

1990s

CALL of HORROR ROLEPLAYING CTHULHU

2360

Utatti Asfet

The Eye of Wicked Sight

Owen Guthrie, Toivo Luick
Steve Gallacci, Earl Geier, R. Wayne Miller





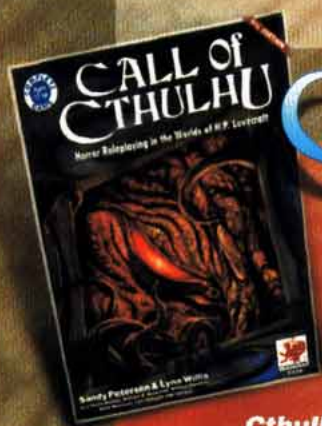
Uttati Asfet

The Eye of Wicked Sight
A 1990s Campaign for Call of Cthulhu

The Graham Westlake Foundation sponsors the International Symposium on Unexplained Phenomena. This year, the fortieth annual symposium takes place in the Pacific island nation of Tonga. The investigators are among the attendees. There, they encounter evidence of phenomena they know only too well. They begin an investigation that leads them to cults, confusion, mayhem, delicate inquiries, villains foreign and domestic, new magics, horrors undersea, horrors in swamps, and horrors in the sands of the desert. A wide variety of characters and situations enhance a memorable set of adventures.

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Utatti Asfet

The Eye of Wicked Sight





H. P. LOVECRAFT 1890-1937

Utatti Asfet

The Eye of Wicked Sight

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Chaosium Inc.

1996

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Introduction

Welcome to *Utatti Asfet*. We hope you will enjoy it. It is the direct result of many endless hours at the Airport Way Pizza Hut (because they're open till 3:00 a.m.) rehashing the exploits of Dr. Hans Dieter, Miles Wilmington, and Riley Maxwell. Those memories led to speculations on games which ought to be written. Finally, in December of 1992, all of that energy simply overflowed into the campaign that you find here. It is composed of largely new material, though some scenes arise from our early days of gaming. We wrote it with our favorite campaigns ever published (*Masks of Nyarlathotep* and *Pursuit to Kadath*) in mind.

We started with the basic idea of writing a campaign. Mostly we wanted to see if we could get published, hopefully in ten languages, and pick up a pile of cash. We had each written scenarios and campaigns of various lengths before, but they were composed of pizza-stained pages of cryptic notes, rather than a publication-ready document. As we talked and tossed around ideas, slowly things began to coalesce into a rough plot outline. We then spent many hours in libraries nurturing our creation with research. Daily we exchanged excited stories at how neatly history or geography played into our favor. In creating this campaign, this was the best part. Next came the first writing, also very enjoyable, as we sat hunched over our keyboards, now and then cackling with fiendish delight. But soon that too ended and we were left with rewrites and edits, again hunched over our keyboards, now mumbling and drooling. Time was spent hammering out the rough spots, stupid corners, boring NPC's, and meaningless meanders of the plot.

This campaign is meant for people who like clue-scrourging, non-violent, campaigns (though the Sudan section will be very difficult), as well as people who like red-hot-barrel, damn-not-enough-ammo firefests (though the Sudan section will be even more difficult). For most obstacles there lies an elegant path to the solution as well as the .45 caliber, full-auto path.

We have been playing *Call of Cthulhu*® since the introduction of the boxed set in the early 1980's. Our early *CoC* characters were heavily armed and trigger happy. Those were some of the best games we ever played, if you evaluate quality by the amount of enjoyment received. Now the preoccupation with detail has smothered the gaming experience: If a character is running down rue Descartes in Paris and makes a left turn on Grenoble, is he now headed toward the Seine or away from it? Answer: It doesn't matter. Who cares what the street names are or which way they one-ways go? If you break up a tense action scene where the investigators are chasing down an evil NPC and you stop to check your Paris street map, you have thrown sand in the gears of the best part of the game.

Action scenes should go down as fast as you can reload. Try not to use miniatures or detailed maps during a game until after hell breaks loose. If the players are about to enter an old house and the Keeper begins drawing and giving dimensions you know that you had better start searching (read: making Spot Hidden rolls). It is more important to have detailed descriptions in your head that you can give verbally. Describe the cherry paneling, four portraits along the right hand wall, antique brass light fixtures, and mahogany roll-top desk. The more details the better; investigators look for key words (book, desk, nightstand, drawer, painting, etc.) which should be avoided to keep from falling into a *CoC* cliché.

As a Keeper a great deal of responsibility falls upon you to be intimate with the scenario. By that I do not mean what is written here (knowledge of the adventure goes without saying), but with the location, the country, the culture, some bits of language, etc. It is not necessary to commit the street map of Algiers to memory, but if an investigator jumps in a cab and asks to go to the largest library in town, then the cab driver better say, "Oui, la bibliothèque de l'université," instead of, "Hunh," or, "Okay, get me a Pepsi while I look one up."

Make up a list of names to use so that when the investigators meet an extraneous NPC you can pop off a name and some personal information (smells bad, fat, greasy mustache, etc.). There should be no hollow NPC's; make them important. It is the Keeper's job to do some reading and pregame work before running any adventure. If you do not have a feel for Tonga or Mardi Gras, then you can not pass it on to your players convincingly. As with any game, the Keeper will be well off to make good use of the local library to augment the already heavily researched background material for each section.

Players can tell that they are on the right track when you can not answer any questions that do not pertain directly to the adventure. If someone asks when high tide is tomorrow, and you don't have a clue, tell them anyhow. Make it authoritative and make it snappy. Whenever you say, "I don't know," the players know that it doesn't matter and another part of the world becomes gray. The world is a huge, complex place. The investigators do not know how the phase of the moon relates to the events taking place, but let them think it might. Maybe it does.

Whatever you do, make it seamless. I highly recommend "cheat sheets" paper-clipped to the inside of your Keeper's screen. Keep NPC names and other crucial details handy there, along with place-names, travel dates, times. These are the facts that make the fabric of your universe real to the players. The only thing better than having your few facts handy is having lots of extra facts handy. The fabric of your universe should be both very dense and very encompassing. It should spread well beyond the confines of your campaign. When asked a question about how to use a Tongan nose flute, treat it with the same importance as though it were a question regarding Lenny Stroeker.

Overall this campaign is a horror mystery, and the point is to enjoy playing it. Every clue does not have to fit and every mystery can not be resolved. Some do not even have answers, and that is all right. The real world is the same way. It is disappointing to us when a game comes to a giant climax where everything you've done is wrapped together at the end. This presupposes that everything is related, which it is not. In *Utatti Asfet* the climax resolves the case of Labib/Amun-Shaklāl, but the Tongan cult of Hina may still be functional, as may be Washington's group in Louisiana. The players will probably never have figured out the whole story behind Lenny Stroeker, though some of his activities do come to light for all but the most myopic of investigators.

Utatti Asfet was fun to write. The drool cleaned up easily. We can't wait to hear your comments in the newsgroups, or overhear them some night in the Airport Way Pizza Hut.

Owen Guthrie

Toivo Joakim Luick

Background

That which has led to the events of this story

Ancient History

The Bedouins of northern Africa tell many stories, and if you join the right camp on a doleful night, sitting up late around a smoldering fire you may hear some of the older tales, tales of the gods. Not Allah, nor the Hebrew god Yahweh, but others far older. Known is the dread name Kthuluhu, and some tell of Azathoth the great, though these names are only spoken in whispers between long-time companions who share great trust. One name, possibly that most rarely heard (and only slightly less rarely forgotten), is mighty Shaklatal, the god who is bound beyond death.

The Old Gods have a special position in the lives of the Bedouin (at least for those that remember). While most Bedouin are faithful Muslims, and count the Old Ones as enemies of Allah, none too few pay them homage first and foremost. Kthuluhu and Shaklatal were worshiped by the first tribal peoples of northern Africa and by their fathers. During the rise of Egypt, Shaklatal became associated with the god Amon. Priests of ancient Egypt gradually blurred the two deities into one, calling it Amun-Shaklatal.

Kthuluhu and Shaklatal, it is said, were rivals in the game of collecting the souls of men. Their loathing for one another was legend, and clever Kthuluhu used Shaklatal's greed and spite to draw it into a cunning trap, where it was imprisoned for thousands of years.

Dread Kthuluhu lies dreaming under the sea, and its worshipers are still today mostly people of the sea. Its influence spans the globe and faithful followers (human and others) have built many shrines and temples. Many temples predate not only humanity, but mammals and even reptiles. Built by creatures that have been absent for over a billion years, they hold great power for the human priests who worship in them today.

One such temple exists in the South Pacific near the islands of the kingdom of Tonga. This temple is sundered into two parts, and is a gateway to another plane which the ancient Egyptians called the underworld (Duat) and which the Tongans call Puluotu. While the Tongans believe that souls are contented in Puluotu, the Egyptian legends are less alluring. Seven gates bar entrance from Duat back to the world. These same gates imprison Shaklatal until it can physically bring itself through using a living host.

In ancient Egypt Shaklatal took a mortal form with the intention of freeing itself. But in this it was tricked by

Kthuluhu. Once it was so confined Kthuluhu took advantage of a moment of overexertion and had its followers seal Shaklatal away in a tomb forever. This is the story of Maleqereabar, and it goes like this ...

The Rise and Fall of Maleqereabar

About 700 B.C. there was great trouble all throughout the Middle East. It is the period of the Old Testament of the Bible. The Hittites in Asia Minor had been ousted by the Sumerians and the Phrygians. They in turn were under attack from the Assyrians, Cimmerians, Medes, and Scyths. Wars were essentially continuous, with battles raging in Iraq, Iran, the Caucasus, and throughout the eastern Mediterranean. It was a time ripe with chaos and laden with blood.

At this same time, in northern Sudan (ancient Kush or Nubia), the pharaoh, Piankhi son of Kashta, was exercising his birthright to the throne of Kush. The Kushite king was expanding northward over Egypt, defeating an uprising that grew from restive nobles in the Nile delta. In an effort to obtain more favor and support from the deities and to aid his king, the high priest Maleqereabar began experimentation in his rituals. Maleqereabar followed tales and superstition. He brought in shamen from the east and sent explorations south and west. From among the many spells and rituals that this quest brought, one name with one ritual rose above the rest.

It came from beneath his very feet, a ritual that was older than the rise of the Kushite empire. It came from dark corners, back alleys, and starlit hilltops, from the lower castes and from Bedouin nomads, who clung to ancient and powerful secrets. The god was Shaklatal. Legend had it that Shaklatal's Ka (soul) festered in the underworld (which is called Duat). It was said that rewards beyond all those in the afterlife awaited he who brought Shaklatal forth from his prison. Maleqereabar studied the ritual to summon Shaklatal.

In order to worship Shaklatal openly, Maleqereabar proclaimed that Amon, worshiped by Egyptians for centuries, was not the truest form of the god behind the lineage of great Kushite kings. He declared that the Egyptians were misled years before, and that he would now set things to rights again. With this return to truth would come prosperity, greatness, and righteous victory to the people. The "true god", as he called it, was named Amun-Shaklatal.

At the same time, Pharaoh Piankhi had returned to Napata, the ancient capital of Kush, and mere days after

his return news came that a rebel prince in the delta had raised an army and sailed north to take Mendes. The eve before Piankhi was to sail for Mendes, Maleqereabar set out burning stakes on top of the sacred mountain. Though he was not ready, the ritual was performed and all the priests of Amon were in attendance, standing in a ring around the hollow top of Jebel Barkal. One hundred slaves and captives were sacrificed, which brought wind. Another hundred brought storm. It was the third hundred that called the attention of Shaklatal.

Unfortunately, the ritual that Maleqereabar received was not quite complete, and he was left vulnerable to Shaklatal's evil ways. This was Cthulhu's will, and the ritual was learned from one of Its priests. Summoned unbound, Shaklatal was free to do as he wished, and (as Cthulhu foresaw) it was his pleasure to combine all his earthly will to take Maleqereabar with the Utatti Asfet, "The Eye of Wicked Sight."

Shaklatal took Maleqereabar because he knew that the only way to escape Duat was through the use of a living vessel. It was necessary to take a living body into Duat to carry out the formless Ka of the imprisoned god.

Maleqereabar was not possessed entirely by Shaklatal; instead the two spirits were mixed to form one. They became one terribly evil spirit with the mind of an Egyptian high priest and a soul of purest evil, intent on bringing the Ka of Shaklatal forth from the underworld. As Maleqereabar eventually became Maleqereabar the old, and served three pharaohs, he never ceased to search for the entrance to Duat.

It is written on the walls of Piankhi's tomb that on his departure from Napata to throw down his challengers favorable winds blew from the south and never ceased until he came down upon his enemy at Mendes a week before he was expected. Maleqereabar rode on the prow of the royal barque, eager for the battle. The forces clashed and, after a short skirmish, the rebels were sent into retreat. Maleqereabar instructed Piankhi that Amun-Shaklatal wished for the enemy to be pursued and crushed in his name. Piankhi balked at Maleqereabar's request, being mainly interested in collecting taxes and not desiring excessive bloodshed, and within days he grew ill and died.

Shebako, Piankhi's brother, inherited the throne of Kush. He was much more ruthless in his response to the revolt. He sailed north, crushed the rebel army, and followed them to their homes. He captured a thousand men, including the leaders of the revolt, and burned them alive. Maleqereabar approved.

During this time Assyria was pursuing a course of terror and massacre from one rich land to another. They overwhelmed Babylon, conquered Damascus, sacked Samaria, and deported the ten tribes of Israel to Iraq. Moving southward the Assyrian king, Sennacherib, had only small Judah blocking his path to the wealth of Egypt and Kush.

Shebako came to the aid of Hezekiah, King of Judah. He sent thousands of soldiers, priests, chariots, weapons, and supplies. Even though Maleqereabar was getting to be very old, he retained an appearance of youth that did not go unnoticed. As before, he stood at the front of the procession. On hearing of the Pharaoh's approaching

army, Sennacherib sent a taunting message to Hezekiah: "Now behold thou trustest on the staff of this bruised reed, even upon Egypt, on which if a man lean, it will drive into his hand and pierce it; so it is with the Pharaoh king of Egypt unto all that trust on him."

That night Maleqereabar called the commander of the armies to bring him many of the less productive slaves (prisoners from previous battles) and a huge, fiery ceremony was carried out in the hills above Judah. The next morning Sennacherib awoke to find one hundred and eighty-five thousand of his men dead and thousands more with shattered minds. Sennacherib retreated and Maleqereabar marched victoriously back to Egypt.

Shebako's next act was to move the capital of Kush and Egypt to Thebes, site of Luxor and Karnak's temples and of the Valley of the Kings. This new location, however, was five hundred miles from Napata. From such a distance it was difficult for Shebako, a military king, to maintain control.

Famine, drought, and pestilence had plagued Egypt and Kush for several years. People had less faith in their lords and priests, and Maleqereabar's patience grew short for Shebako's inaction. Finally some of the tombs near Napata were looted by a nomadic band and the temples of Jebel Barkal were sacked. Maleqereabar was furious and, within hours, Shebako grew ill and died.

Shebako's successor, Pharaoh Taharqa, came to the throne in 690 B.C. A week after the ceremonies for pharaonic succession were over, the rains began. Pharaoh Taharqa described it: "It penetrated the hills of Upper Egypt, it overtopped the mounds of Lower Egypt, and the land became a primordial ocean. . . . Moreover the sky rained in Nubia, it made all the hills glisten. Every man had an abundance of everything, Egypt lay in festival, and the like of the flood was not found in any writing in the time of the ancestors and none said 'I have heard from my father of such a flood.'"

Taharqa did not exaggerate. The high water mark of the flood reached three hundred feet at Thebes and it is still visible today. It has yet to be surpassed or even closely matched. This massive flood irrigated a huge area, drowned rats and vermin of all kinds, and led to a great harvest. The result was a massive rise in the people's support for the new ruler and widespread belief that the new reign was blessed by the gods.

The reign of Taharqa was prosperous. The largest temples during the history of Kush were built at and near Jebel Barkal. One massive temple was hewn out of the rock of Jebel Barkal itself. All were dedicated to Amun-Shaklatal.

During this time Maleqereabar succumbed further to the influence of the Utatti Asfet. His need to locate Duat surpassed in importance his service to Taharqa. Again he sent his agents afar in search of knowledge. He studied oracles, divinations, and astrology. He learned how to locate the entrance to Duat, but at the time travel to the South Pacific was impossible. He recorded his knowledge on a pair of stele that were later entombed with Taharqa.

The Assyrians were not finished, however. In 671 B.C. the Assyrian Esarhaddon attacked Egypt and succeeded in taking Memphis, totally destroying it. He then

returned to Assyria confident of his victory. When Taharqa counterattacked, things went well for him again and he cleared Egypt of the remaining Assyrians.

Like his predecessors, Taharqa did not follow the advice of the now ancient Maleqereabar to pursue the Assyrians. Instead, still jubilant with his victory, Taharqa dared Maleqereabar to follow the Assyrians himself. Enraged by his defeat, Esarhaddon mounted a campaign to return but died only hours after leaving his palace gates.

Esarhaddon's successor was Ashurbanipal. In 664 he marched on Egypt and crushed Taharqa's army outside of Memphis (near modern Cairo). Taharqa retreated to Thebes along with Maleqereabar. Taharqa blamed Maleqereabar for the loss, citing unfulfilled prophecies of plague among the Assyrian army. Forty days later, with Ashurbanipal and his great war barges only miles downriver from Thebes, Taharqa was stranded without an army.

As Taharqa orchestrated plans for a retreat up the Nile, Maleqereabar approached him, demanding he engage the Assyrians again and promising Amun-Shaklal's blessing. Taharqa had been pressed too far by his mysterious advisor, however, and cut off his head. As Maleqereabar was taken by surprise the body suffered a fatal wound. Shaklatal abandoned the damaged body; the Utatti Asfet, along with Maleqereabar's remaining mind, leapt into Taharqa. However, Shaklatal had miscalculated and Taharqa was stronger than he had suspected; he would be no easy pawn to control. He was not strong enough to resist the Utatti Asfet completely. Yet he was able to resist the bound god's bidding to perform another great sacrifice in its name, instead deciding upon another.

The sacrifice was made according to an untried ritual that Maleqereabar had found years before. This ritual was learned from a faithful of Cthulhu. It was meant to "pull the vengeance of the gods from the sea and up the river." Shaklatal knew the peril of such a spell, but the Utatti Asfet could not prevent the mighty pharaoh from trying it.

The ritual was performed in the Ramesseum, a great temple built hundreds of years before by Rameses II on the west bank of the Nile. Taharqa took a place before a great smoldering altar. There were not enough slaves and prisoners, so many peasants were offered as well. Late into the dark night, after hours of ceremony and hundreds of sacrifices, the river began to swell, and the sky grew black. From between the sky and river a deeper blackness began to grow. Suddenly the flames were dampened and a lightless thunderclap crushed the altar. The temple from which the ritual took place was shattered. The crumbled columns and walls remain to this day.

Within an hour the stars shone again and all that remained was Taharqa, seemingly dead, lying on the cloven altar platform. All other priests and acolytes had disappeared. It was believed that Taharqa had lost the favor of Amun-Shaklal and had been punished.

In reality, the ritual had required more strength than Taharqa was capable of controlling, and when the stress of the casting had exposed him sufficiently Cthulhu had sent a curse which trapped Shaklatal in a catatonic state. Temporarily weakened and unable to leave the fallen body of Taharqa, Shaklatal was taken to Napata, em-

balmed, and then magically sealed in a secret, hidden royal tomb by the priest Hobadji. He spent the next 2632 years waiting, fully conscious and fully cognizant of his dark and confining surroundings.

The Kalkhe Expedition

In 1968 a German archeological team, led by Prof. Richard Kalkhe, excavated in the region of Taharqa's pyramid near Napata. Kalkhe and his assistants Oswald Lange, Samantha Heidrichs, Herman Immelman and Max Kleiber hired hundreds of diggers from the nearby town of Karima to remove the sands. Upon baring the western side of the pyramid they found three burial shafts.

At the base of one shaft they discovered a hidden passageway inscribed with pharaonic passages from *The Book of the Dead*. Beyond a heavily inscribed door at the end of the hall lay all the wealth of a king of both Egypt and Kush. Riches and beautiful objects of gold, silver, ivory, and jewels lay about the multi-layered sarcophagus of a pharaoh. The cartouche on the door named the dead pharaoh as Taharqa.

Taharqa's tomb had been discovered earlier by George Reisner, and had included over a thousand ushabti and vast wealth. But Reisner's tomb was a decoy to fool tomb robbers. The real body of Taharqa had lain in the tomb at the base of the shaft since its burial by the priest Hobadji. Hobadji himself had been killed and buried in one of the other burial shafts, under a horrible curse laid by loyal followers of Taharqa upon their discovery of the seal Hobadji had made on the door of the pharaoh's tomb.

Imprisoned for nearly three millennia, the Utatti Asfet sprang into the nearest person when the seal on the tomb was broken. That person was Oswald Lange. As the Utatti Asfet entered Lange he immediately drew ill and was taken back out. As the rest of the party explored the tomb the Utatti Asfet, now strongly infused with the essence of Taharqa, began to gather its strength for an escape. That night a wind storm or *haboob* began to blow in. Sand, blowing hard, began to fill the shaft. As the members of the expedition began to realize their peril they left for Karima, the nearest town.

The only survivor of that expedition was Samantha Heidrichs. As the others were getting into the car she went to get Lange, who was in his tent and supposedly very ill. When she entered she saw him standing in the full regal splendor of an Egyptian pharaoh with his face hideously twisted by the Utatti Asfet. She fled and hid inside a luggage trunk. Having regained his strength Shaklatal/Taharqa/Lange joined the others at the truck and began driving at dangerous speeds. The others asked where Sammy was, but he only laughed and accelerated.

Shortly after starting toward Karima, they suffered a terrible car accident. The storm lasted for two days and by the time the group was found the bodies were horribly desiccated. Their flesh had been partially eroded from their bones by the blowing sand. Miss Heidrichs was found in the trunk, lecturing about the desert sands, by passing Bedouins intent on looting the abandoned camp.

Elated that he might now feel the joy of crushing human lives again, Shaklatal had driven straight into a

sheer-faced rock ridge. He survived the crash, though his (Lange's) body was badly broken. Staggering away from the crash, he happened upon a truck, slowly crawling its way toward Karima. In his greed for the taking of human life, Shaklatal did not bother to possess the driver's body. He gleefully tore the driver apart after beating him senseless. After a while the priest/god drove off to the east, eventually arriving in Port Sudan, with its shipyards, railways, and airport.

In Port Sudan the Utatti Asfet abandoned the body of Lange, which died immediately of its horrible wounds. The Utatti Asfet knew that Cthulhu would begin searching when It learned of the escape, and thus for several years it remained hidden, discovering the secrets of this new world it had entered. After several years the Utatti Asfet came into contact with Ibn Yassin Ibrahim Labib.

Mr. Labib

Labib was a billionaire Saudi prince who, in 1978, had the misfortune of meeting Victor Gremer. Gremer was the then-current bearer of the Utatti Asfet, and Labib was an ideal candidate for resuming the search for Duat. He was taken in an instant and Gremer's body was never found.

With the wealth and influence of Labib, the Utatti Asfet was able to recommence research in order to bring forth Shaklatal from Duat. In 1980 many artifacts were acquired from the Sudanese National Museum that had been discovered by the Kalkhe expedition. Shortly afterward Labib created a perfect servant by raising one of his ushabti. The servant was called Dr. Aziz.

With Aziz's assistance Labib traveled the world searching for the entrance to Duat. He used the stele of Maleqereabar, items which give astral projections for the location of the temple, as well as tracking down other sources of arcane knowledge. The stele led him to the South Pacific, and eventually to the kingdom of Tonga.

The Taking of LeGoullon

On October 8, 1989 Labib bid on a statuette on the block at Sotheby's in London. The statuette had been recovered from the wreck of a sailing ship near Tahiti, and Labib recognized the object as having associations with a cult of his old enemy Cthulhu. His interest grew a hundredfold when he ended up in a bidding war against an enigmatic American. As a result, the nearly insignificant statuette was the high point of the auction when Labib put in a shocking bid of two million dollars.

Labib immediately began investigating the American. His name was Jean LeGoullon, a shipping magnate from Louisiana. Labib was delighted, for it would give him the perfect cover for pursuing an entrance to Duat as well as a chance to vex Cthulhu by damaging one of his secret cults. He only later found out that LeGoullon did not worship Cthulhu, but rather a bayou god in Louisiana.

LeGoullon was invited to join Labib on the *Allah Hu-Akhbar*, his pleasure yacht. There LeGoullon was eaten during a ritual that empowered Labib to take his form at will. Using his new identity, and the resources of LeGoullon Enterprises, he commenced the active search

for Duat. He had the *Proud Ariane*, a marine salvage vehicle, refitted for deep sea operations.

Locating the Temple of Cthulhu

Much research eventually narrowed the area of interest to the kingdom of Tonga, and shortly thereafter to a remote island named Avua'tuopavo slightly east of the main island. The entrance and antechambers to the temple/Duat were located on that island, but the rest of the temple was missing. After a brief scuffle with primitive shark cultists from the neighboring island of Avua'tutu his men were able to calculate the likely position of the remainder of the temple, which had broken off and lay over two thousand feet below the surface in the Tongan Trench.

Frustrated by continuous failed attempts to locate the lower temple, Labib commanded his men to begin using seismic charges to probe the trench wall. The series of explosions eventually did expose the entrance to the temple and give Shaklatal the first scent of freedom.

The blasting also drew some unanticipated attention. Sensors intended to detect underground nuclear testing were tripped worldwide. Though the explosions were clearly non-nuclear, the United States Department of Defense was immediately curious and enlisted the expertise of Dr. Lazlo Volk, a global expert in deep sea seismic activity.

Enter Dr. Volk & the Players

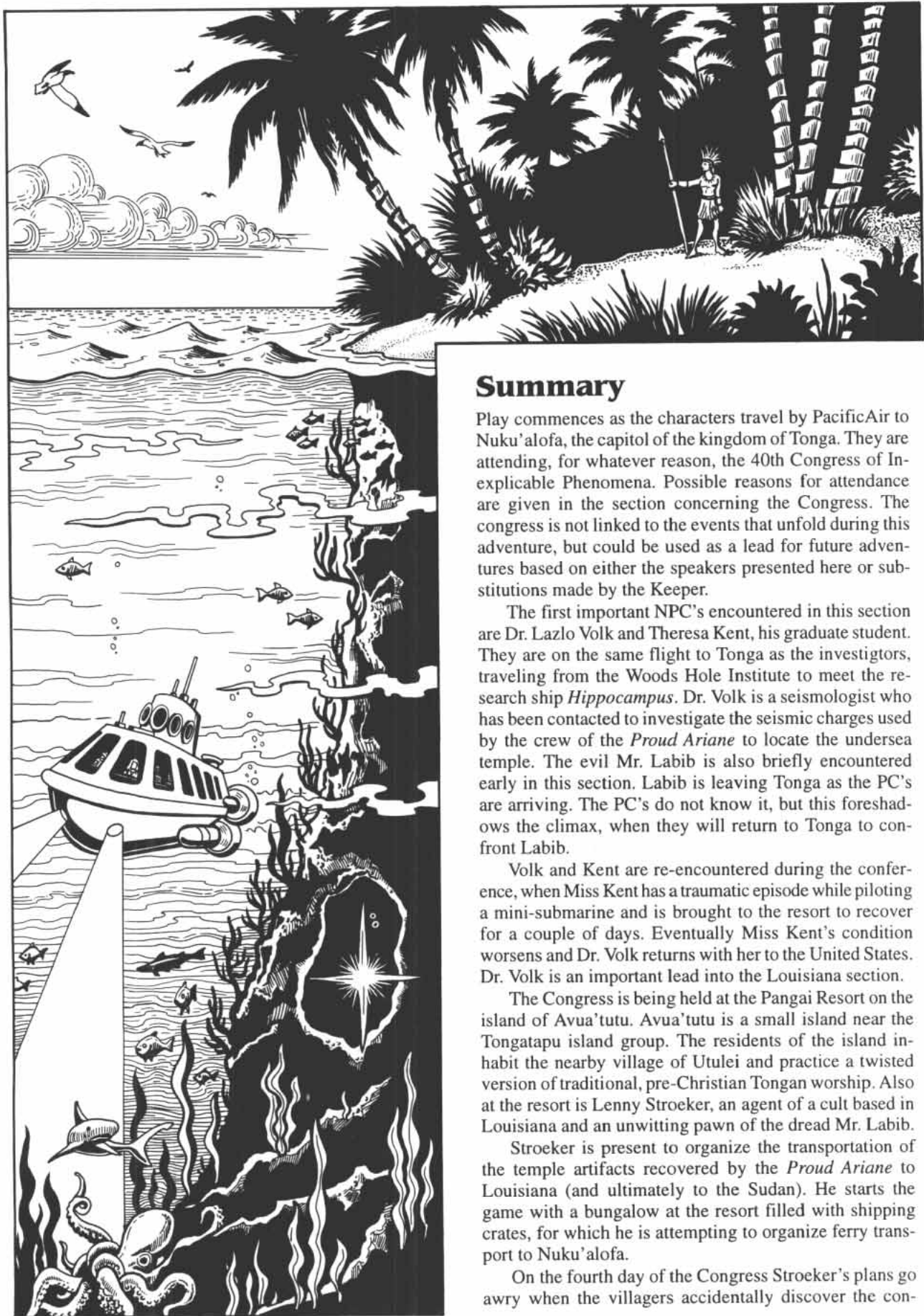
Dr. Lazlo Volk, of the Woods Hole Institute, has sent the research vessel *Hippocampus* to Tonga to prepare to deploy a full array of seismic sensors. As play begins Dr. Volk is flying to Tonga to join his team on the same airplane that carries the investigators.

The Utatti Asfet

The Utatti Asfet represents the earthly manifestation of Shaklatal. It was first brought from beyond the great binding gates by Maleqereabar and it subsequently overtook Taharqa. Thousands of years later it seized Oswald Lange. Moving on, it found its way through many unnamed poor souls until finally it came to rest in the body of Ibn Yassin Ibrahim Labib.

As the Possessor, or Utatti Asfet ("Eye of Wicked Sight" in the language used by the Kushite pharaohs of the 25th Dynasty of ancient Egypt), moves from host to host it retains a small amount of the former hosts' consciousnesses. For instance, a small amount of Maleqereabar and Taharqa resided in Oswald Lange, and now some of each resides in Mr. Labib. The amount of personality that remains is dependent on the POW of the subject. Since Taharqa had the highest POW of any of the Utatti Asfet's hosts, Labib retains more of his personality than of any other.

A side effect of the possession is the loss of control of the left eye. This eye is actually taken over (though not removed) by Shaklatal. The Bound God uses it to look upon the world independently of the wishes of its host. Thus it is prone to wander crazily. It is this wandering eye that earned the name "Eye of Wicked Sight" and it is the same that Samantha Heidrichs fears desperately.



Summary

Play commences as the characters travel by PacificAir to Nuku'alofa, the capitol of the kingdom of Tonga. They are attending, for whatever reason, the 40th Congress of Inexplicable Phenomena. Possible reasons for attendance are given in the section concerning the Congress. The congress is not linked to the events that unfold during this adventure, but could be used as a lead for future adventures based on either the speakers presented here or substitutions made by the Keeper.

The first important NPC's encountered in this section are Dr. Lazlo Volk and Theresa Kent, his graduate student. They are on the same flight to Tonga as the investigators, traveling from the Woods Hole Institute to meet the research ship *Hippocampus*. Dr. Volk is a seismologist who has been contacted to investigate the seismic charges used by the crew of the *Proud Ariane* to locate the undersea temple. The evil Mr. Labib is also briefly encountered early in this section. Labib is leaving Tonga as the PC's are arriving. The PC's do not know it, but this foreshadows the climax, when they will return to Tonga to confront Labib.

Volk and Kent are re-encountered during the conference, when Miss Kent has a traumatic episode while piloting a mini-submarine and is brought to the resort to recover for a couple of days. Eventually Miss Kent's condition worsens and Dr. Volk returns with her to the United States. Dr. Volk is an important lead into the Louisiana section.

The Congress is being held at the Pangai Resort on the island of Avua'tutu. Avua'tutu is a small island near the Tongatapu island group. The residents of the island inhabit the nearby village of Utulei and practice a twisted version of traditional, pre-Christian Tongan worship. Also at the resort is Lenny Stroeker, an agent of a cult based in Louisiana and an unwitting pawn of the dread Mr. Labib.

Stroeker is present to organize the transportation of the temple artifacts recovered by the *Proud Ariane* to Louisiana (and ultimately to the Sudan). He starts the game with a bungalow at the resort filled with shipping crates, for which he is attempting to organize ferry transport to Nuku'alofa.

On the fourth day of the Congress Stroeker's plans go awry when the villagers accidentally discover the con-

Part I: Tonga

Wherein the characters travel to the beautiful South Pacific and embark on their investigation

tents of the crates. The villagers, who control another section of the same temple on the sister island of Avua'tuopavo, seize the cargo and begin hunting Stroeker. That night Stroeker radios the *Proud Ariane* and summons aid. His men, who are well armed, assault the island temple and reclaim the crates, as well as several artifacts sacred to the villagers. Stroeker spends the remainder of this section waiting in Nuku'alofa to get his cargo onto an airplane.

During this section there are ample opportunities for the characters to draw the attention of the local cannibal villagers. The cult becomes active as soon as they learn of the contents of Stroeker's crates. They also follow normal Sunday Catholic mass with their own primitive rites held on Avua'tuopavo.

Modern Tonga

The Kingdom of Tonga is a collection of about 170 islands that are divided into three major groups, plus a couple of outlying islands. The islands are about 400 miles east of Fiji in the middle of the South Pacific. The three groups are arranged north to south and are named Vava'u, Ha'apai, and Tongatapu. The capital of Tonga is Nuku'alofa, on the island of Tongatapu. This is the largest city and the destination of all international flights (because it has the only decent runway).

Tonga observes Independence (from Britain) Day on June 4th, an event which happened in 1970. The United States has no embassy in Tonga. The ambassador to Fiji takes care of American concerns.

A passport and an onward or return ticket are both required to enter Tonga, but no visa is required unless the visit will exceed thirty days. There are no particular health risks in Tonga, but proof of yellow fever vaccination is required for travelers from infected areas (such as the Sudan).

Tongan power is 230 volts at 50 hertz. American appliances work on 110 volts and 60 hertz, and therefore require a voltage adapter to operate. The telephone system is good and there is an AM radio station (no FM and no television). Radios are therefore very common. Hospital

facilities are inferior to those in the United States and the U.S. State Department recommends deferring medical treatment until safety can be assured.

Tongans celebrate Good Friday and Easter Monday (March 29 and April 1, respectively, in 1991), and these are the only major holidays that are likely to occur during the course of this adventure. Nationwide, Tongans are about 88% Protestant and 12% Catholic.

Nuku'alofa is a major port that trades with New Zealand, Fiji, Australia, Japan, and the United States. Exports are mainly agricultural and include bananas, coconuts, coconut oil, fish, taro, copra, and vanilla beans. Imports include fuel, machinery, building materials, food, tobacco, and chemicals.

The Tongan unit of currency is the pa'anga, equal to 100 seniti, and equivalent to about \$1.25 U.S. Throughout the text prices are listed in pa'anga. Exchange rates for foreign currency at other than official institutions can be disastrous for the consumer.

The Tongan government is a constitutional monarchy. The executive branch has both the king (Taufa'ahau Tupou IV) and prime minister (prince Fatafehi Tu'ipelehake, who will be succeeded by Baron Vaea on August 21, 1991). There is a legislative assembly whose duty it is to make the king's word into law without too much delay.

Tonga's national airline is Friendly Island Airways. Each of the two planes holds less than twenty people.

Tongatapu is a large, flat island of boring terrain. It is largely cultivated, producing the export crops listed above. The best beaches and most scenic locales are found on the nearby islets, also the locations of the best tourist facilities. Avua'tutu is the most remote of these islets, and the highest rated by most travel publications. There are many sights to see here including the royal palace (which can be toured) and the king himself, *langi* (tombs for the kings made of enormous blocks of stone), the *ha'amonga* (a stone arch resembling those at Stonehenge), a flying fox sanctuary (the huge bats are protected by royal decree), and some spectacular blowholes.

The king can be seen often in Nuku'alofa being driven in his great black Cadillac or working out, rowing in the harbor or biking around the rugby grounds. He is about 70 years old and weighs 300 pounds (down from 460). The palace was prefabricated in New Zealand in 1867, and seems rather out of place.

The Congress of Inexplicable Phenomena

A foundation was created by the esteemed Sir Graham Westlake in 1887 in London for the purpose of inspiring scientific research in new and innovative ways. The early Congresses served to expose unexplained phenomena to the scrutiny of many reputable scholars, the underlying idea being that various experts would have a range of expertise. Presumably, since the whole exceeds the sum of its parts, they would collaborate to elucidate the answer to whatever riddle had been chosen for that year.

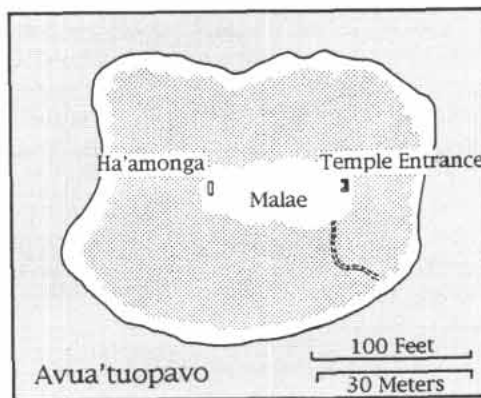
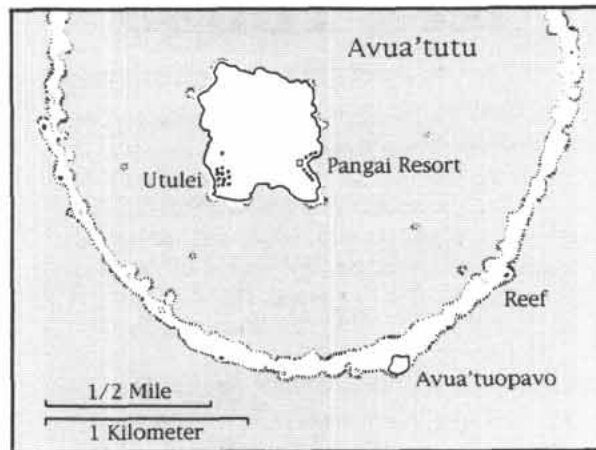
By the turn of the century the conferences no longer had the prestige to assemble a high enough caliber of persons for Sir Graham to continue. There was a long period from 1899 until Sir Graham's death in 1928 when the conferences were discontinued. In 1929 Sir Graham's only son William inherited his father's estate and the defunct, though well endowed, foundation. Sir William recommenced holding conferences when he found that he was unable to pillage the foundation funds. By the charter of the foundation, funds could only be used to pay for research and to hold the once annual Congress of Inexplicable Phenomena. His activities brought the foundation

nearly to ruin. It suffered gravely both financially and in terms of its credibility.

The conferences were extravagant in the extreme, and they held only the vaguest reflection of scientific pursuit. Instead the young Sir William perverted the original intent of the conferences to indulge his curiosity with the occult. He sponsored talks by both charlatans and the expositors thereof, gypsy fortune tellers and magicians, "voodoo" witch doctors and an assorted collection of frauds. All of his friends were invited, of course, and the locations were always exotic and lavish. When Sir William died in 1952, his will entrusted the foundation to his friend Dr. George Baldrey.

Dr. Baldrey, an anthropologist, had been invited to speak at the 18th Congress in 1934 about his experiences with the headhunters of Borneo. Baldrey and Sir William became fast friends, and soon he was helping run the foundation. He wanted to bring credibility to the organization by hosting scientific conferences again, with special emphasis on his own field of study (of course). Careful and inspired financial management brought the foundation back onto firm footing by 1970. He has been funding anthropological research since 1965 and began holding the Congresses again in 1973.

The foundation funds a lot of questionable research, and the Congresses never got the attention for which Baldrey hoped. The 40th Congress is nearly completely overlooked by the serious scientific world, being mainly attended by those who have received money from and donated money to the foundation. The elderly Baldrey will not be present because of health considerations.



Baldrey is suffering from a condition similar to Parkinson's disease and is able to communicate only through typing on a customized computer keyboard with his nose.

Tonga has been chosen by Baldrey because of some discoveries that his long-time friend Sir Arthur Wilmington (an excellent but controversial, and therefore frequently overlooked, archaeologist) made there. Wilmington found artifacts that closely resembled in style some that Baldrey had found in Borneo earlier in the century. Baldrey's artifacts were associated with an unnamed death cult from which he barely escaped with his life. They were never accepted as being valuable (or even genuine) by his peers.

Baldrey's mind is intact within his crippled body, but he could not effectively communicate his enthusiasm for what Wilmington took for a minor find at best. He hopes that by hosting a conference in such close proximity at least one of the enthusiastic young anthropologists will learn more. He does not know that the cult is still active or that there might be any danger. He simply wants the link to Borneo to be uncovered.

The characters can be attending the Congress for any number of reasons, but with luck one can be found that is not too unrealistic. If at least one character is an anthropologist then perhaps he receives grant money from the foundation. At least some of the other characters may be friends who are financially capable of taking a convenient vacation. Extremely wealthy characters perhaps donate to the foundation and have been invited to enjoy the fruits of their generosity in an exotic and beautiful location. Veteran investigators may have heard about the provocative nature of some of the earlier Congresses and be attending simply out of curiosity, though this is less favored. Perhaps a better explanation will present itself when the players decide upon their characters. This adventure will take the characters around the globe so it is advisable that they be people of no small means, lest financial problems bring the investigation to a halt.

The cost for the six-day meeting is \$1695, and participants must also pay their own airfare. While at the Congress, all expenses (including rooms, local transportation, and meals, but not drinks) are covered by the payment (in advance) of the meeting fee. There are presentations and activities planned for each of the six days of the Congress, and there is plenty of free time to enjoy the climate.

The Flight to Nuku'alofa

This adventure actually begins on the plane that takes the characters to Tonga. Flights go from Wherevertown, U.S.A. to Los Angeles, where passengers change planes for the trip to Honolulu. A third plane flies the investigators to Nadi, Fiji and then to Nuku'alofa, which is the capital of the Kingdom of Tonga. There is no change of plane in Fiji, and the layover is short enough that there isn't even any real reason to deplane. The players should each be given a copy of Handout Tonga1, "Introduction to the Congress and Schedule of Events", and Handout Tonga2, "Travel Itinerary."

Flying on the plane with them is a seismologist from the Woods Hole Institute named Dr. Lazlo Volk. Dr.

Volk is accompanied by his assistant Theresa Kent, a graduate student working on her doctorate. They are traveling to Tonga to investigate some seismological disturbances near the edge of the continental shelf at the request of the Tongan government. They are to be met in Nuku'alofa by the *Hippocampus*, a Woods Hole research vessel equipped with sensors for underwater seismological exploration.

Dr. Volk and Miss Kent are both friendly and would like nothing better than to pass the time during the flight chatting, though not necessarily about seismology (a topic which is most notable for being criminally dull). Volk will happily tell all that he knows, but the disturbances were detected with such crude instruments that he knows very little. He thinks that they were possibly caused by a volcanic explosion or tectonic movement. Do not make the disturbances sound important or even interesting. Volk and Kent will gladly follow the discussion in another direction if possible. Volk has done some homework and can give the investigators some of the historical information about early western contact with Tonga (see Handout Tonga3).

The disturbances are actually caused by explosives being used by Lenny Stroeker's deep sea excavation crew attempting to expose the lower half of the temple, though the characters learn nothing more about them until later.

Also on the plane are several people headed for the Congress. Players can get acquainted with fellow conference-goers if they wish. Hector Bromowitz, Shannon Langtree, and Harold Brown are all on this flight, as are many attendees who are not giving presentations. Use these characters to keep those players not seated next to Volk or Kent from getting bored and to keep them from being too conspicuous this early in the adventure. If possible let them think that the adventure is going to head in the direction of the research of one or more of these people.

Dr. LAZLO VOLK, Aged Seismologist, age 59

STR 11	CON 8	SIZ 13	INT 16	POW 10
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 22	SAN 50	HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Biology 25%, Chemistry 50%, Computer Use 50%, Credit Rating 50%, Dodge 22%, Drive Auto 40%, Electrical Repair 70%, Electronics 65%, Geology 90%, Library Use 55%, Listen 20%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%, Persuade 35%, Physics 55%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 15%; Languages: English 80%, German 65%



Physically Volk is a cross between Colonel Sanders, of Kentucky Fried Chicken fame, and Burl Ives. He is slightly plump and his white hair is impeccably groomed.

Volk has an incredibly sharp wit and is an interesting conversationalist. He takes his work seriously, but does not burden his companions with it during conversation. He designs and builds his own sensors to detect seismic disturbances and sub-

surface geography. Though his sensors are the most advanced in the world, he wouldn't expect anyone outside the field to find them interesting.

He has never before heard of the Congress of Inexplicable Phenomena.

THERESA KENT, Lovely But Ill-fated Graduate Student, age 23

STR 9 CON 15 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 15 APP 16 EDU 18 SAN 65 HP 13

Note: SAN starts at 65, but after her undersea encounter it drops to 45.

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Biology 45%, Chemistry 40%, Computer Use 70%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 40%, Geology 75%, Library Use 55%, Listen 30%, Photography 60%, Physics 55%, Pilot Submarine 35%, Psychology 40%, Ride Horse 40%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 50%.

Theresa is quite pretty and quite single. It is the duty of the Keeper to seat her next to the investigator most likely to form an attachment (not necessarily romantic) to her. During the course of the next few days they must form a bond in order to set up the continuation of the adventure into the next section.



HECTOR BROMOWITZ, Seeker of Atlantis, age 42

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 7 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 10 EDU 14 SAN 50 HP 10

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Credit Rating 2%, Dodge 20%, Drive Auto 40%, History 35%, Library Use 55%, Listen 20%, Persuade 55%, Spot Hidden 10%; Languages: Ancient Greek 40%, English 55%, Latin 20%

Hector has spent a fair amount of time traveling around the Mediterranean Sea collecting references to the lost continent of Atlantis. He has never had a paper published but does not feel discouraged.



He receives grant money from the foundation and was thus able to get a time slot as a speaker, something he looks forward to rabidly. Hector believes that Atlantis can be found, but that it is a lot further west and south than anyone has ever looked. His theory is based on a collection of myths, old wives' tales, and dreamed-up craziness. No rational person gives him any credibility whatsoever after hearing him talk about his "work" for more than a couple of minutes.

Mr. Bromowitz is self-educated after high school and thinks that established authorities in the field of archaeology shun him because they are resentful and a little jealous. He is a fruitcake, but he takes his work very seriously and will use any opportunity to explain his theories to whomever will listen. He is a short and stout little man who likes his vodka tonics to begin flowing before noon.

SHANNON LANGTREE, Former NASA Scientist, age 43

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 17 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Astronomy 65%, Computer Use 60%, Credit Rating 3%, Dodge 10%, Electronics 65%, Geology 20%, Listen 40%, Persuade 10%, Photography 75%, Physics 35%, Spot Hidden 15%; Languages: English 60%, German 25%

Miss Langtree seems only slightly less off the wall than Mr. Bromowitz. She has a masters degree in astronomy, and worked for NASA analyzing images transmitted from observational satellites. She made some observations about a year ago of the Antarctic ice cap and came up with some astounding-looking photos containing what she claims can only be man-made structures. Her theory has never been taken seriously and she quit NASA in a cloud of bitterness. She is hoping to gain attention for her observations at the Congress, and hopes for some research funds as well. She will not discuss her work with anyone before the lecture because she wants to build up some suspense and to prevent skeptics from sabotaging her in the eyes of her fellow scientists before she has a chance to make her case. Though unattractive, Miss Langtree is most repellent to other people because of her cigarettes (which smell worse than just about anything in the world). She makes them herself out of home grown tobacco (or something). Shannon is a (barely) recycled hippy. She remembers only small parts of the 1960's clearly.



HAROLD BROWN, Amateur Archeologist, age 40

STR 15 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 15 SAN 75 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Anthropology 35%, Archaeology 75%, Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 20%, Geology 50%, History 80%, Library Use 55%, Listen 20%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Occult 30%, Persuade 55%, Plumbing 80%, Rifle 35%, Shotgun 65%, Spot Hidden 55%; Languages: English 80%, Latin 75%

Note: Brown has no weapons with him.

Harold Brown is from the UK. He attended Oxford and studied history before getting married. He was forced to quit school and pursue a trade as a plumber to pay the bills. He spends his spare time collecting Roman artifacts and studying that period



of English history. His work is always well received, as it is thoughtful and clear. He receives small grants from the foundation for his researches. Mr. Brown would love to talk to any fellow Brits, or anyone who is interested in history. He sees this conference as a vacation (the foundation is subsidizing his trip to promote quality). He has little intention of spending his week in paradise listening to a lot of boring lectures. Physically, he is a tall man of slight build. He has a mustache and wears a bowler, and is always well dressed.

Arrival in Nuku'alofa

The plane arrives in Nuku'alofa on January 28, 1991 at 10:15 a.m. local time (eighteen hours ahead of U.S. Eastern Standard Time) on the only permanent surfaced runway in the country. People deplane down a ramp onto the tarmac outside the airport building and have to walk inside. Within the building are Tongan customs, a duty-free store, a baggage claim area, and ticketing offices.

As the passengers deplane they walk into the airport and must clear customs, which are extremely easy here, before doing anything else. Within the airport, in the customs area, is only one person of note: Mr. Labib. He readily stands out as being from somewhere in the Middle East. He is wearing an incredibly sharp, crisp, and unusually dark black suit. His immaculate black tie stands out over the brilliant white dress shirt, and he carries a silver-capped black cane. Even his shoes are perfectly shined and unscuffed.

Mention Labib but if the characters ignore him then let him go on his way. He should be an enigma—not necessarily bad but definitely worthy of note. He is waiting for his Lear jet to be ready for take-off and doesn't care about events involving anyone here. If the characters approach Labib for a closer look, or possibly to attempt to speak to him, then Labib takes the initiative.

Though he did not appear to notice the character advancing on him, at the last minute he spins quickly to confront the intruder. Before the investigator has a chance to speak or act Labib's black cane shoots out and jabs at the investigator's chest, holding him beyond arm's length. Simultaneously Labib asks, "Don't I know you?" The investigators will probably be thrown for a loop. Labib does not know who they are, but does not appreciate their scrutiny. His question is designed to drive them off. He will continue probing coronary arteries with his cane and questioning them in an unfriendly manner if they continue bothering him.

Do not let him lose command of the situation. The investigators ought to feel unbalanced and, if possible, somewhat humiliated. The optimal outcome is for the characters to have a fear of him after this exchange. Labib commands respect with the charisma of a pharaoh, and values not the lives of such rabble. Labib will not indulge the investigators' curiosity whatsoever, not even to give them his name.

Do not deny the characters the chance to learn the dreaded name of Ibn Yassin Ibrahim Labib, but make them work for it by using Fast Talk, Persuade, or Credit Rating on the appropriate airport personnel. Labib gets noticed by people. The customs agent who checked his Saudi Arabian passport will definitely remember him.

At the airport is a bus which takes people and luggage to the docks, where the ferry to Pangai Resort waits. The bus is owned by the resort and the trip has already been paid for (included with the price of admission to the Congress). The characters will part company with Dr. Volk and Miss Kent at the airport, as some of their companions meet them upon deplaning. The ferry doesn't leave until 3:30 p.m. so the characters should have no less than four hours to spend in Nuku'alofa.

They can play tourist if they want, or they may wish to learn a little bit about where they are bound. The brochures describe the island as a "beautiful tropical paradise in the South Pacific", but carry little hard information about it. Local libraries in the United States will require a great deal of searching (which the characters have until now probably neglected to do) for the information that can readily be acquired here (Handout Tonga3).

With a little work let them learn that Avua'tutu is a tiny island to the east of Tongatapu, with a small population of farmers and fisherman living in the single village of Utulei. The resort was built fifteen years ago in an attempt to attract the money that accompanies a healthy tourism industry.

Lost Luggage

During the first day in Tonga, the players find that they have gotten a suitcase mixed up with that of Hector Bromowitz. The suitcase contains some interesting and valuable books that are not important to this game.

Make sure that the characters have met Hector Bromowitz on the flight into Nuku'alofa. Being slightly paranoid and very anal retentive, he usually manages to alienate people rather quickly. At the least, the characters are likely to remember a face to go with the tag on their new suitcase.

Upon arrival Bromowitz quickly grabs his bags and heads to a local hotel for the evening. It is very likely that he will leave the airport before the investigators have exhausted their patience with Labib. Unfortunately Bromowitz has a bag that is of identical manufacture to one belonging to an investigator, and he took the wrong bag by mistake.

Allow a Spot Hidden to notice that the bag is not quite right unless the investigator owning the bag states that he checks (automatic success). The bag is identical (maybe slightly less heavy), but has a name tag indicating that it is the property of Hector Bromowitz and a small padlock securing the zipper (successful Mechanical Repair to open this simple lock).

To make matters somewhat worse, the investigators will not be able to find Mr. Bromowitz until the following afternoon, as he does not head directly to the resort. He checks into the South Seas Hotel (slightly better than a dive) to get some rest before trying the ferry. He is prone to terrible sea sickness and is feeling none too good already after the lengthy flight. It is on this first evening that he finally notices that he has gotten the wrong bag.

The Contents of the Case

Within the case are copies of all of Hector's slides for the presentation (he has another set in another bag just in case; remember he is paranoid), his note cards (tragically he has only one copy of these), and three books. The first book was written in 1986 and is titled *Case Proven: The Home of the Ancient Atlanteans Revealed*. The book was written by a self-styled historian by the name of Louis Saunders and was published in London. The second book is a translated copy of Plato's *Timaeus* in English (1886).

The third is wrapped in several folds of protective cloth. It is an old and fragile manuscript written in Ancient Greek.

The slides show Bromowitz posing smugly with various stone monuments of the British Isles, as well as maps indicating the patterns in which they are laid out. Many lines are drawn through the monuments and extrapolated out into the Atlantic Ocean. There are also slides of various artifacts that appear to be ancient Greek (with a successful Archaeology roll). The artifacts include vases and small statuettes, and all have some sort of oceanic motif. None of these have any significance beyond demonstrating a large degree of kookery in the owner.

Case Proven is interesting as far as wild, unsupported, pseudo-scientific postulations go. It was published by Willoughby Press of London. Willoughby is a vanity press where authors who are rejected by conventional publishing houses can pay to have their writing handsomely printed, bound, and (poorly) distributed. Saunders is an active member of the Flat Earth Society and is much more of a kook than is Bromowitz.

A brief read-through (about six hours) of *Case Proven* shows that Bromowitz has practically plagiarized the entire book for his presentation. His contribution is that he went to England and saw the same monuments described in the book and assumed that since they were actually there the author's claims had been verified.

Timaeus is a text by Plato that discusses Atlantis. Some of the main ideas are that Atlantis was an island larger than Lybia and Asia put together that was situated in front of the straits known as the pillars of Heracles. The Atlanteans ruled their islands along with most of Europe and Africa.

The Greek book takes someone with the ability to read Ancient Greek in order to get anywhere. The book appears to have been written by none other than Plato himself. The title is *Critias*. This is the original manuscript of this book and Bromowitz's greatest treasure, and he will become desperate when he discovers that it is missing. The book had been in his late wife's family (unread) for over two hundred years. It was the discovery of this book after her death that started him on Atlantean research.

Critias tells of a rulership by priest kings who interpreted the laws given them by the gods (principally by Poseidon, king of the sea). The last fragment of Atlantis to fall into the sea was the island of Poseidonis 9,000 years before the time of the sage Solon. Poseidonis was a terraced city with huge temples and canals and gigantic doors made of gold. The Egyptians are descendants of the gigantic (7' tall or more) Atlanteans, though the pure blood has been mixed thinly with that of the indigenous Semites and Negroes. Atlantis fell because the inhabitants lost the favor of the gods.

With a successful Ancient Greek roll it still takes at least sixty hours to read through the entire thing. Handle the reading of these three (and any other) books much like Mythos tomes, so that the characters will not be able to assess their (lack of) importance. Successfully reading this last book allows the reader to check his Ancient Greek and History skills.

The Heart of the Matter

The investigators are likely to desire to retain ownership of this book. Books like this are the most precious resources in the game and this one appears to be spectacular. There are a few obstacles, and the first should be moral integrity and general honesty. After that there is the possibility that something of value was in the bag that Bromowitz ended up with. The investigators may be willing to swap treasure for treasure. Lastly, Bromowitz will be actively searching for his bag.

If the characters are upstanding citizens (a commonly missing trait) then they will return Bromowitz's bag without even looking inside. Good for them if they do (+1 Sanity each at the end of the Tonga section). He will eye them suspiciously for the rest of the conference, and generally act strangely (he would have done that anyhow).

If they muddle with his case and read his stuff then they get no Sanity bonus but their curiosity is fulfilled (most investigators would trade Sanity for satisfaction any day). If they return Bromowitz's bag relatively quickly with all contents intact then he takes no special notice beyond eyeing suspiciously, acting strangely, etc. They could reasonably photocopy/photograph each page of the book and then return it to him if they wanted to.

If they are sufficiently dishonest as to try to keep Bromowitz's book then things get really interesting. If they keep the entire case, or return it (anonymously?) without the book he will go into action. The character's bag is likely to have a luggage tag indicating the name and home address of the owner. He will make an attempt to contact the owner of the bag and try to recover his book. He is paranoid and therefore suspects the worst.

He does not say that he has the investigator's suitcase, or that he is missing his. Instead he talks around the subject, trying to draw a confession of guilt from the thief. Given anything less than complete satisfaction (return of the suitcase with a convincing argument for innocence or ignorance) he will go to extremes. He doesn't trust the staff (they are obviously the ones who perpetrated the suitcase swap), so he tries to sneak into the investigator's bungalow to find the book for himself.

Needless to say, he is unable to give his presentation if he is still missing his suitcase. The tragic loss to the field of archaeology is less than staggering.

Arrival at Pangai Resort

As the ferry cruises into the small harbor it is immediately evident that Pangai Resort is as beautiful as the pamphlets claimed. The resort consists of a large main building which has rooms, a lounge, a store, two restaurants (offering both Oriental and Western cuisine), and a ballroom large enough to seat the entire assembly from the Congress. There are also a pool, a golf course, tennis courts, ocean access, a few small boats, jet skis, and even a submarine. The attendees of the Congress are to stay in bungalows which stretch in a line up the coast in either direction from the main building. The entire grounds are tastefully decorated with trees and flower beds.

The bungalows, outwardly primitive looking, are comfortable. The beds are small but very snug. There are electricity and a working bathroom in each bungalow, as well as a phone which acts as an intercom to the front desk, but calls can be redirected from there to other phones throughout the resort. There is no glass in the windows, but shutters drop over the windows in case of bad weather or if privacy is required. The doors have simple locks, again for privacy and security of the guests.

Checking into the hotel is easy. The hotel staff (about three fourths of which is local and therefore cultist) has everyone's names and the bungalows are already prepared. Each Congress attendee receives a T-shirt which has the conference logo on the upper left breast with "Graham Westlake Foundation" in very small type, and which reads on the back, "40th Congress of Inexplicable Phenomena, TONGA 1991." Luggage is carried by porters to the rooms. There are generally two persons to a bungalow, and rooming assignments have been made already. You can put your players together if you wish, or split them up with other attendees. Whatever happens, make sure to put at least one inquisitive investigator next door to Leonard Stroeker's bungalow.

The conference begins the next morning. The first night there is an unofficial party in the bar. This is a good time for the investigators to get to know the rest of the participants, who mostly arrived in the preceding days.

Stroeker is here, but he is not enjoying the festivities. He is drinking alone, watching the goings-on. If any of the investigators are attractive females he will attempt to seduce them all, each in turn, starting with the best looking. He is a fine physical specimen of a male and can be quite charming when he wishes. With unattractive women and all men he is rude and impersonable. The players need to take note of Mr. Stroeker at some point, and this is a good place to do it.

'AHIOHIO, Front Desk Attendant and Loathsome Cannibal, age 29

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 10	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 2	SAN 0	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: War Club 45%, damage 1d8 + 1d4
Throwing Club 35%, damage 1d6 + 1

Skills: Accounting 35%, Dodge 55%, Listen 30%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 95%; Languages: English 45%, Japanese 10%, Tongan 50%

'Ahiohio is a local and therefore a cultist. He works at the front desk and will try to answer any questions that a guest may have. He does not trust Stroeker, but if questions come his way concerning Stroeker he will be extremely suspicious of the asker, and may report him to Saimone Finau as someone worthy of observation. He is a young man and very physically fit.



VIKA, Cultist Chambermaid, age 17

STR 11	CON 14	SIZ 11	INT 11	POW 14
DEX 12	APP 12	EDU 3	SAN 0	HP 13

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Dodge 35%, Listen 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 55%; Languages: English 40%, Tongan 55%

Vika is the daughter of Ata Fakahau and lives in Utulei, but makes money for her family by working as a chambermaid at the Pangai. Her job also gives her a chance to observe if any of the guests at the resort are meddling into cult affairs.



BRIAN MacGUINN, Head Bartender, age 39

STR 17	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 13	POW 14
DEX 12	APP 8	EDU 11	SAN 70	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1d3 + 1d4
Club 50%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Note: MacGuinn will use bottles of alcohol (usually wine) as club-like weapons in combat.

Skills: Bartending 80%, Dodge 50%, Listen 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Psychology 40%; Languages: English 65%, Japanese 45%, Tongan 30%

Brian MacGuinn is a New Zealander and has worked here for about a year. He spends his off time in Nuku'alofa and doesn't know much about the local village (and doesn't care). He is a personable guy, and will happily serve a double secret extra-ugly hangover night after night.



Activities at Pangai Resort

The resort has six boats available for guests who wish to spend some time upon the water. They can be checked out any time during the day, but near or after dark they are unavailable. They do not have enough range to get to Nuku'alofa but could easily reach other inhabited islands, and can certainly go around Avua'tutu many times. The keys are left in the boats, and sneaking off with one should not be a problem.

The staff will advise against the sister island as a place to travel, as it is considered to be *tapu* and it is bad luck to go there. If the staff member that investigators talk to is a local person (read "cultist") then the investigators are watched for the rest of their stay. Even if the person is not a cultist there is a good chance that the cult will learn of the exchange with the same result, but the watching does not start until the next day.

There are also a dozen jet skis which have a lot less range than the boats. Anyone can take out a jet ski, but the staff feels better if skiers wear life preservers.

The Pangai has a ten-passenger submarine that is one of the most popular attractions for its guests. A pilot (not a local) is a permanent member of the resort staff. Tours of the nearby ocean and coral reefs are scheduled for the guests when they arrive. The investigators are scheduled for 10:00 a.m. on January 31, and the sub is so popular that it is not possible to get in any earlier.

The resort has a great deal of scuba equipment that can be borrowed, but only if the characters are certified. An instructor will teach neophyte divers the basics, but they must at least be able to swim (Swim of at least 30%) to qualify for training.

Training takes two half-day sessions. The instructor (Vaeamatoka) doesn't have time to do them both on any given day. A successful Idea roll after the two sessions means that the character gets a 20% Scuba Diving skill and receives certification. Failure means that he only has the skill at 10%. He can attempt another Idea roll after each half day until he makes one. The equipment is kept in a small outbuilding near the dock, and it would be no problem to get it without permission using a little ingenuity.

The island is almost completely lacking in any kind of danger (other than upset cultists). There are no predators, no snakes, and nearly no diseases. The island is large enough that the characters could spend a lot of time wandering around, but there is nothing to learn unless they walk to the village or to the coast, where they can watch the sister island during a time when the cult is active. There is a road to the village of Utulei and numerous paths from the road leading to various 'api (gardens) where the locals cultivate various vegetables.

It is not easy to get lost in the jungle here, because the island is too small. It takes little time to locate the coast, and that can be followed to either the resort or the village in a matter of hours.

The golf course is small and fairly simple. Clubs and other equipment are available for guests that fail to bring their own. They even have electric golf carts, which a crafty person could use to ride around to the resort and even to Utulei if he so desired.

There are eight tennis courts and plenty of rackets and balls. Volleyball nets can be set up on the beach and many similar forms of recreation are available.

VAEAMATOKA, Scuba Instructor and Lifeguard, age 27

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Spear 65%, damage 1d8 + 1

Spear Gun 60%, damage 1d8 + 2

Throwing Club 50%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Note: The spear gun is a standard model used for diving. It has a range of 30 feet and can impale. The spears are barbed, so a wound will be increased by trying to remove them. The spear gun only fires every third round, but works just fine out of the water.

Skills: Diving 65%, Dodge 35%, First Aid 50%, Listen 40%, Scuba Diving 65%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 85%; Languages: English 45%, Tongan 65%

Spells: Several involved with fishing and other sea activities.

The dive instructor is a local and a cultist. He is a good dive instructor, and will happily certify characters to use the scuba equipment. If the players tell him that they want to investigate the cave seen on the submarine ride, he will alert Saimone Finau and an ambush will be prepared to capture the divers for use in the upcoming rites.



Leonard Stroeker

Stroeker is LeGoullon's chief troubleshooter and general assistant in charge of mundane tasks. He is a member of the Thibideaux Junction cult, but he only knows a few spells and is not a priest. He noticed immediately the change in LeGoullon when Labib took his place, but he is afraid to say or do anything. He fears the new LeGoullon and dreams of disposing of him eventually.

Stroeker is working on transferring the artifacts from the undersea temple to Nuku'alofa, where he plans to fly them to Louisiana by LeGoullon's command. He does not know anything about Labib or Sudan. He tolerates the local cultists, but thinks that they are insignificant. He was in Japan a month ago to arrange for the purchase of some more deep diving suits and equipment.

The staff at the Pangai (especially the non-cultists) do not like Stroeker. He is rude and demanding, and his presence makes them uneasy. Information about Stroeker is easily available to any member of the group who openly shows a dislike for Stroeker in front of members of the resort staff. Otherwise have them make a Credit Rating, Fast Talk, or Persuade roll to learn the following information.

- Stroeker is not well liked by the staff. He drinks a great deal in the evenings and shamelessly pursues all attractive women with whom he comes in contact.
- He seduced one guest, a widow of about forty years of age, and the next morning she left prematurely. Her name was Rachel Morse and rumor has it that screams had come from room 212 during the night. Several members of the staff noticed that she had bruises on her arms the next morning and that she was wearing sunglasses.
- Stroeker has been here several days and until Sunday had another man with him. They have never heard of Labib because he was using LeGoullon's likeness. The front desk attendants can provide LeGoullon's name by checking the guest list, but no one knows much about him.
- He is renting an entire bungalow (next door, in fact, to at least one player character) as well as room 212 in the main building. He has some freight or something in the

bungalow; it was delivered over the last week or so by some men who landed several times at the resort dock in a small boat with heavy-looking crates. There is a great deal of speculation about the contents of the crates, but all of it is unfounded.

- The staff has been asked to enter neither the bungalow nor the room (even for cleaning or to replace towels), and he keeps both locked.

Stroeker spends the first three days of the conference arranging to have his crates moved to the dock in Utulei. The resort facilities are inadequate for a ship large enough to haul the entire cargo, but the dock in Utulei is larger because it is used for loading copra, bananas, and other freight for export.

Room 212

Stroeker's room is perpetually locked. The lock must be picked or a key must be stolen from the front desk. A good bribe to a carefully selected member of the resort staff might even buy the key if you desire, but it should be a substantial amount of money (100 pa'anga or more) and it would be a huge mistake to try this with a cultist staff member (the character will immediately and permanently be watched thereafter).

Stroeker will not be here during the day, but at night he could show up any time, unless he is being at all successful with a woman in the bar. By this weakness he could easily be distracted for several hours if need be.

The room is fairly neat. Stroeker does not have many belongings with him, and the plush room is quite large. His clothes are all put away in the closet and drawers. He keeps a small locked (pick using Locksmith skill at -25%) metal strong box in his lowest drawer, under the shirts. It contains the following items:

- His passport, which bears a Japanese entry visa. He was there over a month ago for about five days.
- Credit cards (Visa and American Express).
- A loaded 9mm Browning high-power (in a shoulder holster) with two spare magazines.
- The key to the bungalow.
- Several thousand dollars cash (about half in pa'anga, the other half in American dollars).

On the notepad by the phone there is, among other doodles, a simple drawing of some kind of monster (tentacles, claws, and teeth are prominent features). The doodle is of a statue which Stroeker knows is where LeGoullon kept something important (he does not know what).

Because the players' search is illegal, they have to keep anything they discover to themselves. Their interest in this enigmatic man should be fairly high at this point.

If Stroeker has any reason to suspect the characters of entering his room he will pay close attention to them. If a female investigator is used as a distraction, she and her friends are immediately under suspicion if he learns that his room was burgled. Stroeker is a cool character, and will not do anything drastic unless something important is stolen (passport, money, etc.). He may attempt to search

the investigators' bungalows, but only if he feels that there is no chance of getting caught.

The Bungalow

The bungalow has its storm shutters down and the door is perpetually locked. The shutters are bolted from the inside, are very strong, and have crates piled against them. They are not going to open without the application of devastating force. To get in it is necessary to pick the lock, use Stroeker's key (taken from room 212), or get another key from the front desk by any of the means mentioned earlier.

Inside are many wood shipping crates, some of which are extremely large. The crates are nailed shut and require a tool of some sort to open. They contain the artifacts plundered from the undersea temple that are on their way to Sudan. Use the following for contents of randomly opened crates.

- A bloated statue of a star spawn of Cthulhu about four feet tall with arms outstretched to the sides and wings fully extended upwards. Lose 1/1d4 SAN to inspect.
- A piece of stone wall covered with inhuman hieroglyphics and depicting mighty Cthulhu emerging from the sea (head only exposed). His eyes make up two parts of a constellation in the night sky as it would have been seen hundreds of millions of years ago (one fifth Astronomy roll). Lose 0/1 SAN to inspect and an additional 1/1d4 if the Astronomy roll is successful.
- A brazier made of "copper from above" (an unearthly alien alloy). It looks like an alien sea shell. The bowl will support a fire, even underwater. If kelp is burned in the bowl and the smoke breathed, the breather will be visited by Cthulhu in his dreams (1/1d10 SAN), who expects a sacrifice. The sleeper wakes a full twenty-four hours later with a mere one magic point left.
- A crate full of long and fairly straight tentacles that appear to be made of some kind of stone. The material is light and warm to the touch. Each tentacle is about five feet long and ten inches in diameter at the base.

At night Stroeker checks on the bungalow before going to sleep. The crates are in poor condition and it is unlikely that he will notice if some of them have been opened unless the investigators are surpassingly inept. If he thinks that the investigators have searched his room, he will suspect them of this transgression as well, especially if the bungalow key is missing from his box. He will inform Saimone Finau of the intrusion, and Saimone will direct his attention toward the investigators.

LEONARD STROKER, Nefarious Troubleshooter for LeGoullon, age 35

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Kick 45%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Knife 40%, damage 1d4 + 1d4

Pistol 40%, damage 1d10

Skills: Accounting 35%, Bargain 50%, Computer Use 40%, Conceal 55%, Credit Rating 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Disguise 65%, Dodge 30%, Drive Auto 45%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide



Stroeker is a blond man of medium height and average build. He speaks quietly with a slight Louisiana accent. He likes to be left alone, and he has a serious weakness for bourbon and pretty girls.

50%, Listen 50%, Locksmith 55%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 55%; Languages: English 75%, Tongan 20%

Spells: Contact Deep One, Pose Mundane (new), Raise Fog (new), Voorish Sign, Wither Limb

Items carried: He often carries his 9mm Browning, but not when he is hanging around the resort.

ture. Separate cook-houses are common, especially for those with traditional style houses.

One store is for the villagers (though tourists are welcome) and stocks things that they often buy such as matches, soap, clothing, and kerosene. This store is run by Taka, an older man who speaks only Tongan. Taka is happy to sell to anyone with money, though communication is a problem unless a Tongan is willing to translate on behalf of the tourists. The other store is for the tourists and has all sorts of traditional artwork and trade goods. Most of the items can be gotten from the gift shop at the resort, but they can be haggled a fair bit cheaper here. Ata Fakahau is often found here interrogating foreigners, but the shop is run by Fevanga (a man whose weight approaches 400 pounds).

Utulei

The village of Utulei is very much an anachronism, existing like a pre-western contact Tongan community. This is partly done to gain attention and money from the many tourists who visit the resort, but it is also the bidding of the Tui Ha'afekefekai to preserve the ancient way of Tongan life as much as possible. Tourists are encouraged to visit Utulei and observe the craftsmen and women going about their daily tasks—making nets, *tapa* (barkcloth), and canoes, as well as fishing and making traditional trade goods (which they sell to the tourists).

Many of the houses and buildings are in the style of ancient Tongan structures, and several traditional Tongan canoes of various sizes are pulled up on the beach. The village has many pigs (tethered to trees or, more typically, running free), horses, dogs (loose), and chickens (also loose; children are enlisted to retrieve them for cooking when required). Coconut palms, citrus trees, and breadfruit grow seemingly wild about the village, as does sugar cane, which the locals chew and whose leaves are used for thatching on the traditional houses. Each household has a small plot in Utulei as well as some acres that are cultivated in the forest.

The gardens are accessible by paths from the village or the road. The average size is about ten acres, though a couple of cultivated acres can produce enough food for many people. The rest of the land is used to produce export crops for cash. In these forest gardens they cultivate manioke (manioc), yams (which are grown on hills by the hundreds), taro, kape (giant taro), banana trees, and kava (pepper which is grown for its root).

Also in the village is a large Catholic church (a western style building), a *fale kautaha* (public house), a barkcloth making house, a school house, and two stores. Each house has an outdoor privy, and most have a cistern which collects rainwater from the roof. Traditional Tongan houses are essentially ovals, rectangular structures with rounded ends. They have thatched roofs and little furni-

Activities of the Villagers

Visiting Utulei on any given day reveals the villagers doing any number of traditional chores. The villagers are friendly to tourists and will try to sell various authentic Polynesian artifacts. Those few villagers who speak fluent English converse freely with tourists about mundane topics. The preferred state of existence for the villagers involves coming as close to total relaxation as possible. That is *faka Tonga*, or "the Tongan way." The peaceful life is far better than working, and long hours are thus spent napping, drinking kava, and telling stories.

Typical village dress is a shirt of some sort and a *vala*, a long skirt of plaited pandanus leaf. The *vala* is wrapped around the waist and fastened with a belt of sennit called a *ta'o vala kafa*. The highest quality *vala* is called *ta'o vala fala*, and is rare enough so that only Saimone Finau and the Tui Ha'afekefekai have them. These *ta'o vala fala* are priceless cult artifacts.

The men of the cult tattoo themselves heavily from the waist to the knees. These tattoos are nearly always covered by the long *vala*, so they can not be seen casually. The tattooing is done in the painful, traditional way using a small toothed blade of human bone that is set into a wooden handle. The device looks like a cross between an adze and a comb. The teeth are dipped in charcoal that is thinned with water and then set in the appropriate place. Another stick is used to deliver a sharp hit driving the teeth into the flesh of the young man. Tattooing is very painful and is usually done over several days.

Ears are also pierced using long awls of human bone. The awls are beautiful and ornately carved. To the cult the piercing awls and the tattooing adzes are artifacts beyond value. The Tui Ha'afekefekai owns the only such items and performs the piercing and tattooing himself. It is part of a manhood ceremony and involves many incantations on behalf of the young man to make him strong and give him the favor of the gods.

The tasks of an Utulei man involve working in his garden (planting, hoeing, harvesting), fishing (wading or in canoes, by netting and by spearing), collecting firewood, taking care of animals, preparing *umu* (earth ovens for baking in the traditional way), drinking kava, and going to church, as well as producing toy canoes, clubs, kava bowls, and the like to sell to the tourists.

The women's tasks are cleaning, making coconut oil, caring for their children, preparation of food for the *umu*, preparation of kava, making barkcloth, plaiting mats and baskets and the like, and collecting seafood (seaweed, shellfish, jellyfish, sea slugs, etc.) on the reef. Mats, fans, barkcloth, baskets, and the like are produced for the tourists. As previously stated, it is not *faka Tonga* for either men or women to spend a very large part of a day doing much more than relaxing.

The Tapa Making House

The barkcloth (*tapa*) making house is used when a group of women get together to produce the material. *Tapa* is made from the bark of the paper mulberry, which is specially cultivated to produce straight stems with few branches. The inner bark is soaked in water and beaten together in overlapping strips. The finished *tapa* is decorated with traditional dyes, which are also cultivated, in the colors of black and reddish-brown. It is *tapu* to make *tapa* during a period of mourning for a chief or member of the royal family. The process of making *tapa* is called *ngatu*. *Tapa* is traditionally given as a ceremonial gift and is also used for purposes such as bedding. All households keep large amounts of *tapa* on hand in case it becomes necessary for either purpose.

The Fale Kautaha

Periodically Saimone Finau holds a *fono* at the *fale kautaha*. The chief can summon whomever he wishes and they must come. A *fono* is something akin to a town meeting, but instead of debate the chief says what everyone is to do and they must do it. The chief could, for example, summon all men to a *fono* and tell them that today they must fix the road to the resort because it is in need of repairs. *Fono* are relatively uncommon. Rarely is more than one held a week.

Food and Kava

The *umu* is an earth oven. It is made by lighting a fire in a firepit that is lined with rocks. While the rocks get extremely hot the food is prepared. Meat (pork or chicken) and vegetables such as yams, taro, and plantains are wrapped in leaves. Coconut milk is poured on the vegetables to make them moist. When the rocks are sufficiently hot they are raked apart, the food is placed atop them in the pit and the pit is covered with earth for a couple of hours until everything is cooked.

The *umu* is traditional for cooking and is used almost exclusively in Utulei except for those foods which are served raw (such as sea slugs). Boiling is used occasionally because it is fast, but food prepared this way is not held in high regard. The Tui Ha'afekefakai will never eat boiled food.

Feasts are popular and not uncommon. There are always reasons to celebrate, such as a successful fishing expedition, a wedding, a birth, a visiting relative, etc. There are strict guidelines about what kind of feast to have for a given event. The kinds of feasts differ only in the size of the largest (if there is more than one) pig that is killed and the size of the kava root used.

Kava is a popular and socially important drink. Kava circles can be informal or formal, and a great deal of

ceremony goes into holding one. Different kava circles form at least three times a day in Utulei, though most men only attend one. In Utulei kava is prepared by the traditional method of breaking the kava root into pieces which are chewed by young girls into pulp. The pulp is placed in a special kava bowl and water is added. It is mixed and the solids are removed. The kava is served in coconut shells. Along with the kava a relish of sugar cane (which is to be chewed) is served.

The kava is served in the order announced by the circle leader. The leader of the circle is the man at whose house the kava is made or else the highest ranking chief present. If the Tui Ha'afekefakai is present he always drinks third in case there is poison (this is from an old tradition which held that the kava itself is poisonous). The Tui Ha'afekefakai has *falefa* (ceremonial attendants) who announce whom is to be served each cup as it is prepared.

The preparation of kava by chewing had been abandoned for hundreds of years, but was reinstated in Utulei in the nineteenth century. Whenever there is a chance of being observed by tourists, the kava is prepared by pounding. Kava is milky white in color and has the flavor of mild soap suds. It is intoxicating and people have been known to become addicted to it, though very rarely.

Fishing

The people of Utulei are intimate with the sea and fishing is accomplished in a myriad of ways. Almost all fishing involves some ceremony. Fish can be driven into nets, driven together, and poisoned with *kavehaha* (a shrub which grows locally); speared (during the day, or at night using torches); caught in basket fish-traps (also made of *kavehaha*); caught in hand nets; or trolled for using canoes. The villagers rely more heavily on the sea for sustenance than most of their fellow countrymen.

There are a whole series of *tapu* associated with fishing. The *toutai* is the expert fisherman who is in charge of a particular expedition. Nets and hooks are charmed beforehand by the *toutai*. Men must be naked when they carry the nets to the canoes so that no scrap of cooked food contaminates them. No cooked food can be taken on an expedition. Fish that are caught are not to be cut up for bait. The *toutai* charms the first fish caught and it is released to bring back others. The second fish caught is reserved as an offering to the gods.

Sharks are caught from canoes using bait and nooses. The *toutai* prepares and hides or locks the *falesiu*, or shark house (the shark house can be a box, shell, or even an actual house), before they set out. The *falesiu* is then *tapu* to touch. The *toutai* then jangles dry coconut husks on a long wire while calling on Hina to send sharks, who are baited and noosed. If the sharks avoid the boat then another incantation is used to draw them near. If the *falesiu* was found or opened no sharks can be caught.

The *falesiu tapu* is lifted by making kava. The kava is made in the house that was used as the *falesiu*, or the *falesiu* is taken into a house and kava is made in its presence. Afterwards it can be used normally again for its original purpose (gas can, biscuit tin, etc.).

FAUOLO, Master Fisherman, age 44

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 8 APP 7 EDU 2 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1d3 + 1d4
Spear 65%, damage 1d8 + 1

Skills: Dodge 45%, Fishing 90%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Persuade Fishes 55%, Pilot Boat 75%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 80%; Languages: English 20%, Tongan 60%

Spells: Fauolo knows only Tongan ceremonial spells that are useful for catching fish and building canoes.

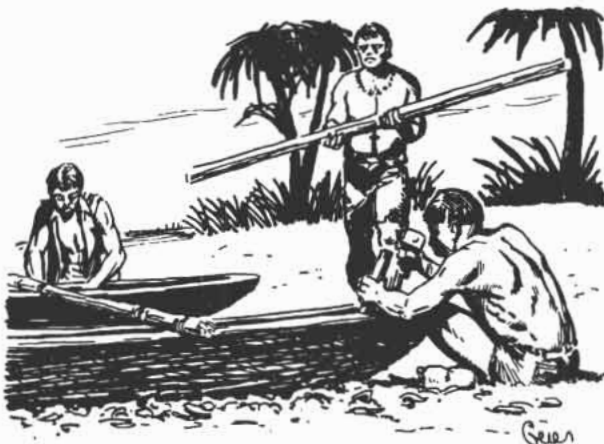
Fauolo is a *toutai* (expert fisherman) and spends a great deal of his time out fishing. Fauolo is not very tolerant of visitors in part because his fishing magic is subject to a lot of *tapu* and he does not want ignorant tourists violating them.

On the 29th he spends part of the day preparing a *falesiu* out of a clam shell, which he binds with twine and hides in his garden next to the kava plants. The next day is shark-catching day, and he leads about eight men in a canoe armed with nooses, bait, prayers, and spells.

**Canoes**

Different sizes of canoes are used and many can be seen in the village of Utulei. Most are small outriggers or double canoes, and most have sails. The *tafaanga* is a small outrigger with no sail that holds about three people comfortably. The *tongiaki* is a double canoe with a lanteen type sail that can hold considerably more. The larger canoes are not dugouts, but instead are expertly made of fitted pieces of wood. For about thirty pa'anga a *tongiaki* can be chartered for a ride around the island.

There is one exceptionally large canoe in the village. It has a house on the platform between the two hulls for the Tui Ha'afekefekai. This canoe is nearly one hundred feet long and can hold about one hundred and fifty people. It is used for cult purposes.



During the course of this adventure craftsmen toil diligently building a new canoe in front of the *fale kautaha*. Pieces of wood are skillfully fitted together to form half of a thirty-foot long *tongiaki*. This canoe is to be used for cult rites. While the workers act in a friendly manner they will not let tourists actually touch any part of the canoe. They will not resort to violence, but certainly violating the *tapu* will cause them some distress, as it will be bad luck for the finished craft even after any tainted parts have been replaced.

The Catholic Church

While Tonga is predominantly Protestant, because of its origin Utulei is entirely Catholic. Peter Tavake is the local priest, but several of the village men act as lay preachers. While standard Catholic services are easily recognized, they have a particular flavor here. The church has a confessional, but it is never used. A tourist taking communion is likely to be unpleasantly surprised to find that raw fish and sea water replace the normal holy wafer and wine.

The people of Utulei are devout in the extreme. Their forefathers fought to the death against Protestants for their beliefs and they are not likely to forget it. They take great offense at any attempt to violate the Sabbath. Open display of other religious beliefs causes many of them great distress. The villagers see no conflict between the worship of Hina and Catholicism, but see them as different aspects of the same religion (with one aspect being secret).

PETER TAVAKE, Catholic Priest and Hideous Cultist, age 30

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

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: War Club 45%, damage 1d8

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Dodge 30%, Listen 50%, Occult 50%, Persuade 55%, Preach 50%, Religion 80%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 60%; Languages: English 25%, Latin 35%, Tongan 55%

Spells: Several useful spells for various ceremonies as well as to summon sharks.

Peter is the priest who administers the Catholic services. He was born here and shares lower priest duties in the cult of Hina. The church operates all week long and is an important part of the spiritual life of the village. The village does not see the two religions as being separate, but sees the worship of Hina as a part of the Catholic worship that is not shared with others. Tourists are welcome to attend services here. Peter's duties at the church consume nearly all his time.

**Tapu**

Tapu means forbidden or sacred, and refers to anything that can not or must not be done. For example, it is *tapu* for a person to eat food that the Tui Ha'afekefekai was eating but did not finish. It is also *tapu* for a fishing net to be touched by cooked food. Eating the food can result in

world lived in service to the gods, so what more was there to do? The Tui Tonga became a spiritual office without real power, and many of the old ceremonies were forgotten. Another office came to be, and it was called the Tui Kanokupolu, the secular king, the "king of men."

It was not until well into the civil wars of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that the active worship of the old gods was resurrected. Tukuaho usurped the office of Tui Tonga, though he was using it to get to the more powerful office of Tui Kanokupolu. During the chaos that followed a northern leader named Finau Ulukalala attacked Tukuaho on Tongatapu and civil war broke out.

At the start of the civil wars a small group of royalists on Tongatapu supported the true Tui Tonga bloodline. They allied with other royalists fighting against Finau Ulukalala, but they were always a separate faction. They were led by Attago (who later took the name Fekefekai) to the *ha'amonga* and called on the gods for aid. Attago was a direct descendant of 'Aho'eitu and had enormous mana. Hina, the shark god, responded by sending a great number of sharks to destroy one of Finau's raiding parties as it was leaving Tongatapu by canoe. The followers of Attago have ever thus remained loyal to Hina. When Fekefekai died his son Fisilaumali took the title of the Tui Ha'afekefekai ("king of the people of Fekefekai").

To win popular support during the civil wars, Taufa'ahau, the great leader who eventually became king (taking the name George Tupou), took Christianity to heart and persuaded many others to do the same. Methodism spread rabidly across northern Tonga, and wars of religious intolerance commenced. Taufa'ahau raged through the northern and central island groups spreading Christianity and eradicating the traditional Tongan deities with ferocious success. When the only regions remaining under royalist control were parts of Tongatapu, a group of Catholic priests arrived.

One of these three priests, a man named Jean-Philippe Geneaux, was a member of a secret cult. He had become interested in Tonga after hearing the reports of the early Protestant missionaries.

The wars would have ended sooner and worship of the old gods been forgotten had it not been for this priest. He encouraged a group of heathens, including some of the most powerful priests, to worship secretly and outwardly accept the Catholic church. He taught them to be devout Catholics during the day and fanatic cultists at night. Eventually the fighting ended, and Geneaux managed to preserve the worship of Hina.

The group moved to the small island of Avua'tutu for privacy, and because it was near the sacred island of Avua'tuopavo. The islands were given to them by King George Tupou as part of the peace agreement. Only occasionally did a member move from the island, usually to get married. The result was a concentration of cultists on Avua'tutu with a smattering of them spread out across the Tongatapu island group.

King George Tupou had all record of the hideous acts of the cult stricken for fear that they would alienate foreign governments. With the torture, murder, and cannibalism that had accompanied the civil wars, the cult was

practically overlooked. There are few Tongans who would even recognize the name Fekefekai, and none that would speak of him.

The Tui Ha'afekefekai is rarely seen because of the inconvenience the *tapu* of his presence cause. He lives about two hundred yards north of the village with his wife and young son. There are two trails to his house, one that only he may walk and one that other men may use without violating *tapu*.

The Tui Ha'afekefekai directs cult ceremonies and collects tribute from the villagers. The center of cult activity is the island of Avua'tuopavo. Here there is a part of an ancient temple of Cthulhu that was used by races unknown before the coming of men. The father of 'Aho'eitu showed him the entrance to the temple and, though it was forgotten for a long time, Fekefekai learned of it again when he called for aid at the *ha'amonga* on Tongatapu.

Though the rest of the world forgot the meaning of the *ha'amonga* (a three-stone structure similar to those at Stonehenge), the villagers at Utulei remember it and have built a new one on the island of Avua'tuopavo. Cult rites are held on the island at the ancient temple every Sunday. Cultists from Utulei and those from the other islands attend with rabid fanaticism.

The cult is not terribly ambitious. They are currently attempting to increase their following among Tongans and desire to take over the entire kingdom. Quite a few of the dock workers in Nuku'alofa are members of the cult.

An average member of the cult wears a *vala* and, if the situations demands it, a shirt as well. Women always cover their upper torsos, except during cult rites on Avua'tuopavo. They are all seemingly devout Catholics, and church attendance is outstanding. All men have heavy tattooing from waist to knee, though this is never seen. Cult weapons include short-handled throwing clubs, long bat-shaped war clubs, and very long intricately barbed spears that are often tipped with bundles of ray spines. Because they are not concealable none of these weapons is carried as a matter of course, but every household keeps enough to arm itself quite well.

ULUAKI MATATELEA, Tui Ha'afekefekai, age 45

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 20
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 8 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Throwing Club 40%, damage 1d6

War Club 65%, damage 1d8

Spear 65%, damage 1d8 + 1

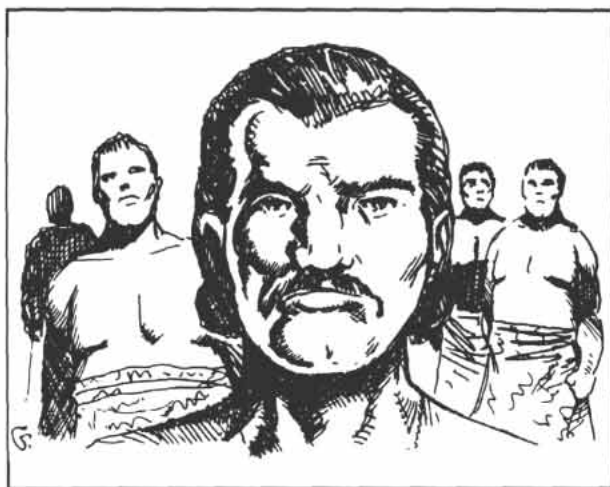
Knife 40%, damage 1d4 + 2

Note: Uluaki has a magical shark tooth knife that can affect Mythos beings.

Armor: He wears a necklace made of whale teeth that prevents creatures of the ocean (including Mythos beings, but not great old ones or gods) from causing him harm.

Skills: Dodge 50%, History (Tonga) 55%, Listen 30%, Persuade 80%, Pilot Boat 20%, Psychology 60%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 85%; Languages: English 35%, Fijian 50%, Tongan 65%

Spells: Bat Form (new), Bind Soul (new), Compel Flesh (new), Snare Dreamer (new), Summon Sea Snakes (new), Summon Sharks (new), Wandering Soul (new)



The priest of Utulei is Saimone Finau's older brother. Uluaki Matatelealea has so much mana that for him to pass casually through Utulei would render the entire village tapu and make it unusable.

The Tui Ha'afekefekai's house is not visible from the village, and tourists are not welcome there. There are two paths to the house and *malae* (clearing for ceremonies and meetings). One is *noa* (for common people) and the other is *tapu* (for the Tui Ha'afekefekai only).

FALEFA, Four Unusually Stout Cultists

STR 18	CON 15	SIZ 17	INT 11	POW 13
DEX 14	APP 11	EDU 6	SAN 0	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1d3 + 1d6

Throwing Club 70%, damage 1d6

War Club 85%, damage 1d8 + 1d6

Spear 75%, damage 1d8 + 1

Note: These warriors each carry an enchanted long spear tipped with ray spines. These spears are capable of harming Mythos beings.

Skills: Climb 55%, Dodge 60%, History (Tonga) 55%, Listen 50%, Pilot Boat 50%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 80%, Tongan Ceremonies 90%; Languages: English 30%, Tongan 55%

Spells: Summon sharks as well as many other ceremonial spells and possibly a few fishing spells or what have you.

Uluaki is supported by the villagers and does not work at all. He is attended by a *falefa*, four attendants that provide for his protection, conduct his funeral, and direct in ceremonies from cult rites to the serving of kava. The *falefa* (literally "house of four") are all young men in their prime and all are expert warriors.

Average Tongan Worshiper of Hina

STR 13	CON 10	SIZ 10	INT 11	POW 11
DEX 10	APP 10	EDU 3	SAN 0	HP 10

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1d3

Throwing Club 35%, damage 1d6

War Club 55%, damage 1d8

Spear 40%, damage 1d8+1

Skills: Dodge 30%, Listen 40%, Pilot Boat 50%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 60%; Languages: English 25%, Tongan 55%

Spells: Maybe a few Tongan spells of dubious effectiveness for attracting fish or promoting a good harvest.

40th Congress

Day One

The Resort

The conference begins on January 29 with an opening ceremony/brunch which starts at 9:00 a.m. The scheduled speaker, Lord Wilmington, never arrived and was replaced at the last minute by Dr. Keele, who welcomes everyone and apologizes for the inauspicious beginning. Dr. Keele is an orator of dubious talents, who stammers out an incredibly dull (and inordinately long) address. The food is extremely good, at any rate.

Wilmington failed to arrive due to bad weather in Siberia, which prevented the plane from picking him up. He was meeting with a local (Siberian) anthropologist to compare notes on some artifact similarities among circumpolar peoples. No one involved with the conference except Dr. Baldfrey (who is not present) knows of Wilmington's work, though there is some speculation about his work in the islands of Tonga. Everyone is disappointed by his absence, if only because they are forced to listen to Dr. Keele.

The congress then gets underway with two speakers during the afternoon. Neither vanVeenen nor Moore draw a large audience, either because of the topics or the nice weather. Player characters who attend vanVeenen's lecture can check their Anthropology skill as if they had used it. Those who listen to Moore enjoy an entertaining story about his recent unsuccessful expedition to China.

Outdoor activities are more popular with the Congress attendees, whose dedication to science seems to have lapsed.

Utulei

In Utulei, it is possible to run into Stroeker during the day (he spends evenings in the restaurant or bar). Any exchanges with Stroeker only serve to show that the man is rude and unfriendly toward investigators (unless they are pretty ladies, whom he will try to charm). Stroeker is attempting to arrange for his crates to be brought from the bungalow to the dock here and then be picked up by boat for a trip to Nuku'alofa.

A group of women from Utulei spend the morning reef fishing just north of the village. They wander the reef with baskets collecting shellfish, octopus, and the like, stopping often to talk and occasionally to swallow a particularly scrumptious morsel.

The previous night some cultists captured a Tongatapu man out fishing alone. He is being held by the *falefa* at the home of the Tui Ha'afekefekai until he can be transported to the temple. He is a reverend in the Church of Tonga and thus a hated enemy of the cult. His capture was cause for celebration.

Avua'tuopavo

The island is deserted during the day. After dark, five cultists sail in a *tongiaki* to the island to place their pris-

oner in the holding cell in the worship chamber. They sail around the south side of Avua'tuopavo from Utulei so that it is impossible to see them from the resort. Investigators near the village or on a beach on the south side of Avua'tutu may be allowed a Spot Hidden roll to notice the small craft setting sail.

BAULA, Captured Protestant Preacher, age 41

STR 5 CON 7 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW 12
DEX 4 APP 5 EDU 6 SAN 35 (60) HP 4

Damage Bonus: -1d4

Skills: Pray 23%, Regain Consciousness 3%, Speak Clearly 8%

Baula is a preacher from Tongatapu who has been particularly vocal against the Catholic church. The villagers of Utulei consider him an enemy and his capture is quite a victory for them. They intend to sacrifice his soul to Hina and consume his body during the next cult rites on Sunday.

Baula is in terrible shape. He has lost a lot of sanity and has been beaten to near-death already. A successful Medical roll will return him to consciousness, but he is only able to mumble (in Tongan) prayers for salvation from the sharks.



Day Two

The Resort

The two speeches given on Wednesday are best taken with a grain of salt. Attendance is again poor, and going to either of these talks is a waste of investigator time. By now they should have begun to scrutinize Stroeker, who spends the day in Utulei again.

At about 1:00 p.m. Dr. Volk arrives in his ship with Miss Kent, who has taken ill. It occurred during her first dive in the minisub at a depth of about 3000 feet. She was down testing equipment when she fell ill. Volk thinks that it was either nitrogen narcosis or sea sickness or, more likely, a combination of the two. She suffers from cramps, head aches, and vomiting, and can not remember any of her dive. Volk wants her to take it easy for a couple of days and has decided to put her ashore at the resort for a while since it is so convenient.

This is a good chance to try again to open relations between an investigator and Miss Kent. Dr. Volk doesn't have time to nurse her because he is just about to deploy his sensor array, but he is confident that she will be all right at the resort.

What really happened is that she saw something indescribably huge and hideous under the sea. It was an unspeakable horror that lay dying and whose body rests, torn and battered, on a ledge in the trench. The blasting which uncovered the entrance to the undersea temple also mortally injured this temple inhabitant. As she brought her submarine to the ledge and her lights illuminated the form it rolled over and caught her in the gaze of one great, luminous, malevolent eye. A dozen ropy tentacles snared

her submarine and began dragging her toward a huge, gaping maw. Panicked, she managed to break free from the damaged and flimsy tentacles and shot to the surface.

She went insane but has locked the memory from her mind. When she regains the memory the insanity will manifest itself. Miss Kent now remembers nothing of her undersea voyage and doesn't think that it is very serious—"Probably just stress or jet lag or something." She does have horrendous nightmares, though.

Utulei

The village spends a lot of time in the afternoon butchering pigs and preparing vegetables for the numerous *umu* that will be needed for the feast. At mid-afternoon some men arrive from Utulei to light the fires and prepare the *umu*. They use fire trenches to light the fires, rubbing a pointed stick back and forth in a shallow groove carved into another piece of wood. The prepared food is brought in at around 5:00 and buried for cooking.

The feast is attended by many, though most that attend do not brave the fare. Food includes pork, *holoholo'ufi* (a coconut and yam dish that is very rich), raw fish called *vete* and *nga'a*, raw shellfish marinated in *miti* (coconut cream), boiled crabs, and other exotic things. Kava is served to those who want it (prepared by pounding, not by chewing), though not through the usual kava ceremony. Those who do not feel bold will not be alone eating the normal restaurant fare.

Day Three

The Resort

The Congress starts the day well but ends poorly. Muñoz's talk is quite good (check Anthropology if appropriate), but the last two are quite silly and a complete waste of time. Hector Bromowitz has nothing new to reveal beyond his inane babbling on the plane ride from Honolulu. Shannon Langtree does cause quite a stir with her talk, though no one takes it seriously. She shows slides of satellite images which she claims reveal proof of ancient habitation in Antarctica.

This is the morning of the investigators' scheduled submarine ride. Miss Kent wants to go with them, and will ask to be included. If one character will give up his spot she will take it, otherwise let another conference-goer scheduled for this ride get sick and make a space open for her. It is very important that she be on this particular submarine ride with the party.

On the submarine the characters see an endless supply of brightly colored exotic fish, a few sharks, and even a large octopus. The tour of the reef is magnificent and many photo opportunities present themselves, but the most intriguing thing should be when one or more investigators sees (Spot Hidden rolls) a light from deep inside a small cave. The light goes out quickly, but not before Theresa Kent sees it. No one else sees the light, nor are they likely to hear the investigators' exclamations over Miss Kent's horrific scream.

Upon seeing the flash Miss Kent's amnesia is broken. She again finds herself trapped in a puny vessel in the

domain of that enormous horror with no way out. She screams and falls catatonic. Medical rolls will not wake her, but it is apparent that she is still alive and seems stable. The submarine surfaces and returns immediately to the resort (arriving at about 11:30), where she is taken to her room.

Dr. Volk is contacted by radio, either by the party or by the hotel staff (if the party doesn't think of it), and he makes plans to return to Avua'tutu. If it is at all possible he will avoid returning until his sensors are deployed, but it is not impossible to persuade him to return immediately if he thinks Miss Kent is in need of immediate medical attention.

The light in the cave was from the flashlight of a diving member of the local cult of Hina who was surprised by the submarine. He turned off his light as quickly as possible, but knows that he might have been seen. The cultist returns to Utulei as quickly as the wind will propel his small canoe. He reports the incident to Saimone Finau, who travels to the resort quickly on horseback. He arrives at the resort shortly after noon.

Saimone asks questions about events on the submarine ride in order to learn if any cult secrets are guessed at. He tells the cultists at the resort to observe any guests who talk about what happened on the submarine ride. Friends of Miss Kent are marked as suspicious and watched for the rest of their stay, in case they start snooping around and get too close to the cult's activities.

If the investigators start asking a lot of questions and get Gardener (the submarine pilot) involved he will shortly disappear, having been dragged off to the holding cell in the temple for sacrifice on Sunday. The cultists have never liked him. If any cultist members of the staff (such as his mechanic) learn of an investigation of the cave or of Avua'tuopavo then the investigators are liable to be subject to all sorts of inconveniences (shark attacks, malfunctioning diving equipment, etc.).

DENNIS GARDENER, American Submarine Pilot and Cowboy, age 36

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Skills: Electrical Repair 40%, Geology 25%, Marine Biology 35%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Navigation 60%, Orate 55%, Pilot Boat 75%, Pilot Submarine 65%, Reef Ecology 30%

Mr. Gardener is uniquely qualified among the resort staff to pilot the submarine. He is carefree to the point of recklessness, happily piloting by the seat of his pants at high speeds through treacherous reefs. He likes to make a show out of the sub ride, and if he can get the passengers to scream and/or vomit he considers it a personal victory. He does not try to upset his passengers; he just wants them to have



the ride of their lives. He gives a good tour and knows quite a bit about the local area.

Dennis is a redneck Texan and enjoys his lone star culture. He is personable and loves to talk. He wears a cowboy hat, drinks American beer, and never ever eats either the local food or "that Jap raw-fish-sushi-crap!"

Utulei

Stroeker manages to organize the truck and enough laborers to haul his crates to the dock tomorrow, where a boat from Nuku'alofa will pick them up and take them (and Stroeker) back. Stroeker is in a good mood later as he reclines in the lounge and drinks himself again into oblivion.

Avua'tuopavo

Before dawn a small canoe carries a single cultist to the island. A well placed character (not at the resort) could see the tiny boat moving south from Utulei with a Spot Hidden roll. At about 11:00 any person with a southerly view will easily see the unfortunate diver returning to Utulei to report the submarine incident.

After dark another small canoe returns to Avua'tuopavo bringing cultists to ambush any curious investigators. The canoe drops off two warriors and returns to Utulei so as not to leave any evidence. There will never be less than two cult warriors present after this episode (except immediately following Stroeker's raid). The cultists on the island have no means of returning to, or communicating with, the village.

Day Four

The Resort

Dawn brings signs of an impending storm, with building winds and black clouds amassing on the horizon. Volk arrives bedraggled in the early morning and is very concerned. He has been awake all night, but will insist on taking Miss Kent back to the United States immediately for medical care. He will encourage the investigators not to leave their conference yet, but will get a phone number (both resort and home numbers) and promise to call when her condition changes. Volk then boards the resort ferry and heads for Nuku'alofa while the *Hippocampus* returns to monitor the sensor array that it just deployed.

The conference continues as normal. Very good talks are given by a husband and wife team who defected from the USSR in 1985. Russian speakers can exercise that skill (a check mark) if they try to follow along with Mrs. Vaskushin. For those who do not have them already, this is another chance for a check mark on Anthropology skill. This evening there is a formal dinner and ball, which everyone is looking forward to with great anticipation.

By noon the squall picks up and huge drops of cold rain fall at an angle approaching thirty degrees from vertical. Palm trees begin to sway precariously and the sea gets rough. No jet skis or boats are available with the storm picking up. Storm shutters are closed throughout the resort as well as on all the bungalows. There is no outside visibility from within any resort structure. The storm reaches monsoon proportions by 10:00 p.m. and does not abate until morning. The dinner and ball go on regardless.

Stroeker, having finally organized the moving of his cargo, is unwilling to let a little rain stop him, even though he is forced to raise the pay. The villagers arrive in the truck at about 11:00 a.m. The men in the truck load crates and then one man drives the truck back to Utulei, where others unload it and send it back for another load. The crates are to remain in Utulei overnight and will be loaded onto the boat the next day for transport to Nuku'alofa. Stroeker intends to be on the ferry with the cargo.

Utulei

Stroeker's luck goes sour today. One of the men unloading crates in Utulei drops one and breaks it open on the ground. This happens at about 3:00 p.m. Inside is a four-foot statue of a star spawn. The cultists immediately recognize the statue as being identical to those from the upper part of the temple on Avua'tuopavo.

The cultists seize the crates and begin putting them into fishing boats and transporting them to the sister island where they will sit, briefly, near the entrance to the temple. Stroeker rides to town with the last load (at about 6:00 p.m.) in order to oversee the storage and discovers that his cargo has been stolen. To make matters worse, he is in the middle of several cultists who are pulling out savage-looking clubs. Good thing he has a gun! If the investigators have found and taken the pistol, then it's a good thing he knows some spells and can use his fists. Either way Stroeker is one tough customer, and he kills three cultists while fleeing into the forest.

Saimone Finau calls on the men of the village to capture Stroeker, and they begin hunting him with spears and clubs. A truckload of cultists speeds toward the resort to cut him off should he try to escape in that direction. Stroeker knows he's got a problem and remains hidden in the jungle. From about 6:15 p.m. that night until the following evening it is possible for characters to see (Spot Hidden) armed cultists in the woods near the resort.

Stroeker watches from the forest as the last of his crates are boated to the sister island. That night he sneaks back (past the locals) into the resort to use the radio. He calls the *Proud Ariane* and arranges to be picked up. The vessel takes several hours to attach its umbilicus to a buoy and get underway for Avua'tutu. By his instructions, it doesn't arrive until shortly after dark on Saturday.

Avua'tuopavo

There are two warriors here until about 3:30 p.m., when boats begin bringing Stroeker's crates. Another eight warriors accompany the first crates to bring the total to ten. Large canoes with many rowers brave the storm and ferry crates to the island until about 8:00.

Day Five

The Resort

The conference begins again as usual, and only the resort staff notice that Stroeker did not return last night. Brown and Buchmeister both give good presentations, though the investigators should think of something more interesting to do. If they actually sit through the talks, let

the characters check their Archaeology and Astronomy skills respectively.

Avua'tuopavo

When LeGoullon's *Proud Ariane* arrives it anchors on the south side of Avua'tuopavo; the crew pick up Stroeker using a small launch. They use launches to land on the beach, reclaim the crates, and kill all ten local cultists found there. After dark there is a chance (Listen rolls near 8:00 p.m.) of hearing the machine gun fire, even from the resort, if a character is standing outside and is relatively quiet.

The temple is found and Stroeker enters it. Stroeker, for selfish reasons, takes some artifacts from the temple as his own. Among them is the ceremonial mask made from the skull of a deep one, worn by Uluaki Matatelealea during cult ceremonies. The artifacts are crated up and taken to the ship.

Utulei

The daytime in Utulei is relatively uneventful. After Stroeker finishes reclaiming his cargo on Avua'tuopavo he sends some members of his crew to Utulei (around 1:00 a.m.) for revenge. The launch lands just north of the village and the degenerate crewmen sneak through the woods to the house of the Tui Ha'afekefekai. They move under the cover of an unnatural fog sent by Stroeker, and they are well armed. When they reach the house they commence shooting everyone in sight (Listen rolls to notice from resort).

Uluaki Matatelealea is not killed but his house is set afire, his family and *falefa* shot. He escapes by turning himself into a bat, and in that form he follows the attackers back to their ship. He overhears that the ship is bound for Nuku'alofa so he returns to the village to prepare for his revenge. The Tui Ha'afekefekai vows bloody revenge, less for the lives lost than for the cult artifacts destroyed in the blaze and stolen from the temple.

Some of Stroeker's Assorted Goons

	1	2	3	4	5
STR	15	12	12	13	14
CON	14	12	9	13	13
SIZ	14	12	16	15	13
APP	9	11	11	10	9
INT	11	9	8	12	9
EDU	4	2	5	5	3
DEX	10	14	10	9	12
POW	16	12	11	8	11
HP	14	12	13	14	13
DB	+1d4	—	+1d4	+1d4	+1d4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1d3 + db

Grapple 50%, damage special

Knife 50%, damage 1d4 + 2 + db

Rifle 50%, damage 2d6 + 3

Pistol 55%, damage 1d10

Submachine Gun 30%, damage 1d10

Note: They carry Beretta 9mm automatics and fighting knives, and each has either an HK MP-5 submachine gun or an FN-FAL assault rifle.

Skills: Camouflage 45%, Climb 50%, Dodge 30%, Jump 40%, Listen 45%, Pilot Boat 50%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 60%

Day Six

The Resort

This is the last day of the Congress, and people will be trying to leave early, lest they be forced to listen to Dr. Keele babble again. Everything appears normal at the resort. As the Congress attendees are leaving today a large group of Japanese tourists are arriving. The investigators' reservations are through today, and can be extended no more than one night (the players can not spend Monday night at the resort).

Their plane departs on Monday at 11:30 and they will have no end of trouble if they miss it. The next departing international flight, leaving Tuesday, is bound for Bangkok. The next U.S.-bound plane does not depart until Wednesday. This flight goes via Sydney, Australia and connections will not be particularly pleasant (not that the investigators will be caring about a few-hour layover at this point). Their tickets are of the non-exchangeable, non-refundable, unalterable variety.

Leaving Avua'tutu is no problem. The ferry needs to make several trips back and forth to Nuku'alofa exchanging old guests for new. The players probably will not want to leave yet as they have many unanswered questions. Try to figure out how to get your party to attend the cult rites if possible, but guide them subtly.

There is no news of the killing from the last two days, unless the players start it. Some people heard noises last night, and Harold Brown even recognized them as gunshots, but nothing seems to be wrong so nobody thinks much of it. Saimone Finau spends the entire morning at the resort watching for suspicious activities, then he returns to join in church services at Utulei.

Utulei

This is church day in Utulei. Those not in church or resting spend the day preparing food for a huge feast. The feast is for the cult ritual that is to take place tonight, though the villagers keep that secret. Until about 4:00 p.m. hymns are heard continuously throughout the village, and a good long way into the forest. Peter Tavake gives rousing Old Testament an-eye-for-an-eye-and-a-tooth-for-a-tooth style sermons (in Tongan, not English).

Around 2:00 p.m. villagers begin boarding canoes and sailing to Avua'toupavo. By sunset nearly everyone has left Avua'tutu and is preparing to start the ceremony. The Tui Ha'afekefeka rides out in his sacred canoe at sunset. The canoes sail around the south side of Avua'tuopavo so that they can not be seen from the resort. Since they are sailing during daylight they are obvious from the south end of the island as well as from Utulei, and Spot Hidden rolls are not required.

The village is never left totally empty, but it is obvious that not everyone is present. A few remain behind, such as Ata Fakahau, to inform inquisitive tourists that on Sunday everyone goes to sleep early, and it is rude to disturb the villagers on the Sabbath. Meanwhile, after dark, cult rites take place in the ancient temple.

Avua'tuopavo

Cult rites take place every Sunday. Cultists begin arriving on Avuatuopavo in the afternoon. They bring prepared food as well as any last-minute victims they may have grabbed (investigators, etc.). The victims are placed in the holding cell in the worship chamber, along with Baula and possibly others. The drums (which can be heard at the resort on a successful one-fifth Listen roll) begin at sunset to welcome the Tui Ha'afekefeka. The first men to arrive also prepare many great *umu* for the feasting that will take place later.

When the Tui Ha'afekefeka arrives he has Baula brought out and taken to the *ha'amonga*. If Baula is no longer there (perhaps because the investigators have saved him) another prisoner is selected, male before female. If no prisoner is available there is no shortage of cultists willing to volunteer their own lives. With a shark tooth knife he dismembers the victim, disembowels him, paints the stones with his blood, and arranges his entrails in an intricate pattern beneath the monument (1/1d8 SAN to watch or 1/1d4 SAN to see later). Uluaki Matatelea enchants the entrails using a spell and the heart is then carried into the worship chamber and thrown down into the ocean.

In total, about one hundred and fifty cultists, dressed only in *vala*, congregate in the *malae*. After the spell is cast the entourage moves into the temple to begin the worship ceremonies. The drum noise is loud in the *malae*, but nearly deafening within the temple. A large shark shows up about an hour after dark, coming through the underwater entrance (with any luck the investigators did not hide in the wrong stairwell). The Tui Ha'afekefeka begins singing praises to Hina and humbles himself.

The prisoners are then brought out of the holding cell. One at a time they are sawn in half, while still living, using shark tooth knives. Uluaki takes a bite out of each heart and then throws it to the shark, which consumes it greedily.

The split men are sliced into small chunks and wrapped in leaves. The prepared meat is carried up to the *umu* and buried, as is all the other prepared food that was brought from Utulei. The feast cooks slowly for the next two hours. While waiting for the food to cook the cultists dance and sing in frenzied pagan fashion, culminating in an orgy in which everyone participates.

Everyone evacuates the temple after a couple of hours and returns to the *malae*, where the feasting then commences. The human flesh is carefully eaten using special utensils. It is *tapu* to eat regular food and human flesh with the same utensils, and the special ones are kept in the temple (Stroeker did not take them all). The cultists who do not get human flesh (there is never enough) gorge themselves on pork and vegetables. Women prepare (by chewing) large quantities of kava. The feast takes hours as everyone stuffs themselves slowly to blimp-like proportions.

After the feast Uluaki is lifted onto the *ha'amonga* arch, where he takes a commanding view over his people. A new batch of kava is chewed, but before it is served each bowl is brought before the Tui Ha'afekefeka where it is enchanted. Each man in the village is served the magic kava, and when all have drunk Uluaki starts chant-



ing. After two minutes he hits a crescendo and each man who has drunk the kava sits bolt upright as if electrified.

During the next five minutes Uluaki draws magic points from his villagers. Each loses one point every ten to fifteen seconds. When they reach one point they collapse unconscious as Uluaki releases them from his spell. Uluaki's skin grows hotter and hotter. After one minute he has so many magic points that he is immune to harm, his skin harder than steel. After three minutes he begins to glow dully from the contained heat, and were he not on the stone platform of the *ha'amonga*, the nearby vegetation would begin to conflagrate. After five minutes, when all of the villagers are unconscious, Uluaki sits cross-legged and enters a light trance.

The trance lets Uluaki converse with his ancestors as well as other, greater spirits. He is given insights and guidance. When he arises from the trance he has made the following decisions:

- Stroeker must be killed at any cost, and the cult artifacts regained.
- If the investigators have given the village any reason to be suspicious—by investigating Stroeker, the island, or cult activities—then they are marked for death too.
- There is some great, unknown enemy on the horizon who must be stopped. This vision refers to Shaktalal, though the nature of the threat is not known.

Should investigators who are watching decide that this is a good time to slit the throats of the villagers, they

are terribly mistaken. Uluaki's trance is not deep. If a stranger enters the clearing he will notice immediately and come out of the trance. As mentioned before, he can not be injured short of by magical means. By the time he burns off enough energy to be vulnerable again (the next morning) at least two dozen cultists have regained consciousness.

Undersea Cave

Given scuba equipment, a boat, and some idea of where to look, the characters will find the undersea cave within 1d4 hours. Less time is wasted if they spend time with Dennis Gardener (the submarine pilot) and a map or make a successful Navigate roll with a map. It is quite near the eastern edge of the sister island and, in fact, intrudes directly into the undersea coral that forms the island itself.

Consulting with Gardener can be disastrous for him. Unless he is questioned subtly, he will draw enough cult attention to himself and the investigators for them all to be carefully watched and possibly start to disappear. If the players convince Gardener to help them find the cave with the submarine, then the cult definitely grabs him (or sharks eat him, or sea snakes bite him, or something else horrible happens) at the next possible chance.

If a guide (such as Vaeamatoka) is along they will not be allowed to enter. A cultist guide will attempt to discourage exploration because this is the undersea entrance to the ancient temple, and visitors are not allowed. The guide will list lots of reasons to avoid the cave, such as moray eels, sea snakes, sharks, geological instability, and dangerous currents that could trap a person and drown him. At any rate, unless the investigators do a terrific job of pretending to lose interest, they are marked for disaster in the near future. They will certainly be scrutinized for the rest of their stay.

The cave entrance looks like a natural formation about three feet by four feet. It is located on the eastern edge of Avua'tuopavo, and is deep enough that exploration will definitely require scuba equipment. The entrance is large enough for a man to get through easily, unless he is carrying something extremely bulky.

If the investigators are alone and very brave, they may enter the cave. Once inside they find that they are in a large coral-filled chamber that widens further in, then pinches off into a small passage going upwards. This is the broken end of the temple of Cthulhu, and the party is now in the Chamber of the Moon (see description on page 31). Except on Sunday, the only dangerous creature found here is a small shark (about eight feet long) named Hina, after the shark god. Hina is Uluaki Matatele's pet, has many teeth, and is present nearly all of the time.

HINA, Very Hungry Aggressive Shark

STR 16 CON 20 SIZ 15

POW 12 DEX 9 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Bite 50%, damage 3d6

Skills: Hide 60%, Notice Intruder 65%, Sneak 50%

Uluaki will be extremely upset if his pet is killed. Very upset.

Avua'tuopavo

The island takes a short time to navigate around and has no signs of habitation. On the east side is the secluded beach where the cultists land their canoes, and from there a trail leads inland to the *malae*, the *ha'amonga*, and the entrance of the temple. The trailhead can not be seen from the sea, but if a canoe is present (which is rare), it is quite obvious from any sea point to the southeast of the island. If no canoe is present then investigators making a Tracking or Spot Hidden roll will notice signs of human activity, thus giving away the landing sight.

Occasionally the priest or a party of worshipers will sail out to the island after sunset. Watching the island from a good location (southern tip of Avua'tutu or from high up on the hill, but not from the resort) has a chance (10% each hour) on any given night of revealing some activity. This chance increases to a certainty on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday, though a Spot Hidden is needed on any day to actually notice the small boat sailing south (on the west-

ern side of Avua'tuopavo) among the waves in the dark. A second Spot Hidden is required about fifteen minutes later to see that the canoe appears briefly on the eastern side, having gone around the south side of the island, and lands.

There is a short period of time on Saturday when Stroeker's men can be seen on the island. They land their launches on the eastern beach, make their assault, and transport the crates back to the ship. LeGoullon's ship is never visible unless the investigators boat out beyond Avua'tuopavo.

Landing a boat on the island is relatively difficult, because though the beaches are beautiful sand, the reef lies only slightly below the surface. Slowly searching reveals that the only way a boat can get past the reef is to follow a channel that starts further south. The waves outside the reef make it risky to try to anchor the small resort boats.

Searching along the beach in the appropriate region (by choice or by chance) allows a Spot Hidden to locate the trailhead. A successful Track shows that it is used fairly often (definitely within the last three days), and that the people who have most recently used it did not wear shoes (unless they arrive right after LeGoullon's men).

Following the trail is no challenge at all. It leads more or less straight to the *malae* with a ten-foot tall *ha'amonga* at one end and the entrance to the temple at the other. If the cultists are suspicious of the group then there should be at least two of them here ready to ambush the party. After Friday there are at least ten armed men (faces blackened for war) here all the time, except on Saturday night after Stroeker's raid, when they are here but dead. They are dressed in *vala* and wield clubs and spears. It is possible to recognize some of the men here if the characters have been in the village (INT x 2% Idea roll).

Hungry Cultist Cannibals

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
STR	10	14	12	12	9	11	13	14	15	11
CON	13	12	9	15	13	10	10	14	13	10
SIZ	9	15	12	8	10	11	9	13	12	8
APP	10	7	11	12	9	10	8	6	12	10
INT	12	10	9	13	10	12	15	11	10	9
EDU	1	0	2	3	0	1	1	2	4	2
DEX	11	9	10	12	15	9	7	10	11	13
POW	12	14	10	9	11	14	12	8	10	13
HP	11	14	11	12	12	11	10	14	13	9
DB	—	+1d4	—	—	—	—	—	+1d4	+1d4	—

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1d3 + db

Throwing Club 35%, damage 1d6

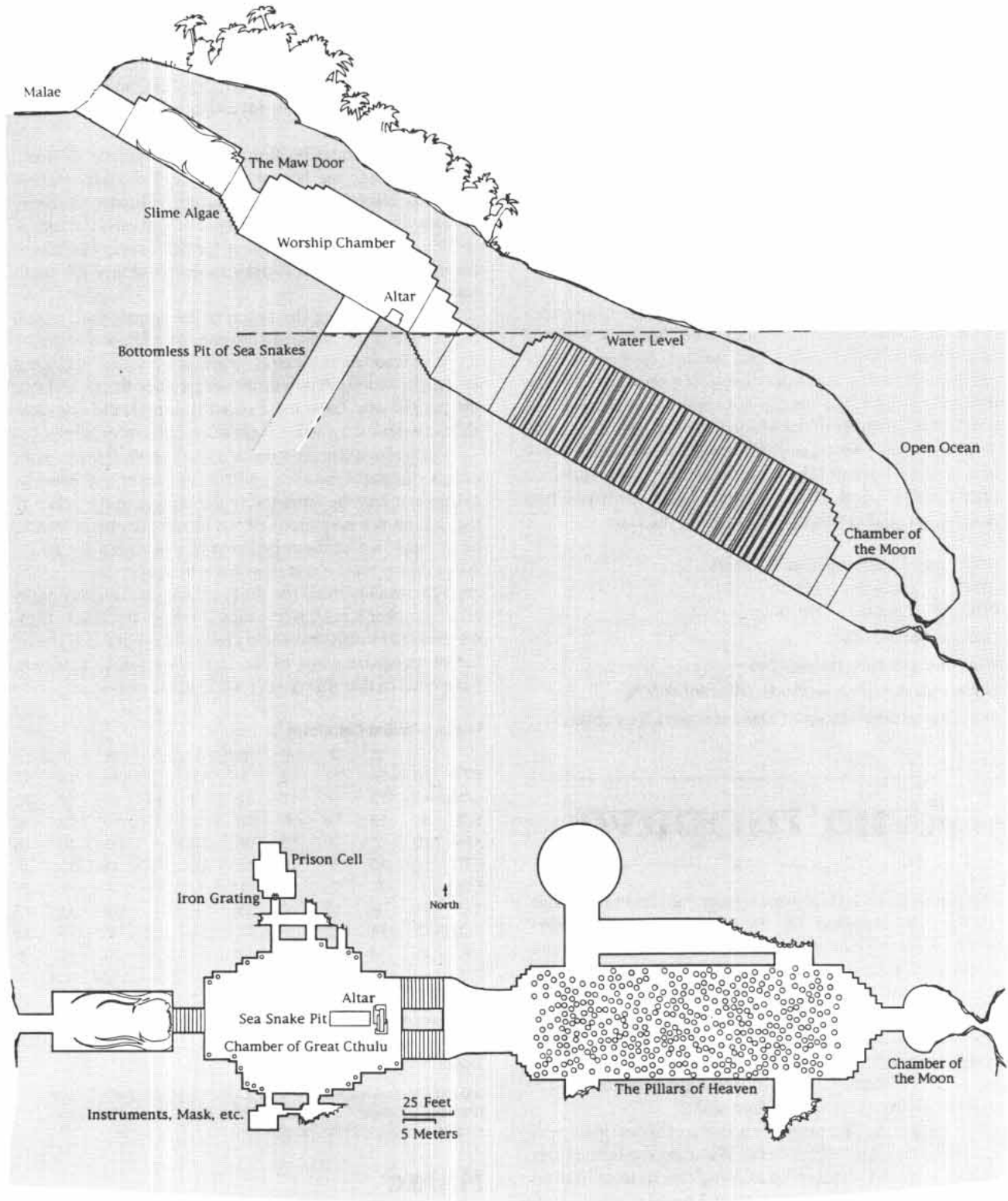
War Club 55%, damage 1d8 + db

Spear 40%, damage 1d8 + 1

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 30%, Listen 40%, Pilot Boat 50%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 60%; Languages: English 35%, Tongan 55%

Malae

This clearing is about one hundred feet by fifty feet, with the *ha'amonga* arch at the western end and the temple entrance to the east. Along the southern edge are several fire pits for *umu*. Along the tree line all the way around are



preserved heads atop five-foot tall stakes decorated with shells and leaves. The heads are from enemies of the cult that have been killed and eaten, some of which are relatively fresh (two weeks or less). A couple of heads are from crewmen from the *Proud Ariane*, and the cultists have left the red and white dive suit helmets on them.

Ha'amonga

The massive *ha'amonga* arch is made from three huge blocks of coral carved from the reef itself. It looks like the one on Tongatapu, but it was created much more recently. Among other sacred uses, it is a platform for the Tui Ha'afekefakai during cult rites. The top surface is cracked from the effects of excessive heat (Geology roll to determine).

Temple Entrance

The entrance is a stone slab hallway that descends at a slight grade as it proceeds into a small hillock. There is a pile of torches outside the entrance, each capable of providing dim illumination for about thirty minutes. There are signs of a great deal of activity at this location, and of a lot of traffic in and out of the temple.

The entrance leads into a passageway nearly ten feet wide and fourteen feet tall. Toward the bottom, where the walls have been better protected from the elements, strange hieroglyphics cover the walls. They are far older than humanity, and resemble those found within the crates in Stroeker's bungalow (lose 0/1 SAN to inspect closely).

Ancient Temple of Cthulhu

This is the upper section of a temple whose inner sanctum lies over two thousand feet below the surface. The temple was once a huge, complex structure, but much of it has been destroyed over time and large sections have collapsed, leaving it nearly linear. The temple runs nearly west to east, and descends at about a twenty degree angle. Over half of this section of the temple is underwater, terminating at the undersea cave seen during the traumatic submarine ride.

The characters can actually enter from either end of this temple, though the chambers are described from the island entry proceeding toward the undersea end. The sanctum sanctorum lies at the bottom of the Tongan Trench. This section of the temple is used today by the local cultists as a shrine to Hina and a place for sacrifices. They do not suspect that there is more to the temple until Friday when Stroeker's crate breaks open.

Entry Chamber

The enormous hallway empties into a giant room nearly thirty feet across, twenty-five feet tall, and about sixty feet long. At the far end of the entry chamber is a huge octopoid form whose tentacles reach along the walls the entire length of the room. The bulbous body resembles the head on the Cthulhu statues, and indeed this is a giant bust of the Great Old One. With the slope of the structure

the sensation of helplessly falling to be consumed is nearly overwhelming.

At the center point where the tentacles come together there is a hideous mouth with savage, irregular teeth. The teeth continuously drip noxious green slimy secretions that might be naturally growing algae (it is), but which is certain to get upon anyone entering. This entry chamber is not lit, and with flickering torchlight the massive tentacles seem to move around to pull people toward the awful mouth. It costs 0/1d4 SAN to enter this room.

Beyond the terrible maw of Cthulhu a staircase descends slightly, though adding in the slope of the entire structure and considering the slime coating the descent is quite tricky. A Climb roll will allow a graceful descent, as will a DEX x 2%. Otherwise, barring the use of some sort of climbing gear, a fall occurs. Falling down the stairs is a painful and disgusting affair that only causes 1d4 damage because the slime actually cushions the investigator. The falling investigator will dislodge anyone below him as he slides past unless they succeed at a Dodge roll.

The cultists scrape the steps clean when they wish to enter, and thus avoid the painful tumble. This is also possible for the investigators, if they have a scraping tool. The algae is quite adherent, and removing it takes a considerable amount of time (at least forty-five minutes).

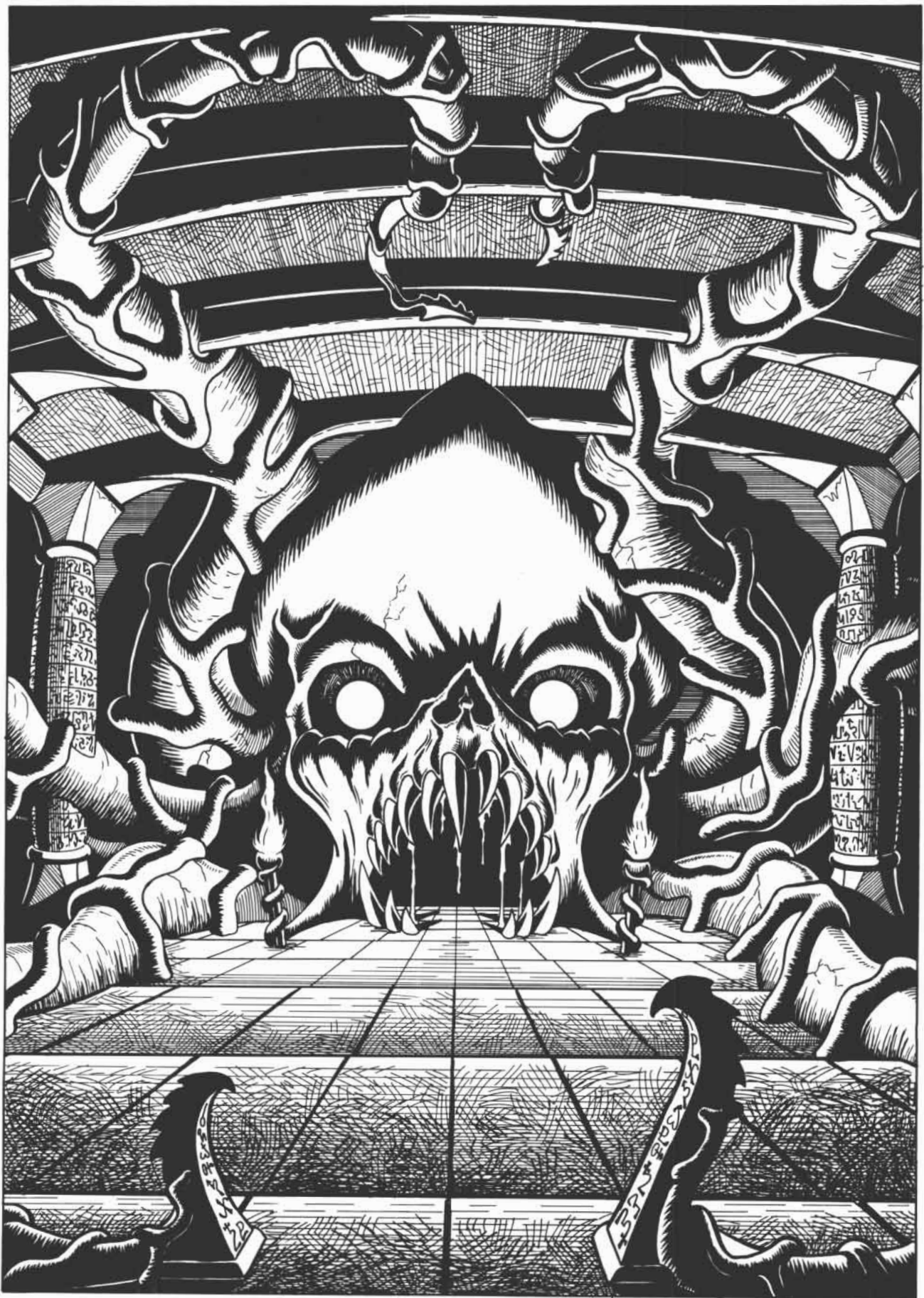
Chamber Of Hina/Worship Chamber

This huge chamber is the last one that sits above sea level. It was originally a shrine to mighty Cthulhu, but has always been used by the Tongans as a place to worship Hina and the Tangaroa. The algae doesn't seem to grow here as abundantly. The floor is slightly slippery and a DEX x 5% may be required to perform any quick actions under stress, but normal movement is not a problem. Two staircases descend into the water through the far wall. Cultists occasionally bring gear to explore the deeper chambers as well, and this is what the players saw on their submarine ride.

This chamber measures almost one hundred feet long and is nearly as wide. The ceiling rises to a mighty fifty feet or more. Statues of star spawn similar to the one that Stroeker has in his crates line the walls as if paying silent eternal homage to the mighty altar of Cthulhu. The altar is difficult to look at because of the obscene geometry used in its construction. The angles do not seem to make sense and persons looking at it eventually become disoriented. Characters must make an Idea roll each round, unless they state that they are actively not looking upon it, or fall down with dizziness because they forget which direction is down and which is up. This does not affect insane (even temporarily) people.

The altar is where victims are sacrificed to Hina by the local cultists during cult rites. If the characters are here when rites are being held, they will have to hide in one of the side chambers, on one of the stairways down, or at the top of the stairs (hoping that no one comes up behind them). In the center of the altar is an area where a small fire has obviously been lit several times.

In one side chamber there are a multitude of pots filled with various smelly greases, oils, pigments, roots, animal



bits, and many more less identifiable substances. The mask of the priest, made of the skull of a deep one and decorated with sea shells, is normally kept here. There are also special utensils used for eating human flesh (which can not be done with normal ones). These artifacts are prized above all others, and any member of the cult will kill or die to recover them. They have been claimed by Stroeker if the investigators don't make it here until after Friday night.

A second side room hold instruments used in ceremonies. There are huge drums, like somewhat cylindrical wooden canoes with a slot cut lengthwise. When beaten with sticks the drum can be heard for miles. There are also different lengths of giant bamboo that are beaten on the ground accompanying dancing. Nose flutes (played by holding the edge of the closed upper end against the nasal septum and holding the outer nostril closed with a thumb), mouth flutes, and pan pipes can all be found as well.

In another side room is a holding cell for sacrificial victims. A metal grate has been installed as a door and is held shut with a padlock. The priest has the only key, but it is given to whomever brings victims, so that they can be locked up. Any characters caught messing around on the island, near the Tui Ha'afekefakai's house, or doing anything that the cult finds inexcusable will be brought here (if they are taken alive) for cult rites.

There is a pit near the altar that has nearly one hundred deadly sea snakes. The water of this pit is sacred, and only the Tui Ha'afekefakai can touch it (because of his necklace). Occasionally sacrifices are thrown in with the snakes.

Hideous Hallway

This hall looks more biological than constructed. It is round and segmented by ridges that make it look something like the inside of a trachea. The walls are warm and the ridges continuously (but very slowly) move down into the temple like steps in an escalator. Sanity loss is 0/1d3 to examine this hall carefully.

Pillars Of Heaven

This enormous chamber is completely underwater and is full of narrow pillars. The chamber is about sixty feet wide and nearly two hundred feet long. The pillars are placed irregularly, and some are close enough together that it is impossible to swim between them. The pillars themselves each represent a star position on the ceiling, though it would take divine inspiration (like rolling an 01 on an Astronomy skill check; DO NOT suggest to the players that they try an Astronomy roll!) to figure that out and weeks to chart the positions.

The positions are old, and represent important constellations on the day that mighty Cthulhu began dreaming in his tomb. This is a memorial chamber, and has no other significance. If enough time is spent charting the pillars to find the significance (which will still elude the players), they will probably meet Hina and be eaten. Sleeping in this chamber, if it is possible since it is underwater, results in dreams of Cthulhu in his tomb and causes 1d6/1d20 SAN loss. The passageway at the far end leads to the Chamber of the Moon.

Gate Room

There are also four other great passageways out of this chamber, two north and two south. Three are collapsed, but one of the northern ones leads to a circular room of black stone. The floor of this room has silvery metallic veins running through it, and upon close inspection the vein substance can be determined to be flowing. The substance flows like mercury, and will resist all effort aimed at its removal.

Occasionally the veins form patterns in the floor (once a week at most). There were once spells to control the pattern forming, but they have never been known to men. When the patterns are right a section of the floor is transformed into a portal into the past, typically tens or hundreds of millions of years ago. During the few minutes that a portal is typically open any number of things can pass through. Prehistoric fish, reptiles, and even bubbles of poisonous gas have been known to escape through the portals. Most are eaten quickly by Hina. It is not impossible that the investigators may encounter some prehistoric critter, possibly unknown to science, possibly alive, and possibly having many teeth.

PREHISTORIC CRITTER (subject to Keeper's discretion)

STR 10 CON 8 SIZ 8
POW 5 DEX 5 HP 8

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1d8
Gnaw 100%, damage 1d8

Skills: Lurk Unseen 70%, Spring onto Unwary Diver 50%

Chamber of the Moon

This room is largely overgrown with coral, and is barely recognizable as anything other than a natural cavern except at the extreme western end. It was once tied to the phases of the moon and was a shrine of great power. Without the proper knowledge and at least six appendages it is impossible to invoke the power of this chamber.

Interlude: Airport 1991

The best laid plans of mice and men ...

Departing Tonga

The PC's must depart Avua'tutu early enough to make it to Nuku'alofa with time to spare for check-in and customs clearance. They will not have a problem doing this, however, since many other guests are also booked on their flight and the resort ferry runs frequently this morning. Of course, additional time may be allotted if the players wish to visit the duty-free shop.

The encounter with customs will depend on what has come to pass during the characters' stay. If crimes have been committed against individuals other than cultists, and if they have come to the attention of the police, then customs may be quite severe. This is largely left to the common sense of the Keeper. The police of Nuku'alofa have it within their authority to search every piece of luggage and to strip search every passenger. This would only be done if crimes of a particularly brutal nature have occurred. An example of this type of crime would be if a firefight had erupted at the Pangai Resort and several people were killed, or if it became known that the Avuo'tuopavo village was attacked and many civilians had been killed. After such an incident, if a departing passenger were found to be carrying a submachine pistol or a stolen village artifact, that person would be thrown away and forgotten about (at least as far as this adventure is concerned). Normally, however, customs on Tongatapu are very light by international standards. There are many smiling islanders milling about outside of the secured departure area but the feeling is more of a going away party than an exit inspection.

It is important to remember that the characters are flying during the first few weeks of Desert Storm. Characters with Arabic national passports, Arabic names, or Arabic appearances will be taken aside and questioned thoroughly. Their luggage will also be extensively searched.

The characters' scheduled flight departs at 10:35 a.m. on Monday, February 4 from the Nuku'alofa International Airport. They are scheduled to fly to Nadi, Fiji and then on to Honolulu aboard Pacific Air. They arrive at 7:36 p.m. on the day before they left (February 3). The connecting flight departs at 9:15 p.m. aboard Trans World Airlines, on a Boeing 747-400 (see Handout Tonga2).

All Aboard

Once the players are aboard their scheduled flight and the palm-lined runway recedes into the tropical clouds, drinks

are served in preparation for the first of two in-flight meals. Pick some appropriate tropical fare for the two meals. The food is good and the flight is relaxing. The in-flight movie is Walt Disney's *The Absent-Minded Professor*. Create a sense of peaceful tranquility among the players. They are back in "civilization", free to kick back and let the horrible memories of Tonga fall behind them. Allow them to make their skill increase checks now. It is important to develop this feeling of safety, in order for the next section to begin by shattering this illusion.

The players will notice many of their fellow conference-goers aboard the flight. The plane (a Boeing 737) is only about three quarters full. Many people move about the cabin and continue discussions and arguments that remained unfinished at the end of the conference. Let the characters move about, carouse, and doze as they like. This first flight is truly uneventful and the experience is so relaxing that for those players choosing to rest the entire time, a hit point of any injury is recovered.

Lenny Stroeker is also aboard this flight. He is well disguised and very difficult to spot. A player must first declare that he is looking specifically for Stroeker in order to have any chance at all of spotting him. Then he must make a Spot Hidden roll – Stroeker's Disguise skill (65%) in order to spot him. Stroeker is seated toward the front of the aircraft. If the character is seated behind him, that player must also declare that he gets up and walks forward to search for Stroeker. Stroeker's gun is hidden in his suitcase. He is armed only with spells and cutting remarks while aboard the plane.

Also aboard the plane are the artifacts and items that Stroeker stole from the island cult. The crates were loaded onto the plane at dawn while the characters were most likely aboard the ferry en route to Nuku'alofa.

Honolulu

Arrival in Honolulu goes smoothly for the characters. They may easily collect their luggage and pass through customs, assuming they are American citizens without Arabic appearances or names. About one in three of the passengers will be searched. Have your characters make Luck rolls to avoid having their baggage searched as part of a routine inspection.

Stroeker places his bag on a baggage cart belonging to an older couple and volunteers to push it for them. Smiling and talking with the couple, he doesn't bat an eye

as he passes through customs. On the other side, out of view of the officials, he suddenly takes his bag and walks off toward the ticket counter, sure to beat the older couple into line. This incident is barely noticeable amid the confusion and hubbub of a major international airport.

Stroeker's parcels are loaded onto the connecting flight while the characters are clearing customs. He got murdered in extra baggage fees, but didn't really care.

"This is your captain speaking"

The flight to Los Angeles goes well enough at first. The service isn't quite what it was on the Pacific Air flight and the wear of traveling begins to take its toll. No real rest is gained. The projector breaks down, so there is no movie.

Lenny Stroeker is also aboard this plane and the same rules apply to characters wishing to spot him.

About two hundred miles outside of Los Angeles, during the darkest portion of the night, the plane suddenly shudders tremendously and nosedives. Drinks and food trays are hurled into the air; passengers walking in the aisles are brutally thrown to the back of the plane. Shannon Langtree from the conference suffers a broken arm as she is thrown around inside the bathroom. A screeching roar erupts simultaneously from the rear of the plane. A four-foot by three-foot section of the fuselage has just been ripped away by one of Stroeker's "statues." Whether or not the players must make rolls to avoid damage (beyond flying cocktails and entrees) is up to the Keeper. Stroeker turns ashen and grips the armrests of his chair.

The statue was of a winged bulk, supported horribly by hundreds of small tentacles and appearing to be carved out of a black basalt. The statue slowly came to life after leaving Tonga and only now managed to awake enough to free itself from its crate and the surrounding airframe.

Buzzers and alarms ring in the airplane as the lights go out and the emergency floor lighting shines red and white in the darkness. The plane plummets as the incessant ping, ping, ping of the fasten seat belt sign sounds over peoples' screams. After six seconds the plane begins to level itself off. After ten seconds the plane is level again, having lost a total of five thousand feet. After fifteen seconds, some emergency lights come on in the cabin. The screeching roar remains, as it does for the rest of the flight. After three minutes, the voice of the captain is heard, strained and trying to speak above the roar: "Ladies and gentlemen, ... ladies and gentlemen ... we suffered a temporary equipment failure of our right tail stabilizer. We have regained control. ... We ask that you remain calm ... all major systems of the aircraft are functioning normally at this time. I will let you know more as soon as I can."

Through the rest of the flight, the cabin is silent beneath wind ripping at the hole in the rear of the plane. Peoples' lips move in quiet prayers and moan over injuries, but nothing is heard above the shriek. The crew assist people back to their seats and help the injured as much as possible before buckling themselves into their own seats. After fifteen minutes the captain's voice returns: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have been cleared for landing priority at Los Angeles International. ... As a flight precaution I

now ask for the crew to assist you in taking the safest position ... should a crash occur. All systems are functioning fine for the landing. ... This is only precautionary. We will be landing within about fifteen minutes."

As promised, the landing proceeds normally, though with much tension. The characters see rows and rows of fire engines and ambulances following the plane to its final resting place on a side runway. As soon as the plane comes to a stop, the doors are opened and emergency exit procedures are followed. People spill out down the inflated slides onto the runway. It is 6:00 a.m. February 4. Stroeker blends in.

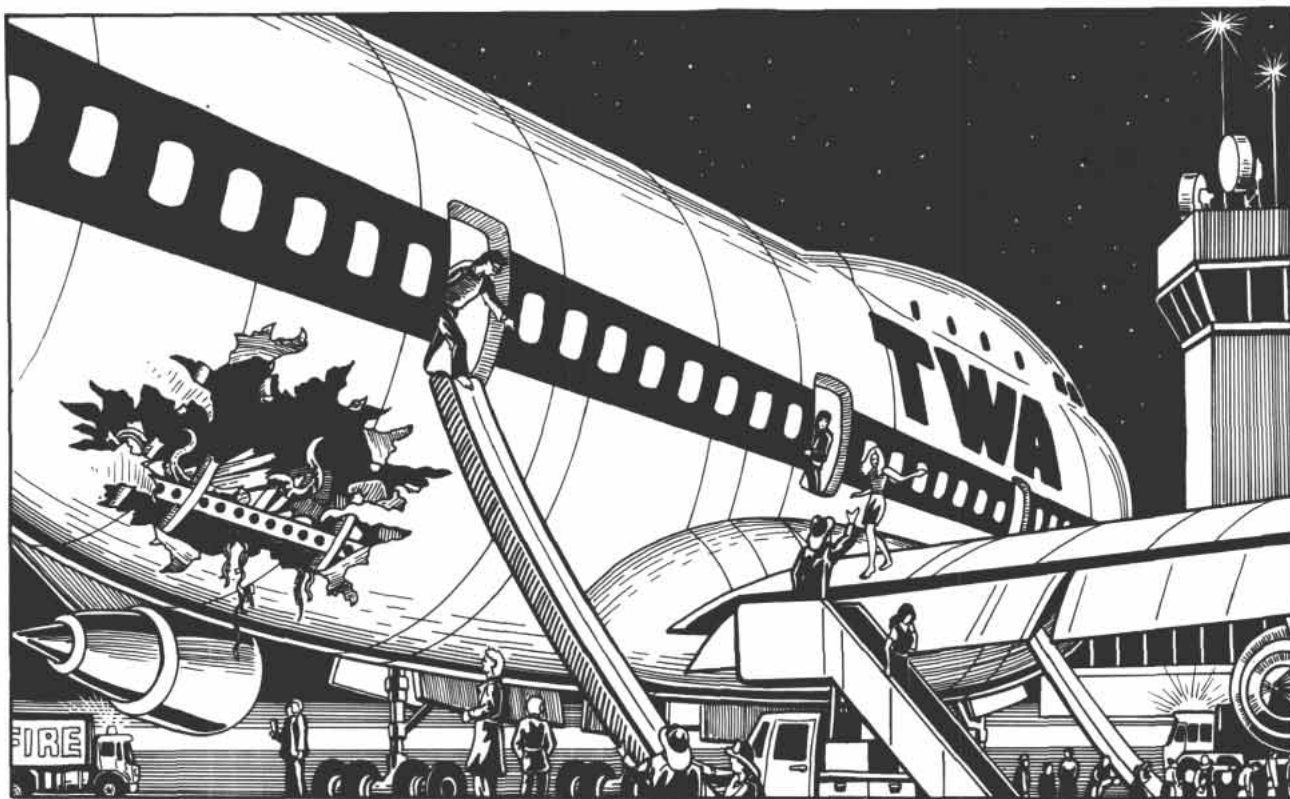
Those characters who exit from the right side of the plane can see the large hole rent plainly through the fuselage from the cargo area. If a character makes a Spot Hidden he will notice that inside of the airplane, through the hole, is the large flat side of one of the wooden crates from Lenny Stroeker's bungalow on Tonga.

Those people who have suffered injuries are rushed away by ambulance. Others are taken by bus to the airport terminal. There people are led into one of the large airport conference rooms to sit and wait for a couple of hours until some order is established. The doors are guarded and no one is allowed to leave. The rumor of a terrorist bombing quickly begins to spread. After six hours, a Mr. Oatfield of the FAA steps up to the lectern and speaks. "Folks, it appears as though you will be staying the night here in Los Angeles. TWA is going to put you all up and cover your expenses until we can sort through some of this mess and let you all go. We're sorry about this, folks, but procedure demands it. You will get your room assignment and some lunch as soon as you provide some proof of identification to one of our agents."

As soon as the characters provide positive ID, they are free to go to the Marriott at LAX. They are bused to the hotel and are allowed to check in and go straight to their rooms. Their tab is open for any and all restaurant, phone, bar, and room service charges. Around 6:00 p.m. the characters' rooms are rung. If they are not present, a message is left in their box. Their connecting tickets will be replaced when they meet with officials tomorrow morning beginning at 8:00 a.m. At that time they will also receive their luggage.

The moment Stroeker gets out of the conference room he catches a cab and goes downtown. He checks to see if he is being followed and, if not, enters a building and replaces his disguise with another. Then he catches another cab back to the airport and checks into a Holiday Inn. He orders a Hertz rent-a-car delivered to his hotel. Then he calls an arms dealer acquaintance of his in San Diego and sets up a favor. Next he calls LeGoullon's house to ask for some help to be sent. Within four hours he is back at his hotel, sitting in his room assembling his new Beretta 9mm and his Mac 10, waiting for the pizza boy to arrive. His help from New Orleans won't be in Los Angeles until the next day at midnight. He waits until then, hanging out at a couple of strip joints at night and around the pool of his hotel during the day.

That night, evening news reports the incident as a probable terrorist bombing. Several Muslim fundamentalist organizations have taken responsibility for it.



The Message

The next day, the characters have been asked to go back to the original conference room inside the airport.

At about 10:00 a.m., Dr. Volk tries to get in contact with the characters (see the New Orleans section on page 40). If any of them have beepers or check message services, or call home, they will get the message to call Dr. Volk. This should be tearing for the players. They should find out that one of the passengers has disappeared; perhaps they even knew Stroeker was on board and saw him run. They will be torn between racing to meet with Volk and a night-time espionage job trying to recover some of the artifacts from the hangar. This will speed up the tempo of the game as well as promote a sense of direction and provide definite goals.

The Goods

The plane and all of its contents are taken to a huge hangar on the first night. FAA experts sort through the wreckage and search the luggage. Dogs and X-ray machines are used. Stroeker's crates were surrounding the hole which the "statue" ripped in the side. Fortunately a very large crate was closest to the hole and served partially to block it. That night the place is crawling with investigators and curious staff.

The following night, however, once all of the passengers have been sent home and all of the luggage has been distributed except for Stroeker's bags, his crates, and anything the players did not claim, the place is empty. The FAA investigators settle in for their long and exacting job, quitting and locking the place up just moments after 5:00 p.m.

Stroeker's crates have all been opened, but nothing is unpacked. Likewise his suitcase has been opened and now its contents lay strewn across the floor; a rectangle has been drawn around it with tape.

It might be mentioned that one of the passengers is missing by the FAA officers during the PC's' meeting with them. A successful Oratory roll will reveal the name of the missing passenger as John Walking. This should pique the player's interest in things and maybe tempt them toward the hangar. If the players are at all inquisitive (they are investigators, aren't they?) they will probably wish to break into the hangar. This will be very difficult but not impossible. They will first need to gain entrance to the airport grounds. This can be done either by cutting or climbing one of the outer fences, or by simply donning official-looking uniforms and pretending to know what they are doing. Airport security has orders to keep an eye on the hangar; they pass by about every forty-five minutes. The doors to the hangar do not have alarms. They are locked well but lockpicks or a crowbar can provide relatively easy access.

Inside are the statues and items from Tonga. There is the deep one mask, the ceremonial utensils, a bloated star spawn statue, fragments of stone wall covered with odd hieroglyphs, the crate of stone tentacles, the brazier, shark teeth-edged knives, etc. Make this as challenging and suspenseful as possible. The players will be extremely proud of themselves if the job is as challenging as the rewards are interesting. Maybe airport security stops momentarily outside the hangar for a moment and shines their search light inside; maybe the characters get stopped while driving away by an airport vehicle, but the driver is only seeking directions.

It is important to note that Stroeker's assistants will arrive at midnight on this night (the morning of Wednesday, February 6). The three men from New Orleans catch a cab to Stroeker's hotel, where they meet up with him. Stroeker has already rented a Ryder 5-ton truck, which he has waiting in a local grocery store parking lot. The four men, dressed in gray coveralls, take Stroeker's car back to the rental lot and proceed on to the airport. They arrive at about 4:30 a.m. If all of the items are still in the hangar, they are able to make it away from the airport by 5:10 a.m. Two of the men from New Orleans drive the truck east that morning, making it to LeGoullon's house within

about forty hours. Stroeker and the other man, Toby, manage to catch a shower at the hotel before catching a 7:45 a.m. United Airlines flight to New Orleans.

On to New Orleans

The players should manage to retrieve a few of the items from the hangar. If they fail, it may be possible for them to follow the Ryder van and waylay it somehow. Either way, the players should be well on their way to Louisiana, their meeting with Dr. Volk, their encounter with Dr. Aziz, and the second section of *Utatti Asfet*.

Newspaper Articles

These newspaper articles (Handout Airport1) will be especially important to the investigators if they decide to take an alternate flight to the one for which they are scheduled. These should be available in a newspaper in any town as a terrorist bombing will be big news, especially during the Gulf War when it was considered a major threat.

Terrorist Bomb Damages American Jet

Jonah Weber, Associated Press

Preliminary reports indicate that a bomb exploded on TWA flight 2183 between Honolulu, Hawaii and Los Angeles, California at about 5:30 a.m. Monday. There were no fatalities, though two people were hospitalized with minor injuries. The bomb blew a hole in the fuselage of the Boeing 747 but apparently affected primarily the baggage compartment.

Several Islamic fundamentalist groups have already claimed responsibility for the bombing. In a press release from Baghdad, Saddam Hussein is reported to have proclaimed the bombers to be the beloved of Allah. International police organizations are cooperating to identify the perpetrators and bring them to justice. U.S. President Bush denounced the act as cowardly and spiteful.

Airports around the world have been on highest alert since operation Desert Shield began last fall. Iraq is one of the countries that is on the U.S. State Department list as a known sponsor of acts of terrorism.

Bombing Investigation Moves Slowly

Jeanne Williams, UPI

The bomb that shook flight 2183 last Monday has baffled forensic specialists working for the FBI. They have not as yet been able to identify the nature of the bomb and suspect that it might have failed to function properly. Some passengers and airport personnel are still being sought for questioning.

Authorities suspect that the bomb malfunctioned because of the relatively small amount of damage done. In the words of one passenger, "The worst anyone got was a good scare." No bomb debris was located, though a fair amount of material was sucked out of the hole in the fuselage during decompression.

It seems that some sort of non-conventional type of bomb was used, as experts have discovered no trace of explosive residue. One authority hypothesizes that it may have been some sort of mechanical cutting device that chewed a hole in the wall. In response to the incident, airport security has been further tightened worldwide.



Bombing Evidence Stolen!

Enrico Lopez, UPI

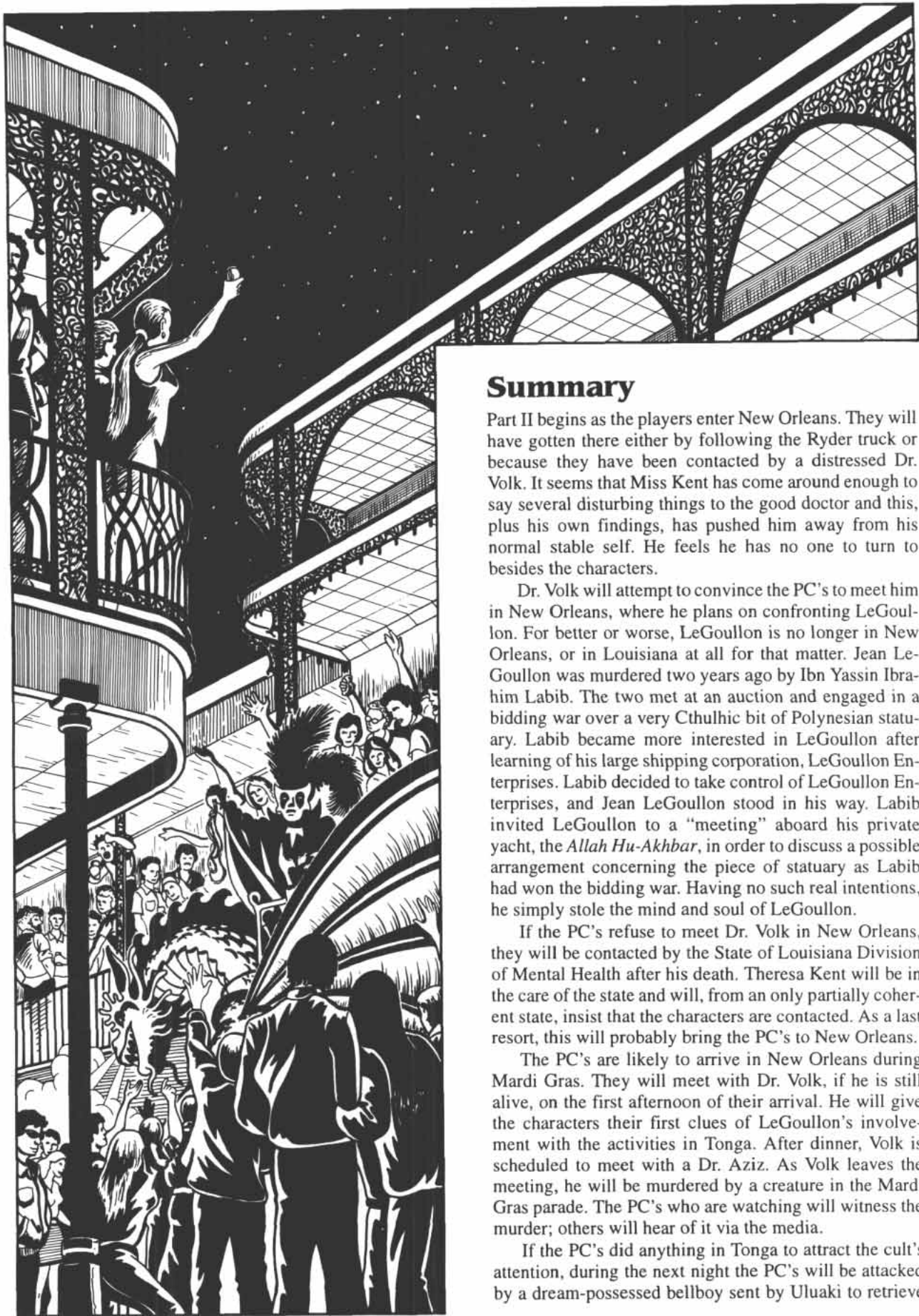
Last night a warehouse at Los Angeles International Airport that was being used to store evidence from the bombing of TWA flight 2183 was broken into and some of the contents removed. Roger Sumberg of the FBI commented that the stolen items were all property of one of the passengers that was still being sought for questioning. A statewide manhunt is being conducted for the passenger known as John Walking.

The items included several crates that contained "... peculiar items. Artwork and what-not. Not what you'd expect a terrorist to risk capture in order to regain." The crates were all searched carefully, and nothing was found of any particular value. In total nearly a ton of cargo was snatched from the open hand of the FBI.

If anyone has seen John Walking or has any information as to his whereabouts please notify the local police at once. The FBI expects that he is working with several accomplices and may be dangerous.



Wanted by the FBI



Summary

Part II begins as the players enter New Orleans. They will have gotten there either by following the Ryder truck or because they have been contacted by a distressed Dr. Volk. It seems that Miss Kent has come around enough to say several disturbing things to the good doctor and this, plus his own findings, has pushed him away from his normal stable self. He feels he has no one to turn to, besides the characters.

Dr. Volk will attempt to convince the PC's to meet him in New Orleans, where he plans on confronting LeGoullon. For better or worse, LeGoullon is no longer in New Orleans, or in Louisiana at all for that matter. Jean LeGoullon was murdered two years ago by Ibn Yassin Ibrahim Labib. The two met at an auction and engaged in a bidding war over a very Cthulhic bit of Polynesian statuary. Labib became more interested in LeGoullon after learning of his large shipping corporation, LeGoullon Enterprises. Labib decided to take control of LeGoullon Enterprises, and Jean LeGoullon stood in his way. Labib invited LeGoullon to a "meeting" aboard his private yacht, the *Allah Hu-Akhbar*, in order to discuss a possible arrangement concerning the piece of statuary as Labib had won the bidding war. Having no such real intentions, he simply stole the mind and soul of LeGoullon.

If the PC's refuse to meet Dr. Volk in New Orleans, they will be contacted by the State of Louisiana Division of Mental Health after his death. Theresa Kent will be in the care of the state and will, from an only partially coherent state, insist that the characters are contacted. As a last resort, this will probably bring the PC's to New Orleans.

The PC's are likely to arrive in New Orleans during Mardi Gras. They will meet with Dr. Volk, if he is still alive, on the first afternoon of their arrival. He will give the characters their first clues of LeGoullon's involvement with the activities in Tonga. After dinner, Volk is scheduled to meet with a Dr. Aziz. As Volk leaves the meeting, he will be murdered by a creature in the Mardi Gras parade. The PC's who are watching will witness the murder; others will hear of it via the media.

If the PC's did anything in Tonga to attract the cult's attention, during the next night the PC's will be attacked by a dream-possessed bellboy sent by Uluaki to retrieve

Part II: New Orleans

Mardi Gras, voodoo, and following the trail of Lenny Stroeker

the mask and other treasures from Tonga. Throughout the characters' stay in New Orleans, and perhaps even during their side trip to Thibideaux Junction, they will be hounded by the vengeful Uluaki. At the same time Uluake will also be pursuing Stroeker.

Lenny Stroeker blossoms to his full potential in New Orleans. Here he has strong connections, including the illegitimate side of LeGoullon Enterprises' business and a powerful voodoo priest who also happens to be the mayor.

The murder of Dr. Volk should raise the group's interest in researching LeGoullon. This will eventually lead them to Thibideaux Junction, which will in turn lead them to LeGoullon's house, Dr. Aziz, and interaction with a group of cultists. Also in Thibideaux Junction, the PC's will discover the connection between LeGoullon and Labib, as well as information regarding Labib's current activities. This will culminate in the group's connection to Khartoum and Part III of *Utatti Asfet*.

Currently Aziz is finishing business in New Orleans so as to make sure there is no one to interfere with the ceremony in Sudan. He is staying in LeGoullon's house in Thibideaux Junction and does most of his work by telecommuting. On February 10, unless things go horribly wrong, Aziz will be flying to the Sudan along with the items from the Tongan temple.

History

New Orleans was founded in 1718 by Jean Baptiste le Moyn, Sieur de Bienville, for the purpose of defending France's piece of the new world from British expansion. Its portage connection to Lake Pontchartrain made it a strategic site as well as a trading center even though it was over 110 miles upriver from the Gulf of Mexico.

The first settlers to arrive in New Orleans were the human refuse of France and French colonies. However, wealthy nobility, expatriots, soldiers, merchants, and even aristocrats were not far behind. They were lured by false promises of paradise from a charismatic land speculator named John Law.

In 1762 the city was secretly given to Charles III of Spain by his cousin, Louis XV. Meanwhile, by the time the true French settlers found out about this in 1764, the

Acadians from Nova Scotia, who had fled British rule in the North, had settled just west of New Orleans. These events left the French settlers horrified.

Their resentment for Spanish rule caused the first Spanish governor to leave. However, Charles III was quick to send over Don Alexander "Bloody" O'Reilly with 3,000 soldiers, who were quick to stomp on those who fought Spanish rule.

The nobility and aristocracy from the French and Spanish cultures reconciled and blended into what is known today as "Creole" culture. The lower bred, French-speaking Acadians outside of New Orleans stuck together and became today's "Cajuns."

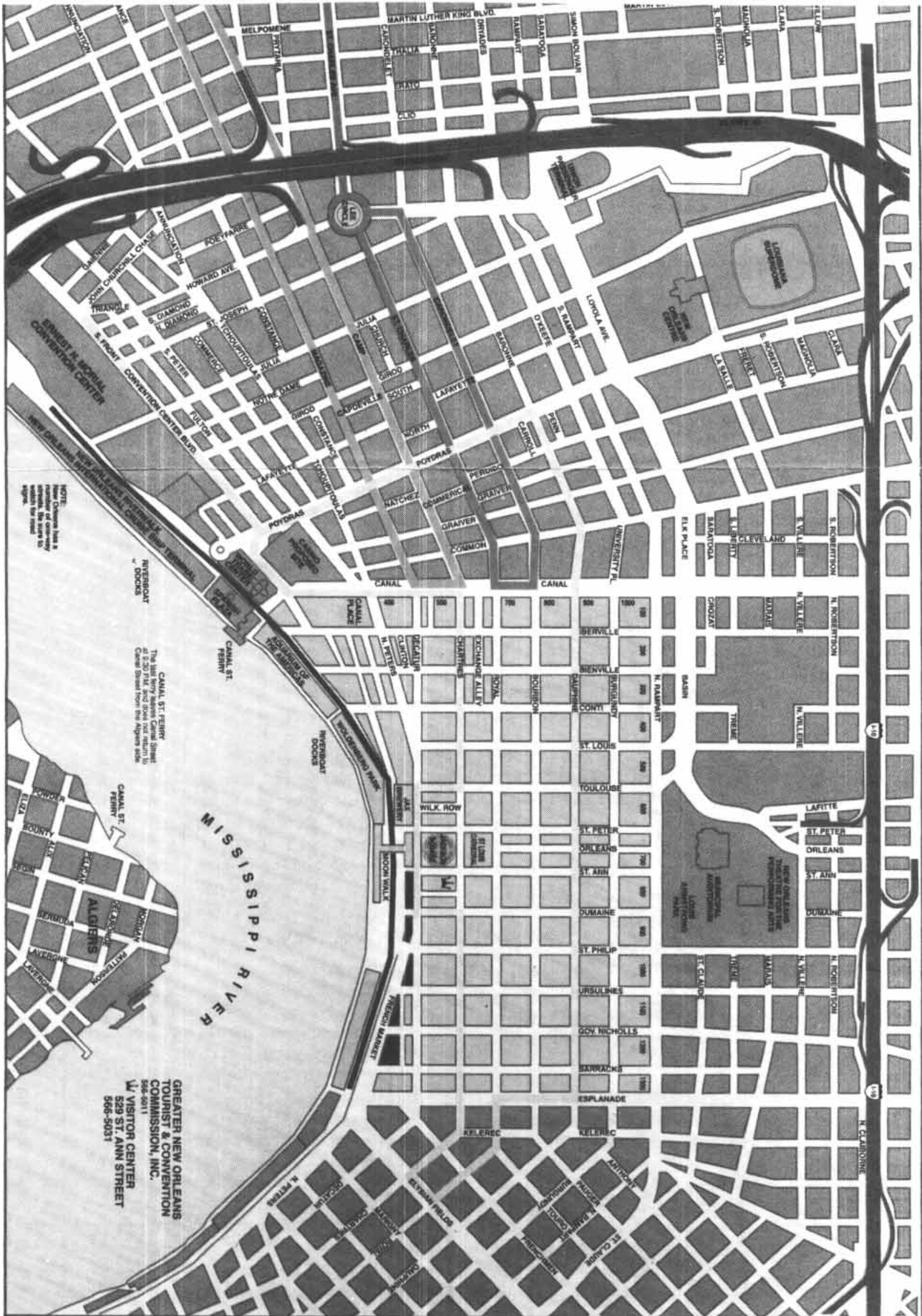
Trade was good in the late 1700's and New Orleans controlled the trade on the lucrative Mississippi River. Three countries vied for control of this port city—Britain, Spain, and France—with the latter finally recovering the prize in 1802. Only one year later, Napoléon sold the city (as part of the Louisiana Purchase) to America.

This stunned the snobbish Creole society, which considered Americans to be barbarians who would destroy their sophisticated way of life. In turn, the Americans built the uptown section with its mansions on the outside of Canal Street, creating the Garden District. Creole society quickly realized that American wealth would bring more trade and the social walls fell. By 1814 and the Battle of New Orleans, the cultures were blended enough to repel the English in a concentrated and cooperative defense.

Geography

New Orleans is unusual among America's large cities in that its skyline is not as cluttered with skyscrapers and highrises. Until recently it was extremely expensive to build the foundation necessary to support a skyscraper on New Orleans' wet, swampy soil. Modern technology has now changed that, and highrises are popping up along the length of Canal Street.

The orientation of locations within the city are almost never described in the cardinal directions of the compass, but much more commonly as riverside, lakeside, uptown, and downtown, which fit the crescent-shaped city much better. The main thoroughfare by which things will be described is Canal Street, running from uptown to downtown and separating riverside from lakeside. The city is bounded by the Mississippi to the south and west, and by Lake Pontchartrain to the north.



Atmosphere

It is important that the Keeper provide a vivid background throughout the New Orleans section. The exotic environments of Tonga and the Sudan will fill the players' imaginations without enormous effort on behalf of the Keeper. However, it would be easy to allow New Orleans to fade into that gray linear world of the average American city. New Orleans is every bit as exotic as the Sudan and Tonga. Make sure to present it that way to the players.

The central areas of New Orleans are very old, and the narrow streets were designed for carriages. At night, the main blocks of Bourbon Street are blocked off with concrete pillars and are limited to pedestrian traffic. Neighboring streets are packed with tightly parked cars. Between buildings there are often high-walled, narrow dark alleys, some of which go completely through to other streets. Many are blind and end in dark cluttered corners. These alleys often contain several narrow, shutter-style doors (side entrances into the shops and restaurants which fill the area).

Many of the shops, bars, and restaurants are built in the old brownstones which line the streets. Normally these places are long and narrow, with steps climbing from the street to an old narrow door. The halls and rooms extend lengthwise into the depth of the buildings.

If the building is not a brownstone, it could be of the French colonial style. These buildings have wrought iron balconies. Many restaurants have seating available on the balconies, one level above the street. An excellent view of goings-on can be obtained from such a vantage point.

Another style in the area is the courtyard residence. Many small hotels have taken these over, while others are still used as houses. They have tall walls facing the street; from the outside they tend to look quite worn and dilapidated. Heavy wood doors allow access into the inner area, where the atmosphere is usually very serene and quiet. A small central courtyard open to the sky will be surrounded on all sides by the tall walls of the building. Fountains are not uncommon in these inner gardens, along with tile floors and flowering foliage.

Bring the streets to life with sights and sounds. Street musicians are common, especially Zydeco bands whose music spills onto the street from the open doors of nightclubs. There are many bars throughout the area, especially on Bourbon Street, which leans heavily toward the adult side of the entertainment spectrum. Many of these clubs have themes. One, for instance, is Dave's Tropical Island Bar; it features a tropical motif, as well as a flaming fountain. At the back of another club the investigators may finally see the band, a man wearing only white pants and big rubber boots (as a shrimp fisherman would wear), and his wife, who is wearing nothing but cut-off shorts and the washboard top which she is playing.

The people of New Orleans are a mixed lot, and the accents are varied and diverse. Try to keep NPC's from falling into stereotypes. Remember that each person has a place and a past which, if not giving him a reason, gives him a path for being where he is. Each history carries with it its own subtle languages, accents, and ways of looking at the world.

On some nights, very late or very early, the streets get quiet. They have an eerie atmosphere, like a great ballroom after the ball. They are littered with the debris of the night's festivities, and the dark alleys yawn and leer at the pools of street light. Residences have metal gates, fences are spiked with iron, and many walls have broken bottles embedded into the concrete of their apexes. The occasional drunk skulks his way home, hoping not to meet anyone in the shadows.

Mardi Gras

Mardi Gras is French for Shrove Tuesday and is the last day before the fasting season of Lent. Literally translated, the term means "fat Tuesday", so called because it represents the last opportunity for merrymaking and excessive indulgence in food and wine before the solemn season of fasting.

In New Orleans, the streets are filled with spectacular parades, costumed dancers, and the patrons of many masked balls. The main streets are crowded and loud with music and the din of carnival. Costumes range from simple black domino masks to giant-headed men and monsters walking on stilts, to the partially naked devils and demons dancing in doors and beneath awnings. It is a time of chaos in the city, and the many crimes committed go almost ignored as the forces of law are overwhelmed by the sheer number of individuals bent on reckless abandon.

Prelude

Dr. Volk flew straight to Boston after leaving Tonga with the catatonic Miss Kent. While she underwent treatment in Boston, Dr. Volk processed his data at the Woods Hole Institute. Dr. Volk also paid many visits to Miss Kent during this time. The Woods Hole Institute is located less than two hours from Boston on Cape Cod.

Within three days Miss Kent had recovered tremendously. She could not recall the events leading up to her illness other than that she had been feeling very tired and stressed in the days before both of her diving mishaps. She was diagnosed as having "a case of extreme claustrophobia which is only occasionally expressed."

By the time Miss Kent had recovered, Dr. Volk had processed his seismic data and discovered some large anomalies in the sea wall of the Tongan Trench. Having seen the *Proud Ariane* anchored near the site of the anomalies, he had investigated its registry. With a small amount of checking around, he found out some information on Mr. LeGoullon and decided to meet with him in New Orleans on his way back to Tonga. He also cabled the *Hippocampus* with the details of a new study to be carried out involving a more detailed survey of the anomalous area of the Tongan Trench.

Dr. Volk, along with Miss Kent, then flew to New Orleans. He managed to secure a room for the two of them to share at the New Orleans Hilton. The night of their arrival (February 4), New Orleans was in the middle of a

very heavy thunderstorm. During their ride from the airport to the hotel Miss Kent had a relapse. One moment she had been staring through the light-streaked, rain-drenched windows, and the next she was furiously kicking off her clothes and ripping at the door handles, yelling to be set free. This time, however, the episode was shorter in duration and she regained her composure more quickly. After several calming hours in the hotel room, she related to Dr. Volk that she had seen something horrible during her first dive at sea: "It was so huge ... and ... then it looked straight ... oh god ... into me." According to Dr. Volk, the only other coherent description of what she saw was, "And the glowing behind its eyes" She didn't remember what she had seen while riding with the PC's in the submarine. At this point and for the next several days Miss Kent is very tired and drawn.

Feeling overwhelmed, Dr. Volk contacts the PC's the following morning by means of the message number or answering machine which he got before leaving Tonga. Later that day, he manages to make an appointment to meet with Dr. Aziz for the evening of February 6. That same afternoon (February 5), at 4:00 p.m., he hears the first report that the Tongan authorities have lost radio contact with the *Hippocampus* in heavy seas off Tonga. He spends the rest of the day in the hotel with Miss Kent.

Arrival

The PC's may use many different means of transportation to get to New Orleans. They may fly from L.A. on any day after February 5. However, they will probably have to fly coach class on a late-night flight, due to the heavy volume of travel during Mardi Gras. The planes are crowded due to the tourist load, but the flights are uneventful.

If the PC's are on the first plane available to New Orleans, then they are on the same flight as Stroeker and Toby (the United Airlines 7:45 a.m. from LAX to New Orleans on the morning of February 6). Stroeker maintains his new disguise from Los Angeles. See the Airport Interlude for rules on noticing Stroeker while he is in disguise (p. 32). Stroeker will certainly notice the group.

The characters may also follow the Ryder truck containing the stolen relics from the Tongan temple. This trip takes thirty to forty hours, which would bring the characters into New Orleans about 9:30 p.m. on Thursday, February 7, after Dr. Volk's demise. They may rent a car or drive their own cars as appropriate.

The weather in New Orleans upon arrival is standard for the time of year. The daily highs are usually around 68° F, and nightly lows are around 57°. It rains hard on the evenings of February 11 and 12, but the rains are of short duration. Other than that, the skies are beautiful.

The immediate impression as one arrives in New Orleans is of the juxtaposition of many cultures bringing out a unique metropolitan flavor. Spanish mansions sit next to French townhouses, which in turn are mixed with south-

ern plantation manors. Almost all of the neighborhoods will give this impression, especially Canal Street, where the Westin Canal Place Hotel is located.

The Ryder Truck

The truck and its drivers arrive at New Orleans International Airport at 10:00 p.m. on February 7. They leave the truck in the hangar housing LeGoullon's DC3. The next morning, starting at 5:30 a.m., the airplane is loaded with the crates from Tonga. Aziz and Stroeker both show up at about 8:00 a.m. to check on the progress. The plane is finally loaded later that afternoon but does not depart for the Sudan until February 10.

Westin Canal Place Hotel

Dr. Volk has managed to secure a two-bedroom suite at the Westin Canal Place for the PC's. The reservation starts on the night of February 5 and runs until February 12. He was only able to get the room as there was a cancellation. Dr. Volk will pay for any nights that the characters do not stay there, as long as he knows that they will be coming. Once the characters arrive he will transfer the room to their name. The 10th floor room costs \$215 a night.

The Westin Canal Place Hotel is one of the nicest and most convenient hotels in New Orleans. Its placement on Canal Street, along the Mississippi River on the edge of the French Quarter, gives this palatial hotel one of the best and most sought-after views of the city. Its location also puts it within a short distance of most of the city's attractions.

The hotel is faced in rich marble, and the baroque interior is finely crafted to the smallest detail. It is incredibly beautiful. The 11th floor glass-walled lobby has a view of the city like few other buildings, and many of the hotel's more affluent patrons can be found here taking afternoon tea or evening café au lait among the fine paintings and antiques.

The rooms are royally furnished to the point of over-indulgence. Each room has its own marble foyer, and will usually contain many period pieces of value and interest. The characters should be made to feel as if all of their needs will be satisfied in this hotel, and that its comfort is unbeatable.

The hotel has full concierge services and valet parking in its own garage, as well as a heated pool with poolside beverage services.

MICHAEL OPPERMAN, Night Bellman and All-around Helpful Guy, age 31

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Fast Talk 45%, Oratory 65%



Items carried: Keys to the rooms of his choice ("Let me see here, yeah, I think I have that one.")

Michael Opperman is a traveler's dream. He is a bellman who enjoys his job and really wants to help people. He knows his home city well, and will spare no effort in helping characters (especially generous ones) find whatever they are looking for, whether shady or not. It is Michael who will escort the PC's to their rooms. If generously

tipped, he will leave the room with a smile saying, "I hope you enjoy your stay in Nor-Luns, and if you need anythin', y'all just dial 7 and ask for Mike, y'hear?"

ERIK HOLBROOK, Assistant Night Manager and Non-helpful Person, age 42

STR 9 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 11 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 16 EDU 16 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Character Assessment 70%, Supervise 80%

Items carried: "Gold pocket watch of reservation expiration"

Holbrook is a tall thin Brit who has discovered too late that America was not, most definitely not, his cup of tea. He is a busy man and not very polite, but he was smart enough to surround himself with an extremely friendly and helpful night crew. If the PC's are causing problems, he will take

a dim view of the "bloody American slob" and threaten them with "eviction right out on their bums" if there is any further "non-sense."

LAMONT ASHFORD, Head Parking Valet and Part-time Punk with Good Street Connections, age 28

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 16 APP 11 EDU 9 SAN 65 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Detect Honesty 80%, Drive Auto 45%, Pistol 40%

Items carried: Normally just a few sets of the hotter cars' keys; can acquire a .45 automatic pistol from his service booth in moments.

Lamont is the person Mike will guide the PC's to if they ask for questionable or illegal objects or services. This Creole-mulatto is an "old man" on the streets of New Orleans, a long-time survivor with an uncanny knack for telling truth from lies.



"GILLS" ERIKSON, Funny-looking Nosy Shoeshiner, age 55

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 9
DEX 12 APP 7 EDU 8 SAN 45 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: New Orleans History 80%, Orate 65%, Shine Shoes 90%

Items carried: Towel and shoe polish

"Gills" has been polishing shoes at the Westin since 1983, and in New Orleans since 1959. There is not much about the city that he doesn't know, fact as well as fiction. The overweight, bulging black man will tell any story and listen to most. The rolls of fat on his jowls and his bulging eyes have led to his fishy nickname.



The Sleepwalker

On the night of February 7 Uluaki attempts to retrieve some of his stolen items. He possesses one of the bell boys



and enters the characters' room to search for the missing items. Needless to say, it will not go well for the characters if they blow away a bellboy. In his sleepwalking state, Gabriel lets himself into the characters' room with his passkey at about 3:30 a.m. He begins to search the room quietly at first, looking for anything obvious. If he doesn't find

anything, he will begin to look under beds, open dressers and suitcases, etc.

GABRIEL MARSE, Zombie Bellboy, age 17

STR 19 CON 20 SIZ 10
DEX 9 POW 1 HP 15 MV 6

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Kick 40%, Punch 50%

Items carried: Passkey, pocket full of tips, couple of sticks of cinnamon gum

Gabriel is one of many young bellboys around the hotel. He is slight of stature (siz 8 when in a normal state of mind) and doesn't appear to pose a threat to anyone. He speaks in a quiet nervous stammer and has a hard time making eye contact.

Uluaki will not cease his pursuit of the players no matter what. He will dog them until he or they lie bleeding in the gutter. He can show up at any time, and in his Tongan priestly regalia and war paint he would have one of the less gaudy costumes seen in the streets of New Orleans during Mardi Gras.

Contact

Dr. Volk will be quite busy on the day of February 6. He will spend most of the day researching LeGoullon and finding out what he can learn about LeGoullon Enterprises. If the characters manage to arrive on the morning of February 6, they will find that Volk has already left his hotel for the day. He will call Miss Kent at 12:00 noon to

check on her and see if she needs anything. If the characters find their way to Miss Kent by this time, Volk will make arrangements over the phone to meet them for an early dinner at Albert's, the 11th floor lobby restaurant at the Westin Canal Place. He will ask that they bring Miss Kent if she feels well enough, which she will. If the characters do not locate Miss Kent or Volk before noon, then Volk will leave similar instructions with her. The dinner reservations are made by Miss Kent for 5:30 p.m., as Volk has an 8:00 p.m. appointment with Dr. Aziz.

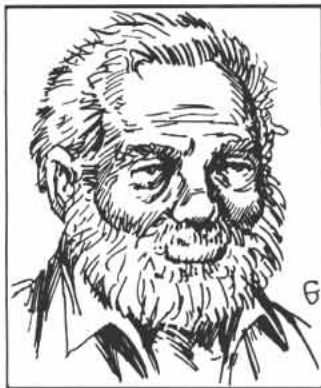
Dr. LAZLO VOLK, Seismologist and Concerned Mentor

STR 11 CON 8 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 22 SAN 50 HP 11

Items carried: He is carrying a briefcase containing the original seismographic charts of the tremor which brought his crew to Tonga in the first place. There are some reference materials

which show that the received seismic energy was too regular to be a natural quake and that it was more likely some sort of subsea demolitions. There are also charts and graphs of his most recent survey of the Tongan Trench. One clearly displays the curious anomalies at about 2,000' of depth along the trench wall.

Since the players last saw him Dr. Volk has lost a little weight, his hair is in more of a state of disarray, and he seems more distracted. There are black bags be-



neath his eyes that tell a story of many long nights and stressful hours. He is very concerned about Miss Kent, and will be very relieved when the PC's arrive to help him care for her. He will be strongly opposed to the idea of questioning Miss Kent further about her experiences.

THERESA KENT, Graduate Student and Hapless Victim

STR 9 CON 15 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 15 APP 16 EDU 18 SAN 45 HP 13

Theresa is also considerably changed since when the investigators last saw her. She has lost some weight, appears distant at times, and seems less attentive to her own appearance. If she is questioned about what she saw on her original dive, she will ask that the questioner please not put her through that. If the person persists, she will grow agitated and will reluctantly reveal what she has said to Dr. Volk already (see Prelude on page 40). If pressed further she will say something about "ridges" or "ribs" and will then begin to sob and kick her legs as if she were trying to kick something off. A successful Psychoanalysis roll is necessary to keep her from having another relapse at this point. If the roll is failed, she will drift in and out of fits and catatonia for two days following the questions.



Dinner

If the characters and Miss Kent remain at the Hilton until 4:30 (it takes only five minutes to take a taxi from the Hilton to the Westin), they will receive a message that a cable has arrived at the front desk for Dr. Volk. The cable is from Dr. McNamara at the Woods Hole Institute. It states that four hours previously, in Tonga, the *Hippocampus* was reported officially lost with no survivors about twenty-five miles east of Tonga (see Handout Orleans1).

Albert's is a five-star Cajun/French restaurant. The food and service are excellent. The evening's specials are on the menu (see Handout Orleans2). Far below the floor-to-ceiling windows, the Mardi Gras parade blares and booms, growing in volume as the evening commences.

Dr. Volk is running late, having just come from the Port Authority. He looks worse than ever. One of his shirt tails is hanging over his belt, his tie is askew, and his face is flushed. He plops down pantingly, laying his briefcase by his side.

Over the course of dinner he will provide as much of the information that he has found as he can. He will also discuss his findings from his data.

In a hurry, he will ask one of the PC's to order for him. He will start out in a very professorial manor, presenting the original seismic data that led to his team's journey to Tonga. "As can be clearly seen, the seismic activity is of a distinctly regular nature. The pattern does not resemble that of a natural quake. Instead, it is very similar to the tremors associated with subsea demolitions. Had I thought to enlarge the originals earlier, I might have been suspicious of the activity before going to Tonga."

Next he will reveal the processed image containing the strange signal response from his own survey data in Tonga. "This signal here is of the normal non-anomalous Tongan Trench wall. This here is of the area near the origin of the tremors. Notice the giant scale of the anomaly. I suspect that the body of material generating this sensor response is highly ferrous. That is, I think there is something very large and made of metal in this region. I would say it is on the order of a 50- or 75-story building, something along that scale." In fact, there is no metal object of this size at the Lower Temple. The erroneous signal is created by unusual mineral growths on the walls of the submerged Lower Temple.

He will then relate to the PC's that during his original work at the Tongan site he had come into contact with a boat, the *Proud Ariane*, under the registry of a Mr. Jean LeGoullon of LeGoullon Enterprises. "The ship is a marine salvage-type vessel. It was anchored in the area throughout the time that we conducted our study. I still feel certain that somehow this LeGoullon fellow and that boat are involved in this." Dr. Volk is not sure as to exactly what they might be doing down there. He suspects they are constructing some sort of modular deep sea exploration environment or perhaps undertaking a mining operation. "At any rate, they should not be blasting at such a depth in one of the subduction trenches of the Pacific Rim. I am compelled to inform this LeGoullon fellow of the dangers, both to his own crew and to the local inhabitants of Tonga. Blasting of this nature might set off a

tsunami-starting series of quakes. Not to mention of course the scientific ramifications if LeGoullon is indeed establishing some sort of deep ocean environment. Of course there are environmental considerations as well if he were to be mining at those depths. Then I thought of the possibility that perhaps they were trying to salvage a wrecked ship of some kind." Dr. Volk continues on about all of the possibilities for a while before finally coming to the results of his research around New Orleans.

"Well, I didn't discover a great deal, that is for sure. I didn't get anywhere at the head offices of his company, LeGoullon International, er yes, Enterprises rather. They wouldn't so much as peep regarding the possibility of deep sea exploration interests. And then again at the Port Authority, I found people particularly unhelpful. I did manage to find that the *Proud Ariane* had been recently refitted, however. Apparently she was outfitted as a marine salvage vessel a few years ago. Now I came upon the idea of a possible shipwreck in the area once again. But the public library here has no record of any recent or reported sinkings in those waters." This is really all Dr. Volk knows. He will be happy to carry on a lengthy conversation of hypothetical ideas and intelligent conjecturing until it is time for him to go, about 7:30 p.m.

If Dr. Volk receives the news that the *Hippocampus* has been reported lost with all hands missing, he will become very quiet and despondent. He may relay that he did in fact send instructions to perform a more detailed survey of the anomalous area. He will also mention to Miss Kent that perhaps he should make the next journey

to Tonga alone (they both have reservations to fly to Tonga on the morning of February 8).

Murder

Finally Dr. Volk will bid the group adieu. He will ask one of the more gentlemanly characters (or one that Miss Kent has taken an obvious liking to) please to escort her home when she is ready. He will also ask that PC if he needs money for cab fare.

Dr. Volk will politely but firmly refuse any offers to accompany him. He will say that the arrangements were that he would come alone. He agreed to them readily, knowing that a single, elder, established, and reputable scientist would be more trusted with possible corporate secrets than two people. He will say that he is supposed to go to the main office of LeGoullon Enterprises.

It will be possible for anyone wishing to watch Dr. Volk leave the building to do so through the large windows in the restaurant. It will be necessary for him to get up from the table and walk over to the windows to do this, however. This action will not seem at all unusual, as many people are occasionally watching the parade from the large windows.

It is of course possible for anyone to follow Dr. Volk without his permission. He will not get very far, however. The parade is passing just outside the main entrance to the hotel. Dr. Volk walks quickly across the lobby and out onto the street. Anyone watching will see the following: Dr. Volk pauses briefly to look both ways over the crowds and then descends down some stairs to his left into the street. At the same moment a huge dragon float is passing.



The "dragon" is really a concealed hunting horror. Aziz has disguised the hunting horror to appear normal to those who pass near it and dance to and fro beneath it. The head bobs stiffly this way and that, and occasionally a little puff of steam escapes its mouth. As it passes Dr. Volk, the head bobs quickly towards him and then away again. Anyone watching Dr. Volk specifically may make a Spot Hidden roll to notice that he is gone and that his legs are protrud-

If the investigators look in newspapers for information about LeGoullon, they will find the following article from the *New Orleans Gazette*, July 13, 1986 (Handout Orleans3).

New Orleans Entrepreneurs Salute Jean LeGoullon

This week's focus article centers on Albert Jean Thibideaux-LeGoullon.

Mr. LeGoullon was born in the town of Thibideaux Junction in 1946 to Antoine and Michelle Thibideaux-LeGoullon. Jean's father, Antoine, was drafted into the Army during World War II. While serving in France during 1944 he met Michelle Soubert, the woman eventually to become Mrs. LeGoullon.

In the fall of 1945 Antoine and his new wife returned to America, where Antoine resumed his job as a crawfish fisherman. The following year, forty years ago, Michelle bore a son on this day. Unfortunately, she did not live to see her new baby, as she died during the birth. According to Jean, he inherited his mother's creative thirst for life and his father's hard work habits.

Though Mr. LeGoullon lost his father when he was 14, remarkably the small town came together and made sure that his father's dreams were fulfilled. The town pitched in and, together with the small amount his father had saved, Jean was able to afford to go to college. There he came into his own, gaining an MBA in five years.

Upon graduation he returned to Louisiana, only this time to New Orleans instead of the small town of his raising. He entered into employment with the Merry-mont Shipping Company. Within three years Merry-mont was reporting increased earnings and LeGoullon had earned a Vice Presidential position. Two years later LeGoullon was president of the company. Today LeGoullon Enterprises is the sixth largest U.S. shipping company, with Jean LeGoullon as president and C.E.O. From his offices in the top four floors of the First Interstate Building, LeGoullon looks out over his growing operations.

Although he purchased a penthouse apartment in the new Whitney Building, LeGoullon has also restored one of the old houses from his home town of Thibideaux Junction. He spends much of his time in this familiar setting and, according to Mr. LeGoullon, he will only make use of his new penthouse apartment when absolutely necessary.

ing from the mouth of the dragon. At this point the illusion is broken, though only for those who made that Spot Hidden roll. The true visage of the hunting horror is revealed (SAN checks are necessary for all who made the roll; SAN loss 0/1d10). If a character was watching but didn't make the roll, all he sees is that the doctor disappears into the crowd behind a puff of steam from the dragon's mouth. The dragon float continues along the parade route. If an investigator specifically states that he is still watching the float, he will notice a dimming of the lights and torches near to it when it is about 100 feet from the murder site. At this point a heavy shadow can be seen to "flap" up the side of a distant building and disappear into the night sky. This will only be noticed if a Spot Hidden roll is made.

Within moments, whether or not a character has noticed anything, it becomes apparent that something has happened. Screams begin to issue from the crowd outside the doors: Dr. Volk's legs have been found. The police are called; a big scene lasting two hours quickly develops.

If Miss Kent witnesses the murder and sees the hunting horror, it may become necessary to hospitalize her, as she is sure to not take it well. When she learns of the gruesome death of Dr. Volk, she automatically loses another 1d6+1 points of Sanity. She will begin ranting, "It's after me, I know it is, ... oh god ... help me."

Dr. Volk's briefcase is nowhere to be found.

LeGoullon Enterprises

Should the characters decide to contact LeGoullon Enterprises themselves regarding Dr. Volk or his death, they will meet with total denial of any contact with such a person. No one at LeGoullon Enterprises will have ever heard of him, seen him, or spoken with him.

If the PC's attempt to arrange a meeting with Dr. Aziz, they will meet with flat refusal. "I'm sorry, Dr. Aziz is very busy with Mr. LeGoullon being abroad. I see here that I could schedule you an appointment for the 25th of March?" The only ways that the characters might be able to meet with Aziz are as follows:

- If they convey in a message that they have knowledge of the truth behind the operation in Tonga.
- If they claim to be willing to turn over some of the items from Tonga that were stolen from the hanger in Los Angeles.
- If the PC's break into the LeGoullon Enterprises offices and make off with Aziz's ushabti (Setnakht).
- If the characters create sufficient havoc that Aziz feels the safety of his directives is endangered.

Should the investigators manage to attract Aziz's attention they will be watched beginning the following day. The first day they will be watched by a single security agent from LeGoullon Enterprises. The agent carries

identification and will not be too difficult to notice or lose. If the LeGoullon agent is lost then two of Stroeker's goons will be assigned to watch. Eventually, up to four goons will be employed to keep tabs on the characters' movements.

If the characters have done something illegal, Aziz will attempt to get them to admit it over the telephone. He will then set up a trap involving some contacts of his in the police department. At the arranged meeting place (likely to be the docks) they will find themselves surrounded by cops who will arrest all of the characters present and keep them in jail for as long as possible. They may use any tape recordings that Aziz has (altered slightly) as evidence, or weapons charges, or even just vagrancy.

If Aziz learns the characters' names and they present any real trouble he will purchase tickets to Washington, D.C. in their names. Amazingly, though they do not show up for their flight, they do manage to check in and even check some bags through. During the Gulf War airport security was extremely tight. If a passenger failed to get on his flight his checked baggage was removed and handled with suspicion. The airport security guard hears ticking and calls the bomb squad. Bad news: The bags contain enough explosives to atomize the aircraft and are set to go off at the time of arrival.

The FBI is immediately called in and it takes them about fourteen seconds to determine to whom the bags belong. The FBI will show up at the hotel within three hours, and if the investigators are caught they are liable to be discarded for a considerable length of time unless they have an absolutely bullet-proof alibi. Aziz will not use any police if the investigators have the stolen items from Tonga, since he hopes to get them back for Labib.

If he becomes thoroughly weary of them then Aziz will attempt to have the characters killed. Again a meeting place will be set up (probably the docks again). Aziz will probably show up himself in order best to bait the trap. The characters will then be exposed to a hail of automatic weapon fire.

Should the investigators manage to prove a significant bother for Aziz but he can't kill them just yet (possibly because they have some information, items from Tonga, etc.), he is likely to retaliate by taking one of the characters hostage. Most likely that will be Miss Kent. She may be institutionalized after the brutal murder of Dr. Volk, or else she just may provide a rather easy target during her days of recovery at the hotel. Aziz is likely to take her back to Thibideaux Junction, where he will keep her bound and gagged.

He will then have Stroeker send one of his thugs with a message to the PC's. One of the characters will catch sight of a rather large man standing near them talking on a pay phone. The man will tap a pack of cigarettes in his hand causing a couple to pop out of the top of the package. He will offer one to the character: "Looking for one of these?" The cigarettes are Kent brand. Whether the investigator takes the cigarette or not, the thug will say, "I suggest you talk on this here telephone if you are, 'cause there ain't liable to be none if you don't." The man will then walk away, leaving the character with an unlit cigarette and lighting his own as he departs.

If a player picks up the phone Aziz is on the other end. He will give a short ultimatum: "Comply with my demands or your friend will be tortured and killed."

WALTER, "Kent" Goon, age 34

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 11 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 40 HP 15 MV 8

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Pistol 35%, damage 2d8+3

Punch 65%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Skills: Flick Cigarette 95%

Items carried: Desert Eagle .50 caliber semi-automatic pistol, extra magazine of ammo (six shots). This pistol is the product of an extreme gun fanatic's labors. It is nickel plated and has a laser sight, a muzzle vent to reduce recoil, and a hair trigger.

Walter dresses for the weather (heavy coat to conceal his cannon) and has a great deal of self confidence. The investigators can not rattle him by any means short of physical torture.



LeGoullon Enterprises Headquarters

The headquarters of LeGoullon Enterprises are located on the top four floors of the First Interstate Building, on the waterfront in the business district of downtown New Orleans. The Spanish tiled mosaic floors of the entranceway form the LeGoullon Enterprises logo in bright blues and gold. There is also a medium-sized (eight feet tall and six feet in diameter) marble fountain depicting Poseidon with his trident battling a great sea serpent. Both figures are partially submerged in about a foot of water inside the base of the fountain. An Archaeology or History roll will reveal that the statue is probably an original Greek work and dates from about 400 B.C. The walls of the reception area are covered with maps showing most of the corporation's shipping lines, as well as large color portraits of the larger vessels (*Southern Star*, *Mississippi Duke*, a steamer, and *Pontchartrain*, to name a few).

The main reception area on the 24th floor will refer all inquiries about or appointments with Mr. LeGoullon to his 27th floor offices. From what little the PC's can see from the lower reception area, the office seems to be very busy.

LeGoullon's Offices

As visitors, the characters will be able to observe the following during the daytime.

The short elevator ride up to the 27th floor ends as the door opens on another small lobby area. The 27th floor houses the offices of LeGoullon Enterprises' top corporate officers. Fully half of the floor is dedicated to the offices of Jean LeGoullon and his personal secretary, Diane Toillamer. The lobby is decorated in a nautical theme, with fake portholes, ship's railings, terraces, white

rope banisters, and deck-style hardwood floors. The doors and office fixtures are mainly brass and dark hardwood, giving the area a quiet calm feeling. To the left side of the lobby are two trophy cases containing the many yachting trophies of Jean LeGoullon (running the competitive seasons of 1987-1990, ending abruptly at the time of his replacement). Dominating the cases is a model of LeGoullon's private racing yacht, *Michelle's Wake*.

Between the two cases is a pair of large dark cherry doors with brass trim. Behind these doors are the LeGoullon's offices. To the right and left of the respective trophy cases are large tinted widows looking into LeGoullon's outer office. From the reception area it is possible to see that his outer office has windows overlooking the Mississippi River as well as the docks and freight yards below. It is also possible to see that LeGoullon's outer office contains the desk of Miss Toillamer and a large oval conference table. Lastly, it is possible to see a single dark cherry door leading into LeGoullon's private office. In order to gain entry from the reception area to LeGoullon's outer office, it is necessary to be "buzzed through" by Miss Dulacy at the reception desk.

To the right of the reception area are the offices of Simon Kite, Vice President and Chief Financial Officer, and his secretary Mrs. Shepplestein. Kite, however, is currently out on sick leave through the design of Labib. This is the office that contains the financial records of LeGoullon Enterprises.

Next to Kite's office is the office of the Chief of Security and Operations. This position has been filled by Aziz in a relatively new appointment of the last year. This was done in order to free Labib from some of his time-consuming duties. Dr. Aziz has no secretary. This office contains nearly all pertinent data on all shipping operations currently active.

SHARON DULACY, Perky Receptionist, age 28

STR 7 CON 9 SIZ 9 INT 11 POW 7
DEX 12 APP 15 EDU 16 SAN 35 HP 9

Damage Bonus: -1d4

Skills: Gossip 75%, Optimism 90%, Take Messages 80%

Items carried: Gold Egyptian cartouche pendant that her last boyfriend got for her while traveling in Egypt a year ago (Spot Hidden to notice). The cartouche bears the phonetic symbols of her name.

Sharon is as she actually appears, a pretty young woman who happens to work for a large, international shipping firm. She knows nothing about anything going on in the background. She is a local and a graduate of Tulane, with a degree in office management.

When the PC's approach the reception desk on the 27th floor lobby, they cannot fail to notice that Sharon is one of those terminally perky and "up" people who can't help but be happy. She dresses colorfully in bright business outfits, and keeps a Tulane banner-toting bear on her computer terminal. She doesn't care for Lenny Stroeker and his cynical remarks, but she has hope for him and wishes to be his friend some day.



If a character manages to gain Sharon's confidence, she will probably reveal that LeGoullon is "off in Arabia with some oil prince" and that he is "looking into the economics of oil transportation." She may mention that she is concerned about his health, as the tremendous stress of his work is having an obvious effect (wandering eye, pale complexion, etc.). If someone brings up Miss Toillamer's coldness, she will say, "Oh, you'll have to excuse her, she's just a little jealous 'cause Mr. LeGoullon doesn't take her along on any business trips anymore."

Sharon is talkative and will readily reveal that the computer system was "custom built" to Mr. LeGoullon's specifications if a skillful investigator leads a conversation in that direction.

EMMA SHEPPLESTEIN, Depressed Motherly Secretary, age 42

STR 6 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 9
DEX 6 APP 8 EDU 15 SAN 45 HP 13

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Perceptive 70%, Worry 85%

Items carried: Ball point pen on rope around neck

Emma is the secretary for Mr. Kite, "who had his unfortunate breakdown a few months back." She is an observant woman who has a good idea where a lot of the business has been coming from over the past decade.



She is shrewd, however, and knows which side of her bread is buttered. Recently things have gotten "really bad" what with Dr. Aziz being hired, Mr. Kite having his breakdown, and lots of unexplained expenditures of company monies. She has decided to keep a low profile, however, as she is due to retire in less than two months. If someone manages to gain the trust of Emma, she may reveal that she doesn't "like

the fact that LeGoullon spends so much time trafficking and carousing with Arabs these days" and that perhaps LeGoullon is "looking into some arms deals or weapons sales to those nations." If she is questioned about her boss, Mr. Kite, and if she trusts the characters somewhat, she will let them know that the night before Kite called in sick, he and his wife had invited Dr. Aziz over for dinner.

DIANNE TOILLAMER, LeGoullon's Personal Secretary, age 30

STR 7 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 17 EDU 18 SAN 70 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Pistol 35%, damage 1d8

Skills: Accounting 75%, Frozen Oratory 90%, Immunity to Persuasion 75%

Items carried: Silver-plated .32 automatic with pearl grips

Dianne is a beautiful light-skinned mulatto with auburn hair and light blue eyes. She is a C.E.O.'s dream. Totally dedicated, intelligent, and beautiful, she makes an ideal executive assistant. She is a slight athletic woman whose blue eyes act as frosting to her cool but professional demeanor. She takes charge of the office business in LeGoullon and Aziz's absence. Her business outfits are fashionable and understated, yet of excellent quality and manufacture.

Dianne is the daughter of a minor business associate of LeGoullon. She managed to impress LeGoullon with her aggressive business attitudes. Realizing that this was an intelligent woman whom he could use in his business if properly controlled, he hired her quickly. He put her through Harvard Business School while she interned at LeGoullon Enterprises. She saw LeGoullon's success as a beacon to follow, and has spent the last six years as his personal assistant and sometime lover.

She knows of most of his illegal business activities. She has noted the distinct personality change in Jean, but has attributed it to some sort of mid-life "crisis." She doesn't like all of the recent dealings with LeGoullon's Arabic consorts, but she knows business and knows it is probably necessary for some big "next step" of LeGoullon's. She has worried some about her position at L.E. since the abrupt end of their personal relationship, and so has redoubled her already impressive business efforts. She speaks with a slight southern drawl highlighted by a slight sibilant overbite. If questioned, she will reveal nothing. She will respond to questions regarding LeGoullon with a patented, "I'm sorry, Mr. LeGoullon is away on business. When he returns I will be glad to ..." Likewise, questions regarding anything else will be met with, "I'm sorry, I think you should speak with Mr. LeGoullon about that."



garding LeGoullon with a patented, "I'm sorry, Mr. LeGoullon is away on business. When he returns I will be glad to ..." Likewise, questions regarding anything else will be met with, "I'm sorry, I think you should speak with Mr. LeGoullon about that."

OWEN GUMM, Tired Rent-a-Cop, age 47

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 65 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Pistol 43%, damage 1d10

Skills: Fix Dishwasher 76%,
Fix Refrigerator 60%, Fix
Stove 54%, Operate Security
Monitor 45%

Items carried: .38 Special revolver

Gumm works for Tower Security, the firm with the current contract for night watch in the building. He is a middle-aged appliance repairman working a second job to put his daughters through college. He is loyal to the point of violence, but spends roughly 40% of his shift asleep in the basement security offices, 25% walking the building, and 35% doing other things (watching monitors, watching TV, in the bathroom).



FRENCHIE, HAL, and MAX (Aziz calls them Atep, Pesro, and Seb respectively), Rottweiler Guard Dogs

STR	8	6	9
CON	12	13	14
SIZ	6	5	7
POW	6	7	10
DEX	14	13	17
HP	9	9	11
MV	12	12	12
DB	-1d4	-1d6	-1d4

Weapons: Bite 45%, damage 1d6

Skills: Smell 80%, Spot Hidden 60%

The three dogs are dropped off after a thorough floor search every evening by K9 Security Systems, Inc. They have no food or water overnight, but often drink from the fountain in the main reception area on the 24th floor. The dogs are highly trained and very intimidating. If the elevator begins to run, they will try their best to meet it at whatever floor it arrives at. They will watch the floor indicator lights to determine this as best as they can. They usually arrive only moments after the elevator does on the 27th floor, giving just enough time for someone to exit and for

the doors then to close. They will beat the elevator to the other floors of LeGoullon Enterprises. They will not attack a person in the elevator; they will present a growling, barking menace and will wait until the person leaves the elevator. Note that the dogs will not attack Aziz or Labib. The two men share a sort of control and common perception with the dogs. This is known by Gumm should the characters ask. Likewise, the dogs will obey the commands, spoken in ancient Kushite, of Labib or Aziz. It has also been noticed by Gumm how uncannily Labib or Aziz shows up quickly after there has been a disturbance with the dogs.

Dr. FUAD AZIZ, Labib's Right-hand Man and Major Villain

STR 22 CON 30 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 24
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 20 SAN 0 HP 23*

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Weapon Skills: Atheme 85%, damage 1d18 + 1d6

Rifle 45%, damage 2d6 + 3

Spear 85%, damage 1d8 + 1

SMG 45%, damage 1d10 + 1

Fist 75%, damage 1d3 + 1d6

Kick 65%, damage 1d6 + 1d6

Head Butt 75%, damage 1d4 + 1d6

Skills: Ancient First Aid 90%, Ancient Herb Lore 85%, Camouflage 20%, Climb 80%, Divination 75%, Drive Auto 25%, Listen 75%, Sneak 90%, Spot Hidden 85%, Swim 50%; Languages: Ancient Kushite 95%, Arabic 70%, German 35%, English 75%

Spells: Bring Haboob, Call Shaktal, Parting Sands, Sekhmenkenhep's Words, Summon Child of Thoth, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror

Items carried: Aziz wears a serpent amulet in the form of a golden cobra head. It has the power of protection from serpents. Although it will not protect him from any of the gate serpents in the underworld, it will protect any character from these guardians completely. It also protects fully from ordinary snakes and their bites. He also carries a small kid skin pouch with Saharan sand that he has enchanted with the Parting Sands spell (50 magic points).



Aziz is a huge, overpowering figure, full of presence and radiant with palpable energy. He bears ancient Egyptian features, a cross between Black, Arabic, and American Indian characteristics. He wears clean white shirts and crisp European suits.

Aziz is a living incarnation of one of the ushabti buried with Taharqa. The small carved figurine bore hieroglyphics engraved on the chest and arms. In 1980, when Labib finally became too frustrated with his dependence on mortal servants, he brought Aziz to life. The hieroglyphs remained as tattoo-like marks, sharp and clear against Aziz's dark skin. Labib calls him Hent ("servant" or "slave").

Sanity Effects: If the characters are responsible for killing Aziz (or think they have killed him), they gain 1d6 SAN. If they later see Aziz alive, they lose 1d8+1 SAN. If they kill him again, there is no further SAN gain.

*Aziz is essentially immune to bullets and other earthly damage. He does take full damage from magical weapons and is of course hindered by the inconvenience of large explosions and any other forces which might physically destroy his form. If not completely burned or blown to bits, he will regenerate all damage over a period of eight hours' rest. Another possible method of destroying Aziz is to cast Parting Sands between fragments of his dismembered corpse. This will cease his regenerative powers.

Illegally Searching LeGoullon Enterprises

Breaking into LeGoullon Enterprises will be complicated by the fact that the first floor of the building is a bank. It is possible to get to the elevators during closed hours, but anyone doing so will be on camera (Spot Hidden to notice) and will likely be noticed by Owen Gumm if he is watching the security monitors. There are security cameras in the elevators but not in the offices. Special keys are needed to operate the elevator.

The other approach is the emergency fire stairs. The fire door, which has a double-paned window, is locked with an emergency fire alarm sensor (a sticker says "Open Door For Alarm"). An Electronics roll is necessary to disarm the alarm. A similar door divides the stairwell above the 23rd floor.

Gumm is not responsible for the floors occupied by LeGoullon Enterprises. He has no security monitors for those floors. However, if a large disturbance is caused—a fire alarm, gunshots, etc.—he will of course call the appropriate authorities.

Aziz does not trust the security of the offices to human guards. Instead he has hired a canine security company which leaves three Rottweilers in the upper four floors of the building nightly. There are warnings on the separating fire door between the 23rd and 24th floors which say, "Warning: LeGoullon Enterprises protected by K9 Security Systems, Inc. Do Not Enter Floors 24 through 27 7pm - 7am." The closed fire door on the 23rd floor allows for the upper four floors to have their doors locked open at night, giving the dogs full access. It is not possible to climb the stairwell into LeGoullon Enterprises without somehow opening this locked door and dealing with the guard dogs.

Searching shouldn't be made to be extremely difficult by the Keeper (though it should be balanced with realism). The Keeper should feel free to punish stupid or unstealthy characters who attract attention.

Stroeker's Office

Lenny Stroeker also has an office in the First Interstate Building. It is on the 25th floor in a far back corner. The characters can find this out by examining the directory of employees, office numbers, and phone numbers behind the front desk in the main reception area. Stroeker's office is small and sparsely decorated with an empty desk and a lone computer terminal (his password is *voodoo*). See the section on computer data files (page 51) for use of the terminal. The top drawer in the desk is locked. Inside the drawer is an envelope from the *Proud Ariane* containing pictures of the upper temple entrance and interior, as well as pictures of Utulei inhabitants. Several of the faces of known cultists are circled. There isn't a photo of Uluaki.

Like all of the phones at LeGoullon Enterprises, Stroeker's is equipped with an autodialer for frequently used numbers. There are only a few numbers listed:

warehouse	Aziz
555-8201	x2358
LeGoullon (Thib.)	LeGoullon (N.O.)
555-1610	555-8789
LeGoullon (office)	Dianne (office)
x4460	x3232
Dianne (home)	
555-2576	

The warehouse refers to the warehouse complex where the bulk of LeGoullon's illegal dealings are carried out. Stroeker's role for the company is to get things done. Generally this is limited to bad things. When Aziz wants the characters hit he calls Stroeker and Stroeker calls the warehouse, where he has goons to spare.

Kite's Office

The office of the CFO (Chief Financial Officer) is divided into two areas, that of Mrs. Sheppplestein and that of Mr. Kite. The front area is devoted to Mrs. Sheppplestein. Like the rest of the executive offices, it is decorated in a nautical theme, with dark wood and brass furnishings. Emma's desk is very neat and clean. Aside from basic office hardware, Emma also has a computer terminal and a printer atop her desk.

Emma Sheppplestein keeps weekly printouts of the company's financial reports in two large file cabinets behind her desk. She never used to lock these, but lately she has begun to lock them every night before she goes home. The cabinets contain reports going back for five years. A character investigating for a good amount of time will have the opportunity to make an Accounting roll. If he is successful, he will notice that two years ago the budgeting for LeGoullon's travel was moved out of this office into a separate branch of accounting to be administrated by Miss Toillamer.

There are records for the purchase of airline tickets for one L. Stroeker, going to Japan and to Tonga (depart New Orleans on January 1 for Tokyo, Tokyo to Tonga on January 19, and Tonga to New Orleans on February 4). Expenditures are recorded for the refit of the *Proud Ariane* and for several large orders for equipment (totaling \$13,630,000 dollars) from Hashimoto Deep Sea Submersibles, as well as the purchase of a pressure seal and construction supplies from a Chinese company. Noting each of these three items requires a separate Spot Hidden roll.

Also included in the files are freight loading fees and sale prices for goods transported on ships of LeGoullon Enterprises, as well as tons of general information on the costs of running the business, i.e., employee wage expenditures, capital expenditures, taxes, dock fees, etc. This information is also available via Mrs. Sheppplestein's computer terminal (or any computer terminal using Mrs. Sheppplestein's password [*knish*] and login).

Through a door with "MR. SIMON KITE, CFO" stenciled on it in gold letters is the office of Mr. Kite. Aziz has had Kite's password removed from the system. Mr. Kite's things are collected by a teary and solemn Mrs. Kite on the morning of February 7.

HDSSET

It is not necessary actually to travel to Hashimoto Deep Sea Submersibles and Exploration Technology (HDSSET) in order to find out what is known by the company regarding the Tongan operations of LeGoullon Enterprises. The most efficient method would be simply to call the company headquarters in Kagoshima.

There is a 17-hour time difference between Los Angeles and Kagoshima. Thus if it is noon in L.A. it is 5:00 a.m. the next morning in Japan. The investigators will need to contact Mr. Tominaga of HDSSET between the hours of 8:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m., Monday through Saturday, Japan time. At all other times they will receive a recorded message in English.

Mr. Tominaga will not be readily willing to reveal billing and order information over the telephone to a stranger. However, if someone were to claim he worked for LeGoullon Enterprises, or came up with a similar excuse, he will reveal what little he knows. Tominaga is used to working with Lenny Stroeker and will ask anyone calling why he is calling instead of Stroeker.

Tominaga knows the following:

- A total of nine Oyabun diving suits were ordered (as well as any technical information listed about the suits in the "Finale" section).
- Mr. L. Stroeker ordered five on October 16, 1990.
- Mr. J. LeGoullon ordered four more on January 13, 1990, to be delivered no later than March 16, 1991.
- Also included in LeGoullon's order was one four-man decompression chamber.
- The total purchase came to \$13,630,000.00.
- Both orders were delivered to the *Proud Ariane*, Birth 27C, Tongatapu Harbor, Tongatapu, Tonga.

Tominaga knows nothing of cults or cultists. He knows nothing of Labib or of the *Allah Hu-Akhbar*. He understands that the suits are to be used for some sort of marine salvage operation. He will say that the purchases were personally arranged by Mr. Stroeker, whom he holds in very high regard.

Aziz's Office

This office also has an area that would normally be for a secretary. Aziz fired the secretary that used to work here, however, so only the rear office area is currently used. The walls of Aziz's office are decorated with a collection of rare knives from throughout the world. The knives are all authentic antiques and some are made of precious metals. These facts can be determined with a successful Archaeology or History roll. If a character makes a successful Anthropology or Occult roll, it can be noticed that the knives are similar in that they are all used in sacrificial rites and rituals around the world. They are variously curved and straight, small and large. Against one wall of the office is a bookcase containing books on world cultures, history, and religions.

On a small shelf amid the wall of knives there stands a 14" tall Egyptian alabaster burial figurine, or ushabti. The figurine is that of a female bound in wrappings with only her head and hands free. The torso of the figurine is covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions. They read, "I, Setnakht the Faithful, served in life. But speak your desire

my Lord and I shall come forth and serve you, Taharqa, Conqueror of the Ten-Thousand Enemies, once again."



The item has a number painted on the back of the lower legs: SNM 68-103-351. This is a registry number for the Sudanese National Museum, from which the item was "borrowed" several years ago.

It will be possible to learn that the item came from the Kalkhe expedition with some fairly extensive research. It will be necessary first to find out that the SNM prefix stands for Sudanese National Museum. Once in contact with that organization, it can be found that 68 stands for the year and that 103 is the late Dr. Kalkhe's expedition num-

ber; the final number is the individual artifact number.

The figurine is the only physical object of importance to Aziz on Earth. Labib has promised her to Aziz as his wife. If the figurine is taken into the hands of someone other than Aziz, he can call to it and if he is close enough for it to hear him it will answer. The figurine screams in a faint yet penetrating woman's scream when he calls for her. Aziz can hear this through walls to a distance of 100 yards. It is audible to others at the level of a cat loudly meowing.

If the characters should steal Setnakht, Aziz will send a child of Thoth to bring it back. The avatar takes the form of an ibis when traveling to the characters' hotel or other location. It will land on a balcony or some other nearby perch, then transform into its alternate shape, a baboon. In either form it costs 1/1d6 SAN to view the avatar, as it looks to have come from beyond the grave. Its ribs are visible beneath stained and rumpled feathers or clumpy hair on a dull green and brown mottled skin. It has brilliant glowing green eyes and the foulest stench emanates in clouds from its heavily panting throat.



As it seeks the ushabti, it utters a low guttural howl. In response, Aziz's ushabti begins to scream in a loud "mewing" sound. The avatar will attack the bearer relentlessly, ignoring all other threats until it has recovered the ushabti. As soon as it has recovered it, the baboon will run for two rounds, sprouting ibis wings as it does so, and then take to the air.

TARU-THOTH, Child of Thoth

STR 16 CON 25 SIZ 10 INT 5
DEX 17 POW 16 HP 18 MV 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Grapple 70%, damage special, prelude to bite
Bite 100%, damage 1d8+2 (must grapple first; can bite on successive rounds)

Claw 50% x2 per round, damage 1d4 + 1 + 1d4

Armor: Both forms take only one point of damage from a bullet or one point per die of shotgun damage. Both forms also have 4 points of skin armor versus other weapons.

Sanity Loss: 1/1d6 to see a child of Thoth.

Only if Aziz is completely frustrated will he resort to using mystical means such as the child of Thoth. If the child fails or if Setnakht is destroyed then Aziz will conjure a hunting horror and send it out to destroy the players in the messiest possible way. This is his last option, as he prefers to use mundane means (goons, hostages, frame-ups, etc.) if he possibly can.

Using Aziz's password (*Setnakht*) it is possible to access current shipping information regarding cargoes and destinations. Aziz's computer account contains all of the information on illegal shipments as well as legal ones. The information is fairly clear since he doesn't use any codes. A typical entry might be "2000 Stinger missiles shipped to Iraq as famine relief." Individual agents from the offices on the lower floors feed specific information into the database, but none of these agents have access to all of the information at once. A clever investigator (Computer Skill -20%) will be able to find out that the DC3 at the New Orleans airport is scheduled to leave for the Sudan on February 10. Lastly, it is also possible to access personnel security files that contain an encoded list of known Turua cultist employees of LeGoullon Enterprises. The fact that these employees are being scrutinized by Aziz and his men is noted in the files.

LeGoullon's Outer Office (Dianne's Office)

This office is huge, with one hell of a view. The exterior walls are all floor-to-ceiling windows. As one enters the room, the wall to either side of the door displays a portrait of LeGoullon's parents. One says "Antoine Thibideaux-LeGoullon 1922-1961", and the other "Michelle Soubert Thibideaux-LeGoullon 1923-1946." At the far end of the room on the right wall hangs a large antique map of the world next to the door leading to LeGoullon's private office. Miss Toillamer's desk sits in front of this wall. Her desk faces the long oval table that is used for conferences.

Miss Toillamer's desk is usually covered with urgent papers and pressing items of important business. Beneath some of the paper clutter and next to a computer terminal is a desk calendar with numerous appointments and schedule notes written here and there. Upon examination (with a successful Spot Hidden roll) a character will notice a note on February 1 reading, "Jean returns UA 212 9:30 PM." On February 5 there is a note reading, "Jean leaves, TWA 374 7:55AM", and the next day, "Jean @ L's yacht 1-34-314-664-910." LeGoullon is not scheduled to return to New Orleans until April 4, on United Airlines

flight 212 at 9:30 p.m. On March 14 there is a note saying, "Aziz departs"; there is no return date scheduled.

If the flight numbers are checked, UA flight 212 originates in Hawaii and TWA flight 374 flies to Paris. If somehow the characters manage to figure out what the actual reservations were for those flights, they will find that the February 1 flight was routed from Tonga on January 28, stopping over in Honolulu, and the February 5 flight continued on to Athens, arriving on February 6. These reservations were all in Jean LeGoullon's name.

Using Dianne's computer password (*milady*) and login, it is possible to locate the following information on Jean LeGoullon:

■ Current Assets:

34% of stock in LeGoullon Enterprises, control of 86%
Personal assets in excess of \$18,000,000
Liquid assets in excess of \$2,000,000
Stock in company \$245,000,000

LeGoullon's Inner Office

This office is double-locked during the night. During the day a buzzer must be pressed from Miss Toillamer's desk in order to allow entry. The room is richly furnished with a dark hardwood floor beneath a giant Oriental carpet. Sitting well back from the door, with its back toward the glass wall, is a very large dark wooden desk with a proportionately large black leather chair behind it. There are also two smaller leather chairs placed before the desk. Again the outer walls are floor-to-ceiling glass. The wall to the right as one enters is covered with shelves of books and antique items of occult lore. In the far corner of the room, between the two glass walls, is a four-foot high marble pedestal with a large bowl of water atop. On the wall through which one enters the room is a large oil painting of a maritime scene. The painting implies extreme vulnerability of the ship and the vast depth and size of the ocean beneath it. The ship is unnaturally small in proportion to the great size of the canvas, and the painting appears to focus more on the violent tossing of the ocean than on the ship. SAN roll for 0/1d2 loss.

The bookshelves contain many famous and rare works of occult literature. Several volumes are among those works which have only a handful of copies left in existence. Some examples:

- Γενεθλιαλογεω, or, *The Doctrine of Nativities*, by John Gadbury, 1661. Containing the whole art of directions and annual revolutions, whereby any man may be enabled to discover the most remarkable and occult accidents of his life. Tables of planetary calculations and doctrine of horarie questions.
- *Book of Occult Philosophy*, Robert Turner, 1655. Henry Cornelius Agrippa's fourth book of occult philosophy and geomancy. Magical elements of Peter de Abano; astronomical geomancy; the nature of spirits; Arbatel of magik.
- *Heptameron, or Magical Elements of Peter de Abano*, Petrus de Abano, 1315.
- *Theoria Philosophiae Hermeticae*, Heinrich Nolle, fl. 1612. Septem tractatibvs, quorum primus est I. Vervs

Hermes, II. Porta hermeticæ sapientiæ, III. Silentivm hermeticvm, IV. Axiomata hermetica, V. De generatione rerum natvralivm, VI. De regeneratione rerum natvralivm, & VII. De renovatione/explicata ab Henrico Nollio.

- *Theomagia, or, The Temple of Wisdome*, John Heydon, 1639. In three parts, spiritual, celestial, and elemental: containing the occult powers of the angels of astrology in the telesmatical sculpture of the Persians and Ægyptians: the mysterious virtues of the characters of the stars ... the knowledge of the Rosie Crucian physick, and the miraculous secrets in nature.
- *The Divine Pymander of Hermes Mercurius Trismegistus*, Hermes Trismegistus, 1650. In XVII books. Translated formerly out of the Arabick into Greek, and thence into Latine, and Dutch, and now out of the original into English, by that learned divine Doctor Everard.
- *Occult Physick, or, The Principles in Nature Anotomized by a Philosophical Operation ...*, W. W. (William Williams), 1660. In three books: the first of beasts, trees, herbs ... the second book containeth most excellent and rare medicines for all diseases ... the third and last book is a denarian tract, shewing how to cure all diseases with ten medicaments ... whereunto is added a necessary tract, shewing how to judge of a disease by the affliction of the moon ... also you are taught how to erect a figure of heaven for any time given by W.W., philosophus, student in the cælistial sciences.

If a successful Spot Hidden is made, a wall safe is found behind a lithograph of *The Bayou Queen*, an old Mississippi paddle-wheeler. The safe is combination locked. Only LeGoullon knew the combination and Labib has not bothered to try and open the locked box. There are handwritten translation keys inside the safe for goods that were transported aboard LeGoullon Enterprises freighters. The keys contain dates, prices, origins, destinations, quantities, and types of materials transported as well as the artificial name under which they were recorded in the company's registers. Two examples:

- 100kg, \$200,000 US, 7/12/89 Calcutta, 8/16/89 Miami, Unprocessed Opiate – Food Spice
- 400 units, \$.75 mil. US, 6/28/86 Singapore, 7/20/86 Panama, RPG – Farm Equipment Repair Supp.

If this information were to find its way into the hands of the proper authorities, things could prove very difficult for Aziz, at least for a while.

If a second successful Spot Hidden roll is made on the bookshelves, the character will notice a single, bound volume entitled *Cults of Our Time*. This is the only piece of Mythos-related literature on the shelves. It was written in English by E. H. (Edward Hubert) Pendergast of London in the late nineteenth century. It concerns all manner of worldly superstitions and the beliefs of different primitive peoples. The work remarks at the effect that these beliefs and superstitions have had on western society. Buried in the text is the spell Speak with Dead, as cast by a Cree shaman. Also referenced in the work is the Choctaw Indians' belief in a creation deity by the name of Turua.

It is possible to gain as much as 4% in Cthulhu Mythos by reading and studying the book (with a 1d2/1d4 SAN loss). It also contains the single spell, Speak with Dead (spell multiplier x1). The only other copy of this book known to be in existence is in the Dublin Museum, Ireland.

The desk is not locked. Inside one of the larger lower drawers there is an earthenware offering tray and several earthenware offering cups. The cups and tray all bear the same serial number style as the ushabti in Dr. Aziz's desk. They also can be traced back to the Kalkhe expedition.

The pedestal with the pool atop was used by LeGoullon as an instrument of divination. It was utilized by him in a ceremony that would allow him to see the events of the following day with some expenditure of power. He was then able to anticipate the actions of his adversaries and business associates. He was able to benefit greatly from this prior knowledge.

There is no computer terminal in this office. LeGoullon's password (*Soubert*) is still valid, however, even though it has not been used since he was consumed by Labib. LeGoullon's password has all the access privileges that Aziz's has.

Computer Data Terminals

A great deal of information can be gleaned from the LeGoullon Enterprises computer system by someone with the appropriate access and skill. However, unless the characters manage to interrogate successfully one of LeGoullon Enterprises' employees, it is nearly impossible to break into the system. Passwords are set individually and accounts are strictly limited only to areas and files that are pertinent to a person's position. There is a break-in prevention algorithm which locks out all users after one hundred unsuccessful login attempts have been made within a two-hour period. As all password detection software works off of multiple login attempts, breaking into this system would be exceedingly time consuming at the rate of one hundred attempts per two hours. The only way to restart the system is to login directly to Miss Toillamer's terminal with her password or to LeGoullon's with his, or with the assistance of the software designer himself.

The characters' only hope to break into the system is to contact the software designer. LeGoullon had the system custom modified by Brian Grossman three years ago. Grossman put in a "back door" password (*rahrahsisboom-bah*) which allows him clean access to perform any maintenance that might be required, and of course he has the highest security clearance available.

Except for through the loud mouth of Miss Dulacy, it is difficult to learn that Grossman was the software engineer. Even Miss Dulacy will not tell by name who wrote the system, only that the system was customized. One possible way is if a character can get access to a terminal that is already logged in. Brian Grossman's name and company, New Orleans Programming, Inc., are available with a normal Computer Use skill check.

LeGoullon (Labib), Miss Toillamer, and Grossman are the only three individuals who know how to restart the system once it has locked up for security reasons.

BRIAN GROSSMAN, Computer Programmer, age 23

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 17 SAN 50 HP 10 MV 8

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Computer Use 80%, Fencing 65%, Programming 75%

Items carried: Pad of paper for ideas, pen

Grossman is not your stereotypical computer geek. For starters he owns his own company, New Orleans Programmers, Inc., though he is the only employee and makes only modest earnings. He usually wears slacks, striped button-down shirts, and casual dress shoes. He has yet to blossom perhaps, but he is a young, upbeat, intelligent, capable person. He is up for almost any adventure provided he is not scared off with an overabundance of authority figures or people who are too serious about what they are after. He is out to have a good time, to make some friends, perhaps to show someone some pretty cool computer work, and to find his way along until his next interesting task. He will possibly help the investigators provided they treat him as an adult and an expert at what he does.



LeGoullon's New Orleans Residence

Investigation into LeGoullon's residence atop the Whitney Building will reveal that Mr. LeGoullon sold his penthouse apartment about a year and a half ago. The furnishings were shipped back to Thibideaux Junction.

Lenny Stroeker

If the players spend some time watching the First Interstate Building around the close of business they will see most of the staff leaving between 4:30 and 6:30, including Lenny Stroeker. Following Stroeker will lead them to a couple of interesting spots, namely Stroeker's residence and the warehouse on Sherbet Lake Road where most of Stroeker's real responsibilities are carried out.

Stroeker has a permanent room in the Windsor Court Hotel that he uses while he is staying in town. This expense is covered by LeGoullon Enterprises. The hotel is about two blocks from the Westin. It is another two beyond the Windsor Court to the Hilton.

The door has a "Do Not Disturb" sign perpetually hung from the outside knob. When Stroeker wants the bed made and the room cleaned he reverses the sign. He has made it clear that at no other time is anyone to enter his room. Clever investigators could reverse the sign and watch the room until the cleaning woman opens it.

The room is very comfortable and is obviously someone's permanent den. The closet and drawers are all filled

with Stroeker's clothing. The refrigerator contains several beers and some snack type food. There is an Uzi pistol (9mm submachine gun) with six magazines, a Glock .45 automatic with three magazines, and a Browning 9mm (Stroeker's personal favorite) with four magazines and a suppressor in a locked box in the top left drawer of the dresser. Someone searching the room would have to make a Spot Hidden roll to notice the box, as it is hidden under some clothing.

Hanging in the closet is a tweed sport coat that Stroeker has neglected to have cleaned for some time. In a pocket is half a pack of Wrigley's Spearmint chewing gum and a fake Louisiana driver's license. The license has Stroeker's picture and the name John Walking.

Among the few personal effects on the nightstand is a picture of Stroeker shaking hands with a distinguished-looking black man. There is no indication of who he is but it appears to have been taken at a formal event. If the picture is shown to virtually anyone in town he will immediately recognize Stroeker's companion as Rudolphe Washington, the mayor of New Orleans.

The Warehouse

Sherbet Lake Road is well out of town and there are actually several warehouses with loading bays and offices indicating LeGoullon Enterprises here. LeGoullon augmented his considerable profits by adding various illegal trading activities to his list of business ventures. One of the most profitable is a considerable arms smuggling operation which is housed in these warehouses. Labib has kept this aspect of the business active.

Containerized loads of arms that are prepared for legal export overseas are brought here. The government seals are broken and the arms are removed and replaced with tractors, anvils, etc. At the same time containerized loads destined for countries where arms sales are forbidden are unloaded and reloaded with the arms shipment. New government seals are forged and the containers (40-foot trailers) are driven to the docks for loading onto LeGoullon freighters. The shipments are delivered to overseas subsidiaries of LeGoullon Enterprises so the mixed-up cargo manifests are never reported.

There are facilities at the warehouse for forging government seals, shipping manifests, and other documents. There are always at least six "security" goons and generally a couple of dozen warehousemen around. The warehouse has several security cameras and bright yard lights. The warehousemen and the security goons are the only ones who know what happens in the warehouses. Truck drivers merely drive to and from the warehouse. Many are curious and could reveal their suspicions if questioned.

If the players could collect information, documents, and photographs demonstrating the true nature of the warehouses then they could make life extremely difficult for LeGoullon Enterprises (namely Lenny Stroeker and Dr. Aziz). The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (ATF) and the FBI would both be interested. The warehouse would be raided, and upon finding the items contained therein LeGoullon Enterprises freighters would be searched. If this happens soon enough the DC-3 will not

be able to leave for the Sudan and Labib will not get to make his sacrifice. This is not crippling, but Labib will be genuinely irked. The players could expect any sort of retribution for causing this to happen.

Warehouse Goons

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	13	17	14	9	15	13
CON	11	13	16	12	13	15
SIZ	13	16	14	10	10	12
DEX	10	6	13	16	11	13
POW	15	10	14	11	13	14
HP	12	15	15	11	12	14
DB	+1d4	+1d6	+1d4	—	+1d4	+1d4

Weapons: Pistol 45%, damage 1d10 or 1d10 + 2

Submachine Gun 35%, damage 1d10

Rifle 35%, damage 2d6 + 3

Rocket-propelled grenade (RPG) 10%, damage 5d6/4y

Knife 40%, damage 1d4 + 2 + db

Skills: Listen 45%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 30%

Items carried: Each always has a 9mm or a .45 automatic pistol. Occasionally a knife or submachine gun may be carried and assault rifles are readily available. Many much larger and more powerful weapons are available such as grenades, RPG's, heavy machine guns, etc., though quite a bit of time would be required to dig them up.

These goons report directly to Stroeker and have more loyalty to him than to LeGoullon or Aziz. Stroeker can muster about a dozen fully armed and dangerous goons with a single phone call.

The Mayor

Rudolphe Washington is popular with the majority of his constituents. His is a rags-to-riches story of hard work and lucky breaks. The following can be easily gathered with a little bit of research at a library or newspaper file morgue.

Originally from Pondjoux, a tiny and very poor community that survives on the remains of a pre-Civil War plantation, he managed to attend college on a football scholarship. He maintained a 3.95 grade point average through school and was accepted into law school; he managed by taking advantage of various grants, scholarships, and loans. He graduated at the top of his class in criminal law and things have been roses ever since. Immediately after law school he joined the district attorney's office as a junior DA. After several successful years as a prosecuting attorney he was promoted to senior DA working on a task force fighting organized crime in New Orleans. His flamboyant personality and high profile activities garnered him widespread respect and notoriety. Eventually he decided to run for mayor on an anti-crime platform; it was a surprise to no one when he won. Privately Mayor Washington still spends much of his time in Pondjoux with his family and friends, who have always been supportive of his ambitions.

If the characters look through old newspapers for information about the mayor they will locate (one-half Luck

roll) an old stock photo from when Washington was a young junior DA. The picture shows Washington and Stroeker departing a small run-down bar with "Joseph's" painted across the glass facing the street. This is a bar in the shadier part of New Orleans.

Rudolphe Washington, despite public opinion, has a dark side too. His home town has a long history of practicing voodoo, and along with being mayor of New Orleans Washington is a voodoo priest who has practiced human sacrifice. Much of his success was based not so much on good luck as on voodoo magic. Washington has known Stroeker for many years and Stroeker joins him at his voodoo rites fairly frequently.

Joseph's

This bar is filled with cigarette smoke, stale beer, and the blues (music as well as overall mood). This is an old-timer's bar and everyone seems to know each other. Nothing ever moves fast in here, or makes a lot of noise (except when there's music). Some of the patrons practice voodoo and the rest know it. All of them are superstitious. There is no way anyone here would tell a stranger anything about anything if it could incur the anger of a voodoo priest.

Asking about the mayor will cause suspicion and result in denial. But Washington does still come here and if the players are willing to stake it out for any four or five consecutive nights they will most likely see him. If they make their surveillance known then he will be alerted and will show up on purpose the next night to draw them into a trap where they will be outnumbered (three or four to one) and threatened. Washington will shave a lock of hair from each investigator using his machete while a few of his friends make them hold still. Washington will indicate that the shaving is a demonstration of his seriousness, but in reality the hair is part of a charm that he can use to slap them with a curse later on if they cause him trouble.

If the players stake the bar out with some subtlety then they will be rewarded by seeing not just Washington but Washington and Stroeker enter one night. They spend about three hours in the bar and then there is a general exodus of people that trickle out over the course of fifteen minutes or so (twenty people in all, leaving about as many still in the bar). These are cultists going to celebrate voodoo rites; Washington and Stroeker are among them. They leave New Orleans heading north and quickly take to the series of small roads that wind their way to Pondjoux. See the section on Pondjoux (page 54) if play proceeds in this direction.

Mayor RUDOLPHE WASHINGTON, Voodoo Politician, age 33

STR 14	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 17	POW 18 (21)
DEX 13	APP 15	EDU 20	SAN 0	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Machete 65%, damage 1d8 + 1 + 1d4

Pistol 30%, damage 1d10

Skills: Camouflage 20%, Debate 75%, Drive Auto 65%, Law 75%, Listen 45%, Occult (Voodoo) 80%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 45%; Languages: Cajun 85%; English 70%

Spells: Many spells for making people fall in love, curing disease, and causing disease, death, pain, and suffering. Create Zombie.

Items carried: Generally he has a compact cellular phone in his pocket and a briefcase filled with important mayoral papers (meeting agendas, schedules, address book, various proposals, etc.) but nothing of interest.

He always wears a braided grass necklace around his neck, which is a charm against supernatural attacks such as spells. He has to reweave the necklace fairly often (every two or three months of constant wear) but as long as he uses some grass from the last necklace the new one works just fine. The necklace gives him a defensive bonus of 3 POW for POW versus POW contests. The necklace could not be used to weave two new necklaces.

If he is going to be in any position where he thinks danger may exist then he will generally have a 9mm pistol and, if possible, a machete (his weapon of choice). He uses the machete in the voodoo rites; it is razor sharp, easily capable of giving someone a close yet awkward shave.

Washington is a handsome black man with an extremely dark complexion. He wears expensive suits and is well educated.

The mayor is not above going to a cemetery and whipping up some zombies to sick on the characters.



Voodoo Curses

If Washington feels that the players have not left well enough alone then he will set a sickness on one or more of them. It takes him several hours to set up the curse each time, so he is unlikely to do it more than once if it is not necessary. The curse victim gets a POW vs POW to defend against the curse, but if a lock of hair has been collected then the victim is effectively at half Power and has little chance of defense.

If the curse is successful, the character will awaken the following night fevered and ill. He will suffer horrible nausea and be unable to eat anything. He should think that it is something that he ate or drank, especially if he ate or drank at Joseph's. Later that day, when the diarrhea sets in, he will notice that his first bowel movement is not the (insert name of appropriate food substance here) he ate the previous day but a three-foot long dead water moccasin and about half of a pint of blood. This is worth 2/1d6+1 SAN loss.

The following night the cursed player has a dream. He is bound at the wrists and ankles and dragged through the woods at night to a clearing with a bonfire. Anonymous human shapes dance around the fire; from this mass steps Washington, directly in front of the character. Washington carries a machete and is naked, his body partially covered with some sort of make-up or paint. The victim is dragged to a stump and laid out face up with the stump between his shoulder blades as Washington approaches, raises the machete, and chops the victim's head off in one fell swoop. The dream is good for 1d4 SAN loss and occurs every night. Washington can insert a verbal message to the victim, which he will do if he has any interest in bargaining.

The curse will cause the character to die of dehydration in a very short time (the victim also loses 2 CON per night). The only way to lift the curse is to break the curse vessel. The curse vessels are jars kept in Washington's personal voodoo shrine in Pondjoux. It is not impossible to bargain with the Mayor to get him to lift the curse, but the players would have to have something that he wants or be willing to do something that he wants done. Washington used this curse many times during his rise to power.

Pondjoux

Pondjoux was a plantation during the 19th century, and became a free town after the Civil War. The town exists on the site of the slave dwellings. The plantation manor house has been abandoned since the end of the war. The plantation owner, Pierre Levant, had been a wicked man who learned magic from one of his slaves brought from West Africa. The primitive magic practiced in the West Indies where the new slaves were broken is now called voodoo, and Pierre became a powerful *bokor* (evil voodoo sorcerer).

When the war broke out Levant hid his fortune from the Confederacy, and when the Union soldiers approached he set a supernatural guardian to defend it, an apparition called a Platt-Eye. Levant was killed by his slaves shortly after the Union soldiers arrived in the area, and the slaves made the plantation their permanent, free home. The manor house remains haunted by the Platt-Eye to this day, and the town of Pondjoux has followed in the footsteps of Levant in becoming *bokor*.

The town has only a general store, a cemetery, several tiny hovels, several loose chickens, a couple of goats, and a milk cow. Every house has its own garden and though the people here are poor, they are self-sufficient and manage to survive. The people dislike outsiders snooping into their affairs, and will tell them so with little subtlety. There is no police force in town; parish sheriffs handle anything that comes up. There are no phones and the general store handles the mail, normally as often as once a week.

The only way money that comes into Pondjoux is through selling cotton, which they still grow. The cotton sold provides money for things that can not be produced locally, but not very much of it. There are four families that live here, and they are the same four slave families that were here before the Civil War: Brown, Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson. They were all named by Pierre Levant's grandfather, who settled the property and bought the original slaves.

The road into town is a cul-de-sac. There is only one way into or out of town so nobody is just "driving through." The houses are arranged mostly around the cul-de-sac with a few stretching up the road as well. The edge of town is generally held to be the first bridge out of town, which crosses Dayville Creek. Kids in neighboring towns know better than to cross the creek after dark.

Voodoo

Voodoo is a religion most commonly associated with the Caribbean (Haiti in particular). It began when slave traders brought African tribesmen to the Caribbean. The practice of voodoo was mostly influenced by members of the Arada and Dahomean tribes, as well as by the Ibos and Nagos. Hoping to preserve their native beliefs in the face of conversion attempts by French Catholic missionaries, the slaves (at first clandestinely) incorporated Christian doctrine with tribal tradition. With the passing of generations, the dichotomy between Catholicism and African polytheism disappeared, replaced by the single faith of voodoo. Most voodooists today consider themselves Catholics, seeing no distinction or contradiction between voodoo and the teachings of the Church.

While all voodooists profess belief in a supreme, neo-Christian God which influences all things, *loa* (gods also known as the *Mystères*) remain at the center of the voodoo tradition. Like many deities, *loa* possess specific spheres of influence (the sea, snakes, love, and so forth), and many myths detail their intrigues with one another; unlike many deities, however, *loa* are palpably human, possessing the same petty jealousies, grand passions, and impulsive schemes as their worshipers. Furthermore, *loa* are exceedingly accessible, and voodooists consult them about the most commonplace activities: *Loa* assist humans in love affairs, advise them on investments in the stock market, influence trials in their favor (or against their enemies), and appear in their dreams to provide vital advice. *Loa* are as much a part of the voodoo community as humans, and are referred to as respected (albeit unseen) elders.

The two most important *loa* are Legba, the chief, and Erzulie, the moon goddess. Legba is the sun, and voodoo revolves around him. The *poteaumitan*, a central post in the *humfor* (place of worship), represents Legba and is critical to solar magic. The post is an architectural representation of Legba. Erzulie is the moon, and represents sensual pleasure. There are innumerable other *loa*, and new ones are created all the time (whenever an initiate of the cult dies).

There are two distinct tribes or families of *loa*. The Rada tribe are the gods most unchanged from their African origins, originating in the ancient practices of Dahomey. Rada *loa* are the "good" spirits, the ones most friendly to humankind, and the deities most often invoked by the voodooist. The other tribe of *loa*, the Petro, have hazy origins, but they are the "evil" counterparts to the Rada.

Voodoo practices are filled with ritual sacrifices, drums, magic, and sexual orgies. Human sacrifices are conducted, but only by small outlaw sects ("red sects") known as *cabrit thomazos*.

Ceremonies

The most simple ceremony can be done as a group or in private, and is simply paying respects to a *loa*. First the worshiper faces the altar and says a prayer to himself. Then he faces west and says *D'abord*, east and says *À table*, south and says *Adonai*, and finally north and says *Olande*. He takes an earthen jar filled with water and pours three times in the spot where he is standing, and walks to the door and pours three times just outside. He then returns to the altar and kneels and asks the *loa* for guidance.

The sacrificial burial (live chicken)

This is a sacrificial offering to Ogoun, and the chicken represents a lone creature meeting the unknown while still alive.

A *vévé* (symbol) is carefully drawn on the floor with flour or cornmeal by the *mambo* (priestess) or *houngan* (priest) while voodoo drums are beat as an accompaniment. Each *hunzi* (helper) stands in a circle holding a flickering candle. *La place* brings out an oil-coated chicken, which is held in outstretched

hands. *La place* kneels and a holy sign is made over his head. The *asson* (rattle) is used during this ritual.

A hole is dug for a ceremonial grave. The *houngan* or *mambo* places the chicken in the grave and the dirt is replaced, burying the chicken alive. After the dirt is tamped solid white cornmeal is sprinkled on the spot and then a *vévé* consisting of a cross and four sets of interlaced lines inside of a circle is drawn.

Spells

There are thousands of spells, as well as variations. These are just a sampling. (These spells should not be considered to be an addition to the official spell list. It is up to the Keeper whether these spells will actually work in his campaign.)

For love pierce two bulbs of garlic with a steel nail, and hide it in a dark closet until the person selected begins to respond. The top bulb represents the person casting the spell, and the bottom the desired lover. The garlic charm is supposed to make a lover overflow with passion.

For luck when gambling place the following in a small red flannel bag: a piece of John-the-Conqueror root, a pinch of magnetic powder, a black cat bone, and a small piece of loadstone. Sew the bag shut. Sprinkle with three drops of Cleo May oil on the day of gambling, and carry it in your left pocket. Allow no one to touch the bag, and winning is certain. For cards or dice, also rub your hands with Lucky Dog oil. If your house is used for gambling, burn some John-the-Conqueror incense before everyone arrives.

For money arrange seven nickels in a cross and burn a candle at each point (four total). Red candles bring money through marriage, white candles bring general financial gain, and black bring money through inheritance. The candles must be allowed to burn completely out.

The "doll in a jug spell" kills your enemy. Take a cloth doll and place it in an earthenware jug. Cork the jug tightly and bury it in a cemetery directly on top of a grave. The victim is supposed to die in nine days or less or nine months or less. Death comes even sooner if a jar of ashes is buried in the intended victim's yard.

There are shops selling voodoo trappings and spell ingredients in New Orleans. As most voodoo practitioners do not practice black magic and human sacrifice, these shops operate in the open. They are not, however, necessarily friendly to gaping tourists or nosy investigators.

Vocabulary

asson – rattle, symbol of authority

baka – evil spirit

bokor – evil sorcerer

cabrit thomazos – voodoo practitioners who practice human sacrifice

gris-gris – voodoo charm

houngan – priest

humfor – voodoo place of worship

hunzi – assistant

l'kabrit – sacrificial black goat

la place – aid to a houngan or mambo

loa – voodoo gods

mambo – priestess

mystères – alternate name for voodoo gods

Petro – "evil" loa

poteaumitan – central post in the temple, representing Legba

Rada – "good" loa

vévé – symbol sacred to a particular loa

OL' PETER, Large Man Who Will Talk to Strangers, age 83

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 10 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 8 APP 12 EDU 4 SAN 0 HP 9

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Keep Pipe Lit 4%, Orate 65%, Whittle 50%

Spells: A few spells, generally wards against the evil eye and such things.

Ol' Peter is more of an honorary title than a name, but that's what everyone calls him. He appears to be at least eighty years old, but is still relatively healthy. He has lived in this town all his



life and only crossed the Dayville bridge once (in 1962). Ol' Peter is a member of the Brown family but everyone shares him just the same. Peter likes telling yarns and his favorite is the story of the Platt-Eye. With a little coaxing he can be talked into telling the story.

He will gladly give instructions for the players to find the plantation house and it would really hurt his feelings to see the Platt-Eye get them. Unless they convincingly prove otherwise, though, he believes that they are fortune hunters looking for Levant's gold and probably deserve to

get what they are looking for (killed). The story about the Platt-Eye killing Levant is a lie; the slaves did it when they heard that the Union troops were coming.

If the players manage to ask subtly enough Ol' Peter will direct them to the house of Rudolphe Washington's mother.

Mammy Washington

This fat, elderly woman lives alone. The money that her son makes does not seem to trickle down this far, however, as her house is no less ramshackle than any other. She still keeps her son's room and she never enters it. She will not allow the players to enter it under any circumstances, even though she can do little to stop them.

The house is well kept and cared for. Curtains separate the rooms from one another and a screen door is all that currently keeps the outside out. She cooks on a little wood-burning cook stove and carries her water from the creek.

The only really luxurious thing is a rocking chair that looks about a hundred years older than the woman who uses it. Mammy sits and rocks most of the time when she isn't working in the garden.

Washington's room has a minuscule bed, a dilapidated chest, and a tall wardrobe. The bed is used on nights when Washington is involved in leading a voodoo ceremony, and the chest contains some of his old clothes. The wardrobe opens to reveal Washington's personal shrine.

In the shrine candles are littered, spilling streams of frozen wax over at least half of the available surfaces. There are various bowls with curious stains and charring, and bits of dried animal debris (feathers, eyeballs, organs, and other tissues) in a disorganized set of jars to the right. To the left are, with no better organization, jars of herbs and miscellany such as John-the-Conqueror root, nightshade, poison ivy, pebbles from a stream bed, and various dyes and pigments. Any locks of hair that have been sto-

Ol' Peter's Story of the Platt-Eye

"I'm-a gonna tell y'all the tale of Nathan Washington and the Platt-Eye. Back before this heah town was free this were a plantation. The man what owned it was of the name Pierre Levant, and him was a wicked, spiteful, greedy snake. He made him a fortune growing cotton before the war. You know the war I mean, don't-cha? The Civil War, a'course. And he knowed that just as soon as Lincoln's boys come down heah they was gonna done stole all his gold.

"Well Nat,' he says to his best slave, 'Come with me up heah to the house and bring that big knife you got, I got you an important job to do.' Now he was talkin' to Nathaniel Washington, who he had just bought from Africa, and who was his favorite. Nat was a strong and powerful man, he got him plenty of juju.

"When they reach the house Nat say 'Yessuh, I am heah and I brung my knife. What you want for me to do?' and Pierre says, 'Let me see that knife. It shore is big and sharp.' And Nat says proudly, 'Yessuh, I keeps it real sharp,' and he hands the knife to Pierre. And do you know what Pierre done? He kilt him right there on the spot with the big sharp knife and cut off his head.

"Now you probably wonderin' what Pierre wants to go and kill his own slave for and cut off his head. Well, I'll tell you. He was making himself a Platt-Eye. That was a thing done to protect hidden treasure, which Pierre had done with his. Old Pierre buried the head of Nathan with that gold and that knife. They say he done it in the house, and I believe him 'cause that house always been haunted ever since. Y'all best not go up there at night cause ain't one of you make it out.

"Old Pierre was kilt after that and ain't no one never found one single bit of his gold. And I'll tell you another thing, if that gold is buried in that house I don't want nothing to do with it cause that Platt-Eye will git you for tryin' to steal it and it might just out of spite. They say it was Nathan that kilt Pierre back for killin' him.

"One day Josh Brown, this was durin' the Depression mind you, went up there to git the gold. He was a desperate man so up he gone. In the middle of the day mind you. And we hears this scream less than one hour after he goes. His wife Fanny was all tears and sobbin'. He din't come down from there, not on his own anyhow. The next morning he was found at his own doorstep with his own head cut off, and inside was his wife and children likewise kilt.

"Some times you can see the Platt-Eye walkin' outside the house. Looking for someone for killin'. Sometime it look like a two-headed calf or a five-legged dog, sometime it look uglier. Whatever it look like it all bad and mean. I done seen it once and I ran for my life. I never goin' back near that place again."

len but have not been used in curse vessels as yet are tied with thread and hanging from the back wall of the shrine. Each bundle of hair has a note attached bearing the first name of the hair's owner.

There are a myriad of other things including a lizard that appears to have been freeze-dried, several different strings of beads, an antique-looking key, a bell, a pair of baby shoes, a very old human skull, a straight razor, and some silver bullets (.45 caliber).

Curse vessels are prepared in the shrine but the last step involves burying the jar under a pile of animal dung

with a dead snake. Washington keeps his animal dung in a small box (2' x 2' x 4') in the garden. Players could easily find this box if they look but would have to search through the dung itself to find the curse vessel. Mammy Washington can explain this to them but will only do so if threatened. The curse vessels are half-pint bell jars filled with all sorts of unidentifiable nastiness. To break the curse the jar must be shattered, which is easily accomplished by dropping it on the ground.

MAMMY WASHINGTON, Oldest Living Member of the Washington Family, age 85

STR 6 CON 9 SIZ 14 INT 9 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 6 EDU 2 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Blunt Object (rolling pin, frying pan) 15%, damage 1d3

Skills: Complain 78%, Lie 15%

Spells: A few spells, generally wards against the evil eye and such things.

This fat old woman is almost completely harmless. She is a voodoo cultist like everyone



else in town but left to her own devices she is not capable of hurting anyone but an invalid. Her son is the product of a mating of the gods when she was much younger. She will speak proudly of her boy and relate his amazing success story to anyone who will listen. Other than that she will complain about her arthritis and how unfair the world is. She is genuinely pessimistic and unhappy, and that

usually drives off unwanted visitors fairly quickly.

The Mansion

The mansion was once a huge structure with white walls and luxuriant furnishings. While no vandals have damaged it, the last 120 years have been devastating. The entire upper two floors are collapsed and the ground floor is a jumbled ruin. There is nothing of note in the ruins, but under a knee-deep pile of wood and rubble a trap door leading to the cellar still exists. The trap door is chained shut from above but the chain has nearly rusted through (five minutes of loud noise to break with a hammer or any one gunshot). Remember that the Platt-Eye is constantly watching and planning the downfall of the characters.

The cellar was strongly built and remains intact. The trap door must be pried open (STR 100; a large pry bar [not available nearby] can allow two men to try with a x4 strength modifier). Below is the remains of a cellar. The first thing that is immediately visible is a skeleton without a skull lying prone on the floor. This is most of the remains of Nathan Washington. Also present are rotten sacks and some wood crates. The Platt-Eye will almost certainly take the form of a deadly coral snake hiding in one of the sacks. The sacks and crates contain some very old potatoes and what might have once been some leather goods.

A concerted search with good lighting in the cellar will reveal a bit of masonry that is not the same as the rest. A small hole (2' x 2', about three feet off the ground) was made in the wall and then sealed off again by a moderately talented mason. Players with Stonemason skill will spot the difference with a Spot Hidden; others must make a one-half Spot Hidden roll.

If the masonry is chipped away the hole leads to a small area two feet deep. Inside are a skull and a large knife (the blade is over one foot long), as well as a stout wood box that is well preserved. As soon as the hole is large enough the skull flies through the hole and reattaches to the skeleton, which reassembles itself. It can do this even if bones have been scattered by the players, unless some have been locked in a car, etc. The entire skeleton need not be present to be functional. At the same time the knife flies out and tries to stab the closest character in the eye. Whether it succeeds or fails it ends up in the hands of the skeleton, who will then commence killing and beheading each character in turn.

The box contains about seven ounces of gold, sixty-five ounces of silver, and about fourteen thousand dollars in Confederate bank notes (valuable to collectors only).

THE PLATT-EYE, Bound Baka Guardian

STR Varies CON Varies SIZ Varies
POW 18 DEX 17 HP N/A MV Varies

Damage Bonus: Varies

Weapons: As appropriate for animal form 65%

Armor: Varies depending upon form

The Platt-Eye is a supernatural being conjured by Pierre to guard his fortune. It can take any animal form native to the area, but whatever the form the Platt-Eye is always grossly disfigured (five-legged dog, gator with heads at both ends, four-winged raven, etc.) and much more dangerous than it would appear.

The Platt-Eye is always watching the mansion for intruders, which it kills. Generally it takes a small or innocuous form such as a raven or a snake and simply watches. If someone approaches the mansion it will make its presence known by letting itself be seen.

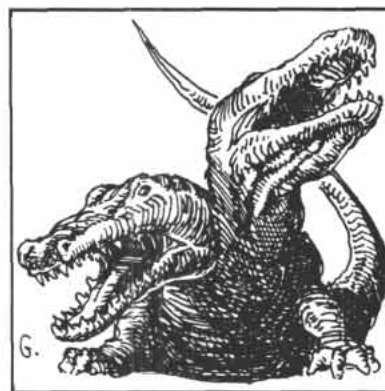
If the party proceeds it will attempt to kill them. Its favorite forms for killing are a two-headed alligator and a large water moccasin with heads at both ends.

See the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook for stats for various animals (pages 128-136). Note that some forms may

have extra attacks due to the presence of additional limbs.

Any of these forms can be "killed" with sufficient damage but the forms are only manifestations of an evil supernatural entity. As a form is killed it disappears and another appears. The Platt-Eye is unlikely just to attack continuously with one alligator after another, though it can do that. It prefers to be subtle and use sneak attacks to kill and drive off enemies.

The only way permanently to destroy the Platt-Eye is to remove the gold it is charged with defending from the planta-



tion. The shortest path to the edge of the property is across Dayville Creek.

Sanity Loss: 1/1d6 to see a warped animal form of the Platt-Eye.

THE PLATT-EYE, Skeleton Form

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 10
POW 18 DEX 17 HP N/A MV 10

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Knife 75%, damage 1d4 + 1d4

Armor: See the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook (pages 134-135) for information on damaging skeletons.

This is the most dangerous aspect of the Platt-Eye and its ultimate form used to defend its charge. The skeleton is fast and deadly accurate with its razor-sharp knife. It will show no mercy and it will pursue the characters to any point on the plantation with the intent of killing them and cutting off their heads. This form can only be used once the hiding place is revealed, which it will do everything in its power to prevent.

The simplest way to deal with this aspect of the Platt-Eye is to "destroy" it (as described in the *CoC* rulebook) and then smash the skull into molecule-sized fragments. Aziz's Parting Sands spell will permanently disable the skeleton also. Disabling the skeleton does not prevent the Platt-Eye from taking other forms.

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6 to see the skeleton form of the Platt-Eye.

Voodoo Rites

If the players manage to tail Washington and Stroeker to Pondjoux without getting beaten up they will probably get to witness the ceremonial rites that ensue. The participants (everyone from Pondjoux and the ones from New Orleans) gather in a clearing on the far side of town that is most easily accessible by traveling through the cemetery. A huge bonfire is prepared and everyone drinks a concoction laced with various mind-altering substances and poisons available in the region.

After the drink the music begins with loud drums and much singing. Various participants are "possessed" by the gods. When a possession occurs sacrifices are made by killing an animal and drenching the possessed person with the blood. Washington always does the killing using his machete, and he calls for the animal (usually a chicken) based upon the importance of the god possessing the cultist.

During this phase everyone is dancing, singing, playing a musical instrument, or doing a combination of the three. When two suitable gods possess two suitable people of the opposite sex then they are drawn together by Washington and have intercourse. This generally happens about three or four times during a given ceremony.

On high holy days a human sacrifice is required. These people are brought to the clearing bound hand and foot. They are made to watch the ceremonial animal sacrifices and mating of the gods, and are then taken and



placed face upwards over a stump where Washington beheads them with his machete and a big smile (*déjà vu* for anyone under the influence of his curse). The Sanity loss for watching the ceremony is 0/1d3 on a normal night and 1/1d8 if there is a human sacrifice. There is an additional 2/1d4+1 SAN loss if the character has been having dreams resulting from Washington's voodoo curse.

If the rites are disturbed then the cultists will take every practical measure to make certain that no intruders escape. They will be run down, grappled, and sacrificed.

Interlude: Turua

One cult is as good as another ...

Background

Thibideaux Junction is a small rural town (population 473) in the southern bayous of Louisiana. The town actually predates the founding of New Orleans by some twenty-four years. It was founded with the name *Liberté* in 1694 by a group of convicts who escaped at the mouth of the Mississippi River from a French labor ship, the *Ste. Germaine*. The group fled into the lands of the Choctaw Indians, whom they befriended. It was by the generosity of the Indians that the escapees survived their first year.

The Frenchmen married Indian women, taught the bayou Indians to speak French, and assisted the Indians in trading with Europeans. The Choctaw taught the convicts to survive and taught the worship of the savage god Turua. The Indians worshiped Turua and referred to the swamps and bayous in which they lived as *Turuatawa*, meaning "little swamp" or "child of bayou." As time went along and the Indians became fewer and fewer the worship of Turua began to wane.

In 1867 a Catholic priest and depraved sociopath named Michel Thibideaux came to the town of *Liberté*. He was fascinated by the worship of Turua and became obsessed with the Indians' myths of creation and their dark rituals. He studied with the Indian elders and practiced the rituals. Beginning with a small group of faithful Indians and a few townspeople, he began to perform great rites on the spot where the Old Church now stands.

Soon people got word that Father Thibideaux was preaching revelations and performing miracles. The townspeople began to have greater fishing success and the town began to prosper. Soon not a single person in town missed Thibideaux's twice-weekly evening sermons. By 1878 Thibideaux began construction on his mansion (Cypremont) and on the Old Church. The townspeople renamed the town after the priest.

Instead of worshiping the living thing that the Indians called Turua, Thibideaux sought to control it. He corresponded widely searching for some clue and when he found it traveled to France. There, in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, he found *Le Livre des démons des eaux* (detailed on page 128).

Two years later, Cypremont and the church were completed. Then, in a great ceremony, Thibideaux tried to gain control over Turua. His subjects did not realize his intentions; they only thought the ceremony was an elaborate church dedication. When the ceremony went wrong and Turua was angered, the villagers were taken by complete

surprise. Indeed, most attributed the earthquakes to natural phenomena, and the fact that everything but the church sank only reinforced the idea that they had maintained the favor of their god.

Thibideaux knew differently, however. At the first tremors he fled in his boat and tried to make it out into open water. That was the last the townspeople ever saw of him.

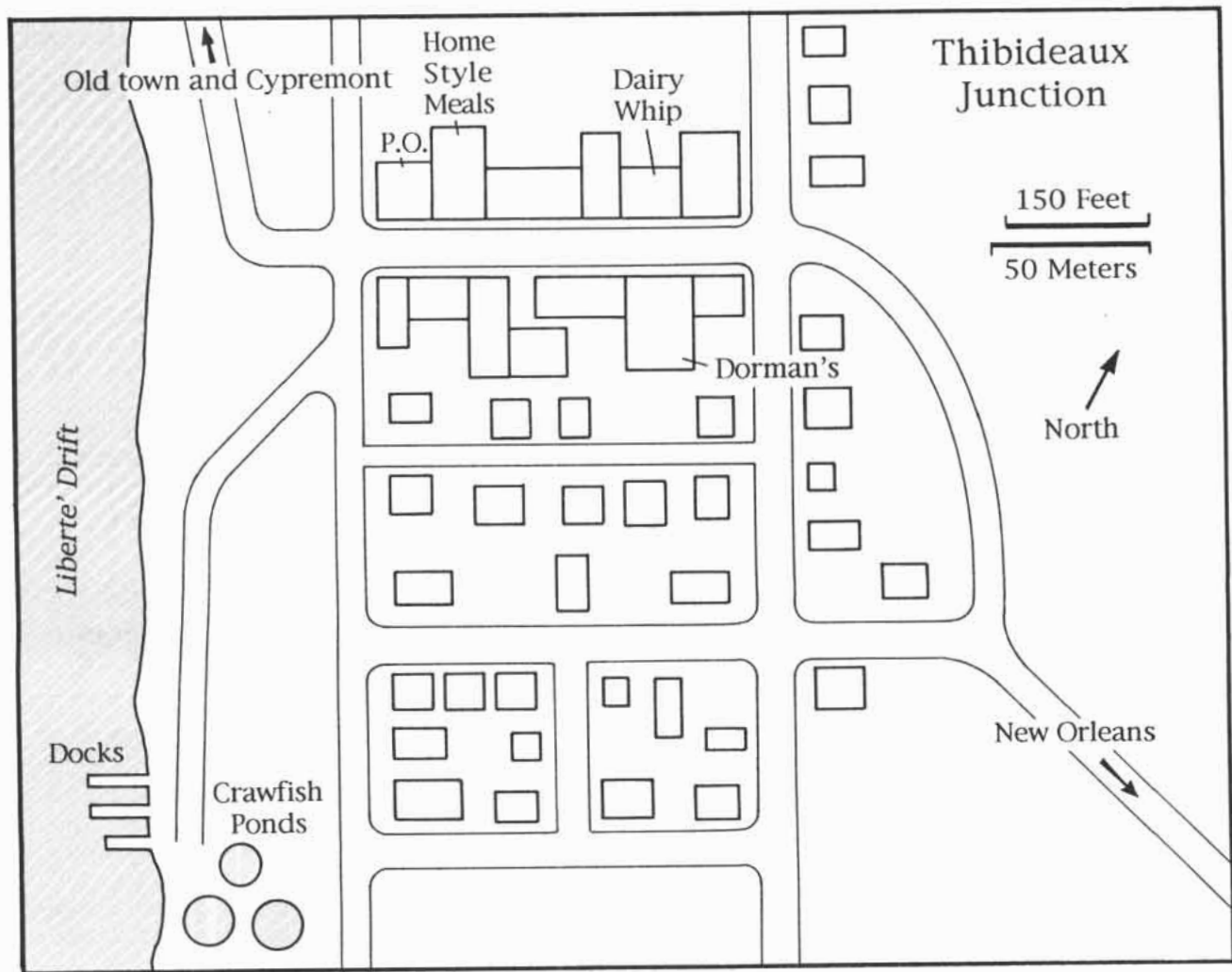
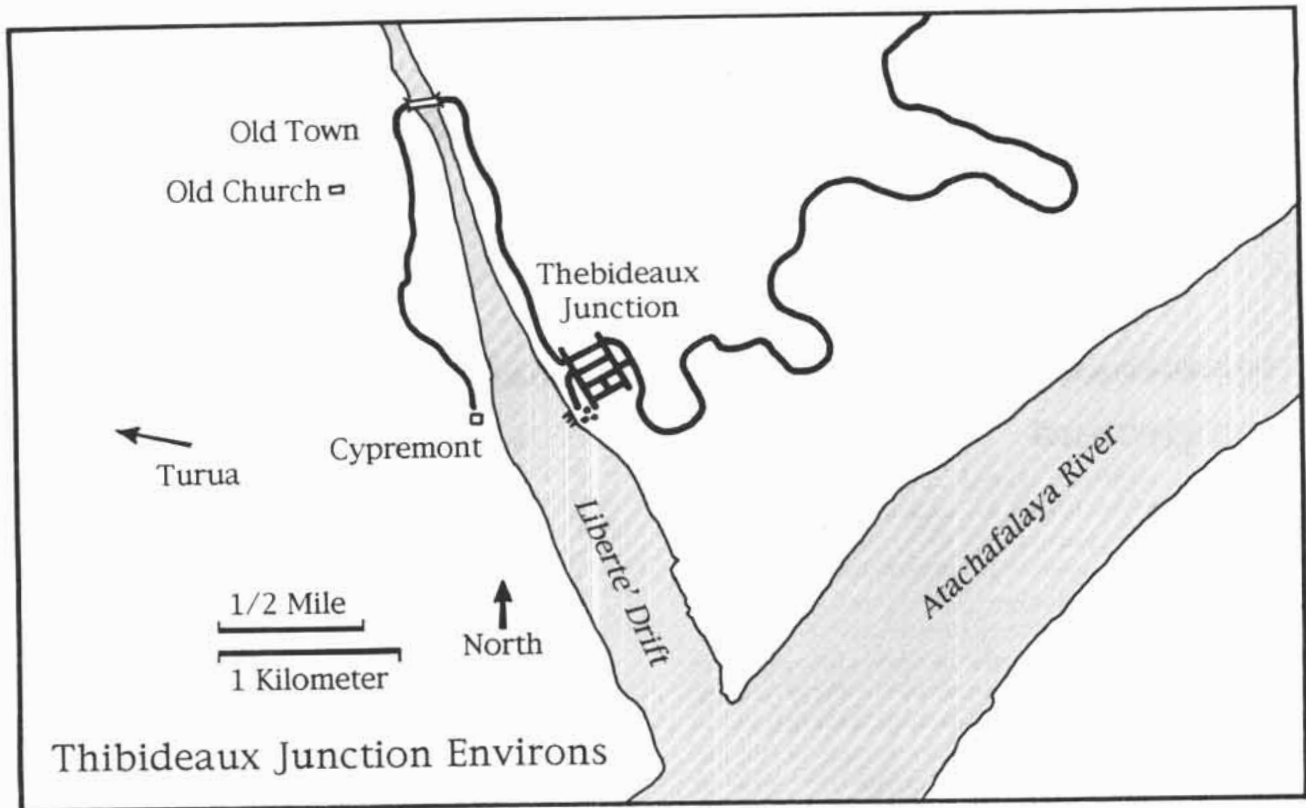
With Father Thibideaux gone and the town under water, a great deal of effort was given over to rebuilding on the site where Thibideaux Junction now lies. There were no more miracles and no more fiery sermons. However, the town maintained its devotion to Turua and a relatively high level of prosperity (for a bayou town) until the latter 1940's. At that time a plan was brought up to put a few roads into the bayous to bring commerce and better transportation to some of the rural communities.

Antoine Thibideaux-LeGoullon (LeGoullon's father) and a group of townsmen didn't want the road to go through town. They thought it would only bring outsiders and strangers and that soon the ways of Turua would be lost. Bienville got the road and from that point on Thibideaux Junction began a rapid decline. By the time Jean LeGoullon was 21 (1967) the town's businesses were largely gone. It lay more or less in its current state.

Investigations into the town history will yield information on the road controversy, and possibly on an earthquake which caused flooding of the town back in 1880. There are articles which name Antoine Thibideaux-LeGoullon as being against the development of the road (Handout Thibideaux1). Beyond this small amount of information, and the fact that the town is believed to have been first settled by escaped prisoners, there is little to find.

Getting There

The road into Thibideaux Junction is not marked. It is difficult to find and asking for directions will yield little more than empty stares and garbled, slurred directions from the bayou people. Assuming the characters manage to procure a good map of the area (such as from the USGS), they will be able to find the right road with a successful Navigation skill roll. The road is a rough, single-lane dirt track that rides atop a raised roadbed for



about thirty miles into the bayou. There are numerous turns and forks along the route. It is pitted with great mudholes in spots and gouged by deep hard ruts in others. Any car other than a 4-wheel drive will lose its muffler unless the driver can succeed in making a one-fifth Drive Auto roll. The ride from the main road (Hwy 90) to Thibideaux Junction takes at least two hours. Drive Auto rolls are necessary to maintain any speed over 15 mph.

The road winds through the swamp, past large blue-black stagnant pools and sinuous algae-covered sloughs. It is overhung in places by huge moss-covered cypress trees. In others it runs through relatively open brush-covered terrain.

There are two other options for getting to Thibideaux Junction: by water or by air. If traveling by air, there is room for a helicopter to land at LeGoullon's mansion, and plenty of room for a seaplane to land on the Atchafalaya River. Either may be chartered from the New Orleans airport. The other option would be to use a waterborne method of transportation. The Atchafalaya River is definitely deep enough for any kind of smallish boat, as it is used frequently by the resident shrimpers of Thibideaux Junction. All manner of boats (including airboats) can be rented or leased from any town over 10,000 people, or in smaller towns from individuals at greater cost.

Arrival

Lining both sides of the main street of Thibideaux Junction is a series of brick shops and buildings with wooden facades. The shops take up one block. There is a covered, raised walkway extending the length of both sides of the dusty street. Old men frequent the several benches placed along the walkway. Most of the shops are abandoned, having old faded painted signs and cracked painted glass for storefronts. Still open, however, are a small general store (Dorman's), a post office, a Dairy Whip, and a small

New Orleans Daily, June 28, 1949

Thibideaux Junction Rejects Road Plan

The road to Thibideaux Junction proposed by the Bayou Improvement Project was rejected by a group of the town's residents represented by Antoine Thibideaux-LeGoullon in a late night town meeting Tuesday.

The citizens of Bienville, an alternate choice for the construction project, have already expressed their earnest consent and support.

This is the first time that the joint construction agreement offer between town and state has ever been rejected by one of its recipients.

restaurant that has "Home Style Meals" painted on the glass in large quaint white letters.

Most of the houses in Thibideaux Junction are very run-down looking, with sagging porches, chipping paint, and overgrown yards cluttered with odds and ends. There are chickens standing in the street, on lawns, and on porches, dogs lying in the shade, and, in the midst of it all, dirty children playing simple games. As the characters enter the town, everything seems to stand still (Listen roll to reveal that there actually is some sound left on the Earth). Children and adults, animals, and even the buildings seem to take notice of the characters. This strange occurrence lasts only about ten seconds. After that the characters are still noticed and stared at, but there is no sense of the presence of some peculiar silence.

Dorman's

This little store sells all manner of dry goods in bulk quantities. Many things are available; however, selection is greatly limited. For instance, cloth is available but there are only about five different materials to choose from. John Dorman also sells guns, but he has only a Marlin .44 Magnum lever-action rifle and a Remington 870 pump 12-gauge shotgun on the shelf. Groceries and hardware are also available, again with a limited selection.



JOHN and CAROLINE DORMAN, Owner/Operators of Dorman's general store, ages 54 and 51

STR 11	CON 10	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 10	APP 14	EDU 13	SAN 30	HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Bargain 55%; Languages: Cajun 70%, English 55%

Items carried: Small pad of paper for totaling prices of goods

John and Caroline are fairly representative of the town's upper crust. John wears denim overalls over a light cotton short-sleeved dress shirt, and his wife wears a light-colored dress and apron. Both are well kept and well spoken.

Post Office

The post office is run by a severe-looking older widow named Marguerite Montfort. This is a full service post office, but mail comes in and goes out only once a week. Any mail addressed to strangers and passing through here will be searched before it goes out or is picked up.

MARGARITE MONTFORT, Postal Witch, age 68

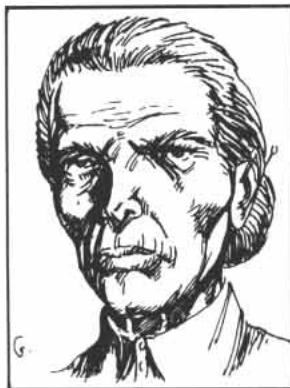
STR 8	CON 11	SIZ 8	INT 14	POW 12
DEX 16	APP 10	EDU 12	SAN 35	HP 10

Damage Bonus: -1d4

Skills: Irritate 75%; Languages: Cajun 70%, English 25%

Items carried: Wicked hair pin

A severe-looking woman, Mrs. Montfort keeps her heavily grayed dark hair pulled straight back and up into a tight bun. Margerite hates outsiders and she enjoys nothing more than to see them humiliated. If the investigators have a rough encounter with the Scrantons' dogs, she will be present. Afterward she will cackle to herself just loudly enough for the characters to hear.



Dairy Whip

This little shop is off by itself on the left-hand side of Main Street as one is leaving town. Inside are about half a dozen booths and a handful of stools at a soda bar. Old-fashioned sodas are available here for 50 cents and chocolate, vanilla, or swirl cones for 45 cents. There is also a variety of sundaes and milkshakes for sale.

The Dairy Whip is run by the Peyton family. The members of this family—Leon, Cecile, and their children, Thomas, Yvonne, and David—are all very large except for David. David is actually one of LeGoullon's "children" and so does not particularly resemble the rest of the family. See the section on The Children (page 64).

The Peytons are probably the most friendly citizens of Thibideaux Junction and will be happy to talk about small matters with any strangers, including the weather, good fishing spots, business, etc. None of the Peytons is very bright (except for David) and it may be possible to dupe them into talking about the old church, or about LeGoullon's house.

David almost always sits on the stool furthest from the door, eerily sipping a vanilla milkshake (the perpetual milkshake) and listening to the conversations in the Dairy Whip.

LEON PEYTON, Owner/Operator of Dairy Whip, age 32

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 18 INT 8 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 12 SAN 30 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Make Cone 80%; Languages: Cajun 45%, English 30%

Items carried: Ice cream scoop or dirty counter rag, depending on the moment

Mr. Peyton is a very large sweaty man who wears a sundae-smudged apron. He has heavily thinned gray hair and a very small mouth that is virtually lipless. He likes to talk to his customers and to his family very much, and for this reason he may be an asset to the investigators. Of course he knows where LeGoullon's house is and also how to get there, but he may also throw in an "accidental" comment about the Old Town being haunted at night or something. He will let something like this slip and then begin furiously cleaning the counter with a fudgy rag and try to evade providing further information.



If he were to accidentally let a big one slip, such as that only LeGoullon goes into the woods behind his house, he knows that he would end up floating in the bayou.

CECILE PEYTON, Owner/Operator of Dairy Whip, age 31

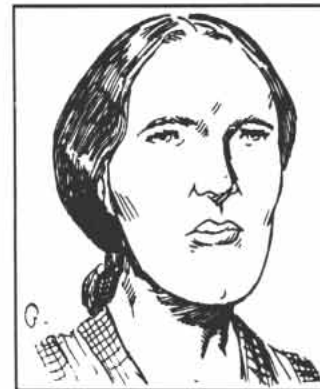
STR 6 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 9 SAN 25 HP 14

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Make Sundae 85%;
Languages: Cajun 50%,
English 35%

Items carried: Tasting spoon

Mrs. Peyton is proportionally as large as her husband. She is prone to letting little details slip as well, though not as badly as her husband. The best way to get information from the two is to begin a conversation with one while the other is present. Neither likes to feel left out and the best way for them to gain attention is to tell something even better than the other.



THOMAS and YVONNE PEYTON, Chief Ice Cream Consumers in Thibideaux Junction, ages 10 and 8

STR 5 CON 7 SIZ 8 INT 12 POW 6
DEX 8 APP 7 EDU 8/7 SAN 5 HP 8

Damage Bonus: -1d4

Skills: Eat 95%; Languages: Cajun 45%, English 15%

Items carried: Thomas has a pocket knife and Yvonne has a locket with a picture of LeGoullon in it. Both are most likely carrying double scoop, triple chocolate fudge cheesecake cones with Reese's Peanut Butter Cup chunks on top.

Two fat spoiled kids.

Home Style Meals

This little restaurant is truly a family-style type of establishment. There are only six tables, but they can all seat up to eight people. The floor is linoleum; the tables have red and white checked oilcloth tablecloths. Salt and pepper shakers, catsup, and mustard are all on the tables. Seating is made up of a hodgepodge of folding, swivel, vinyl, wooden, and other styles of chairs as well as benches. There are two photos of LeGoullon on the wall above the register; one is from college graduation, and the other is from about two years ago.

In the mornings, starting at sunup, all of the important men in the town show up for coffee and to discuss past happenings and future plans. This is usually about eighteen to twenty-two men. This gathering lasts until about nine or ten o'clock, at which point the younger men go to work, often to the boats or home, and the older men adjourn to the benches outside for more discussion and to while away the day.

If the PC's come here, they will find the service and food adequate but not particularly good. They will not get any information from the stoic locals. If they pursue any lines of questioning that might threaten or insult the locals, they will be told that the restaurant is really only for townspeople and that they will not be welcome again.

There are several authentic Cajun dishes to choose from, including the following:

Andouille (stuffed large intestine)
 Chourice (stuffed small intestine)
 Chaudin (stuffed stomach)
 Boudin (blood sausage)
 Catfish gumbo (spicy thick stew served on rice)
 Shrimp gumbo (spicy thick stew served on rice)
 Gumbo filé (gumbo thickened with powdered sassafras)
 Turtle stew (stewed turtle)
 Sandwich au fromage de tête (head cheese sandwich)
 Brème au garlic (eggplant with garlic)
 Maquechoux (spices, onions, tomatoes stewed with corn)
 Couche-Couche (cornmeal cooked with sugar and milk)

The Church

The church that is currently active in Thibideaux Junction is on one of the back streets behind the downtown area. It is a large but simple structure, having white walls and a simple four-sided pointed tower over the entranceway. It is as simple inside as it is out. The inside is carpeted and the fifteen pews look to be antique and slightly oversized for the room. In fact, they were taken from the Old Church. There are only the large congregation hall and, through a door to the right of the sanctuary, a smallish room for church business and for Pastor Parker to change and to prepare for his sermons.

There is a relatively small following of people who attend the regular 10:00 Sunday service. All of those who attend are also cultists. They have simply managed to arrange their belief structure to include a devotion (albeit a fearful one) to LeGoullon's master.

This building is used to hold the organized town meetings which occur about twice a year, and also is used for banquets and barbecues that are held at least monthly. Outside, on the large and well kept lawn, there is a large barbecue pit.

Pastor WILLIAM PARKER, Town Pastor and Moral Authority, age 60

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

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Oratory 75%, Persuade 65%; Languages: Cajun 75%, English 45%

Items carried: A heavily worn copy of the Bible, edited and footnoted with his private observations and interpretations. The footnotes contain evidence for the necessity of servitude to "The Father", Turua. It costs the sane reader 1d6 SAN and will grant him 3% Cthulhu Mythos.

A tall gaunt man, Pastor Parker carries the fire and brimstone of hell in his disapproving glance. He wears a dark suit every day, for he feels that it is his duty to be



on the sermon every moment. He winds the fear of Turua into his stories about the righteousness and fearfulness of god with fervent skill.

Docks

The docks are on the eastern edge of town. During shrimping and oyster seasons there are only small private boats, a couple of houseboats, and a few airboats docked here. Otherwise there are as many as eight 30' to 40' shrimp and oyster luggers here. During the season the owners take their boats out to sea and to ports where there are shrimp buyers and processors.

The docks jut out from the semisolid land. Most are attached to the land with cables and are of the floating variety. Only two rather long ones are affixed to pilings driven into the soft soils of the bayou.

There is a large amount of clutter and refuse around this area. Old boat hulls litter the banks and woods at either side of the dock. There are numerous piles of old tools, nets, rigging, and deep sea fishing paraphernalia strewn around, both onshore and on the docks themselves.

Also down by the docks are four ponds about twenty feet in diameter. These are crawfish farms and each is filled with several thousand crawfish at various stages of development.

Events and Encounters

The characters will be allowed to come into town and ask questions the day of their arrival. They won't get many answers, however. If they ask the townspeople where they might find a Mr. LeGoullon, they will be told that he is not here and that he is probably in the city at his office. If the characters ask where he lives, unless they have some tricky communication skills, they will be blown off with equal abruptness. In either case, they will be heavily and suspiciously watched after such a line of questioning.

The morning after the characters' arrival there will be the usual meeting of men for morning coffee. There a decision is made to let the snoopers know that they are not wanted. If the characters return they will be watched, and when one or two of them are alone a couple of very mean fighting mutts will be turned loose on them. The dogs will attack the characters, but as soon as they have a PC on the ground or cornered, they will hold and wait for their master. The men with the two dogs, Roy and Rodney Scranton, are large thuggish-looking Cajun rednecks. They will utter something about the dogs not liking strangers and will suggest that the characters be moving along for safety's sake.

Another performance that the townspeople might put on for the characters is a boucherie. This consists of killing a pig or beef calf, slitting its throat, and hoisting it up by a hind leg so that it will properly drain. Everything is saved—blood, intestines, head, fat, organs, everything. Many people will turn out to watch and assist. Usually some of the carcass will be prepared on the spot. Often the organs are cooked into a "sauce de débris" and served over rice.

ROY and RODNEY SCRANTON, Goons, ages 25 and 27

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 30 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Punch 75%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Kick 55%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Club 65%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Shotgun 50%, damage 4d6/2d6/1d6

Pistol 45%, damage 1d10

Skills: Pilot Airboat 65%, Pilot Boat 50%; Languages: Cajun 60%, English 15%

Items carried: Bottle of cheap whiskey, axe handle, .38 revolver or 12-gauge double-barrel, depending on what the situation calls for and the amount of time they have for preparation.

The Scranton boys are representative of the lower crust of Thibideaux Junction. They are large sloppy men wearing greasy baseball caps and old jeans that hang down just a bit in back; both chew hunks of chaw. Roy operates two of the crawfish ponds near the docks. Rodney owns a couple of fighting dogs, and works off and on aboard the shrimp boats. If the investigators anger the townspeople, there are about a dozen other men similar to the Scranton boys who will come after them.

**The Children**

LeGoullon grew up in the cult of Turua, having been introduced to it by his father. He knew that he would have to do something special if he were to branch out and spread the cult and his power beyond the confines of these secluded bayous. He decided to breed a superior human, a group of highly intelligent, highly educated devotees to spread his word and power. It will take a day or two, but before long the investigators will notice that many of the children in this town appear similar. They may think for instance that they see David, the little boy with the milkshake at the Dairy Whip, following them, but he looks younger for some reason.

In fact, the child they are seeing is just a younger sibling of David. There are about 65 of these children living in the town at this point, the youngest being about 2 years old and the oldest 18. A few are not currently in the village but are away at college. These children are all the horrible product of LeGoullon and Turua. They all bear a likeness to LeGoullon, having hazel eyes, straight sandy brown hair, and Mediterranean features and skin tone. They share a sort of group consciousness when in proximity to one another. These children quickly become aware that the characters are investigating something. They begin to keep an eye on the characters. Often just a single little girl or boy watching from a distance is all the investigators will see.

LeGoullon "gifted" the children to families of the Junction. He said that he adopted them to help bring more faithful to the fold, but most of the families didn't question where the children came from and certainly don't

question the peculiar resemblance to LeGoullon. If questioned on the subject, a family will claim that the child is their own. They truly believe it is.

DAVID and the Rest of "The Children", Child/Spawn

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

Damage Bonus: Varies

Skills: Cause Mischief 75%, Watch 80%; Languages: Cajun 70%, English 50%

Items carried: Usually nothing

The children all resemble LeGoullon, having hazel eyes, straight sandy brown hair, and Mediterranean features and skin tone. They share a sort of group consciousness when in proximity to one another. They will mess with the characters at every opportunity once they suspect the characters are more than just tourists. They will flatten tires, steal distributor caps, pour sugar and/or water into gas tanks, etc.



Old Town

To the north of modern Thibideaux Junction lies the "Old Town", as it is called by locals. The road that leads from Cypremont to Thibideaux Junction runs along the edge of it. Ruined buildings and shacks are visible from the road, though they are heavily obscured by cypress trees and thickly hanging Spanish moss. If the investigators borrow a boat, don their hip boots, or just wade in, they will find the deserted town to be submerged under about three feet of water. Algae on the surface and the lack of sunlight makes the footing invisible and therefore treacherous.

The town is in a very advanced state of decay and hardly any of the original wooden buildings is left standing. Searching the buildings is dangerous as most of the ceilings have fallen through, collapsing the floors and leaving only precariously standing walls. Emphasize the extremely deserted nature of this place. The waters the investigators will have to wade or boat through are absolutely black, reflecting the hanging canopy of moss and dense foliage. Trees rise through houses and barns, ripping through roofs and floors.

There is little to be found as most of the residents removed their belongings to the rebuilt settlement. It is an eerie feeling, though, boating through doorways and low windows into aged living rooms and kitchens. There are many strange noises in this abandoned town—creaks and groans of decaying structures, frogs and birds chirping loudly. The investigators may even notice an alligator peering at them, two eyes barely breaking the surface of the water from some secluded closet.

One location of interest is a small brick house on the far edge of the old town. It was owned by a trapper, and hanging from the walls inside are numerous traps of different kinds. Steel-jawed snap traps (some very large), snares of all kinds, and tunnel mole traps can all be found. The traps are very rusted but most, especially the large ones, are still very functional.

Another place of potential interest is the submerged cemetery. The only marker that might give the players the idea there is a cemetery present at all is an eight-foot tall granite obelisk. The investigators must be cautious not to run their boat onto one of the other tombstones surrounding the obelisk; they sit below the surface and could easily destroy a propeller. This is perhaps the only place where the characters may get a chance to see down into the water. There are several white marble headstones which can barely be discerned by peering into the water; at night a light shining directly down is necessary.

Above the water line the obelisk bears the inscription "Ftr. Michel Thibideaux, d. March 15, 1880." If the investigators were to wait around this stone until midnight, or to prowl around the graveyard at midnight, they would hear a choked, muffled screaming coming from inside or beneath the obelisk (SAN loss 0/1d4). If they were to be present at midnight on March 15, they would see an apparition of Father Thibideaux flee from the back door of the church to this spot, running through the water as though it were not there. As the apparition reaches the point of the obelisk, the water explodes with writhing tentacles (not apparitional) and whirling ropy tendrils. The apparition is torn limb from limb and yanked down into the ground. This could also happen to the players if they stand close enough. Anyone witnessing the episode must roll for SAN loss (1d2/1d8).

The obelisk is not, in fact, the place where Thibideaux's body lies; his body was never found. The town's residents erected this memorial after the town had sunk, and Thibideaux began to haunt the place soon after. The haunt has very small powers over the real world: It can create cold spots, perform minor telekinesis (make ripples in the water, very slowly push an empty boat), and make faint noises or voices. There is no way to destroy the haunt, but it would leave if Turua were destroyed or banished.

The Old Church

The old church sits on a high spot of ground near the cemetery. It is massive in construction: The crest of the peaked roof is sixty feet high and runs the length of the hundred-foot long church. At the front end the bell tower is some eighty feet high, ending in a large pyramidal spire. The lower twenty feet of the structure is composed of dark vertical stone walls. Above that, the black slate roof slopes steeply upward into the forest canopy.

From the front the single large door opening into the base of the tower looks stark and foreboding. The ground surrounding the church is mostly devegetated, being muddy and covered with dead leaves and other detritus fallen from the overhanging cypress trees. A successful Tracking roll or Spot Hidden roll at -15% will reveal recent footprints in the soil around the entryway to the

church. The footprints are small. They are from a few of LeGoullon's children, playing in the bayous.

Inside, the church is in remarkably good condition. There are two rows of massive wooden pews, fifteen of which are missing from the right hand section. The wooden floors are all intact and firm except in one location. At the far end of the hall, just behind the altar, a huge cypress tree has grown up through the floor. It has made its way all the way up and through a fifteen-foot diameter stained glass window that lies just beneath the apex of the far wall. The heavy roots of the cypress arch down through the floorboards. Any PC making a Biology or Botany roll at +25% will know that this is not the natural way for these trees to grow. If an investigator of size greater than 11 peers down into the hole without taking precautions for the weakened flooring, a successful Dodge roll must be made to avoid falling through the floor into the water beneath. The church's basement is flooded and after a five-foot fall the water is three feet deep.

The sanctuary is large, though mostly unremarkable. It is raised about two feet from the church floor. The large gray stone altar is supported by two massive beams running across the basement ceiling and so does not fall through the weakened floor. It is uncarved and indeed crudely shaped; the top is not even particularly flat. This is the same kind of volcanic stone that the temple is built of. Atop the altar is an open Bible that is so water damaged that it is completely illegible except for the cover.

The stained glass window depicts an abstract floral design concentrically arranged in multicolored glass around a circular central pane. The central pane is of a dark gray, smoky glass. The tree pierces the window just to the right of the central pane. A Spot Hidden roll from the floor will reveal writing in a plaque at the base of the window, some forty feet above the floor. Also visible are a few very small crystal shards leaded among the panes. If a player climbs the tree (Climb roll) or uses a strong flashlight and a pair of binoculars, the writing says (in French): "Beware, the stars conspire against us; when they achieve their goal, the man on the reed boat will come for our souls." If careful notes are taken, or if the window is photographed and later analyzed, it can be found that the crystal shards correspond to stars in the night sky. The black disc in the center represents the point at which the night sky rotates, the North Star. There are about thirty major stars depicted and their configuration is as it will be on March 22, 1991 (the date when Aziz will begin his ceremony in the Sudan). It will be difficult for the PC's to get a good representation of the window due to the tree growing through the middle of it.

There is access to the basement of the church both through the large hole in the floor and through a stairway in one of the small empty rooms behind the altar platform. The basement is an extremely creepy place. It has three feet of standing water everywhere, leaving only about three feet of head room in all areas except below the altar platform, where there is about five feet. The cobwebs are very thick and there is a strong smell of decay, the air full of the products of anaerobic decay. Also, the haunt of Thibideaux has some stronger influence here during the hours of darkness.

Cypremont

The mansion was bought by LeGoullon in 1975 from Mally Dubois for \$1,200. LeGoullon then hired several local men to refurbish and restore the old place. After five years the mansion was finally restored.

The approach by road is extremely rough. If the characters haven't already lost their muffler, they are sure to here. Even with a 4-wheel drive, it is necessary to make a Drive Auto check to avoid getting stuck in a large mud-hole about two hundred yards from the house (-20% if in a 2-wheel drive).

The area immediately surrounding the house is dense with cypress trees, and is completely flooded during some months of the year. At the moment three sides of the house are over dry land; the front gallery protrudes out over the bayou. The road ends right beside the house, between a large back "yard" and the Atchafalaya Bayou. Ahead and to the right there is a cleared area for helicopter landings (part of the yard). To the left and down some short stairs from the gallery is a small dock for two airboats and a conventional inboard-jet motor boat.

Though it is a rather small mansion by southern standards, Cypremont is the largest house around and is quite large by Cajun standards. It is built low and wide, supported on blocks as most bayou houses are. It has a second story in the central section but then the gabled roof slants down to a broad "skirt" which covers the larger lower story and

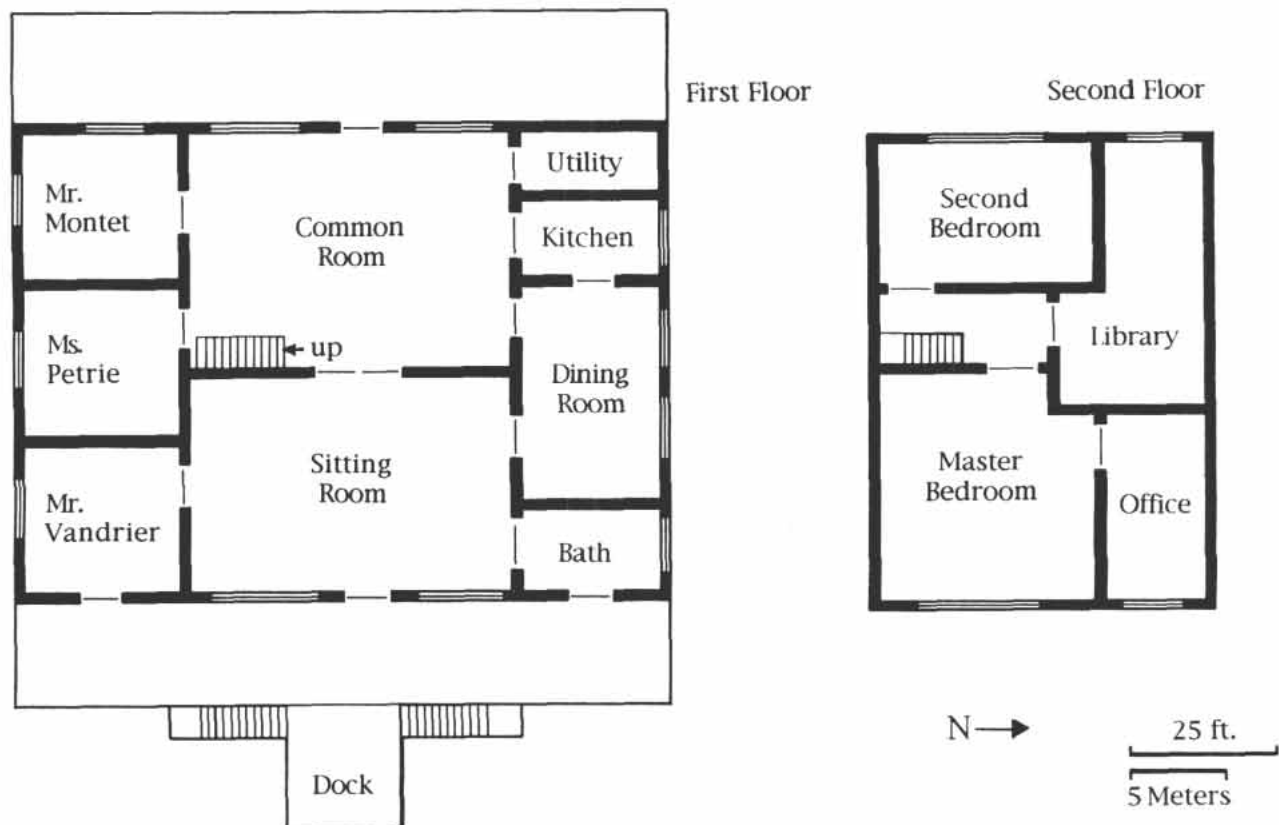
attached porches. The house is wood with a cedar shingled roof and wattle and daub type walls interspersed with beams and supports. Spaced around the masonry are antique tiles with reliefs depicting demons, ships, storms, and fighting men (Spot Hidden to notice). Occult roll to recognize Masonic symbolism hidden in the tiles.

The first and most apparent thing about Cypremont is that the bayou seems to enfold it and embrace it. The dense trees nicely surround and protect it without crowding it. The Atchafalaya River flows slowly past, around and beneath the forward portion of the house, as if the house were merely another overhanging oak or cypress. The house looks as though it has been here for a very long time.

On the large front "gallery" or porch are a couple of chairs. The chairs are often occupied by Aziz's men as they sit and smoke and keep an eye on the river and the town across it.

Common Room

There are all sorts of items from LeGoullon's travels and collections displayed in this large and very sumptuous room. There are two six-foot models of LeGoullon Enterprises freighters, the *Pontchartrain* and the *La-fourche*. Another case contains artifacts from the local Indian tribe, the Choctaw. There are spears, arrows, a club, and a quiver. There is also a series of six antique tiles resting beneath the surface of a glass-topped coffee table (Handout Thibideaux2). See the following section, "Paths of Our Forefathers" (page 73), for more details regarding



the tiles. All of the items are authentic and are very rare (Anthropology roll to determine). It is also immediately apparent that the house is air conditioned.

Dining Room

This room can accommodate up to ten people and is richly furnished in cherry and tiger-tail maple. There are large china cabinets and serving tables filled with fine dinnerware. Of note in this room are two of the candlestick holders inside one of the china cabinets. They are fashioned of silver and represent stooped humanoid figures about 10" tall, each supporting the candle like a great torch above its head. On closer examination, the figures appear slightly piscine.

Kitchen

Lots of Cajun food in the refrigerator (see the restaurant in town for different kinds). The full-time cook prepares excellent jambalaya and gumbos, as well as Cajun sausages and other specialties. The cook has also been trained to make the flat, unleavened bread that Aziz prefers as his sole sustenance.

Sitting Room

This very formal chamber was reserved for meeting with LeGoullon's special guests. Now it goes unused except for when Labib is in town. During those times he prefers to rest and relax in here. There are several large soft chairs, two couches, several endtables and coffee tables, and a full wet bar. There is also a large new television concealed in a large wall cabinet. It receives most of the channels in America through the satellite dish on the roof.

Staff Quarters

These rooms are used by the staff of LeGoullon's house. One is devoted to the cook, Mrs. Petrie. Another is used by Vandrier (the caretaker), and the last is occupied by Montet (the town doctor).

Mrs. Petrie's room is very sparsely decorated. There are several little pouches of fragrant herbs and perfumed dried flowers placed neatly around the room. The smell is overpowering and anyone entering this room will carry the scent with them for 2d10 rounds. It will be easy to detect someone who is carrying the scent with them.



Sophie Petrie

SOPHIE PETRIE, Cook/Maid, age 53

STR 8	CON 11	SIZ 8	INT 12	POW 11
DEX 10	APP 12	EDU 10	SAN 30	HP 10

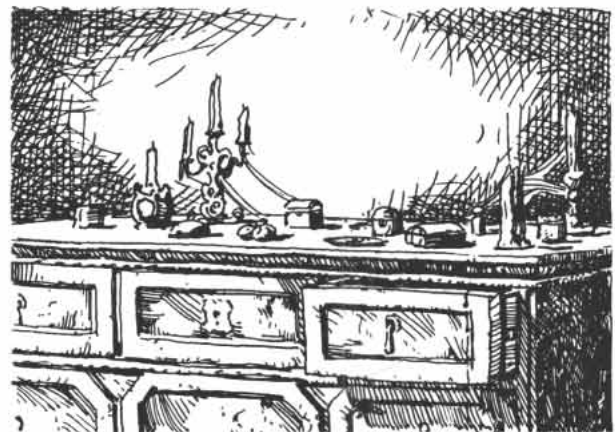
Damage Bonus: -1d4

Skills: Clean 55%, Cook 75%; **Languages:** Cajun 60%, English 15%

Items carried: Frying pan or dust mop

Mrs. Petrie is a large pale doughy woman. Her skin is slack and she speaks in a tired slurred manner. She wears light flowery summer dresses covered with an apron. She is an excellent cook, and a fairly good housekeeper.

Montet uses his room during his occasional visits to the house. He used to call much more often when LeGoullon was here, but he has seldom been here at all lately. If the investigators let it be known that they have an interest in Cypremont, he will make his way here hastily and remain to see what comes of it. Likewise he will definitely be present if Aziz decides to invite the party over. Atop Montet's dresser are several candles of different sizes and colors. These are prescribed depending on what the ail-



ment may be. One of the drawers of the dresser contains several knotted strings used for curing, as well as a small-bladed, sharp lance. There are numerous other little jars and vials, bags and boxes. Most are labeled (in French). A brief list of some of the items found and what they are believed to cure follows.

- metal tin of spider webs—stop bleeding
- *l'herbe a malot* (swamp lily root)—fever
- metal plate with burned sugar on it—congestion (the smoke)
- *la mauve* (crumbled grass)—infection
- *cafard* (dead cockroaches)—blood poisoning
- *sel* (bags of salt)—pain relief
- *soufre* (sulphur)—purify the blood (taken with water)
- *sassafras* leaves—purify the blood (taken as a tea)
- *ail* (cloves of garlic)—cure worms

MARK MONTET, Town "Traiteur", age 46

STR 9	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 13	EDU 13	SAN 12	HP 13

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Diagnose Disease 55%, First Aid 75%, Treat Disease 65%; **Languages:** Cajun 75%, English 15%

Items carried: See room description.

Montet is known as the town *traiteur*, or healer. He carries with him a bag of cures for all manner of maladies. He may be en-

listed by the townsfolk if the players become too nosy. He can perform certain rituals which are supposed to curse the recipient.



One of these in particular is based on "scape-goat magic." For example, a penny is rubbed on a wart and then the penny is given to someone else; the person getting the penny would get the wart also. This can also be done with food by lancing an infected area and then squeezing a few drops of the blood onto some food that the victim is about to eat. Diseases that Montet has available to him are rheumatism, warts, tape-

worms, strep throat, gout, and laryngitis. Any character being the target of such a curse is allowed to make a POW vs. POW against Montet's POW of 12. Only one character may be targeted per ritual.

Vandrier's room is the most lived-in looking of the three. As caretaker, butler, and security guard Vandrier is a man with many responsibilities. His room reflects his multiple-role position. His butler uniforms are in the closet. It is full of clean crisp white shirts, bow ties, and dark slacks. Work clothes are usually draped across a chair or piled in the corner atop a small chest. There is a .44 Magnum revolver in the chest, along with many cheap paperback westerns. There is also a 12-gauge pump shotgun in the closet. Both guns are already loaded and there are ample extra bullets on a shelf in the closet.

PHILIPPE VANDRIER, Butler/Caretaker/Security Guard, age 59

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 9 SAN 25 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Pistol 65%, damage 1d8 + 1d4

Punch 55%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Kick 45%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Club 55%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Shotgun 50%, damage 4d6/2d6/1d6

Rifle 50%, damage 1d6 + 2

Skills: Listen 70%, Pilot Airboat 65%, Pilot Boat 50%, Sneak 45%; Languages: Cajun 60%, English 15%

Items carried: .357 four-shot Derringer

An older friend of LeGoullon's family, Vandrier can sense something different when the "new" LeGoullon is in town. He also has a strong dislike for Aziz, whom he calls "arabie" when Aziz is not around. He can not quite put his finger on what is wrong with the new LeGoullon. He is looking for evidence, and he doesn't understand the recent calls and faxes from Sudan, or why LeGoullon would begin to travel so much. He remains inquisitive but loyal.



Bathroom

It's a bathroom; what do you expect? The plumbing goes into pipes that run out to some of the ponds out behind the house.

Utility Room

This room contains the washer and dryer, the air conditioner, a wood-burning furnace, and the water pump and purification apparatus. Also in this room is a freezer containing many different bags of frozen meat. They aren't marked but contain such things as beef, veal, pork, shrimp, crab, crawfish, turtle, crocodile, muskrat, and catfish. A curious investigator might have quite a time trying to figure out what some of these strange meats are.

Master Bedroom

This room is decorated in a very calming style. There are large white mosquito netting draperies hanging around the master bed. The ceiling is lit from the side with indirect lighting. The closet is full of expensive Italian suits and crisply laundered white shirts (Labib's clothes). On the dressing table is a picture of LeGoullon with Miss Toillamer; they appear to be at a Swiss chalet.

There is also a gun cabinet with three rifles and two shotguns. One of the rifles is an old 30.06 Browning automatic, the second is an AR15, and the last is a Weatherby Mark V in .300 Weatherby Magnum. There is ample ammunition for all, and two extra 30-round magazines for the AR15. Both the AR15 and the Weatherby are fitted with telescopic sights. One of the shotguns is a SPAS 12, and the other is a 20-gauge double barrel. Again there is ample ammunition for both. None of the guns has been touched for at least two years.

Second Bedroom

This is where Aziz stays when he is at the house. There are some women's clothes in the closet. They are very fashionable and look as if they would fit Miss Toillamer quite nicely (one-half Idea roll). There is a ceiling fan in this room; Aziz had it installed as he is fond of the fanning sensation. Beneath the bed is a 24" by 36" ceramic table. Atop this table are about half a dozen small ceramic offering cups. Some are slightly charred, others may smell slightly of beer or wine, and still others may have small food particle remnants. The cups are used by Aziz in his prayers to Amun-Shaklall and other gods and spirits. Have any characters with Anthropology or Archaeology skills roll to see if they know that these are particularly ancient Kushite in design.

Library

This room contains about 4,000 books. Many are old and rare. Most of the rare ones cover Louisiana and Cajun history; others cover such topics as business, shipping, corporate law, etc. Among the books is a Hebrew volume titled (for those who can read Hebrew) *The Jackal and the Viper*, and another partial volume of the same work half-translated into

French. These are the books Bousson carried with him when he came to the United States to see Father Thibideaux (see Bousson's journal below). It is highly unlikely that the players will take note of these volumes unless they have read Bousson's journal.

On the north wall is an ornately framed portrait of a stately older gentleman with wide dark eyes holding a Bible. The small brass plaque at the base of the picture reads "Father Michel Thibideaux." The picture is firmly attached to the wall until a little button on top of one of the window casings is pressed. This releases a latch which allows the picture to be swung open, revealing a wall safe. The safe is combination locked. It contains the copy of *Le Livre des démons des eaux*.

Sitting on the large desk in this room is the statue for which LeGoullon and Labib tried to outbid one another at Sotheby's. The statue is rather squat and resembles an octopus. It has grooves in the tentacles for inset shark's teeth (only one tooth remains). The wood is ironwood. The item came from the auction of one lot of goods recovered by a treasure-hunting team in the South Pacific. An English ship called the *Horizon* sank in waters near Tahiti around 1700. This was the only "cultural" item on board and reportedly it sold for \$2,000,000 dollars to Labib. On the bottom of it is a small white sticker with the code

S1218; this is the Sotheby's registry code. The bidding war took place two years ago, and it was for this piece that LeGoullon paid his fatal visit to Labib's yacht.

Office

There is a personal computer, a laser printer, a modem, a fax machine, an answering machine, and all other items necessary for the modern office in here. Stored away in one of the directories on the hard drive is a file called "planner." It contains daily appointments and diary entries by LeGoullon.

It is possible to dial up and log onto the LeGoullon Enterprises computer system from here. LeGoullon's password is Soubert, his mother's maiden name. The phone number is loaded into the modem software.

A fax transmittal record from this fax machine to the fax machine on Abu Sobekh Island is lying by the fax machine (see Handout Thibideaux3).

If the investigators check the answering machine (any day, it doesn't matter) they hear the following message in French (French language roll to understand): "Dr. Aziz, meet me in Khartoum as soon as possible." Then follow several sentences in Ancient Kushite (no possible skill roll to understand). A player who has heard Labib speak

Relevant Entries from the Journal of Monsieur Henri Bousson

10 January 1879

I am to travel to Louisiana in the United States and meet with a Father Michel Thibideaux regarding a matter of an unreturned volume from the rare book collection. After several attempts to make contact with Father Thibideaux, it was decided that the importance of the book necessitated a personal visit to insure the safe return of the volume. It seems peculiar to make such a trip for a somewhat lurid work, but surely it is not the actual contents of the book, but rather, bearing in mind the Inquisitional provenance, the valuable reference it provides when examining the oppression of young Protestant sects by the Catholic church. No matter, I well appreciate the chance for some travel, especially when Paris is full of the winter chill.

2 February 1879

Arrival at last in New Orleans and finally some warmth and sun. I was not met as I requested by M. Thibideaux or by a representative, but perhaps he did not receive my cable. I selected the Beau Site Hotel, near the train station; it is most adequate for a travel-worn Frenchman such as myself. In the morning I will return to the station to secure my return to New York. It is a long journey, but the scenery is most relaxing and it has given me an excellent opportunity to work on the translation of yet another small Hebrew work, "The Jackal and the Viper", another fable. After securing my travel plans I shall attempt to make arrangements to travel to the small community of Thibideaux Junction.

3 February 1880

I have managed to arrange for, of all things, a boat to take me to Thib. Junction. I had no idea it would be necessary to arrange for such a complicated means, but evidently it is not possible to get to the town in any other way. Wrote two letters, one to Mother and the other to my dear Ghislaine. I can only wonder what they will think about my adventures in America.

5 February 1880

Such a journey! It took all of yesterday and six hours of today to finally reach our destination. It was necessary to first journey all the way to the mouth of the Mississippi, and then along the coast for a ways before turning inland again. We had only made it a few miles into the coastal bayous before it became dark and we anchored for the evening. This country is very beautiful and vast; the vegetation is so thick in places it reminds me of my trip to the Far East. The town is very small and I can only wonder at what such a rural parishioner would want with a volume so old? I have yet to meet with the Father, but I am to have dinner with him tonight in his new house.

5 February 1880

Well, the book is in safe hands again, and it appears that my fears of the humidic effects on it were in vain. It is in fair condition still, and I think it has been treated with kindness. Dinner was rather strange; Thibideaux's house has yet to be completed and so we ate amid the debris of construction. It is quite removed from the rest of the village at the moment but the village looks very prosperous and so perhaps it will grow around his fine mansion. He was very gracious and apologetic regarding the matter of the lost book and has given me a note with which to return to Paris which should cover the costs of my travels. I have no doubt that it will be received well in the library. He appeared slightly distant, but no doubt his mind was caught up with his sermon which was to be delivered tonight. It is nice to speak with a genuine Frenchman again, the bastardized Acadian being very difficult to understand for a true speaker. Ah, there, I am able to hear the beginnings of song in the distance, the sermon must have begun. I have but one last thought as I blow out my light. The food here does seem to play a bit of trouble with my insides, all the spices and strange combinations. Well, it is late and I am very tired, so perhaps it will not hinder my rest.

6 February 1880

Wretched sleep last night and a boat ride that lasted for ages. I didn't manage to speak with Father Thib. again. When I departed early in the morning I was told that he was still at the church. This is only odd because I thought I saw him from my bedroom window walking into the bayou during the predawn hours of the morning. Well, to bed then. I have what I have come for and tomorrow I shall see about moving my reservations to a closer departure date.

Following are several entries regarding the train journey from New Orleans to New York. The last diary entry is as follows.

10 February 1880

A month to the day since I set out, and tomorrow I board the return vessel to France. I should take more January holidays for this one has done me well. A touch of warmth and new sights and I am looking forward again to my apartment and to Paris. I think perhaps the south of France, though, would be more convenient a place to spend one's vacation. The traveling is not quite so wearing. Odd, in my tired state I thought I saw the boatman from New Orleans on the arriving train with me this morning. Well, nothing to do now but rest.

Following this last entry is a sentence written by a different hand, in large, sprawling script. It reads, "And so ye shall, little librarian."

before (for example, in the Nuku'alofa Airport) can make a one-tenth Idea roll to recognize the voice.

On one of the shelves is the journal of a Frenchman by the name of Henri Bousson, who came from the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1879. He came to recover the copy of *Le Livre des démons des eaux* that Father Thibideaux had borrowed. Thibideaux intended to kill him all along, but didn't want to draw attention to Thibideaux Junction. He set it up so that he kept the book and the library thought it was stolen by thugs in New York. The last entry is in the hand of Thibideaux. A French skill of at least 25% is necessary to read the journal (Handout Thibideaux3).

"Planner" on LeGoullon's Hard Drive

This file contains hundreds of entries for every day of LeGoullon's busy life up until about two years ago. It covers the last ten years, beginning on 1/17/80. There are several dinners and lunches with Miss Toillamer per week up until about two years ago as well. The entry dated 10/18/89 is the last entry in the file. Items of particular interest are as follows:

11/12/87

Have Vandrier replace missing pirogue behind Cyp.

10/8/89

Sotheby's #S1218

10/17/89

10:00 pm flight 387 TWA, NO-NY-Ath.

10/18/89

12:00 noon pickup, helicopter ride to yacht dinner with Mr. Labib

These entries should only be discovered with a successful Spot Hidden or INT x 2% roll. The Keeper should roll to determine if the characters discover anything interesting. It is up to the Keeper to decide if he wants to make up several irrelevant entries to provide the characters, or just generalize until a low enough roll has occurred.

The Temple

The temple is located about a mile north of the house straight into the heart of the bayou. The only way to reach it by boat is to take an airboat through a reed-choked channel to the west of Cypremont. The channel winds around for a while but eventually widens up to open water, deep beneath a dense canopy of cypress trees. The Spanish moss hangs especially thick here, for it has never been harvested. An airboat driver must be careful not to run into a curtain of the hanging moss and smother his propeller.

Another possibility is to follow the many trails that lead through the woods around Cypremont. One of the trails winds its way more directly north than the others after a while, though a successful Navigation roll is necessary to know that the trail is going in any specific direction. After half a mile the trail begins to get very wet. Then, just as everything ahead is covered with water,

there is a small boat (pirogue) and a long stick for poling concealed on the far side of a fallen log (Spot Hidden to notice).

Through either method (or through wading if the PC's are particularly confident), some searching will be required in order to find the temple. The best approach is to keep heading for the darkest, most overgrown section of the swamp. As the PC's near the temple, but before they can see it, have them roll Listen and Spot Hidden rolls. If they make their Listen rolls inform them that, unlike the swamp waters around the Old Town, there are no insect, bird, or frog noises here. It is dead silent. If they make their Spot Hidden rolls, inform them that they see a pair of alligator eyes peering at them from a short distance off. Then inform them that they see another, and another. They are being watched by thousands of pairs of eyes (roll SAN loss 0/1d2).

The water here is between four and five feet deep. The next event occurs as the PC's approach the temple. Small ripples will appear to either side of their boat, then fins will begin to break the water occasionally. The fins are of catfish and soon there are hundreds of them roiling at the surface alongside the boat. The fish lift their heads out of the water now and then when lifted on the backs of others. In the silent air it is possible to hear their mouths gasping and sucking. If the characters make any motions, it will cause a great clamoring among the fish alongside the character who moved. They will end up splashing a small amount of water onto that character.

When the temple finally comes into sight, all of the fish and alligators are suddenly gone. The water goes still, yet the boat continues to move forward effortlessly toward the temple.

The temple resembles a roofed stonehenge. There are twelve great supporting pillars of stone beneath a low, peaked stone roof. The structure is almost sixty feet in diameter and appears to be about twenty feet tall at the peak. The spaces between the edge of the roof and the water and in between the great pillars are only about four feet high and six feet wide. Each opening is heavily draped with the all-covering Spanish moss. This moss hangs down from the cypress trees overhead, covering and layering the roof of the structure to where it resembles a low, grassy hill. Arched up one side of the structure is a great leaning cypress tree which follows the curve of the roof about halfway up before straightening and turning toward the canopy. At first it appears as if this tree is actually growing right through the roof.

If the players manage to summon the courage to go inside, they will find it very dark, with only a broken ring of moss-covered openings to show where the edges of the great temple are. If they are poling their boat they will no longer be able to reach the bottom; it is vastly deep within the walls of the chamber. Likewise if they try and reach the ceiling, they will find it much higher inside than it appears outside (roll SAN loss 1/1d4).

Looking across the interior from any entrance, they will see the silhouetted outline of a platform of some kind in the middle of the temple. It is in fact an altar, and resting atop it is some sort of shiny object. The object is a smallish gold cylinder about a foot tall and six inches in diameter, with half-inch thick, ten-inch diameter flat circles at each end. It rather resembles a large spool. As the inquisi-



tive investigators approach, the cylinder will at first appear to be made of solid gold, but upon closer examination will prove to be wood with a thick sheet-gold covering. The central column is covered with angular geometric patterns, and incorporated into the design are openings in the gold revealing the worn ebony beneath.

This object is a stool acquired by LeGoullon. A successful Anthropology roll will determine that it is of West African manufacture and appears to be an antique. A successful Anthropology roll at -40% will determine that the stool probably comes from the area of modern Ghana, and was made by the Asante tribe some time during the last five centuries. These stools were made as ancestral heirlooms and passed on as the "seat of power" from each chief or family patriarch to his successor. The more wealthy or important the family, the more lavish the stool. The investigators may never know, but this particular stool was last owned by Akotche N'Gombo, a powerful priest of the Asante tribe who lived near modern Kumasi, Ghana, where he died in 1654. Akotche was very powerful in what has now become known as voodoo, and upon his death he most assuredly went to join the mystères. At the time of his death the stool was blackened with soot by his descendants and placed in a sacred chest, as Akotche was believed too powerful to have any of his descendants ever share his seat.

At present, the stool does contain some of Akotche's essence. If a person enters a trance-like hypnotic state while seated atop the stool, he will regain Magic points at double the normal rate. However, this rouses the anger of Akotche's spirit, and the user must make a successful Luck roll after each use or suffer an extreme episode of bad luck (the next two Luck rolls will be automatic critical failures, and the following five with simply fail automatically).

The temple was actually made long before there were ever people in America. It is constructed of huge slabs of a volcanic stone that is not currently local to this area. It is not possible to determine how the structure might have been made by men without some sort of technology or tools.

If the stool is removed from inside of the temple, it will prove very bad for the characters unless they had the foresight to use an airboat. First the catfish will swarm the boat as before, only they will concentrate their numbers on one side of the boat and begin pulsing and squirming against it rhythmically. Many will actually land in the boat, gaping and flopping. The characters must make DEX x 5 rolls to avoid getting thrown out, or declare that they are holding on with both hands. Next the alligators attack. There are many of them, essentially countless numbers, and they will continue to hound the boat, pushing against it and smashing it with their tails, until either all of the investigators are in the water and being eaten or the stool is thrown out of the boat.

If for some reason the characters manage to anger Turua, such as by attempting to blow up the temple or by harming one of the children, things around the Junction will get very rough.

Turua

The "father of the swamps" permeates the bayou and surrounding swamp as well as the trees and animals. It is rather like a fantastically huge fungus in that it has thousands of

deep-running tendrils all through the area. The center of this huge mass lies deep beneath the temple. That is where the "fruiting body" is located. The body has a certain amount of awareness gained through its servitors. These include all animals, insects, and the Children. Turua also has a certain amount of control over its servitors and thus is able to make alligators or catfish attack en masse.

If Turua is angered, such as by harming one of the Children or by defacing the temple, it will retaliate. If the angering agent was an individual, it will send a ropy tentacular mass on a quest to slay him.

TURUA, Questing Ropy Tentacular Mass

STR 40	CON 30	SIZ 40	INT N/A	POW 20
DEX 15	APP N/A	EDU N/A	SAN N/A	HP 35*

Damage Bonus: +4d6

Weapons: Tentacle 75%, damage 1d6 per successful tentacle grab per round

The mass will travel underground or underwater at Move 16. When it is below the target it will erupt with 2d6 tentacles. It can attack with up to 1d6 tentacles per round; once a tentacle is attached, it does damage every round.

If Turua becomes grievously angered, such as if the temple is bombed or several children are slain, or if one of its questing masses is destroyed, then it will "erupt." Several strong tremors will originate from the temple and send shock waves through the soft wet sediment of the surrounding areas. Water will then begin to spew out of the openings to the temple. Finally, a ring of tentacles will erupt from around the temple's perimeter. These tentacles subside and re-emerge in an outward-moving circular tidal wave. This resembles a rapidly growing, whipping and writhing, tentacular faerie ring. The ring advances at a rate of Move 8, killing and rending every living moving thing it can out to a diameter of one mile. See the description below for stats on any one of the many thousands of tentacles. If the offense took place on dry ground, Turua will shake the earth until that section faults and sinks below water level.

*Each tentacle has 35 hit points. The actual mass has (35 x # of tentacles) hit points. The hard ropy tendrils which accompany the tentacles cannot be used to attack; they are sort of structural members. However, they may pierce wood or even flesh accidentally as they shoot in search of a firm hold. Have the investigators roll their Luck each round to avoid being pierced by one for 1d10 damage.

Sanity Loss: 1d2/1d8 to see the erupting tentacles; 1d6/2d8 to see the "faerie ring"; and 1d8/2d10 to see the Turua itself.

ALLIGATOR, *Alligator mississippiensis*

STR 26	CON 18	SIZ 26	
POW 11	DEX 9	HP 22	MV 6/8 Swimming

Damage Bonus: +2d6

Weapons: Bite 50%, damage 1d10 + 2d6

Armor: 5-point hide

Skills: Hide 60%, Sneak 50%

SNAPPING TURTLE, Leg Remover, *Chelydra serpentina*

STR 12	CON 12	SIZ 7	
POW 11	DEX 3	HP 10	MV 2/4 Swimming

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Bite 50%, damage 1d10

Note: If a bite attack is successful, the victim must first kill the turtle and then pry the jaws loose through some means in order to get free. The bite damage is done only on the first round, but thereafter the turtle remains attached.

Armor: 6-point hide

Interlude: Paths of Our Forefathers

A red herring for the investigators

Background

In the common room at Cypremont there is a series of antique tiles resting beneath the surface of a glass-topped coffee table. The low-fire ceramic tiles are dark gray-brown in color with a white and blue glaze. The image that each portrays is faintly raised in bas relief, and the words are cut into the surface as with a sharp metal quill. Each of the tiles is about 6" by 8" and 3/8" thick.

There are six tiles in all. Four of the tiles represent geographic locations near the historic site of the Roanoke colony. The fifth tile represents a 16th century sailing vessel sailing into a deep bay. The last tile depicts a muscular Indian man wearing nothing but an apron-like loin-cloth standing amid caricatured trees and cornstalks. The man is bald; he is wearing a necklace made from bear claws and has large talons (probably eagle) piercing his ears. The four geographic tiles are map-like in appearance. Each bears one of the following words inscribed into the clay: Roanoac, Wococon, Croatoan, Hatorasck. The tile depicting the ship is inscribed "The Lion", and the Indian tile is inscribed "Manteo." The only nonobvious detail about the tiles is visible with a successful Spot Hidden roll; there is a maker's seal on the back of each tile. The seal is a small capital "A" surrounded by a "D."

With a successful one-fifth Know roll, or a History roll, it can be guessed that the tiles date from the early Colonial period of American history. With a History roll at -25% or an Archaeology roll at -25%, it can be determined that the names on the tiles refer to people and places involved in the Roanoke colony of 1587. The Roanoke colony had mysteriously vanished when English ships were able to return with supplies and reinforcements in 1590. The characters will also be able to determine that the tiles are probably very valuable, as few artifacts were found in the excavations of the Roanoke settlement.

If the characters pursue information regarding the tiles, they will eventually be led to Dr. Miles Whetherly. He has written several books on the subject (*Roanoke: The Lost Colony*, *The Excavation of Fort Raleigh: Unearthing a Mystery*, *Roanoke: The First Attempt at Colonization*, etc.) and is generally considered a leading authority on the subject. Along the way to finding Dr. Whetherly, the characters may find out some of the following information with successful Library Use rolls. Note that many references to the Roanoke colony will be found, but none regarding "tiles" or anything similar.

An exploratory mission was funded in 1584 by Sir Walter Raleigh to explore the Roanoke area. During this mission two Indians, Manteo and Wanchese, were taken aboard and brought back to England.

The two Indians returned to Roanoke with the first wave of colonists in 1585. This first attempt at colonization was abandoned in 1586 and Manteo returned to England along with the surviving colonists.

In 1587 another attempt at colonization was led by Governor John White. Manteo was among White's passengers. One of the company's ships, *The Lion*, foundered on a reef during a storm and much of the colonists' supplies was lost. White agreed to return to England in order to request the sending of more supplies from Sir Walter Raleigh.

In 1590, when White was finally able to return to the Roanoke settlement (he was delayed by the war with Spain), he found it abandoned. There were three letters carved into the trunk of a large tree, "CRO." He also found the word "CROATOAN" carved into one of the gateposts of the ruined fort.

With one-fifth Library Use rolls, the characters may discover the following information.

- Ananias Dare, a tile-maker, was a passenger on *The Lion* in 1587.
- Ananias was the father of Virginia Dare, the first person to be born of English parents in America.

A Visit to Williamsburg

Williamsburg, Virginia is a booming tourist town. Single rooms run \$80 per night. The Colonial District excludes motorized traffic and contains numerous shops, restaurant, and pubs, restored in the style and manner of the 1770's. Williamsburg was the capital of Virginia during the Revolutionary War and was frequented by the likes of Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin.

The College of William and Mary is the oldest university in America. It is located near the Colonial District of Williamsburg. The well wooded campus is very beautiful, with a darkly forested stream meandering through the grounds.

Dr. Whetherly's office is on the ground floor of the William H. Dyer Center for Archaeological Research, on the north side of campus. In order to approach Dr. Whetherly it is normally necessary to get past the receptionist,

Mrs. Spendlove. Luckily for the characters, she is not present when they call.

As the characters enter Dr. Whetherly's office, they may notice a painting to the right of his desk. The portrait resembles Dr. Whetherly except that the style of dress is that of an 18th century professor. The plaque reads, "Dr. Abraham Weatherly, Dean of Humanities, March 1791." It is up to the Keeper to make what he will of this portrait.

Dr. Whetherly, I Presume?

Dr. Miles Whetherly is a very busy man. This will be apparent at the characters' first contact with him. He will be very short on the phone or in person, and will ask aloud how the characters managed to evade his secretary, Mrs. Spendlove. He will ask that they speak with her regarding an appointment and try to give them the brush-off. If the characters mention "Roanoke", they will buy themselves another sentence or two. Whetherly will ask, "Are you with the press?" The correct answer is, "No."

From here two things can happen. If the characters begin asking general questions about Roanoke history, Whetherly will suggest reading one of his books and will hang up quickly. If, on the other hand, the characters ask specific questions about Roanoke history or artifacts, they will spark his interest and he will listen further and even answer questions. He will ask why the characters are interested. If at any point the characters should ask about tiles or Ananias Dare, he will not answer their question, but will proceed directly to asking why they are interested. Whetherly is a very direct and shrewd man.

Whetherly will be very interested in the characters if they mention that they know something of some tiles (or better, that they actually possess such tiles) from the Roanoke colony. He will invite them to Williamsburg immediately if they are not already there. He will speak of the need for positive identification and will urge that the tiles be transported cautiously with regard to their preservation. If the characters seem reluctant to accept his invitation, he will mention that he has some fragments of other tiles. "I am certain that if all of the tiles could be placed beside one another, they would have tremendous implications towards the interpretation of the Roanoke mystery." He is "not willing to discuss much more over the telephone. The tiles are very important, and very valuable. Their sheer existence is something I alone have even suspected." If driven to desperate ends, Whetherly will volunteer to pay for one of the characters to fly the tiles to him in Williamsburg. If the characters spend too much time bargaining and bickering over money, however, Whetherly's opinion of them will drop sharply.

Information to Be Learned about the Tiles

The tiles were made by Ananias Dare, and it is his maker's seal which they bear. Dare was one of the first English colonists of America and a member of the Roanoke colony. He was also the father of Virginia Dare, the first person born of English parents in the New World.

Virginia Dare was born on August 18, 1587. It is not known when she or the other colonists died. However, it is generally agreed that they were all killed by Indians or died of starvation within two or three winters.



It is believed that the colonists didn't have the equipment necessary to make tiles or bricks. However, the information contained in the tiles wasn't known until after the return of the 1585 voyage in 1586. Therefore, according to popular theory, the tiles would have had to have been made in the winter between 1586 and 1587 (the year of Mr. Dare's one-way trip to the New World).

Whetherly, however, believes that the tiles were in fact made in the New World. He has a small fragment of tile that has been an enigma. It depicts a peninsula of land jutting into a stormy ocean. At the end of the peninsula there is a hill; above the hill are written the words, "Here I gave forth myne Virginia, blessed be her soul."

When Whetherly sees the other tiles, he takes out an old map of Virginia dating from the late 1500's (Handout Virginia1) and his partial tile (Handout Virginia2). Using it as a guide, he is able to fit the puzzle together (have the players do this). He recognizes the hill represented in his tile as corresponding to modern-day Bluff Point, North Carolina.

Manteo was taken aboard from the mainland in the region directly to the left (southwest) of the Roanoke tile.

Whetherly believes that Dare made the map in order to inform those who might come again some day. He bases this on statements that were taken from Indians by explorers to the region in 1609. Members of Manteo's tribe said that the "English made escape to the island of Croatoan to live with that tribe, but Manito took them after four years."

An account from 1611 says that "at Aguscogoc, the weroance [chief] 'Eyanoco' preserved seven of the English alive, four men, two boys, and one young maid, who

escaped and fled across the sound, to beat his copper, of which he had certain mines at the said Aguscogoc."

The fragment of tile which Dr. Whetherly owns was found in the hold of an oyster boat. The boat had been trawling in and around Pamlico Sound and Cape Hatteras.

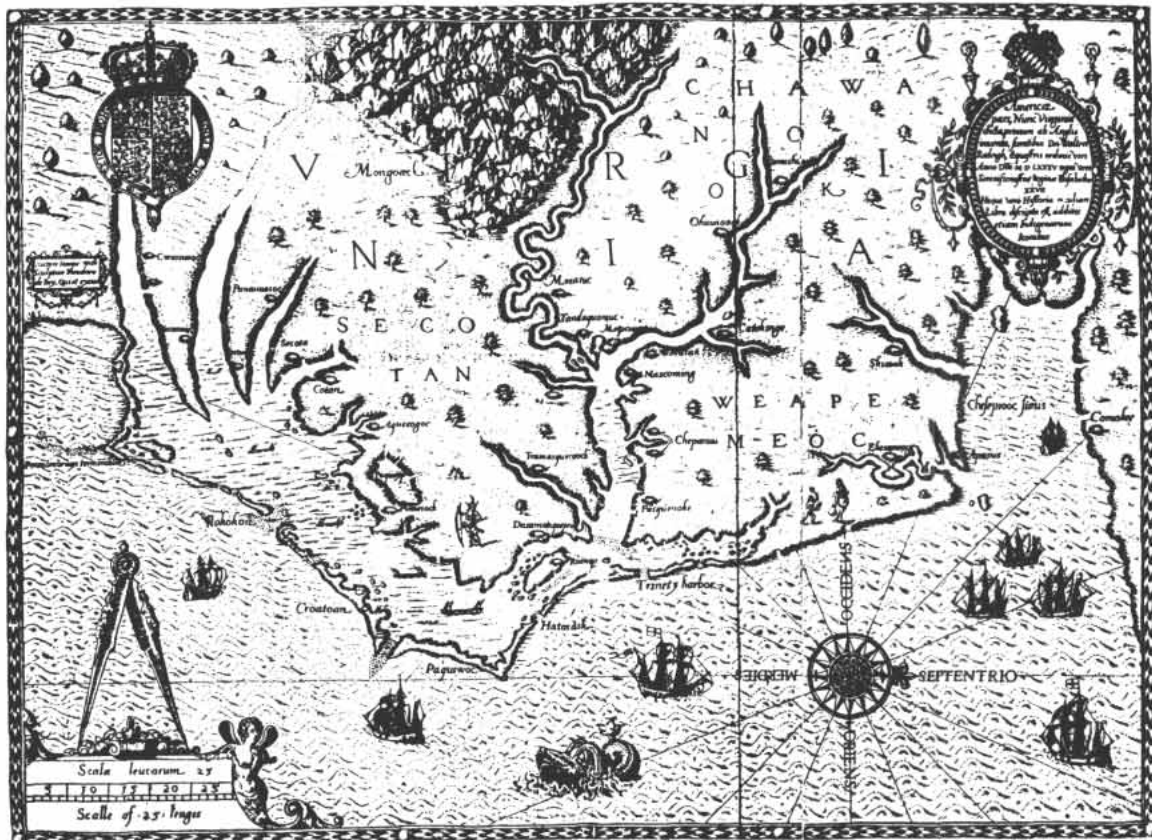
The Bluff Point location is possibly the site of settlement for the missing colonists. It is also possible that that is where the Aguscogoc village was located.

Whetherly will ask the PC's if they would be willing to entrust their find to the safekeeping of his museum and vault. He will also be very interested in discussing the possibility of acquiring the pieces from the characters.

If conversations go favorably, Whetherly will invite the characters on an expedition. He is planning on going to Bluff Point as soon as possible (next weekend) to do "some surveying." He will begin to gather field equipment, a tent, and archaeological survey supplies. He plans on spending the weekend camped on Bluff Point, doing some surveying and digging a few "test pits." An Archaeology skill roll will tell a character that this is probably not the most legal of activities. If questioned, Whetherly will claim to have a North Carolina Historical Collection and Survey permit (he doesn't).

Bluff Point

It is a five-mile hike into Bluff Point from the nearest road. There are some pretty good trails; however, they are often swampy and wet. The hike will begin at the edge of a farm field and proceed into deeply wooded swamplands. On Friday afternoon (probably late, as it is a five-hour drive from Williamsburg and Whetherly can't get free



until 2:00 p.m.) it begins to rain. The rain increases in strength throughout the weekend, building to dramatic crescendos at the discretion of the Keeper.

Whetherly is a hard-bitten traveler and is unfazed by the rain. He will tell stories of some of his previous exploits along the hike to attempt to make the journey more pleasurable. Unfortunately, each of his stories has a decidedly grim element to it and the overall tone cast on the trip is one of foreboding danger.

Finally, after dark has fallen, the group will reach the top of Bluff Point. It is a 75' bare-topped hill overlooking Pamlico Sound. This night it is unusually dark across the sound.

Exactly what happens over this weekend is left to the Keeper. Saturday night could easily mark the 400th anniversary of Virginia Dare's horrible sacrifice atop the wind-blown knoll known as Bluff Point. Ananias Dare could have sacrificed his own daughter in an attempt to control the Indian god "Manito", and her spirit still haunts this crag once every hundred years. Worse, Manito himself could come looking atop the knoll once every hundred years for the human lives offered up to him. The woods could be occupied by Manito's worshipers, crazed American Indian cultists carrying on a centuries-old tradition. Or the whole experience could be nothing more trying than a heavy rainstorm, complete with spooky lightning, on the Atlantic coast.

In the end, the decision lies with the Keeper as to where to go with this red herring. Most importantly, make it dramatic, develop your PC's, and work on building a possible ally in Dr. Whetherly.

Dr. MILES WHETHERLY, Colonial Expert, age 49

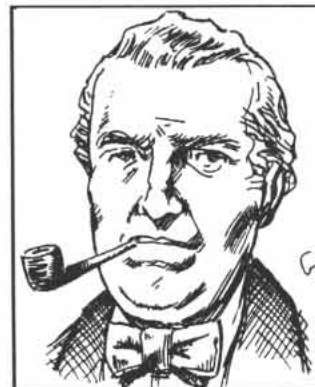
STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 8 APP 11 EDU 19 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Walking Stick
55%, damage 1d4

Skills: American History 75%, Anthropology 40%, Antiques 55%, Archaeology 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Listen 35%, Make Maps 45%, Occult 45%, Parapsychology 45%, Psychology 27%

Items carried: Dr. Whetherly carries a pipe and smokes Virginia's finest tobacco. When walking the doctor carries a knobbed cherry walking stick.



Dr. Whetherly is young at 49. He dresses the role of a history professor at a small college, however, wearing tweed vests and bow ties. He is a little overweight, but this doesn't show in his energetic and fast-paced approach to life. He is straightforward and avoids vagueness whenever possible. In his view, this often needlessly insults "sensitive westerners." He comes from a long line of professors at William and Mary College, and many find his manner a little too self-assured and a little too professorial. Above all, however, Dr. Whetherly is a teacher, and he loves to inform, to lecture, and to enlighten. He may prove a useful resource to the characters if they choose to listen.

Though the doctor owns no copies of Mythos works personally, he has a good knowledge of where copies of various works currently exist. If the characters come to him with a specific question regarding a certain place or thing, he has a fair chance of steering them toward an appropriate document and its location. He will also give strong warnings against ever possessing such a work.

The tiles arranged as a map (Whetherly's tile is in the middle)



Interlude: Samantha Heidrichs

An encounter with the only survivor of Kalkhe's doomed expedition

Background

Samantha Heidrichs lives in the Deiter Institute in Hamburg, Germany, where nightmares from her ordeal in the Sudan continue to plague her today. As the only surviving member of the Kalkhe expedition, it is quite likely that resourceful players will attempt to seek her out, either by phone or in person.

Sammy was a promising young archaeologist when she joined the expedition in 1968. This was a time of near peace in the Sudan, a land whose rich archaeology had barely been explored. It was her intention to make a name for herself, and there was every possibility that she would. She left her home in Bremen on March 1 with two suitcases and a kiss from her fiancé, Otto Leider, to whom she planned to be married in December. She joined Dr. Kalkhe, Dr. Lange, Dr. Immelman, and Dr. Kleiber in Berlin and flew with them to Khartoum.

When the Bedouins found her locked in a trunk in the tattered remains of the camp on April 3, she was talking to herself and unaware of the outside world. The nomads carried her to Karima, from which she was flown to Khartoum. She spent two days in a Khartoum hospital, during which she recovered awareness and was forced to be sedated. She was then flown to a hospital in Munich, Germany on April 6. She spent a week in the hospital, where she was treated for dehydration and shock, and was then moved to the Deiter Institute in Hamburg, where she has spent the last twenty-three years.

The Deiter Institute is a mental institution generally reserved for the criminally insane and for those for whom there is little hope for recovery. When Sammy arrived in Munich she was hysterical. Even under sedation she attempted escapes and was a continual danger to staff and patients alike, two of whom she injured seriously.

She was put into the care of Dr. Bjorn Weigner, a relatively decent doctor whose therapy eventually led to a total remission. He was sympathetic and encouraged her to rejoin society. Eventually he pushed her too hard and a combination of events led to her relapse. She never trusted Dr. Weigner again and he retired a few years later.

His replacement was Dr. Frederick Kreusenstern, a young and inexperienced doctor who is content to collect his government salary without breaking new ground. His initial therapy for Sammy was to remove all reference to her obsession with the ancient past and force her to live in the real world. He eventually gave up on this therapy in favor of keeping her quietly alone in her private room.

Sammy saw Oswald Lange under the influence of the Utatti Asfet and that plus the sand dwellers who haunted her while she was trapped in the trunk are what has driven her insane. She will never recover. She has spent a great deal of time trying to reproduce the spell of sealing that Hobadji inscribed upon the door of Taharqa's tomb. She knows that it is the only thing that can protect her from Lange's insane left eye, which she is certain has made a singular goal of getting her for some unspeakable purpose.

Germany Today

Entering Germany is not difficult for a United States citizen, though with the situation in the Middle East security is extremely tight. If any of the players thinks that his character can get away with bringing a gun, then he is terribly mistaken. Every piece of luggage is X-rayed; every passenger is carefully screened. Even suspicious activities in an airport can get players detained and questioned. Players with Middle Eastern names or appearances will draw the most attention, of course.

Germany uses 220 volt power, making American electronics useless without a transformer. The currency is the Deutsche Mark (DM); the exchange rate is about DM1.5 per \$1 U.S. 100 Pfennige equal 1 Deutsche Mark. Most people speak German, but English, French, Italian, and other European languages are not uncommon. An entry visa is not required for stays of less than three months, though a passport is necessary regardless of the duration.

Deiter Institute

The institute is located outside Hamburg to the north. It is a sprawling edifice of stone and concrete. Huge fences surround the grounds, and patients are kept from public view. The institute was established in 1903 as a repository for the most extreme lunatics from other asylums around the country. During World War II the Nazi S.S. used the

Deiter Institute as a training facility, turning loose or killing scores of patients. After the war it stood empty for six years, until it was refurbished in the early 1950's.

The asylum still bears the stigma of its early years and thus tends to be filled with more dangerous or difficult patients. As is the case with many asylums in Europe, emphasis is not so much on treatment but on containment. The insane are kept away from society and therefore no one has to think about them. Conditions are bad, doctors are overworked, and hope for recovery is minimal to nonexistent.

Contact by Telephone

It will require a great deal of effort to gain any useful information at the Deiter Institute. The staff is unlikely to allow investigators access to patient files, or to discuss patients' cases. A phone call to the Institute is a good first step for investigators, before investing hundreds or thousands of dollars to travel there in person.

The phone number is easily attained from the Hamburg directory or from a local operator. Calling the number will ring a phone at the main nurse's station, where a secretary named Helen Vaughn works full time. She will not reveal any information at all over the phone, not even whether a particular person is a patient, without good reason to believe that the person on the other end of the line has the right to know.

Should the investigators come up with a sufficiently credible story (long-lost relative, physician, government official, etc.) and make a successful Fast Talk roll she will reveal that Samantha Heidrichs is a patient here. If they make a Debate roll, she will inform them that Dr. Kreusenstern is her physician. She will not reveal any more than that over the phone under any circumstances, answering all further questions with, "You must ask her doctor about that."

The doctor will not answer any questions about her treatment over the phone. He may inform the investigators that Sammy is healthy and doing well. Unless the investigators are openly hostile, he can be convinced to make an appointment to meet with them. He will not allow them to meet Sammy until he sees them first.

Meeting Dr. Kreusenstern

To Dr. Kreusenstern Sammy is a 48-year-old orphan, and no one has ever shown any interest in her before. The doctor will be mystified at any inquiry about her, as she has not had a visitor in years. Her parents died in an automobile accident several years ago (1973), and she has no friends. The doctor has entirely forgotten about her fiancé from 1968 (who has married another woman and moved to Berlin).



If the players make an appointment to meet the doctor then he will have time to prepare (by reviewing her file) and be somewhat informed for the meeting. If they show up at the Institute out of the blue, his knowledge of her case will prove to be lacking.

If he is caught unprepared then his knowledge can be summed up as follows:

- Samantha Anne Heidrichs has been a patient here nearly all of her adult life. She was released briefly, and then readmitted, several years ago.
- She spends nearly all of her time drawing and painting. She makes her own inks, pigments, and paper. She is quite good, but she refuses to part with the least sketch, preferring to destroy them.
- She does not associate with the other patients. She is terrified of strangers. She is obsessed with eyes. (If the investigators are allowed to meet her he will inform them that they must not wear dark glasses, as she is intolerant of anyone whose eyes she can not see).
- She appears to have no family, and never has any visitors. She spends nearly all her time alone with her artwork.
- She prefers to be called Sammy.

If he prepares then he will know everything from the patient files and he will seem to be intimately familiar with her case (which is not true). He does not know anything about Kushite archaeology or her trip to the Sudan.

Though the doctor knows information about Sammy, he will not necessarily share it with the investigators. He has no intention of revealing confidential information to a band of foreigners, unless they can provide him with a good reason for why they should be allowed to have it.

The investigators will have to be very convincing to get any information out of the doctor. He is insecure enough as a physician that he does not want others (especially other doctors) scrutinizing his treatment of this, or any other, patient. He is also concerned about propriety, and he will not reveal her secrets to strangers.

He is extremely curious as to why anyone would come investigating Sammy after more than twenty years. He will want to know why they have come. Unless their story is reasonable, he will want to know how they know about her. Telling him that they heard about her case elsewhere makes him very skeptical, as she is a low-profile patient of little importance.

If the doctor has been given time to prepare then he will become very curious if the investigators mention, even in the least way, anything about Egypt or the Sudan. Unless it is part of their original story (e.g., they are investigating the fate of the survivors of the Kalkhe expedition) he will become suspicious.

Samantha Heidrichs' Patient Records

Sammy's files are unavailable to the investigators. Dr. Kreusenstern can not be convinced to let them read them. It is possible that a member of the staff (a nurse or janitor) could be bribed into making copies of the file, but that will be up to the Keeper. Alternatively, the investigators could break into Dr. Kreusenstern's office and steal the file (or spend thirty minutes copying it themselves).

The file is kept in a huge, unlocked (usually) file cabinet along one wall of the doctor's office. The Institute would be difficult to enter secretly because of the activity during the day and the huge number of locks at night. The locks are old and crude (Mechanical Repair roll to open), and the building is a sprawling labyrinth for those who have not been to the doctor's office.

Investigators will have to sneak past the main nurse's station to get to the doctor's office, though that shouldn't prove to be too much of a challenge. At night the number of personnel is very low, but the building remains well lit. Several nurses and janitors work the night shift and there is always at least one doctor present in case of emergencies.

A janitor always cleans Dr. Kreusenstern's office around ten o'clock in the evening, but there should be no other distractions. The office is neat and orderly, with a huge hardwood desk and several comfortable chairs. Finding Sammy's file in the file cabinet is very easy, though reading it obviously requires a degree of fluency in the German language. It is cluttered with such things as copies of every prescription that she has been given during the last twenty-three years.

The time required to read it depends upon the skill of the reader. For a person with 25% or lower German language skill, using a German-English dictionary, it takes approximately ten hours. For someone with skill up to 50% it should take about four hours, and about two to three hours for a fluent reader of German.

The entries begin with a patient admission form dated April 13, 1968 and continue sparsely until 1984, when Dr. Weigner retired and Dr. Kreusenstern took over. At that time entries become less frequent and more sparsely detailed. A summary of the file is given as "Summary of Patient File for Samantha Heidrichs" (Handout Germany I).

The mention early on of the word "diver" is a misdirection. The German word for diver is *taucher*, which was how Dr. Weigner heard the name Taharqa when Sammy was babbling incoherently. A reader with more than 25% German who is translating may notice this if he is knowledgeable about the Kalkhe expedition (INT x 2% roll). A lesser translator is likely to be too dependent upon a dictionary to notice this subtlety. Do not give them any hints; if the investigators never figure this out it should not be a problem and the enigma will add to the game's mystery.

Meeting Samantha Heidrichs

Sammy lives in a single occupant room/cell in a distant wing of the facility. She has three canvases and several tubes of paint. Her easel currently supports two canvases, the top one smearing the wet oil paint on the one below. The walls are covered with charcoals, pens and inks, and watercolors. She has a few books and a small window, which constitute all of her subject matter (landscapes, still-lives, and wildlife).

The room contains several candles which Sammy spent several weeks proving she could handle responsibly before she was allowed to have. Sammy continues to create spells of sealing to protect herself, but Dr. Kreusenstern has forced her to do it in secret as he pun-

ishes her for her obsession. She paints over her happy little pictures with lemon juice, knowing that she can quickly use a candle to expose (and, she hopes, activate) the hidden spell.

When the characters arrive she is sitting up in bed working in a sketch book with half of a lemon and a pointed stick. She is finishing up a drawing of the view



from her window. When she hears a key enter the lock she immediately closes her sketch book and stuffs her lemon and stick under the covers.

During the visit the lemon (quite a juicy one, the way she likes them) may begin to soak the sheets. She never brings her hands out from under the covers, where she holds the lemon and

pointed stick. The scent of lemon is faintly noticeable in the room, and it emanates from various drawings and her lemon alike. If asked, any nurse can inform the investigators that she eats a lot of lemons.

Sammy does not like visitors. She will completely lose all self control and enter a state of hysteria if anyone in the party has anything at all out of the ordinary (other than wearing spectacles) with their eyes. She will not tolerate someone whose eyes she can not see.

She has little to say to the investigators and looks terribly uncomfortable. She will answer simple questions about her health with curt answers (such as "I am fine."). She speaks German, Latin, Ancient Greek, and a little Arabic. If the investigators take anything but a friendly tone she will quickly become intolerant. Communicating with Sammy takes a lot of patience.

Sammy will not talk about the Kalkhe expedition, except to ask the players if they have seen Lange. The only really useful thing that entering her room will accomplish is that there is an opportunity to learn the Spell of Sealing. She has accurately reproduced it from memory and from photos of the tomb doors which she got from the Sudanese National Museum.

If the players spend more than a few minutes in her presence then she starts to get very worried. She suffers from a delusion that people attract the attention of Taharqa. She feels the eye searching for her all the time, but knows it will surely find her if the visitors remain. She will tell them, "You must leave! It will see you! It will come!" She begins staring fearfully at one of the walls, repeating the warnings.

After a short time she screams, "It sees us! It is coming! You must help me!", and begins lighting candles like crazy. When several are lit she grabs a drawing of a fox off one wall and holds it to the candle, trying to expose the hieroglyphics hidden thereon. Her shaking hands cause her to catch the sketch on fire in a fit of panic. Do not give the investigators any hints. If they do not figure out the lemon juice at this point, then too bad. If they extinguish

the drawing then a partial set of heiroglyphics is faintly visible (Spot Hidden to notice unless they state that they are actually inspecting the drawing).

Sammy manages to ignite another drawing before becoming resigned to her fate and collapsing in the corner, breaking down into sobs. Dr. Kreusenstern and a male nurse enter the room and expel the investigators. Unless they resort to violence there is only one chance to grab a picture before expulsion.

As Sammy is left hysterical the investigators are not likely to be allowed to visit her again.

Otto Leider

Players may seek to locate Otto Leider, Sammy's fiancé of twenty years ago. He married and moved to Berlin, where he works as an engineer for Audi. His wife Sabrina knows nothing of Sammy, and Otto's memory is very vague. He laughs as he remembers the pathetic condition of poor Samantha. He loves to tell the story of how he almost married the insane woman. He has not kept up with her, and does not know her current state (nor does he really care).

He does have, on a shelf in his living room, a small alabaster Egyptian figurine that Sammy gave him as a gift before she went on the expedition. It is authentic and represents Ptah-Seker-Ausar, a common item from a bur-

ial site. He doesn't know anything about it, but he thinks that it is cool and has considered selling it. If the players take an interest he may hint that he would be willing to part with it. It would probably sell at auction for in excess of DM15,000 (Archaeology roll to realize). Otto will sell it for DM2,000 as he is ignorant of its real value. It has no special properties or meaning.

223 Eilbacher

This is the location of the apartment Samantha lived in briefly in 1980. She had a terrible relapse here and was taken back to the Deiter Institute in a straightjacket. Before she was found, she had covered the walls in heiroglyphics for the Spell of Sealing. The walls have been recovered with white paint, but with sufficient effort—sanding or dissolving with thinner—the symbols could be exposed.

The Schlagel family currently lives here (Max and Yvonne). They are unlikely to allow any sort of sanding or thinning activity. The landlord feels the same way. The investigators would have to devise some plan to get several hours of uninterrupted access to the apartment, or risk an ugly run-in with the authorities.

An expert photographer could possibly, using infrared film, read the symbols through the white paint, though it would take several tries to get it right. It is unlikely that they will think of this option; do not suggest it.



Newspaper Articles

There are articles available concerning the Kalkhe expedition and Sammy's art debut that could easily be found in a large library that carried newspaper back issues. Also available here or almost anywhere else is the *Herald International Tribune* article. German skill is necessary to read all but the *Tribune* article (it is in English). (See Handout Germany2.)

Munich Post, Thursday, April 5, 1968

Museum's Nubian Expedition Destroyed by Sandstorm

by Jochiem Wieskrupf

Dr. Richard Kalkhe of the National Museum and two of his assistants were killed Sunday in the north of Sudan. The esteemed professor and his assistants were involved in an automobile accident during an unseasonally powerful sandstorm. The accident is believed to have occurred when the team attempted to drive to the safety of a town located near their excavation site. According to Sudanese authorities, it was difficult to determine the exact cause of death as the bodies were badly eroded by the fiercely blowing sands.

One member of the expedition survived the storm by taking refuge in a large box at the excavation site, spending three days huddled in the crate. Miss Sammy Heidrichs of Munich is being flown home from Khartoum today for further treatment. Reports have it that Miss Heidrichs was rescued by a passing Bedouin.

The fifth and last member of the team, Mr. Oswald Lange, is still reported missing. According to Sudanese authorities, however, it is almost certain that he is also dead.

Herald International Tribune, Friday, April 6, 1968

Archeological Expedition Ends In Disaster

by Edwin J. Langstrom

Khartoum: A German archeological expedition, led by Dr. Kalkhe of the Munich Museum, ended in tragedy earlier in the week at the savage hand of a desert sandstorm. Three scientists of the five-member team were killed in an automobile accident during the storm. A fourth member, Mr. Oswald Lange, is feared dead as well. The team was apparently attempting to flee their desert camp, located near Karima in northern Sudan, when their vehicle struck a large boulder.

The only German survivor, Miss Sammy Heidrichs, was flown Thursday to Munich to undergo treatment for shock, dehydration, and heat sickness. Heidrichs was not in the vehicle at the time of the collision. Instead, she remained behind at the camp, protected in one of the expedition's large equipment trunks. She was found in the trunk by a Bedouin on Tuesday afternoon after spending approximately three days inside.

According to Dr. Maguib Farouz of the Sudan National Atmospheric Center, the sandstorm, or haboob as the nomads of northern Sudan call it, "was uncommonly fierce and unseasonal in its arrival during this time of year."

The group of archaeologists were working on their first field season in an area of ancient ruins dating from 600 to 1000 B.C. "They had uncovered much information and made many fabulous discoveries over the years", said Saba El-Amin, Napata Regional Antiquities Inspector, who also said that the scientists were close to a major discovery of an ancient royal tomb.

Das Sprechen, Sunday, April 15, 1968

Museum's Expedition Wiped Out by Cursed Ancient City

by Frieda Zimmerman

Inside sources say that Miss Sammy Heidrichs, the only survivor of the ill-fated museum expedition to northern Sudan, has been sent to a home for the mentally disturbed. Our source from inside the Deiter Institute reports that she was admitted Friday into the dangerous patient ward for treatment. "Miss Heidrichs exhibits bouts of catatonia and paranoid delusions," said her doctor, Dr. Hakenkreuz. According to our source, however, Miss Heidrichs lives in terror of simple darkness. The lights of her cell are kept on at all times. Obviously Miss Heidrichs is deeply disturbed and we can only wonder what really happened in the Sudan.

In personal communication with an Arab correspondent covering the story in Sudan, it came to light that the team of archaeologists were about to excavate an ancient tomb. The tomb lay in the ancient city of Napata. It is said by some that Napata is cursed.

For instance, in 1911, a Dr. Garstang from Oxford University began excavations in Karima, nearby to Napata. He lost five diggers in a sandstorm and lost six more diggers to disease within the week. His hired labor abandoned the site and he was forced to leave within thirteen days. In 1938, a Dr. Török from the Budapest Academy of Sciences ran into similar hardships, losing three members of his survey team the day after he reached the site.

Perhaps someday Miss Heidrichs will explain why she spent three days cowering in a wooden crate. Until then, remember that the archaeological team had over sixty years of combined desert experience. How many storms had they seen in that time? What really happened in the Sudan?

Hamburg Daily Post, March 16, 1978

New Artist Stuns Art World

By Irwin Jadsikr, guest art critic

The Überstrasse Art Gallery has been displaying for the last week a collection of macabre paintings and drawings by a mysterious new artist. K. R. Virke was not present at his own showing, and rumors abounded as to who the artist may actually be. While gloomy, dismal, and even frightening, the paintings are masterfully constructed.

While I personally find the work too horrific for my own walls, there has been considerable interest and some of the best works have already been sold. The exhibit will be on display for only five more days and I advise that it should not be missed.

Hamburg Daily Post, Tuesday, April 22, 1980

Virke Identity Revealed

By Hans van Fleiderman

The identity of popular local artist K. R. Virke was revealed by local art critic Hans Lindt. Lindt says he was informed Sunday of the artist's name, which is Miss Samantha Heidrichs of 223 Eilbacher Road in Hamburg. Mr. Lindt, who was helpful in getting Miss Heidrichs her first show, says that he has never met the artist and was informed of her identity through a friend of hers.

For those not in the know, K. R. Virke gained much popularity over the last two years for his (her) morbid works in different media. Of special value to collectors were works done on handmade papyrus which reinforce the antique nature of the subjects. We eagerly anticipate further works from the talented Miss Heidrichs.

Summary of Patient File for Samantha Heidrichs

The file begins with a patient admission form for Samantha Anne Heidrichs, daughter of Wulf and Greta Heidrichs, born September 22, 1943. The admission form lists her as severely disturbed and dangerous. The form is signed by a Dr. Beck and her father.

All entries before 1985 are written in the sloppy hand of Dr. Weigner.

April 13, 1968 This new patient suffers from hysteria. She is a danger to the other patients and is therefore being held in the convict wing. I feel that her medication must continue for now as, even though she is drugged, two strong men are necessary to restrain her. Bouts of hysteria alternate with periods of dormancy. During her dormant periods she appears oblivious to her surroundings, though she only enters this state when alone. Approaching her is a sure way to arouse a fit of violence.

April 14, 1968 Miss Heidrichs' fiancé came to visit again today. I think that she recognized him, though she still is not speaking coherently. She keeps repeating the word, "Diver! Diver!" I do not understand the relationship with her hysteria. Her fiancé, Mr. Leider, says that she can not even swim, and unless I am mistaken she entered her state of hysteria in the desert. I believe that her diver fixation is some sort of regression to one of her primitive fears.

April 16, 1968 I have taken Miss Heidrichs off of her regimen of morphine. She has finally regained control of her voice and I think that she will behave for us without medicine. I asked her if she knew the meaning of the word she repeated over and over in her hysteria, but she claims to know nothing about divers. I did, however, get the impression that she was lying. This is a mystery worth pursuit.

She got extremely anxious when I suggested moving her to a place where she might make some friends. She seems to have a phobia about people. Whenever a new person enters her room she becomes hysterical. Even when it is someone familiar she stares at his face as if he looked like some sort of monster.

She asked me about the other members of her expedition. I told her that I do not know, though that is not true. I do not think that the grief of learning of the deaths of her friends will do her any good.

April 18, 1968 I finally told her about her companions in the Sudan. She seemed most anxious about Mr. Lange. I told her that the paper said his body was not found, and that he may still be alive. She was very upset when I told her that, and I suppose it makes sense. I know what she was thinking and she is right; there is no chance that her friend is still alive after this long. She thinks that I am trying to deceive her.

I want to move her into a more public wing as soon as possible. Her phobia of other people is extreme and we must break it.

April 22, 1968 To help break her phobia I took about a dozen of the staff and we all entered her room at once. I wanted to show her that nothing would happen and that she can not be afraid of every person she sees. Unfortunately she reacted unlike I expected, and several of the staff received minor injuries. She is not yet ready to leave her private room in the convict wing.

April 23, 1968 She will not talk about her fit in the room yesterday. It has been necessary to keep her on morphine as she has relapsed to her violent fits again. She thinks that I betrayed her and it is going to take some time to regain her trust.

May 16, 1968 I remembered to tell her today that Oswald Lange's body had been found, and that he was dead. She did not believe me, and said that I was mistaken. It is important for her to accept that they are dead, but her mind rejects it.

August 1, 1968 She has become quite an avid artist over the summer. I told her that she is going to run the Institute bankrupt on pens and paper. She still shreds each drawing after she has finished it, but I have examined some of the pieces and they appear to be Egyptian letters. She will not tell me what she is drawing, but she gets frustrated. I do not think that the drawings are turning out the way she would like.

December 4, 1968 I allowed Miss Heidrichs to use the phone in my office a few weeks ago. I was curious as to whom she would call; she has not had any visitors in three months. She wanted privacy, so I assumed that the phone calls were to her family or her fiancé. I was very surprised when I found that she had spent several hours and a great deal of money speaking to various people in Africa. She would not tell me to whom she spoke, nor for what purpose. She did, however, ask for writing paper, envelopes, stamps, and some books.

It is uncanny how she spends hours drawing the same (or similar) sets of hieroglyphics over and over again. She never seems to tire of it, and they adorn every square inch of her walls as well as obscure her window and clog her door.

March 21, 1969 I have collected some of the books that she has requested, and she was extremely happy to receive them. If she was half as studious at the university as she has been here, then I am confident that she was a brilliant scholar. Between the photos from the Sudanese National Museum and her archaeology books she seems to be quite pleased. I think that she made up a new set of drawings recently and threw away the old ones. They look the same to me but the paper is fresher. She still will not tell me what the hieroglyphics mean.

October 30, 1969 I am pleased enough with Miss Heidrichs' behavior to allow her to join the other patients in the yard. She will not allow them near her but the outside air does her some good. None of the others approaches her too closely, and I think that they might be afraid of her. She can be quite disturbing.

June 22, 1971 Miss Heidrichs has taken her paints and vandalized her room. The walls (and windows and door!) are entirely covered with hieroglyphics. I recognized the pattern on the door as the same one she has been obsessed with. The others appear to be different. I have moved her out of the room until the walls can be returned to their original white.

I asked Mr. Leider about this behavior and he was quite as baffled as myself. He has been visiting much less often over the last year or so, and he seemed to resent my calling him.

February 13, 1973 I informed Miss Heidrichs of her parents' deaths this morning. She took it very poorly, which is not surprising considering her acute paranoia. There were many questions about the car "accident" (she does not believe that it was one). Mr. Leider came by this afternoon to console her, but he did not stay long.

January 2, 1974 Mr. Leider made his first visit in six months, and stayed only a short time. Miss Heidrichs was in a terrible state when he left. She would not speak to me so I had a nurse give her some tranquilizers. I tried to call Mr. Leider to find out what happened, but he was not home.

January 3, 1974 I finally reached Mr. Leider, and apparently he is getting married next month. He came to tell Miss Heidrichs that, and apparently he does not plan to see her again.

Miss Heidrichs feels very betrayed. She has lost all contact with her life before joining us at the Institute. She doesn't have any friends left, either here or on the outside, though her own behavior is responsible for alienating most of those she had.

January 4, 1974 This morning when I went to visit Miss Heidrichs she surprised me. Until this time she has avoided and feared contact with anyone, but this morning she did not want me to leave. She held onto me for comfort like a small child. This is a response to her feelings of betrayal and loneliness, I know, but she was very sincere in her affection.

January 25, 1974 Miss Heidrichs greeted me this morning without a stitch of clothing on. She is experiencing a more intense version of the normal doctor-patient bonding due to her feelings of abandonment, and I must proceed carefully so that she does not feel that I too am rejecting her. This is, however, a wonderful opportunity to gain her trust.

I have been careful to show her that, though I avoid her sexual advances, it is not because she is unattractive nor because I don't have feelings for her. Perhaps, in this way, our relationship can normalize again, except with myself privy to her innermost thoughts (which I must be if there is to be any hope of my helping her recover).

April 3, 1976 I am moving Samantha to the minimum security wing of the hospital. She has shown improvement not so much in overcoming her paranoia as tolerating it. It makes me sad that she still lives in constant fear, but she now is willing to await her fate passively. She will not let me convince her that she can have a normal life. She expects that one day one of the people she runs across in a subway or on the street will be the demon of her nightmares. She truly believes that there is someone out there who is waiting to get her, and who would stop at nothing if he knew where she was.

November 29, 1977 Sammy has made quite a friend of Erich. She seems to trust him unlike any other save myself. He is rather harmless in his wheelchair. She has taught him to paint and, though he will never be as good as she is, he is becoming quite proficient. Erich is Dr. Strauss' patient, but I think the best therapy he's gotten since his arrival has been his painting lessons.

Sammy, on the other hand, rivals the masters. I have taken a couple of her paintings to show to Mr. Hans Lindt (an art critic and passing acquaintance), and he thinks that they would be worth a lot of money. Sammy was quite panicked when I told her what I had done. She refuses to consider exhibiting her artwork in a gallery, even though Hans said he thought he could arrange it.

Summary of Patient File for Samantha Heidrichs

December 27, 1977 Perhaps it is all arranged. Sammy will exhibit her artwork using a nom de plume. She continues to be against it, but I think that it would be good for her. She will, of course, not be able to attend the exhibition, which will take place in the Überstrasse Art Gallery. The paintings will be signed K. R. Virke.

March 16, 1978 What a success! K. R. Virke is going to be (locally) famous. There have been several reviews and the most negative of them still heralds a triumph. Sammy is very unhappy; she never thought that her work would be publicized this way, and she has taken to hiding in her room a lot more. She has regressed some but I think that she'll come out stronger in the long run.

August 1, 1978 The gallery is still receiving inquiries about works from K. R. Virke, which they forward to Hans. Sammy made a great deal of money from the first show, and stands to make enough to live (no, for three families to live) very comfortably if she would continue to sell her creations.

October 11, 1978 Sammy has begun selling her paintings on a regular basis. I convinced her that nothing bad had happened since the exhibit, and even if someone was trying to find her they would not be able to figure out that Mr. Virke was, in fact, Samantha Heidrichs, vulnerable woman and imminent victim. She is safely anonymous, though I think that it would be good for her to get credit for her work, and it would be good therapy too.

July 11, 1979 Sammy continues to receive praise anonymously for her work, and she is experimenting in new media. She has asked me to get her some supplies, and with them she has begun producing her own pigments and inks. She also makes a sort of paper out of reeds and, though it is very crude, her admirers seems to like it. It adds a bit of authenticity to the antique nature of her artwork.

She has Erich helping her most of the time. Erich seems to really enjoy his labors, but I think that he is a little jealous of my closeness to Sammy.

November 29, 1979 I think that perhaps Sammy is nearly ready to move out on her own. Between her inheritance and the money she has made selling her artwork she could easily buy a nice house. I would, of course, continue to look after her until she is well enough to function independently.

December 1, 1979 I raised the idea of Sammy moving into her own place and am optimistic with her response. I think that she is ready for this next step, and I think that she will soon accept it too. I have taken her out of the Institute several times and, while nervous, she no longer has fits of hysteria when surrounded by strangers.

January 5, 1980 We have looked around and discovered a small apartment that Sammy will rent. It is private and quiet; she should be comfortable there. It is large enough for her to set up a small studio, and she should be able to maintain quite an income judging by how well her work sells. She will move in at the end of the month.

January 29, 1980 Sammy is very uneasy about moving out, but I have convinced her that it is for the best. She will be happier if she can overcome her dependency on me. She knows that she will see me no less often when she moves out.

January 31, 1980 This should be my last entry for Sammy. She has settled in her new apartment and is starting to feel at home. I think that she's going to be just fine. Her new studio is larger than the area she had here at the Institute, and she is already back to work. If Dr. Strauss is agreeable, I will take Erich to visit her periodically. She doesn't have any friends left and I expect she will get lonely.

May 6, 1980 What a setback! Sammy was progressing fine under my care until two weeks ago. She's back in the Institute now, and probably will be for a long time. I am still trying to figure out what happened, but I know that whatever it was came after the article came out in the paper announcing that she was K. R. Virke.

The article came out on Tuesday, April 22, and she felt extremely vulnerable after that. She depended on her anonymity as a security blanket, and she blamed me for her losing it. I must confess that she was doing quite well and I thought that releasing her name would do her some

good, build up her confidence so to speak. I am still convinced that it would have been good in the long run, when she finally came out of her apartment again.

But something else happened that pushed her over the edge, and I must find out what it was. She no longer trusts me, but I can talk to her when she is given morphine. Her landlord is furious about the state of the apartment, but a few coats of paint on the walls and it will be as good as new. I will search for clues as to what happened tonight, after work.

May 7, 1980 Gunther was badly injured this morning when he opened Sammy's door. He was taken to the hospital, where they removed her writing pen from his abdomen. She escaped her room and hid for nearly six hours trying, I think, to figure out how to escape the Institute. At some point last night she managed to tattoo her hieroglyphics onto her left forearm, and quite neatly too, especially considering the morphine.

Sammy has received several letters over the last couple of months from Egypt, London, and the Sudan. Most of them are from the Sudanese National Museum. She appears to have been corresponding with someone on the staff there named Mr. Babik about certain items in his collection. Judging by his responses he was hesitant to disclose any information. Sammy will not tell me what she was inquiring about.

June 11, 1980 I contacted Mr. Babik, the director of the Sudanese National Museum, to find out what he had written to Sammy that disturbed her so. He was quite surprised to learn that the Deiter Institute was a mental institution and not an establishment of higher education, and further stunned to learn that Miss Heidrichs was not Dr. Heidrichs but was a patient of the same mental institution. He had assumed that he was corresponding with an established researcher at a respected university.

He said that he and Sammy had corresponded over the last four or five months concerning the museum's collection of ancient Nubian artifacts. She had called herself Dr. Heidrichs of the Deiter Institute. She was particularly interested in the artifacts from the tomb of a pharaoh named Taharqa, and anything salvaged from a failed expedition of twelve years ago. She never actually called Mr. Babik until about a week ago (he doesn't remember what day it was).

She had seemed anxious, and was very determined to locate some artifacts. Mr. Babik was unwilling to talk very long after learning of Sammy's deception. I think that he was very embarrassed to have been duped.

August 1, 1980 I now feel that there is no hope of my regaining Sammy's trust. After Erich's suicide I thought that she would look to me for comfort, but she has withdrawn into herself. The mysterious scars are explained, though, as I witnessed her making an incision and using the escaped blood as a pigment for her drawing. She has reverted to drawing hieroglyphics again. She never has told me what they mean.

December 30, 1984 This is my last entry, and I hope that my replacement has more success than I have in the last few years. Though rarely violent anymore, Sammy is little different now than the day she arrived.

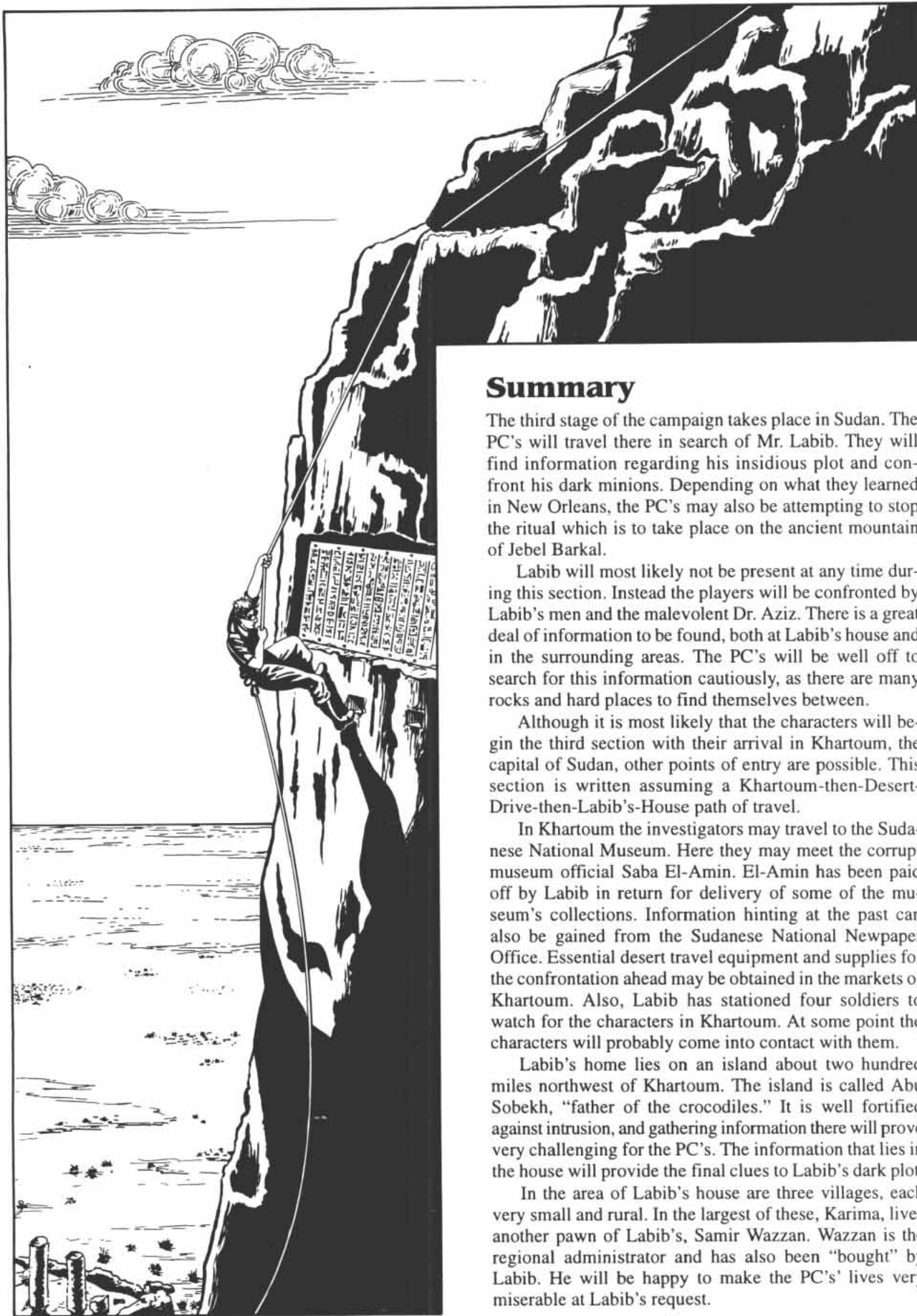
All further entries are written in a different, impeccably neat hand.

January 1, 1985 This patient is extremely lost in a fantasy that Dr. Weigner allowed her to live for the past fifteen years. I have asked a nurse to take away her books and pictures and things. She can not get better living in this fantasy world. I told her she can have her pens and paints back when she is ready to draw pretty things.

January 2, 1985 My god, we have been forced to sedate Miss Heidrichs. Last night she BIT OFF her little finger and painted the walls in blood. Those must be the hieroglyphics that Dr. Weigner wrote about. She is extremely uncooperative, and I can not see removing the restraints any time soon.

March 16, 1986 I have asked Miss Heidrichs if I could have a particularly pretty landscape she painted. She immediately slashed it to ribbons. She never allows anyone to have any of her artwork, she just paints over it again and again. There are probably twenty coats of paint on some of her canvases, and they are becoming quite lumpy.

April 2, 1988 For my birthday, Miss Heidrichs drew me a picture. I was very surprised as she never has taken to me. I was horrified when I saw the twisted portrait of myself. If she sees me as such a demon then it is no wonder she will not open up.



Summary

The third stage of the campaign takes place in Sudan. The PC's will travel there in search of Mr. Labib. They will find information regarding his insidious plot and confront his dark minions. Depending on what they learned in New Orleans, the PC's may also be attempting to stop the ritual which is to take place on the ancient mountain of Jebel Barkal.

Labib will most likely not be present at any time during this section. Instead the players will be confronted by Labib's men and the malevolent Dr. Aziz. There is a great deal of information to be found, both at Labib's house and in the surrounding areas. The PC's will be well off to search for this information cautiously, as there are many rocks and hard places to find themselves between.

Although it is most likely that the characters will begin the third section with their arrival in Khartoum, the capital of Sudan, other points of entry are possible. This section is written assuming a Khartoum-then-Desert-Drive-then-Labib's-House path of travel.

In Khartoum the investigators may travel to the Sudanese National Museum. Here they may meet the corrupt museum official Saba El-Amin. El-Amin has been paid off by Labib in return for delivery of some of the museum's collections. Information hinting at the past can also be gained from the Sudanese National Newspaper Office. Essential desert travel equipment and supplies for the confrontation ahead may be obtained in the markets of Khartoum. Also, Labib has stationed four soldiers to watch for the characters in Khartoum. At some point the characters will probably come into contact with them.

Labib's home lies on an island about two hundred miles northwest of Khartoum. The island is called Abu Sobekh, "father of the crocodiles." It is well fortified against intrusion, and gathering information there will prove very challenging for the PC's. The information that lies in the house will provide the final clues to Labib's dark plot.

In the area of Labib's house are three villages, each very small and rural. In the largest of these, Karima, lives another pawn of Labib's, Samir Wazzan. Wazzan is the regional administrator and has also been "bought" by Labib. He will be happy to make the PC's' lives very miserable at Labib's request.

Part III: The Sudan

The ritual that is important for Labib's success in Tonga will be carried out inside of the ancient mountain of Jebel Barkal. The mountain, appearing to be a large, high plateau, is actually hollow. When the winds summoned by Aziz begin to blow, it begins to empty, revealing an ancient temple to the god Amun-Shaklāl.

The players may stop this ritual or not. Either way, they will have to journey to Tonga in order to put an end to Labib. Thus, the most important goal of this section is to gain the information that lies within Labib's house. This information will provide the necessary tools for bringing about the final defeat of Labib.

Welcome to Khartoum!

In 1991 the Sudan is a sun-scorched land caught in civil strife. There are severe fuel shortages, and as a result most of the country's trains do not run. Those that do run extremely infrequently. Many large trucks stand idle, covered in dust, left until someone can buy fuel for them on the black market. Even when trucks do roll, they are susceptible to being hijacked by roaming bands of soldiers. The drivers are often left to die in the desert after having their cargo commandeered.

A region just to the south of Khartoum is the area of principle violence. Khartoum lies near the boundary between the northern Moslems and the southern Christians. This area demarks tribal boundaries as well as religious ones. The northern people are Nilotic Nubians and Arabs, the southern people Ethiopian Negroes. Until 1990 the United States shipped food and aid to the southern "rebel" forces; however, in the fall of 1990, the aid shipments stopped at the direction of a U.N. referendum. This left the north with the advantage, and rather than pursue peace diplomatically, the north took advantage of its superior situation and brutally retaliated against the south.

The civil war is somewhat seasonal, however, escalating during the dry season from October to March. The rest of the year men are needed at home to do the planting and to tend the fields along the Nile. At the end of the fighting the soldiers return home in bands, carrying their weapons

and spoils. Many walk along the roadsides, AK-47's over their shoulders. Others return in military transports which run on commandeered diesel fuel. Along with the men, a great deal of equipment also returns north in late March. Soviet and Western-made artillery, heavy weapons, rocket launchers, and SAM's all stream northward on trailers and donkey carts and in back seats. Obviously, this can be a potentially dangerous time to be traveling. It is unfortunate for the investigators that they must visit the Sudan during this time.

Also moving on the roads are donkeys laden with tomatoes, eggplants, sugar cane, melons, and dates, as well as palm and grass silage for buffalo. Camel trains frequent the desert tracks carrying goods to remote villages for their Bedouin masters.

In late March and early April the average daily temperature is 100°F-110°F, and at night it can drop down to a cool and breezy 60°F-70°F. Without exertion a person needs at least one gallon of water to maintain himself during a day. A person would need twice that if attempting to carry out even simple laborious tasks, though even small tasks become nearly impossible in the heat of the day. This climate is harsh. It is difficult to dress for, difficult to operate in, and destructive to equipment.

Travel Regulations

Sudan claimed alliance with Iraq during the Gulf War, and as a result no westerners are allowed entry except under VERY special circumstances. Under the best of conditions before the war, a person planning on visiting the Sudan would have to acquire a visa in advance from one of the Sudanese embassies (Washington, D.C., London, Paris, etc.). This normally takes about three to six weeks. Either a transit visa, lasting seven days, or a tourist/business visa, lasting up to three months, can be purchased. The visas cost six and nine dollars respectively. Visas can sometimes be acquired on shorter notice at points of entry into the country, but often a "fee" is associated with this. However, unless the investigators are particularly creative and resourceful no visa will be issued to them. They will have to find another way to enter the country. Some options are by low-flying plane or by sneaking at night across the border.

All visitors are required to register with the police at the Aliens' Office in Khartoum within three days of arrival in the country. You must register within twenty-four

This Road Don't Go To U'ubu Ma Ginku

Below is a list of common Arabic words and phrases and their English equivalents. They are provided for a Keeper who wishes to add a little atmosphere to the Sudan section, making it a little more believable. These words are spoken by true natives of the Sahara, people who have never known English, have never seen green beyond the valley of the Nile, and have never seen lands beyond the endless sands of the Sahara. These people have, for the most part, simple hard lives.

Pronunciations are loosely rendered phonetically into the English alphabet. Accented syllables are in bold. It is most important for the Keeper to pick a pronunciation pattern and go with it. Try not to stumble over awkward phrases. Make it up as you go along. For more ideas, get an Arabic reference book or a phrase book for travelers. Most of all, be sure and confident in your words. The Arabic-speaking peoples are not quiet or shy. Be aggressive or threatening in your tone, cower in weakness when necessary, but speak out and into the faces of the players.

Bedouins speak a different Arabic than most citizens of the Sudan. Also, most of the Nilotic Nubians speak their own (and possibly several other) tribal language as well as Arabic. Improvisation of these tribal languages is left up to the Keeper, but Swahili and similar languages often used in old African-explorer movies have the right sound. Think of Tarzan and go with it. The players will have no idea what is going on.

On a final note, it is often said that the Arab world is controlled by IBM: "I" for *insha'allah* ("if God wills it"), "B" for *bukra* ("tomorrow"), and "M" for *ma-lesh* ("never mind", or "it doesn't matter"). These sayings are used often and best portray the prevailing attitude toward life, which is often frustrating to the foreign visitor.

Hello = **salam** alAkoom ("Peace be upon you.")
 Hello (response) = wa alAkoom es **salam** ("And peace to you.")
 Hello/Welcome = ahlan wa sahlan
 Hello (response) = ahlan blkoom
 Greetings! (less formal) = saida!
 How are you? = izzayukoom?
 Fine, thanks be to God. = **kyayyis** ilkhamdu lillah
 Good morning. = **sabakh** el khAr (or just **sabakh**)
 Good morning (response) = **sabakh** el noor
 Yes = **lawah**
 Yes, please = **lawah**, minfadlak
 Thank you very much! = **shOkran** gazElan!
 No = la
 No, thank you = La, **shOkran**
 My name is ... = ismE ...
 What is your name? = ismak eh?
 I understand. = **ana fahem**
 I don't understand. = **ana mish fahem**
 market = souk
 beef = lakhm kandoos
 camel meat = lakhm gamal
 bread (pita) = aysh
 tea = shay
 Turkish coffee = 'ahwa turkee
 milk = **laban**
 boy = walad
 girl = bint
 Bedouin = bedawii
 carpenters = ishaffa
 farmers = fellahin
 Tuareg = Twar-edge

I want = **ana lawAys**

I would like some water = **ana lawayes shoya moiya**

I am hungry (I would like some food) = **ana lawayes entOm owzeen**

Naturally, you will visit a Bedouin family. = ah taban, inn-ak Ela badawiyya hazim-a

I am not well. = **ana mish kwayyis**

Watch out! = xalli bAl-ak!

Beware! = ikhtares!

Help me! = ilkha oonEI!

Call a doctor! = **uTulb doktOr!**

I am bleeding. = **ana nazEf**

He is insane. = endi mukhtal 'aqliyyan

He escaped. = da falat

Hey foreigners! = yel'la ... agnebbie

What's up? = Gara Eh?

What's the matter? = fE-h Ah ya?

Please explain to me what happened. = Eh illi hasal, israh-l-i minfadlak

They beat us. = darab-U-na

He saw you. = Saf-ak

I am not scared. = **ana mish khayef**

It is too dark. = da ghame gid'dan

The car was full. = el ArAbiyya kan-it malyAn-a.

The strange thing = il haga il-ageeba

Where is the sacred mountain? = feyn el gebel barkal?

How far is the temple? = ma hiyya el masaefa le ma'Abad?

The Bedouin grabbed the man. = el badawiyya misik ir-rAgil.

You will go for a walk in the desert. = a-rhanak inn-ak ruht ti-massa fi-sahara

1 = **wahed**

2 = **itneen**

3 = **talaata**

4 = **arbah**

5 = **khumsa**

6 = **setta**

7 = **saaba**

8 = **tamanya**

9 = **tissa**

10 = 'ashura

11 = **hidOsher**

12 = **itnOsher**

13 = **talaatOsher**

14 = **arbahtOsher** ... 20 = **ashreen**

21 = **wahed wa ashreen**

22 = **itneen wa ashreen** ... 30 = **talaateen**

40 = **arbeen** ... 100 = **miyya**

101 = **miyya wa wahed**

110 = **miyya wa 'ashura**

200 = **miteen**

300 = **taltumiyya**

400 = **arbamiyya** ... 1,000 = 'alf

1,100 = 'alf wa **miyya**

2,000 = **alfeen**

3,000 = **talaatalf**

4,000 = **arbalf** ... 10,000 = **ashuralf**

100,000 = mit 'alf

1,000,000 = **milyOn**

2,000,000 = **itneen milyOn**

hours of arrival in other towns and cities. The fine for not registering is U.S.\$20 plus a bribe commensurate with the apparent wealth of the victim.

Travel permits are required for travel anywhere outside of Khartoum. They can normally be obtained for about U.S.\$1, with two passport photographs, in two to seven days from the Aliens' Office. They can only be obtained if one has a visa. Because of the war, though, travel permits to leave Khartoum are normally unavailable for westerners. Again extreme inventiveness will be required. You must indicate only one city per permit, although you can apply for many permits at one time. Travelers have been arrested, detained, and finally deported for traveling outside Khartoum without the proper permits. A special permit from the Sudanese Antiquities Service in Khartoum is required for visits to all historical sites. Vaccinations such as yellow fever, hepatitis, typhoid, diphtheria,

tetanus, meningitis, and rabies are recommended. Currency must be declared on both arrival and departure.

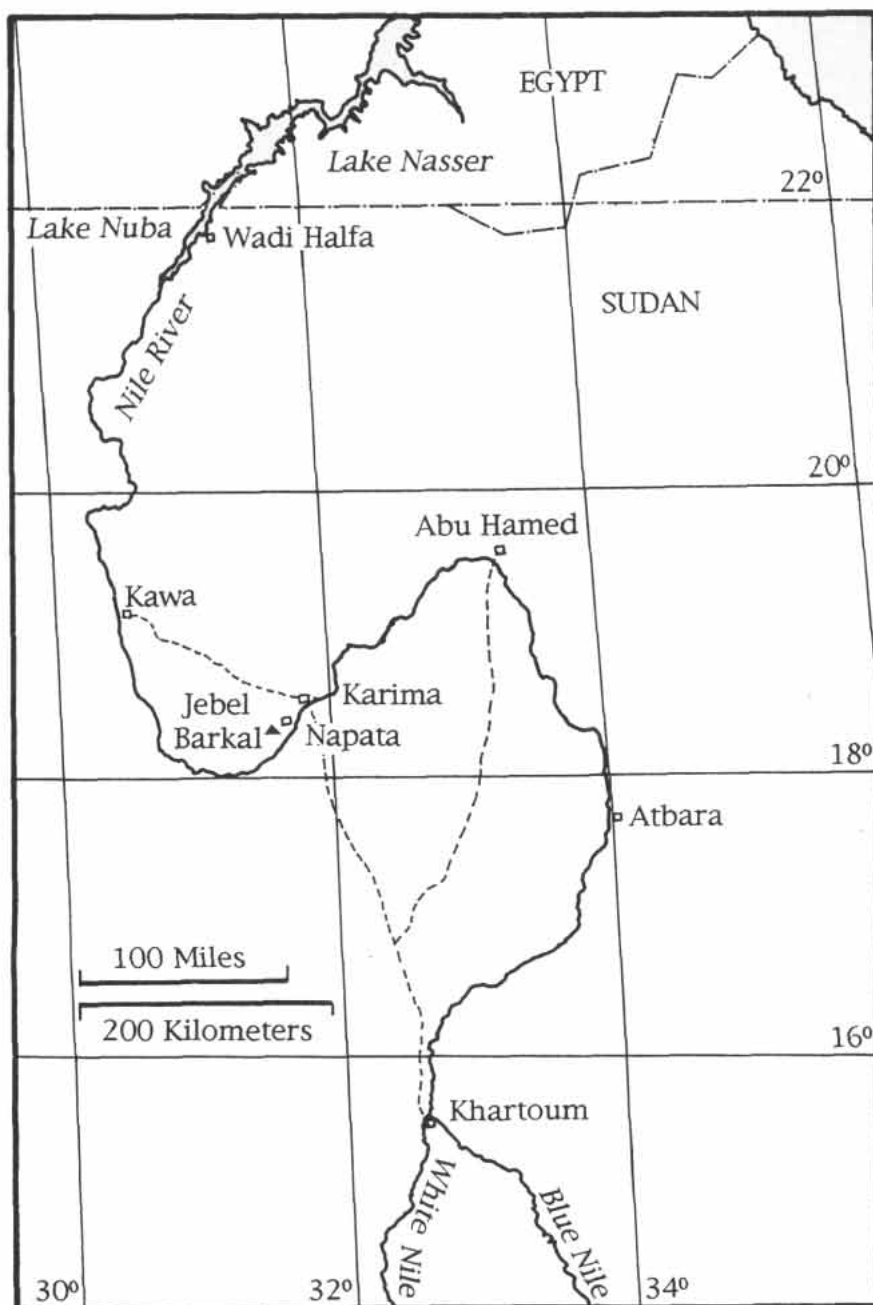
Being caught without a visa could cause severe problems for the investigators. They could be thrown in jail, or get away by paying very large bribes. In the worst of circumstances, they could be executed as spies. What happens would be up to the Keeper, and should depend in large part on the oratorical skills of the PC's.

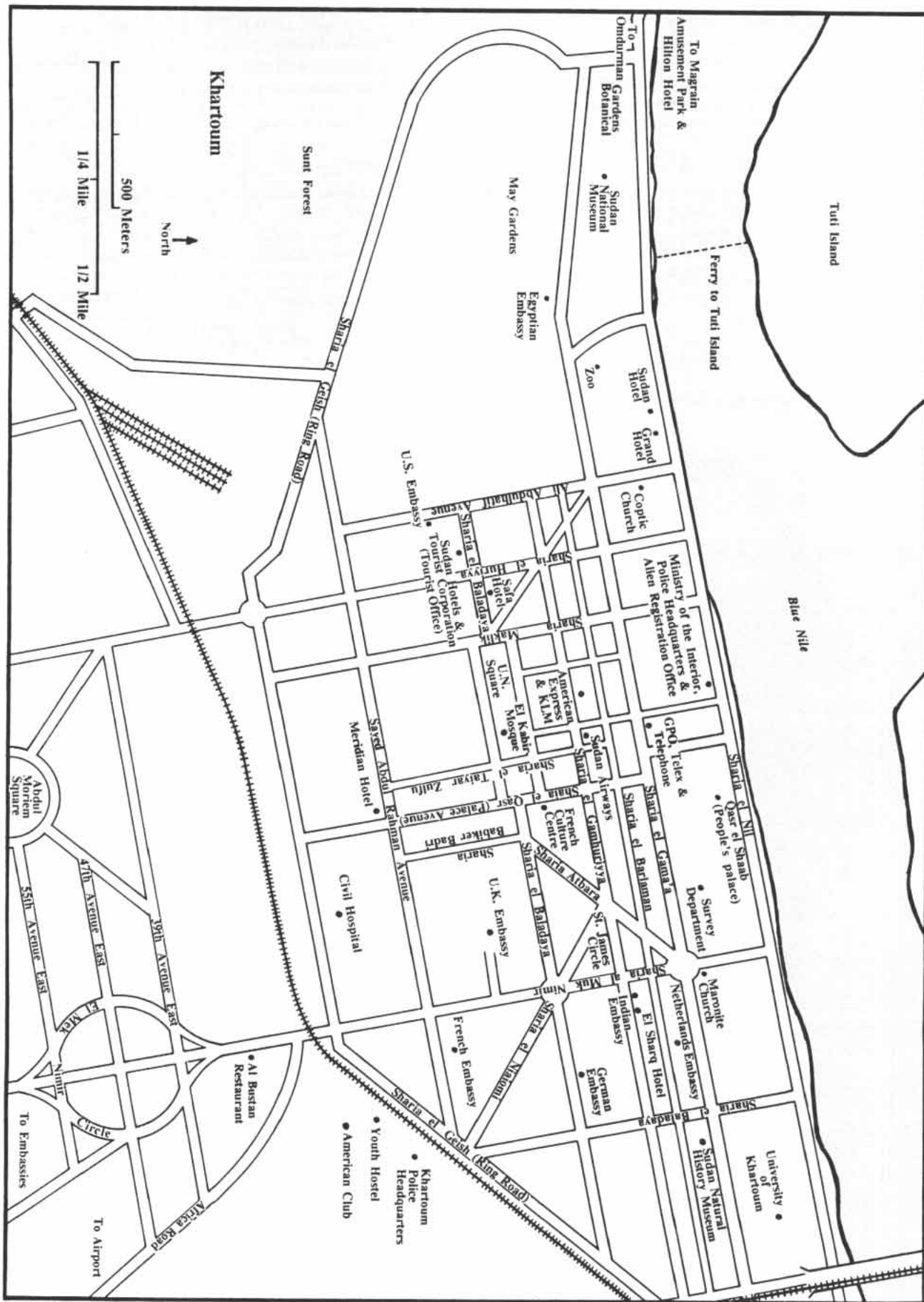
Getting around in the Sudan can be very difficult these days. For the visitor, travel by camel and donkey are easiest to come by. Sudan Airways (Insha'allah or "If God Wills" Airways) supposedly serves every major city and town within the Sudan. This will probably not help the characters unless they charter an entire plane, for the scheduled flight to Abu Hamed hasn't flown in six years. There is a bus that is scheduled to go from Khartoum to Karima three times weekly; however, it hasn't run for

about two weeks when the characters arrive, and probably won't run again until June or so. Private taxis and market trucks are the characters' best options. The market trucks make the trip between Karima and Khartoum almost daily. For about twenty Sudanese pounds (S£20) a person can swelter in the back of one of these all day, jostling and bouncing along at break-neck speeds across the desert. Privately hired taxis are the most comfortable and efficient option. However, with fuel shortages, finding an able car can be difficult. Prices are in the range of S£200 per day for a Peugeot 504 station wagon plus gas, an additional S£5–S£10 per liter. Hired vehicles may be more expensive than paying for a ride in the back of a sweltering truck or on the back of a donkey or camel, but perhaps a better bargain could be made if the players agree to come up with the fuel.

There are no roads through the desert, only tire and camel tracks. A hired guide is advisable, if not necessary, to find one's way among these maze-like paths. For those willing to take their chances, a vehicle can usually be hired in any town of size. However, in 1991 there are factions of the Sudanese who blame their problems on the western world. These people may refuse to sell services or goods to an obvious foreigner. Food is hard to come by beyond foreign-subsidized rice and flour (made into *aish*, a pita-like unleavened bread).

The local unit of currency is the Sudanese pound (S£), divided into 100 piastres (pt), though most offi-





cial hotels request that payments be made with American dollars. The exchange rate in 1991 was U.S.\$1=£4.5. The black market rate is as much as U.S.\$1=£10. Money can be exchanged at banks and major hotels, as well as on the black market with some risk.

Arabic is the most common language in northern Sudan, usually bastardized locally with tribal and regional dialects. There are, however, 134 "recognized" languages, with 26 of them being "major." People are usually willing to talk, and hand gestures can accomplish amazing feats of communication at times. The people are poor and simple; life is hard and demanding. A little bit of western currency can open doors, but a gift of the latest technology (e.g., a Walkman or watch) often goes a long way toward making a lifelong friend.

The Investigators Arrive

By the time the characters finally get around to leaving New Orleans, they may be traveling via a variety of methods of transportation. A few international airlines serve Khartoum: KLM, Lufthansa, British Airways, Sudan Airways, EgyptAir, etc. There are no flights that serve the Sudan directly from America; a person must make a connection through another city, either in Europe or in Africa.

Khartoum is a large city with a downtown center designed in a curious mixture of "Soviet nouveau" and commonwealth colonial. However, the streets along the Nile have wide sidewalks and large shady trees, and are actually peaceful, shady places for a morning or evening stroll. There are only about five million people living in Khartoum, and these are divided between Khartoum and its sister cities, Omdurman and North Khartoum across the Nile. There are embassies for almost all western countries as well as most Islamic and African countries located in and around the downtown area. There are many mosques with large, spiraling minarets from which the call to prayer is broadcast five times a day, starting at 4:00 a.m. and ending at 8:00 p.m.

There are several major hotels, such as the Hilton and the Meridien, which emphasize good living in a sort of colonial style. Rates are \$80-\$100/night for a single. Below this are the Sudan National Hotels, such as the Acropole and the Metropole, which range from \$20-\$30/night and have an unmistakably eastern-block feel. These are somewhat risky: Passports can be lost, luggage can be "lost" from rooms, officials can be allowed into rooms for "security searches", etc. Below these are various private hotels and hostels for \$0.50-\$10/night. These are similar to the national ones only dirtier, and with less service and more bugs and lice. Examples of these are the Bahr el-Ghazal Hotel, the Safa Hotel, and the Nakiel Hotel. At the government and luxury hotels, bank receipts showing that you have exchanged money officially must be presented if you want to pay the bill in Sudanese pounds. Receipts are not necessary at the cheaper hotels and guest houses. Electrical outlets in the hotels, as in the rest of Sudan, are 240 volts, so converters are necessary.

Looking Around

Labib has men watching in Khartoum for the investigators to arrive. As westerners they will stick out like sore thumbs. The men, four of Labib's mercenaries, are all Khartoum natives, so spotting them can be difficult. Also, they can enlist others (friends and relatives) easily. Their job is to follow the characters and report three times daily on their actions via radio. They have one of Labib's Land Rovers, though it is not generally used while tailing the players. Instead they follow on foot and by taxi.

"The Prince", as Labib is spoken of in Khartoum, is known widely in some circles. People from the Sudanese Antiquities Service at the National Museum will know where he lives only vaguely. People in the markets will probably know roughly where he lives, and people from Karima will be able to describe exactly his trucks, his men, and where his house is, and may even know something about the security or mysterious fires atop Jebel Barkal. That is, they may know these things provided that the players are able to overcome the language barrier and provided that they can win their trust.

Sudanese National Museum

The museum is cluttered with artifacts and objects from all throughout the history of the Sudan. In the halls and corridors, supposedly organized by period and location, lie a hodgepodge of partially labeled, mislabeled, and unlabeled artifacts. Many of the large works have been well worn by passing hands, and the small works behind glass are largely covered with dust and difficult to make out.

In the museum catalogs are many items from Taharqa's tomb as well as items found around Jebel Barkal. Some of these are still in the museum on display, but most are missing. One large display of two stela depicting "Kushite astrological knowledge" is empty. The pair of stela were removed by Labib's men and are now firmly attached to the wall of Labib's master bedroom. A record of a set of ancient Greek papers regarding "Corruptions in the Priesthood during the Kushite Dynasty" exists in the catalogs, but the actual set of papers is missing from the documents collections. Many of the ushabti and burial items for Taharqa are missing as well. (An *ushabti* is a small carved figurine in the shape of a mummy and heavily inscribed with hieroglyphics. The belief was that the ushabti would be brought to life as servants for the pharaoh in the afterlife.) No record has been made in the catalogs of the missing items. When asked, all staff will either send the inquisitive player to Furhad Babik, the Museum Director, or to Saba El-Amin, who is in charge of the Napata district.

Among some of the items still retained from the Kalkhe expedition is a map made by Oswald, the surveyor, showing the exact locations of the burial shafts in relation to various landmarks. Using this map and some skill, the investigators could locate the burial shafts of Taharqa and Hobadji.

SABA EL-AMIN, Napata District, Director of Antiquities, age 58

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 16 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Pansy Punch 35%, damage 1d2-1
Letter Opener 35%, damage 1d2

Skills: Accounting 70%, Debate 45%, History 35%, Oratory 55%; Languages: Arabic 80%, English 65%, Hieroglyphics 15% (Read/Write)

Items carried: Little black book containing Labib's fax and telephone numbers, listed under L (in Arabic).

A medium-build greasy character with a large yellow "yes my friend" grin placed atop his pudgy, shapeless body. El-Amin is from the Sudanese Antiquities Service. Napata is in his district. He was paid off by Labib to sell some objects and tablets from the museum. The tablets containing Kushite astronomical knowledge were among those sold. He knows his hieroglyphs poorly, being more of a bureaucrat than anything else. He will try and dissuade players from going to Jebel Barkal ("very dangerous"), but will insist on sending an antiquities official (Simar) if the players persist in going. Simar is an inspector who, as a Negro, does not have the administration's favor.

**FURHAD BABIK, Museum Director, age 62**

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 10 APP 9 EDU 17 SAN 45 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Near Eastern History 85%, North African Cultures and Lore 85%; Languages: Arabic 80%, English 65%, Hieroglyphics (Read/Write) 75%

Items carried: Silver fountain pen for signing his very important signature.

An older, portly Arab gentleman who is filled with himself and self certainty. Babik was schooled in England and retains a pompous, constipated-with-his-self-greatness sort of air. He can read and write hieroglyphs well, and he knows a good deal



of history. The players would do well to deal with his oppressive personality in order to benefit from his expertise. He might even possibly go to Napata if properly doted over.

There is some corruption within the museum which Babik is aware of. In exchange for small favors over the years, there have been several major contributions to the "curatorial fund." He himself is an honest man; he is proud, however, and will not admit this type of corruption easily.

Nor will he appreciate allegations of improper conduct being carried out at his museum by anyone. Babik knows of Sammy Heidrichs but it would nearly take bodily torture for him to admit his correspondence with her. He feels that he was embarrassingly fooled by the foreign woman and will not acknowledge her contact with him.

SIMAR, Antiquities Inspector, age 43

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 17 SAN 70 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Thrown Rock 75%, damage 1d4
Spear 35%, damage 1d8 + 1
Rifle 35%, damage 1d6 + 2

Skills: Climb 44%, Dodge 50%, Near Eastern History 65%, North African Cultures and Lore 55%, Row Boat 55%; Languages: Arabic 65%, Danagla 70%, English 60%, Hieroglyphics (Read/Write) 65%

Items carried: A hieroglyphic dictionary that has been extensively thumbled and annotated by Simar himself to account for the Kushite variations on Egyptian hieroglyphs. The book was a gift of a Dr. F. Liebocheck.

A tall slender Negro bearing the three vertical scars on each cheek which mark him as a Danagla. Simar was educated at the University of Chicago in Anthropology and Near Eastern Studies. He is a very calm, quiet man. He is knowledgeable on many subjects but is reluctant to speak after years of domination by his less knowledgeable superiors.

Simar has no wife or children. He lives in a small humble apartment in Khartoum. He is originally from Abu Hammed, near Karima, and so he knows the area around Jebel Barkal fairly well.

**Sudanese National Newspaper Office**

The SNNO is located in a large, drab-looking concrete building near downtown Khartoum. This is where the *Sudanese Gazette* is published. If the characters attempt to research Labib or events tied to the area of Karima and Napata, there will be much hassling with the necessity of bureaucratic approvals. If somehow they manage to finagle their way into the storage areas, they will find a huge room with stacks and stacks of old newspapers, all without indexing or order. Paper backstock and misprints have been thrown in here for years. The room has also been pillaged several times during governmental overthrows and now lies in complete disarray.

The investigators' only hope of finding information exists with an aged staff member. One of the editors, an Arab woman by the name of Mona Yassin, has worked here for thirty-six years. She is pleasant and very willing to help. However, she is difficult to find, as her office is rather secluded within the building. The newspaper staff will only offer her name as a suggestion if the characters request to see someone who knows about the paper's history. She has



Sudanese Gazette, Sunday, April 8, 1968

Sandstorm Wreaks Havoc Near Karima

by Rashid Gulsham

An unseasonal sandstorm has been blamed in the accidental death of four members of a visiting archaeological team, as well as the death of the driver of a missing lorry. Apparently, in fleeing from the storm, the archaeologists' Land Rover collided straight on with a natural rock wall. All aboard the vehicle were killed.

The one surviving member of the expedition was found in a large equipment crate last Tuesday following the two-day storm. The surviving woman, a German, was flown home for medical treatment regarding fatigue and several minor wounds. She had apparently weathered out the storm in one of the expeditions' large crates at their campsite near Tell El-Napata.

Also attributed to the sandstorm, a lorry driver was found dead about three kilometers to the east of Karima. The driver was carrying a load of rice to Karima and evidently lost his way. Mysteriously, only the driver has been found; the lorry is still missing. The search continues for the missing vehicle. It is thought to be located somewhere in the vicinity. According to local sources, the driver probably tried to walk to Karima after running out of petrol and got lost.

nothing to do with the existing storage areas. If the players are inquisitive enough, they may find her and take advantage of her crystal-clear memory of past articles, as well as her private collection of back issues. She may point them to the article by Rashid Gulsham (Handout Sudan1). Gulsham was a personal friend of Mrs. Yassin's. Unfortunately, he was killed during a rebel uprising while covering a story in southern Sudan.

Markets

Visiting the markets of Khartoum is an overwhelming sensory experience. From six o'clock in the morning until late into the afternoon and then again in the cool of the evening, the markets are inundated with intense activity. They are ripe with yesterday's unsold produce which lies rotting in the gutters. Large and small trucks fill the air with choking exhaust and blast passers-by with a cacophony of horns as they vie for access through the crowds. The streets are full of yelling, jostling, and crowding people. There are pervading background odors of horse, donkey, and camel dung, as well as human feces and urine. These smells are mixed with exotic spice odors from street-side vendors and the odor of tobacco from the hooka or water pipe booths.

Everything is available here, or something close to it. It is said that if you needed the smallest part from a 1937 Mercedes, you could find it here, or have it made. Finding western food is nearly impossible, but finding odd-

tasting Sudanese substitutes is not too difficult, though often expensive.

Some checking around combined with a fair share of diplomacy may allow the characters to find that the Nubian tribe from the area of Karima is called the Danagla (Anthropology skill -30% to know already). The Danagla are sellers of farm goods such as eggplant, tomatoes, rice, and melons at the markets. They may also learn that men of this tribe are easily identifiable due to ritual scarring of the cheeks. Three deep vertical scars are made below the cheekbone during a boy's passage through puberty. People who belong to this tribe will be able to describe extensively Labib's island fortress. They will know of his helicopter and his private ferry, as well as the fact that Labib has several hired mercenaries working for him.

A Notice

A successful Spot Hidden roll will allow a character to notice the following announcement posted outside of the American and British embassies, as well as outside of major hotels (Handout Sudan2).

Attention! Missing Persons Alert! Bernard Fosdick of the American Associated Press—(photo)—was last seen on Northern Desert Road. Reward offered leading to the whereabouts and safe return of Mr. Fosdick. Please contact the American Consulate in Khartoum.

The notice was placed by consulate staff after word reached Khartoum yesterday evening that Bernard had been taken prisoner. Investigation into the notice will reveal that officially Bernard is just late arriving for an appointment. Rumor has it, however, that Bernard was captured by Christian rebels on the road to Karima.

On the Road to Napata

Napata and Jebel Barkal lie some two hundred miles to the north across the Bayuda Desert from Khartoum. It is an all-day drive in the heat and dust, following tracks in the sand through open desert and scrub brush, black boulders and termite mounds. It is hellishly hot. The plants all have spines and are poisonous, as is all that crawls and hides.

There is a chance that the players may meet a band of returning soldiers on their journey northward to Napata. This may prove beneficial for the players as an opportunity to enlist help or purchase helpful equipment. Of course it may prove detrimental as well, depending on their situation and their tactfulness.

There are many roads and tracks across the desert. Some meet the Nile to the south of Karima at Merowe, while others split northward and head toward Karima and Nuri. There is a ferry on the southern side of the river from Karima capable of taking a car or truck (one at a time) for a fee. It is possible to cross the Nile at Nuri and at

Merowe. However, these boats are very small and are overloaded with ten people or an equivalent weight.

A few yards from shore there are roads which parallel the riverbank, north from Merowe (right bank) and south from Karima (both banks), and go to Labib's ferry landing. Labib's private diesel ferry to Abu Sobekh Island is capable of carrying one heavy truck or two very small cars at a time. The ferry is left docked and guarded at the island when not in use.

The terrain in this area is boulder and shrub-strewn. The topography lifts and tilts slightly, dark underlying rocks puncturing the sands jaggedly. As one nears the Nile Valley from the south the terrain slopes down toward the river in a series of steep steps and slides. On the other side the ground rises more gently away from the river; dunes sweep across the lowlands between the mesas (*jebel*) and the boulders. Between boulders and dunes an occasional tortured thorny bush grows silvery green in the hot sun.

Along the river is a wide belt of irrigated rice and millet fields. Sugar cane, melon, tomatoes, and eggplants are also grown along the river. The fields are small, usually about an acre, and are often bordered by belts of date palm trees. The fields are worked by both men and women, with water buffalo commonly pulling plows and carts.

Encounter at the Crossroads

While driving northward to Abu Sobekh Island and Napata the PC's may attempt Spot Hidden rolls to notice a human body lying among some shrubs and large rocks near the side of the road. If they stop and examine the area, it is clear that this was the site of some sort of battle. There are empty rifle casings on the ground (7.62 NATO and Soviet) and tire tracks which careen wildly around through the brush and rocks. If a successful Track roll is also made, camel tracks are visible here and there. If the body is investigated, it is easily observed that the man was killed by a single gunshot to the head. If the bullet is extracted, it is found to be a musket's maxi-ball, a type of ammunition not used in these areas for at least fifty if not one hundred years. The man looks to have been a soldier in the Sudanese Army and has been dead less than twelve hours.

With some more investigation and another successful Spot Hidden roll, a dead camel can be found about seventy-five yards off the road, on the side opposite the dead



soldier. The camel has been shot many times and is beginning to bloat in the hot sun. A short distance away from the camel is a scattered pile of dark blue, tattered rags. The camel is saddled with a very ornately worked leather riding saddle. The saddle has faded tassels and silver trim. With a successful Anthropology roll, it can be determined that the saddle probably belonged to one of the nomadic tribal

peoples of the eastern Sahara, and is probably quite old (Intelligence roll to know that it is probably about one hundred years old).

Sudanese Army Soldiers

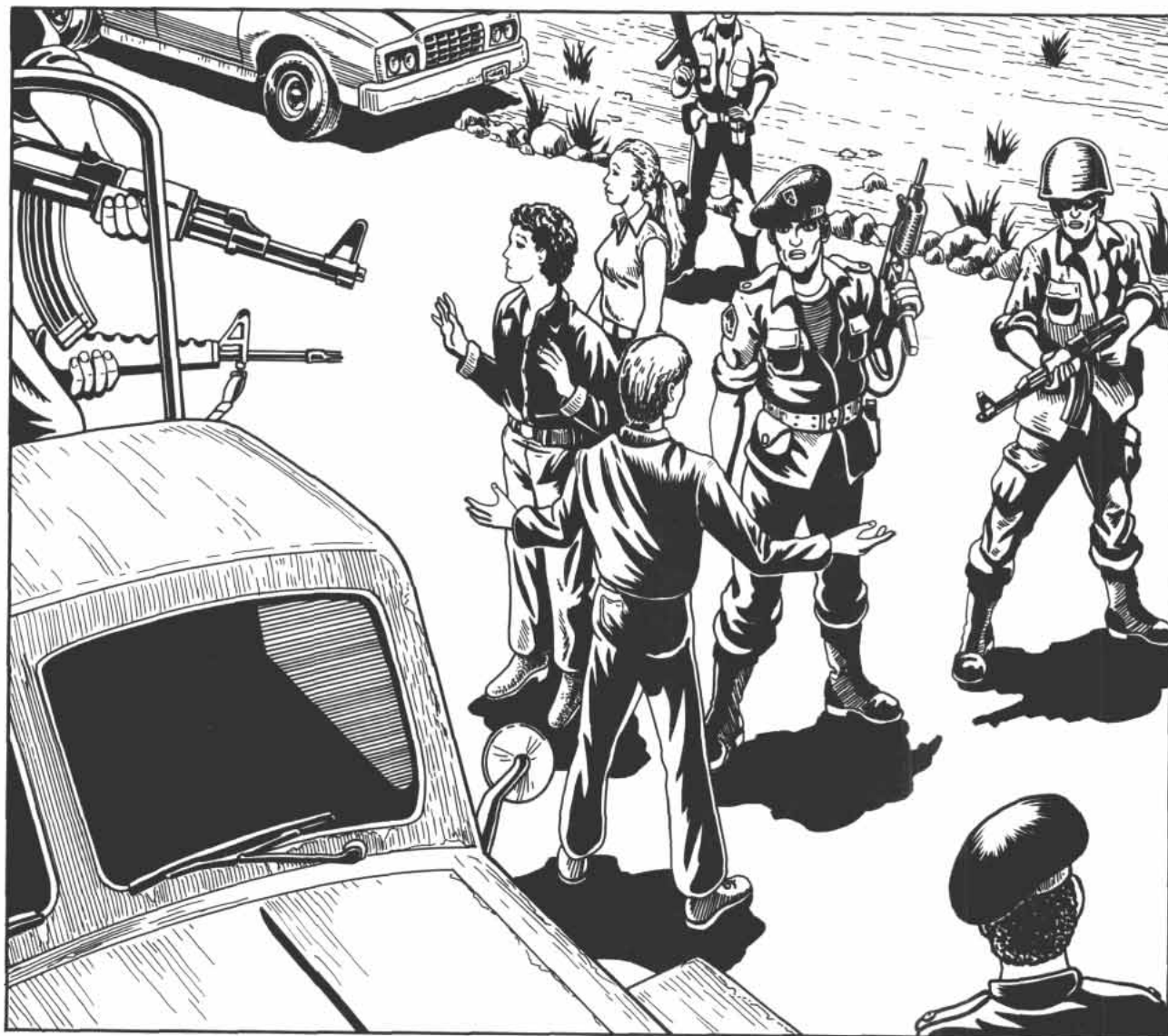
If the PC's continue driving along the road toward Karima, they will meet up with the band of soldiers. The small convoy of four large army trucks and a jeep can be seen about a mile before it is reached on the road.

If the characters are riding in anything other than one of the common Peugeot 504 taxis, the soldiers will greet them with readied weapons. If the characters are in one of the local taxis, the soldiers will continue to work on, argue about, and gesture toward the lead truck, which appears to be broken down, until the car the characters are in comes close enough to where the characters become visible as foreigners. At this point the soldiers will give a shout of alarm—"Yel'la ... Agnebbie!"—and confusedly grab for weapons, shirts, and hats.

Not knowing who the characters are at first, the soldiers will be nervous as to which way to play the situation. They will be ashamed for having taken off their hot and uncomfortable uniforms if the characters are important dignitaries. They might become very threatening and put on their tough battle-hardened front if they think the characters are stupid tourists, nosy media people, or, worse, Christian coconspirators. These soldiers are nervous and the PC's had best be careful.

The soldiers have only come this far since the previous afternoon's skirmish. If questioned about the attack they will play up their victory if the characters pretend to be, or appear to be, media personnel. The soldiers do not actually know for certain by whom they were attacked yesterday. Wafik Khalifa is telling his men that he is sure they were Christians dressed up as *bedawii*, Bedouins or nomads. He is telling them that this is a new ploy, that this band of rebels is using guerrilla tactics and to be on the watch for another attack. If questioned in private and a character makes successful use of the Persuade skill, some of the soldiers may reveal their fear that it was the *Twar-edge*, Tuareg.

No action will more quickly cool any relationship the characters build with the soldiers than mentioning the name Bernard Fosdick. Fosdick had been traveling with them and was taken by the group they encountered at the crossroads. Any soldier besides Khalifa that a character is speaking with will immediately try to leave the conversation; if it continues, he will try to bring the character to Khalifa's attention. This group had a bad experience two years ago with a German writer who was killed while accompanying them on a mission in the south. An American press crew came and did a report on what happened. Interviews with the soldiers made it later seem as though their incompetence led to him being killed—"We thought he *knew* what a land mine looked like"—and they will never speak of such things again. Khalifa will say that he saw Fosdick shot and killed, and that he thinks the Christians only took his body in order to get international news coverage. He will even give explicit descriptions of how many times Fosdick was shot through the chest (five). In



fact, Khalifa is lying and a successful Psychology skill roll will reveal this. Another check may be allowed if the character looks at Khalifa's men as well during the description, for they know it is a lie as well.

If the characters are interested in buying weapons of any kind, Wafik Khalifa is the man with whom they must deal. He will not offer to sell them anything, and in front of his men he will be quite aghast at any such suggestion. Later, however, or at a time when he at least can choose which of his men may overhear, he will be cunning and shrewd in his bargaining. He will demand four times and will not go below twice any reasonable (Western) price. He will also demand that it be paid in U.S. dollars, or another Western currency for an additional 10%. For example, he will take no less than \$1,000 for an AK-47 and no less than \$50 for a hand grenade, but he will begin bargaining at twice that price. It is possible to purchase almost any personal-sized weapon and possibly medium and heavy weapons. Common pieces of equipment include AK-47, M-16, Beretta 9mm, M-60, .50 caliber machine gun, and 75mm howitzer, as well as various rocket-propelled grenades, grenades, and landmines.

If the characters happen to think of it, the soldiers are carrying Fosdick's travel bag. Khalifa will keep it under his eye until they arrive in Karima. At their arrival it will be given to Samir Wazzan. It will be difficult for the characters to extract it from either the soldiers or Wazzan, but it is probably best to avoid Wazzan's interest and so would be wisest to gain it from the soldiers. It contains Fosdick's passport, \$300 in American Express traveller's checks (it used to contain several hundred Sudanese pounds also), clothes, medicine kit, bathroom kit, papers, notes and recorded interviews, a small tape recorder/player, and an English-Arabic dictionary.

It is important to remember that these are soldiers returning from fighting a war against a real enemy. Yesterday they were attacked by that enemy and so are in no small measure eager for revenge. They will ask PC's, "*Inta missih-i-yyEEn?!?*" ("Are you Christian?!"). If they are then it won't go well. Better to say they are Muslim or Jewish or something else. But they should not claim atheism—the soldiers can't imagine such a thing as a godless person.

It is left up to the Keeper as to whether the soldiers will take reprisal on the Christians of Karima. It may

depend in part on what the characters say to Khalifa and in what guise they appear. If they appear to be media sympathetic to the Sudanese Army, Khalifa may use this opportunity to show the world that he and his soldiers are to be taken seriously. He will likely do this by "interrogating" some of the village Christians and executing two or three. It is a delicate edge for the characters to walk, however, for if they appear to be unsympathetic media, it may go quite badly for them. This should create a very interesting diversion for the PC's from Jebel Barkal. Perhaps a "Cultural Intuition" roll based on a character's Anthropology skill would be allowed. This would enable the PC's to know that the soldiers are seeking revenge; they might be able to save some of the village Christians if they can intervene somehow.

WAFIK KHALIFA, Army Group Leader, age 51

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 9 SAN 30 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Submachine gun 45%, damage 1d10

Pistol 50%, damage 1d10

Heavy machine gun 45%, damage 2d6 + 4

Skills: Cuff with Open Hand 70%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 45%; Languages: Arabic 65%, English 35% (but he won't speak it, ever)

Items carried: Similar equipment to his soldiers. In addition he carries a 9mm Berretta, two clips of ammunition, and a Kevlar bulletproof vest. He also keeps a 9mm Uzi nearby and an additional 200 rounds of ammunition.

Khalifa is a man who has struggled hard to get where he is. He is beginning to show gray throughout his short hair and a few too many falafel around his middle. He looks out for himself first and his men second. He is most of all a stoic. His favorite technique is to be absolutely silent until far beyond the point of discomfort for his subjects. He will act disinterested in events around him, shuffling papers, until someone slips up, then will send him running with his sharp voice and a cuff from his rough hand.



Sudanese Army Soldiers (29 of them)

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 11 POW 9
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 8 SAN 40 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: AK-47 25%, damage 2d6 + 1

Bayonet 50%, damage 1d6 + db

M-16 15%, damage 2d8

.45 automatic 40%, damage 1d10 + 2

.30 Rifle 45%, damage 1d8 + 1d6

Skills: Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Spot Hidden 50%, Survival 50%, Track 50%

Items carried: Each soldier is equipped with a cheap set of rough, ill-fitting fatigues. About half of the soldiers have AK-47's, one quarter have M-16's, and the last quarter have .30 carbine rifles or .45 pistols. Most men have in their possession some of the spoils of war—a bag of flour, a goat kid, a new hoe, a bag full of western clothing, etc.

The Lost Tuareg

Labib is not alone as he watches the Saharan sands for signs of returning ancient power. Diverse forces are constantly searching for and piecing together lost fragments of knowledge in an attempt to find what has been lost to recent men. Labib's activities have caught the attention of one such force. A long-lost band of tribal nomads has recently emerged from the western desert to watch and pay homage to the Utatti Asfet.

The Tuareg are a diffuse tribe of North Saharan pastoral nomads. Historically they wandered over the great Sahara from Morocco to the Western Sudan. The tall fierce warriors roamed the desert, raided their enemies, and wrought legendary terror on those that opposed them. These camel-riding nomads wore distinguishing midnight blue cloaks and wraps which covered even their faces, revealing but a thin slit across the eyes. A long straight sword and a spear were their main weapons, but in the late 19th century they began to use long accurate muskets. Now their ranges are restricted to remote highlands of Algeria, Chad, Niger, and Mali. Here they have largely settled down into modern cinderblock buildings built by national governments attempting to discourage their nomadic way of life. The legendary Tuareg warrior of old is all but gone.

A hundred years ago, in 1890, a few of these warriors wandered even beyond the limits of the remote and seldom traveled corners of the Saharan plain. This especially fierce party of raiders traveled deep into the empty tortured mountains of the eastern Sahara. They crawled and scrambled through chasm-like valleys and over unscaled heights. Those who knew them and watched the horizon for their return were never to share their fire again.

It was at the leadership of one Elkhaj-Akhmed that the group strode into the lost heart of these splintered crags. Like Maleqereabar before him, he sought knowledge and followed legends of hidden secrets. Unfortunately for Elkhaj-Akhmed, his men, and their mortality, he found what he was looking for. They found those who had dwelt among lonely peaks and dunes since before man even fumbled with crude tools. They found those who knew the secrets and had never lost them. Elkhaj-Akhmed and his men were driven mad by the mere sight of *Aguh-en-Tehle*, "those who ride beneath the advancing dunes", and their horrible ways. Fates worse than death awaited them. The *Aguh-en-Tehle* weren't looking for fresh food or for souls to yield to their dark god. They were looking to form new progeny.

Two years ago, in the coming dawn, after a night of fiery ritual atop Jebel Barkal, Labib and Aziz noticed a rising dust trail from the depths of the great western desert. The band of Tuareg raiders had been released from a century of servitude as an offering to Labib, to aid in the return of Maleqereabar the Great and the Utatti Asfet.

The warriors, now half formed in their captors' image, still wear the indigo cloaks and face wraps they did a hundred years ago. They wield their razor swords and spears at the whim of Labib and are no less deadly a shot with their long engraved muskets, even while at a full gallop from camelback. They do not speak to anyone



except themselves and they do this in a gravely hissing laugh that sounds like sand ground against glass. They obey only the whims of Labib and Aziz. It is important to remember that these riders are fearsome. All of Labib's mercenaries except Unsertag fear them.

These Tuareg have new mounts and will come and go from the region of Napata and Abu Sobekh Island. They will probably not cross over from the Western Desert side of the Nile until the night of the great ceremony. Until that time they will attend to various assignments of Aziz's. These errands may take them away from the area for quite some time into the nearby foothills of the Saharan mountains.

The Lost Tuareg have recently taken a captive for use in their own arcane rituals. Bernard Fosdick will be held until the night before the ceremony. He will then be sacrificed by the Lost Tuareg in final tribute to their own dark origins. They chose Fosdick because of his high POW and because he is Caucasian, which is regarded as being highly auspicious by Elkhaj-Akhmed.

The Tuareg's use in this campaign is left to the Keeper. At the least they provide dramatic flavor and add further peril to the Sudan section. Most likely, all of the Lost Tuareg will be sacrificed also on the night of the great ceremony, plunging themselves into the great pit along with the residents of Karima.

ELKHAJ-AKHMED, Lost Tuareg Leader

STR 15	CON 18	SIZ 16	INT 17	POW 18
DEX 16	APP 12*	EDU 15	SAN 0	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Musket 95%**, damage 2d6+2

Sword 67%, damage 1d8+1d4

Spear 55%, damage 1d8+1d4

Knife 50%, damage 1d4+1d4

Pistols 70%, damage 1d10 +2

Armor: 2 points and only half of penetrating damage from firearms

Skills: Hide 50%, Listen 30%, Smell 75%, Sneak 60%

Items carried: Similar equipment to his soldiers. However, he also carries a boxed pair of flintlock dueling pistols which he will wear in his belt if he has any prior notice of a conflict. The pistols are in perfect condition and only malfunction on a roll of higher than 90%.

*APP = -1 if unveiled.

**These muskets are antiques and so is their powder. Any roll of greater than 50% indicates a malfunction rendering the weapon inoperable.



Lost Tuareg (35 of them)

STR 15	CON 16	SIZ 15	INT 8	POW 13
DEX 11	APP 10*	EDU 7	SAN 0	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1d4**Weapons:** Musket 75%**, damage 2d6+2

Sword 50%, damage 1d8+1d4

Spear 45%, damage 1d8+1d4

Knife 50%, damage 1d4+1d4

Armor: 2 points and only half of penetrating damage from firearms**Skills:** Hide 50%, Listen 30%, Smell 75%, Sneak 60%

Items carried: Each soldier is equipped with a set of antique Tuareg warrior's weapons: a long, silver-inlaid musket, a long, straight (crusader-like) sword, at least one curved belt knife, and a narrow-bladed spear. In the pockets and pouches of these ancient men are the desiccated remains of their personal items and affects—food, jewelry, a few locks of hair from some long-lost blond victim

*APP = 1 if unveiled.

**These muskets are antiques and so is their powder. Any roll of greater than 50% indicates a malfunction rendering the weapon inoperable.

The Prisoner

Bernard Fosdick is a journalist for the Associated Press. He has been taken captive, quite intentionally, by the Lost Tuareg. He was traveling with a band of returning Sudanese Army soldiers when the group was attacked ("Encounter at the Crossroads"). He knows nothing of evil plots nor of Aziz or Labib. However, by the time the characters may run into him, he is aware that something unnatural is going on. Daily he is lightly tortured by his soulless captors, driven to shrieking by their hissing gravely laughs. He is amazed at their endless stamina and their cold strength.

BERNARD FOSDICK, AP Journalist, age 58

STR 11	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 15	POW 15
DEX 13	APP 10	EDU 16	SAN 35 (65)	HP 13

Damage Bonus: None**Weapon Skills:** Submachine gun 45%, Pistol 50%, Heavy machine gun 45%

Skills: Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 35%, Biblical History 75%, Hide 35%, Listen 45%, Make Maps 50%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Photography 50%, Swim 45%, Throw 50%; Languages: Ancient Greek (Read/Write) 40%, Arabic 35%, English 75%, French 55%, Hebrew 25%

Born and raised Catholic, Bernard attended a seminary and went on to serve in the U.S. Army clergy during the Korean War. Years after the war he left the priesthood for the love of his life, a nun from the convent associated with his church. They were married and he took to writing novels. She died of cancer after a ten-year, childless marriage. Still unpublished as an author, he took whatever work he could find. Finally, after another six years, he ended up writing commentary columns for a large Cleveland newspaper. He took a vacation to Turkey and on his return wrote a travelog. Ever since he has worked freelance for the Associated Press.

**The Hideout**

Seventy-five miles west-northwest of Karima lies a low range of shattered, black-basalt hills. Toward the western edge of the four-mile long ridge lies the tallest peak. Its sides rise more steeply than those of its neighbors; it stands a total of 800 feet off the dunes below, 200 feet higher than its neighbors. This tallest peak is the one called Jebel Tezma, "mystic evil mountain of power." Here is where the Lost Tuareg will spend much of their time before the ceremony and it is here they will bring Bernard Fosdick. No local Sudanese will enter the mountain or spend the night within sight of it.

Unlike its neighbors, Jebel Tezma is riddled with fissure caves and caverns. If the PC's venture here they will see nothing in the daytime except a surrounding sea of sand. If it hasn't been windy lately (30% chance), successful Track rolls will reveal camel tracks leading from one of the larger fissures at the mountain's base. Deep within, and through many narrow cracks and over sharp ledges, lies Bernard Fosdick.

If a character ventures within the mountain he will find it stiflingly hot. Sudden gusts of oven-hot air will blast him from unseen cracks and crevices, sending black sand into his eyes. Noises carry strangely through the shattered mountain; if one of the characters ever speaks aloud inside the mountain, his voice will continue to rise and shift and come again from a different fissure. If the characters make their presence known to Fosdick, he will unfortunately begin to shout for help. This will create a maddening effect for all who are within the mountain (SAN roll 0/1d4).

The Lost Tuareg are likely also present, unless the characters take precautions otherwise. With their indigo cloaks they are well adapted to sneak attacks in the maze-like mountain. They receive +1d3 to their DEX when attacking from hiding (Sneak or Hide roll – victim's Listen or Spot Hidden). They only use their hand-to-hand weapons inside the mountain, however.

At the heart of the mountain, the narrow path suddenly opens up into a rough chamber. There are many passages leading out of this chamber and characters must be careful to remember which one they entered through, as only that one leads all the way back out. The Tuareg may have stored some of their belongings here, and Fosdick is likely here. Also in the chamber is a small, wide offering altar made of a black alabaster-like stone. It stands about 5" high and is about 15" at its widest point and 30" at its longest. If handled, the base is observed to be formed from two multi-fingered skeleton-like hands. Each hand has fifteen "fingers", each one long and thin and bony, with a sharp nail just rising above the edge of the cupped altar's rim. In the bottom of the dished surface are some very old food stains and some date fragments, as well as some sand. If a complete ceremonial meal is placed in the offering bowl—a small amount of bread, some wine, and some dates—and sand is sprinkled over it while donating two magic points (and 1d3 SAN), a sand-storm is soon to come. If the characters do this, the sand-storm will be accompanied by 1d6 sand dwellers who seek to regain the altar.

If the characters have the opportunity to consult a research library, they can discover that Jebel Tezma was also known as Necroros, "the dead mountains", in ancient Greek, and as the Oracle of Anubis (god of the dead) to the ancient Egyptians (Library Use roll). With further investigation it may be discovered (with another successful Library Use roll) that Alexander the Great actually sent a company of men to the oracle, but they were never heard from again.

Karima, Nuri, and Merowe

Karima is the largest of these three towns, having a population of about 15,000. Between the crude mud-brick homes the streets lie in a jumbled maze at the bottom of deep alleys. There is an office of the government here and a telephone that usually works. In the center are a few concrete buildings and a state-owned hardware store (Omar Effendi's) that sells new imported goods. Market day is on Friday. On this day people come and sell everything from camels to clothes, plastic buckets to pigeons. Selling begins at dawn.

Karima is also the home of Samir Wazzan, a fleshy old Arab man who has gotten rich satisfying Labib's need for information. He works as the district administrator in the government building. The building is a shoddy piece of workmanship, constructed haphazardly of concrete and brick. Piles of papers and files are stacked here and there, covered with dust, choking stairwells and hallways.

Karima is also the home of Mohammed Mokhtar, a talented stone sculptor. Mohammed was hired by Labib to sculpt the statues that he eventually transported to the lower temple in the Tongan Trench. He was paid \$100 U.S. apiece for the large stone statues. The people of Karima were also hired to build Labib his papyrus boat. They may mention this if questioned.

The other two villages are much smaller, having between 5,000 and 7,000 people each.

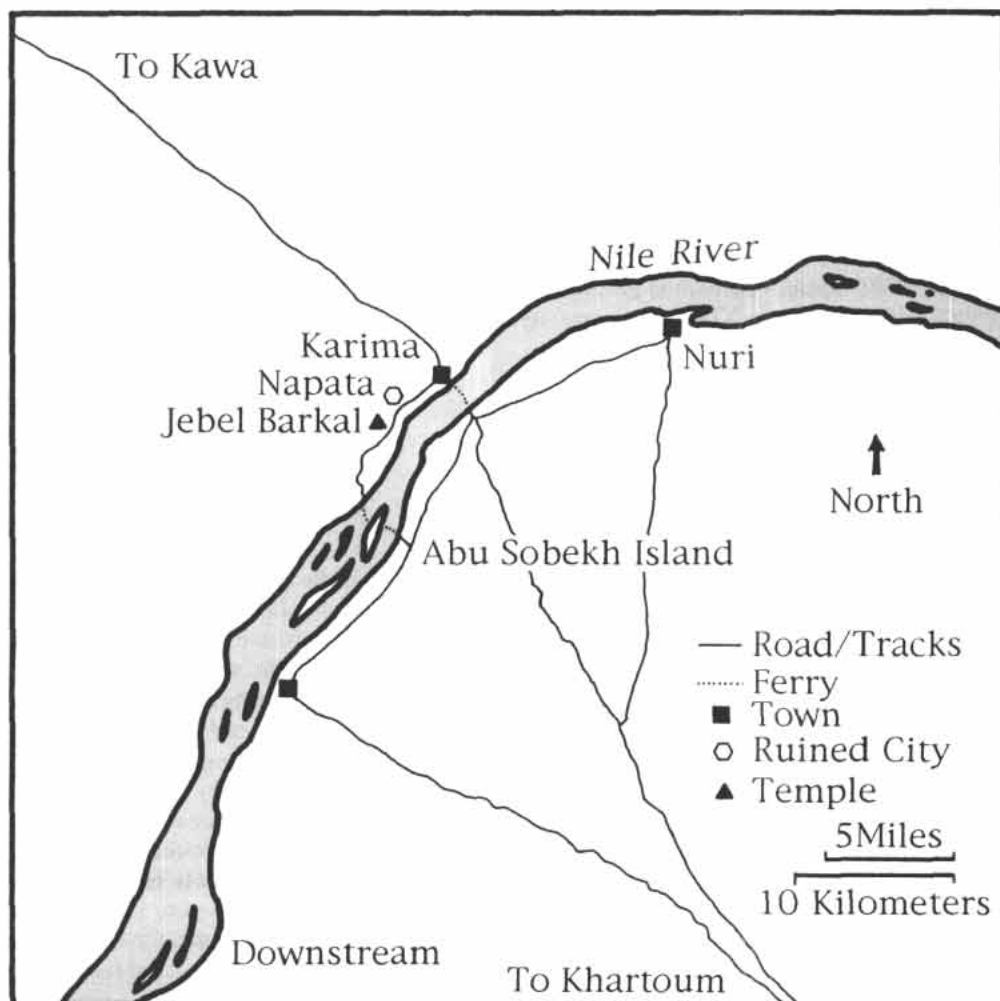
Nuri and Merowe also have market days, on Wednesday and Monday respectively, but their markets are much smaller.

The people of all three towns are predominantly peasant farmers, working their crops in the irrigated fields along the river. The houses are all mud-brick and most are one-story constructions. They are built rather haphazardly at odd angles to one another, accumulating over the years until a maze-like network of streets develops between them.

Vehicles can be found at any of the towns on market days, usually small Japanese trucks overloaded with produce. Otherwise, only in Karima can a vehicle for hire be found. One is a five-ton truck that hasn't run since it ran out of gas three years ago. The other is a 1979 Peugeot 504 station wagon owned by a man named Hassan. It serves as the local taxi and truck for most of the village.

Wazzan's House

Wazzan lives in a newly constructed apartment building. There are only two apartments, one downstairs and one upstairs. Wazzan owns the building. The downstairs is unoccupied and unfinished, being used primarily for storage of items that he has confiscated from merchants and tourists.



Downstairs

The downstairs is accessible through a pair of steel doors that are kept locked by Wazzan at all times. Once through the doors a person sees an ascending staircase, a single wooden door, and a short hallway leading to a dirt-floored courtyard. Beyond the door lay tumbled and jumbled piles of contraband seized by Wazzan. There are two thousand copies of the Bible seized from some missionaries, thirty large sacks of rice seized from a transport truck whose papers "weren't in order", and two dozen tires that were confiscated from a trans-Africa adventure group. Along with these large items are scores of smaller, even more useless items, e.g., car batteries, shovels, a 24-man army tent, a dozen rolls of barbed wire, a semi-functional short wave radio, two broken TV sets, etc.

In the courtyard one will find a four-month-old camel calf that was "improperly registered", as well as a couple of mangy chickens and a duck. The calf is tied to one of the bars of a ground floor window.

Upstairs

Two flights up the stairs is a large, locked wooden door. The stairs also continue up for two more flights to an unfinished and open roof. From the roof one can see out over all of Karima, to the distant mound of Jebel Barkal and down the Nile to Abu Sobekh Island.

The inside of Wazzan's apartment is well furnished. There are ceiling fans in the rooms as well as fancy, inlaid hardwood furniture and tile floors. In the main room there are large pieces of gaudy Louis XIV style furniture, a color TV, and a stereo. The kitchen is rather plain; however, it does contain a well stocked refrigerator and freezer. The bathroom contains a shower, washer, and dryer, as well as an American toilet. The guest room is plain; a copy of the Koran lies on a dresser before two single beds. The master bedroom is grossly furnished in burgundy and black Louis XIV in the same style as the main room.

A large mirrored dresser at the foot of the master bed has a secret panel in the bottom of a large file drawer (Spot Hidden - 25% to find). Inside the drawer is \$364 in Sudanese pounds. Beneath the mattress of the master bed is an AK-47 with a spare clip; both are loaded (Spot Hidden to find). Next to the closet sits a low desk with a radio on top. There is a notebook next to it; notes written in Arabic contain radio frequencies for the Sudanese army, Labib's radios, and government contacts in Khartoum.

Inside one of the couch cushions of the main room, all of which are sort of hard and lumpy, is \$8,000 U.S. in twenties. There are also four Australian passports. In order for a character to find the money and passports, he must actually declare the action of cutting open the cushions. This is not easy to find.

SAMIR WAZZAN, Karima Region Regional Administrator, age 48

STR 8	CON 10	SIZ 11	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 12	APP 9	EDU 13	SAN 35	HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: AK-47 5%, damage 2d6 + 1
Scuffle 40%, No damage, no real purpose

Skills: Accounting 20%, Administration 75%, Debate 45%, Oratory 55%, Psychology 55%; Languages: Arabic 70%, English 55%

Items carried: A Rolex watch which is engraved on the back (E. G. Pershing), a pack of Cleopatra Gold cigarettes

Wazzan is a fleshy medium-sized Arab with a large round head mounted on sloping shoulders. Atop his head sits a tattered brown fez. His skin has a bluish tone which sets off the deep charcoal bags beneath his eyes and his heavy blue-pink lips. He usually wears a tan polyester safari suit, one a little worn and a little too tight.

Wazzan has managed to squirrel away several thousand dollars in U.S. funds. This has allowed him to own the only western toilet, washing machine, color TV, and stereo that exist in Karima. This obvious display of wealth has separated him from his relatives. He has been uncouthly greedy with his wealth and his relatives have come to dislike him. Anything he can make difficult, he will. If threatened, he may resort to using the AK-47 stashed beneath his mattress.



The Bedouin Connection

Labib has taken advantage of a nearby Bedouin tribe and convinced them that he is the incarnation of Amun-Shak-lal (not very difficult for him). These Bedouin are completely loyal and trustworthy followers of Labib and should be used by the Keeper to their fullest dramatic potential. They do in fact ride camels, herd goats and sheep, and wander the desert seasonally for the pasture required by their livestock. They wear loose-fitting white *galabaya* and colorful scarves, belts, and head wrappings of various kinds. They live in black woolen tents in small groups of ten to twenty tents and about 50 to 150 individuals.

They are equipped with curved belt daggers and scimitars, and a few have firearms. Their guns date predominantly from the British occupation of the Sudan and from WWI. One might spot the odd Webley .45 revolver tucked into a sash, or an Enfield .303 rifle strapped to the saddle of a camel. The best armed individual of the band is also the man in charge. He has an AK-47 which he keeps with him at all times. However, he has no ammunition for the weapon.

They hang around casually, smoking the hooka and talking of sands and shifting deserts. At night they burn fires high and stay out progressively later, retelling stories and tales from their dark history, as the day of the ceremony approaches.

The presence of the Bedouin should make for interesting politics. Neither the Christians, the Muslims, the Army, or the Lost Tuareg are very fond of the Bedouin. They are reputed to be much like gypsies to all but the Tuareg, and as simply another enemy to them.

The Keeper should feel free to keep many of the Bedouin around for flavor in the game. Perhaps they move one

night to the Napata side of the riverbank across from Abu Sobekh Island, foiling plans of the investigators. They should fill the role of dramatic extras or "cannon fodder."

Whatever use the Keeper finds for them, they will most definitely show up for the final sacrifice atop Jebel Barkal. They will cast themselves into the hollow mountain along with the inhabitants of Karima, and generally add flavor to the final scene. They may serve as additional guards against the actions of the investigators as well, if Aziz is aware of their presence. Unfortunately, the added POW of the dying Bedouin will not contribute to the casting of the spell, as they are already lost to the ways of Amun-Shaklall. They die merely for the honor of it.

Average Bedouin Male Cultist (total of 43), Herder/Cultist

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

Weapons: Knife 40%, damage 1d4 + 2

Sword 50%, damage 1d6 + 1

Skills: Navigate in Desert 70%, Pistol 45%, Ride Camel 60%, Rifle 40%, Survival 50%, Utter Chilling War Cry 35%

Items carried: They carry almost everything imaginable. One may have an old Timex watch, another might carry the hood ornament to a 1975 Mercedes truck, another might have a little silver box full of tobacco, etc. They are low on bullets and other modern accessories.

Napata

Napata was the capital of the Kushite empire for about 500 years. Many kings were buried there in pyramids modeled after the famous pyramids of Egypt. The Kush pyramids were equally well constructed though somewhat smaller, only being about sixty feet in height. There are dozens of these pyramids in various states of decay and dilapidation in the area immediately west of Napata.

Partially covered by drifting dunes are the remains of the city of Napata. Remnants of mud-brick walls hint at underlying street patterns beneath the dunes. A few portions of stone columns rise up here and there demarking a small ancient temple or other building of importance. After extensive searching fragments of frescoes depicting grape arbors and livestock can still be found on some of the more protected walls. The whole area of the ruins covers about two square miles, drifting off on the margins into the desert.

The city of Napata is shrouded in superstition by the local farmers and also by the traveling Bedouin. It is known as Tel El-Rassein, "ruins of the damned", among many. Indeed, when certain conditions are present, such as during the great ceremony on Jebel Barkal and during most sand storms, "it is said that there are things that move beneath the dunes and walk with the blowing sand, things that lead animals astray and murder souls" (sand dwellers).

Complete excavations of Napata have never been performed. In 1911 Dr. John Garstang from Oxford University began excavations. He lost three diggers in a sandstorm after two days and lost six more to disease within the week. His hired labor abandoned the site and he was forced to move on within thirteen days. In 1938, Dr.

László Török from the Budapest Academy of Sciences ran into similar hardships, losing two members of his survey team the day after he reached the site. The last attempt at excavation was made in 1968 by Dr. Richard Kalkhe of the Munich Museum.

The burial shafts to the tombs of Taharqa and Hobadji have largely filled with sand since their excavation by Kalkhe. It would take a great effort to remove the sand once again, only for the excavator to learn that the tombs are stripped clean. All that remains is a powerful curse laid by priests of Amun-Shaklall on the tomb of Hobadji. The curse is written on the right-hand wall as one enters.

The curse, translated, says the following: "May the foul one passing from this tomb know that the asps shall claim him. His armor shall not protect him. His wards shall not protect him. His priests shall not protect him. No god shall protect him. His servants abandon him. Duat shall claim him forever." Anyone who enters here must roll POW versus 20 to avoid being struck by the curse. Those who read the curse (Hieroglyphics skill roll) are automatically affected. Cursed investigators are attacked preferentially by any snake, including those at the finale. Any investigator so cursed has no chance of surviving a bite from one of the snakes during the finale, and all other resistance rolls to snakes are made at one-half strength.

Jebel Barkal

Jebel Barkal is the most prominent piece of topography around. It is a dull red mesa that rises up from the desert some 250 feet. It is approximately 500 feet in diameter, with steep, cliff-sided walls. Jebel Barkal has been shrouded in mystery since before Taharqa's time. Against the east face lay great ruins where huge temples were built. The greatest of all, a temple to Amun-Shaklall, was constructed during the reign of Taharqa.

Climbing the walls of Jebel Barkal is easiest with technical climbing equipment and the Climb skill. Climbing equipment, beyond rope and spikes, is not available in the Sudan at all. It is possible to scale to the top from the northern edge without proper equipment; Climb rolls must be made every 75 feet (three times). If a failure occurs, a Dodge roll is necessary to avoid a serious fall. For those who make the roll, 1d4-2 points are taken. Serious falls are extremely bad. Consult falling damage in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook (see page 32).

During the sandstorm, which begins on March 22, climbing the outside of Jebel Barkal becomes even more difficult (-10% with goggles, -25% without). However, on March 24 at about 2:00 p.m. a rope is spiked up the easier north wall. This rope is for the villagers marching their way to the top, however, and is used continually after about 7:00 p.m. of that evening.

Approximately 220 feet up the eastern and western faces of Jebel Barkal are large (nine feet wide by four feet high) panels of hieroglyphs. The eastern panel has been badly eroded by winds but a successful Spot Hidden will reveal fragments of Taharqa's cartouche. There are small notches carved into the cliff face for supporting a beam-scaffolding. Also barely visible on the face of the inscription are small bronze nails. If some of the nails are re-

moved, small pieces of gold leaf can be uncovered. The panel was at one time covered with gold leaf, which was tacked to the wall with the bronze nails.

The panel on the western face has not been eroded. The prevailing winds from the east have not touched this inscription in the slightest and it remains crisp and very decipherable. The nails on this wall also have small pieces of gold leaf underneath them. The panel reads, "Great Taharqa, Lord of Light and Keeper of Darkness, Savior of the Kushites, Terror of Ten Thousand Enemies, and Master of the Flooding Waters, we ask for your mercy. We ask you back from your battle with Apophis below the East. Strength for you to conquer, for when the blood flows from the East, we will know that to rule is inevitable, by your guide and over the Ten Thousand Enemies."

The ruins of the temple dedicated to Amun-Shaklāl still exist. All of the ceiling has been carried away, but the great column bases remain, standing up five and ten feet beyond the five-foot deep sand that covers the floors. An inscription on one of the temple's entrance pylons reads, "when the blood flows from the east ... to rule is inevitable" There is a similar, though more deeply buried, smaller temple at the foot of the west wall of Jebel Barkal. Both temples are built in classical Egyptian form: a large outer pylon leading to the outer, columned, courtyard, a smaller inner pylon leading to an inner courtyard with a large wall, and a door at the far end leading to the innermost shrine.

Surrounding the East Temple are the ruins of many tombs and other temples. The ruins of a royal temple,

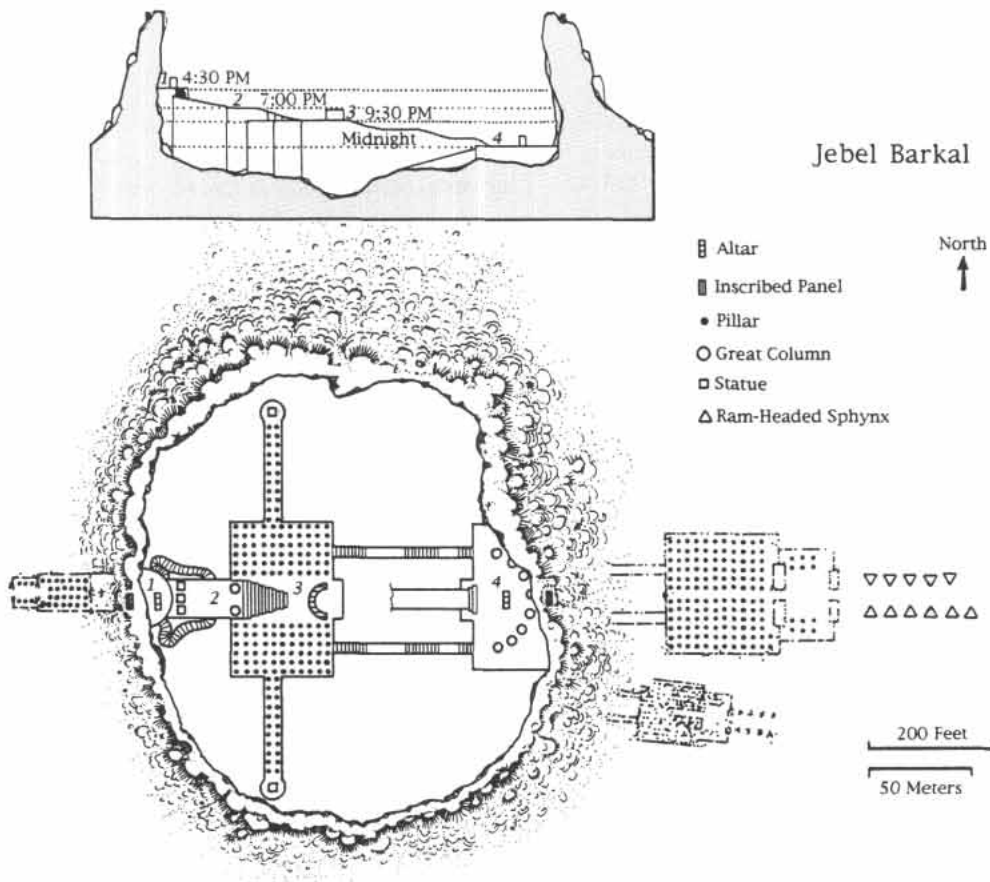
dedicated to royal offspring and demonstrating how inheritors come from Amun-Shaklāl, is located nearby. Inside the innermost chambers of this temple are hieroglyphs and statuary dedicated to Hathor, Mut, and Bes, the Egyptian gods of women, fertility, and pregnancy respectively. However, the style of these statues and the writing is slightly skewed from the Egyptian ideal. A perceptive investigator will notice that each of the three gods wears a ram-headed crown, signifying subservience to Amun-Shaklāl (Spot Hidden roll to notice then Archaeology or Occult roll to interpret).

Western Temple to Amun-Shaklāl

The small temple at the west face of Jebel Barkal, mostly filled with sand, is also dedicated to Amun-Shaklāl. The inscriptions here are in slightly better condition than can be found elsewhere in the area.

The temple is deeply buried in sand until excavation by Labib's laborers is completed on March 21. The remaining columns in the outer courtyard are about ten to twelve feet high. The inner columns, though only about two feet in diameter, remain largely intact up to their original height of fifteen feet.

The columns in the inner courtyard are covered with inscriptions depicting thousands of bushels of grain, hundreds of cows, birds of every variety, fish, and snakes. The inscribed scenes are meant to signify the pharaoh's world in the afterlife. There are also lions and gazelle for hunting, boats and sailors for sailing, and hundreds of servants for every task needed. The inscriptions on the wall before



the shrine depict Taharqa as Amun-Shaklāl, clubbing the heads of ten thousand enemies. In hieroglyphics, they read: "These offerings to Pharaoh Taharqa. As Amun-Shaklāl, he will rule from the death beyond. When night is day and he walks in death, these offerings and servants will feed and entertain. As the great Taharqa searches for the path back to death, he shall stride across our enemies, and slay again ten thousand in a single battle."

The doorjamb to the inner shrine is heavily inscribed as well. The inscription reads in part, "When blood runs again from the pharaoh's wounds, ... flesh is soft and warm, ... and the heart comes from the scales of Anubis, ... darkness comes, so shall walk Amun-Shaklāl [pictogrammed as Taharqa] in search of"

Like the rest of the temple, the inner temple is filled with sand, and it is not completely empty until excavated by the hired digging girls on March 21. The inner chamber is smallish and plain. There are three air and light vents between the heavy stone blocks of the ceiling. The spaces between these blocks have been highly polished, improving the amount of light reflected from the golden panel on the wall of Jebel Barkal above. A hieroglyphic inscription on the buried altar reads, "As light left the earth, so came the lightless days. Thus the path is prepared for the unbinding of Amun-Shaklāl. Released from his bonds, the river shall swell, enemies shall fall to pestilence and plague, prosperity and the power to rule will come to his servants."

The top of Jebel Barkal is flat and sandy. Low dunes trickle over the rock edges, sending little streams of sand to whisper off the summit. The center of the plateau is all sand, however. Jebel Barkal's core forms a huge grotto and this sand actually fills the center. On March 22, when the winds begin to blow, the sand begins to empty at an amazing rate.

The Ceremony

At sunset on March 22, the eve of the solstice, the last rays of the sun to shine on the western face of Jebel Barkal will just catch the engraved panel. If Labib's men have finished regilding this panel (they start March 20; see the Timetable), sunlight will be reflected onto the roof of the temple 220 feet below and shine through the daylight vents in the ceiling. The last light to touch the earth will shine on the altar and then fade slowly out. This will begin the ceremony. If the gilding has not been finished, the ceremony will continue as planned, but Aziz will be angry.

As the last rays of light fall on the altar inside Amun-Shaklāl's western temple, Aziz spills the crumbled remains of a mummy atop the altar and begins to recite the inscription. With Aziz are two soldiers and one of the acolyte priests. Syllables unspoken for nearly three millennia are uttered once again. As the sun disappears and the inside of the temple plunges into darkness, Aziz cuts the throat of a lamb and spills the blood into the mummified remains. By expending 10 magic points at this moment, Aziz sets the ceremony into motion. Heavy blue flames sputter and hiss from atop the altar, dimly lighting the interior of the small shrine.

Timetable

March 18 A Land Rover takes the ferry over to the west bank and drives to Karima. Two soldiers make the trip and arrangements are made by them to hire twenty digging girls.

March 19 The digging girls begin work on the excavation of the western temple. They are overseen by two soldiers. The girls carry the sand in large baskets on their heads. They work the four hours immediately after dawn and the four hours before dusk.

March 20 Two teams, each of two soldiers and an acolyte priest, regild the panels on the east and west walls of Jebel Barkal in gold leaf. The helicopter flies the six men to the top and they rappel down the sides to work.

March 21 The finds from the temple in Tonga are shuttled to the top of Jebel Barkal and left on the sand. Excavation of the western temple is completed near sundown after a long day in which the digging girls are not allowed to rest (they are paid a bonus, however).

March 22 4:30 p.m. Aziz, two soldiers, and an acolyte priest leave Labib's house in a Land Rover and take the ferry over to the west bank of the Nile.

6:30 p.m. The ceremony begins at sundown. Sand begins to empty from the inside of Jebel Barkal through a great fissure in the east wall from the moment the wind begins. Sand empties continuously at about the rate of four feet in height per hour. (See diagram for sequential uncovering of the temple at the bottom of the sand.)

12:00 p.m. Aziz and company drive to Karima and rest inside the house of Samir Wazzan.

March 23 7:00 a.m. Aziz begins to make his rounds to families and houses in Karima. Two more soldiers show up in another Land Rover towing a trailer laden with food. Throughout that day, as the storm rages outside, he performs a Sekhmenkenhep's Words spell on the people of the village. He lectures fervently, passionately, and sometimes in tears to the people of Karima. Hypnotically, he lectures to them about the coming of the end of the world, about a savior and damnation. He preaches about how they have been called to the top of Jebel Barkal for a service of salvation tomorrow night. Hundreds of men, women, and children are convinced, even Samir Wazzan. Aziz lulls the people of Karima into believing that this is the last and greatest night of their lives. That night is a night of celebration within Karima. Feasting and dance are enjoyed by all except for Aziz and company. Though the storm rages outside of town, and travel within the streets of the town is difficult, people celebrate in an almost inebriated state throughout the night. Aziz spends the night resting and regaining power.

March 24 Aziz and two Land Rovers (sans trailer) journey to the north side of Jebel Barkal. The third Land Rover leaves from Labib's house at this time with the last two remaining acolytes and last two soldiers. The ferry is left (no keys) on the west side of the river.

2:00 p.m. Three of the soldiers secure a double rope path up the north side of Jebel Barkal. Rope ladders are lowered into the interior of Jebel Barkal. One of the soldiers falls and breaks his leg. He eventually remains with the vehicles.

4:00 p.m. Villagers from Karima begin to walk the two miles to Jebel Barkal.

4:30 p.m. The Land Rovers are locked and left by Aziz and company. If the PC's' presence is known, there will be two soldiers in addition to the one with the broken leg waiting for them at the vehicles. Otherwise just the one injured man will be there. Aziz's party makes the top of Jebel Barkal and all but four of the soldiers rappel down to the inside. All but Aziz pause in astonishment at the revealed temple below, angering Aziz.

March 25 The sun rises slowly in an unusually red dawn. During the day Aziz and whoever is left sane return to Abu Sobekh Island and take the helicopter to Khartoum. There they catch a KLM flight at 3:40 p.m. to Amsterdam. They catch the next connecting flight to Bangkok, where they charter an airplane to Tonga.

Outside a wind begins to blow from the west. Slowly, sand is torn from the great western dunes and begins to fly; a *haboob* (sandstorm) blows up within an hour. Thirty mile an hour winds, gusting up to seventy miles per hour, begin to blow and do not halt until sundown two days later. The sandstorm makes surface travel difficult and air

travel within a hundred miles impossible below 1,000 feet. Visibility is reduced to 100 feet with goggles or 20 feet without. Top speed for a wheeled vehicle is about 10 mph, assuming a closed cab with a windshield.

While the wind begins to blow outside, Aziz continues the ceremony in the small shrine. After some preliminary chanting, a chapter from the *Book of the Dead* is recited four times over the still burning blue flames. This takes five hours. The chapter (not that anyone speaks Ancient Kushite) prepares one for making the journey to the afterlife. However, the version spoken by Aziz is a twisted one which attracts the attention of the dead toward the living, and includes words of preparation for making a reverse journey.

The ceremony in the small temple lasts until midnight. Blue light glows dimly out of the vents in the ceiling of the temple (not visible unless the characters are very close) until midnight, when the flames flare brightly orange and then go out. The flash from these flames is visible for about 300 feet. Aziz and his men then return to their Land Rover and drive to Karima.

As soon as the winds begin, sand begins to stream off of the eastern rim of Jebel Barkal. Within an hour, a person standing on top will notice that the sandy surface of Jebel Barkal now lies about a foot beneath the rocky surrounding rim. The sand empties at a horrific rate, slightly faster at the western edge than at the eastern. After five hours the western wall of the now-forming grotto is twenty feet high and the eastern wall is ten feet high. Sand streams through a previously unseen fissure in the eastern wall. The fissure is very narrow, only about 4" wide.

Throughout this part of the ceremony it is possible for characters actually to descend into the grotto and hide without being noticed. The walls are very wavy, like curtains, and with the blowing sand and unusual darkness, hiding is not very difficult.

The artifacts from Tonga that Labib's men have placed near the western edge sink rapidly along with the falling sands. By morning the west wall is eighty feet tall and the east wall is seventy feet tall. Just as the first rays of morning light illuminate the sky a large, dark rectangular object appears from beneath the swirling sand. At first it is hard to notice as it is among the Tongan artifacts. Investigation reveals it to be a ten-foot block of black basalt, the altar upon which Aziz will begin the ceremony.

Throughout that day and the following day, more and more of the temple becomes visible. Structures are revealed in sequence as the sands retreat. The first altar platform, then stairs leading down to the second platform, then the heads of the statues as well as the tops of the great pillars on the second platform, and finally its altar and stairs are revealed. This follows as the tops of the hundreds of columns of the third platform as well as the accompanying statues are revealed. This continues as sand pours out at an incredible rate.

At noon on March 24 there is a disruption of the rapid draining of sand. As the level of the sand nears the opening of the shaft leading downward from the fourth platform, a huge geyser of sand shoots into the air. The sand from around the mouth of the shaft is blown upward, as if

by a great burst of pressure from inside. The flying sand is accompanied by a thick but rapidly dissipating mist and a howling shriek that is clearly audible above the wind and blowing sand. Those who see the blast and hear the shriek must make a SAN roll (1/1d4). By nightfall on March 24 all of the altars are clear. By midnight no sand remains inside the grotto.

The ceremony continues at the time of "sunset" on March 24. It is impossibly actually to see the sunset because of the raging sandstorm. The sand does not blow nearly so ferociously in the bottom of the grotto inside Jebel Barkal. Objects from the temple in Tonga are retrieved and placed atop the first altar, or upon its platform, by the soldiers and acolytes.

From memory, Aziz recites incantations of praise in Ancient Kushite to Amun-Shaklāl, his words filling the space inside Jebel Barkal. An example would be, "As Maleqereabar the great served you humbly, it is given that these offerings are yours and that their power may be crushed, their existence destroyed, and their makers slain." One by one the items are placed on the first altar, or Aziz turns to them, as he recites the chant. Almost imperceptibly, the items begin to decay and crumble, blowing away with the wind. By 8:00, when he is done with the last one, the first is beginning to show severe signs of aging. They are all completely dissolved by midnight.

By 8:00 p.m. there are about ten villagers from Karima lining the rim of the grotto. The villagers all are wearing loose white *galabaya* (a thin, ankle-length, long-sleeved garment) and robes.

At 9:00 p.m. Aziz descends to the second altar and, with hands upraised, begins to chant in a powerful droning voice. The acolyte priests light huge eight-foot torches and hold them around him. The first of the "offerings" takes a leap onto the floor. Over the next three hours one villager a minute will plummet down from the edge. Some will strike the sand; others may get caught on the jagged walls; some land on the tops of columns, or on the altar before Aziz. As each body lands, the flames from the torches flare and build. This gruesome sight can be witnessed but a SAN roll must be made (1d2/1d6). Samir Wazzan lands on flat paving stones at about 11:30. At midnight the ascending ropes to the top from the outside are cut by the soldiers and about twenty villagers fall.

At midnight the last of the sand is gone from the inside. The torches now each have about fifteen-foot flames leaping from their one-foot heads. Though the wind still gusts slightly within the grotto, there is little sand in the air. Moving quickly, Aziz and the acolytes descend to the lowest, innermost altar and take a position opposite it from the great shaft leading downward. The wind blows strongly from the mouth of the chasm. The torches are fixed at the points of a triangle around the altar, guttering heavily in the wind from below.

At this point Aziz's power is high enough and enough offerings have been made for him to cast Contact Shaklāl. This spell will last until dawn. As the final words are uttered and the wind from the tunnel reaches 70 miles per hour, light cracks the eastern horizon. Some of this sunlight streams in and reveals the horror that has until now been invisibly issuing from the mouth of the cave. Faintly

outlined is the end of a gelatinous, carapace-covered, ram-headed, worm-like mass, propelled by a bed of writhing tentacles and digits. It has protruded some twenty feet and stands fifteen feet thick. A SAN roll is necessary for those who see this atrocity (1d4/1d20).

At the instant the sun strikes this creature Aziz throws back his arms, and a deafening concussion is heard as power is released. The wind comes to an abrupt end and all is suddenly silent. The creature begins to retreat, melting into a thick fog as it does so. Within a few seconds the entire lower altar is bathed in about two feet of solid gray fog and the creature is gone, leaving a stench of sun-baked rotten flesh.

Outside, the eastern gold panel flares crimson as the first rays of the sun strike it. Brighter and brighter it glows until, at Aziz's concussion, it explodes into a beam of red light that fires into the east: "When the blood flows from the east ... to rule is inevitable."

Abu Sobekh Island

"Father of the Crocodiles", the island on which Labib had his house built, is about two and a half miles long and a mile wide. It is covered with palm trees and dense stands of halfa grass (a five to six foot tall razor grass). The

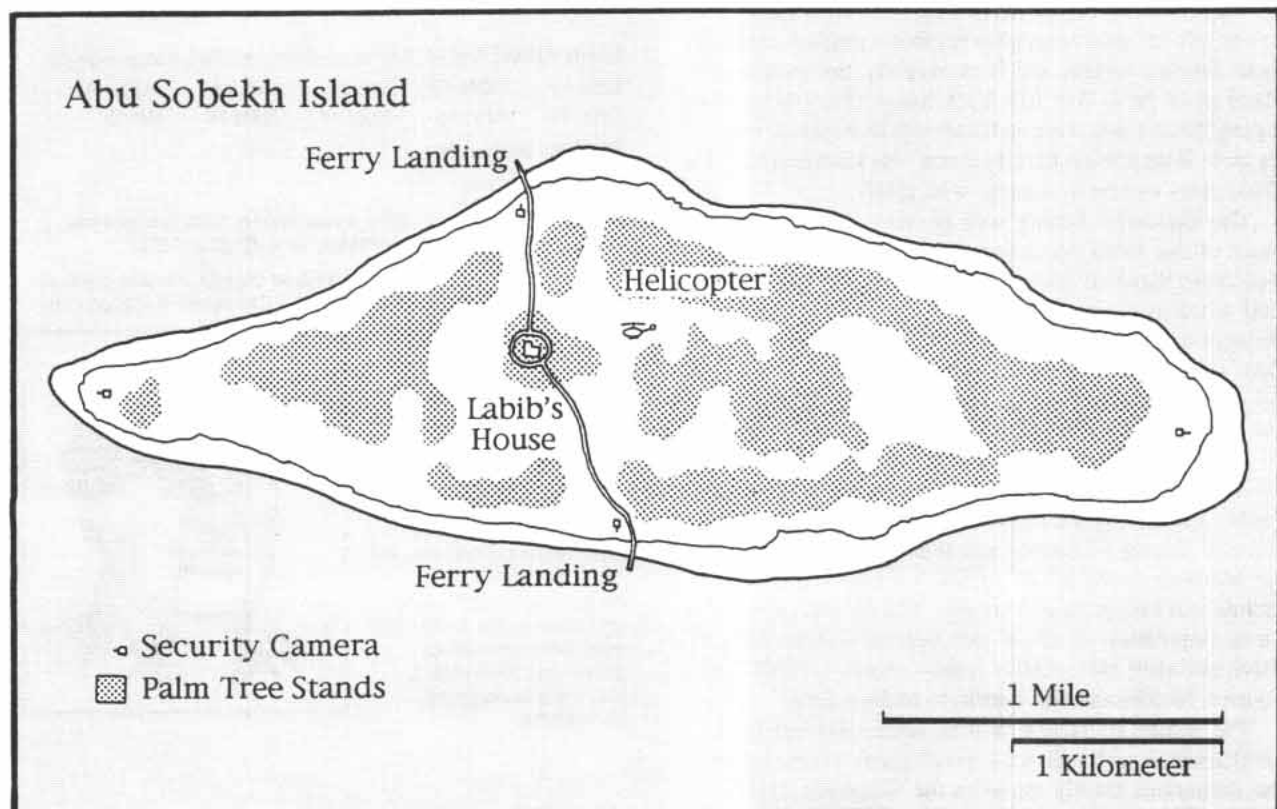
island's roads stretch from the house, east and west, to the ferry docks on each side of the island, as well as around its perimeter.

There are four poorly disguised security cameras around the shore of the island: one at the upstream end, one at the downstream end, and one at each landing. These are monitored from the office by either a soldier or the pilot.

Labib's ferry can be docked on either the east or the west end of the island. The ferry can hold two very small vehicles or one large one (such as a 5-ton truck). It has a long steel boarding ramp that is extended onto the sandy shore. There is a windowed pilot house in the center along one edge of the deck.

The ferry is driven by Assad, one of the soldiers. He is a rather heavy, bestubbed, grim-looking Arab. Assad is usually at the ferry only when he has been radioed that a truck is approaching or when a truck leaves the island. It takes Assad about five minutes to get the ferry ready for a crossing from a cold start. It takes about ten minutes to cross to the bank directly opposite the departing landing or about twenty-five minutes to cross to the opposite side.

Through extensive searching of the deep grass and palm trees, the players may discover a rotten corpse lying hidden about one hundred yards from the house. The corpse is about ten days old and appears to have been a young man, perhaps 15 or 20. The body is of a local villager who tried to sneak onto the island at night and was shot from the rooftop by one of Labib's mercenaries. Though badly decayed, it is possible to tell that the body was shot several times through the chest and head, with the bullets appearing to have impacted on the front of the



body (First Aid or Forensics skill). There is a silver cross around the neck of the unfortunate victim (Spot Hidden). The corpse is wearing tattered jeans and a loose white shirt, both now badly soiled and stained.

ASSAD, Ferry Operator, age 40

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Rifle 65%, damage 2d8
Pistol 40%, damage 1d10

Skills: Camouflage 35%,
Climb 50%, Drive Auto
50%, Listen 40%, Pilot
Boat 70%, Sneak 50%,
Spot Hidden 55%

Items carried: Assad has a Steyr SSG sniper rifle (.308) with an LIR (long range and night vision) scope which he sometimes carries, Steyr 9mm pistol, rolling papers and tobacco.

A heavy, bestubbed Arab wearing desert camos.



The Christian Boy

If the PC's ask around in Nuri, the boy's family can be found. His name was Ismail Bandwari, and he has been missing for nearly two weeks. He was the young and only son of the sole Christian inhabitants of Nuri.

The Bandwari family would appreciate very much learning what has happened to their son. They know only that he left one afternoon after his father made a comment about foreign wealth and how wealthy the men on the island must be to live like such kings. They have been hoping that the boy went to Khartoum in hopes of becoming rich. If they learn that their son was killed on Labib's island, they will be overcome with grief.

The Bandwari family will be very thankful for the return of the silver cross that the boy was wearing, and even more thankful for the return of his body. They will send word to their relatives in the nearby villages and throughout the small, secretive Christian community. There is a small community of Christians in Nuri, Karima, and Merowe, and it may be possible for the PC's to gain a strong (though unarmed) ally.

The Christian population in the area would make a considerable ally for the characters. The group is tightly bonded and is very accustomed to keeping secrets. Aside from the Bandwari family and their relatives in Karima and Merowe, there are an additional twelve families in Karima and two more in Merowe. The families comprise a total population of about two hundred, about forty of which are adult men. Other family names include Kifir, Sayadin, Mukhseen, and Sanfir, to name a few.

The Bandwari family will be especially indebted to the characters and will seek to aid them when possible. The immediate family includes the following members: Ibrahim (father), Mona (mother), Sayela (oldest daughter;

22), Sawsan (middle daughter; 12), Fathiya (youngest daughter; 3), Fahmy (Ibrahim's brother), Fawzia (Fahmy's wife), and Kamis (Fahmy and Fawzia's daughter; 15). Fahmy, Fawzia, and their daughter Kamis live in Karima. Kamis will be especially devastated by Ismail's death. She has held a secret love interest for the boy for two years now and was hoping to marry him.

The characters may become involved with the Christians before they ever journey to Abu Sobekh Island. Recall that the band of returning soldiers ("Encounter at the Crossroads") is semiconvinced that they were attacked by marauding Christians dressed as Bedouins. The soldiers may seek to vent their revenge upon the Christians of Karima. It is left to the Keeper as to how to handle the intense politics that will arise between the soldiers and the innocent Christians.

As allies, the Christian community may provide a vital source of information for the characters. The boy's uncle, Fahmy, is an older man and a local leader in the Christian church; he is well connected and has much information. He will be able to tell the characters that there is a place about three days' camel trek west-northwest of Karima called Jebel Tezma, which was once frequented by raiding Tuareg. There is a farmer's proverb—*Fih hitta ilwajid saad twar-edge idhaf jebel tezma, inta rahinti waladi eh binti eh marran inta huwali*.—which translated means, "When the Tuareg ride from the mountain, hide your children and stuff your ears." If asked, he will explain that the "Tuareg used to steal children for slaves, and ears were stuffed in order not to hear the screams." He will also confirm the suspicions of Khalifa's soldiers: Several other villagers have seen the blue-black-cloaked riders near the Nile shores around Abu Sobekh Island.

FAHMY BANDWARI, Christian Community Leader, age 52

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 13 APP 16 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: None

Skills: Biblical History 65%, Local History 55%; Languages: Arabic 70%, Coptic (Read/Write) 70%, English 15%

Items carried: Fahmy carries a silver crucifix. He also owns an old Coptic (the language used by the Christians of Egypt) copy of the Bible. He seldom carries it with him, but in times of great danger he will carry the old book in its leather case.

Fahmy is an older pudgy man. He is balding and almost inevitably wears a few-day stubble on his chin. He has a definite charisma about him that makes it refreshing to sit and listen to his words. His eyes carry a knowing gleam and his hands a warm and welcoming handshake.



Christian Village Men (about 40 of them)

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 10 APP 12 EDU 8 SAN 55 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Knife 30%, damage 1d4 + 2

Fist 50%, damage 1d3

Hoe 50%, damage 1d4

Club 45%, damage 1d6

Skills: Animal Husbandry 50%, Carpentry 50%, Farming 65%, Spot Hidden 50%

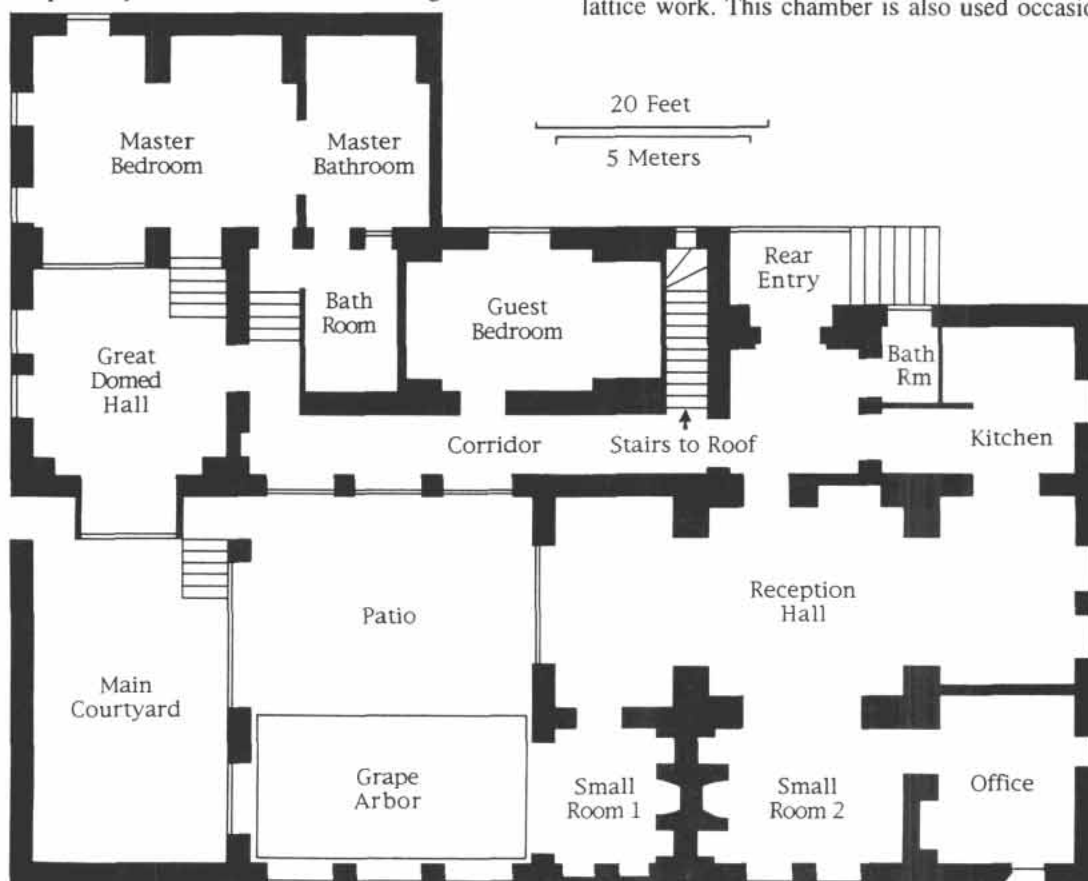
Items carried: All of the men carry cigarettes. Some carry the tools of their trade.

The men vary from lean with heavily corded muscles to rather pudgy and a little soft in appearance. All are slightly diminutive compared to the American norm of height and weight. They wear simple loose cotton *galibaya*. All of the Christian men belong to one of two professions, either farmers (*fellahin*) or carpenters (*ishaffa*).

Labib's House

The house was built in 1984 by an Egyptian architect. The security systems were established at the same time by the same firm. All arrangements were made by Aziz. The house is constructed out of white-plastered red brick in a modern rendition of traditional Muslim architecture. There are no doors; instead, apertures between rooms are covered with dense wooden screens called *mashuribaya*.

At the time of the house's construction luxurious fountains and inner gardens with soothing ponds decorated the interior. These amenities have not been kept up, however, and the once-lush green gardens lay crisp, brown, and crumbling. The fountains and ponds are dry and crusted, partially filled with the ever-blowing sand.



Main Courtyard

From outside, entrance to this courtyard is sealed by a large wrought-iron gate topped with spikes. The gate is locked with a deadbolt which triggers a light in the office when opened. There is a doorbell button under a much faded and slightly crooked sign, written in Arabic, reading "Push for delivery."

The courtyard is a quiet and shaded retreat from the sand and sun. At one time there were two large flowering bushes here in beds between the black flagstones. All that remains are dried stumps and a few leaf fragments. They have long since been scavenged for fuel on the dark, cool nights of winter. From this courtyard it is possible to view the patio above, separated by a small stair and low wall, as well as the grape arbor. At the north end of the courtyard is a heavy *mashuribaya* screen leading through to the great domed hall.

Here can be found some of the more easily transported of the artifacts and items from Tonga. Those that are too heavy were left in the sand by the back entrance. Those here remain in their shipping crates until they are ferried up to the top of Jebel Barkal.

Also here are a couple of large cardboard boxes filled with climbing equipment. There are ropes, rope ladders, harnesses, pitons, and a large assortment of other hardware.

Grape Arbor

The wooden lattice of the ceiling and walls of this chamber has been badly worn and bleached by the sun. The grape vines that once grew here have been eaten by the three sheep that are occasionally kept in here tied to the lattice work. This chamber is also used occasionally by

four of the soldiers (the ones stationed at Khartoum) for sleeping. Sometimes their bedrolls and some odds and ends of equipment can be found here (e.g., shaving kits, some stationery, boxes with some food, or perhaps a few candy bars).

The Patio

The patio once held a small reflecting pond abutted by two statues. The statues are gone now, having been sent to Tonga. Only the green marble bases of the statues, three-foot cubes rising up from the white marble flooring tiles, indicate their past presence.

There are two large *mashuribaya* screens covering doorways leading into the corridor from the patio, as well as a door atop a small raised platform (it leads to the corridor). At the eastern end of the patio is a large wooden screen, beyond which lies the reception hall.

Small Room 1

This small room at the eastern end of the grape arbor and south of the reception hall contains several nooks in the east wall for statuary. The statues are all missing from the spaces except for the seated figure of a scribe in the central lower nook. The statue is about 3' tall and 2.5' wide. It weighs about 400 pounds. The statue dates to the 25th Dynasty (c. 690 B.C.) and reads in hieroglyphics, "Nech-tanebit, faithful scholar and scribe to the glorious and wise Shebako."

Small Room 2

This room contains nooks in the wall similar to the previous room. Remaining in the nooks, however, are twenty-seven ushabti. Some are carved of alabaster, others of a black stone (basalt), and still others of malachite. A common inscription on one reads, "If anyone shall summon King Taharqa ... I shall act according to orders, whether it be planting fields, irrigating riverbanks, or even if it be conveying the sands of the west bank across the river to the east bank. ... If anyone orders forth King Taharqa ... I shall speak up in the City of the Dead, saying I am he!"

The floor of this room is black stone slab covered with an old and worn Persian carpet. There are two shuttered window openings (no glass) above a wrap-around low couch in the southern wall. There is a low brass table in front of the couch. This room was intended to be a sort of sitting and smoking room and a room for business.

At night there are often two soldiers sleeping on the couch here. Occasionally in the daytime they may be found napping here. Either way, they always have their weapons by their sides.

Reception Hall

This grand series of rooms is designed to provide a feeling of open space, power, and control. The floors are finished in a subtle gray checkerboard pattern of marble. The white walls and high domed ceilings make the atmosphere cool and quiet. There are three great Persian rugs, one in each of the three main rooms.

At the western end of the reception hall is a large recessed couch. The couch is surrounded on three sides by *mashuribaya* screens. The great arched screen behind it looks out over the patio. Against the north wall is mounted a large wall section from the inside of an ancient tomb. The scene was painted and etched into the wall of the tomb. The whole wall was cut away and removed, then remounted here.

The scene on the wall section depicts the plea by King Hezekiah of Judah for the help of Pharaoh Shebako. The pharaoh's armies are depicted marching to Judah. Maleqereabar is shown at the head of the armies wearing the high priest's garments and wielding the staff of Amun-Shaklul. In the third panel, the armies are depicted slaughtering the Assyrians led by Sennacherib. Maleqereabar is depicted trodding on the heads of the Assyrians. The portion of inscription remaining reads, "... said Sennacherib to Hezekiah, King of Judah. Hezekiah then went to Maleqereabar and told him of Sennacherib's taunting message. Maleqereabar wrought his wrath in the mountains and brought unto Sennacherib's men a vengeful horror in the darkness. At the dawn, 185,000 of the Assyrian men were dead; thousands more had fled in terror of the power of Maleqereabar. ... then returned to Shebako the Great and brought the tribute from Hezekiah." The painting is definitely 25th Dynasty Egyptian, and appears to have been cut from the wall of either Maleqereabar's tomb or that of Shebako (successful Egyptian History or Archaeology roll to determine the former, critical to determine the latter).

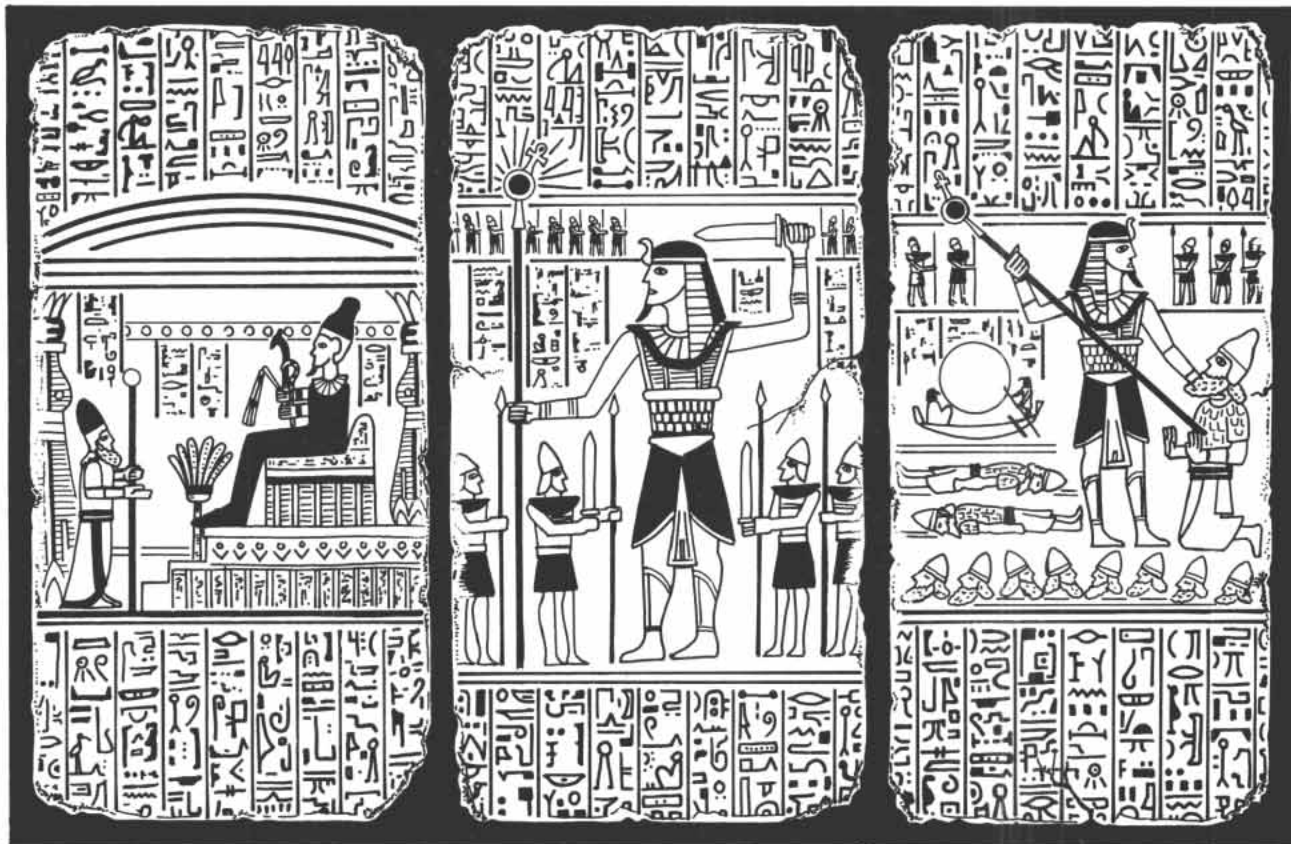
The central chamber of the reception hall is large and quiet. In an alcove of the northeastern corner is another fragment of an inscription. This fragment, unpainted and made from sandstone, may have adorned the outside of a temple or tomb. There are only hieroglyphs and a depiction of a king astride a barque. They recount Piankhi's fights against the rebels in the north. "... On his departure from Napata to throw down his challengers, favorable winds blew from the south and never ceased until he came down upon his enemy at Mendes a week before he was expected. Piankhi then drove his enemy from ..." Piankhi is depicted larger than life, standing atop the center of a royal barque. At the prow, and only knee high to Piankhi, a figure exactly like that of Maleqereabar from the west room of the hall is depicted.

The eastern end of the reception hall is the dining room. There is a large table here with ten chairs around it. Depending on when the characters enter this room, there may be a good many foodstuffs lying haphazardly around. Only the soldiers and the pilot eat in this room. It is almost always possible to find newspapers (in Arabic or German) lying on the table and perhaps an American gun magazine, etc.

Office

The door to this room is locked with a deadbolt. The door is heavy wood and the bolt sinks two inches into concrete. It has STR 22 and is virtually impossible to force by hand.

This is where Labib spends most of his time when he is staying at the house. Aziz is here often when left alone at the house. There is a large desk with a PC clone on top.



There are also a telephone, TV, fax, copy machine, etc. All equipment requiring telecommunications has a cord running up one wall and through the ceiling to a broadcast and receiving dish on the roof. It is possible to reach an AT&T operator easily from this office phone.

This room contains monitors for each of the four security cameras about the island. There are two red lights, one for the front door and one for the back door, which come on when a door is opened.

Also sitting atop the desk is a large radio unit which is powerful enough to broadcast and receive all the way to and from Khartoum. This radio is linked to the four vehicles and the helicopter. The radio unit has a digital display showing which frequency it is adjusted to (in western notation, i.e., not in Arabic). There is a Post-It stuck to the wall behind the desk, with the trucks and helicopter's frequencies. The note is written in Arabic.

There are file cabinets containing all sorts of old financial information. About ten years ago Aziz hired a Swiss accounting firm, Diethelm Financial, to handle Labib's expenses. There are a few faxes in the waste can from D.F. and this should not be too hard to figure out. It appears as though about ten years ago Labib was worth about \$3.7 billion. This information will take at least an hour to gain and will require a successful Accounting roll.

Also kept in this room are pay books for the men. All of the mercenaries except for Unsertag are paid \$50,000/year, mostly to Saudi bank accounts. Unsertag is paid \$100,000/year to a German bank account.

In the waste can of the office, amid other refuse, are three faxes. One, an older fax from the time of Mardi Gras, is from Aziz in New Orleans to Labib. It is written in Ge'ez,

a language of the Kushites. Ge'ez has yet to be deciphered and so the players will have a difficult (try impossible) time deciphering it. However, their names are printed plainly in English at the end of it; they may only guess at its content. Another of the faxes is from Labib to Aziz from aboard LeGoullon's ship. The last fax is from Labib's Japanese business associate (see Handout Sudan3).

Kitchen

This kitchen contains a large chest freezer, a refrigerator, and a gas range. There is a sink as well, which draws well water. There is a large stack of cases of 1-liter plastic bottles of water. Inside the freezer are a couple of hundred pounds of various meat cuts—goat, beef, lamb, camel, etc. There is also a large assortment of frozen vegetables. Next to the freezer are some large sacks filled with rice, pasta, and millet.

Every morning the cook comes from across the river to the west with her daughter. She arrives by a small boat that is rowed by her son. She and her daughter cook two meals for the soldiers, a noon meal and an evening meal. They are picked up by her



**Fax March 1, 1991 504-733-1281
22:10:25**

To: Mr. Labib

Fax#: 011-249-76805

Date: 19/3

From:



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(Print the investigators' names here on the handout.)

**Fax from HDSSET March 10, 1991
011-81-22-307-6771 12:35:41**

From: Hashimoto Deep Sea Submersibles and Exploration
Technology, 765 Muramasa Blvd., Kagoshima, Japan

Fax#: 011-81-22-307-6771

To: Mr. J. LeGouillon

Fax#: 011-249-76805

Mr. LeGouillon,

Merchandise that you have ordered has been shipped as per
your request. Expect delivery to Tongatapu address within six
days as promised. Confirm invoice as follows:

QTTY	DESCRIPTION	PROD. #
4	Oyabun Dive Suits	MS10024
3	Replacement Helmets	MS10024-1187a
18	High Pressure BND rebreather tanks	RT10062
1	12,000 ft High Pressure Hose	HPH00124
3	Replacement Air Lock Parts	AL10011-1028
3	"	AL10011-2401
3	"	AL10011-1162a
1	Decompression Chamber	DC10002

Thank you for your business.

Y. Hashimoto

**Fax from Proud Ariane March 17, 1991
1-34-314-664-907 09:13:55**

DR. AZIZ

FINISH PROBLEMS THAT FOLLOW FROM NEW ORLEANS
CONTINUE WITH CEREMONY AS SCHEDULED
ARRIVE HERE IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS

son moments before sundown each day. She brings what
produce and other items she needs from the local markets.

LABIDA and SAAMA, Cook and Daughter, ages 31 and 16

STR 7 CON 13 SIZ 7 INT 13 POW 8
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 8 SAN 40 HP 10

Damage Bonus: -1d4

Skills: Cook 55%; Languages: Arabic 45%, Danagla 65%

Items carried: The day's vegetables and spices.

A small Nubian mother and daughter of like appearance, the
only difference being the fifteen years between them. They both
wear colorful wraps that cover all of their bodies except for
hands, feet, and face. Every day they are rowed to and from
Abu Sobekh Island by Labida's son Deeb.

Corridor

This long arched corridor connects most of the house's
rooms and provides access to the stairwell to the roof.

Entryway and Bath

Outside of this back entrance are a few heavy crates await-
ing their helicopter ride to the top of Jebel Barkal. One
contains the piece of stone wall covered with inhuman hi-
eroglyphs from Tonga. Another contains a bloated statue
of a star spawn of Cthulhu, also from Tonga. The back door
also triggers a small red light in the office when opened.

On the back porch are stacked four 100-pound pro-
pane tanks for the gas stove. 200 pounds of rice and ten
cases of assorted Sudanese soda pop are also stacked here.

The bathroom here is the one that is used by all of the
soldiers. It contains a Mediterranean-style toilet and a
solar-heated shower.

Stairway and Roof

This narrow stairwell leads to the roof. The Spanish-tiled
roof is strong and can easily support the weight of some-
one walking. Atop the highest portion of the roof is a
receiving/transmitting telecommunications dish. There is
also a large radio antenna. At least one mercenary spends
the night on the roof wearing IR goggles. Sometimes a
second man will be there too, watching or sleeping.

After the evening of March 22 the telecommunications
dish is no longer attached to the roof. It has blown away and
now lies in some palm trees about 200 yards from the house
(Spot Hidden - 25% to notice). All communications, except
for the radios, cease to function at this time.

Guest Bedroom

This is the bedroom of Adolf Unstertag. The room is fairly
stark; however, atop a small desk are many manuals on
NATO small troop strategy, the latest in NATO arms, and
medium weapons. There are also several German books
on the life and military strategy of Rommel.

Hidden in the closet beneath some dirty clothes and
behind a couple of carpet rolls are a Stinger anti-aircraft
missile and two LAW rockets.

Unstertag's personal effects consist of items from his
grim past, i.e., bits of memorabilia from mercenary cam-
paigns around the world.

ADOLF UNSERTAG, Mercenary Captain, age 38

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 11
DEX 16 APP 14 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Rifle 65%, damage 2d6 + 1

Pistol 55%, damage 1d10

SMG 60%, damage 1d10 + 1

RPG 44%, damage 5d6/4y

Knife 90%, damage 1d4 + 2 + 1d4

Stinger Missile 50%, damage 40d6

Punch 80%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Kick 50%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Head Butt 80%, damage 1d4 + 1d4

Skills: Camouflage 70%, Climb 70%, Drive Auto 65%, Listen 55%, Pilot Helicopter 40%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 65%,

Swim 50%; Languages: Arabic 40%, English 55%, German 75%, Spanish 55%



Items carried: H&K MP5 and three extra magazines, two smoke grenades, two fragmentation grenades, German field manual for desert maneuvers.

Unsertag is a tall battle-worn Aryan. He often wears "tiger stripe" jungle fatigues. Working for Labib is the highest paid position he has ever had; he respects Labib and Aziz and is intensely loyal to them.

Unsertag has no Sanity left. The horrible things that happen around him do not affect him; he barely sees them anymore. He is obsessively concerned with serving his employer to the end. He is essentially caught in a real-life GI Joe comic strip. He is the ultimate soldier.

Great Domed Hall

This large hall has *marshuribaya* screens on both the north and the south walls. The ceiling is some 22 feet tall.

Master Bedroom

This is Labib's bedroom, but he never uses it. Aziz makes it his residence when Labib is gone, though he has no need for a bed either (for Aziz's statistics, see page 47). Consequently the bed, upon inspection, appears not to have been used for ten or perhaps twenty years. It is covered with dust, the bedclothes are moth-eaten, and there are numerous shed insect skins and silk-wrapped spider victims distributed beneath the covers.

There is a large desk with a large black leather chair, modeled after a very ancient Egyptian design. The desk and adjoining shelves are covered with papers and books. The works cover most known languages. They are about world economics, politics, ancient history of Sudan and north Africa, etc.

Among the books are several which should interest the investigators, if they take the time to look through them. There is a handwritten copy of the *Amduat* (*Book of the Underworld*) (Handout Sudan4), Dr. Kalkhe's journal of his 1968 expedition (Handout Sudan5; German skill to read), and a publication of the *Book of The Dead* with footnotes and marginalia written in hieroglyphics. To read

this annotated version will cost 1d4 SAN and add 2% to a person's Cthulhu Mythos skill. One section in particular has been highlighted (Handout Sudan6). There are also loose papers written in Arabic regarding the Call Cthulhu spell that damned Taharqa. The writing is in the first person and is in Labib's hand. The results are given, as well as some notes about why the spell may have failed and what to do next time to ensure success. Reading this work costs 1d6 SAN, adds 3% Cthulhu Mythos, and the spell Call Cthulhu may be gained (Spell Multiplier x4).

The Amduat

The *Amduat*, or *Book of the Underworld*, is very long and difficult to decipher precisely, as well as there being many different versions. The one which Labib owns has been transcribed into a leatherbound volume about 12" by 24" and two inches thick. There are only 98 pages to the work, but the papyrus pages are thick and a little uneven. It would take quite some time to decipher the work. However, there are copious notes and addenda written in the margins for about fifteen pages in the middle. This section contains the relevant phrases and passages for the seven gates of the underworld. Important passages read as follows.

... and thereupon he came to the first gate, speaking your name Ikenty the ceaseless knifing, he did protect himself from above as dates are protected from Ra god of sun and life. He then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, susrat nefer sestowret*.

Written in the margin at this point is the hieroglyphic for palm frond.

... journeyed the many passages says the way, he came to the sons of his enemies, the opponents Kefty. They said the biting words upon his family but he who passes did not hear, protected by stoppers of the urns and wine. He then spoke the second charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, nectanet tewosfer shumut*.

Written in the margin at this point are the hieroglyphics for sound, tallow, cotton, and soaked.

The traveler's party came between the two sides of the serpent children of Abu-Ashbu. He spread the drying sands of the dead shores upon which nothing has grown, and he was then protected from the Ashbu poison. Passing, he then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, thered luser ashbu*.

Written in the margin at this point is the hieroglyphic for salt.

... the boat came to a shore beset with the great serpent Apophis and eater of gods, Apophis of the many heads and his allies. In a great battle many gods were slain and finally the traveler slew the great serpent with the crooked staff through the eye. The lake of life lay ahead and the travelers had no boat or wind to sail by. He built another boat by the destroyed pieces and carried them across by the traveler's breath. He then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, mestet Apophis amseru*.

Drawn in the margin at this point is a small solar barque and the hieroglyphics for small and papyrus reeds.

... beheld Seqed the fire serpent and the final child of the legless god. He who travels was badly burned before Mesemekhbet the protector of souls came to his aid and fanned away the flames with his great wings. He then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, Mesemekhbet tutosen fustem*.

There is a line from the name Mesemekhbet to hieroglyphics for vulture, part, and wing written in the margin.

Finally in his last hour the traveler came to the gate before the last. There stood the god dwelling there, scribe and recorder of the two lands. He had five questions for the traveler and his guests, and they were answered with truth. There followed beer and bread from offering cups. He then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, utchat mesru sutegeret*.

There is nothing written in the margin at the end of this passage.

Before life was taken again, one of the company was offered to Ammit, keeper of souls. He then spoke the final charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, shared wadjet rheketsunefer*.

Next to this section is the hieroglyph for ushabti.

In one of the drawers of the desk is a notebook-sized metal box with a small lock. Labib is the only one who carries the key and so the lock must be picked. It is a round-key style of lock and is -75% to pick. On the outside of the box is a sticker with an inventory number corresponding to the Sudanese National Museum catalog numbers. Inside are eight sheets of ancient papyrus and a thin sheet

Fragments from T. Ptolemy's Observations

Concerning the Kushite Dynasty of Egypt. From temple inscriptions, textual translations, and spoken memory.

Early in the Kushite reign, an abstraction of the Egyptian deity Amon took place.

This god was notably bastardized by the dread priest Maleqereabar into a resemblance of the primitive savage god worshiped by local Nubians.

Psametk I of the Saite Era recorded that Maleqereabar was "taken" soulfully during a ritual performed for the King Piankhi.

Necho, a royal scribe under Nectanebo II, documented the issuance of a decree by Maleqereabar to send out ... find the wisdom of the gods.

Maketu, a healer of Ethiopia, wrote that the great priest of Amun-Shaklal gave forth an eye to allow his god to see into the world of men.

... obvious that some wisdom was brought back but the effect of that eventually became expressed as a monarchy of terror, exhibiting unusually harsh treatment of captives and slaves. For this ... human sacrifice ...

It is written on the pylons at the Temple of Horemheb at Jebel Silsileh ... Piankhi and Shebako failed to carry out the bidding of Amun-Shaklal. Maleqereabar "The One-eyed" lived through their disfavor and persevered to advise wisely the following rulers.

... Taharqa came to a disagreement with Amun-Shaklal ... Maleqereabar at a great feast (dinner). Maleqereabar however was taken with disfavor and Taharqa was forced to continue without the ancient one.

Taharqa's great work of protection, in the face of the coming Ashurbanipal of Assyria, rivaled those of the deceased ancient, and from the tombs at the Oracle of Siwa, it is written that Maleqereabar's spirit lived on in his form.

... well known that Taharqa fell into disfavor with his god during this final ceremony, but from the waters beyond Cathoom, in the region of Ethiopia, there is a tale of a king named Tarkuhua.

... the legend, the king tries to trick an enemy god, Cthulhu, into unleashing a great storm against the rising Ashurhyua. The god was angry though for this arrogance and crushed the temple about the king, killed his subjects, and imprisoned him in a waking death.

... must note the shattered nature of the Temple of Rameses II, across from ancient Thebes and Karnak.

... numerous accounts of unusual brutality. ... Shebako's burning of 1000 prisoners, Piankhi's vigil which saw a hundred slaves killed atop ...

... Maleqereabar's great confrontation with Sennacherib which saw the deaths of a hundred prisoners and the entire Assyrian host.

... sacrificial augury with children.

... from the now destroyed temple of Amun-Shaklal at Jebel Barkal, at the fourth cataract.

T. Ptolemy

of chemically saturated cloth to prevent aging. The writing on the papyrus is in Ancient Greek. The author's seal is inscribed on the last page as T. Ptolemy. Extensive research may reveal that the papers were written by Tutto Ptolemy around 100 B.C. The papers, though badly damaged, contain fragments of observations that were made by Ptolemy during studies and translations of ancient works. If a character is knowledgeable in Ancient Greek, allow one skill check for each fragment (Handout Sudan7).

The closet of this room is filled with a dozen Italian suits. All fit Labib's dimensions and none has ever been worn. Behind the suits is a medium-sized wooden shipping crate. Inside the crate are four canopic jars. Each jar is made of alabaster and is about 24" high. The jars look as though they have been in the crate for many years (in fact, since 1968). The jars are all empty; this can easily be determined by holding them up to the light. Each jar is inscribed with hieroglyphics: "Taharqa the Great, his journey be safe." Each of the four jars resembles one of

Handout from Book of the Dead

"The passage of Osiris through the door and its posts"

I made use of the tablet in creating a pool of water. Come then pass in over this door of this Hall of Maa_ti, you know us. I will not let you enter over me, says the bolt of this door, until you say my name. Weight of the place of right and truth is your name. I will not let you enter by me, says the right post of this door, until you say my name. He weighs the labors of right and truth is your name. I will not let you enter by me, says the left post of this door, until you say my name. Judge of wine is your name. I will not let you pass over me, says the threshold of this door, until you say my name. Ox of Keb is your name. I will not open to you, says the bolt-socket of this door, until you say my name. Flesh of his mother is your name. I will not open to you, says the lock of this door, until you say my name. Lives the utchat of Sebek, the lord of Bakhau, is your name. I will not open to you, I will not let you pass over me, says the dweller at the door of this door, until you tell my name. Arm of Shu that places itself of the protection of Osiris is your name. We will not allow you to pass by us, say the posts of this door, until you say our names. Serpent children of Rennut are your names. You know us, pass then by us. You shalt not tread upon me, says the floor of this hall, until you say my name. ... (Herma_aref) I am silent, I am pure, because we do not know your two legs that you tread upon us with; tell them to me then. Traveler before Amsu (Menu) is the name of my right leg. Grief of Nephthys is the name of my left leg. Tread then upon us, you know us. I will not question you, says the guardian of this hall, until you say my name. Discerner of hearts, searcher of reins, is your name. I will question you then. Who is the god dwelling in his hour? Speak it. The recorder of the two lands. Who then is he the recorder of the two lands? Su-Thoth it is. Come, says Su-Thoth, come you hither (?). I come advancing to the examination. What then is your condition? I, I am pure from evil all. I am protected from the baleful acts of those who live in their days, I am not among them. I have examined you then. Who goes down into the flame, its walls are [surmounted] with uraei, being his paths in that same lake? The traverser is Osiris. Come forward then, indeed you have been examined; your bread is from the utchat and your beer from the utchat, are brought out to the sepulchral offerings upon earth from the utchat. He has decreed it for me.

the four sons of Horus, the hawk-faced god. Imset, Hapy, Duamutef, and Qebhsenuf bear the heads of a human, a baboon, a jackal, and a hawk, respectively.

Bast Nefer

Labib has a large pet cat named Bast Nefer. The cat hangs around the master bedroom and other nearby rooms during the day. At night the cat is out and about the grounds hunting and being generally stealthy. The cat is very large and very lean, about two feet high at the shoulder. It is pale gray with black paws and ear tips. Both of its ears have been pierced. The left holds a small but thick gold hoop; the right holds a similar hoop as well as an onyx stone seated on a gold post. The cat also wears a double-banded gold collar, inset on the breast with a lapis lazuli scarab.



Bast appears to be at least semi-intelligent, or perhaps just has a strong sense of sadistic cleverness. The cat is dangerous to unwanted visitors and all of the men except Aziz, and the acolytes avoid the rooms where it often rests. It will not attack overtly, however; it prefers to attack from ambush and then flee before its enemy has a chance to hurt it. Its favorite method is to spring down on someone's head from one of its many hiding places.

The wounds inflicted by Bast Nefer heal at half-normal rate. They are also exceptionally painful.

BAST NEFER, Lurking Cat

STR 7 CON 12 SIZ 5 INT 15
DEX 20 POW 11 HP 9

Attacks: Claw 85%, damage 1d4
Bite 50%, damage 1d4

Master Bath

This room is very peculiarly outfitted. It is where the acolyte priests have taken up residence so they can be close by their lords. There is a single large bedroll on the floor. Next to it, against one wall, is a series of three small offering tables. On each table, depending on when the PC's arrive, are a few small offering cups. Each cup may be filled with oils, wine, fruit, bread, water, meat, etc.

Standing in the recessed alcove to the north are the two missing stellae from the Sudanese National Museum. Each weighs about 450 pounds. They are each 6' x 4' and 4" thick. They are currently held against the wall with large iron brackets. The stellae depict a complex series of lines and angles, circles and arcs, all arranged against a background of small stars and faint drawings. Inscribed amid the strange geometry is the following in hieroglyphics: "Many paths of power lead to the many corners of the world and many more beyond. I stand astride the corners and master the god's breath (flow) to rule. Maleqereabar the Ancient."

If a great deal of time is spent examining the tablets ((20 - INT) x 10 minutes), it may be guessed that the geometry of the left tablet relates somehow to locations on the Earth and that the lines indicate proper navigational directions to reach these points. This may be guessed at after the above period of study (Idea roll), or after a successful INT x 1.

At the center of the left tablet, beneath one of the intersections, lies a caricatured drawing of Jebel Barkal (Spot Hidden to notice). With a critical Astronomy roll an investigator may figure out that another intersection of prominence may lay somewhere in the South Pacific. If extensive photoreferenced measurements are taken, it may be determined later that there is an intersection directly over the Tongan temple. This would take a great deal of time and resources to discover, however.

The right tablet also depicts a strange geometry in a sort of 3-dimensional pattern. There are numerous arcs and tangents drawn from two fields of stars. One field extends into the distance from above, the other from below. The arcs and tangents lie between and seem to point off toward a point beyond. This tablet refers to the room at the base of the upper temple in Tonga called the Pillars of Heaven. At a central point of convergence is a single hieroglyphic word: "Duat" (the underworld).

If tapped, the right panel will sound different than the left. The right panel has a decidedly hollow sound to it (Listen Roll + 25%). It will be very difficult for the players to remove the panel should they try. The brackets are deeply bolted into the wall and the proper tools would be necessary in any event. Of course the panel may be broken through the use of a sledge or some other large solid object. It is difficult to break through, however, and would require a great deal of noise and commotion.

Behind the right panel is a dressed alcove that was designed to contain a medium-sized piece of ornamental statuary. Now, however, it contains a great scroll case and the scroll inside it. The case is three feet long and about eight inches thick and sixteen inches wide. It is heavy black leather, with two large ebony handles protruding from either end. The case has a cap on one end that fits over the handles of that end and fastens to the tube with four straps secured with toggles. The outside of the case is inscribed with the hieroglyphic words, "Maleqereabar's Wisdom."

Inside the case are two ebony spools. The scroll is completely wound onto one (the other is to take up the portion that has been read). This work is written entirely in hieroglyphics that are very similar to Ancient Egyptain, but have been slightly altered (-5% to Read Hieroglyphics). The first page reads, "I, Maleqereabar the Ancient, put to writing the knowledge of the past, future, and present. The power of knowledge is greater than the power of men."

The book is an account and record of all of the primitive knowledge that Maleqereabar was able to gather throughout his life. It contains the spells Call Cthulhu, Invoke Ushabti, Call Shaktal, Sekhmenkenhep's Words, Extend, Final Feast, and Bring Haboob. The scroll costs 1d10 SAN to read, adds 12% to a person's Cthulhu Mythos skill, and has a Spell Multiplier of 4. Note that this scroll contains the corrected version of the spell Call Shaktal, safer for casting than the one that Maleqereabar cast moments before losing his soul.

The only spell that is clearly marked is Extend. The rest are mixed together in a confusing manner with bits and snatches scattered here and there through the text. If an investigator with Hieroglyphics skill examines the text, he may make a skill check to notice one clear section heading called "Immortality." It is beneath this that Extend is described.

Maleqereabar included one caution with the spell. Once it has been cast, "the immortal must avoid contact with the writhing surf or be betrayed to his years, for the power to live beyond death is not of this realm." If a character reads and comprehends this spell, he will also comprehend this cautionary note. The description of exactly how the spell works is not present. There is also no information as to what may happen if the caster were to die.

3 Acolyte Priests

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Athame 45%, damage 1d8 + 1d4

Punch 40%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Bite 70%, damage 1d2

Skills: Hide 40%, Listen 55%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%;
Languages: Ancient Kushite 25%, Arabic 55%, English 10%, Hieroglyphics (Read/ Write) 30%, Tribal 60%

Spells: Summon Asp, Yield Power

Items carried: Long black athame (sacrificial knife), amulet of Amun-Shaklul

The three acolytes are taller and darker than any of the mercenaries. They have been hand chosen from tribes in the north of Sudan. Each man is regal-looking, tall, and slender, with strong features set in pitch-black skin. Each acolyte wears a pure white, thin robe, beneath which is concealed a long, black-bladed athame.

Outbuilding

In here are stored many tools—digging and excavating supplies for twenty men, extra tires, cans for water, etc. This is also the location of the generator for the compound. The generator runs constantly, being refueled by one of the soldiers every eight hours or so. There is a thick power cable strung loosely from the top of a palm tree above this small building to the roof of the house, where the dish sits.

Other Items of Interest

- 1,000-gallon fuel tank near chopper pad filled with Jet-A
- 1,000-gallon fuel tank near chopper pad filled with unleaded gasoline
- 4 Land Rovers, each equipped with:
 - 3 spare tires
 - 1 boosted radio (300-mile range)
 - 25 gallons of water
 - 25 gallons of gasoline
 - 1 AK-47 w/100 rounds of ammunition & 3 magazines
 - 1 day's emergency rations for five men

Sikorsky S-76C Helicopter

This helicopter was new in 1991. It can hold up to thirteen passengers and two flight members for a total of fifteen. It is currently outfitted with two four-person seats facing one another, one against the forward bulkhead and one against the aft. It has large sliding doors on either side of the passenger area as well as doors on either side of the flight crew area.

■ Helicopter Statistics:

Max speed = 178 mph

Cruise speed = 159 mph

Max range (no reserve) = 500 miles

Max range (30-minute reserve) = 421 miles

Max cargo = 5,000 lbs

Max rate of climb = 1,500 feet/min

Max ceiling = 11,800 feet (both engines)/2,000 feet (single engine)

Powered by two turboshaft engines. Possible to maintain control after loss of single engine.

1 FN-FAL .308 assault rifle with two 30-round magazines and 100 rounds of ammunition

Cable hook-up and hoist (4,000-pound capacity)

Radio with 300-mile range

DC3 Cargo Plane

LeGoullon Enterprises owns two DC3 twin-engine cargo aircraft. Both planes were built in 1939 and have had numerous alterations since their original construction (old Eastern Airlines markings are still faintly visible). One of the planes is currently in Japan. The other is flown from New Orleans on March 1 to the Sudan by Jerry Padilla. He carries the crates from the Tongan temple and lands in the desert near Jebel Barkal.

The planes can carry up to 8,500 pounds of cargo. This assumes they are fully loaded with fuel and have only a two-person crew. The planes each have a 1,540-mile range and a flight ceiling of 20,000 feet. Without any cargo the planes will require about 2,000 feet of runway; fully loaded they require about 2,750 feet.

The planes are 67 feet long with a 93-foot wingspan. Inside, the cargo compartment is about 7 feet wide and about 45 feet long, with about 6 feet of head room. Each has a large cargo door toward the rear of the aircraft and a smaller door equipped with a foldable staircase at the front. Neither plane runs too well. Starting the engines creates large clouds of gray and black smoke as they come to life. It takes about six minutes to ready the plane for take-off from a cold start.

JERRY PADILLA, Pilot, age 36

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

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Shotgun 50%, damage 4d6/2d6/1d6

Skills: Drive Auto 35%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Navigate 65%, Pilot Airplane 60%, Pilot Helicopter 75%; Languages: Arabic 10%, English 55%, Spanish 15%

Items carried: Sunglasses, 12-gauge shotgun in helicopter, sometimes an old spiral notebook showing maintenance on Labib's helicopter (it hasn't been maintained well at all).

Jerry is a short American guy originally from Miami. He wears jeans or shorts often, usually with a Hawaiian shirt and a leather jacket. He wears "state trooper" Ray Ban sunglasses. Jerry has a bit of a Napoleon complex. He tends to be extremely hot tempered and may make unfortunately rash decisions under pressure.



Labib's Mercenaries (8)

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Rifle 50%, damage 2d6 + 3
Pistol 50%, damage 1d10
SMG 45%, damage 1d10
Punch 65%, damage 1d3 + 1d4
Knife 50%, damage 1d4 + 2 + 1d4

Skills: Camouflage 35%, Climb 50%, Drive Auto 35%, Listen 40%, Pilot Boat 20%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 55%

Items carried: All have Steyr 9mm automatic pistols in holsters. Six of the soldiers have H&K MP-5's, and there are also six FN-FAL's to go around. There are two pairs of IR goggles used by whomever is on guard duty on the roof.

All of these mercenaries are Arabs. Each wears dark green camouflage and black combat boots. None wears a helmet. They often jabber incessantly in Arabic, making silly jokes to one another and giggling like children. Adolf has trained them well, though, and they will react well in a combat situation. They will show overt fear of the Lost Tuareg, however. They won't cower in their boots necessarily, but they will avoid being in the same area or cooperating with the Lost Tuareg.

From the Journal of Dr. Kalkhe

16 February 1968

Our first day on site. All the hassles and headaches have been worth it. Tel El-Napata is huge beyond my imagination. Everywhere there are walls and columns protruding from the sand. I think it would take a lifetime to investigate the history of such a ruin. Fantastic.

As the sun sets, sending the Saharan sky into a blaze, the canvas of our new tents rustles in the evening breeze. Oswald is making some of the local beans for dinner and with some bread. I will go to bed a full and satisfied man.

Tomorrow Sammy and I will journey into the village to begin hiring diggers and maybe hire a cook and some camp help. It is as beautiful here as it always is when I first return to the field. I hope that by the end of our season I am not as eager to return to Munich as I always seem to get.

17 February 1968

A long and hectic day. Sammy and I made arrangements for twenty workmen to begin assisting us in only three days' time. We have hired a cook and two girls to help out around the camp and they will begin tomorrow.

Tomorrow I will walk around the site and begin the process of elimination for the locations of our test pits. Oswald says he located a good place to begin in what looks like a royal cemetery. Tomorrow will tell much about the future of this whole season.

18 February 1968

I think I found evidence of work began by Török or perhaps by Garstang near where Os suggested we begin. I declined his suggestion in favor of working closer to the pyramids and further from the town area. My first objective I think will be to survey and map the existing cemetery structures. Meanwhile I will have Herman and Max supervise the basket girls and diggers in clearing the base and associated graves of the largest of these pyramids.

All of the structures appear to have been broken into at some time but perhaps in some corner of a shaft tomb there may still be some artifacts or useful relics.

20 February 1968

Herman and Max began work with the diggers today. It is a wonderful sight to see the sands begin to part and the hidden treasures revealed. Not two hours into digging I came to the familiar call of "Boss!" echoed out over dunes and rubble-strewn pyramids. The workers had come across the telltale rectangular excavation of a shaft tomb. We will leave it full of sand for the time being, waiting until the rest of the surrounding area is cleared as well.

The surveying goes slowly. Oswald and I make a good team for completing the task with great accuracy. However, with just the two of us it may take two or even three weeks before the mausoleum is fully mapped. One thing I must say, though, the maps and photographs are sure to please our backers. Anything to reveal the vastness of this site.

I have been thinking often of my colleagues since this morning when the first hint of a sandstorm blew in. How exposed the site is. I can see

how the winds could have blown Garstang and Török practically all the way to Morocco from here. Also, I think I am beginning to fall prey to the "Egyptian stomach", as it is called locally.

22 February 1968

Heavens, but the winds do blow here. The diggers are having an awful time just keeping up with the shifting dunes, not to mention making any progress. One showed up this morning with a hugely swollen foot. Apparently he struck himself on the foot yesterday with his hoe and over the night he has gained a grievous infection. I tried to send him home but he refused, as he is eager for the pay. I then considered sending him home with pay but thought better of it as I noticed I was being closely watched by the other diggers. That is all I need, to be paying an entire village to lay sick in bed. And damn the dysentery that kept me there today.

26 February 1968

Four days of fever and blowing sands. Oswald and Sammy have begun the surveying again and today Max overturned the bronze head of a Roman statue. It now sits atop my desk, staring at me blankly. I know they have put it in here to try and raise my spirits but the blank stare of who, Claudius, well whoever, it does not make the violence inside me subside. Instead it looks rather mocking. No matter, our first material culture number of the season and it looks to be of the first century A.D. Progress is progress, though I think I will send the diggers home tomorrow if the wind does not subside.

1 March 1968

Both the diggers and I return to work today. I have changed the site of our original excavation to the windward side of pyramid 2b. It is not the highest remaining monument but the basal dimensions are the largest of any around and I think perhaps we will find that it was the largest at one time. Oswald and I will continue the surveying and now that we have begun to make progress against the sands once again, I think Sammy should be able to find enough to occupy herself.

14 March 1968

Time slips past. The excavation is proceeding exceedingly well. Today Oswald and I completed our survey of the upper cemetery area. 32 pyramids with an associated 79 burial structures. Fantastic. With a stroke of luck we seem to have begun our excavations on the western side of Pharaoh Taharqa's pyramid. The immediately adjacent pyramid in this group (2), pyramid 2a, appears to belong to Pharaoh Piye or Piankhi. Sammy has found references to both names in the temple structures on its eastern face. This makes it seem probable that our choice of location has placed us in a group of pyramids all dating to the 25th Dynasty of Egypt.

Tomorrow I will break the team of diggers into two smaller groups. I will take one into the town of Napata and the other can stay with Herman and Max.

16 March 1968

As it is only Faiza and myself here in camp this morning I will steal a moment and try and relate the events of yesterday. I can see how my predecessors quit their operations here after only a day or two working in the ruined city of Napata.

Even as the sun came up, I could tell that the heat would be particularly bad in the slight depression that the city sits in. By morning tea the heat distortion was so bad that it became impossible to see the pyramids at all, and Jebel Barkal became a floating island over the shimmering ruins of Napata. I realized by the midday break that we had better get out of there before the animals or, indeed, even the workers began to go ill from the heat. But it was too late, I fear. Before we had the cart fully loaded, Ala's donkey fell to its knees and would not get up. I stopped the men from beating it finally by explaining to them that we could leave the equipment and walk out and when night came, the donkey would join us.

Some of the men, however, insisted on carrying some of the equipment, and so I suggested the theodolite and tripod, as well as some small figurines that we had discovered in one of the houses of the city. The height of the midday sun greatly distorted the path, and as we could not see the pyramids or other landmarks, well, we tried our best. Some of the men got separated when there was an argument about the correct direction. The rest of us seemed to make it out rather in the last moments of our endurance, and I fear for the health of the others. I did manage to recover the surveying instruments, but the men with the statuettes were among those to separate from us. I do not know exactly how hot it got but it felt like trying to breathe the air from an oven. An odd thing, too—just before we were to exit, I thought I saw one of the men from the other group, and though we shouted and waved to him, I thought for sure I saw him turn and walk the other way. And of course, just as soon as we returned to camp the blasted wind came up again, and fierce, too. It blew down the tea tent and tried to finish off the curation tent.

18 March 1968

Saba appeared unexpectedly today, carrying that huge book of his and demanding that I sit with him right then and enter our finds with him peering over my shoulder. Of course he stayed through until dinner. The worst insult, however, was the taking of that bronze head, a small intact offering table, and four female figurines. He proclaimed that is was standard procedure for him to protect all of the better finds by removing them to the museum in Khartoum. Well, in my thirteen years I have never handed over antiquities until at least the end of the season. I suspect he was pressuring me for some baksheesh but I would have none of it. I sent him on his way with his goods. I will probably see them in the markets of Cairo on my return trip. That is probably also what happened to the workers who disappeared in Napata too. Damn these people.

20 March 1968

Have completely exposed the tops to what appears to be three shaft tombs on the west side of Taharqa's pyramid. Found one of the figurines from Napata in the curation tent this morning. I suspect someone began to feel guilty.

22 March 1968

The fires of the Bedouin camp atop Jebel Barkal last night were spectacular against the starry night sky. The distant sounds of their braying songs carried hauntingly across the ruins of Napata. Herman, Sammy and I stayed up well into the night to watch their solemn dances in the distance. It was probably one of the most "tribal" or "authentically primitive" festivals I have ever seen. I spoke with Jamal at morning tea about the dancing and he said it was to celebrate the rebirth of Amun-Shakal, the Bedouin spirit of death and the night. Fascinating that they would have incorporated at least the name of the Egyptian god Amon into their mythology. I will have to speak to Uрман about the religions of these peoples when I return to Munich.

Another inspection by that worm Saba today. He wants us to catalog every last potsherd and limestone fragment in his big book. I know he is still hungry for the baksheesh that I denied him on his last visit. But today he dared to tell me that I was not to proceed with an excavation of one of the shaft tombs without his supervision. I told him that he had best not bother to return to Khartoum tomorrow then as I planned on beginning at dawn. Even though I hadn't I didn't like the prospect of having to wait for him to haul his fat self up here again.

23 March 1968

Down 4 meters in excavation pit 2a for the season. Just sand, sand, and more sand. No writing on the bare limestone walls and there is no included cultural material either. Can make out pits in walls that were once either scaffolding supports or foot holds.

24 March 1968

Made 3 more meters progress in 2a today. Began 2b in the adjacent shaft pit. Miserable workers chatter and create too much of a ruckus when they are not working. First signs of some inscriptions on the walls of 2a. Sammy spent both breaks in the pit trying to decipher them but she could not.

26 March 1968

2b ended today at a depth of 9 meters. There was no sign of inscription anywhere along the walls, nor in the short transverse passage at the bottom. There were some remains of what appeared to be a limestone sarcophagus but it was badly broken and bare of inscriptions as well. I can only wonder what treasures may have been there at one time.

Progress continues in 2a; we are now at a depth of 12 meters and still going. Sammy says the inscriptions describe offerings of servants, animals, food, boats, and weapons and wealth, but that the recipient is not named.

I laid the grid for the excavation of 2c before sunset. We will begin that tomorrow.

27 March 1968

Came upon the bones of a horse at 14 meters in 2a today. Saba came running with his book when the workers began shouting and exclaiming. He was right there with his bag and book as the bones came up, and he insisted I number them and then deliver them to him to be returned to Khartoum. This went on until after all of the bones were out and there were no material culture items found. He then emptied his bag and went off to his tent with a few puffs of frustration. Made another meter of progress before quitting.

2c looks promising. The walls are inscribed less than a meter from the surface. It appears to have been the burial of a priest of some prominence. The inscriptions appear to date to the 25th Dynasty, along with those of 2a.

28 March 1968

2c yielded wonderful finds today. Several intact earthenware pots and jugs as well as a complete earthenware offering table and many small cups and offering bowls. It is unfortunate that Saba was so close by as all of the items have been taken to his tent and await transport to Khartoum. But perhaps of more value are the inscriptions on the walls. It will take most of the rest of the season for Sammy to transcribe them. At a cursory examination, it would seem that at one time a priest of Amon by the name of Hobadji was buried here during the time of Taharqa.

29 March 1968

After working in 2c most of the day, Sammy revealed that Hobadji probably died or was put to death shortly after Taharqa died. There is a phrase which says something like, "who served his Taharqa (may he live forever) even after he died (passed on)."

The horrid winds have returned it seems. Only by drilling into the stone around the shafts and erecting a canvas screen is it possible to keep them from filling with sand. The rest of the excavations are already dune-covered once again.

18 meters in 2a and still no bottom.

30 March 1968

Mixed blessings today. We reached the bottom of 2a and everyone was quite let down to find that it was a blind bottomed shaft, and that aside from some complicated inscriptions it was quite empty. But luckily the worm has packed his things and left for Khartoum, so he is out of our business for a time anyway.

2a finally ended at 21 meters, quite deep for a shaft tomb during this era. Tomorrow I will descend myself and, with Oswald and his camera, we will have a more detailed look at the inscriptions down there.

31 March 1968

The most amazing thing! The west wall at the bottom of the pit is false. Though it is covered by some odd complex inscriptions, it is in fact plaster, or at least a portion of it is, and it remains intact. After break Sammy and Oswald and I will return down to record the inscriptions on the door and then perhaps we shall open a small hole and have a look inside.

I am this day a fulfilled man. The door conceals a passage leading to an intact tomb. The tomb holds none other than Pharaoh Taharqa himself. Or at least that is what Sammy, Oswald, and I have agreed upon. I am quite sure of this fact despite conflicting reports from Garstang that Taharqa's tomb has already been excavated. Sammy copied down the door and together we took several photos of it. Then Oswald chipped a small hole in the upper right corner. Unfortunately, a small quick blast of the trapped stale air, no doubt laden with coffin dust, caught him off guard and sent him into a fit of choking and heaving. But, through that small hole, I could see a passage, and at the end of that passage, gold and silver statues. How beautiful. Tomorrow the real work begins. Oswald is resting now and I am on my way to meet with Sammy to discuss the doorway inscriptions that she is working on. Such a future we have made for ourselves in just a few brief moments of luck. Such a reception we will have upon our return.

Interestingly, Sammy noticed that the door bears the name of Hobadji as the author or performer of the sealing ritual.

Finale: Return to Tonga

Wherein our intrepid investigators finally come face to face with their hidden enemy, Ibn Yassin Ibrahim Labib

Nuku'alofa

If the characters are coming directly from the Sudan, they will need proof of a yellow fever vaccination within the last three years to enter the country. Consult the first Tonga section (page 6) for other arrival information.

It is not too difficult to bring firearms into the country once they have been carried onto a scheduled flight. As long as nothing is obvious, and they are not declared, firearms in checked luggage will not be noticed. Have your players make Luck + 25% rolls to avoid having the least bit of inquiry as to where they have been and what they are carrying. If a character takes precautions, such as dressing in loud tropical clothing, being well groomed, and uttering loud and brash tourist phrases—"My, it sure is humid!"—increase his chance by 50%.

Upon their landing, inform the characters that the clouds are very low and dark. The sky is extremely heavy with moisture and a storm looks imminent. The sea is getting rough and there is a certain tension in the air. People who were once charming and delightful seem agitated and uncomfortable. The streets are less crowded than on their first landing here. The people who are out and about have a look of determination on their faces rather than the usual easygoing melancholy.

There are taxis and shuttle buses leaving from the airport frequently, and there is a sizable selection of luxury hotels to choose from on the island of Tongatapu. It is a fairly small island and no matter where they stay they will be close to the harbor, the airport, and downtown. It is important not to dwell too much on the details at this point. All of the players' attentions should be focused out to sea, toward the waiting *Proud Ariane*.

Available Information

From the Port Authority

It can be learned that the *Proud Ariane* is out to sea some twenty-four miles east of Avua'tutu. Labib's yacht, the *Allah Hu-Akhbar*, is in the area, either anchored in the bay of Nuku'alofa or at sea next to the *Proud Ariane*. It will take some sweet talking or a good excuse to pry this information from the older islanders who manage the country's main port. Again, the staff are somewhat irritable.

From Tongan Aeroservices

Tongan Aeroservices is a small air charter company. They shuttled Labib out to the *Proud Ariane* on March 19. Aziz and company went out on March 26.

From the Newspaper

Tongan Informer, March 26, 1991 (Handout Tonga4)

Meteor Misses Tonga

Many sightings from around the greater island area were reported yesterday around 4:00 p.m. of a meteor traveling across the sky from west to east.

It is believed to have struck the ocean somewhere in the vicinity of Avua'tutu. Apparently the Avua'tutu residents were extremely distressed at the meteor's sighting. "Such a thing represents a very bad omen to them," said Dr. Robert Atuotupu of Government University. The residents have proclaimed three days of fasting in response to the omen.

According to Dr. Po'uo, also at Government University, meteors are not uncommon for this time of year. However, he reports that they represent little danger to the island inhabitants.

The Allah Hu-Akhbar

Labib's yacht, the *Allah Hu-Akhbar* ("God is Great"), is close by. It is anchored near the *Proud Ariane* until March 24. At that time Labib dismisses it to anchor in the port at Nuku'alofa. The crew have orders to return to anchor beside the *Proud Ariane* again on the morning of April 1.

The *Allah Hu-Akhbar* is a 375-foot pleasure yacht. It is one of the largest in the world and is said to have cost more than \$90 million to construct. It was purchased before Labib encountered "The Eye", thus it was outfitted in a style somewhat different than what Labib would now choose. The design and even the furnishings are all in a sort of techno-modern style. The sleek craft is painted all black and looks more like the crest of some giant sculpted obelisk rising up through the water than a pleasure boat floating atop the ocean.

The original 65-person crew has been trimmed down to a leaner 45 since "The Eye" came into Labib. They are all of Saudi Arabian descent, as was the original crew. At first Labib's firings and sudden changes to the operational procedures were met with quiet skepticism from the crew.

However, with time and effort, the new Labib has managed to win the crew over to his side. The crew are now intensely loyal to Shaklatal, and can effectively be considered as his crazed cultist followers. They are well armed and will not allow the vessel to be boarded under any circumstance. It is seldom necessary for them to use force, though, as the ship and Labib's name both command a great deal of respect from foreign governments and customs authorities.

It is virtually impossible for the PC's to get aboard this ship. The sides are very high and sleek and there are security cameras around the perimeter of the ship which are monitored twenty-four hours a day. None of the crew is allowed shore leave except the captain, Ali Hassan, and the navigator, Deeb Ibrahim. Hassan is a shrewd older Arab gentleman with tightly cropped graying hair. He is a veteran commander of the Saudi Arabian Navy, and he knows his way around seagoing vessels and ocean-borne combat. Ibrahim graduated from Columbia University in the United States with a degree in Nautical Engineering. He is younger, but has an excellent knowledge of the equipment aboard and the science of navigation.

If for some reason the PC's should find a way to get aboard, they will find, in essence, a small luxury liner. There are two swimming pools and a jacuzzi on the aft sun deck. There are two ballrooms, a pair of grand dining rooms (one for daytime meals and another for dinners), and a private movie theater, all on the middle deck. The kitchens are fully equipped with facilities to prepare meals for up to sixty guests. There are twenty comfortable staterooms, each with a bath and two single beds (it's the Arab way), as well as a huge master suite encompassing two floors in the bow of the ship. Beneath these areas are the crew quarters, with rooms for two, four, and six people. Also on these lower levels are the ship's utility areas including laundry, maintenance, storage, engine, and mechanical.

The ship is very large and would take quite some time to explore. The only real rooms of interest would probably be the pilot house and the master suite.

Pilot House

This room contains all of the controls of the vessel. It is outfitted with the latest in navigational facilities, including radar, Loran, Global Positioning Systems, autopilot, trip and progress computers, and data links to satellite weather information. There are maps and charts for much of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The exact coordinates of the lower temple are marked on the Tongan island charts.

Master Suite

The master suite is decorated in the same style as the rest of the yacht. There is a great deal of stainless steel, smoked glass, and black leather. At first glance the rooms appear to be devoid of any personal touches. There are furniture, some fancy electronic entertainment equipment, a wet bar, a jacuzzi, a kitchenette, etc. Inside a cabinet over the 37" color TV, however, are two dozen ushabti. The figurines are from the tomb of Taharqa and bear the same inscriptions as the ones in Labib's home on

Abu Sobekh Island. These are warrior ushabti, however, and all have either clubs or swords grasped in their crossed arms.

These figurines will be activated if the PC's prove to be an excessive nuisance to Labib. If they kill any of his crewmembers he will send some of the ushabti to assassinate them when they arrive in Tonga.

This is a good place to put anything that the players may have missed up until now: perhaps the scroll of "Maleqereabar's Wisdom", the Greek papers from Labib's desk in Sudan, the handout from the *Book of the Dead*, the *Amduat* handout, Kalkhe's journal, etc. The less the investigators need to find any further clues here, the more difficult it should be. Time should not be wasted at this point in the adventure; pacing is very important.

Crewmember Cultists (45)

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapon skills: Knife 30%, damage 1d4 + 2 + 1d4

Punch 55%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Grapple 50%, damage special

Club 55%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Pistol 55%, damage 1d10

Rifle 50%, damage 2d6 + 3

Skills: Climb 40%, Dodge 30%, Jump 40%, Listen 45%, Row Boat 20%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 30%; Languages: Arabic 60%, English 15%

Items carried: Knife or pistol when seeking to kill PC's; FN-FAL rifle when defending boat.

The Arabic men and women who make up the crew are all very similar in appearance. They are all selected for their indistinct appearance and lack of noteworthy features. They generally wear loose-fitting white cotton garments of traditional Arab design. When they go ashore, however, they wear conservative western styles made from thin loose white cotton.

Warrior Ushabti (24)

STR 18	CON 18	SIZ 14	INT 12	POW 11
DEX 16	APP 15	EDU 6	SAN 0	HP 16*

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapon skills: Knife 50%, damage 1d4 + 2 + 1d4

Punch 60%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Grapple 50%, damage special

Club 85%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Sword 85%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 50%, Jump 50%, Listen 75%, Row Boat 30%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 60%

Items carried: Club or sword

*The living ushabti must be bodily destroyed in order actually to stop it from attacking, i.e., burned up, torn limb from limb, blown apart, etc.

The Proud Ariane

The *Proud Ariane* is a 145-foot marine salvage vessel. LeGoullon bought it to use for drug smuggling in the Gulf of Mexico and around the Caribbean Islands. He outfitted her with a crew masquerading as treasure hunters. She served in this capacity for only two years before LeGoullon's encounter with Labib. Within just a few months the

Proud Ariane was sent into drydock for a refit. The latest in deep sea exploration equipment was installed at that time—decompression chamber, an array of sonar and side-scanning sonar systems, two remotely operated vehicles (ROV's), extra long tether spools for deep reaching cables. There are also ten dry suits. These modifications nicely accentuated the existing cranes and lifts necessary for a salvage ship.

If the PC's search this ship, it may be possible for them to find both the fragment of the *Book of the Dead* and Labib's copy of the *Amduat*. Both items are left on the bridge of the *Proud Ariane* after the morning of March 26 in Labib's locked leather briefcase.

Crew

The ship is staffed by a skeleton crew of four—a pilot/navigator, a maintenance officer, and two deep sea operations specialists. Along with this crew are four henchmen, hired through Adolf Unsertag by Aziz as divers and to guard the ship and serve as laborers. All of the ship's crew have had their minds raped and then stolen during a long feast with Labib. The crew are entirely devout and will obey the commands of Aziz and Labib to the death. Having little left of their minds, the crew are all somewhat lacking in personality. They contain at best only traces of their former mannerisms. When spoken to they appear to be extremely fatigued. However, they are perfectly alert and awake.

MICHEL LAFON, Pilot/Navigator, age 45

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

Damage Bonus: None

Weapon skills: Pistol 45%, damage 1d10
Flare gun 55%, 1d10 + 1d3 burn

Skills: Mechanical Engineering 45%, Navigate 65%, Pilot Ship 75%; Languages: English 45%, French 70%

Items carried: A lighter and a cigar (though he often just sucks it).

Lafon is a sailor cast in an antique mold. He continually has yesterday's gin on his breath, last week's stubble on his chin, and this morning's cigar hanging out of his mouth. He will probably not live to see 50.



LOWELL MEYERS, Chief Engineer, age 53

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapon skills: Pistol 35%, damage 1d10
Club 55%, damage 1d6 + 1d4

Skills: Electrical Engineering 77%, Electrical Repair 75%, Mechanical Engineering 85%, Mechanical Repair 80%, Operate Computer 55%, Operate Heavy Machinery 55%; Languages: English 60%, French 15%

Items carried: Often some tool, a cup of coffee, maybe a donut or a sandwich depending on the hour.

Meyers lives in the 1950's. He has a big beer gut, a thinning gray crew cut, and thick black GI eyeglasses, and always wears plaid short-sleeved shirts with a collar.



XIAOHUNG ZHAO, Deep Sea Operations Expert, age 28

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 7 INT 17 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 9

Damage Bonus: -1d4

Skills: Mechanical Engineering 45%, Pilot ROV 75%, Pilot Submarine 65%, Theoretical Physics 85%, Undersea Operations 65%; Languages: Chinese 85%, English 35%

Items carried: Mechanical pencil

Zhao got his Masters degree at MIT in theoretical physics. He is a short round-faced Asian man who has a case of perpetual bed-head. His white dress shirt is tucked in front and untucked behind. He is very good at manipulating the controls of both the ROV and the minisub.



BILL PEYTON, Deep Sea Operations Expert, age 31

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 15 POW 8
DEX 11 APP 9 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Electrical Engineering 85%, Electrical Repair 85%, Marine Biology 55%, Mechanical Engineering 95%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Pilot ROV 25%, Pilot Submarine 25%, Undersea Operations 65%, Zoology 30%

Items Carried: Circuit tester, candy bar, binoculars

Bill is very overweight. He wears T-shirts which don't quite make it to his belly button and shorts which don't quite make it over his crack. His straight sandy brown hair and his facial acne make him look about 20. Bill is fascinated with sea life and spends much of his time watching birds and anything else he can see.



Hired Mercenaries/Divers (4)

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4**Weapon skills:** Rifle 50%, damage 2d6 + 3

Pistol 55%, damage 1d10

SMG 30%, damage 1d10

Knife 50%, damage 1d4 + 2 + 1d4

Punch 60%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Grapple 50%, damage special

Skills: Camouflage 45%, Climb 50%, Dodge 30%, Jump 40%, Listen 45%, Pilot Boat 50%, Row Boat 30%, Scuba Diving 60%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 60%**Items carried:** Depends upon situation: Each man can arm himself with either an FN-FAL assault rifle, an HK MP5, or a Beretta pistol. At other times the men may be armed with fishing poles and bottles of beer.**Equipment Aboard**

There are a total of nine of the hard-shelled, deep sea diving suits. As of yet no more than four of them have been down at any one time. The suits are kept in a custom-built set of lockers along the aft deck. There are five lockers along each of the starboard and port sides. There is a large mobile hoist that can move fore and aft above the lockers and which is capable of lifting two of the suits at a time. Four of the suits are red, four are yellow, and one is black.

There is also a minisub, the *Thouris* (for the dark Egyptian hippopotamus god). The large black cylinder, about 18 feet long and 4 feet in diameter, is capped at one end with a large clear polyurethane dome; the other end is a lockable pressure seal. The sub is anchored to the ship beneath its hoist. The hoist stands above the starboard side of the ship, just forward of the suit lockers.

The *Proud Ariane* is also outfitted with a variety of scuba equipment, pumps and suction hoses, generators, underwater lights, underwater flares, a helicopter landing pad, etc. The bridge contains the latest in navigational facilities, radar, Loran, GPS, autopilot, trip and progress computers, and data links to the Global Weather Service. It is capable of receiving and sending telephone signals and it also gets satellite TV.

The ship is currently anchored at the edge of the Tongan Trench, about twenty-four miles east of Avua'tuopavo, directly above the lower temple. The ship is tethered to the lower temple by means of a large umbilicus. The umbilicus is fastened to the anchor chain to prevent the current and rough seas from yanking on it. The umbilicus contains a reinforced air hose (used to depressurize the lower temple), an electrical cable, two communications cables, and a steel support cable.

The Oyabun Hard Suits

These suits are rated to a maximum depth of 2,800 feet. They have an oxygen recirculation system with a power scrubber and a manual backup. They are certified to provide breathable air for 72 hours of continuous use. The suits have 24 hours' worth of battery power.

They are equipped with wireless underwater communications gear and hookups for cabled electrical commu-

nications. For safety equipment they have an oral/nasal mask for life support in the event of power failure. They have an emergency reserve battery that will last for twenty minutes at half power. Also included is a flashing beacon, a tracker/locator pinger, a ballast jettison for emergency ascent, and a lift cable jettison facility.

The suits are made of laminated glass, reinforced plastic, and aluminum. The limbs are constructed from aluminum, are fully articulated, and have fluid-supported joints. Out of the water they weigh 2,130 pounds, but in the water they are neutrally buoyant (with in-water adjustment).

It takes two people and about five minutes (two if panicked) to get into and properly seal one of the hard suits.

There is not much room inside the suits. It is possible to fit only a pistol in with someone who is larger than SIZ 12, a submachine gun with someone who is SIZ 9-12, and a broken-down assault rifle for someone SIZ 8 or below.

Getting Aboard

If the players choose to go aboard the ship, they must first find some way to get to it. They may hire a helicopter from Nuku'alofa, but if all of the crew are on board, they may find it dangerous to try and land. Labib's men will try to wave off an unauthorized landing, and if there has been previous trouble, they will fire on the unwanted helicopter. It is also possible to hire a boat from Nuku'alofa, or from Avua'tutu for that matter. Newer and more powerful boats can more easily be hired from the former, of course. It costs about \$600 per day to hire a 33-foot fishing boat from Nuku'alofa. Again, Labib's men will not be happy about a strange boat approaching too closely.

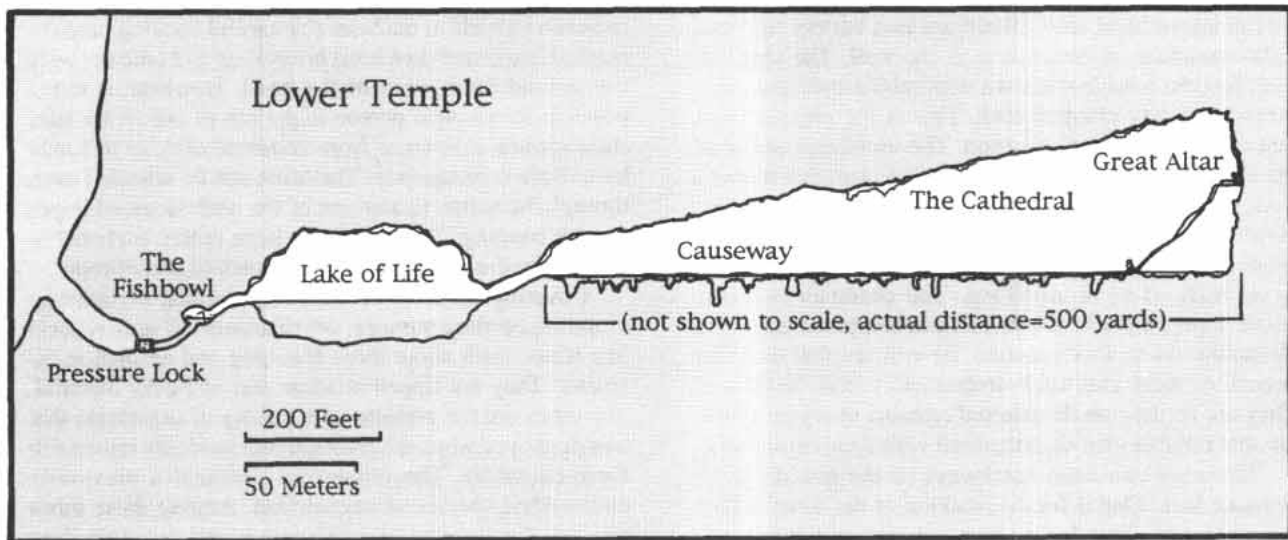
The characters' best bet is to approach at night under cover of darkness. It would not be too much of a problem to reach the ship with a small craft that is fairly quiet. Remember that the *Proud Ariane* has good radar, though, and any boat of size would probably be noticed approaching. The best time to board is of course after March 30, when the ceremony below has begun and the ship is deserted except for the skeleton crew.

If at any time the characters are captured, they will not be killed. Instead, Labib will smile and tell them they are to be taken below and offered as sacrifices to Shaklatal. They will be bound and taken to the altar platform on the night of March 31.

Lower Temple

For thousands of years the lower temple lay covered in debris and sediment, forgotten at the end of an age which passed long before humans existed. After the Eye of Shaklatal managed to take possession of Labib, it sought this temple using the two stellae that were inscribed by Maleqereabar.

Upon finding the small island cult devoted to Hina, Labib set his underwater exploration force to locating the



temple entrance. The team located the lower chambers of the upper temple and managed to calculate the bearing of the entrance to the lower temple. However, while examining the upper temple, Labib's team scuffled with the islanders. Two of the team members were killed along with many of the villagers. The preserved heads of the two divers are on stakes at the *malae* on Avua'tuopavo. Two of the islanders wear parts of the red and white scuba suits that were used by Labib's men.

The opening to this temple lies some twenty-four miles to the east of Avua'tuopavo, in a direct line from the Pillars of Heaven through the Chamber of the Moon. It is located on the eastern wall of the Tongan Trench, some 2,200 feet below the ocean surface.

When Labib's team sent the submersible down to explore the eastern wall of the Tongan Trench for the entrance to the lower temple they found nothing. They resorted to subsurface seismic exploration which revealed the chambers and passageways that were buried by time, and unfortunately attracted the attention of Dr. Volk. The team had, however, located the entrance, and they set to work with some small explosives to clear it. Explosives were insufficient to clear the entrance appropriately, so the Japanese company of Hashimoto Deep Sea Submersibles and Exploration Technology was contacted for assistance. With the help of several of Hashimoto's hard suits and some deep sea mining equipment progress resumed. Within three days the ancient entrance to the lower temple was re-established.

Labib entered first in his black hard suit. Everything was at least as good as he expected; invigorated, he set his men to work. Within a couple of days his men were modifying the outer passage in order to fit the pressure seal that

Aziz had ordered. Within a month the seal had arrived and was lowered to the entrance via the *Proud Ariane*. The airlock was hastily manufactured by a Chinese firm, but it fit snugly into the descending passageway. It was further pressed into position by the pressure differential, as the umbilicus was attached and began to reduce the pressure inside of the submerged temple.

Within a week the pressure in the temple was no more than 3 atmospheres. The men began removing the temple statuary, sending it to the surface with salvage balloons. The men also ferried statuary from the Sudan down and into the temple. Labib returned to the site to inspect the pressure seal and the work's progress on January 28. It was moments after his return from this inspection that the players met him in the airport on Tongatapu.

Labib has set out to create Duat, the underworld of ancient Egypt. He believes that by doing so, and successfully overcoming the guardians and gates found there, he may bring himself more power and perhaps bring Shak-latal back from beyond.

Getting Inside

A thick (about 8" diameter) umbilicus trails down from the anchor chain to disappear into the darkness. Two thousand feet down it leads into the maw of a huge underwater cavern. The entranceway to the temple is a roughly 40-foot circular gaping cavern that opens ominously into the east wall of the Tongan Trench. The opening stands out as being particularly dark against the already blue-black depths. It is surrounded by recently blasted bare rock free from any sort of life. The entrance marks the opening of a descending passageway that plunges straight into the solid rock of the ocean floor. The tunnel descends irregu-

larly some 160 feet, maintaining an approximately continuous diameter of 40 feet. At this point the shaft begins to narrow abruptly as well as to decrease its angle of descent.

Ahead, a small glimmer of light appears. At the point where the tunnel is nearly horizontal, it ends in a fifteen-foot diameter steel wall. There are two battery-operated lights mounted on the outside of the wall. The area surrounding the outside is strewn with rubble and small fragments of newly chipped rock. This is the pressure lock that Labib had set into position. The umbilicus enters on the lower left side of the steel wall. If a character makes a Spot Hidden, he will see a cryptically colored fish hiding amid the blasted rubble. It is horribly ugly, being sickly mottled in color and having such a huge mouth in relation to its body as to be revolting. The character will also notice some fragment of tattered flesh half protruding from its mouth. As he looks around, he will see that there are several of these fish, each unique and a little disfigured. They are feeding on the tattered remains of a gate guardian that Labib's men disintegrated with their explosives.

There are two main hatchways on the outside of the pressure lock. One is for the docking of the submersible; the other is to allow for the passage of men in hard suits. Both doors open from either side and neither are lockable.

Once inside the lock, the doors are closed and sealed. There is only a single door in the following ten-foot diameter steel wall. All of the doors in both the inner and outer walls are composed of two parts. There is an inner section which opens inward and an outer section which opens outward. Combined the two sections are more than two feet thick. It is not possible to have both the inner wall door and an outer wall door open at the same time. This is controlled by an electronic failsafe mechanism. Once people are inside the lock it is possible to close the doors behind and open the doors ahead.

Within, it is possible to see that the umbilicus penetrates to the inner chamber. There is a small panel next to the inner lock door which reads 1.34 ATM's of pressure inside.

Beyond the lock lies a passageway that is about five feet tall and eight feet wide. The walls are almost perfectly smooth black basalt. The chamber begins to ascend slightly and so it is necessary for those in hard suits to move in a sort of leaning over position. The ascent steepens after about thirty-five feet to almost a 10% grade. After continuing about 100 feet through solid darkness, except for what illumination the characters provide, the chamber suddenly opens up into a large bowl-shaped chamber about forty-five feet across. At one time there was a pair of inscribed stone doors across this opening; Labib's men blasted them open. All that remains are a couple of indentations where the hinges were.

The Fishbowl

The passageway opens upward into the bottom of the bowl. In the center of the room the water is about ten feet deep. The sides curve upward to where there is a rim around the edge of the room that is immersed in about two and a half feet of water. There is no floor above the water level in this room.

Against the far edge of this room is a large power hoist for lifting the hard suits. The hoist is hooked to a large cubic power source that is attached to another cable leading to the umbilicus. The power source has three unused underwater outlets, each 120v. It is possible for a person to attach himself to the hoist (by careful backing onto the readied hook) and then hoist himself up and onto the wide rim around the bottom of the bowl. However, it is not possible for a single person to get out of one of the hard suits without assistance from someone else, so this may be of little consequence. The hoist can be wheeled over, through the water, to any one of ten wall-mounted hooks for suit hanging. There is also a large pulley anchored to the wall in this room and several hundred feet of rope.

Covering the floor of this room, around the opening of the descending passage, are thousands of gray rubber-like tubes, each about three feet long and an inch in diameter. They are tipped in some sort of fleshy material. The tubes are the remains of a colony of organisms that was destroyed when the pressure was suddenly reduced in these chambers. The organisms represent a previously undescribed species of cephalopod. Among these tubes also lay the remains of many crates and accompanying packing material.

To the right, as one surfaces from the descending passage, there is a seeping spring oozing water onto the wall and into the chamber. Around the seepage are complex purplish-yellow, crystalline mineral growths. These were formed when this room was filled with water completely and now are beginning to crumble.

The only bit of dry ground in this room is behind the point of entry. There is a three foot square pedestal rising about two feet above the water. At one time the statue of the bulk with wings that animated and broke out of the 747 stood here. Now a six foot long, three foot high, ram-headed sphinx stands in its place. The sphinx is from the 25th (Kushite) Dynasty of Egypt and bears the hieroglyphic inscription, "Taharqa (may he live forever) built all that is here and empowered me to be watchful of the enemies ere his return." Appropriate skill checks are necessary to determine this information. It may also be noticed (Spot Hidden) that the statue has been recently placed here by the scratches in the pedestal.

There is a continuing passageway leading out of this room. It is located about five feet up the wall behind the hoist and continues upward at an approximate 10% grade. This passageway levels off after another fifty feet and continues to grow drier, though there is a small trickle of water running down the center of the passage.

The Lake of Life

At the point where the continuing passage levels off, it begins to widen and then abruptly descends again. After it widens to about thirty feet across, the ceiling rises to about twenty feet high and the passage ends in a large underground, freshwater lake. The lip of the lake just reaches the top of the descending passage so that a small trickle from the edge overflows down to the Fishbowl. The shore here is about fifteen feet wide and the bank has a slope of about 15%. From this edge it is not possible to

see the far end of the lake, unless there is someone at the other end with a source of light.

This lake is about 110 yards across. At its widest point it is no more than twenty yards and it averages about fifteen. The ceiling disappears above into a large linear fissure. It is actually about 100 feet high. The lake has a definite bottom, though from the characters' point of view it may not appear so. It is about sixty feet deep, sloping steeply upward at either end.

After March 21 there is a six-foot papyrus boat here. It is styled after the solar barque with which Ra, the sun-god, made his journey through the underworld.

At the far end of the lake is a similarly sized entrance-way, about thirty feet across and twenty feet high. The passage continues forward, narrowing somewhat, and then curves upward again. After about fifty feet, at a point where the passage has narrowed to about eight feet wide and five feet high, it levels off again. The umbilicus trails out of the lake and continues up this passage.

The Cathedral

At the point where this passage levels off it opens out into the expanse of a vast cavern. At first the scale of the cavern is difficult to determine. The umbilicus stretches out of sight. There are two brightly glowing lights against a distant wall apparently 100 feet away. As it turns out, the distant lights are actually extremely powerful lamps and are about 500 yards away. They stand atop the great altar, some 200 feet above the level of the floor on which the characters now stand.

This chamber stretches for some 500 yards forward and roughly 100 yards to either side of the entry point. The walls are very irregular, as is the floor. There is a rough causeway, leading toward the lights, on which the umbilicus cable has been lain. The causeway is not flat, however, and is even moist and slippery in a few places. The ceiling above the point of entrance is about 100 feet high and slopes upward toward the other end of the chamber to its peak of about 340 feet. The walls slope inward to make a sort of vaulted dome. The walls, ceiling, and floor are all formed from coal-black basalt.

Covering the walls and ceiling are huge mineral growths and deposits. The feathery crystals and glistening columns are everywhere in the cavern. Lights in the cavern play peculiarly off these natural reflectors and often illuminated eyes or wet, slippery forms moving against the walls can be seen. Have the players roll INT x 5 to avoid the horrible visions. If they fail to make that roll, have them make a SAN roll for 1/1d6 loss. The crystals glow with an empty whiteness and with pale yellows and blues. Huge masses of them cascade in jagged points and curls from the hanging arches, sometimes reaching fifteen feet long.

If a character tries to walk along the causeway toward the raised altar at the other end of the chamber, he must make two DEX x 5 rolls to avoid slipping down and off. One slippery spot is about 20 yards from the entrance; the other is about 150 yards from the altar. To the right and left of the causeway the floor is a tumult of pools and ridges. Most of the pools are mere inches deep but a few

are vastly deep with indeterminable bottoms. The black stone of the floor is outlined here and there by pale mineral deposits around the edges of some of the pools. Pool sizes range from 2" to 50 yards in diameter. If anyone should die in here, a new pool will be seen to grow near where the person fell. No pools will be formed on the altar platform or along the causeway; instead, pools will appear closely adjacent to these permanent structures. The size of the pool is directly proportional to the deceased victim's POW.

The great altar sits on a 200-foot high platform of deep gray ropy volcanic rock. The platform is shaped like a truncated pyramid. The ramp/stairway resembles a huge stepped waterfall instantly transformed into solid rock. There is still water seeping over the ramp, and it is very slippery without some precautions being taken (DEX x 2 or Dodge skill to avoid a fall). Climbing equipment can render the platform easily scalable. There is a slippery chute-type channel on the left side of the platform (as one faces it). This channel was used at one time for access to the top of the platform by some ancient writhing form. Now the channel leads straight down the side and into a large (ten yards by twenty-five yards) pool. This pool is one of the extremely deep variety and it is recommended that no one enter it. The water is very cold and very dark.

At the end of the causeway and at the base of the platform are two protrusions in the stone. Each of them is about ten feet to either side of the causeway and about five feet high with sheer walls and flat tops. Before Labib's men removed them, the statues of star spawn of Cthulhu stood atop here. Now there are two other statues, one atop each of the two protrusions. Each statue resembles a bound and mummified human and is carved from red granite. The bindings stop just below the shoulders, freeing the arms. One wears the crown of Upper Egypt, the other the crown of Lower Egypt. Both statues have inscribed on their bases in hieroglyphs, "Pharaoh Taharqa (may he live forever), life he gave to me, Khefty."

Atop the cascading stone platform stands the great altar. The altar is about fifteen feet long and eight feet wide. It is a large raised pool, its sides composed of pure white mineral deposits. The pool is at least ten feet deep, although the sides only stand about three feet above the surface of the platform. Behind the altar was a likeness of Great Cthulhu. Labib's men broke off the many tentacles and chipped away the eyes and brow. All that remains now are some 10"-diameter stumps protruding from the wall. Also atop this platform once stood the "copper-from-above" brazier.

The wall behind the platform is a single huge mass of vertical mineral deposits. Water continues to seep down and over these and onto the platform, around the altar, and down into the pools below. If a character carefully examines these mineral growths, which look like multicolored stalactites, he will notice their strange translucent quality. In fact, a character examining these must make a POW vs. POW roll against a 20 POW in order to escape stupefaction. If a character makes the roll, he must then make a SAN roll for 1d4/1d10. Mirrored in these crystals is the real world around the character, full of dark flapping beasts, huge gnashing teeth, and wormy writhing masses.

It is important to create an especially vivid feeling of atmosphere during the finale. The players must feel that they are thousands of feet beneath water and stone, with a small metal door keeping back enough pressure to squish their chests and bodies in less than a heartbeat. It is important to develop a feeling of isolation. Concentrate on the darkness of the depths. Remember that the characters can see no more than dim shadows beyond about five feet or so. As the characters follow the huge passages and tunnels with nothing other than their frail suits and little lights, remember that this is like putting your hand through a dark hole in a wall, only a thousand times worse.

The Ceremony

On March 24 at about 4:00 p.m. a shooting star or falling meteor appears out of the western sky, assuming that Aziz succeeded in performing his ceremony in Sudan. The bolt of power sears through Labib and dives into the ocean, plunging down into the lower temple. Labib is on the deck of the *Proud Ariane* with two of his soldiers. He has been there for two days in preparation for the coming energy. As the bolt strikes him, all of his clothes and hair are burnt off. His stature and presence grow tenfold from his increased power. From this point on his POW is 300. He performs a ritual of his own design which "closes the eyes" of Cthulhu within the temple.

From this point on he wears full pharaonic regalia—a white skirt that is pleated and gathered at the front, gold bracers around his wrists and biceps, and a heavy gold and jeweled necklace over his shoulders and breast. From now on he also wears the red crown of war. The jewelry was stolen from the Sudanese National Museum; the

crown and clothing were custom-made. Labib also carries a gold staff. The staff has a bent head with a tilted ankh atop, and a small split fork for a base. It is about three quarters of an inch in diameter.

Labib begins to practice control and use of his new power on the morning of March 25. Before mid-afternoon, an unexpected weather system blows in and remains due to Labib's undertakings. He reads from the *Book of Gates* and also from *Amduat*, the *Book of the Underworld*, almost continually.

Labib has decided that April 1 will be the most astrologically auspicious date on which to bring Shaklatal's Ka into himself. The weather continues to grow worse as Labib continues to practice the great rituals.

At about 6:00 p.m. on March 31 Labib and the four hired divers don their hard suits and descend to the temple. The divers bring their pistols (the only weapons they can fit inside their hard suits). Labib carries the tallowed cotton, salt, and ushabti necessary for his passage through the gates. The palm frond, miniature barque, and vulture wing are each entrusted to a separate acolyte. Aziz and the three acolytes from Sudan are taken down to the temple about three hours later aboard the *Thouris*. Aziz and the acolytes wear dry suits. About three hours later (12:00 midnight) Zhao and the *Thouris* resurface and the remaining crew hoist the minisub into its moorings.

Deep below the surface, Labib takes his position behind the altar. Aziz is at his side. One of the acolytes stands next to Labib and holds a large black umbrella high over his head. This acolyte is to follow Labib throughout the ceremony, never faltering from his duty. The other two acolytes stand off to either side, one at the top of the chute, the other at the opposite edge. The four soldiers stand around the base of the platform.

Labib begins to chant at midnight. His voice resounds clearly off of the walls. He can be heard all the way down to the Fishbowl. He is speaking in ancient Kushite, however, so it is impossible to understand him. The spell he casts to bring Shaklatal's Ka forth takes only four hours.

Toward the end of his casting the pools begin to rumble and roil, though they are not hot. The mineral deposits lining the walls begin to glow, as does the great altar. The pool in the altar begins to glow so brightly that the stone rim surrounding it appears a brilliant white and Labib and company become difficult to see from below.

At the instant the Ka of Shaklatal is brought forward, the two electric lights on the platform explode in a cascade of sparks and the entire chasm grows dark except for a pale white glow of the altar.

What portion of Labib that was Maleqereabar is now gone. Labib is now completely overtaken by the Ka of Shaklatal. His eyes burn red and his skin blackens. Anyone who sees him like this must make a SAN roll (0/1d4 loss).

Cthulhu has been waiting for this, however. The Great Old One is dimly aware of these goings on and seizes this opportunity to attempt to destroy Shaklatal, or at least send him back to his prison. Cthulhu will not be able to do this without help, however. Shaklatal is tremendously powerful at this point and it will not be difficult for him to overcome the seven gates of the underworld.

Finale Timetable

19 March Labib arrives on Tongatapu. He is ferried out to the *Proud Ariane* by Tongan Aeroservices.

21 March Papyrus boat is taken down to the temple in the minisub.

22 March Papyrus boat is assembled and put into Lake of Life.

24 March Labib receives power from Sudanese ceremony.

26 March Aziz and the remaining members of the Sudan team arrive at 1:30 p.m. in Nuku'alofa. They are ferried out to the *Proud Ariane* by Tongan Aeroservices. Unless the PCs are very crafty and escape his notice, when they arrive in Tonga Labib will send a few of the crew from the *Allah Hu-Akhbar* to attempt to kill them. If they fail, he will send four of the ushabti warriors.

31 March Labib and crew descend to the lower temple at 6:00 p.m. Aziz and the acolytes descend about three hours later.

1 April The ceremony begins in the first seconds of this day, moments after midnight.

For a few seconds the entire chamber stands in darkness except for the altar glow. Just as Shaklatal stretches his arms wide as if to grasp at the walls, huge tentacles sprout from the broken stubs of the head of Cthulhu behind the altar. The characters must make a SAN roll (1/1d6).

In the first round the acolyte near the edge of the platform, the one holding the vulture wing, is bound and crushed by one of the tentacles. This attack momentarily distracts Labib. If the players have been taken captive and are still on top of the platform, now is their chance to escape. Aziz will be able to follow the characters (and he will), but Labib must overcome each of the seven gates.

During the next round Labib's voice rumbles out ancient syllables and the tentacles dry and shrivel. He does this without particularly looking at them. Instead, he collects the fallen vulture wing and begins advancing toward the edge of the platform.

The Gates

Gate 1: The Ikenty

The first gate that Labib faces begins to form as soon as he takes his first step toward the edge of the platform. Huge, pale blue, chitinous, jointed legs issue from the altar pool. They rise up twenty feet and descend around its perimeter. The legs are horribly shaped, long and variously thick and thin (SAN roll for 1/1d6). One leg comes down and pierces the acolyte standing at the top of the descending chute; he drops the miniature barque. The legs begin to writhe and clatter. This is the guardian of the first gate, called *Ikenty* ("ceaseless knifing"). The acolyte who was pierced by the leg suddenly sprouts twenty smaller versions of the jointed limbs (roll for SAN loss of 1/1d4).

Labib picks up the barque; he then takes the palm frond from the hands of his remaining acolyte. He holds it lightly above his head and begins to descend from the platform. The legs continue to writhe and sprout but they ignore Labib as he passes on down the cascade. The acolyte remains at his side, holding the umbrella. As the acolyte descends he slips and falls, bumping into Labib and knocking him slightly off balance. When Labib reaches the bottom, he commands the soldiers to kill the stumbling fool. Each soldier fires several shots into the acolyte, eager for his master's approval.

Gate 2: The Khefty

The soldiers carrying out Labib's order manage to distract themselves as he prepares for the next gate. He pulls the tufts of tallow-covered cotton from his belt and inserts them into his ears. This gate's guards are called *Khefty* ("opponents"). The two statues begin speaking simultaneously. Their voices sound as if they are talking in a normal voice only inches from a person's ear. They begin to utter "the thousand curses." Without protection, the first curse strikes all who hear it impotent and sterile for the remainder of their lives (POW vs. POW against a 55 POW to avoid). The statues are then silenced as Labib speaks the second charm of passage.

Gate 3: The Ashbu

The next gate to be overcome manifests about halfway along the causeway across the floor of the great chasm. The pools on either side begin to bubble and froth. The stone rims and ridges that separate the pools begin to writhe (SAN roll 0/1d4). They begin to buckle and whip, finally separating themselves from the floor altogether and whipping in mid-air.



Great stone serpents, or Ashbu, form the guards of this gate. Labib spreads the salt from his little bag liberally upon the floor ahead of him, ignoring the snakes and his followers. The serpents attack each person on the causeway once per round at 40% for 1d4 damage, ignoring Labib and anyone else who spreads the protective salt. With each wound a victim must make a POW vs. POW roll against a 20 POW or lose the affected limb to permanent paralysis. The serpents have 20 HP each, 10 points of armor, and 15 STR. They will continue to attack even after a victim has fallen. After two rounds Labib speaks the third phrase of passage, "*Ene bebel felenem, thered luser ashbu,*" and exits the Cathedral.

Gate 4: Apophis

The next gate manifests as Labib and what remains of his company reach the Lake of Life. The walls of the passage suddenly pulse and a great swarm of huge coils boil up from the floor and down from the ceiling. This is the great serpent Apophis. All of the coils belong to him. He begins to crush his foes immediately. Whoever is left of the entourage, besides Labib and Aziz, are killed in these coils. Labib quickly speaks the fourth charm of passage and even he is surprised when nothing happens.

The snake does not cease its attacks. Instead, it sprouts heads along its flanks of all those who have died so far in the lower temple. There are the heads of the three acolytes and those of any mercenaries and any PC's who have died (roll SAN 1d2/1d8). At the same time it sprouts the heads, it bites down with its great serpentine head upon Aziz (or someone other than Labib, if Aziz is not here). The divine venom kills Aziz instantly. The next round, Labib manages to free his staff from the coils and pierces Apophis through the head, also piercing Aziz in the mouth.

Labib then boards the small papyrus boat and, standing at the prow, he lifts the miniature barque to his face and gently blows into its sail. Magically, the small boat in which he is standing moves quickly and steadily to the other side. If the PCs were to try and boat across this lake somehow, they would find that their paddles met with no resistance on the water. It is possible to swim across, or to pole or line a boat across, but it is not possible to paddle. If for some reason the boat is no longer there, Labib will swear mightily and kill any of his minions (other than Aziz) who is still around. He will eventually swim across.

Gate 5: Seqed

As Labib sets foot on the far shore, the umbilicus begins to writhe. It bursts its connections and rears up with a fiery sparking head. This is Seqed the fire serpent. The serpent belches blue flames onto Labib, but they do not affect him. The flames are blown backward down the tunnel as Labib lightly waves the vulture's wing he carries. He speaks the fifth phrase of passage and the serpent falls to the ground. The flames remain for about ten minutes, however. Labib passes through them with no harm, but any PC attempting to pass would take 1d6 per round for three rounds, even at a run.

Gate 6: The Sphinx

The second to the last gate is the last one inside of the lower temple. As Labib enters the Fishbowl, the ram-

headed sphinx utters a low growl. Labib speaks the sixth phrase of passage but, again, this is not enough. This is the "Gate of Worthiness." The sphinx asks Labib five questions. Though they converse in the royal dialect of 18th Dynasty Ancient Egyptian, anyone witnessing the conversation will "hear" the questions and answers in his native tongue inside his own head. The statue of the sphinx does not animate; the questions are asked telepathically. Labib, however, does speak aloud.

"Who is the god dwelling in his hour? Speak thou it."

"The recorder of the two lands."

"Who then is he the recorder of the two lands?"

"Su-Thoth it is."

"Come, saith Su-Thoth, come thou hither?"

"I come advancing to the examination."

"What then is thy condition?"

"I, I am pure from evil all. I am protected from the baleful acts of those who live in their days, not am I among them."

"I have examined then thee. Who goeth down into the flame, its walls are seated with uraei, being his paths in that same lake?"

"The traverser Shaktal is."

"Come forward then, verily thou hast been examined; is thy bread from the utchat and thy beer from the utchat, are brought out to the sepulchral offerings upon earth from the utchat. Hath decreed it he for me."

It takes Labib twelve minutes to converse with the sphinx and arrive at the correct answers. When he is done, he raises one of his warrior ushabti and puts him into one of the hard suits laden with extra weight. He then dons his hard suit and leaves the lower temple, following behind his subject.

Gate 7: Ammit

Outside, he faces the final gate. Ammit, the Keeper of Souls, will take and consume a soul for every time the door to the underworld is opened. Shaktal is ready for this and as he exits the passage, he pushes his recently raised subject out into the abyss. If for some reason he was not able to make this sacrifice, a gigantic (SIZ 250) part hippo, part lion, part crocodile beast will rise up from the depths and utterly consume him. Otherwise, Labib speaks the last phrase as soon as he is aware that the falling man has been eaten, about thirty seconds after leaving the entrance to the caverns of the lower temple. If he makes it that far, he is free forever. There is little the PC's can do at this point. He will go on toward his goal of destroying human life and civilization. He will have brought the Ka of Shaktal back from the underworld.

Stopping the Ceremony

When the characters arrive in Tonga again, they will probably have a couple of days before April 1. They will need to use this time wisely. When the time for the ceremony comes around, decide whether or not to leave any of the hard suits at the surface. It would be possible for Labib, Aziz, the three acolytes, and the four soldiers to each take one of the hard suits down with them, leaving none at the surface. If you desire for your PC's to have the opportunity to take one of the suits down, then have the group

descend as is written. Either way, it is likely that they will end up taking one of the suits to the surface.

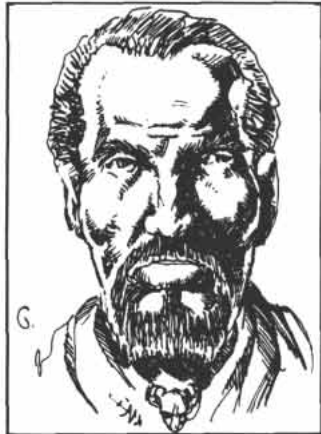
There are only limited ways to destroy Labib once the characters are down at the temple. One way would of course be to destroy the pressure lock somehow while Labib and his crew were inside. This would not provide the satisfaction of knowing that Labib is dead (no SAN gain). The other possibility would be somehow to get Labib immersed in saltwater. The Lake of Life is freshwater; Labib could swim in it if he wanted to (but he doesn't; he hates water). All of the rest of the water is saline. This includes the pools of the Cathedral, the floor of the Fishbowl, and, of course, the Pacific Ocean.

For destroying Labib and stopping the great ceremony, characters receive 2d8 SAN.

Ibn Yassin Ibrahim Labib

Labib seeks to free Shaktalal from his captivity. In order to do this he must travel to the underworld, or Duat as it was known to Maleqereabar. He must travel to the depths of the Nun, a celestial body of water located in Duat. He sees the Tongan Trench as the Nun. There he must take the Ka of Shaktalal into his body and return with it to the world of the living. On this return journey he must overcome the seven gates of the underworld. Each gate contains a god, is protected by a doorkeeper, and is also associated with a herald. If he should fail to gain passage past any one of these gates, he will remain trapped in Duat.

In order for Labib to summon the Ka into himself, and in order for him to survive the infusion, he must have



tremendous power. Thus he has Aziz perform the great sacrifice atop Jebel Barkal. For an additional boon he has the items found in the lower temple sacrificed in the name of Shaktalal. This is intended to weaken the power of Cthulhu as well as to gain some favor from Shaktalal. The power that Aziz gains from Shaktalal's avatar is sent to Labib, who awaits

off the coast of Avua'tutu aboard the Proud Ariane.

Once Labib receives this power, he will descend to the lower temple and bring Shaktalal's Ka into himself. At this point he will have to overcome the seven gates of the underworld. He believes that Cthulhu will be working against him as he tries to pass the gates. He is correct.

IBN YASSIN IBRAHIM LABIB, Major Villain

STR 25	CON 30	SIZ 12	INT 23	POW 24/300
DEX 17	APP 16	EDU 30	SAN 0	HP N/A

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Weapon skills: Cane 90%, damage 1d8

Sword 90%, damage 1d6 + 1d6

Club 90%, damage 1d6 + 1d6

Spear 90%, damage 1d8 + 1

Pistol 90%, damage 1d10

Rifle 85%, damage 2d6 + 3

SMG 90%, damage 1d10 + 1

Punch 100%, damage 1d3 + 1d6

All Others 75%, damage varies

Skills: Languages (most) 90%, Listen 40%, Operate Vehicle (boat, car, plane) 75%, Orate 90%, Psychology 80%, Science (all areas) 90%, Spot Hidden 120%, Swim 0%

Spells: Labib knows all of the spells known to any of the other NPC's in the Sudan as well as any other appropriate ones that the Keeper desires. Important spells that he has include Bring Haboob, Call Shaktalal, Extend, Final Feast, Invoke Ushabti, Mirror of Tarkhun Atep, Sekhmenkenhep's Words.

Items carried: White gold money clip containing a few thousand dollars, silver-tipped steel and ironwood cane (very dangerous), white silk handkerchief and gloves, top hat, briefcase containing portable computer and cell phone. He also wears a magical ram-head amulet of Amun-Shaktalal. It is a grievously powerful item and was first worn by Maleqereabar and later by Taharqa. It lends an additional 20 points of POW to Labib's 24 upon request. It takes one day for the amulet to recover 1 point of its spent POW. If someone other than the bearer of the Uttati Asfet wears the amulet, it will appear to be an ordinary price-less amulet from ancient Egypt or Kush. As soon as the amulet reaches 20 points of POW, or immediately if it is fully recharged, the wearer must make a resistance roll vs. a 20 POW. If the amulet loses, the wearer is unaware of anything at all and the amulet will remain "dormant" for twenty days, when it will try again. If the amulet wins, the victim will begin to fall ill within con



– 10 days and will begin to have horrible nightmares. He will manifest a fever, vomiting, diarrhea, stomach pains, the first signs of kidney failure, and jaundice. These symptoms will abate after five days. Every time he sleeps after con – 5 days he will have such horrible visions as to have to make a SAN roll for 1d3/1d8. This will continue until the person is dead, permanently insane, or finds some way to avoid sleeping.

Labib is an extremely intelligent opponent. He is able to assess a person's personality and character with extreme precision. This includes the ability to guess what a person's next course of action may be, what his greatest fears and weaknesses are, and what his strengths are.

Labib is loath to enter into physical confrontation himself. He deems it to be so far beneath himself as to be almost disgraceful toward his self esteem. If pressed, however, he is a ruthless adversary, whether up close or at a distance. He is not afraid of injury once enraged, and will use the most expedient methods necessary to accomplish his vengeful will. The one instance where he may toy a bit with his enemy is when he has achieved complete control of the situation, so that his prey is totally at his mercy.

Through the knowledge of the ancient Maleqereabar, Labib has managed to make himself virtually impervious to normal weapons and damage. All magical weapons do affect him normally. However, bullets, knives, fists, fire, cold, explosions, falling, crushing, and all other manner of mundane forces have a minimal effect upon him depending upon the circumstances. For example, bullets appear to miss him as he moves rapidly and in difficult-to-anticipate patterns. If the odds of him being missed are too extreme, say if he were confronted at point blank range with a sub-machine pistol, then some other occurrence in his favor would manifest, i.e., the gun would most likely jam on the first or second round. (Charms were widely used in ancient history for great commanders and kings. Rameses II rode into battle alone against an entire enemy division and managed to kill nearly a hundred men before returning to his troops uninjured. This is the type of majesty and power that surrounds Labib.)

Appendix A:

New Spells and Tome

Bat Form

The caster quickly takes on the form of a flying fox. This large bat form lasts until sunrise, and can only be cast at night. In this form the caster can fly as a bat, and has bat senses including acute hearing. The spell costs 12 Magic Points to cast and taking on the form of a bat costs 1d8 SAN.

Bind Soul

This spell allows the caster to attempt to imprison a soul that he can see. The soul can simply have wandered into his presence, or he can attract it using other spells such as Snare Dreamer. The spell costs 10 Magic Points and 3 SAN and a special vessel for the soul must have been previously prepared, though not necessarily for a specific soul. Preparation of a vessel takes three days, and anything that can be closed will do, such as a jar, box, or shell. The caster must defeat the victim in a POW vs. POW struggle to imprison him. If he wins the soul is hopelessly trapped until the victim dies, which takes days (lose 2 CON per day; when CON reaches 0 the victim is dead).

The soul is released by opening or breaking the vessel, if it can be found. The powder of Ibn-Ghazi and similar magics will reveal the link between body and soul thus showing the direction of the vessel, and it can be triangulated upon or the path simply followed.

Bring Haboob

A *haboob* or desert sandstorm can be created by the casting of this spell. By means of uttering ancient words that release powers and call natural forces by name, the caster focuses and shapes the coming storm.

By expending 20 Magic Points, the caster unleashes a storm that is about 200 miles in diameter and a thousand feet high. Winds build quickly and by the end of one hour have reached their full force of 30 mph, with gusts surging up to 70 mph.

This spell takes an hour to cast and costs 1d4 SAN.

Call Shaklatal

This great and terrible ritual has been passed down through the ages since before man walked the Earth. This is the incantation that Maleqereabar, priest under the ancient king Piankhi, cast almost three millennia ago. It was during the casting of this spell that Shaklatal stole Maleqereabar's mind, consumed his soul, and possessed his body. This spell opened the door to Labib's dark undertakings.

In order to cast this spell, one must have tremendous POW. The first syllable of the incantation costs 20 Magic Points. Thereafter, Magic Points are literally sucked from the caster at a rate of several per minute. It has never been known exactly how much power is necessary for a successful summoning. Maleqereabar sacrificed only 100 humans in his first and last summoning. It is thought that the more Magic Points given, the more likely that Shaklatal is to grant the caster's request.

Once alerted, Shaklatal can be asked openly for a favor. Usually, toward the end of the ceremony, an avatar of Shaklatal begins to manifest itself. This often takes the form of a giant larval insect/worm with a ram-like insectoid head. It is at the appearance of this avatar that the caster should ask his favor.

This spell has huge power requirements for a reason. It is necessary for the caster to "crack" open the barrier that seals Shaklatal from the world in order to gain the god's attention and to allow the god to respond.

The cost for casting this spell is 1d20+4 SAN.

Compel Flesh

This spell allows the caster to force the body of a person whose soul he has bound to perform actions. The body becomes a living zombie with very limited intelligence. The memory is sufficiently intact for it to follow the simple instructions of the caster, though the two must speak a common language for it to understand them. The caster must, obviously, be within speaking distance to give commands, but the body will follow instructions until they are completed, the body is killed, or the caster stops maintaining the spell. For combat purposes remember that the body has lost 2 CON per day and may have very few hit points. The spell costs 5 Magic Points to cast plus 1 point per minute to maintain, as well as 3 points of SAN.

Extend

Through the casting of this spell, the user gains immortality. That is, he no longer ages. The cost of the spell is 3d6 SAN and 3 POW, as well as 100 Magic Points. Through the use of this spell the caster brings an apparition over a great fire. The caster then repeats the ancient words which form a pact between caster and being. The being will age instead of the caster. However, if the caster ever dies, then the being will replace the caster on Earth. The caster will be killed forever and his body will be sent to where the being came from. Seeing this being costs 1d6/1d20 SAN.

Final Feast (Feast of Negotiation)

Through the use of this spell a powerful caster may be able to sway or brainwash a guest. If a visitor is particularly weak, or if the caster is very strong, it may be possible to consume the visitor's soul.

The spell is very old and very complex. The preparations for casting may take a full day or more. The spell comes in twenty different subunits. Each subunit is recited during the preparation of an individual dish that is part of a great feast. Each subunit, and thus each dish, has an associated word of power with it. All of the words are very short, i.e., one syllable.

During the meal, as the intended victim is eating, the caster subtly mentions the words of power. Each time a word is mentioned, the victim must make two rolls. The first roll is a POW vs. POW with the caster; if this is lost, the victim loses a point of POW permanently. The second roll is a CON x 5; if this is lost, the victim loses a point of CON permanently and becomes gradually more and more ravenous for the food being served. An INT roll is necessary in order to refrain from eating any more of the food. If the CON roll succeeds, there is no effect.

Each time a point of POW is lost, the host gets to make a suggestion to the victim, who is allowed another POW vs. POW with the host in order to escape complete acquiescence. If a victim loses five or more points of POW to the host, the host may suggest complex and even self-endangering actions to the victim. Again, the victim is allowed a POW vs. POW to escape effect.

This spell is expensive to cast. Each dish costs 3 Magic Points and takes one hour to create, though not all twenty need be created. The utterance of a word of power costs 1 Magic Point per individual that the caster wishes to affect.

If a victim's POW or CON falls to 0, the victim is dead.

This spell costs a variable amount of SAN, depending on what the outcome is. If a simple suggestion is made, the cost is only 1 point. If a group of people have their minds robbed from them, the cost is 1d20.

Hobadji's Spell of Sealing

This spell is a written curse in hieroglyphics that bars an area from access by the Utatti Asfet or anyone possessed by it. Hobadji learned the curse in a dream sent by Cthulhu, and used it to seal Taharqa forever in his tomb. It acts as an elder sign, but is only effective against the Utatti Asfet.

The curse must be written on a permanent surface (stone door or floor or whatever), and is dispelled if the surface is breached or the symbols erased. Sammy's paper version would be ineffective, as it is not on a permanent surface.

Carved into the stone floor of a room, the area is forever forbidden to the Utatti Asfet. A door so sealed is impassible. The Utatti Asfet can not directly affect a seal, but it can direct minions to destroy it. It takes 10 Magic Points and a point of POW to create a functional symbol.

Invoke Ushabti

This ancient incantation was originally meant to allow a deceased Pharaoh to call upon the aid of his miniaturized helpers in the afterlife. Originally, it was written on the inside of one of the inner coffins inside which a pharaoh would be placed. With some modification, Labib was able to use it to bring his chief servant to life again as Dr. Fuad Aziz.

The spell requires a full set of human vital organs, including a brain, to be sacrificed. It also requires an authentic ushabti.

The casting requires 15 Magic Points to be spent, and takes ten minutes per POW point of the individual to be raised. The raised ushabti creature is essentially an undead being completely loyal to the caster. Its attributes may be altered with the appropriate incantations and a further expenditure of 1 Magic Point for every additional attribute point given. The newly raised being has the same markings the ushabti bore, only now they appear as tattoos.

This spell costs 1d8 SAN to cast.

Mirror of Tarkhun Atep

Through the use of this spell, the caster is able to project his image onto the surface of a mirror that is gazed into by his intended victim. The victim can be anywhere on earth and the image takes a variety of forms. Sometimes it is of the caster looking directly into the eyes of the victim; other times, the caster appears to be standing directly behind the victim in the reflection. Single words and small phrases can be uttered by the caster, and the caster is allowed to look "through" to the world of his victim. The spell lasts until the victim looks completely away from the mirror, thus losing sight of the caster. Note that the caster must remain in concentration until the intended victim looks into a mirror. Highly reflective glass surfaces such as tinted car windows and some store windows will work with this spell also. It costs 5 Magic Points to cast and costs 1 SAN.

Parting Sands

This very old spell comes from ancient Egypt, where it was quite common. It is a means by which ordinary pure desert sands are enchanted to give them special powers of "parting." In ancient times, it is said that sorcerors carried some around with them and could "part" nearly anything out of their way, be it a wall, a door, a river, a group of charging men, etc. It costs 1 Magic Point for every point of POW or SIZ that a given amount of sand is capable of parting. Thus it would take a lot of Magic Points to create enough sand, or sand that was potent enough, to part the Red Sea. This costs 1d2 Magic Points to cast, and a SAN roll is necessary to use the parting sands (0/1d4). The sands will not part a living body, but will keep dismembered limbs permanently separated.

Pose Mundane

With this spell the caster makes some creature or object become totally unremarkable. The appearance does not change, people just fail to notice it. Using this spell a hunting horror could wander through a small town leaving a trail of slime and no one would notice or remember

that it had ever been there. The cost is a number of Magic Points equal to the SIZ of the object or creature plus one point per round to maintain. Inanimate objects can be masked indefinitely by sacrificing a point of POW during the casting, though frequent contact with the masked item will allow a person to see it for what it is.

Raise Fog

This spell draws up a dense fog from a body of water. The fog is unnaturally dense and entering it makes sane people very uncomfortable. The fog is approximately a half mile in diameter and moves with the prevailing winds. The spell can only be cast at night near a large body of water such as a lake, river, or the ocean, and the fog dissipates at dawn.

Sekhmenkenhep's Words

By means of this working, the caster creates a great bond with a large group of subjects. The caster may then "suggest" actions and information to the group. The caster may only suggest "reasonable" actions. However, he may build on previous suggestions, i.e., he may suggest that there are horrible cunning monsters in the world. Then he might suggest that these monsters are so cunning that even one of your friends could be one.

Each listener must make a POW vs. POW roll with the caster each time the caster spends a Magic Point to boost the spell. Only 1 Magic Point may be spent per hour. It is up to the caster to maintain the attention of his audience. Casters often begin very subtly, so as not to alienate those who don't believe the leading statements.

This spell costs 1d6 SAN to cast.

Snare Dreamer

This spell allows the caster to attract a soul if it is currently outside of its body. The spell fails completely unless the victim is asleep or comatose. The caster must be within five miles to attract a soul, and a POW vs. POW resistance roll is allowed for the victim. The unfortunate victim who loses the resistance roll is brought into the presence of the caster and is then subject to such spells as Bind Soul. The soul stays no longer than about a minute and then wanders off for more dreams, unless it is trapped. The dreamer sees, as if part of his dream, the caster and location, though he may not recognize it. Upon waking the victim will remember this as a particularly vivid dream. This spell takes twenty minutes to cast and costs 8 Magic Points, as well as a point of SAN.

Souls are extremely vulnerable in Tonga. During sleep or times of sickness the soul wanders. Dreaming is held to be memories of the adventures the soul has while it is out of the body. A man with enough mana can see disembodied souls and actually manipulate them. A magician can capture a soul and destroy or imprison it. A man bereft of his soul will certainly die, though it may not happen immediately.

Summon Sharks/Summon Sea Snakes

These two spells are ritual Tongan spells that can be used to dispatch dangerous sea creatures to harm enemies. The spells each require 4 Magic Points and 2 SAN to cast. In either case a swarm of hostile sea creatures appear and attack pretty much whomever they encounter. Note that creatures can not be summoned beyond their normal habitat (no sea snakes are going to show up in the North Sea).

Wandering Soul

The caster uses this spell to send his soul to distant locations while he sleeps and thus scry upon his enemies. The vision is not much more clear than that of normal dreams, but usually reveals some information. The soul that he projects can be seen (by persons with POW of 20 or more) or sensed (by those with 15 or better POW) with the feeling of being watched by wakeful persons, and will appear clearly in the dreams of those that are sleeping. The soul always takes on the appearance of the caster, and can not be disguised. This spell is cast during the hour before going to sleep. The caster can probe one location and then wakes no less than twelve hours later with 1 Magic Point, having lost 1d4 SAN, and without the benefit of being rested.

Le Livre des démons des eaux

This book was handwritten by a 16th century Huguenot emigrant to Florida who was living near the May River. It is a narrative journal of his (Jacques Marveilleuse's) experiences in the New World, where he was working as a missionary trying to convert the later-eradicated Waksakchee Indians. He fell in with their tribal practices and learned from the shaman about nature spirits. Descriptions of Waksakchee rituals, beliefs, and culture are detailed in the text.

After nearly ten years the Spanish destroyed the Huguenot enclave to the man. The Spaniards took great pride in showing the Protestant heretics Catholic justice; it was that much better that they also happened to be French. The Spanish leader sent back evidence (the tome) of the group's heresy to his king, who turned it over to the Catholic church. The manuscript ended up in Avignon, where Archbishop Guy DesMortes gave it its title and declared it unfit for Christian eyes. The book turned up again during the French Revolution when the abbey where it was kept was sacked. Ultimately it ended up in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

The tome is written in archaic French. A crude translation can be made by anyone with a fairly decent French skill (40% or so). The translating is slow going (100 hours full told) to decipher the entire volume. A character with high French and History skills (both above 40%) will arguably have some familiarity with archaic French writing and will make the translation in 60 hours. A French language roll is required to understand the text, of course, and thereby derive any benefit (if that is an appropriate word for it) from its unwholesome contents.

Having successfully read the tome, a character gains +4% Cthulhu Mythos skill and loses 1d6 SAN. The book has a x1 spell multiplier and the following spells: Prime-

val Sanctification, Ritual of Bodily Purification, The Blinding of the Senses, and Conjunction of the Turua (Summon Turua).

Note: If the PC's decide to take the several days necessary to perform this summons then they deserve to be eaten, and with that in mind the summoning should be successful. This is an extremely dangerous spell. There is no way to control the Turua, which is a foul water demon. Conjuring one up is not the act of a person with any interest in the well-being of the world, no matter what he is planning to use it for. Any good that can be done by summoning a Turua will be more than offset by the grief caused. Any bargain made with a Turua will be skewed dramatically in favor of death, mayhem, pain, and suffering.

Primeval Sanctification

This spell involves restoring an area of wilderness to a condition as it was before any human ever saw it. All physical signs of human influence must be removed (litter, camp fire ashes, footprints), and then all psychic remnants must be purged during a prolonged ritual of meditation and chanting where the caster draws all the spiritual impurities within himself. This is essential according to the author, as a precursor to summoning the Turua. The Turua summoned to a contaminated site will be angered, resulting in certain unspecified doom.

In reality this spell has nothing to do with purification, but the author was superstitious, as are most PC's. Let the PC's perform this task with words of encouragement, but hint that there is no visible sign of success. Leave them with insecurity about this step. They'll wonder if they did it correctly. The meditation and chanting do serve to stir the Turua, if such is present.

This spell consumes the caster's Magic Points at a rate of 3 MP per hour until the he has only 1 point remaining.

Ritual of Body Purification

The caster must now enter the water naked and take a handful of mud and coat his body with it. This represents protection from the spirits. A live egg from a poisonous serpent is then taken and placed in the mouth. The egg is used to draw all the spiritual impurities that the caster has previously collected (see spell Primeval Sanctification). All impurities are absorbed by the egg, which must not leave the mouth of the caster until the Turua is summoned, or else impurities will again begin to accumulate in the caster's body, which spells certain doom.

The obvious thing here is that the live serpent egg does not sit entirely still. While inside the caster's mouth these wiggings may be taken as a sign that the impurities are being absorbed, but let the players ponder the possibility that the egg may hatch. It does seem to age and mature at an alarming rate in the mouth. The author spent an entire day performing this ritual; the PC's may spend as much time with it as they wish. The only actual important part of this spell is the concentration and chanting. The Turua begins to awaken.

The caster starts with minimal Magic Points, as he has just completed the first spell. Magic Points are expended

as quickly as they are regained, so that any point the caster is depleted. There is also a cost of 1 SAN.

The Blinding of the Sense

Casting this spell involves meditating, fasting, and chanting (actually mumbling and very likely drooling: remember the egg in the mouth). The caster must enter a trance state where his perception reaches away from his physical senses and he begins to view the spirit plane. Clinically the condition could be accurately described as ranting, deluded, and hallucinating. It takes a minimum of three days, maybe as much as a week. The proper mental state is essential to be properly receptive to the Turua when it arrives.

A CON x 4 roll is necessary for the deluded, ranting, HUNGRY, would-be spell caster to avoid accidentally swallowing the egg. This spell costs 1d8 SAN, with an extra 1d3 if the egg is swallowed. As before, the caster uses all Magic Points as they are regained.

The awakened Turua's attention is drawn and subliminal communication is begun.

Conjunction of the Turua

The climax of the four spells, this spell actually has a visible effect, which should be a welcome change. The caster now reenters the water and any remaining mud washes away revealing the clean, naked body beneath. This is a rebirth ritual, whereby the caster is now a child of Turua. The caster bites down on the egg, crushing impurity, and spits the twitching remains onto the shore (so as not to contaminate the sacred water of Turua). Four animals are then sacrificed.

The author used chickens whose heads he tore off by hand. Each sacrifice is first bled onto the shore and then in one of the four cardinal directions (N,S,E,W) in the water while chanting is continuous. These sacrifices to the demons of the four corners of the world are apparently some pagan ritual to which the author alludes only vaguely, but it seems important.

The bodies of the four sacrificial animals are thrown into the deepest part of the water where they immediately sink like stones. The casting of the previous spells has actually effected the slow summons of the Turua, which arrives hungry. The animal bodies serve to quench it for the time being.

There is a great deal of pomp and ceremony to go according to the author, yet Turua manifests itself now. As with the other spells, nearly all of the ritual is unnecessary, and when the Turua arrives the spell is done.

According to the text, the author bargained with Turua, which began with more and larger sacrifices and long-term servitude and worship. The PC's had better be planning to offer up something pretty good, because the Turua is big and strong and very hungry, while the PC's are little and puny and out of Magic Points.

This spell costs only 1 Magic Point; most of the investment in casting has already been made during the three prior spells. The SAN loss at the arrival of the Turua is 1d8/2d10. There is a 70% chance that the Turua will arrive even if Conjunction of the Turua is not cast, as long as The Blinding of the Sense is completed.

Appendix B:

The Gulf War

The most prominent news event of early 1991 is the war against Iraq, Desert Storm. Below are daily headlines from the *New York Times* and a brief summary of each day's war events. These can be fed to the players should they happen to catch some television or a newspaper.

It is important to note that some days have events occurring which are relevant to the events of this campaign. For instance, on February 2, there is a collision between two planes on the runway at Los Angeles International Airport. This occurs only two days before the PC's themselves will make a rather hair-raising landing at LAX. Also, it is interesting to note that Labib's second in command is named Aziz, and Saddam Hussein's second in command is named (Tariq) Aziz. The potential for paranoia on behalf of the characters is endless. Use these news articles to build tension. Blend the newspaper handouts among major headlines of the day.

As play begins the Gulf War is well underway. The allies are using continuous air bombardment to destroy the Iraqi defensive forces, and are nearly unresisted. Of 45,000 sorties a mere fifteen planes have been shot down; the Iraqi air force is entirely ineffective. During this first week of play (January 28 to February 3) Iraqi tanks make a few sorties against Allied lines to test them, but they are all soundly defeated by the allies.

Monday, January 28

"UNITED STATES BOMBS KUWAIT OIL STATIONS, SEEKING TO CUT FLOWS INTO GULF"

The United States bombed Iraqi-controlled oil installations along the Kuwaiti coastline in hopes of stemming a huge oil spill deliberately unleashed by Iraq nearly a week ago.

"Giants Win Super Bowl with Nail-biting Finish"

"Huge Slick Still a Threat to Saudi Water Supply"

Tuesday, January 29

"80 OF IRAQ'S PLANES NOW IN IRAN; HOST'S INTENT CALLED A PUZZLE; U.S. SAYS FLOW OF OIL IS STEMMED"

"Harboring of Iraqi Warplanes by Iran Calls Its Neutrality into Question"

The unexplained flight of Iraqi warplanes to Iran continued on a large scale. Pentagon officials say more than 80 aircraft landed at numerous airfields throughout Iran.

Wednesday, January 30

"IRAN PROMISES IRAQ PLANES WON'T JOIN IN FIGHTING; BUSH SAYS U.S. IS PREVAILING"

War Summary: Amid some of the heaviest bombing yet, Iraq said a captured airman—name and nationality undisclosed—died in the wreckage of a government building where "he had been evacuated." Closer to the Saudi border, Allied warplanes caught an Iraqi convoy venturing into the open desert and destroyed 24 tanks, armored vehicles, and trucks.

Of the 28 airmen listed as missing before, 11 are now known to be held prisoner. These are seven Americans, two Britons, and one each from Italy and Kuwait. Another seven U.S. were among those listed as missing.

The Iraqis have downed 18 Allied aircraft so far, 11 of which were American. Iraq claimed to have shot down 6 more "aerial targets" yesterday though there were no reported Allied losses.

The number of Iraqi aircraft to reach Iran is now thought to be 90. The U.S. has destroyed 52 Iraqi Mig-23's so far, 27 in the air and 25 on the ground.

Thursday, January 31

"IRAQ RAID ACROSS SAUDI BORDER BRINGS U.S. INTO GROUND COMBAT"

"12 Marines Killed"

In the first sustained ground combat of the war in the Persian Gulf, Iraqi tank battalions launched attacks against Allied positions near the Kuwaiti border late Thursday night and this morning. The Iraqis were driven back along most of the front by United States Marines and Arab infantry, but occupied the abandoned port town of Khafji.

Friday, February 1

"SAUDIS RECAPTURE GHOST TOWN: ALLIES BOMB NEW IRAQI COLUMN"

Khafji, Saudi Arabia. This deserted border town between Saudi Arabia and the Iraqi forces in Kuwait was back in Saudi hands tonight, but showing the scars of intense fighting.

Front line Marine commanders near Khafji reported that five or six Iraqi divisions, a force of 60,000 troops, had gathered near the Kuwaiti town of Wafra, center of an oil field about 35 miles west of Khafji.

"New Bases for U.S., Some B-52's in Spain — British Also Promise Use of an Airfield"

Washington. To increase the number of B-52 bombing raids against Iraqi ground forces, the United States has been secretly basing some of the bombers in Spain and has obtained permission to use a British airfield as well, Western officials said today.

Saturday, February 2

"ALLIED AIR FORCES POUND IRAQI UNITS AT KUWAITI BORDER"

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. Allied air power continued to pound Iraqi troop positions today while artillery and tank fire echoed across the Kuwaiti border.

The size of the Iraqi force was estimated by Pentagon officials in Washington at about 8,000, much lower than estimates from yesterday, which ran as high as 60,000 troops.

War Summary: Pentagon investigates claims that 11 U.S. Marines killed Tuesday night at Khafji were killed by Air Force jets. In addition to the 11 Marines lost in combat, the Pentagon lists 23 Americans as M.I.A., 8 confirmed as prisoners of war, and 9 wounded.

The U.S. command confirmed the loss on Thursday of an AC-130 gunship over Kuwait with a crew of 14. This brought U.S. combat losses to 13. The number of other coalition planes shot down stood at 7.

More than 500 Iraqi prisoners were taken in the battle of Khafji, and a British war report put the number of Iraqis killed in action at 30.

The number of Iraqi aircraft impounded in Iran stayed at 89, and the U.S. command's count of downed Iraqi aircraft stood at 27, with an additional 28 destroyed on the ground.

"F. W. deKlerk Vows to Scrap Apartheid"

"USAir Jet and Commuter Plane Collide on Runway in Los Angeles"

A USAir Boeing 737 collided with Sky West flight 5569 headed for Palmdale, Calif., with ten passengers and a crew of two. A fireball swept through the larger plane.

"Federal Reserve Cuts Loan Rates to Prod Economy"

Sunday, February 3

"IRAQI NAVY THREAT ENDED, ALLIES SAY; 2 U.S. JETS DOWNED"

As Allied bombers continued to hit Iraqi troops in southern Kuwait, the American command said the Allies had put out of action the small but dangerous Iraqi Navy, mostly small vessels capable of launching anti-ship missiles. The command also said Iraqi gunners had downed two American planes.

War Summary: Teheran was reported to have rejected an appeal by an envoy from Baghdad for the return of up to 100 Iraqi warplanes that have flown to Iran.

One Marine was killed and two injured when a convoy was hit early yesterday by cluster bombs probably

dropped by an American plane. If the report is borne out, it will be the second case of "friendly fire", and it will mean that all casualties to date are the result of "friendly fire" rather than Iraqis.

"Search Continues for Victims of Runway Crash in Los Angeles"

"President to Seek \$23 Billion Saving in Medicare Costs"

Monday, February 4

"U.S. BOMBERS HIT IRAQIS' AIR BASES AND SUPPLY LINES"

Attacks on the lifelines of 545,000 front-line Iraqi troops went on unabated.

War Summary: Two airmen were killed in a crash in Kuwait and three are missing in the crash of a B-52. In addition to the B-52 bomber lost on its way back to base, an AH-1 Cobra with two aboard and a UH-1 helicopter carrying four crashed over Saudi Arabia. The losses were not added to the "combat losses" list, as the losses were thought to be "non-combat related."

U.S. losses stand at a total of 14 killed in action, 26 airmen missing, and 8 confirmed as prisoners of war. No reliable data on military or civilian losses were available for the Iraqis; however, the number of planes destroyed on the ground or in hangers rose sharply to at least 99.

The use of air power continues. Public sentiment in the Arab world begins to drift more strongly against the offensive as Iraq releases footage of civilian casualties. This is typified in a scalding public statement by King Hussein of Jordan.

"From Bombs to Burgers, Gulf War Involves Biggest Supply Effort Ever"

As the number of troops passed 500,000 with the arrival of reinforcements from Germany, desert highways took on the look of an American expressway at rush hour; bumper to bumper. The largest quick-order military deployment in history is in its last stages.

Tuesday, February 5

"COMMANDER CLAIMS GAINS IN BREAKING IRAQI ARMY'S WILL"

Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, the commander of the American forces, said Saddam Hussein's will to keep fighting is not likely to be broken since he takes a "very rudimentary tactical approach to warfare." In his view however, the Iraqi military is another story. It will probably be beginning to crack, the general said, and is not "holding up very well."

War Summary: The U.S.S. *Missouri* fired its 16-inch guns in combat for the first time since the Korean War.

A Marine UH-1N helicopter with four men aboard crashed in Saudi Arabia, the second helicopter loss in 24 hours. Termed "non-battle damage", the crash did not add to the previous count of 22 Allied aircraft shot down,

15 of them American. Iraq claimed its forces downed nine more aircraft.

Wednesday, February 6

"BUSH DOUBTS AIR WAR ALONE WILL DEFEAT IRAQI MILITARY; TOP UNITS STILL JUDGED ABLE"

Pentagon analysts believe that three weeks of the most powerful bombardments ever have barely dented the potency of the crack Republican Guard and tank divisions lying in wait along the Iraqi-Kuwait border.

War Summary: At least ten more aircraft reportedly fled to Iran, bringing the total number of aircraft and crews sequestered there to 110.

"Soviets Increase Patrols by Army, Extending Crack-down to 86 Cities"

Thursday, February 7

"ELITE IRAQI FORCES HURT BY BOMBINGS, ALLIED AIDES INSIST"

Senior Allied officers argued that weeks of day-and-night bombing raids had significantly weakened Iraq's elite Republican Guards, but most said that more must be accomplished in the softening-up process before a ground offensive can begin.

War Summary: Iraq said about 150 people, including 36 children, were killed by an Allied air raid on the southern city of Nasirlya. The Government also asserted that its artillery killed forty Allied soldiers.

Seventeen Iraqi soldiers surrendered to American units, bringing the total to 850. At least four Iraqi fighters tried to flee to Iran and at least two were shot down by American aircraft.

There were no reported Allied losses yesterday.

"Bush Plan to Fight Infant Deaths, Would Use Money Going to Poor"

Friday, February 8

"I.R.A. ATTACKS 10 DOWNING STREET WITH MORTAR FIRE AS CABINET MEETS"

Three mortar rounds were fired from an abandoned van this morning toward the offices of Prime Minister John Major in 10 Downing Street, and one exploded in the backyard as he presided over his War Cabinet.

"Allies to Step up Attacks on Iraqis in Coming Weeks"

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. Declaring that a ground war with Iraq is now inevitable, the British commander in the Persian Gulf said Thursday that the allies planned to greatly intensify their fierce air assault on President Saddam Hussein's forces in the coming weeks.

War Summary: Bombing of Baghdad continued almost nonstop, as did air attacks on bridges and other links supplying Kuwait.

The timing of a ground assault by the allies on President Saddam Hussein's forces will be a main topic of discussion for Defense Secretary Dick Cheney and Gen. Colin L. Powell, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as they arrive in Saudi Arabia today to meet with the Allied commander, Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf.

No additional Allied troop losses reported for today.

A Navy FA-18 Hornet returning to its carrier crashed into the Gulf; its pilot was missing. An Army Huey helicopter crashed, killing one soldier and injuring four. Eighteen American and seven Allied planes have been downed, none in aerial combat, in the war.

USAF F-15's shot down two Iraqi SU-22 attack jets and probably another as they tried to flee the war zone. Allied sources say 134 Iraqi planes have found sanctuary in Iran, 37 have been shot down, and about 100 others have been destroyed on the ground, putting more than half of Iraq's estimated 700 combat aircraft out of action.

"Dinkins Crime Plan Wins the Backing of Top Lawmakers"

Saturday, February 9

"Cheney Indicates a Land-Sea Push to Dig Iraqis Out"

Dick Cheney told American pilots and ground crews today that they were part of "the most successful air campaign in the history of the world", but he added that ground and amphibious assaults were needed to flush out President Saddam Hussein's dug-in troops and expose them to further air bombardment.

"Clouds Reported to Delay Bombing"

Bad weather has forced Allied pilots to cancel more than half of their daily bombing raids on top-priority targets in Iraq and Kuwait.

"Shadow of Moscow Darkens Lithuania Independence Vote"

"Tapes Indicate That Pilot Error in Dense Fog Led to Detroit Crash"

The FAA today released tape recordings from the airport control tower in Detroit showing that pilots of one of two planes that collided there Dec. 3 had already been told to take off before the controllers learned that the second plane had wandered onto the same runway. Eight people died in the near head-on collision between the two jets, as the wing of flight 299, a Boeing 727, gashed the fuselage of flight 1489 as it was taking off at approximately 125 miles per hour.

"Chaos in Tower at Los Angeles"

An air traffic controller told Federal investigators on Thursday she thought the runway was clear moments before two airplanes collided last week, and that her first reaction was to think that a bomb had exploded. A list of the 34 victims' names of the February 1 collision, was released today by the Los Angeles County Coroner's office.

Sunday, February 10

"U.S. COMMANDERS REPORTED TO CALL FOR A 3-WEEK DELAY BEFORE A GROUND OFFENSIVE"

Senior officers said today that American field commanders had recommended continuing the Allied air campaign against President Saddam Hussein's forces for at least three more weeks before a ground offensive is undertaken.

War Summary: The military announced that when the time comes it will fight an "AirLand Battle", a concept developed in the 1970's for a hypothetical war in Europe. Its aim is to decimate the rear echelon of a large enemy force, cutting the lifelines of the front-line troops and bringing the campaign to a swift end with minimal casualties. If the strategy fails, the result can be chaos on the battlefield and a prolonged war.

The command in Riyadh said that as of yesterday, over 750 Iraqi tanks, over 650 artillery pieces, and over 600 armored personnel carriers were confirmed as having been destroyed. It said that 36 plains and 3 helicopters had been shot down, and that 121 fighters and 26 military transports with their crews had fled to Iran. Six or seven of those warplanes were seen crashing on the way.

"U.S. Backs Drilling for Oil and Gas in New Ocean Sites; Plan Centers on Alaska"

Monday, February 11

"Cheney Returning to Washington with a Call for Further Bombing"

After a weekend of listening to the strategic advice of American field commanders in Saudi Arabia, Defense Secretary Dick Cheney flew back to Washington today for meetings with President Bush on the next steps the United States and its allies should take in the Persian Gulf War.

"Hussein, in Speech, Urges the Iraqis to Be Steadfast"

War Summary: A military bunker is destroyed, killing about 400 Iraqi civilians. Public support for the Gulf War was heavily damaged. Sadaam Hussein made some statements implying a willingness to give up Kuwait and President Gorbachev began to pursue diplomatic solutions, asking the United States to postpone any ground offensive.

Tuesday, February 12

"Allies Step Up Gulf Air Offensive; Strikes Focus on Iraqis in Kuwait"

As the skies cleared and an American officer proclaimed it "a beautiful day for bombing", the allies said today that they were stepping up their already furious air assault on Iraq's Republican Guard and other ground forces in occupied Kuwait.

"President Asserts He Is Putting Off Land-War Decision" After Cheney's report, Bush won't say how long he'll defer ground attack.

Wednesday, February 13

"HEAVIEST SHELLING BY THE ALLIES YET RIPS SOUTH KUWAIT"

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. Allied shells fired from land, sea, and air rained down on a large concentration of Iraqi infantry, armor, and artillery in southern Kuwait today in what military spokesmen called the largest combined operation in the Persian Gulf War.

"Hussein Meets with Soviet Envoy and Talks of Effort to End War"

Thursday, February 14

"IRAQ SAYS U.S. KILLED HUNDREDS OF CIVILIANS AT SHELTER, BUT ALLIES CALL IT A MILITARY POST"

Two bombs dropped by American Stealth fighter-bombers destroyed a concrete building in a residential neighborhood of Baghdad yesterday, killing hundreds of civilians, Iraqi officials said. The Iraqi authorities said the structure had long been a civilian air raid shelter. American officials countered that they had evidence that the structure was a communications center for the command of military forces.

"Bush's Quandary: Civilian Toll in Iraq Could Strain Alliance and Bring Pressure to Speed a Ground War"

War Summary: About sixty Jordanians and Sudanese fleeing the Gulf War were killed in recent days when Allied planes attacked the buses in which they were riding, refugees reaching Jordan said. They said thirty people were killed when a missile hit one of two buses leaving Kuwait for Jordan on Saturday. On Monday, thirty more people were killed and ten wounded when two busloads of Sudanese came under Allied air attack on the Baghdad-Amman road.

The American command said 2,800 sorties were flown during the previous 24 hours against targets in Iraq and Kuwait, 200 of them against the Republican Guard, for a total of 67,000. Coalition forces continued to exchange "periodic and sporadic" fire with Iraqi units in the Saudi-Iraqi border area.

The American command said four Iraqi transport planes were destroyed on the ground, and a missile-firing Iraqi helicopter was destroyed also.

Friday, February 15

"Allies Study New Steps to Avoid Civilians in Bombing" Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Senior American officers here said today that they had ordered intensive studies of methods to avoid the repetition of such an incident.

"U.S. Stands Firm on Bomb Attack and Says Investigation Is Closed; Iraqis Assail U.S. As Rescue Goes On"

Scores of bodies were recovered from a bombed building in Baghdad yesterday as the government of Saddam Hussein condemned what it called a premeditated attack on an air-raid shelter that it said killed hundreds of civilians. Iraqi officials said that 288 bodies had been recovered so far from the building, including the corpses of 91 children. Reporters touring the installation

in Baghdad said they saw no signs of military or communications equipment.

War Summary: American officials are reporting increased success in destroying Iraq's main ground weapons in Kuwait. Officials said 1,300, or almost a third of the 4,280 tanks Baghdad had prepared for deployment in the war, had been destroyed.

The loss of two Allied pilots in a plane crash brought the total of American casualties to 62, including 14 killed, 12 wounded, 28 missing, and 8 taken prisoner of war.

A U.S. official reported the loss of an EF-111A Raven electronic jamming plane in northern Saudi Arabia. The loss brought to 27 the number of Allied aircraft destroyed, 19 from the U.S. and 8 from other countries.

Saturday, February 16

"IRAQIS SPEAK OF A WITHDRAWAL BUT IMPOSE LIST OF CONDITIONS; BUSH DENOUNCES CRUEL HOAX"

Washington. Iraq's proposal on Kuwait today appears to open a new phase in the Persian Gulf crisis, in which the cohesion of the anti-Baghdad coalition is likely to be severely tested, particularly the core United States-Soviet alliance.

"U.S. Officials Link Iraqi Offer to Rising Losses in the Field"

Members of the "Inner Cabinet": Iraq's Revolutionary Command Council

Saddam Hussein: President of Iraq. Council chairman, field marshal and commander in chief of the armed forces.

Izzat Ibrahim: Deputy chairman of the council. Officially second in command.

Taha Yassin Ramadan: First Deputy Prime Minister. Head of the Baath Party militia, which is believed to number 850,000.

Saddun Hammadi: Deputy Prime Minister. Minister of State for Foreign Affairs.

Tariq Aziz: Foreign Minister and Deputy Prime Minister. Former Information Minister.

War Summary: Iraq issued a statement that, for the first time, envisioned a withdrawal from Kuwait. But it came so freighted with ifs and buts that the United States and its principal allies rejected it out of hand.

By all accounts, the war's pace continued unchanged. United States field commanders said Iraqi troops would face death from the air even if they left their bunkers to withdraw, adding that only President Bush could order a let-up.

Joy swept Baghdad over the government's statement about Kuwait, but hopes sank fast when an air attack lit up the night sky over the city's outskirts. Why, asked a vexed official, are they bombing now that Iraq offered them "a way out?"

A British plane lost the day before brought the total coalition losses to 28, including 19 American. An American A-6E jet crashed while landing on the carrier *America*, apparently due to brake failure.

Sunday, February 17

"Ground Strategy: Focus on Rear Line"

To battle Iraqi forces in a ground war, American Army divisions are expected to drive into Iraqi territory in a swift offensive action designed to bypass Iraq's main defensive fortifications.

War Summary: Iraq asserted that Allied planes killed 150 civilians in a marketplace in the city of Fallujah, west of Baghdad. A senior Allied official said that a laser-guided bomb strayed from its target and hit the crowded market.

Two American A-10 fighter-bombers, attacking entrenched positions of Iraq's Republican Guard, were shot down by surface-to-air missiles. At the same time, an F-16C crashed during an instrument approach in Saudi Arabia.

The American command put the number of Iraqi prisoners at around 1,300.

An Iraqi helicopter was shot down, bringing the number of enemy aircraft shot down in air-to-air combat to 36 fixed-wing and six helicopters.

"Bank Losses Worst in 50 Years, But No Danger to System Is Seen"

Banks are suffering more from bad loans that at any time for the last fifty years.

Monday, February 18

"U.S. Troops Clash with Iraqi Forces on Saudi Frontier" Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. As the Iraqi Foreign Minister traveled to Moscow for talks aimed at avoiding a costly land war in the Persian Gulf, American troops fought a series of sharp skirmishes today with Iraqi forces on Saudi Arabia's northern border.

War Summary: Tariq Aziz arrived in Moscow for talks with President Mikhail Gorbachev.

Roland Dumas, the French Foreign Minister, said "we are on the eve or pre-eve of the ground offensive for the liberation of Kuwait." The heaviest Allied military traffic in weeks was reported along the Saudi side of the Saudi-Kuwaiti border, with final pre-battle testing going on.

Two U.S. soldiers were killed and six wounded yesterday when their armored vehicle was hit during one of the border engagements. According to Allied officials, the vehicles were probably struck by Hellfire missiles fired from a U.S. Apache attack helicopter.

Ten of the 14 American ground troops killed in action during the Persian Gulf War have been listed as possible victims of "friendly fire", with four killed by the Iraqis.

One aircraft was reported lost yesterday, a UH-1 Huey that was said to have crashed in a non-combat accident. Its crew members were listed as missing.

By American count, three tanks, two armored cars, some mortars, and a rocket launcher were destroyed during yesterday's fighting.

Throughout this week, the Soviets work toward a diplomatic truce.

Tuesday, February 19**"Gorbachev Gives Iraq a Peace Proposal"****"2 U.S. Ships Badly Damaged by Iraqi Mines in Persian Gulf"**

Two American ships, operating off Kuwait in preparation for an Allied ground offensive, struck Iraqi mines today. At the same time, Allied land forces stepped up artillery barrages and cut lanes for armored vehicles through the twin sand and rock berms that mark the Saudi border with Kuwait.

War Summary: An F-16 Falcon crashed about forty miles into Iraqi-held Kuwait, but the pilot was rescued by search-and-rescue forces.

The *Princeton*, a guided-missile cruiser, struck a mine in the Gulf and was reduced to 50 percent of its propulsive power. The *Tripoli*, a helicopter platform ship, struck a mine in a separate incident. There were a total of seven people who sustained injuries; none were serious.

The number of Iraqi soldiers now held in detention stands at more than 1,400.

"2 Rail Terminals in Central London Hit By I.R.A. Bombs"

For the second time in 11 days, the I.R.A. struck in central London today, setting off two bombs in railroad stations, killing one man and wounding 40.

Wednesday, February 20**"BUSH CRITICIZES SOVIET PLAN AS INADEQUATE TO END WAR; AZIZ MAY REVISIT MOSCOW"**

War Summary: As hopes for a negotiated settlement rose and fell, artillery and warplanes of the American-led coalition blasted targets in Iraq and Iraqi-occupied Kuwait. As President Bush said a Soviet peace proposal has fallen short, the Pentagon reported that ground forces were "ready now" for an offensive.

A single Iraqi Scud missile, the 67th fired to date, hit Israel but caused no casualties.

An A-10 Thunderbolt was lost over Kuwait, raising Allied losses to 31, and the pilot was reported missing.

The U.S.S. *Princeton* was withdrawn from action due to heavy damage. However, the helicopter carrier *Tripoli*, which had a 16-by-20 foot hole blasted in her hull by a mine on Monday, patched the damage and remained on duty.

Five Iraqi planes were destroyed on the ground along with 5 Scud missile batteries, 8 tanks, 5 artillery pieces, 3 armored personnel carriers, 1 multiple rocket launcher, 15 trucks, and 2 ammunition bunkers.

Thursday, February 21**"U.S.-IRAQI CLASHES GROW FIERCE IN POSSIBLE PRELUDE TO ATTACK; SOVIETS AWAIT BAGHDAD'S REPLY"**

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. In a series of sharp encounters with Iraqi ground forces that may have presaged an early

land assault, American troops destroyed large numbers of enemy tanks and howitzers today and took more than 450 prisoners of war. Not since the battle of Khafji three weeks ago have U.S. ground forces been so directly and hotly engaged with the Iraqis.

"U.S. and Britain Fault Soviet Plan"

The U.S. and Britain have told Moscow that they find its proposal for a cease-fire in the Persian Gulf unacceptable because it lacks a tight timetable for Iraq's withdrawal from Kuwait and does not compel Baghdad to accept all Security Council resolutions on the crisis.

War Summary: Allied pilots flew 2,900 missions over the last 24 hours, bringing the total number since the conflict began to more than 88,000.

One U.S. soldier was killed in a clash with Iraqis on the Saudi border, bringing the number of American combat fatalities on the ground to 17. Seven U.S. soldiers were wounded, bringing the total wounded to 27.

No American aircraft were damaged yesterday.

Bombing runs destroyed 28 tanks and 30 other vehicles. The Pentagon reported that to date 1,400 tanks, 800 armored fighting vehicles, and 1,200 artillery pieces have been destroyed.

Friday, February 22

"SOVIETS SAY IRAQ ACCEPTS KUWAIT PULLOUT LINKED TO TRUCE AND AN END TO SANCTIONS; BUSH REJECTS CONDITIONS; WAR IS TO GO ON" Moscow announced early today after talks with Iraq's Foreign Minister that President Saddam Hussein had given a "positive" response to a new Soviet peace proposal and had agreed to withdraw from Kuwait. After meeting with his advisors until midnight, President Bush decided today that the United States could not accept the latest Soviet proposal for an Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait.

Bush gives Iraq an ultimatum. The United States will allow Iraq until noon Washington time, on February 23, to get out of Kuwait before the U.S. invades.

War Summary: Artillery and ground clashes along the Saudi border grew larger and more heated. In the heaviest artillery bombardment to date, a British armored division hammered Iraqi border positions and American artillery and helicopters also pounded enemy fortifications. American planes bombed Baghdad even as Baghdad radio played a tape of President Saddam Hussein's speech vowing to keep fighting.

Two American pilots were killed in the crash of an Army OH-58 Scout helicopter. 7 American soldiers were killed when their UH-60 Blackhawk crashed in Saudi Arabia. It is suspected that all deaths will be classified as non-combat fatalities, bringing the total number to 40.

Two additional aircraft were listed as non-combat losses yesterday: An F-16 fighter sustained engine failure during refueling and a U.S. Marine CH-46 was irreparably damaged during a controlled landing in bad weather. There were no reported injuries in either incident.

A U.S. commander stated that 2,100 enemy battle tanks had been destroyed to date.

Saturday, February 23

"BUSH DEMANDS IRAQ START PULLOUT TODAY DESPITE ITS ASSENT TO 3-WEEK SOVIET PLAN; OIL FIELDS AND TRENCHES AFLAME IN KUWAIT"

As the Soviet Union pressed ahead with its attempt to broker peace in the Persian Gulf, President Bush today gave President Saddam Hussein of Iraq what he said was the alliance's final demand: Start withdrawing from Kuwait by noon today or face a huge ground attack.

"Iraq Calls Bush's Ultimatum 'Shameful' But Shows Signs of Wavering"

War Summary: Allied fighter-bombers and artillery pounded Iraqi forces in Kuwait as Iraq began to destroy Kuwaiti oil wellheads and transmission equipment. The Allied command said that about 150 of the country's 950 wells were ablaze.

A U.S. Marine was reported killed and 5 others wounded by Iraqi artillery fire. After 36 days of combat, 24 Americans have been reported killed, 28 missing in action, 33 wounded, and 9 as prisoners of war.

Eighteen Iraqi tanks and fifteen other vehicles were destroyed, along with seven mobile Scud launchers and four Scud missiles.

Sunday, February 24

"ALLIED FORCES STORM IRAQ AND KUWAIT AFTER HUSSEIN IGNORES U.S. DEADLINE; BUSH SEES A SWIFT, DECISIVE VICTORY"

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. A huge onslaught against Iraq began about two hours before dawn this morning after President Bush's deadline for the start of an Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait slipped by with no sign in word or deed that President Saddam Hussein would comply.

Reports from Allied ground units said that thousands of tanks and tens of thousands of troops began racing into Iraq and Kuwait behind a deafening artillery and naval gunfire barrage shortly after 4 a.m. local time, which was 8 p.m. Eastern standard time. At almost the same moment, air-raid sirens wailed in major cities in Saudi Arabia as Iraqi Scud missiles landed. There were no casualties, officials said.

"Kremlin Hopes Hussein Has 'Guts' to Retreat, Spokesman Says"

War Summary: The Allied ground offensive began as thousands of tanks and tens of thousands of troops pushed into Kuwait and Iraq shortly before dawn.

Bombing runs continued over Kuwait and Baghdad, and napalm and ground-clearing air-fuel bombs were dropped over Kuwait to open paths for armor and infantrymen. At least one Allied helicopter base was reported to have already been set up in Iraq.

Officers of the U.S. Central Command said that Iraq has undertaken "a systematic campaign of executions" in

Kuwait City. They also said the enemy has also blown up or set afire 200 oil wells.

Casualty counts in the ground offensive were not immediately forthcoming.

"Thai Military Overthrows Government"

Military chiefs toppled Prime Minister Chatichai Choonhavan's elected government today, apparently without firing a shot. The coup leaders, who were reportedly angered by the appointment of a rival to a top government post, accused the government of corruption and protecting enemies of the monarchy.

Monday, February 25

"ALLIES REPORT FAST ADVANCES IN IRAQ AND KUWAIT, WITH LITTLE RESISTANCE; THOUSANDS OF IRAQIS TAKEN PRISONER"

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. Allied troops drove deep into Iraqi-occupied Kuwait on Sunday, reaching the outskirts of Kuwait City before nightfall, according to senior officers. To the west, powerful armored columns and a huge fleet of helicopters stormed into Iraq, heading northeast toward Basra in an effort to isolate Iraq's elite Republican Guard.

Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf, the American commander, said more than 5,500 Iraqi prisoners had been taken in the first ten hours of the long-awaited ground offensive and reported that onrushing Allied columns could see "many hundreds more" enemy soldiers waving white surrender flags. After 22 hours, the total number of prisoners was reportedly nearing 10,000. The general described Allied casualties as "extremely light, in fact remarkably light."

War Summary: No figures for Iraqi battlefield casualties could be obtained. However, there were reportedly less than twenty Americans killed in the first day of the ground war.

The Allied commands reported vast destruction of Iraqi armor and equipment. An Iraqi military communique read on Baghdad radio confirmed that the country's army was under heavy attack but said "the enemy attack has failed utterly" and claimed to have inflicted heavy casualties on the allies.

Tuesday, February 26

"IRAQ ORDERS TROOPS TO LEAVE KUWAIT BUT U.S. PURSUES BATTLEFIELD GAINS; HEAVY AMERICAN TOLL IN SCUD ATTACK"

Baghdad radio announced tonight that Iraq had ordered its occupation army to withdraw from Kuwait.

Iraqi resistance to the Allied ground offensive toughened only slightly on Monday, although units of the Republican Guard swung into action, and the American command said it was achieving "tremendous success" all across the front.

"Vast Armada of U.S. Tanks Rolls into Iraq"

War Summary: In the worst Scud attack to date, at least 27 American soldiers were killed and 96 were wounded

when an Iraqi missile demolished a barracks in Saudi Arabia. Before the Scud attack, American casualties since the Allied ground offensive began were listed as 4 killed and 21 wounded.

Four American aircraft were lost, with three of the five pilots being rescued.

Iraqi troops continue to surrender en masse, with the total now reported to be about 20,000. There have been no reports from either side on the number of Iraqi dead or wounded.

An "extremely conservative" count by American commanders listed more than 270 Iraqi tanks destroyed in two days, including 35 of their top-of-the-line T-72's.

Wednesday, February 27

"ALLIED UNITS SURGE THROUGH KUWAIT; TROOPS CONFRONT ELITE FORCE IN IRAQ; BUSH SPURNS HUSSEIN'S PULLOUT MOVE"

Iraqi troops were in headlong retreat across most of Kuwait this morning, the American command said, and Allied forces entered Kuwait City, a smoking wreck, after its Iraqi occupiers fled the capital of the nation they invaded on August 2.

The vanguard of Allied armored columns in Iraq punched through to the Euphrates River, cutting a main line of retreat for the elite Republican Guard, officials reported. Powerful American and British armored forces farther south, near the Iraqi frontier with Kuwait, girded for a battle with Guard tank units if they chose to make a last stand.

All night long, American warplanes pummeled Iraqi tanks and other vehicles on the road leading north from Kuwait City as they sought to reach Basra, pilots said. The movement created a column 25 to 30 miles long, three or four abreast in places, and except for a few surface-to-air missiles, they were defenseless against the F-15, F-111, and F-16 fighter-bombers that came at them, wave after wave, along with Navy planes.

In the wind and driving rain, "It was close to Armageddon," an Air Force officer said.

War Summary: On the third day of the ground offensive, Iraq's battered forces streamed northward in what President Saddam Hussein called a withdrawal, but President Bush, calling the Iraqi leader's speech "an outrage", said the Iraqi forces had been defeated and were retreating.

Allied forces were attacking the Iraqis in two main thrusts: A force of 100,000 troops pushed northward deep into Iraq in an attempt to block the retreat, while a second drive was pushing farther into Kuwait to take the capital. A tank battle between the Iraqis and U.S. Marines raged at the international airport on the outskirts of Kuwait City.

The number of American soldiers killed in a Scud missile attack on a barracks in Saudi Arabia Monday rose

to 28, with 100 wounded. Other American casualties in the conflict remained at 4 dead and 21 wounded. One British soldier and eight Arab soldiers were reported yesterday to have been killed. Saudi Arabia's ambassador to the United States said that to date, 18 of his country's soldiers had been killed in action with an additional 40 wounded. The ambassador also estimated the Iraqis to have sustained 85,000 to 100,000 casualties.

Central Command reported that Allied forces had destroyed 21 Iraqi divisions or rendered them ineffective for combat. An Iraqi infantry division ranges from 10,000 to 12,000 men. About 12,000 Iraqi prisoners of war were taken, bringing the total to more than 30,000.

Thursday, February 28

"BUSH HALTS OFFENSIVE COMBAT; KUWAIT FREED, IRAQIS CRUSHED"

"Allies Destroy Iraqis' Main Force"

Hours before President Bush announced the conditional suspension of offensive military operations in the Persian Gulf, Allied armored units, which trapped Iraq's vaunted Republican Guard, cut it to pieces in a furious tank battle that began Wednesday and raged until early this morning.

War Summary: President Bush said, "Kuwait is liberated. Iraq's army is defeated. Our military objectives are met."

His address followed a tank battle described as the largest since World War II, in which 800 American tanks and armored vehicles, battling 250 to 300 Iraqi tanks, reportedly defeated two Republican Guard divisions some fifty miles west of Basra. U.S. Marines captured the Kuwait International Airport after an intense, two-day tank battle.

Allied officials reported that 28 Americans had been killed in the ground war to date, not counting the 28 killed in Monday's Scud attack. The official tally of American deaths since the air war started six weeks ago was 79. The number reported wounded in the ground offensive was 89, bringing the total of wounded in action to 213. Five Americans were reported missing in the ground campaign, raising the total to 44.

Thirteen British soldiers have been reported killed, nine of them by "friendly fire" when an American A-10 attacked two British vehicles.

An American F-16 airplane crashed and a helicopter of the 101st Airborne was shot down trying to rescue the pilot. The fate of both pilots is unknown.

Officials said that 29 Iraqi divisions, about 300,000 soldiers, had been rendered ineffective for combat, up 8 divisions from Tuesday's report. More than 50,000 prisoners of war have been taken.

More than 3,700 of an estimated 4,230 Iraqi tanks in the Kuwaiti theater of operations were destroyed.

Handout Tonga1 (2 pages)



**The Graham
Westlake Foundation
Presents**

**The 40th
Congress of
Inexplicable
Phenomena**

*Thursday, January 29 –
Sunday, February 3,
1991*

*Pangai Resort
Avua'tutu Island, Tonga*

Mulikihaamea's army was destroyed and he was killed, but eventually Finau practically destroyed the royalists on Tongatapu and then those on the other islands to the north. There was a brief peace during which the *Betsy*, a privateer, picked up all but one of the surviving missionaries. When Hihifo rebelled again they had entrenched and built fortifications to protect themselves. Famine became a problem as crops were destroyed by marauding warriors.

In 1806 the *Port-au-Prince*, an English privateer, landed at Ha'apai and was taken. Mr. Mariner, whose father was one of the owners, spent four years in captivity with Finau and wrote a book. The cannonades from the ship allowed Finau to destroy the royalist fortress at Nuku'alofa. Finau's power was very great, but there was always dissension.

Finau abolished the *inaji* to spare the people the added hardship during the famine, but his daughter then died of a long illness. Finau was bent on revenge against the gods and planned the murder of the priest of his god, Tubou Toutai. He sent for a rope to bind the priest when he himself fell suddenly ill. One of his other children was strangled to appease the gods, but within a day he too was dead.

The next major leader was known as Taufa'ahau, a chief of Ha'apai who seemed destined for greatness from the start. In June of 1822 a Methodist missionary named Lawry arrived and stayed for only fourteen months, but he managed to accomplish more than the men from the *Duff* because of the growing disbelief in the ancient gods brought about through continuous warfare.

Further missionaries began holding services and Tubou, who had been elected as Tui Kanokupolu, took up the new religion. Taufa'ahau requested a Wesleyan missionary of his own to hear the new teaching. Taufa'ahau then vocally abandoned the old religion. He beat the priestess of Haihaitahi, challenging the gods to avenge her, hanged five idols by the neck, and burned the spirit-houses in order to demonstrate that there was no penalty for violating a *tapu*. Under Taufa'ahau Christianity spread throughout Vavau and Ha'apai and was rabidly accepted. Only in Tongatapu did it fail to flourish.

The Christian zealots took up arms in a crusade against the heathens. Fighting was on again, off again. In 1842 Roman Catholic priests arrived and began attempting to convert the heathens of Tongatapu. Civil war again broke out, with the Protestants the victors.

In 1845 Taufa'ahau succeeded the late king Josiah Tubou and became king George Tupou. The Wesleyan Protestants had enormous power in Tonga, and the collection plates were well filled. Excess funds were sent abroad to support less wealthy missions, and that was used as an excuse to set up the Free Wesleyan Church of Tonga, whose tenets were exactly the same as the Wesleyan Methodists but whose offerings were used for church work within Tonga. In 1924 an attempt was made to merge the separate Methodist factions and the result was the Free Church of Tonga. A minority formed a fourth church called the Church of Tonga.

Summary of Tongan Mythology

According to traditional Tongan myths the first island was 'Ata, near Tongatapu, which was built by various gods. It was then filled with vegetation and the first men were created by a single Tangaroa (god) who took a piece of a root of a vine and turned it into a maggot by breaking it off. The maggot was then broken in two and each half became a man. They were named Ko Hai and Ko Au ("Who is it?" and "It is I."). Momo ("Fragment") was the third man, and he was formed from a third piece that stuck in the Tangaroa's beak. The men lived on 'Ata but they had no women.

Several Maui came from the underworld and found Tonga Fusifonua, "Tonga the Land Fisher", a mythical being who owned a special fishhook that could fish land up from the seas. A Maui took the fishhook, but promised to name the first land after Tonga. They began fishing up the islands that are now Tonga (the high islands were thrown down from the sky) when they discovered the three men of 'Ata. The Maui promised to bring them some women from the underworld. The people of Tonga began to multiply and Ko Hai was the first Tui Tonga ("king of the land"; Ko Au was the second).

On an island near Tongatapu a great toa tree grew so tall that the god 'Eitumatupu'a climbed down it and slept with a human woman named Va'epopua, who begat a son named 'Aho'eitu. When 'Aho'eitu grew up he climbed the tree to see his father, but he also met his divine brothers, who became jealous and ate him.

'Eitumatupu'a missed his earthly son and forced the others to vomit him up in a wooden bowl and return his head and bones. 'Eitumatupu'a added water and nonu leaves, which are used for healing to this day, and after a time 'Aho'eitu rose from the bowl. 'Eitumatupu'a sent 'Aho'eitu back to earth to be the Tui Tonga and replace the line of Ko Hai and Ko Au. His four heavenly brothers repented and came down to earth with him. They became his *falefa* ("house of four"), protectors and leaders of ceremony.

After several generations (around 1535) Takalaua, a descendant of 'Aho'eitu and the Tui Tonga, was murdered by Tamosia and Malofafa. These two were of the Ha'atalafale (the "people of Talafale", Talafale being 'Aho'eitu's eldest heavenly brother). Takalaua's sons hunted them across Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji and killed them before returning to bury their father.

The eldest brother became the Tui Tonga, and he created a new office for the younger, the Tui Kanokupolu ("king of men"). This was a secular chief in charge of day-to-day affairs of the kingdom, and of the *inaji* and protection for the Tui Tonga. This marked the start of the decline of the power of the Tui Tonga, though he became more and more sacred. By the time of Cook's arrival Tui Tonga Pau had nearly no power over the affairs of the kingdom at all. The Tui Tonga is a hereditary position; the Tui Kanokupolu is elected by the various chiefs.

Terrorist Bomb Damages American Jet

Jonah Weber, Associated Press

Preliminary reports indicate that a bomb exploded on TWA flight 2183 between Honolulu, Hawaii and Los Angeles, California at about 5:30 a.m. Monday. There were no fatalities, though two people were hospitalized with minor injuries. The bomb blew a hole in the fuselage of the Boeing 747 but apparently affected primarily the baggage compartment.

Several Islamic fundamentalist groups have already claimed responsibility for the bombing. In a press release from Baghdad, Saddam Hussein is reported to have proclaimed the bombers to be the beloved of Allah. International police organizations are cooperating to identify the perpetrators and bring them to justice. U.S. President Bush denounced the act as cowardly and spiteful.

Airports around the world have been on highest alert since operation Desert Shield began last fall. Iraq is one of the countries that is on the U.S. State Department list as a known sponsor of acts of terrorism.

Bombing Investigation Moves Slowly

Jeanne Williams, UPI

The bomb that shook flight 2183 last Monday has baffled forensic specialists working for the FBI. They have not as yet been able to identify the nature of the bomb and suspect that it might have failed to function properly. Some passengers and airport personnel are still being sought for questioning.

Authorities suspect that the bomb malfunctioned because of the relatively small amount of damage done. In the words of one passenger, "The worst anyone got was a good scare." No bomb debris was located, though a fair amount of material was sucked out of the hole in the fuselage during decompression.

It seems that some sort of non-conventional type of bomb was used, as experts have discovered no trace of explosive residue. One authority hypothesizes that it may have been some sort of mechanical cutting device that chewed a hole in the wall. In response to the incident, airport security has been further tightened worldwide.



Bombing Evidence Stolen!

Enrico Lopez, UPI

Last night a warehouse at Los Angeles International Airport that was being used to store evidence from the bombing of TWA flight 2183 was broken into and some of the contents removed. Roger Sumberg of the FBI commented that the stolen items were all property of one of the passengers that was still being sought for questioning. A statewide manhunt is being conducted for the passenger known as John Walking.

The items included several crates that contained "... peculiar items. Artwork and what-not. Not what you'd expect a terrorist to risk capture in order to regain." The crates were all searched carefully, and nothing was found of any particular value. In total nearly a ton of cargo was snatched from the open hand of the FBI.

If anyone has seen John Walking or has any information as to his whereabouts please notify the local police at once. The FBI expects that he is working with several accomplices and may be dangerous.



Wanted by the FBI

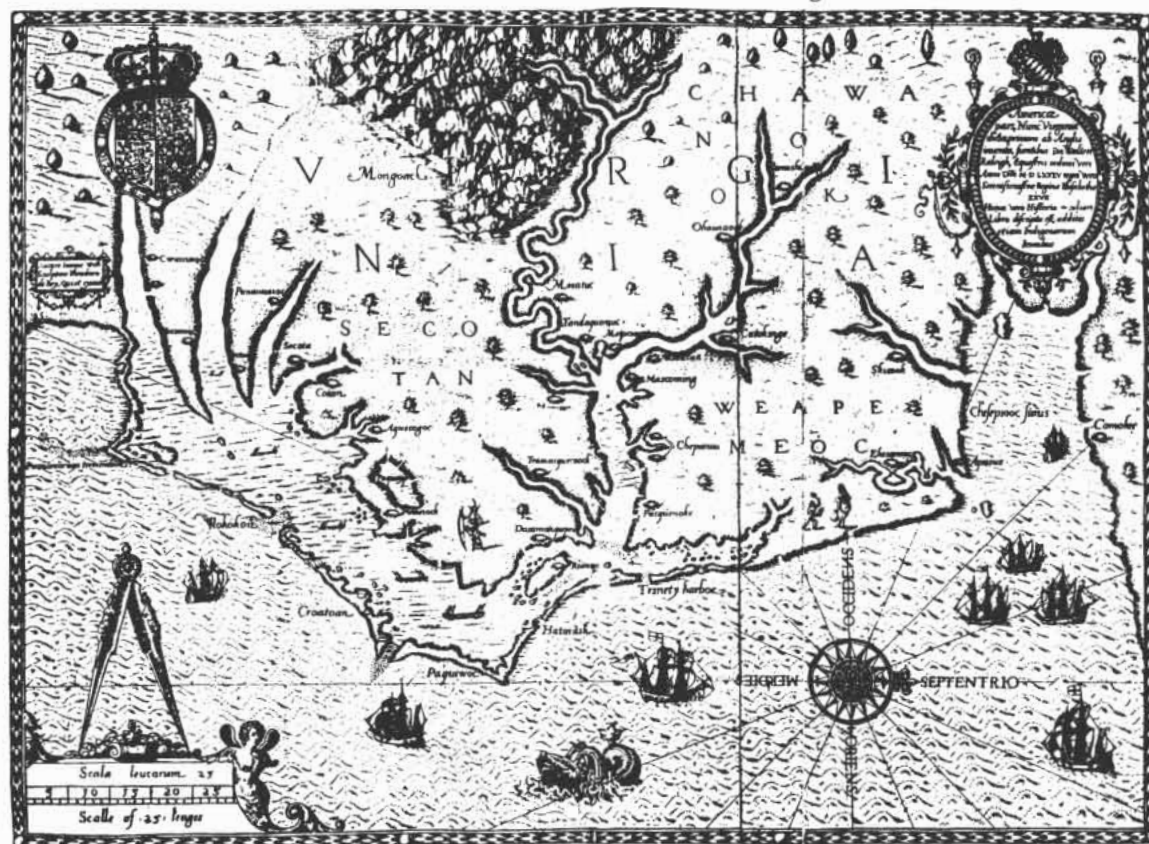
Handout Airport I



Handout Virginia2

Handout Thibideaux2

Handout Virginia1



Patient File — Samantha Heidrichs

The file begins with a patient admission form for Samantha Anne Heidrichs, daughter of Wulf and Greta Heidrichs, born September 22, 1943. The admission form lists her as severely disturbed and dangerous. The form is signed by a Dr. Beck and her father.

All entries before 1985 are written in the sloppy hand of Dr. Weigner.

April 13, 1968 This new patient suffers from hysteria. She is a danger to the other patients and is therefore being held in the convict wing. I feel that her medication must continue for now as, even though she is drugged, two strong men are necessary to restrain her. Bouts of hysteria alternate with periods of dormancy. During her dormant periods she appears oblivious to her surroundings, though she only enters this state when alone. Approaching her is a sure way to arouse a fit of violence.

April 14, 1968 Miss Heidrichs' fiancé came to visit again today. I think that she recognized him, though she still is not speaking coherently. She keeps repeating the word, "Diver! Diver!" I do not understand the relationship with her hysteria. Her fiancé, Mr. Leider, says that she can not even swim, and unless I am mistaken she entered her state of hysteria in the desert. I believe that her diver fixation is some sort of regression to one of her primitive fears.

April 16, 1968 I have taken Miss Heidrichs off of her regimen of morphine. She has finally regained control of her voice and I think that she will behave for us without medicine. I asked her if she knew the meaning of the word she repeated over and over in her hysteria, but she claims to know nothing about divers. I did, however, get the impression that she was lying. This is a mystery worth pursuit.

She got extremely anxious when I suggested moving her to a place where she might make some friends. She seems to have a phobia about people. Whenever a new person enters her room she becomes hysterical. Even when it is someone familiar she stares at his face as if he looked like some sort of monster.

She asked me about the other members of her expedition. I told her that I do not know, though that is not true. I do not think that the grief of learning of the deaths of her friends will do her any good.

April 18, 1968 I finally told her about her companions in the Sudan. She seemed most anxious about Mr. Lange. I told her that the paper said his body was not found, and that he may still be alive. She was very upset when I told her that, and I suppose it makes sense. I know what she was thinking and she is right; there is no chance that her friend is still alive after this long. She thinks that I am trying to deceive her.

I want to move her into a more public wing as soon as possible. Her phobia of other people is extreme and we must break it.

April 22, 1968 To help break her phobia I took about a dozen of the staff and we all entered her room at once. I wanted to show her that nothing would happen and that she can not be afraid of every person she sees. Unfortunately she reacted unlike I expected, and several of the staff received minor injuries. She is not yet ready to leave her private room in the convict wing.

April 23, 1968 She will not talk about her fit in the room yesterday. It has been necessary to keep her on morphine as she has relapsed to her violent fits again. She thinks that I betrayed her and it is going to take some time to regain her trust.

May 16, 1968 I remembered to tell her today that Oswald Lange's body had been found, and that he was dead. She did not believe me, and said that I was mistaken. It is important for her to accept that they are dead, but her mind rejects it.

August 1, 1968 She has become quite an avid artist over the summer. I told her that she is going to run the Institute bankrupt on pens and paper. She still shreds each drawing after she has finished it, but I have examined some of the pieces and they appear to be Egyptian letters. She will not tell me what she is drawing, but she gets frustrated. I do not think that the drawings are turning out the way she would like.

December 4, 1968 I allowed Miss Heidrichs to use the phone in my office a few weeks ago. I was curious as to whom she would call; she has not had any visitors in three months. She wanted privacy, so I assumed that the phone calls were to her family or her fiancé. I was very surprised when I found that she had spent several hours and a great deal of money speaking to various people in Africa. She would not tell me to whom she spoke, nor for what purpose. She did, however, ask for writing paper, envelopes, stamps, and some books.

It is uncanny how she spends hours drawing the same (or similar) sets of hieroglyphics over and over again. She never seems to tire of it, and they adorn every square inch of her walls as well as obscure her window and clog her door.

March 21, 1969 I have collected some of the books that she has requested, and she was extremely happy to receive them. If she was half as studious at the university as she has been here, then I am confident that she was a brilliant scholar. Between the photos from the Sudanese National Museum and her archaeology books she seems to be quite pleased. I think that she made up a new set of drawings recently and threw away the old ones. They look the same to me but the paper is fresher. She still will not tell me what the hieroglyphics mean.

October 30, 1969 I am pleased enough with Miss Heidrichs' behavior to allow her to join the other patients in the yard. She will not allow them near her but the outside air does her some good. None of the others approaches her too closely, and I think that they might be afraid of her. She can be quite disturbing.

June 22, 1971 Miss Heidrichs has taken her paints and vandalized her room. The walls (and windows and door!) are entirely covered with hieroglyphics. I recognized the pattern on the door as the same one she has been obsessed with. The others appear to be different. I have moved her out of the room until the walls can be returned to their original white.

I asked Mr. Leider about this behavior and he was quite as baffled as myself. He has been visiting much less often over the last year or so, and he seemed to resent my calling him.

February 13, 1973 I informed Miss Heidrichs of her parents' deaths this morning. She took it very poorly, which is not surprising considering her acute paranoia. There were many questions about the car "accident" (she does not believe that it was one). Mr. Leider came by this afternoon to console her, but he did not stay long.

January 2, 1974 Mr. Leider made his first visit in six months, and stayed only a short time. Miss Heidrichs was in a terrible state when he left. She would not speak to me so I had a nurse give her some tranquilizers. I tried to call Mr. Leider to find out what happened, but he was not home.

January 3, 1974 I finally reached Mr. Leider, and apparently he is getting married next month. He came to tell Miss Heidrichs that, and apparently he does not plan to see her again.

Miss Heidrichs feels very betrayed. She has lost all contact with her life before joining us at the Institute. She doesn't have any friends left, either here or on the outside, though her own behavior is responsible for alienating most of those she had.

January 4, 1974 This morning when I went to visit Miss Heidrichs she surprised me. Until this time she has avoided and feared contact with anyone, but this morning she did not want me to leave. She held onto me for comfort like a small child. This is a response to her feelings of betrayal and loneliness, I know, but she was very sincere in her affection.

January 25, 1974 Miss Heidrichs greeted me this morning without a stitch of clothing on. She is experiencing a more intense version of the normal doctor-patient bonding due to her feelings of abandonment, and I must proceed carefully so that she does not feel that I too am rejecting her. This is, however, a wonderful opportunity to gain her trust.

I have been careful to show her that, though I avoid her sexual advances, it is not because she is unattractive nor because I don't have feelings for her. Perhaps, in this way, our relationship can normalize again, except with myself privy to her innermost thoughts (which I must be if there is to be any hope of my helping her recover).

April 3, 1976 I am moving Samantha to the minimum security wing of the hospital. She has shown improvement not so much in overcoming her paranoia as tolerating it. It makes me sad that she still lives in constant fear, but she now is willing to await her fate passively. She will not let me convince her that she can have a normal life. She expects that one day one of the people she runs across in a subway or on the street will be the demon of her nightmares. She truly believes that there is someone out there who is waiting to get her, and who would stop at nothing if he knew where she was.

November 29, 1977 Sammy has made quite a friend of Erich. She seems to trust him unlike any other save myself. He is rather harmless in his wheelchair. She has taught him to paint and, though he will never be as good as she is, he is becoming quite proficient. Erich is Dr. Strauss' patient, but I think the best therapy he's gotten since his arrival has been his painting lessons.

Sammy, on the other hand, rivals the masters. I have taken a couple of her paintings to show to Mr. Hans Lindt (an art critic and passing acquaintance), and he thinks that they would be worth a lot of money. Sammy was quite panicked when I told her what I had done. She refuses to consider exhibiting her artwork in a gallery, even though Hans said he thought he could arrange it.

December 27, 1977 Perhaps it is all arranged. Sammy will exhibit her artwork using a *nom de plume*. She continues to be against it, but I think that it would be good for her. She will, of course, not be able to attend the exhibition, which will take place in the Überstrasse Art Gallery. The paintings will be signed K. R. Virke.

March 16, 1978 What a success! K. R. Virke is going to be (locally) famous. There have been several reviews and the most negative of them still heralds a triumph. Sammy is very unhappy; she never thought that her work would be publicized this way, and she has taken to hiding in her room a lot more. She has regressed some but I think that she'll come out stronger in the long run.

August 1, 1978 The gallery is still receiving inquiries about works from K. R. Virke, which they forward to Hans. Sammy made a great deal of money from the first show, and stands to make enough to live (no, for three families to live) very comfortably if she would continue to sell her creations.

October 11, 1978 Sammy has begun selling her paintings on a regular basis. I convinced her that nothing bad had happened since the exhibit, and even if someone was trying to find her they would not be able to figure out that Mr. Virke was, in fact, Samantha Heidrichs, vulnerable woman and imminent victim. She is safely anonymous, though I think that it would be good for her to get credit for her work, and it would be good therapy too.

July 11, 1979 Sammy continues to receive praise anonymously for her work, and she is experimenting in new media. She has asked me to get her some supplies, and with them she has begun producing her own pigments and inks. She also makes a sort of paper out of reeds and, though it is very crude, her admirers seems to like it. It adds a bit of authenticity to the antique nature of her artwork.

She has Erich helping her most of the time. Erich seems to really enjoy his labors, but I think that he is a little jealous of my closeness to Sammy.

November 29, 1979 I think that perhaps Sammy is nearly ready to move out on her own. Between her inheritance and the money she has made selling her artwork she could easily buy a nice house. I would, of course, continue to look after her until she is well enough to function independently.

December 1, 1979 I raised the idea of Sammy moving into her own place and am optimistic with her response. I think that she is ready for this next step, and I think that she will soon accept it too. I have taken her out of the Institute several times and, while nervous, she no longer has fits of hysteria when surrounded by strangers.

January 5, 1980 We have looked around and discovered a small apartment that Sammy will rent. It is private and quiet; she should be comfortable there. It is large enough for her to set up a small studio, and she should be able to maintain quite an income judging by how well her work sells. She will move in at the end of the month.

January 29, 1980 Sammy is very uneasy about moving out, but I have convinced her that it is for the best. She will be happier if she can overcome her dependency on me. She knows that she will see me no less often when she moves out.

January 31, 1980 This should be my last entry for Sammy. She has settled in her new apartment and is starting to feel at home. I think that she's going to be just fine. Her new studio is larger than the area she had here at the Institute, and she is already back to work. If Dr. Strauss is agreeable, I will take Erich to visit her periodically. She doesn't have any friends left and I expect she will get lonely.

May 6, 1980 What a setback! Sammy was progressing fine under my care until two weeks ago. She's back in the Institute now, and probably will be for a long time. I am still trying to figure out what happened, but I know that whatever it was came after the article came out in the paper announcing that she was K. R. Virke.

The article came out on Tuesday, April 22, and she felt extremely vulnerable after that. She depended on her anonymity as a security

blanket, and she blamed me for her losing it. I must confess that she was doing quite well and I thought that releasing her name would do her some good, build up her confidence so to speak. I am still convinced that it would have been good in the long run, when she finally came out of her apartment again.

But something else happened that pushed her over the edge, and I must find out what it was. She no longer trusts me, but I can talk to her when she is given morphine. Her landlord is furious about the state of the apartment, but a few coats of paint on the walls and it will be as good as new. I will search for clues as to what happened tonight, after work.

May 7, 1980 Gunther was badly injured this morning when he opened Sammy's door. He was taken to the hospital, where they removed her writing pen from his abdomen. She escaped her room and hid for nearly six hours trying, I think, to figure out how to escape the Institute. At some point last night she managed to tattoo her hieroglyphics onto her left forearm, and quite neatly too, especially considering the morphine.

Sammy has received several letters over the last couple of months from Egypt, London, and the Sudan. Most of them are from the Sudanese National Museum. She appears to have been corresponding with someone on the staff there named Mr. Babik about certain items in his collection. Judging by his responses he was hesitant to disclose any information. Sammy will not tell me what she was inquiring about.

June 11, 1980 I contacted Mr. Babik, the director of the Sudanese National Museum, to find out what he had written to Sammy that disturbed her so. He was quite surprised to learn that the Deiter Institute was a mental institution and not an establishment of higher education, and further stunned to learn that Miss Heidrichs was not Dr. Heidrichs but was a patient of the same mental institution. He had assumed that he was corresponding with an established researcher at a respected university.

He said that he and Sammy had corresponded over the last four or five months concerning the museum's collection of ancient Nubian artifacts. She had called herself Dr. Heidrichs of the Deiter Institute. She was particularly interested in the artifacts from the tomb of a pharaoh named Taharqa, and anything salvaged from a failed expedition of twelve years ago. She never actually called Mr. Babik until about a week ago (he doesn't remember what day it was).

She had seemed anxious, and was very determined to locate some artifacts. Mr. Babik was unwilling to talk very long after learning of Sammy's deception. I think that he was very embarrassed to have been duped.

August 1, 1980 I now feel that there is no hope of my regaining Sammy's trust. After Erich's suicide I thought that she would look to me for comfort, but she has withdrawn into herself. The mysterious scars are explained, though, as I witnessed her making an incision and using the escaped blood as a pigment for her drawing. She has reverted to drawing hieroglyphics again. She never has told me what they mean.

December 30, 1984 This is my last entry, and I hope that my replacement has more success than I have in the last few years. Though rarely violent anymore, Sammy is little different now than the day she arrived.

All further entries are written in a different, impeccably neat hand.

January 1, 1985 This patient is extremely lost in a fantasy that Dr. Weigner allowed her to live for the past fifteen years. I have asked a nurse to take away her books and pictures and things. She can not get better living in this fantasy world. I told her she can have her pens and paints back when she is ready to draw pretty things.

January 2, 1985 My god, we have been forced to sedate Miss Heidrichs. Last night she BIT OFF her little finger and painted the walls in blood. Those must be the hieroglyphics that Dr. Weigner wrote about. She is extremely uncooperative, and I can not see removing the restraints any time soon.

March 16, 1986 I have asked Miss Heidrichs if I could have a particularly pretty landscape she painted. She immediately slashed it to ribbons. She never allows anyone to have any of her artwork, she just paints over it again and again. There are probably twenty coats of paint on some of her canvases, and they are becoming quite lumpy.

April 2, 1988 For my birthday, Miss Heidrichs drew me a picture. I was very surprised as she never has taken to me. I was horrified when I saw the twisted portrait of myself. If she sees me as such a demon then it is no wonder she will not open up.

Munich Post, Thursday, April 5, 1968

Museum's Nubian Expedition Destroyed by Sandstorm

by Jochiem Wieskrupf

Dr. Richard Kalkhe of the National Museum and two of his assistants were killed Sunday in the north of Sudan. The esteemed professor and his assistants were involved in an automobile accident during an unseasonably powerful sandstorm. The accident is believed to have occurred when the team attempted to drive to the safety of a town located near their excavation site. According to Sudanese authorities, it was difficult to determine the exact cause of death as the bodies were badly eroded by the fiercely blowing sands.

One member of the expedition survived the storm by taking refuge in a large box at the excavation site, spending three days huddled in the crate. Miss Sammy Heidrichs of Munich is being flown home from Khartoum today for further treatment. Reports have it that Miss Heidrichs was rescued by a passing Bedouin.

The fifth and last member of the team, Mr. Oswald Lange, is still reported missing. According to Sudanese authorities, however, it is almost certain that he is also dead.

Herald International Tribune, Friday, April 6, 1968

Archeological Expedition Ends In Disaster

by Edwin J. Langstrom

Khartoum: A German archeological expedition, led by Dr. Kalkhe of the Munich Museum, ended in tragedy earlier in the week at the savage hand of a desert sandstorm. Three scientists of the five-member team were killed in an automobile accident during the storm. A fourth member, Mr. Oswald Lange, is feared dead as well. The team was apparently attempting to flee their desert camp, located near Karima in northern Sudan, when their vehicle struck a large boulder.

The only German survivor, Miss Sammy Heidrichs, was flown Thursday to Munich to undergo treatment for shock, dehydration, and heat sickness. Heidrichs was not in the vehicle at the time of the collision. Instead, she remained behind at the camp, protected in one of the expedition's large equipment trunks. She was found in the trunk by a Bedouin on Tuesday afternoon after spending approximately three days inside.

According to Dr. Maguib Farouz of the Sudan National Atmospheric Center, the sandstorm, or haboob as the nomads of northern Sudan call it, "was uncommonly fierce and unseasonal in its arrival during this time of year."

The group of archaeologists were working on their first field season in an area of ancient ruins dating from 600 to 1000 B.C. "They had uncovered much information and made many fabulous discoveries over the years", said Saba El-Amin, Napata Regional Antiquities Inspector, who also said that the scientists were close to a major discovery of an ancient royal tomb.

Das Sprechen, Sunday, April 15, 1968

Museum's Expedition Wiped Out by Cursed Ancient City

by Frieda Zimmerman

Inside sources say that Miss Sammy Heidrichs, the only survivor of the ill-fated museum expedition to northern Sudan, has been sent to a home for the mentally disturbed. Our source from inside the Deiter Institute reports that she was admitted Friday into the dangerous patient ward for treatment. "Miss Heidrichs exhibits bouts of catatonia and paranoid delusions," said her doctor, Dr. Hakenkreuz. According to our source, however, Miss Heidrichs lives in terror of simple darkness. The lights of her cell are kept on at all times. Obviously Miss Heidrichs is deeply disturbed and we can only wonder what really happened in the Sudan.

In personal communication with an Arab correspondent covering the story in Sudan, it came to light that the team of archaeologists were about to excavate an ancient tomb. The tomb lay in the ancient city of Napata. It is said by some that Napata is cursed.

For instance, in 1911, a Dr. Garstang from Oxford University began excavations in Karima, nearby to Napata. He lost five diggers in a sandstorm and lost six more diggers to disease within the week. His hired labor abandoned the site and he was forced to leave within thirteen days. In 1938, a Dr. Török from the Budapest Academy of Sciences ran into similar hardships, losing three members of his survey team the day after he reached the site.

Perhaps someday Miss Heidrichs will explain why she spent three days cowering in a wooden crate. Until then, remember that the archaeological team had over sixty years of combined desert experience. How many storms had they seen in that time? What really happened in the Sudan?

Hamburg Daily Post, March 16, 1978

New Artist Stuns Art World

By Irwin Jadsikr, guest art critic

The Überstrasse Art Gallery has been displaying for the last week a collection of macabre paintings and drawings by a mysterious new artist. K. R. Virke was not present at his own showing, and rumors abounded as to who the artist may actually be. While gloomy, dismal, and even frightening, the paintings are masterfully constructed.

While I personally find the work too horrific for my own walls, there has been considerable interest and some of the best works have already been sold. The exhibit will be on display for only five more days and I advise that it should not be missed.

Hamburg Daily Post, Tuesday, April 22, 1980

Virke Identity Revealed

By Hans van Fleiderman

The identity of popular local artist K. R. Virke was revealed by local art critic Hans Lindt. Lindt says he was informed Sunday of the artist's name, which is Samantha Heidrichs of 223 Eilbacher Road in Hamburg. Mr. Lindt, who was helpful in getting Miss Heidrichs her first show, says that he has never met the artist and was informed of her identity through a friend of hers.

For those not in the know, K. R. Virke gained much popularity over the last two years for his (her) morbid works in different media. Of special value to collectors were works done on handmade papyrus which reinforce the antique nature of the subjects. We eagerly anticipate further works from the talented Miss Heidrichs.

Sudanese Gazette, Sunday, April 8, 1968

Sandstorm Wreaks Havoc Near Karima

by Rashid Gulsham

An unseasonal sandstorm has been blamed in the accidental death of four members of a visiting archaeological team, as well as the death of the driver of a missing lorry. Apparently, in fleeing from the storm, the archaeologists' Land Rover collided straight on with a natural rock wall. All aboard the vehicle were killed.

The one surviving member of the expedition was found in a large equipment crate last Tuesday following the two-day storm. The surviving woman, a German, was flown home for medical treatment regarding fatigue and several minor wounds. She had apparently weathered out the storm in one of the expeditions' large crates at their campsite near Tell El-Napata.

Also attributed to the sandstorm, a lorry driver was found dead about three kilometers to the east of Karima. The driver was carrying a load of rice to Karima and evidently lost his way. Mysteriously, only the driver has been found; the lorry is still missing. The search continues for the missing vehicle. It is thought to be located somewhere in the vicinity. According to local sources, the driver probably tried to walk to Karima after running out of petrol and got lost.

Handout Sudan1

Attention! Missing Persons Alert!



Bernard Fosdick of the American Associated Press was last seen on Northern Desert Road. Reward offered for information leading to the whereabouts and safe return of Mr. Fosdick. Please contact the American Consulate in Khartoum.

Handout Sudan2

03/01/91 22:10:25 504-733-1281 001

To: Mr. Labib

Fax#: 011-249-76805

Date: 1/3

From:



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10/03/91 12:35:41 011-81-22-307-6771 001

From: Hashimoto Deep Sea Submersibles and Exploration Technology, 765 Muramasa Blvd., Kagoshima, Japan

Fax#: 011-81-22-307-6771

To: Mr. J. LeGoullon

Fax#: 011-249-76805

Mr. LeGoullon,

Merchandise that you have ordered has been shipped as per your request. Expect delivery to Tongatapu address within six days as promised. Confirm invoice as follows:

QTTY	DESCRIPTION	PROD. #
4	Oyabun Dive Suits	MS10024
3	Replacement Helmets	MS10024-1187a
18	High Pressure BND rebreather tanks	RT10062
1	12,000 ft High Pressure Hose	HPH00124
3	Replacement Air Lock Parts	AL10011-1028
3	"	AL10011-2401
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DR. AZIZ

FINISH PROBLEMS THAT FOLLOW FROM NEW ORLEANS
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ARRIVE HERE IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS

Handout Sudan3

"The passage of Osiris through the door and its posts"

I made use of the tablet in creating a pool of water. Come then pass in over this door of this Hall of Maa-ti, you know us. I will not let you enter over me, says the bolt of this door, until you say my name. Weight of the place of right and truth is your name. I will not let you enter by me, says the right post of this door, until you say my name. He weighs the labors of right and truth is your name. I will not let you enter by me, says the left post of this door, until you say my name. Judge of wine is your name. I will not let you pass over me, says the threshold of this door, until you say my name. Ox of Keb is your name. I will not open to you, says the bolt-socket of this door, until you say my name. Flesh of his mother is your name. I will not open to you, says the lock of this door, until you say my name. Lives the utchat of Sebek, the lord of Bak-hau, is your name. I will not open to you, I will not let you pass over me, says the dweller at the door of this door, until you tell my name. Arm of Shu that places itself of the protection of Osiris is your name. We will not allow you to pass by us, say the posts of this door, until you say our names. Serpent children of Rennut are your names. You know us, pass then by us. You shalt not tread upon me, says the floor of this hall, until you say my name. ... (Herma_oref) I am silent, I am pure, because we do not know your two legs that you tread upon us with; tell them to me then. Traveler before Amsu (Menu) is the name of my right leg. Grief of Nephthys is the name of my left leg. Tread then upon us, you know us. I will not question you, says the guardian of this hall, until you say my name. Discerner of hearts, searcher of reins, is your name. I will question you then. Who is the god dwelling in his hour? Speak it. The recorder of the two lands. Who then is he the recorder of the two lands? Su-Thoth it is. Come, says Su-Thoth, come you hither (?). I come advancing to the examination. What then is your condition? I, I am pure from evil all. I am protected from the baleful acts of those who live in their days, I am not among them. I have examined you then. Who goes down into the flame, its walls are [surmounted] with uraei, being his paths in that same lake? The traverser is Osiris. Come forward then, indeed you have been examined; your bread is from the utchat and your beer from the utchat, are brought out to the sepulchral offerings upon earth from the utchat. He has decreed it for me.

Handout Sudan6

Handout Sudan4

... and thereupon he came to the first gate, speaking your name Ikenty the ceaseless knifing, he did protect himself from above as dates are protected from Ra god of sun and life. He then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, susrat nefer sestoswret*.

Written in the margin at this point is the hieroglyphic for palm frond.

... journeyed the many passages says the way, he came to the sons of his enemies, the opponents Kefty. They said the biting words upon his family but he who passes did not hear, protected by stoppers of the urns and wine. He then spoke the secondcharm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, nectanet tewosfer shumut*.

Written in the margin at this point are the hieroglyphics for sound, tallow, cotton, and soaked.

The traveler's party came between the two sides of the serpent children of Abu-Ashbu. He spread the drying sands of the dead shores upon which nothing has grown, and he was then protected from the Ashbu poison. Passing, he then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, thered luser ashbu*.

Written in the margin at this point is the hieroglyphic for salt.

... the boat came to a shore beset with the great serpent Apophis and eater of gods, Apophis of the many heads and his allies. In a great battle many gods were slain and finally the traveler slew the great serpent with the crooked staff through the eye. The lake of life lay ahead and the travelers had no boat or wind to sail by. He built another boat by the destroyed pieces and carried them across by the traveler's breath. He then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, mestet Apophis amseru*.

Drawn in the margin at this point is a small solar barque and the hieroglyphics for small and papyrus reeds.

... beheld Seqed the fire serpent and the final child of the legless god. He who travels was badly burned before Mesernekhet the protector of souls came to his aid and fanned away the flames with his great wings. He then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, Mesernekhet tutosen fustem*.

There is a line from the name Mesernekhet to hieroglyphics for vulture, part, and wing written in the margin.

Finally in his last hour the traveler came to the gate before the last. There stood the god dwelling there, scribe and recorder of the two lands. He had five questions for the traveler and his guests, and they were answered with truth. There followed beer and bread from offering cups. He then spoke the charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, utchat mesru sutegeret*.

There is nothing written in the margin at the end of this passage.

Before life was taken again, one of the company was offered to Ammit, keeper of souls. He then spoke the final charm of passage, *ene bebel felenem, shared wadjet rheketsunefer*.

Next to this section is the hieroglyph for ushabti.

Concerning the Kushite Dynasty of Egypt. From temple inscriptions, textual translations, and spoken memory.

Early in the Kushite reign, an abstraction of the Egyptian deity Amon took place.

This god was notably bastardized by the dread priest Maleqereabar into a resemblance of the primitive savage god worshiped by local Nubians.

Psametik I of the Saite Era recorded that Maleqereabar was "taken" soulfully during a ritual performed for the King Piankhi.

Necho, a royal scribe under Nectanebo II, documented the issuance of a decree by Maleqereabar to send out ... find the wisdom of the gods.

Maketu, a healer of Ethiopia, wrote that the great priest of Amun-Shaklial gave forth an eye to allow his god to see into the world of men.

... obvious that some wisdom was brought back but the effect of that eventually became expressed as a monarchy of terror, exhibiting unusually harsh treatment of captives and slaves. For this ... human sacrifice ...

It is written on the pylons at the Temple of Horemheb at Jebel Siisileh ... Piankhi and Shebako failed to carry out the bidding of Amun-Shaklial. Maleqereabar "The One-eyed" lived through their disfavor and persevered to advise wisely the following rulers.

... Taharqa came to a disagreement with Amun-Shaklial ... Maleqereabar at a great feast (dinner). Maleqereabar however was taken with disfavor and Taharqa was forced to continue without the ancient one.

Taharqa's great work of protection, in the face of the coming Ashurbanipal of Assyria, rivaled those of the deceased ancient, and from the tombs at the Oracle of Siwa, it is written that Maleqereabar's spirit lived on in his form.

... well known that Taharqa fell into disfavor with his god during this final ceremony, but from the waters beyond Cathoom, in the region of Ethiopia, there is a tale of a king named Tarkuhua.

... the legend, the king tries to trick an enemy god, Cthulhu, into unleashing a great storm against the rising Ashurhyua. The god was angry though for this arrogance and crushed the temple about the king, killed his subjects, and imprisoned him in a waking death.

... must note the shattered nature of the Temple of Rameses II, across from ancient Thebes and Karnak.

... numerous accounts of unusual brutality. ... Shebako's burning of 1000 prisoners, Piankhi's vigil which saw a hundred slaves killed atop ...

... Maleqereabar's great confrontation with Sennacherib which saw the deaths of a hundred prisoners and the entire Assyrian host.

... sacrificial augury with children.

... from the now destroyed temple of Amun-Shaklial at Jebel Barkal, at the fourth cataract.

T. Ptolemy

Handout Sudan7

Tongan Informer, March 26th, 1991

Meteor Misses Tonga

Many sightings from around the greater island area were reported yesterday around 4:00 pm, of a meteor travelling across the sky from west to east.

It is believed to have struck the ocean somewhere in the vicinity of Avuatutu. Apparently the Avuatutu residents were extremely distressed at the meteors sighting. "Such a sign represents a very bad omen to them", said Dr. Robert Atuotupu of Government University. The residents have proclaimed three days of fasting in response to the omen.

According to Dr. Po'uo, also at the Government University, meteors are not uncommon for this time of year. However, he reports that they represent little danger to the island inhabitants.

Handout Tonga4

16 February 1968

Our first day on site. All the hassles and headaches have been worth it. Tel El-Napata is huge beyond my imagination. Everywhere there are walls and columns protruding from the sand. I think it would take a lifetime to investigate the history of such a ruin. Fantastic.

As the sun sets, sending the Saharan sky into a blaze, the canvas of our new tents rustles in the evening breeze. Oswald is making some of the local beans for dinner and with some bread. I will go to bed a full and satisfied man.

Tomorrow Sammy and I will journey into the village to begin hiring diggers and maybe hire a cook and some camp help. It is as beautiful here as it always is when I first return to the field. I hope that by the end of our season I am not as eager to return to Munich as I always seem to get.

17 February 1968

A long and hectic day. Sammy and I made arrangements for twenty workmen to begin assisting us in only three days' time. We have hired a cook and two girls to help out around the camp and they will begin tomorrow.

Tomorrow I will walk around the site and begin the process of elimination for the locations of our test pits. Oswald says he located a good place to begin in what looks like a royal cemetery. Tomorrow will tell much about the future of this whole season.

18 February 1968

I think I found evidence of work begun by Török or perhaps by Garstang near where Os suggested we begin. I declined his suggestion in favor of working closer to the pyramids and further from the town area. My first objective I think will be to survey and map the existing cemetery structures. Meanwhile I will have Herman and Max supervise the basket girls and diggers in clearing the base and associated graves of the largest of these pyramids.

All of the structures appear to have been broken into at some time but perhaps in some corner of a shaft tomb there may still be some artifacts or useful relics.

20 February 1968

Herman and Max began work with the diggers today. It is a wonderful sight to see the sands begin to part and the hidden treasures revealed. Not two hours into digging I came to the familiar call of "Boss!" echoed out over dunes and rubble-strewn pyramids. The workers had come across the telltale rectangular excavation of a shaft tomb. We will leave it full of sand for the time being, waiting until the rest of the surrounding area is cleared as well.

The surveying goes slowly. Oswald and I make a good team for completing the task with great accuracy. However, with just the two of us it may take two or even three weeks before the mausoleum is fully mapped. One thing I must say, though, the maps and photographs are sure to please our backers. Anything to reveal the vastness of this site.

I have been thinking often of my colleagues since this morning when the first hint of a sandstorm blew in. How exposed the site is. I can see how the winds could have blown Garstang and Török practically all the way to Morocco from here. Also, I think I am beginning to fall prey to the "Egyptian stomach", as it is called locally.

22 February 1968

Heavens, but the winds do blow here. The diggers are having an awful time just keeping up with the shifting dunes, not to mention making any progress. One showed up this morning with a hugely swollen foot. Apparently he struck himself on the foot yesterday with his hoe and over the night he has gained a grievous infection. I tried to send him home but he refused, as he is eager for the pay. I then considered sending him home with pay but thought better of it as I noticed I was being closely watched by the other diggers. That is all I need, to be paying an entire village to lay sick in bed. And damn the dysentery that kept me there today.

26 February 1968

Four days of fever and blowing sands. Oswald and Sammy have begun the surveying again and today Max overturned the bronze head of a Roman statue. It now sits atop my desk, staring at me blankly. I know they have put it in here to try and raise my spirits but the blank stare of who, Claudius, well whoever, it does not make the violence inside me subside. Instead it looks rather mocking. No matter, our first material culture number of the season and it looks to be of the first century A.D. Progress is progress, though I think I will send the diggers home tomorrow if the wind does not subside.

1 March 1968

Both the diggers and I return to work today. I have changed the site of our original excavation to the windward side of pyramid 2b. It is not the highest remaining monument but the basal dimensions are the largest of any around and I think perhaps we will find that it was the largest at one time. Oswald and I will continue the surveying and now that we have begun to make progress against the sands once again, I think Sammy should be able to find enough to occupy herself.

14 March 1968

Time slips past. The excavation is proceeding exceedingly well. Today Oswald and I completed our survey of the upper cemetery area. 32 pyramids with an associated 79 burial structures. Fantastic. With a stroke of luck we seem to have begun our excavations on the western side of Pharaoh Taharqa's pyramid. The immediately adjacent pyramid in this group (2), pyramid 2a, appears to belong to Pharaoh Piye or Piankhi. Sammy has found references to both names in the temple structures on its eastern face. This makes it seem probable that our choice of location has placed us in a group of pyramids all dating to the 25th Dynasty of Egypt.

Tomorrow I will break the team of diggers into two smaller groups. I will take one into the town of Napata and the other can stay with Herman and Max.

16 March 1968

As it is only Faisa and myself here in camp this morning I will steal a moment and try and relate the events of yesterday. I can see how my predecessors quit their operations here after only a day or two working in the ruined city of Napata.

Even as the sun came up, I could tell that the heat would be particularly bad in the slight depression that the city sits in. By morning tea the heat distortion was so bad that it became impossible to see the pyramids at all, and Jebel Barkal became a floating island over the shimmering ruins of Napata. I realized by the midday break that we had better get out of there before the animals or, indeed, even the workers began to go ill from the heat. But it was too late, I fear. Before we had the cart fully loaded, Ala's donkey fell to its knees and would not get up. I stopped the men from beating it finally by explaining to them that we could leave the equipment and walk out and when night came, the donkey would join us.

Some of the men, however, insisted on carrying some of the equipment, and so I suggested the theadolite and tripod, as well as some small figurines that we had discovered in one of the houses of the city. The height of the midday sun greatly distorted the path, and as we could not see the pyramids or other landmarks, well, we tried our best. Some of the men got separated when there was an argument about the correct direction. The rest of us seemed to make it out rather in the last moments of our endurance, and I fear for the health of the others. I did manage to recover the surveying instruments, but the men with the statuettes were among those to separate from us. I do not know exactly how hot it got but it felt like trying to breathe the air from an oven. An odd thing, too—just before we were to exit, I thought I saw one of the men from the other group, and though we shouted and waved to him, I thought for sure I saw him turn and walk the other way. And of course, just as soon as we returned to camp the blasted wind came up again, and fierce, too. It blew down the tea tent and tried to finish off the curation tent.

Handout Sudan5 (2 pages)

18 March 1968

Saba appeared unexpectedly today, carrying that huge book of his and demanding that I sit with him right then and enter our finds with him peering over my shoulder. Of course he stayed through until dinner. The worst insult, however, was the taking of that bronze head, a small intact offering table, and four female figurines. He proclaimed that is was standard procedure for him to protect all of the better finds by removing them to the museum in Khartoum. Well, in my thirteen years I have never handed over antiquities until at least the end of the season. I suspect he was pressuring me for some baksheesh but I would have none of it. I sent him on his way with his goods. I will probably see them in the markets of Cairo on my return trip. That is probably also what happened to the workers who disappeared in Napata too. Damn these people.

20 March 1968

Have completely exposed the tops to what appears to be three shaft tombs on the west side of Taharqa's pyramid. Found one of the figurines from Napata in the curation tent this morning. I suspect someone began to feel guilty.

22 March 1968

The fires of the Bedouin camp atop Jebel Barkal last night were spectacular against the starry night sky. The distant sounds of their braying songs carried hauntingly across the ruins of Napata. Herman, Sammy and I stayed up well into the night to watch their solemn dances in the distance. It was probably one of the most "tribal" or "authentically primitive" festivals I have ever seen. I spoke with Jamal at morning tea about the dancing and he said it was to celebrate the rebirth of Amun-Shaklail, the Bedouin spirit of death and the night. Fascinating that they would have incorporated at least the name of the Egyptian god Amon into their mythology. I will have to speak to Urman about the religions of these peoples when I return to Munich.

Another inspection by that worm Saba today. He wants us to catalog every last potsherd and limestone fragment in his big book. I know he is still hungry for the baksheesh that I denied him on his last visit. But today he dared to tell me that I was not to proceed with an excavation of one of the shaft tombs without his supervision. I told him that he had best not bother to return to Khartoum tomorrow then as I planned on beginning at dawn. Even though I hadn't I didn't like the prospect of having to wait for him to haul his fat self up here again.

23 March 1968

Down 4 meters in excavation pit 2a for the season. Just sand, sand, and more sand. No writing on the bare limestone walls and there is no included cultural material either. Can make out pits in walls that were once either scaffolding supports or foot holds.

24 March 1968

Made 3 more meters progress in 2a today. Began 2b in the adjacent shaft pit. Miserable workers chatter and create too much of a ruckus when they are not working. First signs of some inscriptions on the walls of 2a. Sammy spent both breaks in the pit trying to decipher them but she could not.

26 March 1968

2b ended today at a depth of 9 meters. There was no sign of inscription anywhere along the walls, nor in the short transverse passage at the bottom. There were some remains of what appeared to be a limestone sarcophagus but it was badly broken and bare of inscriptions as well. I can only wonder what treasures may have been there at one time.

Progress continues in 2a; we are now at a depth of 12 meters and still going. Sammy says the inscriptions describe offerings of servants, animals, food, boats, and weapons and wealth, but that the recipient is not named.

I laid the grid for the excavation of 2c before sunset. We will begin that tomorrow.

27 March 1968

Came upon the bones of a horse at 14 meters in 2a today. Saba came running with his book when the workers began shouting and exclaiming.

He was right there with his bag and book as the bones came up, and he insisted I number them and then deliver them to him to be returned to Khartoum. This went on until after all of the bones were out and there were no material culture items found. He then emptied his bag and went off to his tent with a few puffs of frustration. Made another meter of progress before quitting.

2c looks promising. The walls are inscribed less than a meter from the surface. It appears to have been the burial of a priest of some prominence. The inscriptions appear to date to the 25th Dynasty, along with those of 2a.

28 March 1968

2c yielded wonderful finds today. Several intact earthenware pots and jugs as well a complete earthenware offering table and many small cups and offering bowls. It is unfortunate that Saba was so close by as all of the items have been taken to his tent and await transport to Khartoum. But perhaps of more value are the inscriptions on the walls. It will take most of the rest of the season for Sammy to transcribe them. At a cursory examination, it would seem that at one time a priest of Amon by the name of Hobadji was buried here during the time of Taharqa.

29 March 1968

After working in 2c most of the day, Sammy revealed that Hobadji probably died or was put to death shortly after Taharqa died. There is a phrase which says something like, "who served his Taharqa (may he live forever) even after he died (passed on)."

The horrid winds have returned it seems. Only by drilling into the stone around the shafts and erecting a canvas screen is it possible to keep them from filling with sand. The rest of the excavations are already dune-covered once again.

18 meters in 2a and still no bottom.

30 March 1968

Mixed blessings today. We reached the bottom of 2a and everyone was quite let down to find that it was a blind bottomed shaft, and that aside from some complicated inscriptions it was quite empty. But luckily the worm has packed his things and left for Khartoum, so he is out of our business for a time anyway.

2a finally ended at 21 meters, quite deep for a shaft tomb during this era. Tomorrow I will descend myself and, with Oswald and his camera, we will have a more detailed look at the inscriptions down there.

31 March 1968

The most amazing thing! The west wall at the bottom of the pit is false. Though it is covered by some odd complex inscriptions, it is in fact plaster, or at least a portion of it is, and it remains intact. After break Sammy and Oswald and I will return down to record the inscriptions on the door and then perhaps we shall open a small hole and have a look inside.

I am this day a fulfilled man. The door conceals a passage leading to an intact tomb. The tomb holds none other than Pharaoh Taharqa himself. Or at least that is what Sammy, Oswald, and I have agreed upon. I am quite sure of this fact despite conflicting reports from Garstang that Taharqa's tomb has already been excavated. Sammy copied down the door and together we took several photos of it. Then Oswald chipped a small hole in the upper right corner. Unfortunately, a small quick blast of the trapped stale air, no doubt laden with coffin dust, caught him off guard and sent him into a fit of choking and heaving. But, through that small hole, I could see a passage, and at the end of that passage, gold and silver statues. How beautiful. Tomorrow the real work begins. Oswald is resting now and I am on my way to meet with Sammy to discuss the doorway inscriptions that she is working on. Such a future we have made for ourselves in just a few brief moments of luck. Such a reception we will have upon our return.

Interestingly, Sammy noticed that the door bears the name of Hobadji as the author or performer of the sealing ritual.