

Spawn of **AZATHOTH**

Herald of the End of Time



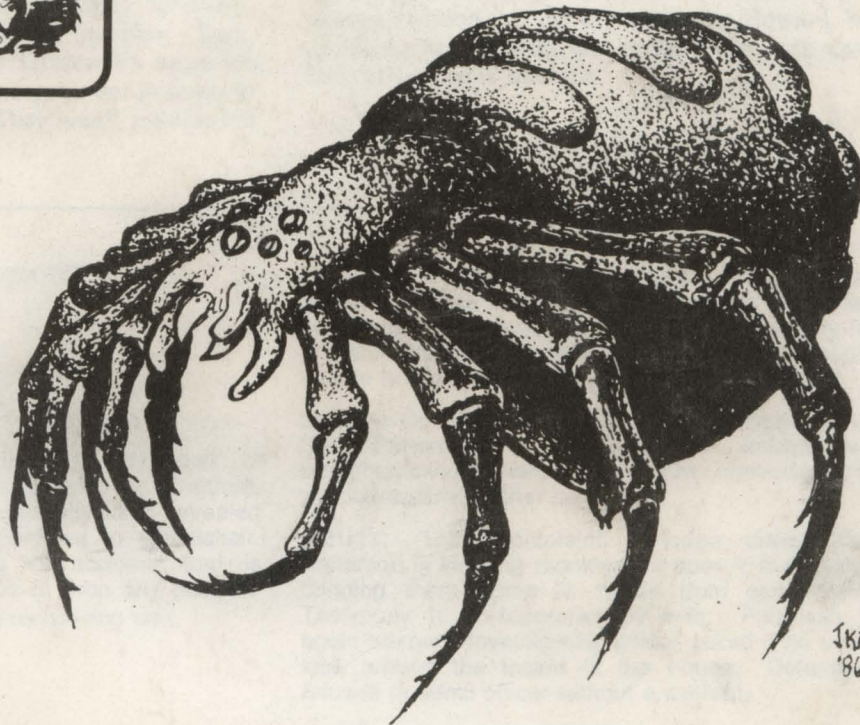
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Call of Cthulhu®
Game Supplement

Keith Herber

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1986



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*Book 1,
Spawn Of Azathoth*

From Beyond The Grave

Keith Herber

SPAWN OF AZATHOTH has
four parts.
To learn their use,
read further in this book.



Book 1, Spawn Of Azathoth

From Beyond The Grave

by

Keith Herber

additional material, editorial by Sandy Petersen

additional material, editorial, layout by Lynn Willis

cover painting by Susan Seddon Boulet

interior illustrations by Kevin Ramos

maps and plans by Carolyn Schultz

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Items Included in Boxed SPAWN OF AZATHOTH
From Beyond The Grave
The Spawn Approaches
The Azathoth Papers
one business card
response card, catalog, etc.

Playtesters: Lowell Anderson, Erik Herber, Sharon Herber, and Gerald Wagner.

Mich Con playtesters: Kurt Klein, Mike Klein, Bruce Martin, Mark Moellering, Jason Morningstar, Mark Witczak, and two others whose names are lost to history.

West Coast Dream-testers: Joe Coughlan, Sean Coughlan, and Harry A. Robson V.

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H.P. Lovecraft

1890-1937

This work is respectfully dedicated to the thoughts, dreams and writings of H. P. Lovecraft.

Special thanks go to Kerie Campbell-Robson for making the Dreamlands a reality and to Sandy Petersen for making the whole thing possible to begin with.

—*Keith Herber*



Spawn Of Azathoth:
From Beyond The Grave

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Introduction

*Wherein keepers learn of a dire peril which threatens the world,
and which may well baffle and perplex many players,
and against which the players shall guard in vain many of their investigators.*

SPAWN OF AZATHOTH is a campaign-length **CALL OF CTHULHU®** adventure for 4-6 experienced investigators. The suspicious death of a former teacher begins the adventure. Following clues, the investigators find themselves caught in events of cosmic import. Many game sessions will be needed before the materials in this box can be completely played through.

The campaign is published in three books. You hold the first, *From Beyond The Grave*, which introduces the campaign and summarizes it for keepers. In the second, *The Spawn Approaches*, the investigators are presented with a succession of adventures in which they accumulate evidence and knowledge which (hopefully) brings them success in the climactic episode in Tibet. The third book, *The Azathoth Papers*, consists of player handouts. Copies of the handouts usually appear in the relevant adventures also, for the convenience and comprehension of keepers.

Synopsis

The action starts in the bedroom of one of the investigators, when he or she is awakened by a ghostly apparition. Not long after, the investigators hear of the sudden death of Philip Baxter, a past professor of the investigator. At Baxter's funeral, the investigators can meet friends and family of the man. They are invited to the reading of Baxter's will and here receive a small package bequeathed to the investigator who was once Baxter's student. It contains a letter from Baxter, plus his dream-journal which leads wise investigators to suspect that Baxter's death was not due to natural causes.

The first adventure is *Providence*. Philip Baxter lived in Providence, Rhode Island, and there the adventures actually begin. Here the investigators interview Baxter's friends and search public records or private dwellings in an attempt to learn what really happened to the man. Many of the characters they meet may seem suspicious.

The investigators may fail to solve the mystery before a second person falls victim. Regardless of the outcome of this section, the investigators accumulate leads and should want to follow them. A number of the people met in Providence could help.

The second book in this box is titled *The Spawn Approaches*. By their decisions, the investigators themselves determine the order in which the adventures in this book are encountered, except that *The Spawn of Azathoth* is always played last. In the first adventure as printed, *Garrison*, Montana, is the site of a private astronomical observatory. This observatory, manned by its designer, Dmitri Passelov, was constructed with funds raised by a small group of scientists (The Tuesday Night Academy) of which Baxter was a founding member. The observatory is attempting to locate a mysterious dark star. The investigators may suspect Passelov's motives but the man is innocent. In the mountains around the observatory lurk the real villains, Fungi from Yuggoth, who have come for a Seed of Azathoth, a herald of the approaching star, which fell recently nearby.

St. Augustine, Florida, is the last known address of Colin Baxter, the youngest of Philip Baxter's three children. After locating Colin, the investigators can take part in an undersea treasure hunt that leads to the discovery of ancient, sunken ruins, perhaps a remnant of Atlantis. Upon their return to shore, Colin is jailed for murder. If they attempt to clear his name, the characters may uncover a cannibal cult in the city.

Cynthia Baxter, Philip's only daughter, is now a missionary living in the primitive *Andaman Islands* of the Indian Ocean. She is presently enchanted by evil Tcho-Tcho magics. Reclaiming Cynthia may prove impossible but more of the approach of the strange star might be learned.

Philip Baxter had been exploring the Dreamlands recently, as evidenced by his dream-journal. The investigators may follow his trail in *Ulthar and Beyond*.

Here they discover Baxter's dream form, held prisoner in a hidden city.

In *The Eternal Quest*, a light-hearted scenario, the dreamers aid a band of ghouls attempting to rescue their princess. They also meet the mystic Walker of the Stony Desert who gives them a gift.

It is not necessary to possess a copy of **H.P. LOVECRAFT'S DREAMLANDS** in order to play through the two Dreamlands adventures, though owning a copy would be quite useful. A short box at the beginning of *Ulthar And Beyond* summarizes pertinent rules changes and additions.

The Spawn of Azathoth is the final chapter of the story and takes the characters to a remote plateau in Tibet. Here they meet Nemesis face to face, and are given the chance to affect the course of mankind and the world.

Following the conclusion of the adventures is a short optional player aids section, which contains additional handouts for the keeper to use as he or she sees fit, perhaps as special rewards or as additional red herrings. There are no separate copies of these handouts: keepers must photocopy them in order to provide copies for the players. The optional player aids are supplementary quotations from Mythos tomes, gleanings from historical research, insane insights, and news clippings. None are necessary to play; some may be very useful; a few are irrelevant.

The third book, *The Azathoth Papers*, includes all the handouts referred to in the adventures — in the player versions often made to appear like actual news clippings or handwritten letters. Handout 4c is not reproduced in the text of the adventures; keepers should photocopy it from the handouts if they wish to retain copies.

When the Stars Are Right

Astronomers have theorized that our sun is not alone in its journey around the galaxy but is accompanied by a heretofore unknown second star of dim radiance. This second star, while perhaps invisible from Earth even with the finest optics, would periodically pass close enough to our solar system to have had far-reaching effects upon the evolution of this planet — causing mass extinctions, climatic changes, and similar catastrophes. The astronomers named this hypothetical object Nemesis, in reference the Greek god of divine vengeance.

*I have seen the dark universe yawning
Where the black planets roll without aim,
Where they roll in their horror unheeded,
Without knowledge or luster or name.*

— "Nemesis," H. P. Lovecraft.

He Who Passeth in Darkness

At the center of the universe, deep within a self-created abyss past time and space, dwells the blind idiot god, Azathoth. Mindlessly the Daemon Sultan casts off small star-like objects — Spawns of Azathoth. These strange bodies, the size of small stars, hurtle through time and space forever. Sometimes they pass near ordinary stellar systems and wreak havoc, colliding with worlds or suns, or awakening into full life.

When Does the Star Come? — And Other Matters

Keepers don't have to hold their breaths; Nemesis, the Spawn of Azathoth, will not begin to affect the Solar System for another 700 years. Perhaps investigators will want to start helping Dr. Robert Goddard in his rocketry experiments.

Random Seeds could take root in the Earth, at any time, but the Father Ghost (and the greedy Fungi) have lately well-protected the planet. The odds against a successful Seeding seem favorable in any case: only one Solar System planet has been Seeded in the last billion years.

A billion years past, one of the Spawn of Azathoth — call this one Nemesis, as the astronomers do — encountered Sol. It clung to the solar system, slowly weaving around the larger, brighter Sun. Although rarely nearing the orbit of Pluto, on these occasions the gravitational pull and malign psychic energy of Nemesis disrupts the solar system, causing great physical destruction and altering the evolution of our system's life.

Pieces of Nemesis occasionally break free, falling into orbits around the sun or into the sun. They are called comets. If such a piece, containing a Seed of the demon-star, strikes a planet, it can melt into the world's interior and there prosper and grow immensely, eventually forming a new Spawn which eventually emerges from the broken planet like a snake from the egg. (Our solar system's original fifth world was so parasitized. Its remnants compose the asteroid belt.)

For millenia, human and other astronomers have seen in comets — "hairy stars," the random seeds of Nemesis — approaching disaster and ill-fortune. In ancient books passing comets have been blamed for such things as the revolt of the shoggoths against their creators, the doom of the dinosaurs, and the fall of the empire of the Serpent People. Certain tomes cryptically hint that close encounters with Azathoth-the-Son (Nemesis) may have been responsible for the destruction of Hyperborea, the sinking of Atlantis, and even the two ages of chaos that struck early Egypt.

The most dramatic recent effect of Nemesis took place in central Siberia, June 30, 1908, when a tremendous explosion rocked the area for hundreds of miles around. Witnesses described a "sizzling fireball that darkened the light of the sun." This was followed by a pillar of fire and shock waves powerful enough to knock down horses 400 miles distant. Many survivors suffered mysterious burns on those parts of their bodies exposed to the blast.

One of those who lived through the disaster was a *staretz* (a Russian term for an unusually pious man) named Grigory Efimovich Rasputin. Rasputin had foreseen the event and traveled to Siberia to witness its coming. He had learned of the approach of Nemesis from

an old rabbi, Eleazar ben Zekai. Among Eleazar's ancient manuscripts Eleazar possessed a copy of the *Livre Ivonis*. Its fragile pages dimly told the story of Eibon, a Hyperborean wizard, who viewed the future through special portals and who discerned the devastation wrought by the dark star's next passage.

Crazed by his vision, Eibon had devised a mad plan whereby man need not pass from the earth but could live forever, locked in a perpetual Golden Age without fear of final extinction. The great sorcerer constructed vast spiritual webs across space; snares strong enough to halt the passage of the demon-star, Azathoth-the-Son. Even thus trapped, the power of Nemesis was such that, left to its own devices, it would burst the web and free itself to journey on. But Eibon's great spell would also freeze time itself, ending the star's progress and its potential threat to the human race, but temporally freeze all the Earth and all who live on it.

Horried, Rasputin and Eleazar resolved that time should move on and humanity be allowed to fulfill its destiny, whatever that should be, and no matter that Nemesis should approach again. To this end they laid plans to halt Eibon's agent, the "Father Ghost," a mysterious embodiment created by Eibon to defend the Earth against the seeds of Azathoth. That figure, more importantly, must perform the ancient ritual needed to freeze time when the Spawn swings close enough to be captured in the webs. That moment is at hand.

Rasputin traveled to the site of the next Seed's predicted fall. There he found an old albino savage waiting. Recognizing him as the Father Ghost referred to in the *Livre Ivonis*, Rasputin surprised and subdued the being with magical aid. He then prepared for the coming of the seed. But Rasputin's metaphysically-heightened perception betrayed him, for the true appearance of the seed was a replication of Azathoth itself. Naturally the horror was too much to bear. Crazed, Rasputin fled, leaving the being bound where he lay, directly in the path of the falling seed.

The 1908 Seed fall was powerful, but staretz Rasputin survived the blasts and returned to western Russia where, though driven to madness and obsessed by his failure to avert the evil's passing, he was sure that Eibon's plans had been thwarted. In 1916 Rasputin was stunned to learn that the ghost still walked, perhaps liberated by the explosions. But three weeks later, Grigory Rasputin was assassinated in Petrograd.

In 1922, papers purportedly Rasputin's found their way into the possession of an informal group of elderly scholars, "The Tuesday Night Academy." Curious about the astronomical evidence the papers offered, and bolstered by other evidences which their own far-reaching minds uncovered, the Academy invested in an observatory designed to locate faint stellar bodies with large proper motions.

The group's actions have come to the attention of forces intimately aligned with Azathoth. One, a Tcho-Tcho priest, learned of Philip Baxter's connections with

Azathoth's approach when his path crossed with Baxter's in the Dreamlands. The priest saw to Baxter's death in the waking world, and his mindless imprisonment in the Dreamlands. Others involved with the Tuesday Night Academy are also at risk. Eibon's Father Ghost still stalks the land, tirelessly scanning the skies. And the Fungi from Yuggoth wish to ensure the uninterrupted progress of Nemesis, which they know will eventually destroy the Earth and its pesky inhabitants.

The Life and Death of Philip Baxter

Philip Baxter was born and raised in Providence, R.I., with his older brother Julian. As a boy, Philip became close friends with Mortimer Braddock, a life-long friendship. After high school, Baxter attended Brown University where he received degrees in archaeology. Philip married a local girl, Ellen Bankes, and began a career of archaeological excavation across the globe. When his wife died, leaving him with three small children (Cynthia, Emmott, and Colin), he returned home and accepted a teaching post at Brown. Soon after, he hired Angela Vincenzo as live-in housekeeper.

In 1897, Baxter's daughter, Cynthia, was bitten by a spider while on a family picnic. The girl had an allergic reaction, became comatose and was hospitalized for several days. The effects of this bite lingered in the girl's soul, to re-emerge when she traveled to the Andaman Islands and was introduced to an ancient spider-cult. In 1915, with his children grown and gone from the house, Baxter founded what became known as The Tuesday Night Academy; a small informal group of scholars and scientists that met monthly at his home to discuss social issues and scientific discoveries. Though this group may appear suspicious to the investigators, it is innocent.

The Tuesday Night Academy consisted of Baxter, Francis Wilson, an expert in Eastern languages; Dimitri Passelov, a Russian astronomer; and Silas Patterson, an anthropologist. In 1922, these four men, spurred on by secret documents smuggled out of the Soviet Union, built an experimental astronomical observatory in Montana. With it, they are attempting to locate a mysterious dark star thought to be headed sunward.

In the last year of his life, Philip, aided by a drug supplied to him by his brother Julian, discovered the Dreamlands. Baxter made several journeys through this strange realm but, unbeknownst to him, he was being watched. On the other side of the world dwells an evil Tcho-Tcho priest who also visits the Dreamlands. Through Baxter's daughter, Cynthia, the Tcho-Tcho learned of the Academy's plans to detect the approach of Nemesis and, fearful of their intentions, attacked Baxter in the Dreamlands. At the same time, Cynthia shipped to her father a crate of coconuts containing a deadly, prehistoric spider.

Baxter was bitten in his sleep, and simultaneously his dream form was incarcerated beneath one of the Sleeping Palaces in the Jungle of Kled. Baxter might have been rescued from his dream-imprisonment but, mistaking the

venom-induced coma for death, his body was shipped to a local funeral parlor, operated by Alvin Beswick.

Silas Patterson, Baxter's friend, a member of the Tuesday Night Academy, and a noted anthropologist secretly is a cannibal — he eats human and other primate brains. Fired from his position at Brown for his theft of laboratory monkeys, Patterson was forced to make other arrangements to satisfy his base desires. For some time he has been supplied with human corpses by Beswick the undertaker, a man of low integrity. When Baxter's body was delivered to Beswick, Patterson picked it up and took it to a rented farmhouse where the anthropologist always consumes his forbidden feasts.

When Patterson removed Baxter's cranium, exposing the brain, he made the horrible discovery that his friend still lived. Half-wakened from his coma, Baxter actually rose and stumbled around the garage for a few moments before succumbing to his terrible wounds. Shaken, the anthropologist hurriedly returned the body to the undertaker's and reported to the hospital for treatment of his own injuries.

Philip Baxter is lost to this world. His dream-self might be found by the investigators and made whole, and other ways to speak with the dead man are available. Whether or not they solve the Baxter mystery, save Angela from the spider which still lurks in the house, or identify Patterson's crimes, the investigators will still be drawn into the greater mysteries of the Spawn of Azathoth.

Using These Adventures

SPAWN OF AZATHOTH allows the players free choice as to when and where they'd like to investigate. This book, *From Beyond The Grave*, contains short introductory scenes intended to set the stage and mood. Once the second book, *The Spawn Approaches*, is begun, the investigators may travel where they please. They begin in Providence and, should they stay there for a while, they may save Angela's life. Later they may travel to any of the other locations and follow up on Philip Baxter's trips into the Dreamlands. The choices are left up to you and your players. When the keeper feels that the players have sent their investigators upon sufficient death-defying missions, he or she may send a telegram (*Azathoth Papers* no. 35) which signals the final phase of the campaign, the events which occur in the adventure *The Spawn of Azathoth*.

Providence is intended to be a home base. Here the story begins. While investigating Philip Baxter's death, the investigators are likely to befriend a number of helpful non-player-characters.

The scenarios *Garrison*, *St. Augustine*, and *The Andaman Islands* constitute adventures in themselves, each lightly linked to form the core of the campaign. A chain of events is set in motion whenever the investigators arrive at one of these locations. Philip Baxter was a dreamer and two scenarios take place in the

Dreamlands: *Ulthar and Beyond*, and *The Eternal Quest*. *Ulthar and Beyond* will probably take place first; the investigators can experience it by following clues left by Philip Baxter in his journals. The second dream cannot occur until a package sent to Philip Baxter falls into the investigators' hands.

Plot Devices

Some events are pre-scheduled to take place in sequence. Descriptions of these events and when they happen are found below but this schedule is flexible. You are encouraged to alter this list in any manner you feel necessary.

WEEK 1 — At the end of the first week after the reading of the will, Angela is attacked in her sleep by the large spider that still dwells in the attic of the Baxter house. Bitten at night, the morning finds Angela in a coma but subject to hospital treatment. That evening, if Angela still lies undisturbed in her home, baby spiders hatch and flow down out of the attic to cover her body. The next morning she is completely covered by inch-long arachnids feeding hungrily on her body fluids (seeing this costs 1/1D6 SAN). If she is rescued, she recovers in a week. If she is not saved, the next day the bloated spiders leave her dessicated corpse and find places in the house in which to hide and molt. The sight of her withered corpse costs 0/1D6 SAN. If the house remains undisturbed for a week after this, the spiders swarm and fill the house (just peeping in through a window costs 1/1D6 SAN). The neighbors panic when the little crawling horrors are seen on the outside of the house. Then the authorities are notified, the house is investigated, the hopelessness of the situation is realized, and the house is ordered burned immediately. If the investigators save Angela from her creepy fate, award each 1D6 SAN.

WEEK 2 — The end of this week finds the investigators contacted by Judge Braddock. He has been unable to locate Colin Baxter and asks the investigators to travel to Florida in search of the young man. Colin has not yet been informed of his father's death nor of his inheritance. Braddock offers to pay an adequate fee plus expenses if the investigators take the job. Braddock supplies them with a photo of Colin and the address of the rooming house where he used to live.

WEEK 3 — At the end of this week, Silas Patterson disappears. He may not be seen again. His suicide note (*Azathoth Papers* no. 19) is found in his study. Apprehending Patterson before this (in regards to Baxter's death) brings a SAN award of 1D6 points. If his involvement in the tragedy is discovered only after his disappearance, there is no SAN award. If the investigators fuse the reflections of Philip Baxter and Silas Patterson in the Dreamlands, Patterson will return to Providence, insane, but with Philip Baxter's soul.

WEEK 4 — A mysterious package from New York City arrives at the Baxter home. If Angela is alive, she

Pertinent Events

- 1863 Birth of Julian Baxter in Providence (Jan. 3).
Birth of Mortimer Braddock in Providence (June 12).
Birth of Philip Baxter in Providence (Aug. 15).
- 1867 Birth of Dmitri Passelov on family estate near Moscow, Russia (Apr. 14).
- 1870 Francis Wilson born in New York (Apr. 2).
- 1872 Silas Patterson born in Boston (Oct. 21).
- 1873 Angela Vincenzo born in Milan, Italy (Feb. 11).
- 1883 Philip Baxter enrolls at Brown University (June 4).
- 1885 Philip Baxter marries Ellen Bankes (Jan. 28).
Cynthia Baxter born to Philip and Ellen (July 18).
- 1887 Philip Baxter graduates from Brown (June 4).
- 1889 Emmott Baxter born (Dec. 22).
- 1890 Vasily Kalyetka born in Russia (Apr. 2).
Julian Baxter accepts missionary post. Departs for Peru (June 28).
- 1892 Angela Vincenzo and husband arrive in America, soon settle in Providence (Sept. 30).
- 1893 Colin Baxter born two months premature; his mother dies two days later. Philip Baxter leaves the site of a dig in Pompeii to return home (Mar. 13).
Husband of Angela Vincenzo killed in factory accident (June 15).
Angela Vincenzo hired as housekeeper by Philip Baxter (Sept. 30).
- 1897 Cynthia Baxter, while on a family picnic, is bitten by a spider and is in a coma for the better part of a week. She recovers and soon after begins to regularly to accompany Angela to Sunday mass (July 18).
During this month Angela twice catches Cynthia in the act of teasing her brother, Emmott, with live spiders. Angela reprimands the girl and soon forgets the incident (Sept.).
- 1899 Extraordinary meteor shower witnessed in Montana, fifty miles west of Butte.
- 1902 Julian returns home to Providence from South America (Mar. 27).
With the help of her uncle Julian, Cynthia enters college and begins her medical training (Sept.).
- 1904 Julian Baxter accepts new missionary post and departs for the Belgian Congo. Here he meets and befriends Silas Patterson (May 18).
- 1905 Silas Patterson departs Africa and travels to New Guinea (Aug. 8).
- 1908 Rasputin faces and defeats Father Ghost in Siberia (June 30).
- 1910 Colin Baxter, after his arrest on burglary charges, joins the Merchant Marine (Apr. 4).
- 1911 Property in Montana purchased by Sylvia Englund (Spring).
Emmott Baxter, after graduation, goes to work for Judge Mortimer Braddock (June 8).
- 1912 In Africa, Julian Baxter, after an argument with a local witch-doctor, is struck by a crippling disease. He returns to Providence and retires (Feb. 1).
- 1913 Cynthia Baxter becomes a missionary in the Andaman Islands (Aug. 30).
- 1914 Dmitri Passelov arrives at Harvard (Spring).
Colin Baxter discharged from the Merchant Marine (Apr. 15).
Philip Baxter meets Francis Wilson while the latter is visiting Providence (June 1).
- 1917 First meeting of what would eventually become the Tuesday Night Academy at Philip Baxter's home in Providence (Jan. 12).
Julian Baxter attempts suicide by slashing his wrists (May 2).
- 1918 Cynthia Baxter kidnaped and briefly held captive by the Tcho-Tcho people (Aug. 28).
- 1919 Emmott Baxter has argument with his father and quits his job with Braddock (June 2).
Silas Patterson and Cynthia Baxter briefly meet in the Andaman Islands (Oct. 11).
Judge Braddock assaults wife in home (Dec. 24).
- 1920 Judge Braddock obtains a divorce from his wife (Feb. 14).
Silas Patterson retires from active field work. Soon makes the acquaintance of Philip Baxter (June 11).
- 1921 Emmott opens a newspaper clipping service with partner, Edward O'Donnell (Mar. 13).
- 1922 With the aid of Philip Baxter, Silas Patterson secures a teaching position with Brown University (July 10).
Dmitri Passelov joins the Tuesday Night Academy (Aug. 30).
(Nov. 1) First complaint against Silas Patterson lodged by Oscar Hodge. Additional complaints on 2/15, 3/21, 6/1, 10/14, and 12/11/22; and 2/13/24.
Vasily Kalyetka, a refugee of the Russian Revolution, shows up at the home of Dmitri Passelov (Dec. 14).
- 1924 Edward O'Donnell, partner of Emmott Baxter, is found murdered (Apr. 1).
Colin Baxter settles in St. Augustine, Florida; shortly thereafter he marries Anita Lindsay (June 12).
Silas Patterson is forcibly retired from Brown University (July 22).
Completion of firetower near Garrison, Montana (June 21).
Silas Patterson foments plots with the undertaker, Alvin Beswick (July 22).
Patterson signs lease to rent the farmhouse of Barney Tyrell (Aug. 15).
Purchase of land in Montana by Passelov (Aug. 29).
The Tuesday Night Academy decides to construct the Montana observatory (Oct. 29).
- 1925 Colin Baxter borrows \$5000 from his father and forms salvage company with a partner (Oct. 19).
- 1926 Colin Baxter's wife runs off to Texas with Colin's partner and the company's assets (Nov. 2).
Charges of unprofessional conduct filed against the undertaker, Alvin Beswick, by the distraught parents of a young girl recently died of pneumonia (Nov. 26).
- 1927 Coconuts shipment containing deadly spider sent from Andaman Islands (Feb. 3).
Arrival of coconuts in Providence (Apr. 25).
Philip Baxter pronounced dead of heart failure in his home. The body is taken to the Beswick Funeral Parlor. That night, Patterson uses the hearse to take the body to his rented farm (May 1).
12:00 midnight: Patterson begins cannibalistic ritual, causing Philip to wake from his coma (May 2).
12:02 AM: Philip Baxter truly dies (May 2).
11:30 AM: Silas Patterson shows up at the emergency room of Providence General with a cracked rib. He says he fell down. (May 2)
The funeral of Philip Baxter (May 3).
The reading of the last will and testament of Philip Baxter (May 5).

contacts the investigators right away. If she is dead, Baxter's mail is delivered to Braddock's office. For details of this package, see the adventure of *The Eternal Quest*.

WEEK 5 — At the end of this week, the investigators learn that the observatory in Montana has been completely destroyed in a violent explosion. Dmitri Passelov was killed, and his assistant, Vasilii Kalyetka, lies in a coma in a Helena hospital. This may occur either before or after the investigators have visited Montana. It may prompt a return or an immediate visit. This destruction was caused by the Father Ghost, who has grown wary of the Academy. Using dynamite stored in the observatory's shed, he blew up the observatory, leveling that building and heavily damaging the outlying structures. Vasilii is gravely injured but might someday be roused from his coma. Searching the site may turn up scorched fragments of Passelov's papers, plus an intact wall-safe. Other items, such as Vasilii's crucifix, also may be discovered among the ruins.

Father Ghost

Rasputin's "white savage" is the figure which American Indians call the Father Ghost. He is a magical agent of Eibon, possibly some manifestation of Eibon himself or of one of Eibon's apprentices, or possibly he is a magical construct. He can travel great distances in short periods of time. He may decide to spy on the investigators at any

time the keeper chooses, appearing suddenly in the distance and then just as suddenly disappearing again. He may even decide to speak with the investigators. He is not human.

To use Father Ghost as an adversary at the campaign's climax, you must design statistics and powers in keeping with the strength of the investigators. We have provided no such information because your own campaign gives the only clues to its proper abilities. Father Ghost is a wild card to use as you see fit. Father Ghost is committed to freezing and ending the progress of time, saving man from the destruction foreseen by Eibon. His greatest adversaries have been the Fungi from Yuggoth. In their lunar colony and on dread Yuggoth itself, protected by powerful magics, they await the coming of Nemesis, which heralds the time when man shall die.

Over the centuries, Father Ghost has enlisted individuals to help him to defeat the schemes of the Fungi. At the present however, the mysterious albino acts alone.

Final Thoughts

As the investigators discover more and more about Nemesis and Eibon's scheme they are faced with a decision. They may find themselves sympathetic to the cause of the Father Ghost and wish to aid him in sending the world into frozen time, but reflection should prove to them that mere preservation is an unkind and unwise gift

The Mourners (Emmott and Englehardt out of view)



Alvin Beswick (at top)

Prof. Wilson

Judge Braddock

Matthew (at top)

Julian Baxter

Angela Vincenzo

Dr. Walters

Silas Patterson

to humanity. Thus the investigators must seek to prevent the Father Ghost from completing Eibon's great web, or find a way to destroy or dispatch Nemesis itself.

While it is easy to feel sympathetic to Father Ghost (after all, he isn't malign) the investigators must come to

realize that the Father Ghost is attempting to thwart man's evolution or fate. No one wants to remain frozen forever, hiding from the future — least of all intrepid Cthulhu investigators. Humanity must face destiny, even if it means alliance with Azathoth, Rasputin, and the Fungi from Yuggoth.

The Adventure Begins

*Wherein a chosen investigator goes to sleep one night,
wakes up with more than a start,
and is thereby ineluctably drawn into stark realms of metaphysical terror.*

The Investigator's Bedroom

This event may occur to a single investigator or may involve two or more. The apparition appears only to an individual who was once a student of Philip Baxter, however briefly. The keeper must choose which investigator is appropriate to experience this vision.

It is late at night. The chosen investigator is asleep in bed. He is awakened by a soft, shuffling sound from the far side of his otherwise silent bedroom. Opening his eyes, he finds the room bathed in a soft green light emanating from the faceless human figure which gibbers and gestures at him from the foot of his bed (0/1D4 SAN loss). As the investigator watches, terrified, a large portion of the apparition's head suddenly disappears, as if bitten away by an invisible beast. The spectre stumbles and thrashes about the room as more of its head is eaten away until it is completely headless. With a sudden lurch, the phantasm goes rigid and then fades, plunging the room back into darkness. If the investigator checks the time, he finds that it is 12:02am.

If he examines the room, the investigator finds no trace of the manifestation save a lingering muskiness which proves unidentifiable. Have the investigator's player roll 1D100 but, no matter what the result, tell him that his investigator intuitively recognizes the apparition as Prof. Philip Baxter, a former teacher. A call to Baxter's home puts the investigator in touch with Baxter's housekeeper, Angela Vincenzo, who sobbingly informs him that Prof. Baxter passed away just yesterday. The local paper carries a short obituary about the man (*Azathoth Papers* no. 1; a copy appears nearby). In either case, the investigator learns that a grave-side service is to be held on the morrow at Swan's Point cemetery in Providence.

Any investigator receiving a successful Occult roll recalls that the type of visitation experienced by the investigator usually takes place at the moment of death, not a day later. This may leave room for doubt concerning the identity of the ghost.

The Funeral

The day begins overcast. By the hour of the funeral, it has begun to rain. The investigators come upon the funeral quickly, seeing the small cluster of black-garbed people from a short distance. An elderly priest (Julian Baxter) reads Bible passages from his wheelchair. (A successful Diagnose Disease identifies the man as a stroke victim.)

Standing quietly in the rain, the investigators have an opportunity to look over the other mourners. Nine people stand at the grave-side, dressed in black and huddled beneath umbrellas shiny with rain. Behind the priest, holding an umbrella over him, stands a younger man (Matthew), well over six feet tall and dressed in the gray uniform of a chauffeur, complete with tall black boots and cap. He stares straight ahead, hardly blinking. Near the priest stands a short, plump woman (Angela Vincenzo). Her veil hides her face, and her sobs punctuate the reading from the Scriptures. On her left, his arm around her shoulder, stands a man in his early thirties (Emmott Baxter). He is balding and portly, and his slight scowl seems permanently etched to his face.

Next to this pair stands a gentleman, in his sixties and also overweight (Dr. Douglas Walters, the family physician). On his left is a tall fellow with thick gray hair and a look of robust health (he is Silas Patterson, anthropologist and member of the Tuesday Night

BAXTER, Philip Alexander. Age 60, died in his home of a sudden illness. Born Aug 15, 1865 and married to the late Ellen Banks in 1885. Survivors include a daughter, two sons, and a brother. Professor Baxter taught at Brown University in Providence for many years. Services will be held tomorrow morning, 10 AM, at Swan's Point Cemetery in Providence.

Academy). Silas has a look of impatience about him. (A successful Psychology roll indicates that his impatient air is due to profound nervousness. A subsequent Spot Hidden allows an investigator to notice that Silas continually glances across the grave towards Harold Englehardt.)

On the other side of the grave stand three men. One, a large stout man in his late fifties (Judge Braddock), continually glances at his wristwatch, as does his companion (Francis Wilson). A little apart from them a slightly younger man (Harold Englehardt, an administrator from Brown University) waits patiently in the rain. (This man is the source of Patterson's nervousness. Anyone succeeding in a Spot Hidden when watching this character notes that he is keeping an eye on Patterson, too.)

Standing slightly apart from the rest of the mourners is a middle-aged man wearing a look of practiced solemnity (Alvin Beswick, undertaker and driver of the hearse).

The ceremony concludes forthwith. The mourners are in a hurry to get out of the rain and interviews must be necessarily short. Angela is more than happy to talk to old friends of Prof. Baxter and invites the investigators to visit her at the Baxter home in the next couple of days. Emmott, who accompanies her, is abrupt with the investigators, shoving one of his business cards (*Azathoth Papers* no. 3; a copy is reprinted nearby) at them as he hustles Angela into the front seat of his car.

E&E News Clipping Service

Serving New York and the World

Emmott Baxter

~~Edward O'Donnell~~

851-a Bee St., Providence, R.I. Tel. 2212

(O'Donnell's name is crossed out by hand.)

Julian, Braddock, and Wilson apologize for their hurry but explain that they must get Wilson to the station in time to catch his train to Boston. Julian consents to an interview at home later that week. Braddock declines a personal meeting, though he promises importunate investigators that they shall receive a telegram on the morrow in regards to the matter. Wilson says he has no

idea when he shall be back in town, but agrees to meet with them then. Matthew barely acknowledges the investigators' existence, simply nodding expressionlessly and turning away. Julian explains that Matthew is mute. Dr. Walters consents to an interview with the warning that he is not at liberty to discuss private medical matters. Harold Englehardt from Brown University agrees to an interview in the next few days, although he openly wonders what the investigators could possibly want from him. If the investigators approach Silas Patterson, he proves to be the friendliest of the lot and, explaining that he lives nearby, asks the investigators home for tea.

The Reading of the Will

We assume that only one investigator has been invited to the reading of the will. You should already know which of the investigators knew the deceased. Whoever witnessed the apparition in his/her bedroom receives a telegram on May 3 (*Azathoth Papers* no. 2):

AT THE REQUEST OF THE LATE PHILIP ALEXANDER BAXTER
YOU ARE INVITED TO THE READING OF HIS LAST WILL AND
TESTAMENT STOP 7:30 PM ON THE FIFTH OF MAY AT THE
OFFICE OF JUDGE BRADDOCK STOP ADDRESS IS 116
PROSPECT AVENUE PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND STOP
BRADDOCK

Judge Braddock keeps an office in downtown Providence. His place of business is splendidly appointed, paneled with dark oak and smelling of wood and leather. Rising from behind his huge carved desk, Judge Braddock (executor of the estate) greets the investigator and introduces him to the others present. The investigator meets Julian Baxter, an aging Catholic priest and brother of the deceased. Julian is confined to a wheelchair. The towering man behind him is his attendant, Matthew. Also present are Angela Vincenzo, a small, plump, woman in her fifties, accompanied by Emmott Baxter, elder son of the deceased. In a corner of the room is Silas Patterson, a friend of the deceased, and member of the Tuesday Night Academy.

Judge Braddock reads the will.

"I, Philip Alexander Baxter, being of sound mind and body, do will and bequeath the following:

"To Angela Vincenzo, who has faithfully helped me all the years since the departure of my beloved wife, and who helped to raise my three children, I bequeath all properties associated with the house at 711 Houser street along with a small fund detailed in Appendix A to maintain the said property. Upon her death, this property is to revert to my surviving children.

"As for the rest, insurance policies, bank accounts, and other residue, I give 50% of the total to the Tuesday Night Academy; the remaining 50% to be divided equally among my three children — Emmott, Colin, and Cynthia — Cynthia's share to be given, as per her request, to the Catholic Widows' Relief Fund."

At the end of this reading, Emmott, unable to contain himself any longer, explodes, shouting at Patterson, "You doddering old imbeciles! It's not bad enough you waste all my father's money while he's alive, now you're going to take it after he's dead too!" Both Julian and Angela attempt to calm Emmott but it is not until Judge Braddock points out that he himself wrote Baxter's will that Emmott realizes the pointlessness of his outburst. Consigning himself to silent misery, Emmott collapses back into his seat.

Braddock continues, "That is the substance of the will, except for legal and financial details in various articles appended to the document. A few days before Philip's death, he stopped by my office. He had prepared two packets, informing me that in the event of his death, I was to deliver them to the proper individuals. One packet has already been received by Francis Wilson. The other I have here." He hands over a sealed manila envelope to the investigator (*Azathoth Papers* no. 4a-c; a copy is repeated nearby).

Braddock then thanks everyone for coming and they are shown out. If the investigator wishes, he can attempt to request interviews with one or more of those present. Any of those in attendance consents to an appointment.

Now the investigators have met most of the major non-player-characters in this campaign who live in and around Providence. Baxter had a bad heart, and so none of Baxter's family and friends (with the exception of Silas Patterson and Emmott Baxter) suspect foul play. The investigator who witnessed the apparition is the only one with a clue to Baxter's actual demise.

The Packet

Further clues may be discovered in the manila envelope given to the investigator at the reading of the will. Opened, the packet contains a short, explanatory letter from Philip Baxter, along with a dream-journal kept by



Philip at the request of his brother Julian. If the skill is pertinent, reading the journal raises the reader's Dream Lore by 4 percentiles and costs 1D4 SAN.

Any reader analyzing the dream-journal of Philip Baxter (Psychoanalysis or Occult required) realizes that Baxter's recent dreams carry a premonition of impending death. Most of the dream accounts are followed by short comments, written in another hand and initialed "J.B." Because of the casual style of these entries, it would seem that the elder Baxter failed to realize the significance of the dream-pattern. The final entry (never shown to Julian) is the most mysterious. Unless the investigators have visited the Dreamlands already, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll is needed to recognize even a few of the place-names mentioned by Baxter.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 4a:

Note from Philip Baxter

Dear <investigator's name>,

It may seem odd that I have chosen after all these years to contact you — especially under these circumstances, as you should not be reading this till after my death. The contents of this little package I have prepared will be strange to you; in fact, they seem strange to me even as I look at them now.

The book is a record of dreams that I kept over a short period of time at the request of my brother, Julian, who is involved with that sort of psychological research. I'm afraid I don't put much stock into that sort of thing, but the final dream in the journal was so different from any that I've ever had, that I never did show it to Julian. I seemed to have learned more from that dream than I would have guessed existed and have decided to attempt it again, although I feel that great hazards are involved.

Because of these risks, I have left this package in the care of a trusted friend to be delivered to you in case something should go wrong. I have chosen you to receive this strange bundle because it was you whom I saw in that strange city that I dreamt of and I have taken this to be a sign. What you will think of all this, I have no idea — but take it and do what you will.

Your friend,

Philip Baxter.

P.S. I don't know what to tell you about the enclosed map. All I can say is that it was related to me by a friend and drawn from memory upon awakening. PAB

KEEPER'S NOTE: the map shows Baxter's route from Ulthar to Kled: it is *Azathoth Papers* no. 4c, but is not reprinted here.

Excerpts from Baxter's Dream-Journal

APRIL 2: I dreamed I was teaching a class. I looked up and saw a student, a young man with a particularly poor attitude, reading a pulp magazine whilst I gave my lecture. Incensed by this overt breach of conduct, I stepped from behind the podium, intent upon upbraiding him only to discover that I had forgotten to wear my trousers that day. Naturally, the class took this opportunity to laugh loud and long at my predicament. *A common sort of dream, usually rooted in some type of insecurity. Do you have a particularly difficult class coming up? I would suggest that you research and prepare your notes well.* J. B.

APRIL 9: Flying. All I remember is flying high in the sky and when I looked down I could see all of Providence below me. *Flying is very common. It could mean anything and this early into the analysis I hesitate to say anything definite.* J. B.

APRIL 11: Again flying. As before only this time it was nearing nightfall and the sky was growing darker while I flew. *Let's wait some more on these flying dreams.* J. B.

APRIL 12: I'd have to say that this one truly frightened me. I found myself standing in a shop — a china or crystal shop — and there was a horse there with me. The horse tried to turn around in the aisle and, in doing so, upset one of the display cases which toppled over on the distraught beast, cutting him badly with the broken shards of glass. This panicked the animal and in trying to get away, it overturned another of the cases, injuring itself even worse. By this time the floor was slippery with the horse's blood and the animal's eyes were bulging with fear. Then it turned and seeing the large window at the end of the shop, galloped forward and leaped through the glass to freedom. I ran forward and as I was nearing the shattered window I realized for the first time that the shop was not on the ground floor. I looked out the window to the street three floors below to see the broken animal lying in a pool of blood. That's all I remember. *This is an odd one, but don't let it upset you. It may only mean that you are getting ready to chase away some old, useless, problems.* J. B.

APRIL 15: The first thing I remember is standing in a mist that suddenly parted to reveal a great archway, carved of red and gold stone and pulsing as though alive. Drawn toward it, I entered and found myself walking down an old stone stairway and somehow entering a chamber inhabited by two men — garbed as though of ancient Egypt and standing before a great fire. I remember speaking with them but I don't know what was said, only that I soon found myself descending another set of stairs that took me even deeper. After what seemed to be a very long time, I finally reached the bottom of these stairs and passed

through gigantic doors of silver to find myself standing in a weird faerie-wood. I stood there a moment listening to the strange rustling sounds I could hear coming from deep in the wood (and viewing the even stranger fungi that was so prevalent) when I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a man walking toward me upon the very path on which I stood. I was a little frightened of him at first, but I cautiously extended my hand and introduced myself. He was very friendly and offered to show me the way to a small pleasant city some miles away and across a river the name of which I cannot recall.

Leaving the wood by a path that my new friend said traveled south, we eventually reached the town called Ulthar where we stopped at a warm friendly tavern for food and drink. This fellow told me much about the place I had suddenly found myself in and I remember asking him many questions. He seemed quite knowledgeable and I was sorry when he said that he had to go meet someone else. I spent some time walking around the town, where there were many cats. Thankfully my allergy seemed little bothered.

Eventually I came to a library and decided to visit. I remember looking at a great number of very strange volumes but one (named I think Cthulhu Agudonen?) had information about God, who lived somewhere in a jungle and could answer any question that was asked of him. I don't remember anything else in particular but when I left I thought I saw a dark, evil-looking little man lurking some distance behind me in the crowd. He followed me quite some time before I managed to shake him and it was only then that I remembered seeing him when we first entered the city — working with that shady carnival show in the garish tent.

Not long after my adventure with the dwarf, I felt the urge to leave and taking the same gate out of Ulthar I was soon again at the wood. Remembering the password taught to me by my friend (he said it was the name of his cat) I was careful to pass through the darker parts of the forest as quickly and quietly as I could, never straying from the path. I next remember climbing many, many stairs and then I was awake again. I've never had a dream like this one before. Could it have been the drug?

Providence, Rhode Island

Wherein the investigators ponder the significance of the Baxter apparition and interview family, friends, and co-workers. Everyone is so helpful — except the thing in the attic.

Keeper's Information

With this scenario, the campaign is fully underway. The investigators are asked to unravel the bizarre circumstances behind Philip Baxter's death. Little violent action occurs; the investigators mainly conduct interviews and do research. The investigators should be able to approach and interview any of the characters described below. Guidelines are given for these characters but you, as the keeper, must determine many of their reactions to the investigators.

Most of the residences listed contain clues. Some clues may be discovered while visiting the premises; others might only be found through breaking and entering.

Facts: in brief, Philip Baxter was bitten by a strange spider shipped to him by his daughter, Cynthia. This spider was hidden in a crate of coconuts sent by her from the Andaman Islands. Baxter put the unopened crate in his basement but the spider escaped and bit Baxter as he slept, sending him into a state of nearly-complete paralysis. Mistaken for dead, he was sent to Alvin Beswick's funeral parlor where the unscrupulous undertaker contacted the cannibal, Silas Patterson. That night Patterson took the body to his rented farmhouse outside of town and there began to perform the rites of brain-eating upon Baxter's corpse. The pain of the ritual awakened Baxter who, fatally wounded, attempted to escape, wounding Patterson. Patterson, horrified, and without finishing his feast, brought his friend's body back to the funeral parlor and told Beswick what had happened. The two men agreed to cover it up and Baxter was embalmed and then buried on the following day. Only these two know how Baxter really died. It should be noted that Baxter's actual death was at the same moment that the ghostly apparition appeared in the investigator's bedroom.

Angela Vincenzo

Angela was Baxter's housekeeper for many years and served as surrogate mother to his children. She was born in Italy in 1873 and came to America in 1892. When her husband died a short time later she hired on as Baxter's housekeeper and has lived in his house ever since. Small, dark, and plump, she is a friendly woman in her mid-fifties who still speaks with a robust Italian accent.

She is saddened by the loss of her employer and is willing to cooperate with the investigators in any way she can. She would mistrust them only if she learned that they had committed an obvious crime or cruelty.

If Cynthia's near-fatal spider bite is mentioned, Angela provides further details. She tells the investigators that afterwards she caught the young Cynthia tormenting brother Emmott several times, by holding him down and dangling spiders over his face. She also knows about the crate of coconuts sent by Cynthia and now stored in the basement.

Angela has no secrets, nor does she suspect anyone of anything.

Angela Vincenzo

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 8 INT 10 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 7 SAN 62 HP 9

Skills: Accounting 20%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 35%,
Speak/Read Italian 80/65%, Sing 45%.

The Philip Baxter House

This roomy three bedroom house is where Philip Baxter raised his three children and where he died. It is now owned and inhabited by Angela Vincenzo, who will probably be happy to let the investigators explore it. It has three upstairs bedrooms. The downstairs consists of a kitchen, dining room, living room, plus a parlor converted to a study. The basement is entered by a stairway opening

Azathoth Papers Found in the Baxter House

AZATHOTH PAPERS 15a:

Marked Passage in Book

Almost all of the tribes indigenous to southeast India display remnants of a the ritual cannibalism that seems to be a common factor in all the cultures examined so far. Most of these take the form of symbolic acts upon the death of a friend or family member but on occasion, the ritual is actually performed, the body of a monkey or an ape substituted for that of the human.

Of particular interest is the brain-eating custom often encountered among the primitives. This is accomplished by piercing a hole in (or simply slicing off the top of) the skull of a monkey, the still warm brain then eaten by the feaster directly from the skull. Certain tribes perform this ceremony with a live animal. One elderly native told me that he had often seen apes kill other, smaller monkeys, feasting upon their brains in a similar manner.

—*Beliefs of Primitive East Indians*, Silas Patterson.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 15b:

Marked Passage in Book

Besides mythological concepts, many other similarities may be drawn between the negritoes of Asia and the aborigines of Australia. Additionally, certain parallels can be seen among the tribes to the west already discussed in my previous book, *Beliefs of Primitive East Indians*. In particular, many of the tribes indulge in the eating of monkey brains.

A legendary tribe known as the Chaucha or Jocha has also been described to me as possessing racial similarities to the negritoes, and this tribe is universally reviled for their occasional cannibal rites.

—*Primitive Belief in Southeast Asia*, Silas Patterson.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 21:

Tuesday Night Academy Minutes: Excerpts

JAN. 12, 1917: Resolved this evening by all present that the aforesaid members, from this day on, shall be considered one and the same with the Tuesday Night Academy, sworn to meet with each other the first and third Tuesday of every month, until an individual shall see fit to discontinue the practice.

JUNE 11, 1920: The meeting this evening was attended by a prospective new member, Silas Patterson. A well-known anthropologist with two books to his credit, Mr. Patterson proved an amiable guest and it was decided by the end of the evening to permit him membership. He was quite pleased to be invited and thrilled us with many exciting stories from the field until well after midnight.

AUG. 30, 1922: This evening, the Academy was graced by the presence of a very special guest, Professor Dmitri Passelov, formerly of Moscow, and a well-known astronomical theorist. Passelov, unable to return to his home country, is thinking of settling in the Providence area. He proved to be quite a friendly, fascinating individual. The Academy voted to invite him to join the group as a welcome source of knowledge and inspiration.

DEC. 14, 1922: We enjoyed the presence of a surprise guest this evening — a Mr. Vasiliy Kalyetka, freshly escaped from Russia and the war. Apparently Kalyetka was a friend of Passelov's family prior to the revolution. Interestingly, Kalyetka brought with him certain documents. Although Dmitri, the only member competent to read the documents, was unclear on the details, the papers seem to discuss the discovery, or possible discovery, of a large heavenly body, previously unknown. Both Dmitri and Wilson are studying the papers, and Wilson has promised to make a translation so the rest of us may read for ourselves what is written.

APR. 12, 1923: So far the Academy has supported Dmitri's efforts to expose to the world what it is he thinks he has found. I, though baffled by certain things mentioned in the Russian papers, still feel that Dmitri is on to something. In his latest attempt to garner funds for the proposed western observatory, he invited a Brian Slim from New York City. It seems that Mr. Slim runs a business called the Look to the Future Society, a sort of success school or training facility for businessmen. Though Dmitri had hoped to interest Slim in investing in the observatory, it seems Slim was mostly interested in gathering new recruits for his Society. He felt that the Society might be able to help us more than we could imagine, but of course, the fees were high. None of the Academy was swayed by Slim's arguments, and I for one was repulsed by the man. After Slim had taken his leave, Dmitri was reproached by the members of the Academy who asked that in the future he be more careful of whom he invited to the meetings. Dmitri apologized profusely and said that it was only his earnest desire to begin construction of the observatory that had caused him to consider Slim a potential supporter.

OCT. 29, 1924: It was voted tonight by the members of the Tuesday Night Academy to begin the financing and construction of an experimental astronomical observatory to be built in Montana. It was further decided that each member would seed the fund with a donation of \$2,000. Other investors, promised by Dmitri, are to add to the fund later. Land for the observatory has already been purchased by Dmitri using monies provided by patrons mentioned previously. Dmitri has explained that due to his precarious public position, our benefactors have asked to remain anonymous.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 22:

Letter from Cynthia Baxter

Andaman Islands

Sept. 8, 1918

Dearest Father;

I am writing this letter to let you know that I am safe and sound, and all is well. I am sure that the letter from Commissioner Talbot was upsetting, but he did not completely understand the situation. Although my abductors were extremely primitive (even more so than my flock), I never felt in danger at any time. I was able to converse with them in a language similar

to the one I already know and stayed with them for four days before returning to the mission. It was during this time that the Commissioner wrote you about the incident. Have no fear, I was allowed to leave unharmed and have even been promised by some of them that they will occasionally stay in touch by visiting the mission.

Your loving daughter,
Cynthia

AZATHOTH PAPERS 23:

Letter from Colin Baxter

St. Augustine, Fla.

Oct. 19, 1925

Dear Dad,

I know we've had our differences in the past and I know that I haven't had much contact with you since I got out of the service but I need some help. I hope you won't refuse. I think I've found a business that I would be good in and have a partner that is able to help organize and run it. Using some of the things I learned in the merchant marine, I think the two of us could open a marine salvage business that would make us some good money. There are a lot of shipwrecks in this area and I think the insurance companies could provide us with a way to get rich quick. There are also supposed to be a lot of older, wrecked treasure ships from Spain to be found. Dad, what I need is \$5000 right away to help make a down-payment on an old ship that we've found for sale. Please think about it and let me know soon.

Love,
Colin

AZATHOTH PAPERS 11:

Yellowed News Clipping

An accident this afternoon at the Campbell Warehouse in the waterfront district has cost the life of a worker employed there. Stan Hendricks, a representative for the company stated that after investigation, all the related equipment was found to be safe and in good working order. It has been ruled as an accident, the result of worker error.

Armand Vincenzo, recently immigrated from Italy, had complained earlier in the day of dizzy spells, as testimony has revealed, and it is thought that Vincenzo had improperly applied the clutch on the hoist he was using before dismounting and walking beneath the suspended cargo net containing several hundred pounds of crated, canned fish. Vincenzo was pronounced dead on the scene. Funeral arrangements have not been announced.

—*Providence Journal*, June 16, 1893

AZATHOTH PAPERS 25:

From Philip Baxter's Diary

APR. 4, 1912: I, Philip Baxter, a widower with three grown children now more or less on their own, have decided that I am entering a new phase of life and, commensurate with this, have decided to record the events of my life and my personal thoughts in this, my diary.

MAY 2, 1917: A very upsetting day. I know that Julian has been deeply troubled by his sickness and subsequent retirement but I would never have thought it to come to this. How could he have done such a thing? I suppose he will be all right after a time, but I cannot decide whether to tell Cynthia. She is so fond of her uncle and has so much respect for him that I'm afraid the shock of his actions would be too upsetting. Perhaps I shall not mention it at all. Maybe when she returns home some day I will tell her about it in person.

NOV. 7, 1918: I am so very worried I find it nearly impossible to think. I received a letter today from a Commissioner Talbot in the Andaman Islands stating that he believes my daughter has been abducted by savages! He says there is no reason to think that she has been harmed, but I know the tales that have been told of those primitives. I hope to God that she will be delivered back to us.

NOV. 12, 1918: Rejoice! My daughter is safe. A letter came today from her, telling me the good news. My mind is relieved.

JUNE 3, 1919: Had a terrible argument with Emmott last night. He accused me of showing favoritism to Colin of all things. I assured him that I've always made an effort to treat all my children equally but he would hear none of it and stalked out of the house saying that he was moving out. I called the Judge's office this afternoon to try and talk with him only to find out that he had quit, saying only that he was going to open his own business. How do these things come about?

FEB. 18, 1927: Have not been feeling well lately and visited Dr. Walters to have my heart checked again. He said everything seemed fine and there was no need to worry. Nonetheless, I still feel tired and vaguely uneasy and this most recent plague of nightmares has kept me from getting all the rest I feel I so urgently need these days. Perhaps I should speak to Julian about it. I know that ever since his accident he has been making a study of dreams and the like.

MAR. 28, 1927: I finally went to visit Julian today and told him of the most recent spate of nightmares and he seemed genuinely interested in my problem. He has suggested that, upon awakening from a dream, I immediately try to set down the events on paper, in a book. Afterwards, he will read the descriptions and comment upon the dreams. Julian has told me that this procedure could take some time, but that it has proven useful in other cases that he has read about. I think I shall have to give it a try.

APR. 16, 1927: I had the strangest dream last night, unlike any I've had before in my life. It seemed too vivid and real and I can still remember much too much detail. Names, characters, places. I even glimpsed some old students of whom I had not thought about in years. It was so strange that, even though I have written most of it in my dream-journal, I feel uneasy about even showing this to Julian for fear he would think me mad. I cannot help but believe that this dream was somehow caused by the drug that he prepared for me. I slept far too soundly and longer than is natural and the intense reality of the dream was too frightening. Although Julian

means well, I feel that perhaps this dream analysis may not be the answer to my problems. I'm left with only the problem of telling Julian without hurting his feelings. Whilst dreaming, I most vividly remember reading a strange book of secrets. In this book someone had written, in the margins, notes in what looked like Chinese. When I awoke I tried to write down what I remembered they looked like and it looked so real I just had to give it to Francis to see if he could translate it.

APR. 18, 1927: A bad day. While in the classroom, I chanced to spy one of my students reading one of those trashy pulp magazines behind his books. I confiscated the material and reprimanded the student harshly.

APR. 20, 1927: Spoke with Francis today. It seems my dream-Chinese was the real stuff. Somehow I'm not all that surprised by these things anymore.

APR. 22, 1927: Disappointment. I went to visit Julian today to see if I could persuade him to compound some more of the sleeping powder for me. I lied and told him that it had helped me sleep more soundly but did not tell him of the strange dream. I think he may have suspected me, for he told me that he was not sure of the side effects of the drug and did not

want to prescribe for me anything he was not sure of. I still don't know whether I should tell him the truth or not.

APR. 27, 1927: I must get another supply of Julian's drug. I have a key for his home and I have only to wait until he and Matthew have gone out somewhere. I can then enter the house and, in his lab, find where he keeps his pharmaceutical records. Somewhere there should be the formula for the drug he gave me.

APR. 28, 1927: Eureka! I now have the formula. It was easier than I had thought and I'm sure that I was not even seen by any of Julian's neighbors when I entered the house. The records were easy to locate and I copied the simple formula from his book. It is now left only for me to properly blend the ingredients.

APR. 30, 1927: Tonight is the night. I have a proper supply of the needed drug in hand and after taking it, I will retire to bed early to see if I can return to that strange world I once found. This could be dangerous, but I cannot again pass up the opportunity to explore and learn. Tonight I go in search of a world of dreams, to the Temple of the Elder Ones in hope of finding the secrets that control man's destiny.

to the kitchen. The cramped attic is reached through a door in the ceiling of Philip's bedroom closet.

All the *Azathoth Papers* mentioned as being in the Baxter House are repeated in a nearby section.

The only room on the ground floor which holds secrets is Baxter's oversized study — the meeting place of the Tuesday Night Academy. A wall of shelves contains numerous books, many marked with slips of paper. A large desk stands in the middle of the floor. If the marked books are checked, the references all are found to pertain to dreams and dreaming. If an investigator makes a Spot Hidden roll while checking the books, he spots two volumes on anthropology authored by Silas Patterson (*Azathoth Papers* no. 15). Atop the desk is a notebook containing the minutes of the Tuesday Night Academy (*Azathoth Papers* no. 21). In a desk drawer is a letter from Cynthia Baxter (*Azathoth Papers* no. 22) and one from Colin Baxter (*Azathoth Papers* no. 23).

In the basement is stored the crate of coconuts sent by Philip's daughter. The tag states that it was shipped from the Andaman Islands on Feb. 3, 1927.

In Angela's bedroom upstairs, between the pages of a Bible kept near the bed, is a yellowed newspaper clipping — the story on her husband's death (*Azathoth Papers* no. 11).

In Philip's room upstairs, on the nightstand, is a stack of tattered *Weird Tales* magazines, each containing a story by H. P. Lovecraft. Lovecraft's name has been circled on each table of contents. In a drawer below is Philip Baxter's journal (*Azathoth Papers* no. 25).

The attic is reached through Philip's closet. The overhead entrance consists of a wooden panel that must be lifted up and set aside. Once the panel is out of the way, the investigator sees a dark, cramped air-space,

packed with boxes and criss-crossed by dust-laden spider webs. Without a chair or boost from a friend, a successful Climb roll is needed for one to hoist himself into the darkened attic. Once in the attic and peering into the dark, a Spot Hidden roll reveals a black and green spider crouching in a shadowy area near the peak of the roof. The spider is the size of a man's hand, and its hairless abdomen is wrinkled but shiny. Next to the spider, attached to the wall with sticky gook, sits a leathery sack the size of a small grocery bag. If the investigator does not notice the spider immediately upon attempting to climb into the attic, the arachnid, disturbed by the intrusion, jumps from the ceiling and, landing upon the unfortunate investigator, attempts to bite him. Seeing the spider crouched in the corner costs 0/1D2 SAN. Being attacked by the thing costs 1/1D4 SAN. The spider's species proves unidentifiable, but a successful Zoology or Geology roll reveals that the spider resembles certain spider fossils from the early Mesozoic.

The Spider

This strange arachnid has a squat segmented abdomen and long powerful legs built for jumping. The species does not spin web-snares, using its silk only for eggsacks and draglines. Resurrected by a Tcho-Tcho priest from a fossil found in the Andaman Islands, the spider, then much smaller, was sent to Philip Baxter by his daughter, hidden in a crate of coconuts. Crawling out of the crate at night, the thing found its way to Philip's bedroom and bit the man on the scalp. This caused him to fall into the paralysis mistaken by the authorities for death. The spider found its way into the attic where, nourished by occasional forays outside to feed on rats and pigeons, it has laid its eggs and begun to wait.

If it attacks a nosy investigator, it attacks through an instinct to defend its eggs; but shortly the eggs will be ready to hatch. The spiderlings will need food. If the spider is not destroyed before this event it goes forth in the night and finds the sleeping Angela. Once Angela is bitten and paralyzed, only a day or two remains before the hatch. During this time, the investigators might discover the unconscious woman and save her. If not, the eggs hatch and the thousands of baby spiders follow their mother to Angela's bedroom. Swarming over her unconscious body, they feed on her, completely covering her with their crawling bodies. After a few days they will drain her completely, leaving only a dried husk upon the bed. The spiderlings then leave to swarm throughout the house and molt. If left undiscovered, they eventually find their way outside, frightening the neighbors and involving the authorities who will, after a quick investigation, burn the house to the ground.

The highly potent venom of the spider has a rating of 20, matched against the victim's CON. If the victim resists, he merely becomes nauseous for 1D6 hours. If he fails to resist, after about ten minutes he grows dizzy and then falls into a death-like stupor. Left alone, the victim recovers, gaining consciousness in less than a week. However, it is the habit of the spider to return to its victim to feed, again injecting venom and keeping the unfortunate captive and alive as long as possible. If an investigator is bitten by the spider and his comrades realize that he is not dead, he will eventually recover.

The Spider in the Baxter House.

The Spider

STR 2 CON 2 SIZ 1 POW 1 DEX 15
HP 2 Move 6

Weapons: Bite 80%, injects Poison [see above]

Armor: None, but its agility and small SIZ subtracts 30 percentiles from the chances of attacker success.

Special Abilities: although it can be out-run by a human, the spider can leap up to six feet at a jump.

SAN loss: varies with the situation. Seeing the inside of the Baxter house crawling with thousands of the things may cause a loss as high as 1D10.

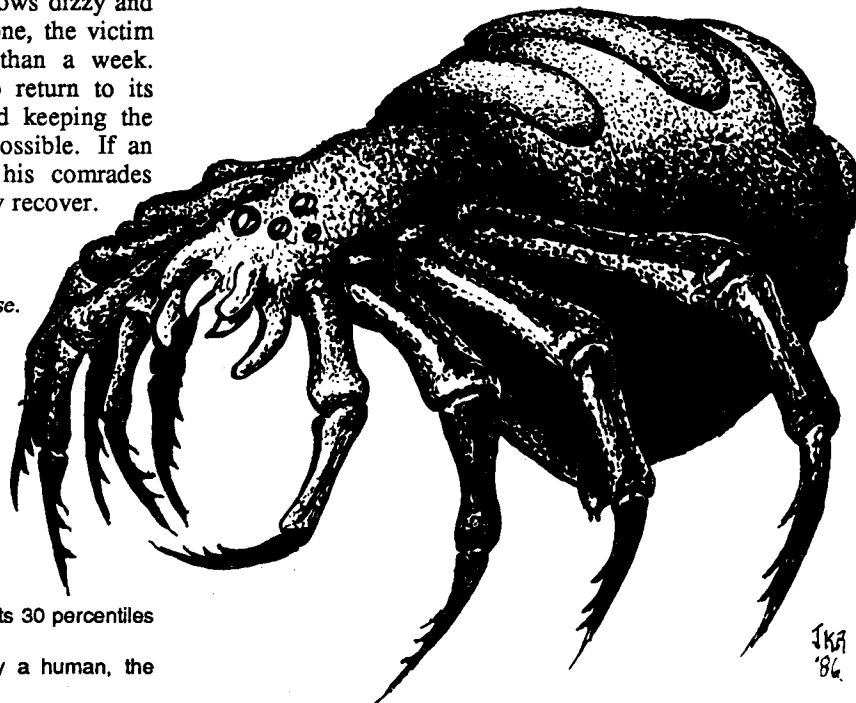
Julian Baxter

Born in 1863, Julian, Philip's older brother, grew up to attend medical school and then went on to become a Catholic missionary. His first post was in Peru. In 1902 he returned home to help his niece Cynthia get into medical school. Shortly after, he left for a new post in the Belgian Congo, where he made the acquaintance of the anthropologist Silas Patterson. In 1913, after a run-in with a witch doctor, Julian fell victim to a mysterious

crippling disease. He returned home, to be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life. A few years later, Julian attempted suicide (by cutting his wrists in his own living room), but was rescued by a strange youth who was passing by. After his recovery, Julian adopted the mute, homeless boy, naming him Matthew. Seemingly rejuvenated, the elder man embarked upon a study of human psychology and psychoanalysis. He was interpreting his brother's dreams and prescribing a sleeping drug for Philip Baxter at the time of Baxter's death. Most people think Julian eccentric.

Julian proves friendly to the investigators, but he has two secrets he is not normally willing to discuss. Learning his secrets requires an Oratory roll. Solid evidence of foul play regarding his brother's death also prompts Julian to tell all he knows.

Like Angela, Julian remembers Cynthia's spider bite but does not think to mention it unless it is brought up. He thinks that the Tuesday Night Academy is an honest but misguided group of old men.



One of Julian's two secrets is his suicide attempt, which he is naturally reluctant to discuss. His other secret is a feeling of guilt that the drug he prescribed for his brother may have somehow contributed to his death.

If he is properly befriended, Julian's Psychoanalysis can be used to interpret events in the dream-adventures. Additionally, he is a learned scholar who can provide the players with clues selected from Gleanings from Historical Research, an optional player aid on page 62 of *The Spawn Approaches*.

Julian's is a smaller, older house than Philip's. It consists of a downstairs living room and kitchen and two upstairs bedrooms. It is very messy, with papers and books scattered everywhere. The rugs are marked by the tracks of Julian's wheelchair. The home is also occupied by Matthew, Julian's companion and chauffeur.

Julian Baxter

STR 5 CON 7 SIZ 9 INT 17 POW 16
DEX 3 APP 8 EDU 25 SAN 65 HP 8

Skills: Accounting 20%, Anthropology 45%, Archaeology 15%, Astronomy 15%, Bargain 55%, Botany 25%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Debate 60%, Diagnose Disease 95%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 95%, Geology 10%, History 65%, Law 25%, Library Use 95%, Listen 45%, Occult 55%, Oratory 75%, Pharmacy 35%, Psychoanalysis 55%, Psychology 85%, Treat Disease 95%, Treat Poison 65%, Zoology 25%.

Languages (Speak/Read): Greek 28/55%, Latin 38/75%, Spanish 55/65%.

In the living room, anyone succeeding at Spot Hidden notices the large faded stain on the carpet. A Know roll tells the user that it is old blood (evidence of Julian's suicide attempt). A successful Oratory roll prompts the man to explain its significance.

The living room also holds Julian's library, which is extensive but so disorganized that Library Use rolls are halved unless assisted by Julian or Matthew. Anyone perusing the books and succeeding with Library Use discovers a copy of *The Book of Eibon* (in English). If read, in addition to the normal benefits and penalties, a specific passage can be noted (*Azathoth Papers* no. 20; a copy is repeated nearby).

AZATHOTH PAPERS 20:

Excerpt from the Book of Eibon

...and through the window so constructed I witnessed the destruction of Man and all he will be. I saw the power that would bring this about as it had wrought so many other changes in forgotten aeons past. Using this pore I constructed two great webs, to slow and even stop the being. Once halted in its path, my magic would avert the destruction foretold, ending all time and crystallizing all space around our sun and our world. The golden age of man would reign forever, safe from destructions wrought by gods.

Matthew

Matthew is chauffeur and companion to Philip's crippled older brother, Julian. Matthew, who at the time worked for a milkman, saved Julian's life in 1917. The boy was a mute and his past a mystery and, not long after, Julian adopted him. Matthew has lived at this house ever since and is intensely loyal to his foster-father. A Psychology roll shows that Matthew is slightly retarded and extremely withdrawn (autistic). He knows no sign language. Though he can follow simple directions or orders the investigators should find him almost impossible to communicate with.

Unless he is contacted in the Dreamlands, Matthew's feelings toward the investigators always exactly parallel Julian's. Matthew knows nothing about what has been going on.

However, Matthew lives a double life. He is an avid dreamer and, in the Dreamlands, is one of the city council

of Ulthar. If, in their dreams, the investigators recognize and speak with Matthew, they may make arrangements for him to help them in the real world. Aside from his obvious size and strength, Matthew is a storehouse of POW with a high SAN rating.

Matthew

STR 16 CON 18 SIZ 17 INT 7 POW 26
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 3 SAN 85 HP 18

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3+1D6
Head Butt 95%, 1D4+1D6
Kick 45%, 1D6+1D6
Grapple 95%, special

Skills: Climb 75%, Dodge 45%, Drive Automobile 80%, Electrical Repair 35%, Jump 65%, Listen 95%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Throw 75%.

Judge Braddock

Judge Braddock is a life-long friend of Philip Baxter, his personal attorney, and executor of his estate. Born and raised in Providence, Braddock attended Harvard Law School, eventually to return home and open a practice. He became a judge in his mid-forties and served a distinguished career before his retirement. A respected member of the community, the Judge is now divorced and spends much of his time hunting and fishing.

Braddock feels rather reticent towards the investigators, and an Oratory or Law roll is normally needed to get him to release any of his information. Evidence of foul play in the death of his friend certainly causes him to open up.

Although Braddock feels a certain responsibility towards Angela, he is unfriendly to the rest of the family. He considers Julian a crank, while Cynthia's religious bent leaves him cold. Colin's frequent run-ins with the police as a youngster left Braddock with a negative attitude toward the youngest son. Emmott once worked for the Judge but quit after an argument — both still hold a grudge. Braddock thinks little of the Tuesday Night Academy or its projects, but knows and respects the individual members (particularly Passelov, whom Braddock once took hunting). The Judge holds all of Philip's financial papers along with numerous other documents.

A few years ago the Judge went through a particularly messy divorce. He managed to use his influence to keep most of it covered up. If the investigators find out, and are foolish enough to try to use this against him, he reacts angrily and it proves impossible to befriend him from that time on.

One piece of information Braddock is hesitant to release without cause is his role in obtaining asylum for a Russian refugee named Kalyetka, a friend of the astronomer Passelov. This man fled the Bolsheviks (carrying with him the documents concerning Rasputin and Nemesis), and Judge Braddock believes that Soviet agents are in this country searching for him. (He is mistaken, however.)

The Judge wields considerable local influence. A phone call from him can obtain documents otherwise unavailable to the investigators. He can even get them released from jail if the charges are minor. Of course, the Judge only helps out if he is given reason to suspect foul play in regards to Philip's death.

Anytime the investigators try to contact Braddock there is a 30% chance he is on a camping trip for 1D3 days.

Judge Braddock

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 15 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 22 SAN 65 HP 16

Skills: Accounting 50%, Bargain 55%, Camouflage 75%, Climb 65%, Credit Rating 75%, Debate 85%, Dodge 44%, Drive Automobile 65%, Fast Talk 75%, Hide 35%, Jump 45%, Law 98%, Library Use 95%, Listen 65%, Make Maps 35%, Oratory 85%, Ride 55%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 75%, Swim 65%, Throw 65%, Track 55%, Zoology 10%.

The Judge's residence is unimportant. However, several clues are contained in his office amongst the contents of his file cabinets and desk.

Braddock won't allow anyone free access to his files but may retrieve documents for the investigators' perusal if he is convinced that the need is important. Scofflaw investigators may wish to break in at night to search the joint.

The first two cabinets are marked "Trial Records." The other two cabinets are unmarked, but contain financial and personal records. A separate successful Library Use roll is needed to find each piece of information contained herein.

- The 1910 trial of Colin Baxter on charges of burglary. The record shows that Braddock offered Colin the choice of military service or jail. Colin joined the Merchant Marine.
- The arrest record of Emmott Baxter in New York, in 1924, on suspicion of murdering his business partner, Edward O'Donnell (*Azathoth Papers* 26a, 26b; copies are repeated nearby); Braddock knows that Emmott keeps this a secret and, admirably, has never mentioned it to anyone.
- A loan of \$5000 made to Colin Baxter by his father, Philip. Found nearby are papers regarding the financing of the purchase of a ship by Colin through a bank in St. Augustine, Florida.
- The papers regarding Julian's adoption of Matthew are here.
- A large folder marked "The Tuesday Night Academy." This contains the Academy's financial records, including the real estate purchase in Montana. Sylvia Englund sold the land, and apparently still owns much territory nearby (*Azathoth Papers* no. 24; a copy is repeated nearby). Other records deal with donations — an Accounting roll shows that over \$100,000 has already been spent on construction of the observatory. A second Accounting roll discovers that most of these donations can be traced to a single bank account in New York, belonging to Dmitri Passelov. (This may look suspicious but is

actually the Passelov family fortune, which he spirited out of Russia.)

- A file marked "Silas Patterson." In it are the papers for the purchase of his house in 1922 and a lease for a farm property signed in August, 1924. The farm's address is given. (Patterson told Braddock he needed a quiet place, out of town, where he could write).
- Braddock's personal papers, one of them showing that the Judge beat up his wife just prior to the divorce. The Judge paid his ex-wife a generous settlement to keep this quiet.
- The last piece of evidence in the file cabinets are papers from the U. S. State Department, dated 1922, granting asylum to a Russian named Vasilii Kalyetka. They are dated 1922.

Braddock's desk is kept locked. Inside is a set of keys with a tag labeled "F. Wilson," followed by a Providence address. These keys are to Francis Wilson's house, entrusted to Braddock while Wilson is out of the country.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 26a, 26b:

Providence Police Reports:

Officer: Detective Jakow

Date: 4/2/24

Homicide Arrest

Arrived at the apartment of suspect, Emmott Baxter, approximately six PM. Suspect claimed to know nothing of whereabouts of one Edward O'Donnell, thought to be the business partner of Emmott Baxter. Suspect at first refused to accompany the officers for questioning but then agreed.

Officer: Detective Jakow

Date: 4/5/24

Homicide Arrest

Suspect Emmott Baxter was released from police custody on his own recognizance. Baxter is no longer considered a prime suspect. Recent investigations have shown that O'Donnell was heavily in debt to a New York gambling boss named Bugsy Wexler. The condition of O'Donnell's body (when removed from trash can) was similar to that of several other murder victims, all of which have been shown to have ties to the aforementioned Wexler.

Silas Patterson

Patterson is a friend of Philip Baxter's, a past professor at Brown University, and a member of the Tuesday Night Academy. Patterson, a retired anthropologist, has authored two books on his subject. In 1904, he met Julian Baxter in the Belgian Congo and they became friends. In 1905, Patterson traveled to New Guinea and, in 1919, to the Andaman Islands where he briefly met Cynthia Baxter, Julian's niece. In 1920, he came to Providence, where, through Julian, he met Philip Baxter and joined the Tuesday Night Academy. Philip Baxter soon after helped secure him a teaching position at Brown

AZATHOTH PAPERS 24:

Letter to Judge Braddock:

Helena, Montana

Aug. 29, 1924

Dear Mr. Braddock:

In regards to the request of your client, Mr. Dmitri Passelov, to purchase land owned by one Sylvia Englund of Garrison, Montana: I have spoken with Englund and let me assure you, she is every bit the crank that you had heard. With a little effort it was easy for me to find out that she has been suffering financial difficulties and I was able to secure her signature on the land purchase you required. I hope my work has proven satisfactory and perhaps I could aid you again in future business dealings in this part of the country.

Sincerely yours,

David Haddock J.D.

Attorney-at-Law.

University. In 1924 Patterson was forced to retire from the University because of a "nervous condition." He has announced to all his friends that he is now working on a new book, his third.

Patterson is one of the friendlier suspects in the case, and is likely to invite the investigators to his home for tea. However, should they begin to suspect him, Patterson becomes increasingly difficult to talk to.

Patterson knows not only his role in the death of Philip Baxter but is reasonably sure that Cynthia was involved. Although he would like to reveal Cynthia's role, he cannot, as such would convict himself as well. Patterson feels extremely guilty over the death of his friend and a Psychology roll reveals his depression.

Silas Patterson practices a form of cannibalism he learned in New Guinea at the instruction of a Tcho-Tcho priest. This, a religious ceremony, involves the eating of the brains of a recently slain primate. (Humans are among the primates, of course.) Properly performed, this rite endows the participant with extended life. This habit led to Patterson's dismissal from Brown University when it was discovered that he had been stealing laboratory monkeys and taking them home. The University officials asked Patterson to retire, unaware of the actual use to which he put the lab animals.

Needing a new source for his unholy feasts, Patterson made arrangements with a local undertaker of low moral character, Alvin Beswick. Beswick promised to sell fresh corpses to Patterson. The bodies used are those marked for close-coffin ceremonies or cremation, as Patterson's activities leave the cranium badly damaged. When Patterson learned of Philip Baxter's death, he was quick to get hold of Beswick. Using the parlor's hearse, Patterson drove the body to his secretly-rented farmhouse outside of town.

While preparing the body, he noticed the two small bites on Baxter's scalp. He did not realize their significance until he had trepanned his victim and started to ritually devour the exposed brain. Baxter suddenly

regained consciousness and began to struggle, awake and terrified. With the heavy wooden table still clamped to his head, Baxter tried to escape while blood and brain tissue spilled from his open cranial cavity. Seconds later, Baxter died, but not before his thrashing had dented the hearse and left Patterson with broken ribs.

Patterson secretly plans to leave for Africa. Not only is he still distraught over the accident to his friend, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to hide his youthful appearance with gray hair-coloring. Large sums recently withdrawn from his bank might clue the investigators to his plan.

If Patterson is confronted and accused of eating his best friend's brain, his mind snaps, and he falls into a near-cataleptic state. He must now be institutionalized. If someone can succeed at Psychoanalysis, Patterson regains his senses for a moment and can answer one or two questions before lapsing back. Patterson knows as much about the Tcho-Tcho people and the worship of Atlach-Nacha as anyone alive (65% accuracy).

If Patterson's dream reflection can be located (this can be done in *The Eternal Quest*) and fused with what is left of Philip's dream-self (*Ulthar and Beyond*), Philip Baxter can continue his existence in the Dreamlands, though his waking self is gone forever. If this occurs, Patterson's personality disintegrates, leaving him a gibbering imitation of Philip Baxter.

Silas Patterson

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 18 SAN 6 HP 13

Skills: Anthropology 85%, Archaeology 35%, Astronomy 25%, Botany 20%, Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 22%, Debate 35%, Dodge 45%, Hide 25%, Jump 35%, Library Use 75%, Listen 35%, Make Maps 55%, Occult 25%, Pharmacy 15%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swim 75%, Throw 45%, Track 25%, Treat Poison 25%, Zoology 20%.

Silas Patterson's Residence

Patterson uses two residences, a small house in Providence known to all and a rented farmhouse outside of town, known only to himself and Braddock.

If the investigators search Patterson's house in Providence before he disappears they discover helpful clues in the man's upstairs study. On his desk is a copy of the lease for the farmhouse (with address) along with a sheaf of notes for his next book. It is rather obvious that Patterson's next book concerns itself with cannibalism. A successful Psychology roll while reading these notes reveals that Patterson is extremely unbalanced.

In the bathroom a small bottle of gray hair-coloring sits on a shelf.

Little else of interest is here except in the basement where a successful Spot Hidden establishes that the floor has been recently painted. This has been done to cover bloodstains from Patterson's monkey sacrifices a few years back. The damp basement air causes the dark stains to bleed through the paint, and Patterson has to frequently recoat them. With a little scraping the stains can be uncovered. Lab work and a successful Chemistry or

Zoology roll identifies the stain as blood, though not necessarily human.

If the investigators enter the house after Patterson's fake suicide, his notes and the lease, along with the bottle of hair dye, all have been burnt in the fireplace. Pinned to his desk is the suicide note (*Azathoth Papers* no. 19; a copy appears nearby). The characters might or might not notice that Patterson uncharacteristically signed his note using his middle name.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 19:

Patterson's Suicide Note

To whom it may concern;

I am afraid there comes a time when all things must pass and I feel that perhaps now is my time. In my life I have had the opportunity to do a good many things denied to others and I have experienced much. I regret little and leave no one to grieve for me. A few friends maybe, but that is all. My present nervous condition does not allow me to pursue a career in the educational field and I'm afraid I'm growing too old and tired to finish the third book on my field researches. Too bad. I have chosen to dispose of my notes so I guess that the experiences will be lost forever, but somehow, I don't feel it can be that way. I will walk to the water's edge now and cast myself in. Do not worry, God takes care of all.

(signed) Silas James Patterson

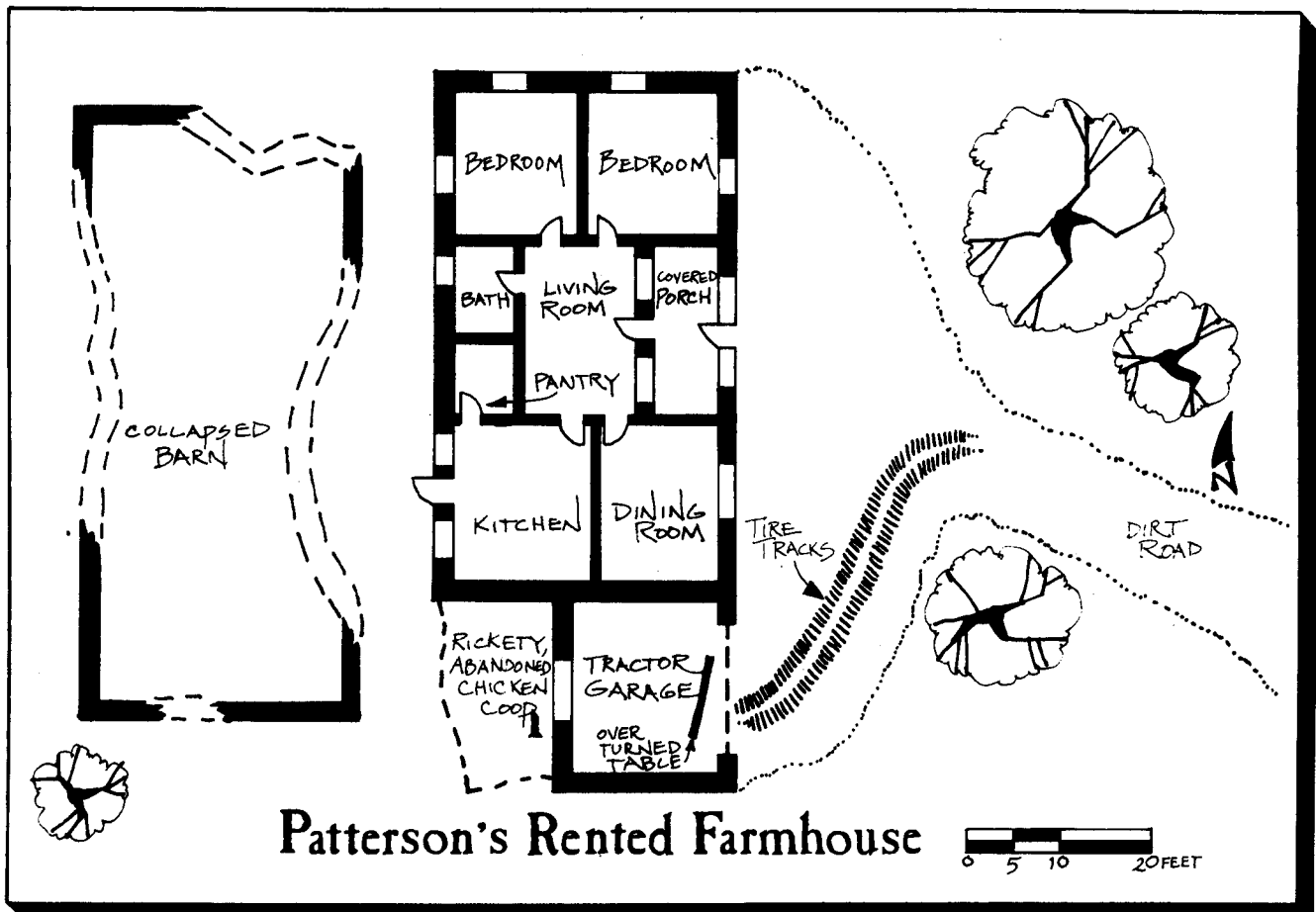
Patterson's closest neighbors are an elderly couple. They are cautious, and will speak with the investigators only on a successful Oratory roll. If they talk, they tell the investigators that several times between 1922 and 1924 they were forced to call the police to investigate loud noises coming from the Patterson house at night. The police never found anything and the noises stopped in the spring of 1924.

Patterson's Rented Farmhouse

This structure is ten miles outside of the city on a dirt road leading off the highway. It is a small, dilapidated, one-story house. A locked shed big enough for two cars stands next to it. Behind the house is the rubble of a collapsed barn. Inside the house is a minimum amount of furniture and no clues. There is no bed or cooking utensils, nor desk or writing materials.

A successful Spot Hidden roll notices tire tracks in the dried mud in front of the garage (first week of investigation only; after that the rain has washed them away). If casts are made, they are found to match the tires of Alvin Beswick's hearse. Patterson does not own a car.

If the locked doors of the garage are opened, the characters find a mess in the cement-floored building. Blood stains smear the interior and bits of broken glass litter the floor. A heavy wooden circular table, with a hole in its center, lies overturned on the floor. Next to it



is a huge, broad-bladed knife and a broken alarm clock (the time on the clock shows 12:03). A successful Spot Hidden roll finds a small patch of blue silk (torn from Philip's pajamas). In the lab, with a successful Chemistry or Zoology roll, the blood can be identified as human Type O — Baxter's type.

The strange table has a number of metal clamps attached to it. Blood stains and dried tissue fragments coat the top. A Zoology roll identifies the dried tissue as brain matter. An Anthropology roll identifies the knife and table as like those used in Borneo cult rites, in which a monkey is clamped under a little round table with the crown of its head extending through the hole in the center. A knife is swept across the table removing the top of the skull and exposing the brain. The brain is then eaten from the opened skull. However, this knife and table are much bigger than those used in the monkey-brain feast. They are big enough for an anthropoid ape — or a human.

Alvin Beswick

Beswick is an unscrupulous mortician who has been supplying fresh corpses to Patterson for some time now. If accosted by the investigators, he initially is friendly, but if the investigators question him about Baxter, he turns a cold shoulder. He knows that if Baxter's death is checked out, he faces not only loss of his license, but jail. Beswick will not willingly tell the investigators anything of importance.

Patterson told Beswick that he uses the bodies for experimental brain research but lately Beswick has begun to suspect the truth. If the players investigate Beswick's background (perhaps with Braddock's aid), they can find that a complaint was filed against him in 1926 by the family of a young girl. They charged that Beswick cremated the body of their daughter without their permission. Originally, the family had planned to cremate. Beswick gave the girl's corpse to Patterson. Later, the family changed their minds, and desired an open coffin ceremony, but Beswick cremated the body anyway, because of the condition in which Patterson had left it. Beswick was ordered to pay restitution to the family but no other action was taken against him.

Professor Wilson

Francis Wilson was a friend of Baxter and is a member of the Tuesday Night Academy. Like the investigators, he was given one of Baxter's mysterious packages.

Wilson is a professor of Oriental languages. After the funeral, he left the country. He does not reappear in this campaign until the final adventure in the campaign, *The Spawn of Azathoth*.

Wilson owns a house in Providence. It is locked and the key is in Judge Braddock's desk. The only items of interest are found on Wilson's desk. One is a large manila envelope, similar to the one received by the investigators. Its contents are scattered across the top of the desk; among the papers is a short letter from Baxter to

AZATHOTH PAPERS 5a, 5b:

Letter from Phillip Baxter:

Dear Francis,

If you are reading this it means that my fears have been realized and so, in my capacity as secretary of The Tuesday Night Academy, I return to you our most valuable object, which began all of this, the accursed diary of Rasputin. Not only have I most likely lost my life, but other, more horrifying possibilities exist for those of you still living. I can't reveal the source of my information but there may be something more to what we have been searching for than a mere minor comet or asteroid. Somehow you must learn more of what that mad monk knew. The only other evidence I can offer is that Oriental writing I could reproduce — you know well I know nothing of Oriental languages so even if the text seems meaningless, the way I obtained it is not.

Please, consider our long friendship when you judge my words.

Your old friend,

Philip

Fragments of Cyrillic Writing:

...and it was because of these things, learned during my stay in Jerusalem, that I came to the Tungus of Siberia in the summer of 1908 to meet ... and beyond that, learn more of its plans.

The ghost came first, as Eleazar ben Zekai had predicted. I halted his advance and ... later I showed him the stone given to me by the Rabbi and which I had mounted in the holy crucifix. The Jew said it would make no difference, but I knew that for me it would let me set one on one on one.

The pale savage seemed apprehensive but subduing him proved easy, it was though he almost wanted me to stop him before ... when it appeared I fled in terror, leaving him to his fate. My faith failed me when the shrieking thing came and the mountains shook, I lost my mind.

...I witnessed the great blast and survived. I failed my task, but believe the only one who could stop things now would be the man who most surely died in the explosion.

Wilson along with a number of fragmented, watermarked pages, hand-written in Russian (*Azathoth Papers* no. 5; a copy is repeated nearby). There is also a small scrap of paper covered with Chinese characters and what appears to be a translation attached with a paper clip (*Azathoth Papers* no. 34; a copy is repeated nearby).

Dr. Walters

Baxter's personal physician, he is friendly and helpful but he did sign the death certificate and is convinced that Philip died of a weak heart.

He knows a little about the background of the Baxter family but nothing of real importance. Depending upon

his attitude toward the investigators, he may supply them with some of the information in his files.

If the investigators search Dr. Walters' files, a separate Library Use roll is needed for each piece of information to be found.

- a report on Cynthia's spider bite (*Azathoth Papers* no. 6; a copy is repeated nearby).
- papers describing Julian's suicide attempt (*Azathoth Papers* no. 7; a copy is repeated nearby).
- a file on Philip Baxter. A successful Diagnose Disease roll convinces the investigator that it was not Baxter's heart that killed him.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 6:

Providence General Hospital Report:

July 18, 1897

Patient: Cynthia Baxter

Physician: Douglas Walters

A 12-year-old female was admitted at 8:32pm, complaining of fever and nausea, and was rapidly losing consciousness. She was put to bed and ice was applied to control fever. At 11:30 or thereabouts, the patient lost consciousness and slipped into a coma. Treatment was continued and the patient was examined for evidence of snake bite.

JULY 20: Cynthia's condition continues without change. Snake bite has been ruled out but puncture wounds, evidenced by the infection that set in after them, were found. It is now thought that the patient fell victim to the bite of some unidentified insect.

JULY 24: after six days of fever and hallucinations, the patient's condition returned to normal this morning and, although tired and weak, she is sitting up in bed and cheerful. Unless symptoms return, the patient should be released in two days.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 7:

Providence General Hospital Report:

May 2, 1917

Patient: Julian Baxter

Physician: Douglas Walters

Middle-aged male was admitted at 8:32am, unconscious and suffering from extreme loss of blood. The physician on duty immediately applied pressure bandages to the wounds in both wrists, stopping the bleeding. These wounds were then sterilized and cleansed of glass fragments before being closed by stitches. Patient regained consciousness later that afternoon but will remain hospitalized for several days until strength is regained. Patient claims wounds were accidental.

Emmott Baxter

Emmott is Philip Baxter's oldest son. Emmott is possessed of a sour disposition and it shows. His father favored the younger son, Colin, and Emmott grew up resentful and angry. He knows that his father was biased, and it hurts. He owns a newspaper clipping service located in Providence.

Emmott is a busy man, with little time to talk to prying investigators. If they can show him evidence of foul play regarding his father's death, he provides all the aid he can.

Emmott is convinced that the Tuesday Night Academy is nothing but a front run by Passelov to steal his father's money. He may even go so far as to verbally accuse Braddock of aiding the Russian in this endeavor or hint that his father might have been murdered for his money. (Remember, Emmott and Braddock are feuding.) He has no use for his brother, Colin, and never writes or hears from his sister. The only people for whom Emmott shows concern are Angela, the woman who raised him, and his uncle Julian, whom he respects.

At the suggestion of his uncle Julian, Emmott is considering psychiatric treatment. Emmott's worst problems stem from the torments he was subjected to as a child, delivered by his sister, Cynthia. This began shortly after she was bitten by the spider. These events are buried in his subconscious and he does not consciously recognize their importance. For the investigators to uncover this, he would have to submit to Psychoanalysis by one of them (or by Julian). Emmott only agrees to submit if shown evidence of foul play.

Unknown to anyone but Judge Braddock, Emmott was once a suspect in the murder of a former business partner, a man named Edward O'Donnell. He was later cleared when the notorious New York gangster Bugsy Wexler was implicated, but the experience was an embarrassment to Emmott and he never told anyone. He is unaware that Braddock knows about this and that the Judge is helping to keep his secret.

If Emmott decides to aid the investigators, he can supply them with newspaper clippings of specific interest from Selected News Clippings, an optional player aid on page 64 of *The Spawn Approaches*.

Emmott Baxter

STR 7 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 10
DEX 9 APP 9 EDU 17 SAN 35 HP 11

Skills: Accounting 85%, Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 50%, Debate 60%, Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 25%, Law 25%, Library Use 95%, Psychology 15%.

Harold Englehardt

Englehardt is an administrator at Brown University, the past employer of Philip Baxter. He is an educated man who knew both Philip Baxter and Silas Patterson quite well.

If contacted, Englehardt proves amiable and suggests he meet with the investigators at his office at the University. He can tell the investigators that Patterson retired early due to a nervous condition and that Baxter was due to retire after the end of next year's term. Unless a Debate roll succeeds, convincing Englehardt of the matter's importance, he says nothing of real interest.

If a Debate roll succeeds, however, Englehardt reveals that Patterson was requested to retire when it was learned that he was stealing laboratory animals from the

University. Taking the report from a filing cabinet and showing it to the investigators (*Azathoth Papers* no. 9; a copy is repeated nearby), Englehardt states that Patterson told him privately that he had been conducting scientific experiments on his own time. Englehardt has his own suspicions. If the investigators pry deeper, he declares that all the evidence shows that Patterson was eating the monkeys he had stolen.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 9:

Brown University

Report of the findings of the committee formed
12/2/23

3/5/24

In accordance with the task given this committee by the Trustees of Brown University, to wit, to investigate charges against Professor Silas Patterson regarding illegal removal and use of University property, this committee finds:

That Silas Patterson is guilty of the unauthorized removal of University property. At least three primate specimens were taken, and the specimens were not returned to the University, nor was restitution made or attempted. As Professor Patterson admits no guilt, we recommend that he retire for reasons of health and, if he does so, that the Trustees honor their contract with him and pay him through the end of this semester, at which time the matter can be closed gracefully.

Important Places

Swan's Point Cemetery

The investigators may wish to have the body of Philip Baxter exhumed for examination or possible autopsy. For this, they'll need a court order. Braddock could help here, or a Law roll plus a relative's agreement. Of course, desperate investigators might attempt it illegally. (Digging up a body in the dead of night costs 0/1D3 SAN.) A cursory examination of the body shows that the crown of the head has been sliced off and then crudely sewn back on. If the top of the skull is removed for examination, it can be seen that the man's brain is partially missing. With a successful Spot Hidden and time to closely examine the body, two swollen punctures can be found on the scalp. A Zoology or Diagnose Disease determines that they were caused by an insect or similar animal.

If the body is taken in for a full autopsy, a report is made available to the investigators in less than a week. It states that traces of a paralyzing agent — possibly spider venom — were found, but no conclusions can be made. Clever investigators (or those succeeding at an Idea roll, if no one thinks of it on their own) may realize that Philip Baxter might still have been alive when he was pronounced dead on the morning of May 1.

Providence Medical Hospital

Investigators lacking a court order could use a successful Debate, Oratory, Fast Talk, or Law roll (one only, and

one try only) to get past the nurse in charge of records. It takes an investigator 24 hours to completely search the huge files and a separate successful Library Use roll is needed to find each of the following reports.

- Cynthia Baxter's spider bite in 1897 (*Azathoth Papers* no. 6; a copy is repeated near the earlier section for Dr. Walters).
- The suicide attempt of Julian Baxter in 1915 (*Azathoth Papers* no. 7; a copy is repeated near the earlier section for Dr. Walters).
- Broken rib of Silas Patterson, May 2, 1925 (*Azathoth Papers* no. 8; a copy is repeated nearby).

AZATHOTH PAPERS 8:

Providence General Hospital Report:

May 2, 1927

Patient: Silas Patterson

Physician: Andrew Colin

Mr. Patterson was admitted to the Emergency Room at 11:30 AM complaining of a sharp pain in his left side. He said he had fallen on the stairs in his home and examination showed a number of contusions in keeping with the accident described. Further examination revealed evidence of at least three fractured ribs. Patient was bandaged and released.

The Providence Journal

In the back issues of the Providence Journal, in addition to the births, deaths, etc., mentioned on the timeline page, the following stories may also be found:

- An 1890 issue contains a story about Julian Baxter leaving to take the post of a missionary in Peru (*Azathoth Papers* no. 10; a copy is repeated nearby).
- The accidental death of Armand Vincenzo in 1893 (*Azathoth Papers* no. 11; a copy is repeated near the Angela Vincenzo section above).
- A story, dated 1897, on Cynthia's recovery from a spider bite (*Azathoth Papers* no. 12; a copy is repeated nearby).
- A story, dated 1913, about Cynthia Baxter accepting a missionary post in the Andaman Islands (*Azathoth Papers* no. 13; a copy is repeated nearby).
- A report covering the "accident" (actually his failed suicide attempt) that occurred to Julian Baxter in 1917 (*Azathoth Papers* no. 14; a copy is repeated nearby).

The Libraries of Providence

Both the public library and the library at Brown University contain copies of the two books written by Dr. Silas Patterson (*Azathoth Papers* no. 15; copies of the excerpts are found near the Angela Vincenzo section, above).

The Providence Police Department

Clues found at the police station are all from the files. To gain access to these records without the aid of Braddock, an investigator must receive a successful Oratory or Law roll. One clue is found for every successful Library Use.

- Colin Baxter's arrest record. This file was opened in 1906 and contains several entries, most of a minor nature. The last arrest, in 1910, is on a charge of breaking and entering. The file notes that Baxter has now joined the Merchant Marine.

- An investigation into the accident that befell Julian Baxter in 1915. (*Azathoth Papers* no. 16; a copy is repeated nearby).

- November 17, 1917. A police report on a assault charge filed by Emma Braddock, wife of Judge Mortimer Braddock. The report notes that the charges were dropped at the request of the plaintiff (*Azathoth Papers* no. 17; a copy is repeated nearby).

- a series of complaints made by a neighbor against a certain Silas Patterson (*Azathoth Papers* no. 18; a copy is repeated nearby).

- a two-piece report. Part A contains information regarding the arrest of Emmott Baxter on a charge of first-degree murder. The second part clears him of the charges (*Azathoth Papers* no. 26; a copy is repeated in the Judge Braddock section above).

Providence Journal Clippings

AZATHOTH PAPERS 10:

Father Baxter's New Post

It was learned today that Father Julian Baxter, life-long resident of Providence, has been assigned to a missionary post in the South American country of Peru. Father Baxter will serve as teacher, priest, and physician to several hundred primitive Indians living on the mountain slopes of the west coast. The position was formerly held by the late Father Dougherty, of Boston, who died several weeks ago of an apparent heart attack.

—June 2, 1890.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 12:

Child In Peril

Twelve-year-old Cynthia Baxter, daughter of Professor Philip Baxter of Brown University, lies today in critical condition at Providence General Hospital.

Her physician, Dr. David Hosgarth, announced that while fevered, the young girl is in stable condition, although still unconscious. The girl first complained of nausea and a headache while attending a family picnic and by the time the group had returned to Providence, she had slipped into a coma.

It is now believed that she was bitten, most likely by a snake, while playing with her brother in the meadow. The young lad, named Emmott, has told his father that his sister complained of something that bit her on the ankle while the two children were running through some tall grass.

The Baxter girl is presently receiving treatment for this type of ailment and seems to be responding.

—July 20, 1897.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 13:

Miss Baxter's Appointment

Cynthia Baxter has announced that the archdiocese has granted her request for a missionary post in the Andaman Islands, located in the Indian Ocean. In accepting the post, Miss Baxter will follow in the footsteps of her paternal uncle, the well-known Dr. Julian Baxter.

Miss Baxter will focus her work among the native population. Her term of stay is indefinite and it may be some years before she returns.

All here at the Providence Journal wish her the best of luck and may God speed.

—August 30, 1913.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 14:

Accident Strikes Clergyman:

Dr. Julian Baxter, prominent local clergyman, has been hospitalized after suffering a severe accident in his home.

Baxter, confined to a wheel chair, was apparently cut by a broken glass and was unable to summon aid before losing consciousness due to loss of blood.

Fortunately a passing milkman's helper saw the crippled man through the front window of his home, unconscious and surrounded by a pool of blood. This young man was able to force open the front door and carried Baxter to the milk wagon. The owner of the wagon quickly conveyed the injured man to Providence General Hospital where he was treated for shock and loss of blood.

Dr. Baxter has spent much of his life as a missionary. First in Peru, then later assigned to the Belgian Congo, where Dr. Baxter contracted a wasting disease that caused him to return to Rhode Island and enter retirement. The respected doctor is doing well and will return home in a few days.

—May 3, 1917.

The Lovecraft House

The address is 598 Angell Street and the home is presently occupied by Lovecraft's two aunts, Mrs. Franklin Clark and Mrs. Edward (Annie) Gamwell. Lovecraft himself is currently living in New York, married to Sonia Greene. Both of Lovecraft's aunts are reluctant to speak at length with strangers, but promise to pass messages along to Howard. They won't provide his address in New York.

While the investigators chat with the two women, a small black cat can be seen prowling about the porch, rubbing up against the legs of both investigators and aunts indiscriminately. If the cat is commented on, the women mention that the cat belongs to Howard, but he is unable to keep it with him in his New York apartment. The cat's name is Bubastis.

Providence Police Reports

AZATHOTH PAPERS 16:

Officer: O'Rourke

Date: 5/3/17

Suicide Attempt

Possible suicide attempt reported by staff of Providence General Hospital on May 2, 11:30am. Interview with patient's personal physician revealed victim to be crippled and confined to wheelchair. This was given as cause of accident and is considered sufficient evidence to drop any possible charges. Patient is said to be recovering well.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 17:

Officer: Macklin

Date: 11/17/19

Assault and Battery

Arrived at the home of Mortimer Braddock at 10:35 PM in response to telephone call from same address. Caller identified herself as Mrs. Mortimer Braddock and claimed that she was being beaten by her husband. Upon knocking, front door of residence was opened by Mortimer Braddock who invited both myself and Officer Smith inside. We asked to see Mrs. Braddock and she appeared from the other room holding a wet rag or washcloth over her right eye. She apologized for the call and said that a neighbor must have made it. She wished to press no charges and denied that her husband had assaulted her.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 18:

Officer: Herlihy and others

Date: 11/1/22

Disturbing the Peace; Non-Domestic Animals

Arrived at the home of one Silas Patterson at the complaint of Oscar Hodge, a neighbor. Aforesaid neighbor complained of loud animal noises or screams issuing from the basement of the Patterson residence. The complaint was conveyed to Patterson who was found to be an anthropology

instructor at Brown. He explained that he was practicing native songs for demonstration to a class he was giving tomorrow and was extremely sorry for any disturbances. He did admit that he had brought a cage home from the University but it was empty.

2/15/23: Complaint lodged by Oscar Hodge against Silas Patterson, similar to above. Investigation brought similar explanation of noises. Patterson was warned against further noises.

3/21/23: Third complaint. Hodge claims that Patterson is keeping monkeys or apes in the house, bringing them home in cages from somewhere. Testimony is corroborated by wife. Patterson is again warned. Investigating officer asked if he could look around the inside of the house. Defendant refused to admit officer without a warrant.

6/1/23: Officers investigated complaint by Hodge. Knocking brought no one forth and nothing could be seen through any windows. We waited two hours before Patterson emerged from side door carrying a large metal cage. We approached and questioned the man about loud noises. He denied that any noise came from his house and accused the Hodges of senility. He apologized for not answering our knocks and explained that he was taking a nap. When asked about the animal cage he explained that he occasionally brought damaged cages home from the biology department to repair and clean them. Claims he is a bachelor and needs to keep busy. Patterson is again asked if his home can be entered and explains that he is late for a class, inviting us back the next day. Investigation the next day showed nothing unusual except that the walls of the basement had been freshly repainted and were still wet.

10/14/23: Complaint of loud noises followed up. Nothing suspicious found.

12/11/23: Complaint of loud noises. Nothing suspicious found.

2/13/24: Complaint of loud noises. Nothing suspicious found.

This concludes the Providence portion of **SPAWN OF AZATHOTH**. Your players may encounter any of the remaining adventures in any order, save that presentation of *The Spawn Of Azathoth* should be last.

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loose in box: EMMOTT'S BUSINESS CARD

A.P. — Azathoth Paper



Book 2,

Spawn Of Azathoth

The Spawn Approaches

by

Keith Herber

new material, editorial by Sandy Petersen

new material, editorial, layout, by Lynn Willis

partial editorial by Sherman Kahn

additional layout by Charlie Krank

interior illustrations by Kevin Ramos

maps and plans by Carolyn Schultz

interior art assignments by S.Kahn, S.Petersen

cover assignment by L.Willis, S.Petersen

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Playtesters: Lowell Anderson, Erik Herber, Sharon Herber, and Gerald Wagner.

Mich Con playtesters: Kurt Klein, Mike Klein, Bruce Martin, Mark Moellering, Jason Morningstar, Mark Witczak, and two others whose names are lost to history.

West Coast Dream-Testers: Joe Coughlan, Sean Coughlan, and Harry A. Robson V.

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Garrison, Montana

Wherein the investigators understand anew that the Wild West is called that because the inhabitants thereof are in no wise tame.

Magical and alien interference hampers investigator researches.

Getting There

This is the site of the experimental astronomical observatory erected by the Tuesday Night Academy. Located just north of the Anaconda Mountains, the observatory occupies a southeast slope about ten air miles northeast of the small town of Garrison, itself 40 miles west of Helena. Helena is nearly 2700 miles from Providence. Due to numerous stops and switches the train ride via Cleveland, Toledo, Gary, and so forth takes five days and costs \$31.00 per passenger (which does not include meals). The investigators conclude their ride at Garrison, on the Northern Pacific line.

In Helena the group can either rent horses or hitch a ride on the occasional produce or stock truck headed for Missoula via Garrison. Once in Garrison, they learn that the narrow rocky road that leads to the observatory is accessible only on foot or horseback.

Keeper Information

Unknown to the local humans, these mountains harbor beings that have dwelt here since before the coming of the Indian. Named *sasquatch* by the Indians, this particular clan of shaggy pre-humans has taken upon themselves the responsibility of guarding a Seed of Azathoth that has recently fallen to Earth. The sasquatch managed to drag it into a nearby cave where they have kept it hidden ever since. The sasquatch are not very intelligent, but they instinctively sense the malignance of the Seed.

One human knows of the sasquatch — Sylvia Englund, owner of a bankrupt horse ranch and former owner of the land upon which the observatory is built. Sylvia often visits the sasquatch after sunset, to bring them vegetables and fruit. She is unable to communicate with them except in the most rudimentary fashion, but the bond between her and the sasquatch is strong. She has never even hinted to anyone of their existence and has gone to great lengths to protect them from the outside world.

She has been beset by financial problems, and to maintain ownership of that vital property holding the range of the sasquatch, she sold some land to the east to the Tuesday Night Academy, on which they built their observatory.

Soon after the arrival of the investigators in Garrison, the Fungi from Yuggoth also appear, having come to search for the Seed of Azathoth they observed fall in this area. Seeds of Azathoth can be used (among other things) to generate tremendous amounts of energy, and the Fungi plan to take the object to their lunar colony.

Aware of the Seed's presence but not its altered location, and knowing of its value to the Fungi, the Ghost Father is observing the Fungi's activities, aware that he and the crustaceous aliens are at odds upon the future of Nemesis. The Ghost Father has been seen by several locals, including the Russian astronomers at the Tuesday Night observatory. Both the Fungi and the Ghost know of the Academy's observatory, but discount the group as of little import to their conflicting plans. The eventual violent destruction of the observatory may lead the group to suspect either or both of these parties.

The Chain of Events

The fungi have come from their colony inside the moon in search of the the new Seed of Azathoth that just fell. They cause a series of events enfolding local residents along with the investigators. It is up to you, the keeper, to make final decisions on the timing and placement of occurrences, adjusting them as necessary to ensure a smooth-running adventure.

- Day 1: Arrival of the investigators in Garrison.
- Day 2: Arrival of Fungi, who take over firetower.
- Day 3: Fungi install weapon and slaughter passing animals. Fungi visit Tuesday Night Academy observatory.
- Day 4: Fungi locate Seed, slay sasquatch, destroy firetower, flee.

Garrison

This small town, like many others in Montana, traces its origin to a mining camp established in the latter half of the nineteenth century. It has a population of about 200. The investigators can find little here besides a few residences and a combination general store and post office. The proprietor of this establishment is Hank Buffington, a life-long resident. Hank is open and friendly, and enjoys lengthy conversations with his customers. If he is asked the right questions, he can supply some useful information to the investigators.

If the investigators ask about the Russian astronomers, Hank says, "A lot of folks thought they were Bolsheviks or Wobblies at first, and there were some talk of runnin' them out of town. But we thought better of them pretty quick. And nearly two dozen folks around here got hired to move supplies and build that observatory. These Russians aint such bad fellers at all."

If the investigators ask about strange lights or other supernatural phenomena, Hank tells them, "There's a tale they tell here, about the ghost of an old Indian brave. Some folks say that it's the ghost of Chief Joseph, him what in 1877 led the Nez Perce Indians into Montana trying to get to Canada. Most of the Nez Perce were caught not far north of here and superstitious folks say that Chief Joseph's spirit is roaming the mountains searching for the spirits of other Nez Perce who died in Montana, so he can take 'em back home. Everybody in town has heard this story, but I don't think anyone really believes it. Leastways, not in the daytime!" This story, of course, has nothing to do with the Ghost Father, though any recent sightings of Chief Joseph can be attributed to the Ghost Father's presence.

If he is asked about sasquatch, he says, "Some people say that there's big, shaggy beasts livin' in the mountains. I've heard tell that folks have seen 'em not only in Montana, but in Washington, Oregon, and the Idaho mountains. But there ain't nothing. Lemme tell you, I've lived hereabouts for 42 years, and I ain't never seen nothing like what they talk about. I think that what they see is one of three things: a bear, one of them hermits or mountain men, or just some boys having fun by making fools of strangers."

If he is asked about Sylvia Englund, he says, "She moved here from somewheres back East 'bout 14 year ago. She ran a horse ranch for a long time, but lost her money and ended up selling most of her stock. Her ranch is about ten miles north of here, up in the mountains. She's pretty friendly, but a little strange. She rides into town ever' week to buy groceries. She don't buy much meat, but she gets a lot of fresh vegetables and fruits in season. She might be one of them vegy-rotarians. I asked her about it once, but she says she breeds eatin' rabbits at the ranch. I never seen any there. I guess she were embarrassed to admit she were a vegy-rotarian. Be okay

if she was, though. I don't care what religion a body be, so long as he's a good Christian. 'Cept Baptists. Got cheated by a Baptist once. But Miss Englund's a fine woman, even if she is a little strange. Maybe it's cause she lost her money. I guess that does something to a person."

Hank knows how to get to the observatory, and is happy to draw a map for the investigators. If they give him an hour, he'll arrange for riding horses for the investigators to rent. He wants \$3 a day per horse, but might be Bargained down. The investigators must promise to take good care of the horses — feeding them and currying them down once each day.

Buffington has a short-wave radio in the store that he's glad to allow the investigators to talk over for no charge.

At The Observatory

Five or six miles up a winding, rocky slope, the road forks. The right branch leads an additional eight miles to the observatory. The left branch continuing for two miles to Sylvia Englund's ranch. Past the ranch, the road winds four more miles through the mountains to a high firetower visible in the clear Montana air even from this distance.

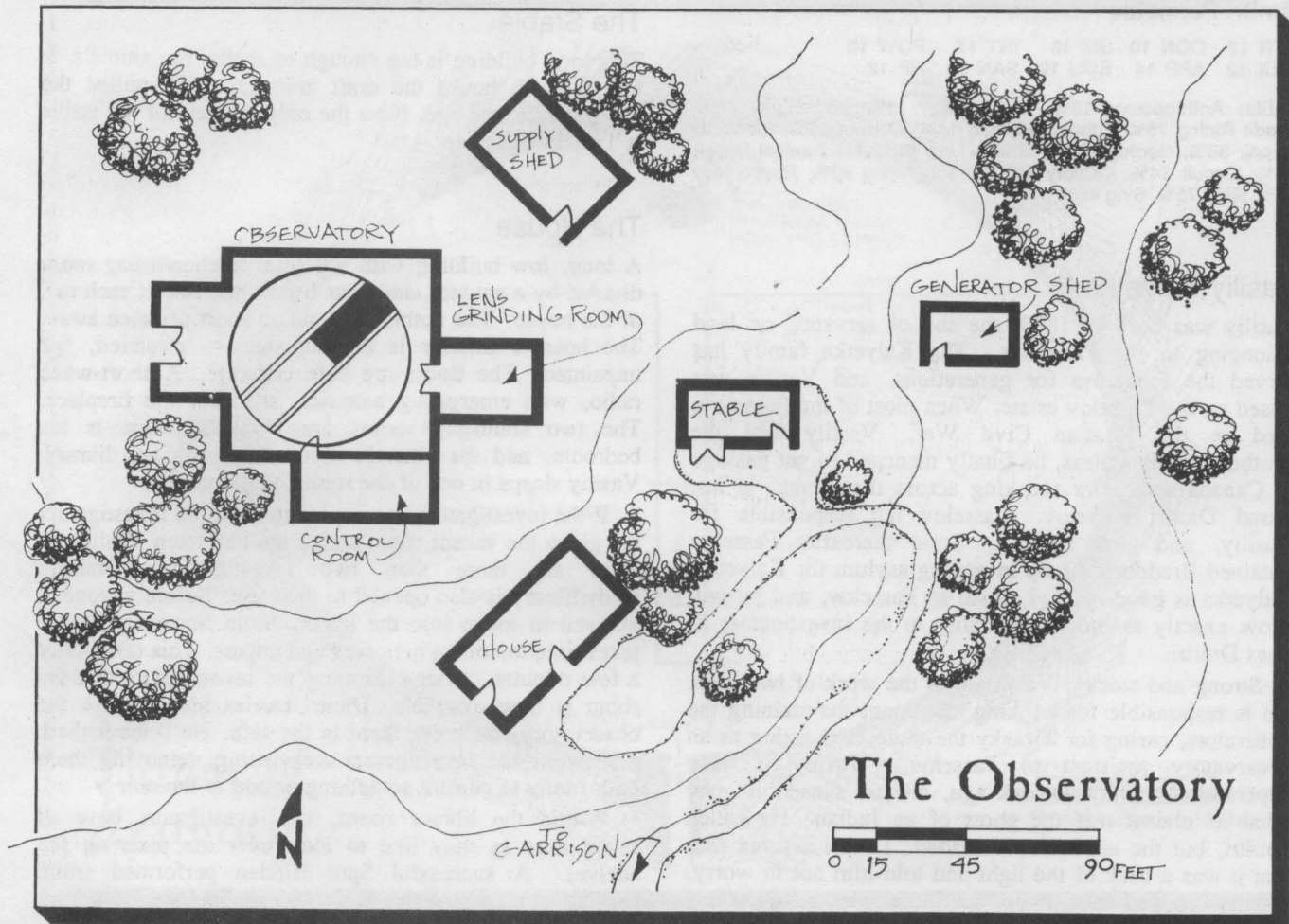
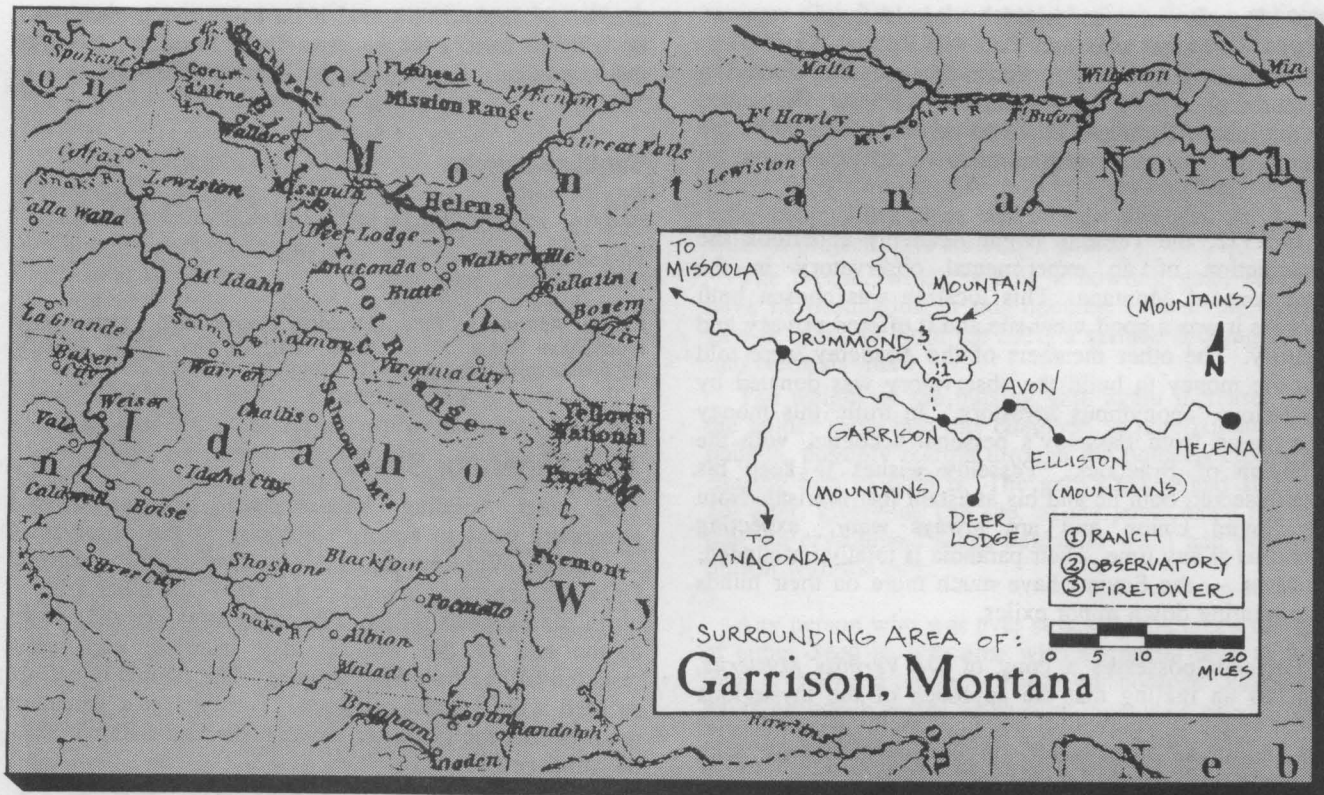
If the investigators forget that they are calling on astronomers (who work nights) and approach during the day, they find the site quiet and empty. Dmitri and Vasilii continue sleeping in their bedrooms until the investigators knock, allowing the group to do a little snooping around if they wish.

Whether or not the Russians have been notified beforehand of the investigators' visit, they are suspicious of strangers. Awakened, they greet the investigators with guns in hands. Dmitri is clad in a silk dressing gown, monocle in place, and brandishes a 9mm automatic. Vasilii wears a nightshirt and cap and holds a shotgun on the intruders. Depending on how much notification the team has given Dmitri, and the understanding the man has of the investigators' intentions (references from other non-player-characters received prior to the team's visit are most helpful), his reaction may vary from cautiously making friends with the team to running them off the property at gunpoint.

Dmitri Passelov

Passelov was born near Moscow in 1867. He gained a good reputation as an astronomer before coming to Harvard in 1914. After the October Revolution, Passelov, a landowner, feared to return to Russia, and chose instead to remain in America, supported by money that he had transferred to American banks before the war. He met Philip Baxter and soon after became a member of the Tuesday Night Academy.

Passelov once enjoyed a solid academic reputation, but in recent years has espoused some radical theories which have alienated him from conventional scientific circles. In



1922, Passelov was contacted by an old family retainer, Vasilii Kalyetka who had fled the Russian Civil War. The man carried with him certain documents attributed to Rasputin, describing the approach of Nemesis. Fascinated by the thesis, Passelov retired to private life to study the documents and make astronomical calculations based on them.

In 1922, the Tuesday Night Academy undertook the construction of an experimental observatory in the mountains of Montana. This location was chosen both because it was a good view-site and it offered privacy and security. The other members of the Academy were told that the money to build the observatory was donated by mysterious 'anonymous investors.' In truth, this money was drawn from Passelov's personal accounts, with the collusion of Braddock. Passelov wishes to keep his wealth secret; both he and his assistant fear reprisals from the Soviet Union and are always wary, expecting assassins at any time. Their paranoia is totally unfounded, however — the Soviets have much more on their minds than hunting down minor exiles.

Passelov possesses a copy of *De Vermis Mysteriis*, and has an inkling that the approach of the mysterious stellar object is a portent of doom. Passelov won't discuss this unless an investigator, in conversation with him, succeeds at a Cthulhu Mythos roll.

Dmitri Passelov

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 19 SAN 50 HP 12

Skills: Anthropology 10%, Archaeology 15%, Astronomy 98%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Debate 65%, Electrical Repair 35%, Geology 20%, Library Use 85%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Occult 14%, Oratory 55%, Photography 80%, Psychology 25%, Ride 75%, Sing 45%.

Vasilii Kalyetka

Vasilii was born in 1890, the son of servants, on land belonging to the Passelovs. The Kalyetka family has served the Passelovs for generations, and Vasilii was raised on the Passelov estate. When most of the Passelovs died in the Russian Civil War, Vasilii fled the Motherland. Penniless, he finally managed to get passage to Canada and, after sneaking across the border, at last found Dmitri Passelov. Passelov felt responsible for Vasilii, and took him in. Soon thereafter Passelov obtained Braddock's help in getting asylum for Kalyetka. Kalyetka is good-natured, loyal to Passelov, and he will show exactly as much hospitality to the investigators as does Dmitri.

Strong and stocky, Vasilii does the work of two men. He is responsible for cooking, cleaning, maintaining the generators, caring for Trotsky the mule, and acting as an observatory assistant to Passelov. Vasilii is very superstitious. Only a week ago, around sunset, he saw what he claims was the ghost of an Indian. He called Dmitri, but the apparition vanished. Dmitri assured him that it was a trick of the light and told him not to worry. Vasilii dropped the subject but if he is asked questions

that would lead to this, and if he trusts the investigators, he will tell them what he saw. Later Passelov, too, saw the mysterious figure, but he has not admitted this to Vasilii.

Vasilii Kalyetka

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 5 SAN 40 HP 16

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 85%, 1D4+1D4

Skills: Astronomy 20%, Electrical Repair 35%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Occult 45%, Operate Heavy Machine 45%, Ride 35%, Sing 25%.

The Generator Shed

This steel building houses two gasoline-powered generators used to supply electricity to the observatory and house. Wires strung on fence posts carry the current. Only one generator is used at a time — the other a back-up in the event of failure. The generators are shut down at the end of the working day (sunrise) and rarely restarted till the following evening. The double doors are secured with a heavy padlock. Turning on a generator requires that the character have an Electrical Repair skill; no roll is necessary.

The Stable

This long building is big enough to shelter ten animals. It was built to house the draft animals which pulled the equipment to the site. Now the only resident of the stable is Trotsky the mule.

The House

A long, low building with a central kitchen/living room divided by a counter, and four bedrooms, two at each end of the house. The outhouse stands a short distance away. The house's interior is uncompleted — plastered, but unpainted. The floors are bare concrete. A short-wave radio, with emergency batteries, sits near the fireplace. The two southerly rooms are Dmitri's. One is his bedroom, and the other is used as a study and library. Vasilii sleeps in one of the rooms to the north.

If the investigators are invited to stay, the investigators are given the vacant room across the hall from Vasilii. If there are more than two investigators, Dmitri's study/library is also opened to their use. Before anyone is allowed to move into the library room however, Dmitri takes time to collect his notes and papers. This takes only a few minutes. After informing the investigators that the room is now available, Dmitri carries his notes to the observatory and locks them in the safe. He'll leave them here while the investigators are visiting, removing them only rarely to consult something or add to the notes.

Within the library room, the investigators have as much time as they like to look over the texts on the shelves. A successful Spot Hidden performed while making a comprehensive search of the books uncovers an

AZATHOTH PAPERS 27:

From De Vermis Mysteriis

Many times this great body has passed our home, but invisible it goes undetected. Great disaster and catastrophe have preceded its coming and followed in its wake and many is the sorcerer or astrologer who has foretold its coming by the sign of hairy stars. The passing of the time of the serpent people is but one of the disasters caused. Mighty Eibon perhaps learned his wonders from the remnants of these destroyed peoples, yet knew but a tenth of what they had learned. And they did learn the secrets of He Who Passes in Darkness.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 28:

Russian Notes In Dimitri's Bedroom

A number of combinations of distances and refractions have already been tried with the aim of bringing the supposed invisible object into view. This task is complicated by the both the fact that the exact location for the object is as yet unknown, along with the difficulties associated with the aberrations caused by the strange prisms. This makes accurate spotting of the instrument almost impossible. At this point in time I feel that the lenses and prisms are of proper design. The only remaining problem to be to discover the proper combination of angles and distances that are needed. Hopes are high for a startling discovery and very soon.

unmarked, recently-rebound edition of *De Vermis Mysteriis* (in Latin) with a black ribbon marking a place within the text (*Azathoth Papers* no. 27; a copy is repeated nearby). Reading only the marked page causes no SAN loss. A second Spot Hidden finds, lying on the floor behind a desk, a sheet of yellowed paper written on in German, part of Dmitri's notes, left behind when he cleaned up the room. It is actually one of the papers Vasily brought from Russian (*Azathoth Papers* no. 30; a copy is repeated nearby), and Read German is needed to translate this paper.

If the investigators get the opportunity to prowl around Vasily's room they find only a bed and small dresser. His shotgun leans in a corner, loaded and ready. Within the dresser, besides clothing, the investigators find a manila folder containing some documents and a small, heavy, object wrapped in a piece of velvet. Examining the papers with a Law roll tells the user that Vasily entered the country illegally but is now protected until a ruling is made in his case. Even without a Law roll, any investigator can recognize the Application for U. S. Citizenship form. The object wrapped in cloth is a small, gold crucifix studded with a single, dull stone.

This crucifix is an important artifact, and once belonged to Rasputin. The stone it contains has identical powers to the dream-gem of the Walker of the Stony Desert (see *Ulthar and Beyond* and *The Spawn of Azathoth*). This crucifix was taken out of the country by members of the White aristocracy. The stone is

AZATHOTH PAPERS 29:

Letter

April 27, 1925

Dear Dmitri,

Just a short letter to let you know that I may have come upon an amazing discovery regarding the search that we have all been involved with for so long. Although I am as yet unable to give you any details, I have found a source of information about what we seek. I am presently trying to arrange a second chance to get at this source, but have run into trouble regarding transportation. Never fear though; I can be very resourceful.

Respectfully yours,

Philip Baxter

AZATHOTH PAPERS 30:

A Yellowed Sheet Handwritten upon in German, Discovered in Dimitri's Library

And despite earlier predictions that have proven false, I am convinced that the appearance(s) of the god (or goddess) is due before the beginning of the next century is long past. It will appear in the east, its second coming to announce the time of changing. With this the child will come to power, the one who can control the forces soon to be unleashed. I have searched the night skies for the coming of Xoth and it has recently appeared, although but briefly. The stars are right! The time is near! All shall crumble before the might of Azathoth to rise again from the ashes. Hail Yog-Sothoth!

AZATHOTH PAPER 31a:

Helena (Montana) Star, 1927:

Several residents today reported seeing a strange moving object in the sky above the mountains north of Garrison. Witnesses described a glowing green object hurtling to earth around 10 PM. A search was made, but the meteor was not found.

AZATHOTH PAPER NO. 31b:

Arkham (Mass.) Advertiser, 1882:

The discovery of a strange, glowing meteorite was announced today by Professor Hargate of Miskatonic University. The object, which fell upon the property of Nahum Gardner, was examined by a team of scientists. Samples were taken from the mysterious stone and returned to the university for testing. No conclusions have yet been drawn about the strange meteorite. Professor Hargate noted that the substance of which the meteorite is formed seems to evaporate over time, leaving no trace.

Further discoveries about the mysterious object are forthcoming.

unidentifiable. Even if the buildings are destroyed, keepers may want to have this powerful artifact blown or thrown clear.

Dmitri's room contains a few notes, written in Russian (*Azathoth Papers* no. 28), plus a handful of letters from Philip Baxter (*Azathoth Papers* no. 29; copies of 28 and 29 are repeated nearby).

The Observatory

The main room houses a 40-inch telescope of advanced design mounted beneath a domed roof. The roof holds curved panels that roll back to reveal the sky. An Astronomy roll tells the user that the telescope is a Cassegrain of unusual design, with special provisions for photographic survey. Lengthy inspection of the main telescope shows that it incorporates some puzzling optical principles. A wide-angle 12-inch reflector piggy-backs on the 40-inch along with a 5-inch refractor guide scope; an 8-inch refractor on a separate wheeled mount completes the major observatory equipment.

The control room contains a panel of switches and levers allowing Vasiliy to aim the scope as Passelov, who sits in a small cage on the side of the 40-inch telescope, instructs him through an intercom. At a different position, Passelov can sit at the base of the main telescope and guide it himself.

Much of the observatory lower floor is given over to photographic darkrooms and supplies, and files of stellar negative plates taken through the Cassegrain. Passelov and Vasiliy spend much time here using the blink comparator, attempting to locate stellar bodies which move fast enough to shift against the unchanging background of the further stars.

In another room at the rear of the building are grinding and polishing facilities that Passelov uses in his attempt to recreate certain special lenses hinted at in the papers brought him by Kalyetka. Mounted in the wall, and obvious to anyone entering the room, is a small, key-operated safe. Dmitri possesses the only key to the safe. Anyone trying to pick the safe's lock finds that its fine workmanship lowers their chances of success by 20%. In the safe are held Dmitri's notes plus a collection of newspaper clippings. The notes consists primarily of numbers and equations. A successful Astronomy roll informs the user that Dmitri is making a systematic search of the constellation Taurus. The large number of newspaper clippings, both originals and copies, all regarding sightings of shooting stars, meteors, and comets. One is from a Helena, Montana, newspaper, dated recently; another is dated much earlier. (*Azathoth Papers* no. 31a-b; a copy is repeated nearby).

The Supply Shed

This building has a pair of wide, double-doors, secured with a heavy padlock. It contains left-over construction supplies (cable, sheet-metal, wiring, concrete, etc.), twenty 5-gallon cans of gasoline, three cases of dynamite, a spare generator, and an bulldozer with an enclosed cab.

The Englund Ranch

Located two miles north on the main fork of the mountain road, the ranch sits in the foothills of the great mountain range that looms behind. Near the house stands a large barn and a pair of small sheds.

Englund gets nervous if she is asked about the sasquatch (successful Psychology roll to notice). If she is questioned about Indian ghosts, the woman laughs and tells the investigators that she saw one just a week ago. She hastens to add that she doesn't think it was really a ghost. But she did see something that looked like one when she was returning from fishing. The mysterious, deathly-pale figure was walking along a ridge toward the observatory. She wants to know who it was.

The barn is empty except for a dozen cats and one old horse named Franklin. The sheds are stocked with hand tools and other supplies.

Sylvia Englund

Healthy, and tanned by years of outdoor life, Englund looks a decade younger than her actual age (she is in her late sixties). She is a pleasant person, and is usually accompanied by a medium-sized, too-friendly dog named Jules. She moved here from Detroit, and used her savings to purchase the property and stock needed for the ranch. Several bad winters followed and this, added to a catastrophic business investment dreamed up by a hare-brained nephew, left her nearly bankrupt. She did not sell her land and move away because, in her first year in Montana, she had discovered a small colony of sasquatch living in a secluded valley.

She has befriended the sasquatch and often brings them fresh vegetables (their favorite vegetables are carrots). Fearing intrusions, Englund has kept their existence secret. At dusk, she grabs a fishing rod and a creel filled with vegetables and, with Jules, leaves the ranch and heads north. Once out of sight, she turns and heads for the valley of the sasquatch. The first evening the investigators spend at the observatory, while gazing off in the direction of Sylvia's ranch, they notice a small bobbing light accompanied by a soft, high-pitched sound floating up the slope on the twisting winds. A Listen roll identifies the sound as a woman singing and a Know roll identifies the song as "The Lord High Executioner," from Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, *The Mikado*. Sylvia is not particularly watchful, and any investigator receiving both a successful Hide and a successful Sneak roll can follow her and avoid detection by Jules.

Sylvia Englund

STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 12

Weapons: 12 gauge shotgun 65%, 4D6

Skills: Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Electrical Repair 35%, Hide 25%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Ride 75%, Sing 85%, Track 75%, Treat Disease 15%, Zoology 25%.



The Father Ghost.

The Fire Tower

Several years ago, this area was declared a National Monument by President Warren G. Harding, and a watch tower was erected to protect the area against trespass and fire. The tower is located on a mountain about 7 miles west of the observatory, and can be seen at twice that distance in clear weather. The tower stands about 50 feet above the mountainside. To reach its top, one must climb five flights of stairs criss-crossing back and forth within the framework, emerging through the balcony that surrounds the small one-room ranger's quarters at the top. From this vantage point, one can see for miles in all directions. The room contains a short-wave radio with batteries, field glasses, a .30-06 rifle, and the ranger's personal gear.

Robert Marshall, Ranger

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 15
DEX14 APP 14 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 16

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, 1D3+1D4
Caliber .45 Revolver 75%, 1D10+2
Caliber .30-06 Rifle 85%, 2D6+3
Sheath Knife 75%, 1D6+1D4

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Botany 80%, Camouflage 85%, Climb 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 07%, Dodge 75%, Electrical Repair 25%, First Aid 65%, Geology 35%, Hide 90%, Jump 80%, Listen 85%, Make Maps 90%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Ride 55%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 85%, Swim 85%, Throw 65%, Track 95%, Treat Poison 35%, Zoology 50%.

Robert Marshall, a ten-year Park Service veteran, has been at this post for three years. Though his job is to stand watch for fires or poachers, recently he has been on the lookout for signs of sasquatch. This spring, he caught his first glimpse of the beasts. Since that time he has made three or four positive sightings and is presently preparing a report for the Park Service, in hopes that

Congress will declare the area a National Park and that university teams will come to study this amazing creature. Except for dedicated poachers, almost all the residents of Garrison like Ranger Marshall. He often stops by the observatory or the ranch to visit. However, Marshall is destined to be attacked by the fungi early in this adventure and may never be met by the investigators. His report will never be finished and, if the investigators explore the fire tower after his demise, they find it in ruins, though fragments of his report remain (*Azathoth Papers* no. 32; a copy is repeated nearby).

Lair of the Sasquatch

This small gully contains two caves. One shelters the small band of shaggy hominids. Sylvia entered the gully once, but was driven off immediately by the sasquatch. She now respects this area and meets with them about a quarter mile south of the gully. Sylvia imagines that their actions bespeak a territorial instinct. However, the sasquatch actually are hiding a secret in the second cave. Sealed within the second cave glows a Seed of Azathoth, the fragment of Nemesis which recently fell to earth. The sasquatch, instinctively fearing the object, dragged it to this nearby cave and sealed it away.

Investigators entering this gully can quickly spot the sasquatch den, but a successful Geology roll is needed to detect the smaller, concealed cave on the other side of the valley. If the fungi get here first, this second cave will be opened and obvious.

The Family Cave

The sasquatch family consists of three males, an elderly female, an adult female, and her young twins. Their cave contains only offal, except that toward the rear of the cavern is a strangely designed and constructed nest of sticks. It has a curved bottom and easily rocks back and

AZATHOTH PAPER 32:

Letter to Ian Coleridge

Dear Ian,

Well, it's been some time up here and I've yet to get a good glimpse of the things that we're looking for. I've followed Englund several times, but they seem to know when I'm around and stay away from her. I don't think she suspects though. She is innocent enough and seems to have the same general motives as we. As agreed, I have not yet attempted to broach the subject with her. I've found more spoor and had two more chance sightings, but little else to report. Have you heard anything from our friends in Canada?

One thing I have seen, and I'm a bit embarrassed to mention it, is what I imagine is "Chief Joseph's ghost." He's no ghost, just some old mountain hermit, I suppose, since he's white. Perhaps he lives in a cave somewhere, which would explain why his skin is so pale. I've seen him twice now, walking through the woods, but when I approach him, he drops out of sight. He must know this area like the back of his hand. No wonder I can't find him. Some

of the residents have seen him too so I know I'm not losing my marbles (ha-ha). I'm heading into Garrison tomorrow and I'll drop this in the mail for you. Sorry there's nothing better to report.

Your friend,

Robert Marshall

Next day — thought I'd better add something to this letter before I put it out today. I don't know what was going on out in that woods last night but it scared the hell out of me. About ten o'clock I had just finished reading some Robert Service and had turned the lamp down when I heard a voice calling from the edge of the woods. It was weird, Ian. It buzzed horribly and I swear to God it called my name. I don't know what it was, but I didn't go outside to check. I peeked out the window, but whatever it was stayed out of sight. It doesn't seem like much of a problem here in the sunlight and writing about it, but I'll be sleeping lightly tonight. R. M.

forth at a touch.

The Hidden Cave

This cave's entrance is concealed by heaps of stones. The male sasquatch guard this place with their lives and if the investigators wish to explore this cave while the sasquatch live, the beasts must be subdued or frightened off. The large rocks piled here by the sasquatch require two men to move. In an hour enough stone can be removed to nearly unseal the cave. At this time, as two people pull away a large rock, an intense shaft of sickly green light shoots out of the opening and across the valley where it strikes the hillside, instantly withering the vegetation into a pulpy mass, which runs down the slope in rivulets of liquid putrefaction. If the investigators moving this rock fail a Luck roll, they too are struck by the scintillating beam.

An investigator hit by the beam must have his or her POW matched against the POW 15 of the Seed on the resistance table. Anyone failing to resist undergoes a sudden physical alteration — his body changing horribly as he twists under the radiation from the cave. The stricken person melts before everyone's eyes. His skin turns slimy, his features slough off, and then his bones dissolve as he collapses into a festering living puddle. Witnesses lose 1/1D8 SAN.

If the individual struck by the beam succeeds in resisting the Seed's effect, he suffers a loss of 2D6 SAN, 1D6 CON, and 2D6 hit points. The victim adds 12 percentiles to his Cthulhu Mythos and 1D3 to his POW. Over a period of time, the effects of the radiation begins to show and the unfortunate investigator begins a painful devolution as described above, but one taking weeks or months to run its course. This investigator retains his intelligence, and may continue the adventure, though he might have to stay veiled or out of sight to keep his terrible appearance from frightening people. Eventually, he will become no more than a pulsing blob of protoplasm — you may wish to time this to coincide with the climax of the campaign.

If the investigator successfully resists the rays and enters the cave, foolishly imagining himself or herself invulnerable to the Seed, within is seen a small irregular cave, blackened from the horrible effects of the radiation. In the center, on a stone, rests the Seed — a grotesquely irregular object about the size of a human child. It seems made of a substance like amber or plastic, but its shape and color shift vaguely and uneasily, as though the light was reflected from a pool of oil. There is no SAN cost for seeing this thing — the terrible radiation is punishment enough.

But hiding in the rear of the cave lurks a spectral being which is only seen if an investigator makes a successful Spot Hidden before entering.

The Spectral Being

This is the transformed spirit of the sasquatch who sacrificed himself to carry the seed to this place. If the seed is removed, this being dies within a week, unable to leave the cave and doomed without its primary source of energy. At any time, it mindlessly descends upon anyone entering the cave and attempts to feed off his life force.

It appears as a wispy cloud of shifting white mist and becomes visible as it envelops its victim if it has not been spotted beforehand. The being drains 1D6 hit points from its victim, plus the victim is stunned into unconsciousness unless he succeeds at a roll of CON x5 or less on 1D100. This continues each and every round until the victim dies, when the being leaves the corpse to attack another victim.

There is no real way to harm this being, but if an attacked victim leaves the cave, the cloud quickly unattaches and returns to its lair. The thing will not voluntarily leave its cave.

If the investigators arrive after the fungi have located the seed, they find the cave already opened and the seed gone. Within the cave are many fungi tracks.

Fungi From Yuggoth

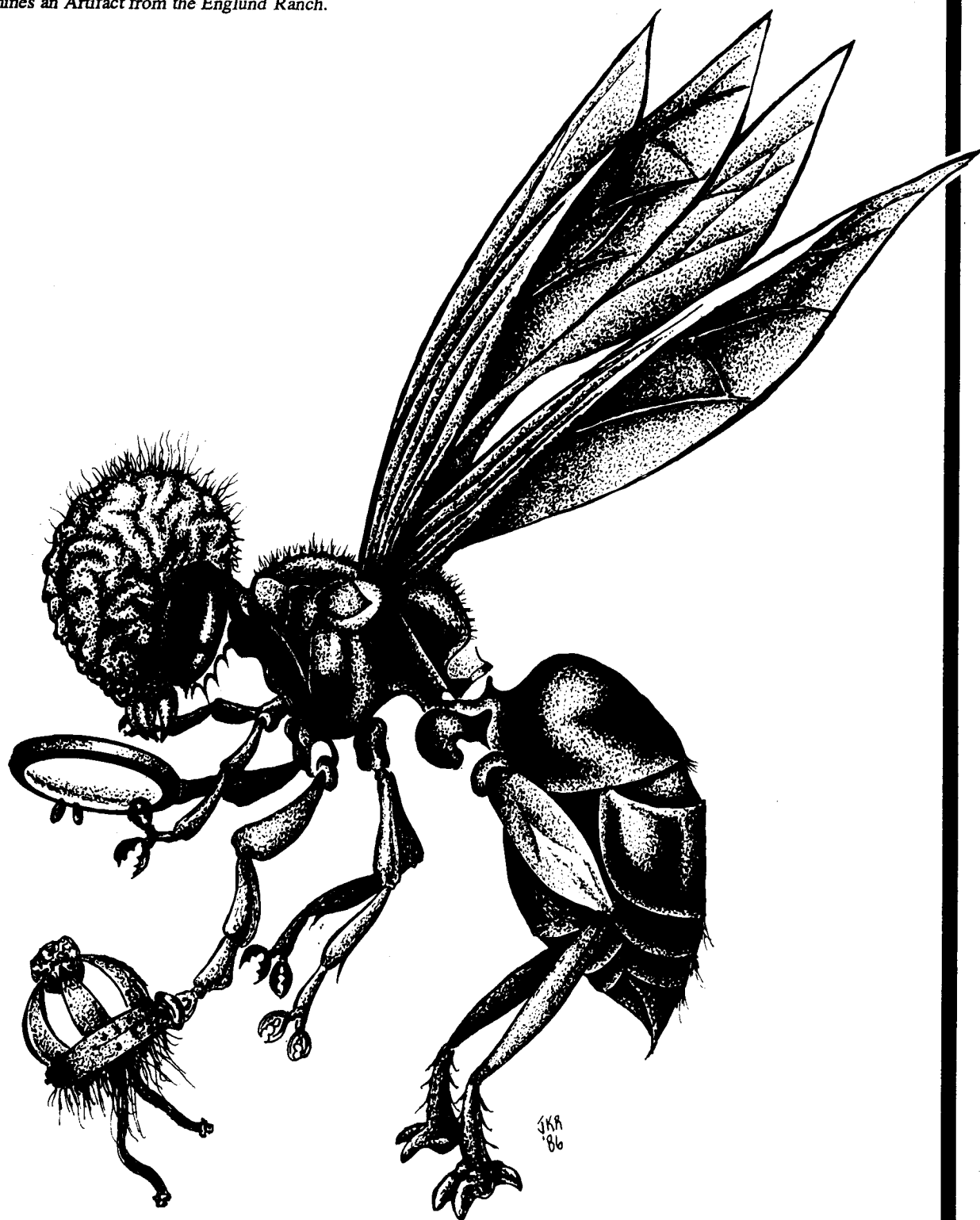
The four Fungi in this scenario have flown down from a large colony located beneath the surface of the Moon. They have come to locate the fallen Seed, the fragment from Nemesis. You must decide when the Fungi begin their activities but, once they start, they proceed with terrifying swiftness.

First, the Fungi murder Ranger Marshall and, occupying the firetower, use the structure as their base of operations.

The next morning, they spray a nervous-tissue solvent over the surrounding few acres. The first victim of the sprayed mist is a grizzly bear, whose brain is short-circuited — it goes mad. The next victim is Jules, Sylvia Englund's dog. As Jules passes near the fire tower, he walks through the deadly mist, and he, too, is struck with severe brain damage. The mad dog runs off, to show up in the vicinity of the observatory late that day. Snarling and foaming at the mouth, Jules does not attack, but runs twitchingly into the woods, not to be seen again. Although Jules outwardly seems to be suffering from rabies, any investigator succeeding at Diagnose Disease or Zoology realizes that something else has caused the effect. The insane grizzly bear roams the area, attacking any humans on sight. He may be encountered at the keeper's discretion. Also that day, when the investigators are gone and the astronomers sleeping, the Fungi come to inspect the new observatory, leaving numerous tracks to be discovered by the Russians and/or investigators.

The next day, the Fungi capture Sylvia Englund near her ranch. They de-brain her and hide the body in her house. Toward the end of the day, the Fungi move on to take the fragment of Nemesis, for which they have come. When the sasquatch attack, the Fungi kill some and

*A Fungi from Yuggoth
Examines an Artifact from the Englund Ranch.*



scatter the rest. Then, impervious to the effects of the glowing stone, they unseal the cave. They remove the heavy fragment and fly with it across the night sky to the firetower. Here they drop an explosive to completely destroy the tower. From thence, the Fungi fly up into the night sky with their fragment, taking with them, in metal cylinders, any human brains that they acquired during their brief visit.

Many local people witness the flight of the mysterious green object across the sky and it is mistaken for everything from a ghost to a burning dirigible. If an investigator sees it and peers at it through a telescope (or even a pair of binoculars), he can resolve the four winging Fungi burdened with the glowing object (0/1D6 SAN loss).

Weapons of the Fungi

Each Fungi carries a small machine like a silver whorl which can emit a beam of deadly radiance. The beam eats blackening holes in whatever it touches. The beam does 2D6 points of damage at any range. Each weapon contains 37 charges, which cannot be replaced by human technology.

The mist sprayer mounted on the firetower has a range of 200 yards but cannot be moved from its permanent installation. It causes no physical damage but any Earthly animal engulfed by its mist suffers severe brain damage (a human would lose 1D6/1D20 SAN and 2D6 INT). This device weighs 250 pounds and has enough spray to completely soak the surrounding land three times.

The fungi also have three small black objects like coals. These are explosives powerful enough to completely destroy the tower and any evidence it contains.

Defeating the Fungi

The fungi have two goals in this area. First, they wish to remove the glowing Seed of Azathoth. The second purpose is the acquisition of human brains, which are packaged in shiny metal cylinders and transported to the Moon for unknown purposes. This second mission is less important, and the Fungi take only victims discovered while searching for the Seed.

The fungi's mist sprayer cannot penetrate an airtight container. It is possible that, using the observatory's bulldozer plus other supplies also kept there, that the investigators could fabricate themselves some type of armored vehicle with which to assault the tower.

If the investigators save the life of Robert Marshall, they each gain 1D4 SAN. The same is awarded if they should save Sylvia Englund. Preventing the fungi from taking the Seed is worth 1D8 SAN and if the sasquatch are saved to boot, an additional 1D3 points is received.

The Fungi

	<i>Fungi #1</i>	<i>Fungi #2</i>	<i>Fungi #3</i>	<i>Fungi #4</i>
STR	7	8	9	14
CON	11	11	13	8
SIZ	7	12	16	8
INT	12	9	12	11
POW	12	9	13	15
DEX	12	13	14	12
HP	9	12	15	8
Move	7/9	7/9	7/9	7/9
Nippers (x2)	55%	35%	25%	30%
Damage	1D6 -1D4 +grapple	1D6 +grapple	1D6 +1D4 +grapple	1D6 +grapple
Whorl Gun	60%	90%	50%	55%
Damage	2D6	2D6	2D6	2D6

SAN Cost: 0/1D6

The Sasquatch

	<i>Male-1</i>	<i>Male-2</i>	<i>Old Male-3</i>	<i>Young Female</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>Identical Twins</i>
STR	21	17	19	15	17	6
CON	13	19	13	13	11	10
SIZ	26	20	24	19	15	7
INT	6	7	6	6	4	4
POW	14	15	12	8	8	11
DEX	12	12	8	5	10	5
Armor	3	3	3	3	3	1
HP	20	20	19	16	13	9
Move	8	8	8	8	8	6
Fist	60%	80%	65%	90%	35%	15%
Damage	1D3 +2D6	1D3 +1D6	1D3 +2D6	1D3 +1D6	1D3 +1D4	1D3 +1D3

SAN Cost: 0/1D8. However, sasquatch are beings natural to Earth, and SAN losses should be reduced as investigators gain more experience with them. Once it is realized that the creatures are not simply horrible monsters, the SAN loss should end.

Aftermath

Some time after the investigators have finished with Garrison, Montana, the Father Ghost shows up again. If the observatory is still in business, he destroys it with dynamite, probably killing Passelov and Kalyetka, depending on how cruel you, the keeper, feel. The investigators can read of its destruction in any major newspaper. If they phone or write to local residents they have befriended, they get news that the Father Ghost was seen again just before the explosion, hanging around the observatory.

St. Augustine

*Wherein the investigators travel to Florida to locate Colin Baxter.
They also have a hand in a treasure hunt, and meet local gourmets
concerned about their physical condition.*

Introduction

St. Augustine, Florida is the last known address of Colin Baxter, the youngest child of the late Philip Baxter. Here he formed his deep-sea salvage company, and here it failed. The investigators are drawn here to find the missing Colin — perhaps on their own initiative, perhaps at the request of Judge Braddock, who wishes to inform Colin of his inheritance. If Braddock sends the investigators, all reasonable expenses are paid by the Baxter estate.

Colin is easily found. Getting him alone and sobered up may prove difficult but, once informed of his inheritance, the young man begins to act quite rationally. He plans to seek the hulk of a 16th-century Spanish galleon believed to have gone down with an immense amount of gold and treasure. His inheritance does not cover the cost of venture, so he invites the investigators to invest in the project.

Should the investigators frugally choose to return home rather than invest, Colin raises the money by other means and proceeds in his plan. A few weeks later, Braddock receives a telegram informing him that Colin Baxter has been arrested and jailed for the murder of an elderly priest. If the investigators are not drawn to return to Florida by this, they are again hired by Braddock, this time to investigate the charges against Colin.

Colin Baxter

Braddock can give the investigators Colin's last known address and the name of his landlady (Charlene Johnson), plus a photo of Colin.

Colin is Philip Baxter's youngest child. His mother died in giving birth to him and it was for this reason that Baxter returned home to Providence in 1893. Philip spoiled Colin, who grew up lacking a sense of responsibility, as evidenced by his police record in Providence. At the age of 17, he was arrested on serious charges, and Judge Braddock gave him the opportunity to join the Merchant Marine, where he received training as a diver.

Discharged in 1914, he bummed around the South Pacific for a while before settling down in St. Augustine in 1924. A year later, Colin and a partner opened a deep-sea salvage firm. One night, Colin returned home to find his partner had absconded with his wife and the company assets. Shortly, the company went bankrupt, and in January 1927 Colin was thrown out of his apartment for non-payment of rent. He has lost contact with his family, and knows nothing of his father's death. He presently has no fixed address, and is most often in the company of a drunken ex-sailor named Billy Wolff.

Colin Baxter

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 11 SAN 70 HP 15

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, 1D3+1D4

Skills: Astronomy 20%, Bargain 55%, Camouflage 45%, Climb 80%, Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 60%, Electrical Repair 85%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 45%, Hide 60%, Jump 85%, Listen 55%, Make Maps 75%, Mechanical Repair 90%, Oceanography 60%, Operate Heavy Machine 25%, Read/Write Spanish 45%, Sneak 65%, Speak Spanish 45%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 95%, Throw 95%, Track 20%.

Charlotte Johnson's Rooming House

This is Colin's last known address. The landlady claims to know only that Colin owes her \$12.00. However, if she is given her \$12.00, she'll direct anyone asking about him to Spitz's grocery, a short ways down the street.

Spitz's Grocery

Spitz's is just two blocks south of the rooming house. The front of the building serves as a small grocery and produce store, but in the rear is a small speakeasy. The operation is run by Harry Spitz, owner of the building, and the establishment is protected by police bribes. As long as there is no trouble at the place, the cops allow Spitz to operate without fear of arrest. Inside the grocery

store, a teen-age boy stands behind the counter. If they ask about Colin he hesitantly points to a door in the back. The lad is actually supposed to get a password, but the fact that the investigators asked for Colin has confused him.

The Speakeasy

Stepping through the indicated door, the investigators find themselves in a small storage area with a single closed door leading off to the side. Past this door is a small, stuffy room, decorated with a makeshift bar and three small tables. Behind the bar stands Harry Spitz, the owner. Before the bar lounge two men (Colin Baxter and Billy Wolff). Behind them, seated at one of the tables, is a young woman in her mid-twenties (Esmeralda), her eyes and hair very dark. Most of the beer bottles visible are Cuban brands. A small supply of liquor is visible behind the bar. A locked door leads to the back alley.

The investigators are eyed suspiciously by Harry Spitz. If the investigators are smart, they'll order a beer or two before asking questions. In any case, they recognize Colin Baxter the moment they walk in. Clothes rumpled and dirty, his hair uncut, Colin's eyes are thick with a glaze brought on from a long binge. His companion, a tall man with broad shoulders, wearing a thick navy-blue sweater and watch-cap, is in a similar state. Speaking with Colin in his present condition is difficult and the investigators cannot make any headway in the conversation until one of them clearly mentions an inheritance. This gets Colin's attention off the beer in front of him. Any other attempt to speak with the man is ignored or answered with a grunt. If the investigators try to speak with Colin for any length of time without eliciting a worthwhile response, the equally drunken Billy Wolff decides that these people are bothering his friend

The City of St. Augustine

Founded in 1565 by the Spaniards, St. Augustine is generally agreed to be the oldest city in the United States. A large number of historical buildings exist, among them several churches and the remains of the old city gate. The city's population in 1925 was only 10,458, but due to the influx of vacationers to the state in recent years, St. Augustine has begun to feel the effects of tourism. The population is rapidly growing and a real estate boom is beginning to take place. A number of tourist attractions are already operating in the city, among them an alligator farm and an underground spring supposedly mistaken for the Fountain of Youth by Ponce de Leon. A number of historical attractions are also open to the public, the largest and most impressive of which is a centuries-old Spanish fort that overlooks city and ocean from a hill to the north. It is named the Castillo De San Marcos.

and he'll try to pick a fight with the investigators. If a fight does break out, Colin and Esmeralda join in.

Billy Wolff

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 9
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 6 SAN 33 HP 16

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, 1D3+1D4

Kick 65%, 1D6+1D6

Switchblade 85%, 1D4+1D4

Skills: Climb 40%, Dodge 48%, Electrical Repair 25%, Jump 45%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Operate Heavy Machine 75%, Pick Pocket 35% Sneak 25%, Speak Spanish 25%, Swim 35%, Throw 45%.

Billy only draws his knife if one of the investigators resorts to blades or firearms.

Harry Spitz

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 25 HP 10

Weapon: Club 45%, 1D6.

Skills: Dodge 22%, Sneak 30%.

Harry hides behind his counter if a fight breaks out, but if anyone damages furniture or breaks (full) bottles, he'll pull out a baseball bat and wade in impartially.

Esmeralda

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 5 SAN 65 HP 12

Weapons: Grapple 55%, special
Shoe 50%, 1D4

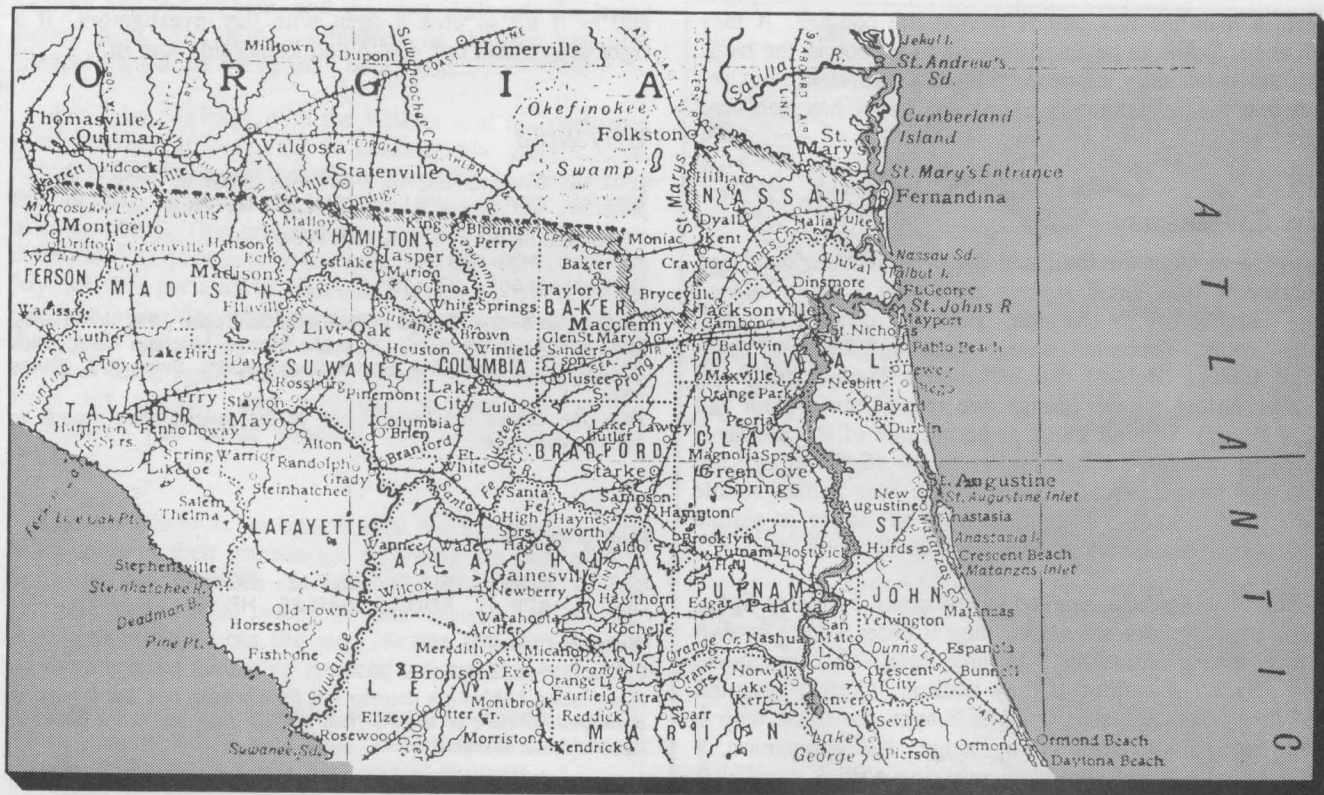
Skills: Accounting 55%, Bargain 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, Debate 30%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 65% Hide 60%, Jump 55%, Listen 55%, Pick Pocket 45% Read/Write Spanish 65%, Sing 35%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

If a fight starts, Esmeralda sits out one round before deciding to join in the fun. If there are women investigators present, she chooses one and attempt to Grapple. If all the investigators are male, she jumps on the back of the handiest and begins putting dents in his head with her shoe.

Once the fight is over, unless Colin or one of his friends has been killed or crippled, Colin is still willing to listen to reason, and become friendly to the investigators upon hearing of his inheritance.

The Treasure Hunt

Colin, though his inheritance helps, still needs financial assistance to reform his company. He offers the investigators a chance to invest in his latest project for only \$2000. In return, the investigators can have 50% of the profits. Colin claims to know of an old map that pinpoints the location of a Spanish wreck off the northwest tip of Bimini. This ship was supposedly carrying a large quantity of gold and jewelry to Spain, but was sunk by a sudden storm in shallow water. If the investigators demand no proof of the map's existence, Colin offers none. If they insist, though, Colin takes them to an old Spanish church north of town.

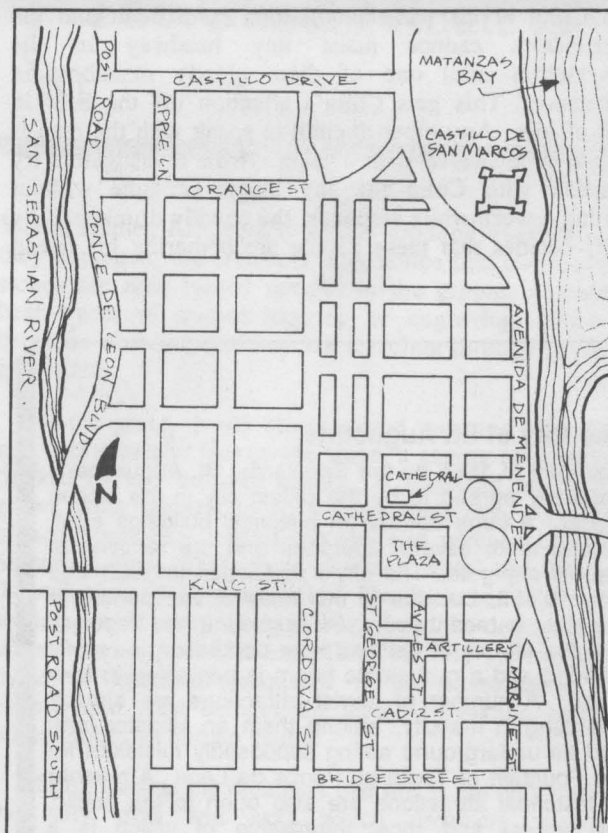


If the investigators simply choose to depart, now that their task (of finding Colin) is accomplished, Colin goes ahead with his plan and things proceed as outlined in the scenario introduction. However, if they agree to the treasure hunt, they are drawn into a rather marvellous series of events.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 38:

Excerpt from an Old Spanish Journal

...and so we landed on the shores of St. John's River, Anno Domini 1566. Captain Alverado Diaz took an armed contingent of men and, accompanied by myself, went in search of the French heretics. Soon we came upon them, naked, and leaping about in the swamp. Led by Captain Diaz, we assailed them with musket and sword. Many French fled to the swamps but more fell beneath the holy onslaught. Soon fifty of the blasphemers lay dead. Most were French and some Indians, but all bore with them the taint of their unholy lives. Some were cursed by Satan to have animal-like features and one, the child of a succubus, was so deformed that the men burnt it where it lay. We did take two prisoners, who will be maintained in the cells beneath the monastery Diaz plans to have built. This record is being written to prove we killed the colonists not because they were French, but because of their religion.



Streets of st.Augustine

0 1/10 1/4 1/2 MILE

The Old Spanish Church

This 200 year-old building is occupied by a single priest, Father Garcia, who serves a poor parish in a rural area a half-mile north of the Castillo De San Marcos. As the investigators approach the building, Esmeralda emerges from the front door, waving goodbye to someone inside. As she passes Colin and the investigators, she greets Colin and smiles at the rest. Then she goes on her way. Colin leers, "Esmeralda knows everyone!"

Father Garcia greets them at the entrance with a friendly smile and, with a heavy accent, asks Colin why he never comes for confession. Colin laughs and tells him that he hasn't sinned in a long time. He then introduces Father Garcia to the investigators. When Colin explains that he and his friends have come for a look at the map, the priest, smiling at Colin's "treasure hunting," leads the group to the damp stone basement. Here he takes down a large journal. Inside the journal is a folded piece of parchment which Colin takes and opens up to expose an old, hand-drawn map, with notes in Spanish, dated 1601.

The map was drawn for the express purpose of locating the wreck of the treasure galleon *La Rosario*, which went down in a storm with all hands in 1597. Nothing here proves that the map is accurate or even authentic, and neither Colin nor the aged priest have even bothered to read the volume in which it has been kept. Reading this book with a successful Read Spanish yields *Azathoth Papers no. 38*; a copy appears nearby. If none of the investigators read Spanish, perhaps Father Garcia could help.

The Voyage

The *Palencia*, Colin's steamer, has been refitted to handle large-scale salvage operations. Winches and cranes are mounted on the deck and many pumps and other needed equipment fill the hold. The ship is rusty, dirty, in need of paint, and has a pair of unreliable steam engines below decks. Colin suggests that the investigators stay aboard ship that night so they can sail with tomorrow's sunrise.

Bimini is about 300 miles south of St. Augustine, and 60 miles due east of Miami. The voyage takes less than 24 hours and is an easy trip down the coast of the peninsula. Investigators can roam the ship at will and speak with the crew if they wish. The crew is mostly comprised of Cubans and blacks, and none have information of use to the adventure at hand. If any investigator wishes to do so, Colin is more than happy to instruct them in the use of diving suits. Wolff operates the complex pumps needed by the divers, but does not dive himself. Colin prefers to dive with a partner, and asks for volunteers.

The Wreck

Halting at the spot at which the map claims the wreck lies, Colin drops anchor and Wolff fires up the pumps. Colin (and any investigator bold enough to go with him) climbs into his suit, firmly attaches his heavy helmet, and descends a ladder into the water. After less than ten minutes, Colin's line is tugged twice, then twice more—the signal that he has found the wreck. Colin returns to



Perils of The Deep.

the ship shortly and states that the wreck is lying on its bottom, on the edge of a reef. The ship is in only fifty feet of water, but the reef drops off sharply on one side. Colin begins to make plans to explore the wreck, with whatever investigator (if any) plans to come with him. The air pump is only strong enough to support two divers, no more.

The water here is particularly clear and this portion of the reef is well-lit by sunlight, making artificial illumination unnecessary. White sand covers most of the collapsed hull which lies quite flat against the bottom. Coral growths and sea grass cover much of the wreck. Numbers on the map refer to the following three entries.

ONE: This is a large outcropping of coral that has formed a rock-like protuberance. It is now the lair of a large moray eel. Any diver poking around this mound provokes the eel to attack. It has 8 hit points, and an 85% Bite attack which does 1D6 damage, and can impale (representing an especially deep slash by the eel's knife-like teeth). If a diver is bitten, both must return to the surface immediate, the victim because of leaks in his suit, the other for fear the blood will attract sharks.

TWO: Danger area. This portion of the wreck appears to be solidly grounded on the reef but a diver walking on this part of the hull breaks it loose, and tumbles off the edge of the reef into the dark chasm below. The falling diver can try a Jump roll to get clear of the falling wreckage. If this fails, the diver can try a DEX x3 roll to catch hold of the reef while falling over the edge. If this also fails, the diver falls off the edge, and his air line snaps as it is dragged over the sharp coral, dooming him to a quick death by drowning. The sturdy safety line eventually halts the diver's fall but, long before he can be pulled up, he will be dead.

THREE: This is the area that Colin heads for — the Captain's cabin. After some careful digging, he turns up a heavily encrusted strongbox, much too heavy to lift. This is hauled to the surface by a crane where, after some effort, it is pried open.

Inside the strongbox are 22 forty-pound silver bars, and a single piece of jewelry. The silver bars are worth \$9856. The piece of jewelry is an odd-shaped plaque of gold, carved with strange figures and inscribed in Latin. The small figures depict dreadful combinations of human and animal forms that seem to be celebrating a great meteor or comet, the tail of which extends forever.

The piece of jewelry was taken from the French cannibals massacred by the Spaniards. Since that time, the cult has degenerated from a secret society of occultists practicing ceremonial cannibalism to a gang of ghoulish grave-robbers. A successful Latin roll reveals the message: "At the approach of Azathoth, the throne will rise." It should be clear that this ship did not contain the heaps of treasure that Colin had believed, but Colin persists in exploring the wreck for a few more days. The lucky investigators should have made back their investment, plus a little more.

The Ruins

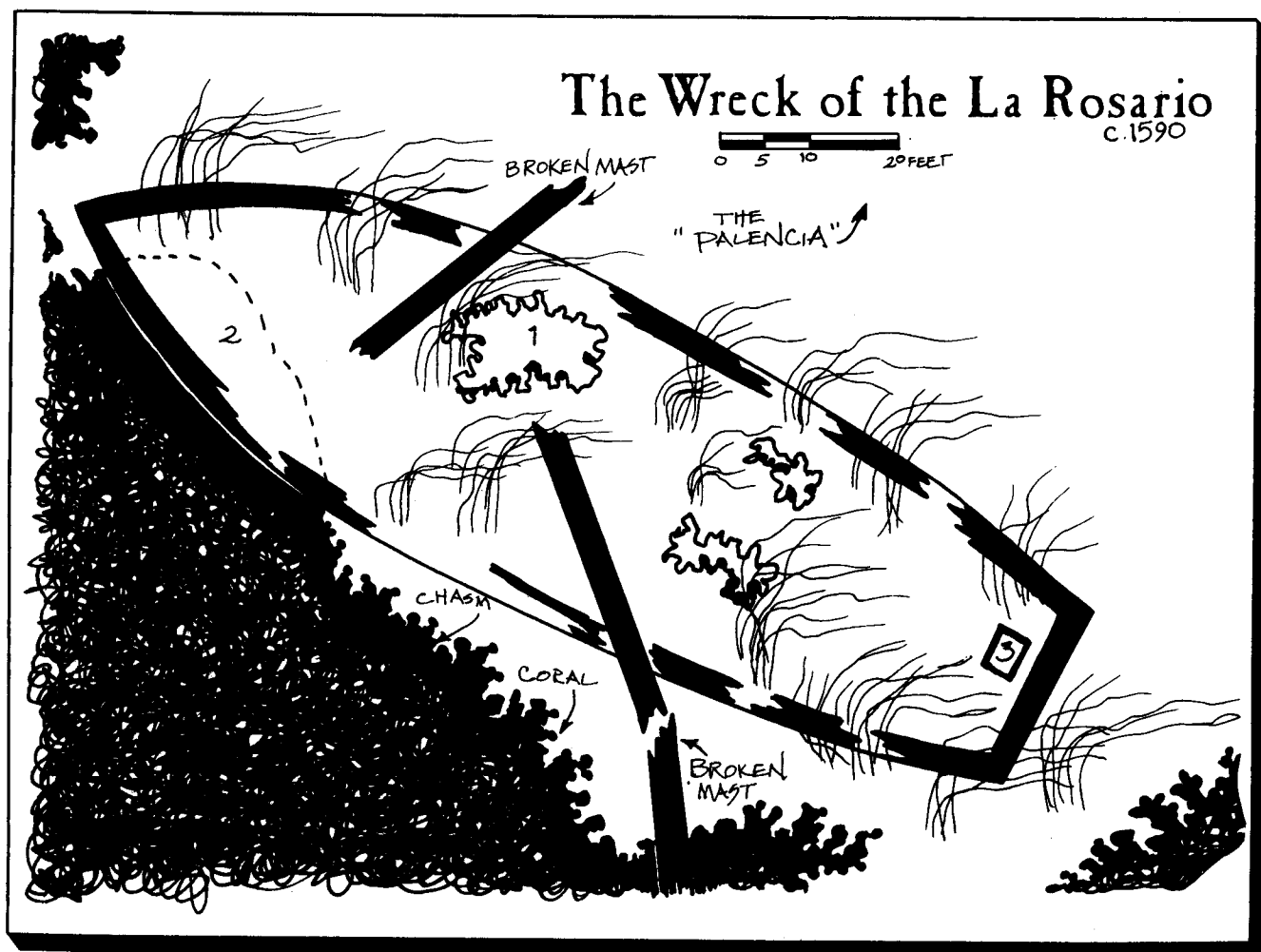
But even as the ship lifts anchor to head home, one of the crewmen calls out. He has spotted, just 100 yards away, what appears to be the submerged ruins of a great, stone building. Perhaps it is what *La Rosario* originally struck. Colin, somewhat frustrated by the partial failure of his treasure ship search (he expected at least \$50,000 worth in gold), decides to check out the ruins.

At least two divers should go down. If Colin is uninjured, he will be one of them unless Wolff, too, is gone. In that case, Colin is the only one aboard who knows how to run the pumps and mix the proper atmosphere that must be supplied to the divers. Waterproof, hand-held floodlights are broken out for the divers to use while exploring the opening distinguishable in the center of the ruins. Once among the ruins, the divers find little of interest aside from some broken, algae-covered monoliths, lying scattered about the bottom. The opening in the center of the ruins is an arch located at the bottom of a large, semi-circular depression. As the divers descend into this bowl-shaped depression, they realize that they are proceeding down a flight of gigantic, curved steps, covered by coral and growth.

Passing through the arch, they enter a trapezoidal underground room nearly 100 feet across. Crabs and octopi scatter before the diver's approach. Growth on the interior is sparse due to the absence of sunlight. The walls are clearly mosaic tile depicting human figures in exotic garb. The figures are separated by vertical bands containing untranslatable hieroglyphics. The mosaics are unclear, but seem to depict some sort of terrible disaster. At the rear of the room is a square pit, 40 feet across and surrounded by a four-foot high wall coped at the top with slabs of polished obsidian. The hole seems bottomless. When the divers stand near its mouth, a powerful downward current is detectable.

In front of this dark abyss is a strange contraption, consisting of a polished metal shaft, remarkably clean and corrosion-free, that protrudes up through a polished column of stone, and supports a globe of polished stone upon its apex. From a slot around the equator of the globe extends a metal rod supporting a faceted jewel intended to orbit the globe. At the base of the metal shaft is a housing for three ornate metal pointers that indicate various symbols carved around the top of the short column. All three pointers are very close to pointing in the same direction. If one of the divers touches this device, he is amazed to feel the faint grinding of slowly turning gears. The mechanism is still running!

While the divers examine the strange machine, one of them notices a movement in the darkness near the huge pit. Shining a light in that direction, they see a bottle-nosed dolphin floating motionless above the abyss. Without warning, this normally-peaceful cetacean suddenly rockets forward and rams one of the divers at full-speed. It turns and continues these attacks until the divers have left the building or it is killed. If the divers



leave, they can watch the dolphin swim back to the pit and then dive out of their sight into its darkness.

Killer Dolphin

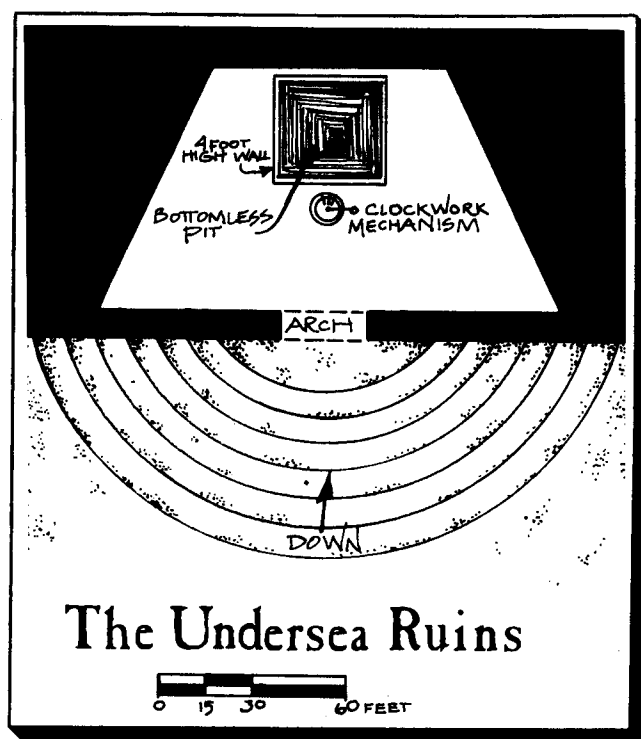
STR 20 CON 16 SIZ 22 POW 12 DEX 20
HP 19 Move 12

Weapon: Ram 85%, 2D6.

The Frame-Up

The ship returns to St. Augustine in the late afternoon. As the ship approaches the dock, all aboard can see a group of uniformed police accompanied by a plainclothesman waiting on the dock. As soon as the *Palencia* is tied to the dock, the cops swarm aboard and arrest Colin and Billy Wolff (if alive) for the murder of the aged priest, Father Garcia. If the keeper feels a need for it, one or more investigators may also be arrested on the same charges.

Colin (et al) is being framed. A secret cannibal cult, headed by Detective Morris Packard, is covering up one of their own murders by pinning the rap on Colin. Packard has verified that Colin and the investigators



visited the priest early in the day, plus he has found some lowlifes willing to perjure themselves and testify that they saw Colin (and anyone else the cult has seen fit to frame) very drunk on the night of the murder, and headed toward the church. The case is based on circumstantial evidence, but Morris is working hard to manufacture additional evidence to prove his case.

The investigators might possibly defeat the cult themselves, but it may be wiser for them to take what evidence they discover to the Florida State Police in Jacksonville. Too much snooping around upsets the cannibals, and they will set up an ambush in an old cemetery. If, within seven days, the investigators have not exposed the cult, Colin Baxter is discovered dead in his jail cell, hung with his own belt. A similar fate is in store for those jailed with him. (The cult has murdered them to prevent any future difficulties.)

The Murder

The evening before the *Palencia* set sail for Bimini, Maynard and Del Korsky visited the old churchyard outside of town in search of a body for a cannibal ritual. They arrived late at night, but were surprised in their foul proceedings by Father Garcia. Del caved in the back of Father Garcia's head with a shovel, killing him instantly. Panicked, the two drove their truck back to the city and telephoned their fellow-cultist, Detective Packard. Packard went to the scene, planted evidence and ransacked the basement records of the church in an effort to frame Colin. Packard will keep a close eye on the investigators.

However, Father Garcia had company that night, which is why the old man was awake so late. Esmeralda was there to make a late-night confession. She witnessed the murder, saw Del clearly, and recognized the voices of the two men. She also heard Maynard's truck pulling away after Garcia was killed. Esmeralda quickly assured herself that nothing could be done for the old priest, slipped away, and did not see Detective Packard arrive an hour later. Esmeralda plans to leave town, but first she sends a note to the investigators telling them what she knows (*Azathoth Papers* no. 39; a copy is repeated nearby). This note is written in Spanish.

The Cannibal Cult

Mother Thorton

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 9 INT 11 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 4 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 11

Weapons: Claws 30%, 1D6
Bite 25%, 1D6
Caliber .32 Revolver 20%, 1D8

Skills: Climb 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Hide 30%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth, Shrivelling, Gray Binding.

SAN Loss: seeing Mother Thorton without her veil costs 0/1D4 SAN.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 39:

Note from Esmeralda to the Investigators

To a friend:

I am leaving town, in fear for my life, but before I go I must try to help a friend. Colin Baxter is innocent. I was in the church when the men killed Father Garcia with the shovel. The two men from the alligator place. I didn't see them but I recognized the ugly one's voice, and I saw their truck drive away. The poor Father was already dead when I got to him, so I ran away. Please try and help Colin.

Esmeralda

THE GRAY BINDING, a new spell

A ritual liquid must be poured over a corpse. The ingredients of the liquid are up to the keeper, but at least one part should be difficult to obtain legally. Immediately after, the magician intones the Gray Binding, which costs 8 magic points and 1D6 SAN. At the end of the ritual (which takes five minutes to complete), the corpse becomes alive. The corpse is nearly mindless, but is freewilled, and not under the control of its creator. It continues to rot after its creation, and so eventually decays into incapacity. These zombies are like those in the 1920s Sourcebook.

This woman is rarely seen in the open. On the rare occasions that she gets out, she wears a long, black, dress and heavy veil, and walks stiffly with the aid of two canes. Mother Thorton is the matriarch of the cult. Her transformation to ghoul is near-complete and the cult expects her to leave them forever quite soon.

William Thorton

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

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, 1D3
Kitchen Knife (kept in glove compartment) 30%, 1D6
20-Gauge Shotgun 30%, 2D6

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Drive Automobile 55%, Hide 30%, Jump 35%, Spot Hidden 25%.

Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth.

Mother Thorton's son and owner of a camera store near Castillo de San Marcos, William is 41 years old, bald, owns a Ford, and lives with his mother south of King Street, the first block west of Cordova.

Detective Morris Packard

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

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, 1D3+1D4
Caliber .38 Revolver 75%, 1D10

Skills: Camouflage 45%, Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Debate 45%, Dodge 45%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 65% First Aid 55%, Hide 80%, Jump 65%, Law 35%, Listen 75%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 85%, Track 25%.

Detective Packard is the arresting officer in the murder case, and will make efforts to follow the progress of the investigators. When it becomes necessary, he engineers an ambush. He is acting head of the St. Augustine police force (22 men). Police Chief Anderson is on extended medical leave, and has been for most of a year. No one else on the police force is connected with the cult, and Packard is not particularly popular, but the other cops obey his orders unless they are asked to do something blatantly criminal or unless shown evidence of his perfidy.

Maynard Korsky

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 0 HP 16

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, 1D3+1D4
12-gauge Shotgun 65%, 4D6
Hunting Knife 45%, 1D6+1D4

Skills: Camouflage 85%, Climb 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 55%, Hide 85%, Jump 65%, Listen 75%, Pick Pocket 35% Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 65%, Track 75%.

Maynard owns a gator farm two miles south of the city. He is big and mean-looking, and usually wears a khaki coverall and large rubber boots. His truck can often be seen parked around town, usually in front of the San Marcos Cafe. Pinned to Maynard's lapel at all times is a plastic alligator with the words, "See the Alligator Farm" on its side.

Del Korsky

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 9 POW 9
DEX 15 APP 6 EDU 8 SAN 0 HP 17

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3+1D6
12 Gauge Shotgun 80%, 4D6
Hunting Knife 55%, 1D6+1D6

Skills: Camouflage 85%, Climb 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 65%, Hide 90%, Jump 85%, Listen 55%, Pick Pocket 55% Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 85%, Track 80%.

Del is Maynard's younger brother. Del works at the gator farm, too, but due to his grotesque appearance, is less often seen in public than his sociable brother. Three years ago, while poaching in a nearby swamp with his brother, Del's shotgun went off while he was carelessly climbing into their boat. The blast removed Del's chin, along with most of his tongue. Not only is he terribly mutilated, but, naturally enough, his speech is a confused gibber, nearly impossible to understand.

Mona Durham

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

Weapons: Kick 30%, 1D6
Caliber .25 automatic, 1D6

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Hide 65%, Listen 45%, Pick Pocket 45%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth, Shrivelling, Gray Binding.

Mona, 37 years old, is the head waitress at the San Marcos Cafe, a small diner in the northeast part of town. Mona has a friendly, open demeanor at work, but is sullen elsewhere. She is preparing to become the new cannibal matriarch when Mother Thorton passes over.

Kenny Durham

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 16 APP 14 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 14
Weapon: .22 Rifle 65%, 1D6+2

Skills: Climb 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 25% Hide 90%, Jump 75%, Listen 55%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Kenny is the 16-year-old illegitimate son of Mona Durham. Not long ago, Kenny got his driver's license, quit school, and received final initiation into the cannibal cult, all in the same week. When Eli Simpson was fired from the gator farm, Kenny took his job. Kenny might be seen around town, having lunch at the diner, or perhaps riding his bicycle. He wears the khaki coveralls and rubber boots common to employees of the alligator farm.

Investigations

The Scene of the Murder

If the investigators check out the graveyard where the priest was killed, they can find, with a Spot Hidden roll, one of the small plastic alligator pins used as promotional items by the gator farm. This object fell off Del's shirt and was trampled into the dirt where it was overlooked by Packard and the police. Father Garcia is buried here. If the investigators check out his grave, They can see that it is quite sunken in. The sandy soil and high water table could account for this depression, but the investigators may want to check it out anyway. Packard blocks any attempt to get a court order to have the body exhumed, and if the investigators want it done, they'll have to dig it up at night, on the sly (this costs 0/1D2 points of SAN).

If the investigators dig up the grave, after they've removed only a couple of feet of soil, the grave bottom suddenly collapses. Everyone standing in the grave falls into the network of tunnels that twist beneath the cemetery, and takes 1D3 damage. The tunnels, manifestly

clawed out of the earth by hand, lead in all directions. There is no sign of a coffin, but a successful Spot Hidden roll detects drag marks on the earthen floor that could have been made by a coffin. On a Track roll, the trail can be followed for a half-mile, before losing the way at a juncture of over a dozen tunnels. One of the tunnels at the junction is clearly newly-excavated. If the new tunnel is explored, it is found to travel about 500 yards in a straight line before ending at an ancient stone wall. With a sledge, this wall can be broken through to reveal the secret room of the cannibals, hidden beneath the old fort.

This tunnel was dug by true ghouls, who, tired of competing with the human cultists for food, plan to massacre their rivals at the next cannibal ceremony.

The Police Station

The investigators may speak with the desk sergeant, but can receive little more information than they already have. If one of the investigators checks the duty roster, or succeeds at Spot Hidden, he can notice the name of one Patrolman George Packard posted on the board. Morris Packard, of course, arrested Colin, and if the investigators ask the sergeant about George, he tells them the patrolman is Detective Packard's nephew. The investigators' visit to the police station is quickly brought to Packard's notice. Within two days of the visit, the detective will set up an ambush for the investigators.

The St. Augustine Herald

The local paper is a weekly. It is a small newspaper dedicated to the promotion of local businesses and expanding the tourist trade. If the investigators visit the office downtown, they can talk to the owner/editor in person, Fred Boswell. He informs them that he bought the paper three years ago. Rather surprisingly, the former owners burned all their files before they left. Since his take-over, the paper has printed little real news, and its stories are mainly interviews with local bigwigs and advertisements.

The Jacksonville Sentinel

Sold on St. Augustine newsstands alongside the *St. Augustine Herald* is the *Jacksonville Sentinel*, a real newspaper. Its offices are located in Jacksonville, a two-hour drive up the coast or 45 minutes by infrequent trains.

The *Sentinel* carried the story of the accident at the alligator farm. If the investigators saw this article, they may wish to look up the reporter who covered the story, Sheila Winslow. She has nothing to add, but does mention that she is presently working on a story regarding rum-running through St. Augustine (Harry Spitz is the main channel, but she has not yet discovered this). She feigns disinterest in any theories the investigators spout off, but makes sure they get access to

the files kept in the basement and provides them with Eli Simpson's address (the former employee who discovered the grisly remains).

Her interest is perked by the investigators' stories, and she begins investigating on her own. After their first meeting, the keeper may play Sheila as he sees fit. She may cooperate with the investigators, or act as a rival, perhaps even hindering them with false leads.

Gaining access to the newspaper files is simple with Sheila's aid, but if the investigators do not make her acquaintance, they must use Oratory or Fast Talk to be allowed to peruse them. The files date back to 1878, and successful Library Use rolls turn up the items found in *Azathoth Papers* no. 40a-d; copies are repeated nearby.

The St. Augustine Historical Society

This organization has existed in one form or another for over a century. The Society has taken upon itself the reconstruction and refurbishing of several local historical structures. Due to the tourist trade, it has recently gained in influence within the city. The Society's historical records are kept in its offices on Charlotte Street and are open to the public. The librarian's name is Ida Mears. She is a blue-haired old lady with a pleasant disposition and a faulty memory. Successful Library Use turns up *Azathoth Papers* no. 41a-g; copies are repeated nearby.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 40a:

Grisly Find at Alligator Farm

St. Augustine police made a shocking discovery today at Korsky's Alligator Farm when a severed human foot was found in one of the large crocodile pools.

The police were summoned by Eli Simpson, an employee of the popular tourist attraction when, arriving early in the morning, he saw a shoe lying at the bottom of the pool. This shoe was found to contain a human foot.

No identification was found and it is theorized by police that the shoe belonged to an indigent who, seeking refuge for the night, sneaked into the farm and accidentally stumbled into the pool.

No charges against the owner, Maynard Korsky, have been made.

— *Jacksonville Sentinel*, May 1927.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 40b:

Historian Disappears

Noted writer and historian Donald A. Houlton of New York has been reported missing by his wife.

Mr. Houlton reportedly left their hotel room at 9:30 PM, telling his wife that he was meeting a contact for an interview. At 1 AM, Mrs. Houlton notified police.

A search of the city has been instituted.

Donald Houlton is noted for his authoritative works on American history. Mr. Houlton visited St. Augustine last summer and wrote a series of articles about the city, published in *American Journey* magazine.

— *Jacksonville Sentinel*, January, 1893.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 40c:

Grave-Robbers In St. Augustine

A rash of vandalism has swept two cemeteries located in this small city to the south of Jacksonville. The latest incident, the theft of a body, has been the most shocking.

"This is a new type of crime for us," said Chief Bunson, head of St. Augustine's police department. "Till now we've had simply a problem with overturned stones and vandalism. The offenders will be dealt with severely."

Bunson later admitted that he had as yet no suspects or leads in the case.

— *Jacksonville Sentinel*, February, 1890.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 40d:

Vandals Desecrate St. Augustine Cemetery

Last night, persons unknown entered an old cemetery north of this city and stole two recently-buried bodies. Father Garcia, priest of the nearby church, found the opened graves and immediately notified police. Both graves were occupied by indigents who had been buried at the city's expense. No motive for the bizarre theft has been offered.

— *Jacksonville Sentinel*, October, 1926.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41a:

A Yellowed Document, In Spanish

Written by Father Rolando Tortulla of Toledo, Spain, Anno Domini 1571, to report to the Church and the King on the condition of the French heretics now held in the vaults beneath the monastery.

With my own eyes I saw the degeneracy of the prisoners. Their habitation is clean and receives regular fresh air. The stench of the heretics was so abominable as to drive me from them. But while I remained, I saw that their wasting disease was destroying them gradually. Neither prisoner had any toes left and both limped badly, skulking about their cells, trying to avoid the light of the torches we carried. I believe that these heretics should be left here to suffer the punishments wrought against them by God and that plans to transport them to Spain for examination should be forgotten. I further believe that intensive interrogation of the prisoners may expose the inquisition officials to the disease.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41b:

**A Yellowed Document, In Spanish
— With an English Summary Attached**

The galleons *La Rosario* and *Nino* sailed from St. Augustine in spring 1597 bearing treasures from the New World. Only the *Nino* completed the voyage as the *La Rosario* sank in shallow water when both ships were struck by a sudden storm two days out. Records state that considerable gold was lost along with the entire crew and a religious prisoner of French extraction.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41c:

A Yellowed Document, In Spanish, Dated 1641

Work progresses steadily, but slowly, on the construction of the Castillo de San Marcos. The walls are completed and most of the catacombs of the monastery have been incorporated into the fort. An attempt to transfer the French prisoner brought difficulty. Three soldiers were required to drag the man out, but one soldier, Jose Garcia, was thrown against a wall, bloodying his head and leaving him unable to walk steadily for three days. We have decided to keep the prisoner in his present cell rather than risk transfer to the new one.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41d:

A Yellowed Document, In Spanish, Written with a Quavering Hand.

I, Father Cedrico of Aragon, have witnessed, Anno Domini 1662, the monstrous condition of the prisoner held beneath the catacombs of Castillo de San Marcos at St. Augustine. Details do not bear repeating, but his jailers do not exaggerate their reports. It is no wonder that it is difficult to force anyone to feed or tend this prisoner. It is my recommendation that this prisoner be secretly kept until its tortured soul is released from this earth.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41e:

A Yellowed Document, In Spanish, from a Vigorous Hand

I, Father Cedrico of Aragon, while on a return visit to St. Augustine, Anno Domini 1682, have investigated the cell of the prisoner formerly held beneath Castillo de San Marcos. The captain reported that the prisoner evidently vanished several months ago. The cell was found empty and devoid of any sign of habitation other than the rats which usually plague such areas. Opening the cell and entering, we were distressed to find, in the back wall, several stones removed and an old, dark tunnel leading down into the earth. The captain immediately ordered his men to fill this small passage with stones. The blocks of the wall were then replaced and re-mortared, sealing away forever the fate of this terrible Prisoner.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41f:

Excerpt, Magazine Article by Donald Houlton, 1892

In this interesting old city I took the opportunity to visit the historic Castillo de San Marcos. When exploring the catacombs beneath the structure, I found a secret passage concealed by a door hidden as a section of wall. With pressure, the wall pivoted easily, opening to reveal a set of tunnels seemingly unknown and undisturbed since the days of the Spanish occupation.

With visions of pirates and smugglers, I crept in. Sadly, all I found was a row of empty cells, most of which appeared never to have been occupied. One cell contained evidence of having once held a prisoner. The remains of French writing could be discerned, as could graffiti in the form of spirals and geometric figures, interspersed by animals and capering horned humans. The ceiling held images of shooting stars or comets streaking across the heavens. The cell wall was beginning to deteriorate and in many places the binding masonry had crumbled and fallen from between the stones. I notified the local historical society of my find.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41g:

St. Augustine Religious Pamphlet, 1792

A dark and ancient evil, unloosed by Satan, is among us. They live by night and feed upon corruption. They are inhuman but walk like men, taking their place among us. They have dwelt here long, and their evil is most monstrous. They grow stronger, threatening all that is holy and righteous. To hide themselves and their activities, they assume the mantle of righteousness. Many officials of this city, both in the past and the present, belong to this secret, Godless, faith. I name no names, nor do I reveal my identity, lest their evil befall me and my family, but the truth must be spoken, the people of St. Augustine warned of the lurking danger.

Patrolman George Packard

This young officer is in his early twenties. He has been a patrolman for two years. He joined the force with the help of his Uncle Morris and the young man has responded by doing his uncle some favors. Detective Packard always makes sure that his nephew is assigned to the night beat near the fort on the evenings that the cultists wish to use it. The detective has a set of keys to the gates, and his nephew looks the other way when the cultists arrive and leave.

Young Packard is an honest cop. If he knew of the cult's activities, he would be appalled. His uncle has told him that the band is a small fraternal organization that holds its monthly meetings in the basement of the fort. George Packard has felt no qualms about helping out. Fortunately for the investigators, Packard is not very smart and quite naive, and if Fast Talked, can be tricked into revealing his uncle's secret.

Patrolman George Packard

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

Weapons: Nightstick 65%, 1D6+1D4
Caliber .38 Revolver 30%, 1D10

Skills: Dodge 45%, Hide 45%, Jump 35%, Law 25%, Listen 55%, Read/Write Spanish 25%, Sneak 25%, Speak Spanish 35%, Spot Hidden 35%, Track 20%.

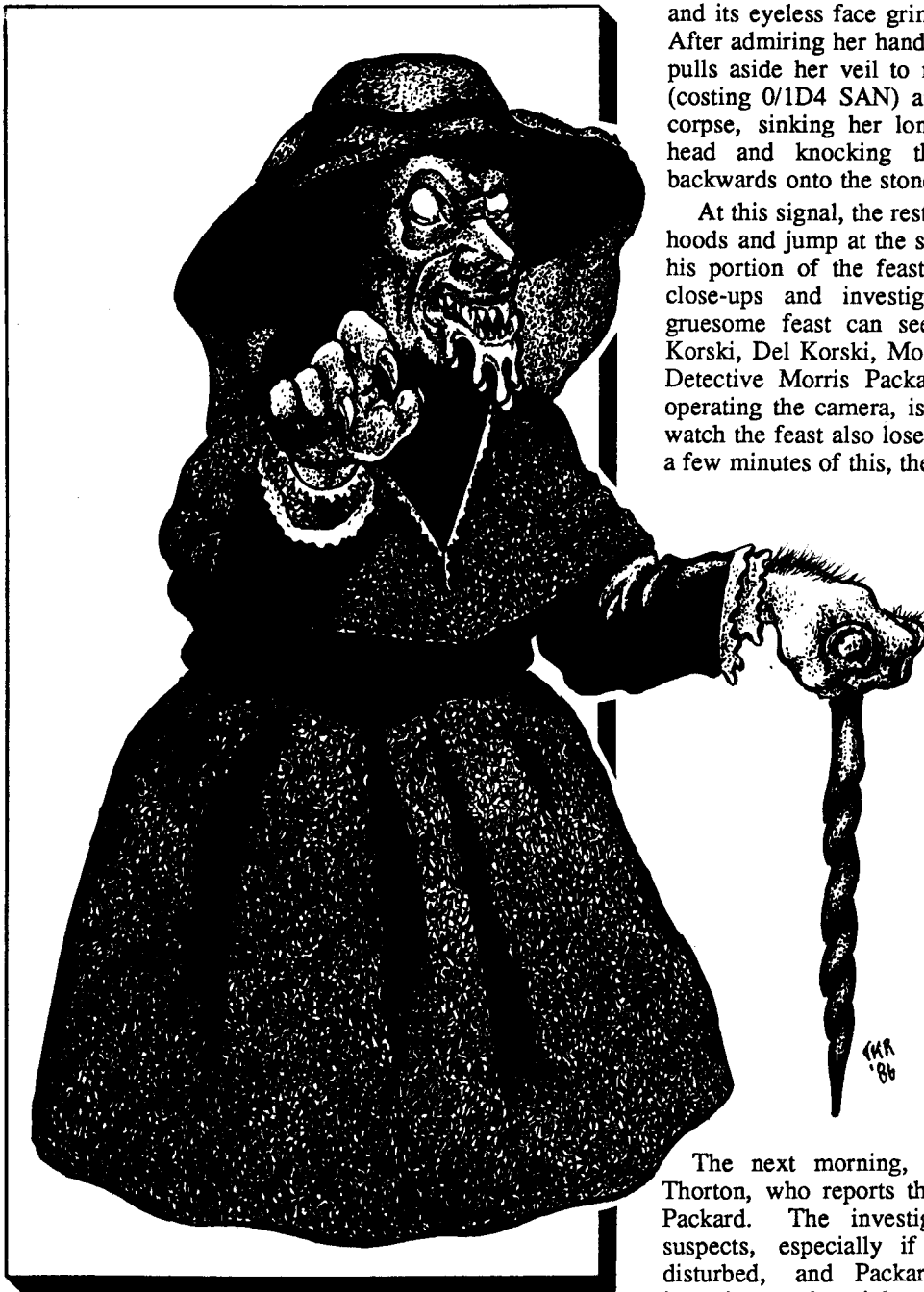
The Camera Store

This establishment is owned by William Thorton and is located on Avenida Menendez within sight of the Castillo de San Marcos. Thorton sells small box cameras and film, as well as doing his own developing and processing in the back. This back room is not open to the public. The camera store is open from 10am to 4:30pm six days a week. Thorton arrives at 9:45am every morning to open up, entering through the back door. After starting coffee, he opens the front door at 10. At 4:30pm he closes up and heads home to prepare dinner for himself and his mother.

If the investigators attempt a break-in, they find both the front and back door only lightly bolted and easily opened. The alley door, of course, affords more privacy. The interior of the store is unremarkable with the exception of the back room. This room not only contains Thorton's photo-processing equipment, but is set up to be used as a small theater. Four folding wooden chairs sit beside before a motor-driven 16mm projector, which is aimed toward a movie screen on the opposite wall. A dozen cans of film sit next to the projector on the table. If the film cans are checked, they have Spanish titles translating like *Rita's Fantasy*, *Jorge and Celia at the Beach*, and *Naughty Senoritas*. These pornographic films are smuggled into the states from Cuba by the same gang of rum-runners who bring Harry Spitz his booze. Each film runs for twenty minutes.

Also present in the room is a locked cabinet, easily pried open. In it are another three cans of film, unmarked except for dates written on pieces of tape attached to their sides. All these dates are within the last six months. If the investigators watch the films, either here or on another projector, they discover that each film is basically the same. All begin with a hand-held shot taken in a stone basement, with an ancient bronze cannon to one side. A successful Idea roll permits the user to deduce that it must be the interior of the old fort.

In the center of the scene, illuminated by bright floodlights, are a group of black-robed people huddled in a circle around a figure seated in a chair and mostly obscured from the camera. To one side of this group, seated upon another chair, is an old lady dressed in black, her face hidden by a heavy veil (Mother Thorton). She leans forward on a pair of wooden canes and watches intently as the group dances and capers about the object of their attentions. After a minute or two of this, the old



Mother Thornton Stands Up.

and its eyeless face grimaces (viewers lose 0/1D6 SAN). After admiring her handiwork for a moment, the old lady pulls aside her veil to reveal a dreadful half-ghoul face (costing 0/1D4 SAN) and then leaps upon the animated corpse, sinking her long, yellow, teeth into its rotting head and knocking the chair and its captive over backwards onto the stone floor.

At this signal, the rest of the cultists pull off their black hoods and jump at the struggling corpse, each greedy for his portion of the feast. The cameraman moves in for close-ups and investigators continuing to watch the gruesome feast can see clearly the faces of Maynard Korski, Del Korski, Mona Durham, Kenny Durham, and Detective Morris Packard. (William Thorton, who is operating the camera, is naturally not seen.) Those who watch the feast also lose an additional 1/1D4 SAN. After a few minutes of this, the film abruptly ends.

woman stands up and, with a wave of her arm, halts the clumsy dance. The robed worshipers separate and back off, and the figure tied to the chair is now seen to be a rotten corpse, at least two weeks old (costs 0/1D3 SAN). Holding herself erect with one cane, the old woman pulls out a flask of liquid and pours it over the decaying mass.

Then she begins what can only be the casting of a spell (remember, this is a silent film), her stiffly outstretched arm describing cryptic symbols in the air between her and the bound corpse. Five minutes into this, the bound corpse begins to twitch, relax, and then, with a jerking motion, comes to violent life. Although its arms are tied at its sides, the legs kick and the head wabbles from side to side. Its blackened tongue sticks out straight and stiff

The next morning, the break-in is discovered by Thorton, who reports the incident privately to Detective Packard. The investigators instantly become prime suspects, especially if the cannibal films have been disturbed, and Packard lays plans to ambush the investigators that night.

The Thorton House

Arriving anytime after 4:45 in the afternoon usually finds William Thorton at home. If the investigators arrive earlier in the day, their knocks go unanswered. However, the front door is unlocked, so the investigators could walk right in to prowl the household as they wish. The home has two stories with no basement.

Upstairs, in the back bedroom, waits Mother Thorton. She never answers the door to anyone but fellow cultists. If she hears her home being invaded, she'll wait quietly upstairs in a chair, hoping for the intruders to leave. If the investigators come upon her seated in her bedroom, she sits motionless, pretending to be asleep. If an investigator

lifts the veil or disturbs her violently, she leaps from her chair, throws off the veil and blanket, and attempts to escape the house. The sight of her horrid, animal-like face and the sound of her horny feet clattering across the wooden floor costs the investigators 0/1D4 SAN.

Mother Thorton only attacks if her escape is blocked by one or more of the investigators, and she'll devote all her effort to reach the streets below. Once on the streets she lopes down the sidewalk, scattering the screaming citizenry, and eventually makes her way to the swamps north of town to make good her escape. This incident, or gunfire in the house, causes the neighbors to telephone the police who arrive within five minutes. If the investigators are still there, they are arrested and charged with the woman's disappearance. They are arrested even if Mother Thorton's hideous corpse is found with them — the police assume that the despicable investigators have not only killed an old woman, but a deformed and crippled old woman at that!

If the investigators get away, though, the cultists lay plans to ambush the characters that very night.

The Alligator Farm

Talking with Maynard Korsky or Kenny Durham elicits no useful information except that it alerts the cultists to the investigators' intentions. Del Korsky declines to talk with the investigators at all, simply pointing to his brother if they are importunate.

Eli Simpson

Eli's address is available to the investigators through Sheila Winslow at the Jacksonville Sentinel. If he is contacted, he'll cheerfully consent to interview the investigators at his home. Eli can add little to the information given in the newspaper story other than verifying the fact that a human foot was found in one of the concrete gator ponds and that it was he who called the police. Korsky was furious at his action and fired him, ostensibly for taking action without notifying him first. Eli claims it wasn't the first time he discovered odd pieces of meat in the gator ponds. Once he pointed such a piece out to Maynard, but was told it was only beef and not to worry. But that foot was completely unequivocal. He says the police fished the foot, still in its shoe, out of the pond and took it away. He doesn't know what became of it. (Detective Packard destroyed it.)

The Castillo de San Marcos

This monumental construction, built of coquina (mortar and small seashells), was begun in 1638 and not completed for over a century. The above-ground structure is open to the public seven days a week during daylight hours, but the below-ground portions have been declared hazardous and are sealed off with padlocked plywood doors. The hasps on these doors can be easily pried loose but not replaced, and evidence of such tampering will immediately be noticed by the historical commission, who will inform the police.

If the investigators sneak into the fort at night, they must break or pick the lock on the outer entrance as well. If the outer lock is obviously broken or the gate is left ajar, Patrolman George Packard, passing on his beat, notices the discrepancy and investigates, probably discovering the investigators in an area closed to the public. Packard will try to arrest the investigators for damaging public property.

The investigators should be able to easily locate the cells that contained the two degenerate prisoners described in the manuscript found at the historical society. Both cells contain writings on the walls, a sort of pidgin-French that is impossible to decipher. Crude drawings depict shooting stars and other weird symbols. Pictures of spiders and the word "Azattott" can also be found. The furthest cell is the one from which the prisoner supposedly tunneled. The repaired section of the wall is clearly visible.

If the wall is examined closely here, it is found that one of the stones can be pulled away to reveal a narrow tunnel, sloping downward. The tunnel is low and those using it must crawl on hands and knees for about fifty yards until the tunnel opens into a stone hallway eight feet wide and just as high. This tunnel and the room that it leads to are partial remains of the Franciscan monastery that predated the fort. Portions of this 16th-century structure are still extant, and form part of the fort's arsenal building (located on the south side of Avenida Menendez). The hallway leads to a square monk's cell, which is unremarkable except for the two wooden chairs, the black robes hung on wooden pegs, and the small bronze cannon hauled down here for some unguessable purpose. If the investigators have seen William Thorton's films, they'll recognize this room.

Spitz's Grocery

The only clue here is in the backroom tavern. There, in a locked metal cashbox, Spitz keeps his tavern records. Among these papers, are a number of bills or receipts, all written in Spanish. If the investigators can translate these, they find them to be bills for rum and other illegal alcoholic beverages that Spitz purchases from a Cuban named Esteban. Some of these bills also note charges for "motion pictures" delivered along with the liquor.

Exposing the Cult

The fact that the head of the local police force is one of the cultists makes it necessary for the investigators to either wipe out the cannibals themselves, or call in outside help. The most logical source of help is the Florida State Police post, 37 miles north in Jacksonville. Convincing the State Police to move in requires evidence.

The investigators have only one chance to convince the police to investigate and this is rolled as a percentage. For each piece of circumstantial evidence (e.g. the plastic alligator found at the murder scene, the incident in town with Mother Thorton, etc.), the investigators accumulate 10 more percentiles toward their final chance to convince the State Police. Hard evidence is worth more points,

varying from 30% for the hapless Spitz's bills for rum, or Father Garcia's missing coffin, to 60% if the investigators produce the films of the cannibal rituals. If the investigators fail to gain police cooperation, Packard rapidly learns of their attempt, and he decides to ambush the investigators that night.

The Ambush

Morris Packard's plan is to lure the investigators out to the cemetery by Father Garcia's now-deserted church. He does this by kidnaping Esmeralda, Sheila Winslow, or even Eli Simpson, whomever he feels the investigators are likeliest to trust. He forces his victim to telephone the investigators. She sounds in a desperate hurry and tells the investigators to meet her at the graveyard at 11pm where she can present evidence to the investigators proving Packard's involvement with the cult. The caller hangs up before the investigators can question her further.

The normal entrance to the churchyard is from the road to the south. If the investigators drive up, they are seen by the lurking bushwhackers. If the investigators park some distance away and walk in from another direction, they'll need successful Sneak rolls to approach the cemetery without alerting the cultists. A successful Spot Hidden made while approaching from any direction but south reveals the Alligator Farm truck parked and camouflaged just north of the cemetery. If the investigators reach the cemetery unseen, each may attempt a Spot Hidden to notice the ambushers, who lie in wait behind trees and headstones, guns trained towards a lone figure seated upon a stone.

If the investigators approach normally, they see, as they round the church, their contact, sitting quietly on a headstone in the center of the cemetery. The moonlight is bright enough to identify the person as their contact, but a Spot Hidden is needed to notice the slight trace of blood seeping through the front of her blouse. (She has by now been murdered by the cultists.) The cultists hope that the investigators approach the body, so the cultists can get the drop on them without any shooting. If the investigators get suspicious and attempt to leave before the cultists have exposed themselves, the cultists open fire, pursuing any investigators who escape.

If the investigators win the gunfight and drive off the ambushers, they'll have plenty of evidence to interest the State Police who proceed to move in and clean up the problem, keeping the whole thing as quiet as possible so as not to discourage the budding tourist industry.

If the investigators lose, the cultists take as many as possible alive, and gleefully allow them to surrender. The prisoners are then trussed up, knocked on the head, and transported by truck back to the Castillo de San Marcos. They revive a short time later, tied to wooden chairs in the ancient secret room beneath the fort — soon to be the next victims of the cannibal cult. The ceremonies are led by Mother Thorton unless she has fled town, in which case Mona Durham takes her role. One at a time, the

investigators, still tied to their chairs, are dragged to the center of the room where the cult leader intones a short chant (she doesn't cast the Gray Binding, though) before the cannibals leap upon their hapless victim and devour him alive. Investigators witnessing this horrible fate lose 1/1D6 SAN.

The Escape

Even as the cultists finish devouring the entrails of the first investigator, the sound of furtive clawing and digging becomes clearly audible to everyone within the room. Before the cultists can react, a portion of the wall caves in, and a loathsome swarm of at least a dozen raving, slobbering ghouls set upon the panicked cannibals. (The sight costs 0/6 SAN — maximum loss is exacted since so many ghouls are visible.) The monstrous ghouls quickly overcome the cannibals, mangling them, and then scurry out through the gaping hole in the wall. The investigators are ignored.

The investigators, of course, are still tied to the chairs in the secret room, but they can escape by tipping themselves over on top of one of the fresh corpses, getting a knife from the body's belt, and cutting through their bonds.

Conclusion

If the investigators were involved in the destruction of the cult, they receive 2D6 SAN. If the final destruction is performed by the ghouls, the SAN award is dropped to 1d10. The cult's destruction also leads to the murder charges against Colin Baxter (and any others) being dropped. If the investigators fail to destroy the cult and Colin Baxter commits suicide (murdered in his cell by Morris Packard), they lose an additional 0/1D3 SAN.

If the investigators have not yet made the trip to the Andaman Islands, the ship and crew of Colin Baxter may be made available for their use. This is definitely the case if they saved Colin's neck.

The Andaman Islands

*Wherein the investigators are drawn to remote and unknown isles,
to meet a woman who is more than she seems
and a daughter who is less.*

The Andamans are a narrow chain of islands, 219 miles long and 32 miles wide. They are 120 miles south of Burma and 590 miles southeast of India, located in the Bay of Bengal. This island group (along with the more southerly Nicobars) is under the jurisdiction of the Viceroy of India. The islands number, big and small, 204, of which five large, closely-linked islands form Greater Andaman, separated from Little Andaman by 32 miles of water known as the Duncan Passage.

Greater Andaman consists of a mass of hills enclosing very narrow valleys, all covered with dense jungle. The highest point is Saddle Peak in the east, with a height of 2400 feet. By contrast, Little Andaman is practically flat. Neither island group benefits from rivers or even perennial streams, and the shores consist of treacherous mangrove swamps.

Large predators are absent but the investigators are sure to see all manner of bats, rats, spiders, turtles, dugongs, small wild pigs, and even a native cat. They'll also see two-lined monitors, the second largest member of the lizard family, which reaches a length of 8-9 feet. Insects, both crawling and flying, are ubiquitous. The temperature is mild (average yearly range is 64-92 degrees), and the annual rainfall is 135 inches. Except for the months of October and March, the islands are hit by daily monsoons.

The natives are primitive Negritos, believed to have dwelt here since the Pleistocene. Uniquely among modern man, they have no knowledge of fire-building, and must continually keep a fire burning. They are divided into twelve tribes, each speaking variations of a single basic language which is related to no known tongue. The Andaman Islanders have long held reputations as vicious killers and cannibals. For centuries, sailors shipwrecked on these shores were systematically slain. However, the islanders consistently deny the untruthful charge of

cannibalism. A persistent policy of conciliation has partly tamed the natives and, by the mid-20s, stranded travelers need no longer fear the Andamanese except in the most remote parts of the islands.

In 1789, the British formed a colony called Port Cornwallis at the present site of Port Blair. This colony failed badly, and within seven years the colonists were recalled to India. In 1839, a German doctor was killed and later, in 1844, two British troop ships were wrecked here. Many stragglers were killed by the islanders. After the Indian Mutiny of 1857 was quelled, Port Blair was established near the site of the first colony (but this time, a good distance from a salt marsh believed to have been a source of pestilence). Since that time, the islands were used as a penal colony; transported criminals forced to live and work here. Those sentenced to long terms were sometimes allowed to send for their wives and children. In 1921 this transportation of convicts officially ceased, though occasionally criminals are still sent here. The present convict population numbers 7,000 including wives and children along with a number of free-borns. There are also a few immigrants from Natal and a batch of Karens who work in the forests, harvesting trees. All of these people live in close proximity to Port Blair and rarely venture far from the colony.

The present economy involves the exportation of exotic lumber such as zebrawood, red padouk, and satinwood. Crops of coffee, cocoa, tea, and coconuts are also grown and exported for sale. All trade is overseen by a British commissioner residing at Port Blair, who has full responsibility for the administration of both the Andamans and the Nicobars, and personally commands a staff of Europeans and a garrison of British and Indian troops. Security is handled by a small battalion of Indian police.

Investigator Information

The Andaman Islands are home to Cynthia Baxter, daughter of the late Philip Baxter. Cynthia has resided here for many years and is one of the few foreigners to have lived among the islanders for any length of time. Whether the investigators suspect her in the death of her father depends upon the clues they have discovered in other parts of the adventure.

The Andaman Islands are nearly halfway around the world from the East Coast of the USA — a journey of over 10,000 miles. If the investigators make use of Colin Baxter's ship in St. Augustine, they can get to the Andamans in 3-4 weeks. If they have to procure other means of transportation, they'll need to sail to Calcutta first, as most shipping to and from the islands is carried on through this port. Here, the investigators can book passage on a freighter for a voyage that takes from 3-7 days, depending upon whether the ship makes any other stops.

Cynthia Baxter

Cynthia is a large woman, big-boned and slightly overweight. Her mouse-brown hair is kept short and mostly hidden by her pith helmet. This, along with her knee socks, khaki shorts and shirt, gives the impression of a down-to-earth individual. Her voice is high-pitched and squeaky. Cynthia is very near-sighted and continually wears small, rimless spectacles.

Born July 18, 1885, Cynthia was nearly eight years old when her mother died in childbirth. After her recovery from a near-fatal spider bite at the age of twelve, Cynthia, with the encouragement of her Uncle Julian, began to regularly attend Catholic mass, and for a time considered becoming a nun. This idea was short-lived, however, and with her uncle as inspiration, she began to plan a medical career. She entered college in 1903, and was able to finish her training due to Julian's intercession on her behalf; using his influence to ease her path and eliminate pitfalls. For this, Cynthia was deeply grateful. She decided to please her uncle by becoming a medical missionary, carrying both modern health and the word of God to poor ignorant savages.

She left for the British-controlled Andaman Islands in 1913, and soon established a small clinic on the main island. Using gifts of food and medicine she was quick to establish friendly relations with the natives, and soon had convinced a number of them to travel to Port Blair for baptism into the Catholic faith.

In 1918, Cynthia was kidnaped and held captive by a tiny colony of loathsome Tcho-Tchos who dwell on a small island across the narrow strait from the mission. The Tcho-Tcho priest, seeing Cynthia at a distance, had recognized the mark of the spider on her. After he

abducted her, he trained her in the nature and doctrine of Atlach-Nacha, one of the Tcho-Tcho's awful gods. Cynthia, who never had a very strong personality, rapidly became brainwashed by the priest and converted to his terrible worship.

The Tcho-Tcho priest knows the Dreamlands well (his dream-self is a terrible dark dwarf). In the Dreamlands, Philip Baxter and the Academy's activities came to the priest's attention. Disliking their discoveries and potential for further discovery, the priest tried to halt the work of the Academy, using Cynthia to help him.

Cynthia will present herself to the investigators as a dedicated servant of God, on a mission to save the savages. She won't even hint about the Tcho-Tchos or the approach of Azathoth, but is quite suspicious of investigators who have traveled so far just to see her.

Cynthia is truly dedicated to the service of Atlach-Nacha. The only person who might turn her from her course is the presence of her Uncle Julian, an unlikely event.

Cynthia Baxter

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 12 APP 8 EDU 20 SAN 0 HP 15

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 25%, Botany 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Debate 40%, Diagnose Disease 75%, Dodge 24%, First Aid 90%, Geology 10%, Hide 60%, Library Use 75%, Pharmacy 65%, Psychology 35%, Read/Write Latin 55%, Sneak 30%, Speak Andamanese 65%, Swim 75%, Treat Disease 85%, Treat Poison 35%, Zoology 15%.

Spell: Dread Curse of Azathoth.

Port Blair

Port Blair offers the only safe deep-water anchorage in the islands and, even if they are on Colin's ship, the investigators must debark here. Port Blair is basically a primitive jungle colony. It holds a general store, a wireless, and fairly complete medical facilities.

The island commissioner is Major Ashley Nichols, a British Foreign Office worker who has been stationed here for the past four years. Major Nichols has met Cynthia only twice, as she rarely travels into Port Blair, and he has never traveled that far north. He is happy to make the acquaintance of civilized westerners and will place his services and those of the British Government at their disposal. He allows the investigators access to the unclassified section of his office's records, if they wish. A successful Library Use roll yields *Azathoth Papers* no. 42; a copy is repeated nearby.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 42:

Commissioner of the Andaman Islands,

Aug. 31, 1918.

Tales reached me recently claiming that Cynthia Baxter, a medical missionary, had been kidnaped by a tribe of islanders who live near her mission. The local natives claimed that these island tribespeople were not true Andamanese, speaking a different language and being different in appearance. A patrol was sent to investigate but, upon questioning the Onge tribesmen whom live near the mission, they received quite a different story. According to the local witch-doctor, Miss Baxter was at first unwilling to accompany the islanders but after discussion with their head-man she agreed to accompany them and voluntarily entered the canoe. The woman returned unharmed the next day.

— Colonel Leslie Talbot.

If they so request, Major Nichols provides the investigators with a pair of Indian guides (transported convicts) who can lead them through the jungle to Cynthia Baxter's compound. He states that the Andamanese are sometimes unfriendly, and makes a point of telling them that a pair of recently escaped transportees are believed to be hiding out in the north. Though he expects that they'll soon return to Port Blair to turn themselves in, he warns the investigators that the two were convicted of murder and should be considered dangerous.

Sikander

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 6 SAN 45 HP 11

Weapons: Knife 45%, 1D6.

Skills: Climb 75%, Dodge 65%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 35%, Jump 45%, Pick Pocket 75%, Sneak 55%, Speak English 65%.

Sikander is a Hindu in his early thirties. His wife and three children live with him on the island. He has been here for eight years and speaks better English than Mahbub. He was transported because he stole a horse. He is basically trustworthy, but if the chance is offered, Sikander will steal one of the party's firearms and hide it in the jungle, returning at a later date to retrieve it. Possession of a weapon is against the law, but there is no malign intent in his actions. He wishes to protect his family from other convicts.

Mahbub

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 9
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 4 SAN 40 HP 13

Weapon: Knife 85%, 1D6+1D4.

Skills: Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Dodge 45%, Hide 55%, Jump 35%, Pick Pocket 25% Sneak 45%, Speak Andamanese 35%, Speak English 35%.

A Moslem from Delhi, Mahbub is a convicted cutthroat and murderer who has lived on the island almost twenty years. He speaks less English than his companion and is neither garrulous nor energetic.

Through The Jungle

Cynthia Baxter's clinic is located on the western side of Baratang Island about 45 miles north of Port Blair. At first, the investigators travel timber roads, then footpaths, but before the first day is over they find themselves struggling through thick growths and shallow swamps. It is impossible to make the journey in a single day, and it may take three or more days. Sikander and Mahbub prove able servants, and do all the work of setting up camp, building a fire, and preparing dinner.

On the last day of their trek, about two hours after the expedition has broken camp, the investigators espy a small clearing in the jungle about 50 feet ahead, from which a loud buzzing sound emanates — like a huge insect, or many smaller ones. If they approach the clearing, they find the remains of a tiny village, which is identified by Mahbub as Andamanese. The buzzing sound emanates from a nearby tree where, about 25 feet off the ground, the investigators see what appears to be a six-foot-square platform, built of tree boughs. A terrible stench of decay and the buzzing sound emanate from this platform. Anyone wishing to investigate it must succeed at Climb.

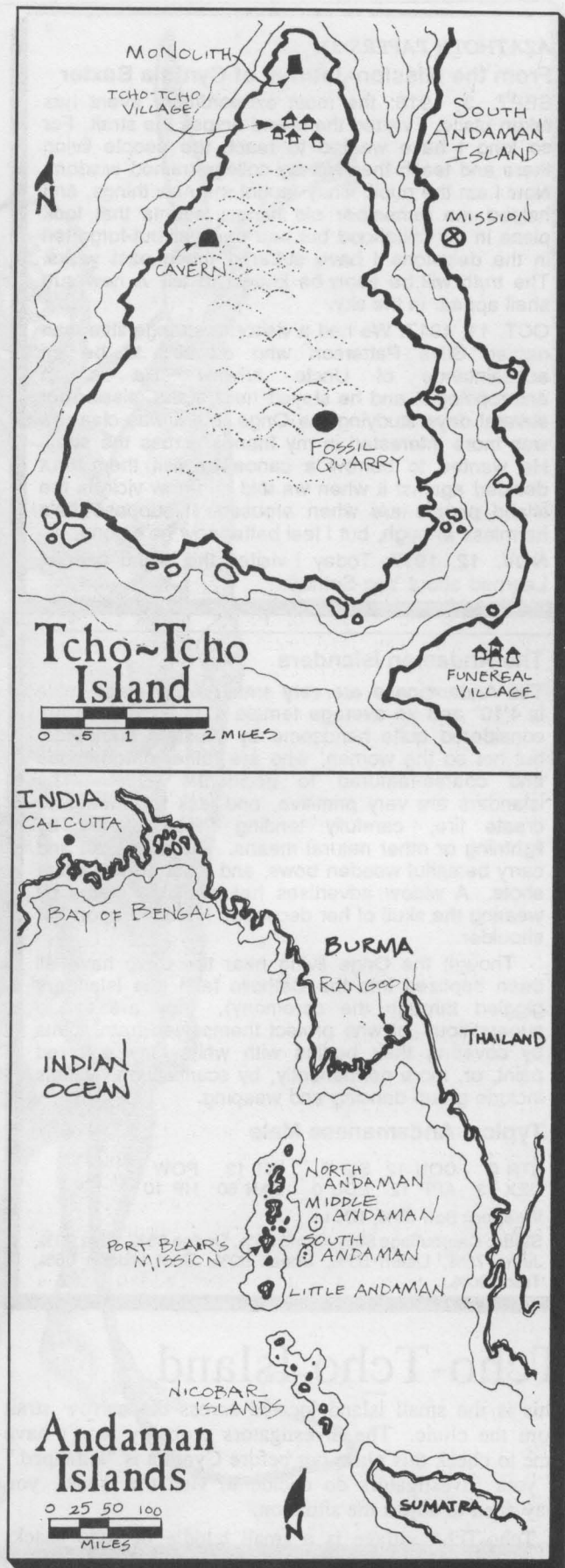
Although the Andamanese normally bury their dead, if a particularly revered chief dies, they wrap his corpse in leaves and place the body high in a tree after which they abandon their village for at least three months. Atop the platform is a rotted human form, the whole mass undulating with the movement of the thousands of insects that are devouring it. This was the former campsite of a Jarawa clan. Jarawa hunters return occasionally to check on the body of their chief, and if they find the platform disturbed, they will try to track down and kill the investigators. The Andamanese easily recognize the shoe prints of the investigators and have little trouble discovering their whereabouts. As long as no one actually disturbs the body, however, the Andamanese make no reprisals. A few hours past this camp, and the investigators finally arrive at the clinic.

The Mission

Cynthia's clinic consists of one wooden building raised on stilts, surrounded by a number of the islanders' simple huts. About two dozen Andamanese live here (they belong to the Onge tribe) along with Cynthia. When the party arrives, most of the Andamanese are present as well as Cynthia, who may or may not have known that the group was coming. The mission is about 100 yards from the sea, on dry ground, and the area is kept cleared of vegetation.

Across nearly a mile of water, the investigators see an island, 6-8 miles long and covered with dense jungle. Cynthia welcomes the visitors and ensures that they have a proper place to pitch their tents. She introduces them to some of the Andamanese, a few of whom speak halting

English. If the investigators get the opportunity to search Cynthia's quarters, they find, stuck away in a cabinet, Cynthia's journal, dating back to her arrival in 1913 (*Azathoth Papers* no. 33; a copy is repeated nearby).



AZATHOTH PAPERS 33:

From the Mission-Journal of Cynthia Baxter

SEPT. 3, 1916: the most extraordinary event has taken place. I visited the island across the strait. For so long I have wanted to reach the people living there and teach them all my college-trained wisdom. Now I am the pupil. They taught me new things, and helped me remember old things; events that took place in my childhood but had been all-but-forgotten in the delusions I have suffered these past years. The truth will be soon be known to all. A new sun shall appear in the sky.

OCT. 11, 1917: We had a visitor; a strange little man named Silas Patterson who claimed to be an acquaintance of Uncle Julian. He is an anthropologist and he stayed here at the mission for several days studying the Onge, but it was clear he was more interested in my friends across the strait. He wanted to borrow a canoe to visit them, but decided against it when we told him how vicious the island people are when aroused. I suppose he's harmless enough, but I feel better now he's gone.

NOV. 12, 1917: Today I visited the island people. Learned about Yog-Sothoth.

The Andaman Islanders

The Andamanese are very small. An average male is 4'10" and an average female 4' 6". The men are considered quite handsome by Western standards, but not so the women, who are rather prognathous and coarse-featured to occidental eyes. The islanders are very primitive, and lack the means to create fire, carefully tending those started by lightning or other natural means. The men craft and carry beautiful wooden bows, and most are excellent shots. A widow advertises her available status by wearing the skull of her deceased husband upon her shoulder.

Though the Onge living near the clinic have all been baptized into the Catholic faith (the islanders giggled through the ceremony), they are still a superstitious lot who protect themselves from spirits by covering their bodies with white clay and red paint, or, more permanently, by scarification. Rituals include group dancing and weeping.

Typical Andamanese Male

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 7 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 0 SAN 60 HP 10

Weapon: Bow 85%, 1D6+1

Skills: Camouflage 80%, Climb 85%, Dodge 65%, Hide 90%, Jump 75%, Listen 85%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 85%, Track 90%.

Tcho-Tcho Island

This is the small island located across the narrow strait from the clinic. The investigators probably won't have time to check this place out before Cynthia is "kidnaped." If your investigators do decide to visit the island, you may need to adjust the situation.

Tcho-Tcho village is a small huddle of rude shacks inhabited by 10 Tcho-Tcho males, 6 females, and 3

children. Racially, they superficially resemble the Andamanese. However, their skin is much lighter, and their features more Asian. The Tcho-Tchos attack, on sight, any investigators they meet on their island. If they find even the trail of the investigators, they'll try to track the party down and ambush them to capture the investigators for sacrifice.

The Tcho-Tcho Priest

The eldest of the Tcho-Tcho colony in the Andamans, this priest is also the colony's leader. In combat, he hangs back to cast spells while his comrades fight and die. If a battle goes against him, he'll try to escape to the quarry, where he casts Call Child of Atlach-Nacha to resurrect fossil spiders to send against his foes. After Cynthia's metamorphosis, the priest wears the molted skin of the woman. Anyone seeing this disgusting sight loses 1/1D6 SAN.

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 8 INT 15 POW 26
DEX 15 APP 7 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 12

Weapons: Bow 75%, 1d6+1 + poison described above
Leather Whip 75%, 1D3 + alkaloid described above

Skills: Camouflage 65%, Climb 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Dodge 55%, Hide 90%, Jump 65%, Listen 90%, Sneak 95%, Spot Hidden 65%, Track 60%.

Spells: Contact Atlach-Nacha, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Call Child of Atlach-Nacha, Wither Limb.

Call Child of Atlach-Nacha

This spell is useful only at the fossil outcropping found on this island. Here, in stone hundreds of millions of years old, lie the fossils of prehistoric spiders of the kind that attacked Philip Baxter. This spell must be cast over the chosen fossil to be effective. It takes ten minutes to cast the spell, and requires the expenditure of 1 magic point for every SIZ point of the chosen fossil. The priest will save 14 magic points to use in calling forth the giant fossil.

Average Tcho-Tcho

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 7 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 8 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 11

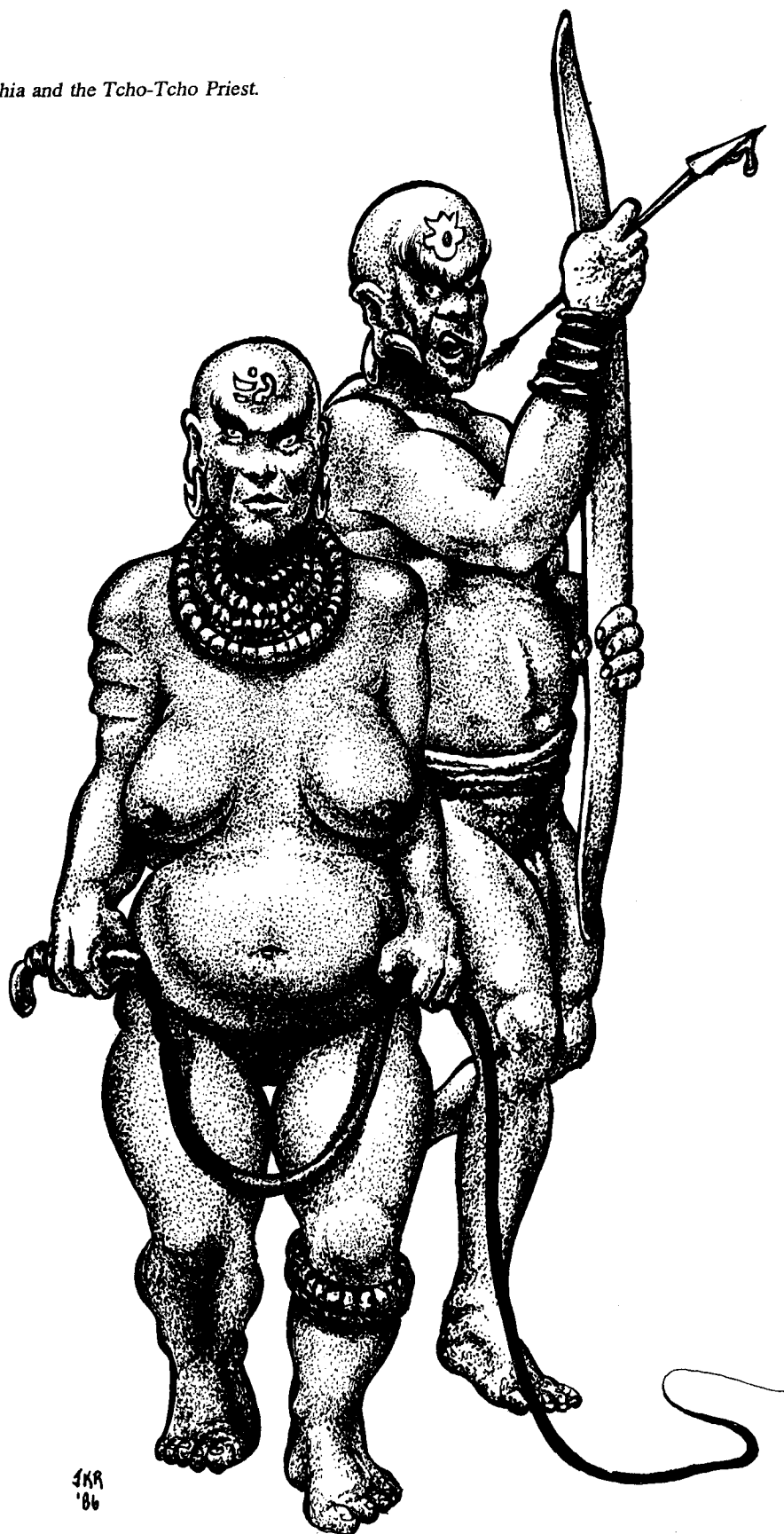
Weapons: Bow 80%, 1D6+1*
Leather Whip 50%, 1D3**

* Tcho-Tcho arrow points are dipped into a narcotic poison with a strength of 12. Anyone failing to resist the poison falls into a deep sleep within 1D6 minutes. He cannot be awakened by any means for 1D3 hours. If a victim resists the poison, he still carries some of the drug in his system, and his CON is reduced by 6 (cumulatively) for purposes of resisting further doses of the poison.

** Tcho-Tcho whips are laced with bamboo splinters and a bitter alkaloid venom. Anyone injured by one of these whips takes an extra point of damage each 1D6 rounds after the initial blow, until the wound has been thoroughly cleansed with a successful First Aid roll.

Skills: Camouflage 85%, Climb 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 65%, Hide 80%, Jump 65%, Listen 80%, Sneak 85%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 90%.

At School: Cynthia and the Tcho-Tcho Priest.



The Obelisk

In a clearing not far from the village rises a black stone monolith, a twenty-foot needle carved from a single block of stone. Though it is weathered by time, most of the carvings that cover it can still be discerned. The surface is covered with a precise geometric design, which nonetheless is disturbing to the sight. If the needle is looked at from the corner of one's eye, the patterns seem to swirl and pulse, though the action ceases when it is stared at. Anyone putting his ear to the stone hears a slow, rhythmic throbbing, costing 0/1D3 SAN. Large round stones, which look as though they are of much earlier vintage, are placed about the obelisk and most bear the marks of crude carvings. These carvings are rude depictions of spiders, apparently hunting and feasting upon tiny humans, while comets or shooting stars can be seen in the heavens above.

The Metamorphosis

On the night of Cynthia's transformation, as soon as it is dark, two Tcho-Tchos leave their island by dugout canoe and, by prearrangement, meet Cynthia on the shore. Cynthia boards the canoe and is quickly rowed to the island. The trio disembark at the north point, then follow a trail to the site of the obelisk. The obelisk and its clearing are well-lit by torches and preliminary ceremonies have already taken place. Bound to a wooden stake near the obelisk are the two escaped prisoners the investigators were warned about in Port Blair, along with any male investigators who have been captured. These unfortunates are to be ceremonially wedded to the future Cynthia, then eaten by her. Female investigators who have been captured are securely bound with vines and kept in the village until the ceremony ends. Later, they are to be gruesomely slain and ceremonially eaten by the Tcho-Tchos.

Almost immediately after Cynthia arrives, she removes her clothing and strikes a stance in front of the obelisk. As the priest chants, her body sways in rhythm to the Tcho-Tcho's song. She then slowly bends forward and any witnesses can see that the woman's back has swelled up incredibly. Suddenly, the skin along her spine splits wide open, revealing a shiny black surface that pulses horribly. From this opening, a wet, slimy form begins to emerge — Cynthia's new self.

As the wrinkling, empty skin of Cynthia Baxter is pushed forward, multiple legs spill out from the discarded molt, waving feebly, as the huge spider-thing pushes its way clear. The Tcho-Tcho priest dons Cynthia's discarded husk, and continue to wear it throughout the rest of this adventure. Witnessing this event costs 1/1D8 SAN. By dawn, Cynthia's new form has hardened properly, allowing her to move freely. In the meantime, she occupies herself by feeding on the sacrifices. Helped by the Tcho-Tchos, she drags herself from victim to victim, to sink her curved brown fangs into the backs of their necks. Her venom paralyzes the victim almost instantly and Cynthia then proceeds to devour the flesh of the victim's head and eventually, through the now-empty eye sockets, sucking out the person's brain. Each feast

takes approximately 20 minutes. As the victims are dispatched one by one, the Tcho-Tchos untie the bodies from their poles and allow the corpses, still animate but mindless, to wander off into the jungle.

When the sun comes up, Cynthia begins the trek across the island to the cavern of Atlach-Nacha, where she enters to join her father in the weaving of the great web. This journey takes her about three hours. On the way, she is accompanied by hordes of small, indigenous spiders that crawl and scramble around and over her. If the investigators are attempting to follow Cynthia, the hordes of tiny spiders in the surrounding jungle are clearly visible to them, too. All through the trek, spiders drop from tree limbs onto the investigators' shoulders, sneak up their skirts, and dangle on silk lines from their arms and ears. Any investigator who panics is bitten, perhaps many times. The spider bites are painful, and may cause swellings and local ulceration, but are not dangerous.

The Daughter of Atlach-Nacha

STR 22 CON 18 SIZ 18 INT 9 POW 12
DEX 10 HP 18 Move 6

Weapons: Bite 75%, 1D10 + venom*

* This is a paralyzing venom with a strength of 20. If the venom overcomes the victim's CON, he is immediately numbed and remains so for 1d6 hours.

Armor: The hard shell of the spider gives it 5 points of armor.

SAN: costs 1/1D8 SAN. Seeing Cynthia molt costs an additional 1/1D8 SAN.

This huge spider is almost completely black except for the swollen, pulsing, abdomen which is streaked with green and gold.

The Fossil Quarry

This is a small gorge near the center of the island, where sedimentary rocks have been exposed by a rift. A close inspection reveals dozens of fossils, mostly of prehistoric arthropods — scorpions, millipedes, and even spiders not unlike the one the investigators may have discovered in the Baxter home. A Geology or Zoology roll identifies the strata as early Mesozoic.

Most of the specimens are small, ranging from thumbnail-sized to huge specimens almost a foot across. One huge fossil is an extremely large spider. This horror out of time is almost six feet across (SIZ 14) and, if possible, will be resurrected by the Tcho-Tcho priest and sent against the investigators. The priest cannot activate a damaged specimen so if the investigators choose to break up the exposed fossils (in particular, the large one), it becomes useless to the priest.

The Caverns of Atlach-Nacha

Here is where the transformed Cynthia travels in search of her father, Atlach-Nacha. The cave opening faces west and is at least 20 feet across. The cave mouth is surrounded by a thick growth of foliage, easily pushed aside. The cave twists downward into the earth and, if the investigators follow Cynthia, they can see the tracks of the crawling spider thing in the rubble.

If the investigators have followed Cynthia to this spot, they can Track her through the inner cavern, where she lies in ambush for them. If the investigators explore the cavern on their own, they'll wander for about an hour before coming to a vast chasm nearly filled with huge,ropy webs. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies these webs as connected to a Great Old One. Continued activity in these caverns alerts Atlach-Nacha himself, who immediately comes to investigate.

Atlach-Nacha superficially resembles a huge and hideous black hairy spider with a strange, remotely-human face and little red eyes rimmed with hair. Atlach-Nacha is further described in the *Cthulhu Companion*.

Atlach-Nacha

STR 30 CON 75 SIZ 25 INT 15 POW 30
DEX 25 Armor 12 HP 50 Move 15

Weapons: Bite 60%, penetrates any armor and injects paralyzing venom
Webbing 80%, 30 STR entanglement

Spells: all Contact spells.

SAN Cost: 1/1D10 SAN loss.

Encounters on Tcho-Tcho Island

It is likely that the investigators will be discovered and attacked by the Tcho-Tchos while on the island. Travel on the thickly-forested island is slow, only 1 mile per hour.

Every hour the investigators spend here gives a 15% chance that either they or their tracks are discovered by one of the Tcho-Tchos. Their discoverer immediately returns to his village, to inform the tribe of the intruders. Arming themselves, the Tcho-Tchos lunge into the forest, picking up the investigators' trail and eventually attacking them. The time required for this depends on how far from the village the party is. The Tcho-Tchos, who know the island well, can travel at a rate of 3 miles per hour.

After Cynthia's metamorphosis, there is an additional 15% chance per hour that the investigators encounter one of the skull-headed bodies released by the Tcho-Tchos after serving as food for the Daughter. Mindless and stumbling, the body, topped by a lolling, empty, skull, is seen staggering through the jungle. Crashing into trees and occasionally falling to the ground, the blood-soaked clothing and white, grinning, sightless, head costs the viewer 0/1D6 SAN. The body itself neither recognizes nor even perceives the investigators. Though it may seem to stumble in their direction at first, it passes right by the investigators as if in a daze. These bodies remain animated for 1D6 days, after which time they collapse and rot where they fall.

The Rescue

In this adventure, there is a distinct possibility that many or all of the investigating party will be captured by the Tcho-Tchos and bound to wooden posts to witness the transformation of Cynthia. Then, one by one, all might be

sacrificed to the spider-thing's terrible appetite. Of course, the loss of much of the investigator group may not prove fatal in your campaign. Your players may have back-up characters waiting in Boston or elsewhere to take on the struggle.

But if you feel a need to organize a rescue, or if one or more characters have not been caught, and they wish to organize a rescue, it does not prove difficult to alert the Onge clansmen back at the clinic to the Tcho-Tchos. The Onge have no qualms about murder, and, especially if led by an investigator, would be happy to attack the loathsome Tcho-Tchos. If all the investigators are captured, and you feel kind, perhaps the Onge could send a rescue mission on their own initiative, in a misguided attempt to save Cynthia.

If the Onge attack, the Tcho-Tcho priest immediately orders the ceremony abandoned, and the Tcho-Tchos flee. Before the arrival of the Onge, you should see to it that at least one or two of the investigators are eaten by the Daughter. The Onge quickly cut loose the surviving investigators.

Meanwhile, the Tcho-Tchos, except for the priest, are helping the Daughter to the cavern of Atlach-Nacha to join her father. The priest travels to the quarry to resurrect the giant fossil spider to set against the investigators. The tribe also lies in ambush if they discover they are followed, to attack from the shadows of the trees. The investigators may wish to pursue the Tcho-Tchos but it is night-time and the Onge refuse to pursue them into the jungle.

Conclusion

Aside from clues and information regarding the approach of Azathoth and the murder of Philip Baxter, the investigators achieve SAN awards for breaking up this Tcho-Tcho colony — 2D6 points. If they somehow prevent Cynthia's metamorphosis and bring her back to civilization, she'll eventually respond to psychiatric treatment and recover her true identity. This brings an additional reward of 1D8 SAN.

A Dream: Ulthar And Beyond

*Wherein the investigators receive a substance of fascinating properties,
which leads them through the wall of sleep
to the land of dreams, to a dwarf, and to a god who poses solutions.*

Presumably the investigators have a little Dreamlands experience and, from reading Philip Baxter's dream-journal, understand that he, too, has discovered the place. Further clues in Philip Baxter's diary reveal that he had intended to visit the Dreamlands again on the night of his supposed death. The dreamers should be able to find their way to Ulthar, where there are further clues to Philip's fate.

If the keeper is unfamiliar with the **H.P. LOVECRAFT'S DREAMLANDS** box published by Chaosium, the nearby summary supplies the most important information necessary for play in the Dreamlands.

The City Of Ulthar

Any moderately-experienced dreamer should know of Ulthar. And any passerby can certainly direct novice dreamers to that pleasant city. Unless the dreamers are quite familiar with Ulthar, finding the library may take some time — the library is magical, and moves from time to time. To find it, the dreamer with the highest POW must attempt a POW x1 roll. If he succeeds, the library is found. Otherwise, roll 1D6 on the following table, and receive one of these encounters. Repeat this procedure until the library has been discovered.

Ulthar Encounters Table

1D6	result
1.	The Cats of Ulthar
2.	The Mayoral Procession
3.	A Merchant's Stall
4.	A Tavern
5.	The Father Ghost
6.	Philip Baxter

(1) *The Cats of Ulthar*: This roll indicates that the dreamers have chanced upon a huge mob of 2D100 cats of varying colors and types, sunning themselves atop a wall or other object.

(2) *The Procession of Burgomaster Kranon*: is preceded by the sound of trumpets in the distance and murmurs from the townspeople as they come rushing out of their homes and shops to see the parade. The first thing the dreamers see is a bright row of long brass horns, hung with banners of purple and gold. The trumpeters are followed by young girls who strew rose and chrysanthemum petals over the cobblestones while behind them stride four blue-robed priests, blessing the cheering people as they pass. After them march a row of armored men, their faces hidden by brightly-lacquered helms and each bearing a long, beflowered pike. These are the Burgomaster's honorary guard. Twelve smiling girls bear the Burgomaster's sedan chair upon their shoulders and, from his vantage point, wise Kranon waves to his people. The sedan is followed by more guards and then by a score of drummers who beat time for the whole procession.

Any dreamer who has met Matthew, Julian's ward, immediately and incongruously recognize that Kranon is Matthew. In the Dreamlands, his emotional and mental handicaps do not exist, and he is an intelligent and sensitive individual. Any dreamers wishing to speak with the Burgomaster must get past his doorman. Two consecutive Debate or Fast Talk rolls must succeed or the dreamers are turned away and may attempt to meet the Burgomaster again only in a later dream. Once they meet with and explain themselves to Kranon (mentioning Julian would be wise), he is quite willing to help them. He cannot leave Ulthar, but here the dreamers can explain the situation to Matthew, make plans with him, etc. After they return to the waking world, Matthew remembers their talk with him vaguely, as if in a dream. He's willing to help there, too, to the best of his ability.

(3) **A Merchant's Stall:** this is a small, portable stall set up by a small trader visiting Ulthar. The merchant stands and shows his wares from inside the stall and deals with his customers over a wooden shelf that folds up at night to seal the place from thieves. Several types of merchants are listed below — feel free to add others as you see fit. Purchasing items from one of these merchants requires payment in kind or in coin. Exact prices can vary tremendously, and are left up to you, the keeper, to determine.

(4) **Tavern:** all the taverns of Ulthar are small, dark, warm, and cozy. Most patrons are amiable, but not talkative. Tavern owners are generally helpful, always willing to aid travelers. Ulthar boasts four inns: Gordian's Knot, The Tilted Windmill, The White Whale, and The Noontide Cafe. Gordian's Knot is frequented by the lazy librarian, Nodar. He is easily spotted by his white robes (with "Librarian" printed on back and front) and is found asleep, his chair tilted back against the wall. If he is awakened, he'll be glad to lead the dreamers to the library. Once inside the library, Nodar introduces the dreamers to his co-worker, Tukor, and then wanders off to a shadowy part of the rotunda to quickly fall asleep in a chair.

(5) **Father Ghost:** he is sighted at a distance, passing through the crowd. Try as they will, the dreamers cannot catch up with him.

(6) **Philip Baxter:** he is seen some distance away, staring intently at the group with a questioning look upon his

Merchant Stall Types

1. **KNIFE GRINDER:** makes and sharpens knives of all kinds.

2. **CABBAGE SELLER:** this vegetable grows well around Ulthar and is a major export.

3. **SWORD DEALER:** several varieties of fine scimitars are for sale here.

4. **WINE SALESMAN:** imports wines from all over the Dreamlands — some good, some bad. He has one (1) bottle of moon-tree wine (very expensive).

5. **FRIED SOMETHINGS:** in a large, shallow pan of hot oil, small, oddly-shaped lumps (resembling small rodents or large beetles) are being quick-fried by a stout woman in a dirty, brown dress. If asked what the things are, she only laughs, shrug her shoulders, and offer to sell them to the dreamers, promising satisfaction. If a dreamer eats one, he finds them sweet and crunchy, in flavor vaguely resembling Baked Alaska.

6. **FRUIT SELLER:** he sells exotic fruits from all over the Dreamlands. The fruit sits in beds of fresh ice that never melt — even in the hottest sun. (The merchant is willing to sell his magic ice, too.)

face, as though he is not really sure of what he is seeing. If the dreamers approach Baxter, his head suddenly bloodily dissolves into mist, then his body vanishes, and he is not seen again.

The Dreamlands and Its Effects

Keepers unfamiliar with the DREAMLANDS package must understand that this summary is necessarily brief and fragmentary.

Normally the Dreamlands can be entered only by sleepers. If an investigator's SAN added to his Cthulhu Mythos adds up to 75 or more, then the investigator can be admitted. If not, then the investigator never enters, no matter how many attempts or helpful drugs.

An investigator who manages to enter the Dreamlands is referred to while there as a dreamer. In the adventures *Ulthar And Beyond*, and *The Eternal Quest*, the investigators are referred to in both fashions.

A successful dreamer enters the Dreamlands naked. He is given a robe, food, and a dagger if he so requests. The body clothed is the dream body of the investigator: his Earthly body remains asleep in bed.

While in the Dreamlands, a day passes for each hour spent asleep in the real world. But both time and space are elastic, as befits the state of dreams, and time/distance tables do not work here.

An investigator can lose SAN as in the waking world, but the loss of at least 20% (but not all) of his SAN in a single encounter causes a nightmare effect. All such effects are specified in the adventures.

Two new skills, Dreaming and Dream Lore, are defined in the DREAMLANDS. For the limited purposes of the two Dreamlands scenarios in *SPAWN OF AZATHOTH*, ignore the existence of those skills unless you have the DREAMLANDS materials.

Ordinarily, an investigator exits the Dreamlands by awaking in the waking world. It is impossible to will oneself awake. The time for exiting the Dreamlands is controlled by the keeper. The investigator's memories of the Dreamlands are hazy and confusing unless he receives a successful Idea roll upon waking — then dream experiences and discoveries are recalled clearly. Changes in SAN and Cthulhu Mythos are always retained.

The Dreamlands are frequently horrifying, but also whimsical, beautiful, and aesthetically satisfying. The settings are drawn from romantic, medieval, Renaissance, and Classical motifs. The darkly malevolent forces of the Mythos on Earth are much less firmly arrayed in the Dreamlands, which are frequently kindly and sunlit.

The Library At Ulthar

The Library at Ulthar is enchanted. It simultaneously exists at Ulthar, Thorabon, Hazuth-Kleg, and six other sites. Anyone entering the library from one city always re-enters that city upon departure. Hence one could not unwittingly (or even intentionally) travel from Ulthar to Hazuth-Kleg via the library, though one could meet a friend from a distant city by previous appointment. Its location is unstable even in the places it is known to exist, and it seems to move when no one is watching, so it must be hunted down. You cannot come across the enchanted library by accident — you must actively and diligently seek it.

This great circular stone building has existed for ages. Entering from the street, visitors pass through a short vaulted entrance hall to walk down a flight of nine broad steps to the floor of the central rotunda. This open dome is at least 200 feet across, and is studded with dozens of carved wooden tables and chairs, many occupied by intent readers from the nine cities served by the library. The room is illuminated by sunlight pouring in through wide windows overhead and the dreamers see several oil paintings, hung eight feet above the floor, completely circling the room. No bookshelves are visible, but like spokes of a wheel, a full 52 hallways radiate outward from the central room. These halls are lit by guttering lamps and slope downward steeply. In the center of the building sits a man in white robes, his desk littered with stacks of cards, reports, and loose files. The dreamers can look around the library all they like. So long as they do not cause a disturbance or try to steal books, the librarian (Tukor) ignores them.

If the dreamers examine the paintings, they find a variety of subject matter. Some are portraits of unknown men and women, while others are bizarre — panoramas of endless cemeteries; huge, twisted trees hung with countless skulls, human and otherwise; thunderous dinosaurs stalking ruined cities. One is a portrait of an older man, obviously a scientist or physician, painted in the grisly act of dissecting himself. In his right hand he holds a scalpel, while with his left he places a glass slide beneath the lens of an antique microscope. The wooden table beside him is covered with pieces of his own organs and the entire scene is splashed with blood. A metal bucket, on the floor below the painting, catches the occasional drops of blood that fall from the portrait.

Taking a moment to scan the room, the dreamers' attention is doubtless drawn to a figure seated at the other side of the rotunda, bent over a large, heavy, volume. He is dressed in clothing typical of the northeast Indians of North America, but his skin is remarkably pale and his long hair is snow-white (this is the Father Ghost). If any of the dreamers approach him, they find when they get within ten or fifteen feet of the Indian that he, without looking up, disappears in the blink of an eye. Looking around, the dreamers see him seated at another table, somewhere else in the room.

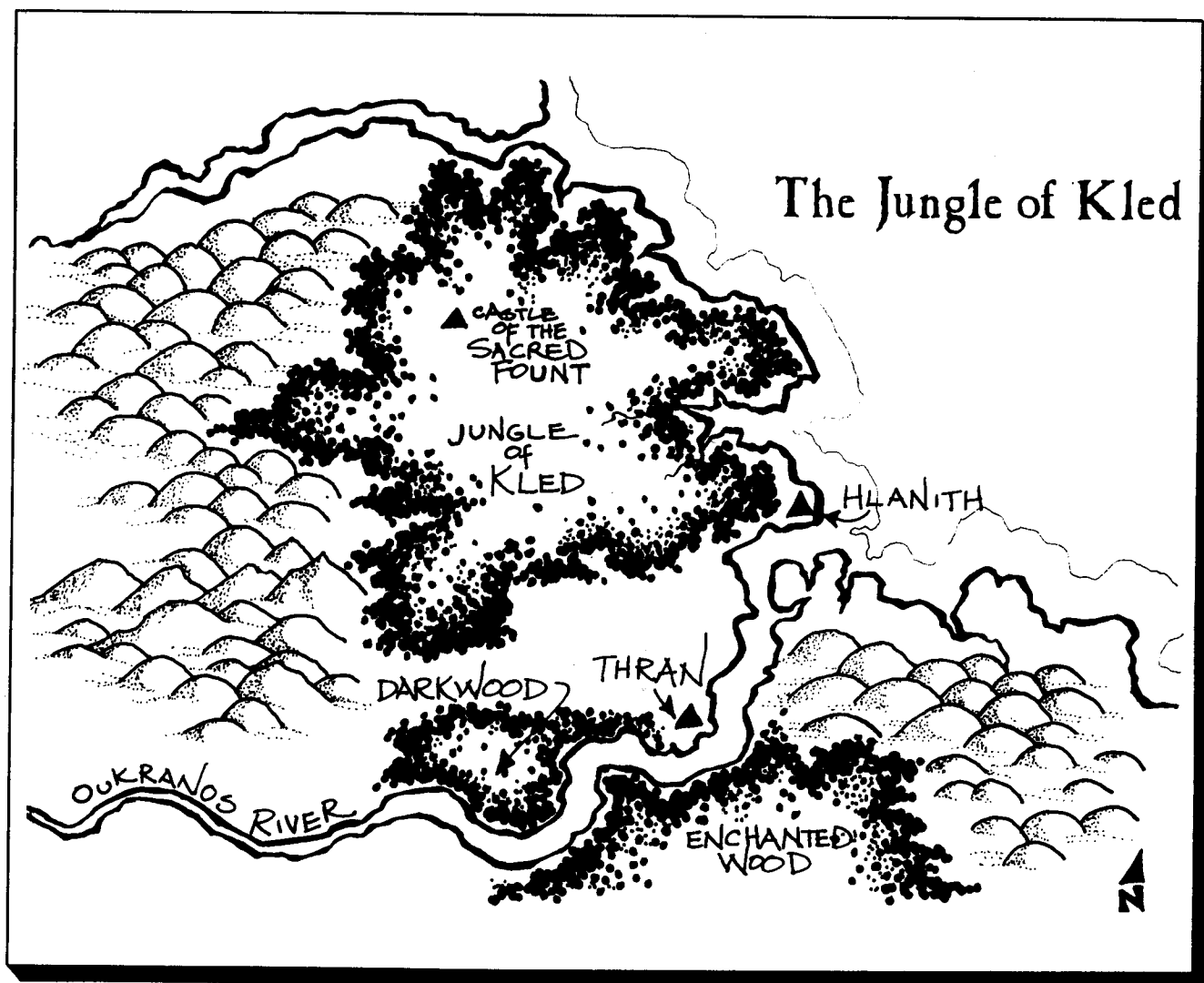
If the dreamers explore the halls that contain the books, they find them dark and narrow, the downward slope continuing onward as far as the eye can see. The halls themselves are seemingly endless and are connected with each other every 100 feet by circular hallways that run at near-right-angles to the bookshelves, giving the whole complex the form of a great underground spider-web. Individual hallways are marked by signs indicating the topic contained, but the order of the books on the shelves is meaningless except that the farther down a hallway one travels, the older the volumes. The oil lamps are only kept full and lit for the first hundred yards or so down each hall.

If a dreamer decides to explore a hall for a great distance, taking his own light, he finds that after several hundred yards, parchment scrolls and conventional books become interspersed with wooden, stone, clay, or metal plaques carved in cuneiform or painted carefully with hieroglyphs. A few hundred yards more, and even more bizarre methods of information-storing appear, formed from crystals, ghosts tamed and trained to repeat specific lore, huge bottles of sinister-looking liquids which must be drunk to obtain the intelligence they contain, and so forth. Books, scrolls, and stone tablets, however never cease, though the languages engraved, brushed, or printed on them become more alien as the dreamer heads outward. If the bold dreamer goes too far, he may see a serpent man or even less pleasant denizen of these outer fringes of the library, perusing one of the books for lethal lore.

To answer a specific question about the Dreamlands, a dreamer must rely on his Library Use skill. Sadly, because of the disorganized nature of the library, this skill takes much longer to be used properly — 1D3 full 8-hour days per search. The various aisles contain many topics — Geography, Philosophy, Grammar, Theology, Zoology, and so forth. As a general rule, no information or reference to the waking world is herein.

Tukor, by the way, is no magician. He was appointed by the city council of Thorabon to tend the library, and the other cities approve. He has an Ultharian assistant, Nodar. He has no idea where the library originated or how its magic is maintained. Through long experience, he can always find the library every morning, no matter where it has moved, and he knows where the most important books are located. He has at least a fair idea of the location of almost every book within a hundred yards of the rotunda.

Philip's dream-journal mentioned the *Cthaat Aquadingen*, and the dreamers may wish this particular book. Tukor's aid is needed to locate the volume. Once his help is asked, he rises from his desk, ready to guide the players to the shelf but then, remembering, sits back down. "Quite surprising," Tukor says. "You're the second visitor today to ask me for that book. I'm sorry, but it's presently in use. You must wait for that gentleman over there to finish with it." And he points



toward the pale Indian across the room. Tukor turns back to his paperwork. The Indian takes several hours to finish with the book and then he immediately stands up and walks down one of the halls, the large volume tucked under his arm. If the dreamers hurry to the spot where he disappeared down the hall, they get there soon enough to see him, some fifty feet away, replace the book on the shelf. He then turns down a convenient side aisle and disappears from sight. Rushing to the spot where they saw the Indian place the Cthaat Aquadingen, the dreamers can search as they like, but cannot locate the volume among the many other tomes stuffed onto the shelf. Even Tukor cannot find it. "Just like this morning," he grumbles. "I looked and looked until I finally gave up and asked Nodar to help me. I wonder where he's gotten to?"

If the players found Nodar in Gordian's Knot (an inn), and had him take them to the library, a few minutes search of the building turns him up, snoozing in a dark corner. If not, Tukor confides that his assistant often sneaks off to a local tavern, "Gordian's Knot," to waste

the entire day drinking and sleeping. Nodar seems to be the only one who can locate this book. If the dreamers really want to read it, they must find the tavern and Nodar. Tukor has no idea where Gordian's Knot is located — he lives in Thorabon, after all. Once Nodar is located, he'll accompany the dreamers back to the library where, in a sleep-befuddled daze, he walks directly to the appropriate shelf and, without hesitation, pulls down the *Cthaat Aquadingen*. Handing it over, he strolls back to the rotunda in search of a dark corner.

The Cthaat Aquadingen

This heavy volume is bound in soft, human, skin — still pliable, and always moist with perspiration welling from its pores. Simply handling the book is creepy. If the book's reader suffers from a nightmare effect, the book suddenly begins to wriggle in the dreamer's hands. With a lurch, it slips from his grasp and falls to the table with a wet, plopping, sound. It tries to crawl away from the reader, softly whimpering. If the reader manages to grab it before it gets away, and opens it up, it squeals and

splits open. No pages are visible within — only coils of intestines, pulsating internal organs, and rapidly pooling blood. That dreamer can never read the *Cthaat Aquadingen* again in the Dreamlands without this same effect. And if he ever encounters the work in the waking world, this memory will linger — while he tries to read the book, it will occasionally twitch in his hands, or he might hear a faint whining sound. Each time he consults it, he'll lose 0/1D3 SAN. The excerpt reprinted nearby is what the reader immediately gleans.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 43:

From the Cthaat Aquadingen

Deep within perfumed Kled, where life turns to death, He of the green-cloaked horrors, He who waits in the glade, He who turns and watches, He who sees and knows all, waits for the time of coming. The stars fall, the beast bred of stone rampages, and a time of great change comes. The Watcher in the Glade knows the time and place of the coming.

Also on this page are some marginal notes, penned in Chinese. These notes are those copied by Baxter (Francis Wilson's residence) and might be recognized by the dreamers if anyone receives a successful Idea roll. They were written here decades ago by a previous dreamer from China. The signature is Ling-Fu and the notes refer to information contained in another book, possessed by Atal at the Temple of the Elder Ones. (The copied quotation is contained in *Azathoth Papers* no. 34; a copy of the marginal notes appears nearby.)

AZATHOTH PAPERS 34:

Marginal Notes In Chinese

There must be more information regarding Ybb-Tstill. Propitiation must be made, but how? Perhaps this can be found in the Pnakotic manuscripts? I shall check the copy held at the Temple of the Elder Ones on my next journey. Lang-Fu, 1834.

The Temple of the Elder Ones

This is a modest circular tower covered with ivy. It sits atop the highest hill in Ulthar. The temple's high priest is the learned Atal. Although the temple contains many ancient records, only the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* and possibly the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan* should be of great interest to the dreamers. Gaining admittance to the records requires Atal's personal permission, which can only be obtained with a successful Debate. If they have thought to bring a bottle of moon-tree wine with them, they may add 50% to their chances of success.

If and when the investigators gain access to the hall of records, they can easily find and read *The Seven Cryptical*

Books of Hsan and the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*. The *Seven Books* have no immediately useful information and reading it proves to have been an unnecessary risk. However the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* contain an important tidbit about approaching the Watcher in the Glade.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 44:

Pnakotic Manuscripts Excerpt

Before journeying to the Place of Ybb-Tstill, the priests of the Ivory Blade must be prepared for the great mystic reversal their god can bring to those who face it. They meet at that great pool that fronts the palace. Thence, groveling on hand and knee, they approach their terrible god.

[This is followed by a marginal note in Chinese: "Look for the stone arch."]

Leaving Ulthar

The dreamers chance upon a pink-and-white carnival tent as they prepare to leave the town. The dreamers' attention is drawn by a strong voice that carries far. "Come one! Come all! Gaze upon the greatest wonder of the natural world." Heading toward the cryer, the dreamers see a straw-hatted fellow in a white suit. In clear tones he exhorts passersby to enter the tent set up behind him, while continually brandishing a bamboo cane.

"Step right up!" he invites. "For the nominal price of one thin dime, you can see the only captive specimen ... the only living example south of the Cerenarian Sea — none other than one of the colossal purple spiders from the distant north!" With his cane, he gestures toward the tent-flap. If the dreamers choose not to enter immediately, they may watch as a young couple approaches and, paying a fee, enter the tent while the barker holds the flap open. Seconds later, the dreamers hear the girl scream, rapidly followed by the sight of the frightened couple bursting from the tent. They are scared, but giggling, and soon disappear into the crowd.

Should the dreamers choose to enter the tent, they must have the price of admission. Though the barker actually calls for a "dime," he accepts almost anything of value — a fresh duck egg, a cheap ring, a scarf, etc. The barker allows a maximum of two people in the tent at one time.

Inside, the tent is dimly lit by several lanterns hung from support poles holding up the canvas. The interior is much larger than the outside dimensions would suggest. In the barred cage at the back of the tent, something bulky twitches. If the dreamers walk nearer, they discover that the barker did not lie. Crouched in the corner, an arachnid the size of an automobile, squats on multiple legs, swaying rhythmically from side to side. Its bruise-purple abdomen is sparsely covered by thick bristles and between its pedipalps it grips the dessicated body of a sheep. Seeing this thing costs 1/1D10 SAN. If a dreaming investigator suffers a nightmare effect (see the

summary box at the beginning of this scenario for an explanation), the spider drops its prey and scuttles toward the dreamer as the front of the cage dissolves and it attacks the dreamer.

If anyone tries to talk to the spider, it answers back in a thin, dry voice. It is fully intelligent, but its answers are not useful. If the dreamers question it or talk more than just a few seconds, it hisses and the barker comes running. He escorts the dreaming investigators outside quickly. If any of the dreamers offer him money to let them speak with the spider, he smiles wanly and says, "It's not up to me, you see." Just as they leave the tent, they can hear the spider's dry voice saying, "After all, I am the master here."

The barker is too busy, and too fearful of his loathsome master to converse extensively with the dreamers. If the dreamers ask him about the dwarf who once worked with him, he responds, "Yes, he was once here, but he quit some time ago. I think he was headed for Kled." If one of the dreamers disappeared while in the tent (eaten in a nightmare effect), the barker shrugs and says, "He paid his admission, no?" If the dreamers press him, he says, "Go on in, then. Look for him."

The Thing in the Cage (*Leng Spider*)

STR 30 CON 17 SIZ 33 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 20 Move 6

Weapons: Bite 35%, 1D6+3D6 + POT 17 poison
Web 55%, entangle (STR 17 web)

Armor/HP: 6/25.

Spells: none, for this scenario.

The Journey to Kled

The best way to get to the Jungle of Kled is overland, perhaps by elephant caravan. Within this jungle lies both the sleeping palace of ivory containing the sacred fount and the gate leading to the dismal world in which exists the rotting clearing of the Watcher in the Glade.

Several ivory palaces are laid within the Jungle of Kled. If the investigators ask in Hlanith, Ogrothan, or Thran about the mysterious ivory castles therein, and the investigators mention the pool, one of the grizzled mahouts tells them that they must be referring to the Palace of the Sacred Fount, one of the less-feared sites (though still avoided). He can give the dreamers exact directions to the palace, or they can hire him or another mahout to take them there, though no mahout will agree to draw too near to the palace.

As the dreamers near the Palace of the Sacred Fount, they begin to notice a lurking, strangely-musky odor pervading that part of the jungle wherein the sleeping palace lies. This odor is easily recognized as that noticed in the investigators' bedroom right after the appearance of Philip Baxter's ghost. The structure has been preserved through the ages against decay, but the building is devoid

of any furnishings and the floors are thick with dirt and leaves blown in by the wind.

The front hallway of the palace is an atrium — rain falls from the roof to collect into a rectangular pool in the center. At the far end of the pool, on a pedestal made of a single massive cube of porphyry, hunches the jade statue of an evil-looking hyena, its gaping jaws leering over the liquid. The water is dark and filthy from rotting leaves; a peculiar oily scum covers its surface. A faint bubbling from some unseen water supply ripples its surface. Despite its loathsome appearance, nothing lurks beneath the surface nor is the water itself dangerous. The pool is apparently bottomless.

Any investigator receiving a successful Listen roll hears a distant cackling, coming from a nearby stairway leading down beneath the palace. Following this stairway down through many flights of steps, the dreamers come to a long hallway lit by flickering torches. A hundred feet away, at the end of the stone hall, a heavy wooden door stands ajar. The chamber past it is lit by a ghastly moving phosphorescence and from this room the weird cackling emanates.

If the dreamers draw closer, they see a large iron key thrust into the door's lock. The cackling continues, and dreamers can now hear scuffling sounds. Should they peer within, they see the glowing, partially-headless figure of a man staggering mindlessly around the small cell whilst suffering a merciless shower of blows leveled by a cackling dwarf. The assailant is hunched and misshapen, and has a terrible, inhuman face. Its lips are drawn into a snarl baring a row of three-inch fangs. Its eyes are glowing pits of red, and it is nearly noseless, with only two ragged openings in the center of its face. The hopping, laughing, creature showers blows upon its hapless victim with a large human femur. Any dreamer witnessing this loses 0/1D6 SAN.

The dreamers can elicit no information from the phosphorescent body, whose head is missing great chunks of flesh and bone. They may choose to lock it in or take it with them, but even if the door is left open, the body cannot find its way out of the cell. This entity is the currently-mindless spirit of Philip Baxter. The dwarf, of course, refuses to give any information to the dreamers, no matter how it is threatened. If they lock him in the cell, he simply screams and gibbers through the door at them.

The Dwarf

STR 16 CON 30 SIZ 4 INT 15 POW 26
DEX 15 APP 1 EDU 8 SAN 0 HP 17

Weapons: Bite 90%, 1D10
Thigh Bone 90%, 1D8

Skills: Dodge 85%, Hide 75%, Jump 85%, Sneak 85%.

If accosted or threatened, the dwarf tries to escape up the stairs and into the jungle but first he tries to kill at least one of the unfortunate witnesses to his actions.

The Path to Yibb-Tstll

With even a modicum of searching, the dreamers can see that the jungle immediately behind the Palace of the Sacred Fount is altered — there the growth becomes stunted and twisted, tree trunks are bent at odd angles, and a general sense of disease pervades the growth. As the dreamers proceed, they begin to see alien foliage — quivering fungi, twisting weird ferns, etc. — interspersed among the vegetation natural to Earth's Dreamlands. Soon they come to a great stone arch in the middle of the jungle, surrounded by dead trees. If they peer through the arch, they see another, alien jungle, evidently on a far-off world. This arch is a gate between Earth's Dreamlands to the place wherein Yibb-Tstll dwells. It is a two-way gate.

Once the dreamers pass through, they are in the midst of the alien plant and animal life. Swollen insects swoop ominously from deadly-looking blooms. Flying horrors with veinous wings swoop high above the evil-looking flora. The sky is dark green and starless. Not far away, a vast clearing is visible, at least a mile across. Its soil is sere and black. If the dreamers have read the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, they should be prepared to meet Yibb-Tstll, and crawl slowly forward across the clearing on hands and knees, faces pointed toward the lifeless soil. If they have no idea of what lies in wait for them, they step right into Yibb-Tstll's loathly presence. Any dreamer's player immediately states that his investigators are throwing themselves to the ground may do so with individual successful Jump rolls. Any who hesitate, even for an instant, lose 1D6/1D20 SAN at the sight of the slowly turning monster god.

Yibb-Tstll communicates with the investigators telepathically, in a booming alien voice. Each of the petitioners may receive an attempt to roll his POW or less on 1D100. Failure means that that dreamer is ignored by the slowly rotating being. A roll of 96-00 indicates that Yibb-Tstll reaches out and touches that dreamer, causing one of its feared reversals. If Yibb-Tstll responds to a dreamer, its mastery of time and space is demonstrated by the fact that it answers the dreamer's questions before it is asked (if you, the keeper, know what your player plans to ask). Yibb-Tstll only discourses on subjects of Cthulhoid mythology and other topics of cosmic import. It may impart some knowledge of Nemesis. A single response is all that can be reasonably expected of a god, and the investigators may find that asking Yibb-Tstll to explain itself is dangerous — they should be thankful if they even survive this encounter.

A typical answer from Yibb-Tstll might go: "As the child of Azathoth marks his voyage across time so go the moments of man. The web is spun, but before completion, a ghost forces the weaver to consume his work. Thus the cycle must be completed before finally ended by a holy man and those who follow him." If the dreamers have already gathered enough clues by this time to have deduced some or all of this, you should provide

them with additional information or clarification of what they already know. The dreamers should definitely be rewarded for making it here.

Knowledgeable investigators may bring individuals with them to confront Yibb-Tstll, in hopes that the god's presence affects them. If the cackling dwarf, the dream-form of the Tcho-Tcho priest is brought here, Yibb-Tstll puts forth his hand to the face of the now-fearful dwarf, and effects the reversal — the Tcho-Tcho's form in the waking world now becomes that of the hideous dwarf, and his form in the Dreamlands alters to that of the slim hybrid Tcho-Tcho racial stock. If Philip's headless ghost or the ghouls' page (from *The Eternal Quest*) is brought, Yibb-Tstll only deigns to act if both are present at once — in which case it touches them both, and the two are combined into one. Philip Baxter is returned to normal existence in the Dreamlands. But when the investigators return to the waking world, they discover that Silas Patterson has gone mad — he now is no more than a gibbering imitation of Philip Baxter's personality. Theoretically, Patterson/Baxter might be psychoanalyzed back to sanity, but that would be a project requiring many years of effort.

Yibb-Tstll

Description: "...huge and black with writhing breasts and an anus within its forehead, a black-blooded thing whose brains feed upon its own wastes.... As he drew closer across the crumbling and scabby ground he saw that *The Thing* was turning, slowly turning about on feet hidden from his view by a great green cloak, a cloak that bulged and jerked and writhed as it fell from just beneath the — head? ...he screamed voicelessly as the blasphemous cloak billowed out more violently than ever, parting to permit the dreamer one mad glimpse beneath its green folds. There, about the pulsating black body of the Ancient One, hugely winged reptilian creatures without faces cluttered and clutched at a multitude of blackly writhing, pendulous breasts! ...those awful eyes — those red eyes that were not fixed in their places — the eyes that moved quickly, independently — sliding with vile viscosity over the whole rotten surface of Yibb-Tstll's pulpy, glistening head!"

The Horror At Oakdeene, by Brian Lumley.

Cult: None. Yibb-Tstll is contacted by sorcerors and madmen for the various effects it offers, not worship. Some classify Yibb-Tstll as an Elder God, because of its connection with nightgaunts.

Notes: Yibb-Tstll sees all space and time as it slowly rotates in the center of its jungle clearing. Beneath its billowing cloak are a multitude of nightgaunts, suckling and clutching at Yibb-Tstll's breasts.

The touch of Yibb-Tstll's "hand" causes the hideous reversal. The exact result depends on the status of the target, and must be adjudicated by the keeper. One common effect is the immediate and permanent loss of all SAN points. Another is quick death in fearful lunatic



Yibb-Tstll, With a Friend at Lunch.

convulsions. The reversal is generally disastrous to the target, but victims with a SAN of 0 occasionally regain their SAN to its original level and are healed of their former incapacity. Yibb-Tstll's reversal is usually mental, but can occasionally be physical (perhaps altering the victim's form into something horrible, or turning him inside-out), or spiritual (the effects of a spiritual transformation are left up to the keeper's imagination — gross personality defects are certain to appear, at the least).

Yibb-Tstll's blood, known as The Black by sorcerers, can be summoned and take action separately from the deity itself. The Black appears as soft dark flakes that adhere to the body of their chosen victim. First only a few appear, then more and more, till after 1D3 rounds the target is completely coated and begins to suffocate (use the CALL OF CTHULHU® Drowning rules on page 16 of the Investigators' Book). After a minute or two of suffocation, the victim's form can hardly be discerned in the great mass. As soon as the victim dies, the Black dissipates, taking his soul back with them to the body of Yibb-Tstll. Running water in quantity dispels the Black, so long as the victim's whole body is under the current. Simply tossing a bucket of water over the victim is ineffective.

Yibb-Tstll

STR 40 CON 48 SIZ 52 INT 60 POW 65
DEX 16 HP 50 Move none

Weapons: Touch 100%, reversal
Blood 100%, suffocation

Armor: Yibb-Tstll receives 12 points of protection from his cloak plus possesses the ability to regenerate 5 points of damage per round.

Spells: all Contact spells, plus Call Yibb-Tstll, Contact Yibb-Tstll, Summon the Black, and Summon Nightgaunt.

SAN: 1D6/1D20.

Conclusion

Discovering the spirit of Philip Baxter gains the dreamers 1D3 SAN. If at anytime the dreamers re-unite Philip's spirit with The Page from *The Eternal Quest*, they receive an additional 1D6 SAN.

If the dreamers were unable to translate the Chinese notes contained within the two Mythos volumes, a successful Idea roll performed by a dreamer who intently studied the Chinese permits him to remember them accurately enough to transcribe them in the waking world. This was the method employed by Philip Baxter to produce the copy now found in the home of Francis Wilson.

Many minor aspects of this dream have a bearing on the waking world. The following facts should be discerned by any competent investigator. If none of your players realize these facts, they can attempt Idea rolls for their investigators to do so.

- (1) Kranon of Ulthar is the dream-reflection of Matthew, Julian's ward and companion.
- (2) The albino Indian is the same as found in Montana and he may be entering the Dreamlands physically.
- (3) The painting of the man dissecting himself is Julian Baxter.
- (4) The dark dwarf is a reflection of the Tcho-Tcho priest of the Andaman Islands.
- (5) The headless, glowing body is that of Philip Baxter.

A Dream:

The Eternal Quest

*Though ghouls will be ghouls, three friendly ones come to the investigators
to enlist them in a rescue of a Very Important Princess.
Friendly investigators get more than ghoul gratitude.*

The investigators' first opportunity to experience this dream comes in the fourth week of the adventure, when a small package addressed to Philip Baxter arrives at his home. Angela opens it to find a small and filthy bottle, filled with a thick fluid. A friendly note written in a spidery hand (*Azathoth Papers* no. 36; a copy is repeated nearby) accompanies the package. If the investigators are by now friends of Angela, she tries to contact them about the package at her earliest opportunity. If Angela is dead and/or the house has been destroyed, Judge Braddock gains possession of the package.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 36:

Unsigned Letter to Philip Baxter

Dear Philipus,

As promised, I have contacted my Aunts in Providence and they have sent to me, by post, the strange bottle of fluid that I had told you about. It seems to be still well-sealed and little, if any, of the contents seem to have been evaporated over the time that it has been in my possession. LeGrasse assures me that the old woman from whom he obtained it has a reputation for curing sickness and disease with arcane treatments. Though I've not yet tried it myself, I assume it to be safe and if all LeGrasse has told me is true, it may well aid you in your dream research. Supposedly this potion is only effective if those who take it spend the night sleeping in a graveyard at least 100 years old. Some stuff, eh? Best of luck,

The potion was concocted in New Orleans by an old cajun woman. The bottle holds enough liquid for six doses. The investigators may wish to sacrifice one dose for chemical analysis. A successful analysis reveals water, a considerable amount of sediment (swamp mud),

considerable amounts of animal and vegetable protein (chicken blood and herbs), unidentifiable alkaloids (more herbs), and a high bacterial count, though none of the bacteria are particularly disease-causing. The fluid may be less appealing to drink now than before the tests. Any investigator who drinks this fluid soon begins to feel light-headed and quickly sinks into a deep sleep.

Entering

All the investigators who have chosen to take the potion find themselves being awakened by a furtive tugging on their shoulders. Opening their eyes they are startled by the leering faces of ghouls, their stinking breath smelling of death and decay. (Lose 0/1D6 SAN.) Non-dreaming companions have been grabbed from behind by the ghouls, and are invited to come along, too. The ghouls have actually come into the waking world, and are prepared to bring the investigators with them, physically entering the Dreamlands in the manner of ghouls.

"Hurry," meep the ghouls impatiently, as they shove and drag the investigators across the cemetery. "Little time remains." The investigators round a large mausoleum to enter a small plot of very old headstones. The grave beneath one headstone has been opened, and a terrific stench issues from the gaping hole and from the moist, freshly-turned soil that surrounds it. Peering into the grave, the investigators see a narrow, twisting tunnel leading out and away from the bottom of the hole. Rotten bits of wood and fabric are scattered about the floor of the grave.

If the dreamers do not take the ghoul's invitation to hop in, the ghouls take matters into their own hands, bodily thrusting the investigators down into the grave. If the investigators continue to resist, the ghouls glibber that time's a-wasting, and dawn comes all too soon. If the investigators continue to hesitate, the ghouls leap into the

grave and disappear into the gloomy tunnel. If the investigators are still indecisive, the walls of the grave begin to collapse inward, threatening to seal the tunnel. If the investigators do not take this final hint and hurry after the ghouls, the ground trembles and the grave collapses inward, sealing off the path. If the investigators do enter the tunnel, the twisting tunnel collapses behind them. No amount of digging can return the dreamers to the real world. They must find an alternative way out.

The Gang Of Ghouls

Although, like all ghouls, these are disgusting and foul-smelling, they try to treat the dreamers with respect, offering them the choicest pieces of food, and always asking the dreamers for their opinion on every decision made. Among themselves, they quarrel over the slightest issue and their constant bickering should grow tedious to the dreamers. Even worse is their treatment of their "page." The page awaits the group at the other end of the tunnel, in the fringes of the Dreamlands, and the ghouls continually subject this poor being to abuse, ordering him with kicks and blows and berating him with terrible insults. If the dreamers ask why the page is treated so terribly, the ghouls apologize but explain that such is the proper method to train a page.

GRATH: young and handsome by ghoul standards, Grath is the leader of the band and most often speaks with the dreamers. On his right arm he wears a small buckler and in his left hand he clutches a rusted shortsword. Once he had a riding zebra, but the ghouls grew hungry and devoured most of it some time ago. If the dreamers desire weapons, Grath willingly provides his, since he can fight perfectly well with tooth and claws.

Grath the Leader

STR 18 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 17 POW 15
DEX 15 HP 15 Move 9

Weapons: Sword 55%, 1D6+1+1D4

Claws 30%, 1D6+1D4

Teeth 30%, 1D6+1D4

Buckler 35%, parry only

Skills: Climb 85%, Hide 75%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Spot Hidden 55%, Sneak 85%.

MAIRPL: the largest of the trio, and considerably less talkative than Grath. Under his arm he carries a huge helm that he immediately dons at the first sign of danger (he wears it when he awakens the investigators). He also carries a gnarled wooden club to which is affixed an iron spike.

Mairpl the Big

STR 21 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 14 HP 17 Move 9

Weapons: Club 75%, 1D8+2+1D6

Claws 35%, 1D6+1D6

Teeth 35%, 1D6+1D6

Skills: Climb 85%, Hide 65%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Spot Hidden 50%, Sneak 85%.

UG: the worst and most degenerate of the three, this ghoul speaks no human language and spends most of his time on four legs. Ug tries to keep a small distance between himself and the dreamers, since he doesn't feel comfortable with humans. Occasionally, a dreamer might notice Ug squatting on his haunches and staring droolingly in the dreamer's direction. Once spotted, Ug quickly looks away, folds his paws, and stares off into the distance, pretending to be lost in thought. He poses no real threat to the dreamers and would never attack them without reason. However, Ug does like to fantasize. Ug possesses neither weapons nor clothes.

Ug the Hungry

STR 19 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 13 HP 14 Move 9

Weapons: Claw 55%, 1D6+1D4

Teeth 60%, 1D6+1D4

Skills: Climb 90%, Hide 75%, Jump 80%, Listen 75%, Spot Hidden 55%, Sneak 95%.

THE PAGE: this silent figure stands patiently at the far end of the tunnel when the ghouls and their now-dreaming companions emerge. Wrapped in a dirty brown cloak, The Page's face is hidden by a hood. His body is bent forward by the weight of an enormous tombstone chained to his back. The stone must weigh hundreds of pounds, and the silent, suffering Page staggers with every step. In addition to this, the ghouls expect The Page to perform dozens of menial tasks for them, and The Page is often the butt of vicious practical jokes.

If the dreamers attempt to communicate with The Page, that being does not reply. Dreamers who lift up the cowl to peek at The Page's face are surprised by the sight of Silas Patterson's face. However, his face is translucent, seemingly part immaterial, and he shows no signs of recognition. If any dreamer comes up with the bright idea of reading the tombstone's writing, he reads: "Philip A. Baxter, 1865-1925." The Page is, of course, the dream reflection of Silas Patterson, now suffering from the guilt brought upon him for his involvement in the death of his friend.

If the dreamers get The Page away from the ghouls by hook or by crook, they might take him to the Sleeping Palace where is kept the faceless, glowing figure that is Philip Baxter. If the page and Baxter are together presented before Yibb-Tstill, the Elder God touches them and brings about the reversal. The Page, with a horrible distant wailing sound, dissipates into a mist that swirls about the faceless figure. As the mist enters the glowing figure, it assumes the persona of Philip Baxter. Baxter is still dead, but this reassembled existence allows him to continue life in the Dreamlands. This action causes complete insanity in the real-world Silas Patterson, and there he assumes the habits, mannerisms, and memories of Philip Baxter to an insane degree.

Social Etiquette and Dining with Ghouls

Before too many hours have passed, Grath suggests to the dreamers that they all take a short break for nourishment. He assures the dreamers that he has brought enough provisions for the entire party. Squatting down, the ghouls begin to rummage through the stained sacks that they carry. Vaguely familiar cuts of raw meat, slightly tainted green, are drawn forth and offered to the dreamers along with bottles of sour wine. Any dreamer succeeding at a Know or Idea roll can tell the gruesome source of these edibles. Wise dreamers turn down this offer, but no other food seems to be available at the moment. Any dreamer crass enough to eat the ghouls' loathsome food loses 1/1D6 SAN each and every time he does so. Should he suffer a nightmare effect, the piece of flesh comes alive in his hands and attempts to squirm free. The ghouls like their food well-aged and, out of respect to the dreamers, offer the oldest pieces to them. The dreamers may notice (Spot Hidden) some fresher cuts in the bag (the remains of Grath's unfortunate zebra) and if they request this, the ghouls are more than happy to hand these over, leaving the older, tastier pieces for themselves.

A Journey to the Stony Desert

The tunnel from the waking world graveyard leads to the Underworld. Somewhere along the way, the dreamers, who have been physically transported to the Dreamlands, find that any objects they carry which could not normally exist in the Dreamlands have been converted to their medieval equivalent. Guns are replaced by scimitars or maces, flashlights by candles, etc. The process takes only a few seconds, and there is no SAN cost, though the transformation is certainly startling.

Once in the Underworld, the ghouls quickly find a tunnel leading upward through the center of a huge mountain. Striding up it takes three or four days of travel. Many other tunnels branch off the main path, and the dreamers are only prevented from being lost by their stalwart ghoulish guides. Fortunately, water is available, oozing down the rock walls. If the dreamers don't mind eating bloated fungi, pallid foot-long cave crickets, and eyeless carnivorous rats, food is also plentiful. Light, however, is nowhere, except for what the dreamers have brought. This tunnel connects to the Vaults of Zin by a roundabout route, and once or twice along their trek the dreamers might encounter ghouls or worse. Roll 1D4 on the nearby Underworld Encounters table three or four times during the dreamers' trek.

Underworld Encounters

1D4 result

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 1 | 1D4 ghouls |
| 2 | 1 Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua |
| 3 | 1D2 Serpent People |
| 4 | 1 Giant Cave Centipede |

Four Ghouls

Move 10; SAN cost 0/1D8

GHOST ONE

POW 13, Armor/Hit Points 3/23

Bite 30%, 1D10

Kick 40%, 1D6+2D6

GHOST TWO

POW 11, Armor/Hit Points 3/20

Bite 40%, 1D10

Kick 25%, 1D5+2D6

GHOST THREE

POW 10, Armor/Hit Points 3/18

Bite 45%, 1D10

Kick 25%, 1D6+2D6

GHOST FOUR

POW 13, Armor/Hit Points 3/19

Bite 45%, 1D10+1D6

Kick 10%, 1D6+3D6

Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua

Move 12, SAN cost 1/1D10

immune to all physical weapons; knows no spells

POW 7, Hit Points 21

Whip (x 1D3+1 attacks) 80%, 1D6

Tentacle (x 1D3 attacks) 54%, 2D6

Bite 27%, Special

Bludgeon 20%, 4D6

Two Serpent Folk

Move 8; SAN cost 0/1D6

SERPENT MAN ONE

POW 13, Armor/Hit Points 1/12

Bite 35%, 1D8+1D4 + poison POT 15

Sword 20%, 1D8+1+1D4

Spells: Contact Fungi from Yuggoth, Summon Dark Young, Summon Star Vampire.

SERPENT MAN TWO

POW 12, Armor/Hit Points 1/10

Bite 50%, 1D8 + poison POT 14

Sword 40%, 1D8+1

Spells: Call Shub-Niggurath, Contact Chthonian, Summon Star Vampire.

Giant Cave Centipede

Move 12; SAN cost 1/1D10

POW 6, Armor/Hit Points 8/30

Bite 60%, 2D6 + poison POT 10

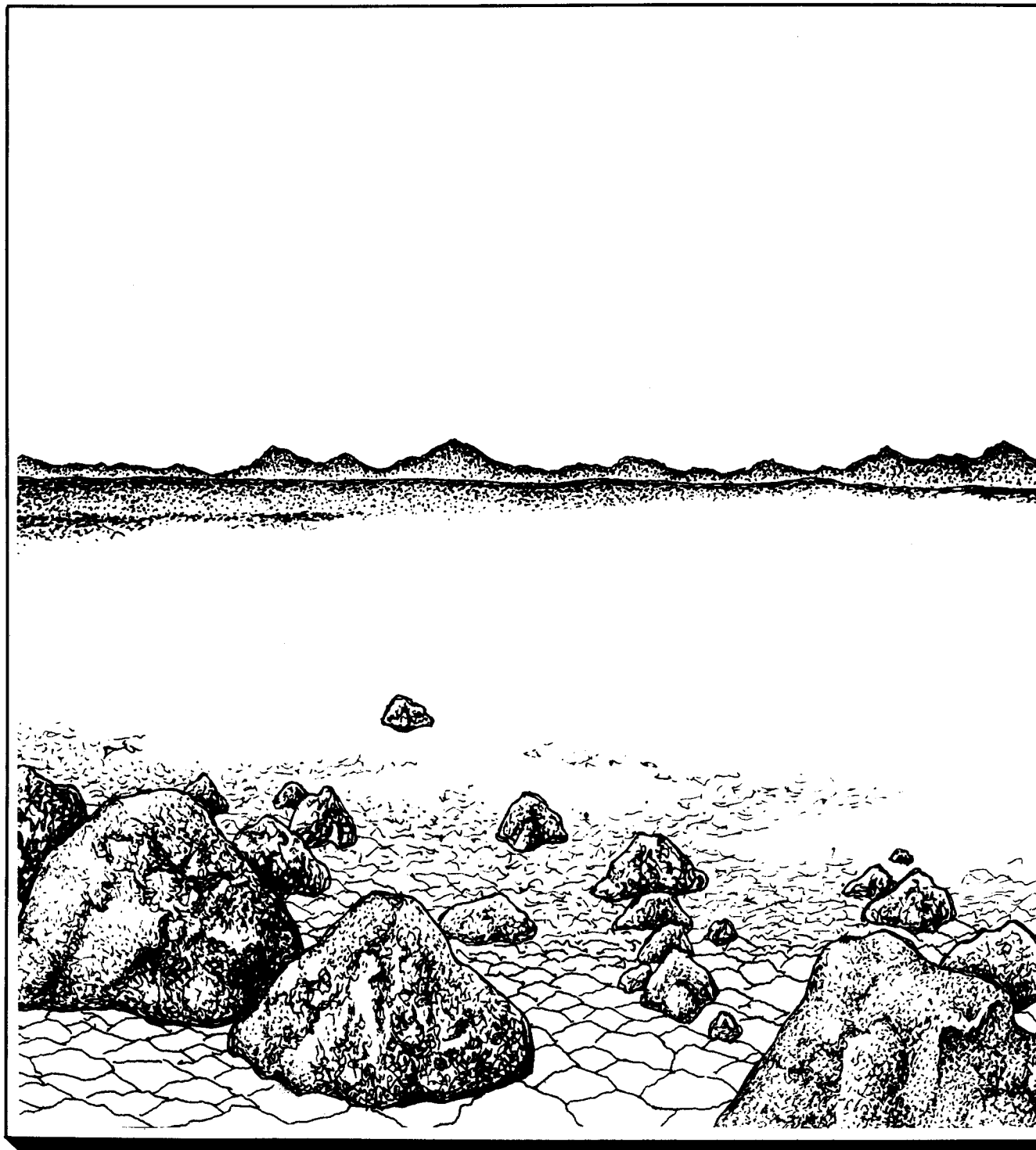
Eventually, the expedition reaches the Upper Dreamlands, at the western border of the Stony Desert. Grath claims that the journey eastward across the Stony Desert should only take a few days. When they can clearly see Mount Hatheg-Kla in the distance, they'll turn south and head

for it. There, on the sacred mountain is said to dwell a holy man who knows the fate of fair Horella. The desert is a bleak and barren waste, dull gray in color, and lit by a glaring sun. Huge slabs of shattered stone lie everywhere. No sign of life is visible.

The Walker of the Stony Desert

A few days' journey into the desert, the dreamers see, off in the distance, a man leading a horse. He is also

traveling the barren wastes, but in the opposite direction of the party. They will meet in approximately an hour. The ghouls have no idea who this fellow is. As the two parties draw nearer, it can be seen that the man must be of enormous size. He towers over his horse, which shows, if the horse is ordinary, that the man must stand at least 8 feet. Massively built, his weight exceeds 400 pounds and his all-black clothing topped by a wide-brimmed hat — also black — lends him a sinister appearance. His horse seems old and tired, and lags



behind the man, who patiently pulls it along with a rope halter.

The dreamers may decide that it is best to hide among the rocks while the strange pair passes and, if they do so, they are not molested. Even should they stand in the middle of the path, the man simply walks around them, without even a glance in their direction. The horse proves to be an elderly nag with a sway-back. Cataracts film both its eyes. If the dreamers hail the passer-by, he nods in acknowledgment, but does not slow his pace. If the

dreamers wish to speak with him, they must catch up and walk along beside him while they talk. The ghouls are terrified of the man, and won't approach nearer than 30 feet.

This being is a dream-form of Eibon the Hyperborean wizard who, like the spell he has cast to entrap Nemesis, is bound to travel back and forth across the Stony Desert. How many times he has done this, he does not know. A legend says that one day he shall find a pathway out of the Stony Desert. On that day, the horse shall become



The Walker of the Stony Desert.

healthy and full-sighted, and the man shall ride the horse rather than lead him. Whither, he knows not, for thenceforward the horse shall be master.

Any who converse with the Walker find his responses disconcerting at best. With considerable graciousness, Eibon responds to any questions about his journey across the desert, although he always answers in oblique, allusive terms. This graciousness extends (at the keeper's discretion) to questions concerning waking-world Cthulhu Mythos that pertains to Nemesis. If the dreamers waste his time by asking him questions about the Dreamlands, the ghouls' quest, Baxter's death, or other trivial matters, the man turns upon the ragged horse, draws a truncheon from his pocket, and proceeds to beat the animal savagely. The horse flinches and ducks, but keeps walking.

This encounter is an opportunity for the investigators to fill gaps in their knowledge regarding the plot of this campaign but the clues should not be giveaways. Eibon can tell them little pieces of his story, but let the investigators figure out the rest. He can specifically give the dreamers the following items of information:

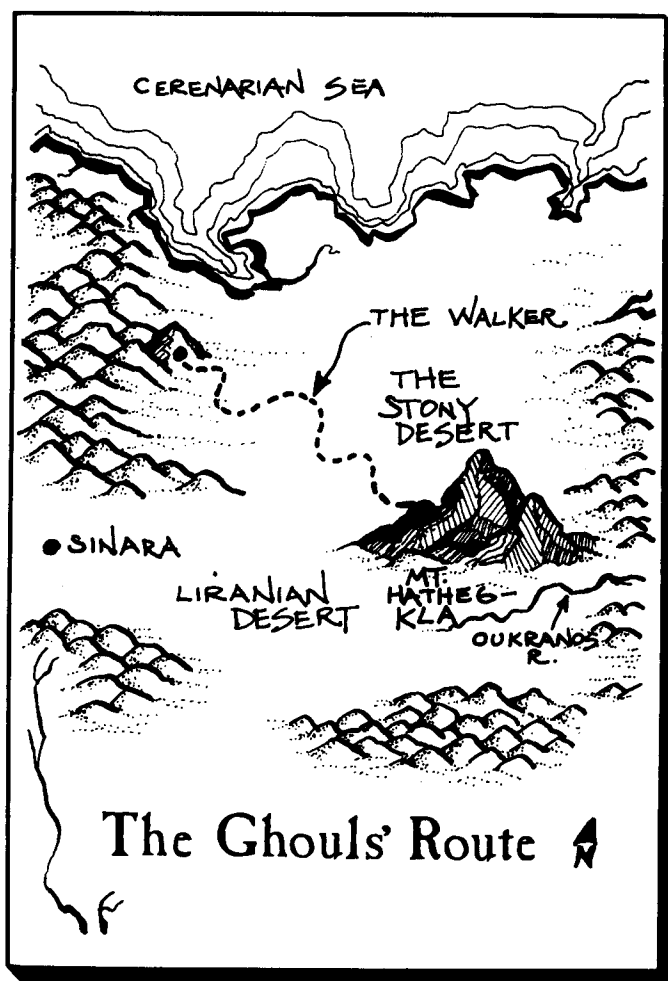
- If he is asked a question relating to Eibon's spell: "Once I knew Eibon was right. Now I know otherwise. Eternal stagnation is worse than eternal damnation."
- If he is asked a question relating to Nemesis: "The dark world rolls onward. Its spirit shall appear to mortal man soon, where the web of Eibon shall enthrall it, and doom all the Earth."
- If he is asked a question concerning the Ghost Father: "He is not a man any longer. He exists solely to foster the great web of Eibon."

If one of the dreamers mentions anything at all about the coming of Nemesis or Eibon's spell, the Walker looks intently at that dreamer and then speaks: "I have something for you. I know Eibon. I know Eibon very well. Nemesis must not be delayed." Whereupon he plucks a large, shining jewel out of the air and hands it to the surprised dreamer. This jewel glows with an internal flickering light. It is not of use until the climax of this campaign, when it can act to free Nemesis. The Walker merely says, "This is the mate to that of the monk. All brave souls shall know what to do."

Any dreamers foolish enough to attack the man find that any weapon which is used to assault him dissolves permanently into a flaccid, diseased-looking mass just as the dreamer tries to use it. This also happens to the dreamer's hand or foot if he tries to punch or kick the Walker. However, the dreamer's hand or foot returns to normal on his return to the waking world.

Hatheg-Kla

A day or two after their meeting with the Walker, the dreamers notice that the slabs of stone become more numerous. Grath has the group turn south, towards



Mount Hatheg-Kla, clearly visible looming overhead. As they approach, the dreamers may notice that many of the stones are now turned upright in the ground and some bear traces of ancient carving or engraving. Soon it becomes obvious that they are traveling through a titanic graveyard.

As the group draws closer to the towering peak they see, two thousand feet up the slope, a gaping cave mouth, flanked by two colossal statues. A thousand feet below grows what appears to be a large dead tree, its naked branches reaching toward the sky and perched upon by numerous large birds, more of which wheel and fly over the mountain in endless circles. The branches of the tree are hung with many white globes. From the desert floor it takes separate Spot Hidden rolls to identify the statues as those of apemen (sasquatch if the investigator has encountered these beings), the birds as byakhee, and the white globes as human skulls.

Mairpl assures the dreamers that this is the only path to the holy man and asks which dreamers wish to accompany him. It becomes clear that the other ghouls do not plan to climb the mountain themselves. However, at least one of the dreamers must climb up to talk with the holy man. Grath reminds the dreamers to ask the holy man where Horella is held.

The climb is not particularly difficult. The dreamer must succeed in a Climb roll to make it safely to the top. If he fails, he gets an immediate second chance at a Climb to grasp some hold to keep from falling. If this, too fails, he plummets to his doom. Sadly, Mairpl fails both rolls. The rest of the party sees his body plummeting toward them. They may try to dodge the falling body, but if they fail to state that they are ducking behind a rock or tombstone, each suffers 1D6 points of damage from bone shrapnel as their comrade hits the jagged rocks and splatters into a thousand pieces. Grath and Ug, after a short show of remorse, gather up a few of Mairpl's larger pieces and place them among their provisions. The descent is easier and requires no Climb rolls.

The Man on the Mountain

Near the skull tree, sitting on a heap of corpses plundered from the desert cemetery below, the man of the mountain sits, dressed in a yellow robe. He deftly hacks tidbits of bone and flesh from the pile beneath him and then flings the dripping gobbets above his head, as the circling byakhees quickly swoop down to snatch the morsels from the air.

The monsters perched in the great dead tree scream and chatter loudly at the intruders (the dreamers nearing the top of their climb), but the man atop the corpses pays them no mind. Witnessing this horrid scene costs 0/1D4 SAN.

From far below, Grath and Ug howl, urging the dreamer(s) to ask the man the whereabouts of Horella. The holy man does not look up when approached, but continues feeding the flying horrors above him. If he is hailed by a dreamer, he looks up and smiles warmly at the stranger. This man can answer any reasonable question about the Dreamlands, including informing the group of where the fair Horella is being held (the castle of Bombel, the giant, in the hills east of the Stony Desert).

The dreamer may choose to ask the man as many questions as desired, all of which are answered fairly and honestly. Knowledge comes with a price, however, for as soon as the question is asked, with a deft flick of his wrist, the man hurls his silver hatchet at the dreamer, which instantly slices off the dreamer's left hand. As the hand flies from the dreamer's wrist, one of the croaking beasts above zooms down and snaps it up. Simultaneously, the holy man politely answers the question and yanks the silver hatchet back to himself with the long silver chain attached to its haft. The chopped arm spurts no blood, and the pain vanishes in a moment or two. The dreamer suffers 1D6 damage and loses 1/1D3 SAN. The holy man is happy to answer questions so long as the dreamer wishes to ask, but for every question, he removes another appendage of the keeper's choice.

When the dreamer returns to the waking world, any missing parts are restored, though they are tender and sore. However, the next time the dreamer visits the

Dreamlands, he discovers that he is still maimed there! The injury must be restored by use of the Dreaming skill between visits, or the dreamer is permanently crippled in the Dreamlands.

Anyone choosing to attack the man is descended upon by dozens of byakhee who lift the offending character into the sky and rip him to shreds. The holy man never moves from the decaying pile of corpses.

Behind the man and the tree, the sheer face of Hatheg-Kla rises another thousand feet to the dark, mysterious portal. Carved into the face of the mountain is a flight of steps, each step less than a foot wide, that criss-crosses the face of the cliff at least fifty times on its way to the yawning cave above. The man of the mountain makes no effort to stop any climber. Though the byakhee swoop about the dreamer the whole time he climbs the stairs, they make no attempt to interfere. As he climbs nearer the opening a sound, like that of a gigantic infant crying, is audible echoing down the mountainside.

Child of a God

At the entrance to the cave, it is clear that the statues which guard the portal are at least 200 feet tall. From within the impenetrable gloom of the cave comes a soft sobbing, interspersed by occasional sucking noises. If the dreamer enters, his companions below see him step into the darkness and disappear from sight. A few seconds later, horrifying screams of agony echo from the cave, accompanied by sucking, popping sounds and a soft, cooing voice. The screams continue for over a minute before they are choked off by a gurgling, bubbling sound, followed by a huge spray of blood that splashes and trickles partway down the cliff. After this, silence reigns. No matter how long the dreamers wait, their companion does not return — he has been killed by whatever is being kept in the cave.

The Castle of Bombel

Now the team has learned that Horella is being held at the castle of Bombel, in the hills east of the Stony Desert. This trip is made with little difficulty. After a few days in the desert, the investigators reach dark, heavily-wooded hills wherein the castle is supposedly found. As they wander through the woods, they can attempt Listen rolls. Success allows the users to hear a low, muttering voice behind a copse. Carefully approaching, the dreamers come to the edge of a clearing, within which is the castle, a rude tower of stone only three stories high, with a single window at the top and a wooden door at the bottom. This door is obviously far too small for the huge Gug that sits nearby on a boulder, chin in all four hands and his eyes staring gloomily off into the distances on either side of his head.

Because of his bulbous side-mounted eyes, Bombel cannot be snuck up on. At the first sign of the party, Bombel leaps up from his boulder and charges. Dreamers

need SAN rolls, but the ghouls do not. Shortly after battle is joined, Horella appears at the tower window. From this vantage, the scaly ghoulish princess hurls the most loathsome imaginable insults plus a number of large stones (pried from the floor of her cell) at the back of the head of the battling Gug. The ghouls are cheered by the sight of their princess and fight the more valiantly, but anyone succeeding in a Listen roll realizes that, though Horella is certainly insulting the Gug, she is exhorting him to destroy her would-be rescuers. The rocks she flings so accurately cause only 1D8 points of damage (no more than a bruise to the Gug), but the dreamers can see that Bombel's skull bears a number of older bruises.

Bombel

STR 48 CON 31 SIZ 59 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 12 Move 10 HP 45 Armor 8

Weapons: Bite 65%, 1D10+4D6
Four Claw(s) 45% each, 4D6

The dreamers, assisted by the ghouls, should eventually overcome the Gug (though there may be casualties). At this time, Horella immediately begins to direct her insults and her rocks at her victorious rescuers. Her Throw skill is 75%.

Drawing a length of heavy chain from his sack, Grath (or whatever ghoulish survives) hollers: "To the rescue!" and charges the tower door. Flinging it open, the ghouls mount the interior stairs, scrambling to the top of the tower. During this climb, Horella has time to hurl three more rocks before the party reaches the head of the stairs. There, Horella's deliverers throw themselves atop her and attempt to Grapple. Though she fights tooth and nail, the ghouls, with the aid of their chain, eventually subdue her without serious injury. Dragging her bumping down the stairs, the ghouls meet with the dreamers one last time and inform them that they must part. They thank the heroes for all they have done.

If the dreamers check out the tower interior, they find that it is just as rough within as without. If the dreamers climb the stairs to Horella's former room, they find the walls decorated with universally comprehensible dream-symbols. The walls tell a story which the dreamers can read without difficulty, except where portions of the text were damaged by the removal of the stones thrown by Horella. A translation is found nearby.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 45:

Translation of the Dream-Symbols

Father who dwells at the center of ... in darkness,
His sons that mark the growth and pace of the
spheres ... that spin and turn in darkness; He, the
millennial spirit of the desert, who must ... marking
and remarking his path until....

At this point, if the dreamers eloquently ask the ghouls (with a successful Oratory), the ghouls give them The Page as a gift.

Leaving the Dreamlands

The investigators must find their own route out of the Dreamlands. Their most obvious course, and the one that the ghouls suggest, is to retrace their tracks. Your players might be pardoned for not being enthusiastic at the idea. Experienced investigators will know that they leave the Dreamlands by waking up.

Inexperienced investigators may take the ghouls' suggestion, or the ghouls can alternately scratch their heads and guess that, from their present location in the hills, traveling directly east would lead the investigators to the Jungle of Kled, where they might be able to find an elephant caravan. Or the vegetable-eaters could travel south, towards the Oukranos River, the Enchanted Wood, and Ulthar. No matter how the investigators try to leave the Dreamlands, when they awake they find themselves in the graveyard, climbing up out of the same open grave they crawled in through. No trace of the ghouls' tunnel remains.

If at all possible, one of the dreamers should have been given Eibon's strange jewel. He finds that it retains its existence in the waking world, though not in appearance as spectacular as it was in the Dreamlands — here, it is a dull brown rock. Any objects they took into the Dreamlands which were altered by the entry do not change back — pistols remain scimitars, flashlights remain as candles, etc.

The following facts could be discerned by competent investigators. If none of your players realize these facts, they can attempt Idea rolls for their investigators to do so.

- (1) The page is the reflection of Silas Patterson suffering from the knowledge that he has killed his friend.
- (2) The Walker in the Stony Desert is the dream-form of Eibon wandering aimlessly back and forth across the desert waiting his release through the failure of his ancient spell.
- (3) The jewel which the Walker gives the investigators is the Dreamlands version of the jewel in Vasiliy's crucifix.
- (4) The holy man of the mountain is the reflection of a man in Tibet that the party probably has yet to meet. He is an undertaker and while he will help the party in their quest, he extracts a high price for his aid.
- (5) The giant anthropoid guardian statues are of sasquatch.
- (6) The child-thing in the cave is the dream reflection of the seed of Azathoth that resides in a hidden cave in Montana.

The Spawn Of Azathoth

*Wherein a telegram galvanizes the investigators
and lures them to far Tibet on a mission of ultimate importance,
which proves (as one might suspect) to be not without difficulties.*

This adventure is the climax of the campaign. It begins when the investigators receive a telegram from Francis Wilson, asking them to meet Huntley, a contact of his, in Darjeeling, India. The telegram appears below (*Azathoth Papers* no. 35).

AM AWARE OF YOUR ACTIVITIES RE AZATHOTH STOP
HAVE INFORMATION OF GREAT VALUE STOP NEED
HELP STOP LEAVE IMMEDIATELY FOR DARJEELING
INDIA STOP MEET COLONEL HUGH HUNTLEY OF
BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE STOP HAVE FAITH STOP
FRANCIS WILSON

If the investigators are in the Andaman Islands at this time, they can sail to Calcutta and thence take the train 200 miles north to Darjeeling. If the investigators are elsewhere, they must plan their own route.

Darjeeling

Huntley provides the investigators with British documents which permit the investigators travel in Tibet. Wilson is at the British legation in Lhasa, Tibet's capital. Lhasa is over 400 miles from Darjeeling, and the only available mode of travel is by foot or animalback. The route is heavily trafficked by pilgrims, traders, smugglers, and spies. The journey takes weeks, and is alternately terrifying, boring, fascinating, cold, and misery-making. The time spent offers keepers excellent chances to develop side adventures, take advantage of player suggestions for their investigators, and generally finish off loose ends in the campaign.

Arrival At Lhasa

Sooner or later, the investigators arrive at the mysterious temple city. The British Legation (established in 1921) is on Lhasa's outskirts, and the investigators come to it before entering the city proper. From here the investigators can view sprawling, squat Lhasa; none of the buildings, with the exception of the Potala (residence of the Dalai Lama), are permitted to have more than two stories. The Potala itself is a bulky stone structure. It is far from beautiful, but its size and vantage point make it imposing.

At the British Legation, the investigators are quickly shown to Dr. Wilson's quarters. Francis Wilson is thinner and more haggard than he appeared at Baxter's funeral. He is a master of Oriental languages, a friend of Philip Baxter's, and a member of the Tuesday Night Academy. Like the investigators, he has been on the trail of Nemesis since the funeral.

Francis Wilson

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 19 SAN 54 HP 12

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Astronomy 20%, Climb 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 26%, Hide 25%, History 35%, Jump 30%, Library Use 65%, Linguist 65%, Occult 12%, Sneak 20%.

Languages: Burmese 40%, Japanese 55%, Korean 50%, Mandarin 85%, Russian 70%, Siamese 50%, Tibetan 75%.

After piecing together bits of evidence, Wilson illegally entered the Soviet Union and managed to steal parts of Rasputin's journal. He then fled, and made his way into Tibet via Mongolia. He has translated relevant portions of Rasputin's journal for the investigators (*Azathoth Papers* no. 37; a copy is repeated nearby).

AZATHOTH PAPERS 37:

From Rasputin's Diary

DECEMBER 2, 1916: I write and leave behind me this note in Petrograd. I shall leave life before the new year, my task unfinished. I was visited last night in a vision by the strange pale savage, who acknowledged my power and did not mock me. Eibon's savage is very wise and he showed me many things to come. I saw also my own death although the details were unclear. I have warned the Tsarina, and have sent her my crucifix set with the sacred stone given me by Zekai.

Wilson believes that Eibon's plan must be thwarted, that man should go forward, not end in mindless stagnation. He thinks that the next Seed fall will be in Tibet, about 300 miles north of Lhasa. The Father Ghost will surely be drawn there, as he has been to all the other falls. Wilson plans to travel there with a certain Lha-bzang — a native Tibetan. Lha-bzang was trained in a secret mystic religion in his childhood. The monastery in which the boy was raised stood quite near the estimated site of the Seed's arrival, and the cult survived for centuries before its suppression by the Tibetan government in 1911, due to unimportant Chinese connections. Wilson tells the investigators that Lha-bzang is a *domden*, a Tibetan mortician.

A successful Anthropology roll tells the user that Tibetan funeral rites involve the corpse being hacked to bits by the axe-wielding domden and then fed to the ravens or vultures that roost in the mountains where these services are performed. This ceremony is conducted with utmost reverence and is accompanied by the drum-beat of a second domden.

Lha-bzang

STR 11 CON 8 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 6 APP 7 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 9

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Bargain 55%, Climb 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 16%, Jump 05%, Speak English 45%.

When Lha-bzang was a young boy, his parents were killed by bandits. The child was taken to the Nen-mka (Tibetan for "sky") monastery, which was known to purchase slaves. Eventually, Lha-bzang was initiated into the Nen-mka rites, whereupon he realized that the Nen-mka Way was not Buddhist and, at the first opportunity, fled.

In 1911, the Dalai Lama expelled all Chinese from Tibetan territory. Several of the staff at the Nen-mka monastery were immigrant Chinese, and Tibetan soldiers forcibly broke up the institution, expelled the Chinese, and killed many Nen-mka monks. The mysterious Nen-mka temple was actually dedicated to He Who Is Not To Be Named. Lha-bzang plans to bring the expedition to the ruined temple site. He still remembers the ceremonies taught him by the Nen-mka monks, and he intends to use

this power to learn for the group, and himself, the truth of the Seed fall and the approach of Nemesis.

Lha-bzang sees no conflict in the fact that he has sold the investigators out to a Soviet agent, Ivan Ivanovich Dorkyev, who has been skulking about the country ever since Wilson slipped through his grasp in Mongolia. Lha-bzang has arranged for the spy to meet them at the temple site. The agent has agreed to take no action till Lha-bzang has performed his oracle. Dorkyev then intends to capture Wilson and murder the investigators. Lha-bzang has been paid well.

Despite his mystical training and understanding, Lha-bzang has not grasped the significance of Wilson's trip. Perhaps early devotion to Hastur irrevocably dulled his sensibilities.

The Ruins

Lha-bzang leads the expedition 300 miles north through a tangle of steep mountain passes, brackish lakes, and arid valleys. Along the way they encounter yak-herders, small mountain monasteries, mountain farms, and footprints of the Abominable Snowman. Again, keepers may wish to add special encounters to liven up or characterize the trek.

About two weeks into the trip, the expedition, while camped for the night, experiences a minor earth tremor which shakes everyone awake. A week later, the expedition comes to the ruined foundations of the Nen-mka temple, sitting on the slopes of a mountain.

Windswept and covered by a light coating of snow, all that remains of the monastery is a tiled floor, some low walls, and the cylindrical fragments of once-enormous columns, now toppled and scattered. Above this site, on a small plateau, are several huge upright menhirs (the Russian spy, Dorkyev, is camped among these). A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll tells the user that such menhirs were used for the summoning of Hastur. Evidence of recent earthquake activity is obvious on a Geology roll.

After puttering among the ruins for a while, Lha-bzang locates what was once a circular chamber, 15 feet across. He begins to clear this area of debris and invites willing investigators to assist him. The job takes an hour or two, and exposes a surface of inlaid stone covered with obscure symbols. Using this symbol-floor and Wilson's relic, Lha-bzang intends to divine the cosmic mystery that awaits.

The Ceremony

Just as the sun sets, Lha-bzang instructs the expedition members to sit around the cold stone floor's perimeter. He stands due north and withdraws, from a belt-pouch, a long clay pipe and a gray, tarry substance wrapped in rice paper. Warming the sticky ball with a match, Lha-bzang places a fragment of it in the pipe's bowl, and ignites it with a second match. He draws deeply on the pipe, then passes it to the investigator on his left. The pipe travels



around the circle in this manner until it returns to Lha-bzang, who taps out the ash and returns the pipe in his pouch. He then begins a droning wail.

Lha-bzang's wailing lasts about a half-hour, though it feels like an eternity. When it ends, Lha-bzang nods and Wilson rises from his spot on the floor. Carrying the small wooden box before him, he walks to the center of the room, kneels down, places the box on the floor, and withdraws what appears to be a freshly-severed human hand. Although no blood flows, the hand's flesh appears firm and healthy. After this, Wilson takes out a knife and cuts deeply into the palm of his own hand, which bleeds profusely. He smears the blood over the severed hand, then binds up his wound with a handkerchief and hands the knife to the nearest investigator, indicating that he should do likewise. If any investigator is too cowardly to cut his own hand, Lha-bzang signals to that investigator to back out of the prayer circle.

Once everyone present has bled on the severed hand, it suddenly twitches, flexing itself, and then turns towards Lha-bzang. Witnessing this costs all viewers 0/1D4 SAN.

Then Wilson speaks, "Where will Eibon's deputy appear?" The hand then begins suddenly crawling towards a random investigator. Before reaching the investigator, however, the hand halts atop one of the mysterious symbols set into the floor and taps its middle finger. Lha-bzang looks at Wilson and says, "That symbol, interpreted, indicates northeast, a few miles." Wilson then asks, "When will Eibon's deputy appear?" The hand crawls to another symbol and taps. Lha-bzang states, "That symbol, interpreted, indicates tomorrow."

The investigators are then invited to question the oracle. Each question costs 7 magic points and 1D4 SAN. At each question, the hand crawls to the proper symbol, which can only be interpreted by Lha-bzang. He does his best to read the answers accurately and honestly conveys the information to the questioner. All answers are but a single word in length, and there are only 171 symbols in the floor, so the oracle cannot be effusive. The oracle can only answer questions which are both of cosmic mystical importance and which relate to the Earth. If an inappropriate question is asked (such as "How will I die?"

or "To where have the Deep Ones kidnaped Alex?"), the hand crawls to the symbol for *Void*, which means that the query has no meaning. The magic points and SAN are still spent.

The investigators may ask any questions they wish, but at the end of the ceremony they should be aware that something terribly destructive is about to happen. It will occur at noon on the following day, in a valley ten miles off. If the investigators fail to obtain this critical information, Wilson and Lha-bzang shall learn it.

Ivan Ivanovich Dorkyev

Hidden on the mountainside, unknown to all save Lha-bzang, lurks the Soviet agent Dorkyev. This man doggedly began pursuing Professor Wilson in Leningrad, following him all the way into Tibet. Dorkyev is over six feet tall and dressed in the tattered robes of a yak-herder. Beneath these robes he wears two pistols, a sheath knife, and a bandolier of bullets.

Ivan Dorkyev, OGPU Agent

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 65 HP 16

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3+1D4

Grapple 85%, special

9mm Automatic Pistol (Dorkyev has two) 85%, 1D10

Long Knife 65%, 1D4+2+1D4

Skills: Camouflage 65%, Climb 70%, Debate 45%, Dodge 55%, English 25%, Hide 65%, Jump 55%, Kazakh 35%, Listen 45%, Oratory 45%, Psychology 25%, Russian 75%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 65%, Tibetan 45%, Throw 55%, Track 30%.

Dorkyev arrived at the old Nen-mka monastery a day earlier, by way of a slightly different route, and built himself a small campsite up the mountain. He plans to capture Wilson after sunrise, when the group has finished their ceremony. He'll wait amidst the rocks, watching, until the first rays of dawn. Then, he'll slip quietly down the mountain and apprehend his quarry.

If any investigators have chosen not to attend the ceremony, or have left early, they are probably waiting nearby. If they are awake, Dorkyev will try to Sneak up on them. If he succeeds, he'll try to take them alive, brandishing his weapons to awe them into submission, then handcuff and gag them (he's brought cuffs and gags aplenty). If Dorkyev fails his Sneak, any awake investigators not involved in the ceremony hear sliding rocks on the slope above them. It is still dark, and Dorkyev can avoid being spotted on a Hide. If the investigators seek out the source of the noise, the Russian tries to ambush them. Otherwise, he waits a few minutes, then continues as planned.

Ending The Ceremony

Dorkyev waits till the ceremony is well under way before he attempts to subdue any investigators outside the circle. Once he has accomplished this, he waits until the ceremony has just ended, then steps into the center of the floor.

The investigators engaged in the ceremony are no doubt shocked by the sudden appearance of the shaggy-

looking man brandishing two pistols and commanding them, in heavily-accented English, to stand up and put their hands over their heads. He has the drop on them and will try to keep this advantage by instantly shooting down any investigator making any sudden or suspicious moves. He orders Lha-bzang to tie the investigators' hands behind their backs, demands of the investigators all items pertaining to the notorious criminal, Rasputin, and strips them of all and any counter-revolutionary documents, books, or personal items.

Dorkyev plans to take Wilson back to the Soviet Union. Wilson, in a good cause, has nonetheless broken dozens of Soviet laws, and Dorkyev has no knowledge or understanding of the Seed fall to come, of Azathoth, or of any supra-Marxist reality.

The OGPU agent has no use for prisoners other than Wilson. The keeper may decide his personality. Perhaps Dorkyev is a decent man, and will leave the investigators to free themselves. Perhaps the most expedient thing is to execute them on the spot. His personal honor would never allow him to kill Lha-bzang. If you wish, the investigators might be allowed to try to talk Dorkyev out of murdering them. Failing this, the cruel conclusion to this scene is to have the Soviet securityman assassinate the investigators, one by one, shooting each in the back of the head.

If Dorkyev allows the investigators to live, it is with the promise that they return to Lhasa the next day. Dorkyev does not believe their story and imagines (from what he knows of Lha-bzang) that they have come here to perform some superstitious and perverse ritual, and to which he thinks religionists are only too prone. He plans to leave the next morning via the valley in which the Fall will occur.

If he lets them live, he kindly lets the investigators sleep nearby, in the smoke of the yak-dung fire, so that they do not freeze.

By the morning, Wilson has managed to communicate to the investigators that they must proceed to the valley and attempt to subdue the Father Ghost.

Valley of the Seed

The morning is bright and sunny. It takes less than three hours of fairly easy downhill walking to reach this place. The Father Ghost will arrive in the valley not long before Dorkyev (and the trailing investigators, presumably). The Father Ghost plans merely to find and destroy the new Seed when it falls.

The conclusion of **SPAWN OF AZATHOTH** can be customized by you to suit the style and mood of your campaign. The severity of failure by your investigators can range from minor injury to their utter destruction to the complete freezing of the local time-space continuum.

Allow the investigators to Sneak up on or otherwise get close to Dorkyev, Lha-bzang, and the prisoner Wilson, so that you need deal with one group only.

Before them sits the bolt-upright form of the Father Ghost, the albino Indian, who is totally absorbed in silent

gesticulations directed towards the sky. Even Dorkyev's mouth falls open as he looks upward through the clear air. A gigantic halo is forming in the sky, like that which sometimes appears around the sun or the moon, but this halo surrounds nothing visible — yet. Within it, the light is flat and oily, and its color melts through various shades of yellow and green as though a great liquid prism has been imbedded in the sky.

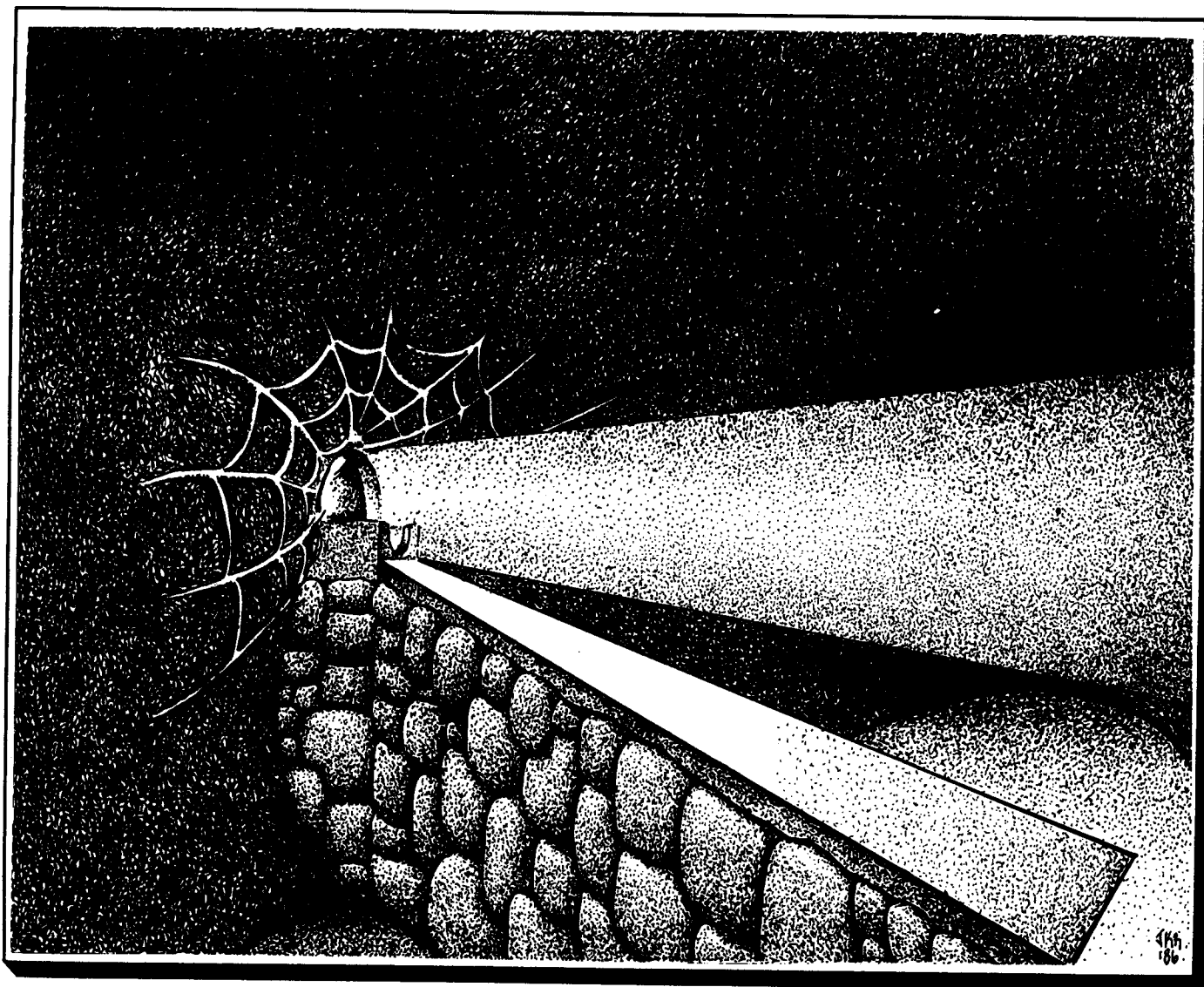
Dorkyev is thunder-struck. He and Wilson exchanged frenzied comments in Russian. Lha-bzang vomits briefly, then panics and stumbles away — in the wrong direction, as we shall see. Suddenly all present in the valley feel every hair on their bodies stand on end as the halo in the sky darkens and takes on a dull gun-metal hue. The slight wind suddenly disappears. It becomes so quiet that each investigator can hear the beat of his own heart.

A realist to the end, Dorkyev swears desperately and hurriedly frees Wilson. It is safe for the investigators to talk to Wilson. If they hang back, justifiably made uneasy by Dorkyev's twin 9mm pistols, have Dorkyev and Wilson wave them forward. As the entire sky darkens,

waves of fear and panic grip even the sternest investigator. Everyone loses 0/1D4 SAN.

There is time to do what Rasputin once accomplished. If the investigators have the jewel which the Walker in the Stony Desert gave them, or if they have the crucifix of Rasputin (which Vasiliy carried with him to the Montana observatory), they can now touch it to Father Ghost and subdue that entity without struggle. If Father Ghost were not in his Claiming Trance, he could avoid either stone instinctively. Once the stone touches him, his motions stop, and he sits as if frozen.

Within seconds the investigators hear, high above them, a quiet sizzling that grows in intensity and volume until a shriek and a thunderous blast knocks everyone off their feet, costing each investigator 1D3 hit points damage. The blast and the hideous scream which preceded it cause everyone receiving a failing CON x3 on D100 to suffer a permanent hearing loss of 15 percentiles, subtracted directly from their Listen skills. (This also means that their Listens can never increase above 85%.) The ground buckles and heaves, and a second tremendous



The Light from Nemesis.

explosion occurs. Everyone senses that a blinding light has ripped across the sky and buried itself in the valley. Groggily getting to their feet, the investigators can make out — through the smoke and dust and a strong scent of ozone — a 20-foot-high crater where none had been.

Anyone receiving a successful Idea roll understands that the crater, 150 yards distant, is quite near to where Lha-bzang was running. Inspection shows this is the case: the pulverized corpse of the treacherous domden lays not 40 feet from the crater mound.

The Sacrifice

"Quickly!" Wilson shouts. "We must physically place the Father Ghost on the Seed!" This is as much of the procedure as Wilson was able to learn. He only knows that this must be done, and he does not know what will happen when Seed and Father Ghost are conjoined, nor does he know about the Seed's hideous radiation. (Keepers may want to relay the impression that Wilson is reeling from the mind-shattering situation, and not to be relied upon too much. Let the investigators take firm control.)

If the investigators had experience with the Seed near the observatory in Montana, Wilson's words should take them aback. Exposing themselves to the radiance of the Seed means death, either a sudden one or a lingering foul disfigurement leading to death eventually. Be sure to make this clear, and remind them of any fellow investigators who fell before the power of the first Seed. If any of the investigators were exposed in that earlier encounter, then they are logical volunteers for the task — they are doomed anyway.

If there are none, and if the investigators are markedly reluctant to volunteer, and if they have no other plan, then Dorkyev swears again, and says that he will do the deed. He sneers at the cowardice of people who profess to believe in matters of the spirit, and who are yet fearful to sacrifice their mere bodies. He, an atheist communist, will walk firmly into death!

To his credit, Dorkyev makes the attempt. The crucifix or the Walker's stone is securely fastened or bound to the Father Ghost. No one blames Dorkyev if his fingers tremble a bit. Then the Soviet agent lifts the Father Ghost, mutters merely that the creature is very light for its size, and walks up the lip of the steaming crater, into the hideous green light coming from within. Alas, poor Dorkyev is immediately consumed. Screaming, he melts into a puddle before the horrified eyes of the investigators (witnesses lose 1/1D8 SAN). Dropped, the Father Ghost rolls down the inside of the crater and out of sight.

Smart investigators can crawl to the rim of the crater and use mirrors to see inside without any risk. Within, the terrible green radiation has already begun to blacken the sides of the crater. At the bottom they see the strange whirling colors of the irregular seed, suggestively alive and yet not living. A loud crackling and sizzling, and a certain puddling of the nearer stone suggest some of the terrific power of the Seed. There is no Sanity cost for seeing the Seed. Only about a foot distant from it sprawls

the motionless Father Ghost, taking the the radiation without visible effect. A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals that the Walker stone or Vasiliy's crucifix is still bound to Eibon's deputy.

Since Dorkyev's valiant effort failed, and since Wilson adamantly refuses to go (he too dissolves if pushed into the rays), the investigators must choose from among themselves the one who will bell the cat. Presumably Dorkyev's sacrifice does not go in vain.

If the investigators still shirk their responsibility, cause the seed to give a sudden powerful lurch, with the strength of an earth tremor. When the investigators look into the crater to see what is happening, they can easily tell that the Seed has begun to sink into the earth. If they do not act now, the Seed of Azathoth might sink to the core of the world, germanate, and emerge as a monster, soon leaving the Earth behind like an broken eggshell.

If the investigators refuse again, then the seed sinks into the earth, leaving a steaming pathway open behind it or causing the tunnel to collapse behind it, depending upon the effect you want to achieve. At this point either the campaign has concluded or a major new adventure — the pursuit of the Seed — has opened. Keepers should be ready to deal with the consequences of either choice.

The Eye To Azathoth

Surely, however, the investigators include a volunteer who manages to resist the POW 15 of the Seed with his own on the resistance table. If the chances are scant, assume that this Seed's POW is 10. The doomed hero or heroine easily walks down the slope, discreetly avoids any protoplasmic puddles, and props the Father Ghost against the Seed, then likely retreats back over the lip of the crater as fast as possible.

Nothing happens for a few moments. Then, if they are watching, the investigators see both Seed and Father Ghost shimmer, wrinkle, and disappear with a sharp *pop*! If they are not watching, they notice that the green radiance pouring from the crater has ceased, and a feeling comes over them that the day is almost normal.

When they peep into the crater, they see that a tunnel has appeared in place of Seed and Father Ghost. If they approach the sloping entrance, call for a Spot Hidden roll. If any rolls succeed, the investigators notice that the Walker stone or Vasiliy's crucifix lays on the ground next to the tunnel entrance. If everybody misses, call for an Idea roll to have the investigators look for the stone or the crucifix. Such an item's usefulness still has not been exhausted.

The tunnel has not been conveniently waiting all these years. Anyone who receives a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes the entrance as a dimensional gate, keyed to who knows where or when. The tunnel into which the gate opens is made of polished dark marble, arching 20 feet overhead and is nearly 20 feet wide.

Entering the tunnel, any individual possessing either the stone given the investigators by the Walker in the Dreamlands, or holding Rasputin's crucifix in which is

mounted a similar stone, feels the stone's weight suddenly increase to about ten pounds. If examined, either stone has changed form, and now appears as a strange, fist-sized ovoid that glows and pulses with an unearthly rhythm.

The investigators feel a steady breeze passing into the interior. The passage leading in is visible from the cold sunlight without for while, then all is darkness. Perhaps the investigators can make torches, or perhaps they have flashlights which still work. If necessary, say that there appears to be light far ahead, so that fears of hidden pits or monsters are somewhat assuaged.

Once in, the investigators travel in a straight line for about 150 yards before emerging into a large hollow place at least 250 yards across: with a successful Idea roll, the investigators notice that the shape of this chamber's interior is identical to the surface of the strange oval jewel the investigators possess.

At the far end of the chamber a ledge, cut from the dark marble, runs across the width of the chamber at a height of 50 feet. A broad smooth ramp, beginning near the chamber's entrance, climbs steeply to the center of this high balcony.

The Portal

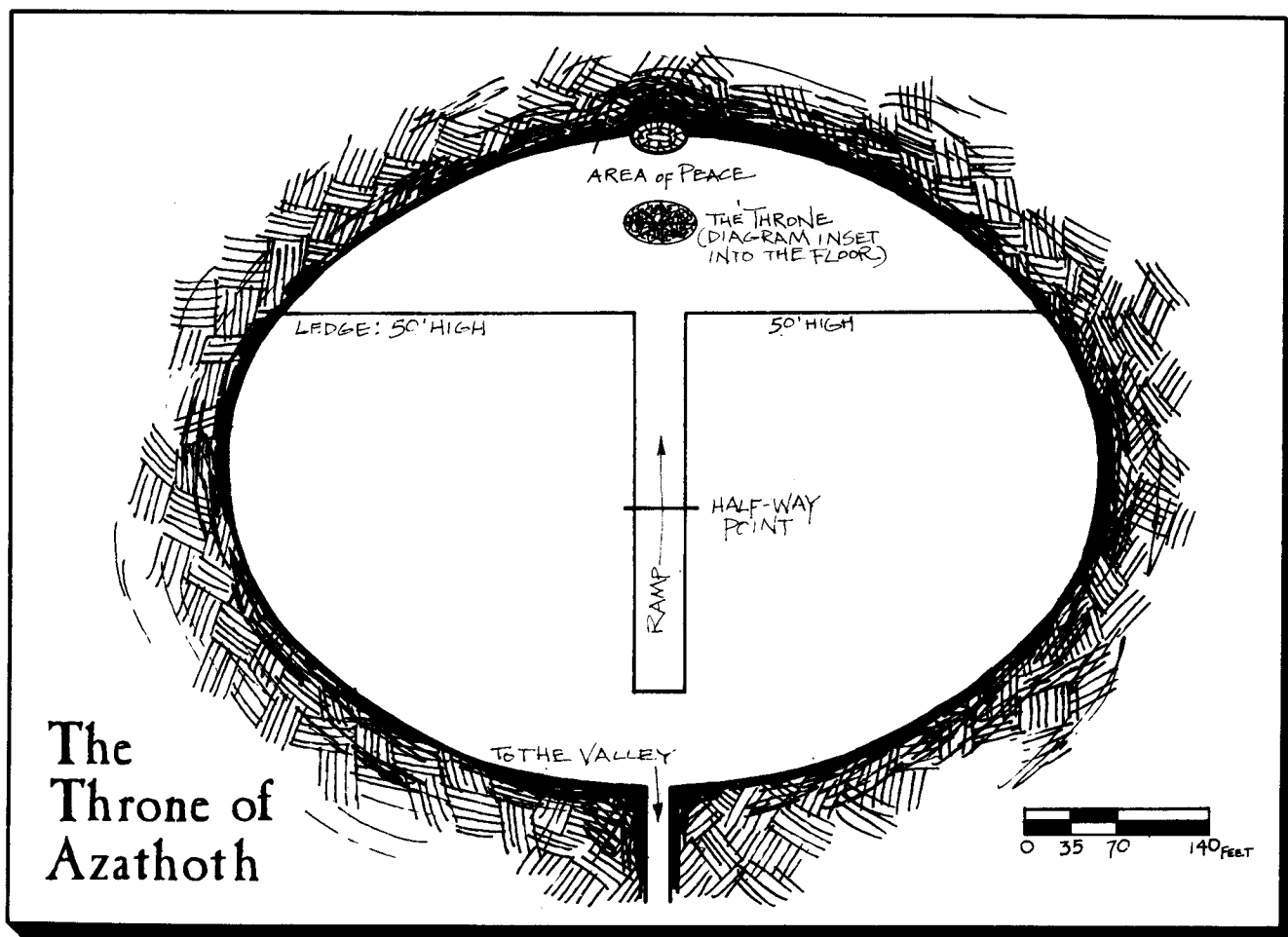
The center of the ledge is dominated by a portal in the wall of the chamber through which the investigators can

see vast darkness, at the center of which floats a nebulous glob of light. The portal is four yards across. It, and the air around it, is webbed by weird, half-seen lines that seem like transparent crystals. A successful Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll intimates that the webbed lines are space which has somehow become crystallized — the image is something like a fine cross-hatching of faint laser beams, but lines which start and end in the air without projection or reflection points.

The breeze, which is now a howling gale, seems to have its destination in this opening. When the exterior gate is open, air from the Earth's surface is being sucked into Nemesis' maw.

The weight of the pulsing gem again increases when the holder steps into this chamber, to approximately 100 pounds, possibly tearing through the holder's clothing or causing him to drop it. The gem's shape and size does not alter. Everyone can see, as the jewel nears the web, that the crystallized space begins to whirl and pulsate in unison with the gem.

Any person who was ever struck by the green radiance of either Seed is overcome with a suicidal urge to jump into crystallized space. These so doomed hallucinate anything which seems in keeping with their personalities, perhaps a mother or friend calling, "Come home, come home!" This urge can be resisted with a successful Know roll. Or the other investigators may successfully hold



back the victim or victims if their totaled STRs are victorious against the victim(s) on the resistance table.

If a victim does attempt to hurl himself into the opening, he races up the ramp, assisted by the powerful wind which buoys him up. As he reaches the region of crystallized space, the weird lines suddenly swim into a different pattern, and fasten on him, as though he is now the focus rather than the opening toward which he yearns. The webbed lines do not seem to hinder his movement in any way but, as he moves through them, his mutated form dissolves and his original self begins to return. By the time he has reached the portal, he is completely his old self. But the inexorable forces of the crystalline space and the powerful wind suck him through the portal and he falls, twisting up into space towards the glob of light beyond, his form once again changing and beginning to dissolve. The pattern of crystallized lines in space follow him through the portal.

What Can Be Achieved

Normally, however, investigators have time to inspect the great chamber. Anyone ascending the ramp towards the portal feels the pull of the strong wind being drawn through the portal. Progressing beyond the halfway point, the suction increases to STR 5. Then call for a resistance table roll for such investigators, of the wind against investigator SIZ. Anyone receiving failed resistance rolls is pulled forward off balance, and begins to tumble and bounce up the smooth ramp towards the portal. As he passes the edge of the portal, the investigator may try to grab the edge to hang on (DEX x5 or less on 1D100 succeeds). If the roll fails, the investigator spins end over end, and he is sucked screaming to his doom, tumbling through the gate to join with Nemesis. He can see, in multi-imaged, kaleidoscopic form, to spin through a dark infinity of space, sucked towards the disc of light far beyond the portal.

If the investigator succeeds in resisting the wind, he must again try to resist it at the top of the ramp, where it has increased to a STR of 12. If he fails to resist it, matters proceed as described above.

Investigators clinging to the edge of the portal may pull themselves up and around back onto the main ledge, where they can brace themselves against the wall and floor to keep from being sucked in again.

An investigator still lugging one of the now-extremely heavy gems up the ramp finds that the increased weight helps, by adding the gem's weight of 8 to his own SIZ for resisting the wind. If he loses a resistance struggle with the wind and falls, he can attempt a STR against gem weight roll to retain his grip on the jewel. If the STR roll succeeds, he retains his grip on the gem, but, of course, his hands are not free to grab the edge of the portal to save himself when he passes through, and off he goes, falling to Nemesis. If the roll fails, he drops the heavy object, negating any value it might afford him, and matters proceed normally as he is sucked up the ramp. The gem rolls off the ramp (or ledge) with a loud crash but does not break.

If a gem is brought to the ramp, the crystallized space fixes on it, just as it does with a mutant caused by the Seed of Azathoth. If two gems are brought to the ramp, two foci form in space, and the lines twitch around both of them.

Investigators may foil this terrible wind by fastening a rope to their comrade mounting the ramp. Held at the bottom by companions with sufficient total STR, the trip is risk-free. Once atop the ledge, the investigator can see a diagram cut deeply in the stone ledge halfway between the end of the ramp and the crystal lens. This diagram is oval, but is filled with lines and strange hieroglyphs, and glows with inner light. If an investigator makes it to this spot, he finds himself in an area of peace and silence. The terrible wind cannot reach this protected area. Nor can he hear the shouted advice or admonitions of his partners.

Within the diagram he is, in fact, in the focus of the crystal space, and from it can see clearly into the portal. This special gate, constructed by the great Eibon, opens always upon Nemesis, following it endlessly on its journey through the void. There the investigator sees Nemesis, the monster world, which opens pale eye-seas even as he watches. The investigator hears a thin shriek emanate from the tortured ether before he realizes just what it is that he sees. Then he loses 1D10/1D100 SAN to the vision of the hell-star, which in his tortured sight is the same as that of the daemon-sultan Azathoth. If the investigator does not lose all his SAN, this image wavers and melts into the shape of a human face — dark, strangely handsome, and compelling. Seeing this image costs no SAN, but the face speaks, commanding him to break the bonds that bind the Son of Azathoth.

The Web Broken

If the investigators have not yet realized how to break Eibon's web, the powerful voice of Nemesis now demands it of them, requiring sacrifice of one of the gems. Failure to appease the being causes it to repeat the demand over and over. If and whenever the proper sacrifice is offered, the magical bond of Eibon is broken and the survival of the party assured. As the gem or human passes through the portal, the zone of crystallized space is pulled with it. The wind ends and the vague disk of Nemesis begins to enlarge, and to pulsate weirdly and more and more brightly. Minutes later, a burst of flames and magic energy flows through Eibon's interior gate and explodes into the chamber, killing anyone still standing on the ledge, doing 3D6 damage to anyone on the floor of the chamber, and doing 1D6 damage to anyone headed down the tunnel towards the outside world. Shortly thereafter the outer gate dissolves, and the chamber is lost to the present.

If the investigators have succeeded in their task, they return to the outside world to find things returned to normal. They must be haunted by the existence of Nemesis, and surely any further researches will show that the doom of Earth is only seven centuries distant. But that is enough time even for the most cautious investigator to figure out a way to save our planet. They should trudge back from the dire depths of Tibet in happy and secure states of mind.

If this scenario conclusion seems too easy for your players, you may wish to assume that Eibon originally protected his chamber with a guardian monster or two who, of course, still linger. Whatever you decide, it should reflect the style and taste of the individual campaign.

Awards

If Eibon's plan is halted and the explosion is avoided as well, all participants gain 2D10+10 SAN. Saving Wilson gives an additional 1D6 SAN.

As the investigators stagger back towards Lhasa, they encounter a Tibetan herder who politely and helpfully escorts them (for a mere 20 pounds sterling — approximating his income for the next ten years) to the southern passes, where they can enter British India and return home.

Optional Player Aids

Quotations from Mythos Tomes

These aids can be supplied to investigators reading or studying the various Mythos books listed below. In

addition, quotations from the *Book of Eibon* and *De Vermis Mysteriis* are contained elsewhere.

The Pnakotic Manuscripts

Beyond far Yuggoth, in the distant sky, yet not so distant as is safe, whirls the foe of Earth. The Old Ones knew it when the shoggoths turned on them. The Black Ones knew it when their cities fell on them. The Serpent Men knew it when they were driven underground by cataclysm. And races yet to come shall know it.

Cultes des Goules

So many of the finer merchants and even officials of Paris are of this inhuman cult. Meeting in secret places beneath the city, they feast in blasphemous ceremony. Many have become like beasts in form as well as spirit. Many have been arrested and jailed and we live in constant fear of discovery and seizure by the police. A great group, under the guise of colonists, sailed to the New World.

G'harne Fragments

Hail Azathoth! Hail the sphere that conjoins! Thy children await the new sun to signal the time of coming. The stars spin in the heavens though the earth stands still. Azathoth and his children shall reign!

The Ponape Scripture

The black land of the ocean has risen now seven times, each rising accompanied by a standing sun that burns strangely over a silent sea.

The Revelations of Glaaki

When He Who Passes in Darkness comes again, the wall shall shake. The illusion shall crumble and man, cringing in terror, shall destroy himself rather than face the gods in battle.

Optional player aids include quotations from Mythos tomes, gleanings from historical research, insane insights, and selected news clippings. None are keyed by the text; keepers solely decide when or if to use these supplementary materials. There are no copies of these materials elsewhere; keepers should first photocopy them if there seems to be any chance that such items will be useful in their campaigns.

Gleanings from Historical Research

You may provide any of these items as you wish, when it suits you.

Ancient Greek Beliefs

A Greek tradition exists of a cycle completed when all the planets return to their original positions. This is followed by the *kataklysmos* (deluge) and *ekpyrosis* (combustion). Heraclitus taught that this cycle was one of 10,800 years and Aristarchus of Samos believed in a cycle of 2,484. The Stoics likewise believed in periodic conflagrations.

Great Ages

Hesiod believed in four expired ages of man. This corresponds with certain beliefs still extant on the shores of the Bengal Sea and the highlands of Tibet. Similar references in the *Zend-Avesta* of Zoroaster speak of seven world ages while like beliefs are found among the Aztecs, Mayans, and Incas of the Western hemisphere. Each age is ushered in and out by great cataclysms heralded by all sorts of astronomical and other phenomena. Ancient rabbinical tradition holds that the firmament collapses every 1,656 years while differing durations are offered in Arabic and Armenian tradition.

Sun Age

Many myths indicate the advent of a new sun at the closing or opening of an age. This is found in the Mayan beliefs as well as the Buddhist text *Vishuddhi-Magga*, which states: "There are three destructions: the destruction by water, the destruction by fire, the destruction by wind—. When this second sun appears, there is no distinction of day and night, [but] an incessant heat beats upon the world." The Sybilline books teach a cycle of destruction and regeneration and state that we are in the seventh age of nine, a belief reflected by certain aboriginal tribes living in North Borneo.

Suspension of Time and/or Space

"And he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Anjalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day." (Joshua 10:12-13) About the same time, in the Western hemisphaera, the Mexican *Annals of Cuauhtitlan* from the sixteenth century, speaks of "a time long ago when time stopped and the night did not end for a long time."

Comets and Meteors

"Grit, stones, up to boulders as large ... as mighty trees on the hilltops...all the mansions on earth [are destroyed] when worlds clash with worlds." (*Visuddhi-Magga*, Buddhist text). The Mexican *Annals of Cuauhtitlan* talk of cosmic catastrophes in which the sky rained fire and red-hot stones, similar to the Hebrew tradition. Pliny associates comets with evil doings as do the ancient Egyptians, while Hevelius wrote of a great comet sighted at the beginning of the Hebrew exodus. The hairy stars of the Middle Ages were said to foretell disaster and misfortune. In Flanders, the peasants say upon seeing a comet: "The sky is going to fall. The earth is turning over!"

Nostradamus

The sun being in the 20th of Taurus, the earth shall so quake, / That it shall fill and ruin the great theatre, / The air, the heaven and the earth shall be so obscured and troubled, / That unbelievers shall call upon God, and his saints.

Tragedy In Peru

LIMA — More than 80 people, mostly Indians, lost their lives when a localized but violent earthquake struck their small village some 100 miles north of Lima, destroying the church in which they huddled.

The group, which comprised almost the total population of Quecha, had taken refuge in the building from an infestation of venomous snakes, apparently driven from their lairs by the approaching tremor.

A witness stated that a huge crack formed in the earth and that the entire building dropped almost straight down, carrying its screaming occupants with it. The crack then closed, leaving no trace of the victims.

Rescue crews found no survivors.

news clipping — see page 64.

Insane Insights

Investigators who go insane sometimes get insights into the Cthulhu Mythos. The following are several such insights for **SPAWN OF AZATHOTH**, to be used if and when you see fit. Your investigators presumably were thinking about the Baxter case and its ramifications when they tumbled over the edge of sanity. These insights are not repeated in the text; be sure to photocopy them if you want to retain copies.

Such insights are specially useful if the investigation has stalled, or if the players are making up silly theories.

AFTER FINDING STRANGE SPIDERS IN THE BAXTER HOUSE

There were awful spiders at the Baxter House? Did anyone check to see if Philip Baxter was bitten? Shouldn't we exhume the body? Yes, let's dig him up, dig him up, dig him up!

AFTER READING BAXTER'S DREAM-JOURNAL

If Baxter actually arrived in another dimension while dreaming, perhaps others have gone or could go there too. Did Baxter learn something?

AFTER LEARNING THAT THE TUESDAY NIGHT ACADEMY SPONSORED AN OBSERVATORY

There were great upheavals in the past. Suppose something periodically causes great disturbances on Earth. Something with a very large orbit around the sun could create great cycles of destruction. Perhaps that's why the Academy was so interested.

AFTER SEEING THE GHOST OF CHIEF JOSEPH

Something fell in Montana, and something fell in Siberia. The albino figure in Montana also might be the "white savage" Rasputin wrote about.

AFTER SEEING THE SEED OF AZATHOTH

This thing is powerful. If it is like the one in Siberia, then many must have fallen, since it is unlikely that we know of the only two. But if many have, then in so long a time, others must have worked against the Seeds. Is the Father Ghost such an entity? Does he arrive after every comet-fall? He must be magical to know when and where to go.

AFTER RECEIVING THE JEWEL FROM THE WALKER

The Walker must have had good reason to give us that jewel. It should be me, so that I could be careful with it, and carry it always, so that it is ready to use.

AFTER SEEING VASILY'S CRUCIFIX

The stone fascinates me. I must go to Montana (or wherever the crucifix is) to see it again, and protect it, and carry it with me wherever I go, so that it is ready to use.

AFTER ENCOUNTERING THE FATHER GHOST

The albino must protect itself somehow from the ravages of the Seed. Perhaps we could learn from it, or perhaps prevent it from acting. Perhaps the stone could defeat it, or could defeat the Father Ghost.

AFTER READING RASPUTIN'S DIARY

Perhaps he did not know that the Seed would have such deadly radiance. Or perhaps the jewel controlled the Father Ghost, who in turn controlled the Seed? Is that what he meant, to set one on one on one?

Paleolithic Discovery

ARKHAM, MASS. — Archaeologists from Miskatonic University who explored an extensive cave system near Quaffeldorf, Germany, announced an important discovery of fine Paleolithic paintings.

The art was found in a small, circular chamber far within the caves. The walls and dome of the chamber were decorated with numerous drawings while small heaps of bones and rock were placed about the room in ceremonial fashion.

Photographs show small human stick-figures, fleeing from comets that arch overhead. Animals were also depicted in the scenes.

The exploring team has announced that investigation of the chamber will continue next summer with possible excavation of the floor coming next.

news clippings — see page 64.

Child Found

WINSLOW, ARIZ. — A well-dressed white girl about six years of age was found wandering in Canyon Diablo yesterday.

Unable to tell her name, the child appears to suffer amnesia and can only repeatedly ask as to the whereabouts of her father. There are no clues to her identity.

When found, the child's hands were bloody from digging around the bottom of the rocky pit. Canyon Diablo, also known as Coon Butte, is a circular depression some 4,000 feet across and 550 feet deep, located 19 miles west of Winslow.

The canyon is thought actually to be the result of a great meteor that fell to earth 50,000 years ago. The area is mostly uninhabited.

Selected News Clippings

The following articles may be interesting or amusing for your players. Some have significance; others are red herrings. All appeared in New York City's *Pillar-Riposte*. Date them as useful. Other clippings appear on pages 62-3.

Terrible Accident

NEW ORLEANS — An accident at the city zoo today cost the life of one visitor and left a keeper severely maimed.

Police Captain William Pringle, 15-year veteran of the force, died when he fell into the crocodile pit at the New Orleans zoo. Witnesses report that before Pringle could even scramble to his feet, a huge reptile — reportedly 4-6 times the height of a man — seized the unfortunate in its great jaws.

Keeper William Ash entered the pit and attempted to drive the beast off with a large pole. While the crowd, which included Pringle's wife and three young children, watched in horror, the crocodile bit off Ash's arm, then returned to Pringle and devoured him.

Its vicious attack completed, the animal returned to the pool and submerged, allowing rescuers to attend to the maimed zookeeper.

Zoo officials declared that the vicious crocodile would be destroyed immediately.

Mysterious Activity

SINGAPORE — A small island, 600 feet long and no more than 10 feet at its widest has been seen to rise and fall several times in the past 72 hours.

The area is at the eastern side of the Sunda Straits, the passage separating the islands of Sumatra and Java.

Although reports vary, the maximum number of risings and fallings quoted has been seven, as witnessed by island fisherman who were in the vicinity at the time of the first rising. The island apparently rose and fell at a regular cycle of 7 hours and has not appeared since it sank for the seventh time.

It will be remembered that the Sunda Straits were the site of a tremendous volcanic explosion in 1883 that caused great loss of life. Scientists speculated that the upheaval might indicate a renewal of volcanic activity.

Suicide Pact

SAN FRANCISCO — A shocking discovery was made early this morning in Marin County. A passing motorist, attracted by smoke from a campfire, discovered the corpses of six high school boys of good family, apparent victims of a group suicide pact. The youngsters belonged to a church group which often camped in the area. Their names were withheld.

Insane Murder

TOLEDO, OHIO — A bizarre murder story unfolded today when the partial remains of a middle-aged man were discovered in his brother's home in downtown Toledo.

Ezra Collins has been charged by police with the murder and subsequent devourment of his elder brother Josh.

Police were called when neighbors complained of screams coming from an upstairs window. Witnesses stated that the younger Collins was crying for food, complaining of hunger, and saying his brother had abandoned him.

When officers entered and searched the residence, they found the clean-picked skeleton of what was tentatively identified as Josh Collins in the basement. Beside the corpse was a collapsed tunnel in which police hypothesized the accused may have intended to conceal the remains.

Collins, who weighed eighty pounds at the time of his incarceration, claimed that he had not eaten in the three weeks since his brother "left."

Inspector Davis of the Toledo Police Department said that the younger Collins at first maintained that he was the deceased, Josh, and accused Ezra of theft and ingratitude.

Ezra Collins has been transferred to the Morgan Adams State Hospital.

Odd People Department

Astronomer Loses Planet!

Harry Lambert, a Westchester County stargazer, vehemently swore today that his tales of a planet that appears and disappears were true.

Lambert, who has constructed his own observatory and large telescope, told of glimpsing a strange red-glowing planet that brightened and dimmed irregularly. The amateur astronomer stated that he "had been experimenting with some novel prisms," and that he imagined that peculiarities in their design led to his success where professionals had failed.

Members of the Astronomy Departments at Columbia and Princeton Universities were not content to take Lambert at his word. "The essence of science rests in the repetition and confirmation of observation," observed Astronomer-Emeritus Hiram Longley of New York's New Academy. Several professional stargazers, who declined to allow direct quotation, hinted that the air in Westchester County was perhaps better suited to drinking than seeing.

Lambert nonetheless pleaded that astronomers everywhere turn their telescopes toward the constellation Taurus and send him any news.

Indian Heresies

SALT LAKE CITY — Isolated bands of Indians in Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming reportedly have abandoned God and reservation churches and resumed practice of the so-called "ghost dance," first preached in 1870 by the Indian prophet Wodziwob.

Inspired by the completion of the trans-continental railroad which he called "a web of time," Wodziwob proclaimed that a coming cataclysm would swallow up all the white men and that all the ancestors of the Indians would return, accompanied by a great whistling sound.

When the vision went unfulfilled, the movement died, later to be renewed by Wovoka, son of Wodziwob's assistant, who claimed to have ascended to heaven during the solar eclipse of January 1, 1889. That revival was quashed at Wounded Knee.

In an interview in his home at Walker Lake, Nevada, the past prophet Wovoka had no knowledge of the new prophet but claimed to have foreseen that such a messiah eventually would come to his people.

Wovoka, once publicly described by region politicians as a sleight-of-hand artist, now publicly preaches for his people to work hard and make peace with this nation.

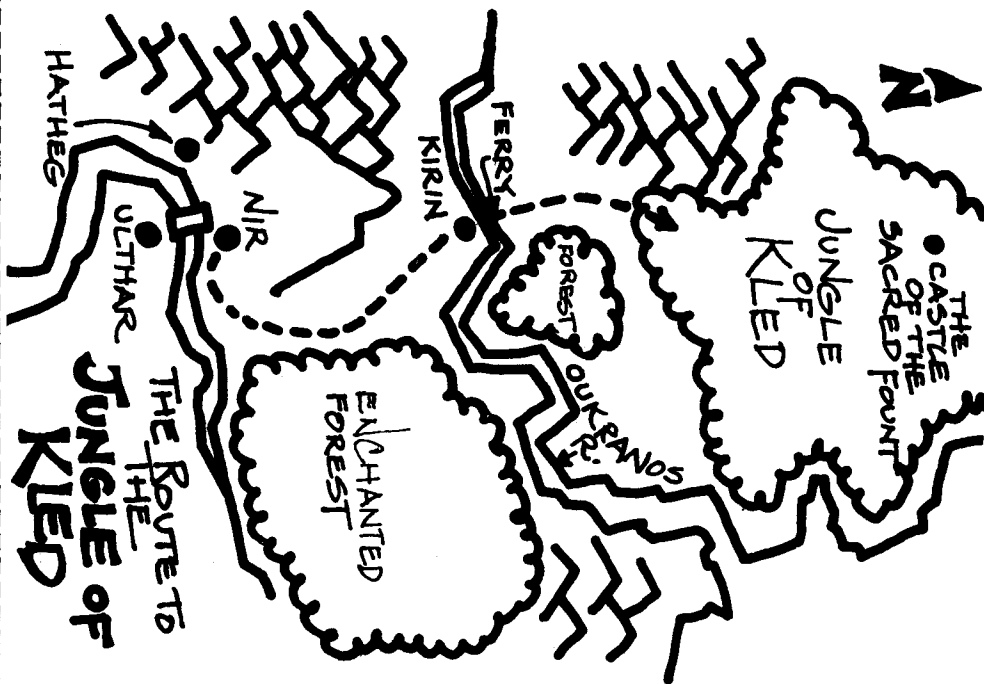
Book 3
Spawn of Azathoth

The Azathoth Papers

Player Handouts

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AZATHOTH PAPERS 4c:



AZATHOTH PAPERS 2:

AZATHOTH PAPERS 1:

BAXTER, Philip Alexander. Age 60, died in his home of a sudden illness. Born Aug 15, 1865 and married to the late Ellen Banks in 1885. Survivors include a daughter, two sons, and a brother. Professor Baxter taught at Brown University in Providence for many years. Services will be held tomorrow morning, 10 AM, at Swan's Point Cemetery in Providence.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOKLET

1. **PULL OUT THE STAPLES** — remove them completely and throw them away.
2. **CUT ALONG THE SPINE FOLD** — this is the fold where this book was stapled. Cut along the fold to separate all of the pages.
3. **CUT ALONG THE DASHED LINES** — cut to the *inside* of these lines. You won't want the lines showing when your players puzzle over these clues. Notice how each entry contains an **AZATHOTH PAPERS #** identifier. You might leave only the numeral attached to the handout to aid in your identifying it during the game. When you hand that piece out, slyly pull-off this identifying number.

AT THE REQUEST OF THE LATE PHILIP ALEXANDER BAXTER YOU ARE INVITED TO THE READING OF HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT STOP 7:30 PM ON THE FIFTH OF MAY AT THE OFFICE OF JUDGE M. BRADDOCK STOP ADDRESS IS 116 PROSPECT AVENUE PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND STOP BRADDOCK

Providence Police Department

Officer: Detective Jakow

Date: 4/5/24

Homicide arrest

Suspect Emmott Baxter was released from police custody on his own cognizance. Baxter is no longer considered a prime suspect. Recent investigations have shown that O'Donnell was heavily in debt to a New York gambling boss named Bugsy Wexler. The condition of O'Donnell's body (when removed from trash can) was similar to that of several other murder victims, all of which have been shown to have ties to the aforementioned Wexler.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 27: -----

From De Vermiiis Mysteriis

Many times this great body has passed our home, but invisible it often goes undetected. Great disaster and catastrophe have preceded its coming and followed in its wake and many is the sorcerer or astrologer who has foretold its coming by the sign of hairy stars. The passing of the time of the serpent people is but one of the disasters caused. Mighty Elbon perhaps learned his wonders from the remnants of these destroyed peoples, yet knew but a tenth of what they had learned. And they did learn the secrets of He Who Passes in Darkness.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 28: -----

Russian Notes in Dimitri's Bedroom

A number of combinations of distances and refractions have already been tried with the aim of bringing the supposed invisible object into view. This task is complicated by the fact that the exact location for the object is as yet unknown, along with the difficulties associated with the aberrations caused by the strange prisms. This makes accurate spotting of the instrument almost impossible. At this point in time I feel that the lenses and prisms are of proper design. The only remaining problem to be to discover the proper combination of angles and distances that are needed. Hopes are high for a startling discovery and very soon.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 31b: -----

Scientific Discovery

The discovery of a strange, glowing meteorite was announced today by Professor Hargate of Miskatonic University. The object, which fell upon the property of Nahum Gardner, was examined by a team of scientists. Samples were taken from the mysterious stone and returned to the university for testing. No conclusions have yet been drawn about the strange meteorite. Professor Hargate noted that the substance of which the meteorite is formed seems to evaporate over time, leaving no trace. Further discoveries about the mysterious object are forthcoming.

—Arkham (Mass.) Advertiser, 1882

It may seem odd that I have chosen after all these years to contact you — especially under these circumstances, as you should not be reading this till after my death. The contents of this little package I have prepared will be strange to you; in fact, they seem strange to me even as I look at them now.

The book is a record of dreams that I kept over a short period of time at the request of my brother, Julian, who is involved with that sort of psychological research. I'm afraid I don't put much stock into that sort of thing, but the final dream in the journal was so different from any that I've ever had, that I never did show it to Julian. I seem to have learned more from that dream than I would have guessed existed and have decided to attempt it again, although I feel that great hazards are involved.

30: --- AZATHOTH PAPERS 34: --- AZATHOTH PAPERS 37: --- AZATHOTH PAPERS 38: ---

A Yellowed Sheet Handwritten upon in German, Discovered in Dimitri's Library

And despite earlier predictions that have proven false, I am convinced that the appearance(s) of the god (or goddess) is due before the beginning of the next century is long past. It will appear in the east, its second coming to announce the time of changing.

Marginal Notes in Chinese

There must be more information regarding Ybb-Tstll. Propitiation must be made, but how? Perhaps this can be found in the Pnakotic manuscripts? I shall check the copy held at the Temple of the Elder Ones on my next journey. Lang-Fu, 1834

From Rasputin's Diary

DECEMBER 2, 1916: I write and leave behind me this note in Petrograd. I shall leave life before the new year, my task unfinished. I was visited last night in a vision by the strange pale savage, who acknowledged my power and did not mock me. Elbon's savage is very wise and he showed me many things to come. I saw also my own death although the details were unclear. I have warned the Tsarina, and have sent her my crucifix set with the sacred stone given me by Zekai.

Excerpt from an Old Spanish Journal

...and so we landed on the shores of St. John's River, Anno Domini 1566. Captain Alverado Diaz took an armed contingent of men and, accompanied by myself, went in search of the French heretics. Soon we came upon them, naked, and leaping about in the swamp. Led by Captain Diaz, we assailed them with musket and sword. Many French fled to the swamps but more fell beneath the holy onslaught. Soon fifty of the blasphemers lay dead. Most were French and some Indians, but all bore with them the taint of their unholy lives. Some were cursed by Satan to have animal-like features and one, the child of a succubus, was so deformed that the men burnt it where it lay. We did take two

Because of these risks, I have left this package in the care of a trusted friend to be delivered to you in case something should go wrong. I have chosen you to receive this strange bundle because it was you I saw in that strange city that I dreamt of and I have taken this to be a sign. What you will think of this, I have no idea - but take it and do what you will.

Your friend,
Philip Barker

P.S. I don't know what to tell you about the enclosed map. All I can say is that it was related to me by a friend and drawn from memory upon awakening.

P.A.B.

With this the child will come to power, the one who can control the forces soon to be unleashed. I have searched the night skies for the coming of Xoith and it has recently appeared, although but briefly. The stars are right! The time is near! All shall crumble before the might of Azathoth to rise again from the ashes. Hail Yog-Sothoth!

prisoners, who will be maintained in the cells beneath the monastery Diaz plans to have built. This record is being written to prove we killed the colonists not because they were French, but because of their religion.

APRIL 2: I dreamed I was teaching a class. I looked up and saw a student, a young man with a particularly poor attitude, reading a pulp magazine whilst I gave my lecture. Incensed by this overt breach of conduct, I stepped from behind the podium, intent upon upbraiding him only to discover that I had forgotten to wear my trousers that day. Naturally, the class took this opportunity to laugh loud and long at my predicament. *A common sort of dream, usually rooted in some type of insecurity. Do you have a particularly difficult class coming up? I would suggest that you research and prepare your notes well.* J. B.

APRIL 9: Flying. All I remember is flying high in the sky and when I looked down I could see all of Providence below me. *Flying is very common. It could mean anything and this early into the analysis I hesitate to say anything definite.* J. B.

APRIL 11: Again flying. As before only this time it was nearing nightfall and the sky was growing darker while I flew. *Let's wait some more on these flying dreams.* J. B.

APRIL 12: I'd have to say that this one truly frightened me. I found myself standing in a shop — a china or crystal shop — and there was a horse there

with me. The horse tried to turn around in the aisle and in doing so, upset one of the display cases which toppled over on the distraught beast, cutting him badly with the broken shards of glass. This panicked the animal and in trying to get away, it overturned another of the cases, injuring itself even worse. By this time the floor was slippery with the horse's blood and the animal's eyes were bulging with fear. Then it turned and seeing the large window at the end of the shop, galloped forward and leaped through the glass to freedom. I ran forward and as I was nearing the shattered window I realized for the first time that the shop was not on the ground floor. I looked out the window to the street three floors below to see the broken animal lying in a pool of blood. That's all I remember. *This is an odd one, but don't let it upset you. It may only mean that you are getting ready to chase away some old, useless problems.* J. B.

APRIL 15: The first thing I remember is standing in a mist that suddenly parted to reveal a great archway, carved of red and gold stone and pulsing as though alive. Drawn toward it, I entered and found myself walking down an old stone stairway and somehow entering a chamber inhabited by two men — garbed as though of ancient Egypt and standing before a

Dear Francis,
If you are reading this it means that my fears have been realized and so, as secretary of The Tuesday Night Academy, I return to you our most valuable object, which began all of this the apocryphal diary of Rasputin. Not only have I not likely lost my life, but other, more horrifying possibilities exist for those of you still living. I can't reveal the source of my information but there may be something more to what we have been searching for than a mere comet or asteroid. The only other evidence I can offer is that Crichton writing I could reproduce — you know well I know nothing of Oriental languages so even if the text seems meaningless, the way I obtained it is not.

Please consider our long friendship when you judge my words.

Your old friend,
Philip

great fire. I remember speaking with them but I don't know what was said, only that I soon found myself descending another set of stairs that took me even deeper. After what seemed to be a very long time, I finally reached the bottom of these stairs and passed through gigantic doors of silver to find myself standing before a weird faerie-wood. I stood there a moment listening to the strange rustling sounds I could hear coming from deep in the wood (and viewing the even stranger fungi that was so prevalent) when I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a man walking toward me upon the very path on which I stood. I was a little frightened of him at first, but I cautiously extended my hand and introduced myself. He was very friendly and offered to show me the way to a small pleasant city some miles away and across a river the name of which I cannot recall.

Leaving the wood by a path that my new friend said traveled south, we eventually reached the town called Ulthar where we stopped at a warm friendly tavern for food and drink. This fellow told me much about the place I had suddenly found myself in and I remember asking him many questions. He seemed quite knowledgeable and I was sorry when he said that he had to go meet someone else. I spent some

time walking around the town, where there were many cats. Thankfully my allergy seemed little bothered.

Eventually, I came to a library and decided to visit. I remember looking at a great number of very strange volumes but one (named I think Cthad Aguadonen?) had information about God, who lived somewhere in a jungle and could answer any question that was asked of him. I don't remember anything else in particular but when I left I thought I saw a dark, evil-looking little man lurking some distance behind me in the crowd. He followed me quite some time before I managed to shake him and it was only then that I remembered seeing him when we first entered the city — working with that shady carnival show in the garish tent.

Not long after my adventure with the dwarf, I felt the urge to leave and taking the same gate out of Ulthar I was soon again at the wood. Remembering the password taught to me by my friend (he said it was the name of his cat) I was careful to pass through the darker parts of the forest as quickly and quietly as I could, never straying from the path. I next remember climbing many, many stairs and then I was awake again. I've never had a dream like this one before. Could it have been the drug?

Fragments of Cyrillic Writing

...and it was because of these things, learned during my stay in Jerusalem, that I came to the Tungus of Siberia in the summer of 1908 to meet ...and beyond that, learn more of its plans.

The ghost came first, as Eleazar ben Zekai had predicted. I halted his advance and ...later I showed him the stone given to me by the Rabbi and which I had mounted in the holy crucifix. The Jew said it would make no difference, but I knew that for me it would let me set one on one on one.

Providence General Hospital

July 18, 1897

Patient: Cynthia Baxter

Physician: Douglas Walters

A 12-year-old female was admitted at 8:32pm, complaining of fever, nausea, and was rapidly losing consciousness. She was put to bed and ice was applied to control fever. At 11:30 or thereabouts, the patient lost consciousness and slipped into a coma. Application of ice continued periodically and the patient was examined for evidence of snake bite.

Father Baxter's New Post

It was learned today that Father Julian Baxter, life-long resident of Providence, has been assigned to a missionary post in the South American country of Peru. Father Baxter will serve as teacher, priest, and physician to several hundred primitive Indians living on the mountain slopes of the west coast. The position was formerly held by the late Father Dougherty, of Boston, who died several weeks ago of an apparent heart attack.

—The Providence Journal, June 2, 1890.

Brown University

Report of the findings of the committee formed 12/2/23

Date: 3/5/24

In accordance with the task given this committee by the Trustees of Brown University, to wit, to investigate charges against Professor Silas Patterson regarding illegal removal and use of University property, this committee finds:

That Silas Patterson is guilty of the unauthorized removal of University property. At least three primate specimens were taken, and the specimens were not returned to the University, nor was restitution made or attempted. As Professor Patterson admits no guilt, we recommend that he retire for reasons of health and, if he does so, that the Trustees honor their contract with him and pay him through the end of this semester, at which time the matter can be closed gracefully.

Historian Disappears

Noted writer and historian, Donald A. Houlton of New York, has been reported missing by his wife.

Mr. Houlton reportedly left their hotel room at 9:30 PM, telling his wife that he was meeting a contact for an interview. At 1 AM, Mrs. Houlton notified police.

A search of the city has been instituted.

Grave-Robbers in St. Augustine

A rash of vandalism has swept two cemeteries located in this small city to the south of Jacksonville. The latest incident, the theft of a body, has been the most shocking.

"This is a new type of crime for us," said Chief Bunson, head of St. Augustine's police department. "Till now we've had simply a problem with

Providence General Hospital

May 2, 1917

Patient: Julian Baxter

Physician: Douglas Walters

Middle-aged male patient was admitted at 8:32am, unconscious and suffering from extreme loss of blood. The physician on duty immediately applied

Providence General Hospital

May 2, 1927

Patient: Silas Patterson

Physician: Andrew Conlin

Mr. Patterson was admitted to the Emergency Room at 11:30 AM complaining of a sharp pain in his left

Fatal Accident

An accident this afternoon at the Campbell Warehouse in the waterfront district has cost the life of a worker employed there. Stan Hendricks, a representative for the company stated that after investigation, all the related equipment was found to be safe and in good working order. It has been ruled as an accident, the result of worker error.

Armand Vincenzo, recently immigrated from Italy, had complained earlier in the day of dizzy spells, as testimony has revealed, and it is thought that Vincenzo had improperly applied the clutch on the hoist he was using before dismounting and walking beneath the suspended cargo net containing several hundred pounds of crated, canned fish. Vincenzo was pronounced dead on the scene. Funeral arrangements have not been announced.

—The Providence Journal, June 16, 1893.

side. He said he had fallen on the stairs in his home and examination showed a number of contusions in keeping with the accident described. Further examination revealed evidence of at least three fractured ribs. Patient was bandaged and released.

...I witnessed the great blast and survived. I failed my task, but believe the only one who could stop things now would be the man who most surely died in the explosion.

JULY 24: after six days of fever and hallucinations, the patient's condition returned to normal this morning and, although tired and weak, she is sitting up in bed and cheerful. Unless symptoms return, the patient should be released in two days.

and for his role of a right patriot in the drive of "better times" in the last five days of Indianapolis.

Madison Damper.

As Tunney displayed lead, with the golden to his driven eyes now, was assumed to end entirely the fast on gate, the greatest in the history of upon his appeal as he proper time. His suggestion of danger spring. He continued started, undisturbed, & displayed from

ing, surprised the majority of those who witnessed the fight and experienced followers of boxing men. It surprised everybody, almost, but Tunney, whose confidence, more than anything else, perhaps, carried him on to a height which the vast majority thought unobtainable for him.

He was complete master, from first to last. He out-banded and he out-fought Damper at every turn. Where it had been expected that Tunney would break and run before the vicious attack of Damper, the tiger man, Tunney, the fighting machine, not only failed to back up, but he went forward all the time with the tenacity of the true underhand and hammer Damper is a driving attack which

The following are statements made by

1. OVERVIEW

Dempsey fought like the great champion the high of a male to his fate and the low I never fought a harder under nor do I he fought like a gentleman and never took a ring. Once or twice he may have hit me once he missed. He never came in

[illegible]

Bunson later admitted that he had as yet no suspects or leads in the case. (February, 1890)

Donald Houlton is noted for his authoritative works on American history. Mr. Houlton visited St. Augustine last summer and wrote a series of articles about the city, published in *American Journey* magazine.

Marked Passage In Book

Almost all of the tribes indigenous to southeast India display remnants of the ritual cannibalism that seems to be a common factor in all the cultures examined so far. Most of these take the form of symbolic acts upon the death of a friend or family member but, on occasion, the ritual is actually performed, the body of a monkey or an ape substituted for that of the human.

Of particular interest is the brain-eating custom often encountered among the primitives. This is accomplished by piercing a hole in (or simply slicing off the top of) the skull of a monkey, the still warm brain then eaten by the feaster directly from the skull. Certain tribes perform this ceremony with a live animal. One elderly native told me that he had often seen apes kill other, smaller monkeys, feasting upon their brains in a similar manner.

—BELIEFS OF PRIMITIVE EAST INDIANS, by Silas Patterson

--- AZATHOTH PAPERS 36: ---

Unsigned Letter to Philip Baxter

Dear Philipus,
As promised, I have contacted my Aunts in Providence and they have sent to me, by post, the strange bottle of fluid that I had told you about. It seems to be still well-sealed and little, if any, of the contents seem to have been evaporated over the time that it has been in my possession. LeGrasse assures me that the old woman from whom he obtained it has a reputation for curing sickness and disease with arcane treatments. Though I've not yet tried it myself, I assume it to be safe and if all

--- AZATHOTH PAPERS 31a: ---

Meteor Falls

Several residents reported Thursday seeing a strange moving object in the sky above the mountains north of Garrison. Witnesses described a glowing green object hurtling to earth around 10 PM. A search was made, but the meteor was not found.

— Helena (Montana) Star, 1927

--- AZATHOTH PAPERS 35: ---

Telegram from Francis Wilson Sent to Investigators

AM AWARE OF YOUR ACTIVITIES RE AZATHOTH STOP HAVE
INFORMATION OF GREAT VALUE STOP NEED HELP STOP LEAVE
IMMEDIATELY FOR DARJEELING INDIA STOP MEET COLONEL HUGH
HUNTLEY OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE STOP HAVE FAITH STOP
FRANCIS WILSON

AZATHOTH PAPERS 12: ---

Child In Peril

Twelve year old Cynthia Baxter, daughter of Professor Philip Baxter of Brown University, lies today in critical condition at Providence General Hospital.

Her physician, Dr. David Hosgarth, announced that while fevered, the young girl is in stable condition, although still unconscious. The girl first complained of nausea and a headache while attending a family picnic and by the time the group had returned to Providence, she had slipped into a coma.

It is now believed that she was bitten, most likely by a snake, while playing with her brother in the meadow. The young lad, named Emmott, has told his father that his sister complained of something that bit her on the ankle while the two children were running through some tall grass.

The Baxter girl is presently receiving treatment for this type of ailment and seems to be responding.

—The Providence Journal, July 20, 1897

AZATHOTH PAPERS 13: ---

Miss Baxter's Appointment

Cynthia Baxter has announced that the archdiocese has granted her request for a missionary post in the Andaman Islands, located in the Indian Ocean. In accepting the post, Miss Baxter will follow in the footsteps of her paternal uncle, the well-known Dr. Julian Baxter.

Miss Baxter will focus her work among the native population. Her term of stay is indefinite and it may be some years before she returns. All here at the Providence Journal wish her the best of luck and may God speed.

—The Providence Journal, August 30, 1913



AZATHOTH PAPERS 14: ---

Accident Strikes Clergyman

Prominent local Dr. Julian Baxter has been hospitalized after suffering a severe accident in his home.

Baxter, confined to a wheel chair, was apparently cut by a broken glass and was unable to summon aid before losing consciousness due to loss of blood.

Fortunately, a passing milkman's helper saw the crippled man through the front window of his home, unconscious and surrounded by a pool of blood. This young man was able to force open the front door and carried Baxter to the milk wagon. The owner of the wagon quickly conveyed the injured man to Providence General Hospital where he was treated for shock and loss of blood.

Dr. Baxter has spent much of his life as a missionary, first in Peru, then later assigned to the Belgian Congo where Dr. Baxter contracted a wasting disease that caused him to return to Rhode Island and enter retirement. The respected doctor is doing well and will return home in a few days.

—The Providence Journal, May 3, 1915

--- AZATHOTH PAPERS 15a: 15b: ---

[illegible][illegible]

Providence Police Department

Officer: O'Rourke

Date: 5/3/17

Suicide Attempt

Possible suicide attempt reported by staff of Providence General Hospital on May 2, 11:30am. Interview with patient's personal physician revealed victim to be crippled and confined to wheelchair. This was given as cause of accident and is considered sufficient evidence to drop any possible charges. Patient is said to be recovering well.

Providence Police Department

Officer: Macklin

Date: 11/17/17

Assault and Battery

Arrived at the home of Mortimer Braddock at 10:35 PM in response to telephone call from same address. Caller identified herself as Mrs. Mortimer Braddock and claimed that she was being beaten by her husband. Upon knocking, front door of residence was opened by Mortimer Braddock who invited both myself and Officer Smith inside. We asked to see Mrs. Braddock and she appeared from the other room holding a wet rag or washcloth over her right eye. She apologized for the call and said that a neighbor must have made it. She wished to press no charges and denied that her husband had assaulted her.

Providence Police Department

Reports From 1920-1922

Officers Herlihy and Others

Date: 11/1/22, etc.

Disturbing the peace; violation of City Ordinance 323, keeping of non-domesticated animals within city limits.

Arrived at the home of one Silas Patterson at the complaint of Oscar Hodge, a neighbor. Aforesaid neighbor complained of loud animal noises or screams issuing from the basement of the Patterson residence. The complaint was conveyed to Patterson who was found to be an anthropology instructor at Brown. He explained that he was practicing native songs for demonstration to a class he was giving tomorrow and was extremely sorry for any disturbances. He did admit that he had brought a cage home from the University but it was empty.

2/15/23: Complaint lodged by Oscar Hodge against Silas Patterson, similar to above. Investigation brought similar explanation of noises. Patterson was warned against further noises.

3/21/23: Third complaint. Hodge claims that Patterson is keeping monkeys or apes in the house, bringing them home in cages from somewhere. Testimony is corroborated by wife. Patterson is

Excerpt from the Book of Eibon

...and through the window so constructed I witnessed the destruction of man and all he will be. I saw the power that would bring this about as it had wrought so many other changes in forgotten aeons past. Using this pore I constructed two great webs, to slow and even stop the being. Once halted in its path, my magic would avert the destruction foretold, ending all time and crystallizing all space around our sun and our world. The golden age of man would reign forever, safe from destructions wrought by gods.

Providence Police Department

Officer: Detective Jakow

Date: 4/2/24

Homicide arrest

Arrived at the apartment of suspect, Emmott Baxter, approximately six PM. Suspect claimed to know nothing of whereabouts of one Edward O'Donnell, thought to be the business partner of Emmott Baxter. Suspect at first refused to accompany the officers for questioning but then agreed.



again warned. Investigating officer asked if he could look around the inside of the house. Defendant refused to admit officers without a warrant.

6/1/23: Officers investigated complaint by Hodge. Knocking brought no one forth and nothing could be seen through any windows. We waited two hours before Patterson emerged from side door carrying a large metal cage. We approached and questioned the man about loud noises. He denied that any noise came from his house and accused the Hodges of senility. He apologized for not answering our knocks and explained that he was taking a nap. When asked about the animal cage he explained that he occasionally brought damaged cages home from the biology department to repair and clean them. Claims he is a bachelor and needs to keep busy. Patterson is again asked if his home can be entered and explains that he is late for a class, inviting us back the next day. Investigation the next day showed nothing unusual except that the walls of the basement had been freshly repainted and were still wet.

10/14/23: Complaint of loud noises followed up. Nothing suspicious found.

12/11/23: Same as above.

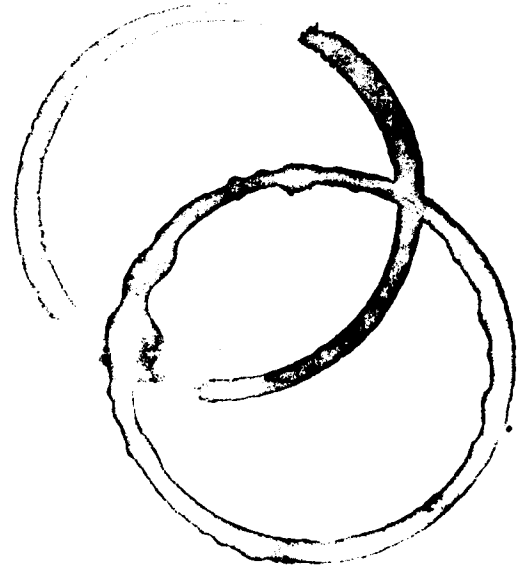
2/13/24: Same.

To whom it may concern;

I am afraid there comes a time when all things must pass and I feel that perhaps now is my time. In my life I have had the opportunity to do a good many things denied to others and I have experienced much. I regret little and leave no one to grieve for me. A few friends maybe, but that is all. My present nervous condition does not allow me to pursue a career in the educational field and I'm afraid I'm growing too old and tired to finish the third book on my field researches. Too bad. I have chosen to dispose of my notes so I guess that the experiences will be lost forever, but somehow, I don't feel it can be that way. I will walk to the water's edge now and cast myself in. Do not worry, God takes care of all.

Silas James Patterson

Silas James Patterson



Tuesday Night Academy Minutes: Excerpts

JAN. 12, 1917: Resolved this evening by all present that the aforesaid members, from this day on, shall be considered one and the same with the Tuesday Night Academy, sworn to meet with each other the first and third Tuesday of every month, until an individual shall see fit to discontinue the practice.

JUNE 11, 1920: The meeting this evening was attended by a prospective new member, Silas Patterson. A well-known anthropologist with two books to his credit, Mr. Patterson proved an amiable guest and it was decided by the end of the evening to permit him membership. He was quite pleased to be invited and thrilled us with many exciting stories from the field until well after midnight.

AUG. 30, 1922: This evening, the Academy was graced by the presence of a very special guest, Professor Dmitri Passelov, formerly of Moscow, and a well-known astronomical theorist. Passelov, unable to return to his home country, is thinking of settling in the Providence area. He proved to be quite a friendly, fascinating individual. The Academy voted to invite him to join the group as a welcome source of knowledge and inspiration.

DEC. 14, 1922: We enjoyed the presence of a surprise guest this evening — a Mr. Vasiliy Kalyetka, freshly escaped from Russia and the war. Apparently, Kalyetka was a friend of Passelov's family prior to the revolution. Interestingly, Kalyetka brought with him certain documents. Although Dmitri, the only member competent to read the documents, was unclear on the details, the papers seem to discuss the discovery, or possible discovery, of a large heavenly body, previously unknown. Both Dmitri and Wilson are studying the papers, and Wilson has promised to make a translation so the rest of us may read for ourselves what is written.

APR. 12, 1923: So far the Academy has supported Dmitri's efforts to expose to the world what it is he thinks he has found. I, though baffled by certain things mentioned in the Russian papers, still feel that Dmitri is on to something. In his latest attempt to garner funds for the proposed western observatory, he invited a Brian Slim from New York City. It seems that Mr. Slim runs a business called the Look to the Future Society, a sort of success school or training facility for businessmen. Though Dmitri had hoped to interest Slim in investing in the observatory, it seems Slim was mostly interesting in gathering new recruits

for his Society. He felt that the Society might be able to help us more than we could imagine but, of course, the fees were high. None of the Academy was swayed by Slim's arguments, and I for one, was repulsed by the man. After Slim had taken his leave, Dmitri was approached by the members of the Academy who asked, that in the future, he be more careful of whom he invited to the meetings. Dmitri apologized profusely and said that it was only his earnest desire to begin construction of the observatory that had caused him to consider Slim a potential supporter.

OCT. 29, 1924: It was voted tonight by the members of the Tuesday Night Academy to begin the financing and construction of an experimental astronomical observatory to be built in Montana. It was further decided that each member would seed the fund with a donation of \$2,000. Other investors, promised by Dmitri, are to add to the fund later. Land for the observatory has already been purchased by Dmitri using monies provided by patrons mentioned previously. Dmitri has explained that due to his precarious public position, our benefactors have asked to remain anonymous.

Andaman Islands

Sept. 8, 1918

Dearest Father;

I am writing this letter to let you know that I am safe and sound and all is well. I am sure that the letter from Commissioner Jalbot was upsetting, but he did not completely understand the situation. Although my abductors were extremely primitive (even more so than my flock), I never felt in danger at any time. I was able to converse with them in a language similar to the one I already know and stayed with them for four days before returning to the mission. It was during this time that the Commissioner wrote you about the incident. Have no fear, I was allowed to leave unharmed and have even been promised by some of them that they will occasionally stay in touch by visiting the mission.

Your loving daughter,
Cynthia

St. Augustine, Florida
Oct. 19, 1925

Dear Dad,

I know we've had our differences in the past and I know that I haven't had much contact with you since I got out of the service but I need some help. I hope you won't refuse. I think I've found a business that I would be good in and have a partner that is able to help organize and run it. Using some of the things I learned in the Merchant Marine, I think the two of us could open a Marine Salvage business that would make us some good money. There are a lot of shipwrecks in this area and I think the insurance companies could provide us with a way to get rich quick. There are also supposed to be a lot of older, wrecked treasure ships from Spain to be found. Dad, what I need is \$5000 right away to help make a down-payment on an old ship that we've found for sale. Please think about it and let me know soon.

Love,

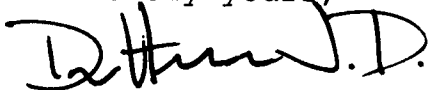
Colin

Helena, Montana
Aug. 29, 1924

Dear Mr. Braddock:

In regards to the request of your client, Mr. Dmitri Passelov, to purchase land owned by one Sylvia Englund of Garrison, Montana: I have spoken with Englund and let me assure you, she is every bit the crank that you had heard. With a little effort it was easy for me to find out that she has been suffering financial difficulties and I was able to secure her signature on the land purchase you required. I hope my work has proven satisfactory and perhaps I could aid you again in future business dealings in this part of the country.

Sincerely yours,



David Haddock J.D.
Attorney-at-Law

To a Friend:

I am leaving town, in fear for my life, but before I go I must try to help a friend. Colin Barker is innocent. I was in the Church when the men killed Father Garcia with the shovel. The two men from the alligator place. I didn't see them but I recognized the ugly one's voice, and I saw their truck drive away. The poor Father was already dead when I got to him, so I ran away. Please try and help Colin.

Esmeralda

From Philip Baxter's Diary

APR. 4, 1912: I, Philip Baxter, a widower with three grown children now more or less on their own, have decided that I am entering a new phase of life and, commensurate with this, have decided to record the events of my life and my personal thoughts in this, my diary.

MAY 2, 1917: A very upsetting day. I know that Julian has been deeply troubled by his sickness and subsequent retirement but I would have never have thought it to come to this. How could he have done such a thing? I suppose he will be all right after a time, but I cannot decide whether to tell Cynthia. She is so fond of her uncle and has so much respect for him that I'm afraid the shock of his actions would be too upsetting. Perhaps I shall not mention it at all. Maybe when she returns home some day I will tell her about it in person.

NOV. 7, 1918: I am so very worried I find it nearly impossible to think. I received a letter today from a Commissioner Talbot in the Andaman Islands stating that he believes my daughter has been abducted by savages! He says there is no reason to think that she has been harmed, but I know the tales that have been told of those primitives. I hope to God that she will be delivered back to us.

NOV. 12, 1918: Rejoice! My daughter is safe. A letter came today from her, telling me the good news. My mind is relieved.

JUNE 3, 1919: Had a terrible argument with Emmott last night. He accused me of showing favoritism to Colin of all things. I assured him that I've always made an effort to treat all my children equally but he would hear none of it and stalked out of the house saying that he was moving out. I called the Judge's office this afternoon to try and talk with him only to find out that he had quit, saying only that he was going to open his own business. How do these things come about?

FEB. 18, 1927: Have not been feeling well lately and visited Dr. Walters to have my heart checked again. He said everything seemed fine and there was no need to worry. Nonetheless, I still feel tired and vaguely uneasy and this most recent plague of nightmares has kept me from getting all the rest I feel I so urgently need these days. Perhaps I should speak to Julian about it. I know that ever since his accident he has been making a study of dreams and the like.

MAR. 28, 1927: I finally went to visit Julian today and told him of the most recent spate of nightmares and he seemed genuinely interested in my problem. He has suggested that, upon awakening from a dream, I immediately try to set down the events on paper, in a book. Afterwards, he will read the descriptions and comment upon the dreams. Julian has told me that this procedure could take some time, but that it has proven useful in other cases that he has read about. I think I shall have to give it a try.

APRIL 16, 1927: I had the strangest dream last night, unlike any I've had before in my life. It seemed too vivid and real and I can still remember much too much detail. Names, characters, places. I even glimpsed some old students of whom I had not thought about in years. It was so strange that, even though I have written most of it in my dream-journal, I feel uneasy about even showing this to Julian for fear he would think me mad. I cannot help but believe that this dream was somehow caused by the drug that he prepared for me. I slept far too soundly and longer than is natural and the intense reality of the dream was too frightening. Although Julian means well, I feel that perhaps this dream analysis may not be the answer to my problems. I'm left with only the problem of telling Julian without hurting his feelings. Whilst dreaming, I most vividly remember reading a strange book of secrets. In this book someone had written, in the margins, notes in what looked like Chinese. When I awoke I tried to write down what I remembered they looked like and it looked so real I just had to give it to Francis to see if he could translate it.

April 27, 1925

Dear Dmitriy

Just a short letter to let you know that I may have come upon an amazing discovery regarding the search that we had all been involved with for so long. Although I am as yet unable to give you any details, I have found a source of information on what we seek. I am presently trying to arrange a second chance to get at this source but have run into trouble regarding transportation. Please fear though I am in very successful.

Respectfully Yours,
Philip Baxter

APRIL 18, 1927: A bad day. While in the classroom, I chanced to spy one of my students reading one of those trashy pulp magazines behind his books. I confiscated the material and reprimanded the student harshly.

APRIL 20, 1927: Spoke with Francis today — seems my dream-Chinese was the real stuff. Somehow I'm not all that surprised by these things anymore.

APRIL 22, 1927: Disappointment. I went to visit Julian today to see if I could persuade him to compound some more of the sleeping powder for me. I lied and told him that it had helped me sleep more soundly but did not tell him of the strange dream. I think he may have suspected me, for he told me that he was not sure of the side effects of the drug and did not want to prescribe for me anything he was not sure of. I still don't know whether I should tell him the truth or not.

APRIL 27, 1927: I must get another supply of Julian's drug. I have a key for his home and I have only to wait until he and Matthew have gone out somewhere. I can then enter the house and, in his lab, find where he keeps his pharmaceutical records. Somewhere there should be the formula for the drug he gave me.

APRIL 28, 1927: Eureka! I now have the formula. It was easier than I had thought and I'm sure that I was not even seen by any of Julian's neighbors when I entered the house. The records were easy to locate and I copied the simple formula from his book. It is now left only for me to properly blend the ingredients.

APRIL 30, 1927: Tonight is the night. I have a proper supply of the needed drug in hand and after taking it, I will retire to bed early to see if I can return to that strange world I once found. This could be dangerous, but I cannot again pass up the opportunity to explore and learn. Tonight I go in search of a world of dreams, to the Temple of the Elder Ones in hope of finding the secrets that control man's destiny.

Sept. 3, 1916: the most extraordinary-
my event has taken place. I visited
the island across the strait. For so
long I have wanted to reach the
people living there and learn their
all my college-trained wisdom.
Now I am the pupil. They taught
me new things, and helped me
remember old things; events that
took place in my childhood but
had been all-but-forgotten in the
decisions I have suffered
these past years. The truth will
soon be known to all. A new
era shall appear in the sky.

Oct. 11, 1917: We had a visitor;
a strange little man named Silas
Patterson who claimed to be an
acquaintance of Uncle Paulian.
He is an anthropologist and he
stayed here at the mission for
several days studying the Song,
but it was clear he was more in-

Aug. 31, 1918

I also reached me recently claiming that
Capitine Boyter, a medical missionary, had
been kidnapped by a tide of islanders that
lived near his mission. The local natives
claimed that this island tide were not
the landmen, speaking a different
language and different in appearance. A
party was sent to investigate, but upon
questioning the Song tribesmen whom we
saw the mission, they received quite a
different story. According to the local
interpreter, Miss Boyter was at first
unwilling to accompany the islanders,
but after discussion with their head-
men, she agreed to accompany them
and voluntarily entered the house.
The women returned unharmed the
next day.

- Colonel John J. Abbott

interested in my friends across the strait. He wanted to borrow a canoe to visit them, but decided against it when we told him how vicious the island people are when aroused. I suppose he's harmless enough, but I feel better now he's gone.

Nov. 12, 1917: Today I visited the island people. Learned about Yeg-Sothoth.

Dear Ian,

Well, it's been some time up here and I've yet to get a good glimpse of the things that we're looking for. I've followed England several times, but they seem to know when I'm around and stay away from her. I don't think she suspects, though. She is innocent enough and seems to have the same general motives as we. As agreed, I have not yet attempted to broach the subject with her. I've found more spoor and had two more chance sightings, but little else to report. Have you heard anything from our friends in Canada?

One thing I have seen, and I'm a bit embarrassed to mention it, is what I imagine is "Chief Joseph's ghost." He's no ghost, just some old mountain hermit, I suppose, since he's white. Perhaps he lives in a cave somewhere, which would explain why his skin is so pale. I've seen him twice now, walking through the woods, but when I approach him, he drops out of sight. He must know this area like the back of his hand. No wonder I can't find him. Some of the

P.2.
residents have seen him too so I know I'm not
losing my marbles (ha-ha). I'm heading into
Garrison tomorrow and I'll drop this in the mail for
you. Sorry there's nothing better to report.

Your friend

Robert Marshall

Next day - Thought I'd better add something
to this letter before I put it out today. I
don't know what was going on out in the
woods last night but it scared the hell out of
me. About 10 o'clock I had just finished
reading some Robert Service and had turned
the lamp down when I heard a voice calling
from the edge of the woods. It was weird, I'm
sure. It buzzed horribly and I swear to God it
called my name. I don't know what it was,
but I didn't go outside to check. I peeked
out the window, but whatever it was stayed
out of sight. It doesn't seem like much of
a problem here in the sunlight and writing
about it, but I'll be sleeping lightly tonight.

R.M.

Vandals Invade St. Augustine Cemetery

Last night, persons unknown entered an old cemetery north of this city and stole two recently-buried bodies. Father Garcia, priest of the nearby church, found the opened graves and immediately notified police. Both graves were occupied by indigents who had been buried at the city's expense. No motive for the bizarre theft has been offered.

(October, 1926)

AZATHOTH PAPERS 40a:



Grisly Find at Alligator Farm

St. Augustine police made a shocking discovery today at Korsky's Alligator Farm when a severed human foot was found in one of the large crocodile pools.

The police were summoned by Eli Simpson, an employee of the popular tourist attraction when, arriving early in the morning, he saw a shoe lying at the bottom of the pool. This shoe was found to contain a human foot.

No identification was found and it is theorized by police that the shoe belonged to an indigent who, seeking refuge for the night, sneaked into the farm and accidentally stumbled into the pool.

No charges against the owner, Maynard Korsky, have been made. (May 1927)

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41a:

A Yellowed Document, in Spanish

Written by Father Rolando Tortulla of Toledo, Spain Anno Domini 1571, to report to the Church and the King on the condition of the French heretics now held in the vaults beneath the monastery. With my own eyes I saw the degeneracy of the prisoners. Their habitation is clean and receives regular fresh air. The stench of the heretics was so abominable as to drive me from them. But while I remained, I saw that their wasting disease was destroying them gradually. Neither prisoner had any toes left and both limped badly, skulking about their cells, trying to avoid the light of the torches we carried. I believe that these heretics should be left here to suffer the punishments wrought against them by God and that plans to transport them to Spain for examination should be forgotten. I further believe that intensive interrogation of the prisoners may expose the inquisition officials to the disease.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41c:

A Yellowed Document, in Spanish, Dated 1641

Work progresses steadily, but slowly, on the construction of the Castillo de San Marcos. The walls are completed and most of the catacombs of the monastery have been incorporated into the fort. An attempt to transfer the French prisoner brought difficulty. Three soldiers were required to drag the man out, but one soldier, Jose Garcia, was thrown against a wall, bloodying his head and leaving him unable to walk steadily for three days. We have decided to keep the prisoner in his present cell rather than risk transfer to the new one.

AZATHOTH PAPERS 41d:

A Yellowed Document, in Spanish — With an English Summary Attached

The galleons *La Rosario* and *Nino* sailed from St. Augustine in spring 1597 bearing treasures from the New World. Only the *Nino* completed the voyage as the *La Rosario* sank in shallow water when both ships were struck by a sudden storm two days out. Records state that considerable gold was lost along with the entire crew and a religious prisoner of French extraction.

A Yellowed Document, in Spanish, Written with a Quavering Hand

I, Father Cedrico of Aragon, have witnessed, Anno Domini 1662, the monstrous condition of the prisoner held beneath the catacombs of Castillo de San Marcos at St. Augustine. Details do not bear repeating, but his jailers do not exaggerate their reports. It is no wonder that it is difficult to force anyone to feed or tend this prisoner. It is my recommendation that this prisoner be secretly kept until its tortured soul is released from this earth.

A Yellowed Document, in Spanish, from a Vigorous Hand

I, Father Cedrico of Aragon, while on a return visit to St. Augustine, Anno Domini 1682, have investigated the cell of the prisoner formerly held beneath Castillo de San Marcos. The captain reported that the prisoner evidently vanished several months ago. The cell was found empty and devoid of any sign of habitation other than the rats which usually plague such areas. Opening the cell and entering, we were distressed to find, in the back wall, several stones removed and an old, dark tunnel leading down into the earth. The captain immediately ordered his men to fill this small passage with stones. The blocks of the wall were then replaced and re-mortared, sealing away forever the fate of this terrible Prisoner.

----- AZATHOTH PAPERS 43: -----

From the Cthaat Aquadingen

Deep within perfumed Kled, where life turns to death, He of the green-cloaked horrors, He who waits in the glade, He who turns and watches, He who sees and knows all, waits for the time of coming. The stars fall, the beast bred of stone rampages, and a time of great change comes. The Watcher in the Glade knows the time and place of the coming.

----- AZATHOTH PAPERS 44: -----

Pnakotic Manuscripts Excerpt

Before journeying to the Place of Yibb-Tstill, the priests of the Ivory Blade must be prepared for the great mystic reversal their god can bring to those who face it. They meet at that great pool that fronts the palace. Thence, groveling on hand and knee, they approach their terrible god.

[This is followed by a marginal note in Chinese: "Look for the stone arch."]

Excerpt, Magazine Article by Donald Houlton, 1892

In this interesting old city, I took the opportunity to visit the historic Castillo de San Marcos. When exploring the catacombs beneath the structure, I found a secret passage concealed by a door hidden as a section of wall. With pressure, the wall pivoted easily, opening to reveal a set of tunnels seemingly unknown and undisturbed since the days of the Spanish occupation.

With visions of pirates and smugglers, I crept in. Sadly, all I found was a row of empty cells, most of

----- AZATHOTH PAPERS 41g: -----

St. Augustine Religious Pamphlet, 1792

A dark and ancient evil, unloosed by Satan, is among us. They live by night and feed upon corruption. They are inhuman but walk like men, taking their place among us. They have dwelt here long, and their evil is most monstrous. They grow stronger, threatening all that is holy and righteous. To hide themselves and their activities, they assume the mantle of righteousness. Many officials of this city, both in the past and the present, belong to this secret, Godless, faith. I name no names, nor do I reveal my identity, lest their evil befall me and my family, but the truth must be spoken, the people of St. Augustine warned of the lurking danger.

----- AZATHOTH PAPERS 45: -----

Translation of the Dream-Symbols

Father who dwells at the center of ... in darkness, His sons that mark the growth and pace of the spheres ... that spin and turn in darkness; He, the millennial spirit of the desert, who must ... marking and remarking his path until....

which appeared to have never been occupied. One cell contained evidence of having once held a prisoner. The remains of French writing could be discerned, as could graffiti in the form of spirals and geometric figures, interspersed by animals and capering horned humans. The ceiling held images of shooting stars or comets streaking across the heavens. The cell wall was beginning to deteriorate and in many places the binding masonry had crumbled and fallen from between the stones. I notified the local historical society of my find.

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Spawn of AZATHOTH

Herald of the End of Time

Few attended the funeral of the old man. And even fewer saw the headless apparition which appeared in an investigator's room. The keen-witted investigators find significance in the unfortunate death. Through their persistence they begin to unravel a secret implying doom for everyone.

Monstrous peril confronts the intrepid investigators as evidence leads them across the United States and into the depths of Asia.

SPAWN OF AZATHOTH is a new supplement for CALL OF CTHULHU®, the roleplaying game which recreates the atmosphere and adventures of the stories of H.P. Lovecraft, world-famous horror-tale author. Within this box are three books — the parts for seven distinct linked adventures, each of generous play time.

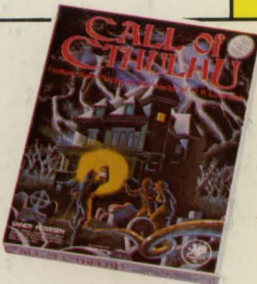
The first book, *From Beyond The Grave*, contains keeper introduction and orientation material, and presents "Providence," the first adventure.

The second book, *The Spawn Approaches*, contains the other six adventures — "Garrison," "St. Augustine," "Andaman Islands," "Ulthar And Beyond," "The Eternal Quest," and the climax of the campaign, "The Spawn of Azathoth." Lovecraft created a special fantasy world, the Dreamlands, and two of the adventures take place there. Special rules included govern the behavior of investigators in that other place, including transformation of physical objects and nightmare effects.

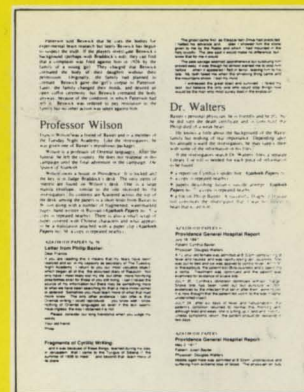
The third book, *The Azathoth Papers*, contains more than 60 news clippings, tome and diary excerpts, letters, and other clues. Three special sections of optional clues — quotations from Mythos tomes, gleanings from historical research, and news clippings — allow keepers to expand upon the clues that their investigators find, to emphasize certain kinds of information or to introduce lines of reasoning not otherwise uncovered.

Call of Cthulhu®

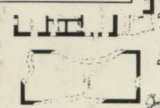
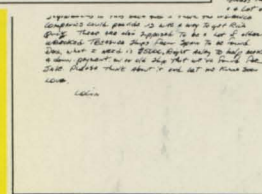
Call of Cthulhu is a roleplaying game based on the works of H. P. Lovecraft, in which ordinary people are confronted with the demonic plots of the Elder Gods and their minions. In *Call of Cthulhu*, players portray investigators of things unknown and unspeakable, decent men and women of the 1920s who have unexpectedly learned dreadful secrets. *Spawn of Azathoth* supplements *Cthulhu* and presents new adventures, including two trips to Lovecraft's Dreamlands, an unusual place of fantasy. Special rules for the adventures are included, but users should be familiar with *Call of Cthulhu*.



Ages 12-Adult



Sample Azathoth
Materials



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- text
- illustrations
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