeb responded slyly "How about your favorite, an ice-cold glass of Turpentine?" When he responded that turpentine would be delicious, the rest of the group all pulled out guns and blew him to pieces. The fluid flowing from his veins was, luckily, fluorescent yellow, not red.

Many monsters are expert at fitting into human society. Beware especially the effect that Mythos monsters can have on their weak-minded human servants. Almost anyone could be a worshiper of the Great Old Ones.

9) Never Give Up

"Sometimes on the very brink of certainty, I failed; yet still I clung to the hope which the next day or the next hour might realize."

—Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*

Inexperienced investigators commonly give up when it appears that victory is impossible. Dedicated scholars never cease action, no matter how hopeless matters seem.

Never overlook the obvious; recheck your data; do more research. If things still look bleak, try random approaches to defeating the menace. No matter how bad it seems, it can get much worse if you give up. Don't go poking sticks into wasps' nests unless you are prepared to finish the job.

Our brothers and sisters in arms are all that stand between earth and the sinister designs of the Cthulhu Mythos. Take heart in the fact that the perils and sacrifices of today may make a better world for future generations of the human race!

10) Be Prepared

"Normal folks, they don't spit up bullets when you shoot 'em!"

—from *Near Dark*

This goes much further than just bringing along extra rope when spelunking. Before starting an expedition, do research on the subject, find out any legends about the area which may give helpful clues; with access to ancient tomes of magical spells, a particular cantrip may be useful on your investigation. When ready to confront the beastly, consider the hardware needed. Take anything which sounds even remotely useful, but does not burden or impede movement.

In most cases, assume that you can never have enough stuff. Who knows what might come in handy when facing the Mythos? ■

Sinister Seeds

*Being A Collection of Plot Germs For the Tired, Overworked, or
Hasty Call of Cthulhu Keeper*

Sooner or later it is quite likely that a keeper of the *Call of Cthulhu* game faces the following problem: he has invited his players for a game at the regular time; however, earlier that week he was distracted from designing his scenario or from reading a pre-packaged one for any of a thousand different reasons. His players are showing up at the front door and he has nothing prepared to run! Aieeee!

Enter *Sinister Seeds*. The following are some simple plots for *Call of Cthulhu* games. They can be read in minutes and then fleshed out by the keeper as appropriate. The scenarios can be ready to run in about a half an hour or so and, as long as the keeper adds a heavy dose of his own imagination, the results should be memorable.

THE HERITAGE

An investigator is left a crumbling old beachside house when his parents mysteriously disappear. As he explores the house, he discovers an altar and arcane paraphernalia from a Cthulhu cult in a sub-basement of the house. Local residents mention strange goings on at the house, parties thrown by the investigator's parents that were attended by unwholesome looking folk, strange lights and noises coming from the basement, etc.

After studying the occult equipment and dealing with some deep one worshipers who swim into the sub-basement through a tunnel to the sea, the investigator finds a diary written by his father. In this diary he discovers that his father had been a Cthulhu worshipper for four years before the character was born, and that the character's mother was from Innsmouth.

Does the character have the taint?

You'd better believe it.

TUBER TERROR

A deranged farmer has made a pact with Shub-Niggurath. He offered human sacrifices in order to increase his crop. The plant life on his farm did indeed change, although not

for the better. Shub-Niggurath brought the vegetation into a state of sentient cunning and evil; now, in order to quench their thirst for human blood, the plants attack anyone who stays in the house too long.

The farmer contacts the investigators in hopes that they will save him. When they arrive, the farmer is missing (he is in the barn, dead, nailed to the wall with thorny spikes). After the investigators search for about half an hour, the plants mobilize themselves and attack.

The plants are immune to impaling weapons and take half damage from non-impaling weapons. The best way to destroy these things is to burn them up. The plants are able to rip themselves up out of the ground and walk around on their roots. The speed of these things is left up to the individual keeper. When attacking, the plants will try to strangle the investigators with stalks, smother them with wide leaves, or use their roots to grip such evil instruments as axes, hot pokers, and chainsaws.

THE SHADOW OUT OF TIM

One of the investigator's friends (named Tim) has had his mind switched with a member of the great race of Yith. This will not be apparent at first. The stricken character acts irrationally, wandering across Main Street during rush hour oblivious to oncoming traffic, he does not remember the investigator's names, etc. Yet he reveals awesome flashes of brilliance, as if he has become an absent-minded genius.

When he has finally begun to adjust to modern society, the stricken character begins to collect newspaper articles which seem to indicate the presence of a flying polyp near a remote mountain village.

The character mobilizes his investigator friends against the polyp. His plan is to send them into the cave, plant dynamite, light the fuse, and then trade his mind back into his original body before the dynamite goes off, destroying the polyp and the investigators.

The investigators can thwart this plan if they are clever enough.

If the keeper wishes, the inhabitants of the town could be loathsome, inbred degenerates who regard the polyp as a god and defend it to the death.

THE FUNGUS IN YOUR BRAIN

The investigators discover a house which belonged to a deranged painter. The paintings which cover the walls are black with soot and dust. When cleaned, the paintings reveal bizarre pictures of deformed old people, inbred animals, skinless people at a dance, etc.

When the investigators rummage through the house, they find an ornate wooden box with brass hinges. Opening the box releases a greenish, foul-smelling dust which blows up into their faces as air enters the box. One of the investigators gets a face full of this stuff and falls to the floor coughing.

After a day or so, the investigator begins to complain of horrible headaches. The dust which the investigator breathed in was a dehydrated monster which has now rehydrated inside his body and is living in his head. After a few days, the monster has dissolved the investigator's brain and has taken over his body. The investigator acts oddly for awhile; then, when there are no other investigators around, the fungus monster will burst out of the top of the infected investigator's head and begin to lurk around the house.

Once out, the monster starts as a small, opaque glob, but it rapidly grows into something resembling a huge bacterium. The monster begins to hunt the rest of the investigators, sucking out all the fluids and leaving each a dried husk behind.

The investigators can destroy the monster if they act quickly but, as it gets larger, it is much harder to destroy.

DREAM ON

The investigators find their way into the Dreamlands. While there, a murderous band of gugs begins to hunt them. If they last long enough, the investigators find their way to a village which the gugs use as a cafeteria, wandering in and eating whomever they please.

The townspeople think that the investigators are legendary warriors who have come to save them from the gugs. The investigators must decide whether or not they want to defend the village.

If the investigators try to bargain with the gugs, they will be eaten. This is a good opportunity for the investigators to practice their combat and strategy skills.

LUNCHMEAT

One of the investigators finds a human tooth in a package of bologna. Assuming that he follows up on this clue, he

discovers that a band of cannibals runs a local meat packing plant.

The operation must be shut down with secrecy. Imagine what would happen if people discovered that they liked the taste of human flesh! Maybe some already have!

MODERN MEDICINE

One of the investigator's friends has invited him and some companions up to his house for the weekend to be the first to see a new medical marvel he has perfected.

When the investigators arrive, the friend is jittery and nervous. He does not let the investigators see his creation yet, claiming he has to make the final preparations.

The investigators are in for quite a shock. The scientist-friend of theirs has reworked the anatomy of one of his lab assistants in order to allow her to live underwater. The assistant is an acquaintance of one or more of the investigators. The scientist and his altered assistant are both completely mad at this point.

The scientist is convinced that underwater adaptation is the future of the human race. He tries to convince the investigators to let him turn them into fish people. If they refuse, he attempts to trick them into believing that he is going to let them leave, then he drugs them. They wake up in a dark, underground cell. The scientist is going to turn them into fish people anyway!

The lab assistant cannot live long out of water, but may be able to save the investigators by distracting the scientist. The assistant will finally dive into the ocean in order to get away from the mad doctor.

FROM THE DEEP

Deep in the backwoods of New England, an island has suddenly risen up from the bottom of a lake. As scientists or journalists, the investigators travel to the location to study the strange ruins said to cover this ghostly isle. The local primitives have legends that claim the island rises up once every 500 years and that something that lives under the ruins then tries to crawl free. In earlier times the medicine men of the tribe knew chants and magic that would force the island back down, but since the coming of the white man this knowledge has been lost.

When the investigators arrive they find that an earlier group of scientists was already there and, having taken boats to the island, entered the ruins. That was yesterday and since then no one has seen anything of them.

Worse yet, the federal government is also on the scene and, obviously aware of something the investigators do not know, has placed huge explosive charges on the island, intending to seal off the tunnels under the ruins. Although warned to stay away from the island, the investigators will want to explore these ruins and/or save their fellow scientists.

Once inside, they discover the awful thing that lives in a pit (the keeper should create a suitably loathsome monster here) below the ruins and a pair of Elder Things who are here trying to drive the island back below the water, sealing off the thing that lives in the pit. The players must learn what is going on, hopefully discover that the Elder Things are not deadly enemies, and either find a way to sink the island or escape it before the federal officials sink the island with explosives.

A SPLASH OF COLOR

A local artist is having a great success in art galleries near the investigator's home town. The artist's paintings had not gathered much attention before, and people are not sure why the newer paintings are much better than the older ones. The subjects he has chosen for his new paintings remain the same, landscapes mostly, but something is subtly different. As time goes on his paintings become increasingly alien and strange. He begins painting landscapes and wildlives of bizarre worlds and strange creatures.

The artist is a recluse. He does not let anyone visit his studio; in fact, no one seems to know where his studio is.

The poor painter has been overcome by one of the insects from Shaggai. When the insect infested his brain, he began to paint the visions it showed him, starting off with how the insect viewed the surrounding landscapes, and eventually painting scenes from all the different worlds the insect had investigated.

The insect is of course only one member of a massive colony living in the forest where the artist has his hidden studio.

The investigators must try to defeat the insects before they take over the minds of more humans.

The keeper must remember to play up the psychological damage the removal of the insect does to the artist. He was unknown before, enjoyed success while the bug was in his brain, and soon will be back where he started without the unearthly inspiration given by the insect. The thought that he had an intergalactic insect living in his brain would also be psychologically damaging. It is likely he will kill himself.

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE...

The home city of one of the investigators is being struck by a series of Jack-the-Ripper-style murders. Prostitutes are being sliced apart, almost dissected, in run-down parts of town such as waterfront areas, slums, and industrial parks.

The murderer is in fact a writer by the name of Richard Bluth. Mr. Bluth is a freelance fantasy and horror writer who has been obsessed with the murders of Jack the Ripper

all his life. He has written several short stories and novels which use his theories on the Ripper murders as plots, but the one thing he couldn't understand is *why*. By emulating the killings, he hopes to gain that final bit of insight he needs to fully understand the Ripper's motives.

Richard is, of course, completely insane at this point. His childhood interest grew into an obsession and then a psychosis. Now he has convinced himself that he is the reincarnation of Jack the Ripper. He is a deeply-disturbed, dangerous individual who is under the control of no supernatural influence whatsoever.

A PRESENT FROM THE PAST

One of the investigators receives a small package in the mail, wrapped in stained brown paper, and tied with a frazzled piece of twine. The postmark reads Barcelona, Spain. There is no return address on the outside of the package. Inside, the package contains a square piece of woven cloth about two feet on a side. A scene of a person looking at his reflection in a pool is woven into the cloth, yet the cloth is so dirty it will be hard to make out anything specific until it has been washed.

Along with the cloth a folded note which explains that when the cloth is cleaned and the part which represents water is concentrated on, the viewer can see into the past. The note is signed Samuel Thurber.

Thurber is an old friend of the investigator's. He is a wealthy dilettante who spends most of his time traveling around the world. He is not a sinister agent of Cthulhu. He just has more money than he knows what to do with.

The tapestry does in fact do what Thurber said it would, sort of. When carefully cleaned and the watery part concentrated on (lose 5 MP) for two hours, the viewer opens a Gate to the past. The keeper should roll 1D1000 x 1D1000 for the number of years into the past which the Gate will open to. The glitch is this: the tapestry was designed by a powerful sorcerer to further his understanding of the Cthulhu Mythos. It will always open to a scene of a Cthuloid manifestation.

It is up to the individual keeper what the investigators see through the Gate each time they open it. Give the monsters a POW x3% chance to realize that they are being watched. If they do discover that they are being watched, the monsters try to rush through the gate and attack the investigators. Anything with a SIZ of 16 or less can fit through the gate, and fluid monsters such as shoggoths can get through no matter what their SIZ. The Gate can be closed by folding the tapestry so that the image can no longer be seen, but don't tell the players this. ■

Death Reports

*Being A Collection Of Grisly Descriptions of the Aftermath of
Cthulhoid Manifestations*

At some time an investigator will stumble across the corpse of someone who has fallen prey to the mythos. The following descriptions can be used by the keeper to describe the grisly aftermath of a Cthulhoid manifestation as is, or they can easily be altered to fit other situations. The monsters below are drawn from the Call of Cthulhu rulesbook and the supplement H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands.

ABHOTH, THE SOURCE OF UNCLEANNESS

The body was covered with dozens of tiny, disturbing, luminous-green scuttling things. Some had claws, some were bristling with eyestalks or covered in quivering tentacles, but no two were alike. They had burned, cut, abraded, and dissolved various parts of his body. The awful things slithered, hopped, and waddled off into the far recesses of the cave as we shone our lights on them.

ATLACH-NACHA

We found a leathery sack encased in strands of what reminded us of spider webbing, yet each strand was as thick around as a man's wrist. When we examined the sack, we heard a faint rattling inside it. To our horror, the sack was wearing our friend's clothes.

AZATHOTH, THE DAEMON SULTAN

The entire forest had been blasted clear of life. Except for a cracked pair of glasses, there was no sign of our companion. The areas of ground which were not covered in slime and muck were strangely glazed, as if from an intense heat, and yet the devastation was hauntingly cold.

BASILISK

We found the body in the blasted forest next to a poisoned river. He was swollen and black with venom, and most of his hair had fallen out. Our guide thinks that he must have

been washing himself in the water; if he had drunk it, the results would have been much worse.

BAST

There was a smell as of the lion house at the zoo when we entered the tent. We found him dead, lying face down in a pool of his own blood, dozens of gory, leonine claw marks criss-crossed the back. When we rolled him over, the dripping skull stared back at us, most of the flesh shredded off.

BOKRUG

Within the dozens of large, webbed footprints was the flattened body, identifiable only by the monogrammed cufflinks which had survived the destructive trampling of the beast.

BUOPOTHS

He was trampled flat, as though by a herd of deranged hippopotamuses. The body had been ground into the earth, staining the grass a dark crimson. The victim's porter, found raving about "pink elephants", was obviously inebriated.

BYAKHEE

There was a great flapping noise as we ran outside to investigate the screaming. All we found were the two arms, clinging to the fence post, dripping blood from the ruined stumps. It would seem that trying to hold oneself down is ineffective against a creature which can rip arms out of their sockets.

CATS FROM SATURN

The body was torn apart in the most horrible manner. Blood streamed from hundreds of long, distorted gashes which covered the gangrenous corpse. A mutilated arm was thrust over the face, apparently to ward off the attacks, which

seemed to have been made from every conceivable direction.

CHTHONIANS

We found his body surrounded by hundreds of shattered spherical objects. He was covered with tiny, bruised holes and was completely drained of blood. When we examined his effects we found some of the strange spheroids in his pack.

CLOUD BEASTS

He had been torn limb from limb. The torso had been seemingly burst open from the inside and gutted. Blood covered the beach where we found him. His face was twisted in a knot of agony, blue veins were almost bursting through the grim visage. Interestingly, no carrion animals would come near the dreadful mess.

CTHUGHA

The blackened, disfigured corpse was found beneath a pile of ash and the charred remains of the cabin. Dental records proved it to be our friend. The forest around the cabin escaped all effects of the blaze.

CTHULHU

When we broke down the door to his apartment, we found him hanging from the chandelier by a length of cord, a look of absolute terror was frozen on his face. The note pinned to his chest read: "I cannot take the dreams any longer! It will find me soon."

CYAEGHA

As we ran toward the clearing, we heard a sickening tearing noise followed by a wet splattering sound. We found our companion's fragmented remains spread across the ground. Limbs, organs and less identifiable parts were tossed about with apparent enthusiasm. Something had dragged him into the sky and there ripped him apart. The mess was unimaginable.

DAOLOTH

In our friend's room was a small leaden statue, an abstract piece, all rods and spheres. Of our friend there was no sign.

DARK YOUNG OF SHUB-NIGGURATH

Foul holes gaped in the body. Bones and internal organs, smashed to the consistency of oatmeal, dripped from the holes onto the ground. Numerous constriction bruises encircled the victim. The crushed rib cage poked through the bruised skin in places. One arm had been squeezed out of its socket and was dangling, limply at his side.

DEEP ONES

Small shore crabs picked rancid bits of flesh from the corpse, which had been shredded and ripped apart. Flaps of bloody skin hung loosely from the mutilated corpse. His jawbone was torn off. His tongue hung from the bloody, gaping ruin like some demonic gopher emerging from its hole. We watched in horror as one of his legs slowly floated in from the sea.

DAGON/HYDRA

The lower half of the body was crushed, covered with blood and slime, and smelled strongly of fish. The top half of the body was never found. Due to the width of the bite that had severed our friend's torso, the coroner guessed an attack by an incredibly huge shark. He could not explain why the body was found fifty feet from the high-tide line, or the three-foot-deep furrows leading back to the sea.

DHOLES

We found our friend's body pulped and covered with slime, as if some monstrous slug had crawled over him. The body had been flattened, every bone pulverized by enormous weight.

DIMENSIONAL SHAMBLER

We found toppled chairs, a bunched-up rug, splatterings of blood on the walls, but of our friend there was no sign. We cannot explain the blue glow in the window as we entered the house.

ELDER THINGS

The cables running down to the diver went taut. There was a hiss of bubbles as the severed air hose snaked towards the surface of the water. Our friend screamed over the phone line, then the speaker failed. We frantically tried to pull him up but were unable to move the main cable. Suddenly the winch loosened and we began to reel him up. All we got was the helmet. Fortunately, for our own sanity, the head had gone with the rest of the body.

FIRE VAMPIRES

As he ran, he began to smoulder. Spots of fire erupted around him, and in seconds he fell to the ground screaming, engulfed in flames. As his death throes subsided, dozens of balls of fire about the size of human fists leapt from the body and hurtled into the night sky.

FIRE WORMS

He had been burnt to a crisp by a single burst of flame, for he had tumbled back, and the side he lay on was unburnt. The lifeless form was still sizzling and smoking when we discovered it. Around him the forest glade was blackened and destroyed.

FLYING POLYP

We found our friend's bloody skeleton, stripped of almost all flesh, a mile from camp. He must have been caught in a violent, localized sandstorm, for we found his hat another mile beyond.

FORMLESS SPAWN OF TSATHOGGUA

Blood dripped from the horrible stumps where his legs had been. His hands were tangled up in the rope ladder which he was descending. As we watched, a hand split off at the wrist and he fell to the deck, with a sickening, watery thump. The torso and stumps were splattered with blood and a black, viscous slime.

GHAIST

By studying the spattered mess extending a dozen feet around the ruined corpse, we determined that something had jumped from a great height onto his head. Twisted fragments of the skull floated in a slowly congealing pool of his blood. The brain had squirted out of the skull and across the room, splattering against the wall and still dripping onto the floor.

GHATANOTHOA

The withered body was propped up against a corner of the room. We thought it had been dead for years, due to its utterly dry and desiccated state, but when we checked the wallet we discovered that it was the corpse of our friend, with whom we had talked just this morning!

GHOUL

The bloody remains were near the cemetery. Most of the flesh had been stripped away, and the bones had been cracked for the marrow. The skull had been carefully split open so as not to spill the contents, and was a scoured-out cavity. An eyeball had apparently escaped the depraved feeder; as I reached toward it, a rubbery gray hand snaked out of the bushes and snatched it away.

GLAAKI

We found him wandering aimlessly around the shore of the black lake. As we approached, we saw to our horror the long metallic spike thrust into his chest. Bright red arterial blood was pouring from where the spike pierced the skin. The spike had been driven right through the heart, yet he walked!

SERVANTS OF GLAAKI

As we approached the vacation house near the lake, we saw a mob of diseased-looking people staggering towards the water. When we knocked on the door there was no answer. We found signs of a struggle, but there was no sign of our friend. When we followed the tracks of those odd people,

they led us to the black lake near the house. Oddly, several sets of tracks entered the lake but none came out.

GNOPH-KEH

Our friend was frozen solid. Deep gashes and puncture wounds of horrifying depth gouged the icy flesh. Blood had poured from the body and froze him to the rocks. When we tore him free of the stones, we discovered that whatever had killed him had brutally ripped open his back and eaten most of what it had found inside.

GNORRI

The body floating in the harbor was smeared with a loathsome, greasy green fluid. The mid-section had been crushed. The ribcage seemed to have burst open while the internal organs were squeezed through it.

GOBLINS

Our friend hung by an ankle from a rope. Someone had smeared honey over his body, then covered him with stinging nettle leaves before gouging out his eyes with tiny crooked branches and leaving him to die.

GREAT RACE OF YITH

The head had been removed by an expert surgeon. We found strange puncture marks spaced around the torso, as if the body cavity had been probed. The rest of the body was remarkably intact.

GUG

He had been pulled apart like a rag doll. The belly was torn by a huge uneven bite which measured more than a foot wide. Ragged strips of flesh dripped blood and some fouler fluid where the right leg had been bitten off. The bones in the arms had been crushed like twigs.

HAEMOPHORE

We found him the next morning still inside the sleeping bag. The white face stared at us blankly as we unzipped the bag. Two circular, gaping wounds were readily apparent on the chest. Whatever had killed him had drained every last drop of blood through those two holes.

HAGARG RYONIS

He had been horribly torn apart. One arm lay almost ten feet from the rest of the body, its exposed musculature gleaming wetly in the sunlight. The legs had been stripped of flesh and were covered with tooth marks. Thick bones had been bitten through in places. Horrible gaping wounds mutilated the torso. Dark blood leaked out of these cavities and onto the ground. Wherever the blood touched the ground, grass withered and died. The remaining flesh was disgustingly puffy and greenish, as if infused with some awful venom.

HASTUR THE UNSPEAKABLE

The corpse was bloated and greenish. A multitude of small fish-like scales, gleaming dully in the pale lamplight, seemed to have been grafted onto the once-human corpse. The eyes were large and watery, but the irises had shrunk to pin-points.

HOUNDS OF TINDALOS

Our friend's body slumped in a corner of the room. Numerous small bloodless holes pierced the flesh, and a blue cast surrounded each penetration. One hand had been pulped and ground into the carpet. The eyes had been individually pierced, and a loathsome blue ichor throbbled in the ruined sockets. As we examined the body, we noticed that the blue venom seemed to move with a life of its own.

HUNTING HORRORS

He had been utterly crushed. Splinters of bone burst out of the huddled, flattened mass of skin and flesh, giving him the appearance of some ghoulish porcupine. Internal organs squeezed out through various orifices. His head had been removed in a single huge, ragged bite which had severed his collarbone as well.

BEINGS OF IB

The victim was face down in the reeds. Blood poured from the back of his shattered skull and left a dark rusty cloud deep within the brackish lake water.

ITHAQUA

The frozen corpse had been impaled on a pine tree, after falling from a great height. The hands were missing — they seemed to have rotted off — and the blackened and swollen feet had burst right through the soles of the leather boots. A disturbing smile lingered on the face of the corpse, and no one could bear to study the face because of it.

KARAKAL

The charred remains were in the back room of the inn. The blackened skull grinned evilly as we opened the door to the smoldering room. As we examined the foul-smelling corpse, the eyes crumbled apart and fell out of the skull, leaving two lifeless sockets staring back at us.

LENG SPIDERS

The husk was caught in the strands of the perversely-crafted webbing. Two large puncture wounds were visible on the swollen throat. The victim's insides had apparently been turned to liquid and grotesquely sucked from the body, leaving a dry, crumbling shell.

LESSER OTHER GODS

We pulled his lifeless body from the heap of mutilated worshippers. He dripped with blood and less wholesome

fluids, and had been crushed and defiled in the most horrible and random ways.

LLOIGOR

Buried underneath the collapsed cabin, his body was crushed by the timbers, yet it also had been mauled by some huge bear-like creature: huge claw marks had ripped the face and chest. One of the arms had been stripped of flesh from the elbow down, and the hand was missing altogether. His mouth had been smashed in, blood dripped from the gory cavity, and most of his teeth were lying on the floor in a pool of congealing blood. Foul-smelling liquid dripped off of the flattened structure and mixed with the blood, and the same stinking liquid was splattered everywhere for miles around.

MAGAH BIRDS

The body sat stiffly inside the tent. The eyes had been plucked out of the skull, and the jugular had been severed, yet there was no sign of a struggle.

MANTICORES

Found in a mountain crag, his torso had been ripped apart by razor-sharp talons, and blood oozed from the various wounds onto the rocks. A hideous, green-rimmed puncture wound on his back dripped a viscous fluid. The bloated, venom-blackened body was made more hideous by the gaping hole at the top of the skull through which the brains had been chewed out.

MEN OF LENG

A collar circled the throat, to which a rusty iron chain locked him to the wall of the cell. The body was stained with undecipherable filth and a putrid, mildewy stench rose from the emaciated corpse. His fingernails had been worn to bloody stubs in fruitless attempts to escape the cell.

MI-GO

The lifeless corpse was slumped against a huge boulder. As we turned him over, we discovered that he had been dissected with surgical precision. Nothing prepared us for the bloody, gaping hole where the brain had been.

MINIONS OF KARAKAL

The body was hidden in a small closet. A coarse, scabby hole was burned through his chest, and we could still smell the sickly sweet stench of roasted human flesh. When we held him up, we could see each other clearly through the wound.

MOON BEASTS

The body was chained upside-down on the wall, blood dripping from numerous small cuts and collecting in a steel bucket under his head. Our companion had been slain in an

awful, sadistic way. The bottoms of the feet had been burnt with coals, the flesh had been peeled off of the head, and hooks pierced the eyes and nose. The arms and hands had been sewn together behind his back.

NATH-HORTHATH

The head had been knocked clean off, landing 20 feet away. Whatever had killed him had then smashed the rest of the body into an unrecognizable bloody pulp. The ground under the gory filth was cracked and indented by the force of the attack.

NIGHTGAUNTS

Above the beating of wings we heard his screams of terror as he was carried off into the foggy night. At times it almost sounded as if the hapless captive were laughing.

NODENS

The hole was punched right through the body, smashing through muscle, ribs, and organs, and ultimately exiting the back. The wound seemed to have been caused by some sort of blunt, enormous wooden instrument, evidenced by slivers of hardwood found in the corpse.

NYARLATHOTEP

We found the room in a terrible state. Reddish gray slime coated the walls and the furniture had been tossed around the room like a child's toys. Our friend was sprawled in the center of the room, a look of absolute terror frozen on his face. When we moved the unmarked corpse slightly there came a faint rattling noise from inside the head. X-rays showed that the brain had shrivelled to the size of a large walnut.

NYOGTHA

The room was full of occult paraphernalia: tomes, candles, pentagrams, etc. The undamaged body was lying on the floor; no obvious cause of death was apparent. It was odd, however, how the shadows quickly receded as we entered the room.

SAND DWELLERS

The body was jammed into a crevice between two boulders, torn to ribbons as if attacked by a dozen deranged, scalpel-wielding surgeons. The abdomen had been sliced open, and the entrails plucked out and devoured.

SERPENT PEOPLE

The corpse lay in a disjointed heap on the ground. A pair of massive fang marks were visible on the neck, greenish fluid dripping from the two awful wounds. The body had lost control of all functions: the tongue had fallen back into the throat, the bowel and bladder had emptied, and the eyes stared off into opposite directions.

SERVITORS OF THE OUTER GODS

We ran towards the fading piping noises and found our friend flayed alive. The skin had been torn from the body in ragged, bloody sheets, exposing the quivering flesh and crumbling bone underneath.

SHADES

When we rolled over the lifeless body we saw that he had been strangled. The arm seemed to be pointing towards something but, on further examination, we determined that he was only trying to reach a flashlight which had rolled under a bush.

INSECTS FROM SHAGGAI

He was wandering through the woods, raving that some evil parasite had infested his brain. We calmed him down before taking him back to his apartment and putting him to bed. The next morning he blew his own head off with a shotgun.

SHANTAKS

He was smashed into the road, apparently having been dropped from a great height. His blood was widely splattered; in fact, we found a group of raccoons clustered around a pool of the stuff. Fragments of his body were still identifiable, but if he had not been carrying a wallet with identification, his identity would have been unknown.

SHOGGOTHS

The body had been crushed and smeared under an incredible weight. All that remained was a bloody pulp which had been mixed with a foul-smelling iridescent ooze.

SHUB-NIGGURATH

He was smashed into the muddy earth, surrounded by gigantic hoof-like prints in the mud and all over the body. The stinking corpse was smeared with a black, pudding-like substance. The forest all around him was dripping with this same foul matter.

SHUDDE M'ELL

At the meeting place we found a huge crater-like hole bursting from the slime-covered earth. Of our contact, we located only a severed foot, still in its leather boot, lying near the oozing tunnel.

STAR-SPAWN OF CTHULHU

Our friend was a pulpy reddish mass in the center of the slimy puddle. His skin had seemingly ruptured under some enormous weight, sending his blood and organs spurting out across the road.

STAR VAMPIRES

The pale body was drained of all blood. The limbs and bones were crushed, and the skin had been sliced open, as if something had been trying to squeeze out every last drop. Large, bloodless claw marks marred the waxy flesh, and gaping arteries had been pulled loose.

TAMASH

He had been smashed flat against the rocks at the bottom of the ravine. Witnesses say that the bridge he was crossing simply disappeared as he walked.

TSATHOGGUA

Laying outside the lightless cave, the body was a withered sack of burns, punctures, and gashes. We could hear the bones grinding against each other as we moved the grisly bag. One leg was missing altogether.

VOONITHS

All we found of our companion was his hat floating in the murky pond. After a brief search we discovered a cave under the river bank. We found the partially-devoured remains within this cave, along with the bones of dozens of past meals.

WAMPS

The victim had been trying to escape the unknown horror. The skin around the single, nauseous wound was sickly and dripping, and as we watched, the flesh began to drip off the skeleton.

BEINGS FROM XICLOTL

We found a leg about twenty feet from where the car had crashed. No other fragments were found. The auto had smashed into an object as large as a tree, but the last likely candidate was a quarter mile down the road, undamaged.

Y'GOLONAC

Large, rancid bite marks covered the corpse. Although he had been dead for two hours, the wounds still dripped unclotted blood and a loathsome yellowish greasy matter.

YIG

The swollen eyes stared back at us from behind the puffy, blackened skin. Two large puncture wounds on the throat dripped a foul-smelling black ichor. The skin split open at the slightest touch, and the horrible black venom oozed from fresh gaps, stinging our eyes and burning our fingers.

YOG-SOTHOTH

The body was whole but burned and dried to the consistency of ash. When we examined it, the pressure of our hands caused it to flake away into dust and float off on the wind.

ZHAR

All that was left of our friend were his watch and the gold fillings from his teeth. The rest of his body and clothes had disappeared without a trace.

ZO-KALAR

He was dead. There was no explanation, he just stopped being. The doctors argued for a week before we were finally able to bury him.

ZOOGS

Pincushioned with dozens of small, ugly darts the body and the face and hands appeared to have been chewed on by small rodents.

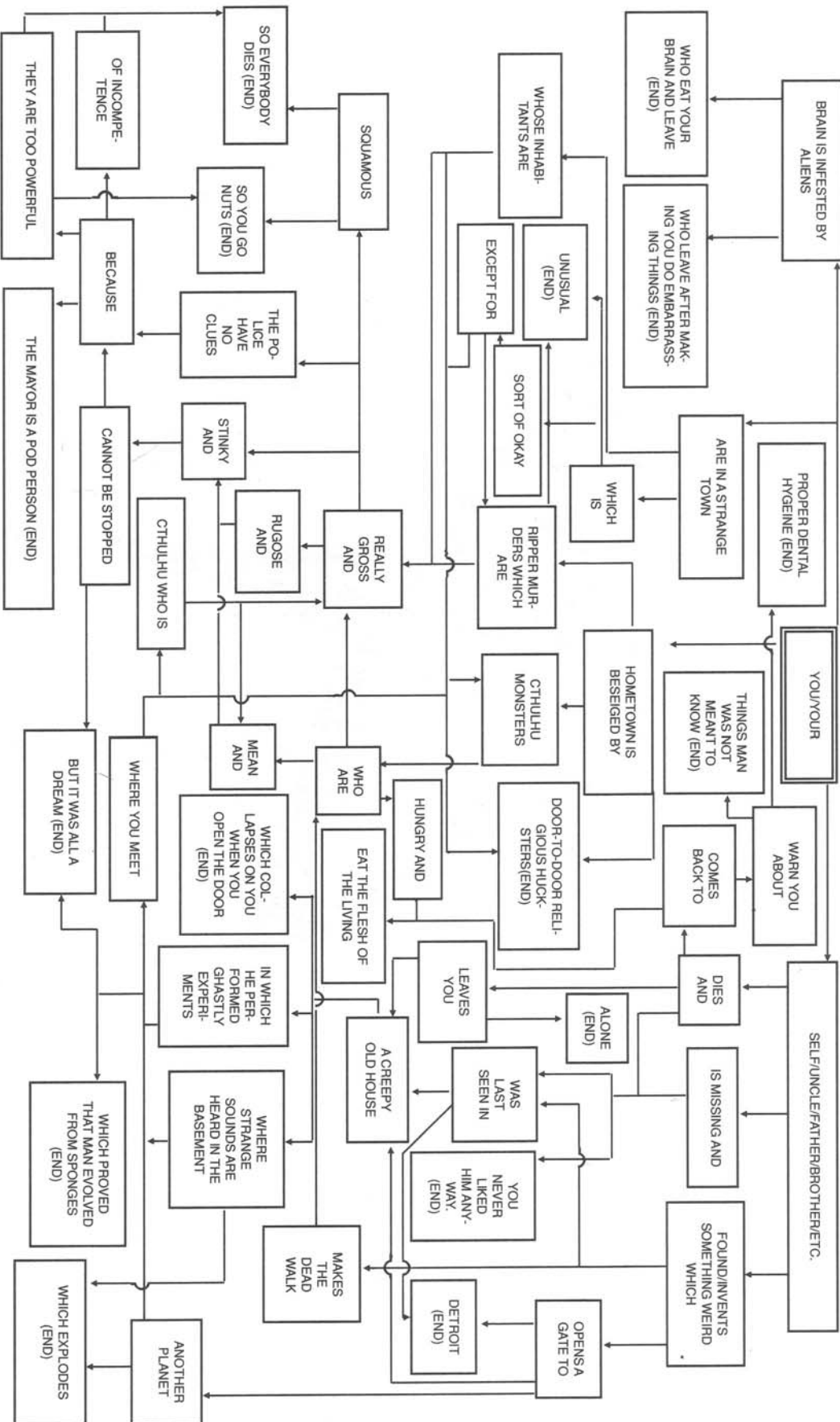
ZOTH-OMMOG

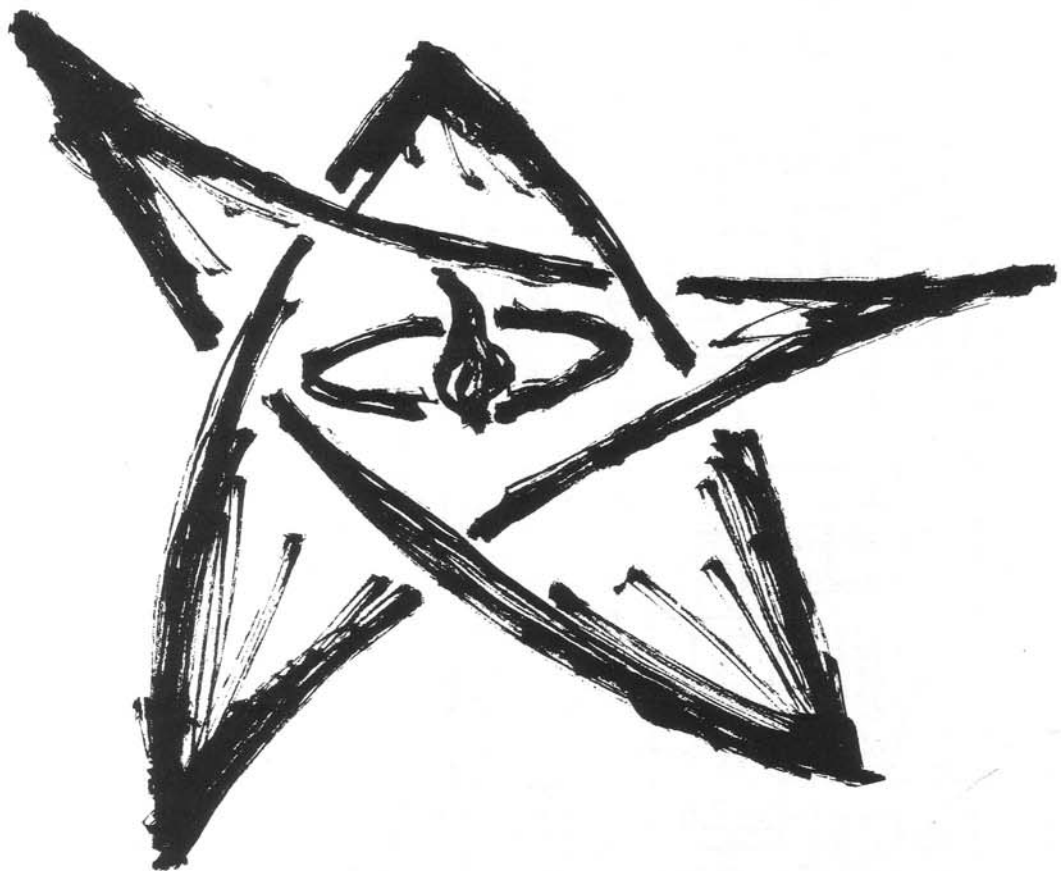
The head was atop a pile of blood-soaked seaweed. Surrounding this ghoulish altar were the rest of the pieces of the corpse. The arms were shoved into the sand with the hands reaching towards the gray sky. The legs were propped up in a similar manner. The torso had been ripped apart, the intestines wrapping around the entire scene, the ribs were splintered and arranged between the other parts, and the heart and other organs were piled up neatly nearby. ■



Insta-Plots

With a Tip of the Hat to Gahan Wilson, Use This Simple System to Generate Short, Strange, and Often Amusing Plots For a Call of Cthulhu Game. Start at "You/Your."





Cobb, Lichter, and Burns
Attorneys at Law
Cobb Building
Jonesport, Maine

February 12, 192—

Dear Sir,

Sorrowfully, I must inform you of the death of your brother, Mr. Albert Goddard had a poetical eye and a generous spirit, and we are the poorer for his loss. I hope that you will accept both the firm's and my personal condolences. I know how grievous such news must be.

His body has been temporarily interred, pending your instructions for final disposal. Small fees involved (of \$47.29) can be deferred until final disposition of estate, if so desired.

You are now the sole remaining Goddard named in the will of Wesley Waterman. Please peruse the enclosed documents and respond at your earliest convenience to each of the matters as you may.

We would be happy to continue as attorneys of record for the aforesaid estate, as we did for your brother and uncle.

All matters pertaining to the sale of this land can be performed by our firm without your presence, unless you wish otherwise. Our little corner of Maine must seem far away.

I await your reply and hope that association with our firm will be of help in easing your burden of grief. If there is anything further that you need please let me know. All of us are happy to assist you in any way possible.

Cordially,

Horace L. Cobb

Enclosures:

Death Certificate
Bill of Holding, Jonesport Mortuary
Statement of Account for Cobb, Lichter and Burns
Deed to the Black Mountain property

player handouts for the
BLACK DEVIL MOUNTAIN
scenario. Read both sides.

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EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF JAMES FITZ-HUGH

June 5th, 1814

... the inhabitants of the town were most churlish and unfriendly to us, but I ordered my men to betake themselves for the night to whichever of the townfolks' dwellings suited them best, and not to notice any impoliteness on the part of the owners thereof. I personally spent the night in the mayor's house, which was spent verie pleasantly.

June 9th, 1814 [Fitz-Hugh apparently is referring to the events of June 6th, but had no opportunity to write of them that day, for obvious reasons.]

In the morning, I did not break my fast, though the mayor was insistent that I eat something, which was odd, to my thoughts, for the very night before, he had been most surly and rude. He finally blocked the doorway and swore that I should not leave his house until I had obliged him. I knocked down the churl and went to inspect my soldiers.

In the town square, only two- or three-score of my men were so far assembled, and I sent Broughton [Fitz-Hugh's attendant] to check on the rest. Before Broughton returned, several of the townfolk came out displaying musketry and fired upon us, dropping several of my soldiers. We did not load, but charged with bayonets and scattered the villains with some short but fierce fighting. They could not stand up to the steel, just as other Americans we have fought could not. More of the Americans came out then, snapping their muskets, and we retreated to the city hall, the largest building nearby, where we held off the Americans for the best part of the morning. About noon, the Americans charged our building, and we drove them off, inflicting great losses. We were then most astounded and disgusted when the Americans displayed the bodies of several dozen of our soldiers, whom they had apparently poisoned and murdered while they were innocently stationed in their homes. The villains had hacked and mutilated the poor men's bodies so that they were nearly unrecognizable. I thanked Our Lord that I had not partaken of the mayor's victuals. After the noon, Broughton and about a score of soldiers came running through the square, catching the Americans by surprise, and evidently trying to get to the safety of our own building. We cheered them on, and fired at the Americans who had sallied forth to detain them.

At that time, we were much mazed when the mayor ran into the middle of the square and began to shout and gesture wildly at our men, who were advancing in good order, despite the American muskets' efforts. We fired at the mayor, but our shots did not seem to have effect. As he stood there, at once Broughton began to clutch at his stomach, and then fell to the earth, scrabbling at the dirt. Whilst we stared, mazed, another soldier, and then another fell, shewing the same symptoms. I then saw that every time the mayor finished a series of motions, another one of our men would shew signs of discomfort, and shortly become incapacitated. I therefore had our soldiers aim all their fire at the mayor, and he was shortly riddled with balls, falling prostrate upon the soil. By that time, some half-dozen or more of our men had been affected, and I watched to see that they would become cured of their affliction, whatever the mayor had been doing. To my dismay, the injured men stood up jerkily and unnaturally, then raised their weapons and began to vigorously, though clumsily, attack their comrades, who were forced to fight back to save their own lives. We could not shoot, for they were closely engaged with the rest, and we dared not leave the city hall, for fear of the American muskets. Broughton and the afflicted men fought diabolically, and though they were outnumbered and quickly stabbed through again and again, they continued to fight most ferociously until their spines were broken, when they fell over and died. Before long, all the afflicted men were dead, and at least a dozen of their comrades, leaving but two men alive. The Americans poured out and quickly butchered them, though we shouted and snapped our weapons at them.

Just before the sun went down, the Americans formed up in the town square behind furniture, stones, and other materials for a barricade. Behind this secure defense, we could hear them singing hymns and chanting. The hymns were not in either English nor Latin, and I could not determine for myself what language they spoke. This singing went on for several minutes, then a great Being rose from among them. So horrific was this demon from the Pit that many of my men swooned, and I myself was sorely affected. It was great and black, with boneless limbs and a great open mouth. Recognizing our incapability to deal with such a being, as we had no chaplain nor priest with us, we fled from the building, suffering severe losses from American sharpshooters, and made our way to the high road, where we joined up with Major Wittington and his force.

I recommended to Major Wittington that we proceed at once to the aforementioned village and cleanse it of opposition, but I did not inform the Major of our more grisly experiences. The Major was impressed by my account of the mayor's treachery, and we went there the next day, which would be June 7th. Though I fearfully watched the buildings, no demon from the Pit appeared, and we successfully burned the town to the earth, killing many of the townfolk. Though the town looked rather prosperous, no large amount of gold nor silver was found. May God have mercy on my soul.

player handouts for the ASYLUM scenario. Read this side only.

cut here

PROMINENT SAN FRANCISCAN MURDERED

Mr. Francis Connington, well-known San Francisco businessman and art collector was murdered yesterday afternoon, reportedly when he surprised a Norton Longville in the act of stealing a painting.

Longville, a student artist, had been visiting Connington's townhouse under the terms of a scholarship from the Connington Foundation, which allowed him to copy some of his benefactor's paintings to improve his technique.

Guard Jack Ramsey was on rounds in the townhouse when he found Longville removing a painting, "The Hunter", valued at \$15,000.

Mr. Connington, apparently attracted by the sounds of the struggle, entered the gallery and was killed by Longville, who escaped while Ramsey attempted to save the life of his employer.

Police throughout the state have been alerted to the flight of this villain.

CAREER OF NOTED MURDERER ENDS

Early this morning Gregory Johnson was shot and killed outside his home when police attempted to arrest him for the murder of Francis Connington, well-known San Francisco businessman and connoisseur.

Johnson, once an artist of some note, had been visiting Connington's San Francisco mansion under the alias of Norton Longville. On April 8, Mr. Connington entered his gallery to find Johnson and Jack Ramsey, a guard, fighting over a painting Johnson was attempting to steal. Johnson allegedly killed Connington and escaped in the confusion while Ramsey tried unsuccessfully to defend his employer.

Investigation by San Francisco police revealed that Norton Longville was really Gregory Johnson, who was traced to his family farm outside San Jose. When state troopers and local police approached the farm, Johnson attempted to escape from the rear of the house. Mr. Ramsey, who was there to identify the murderer, pointed out the escaping fugitive. Johnson was shot and killed by Charles Quill, of our own San Jose Police Department. Congratulations, Officer Quill.

A PAGE FROM A DIARY [found in Westchester House's "Zeus" Room]

April 5, 1906 — I can't wait until this is over, and I can shield Beth from the man who wronged her. Perhaps I can make the substitution this Saturday when Connington visits Miss Milstone. Beth has given up hope that Connington would ever marry her, but it still hurts her to see him flutter around a woman who isn't a patch on Beth. Perhaps, he thinks he has given enough since he has given her his bastard daughter. Little Frances is as bright and as pretty a little girl as I have ever seen, but nothing will do for Connington but to have a brood of horse-faced brats from Angina Milstone. No wonder Beth threw her lot in with me. I reckon his loss is my gain. Ramsey has taken interest in my "work" recently; the worst timing possible; just normal for that blockhead.

player handouts for the
WESTCHESTER HOUSE
scenario. Read this side only.

FORGERY DISCOVERED

Goddard Haley, curator of the San Francisco Museum of Fine Arts, announced that the museum's copy of "The Hunter" has been conclusively proven a forgery. While having the picture cleaned for display, officials became suspicious and applied the Schwartz-Howard test, which revealed that pigments unavailable before 1890 had been used.

The oil painting was donated to the Museum in February of this year by Rose Connington of the Connington Foundation for the Advancement of the Arts. Miss Connington stated that Francis Connington, her late cousin, had the painting authenticated when he purchased it, but that since she had inherited "The Hunter" upon his death, she had frequently loaned the painting to museums for exhibit, and so had no idea when the forgery might have been substituted for the original.

Our long-time readers may recall that in 1906 Gregory Johnson, a local artist, murdered Francis Connington in an unsuccessful attempt to steal this same painting and was killed resisting his arrest, by Charles Quill, formerly of the San Jose Police Department.

The Museum and the Connington Foundation are offering a joint reward of \$1000 for information leading to the return of the original painting.

THE UNFINISHED LETTER

Albert Goddard
Crowfoot Farm
General Delivery
Indian River, Maine

28 December

Dear —

Christmas has passed and the new year looms before us. Seasons greetings to Mary, Arthur, little Pamela, and all of my friends at the firehouse! I miss them all dearly, but not as much as I miss you and Greta. Please think of me in your prayers.

I must relate to you the odd things which have happened since I refurbished the the cabin on uncle Waterman's land.

The area is just beautiful, what with elm, oak, birch, and other such trees in profusion. Wild blackberry, holly, and even some wild pumpkins I have discovered in my daily walks about the mountain that the land is on. I really love it here, it is so peaceful and serene.

But do you know that when those down-easters at Druker's store in Indian River found out that I was the new owner of the land and that I planned to live on it, well, they all up and left the store! Even the keep, Alvin Hodges, seemed upset. In fact he said that I shouldn't be staying there, as it were a darksome and evil place. I was never so flabbergasted in my whole life. When I pressed him, he wouldn't say another word except that he was closing up his store (at three o'clock in the afternoon!) and that I wouldn't be able to buy my food and other supplies there any longer.

I was so angry I went right over to Sheriff Beuchamps office and demanded to know what in blue blazes was going on. He shocked me. He as much agreed with the others and went on to tell me that "no one here 'bouts goes anywhere near that mountain, most specially the southeast slopes" where the cabin is. When I went on about not being able to buy my supplies at the store he told me that it was a free country — ain't no man gotta sell nothing iffin he don't feel like it. "No law 'gainst bein' ornery," were his exact words.

I was so mad I couldn't speak. I've been going to Addison six or seven miles away for my supplies since.

29 December

I stopped writing last night to bring in more firewood; it has been very cold since the snow stopped two days ago. I was bringing in an armload when I heard the same sounds I had been hearing on and off for the past four or five evenings. How I wish I had once again only listened.

From a distance came an odd chant of song in some language I didn't recognize. It sounded Indian, except that I could hear what sounded like a fiddle as well. And I've never seen an Indian play a fiddle. Anyway my curiosity got the best of me and I went off to see. I certainly didn't want a band of gypsies or something encamped on my land.

I grabbed my Hollar and Hollar double barrel (you know the beauty I brought back from England after I mustered out there), grabbed a dozen shells, strapped on snowshoes, and set off.

Though the singing had stopped, I had heard it enough to have a pretty good idea where it came from. So upslope I went, ready for anything from bear to vagabond. But not for what I saw.

What I found, I must tell you dear brother, had left my heart cold and my brain benumbed with fear.

I climbed more than halfway up the mountain, straight away from the cabin in the northwest direction. There, in a place I hadn't seen before I saw and heard things that shook my soul.

Do you believe in the Devil? Now you must! I have beheld him in his dark glory and I am sore afraid.

Even now I can hear that eerie piping, that cold and godless chant seeming to suck the marrow from my bones. But let me tell you exactly what I saw tonight. I must tell someone. I must tell —



Thank you for attending

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of Occult Paraphernalia*

Vienna, Austria





Lots (in order of showing)

Lot 1. *Ankh, Egyptian*

Circa 550 B.C. Height 23cm [9"]; width 10cm [4"] across the arms. Composed of an alloy of copper and silver bearing untranslated hieratic markings about the front. Known as the "Blood Ankh."
Minimum bid £100.

Lot 2. *Manuscript of Beth Eloim*

In Hebrew, it was written circa 1580. The pages are illuminated with gold leaf. Leather binding, octavo, 426 pages.
Minimum bid £60.

Lot 3. *Multiple Lot*

Magician's Cassock, embroidered with various signs of ceremonial magic. *Hickory Wand*, carved with astrological signs. *Athame*, 31cm [12"] long, double-edged.
Minimum bid £40.

Lot 4. *Hand of Glory*

U.S.A. circa 1900. The preserved left hand of a human, marked overall with mystic designs. Each finger supports a candle reported made of rendered human fat.
Minimum bid £20.

Lot 5. *Multiple Lot*

African Fetish, circa 1800, of teak wood and hair. About 18cm [7"] tall, in the style of the Hausi tribe of western Africa; *African Drum*, circa 1800, teak wood and skin, irregularly shaped, 41 cm [16"] tall. Both bear the sign of the same artisan.
Minimum bid £30.

Lot 6. *Book, The Magus*

by Francis Barret. First edition, 1801. Lackington, Allen & Co., Publishers.
Minimum bid £50.

Lot 7. *Sword*

German, circa 1350. First belonging to the alchemist and sorcerer Paracelsus, it is 108cm [42"] long, with a crystal pommel engraved with the word "AZOTH."
Minimum bid £250.

Lot 8. *Skull, Human*

Circa 1500. Used during black masses. Top of skull removed and interior inlaid with silver to form cup. Rim surrounded by 13 garnets.
Minimum bid £100.

Lot 9. *Riveted Brass Head*

Germany circa 13th century. Artisan unknown. Similar to the "Philosopher's Head."
Minimum bid £130.

Lot 10. *I-Ching Sticks*

China, second Ming dynasty. Carved ivory, six sticks used to cast the I-Ching, each 15.5cm [6"] long and 40mm [1 1/4"] square.
Minimum bid £70.

Lot 11. *Book, Book of the Law*

Authored by Aleister Crowley, published 1904.
Minimum bid £10.

Lot 12. *Book, Prodigies in the New-England Canaan*

Colonial U.S. circa 18th century. Author Rev. Ward Phillips.
Minimum bid £55.

Lot 13. *Multiple Lot*

Four medallions: two gold, one copper, one tin. France circa 1600. Protective signs to be worn by a sorcerer during various magical operations.
Minimum bid £45.

Lot 14. *Book, Dictionnaire Infernal*

Author Jacque Collin. France, published 1863, by Plon.
Minimum bid £18.

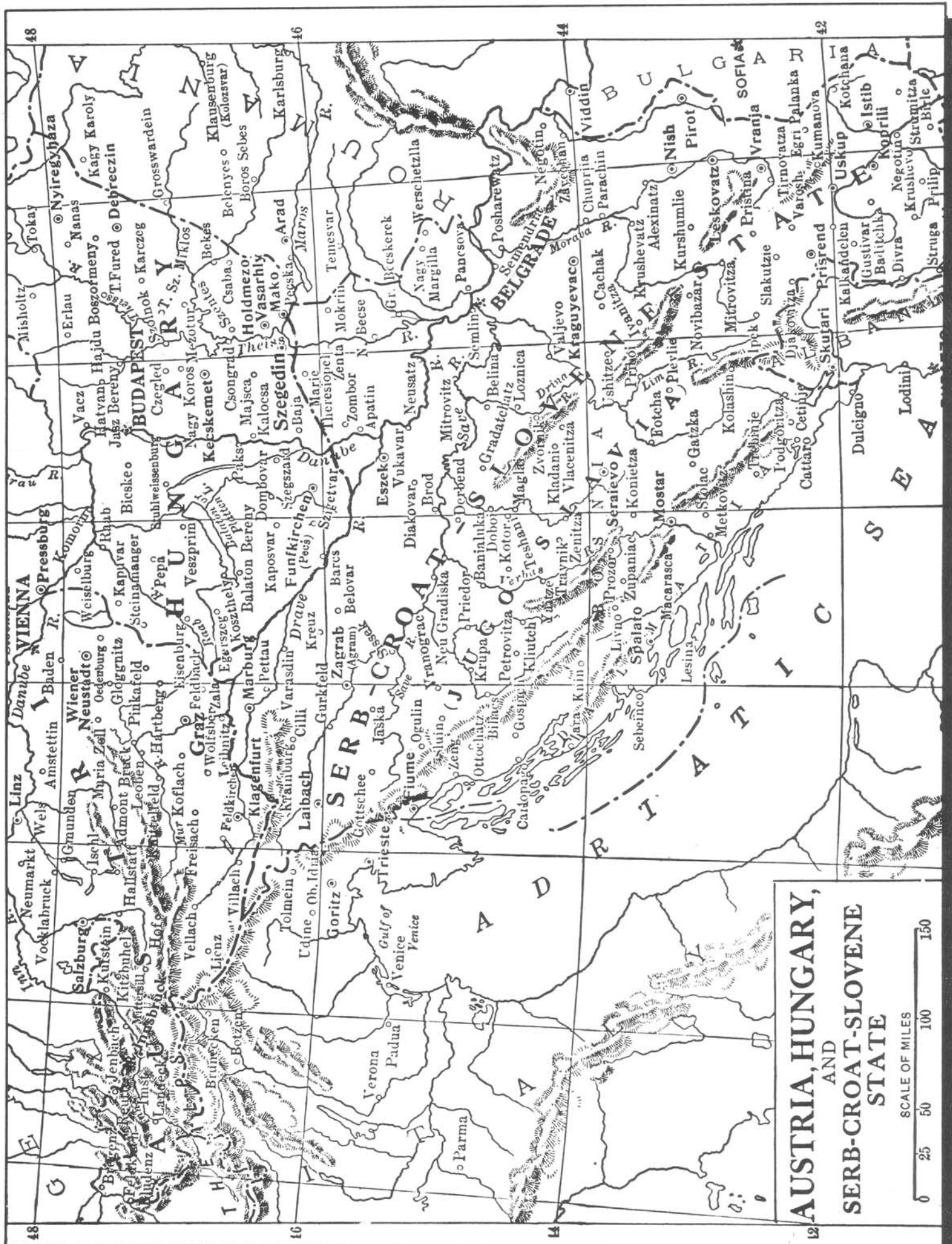
Lot 15. *Shaman Medicine Bag*

Eskimo, modern, leather.
Minimum bid £5.

Lot 16. *Ring Gold*

Arabia, circa 19th century. A design of intertwined serpents surrounding a magical symbol evidently meant to be the Seal of Solomon.
Minimum bid £35.

*For our customers' convenience,
and until further notice,
all transactions will be conducted in Pounds Sterling.*



**AUSTRIA, HUNGARY,
AND
SERB-CROAT-SLOVENE
STATE**

SCALE OF MILES





0 5 10 20 30 40 50 60 70

Rand-McNally's Concise Map of Maine.
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CALL of CTHULHU

INVESTIGATOR SHEET

Name _____ Sex _____

Occupation _____ Age _____

Nationality _____ Residence _____

INVESTIGATOR STATISTICS

STR _____ DEX _____ INT _____ Idea _____
 CON _____ APP _____ POW _____ Luck _____
 SIZ _____ SAN _____ EDU _____ Know _____
 Schools _____
 Degrees _____
 Damage Bonus/Penalty _____

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious = 0 1
 2 3 4 5 6
 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21
 22 23 24 25 26

HIT POINTS

UNCONSCIOUS
 Dead = 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7
 8 9 10 11 12
 13 14 15 16 17
 18 19 20 21 22
 23 24 25 26 27

SANITY POINTS

(20% current SAN: _____) Permanent Insanity = 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51
 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67
 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83
 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

INVESTIGATOR PORTRAIT

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot _____ () _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write Eng. (EDUx5) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> History (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Botany (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Camouflage (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Law (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sing (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climb (40) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Linguist (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Speak _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Speak _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (15) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Make Maps (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Repair (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Debate (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Throw (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diagnose Disease (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Operate Hvy. Machine (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Track (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Oratory (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Treat Disease (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Treat Poison (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEXx2) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Zoology (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive Automobile (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pick Pocket (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Repair (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot Aircraft (00) _____ | |

WEAPONS

weapon	shots	attack/parry	impale	damage	hit points	ammo
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

SHOTS = number of shots per round AMMO = number of rounds held in weapon

CASH, PHOBIAS, SPELLS & NOTES

cash on hand: _____
 phobias: _____



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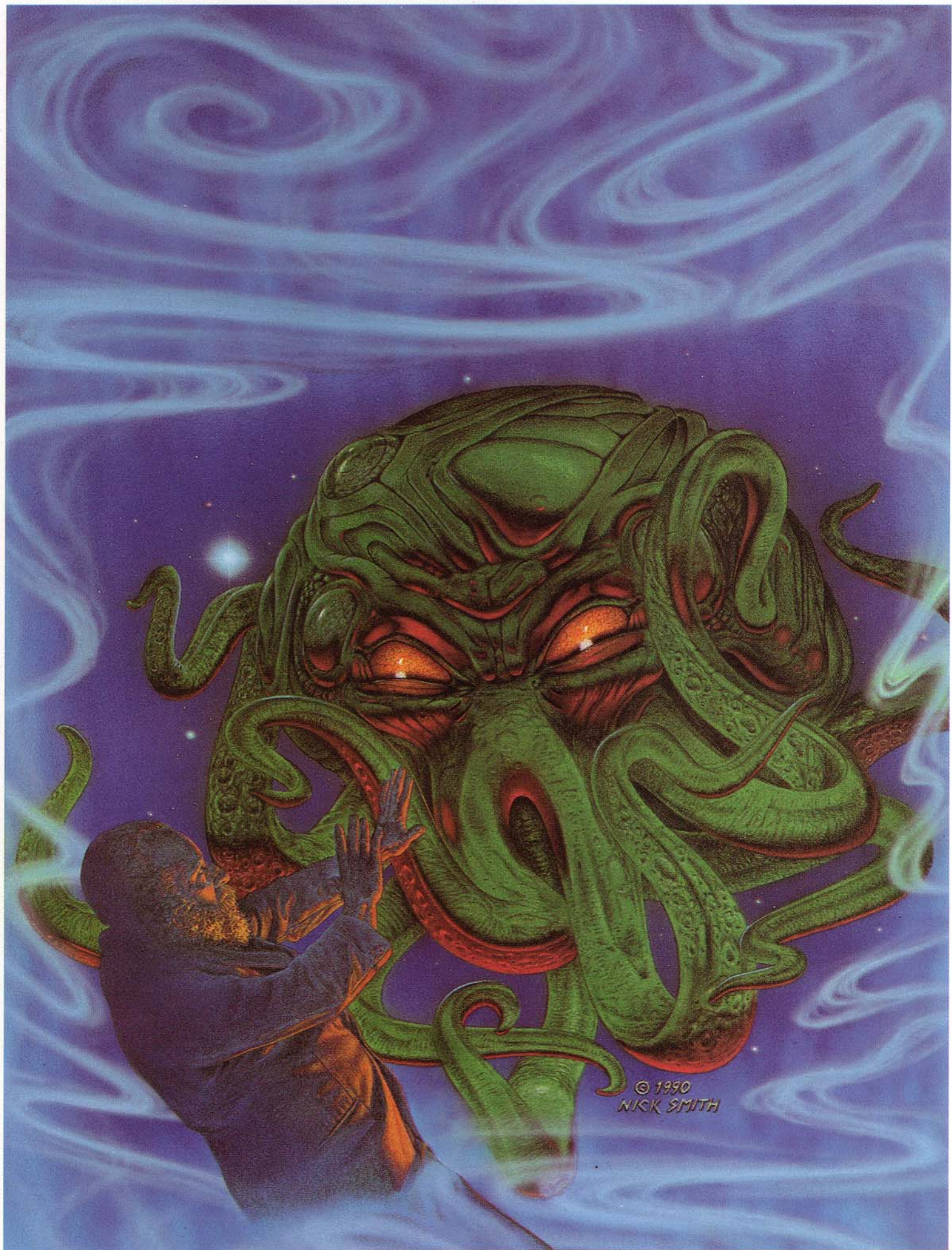
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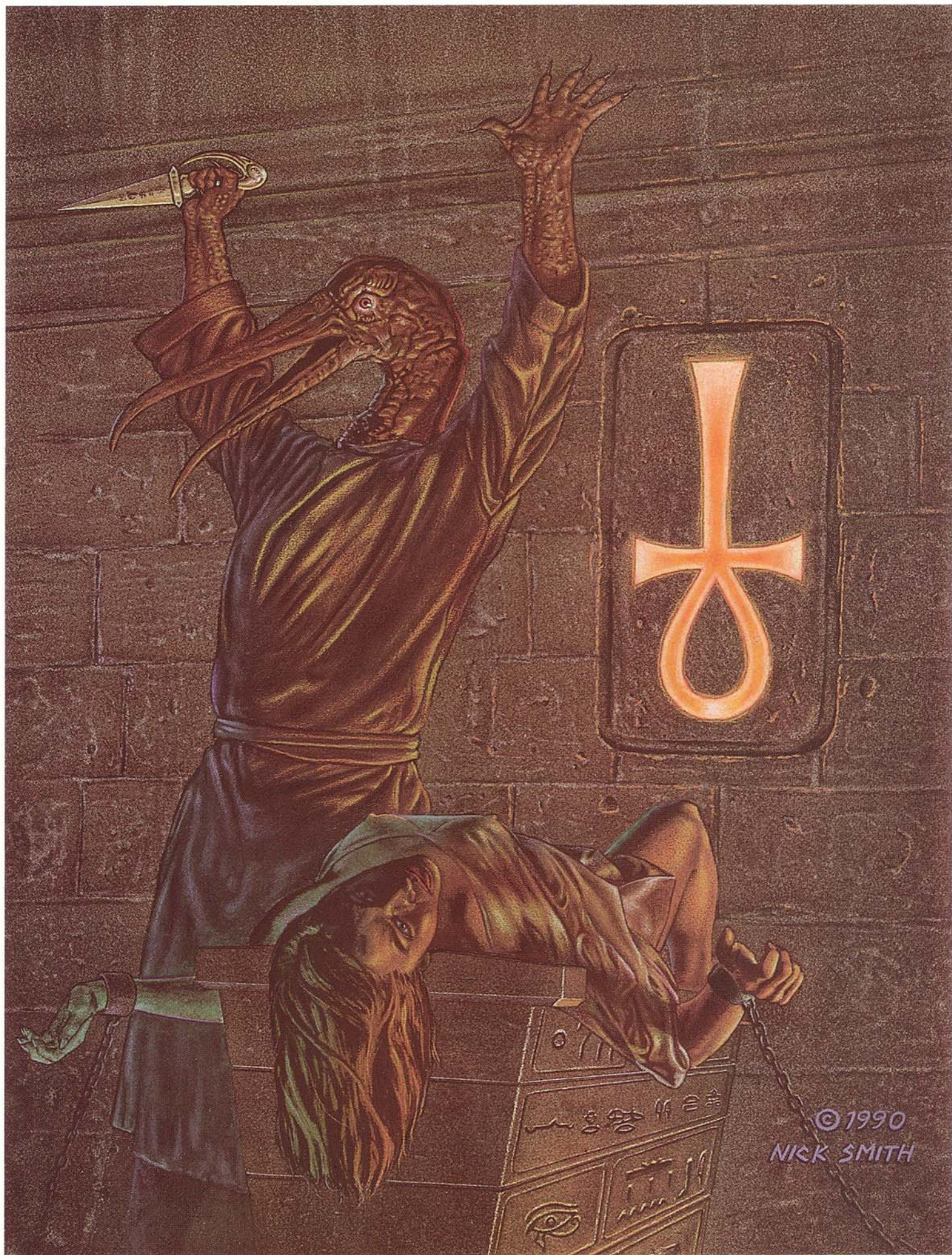




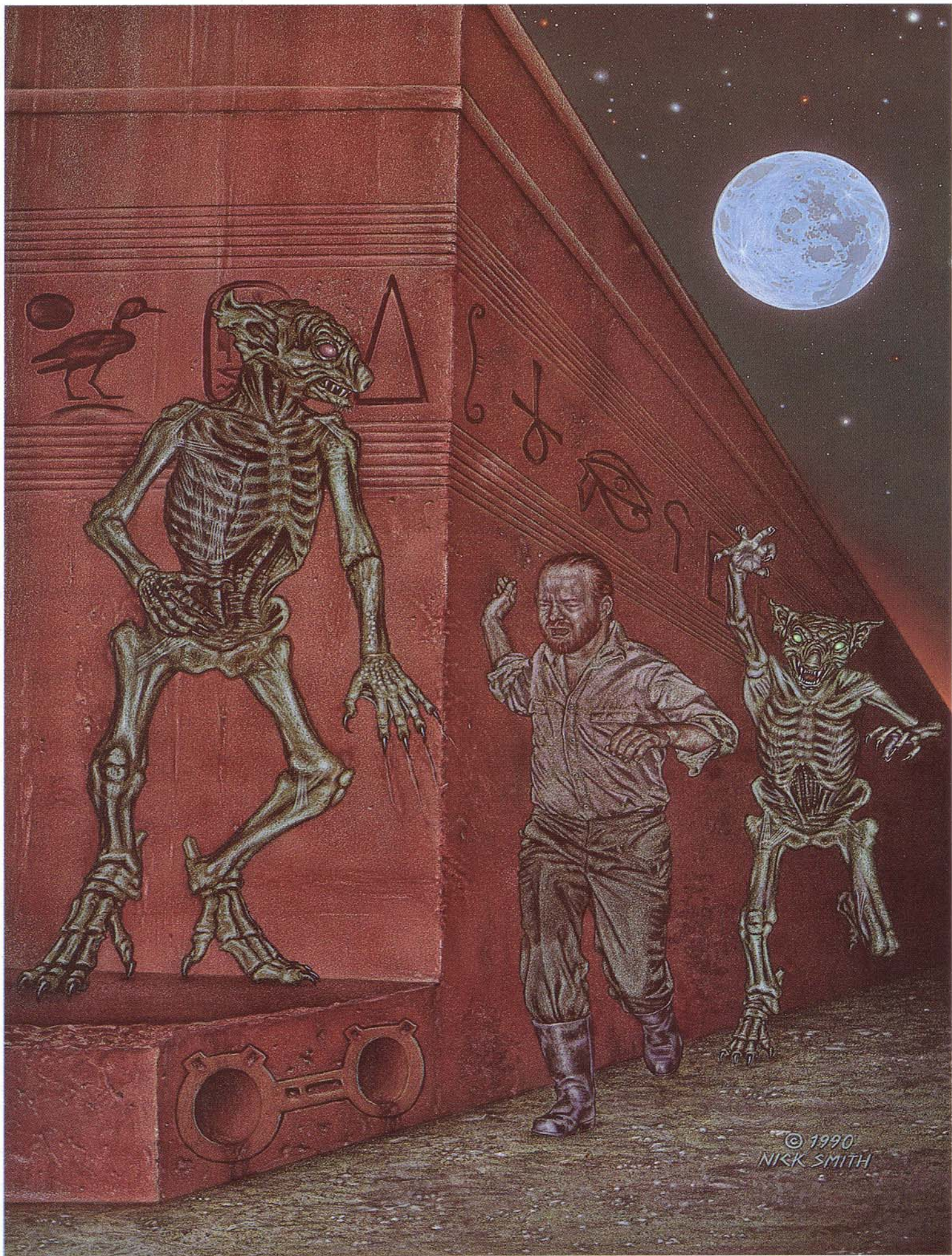
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—H.P. Lovecraft

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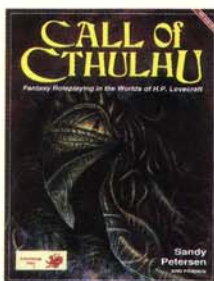
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