

Horrors Of NORTH AMERICA

By Nigel D. Findley

A **ChILL** PRODUCT

DEVELUSCO

Horrors Of
NORTH
AMERICA

Horrors of North America

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A Note on Language

For the sake of convenience, the male gender is used as a neuter term throughout this product. This does not imply any chauvinism on our part; it simply takes up less space and makes for much smoother reading.

All characters in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or undead, is purely coincidental.

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Foreword

This is all just a game. A secret, world-wide organization devoted to fighting creatures from another dimension? Right. It's probably secret 'cause normal folks would consider its members just a pack of loonies. It's just a game. Oh sure, there are plenty of horror books and films, but it's still all fiction. Or is it?

Real or Unknown?

Reports of paranormal activity have been among the most persistent folklore and first-person history through the ages. How did we come to have these terms: ghost, poltergeist, apparition, undead, vampire? If these things are all imagined, enough people have similar imaginations to create an entire lexicon of terms. And the stories just keep coming. Though the supermarket tabloids destroy their own credibility, stories almost as strange grace more stately forums. The two hauntings that follow are cases in point.

An Unholy Visitor

This story is summarized from events reported in *American History Illustrated* magazine, October 1980. It concerns Reverend Eliakim Phelps, his wife, and four stepchildren. Rev. Phelps was a respected Presbyterian minister in Stratford, Connecticut, in the 1850s.

Family members were plagued by poltergeist activity for a year and a half. The events were varied and numerous: all manner of objects levitated or flew throughout the house, strange noises became common, and mysterious writings appeared.

The spirit's most elaborate work was a group of 11 figures made of clothing from throughout the house and stuffed to resemble humans. The figures held open Bibles, with the fingers of their gloves pointing to particular verses.

Many visitors to the parsonage witnessed this activity. One wrote: "In my presence the elder boy was carried across

the room by invisible hands and gently deposited on the floor. . . . In one instance the boy's clothes were cut to ribbons. . . . In the presence of several persons, articles moved through the air, and a brass candle-stick fell from the mantelpiece and continued to dash itself against the floor until broken. A shovel-and-tongs set moved out from the fireplace and proceeded to hop about in a dance in the middle of the floor . . . and a lamp moved across the room and set fire to some papers."

When Mrs. Phelps and her children went to Pennsylvania, the activity stopped. They returned about six months later, but the poltergeist never bothered the family again.

Legally Haunted

On July 18, 1991, the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court of New York ruled a house in Nyack, N.Y., to be haunted "as a matter of law." The question of whether the house was haunted or not came to be in the New York court system after the 18-room mansion was sold to a couple from out of town.

The house had had the reputation of being haunted for decades, and it was so billed on a house tour in 1989 (riverfront Victorian—with ghost). But nobody told Jeffrey and Patrice Stambovsky, who bought the place for \$650,000. When they found out about the house's reputation, they went to court to get their money back.

In the majority ruling, Justice Israel Rubin wrote: "The notion that a haunting is a condition which can and should be ascertained upon reasonable inspection of the premises is a hobgoblin which should be exorcised from the body of legal precedent and laid quietly to rest."

Central to the outcome of the case was the fact that the seller, Helen Ackley, had publicized that the house was haunted. Besides being the subject of local interviews, she wrote an article in the May 1977 issue of *Reader's Digest* describing experiences. Excerpts of that article follow.

She tells of an exchange with her husband, George (who died in 1989), at bedtime on a night soon after they moved into the house:

Sliding in beside him, I realized the hall light was burning. With a groan I started up.

"Where are you going?" George demanded.

"To turn off the light, of course."

"Leave it on."

I looked at him. "Since when have you slept with a light on?"

"Since the first night I moved in here, and I don't want to discuss it. Good night!" He turned over, his back to me.

Mrs. Ackley describes an incident that began when she was looking out her dining room window, which overlooks the Hudson River:

The leaves were gone from the trees, and shore lights shone across the water. The diamond necklace of the Tappan Zee Bridge undulated with light over the still river. As I stood storing the magnificent memory, a chill engulfed my left side. Someone was standing beside me. Very close beside me. Every hair on my neck and scalp stirred as I slowly turned my head. No body stood there, but an entity certainly did occupy that space.

"It's beautiful on the river, isn't it?" I asked aloud. (It isn't that I was calm, but I do react steadily in times of stress.) As I spoke, my hair eased back into place, and I felt no threat in the presence beside me. We stood looking out the window for a few more minutes. Then I turned to leave. My invisible companion turned with me and walked beside me across the room. I hesitated at the door. So did the other.

"Thank you for sharing the view with me. I'm going to bed now. Good night." I walked alone down the hall to my bedroom, quivering, and closed the door behind me.

Mr. and Mrs. Ackley were not the only family members visited. She describes solving a problem for her daughter, Cynthia:

Cynthia had never been hard to arouse in the mornings, but now she began to get up and dress even before George and I rolled out of bed. "It's spooky, Mother," she explained. "Every morning at exactly the same time my bed starts shaking. And if I don't get up right away, the bed shakes even harder."

Cyn was not scared or even upset. She had just hoped to sleep in later during the pending Christmas holiday. The plan we hit upon was not logical, perhaps, but it worked. Cynthia explained the situation to her invisible alarm clock, out loud, before going to bed that night. And during the vacation Cyn slept in every morning.

The Ackleys sometimes worried that their extensive renovations to the house might anger its invisible boarders. Mrs. Ackley relates what happened once when she was remodeling:

One day I attacked the battleship-gray living room. Paint time was at hand, and I was perched atop an eight-foot stepladder when I felt watching eyes. The feeling was not unfamiliar, but it was still a bit unnerving. I knew George was at work and the kids were in school.

I turned my head. The room was empty. I started working again. But the eerie feeling persisted, so I spoke out loud. "I hope you like the color. Hope you're pleased with what we're doing to the house. It certainly must have been lovely when it was first built."

As I talked I kept painting, but I felt the energy of those eyes, focused on the nape of my neck. I looked over my shoulder again. "He" sat there in midair, smiling at me from in front of the cold fireplace. Hands clasped around his crossed knees, he was nodding and rocking. He faded slowly, still smiling, and was gone. But I knew then that he approved of the work our family had lavished on our mutual home.

What did he look like? He was the most cheerful and solid-looking little person I've ever seen. A cap of white hair framed his round, apple-cheeked face, and there were piercing blue eyes under thick white eyebrows. His light-blue suit was immaculate, the cuffs of the short unbuttoned jacket turned back over ruffles at his wrists. A white ruffled stock showed at his throat. Below breeches cut to his kneecaps he wore white hose and shiny black pumps with buckles.

When she told the rest of her family about the experience, Mrs. Ackley got an unexpected reaction from her daughter:

Cynthia was interested in my description of the gentleman because her shadowy roommate was quite different. On two or three occasions she had seen the outline of a thin hooded figure of medium height, and was quite sure it was a woman.

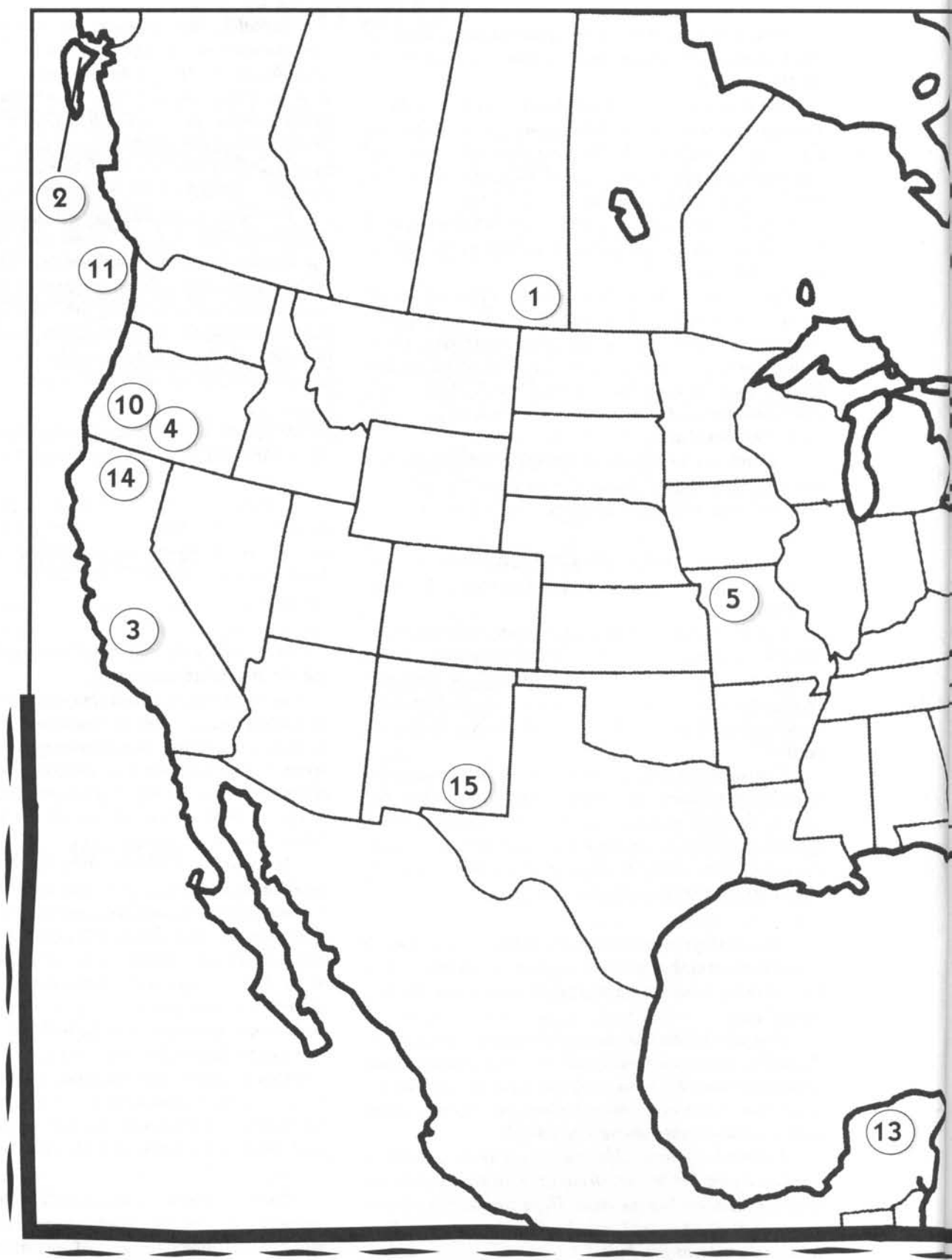
Mrs. Ackley also tells about the experiences of people outside her immediate family:

Through the years, a number of our friends have told us of odd experiences they've had in our home—doors that wouldn't stay closed, voices coming from empty rooms, a sense of being watched or even warned away. But not until my cousin Alfred, his wife, Ingrid, and their daughter came to visit in 1974 did anyone outside our immediate family "meet" one of our ghosts.

At breakfast after their first night with us, Ingrid's hands shook as she held her coffee cup. She had awakened before daylight, she said, aware that someone was walking around in the room. Then, silhouetted against the French doors, she saw the figure of a man dressed in a long jacket of the Revolutionary period. On his head was a curled, white-powdered wig.

He moved to the foot of the bed and sat down with his back toward Ingrid. The mattress gave as if someone had sat down on the edge. The figure opened a big book in midair. The book glowed as if it were lighted from inside. The figure turned the pages one by one as though he were looking for something. Finally he closed it, stood up, and was gone.

The next time you walk past a "haunted house" or hear a strange noise coming from the basement, remember, it's a proven fact, haunted houses and apparitions do exist!





1. **BIENMOT, SASKATCHEWAN**
2. **NIMPKISH, BRITISH COLUMBIA**
Cat Village
3. **GUADALUPE, CA**
City in the Sand
4. **EAST BEND, OR**
5. **PIERCETOWN, MO**
Field of Nightmares
6. **THE FRONT**
7. **GRAVESITE OF THE ANDREA DORIA**
8. **MILLERSYLVANIA, VA**
9. **TORONTO, ONTARIO**
Ontario First Bank
10. **SEVEN DEVILS, OR**
11. **SHAWNIGAN LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA**
12. **CAMBRIDGE, MA**
St. Thomas Aquinas School for Boys
13. **STATE OF YUCATAN, MEXICO**
Telchac Ruins
14. **MOUNT SHASTA, CA**
15. **LECHUGUILLA CAVE, NM**



Introduction

Welcome back to a world where the veil between the Known and the Unknown is thin. Where creatures of the Unknown can cross that arcane barrier at will to threaten and kill helpless victims. Where practitioners of the Evil Way use the black arts to confound and destroy. Where but a few staunch souls stand between undying evil and the hearths and homes of innocents unmindful of their peril.

Welcome back to the world of Chill.

Overview

The North American Sourcebook is a new resource for Chill Masters (CMs), a compendium of mysterious sites, monstrous creatures, and objects of power to add fear and wonder to any Chill campaign. These represent destinations for SAVE envoys or other player characters to investigate, new foes to strive against, and new tools that can be used by envoys or by their enemies.

Much of the material provided here is deliberately vague, consisting mainly of folk tales, legends, and excerpts from the diaries of SAVE envoys or others who have some experience with the topic in question. The CM can provide this preliminary material to the characters' players, presumably as part of their introductory briefing. Alternatively, the CM can "leak" the information, piece by piece, as the player characters (PCs) carry out their investigation. This preliminary material is usually emotionally evocative and only hints at what might actually be going on. The subsequent sections of each entry generally explain the true nature of the subject and give game statistics where appropriate.

The goal has been to make this book as useful to CMs as possible, to provide new ideas for horrific story-lines, and to help generate fear in the minds of envoys and players alike, not to reel off a list of dry statistics and fully defined creatures for envoys to beat on. There are several reasons for this.

The first, and most important, is that only the CM knows for sure the "feel" and atmosphere of the Chill campaign he is running. For example, some CMs might feel uncomfortable with large-scope, "earthshaking" confrontations with the Unknown, preferring to concentrate on "small"—but equally intense—stories, such as, "How come that neighborhood child is still playing with that ugly doll when his parents swear that they burned the nasty thing last night?" Other CMs might prefer larger issues and pull out all the stops with an exploration of a huge necropolis (city of the dead). Some of the entries in this book hold back from explaining the truth behind the legends—all of it, at least. Instead, they provide enough background and enough "story starters" to let the CM develop the situation to match perfectly the atmosphere of the campaign.

The second reason is a little more practical. This book will certainly be read by people who aren't CMs or by people who are CMs in other campaigns. If this book explained everything about every entry, those people would be in the awkward position of knowing more than their characters



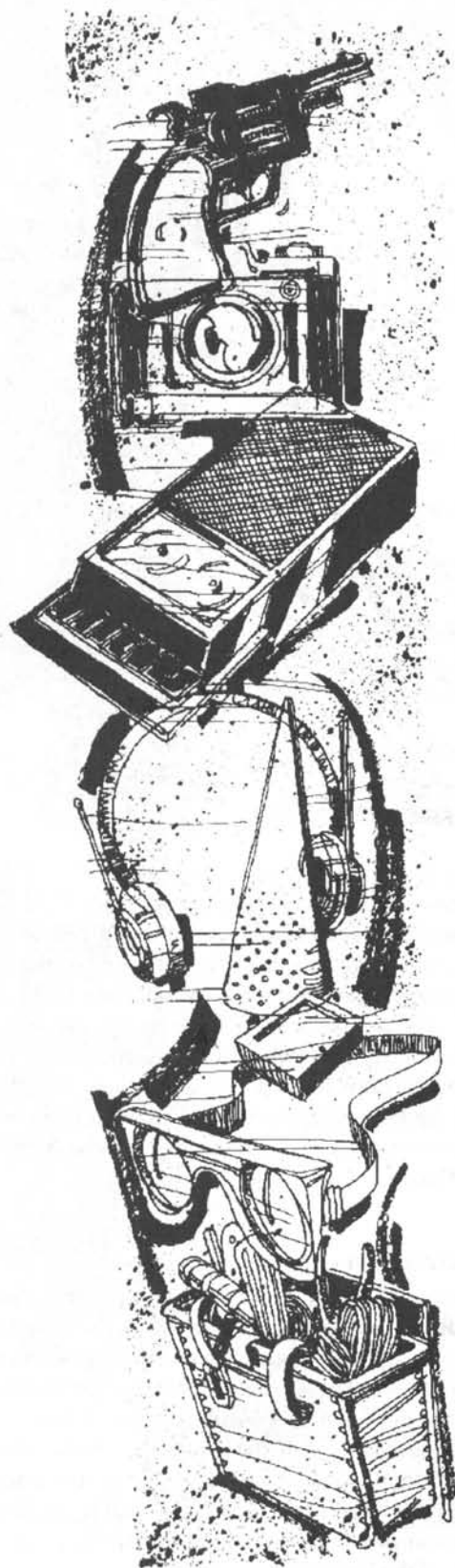
should know. This isn't cheating per se, since Chill isn't a competitive game. If anyone's being cheated, it's the player himself, missing out on one of the best parts of the game: thinking he's got everything figured out, then finding he's wrong . . . perhaps dead wrong. The entries that leave the final definition to the CM avoid this problem. A player who's read the book might know something about the old cathedral the PCs are exploring (for example), but he still doesn't know just what is lurking in the catacombs beneath the nave floor.

Organization

This sourcebook is divided into four major sections.

Locations deals with haunted areas and buildings, sites of power, and other regions where the veil between the Known and the Unknown seems to be particularly thin.

Creatures of the Unknown describes a host of new creatures associated with the Unknown. Some are true denizens of the Unknown, crossing over to this world for their own purposes. Others, however, seem to be native to the Known world but in some way attuned to the powers and evil goals of the Unknown.



Objects of Power describes a number of items that are somehow attuned or related to the Art, the Evil Way, or the totality of the Unknown itself.

Finally, **Once Bitten** is a short scenario that leads the envoys into the old-growth forests of Oregon and pits them against the Unknown in a particularly deadly environment—an operating sawmill.

Warning to the CM

Many of the entries in this book might seem much too overpowering for even the best-trained and best-equipped group of envoys. After all, it may seem that any team who strolls into the midst of the sleepy town of East Bend and challenges its new inhabitants simply has no hope of seeing the morning.

Well, yes. That's entirely the point. The Unknown is an overwhelming matter: it's an entire world, in a manner of speaking—a world bursting with power and evil intent. When it intersects with our world, the consequences are often cataclysmic.

The conflict between the Known and the Unknown might be likened to the Cold War. For various reasons, neither major power was willing to admit that battle was being waged. But waged it was nonetheless, usually in small, secret skirmishes that never made it to the newspapers or onto TV or radio. In this current undeclared war, the envoys of SAVE are like intelligence operatives—spies, if you will—trying to counter the moves of the enemy on a small scale. For a group of envoys to challenge the power of East Bend's new residents head-on would be as ludicrous as a handful of U.S. Military Intelligence agents in 1963 walking up to the Kremlin gates and challenging the Politburo to a fistfight, winner take all.

No, player characters must quickly learn that the direct approach is very rarely the best one to take when dealing with denizens of the Unknown. They must often work around an issue, investigating it for weaknesses, learning everything they can about it. Then, and only then, might they be able to defeat the wickedness that faces them. After all, light—symbolic of truth and knowledge—is usually a much more powerful weapon than a .45 caliber revolver.

Not all entries in this book deal with such large-scale situations, however. There are several “small” stories—but challenging nonetheless—on which PCs can cut their teeth.

Disclaimer

The entries in this book are all works of fiction. Although the names of real places are used from time to time, this is merely to add a sense of verisimilitude. The “mysterious events” described herein are all fictional and should not be taken to reflect on any locations, institutions, or businesses that actually exist.

Locations

There are two distinct types of locations discussed in this chapter.

These locations, whose connections to the Unknown spring from different sources, also are different in their impact on a Chill campaign.

These locations, whose connections to the Unknown spring from different sources, also are different in their impact on a Chill campaign.

The first is the classic haunted place. This is an area, otherwise normal, that has become inhabited by creatures of the Unknown. The main danger of such a location is the creatures that occupy it. Although the characteristics of the place itself might have some significance and pose some risk to any investigating PCs—such as the grave of the Andrea Doria, under 200 feet of water—these characteristics are decidedly secondary. Obviously, the standard haunted house—or bank, as discussed later—falls into this category. Once the other-worldly denizens have been banished, destroyed, or “laid to rest,” the place should pose no more risk.

The second type can be classified as a *site of power*. Here, it's the characteristics of the place itself that represent the mystery to be unraveled and that pose the greatest danger to PCs. There are certain places in the world where the veil that separates the Known from the Unknown is abnormally thin or where arcane currents of power flow. Many of these locations—such as Mount Shasta in northern California—have been described by various religions as “holy places,” places that cause visions in those who sleep there or places that have other effects. Many of these locations are haunted, or perhaps protected, by creatures of the Unknown, and these creatures of course represent a danger to anyone in the area. But in such places, these creatures are a symptom of the location's innate characteristics, not the cause. Banishing or destroying these creatures won't have any effect on the places themselves; the power will remain and eventually more other-worldly creatures will appear to replace those that were destroyed.

There is one more difference between the two types of locations. The inhabitants of the former are always baneful to earthly life. Inhabitants of the latter are baneful as well, but some sites of power—the sites themselves—actually have powers that are beneficial, or at least not actively inimical, to earthly visitors. In these places, the creatures of the Unknown that are present are generally there as guards, to prevent humans—and most especially SAVE envoys from learning of and

benefiting from the site's powers. Of course, there is no way of determining which category any particular site falls into except by visiting and investigating. And then, often, it's too late. . . .



Haunted Places

Bienmot

“I swore to myself I'd never tell this to anyone. Well hell, who'd believe me? They'd think I'm crazy. But you know, the more I think about it, the more I think there are some times that a man's just got to talk, and belief be damned. He's got to talk or he'll go crazy.

“I work for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the CBC, and I make documentaries for a living. I don't know just where the idea came from, but it seemed like a good one at the time. I decided I'd make a documentary about another CBC documentary-maker who'd gone missing while he was making a film about the Depression in Saskatchewan. The guy's name was Richard Corbeau, and in the 1960s he'd been one of the CBC's best—made more than a dozen real good films and even had one of his pieces nominated for an Academy Award. (He didn't win it.) One of the places he'd gone to interview Depression survivors was a little town southeast of Regina, called Bienmot. In 1971, he'd taken his small crew, just him and two others, to Bienmot . . . and that was the last anybody heard of him, his cameraman, or his sound man. Interesting, eh?

“Well, I went to Bienmot and took my own crew: four guys—real solid, professional types—who I'd worked with on half a dozen earlier projects. Bienmot was this tiny little place, population maybe 800, if that. Most of the people there were dirt poor, farmers during the growing season and coal miners during the winter. Despite the French name, there weren't any French there, and the locals had Anglicized the name; they pronounced it ‘Bean-mott.’

“At first, nobody wanted to talk to me. Well hell, you can hear my accent—pure Toronto—and they pegged me immediately as a city slicker and an outsider. I worked hard at gaining their trust for those first couple of days. I don't know how many rounds of drinks I bought in the local bar. Finally I'd forged a kind of relationship with a couple of the locals, and I raised the subject of Corbeau and his crew.

“When I mentioned it, it was just like big doors slammed behind the eyes of the people I was talking to. I felt animosity from them—real dark emotions, almost hatred—and I'll admit for a moment I thought I might get lynched. They wouldn't talk to me anymore. They wouldn't even drink my liquor.

“I wish I'd given up the project then, but one thing documentary-makers have too much of is curiosity. I figured there was some kind of story here, and I swore to myself I'd find out what it was. I kind of cast around the town, looking for someone who'd talk to me.

“I finally found her. An old, bed-ridden woman, in her



late 90s. The locals called her just 'the old woman,' and everyone seemed to think her mad. But if she was mad, it didn't show in her speech. I think . . . I think she liked me.

"Anyway, she remembered Corbeau when he came into town in 1971 and said she'd talked to him. I could see from her expression that she was sad about something, maybe guilty, but I couldn't get her to say why. Anyway, she told me that Corbeau had been asking her some questions and she'd accidentally let slip something . . . she wouldn't tell me what.

"I'm not proud of it, but I've got to admit I browbeat the old woman a bit. 'What did you tell him?' that kind of thing. Finally she admitted she'd mentioned 'the Métis gully' to him, but she pleaded with me not to visit it.

"Sure. I had a good geodetic survey map of the area, and the map showed there was only one place near the town that would qualify as a 'gully.' I did some library research, much of it by phone to Toronto, and that's where I dug up the story.

"It seems that early in the century, after the last Métis Rebellion in the east, that a bunch of Métis, a tribe of half-breed French-speaking Indians, had moved to Saskatchewan, and some of them had set up as squatters outside Bienmot. They were on the land of a hard-assed old farmer called McKenzie, and he'd ordered them off many times, but they hadn't gone. One night, apparently, he'd taken his old shotgun and killed them all. Just shot them down, women and children, and buried them where they fell. McKenzie himself died soon after.

"'Oho,' I thought. That explained a lot. The silence, the xenophobia of the locals. Might that not mean that some of them—or their parents, at least—had some kind of involvement in the Métis slaughter? I knew this was the kind of story that would interest Corbeau a lot more than another Depression documentary, a whole town keeping a guilty secret, and figured that he'd probably gone to the 'Métis gully' to look for clues. I found myself wondering if the town had killed him to protect their secret.

"That night I took my crew, and we followed my map to the gully. A real dead, blasted place: hard scrub, twisted trees, the whole nine yards. There was no sign of anything out of the ordinary. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, a hard, cold wind blew up, and a thick fog rose. (I know, I know, wind and fog together? But it happened.) I got separated from my crew somehow. And I got scared. Real scared, like something cold had a hold of my heart. And then I saw a kind of pearly light in the fog ahead of me. It drew closer, and . . . and I saw my own face in the middle of that shimmering light.

"I . . . Well, I ran. I just wanted to get out of the gully. I ran, and then I tripped over something. A camera. A film camera, not video, the kind of thing the CBC issued to film crews back in the early '70s. The kind Corbeau's crew would have used.

"That's when I heard the scream. Loud, horrible, like a man being flayed alive. I looked back in the direction of the scream but couldn't see anything . . . at first. Then this figure appeared out of the fog. A tall man, wearing a black jacket and a flat-brimmed hat. A figure out of history, just like the old pictures of Métis that I've seen. That figure reached out toward me. . . .

"And I was up and running like the devil was after me, and I'm not sure that it wasn't. Somehow I got back to my car, and I drove back into Bienmot. Nobody wanted to hear my story, not even the cops. I waited for a couple of days, but of course my crew didn't come back. Nobody's ever heard from them again. I tried to talk to the old woman, but they told me she was dead. (Had the townies killed her? I'll probably never know.)

"I tried to get people to look into it, but they just said my crew must have fallen into one of the old coal mines, lost in the fog. Death by misadventure, bodies never recovered. Sure.

"The way I see it, those Métis were protecting the land they'd taken as their own. Their land's safe as far as I'm concerned. I'm never going back to Bienmot. Never."

*SAVE Toronto debriefing: William Torrence
March 5, 1991*

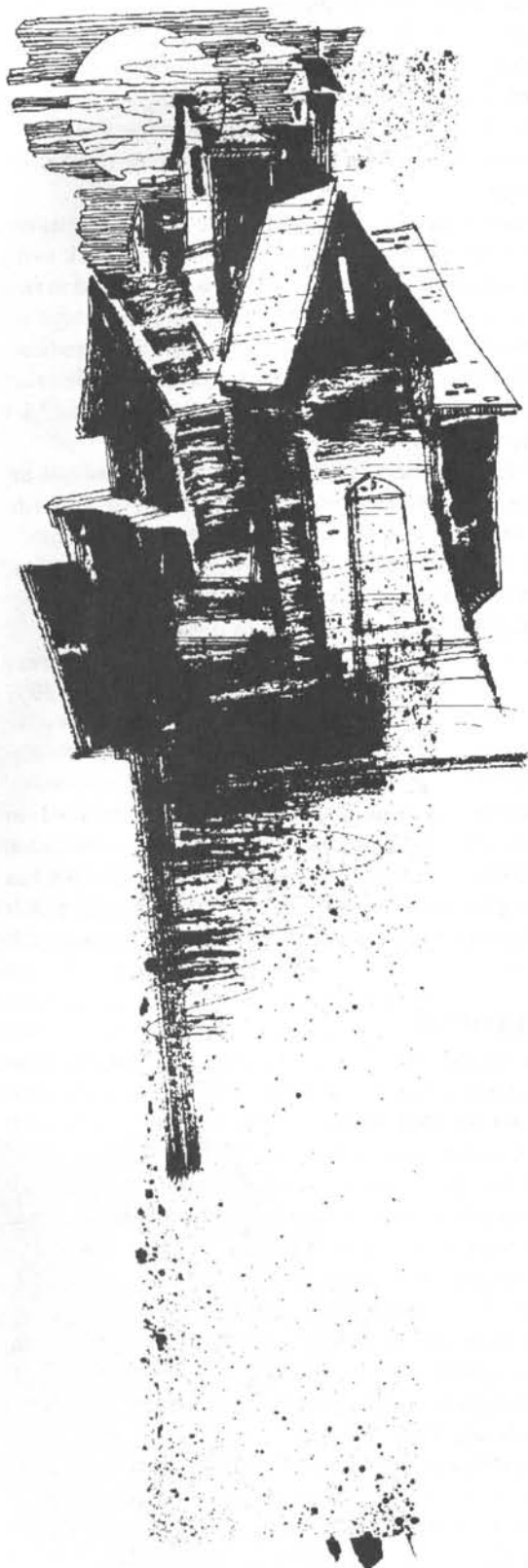
Location

Bienmot, pronounced byen-moh, is located in Saskatchewan, Canada, about 120 miles southeast of Regina, about 10 miles from the North Dakota border. The town has a current population, according to official census, of 813. It is located in prairie country, surrounded by dry, rutted land.

Background

The information provided by Torrence is largely accurate. In the 1920s, a group of 48 Métis moved to the area, settling on the land of one Hamish McKenzie, a Scottish farmer. Contrary to what Torrence heard, McKenzie wasn't a brutal man at all, but a sensitive, somewhat weak, soul. McKenzie felt sorry for the Métis, and he probably would have let them stay if matters had been left up to him. The other townsfolk of Bienmot felt differently, however. They hated the Métis and wanted them gone . . . one way or another. They started putting pressure on McKenzie to "do something about those damn Indians."

Although basically a good man, McKenzie was vulnerable to his neighbors' pressure. Under duress, he agreed to go along with a plan to eliminate the Métis problem. On the night of June 19, 1928, most of the able-bodied men of Bienmot went down to the gully, armed with rifles and



shotguns. The arrangement—at least, as far as McKenzie was told—was that, on the count of three, everyone would open up on the unarmed Métis. Since the gunfire would come as a concentrated volley, nobody, particularly the squeamish McKenzie, would know for sure exactly what carnage his own shots caused.

The men slunk into position; the Métis somehow knew they were coming and came out of their ramshackle huts to meet them. The count came. On three, everyone was supposed to fire . . . but only one gun—McKenzie's—spoke. His shot killed a young Métis woman near the front. Then, and only then, did the other townsfolk open fire and continue firing until all the Métis lay dead. McKenzie fled back to his home in horror and disgust, pursued by the sounds of screams, gunfire, and the laughter of the townsfolk who'd played their cruel trick on the unsuspecting man.

After that, McKenzie was a broken man. He hated and reviled his neighbors for their actions and himself for his participation in them. On the first anniversary of the massacre, Hamish McKenzie took his own life with the same gun he'd used on the Métis woman. His diary tells that he heard strange sounds coming from the gully at night, and he feared the dead Métis would one night be coming for him. The townsfolk who found his body also found the diary, but burned it.

To this day, the Métis massacre haunts the souls of the townsfolk, particularly those who were involved but also those born later. The massacre is the town's secret, and townspeople will do much to protect that secret. (The townsfolk will not kill to protect it, however; they've had enough killing.)

There are very few participants of the massacre still alive: only five, in fact. There were 68 guns in the gully that night, including McKenzie's. Sixty-three of the men who wielded them have died, and the manner of their deaths is also part of Bienmot's secret.

Each year, on the anniversary of the massacre, one of the participants in the massacre turns up missing. His body is never found, but the townsfolk all believe that the spirits of the Métis call to him and he must answer. No precautions seem effective to prevent this annual disappearance. Families of the survivors sit awake all night to make sure that the man in their charge can't leave the house. But no matter what is done, the precautions come to naught. The watchers fall into deep slumber, the dogs are silent, the electronic alarms are breached, etc. The next morning, one of the massacre participants is missing.

None of the townsfolk ever visits the gully, and they do their best to prevent anyone else from doing so. They have dual

motives for this. One is to save the person's life from the "hungry ghosts" that haunt the region. The other, of course, is to prevent anyone from finding evidence of the massacre.

Involvement of the Unknown

One of the Métis who was killed in the gully massacre was a shaman, versed in several Disciplines of the Art. When he was slain, his spirit returned to the Known world as a Manitou. As described in the *Chill* hardcover book, a Manitou seeks vengeance for a wrong. In this case, the wrong is obvious: the slaughter of the Métis band.

While other Manitou might carry out their vengeance in one great, glorious orgy of destruction, this individual has chosen a slower, more insidious—and more satisfying—path. Each year, it uses its disciplines to lead one man to his death. It knows that fear and anticipation are preying on the minds of the survivors, making its vengeance that much sweeter. When the final participant in the massacre is dead, the creature will, as is typical for its kind, find more "wrongs" for which to seek vengeance. In addition to those listed in the hardcover, this particular Manitou has two additional disciplines:

95/110/130 Hallucinate, Influence

The Manitou can Change Self into the form of a coyote, not an uncommon creature in this part of the world.

As hinted at in Torrence's description, there are other creatures of the Unknown haunting the gully: at least one Fetch, several common Ghosts, and one or more Banes. In addition, three of the young Métis women were passing through puberty when they were slain and thus have become Crying Spirits (described in the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter). The Ghosts, Fetches, and Crying Spirits are servitors to the Manitou; the Banes are independent creatures.

Banishing the Evil

There are several ways of removing the evil taint from the Métis gully and the town of Bienmot. The most obvious, of course, is to destroy the Manitou and its servitors.

A second, more indirect method, is to bring the surviving participants of the massacre to justice, probably a difficult task, considering the town's vow of silence. If the surviving murderers are convicted of their crime, the Fetches, Banes, Ghosts, and Crying Spirits vanish forever. The

Manitou will appear to vanish but will in fact only become dormant for D% years, then return to seek vengeance against the town for some other "wrong."

There is a third way to eradicate the evil influence. When the Métis shaman, the individual who became the Manitou, came to the Bienmot area, he brought with him a small cedar chest that contained the skull and some bones of his father, a powerful shaman in his own right. The young shaman had intended to give his father a proper burial on the land that he and his band had taken for their own. He was massacred before he did this, however. When the townsfolk buried their victims, they also buried the chest. Of course, they did so without the correct religious observances and chants, and only after having rooted around inside the chest looking for loot—both obvious desecrations. It seems that, in some strange way, the chest and the remains of the old shaman are the focus that allowed the Manitou to enter the Known world and that bind the Ghosts and other creatures to the earthly realm.

To banish the creatures totally, the PCs must find the chest, which is buried in the bottom of the gully, and inter it again properly, accompanying the act with the ritual chants of a Métis burial ceremony. Discovering the nature of this ritual won't be particularly simple, of course, and requires the use of skills such as Anthropology/Archaeology, History, or preferably, Legend/Lore.

While the Ghosts and other incorporeal creatures won't interfere with the PCs while they perform the appropriate ritual, the Manitou will do everything in its (considerable) power to disrupt the proceedings. While the other creatures are willing to cross the veil into the Unknown once and for all, the Manitou wants to remain in the Known world and see its own vengeance through to its conclusion.

Additional Notes

Remember that virtually the entire town is in on the secret of the massacre and will go to great lengths to protect it from discovery. The townsfolk won't kill the PCs, but they will take other actions to block any investigation. They might drop red herrings before the PCs, trying to send them off on wild goose chases. They might also vandalize or steal the PCs' equipment and could go as far as trying to intimidate the PCs or even beat them up. It's up to you, as CM, to make the PCs' stay in Bienmot as claustrophobic and paranoia-inducing as possible.

Cat Village

"Do you know the work of Emily Carr? She was a painter who lived in British Columbia, Canada, early in this century. She died a couple of decades back, I think. Anyway, Emily Carr was one of Canada's best-known painters.

"What did she paint? Forest and landscapes, mainly. But she did go through a phase where she painted a lot of the deserted Indian villages along the British Columbia coast. Decaying longhouses, toppled totem poles, that kind of thing. Powerful work.

"There was one painting that really caught my eye when I saw it on display in Vancouver. It was called something like 'The Cat Village.' At first it looked like just another decaying village, but then I saw all the eyes in the foliage. Cats' eyes, all watching me (or, really, watching the viewer of the painting). It was a little creepy and highly fascinating.

"You understand, I'm not an artist. I'm a biologist. I was fascinated with The Cat Village not just because it was a powerful painting but also because it posed an interesting question. In the hundred years since that village was deserted, how has that population of cats, which, I presumed, had developed from a few domesticated cats that the Indians left behind them, adapted and altered? I was fascinated.

"It took me a while to track down just where the 'Cat Village' was, but I finally managed it. I hired a boat and captain. The captain was an old Indian who'd retired from commercial fishing and now did charters. When I told him where I was going, he seemed unwilling to take me there for some reason. But I finally offered him enough money to persuade him to take me.

"We arrived at the Cat Village near sunset. I had camping gear and was going to stay on-shore. The captain effectively refused to allow me to do so. He demanded that I sleep aboard the boat. I was aggravated, but I was also impressed by his vehemence, so I agreed.

"I went ashore for my first visit as the sun was sinking low. The village itself looked virtually identical to Emily Carr's painting. All the buildings and totem poles were in the places I'd expected them to be. I wandered among them, looking for signs of the cats.

"I felt their presence before I saw them. I sensed the tingling on the back of the neck that comes when someone is watching you. I looked around. It was just the same as the painting: dozens of pairs of almond eyes staring at me from the underbrush. I moved toward the cats, stepping around a large totem that was still standing. Idly I looked up at the totem and saw something that chilled me to the bone.

"Before I even had time to think about what I'd seen, the feeling changed. The sense of being watched became much more intense, almost overwhelming. And, overlaid on top of the sense of observation was an undeniable sense of intelligence. Malign intelligence; I would even say evil intelli-

gence, although I know it sounds trite. I felt... I felt as though something ancient and evil was in the underbrush, watching me, waiting for me to make some wrong move that would trigger its attack. My inclination was to turn and run, of course, but I feared that running might be that wrong move that would seal my fate. I turned my back on that sensation—it was the hardest thing I've ever done in my entire life—and walked steadily back to where the captain was waiting in his skiff. He spoke not a word, just took me back to the boat. Without asking my permission, he started the engines and set his course away from the village. I didn't stop him. I had no more desire than he to stay there, particularly after dark.

"What? What was it I saw on the totem? Claw marks. Vertical striations on the totem, like the marks that would be left by a cat sharpening its claws. But those marks were as broad as my little finger, as long as my arm, and on a level even with my face. I would dearly like to believe they were left by a bear. . . ."

*SAVE Vancouver debriefing: Brian Dunnesmure
October 24, 1990*

Location

The "Cat Village" is on the west coast of Vancouver Island in British Columbia, near the island's northern tip. The village, the original name of which was Nimpkish, is on the southern coast of Quatsino Sound. The nearest major town is Port Hardy, which is about 30 miles northeast of Nimpkish. The coastal area around Nimpkish is heavily forested, and the only way of reaching the village is by sea.

Background

As Brian Dunnesmure's testimony hinted, the village of Nimpkish was abandoned about 100 years ago. This isn't unusual; the coast of British Columbia is dotted with deserted Indian villages. Most of these villages were abandoned as the Indians left their old lifestyle and moved either to the cities and towns or to reservations. Most villages were finally abandoned about the turn of the century or slightly after.

Nimpkish was abandoned about 50 years earlier than that, although few people still alive are aware of that. Because of its out-of-the-way location, the inhabitants of Nimpkish didn't see their first white man until 1846, when a British vessel sheltered from a storm in Quatsino Sound. The natives had no fear of strangers, and a trading relationship was quickly established.

In 1848, the village's fortune took a turn for the worse. Early in that year, a European ship ran aground near Nimpkish in a freak storm. The natives sent an expedition to rescue any survivors of the wreck. Apparently, there was only one: a beautiful, dark-haired woman with distinctly non-Indian features. This woman, who came to be known as T'lingit,

seemed to be in mortal terror of drowning. The rescuers loaded her aboard their canoe and took her to the village.

To the surprise and delight of the villagers, the woman was fluent in their language. She described to them the rigors of her journey from a far-off land of beating sun and parched sand. Although the villagers listened politely to this tale, they knew that she must be lying or at least exaggerating. A land of sand? No trees and no rain? Impossible. . . . She described the storm that had driven her vessel aground and that had killed or swept overboard all other members of the crew. She then asked if she might be allowed to stay in Nimpkish. Permission was freely given, to a large extent because the woman had brought so much wealth with her. Much of this wealth was in the form of some unusually heavy gold-colored metal but enough of it was in forms that the natives understood: carved ivory and strange woods, faceted stones, and many, many pearls.

After the arrival of T'lingit, the village fell on hard times. Many of the male leaders of the village disappeared or were killed in strange accidents. The village population of domesticated cats began to breed with unnatural vigor, and these cats became a plague. Many natives left the village, believing it to be cursed.

Nobody knows exactly how the end came, since no one who was present when the final stroke fell lived to tell the tale. A trading vessel from the Hudson's Bay Company visited Nimpkish in July, 1849 and found the village still viable, albeit somewhat shrunken in population. When the next trading ship put into Quatsino Sound, in October, 1849, Nimpkish was totally deserted, except for the cats.

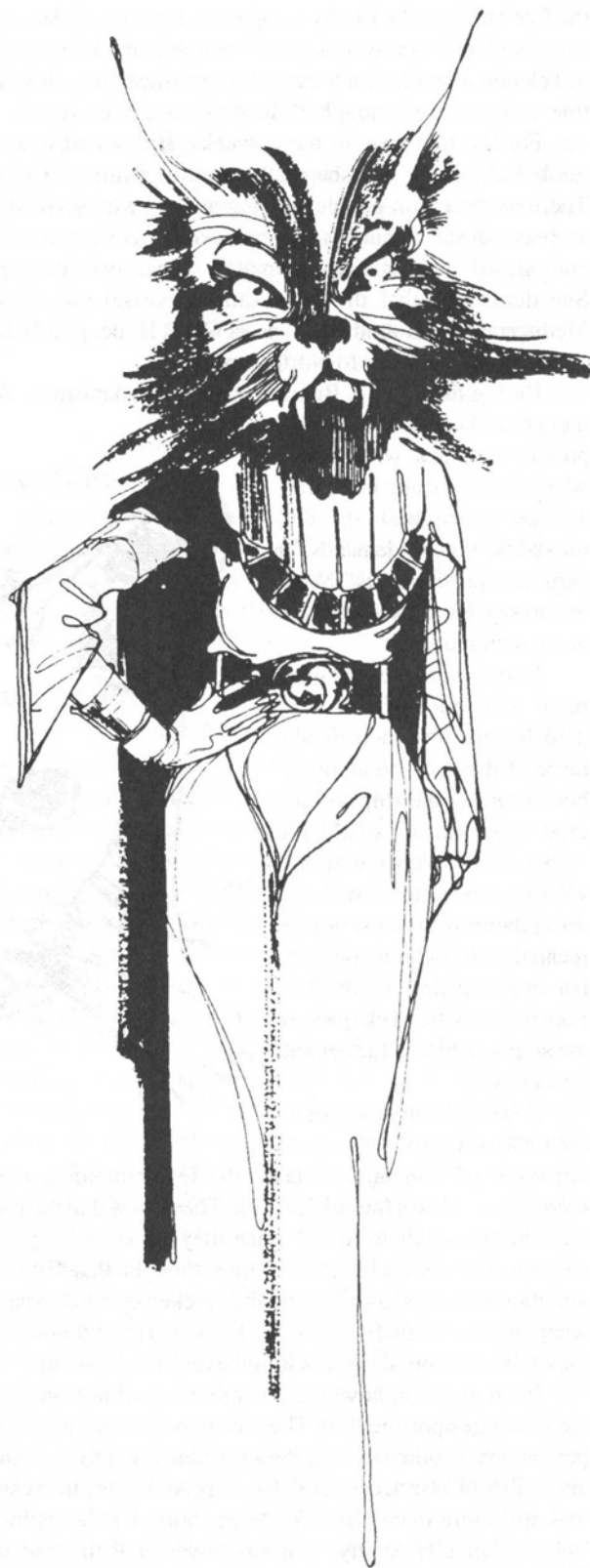
To this day, the only known inhabitants of Nimpkish are the cats. There are currently more than 200 cats living in the vicinity of the village. (Treat these as house cats, described on pp. 180-181 of the *Chill* hardcover.)

Involvement of the Unknown

It should come as little surprise to learn that the woman the villagers came to call T'lingit was actually a Bast. This creature, whose real name is Bithia, dwelt in Cairo, in a large house surrounded by *objets d'art* of great value. In woman form, Bithia was a patron of the arts and a hostess of great repute.

In 1847, Bithia left Cairo for several months. When she returned, she found that thieves had broken into her house, stolen her most valuable possessions, and burned down the entire property. Consumed with thoughts of revenge, Bithia began a remorseless hunt for the thieves and for her missing possessions.

She tracked them down, but just too late. The thieves had loaded her goods aboard a sailing ship bound for England and had set sail several hours before Bithia's arrival on the docks. Suppressing her natural fear of water, the Bast—still in human form—hired another vessel to pursue



the British ship. She finally caught the ship several days out from land. Bithia was now close enough to the British ship to Teleport aboard, which she did. She immediately slew the thieves but spared enough of the crew to sail the vessel.

For the first time in many weeks, Bithia had time to think and reflect. Did she really want to return to Cairo? There were certain people sniffing around who seemed to suspect that she was not as she appeared. After some consideration, she decided that a change of scenery was in order. She demanded that the crew sail the vessel out of the Mediterranean, around the Cape of Good Hope, past India, and across the Pacific to North America.

During the voyage, Bithia was a cruel taskmistress. Although she knew that she had to provide her crew with food—which she did, using her Create a Feast Discipline—she dismissed the sailors' demands for citrus fruits as "frivolous." Needless to say, the crew soon came down with scurvy.

It was a horrible voyage as more and more of the crew died, leaving the others to take more of the back-breaking labor of sailing the ship. As the crew diminished, so did the ship's ability to cope with bad weather. No matter how Bithia drove them on, the crew proved incapable of holding course to her intended destination: San Francisco. As the weeks passed, the ship was blown farther and farther north.

When the ship was no more than 200 miles from the western coast of Vancouver Island, the few remaining crew members came to a fateful decision. They knew that the Bast wouldn't allow them to live once they were no longer of value to her. One night, when they thought that Bithia's attention was at its lowest point, they picked up what meager weapons they could find and attacked her. The outcome was inevitable, of course: Bithia killed every one of them.

Even in death, however, the crew was almost guaranteed revenge upon the Bast. There was no possibility that one person, even someone with the inhuman strength, stamina, and agility of a Bast, could sail the ship. And, since the vessel was still more than 100 miles from shore, Bithia couldn't Teleport herself to safety. As it was, however, Bithia had one last card to play. Using the Change Weather Discipline, which she had learned from a Deceiver in Thebes, she

whipped up a storm that drove the vessel eastward and ran it aground on the shores of Quatsino Sound.

As previously discussed, the natives of Nimpkish rescued Bithia and took her to their village. Her predatory nature expressed itself immediately, leading to the rash of "disappearances" and "accidental deaths" of males in the village. So careful was Bithia in her predation that nobody even suspected the woman the villagers had come to call T'lingit.

In August, 1849, the village shaman had a dream. In this dream, he saw T'lingit as a strange creature with the body of a woman and the head of a large, black cat. Accepting this dream as a message from the gods, the shaman went forth to the villagers and told them that the woman they had taken as

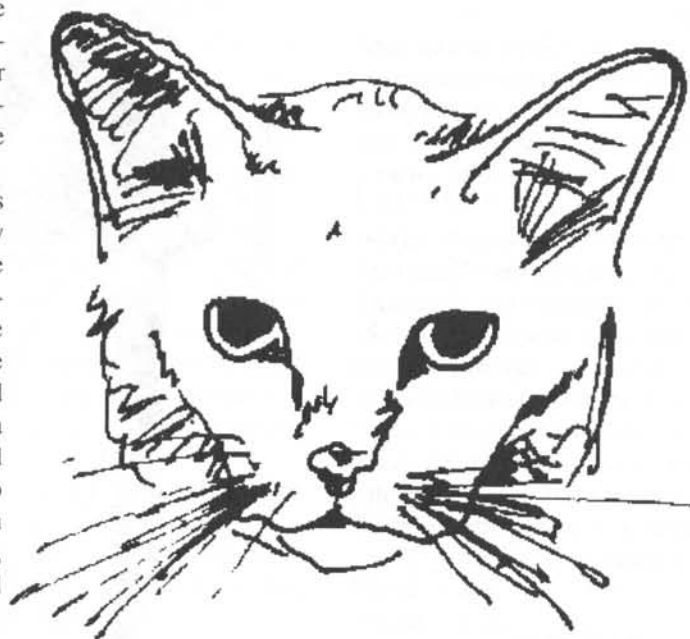
a friend was actually a monster. So persuasive were his words that virtually all of the villagers believed him. As a mob, the villagers came to T'lingit/Bithia, intending to drive her from Nimpkish forever. Predictably, Bithia killed them all for their temerity.

Since then, Bithia has prowled the northwest coast of Vancouver Island, preying on hunters, fishermen, and outdoorsmen who wander into her territory. The 200+ cats that live in the vicinity of Nimpkish are all under her control. By using her Swarm Discipline, she can summon these cats to do her bidding at a rate of D%

per round. Bithia has other servitors as well, specifically several Drowned Ones that had been created by an Altum (since destroyed by a group of SAVE envoys), which at one time inhabited a wreck off the western point of Cape Cook, 20 miles or so south of Quatsino Sound. It's impossible to rule out the possibility that the Bast controls additional servitor creatures, as yet unsuspected.

Banishing the Evil

Bithia is a standard Bast as described on pp. 193-194 of the *Chill* hardcover, with the one exception that she can use an additional Discipline, Change Weather, at the Master Level, giving her a base Target# of 121. The only way to rid Nimpkish of the evil influence is to destroy Bithia.



City in the Sand

"When I first heard about the City in the Sand in early 1984, I thought it was just one of those simple bits of sensationalistic trivia that the media love to trot out every couple of months. An Egyptian city buried in the sand dunes near Guadalupe, in southern California? Yeah, right.

"Then the rest of the story came out, and it all made sense. In 1923, Cecil B. DeMille filmed a silent movie version of "The Ten Commandments." The version that everyone knows, the one with Charlton Heston as Moses, was filmed in 1956, in Egypt. But for this first version, DeMille decided that it would be cheaper to rebuild Egypt in California than to ship his crew half-way around the world.

"The place that the media called the City in the Sand was the City of the Pharaoh and arguably the largest set in feature film history. It sprawled over 750 feet in width. Its walls were 112 feet high. Its main gate was flanked by 22 sphinxes and four statues of the Pharaoh, each 36 feet tall. If you want to see it in all its grandeur, rent the movie on video. It's worth the effort.

"So why was the City still in existence? In 1923, nobody seemed to care much about the hiker's credo 'pack out your trash.' When shooting was completed, rather than going to the effort and expense of tearing down the set, DeMille and crew just left it for the dunes to consume. Consume it they did, and everybody just forgot about it. Or almost everybody.

"The resting place of the City of the Pharaoh was discovered in 1983 by a man named Peter Brosnan, a teacher, screenwriter, and maker of documentary films. When the word got out about the find, the 'fringe media' took just the slant you'd expect: 'Ancient Egyptian Settlement in California,' etc. These days, nine-day wonders hardly last longer than a sound byte, however, and most people quickly forgot the City once more.

"Not Brosnan. In 1989 he raised the money to continue the excavations he'd started over half a decade earlier. He's still got a long way to go, and his plans might end up blocked by the U.S. Department of the Interior, which manages the property.

"Another interesting bit of trivia, I thought. Then I remembered some other stories I'd heard last time I was in southern California, and I started making some unpleasant correlations.

"Did you ever hear the story of the 'California Lost Patrol'? A group of National Guardsmen were on desert maneuvers near Guadalupe soon after World War II. They were caught in a freak storm, according to their last radio message to base, and lost their sense of direction. That was the last that was ever heard of them. Several years later, a Jeep was found buried in a sand dune. The official story was that the patrol had become disoriented by the storm and had perished when their water ran out. (When they were packing radios and compasses in their jeeps and trucks, and when they were only 10 miles from a town, and rescue? Yeah, right.)

"And what about the continuing string of hikers lost in the region? The most recent case I know about was in 1987, a young couple from Gilroy who went to Guadalupe for some dune camping. He was never seen again. She was found dying of exposure and dehydration. She expired in the Guadalupe hospital, babbling about horrible creatures that immobilized her, then tore her boyfriend's flesh from his bones before her eyes. Hallucinations? Delirium brought on by dehydration? Perhaps."

*From the journal of Derek Montgomery,
SAVE San Francisco chapter
March 23, 1990*

Location

Guadalupe, a city of 3,500, is located in southern California on Highway 1 about 20 miles south of San Luis Obispo and 8 miles west of Santa Maria. The City of the Pharaoh is located about 10 miles outside the city.

Background

The information from Derek Montgomery's journal is correct, as far as it goes. The design of the city was officially under the control of DeMille and his production design team. In fact, however, the team subcontracted many of the smaller details to others. The design of a small temple, which never appeared in the final cut of the film, was left to an Egyptologist named Dr. Zachary Davisen. This decision was made in the name of authenticity. In fact, DeMille and his team got more authenticity than was really good for them.

Davisen based his design on a temple his team had uncovered near Thebes, Egypt, in 1920. This design included a strange bas-relief that had particularly caught Davisen's interest. While the glyphs and ideographs that made up the bas-relief were familiar, Davisen could make no sense of the combination of symbols. He concluded that the glyphs must have had some symbolic, rather than linguistic, significance. He still found the bas-relief so fascinating that he duplicated it exactly on the walls of the temple he designed for the City of the Pharaoh.

The temple was the last part of the City to be constructed. The huge job of building the City went remarkably well. As soon as it was complete, however, bad luck seemed to haunt the site. Lights fell, ladders toppled, generators broke or caught fire. No one was killed, but the movie crew decided that the production was jinxed. According to some apocryphal stories, even DeMille believed in the jinx and thought that the bad luck was centered on the temple. Some speculate that this is the reason why no footage of the temple appeared in the final cut, and there are even rumors that



DeMille destroyed all of the footage that included the ill-fated building.

When the production was wrapped, a crew was sent in to disassemble the massive set, starting with the temple, as DeMille instructed. In three accidents within two days, five workers lost their lives in the vicinity of the temple. The night after the fifth death, many of the workers claimed to have seen spectral figures resembling their dead colleagues wandering through the site. It was at this point that DeMille ordered that the demolition be stopped and the City of the Pharaoh left to the sand.

Involvement of the Unknown

According to Derek Montgomery's description of the City of the Pharaoh, the edifice is flanked by 22 statues of sphinxes. Anyone viewing the original movie can fairly easily confirm that when DeMille's crew built the structure, there were only 21 sphinxes.

The temple that Davisen unearthed in Thebes was actually the burial site of a powerful follower of the Egyptian god of evil, Set. When he died, his minions interred his body and warded the temple with powerful magic to protect his

final resting place. These wards included the bas-relief that so interested Davisen: actually, a magical formula that bound an Egyptian Sphinx to service as a guardian. This formula was effective for only 1,000 years after the moment of its creation, so by the time Davisen found the temple the creature had long been free. When the bas-relief was recreated on the movie set, however, the magic reasserted itself, calling another Egyptian Sphinx to protect the new temple and anything within it. It was this creature that caused the run of "bad luck" that bedeviled the production and that killed the workers ordered to demolish the temple.

The Sphinx is still there, concealed as one of the statues guarding the gate to the City. Although its orders were precise—to guard the temple—they didn't expressly forbid it from indulging its evil tendencies to the detriment of anyone unfortunate enough to wander near the city. The Sphinx (and several servitor creatures, discussed later) are responsible for the 'Lost Patrol' of National Guardsmen and for the list of missing hikers. (Why Brosnan and his team weren't attacked by the Sphinx is unclear.)

The five workers who died still haunt the site as "normal" ghosts and are servitors under the command of the Sphinx. There are other creatures of the Unknown present as well, including a Fetch. You, as CM, should feel free to populate the City of the Pharaoh with any other servitor creatures that strike your fancy.

Banishing the Evil

If the temple is destroyed, or the bas-relief obliterated, the Sphinx is immediately free to return to the Unknown. Unfortunately for anyone trying to do so, the Sphinx, in obedience to the formula that summoned it, does whatever it takes to prevent this from happening. Virtually the only way to "free" the site is to eliminate the Sphinx and then destroy the temple. Once the Sphinx is destroyed or banished, its servitor creatures become free-willed independents.

The ghosts will remain, haunting the City, until the task they were assigned, the destruction of the temple, is complete. When the temple finally falls, they vanish forever.

Additional Notes

Much of the city is still buried beneath the dunes, including the temple itself. Thus, to complete their mission, the PCs must excavate the temple. Obviously, the dunes are the "allies" of the Sphinx (While the temple is buried, it can't be destroyed.), so the creature will try to block any excavation attempts.

The U.S. Department of the Interior is very concerned about the fate of the dunes and the local shore birds. Its agents certainly won't sit by idly while "vandals" such as a group of PCs wreak untold havoc on the delicate environment. The potential for bureaucratic entanglement is great.

East Bend

Dear David,

I'm writing to you as a last resort. Things are getting very strange here, and I don't have any idea how to fix them up. I know it sounds melodramatic, but it feels like the town's about to tear itself apart.

I'll keep it brief because I know you're busy. Remember when you visited me in East Bend last year, and I introduced you to a friend of mine, Bill Marchand? To jog your memory, he's a lay preacher at the church and director of the choir. A really nice man, always open and friendly, not a mean bone in his body.

Well, Bill's in trouble, real deep trouble. A couple of the kids in the junior choir are saying that Bill molested them. Some money's missing from the church, and there's some circumstantial evidence that Bill did it.

And, to top it all off, the mayor's daughter Juli was recently found dead. At first it looked like suicide, but the sheriff decided it had to be murder. A post mortem showed that the girl was pregnant. Just a couple of days back, a young newcomer to the town named Wallace came forward with what had to be Juli's diary. I can't believe this myself, but there are some entries in there that imply that Bill Marchand was the father and that he was trying to force Juli to 'do something about' the child. I just can't accept any of this.

The sheriff's office is investigating the molestations and digging into the background of Juli's death. I'm convinced that the investigation is going to show that Bill's totally innocent.

But he might not live long enough to see the result of that investigation. You remember what the locals are like? Kind of red-necked and deeply religious in an Old-Testament, eye-for-an-eye way. They don't take kindly to 'those what mess with kids' or to 'fornication.' There are some real nasty rumblings around the town, and some people are talking lynch mob. I think the only thing that's kept them from taking a potshot at Bill through the jail window is that the real firebrands are out every night shooting at the wolves that have started hanging around the outskirts of town.

David, I'm in a real bad situation here. I just can't accept that Bill Marchand has done what they say he's done. There are a few others like me, but we're a small minority. We're trying to keep a lid on everything, but it's a losing battle. If you've got any ideas—any ideas at all—please let me know. You were always the smarter brother. Please help me out.

Thanks.

Your kid brother,

Sam.

Letter received by David Macnamara,
SAVE envoy, San Francisco chapter,
July 6, 1991

Location

East Bend is a small town in southern Oregon, about 25 miles north of the California border, on Highway 140 between the towns of Bly and Lakewood. It is situated about 55 miles east of Klamath Falls and 22 miles west-northwest of Lakeview. East Bend has a population of about 1,200 people and is surrounded by the old-growth timber of Fremont National Forest.

Background

As any SAVE envoy would probably guess, the Unknown is highly active in the sleepy town of East Bend. As Sam Macnamara implied in his letter, there are several newcomers to town, namely the Wallace family. There are three Wallaces: Ed and Mabel Wallace, a couple in their early 60s, and Geoff Wallace, their 30-year-old son. All three are quiet and seem very reserved in personality. They keep to themselves, which suits the locals just fine. It was Geoff Wallace who found the diary that implicates Bill Marchand in Juli's death.

The Wallace family moved to East Bend several months before Sam Macnamara sent his letter, in July of 1991. Any PCs who try to correlate the arrival of the Wallaces with the evils currently plaguing the town will be disappointed, however. East Bend seemed to be having a spate of bad luck for several years before the Wallaces arrived.

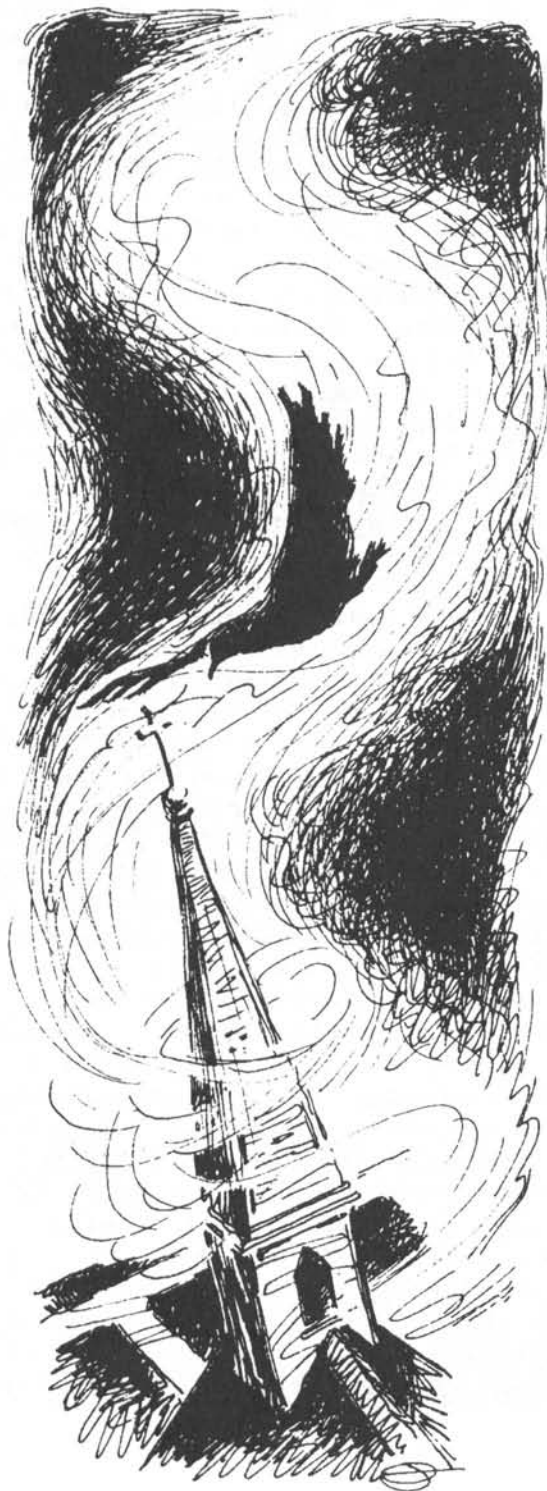
Before 1987, East Bend was a quiet, backwoods kind of town where nothing exciting ever happened. The only major (legal) industry in the area was logging. Loggers and truckers found East Bend a quiet, convenient place to stay.

Things changed in late 1987, however. The town has two bars, called the Cascades and the Piedmont. Both establishments started to develop reputations as dangerous places to be on Saturday nights. Traditionally, people would come to the bars looking for a quiet drink and maybe a sociable game of pool. By early 1988, however, people came to the bars mainly for the prospect of a good fistfight. The fights started out as brief dust-ups between drunks but over the months developed into full-scale barroom brawls. The first fatality occurred in July 1988, when a visiting trucker was knifed by another transient in a dispute over a poker game. Since then, there have been at least five other killings. The sheriff's department tried shutting the bars in early 1989 but quickly found that the violence then spread to the streets. The bars were reopened as a way of containing the violence.

In addition to its legal industry, East Bend has another business that's on the other side of the law. There are many marijuana fields hidden in the woods around the town, and quite a few locals make a good return from the town's unofficial cash crop. This industry took a downturn in 1988, when repeated, inexplicable hail storms destroyed the crops.

Every year since 1988, similar storms have ravaged the marijuana yield.

It was soon after the arrival of the Wallaces that things went from bad to worse in East Bend. In late March, the first stories of child molestation arose. The thefts from the church occurred throughout April and May, and Juli Ratzenburger, the mayor's daughter, was found dead in mid-June. Geoff Wallace presented the diary to the sheriff on June 24.



Sam Macnamara also mentioned wolves in his letter. Many townsfolk have seen large gray timber wolves skulking through the woods at night, and several people have organized posses to hunt the creatures. The large wolves were first spotted at about the same time as the arrival of the Wallaces, although none of the townsfolk has made the connection.

Involvement of the Unknown

For reasons to be discussed later, East Bend seems to have attracted more attention from the Unknown than cities many times its size. The first unpleasant events, the fights, knifings, and hail storms, were the result of a Ccoa that settled in the town. The creature has taken the form of a large raven and tends to perch on the steeple of the town's oldest church.

In raven form, the Ccoa has the following statistics:

AGL: 70
DEX: 80
PCN: 90
STA: 65 (x3)
WPR: 80
EWS: 120
ATT: 1; 55
SR: 1
WB: 5
Fear: 0
MV: 15 (L); 225 (A)

That would normally be bad enough. Unfortunately, East Bend's ill luck didn't stop there. In early 1991 the Wallaces arrived in town.

There is a lot more to the Wallaces than meets the eye. The three "newcomers" are actually Rakshasas who have taken the form of human beings to wreak their evil on the small town. They bought a small house on the outskirts of town, a property that belonged to an old man who conveniently suffered a stroke. Since their arrival, they have slowly infiltrated themselves into the social fabric of the town.

It is, of course, the Wallaces who orchestrated the entire case against Bill Marchand. The Rakshasas used their Influence Discipline to "persuade" several children to accuse Marchand of molestation, which was easy because the children were too young to understand the consequences of doing so. The thefts of church funds and goods were also simple to arrange.

The matter of Juli Ratzenburger was slightly different. The Rakshasas had no plans that involved her at all . . . until Geoff Wallace learned that Juli was pregnant. The Rakshasa family quickly recognized this as an ideal way of enhancing the case against Bill Marchand. Under Influence, Juli wrote several entries in her diary that implied, but didn't come right



out and say, that Marchand was the father and that he was pressuring her to do something about the child. The Rakshasas then killed the unfortunate woman and later presented the diary as evidence that Marchand had murdered her.

The wolves that have been seen lurking around the outskirts of town have a connection with the Unknown, too, albeit not a normal one. The creatures are actually Spirit Wolves, described in the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter. The pack haunting the woods around East Bend numbers 24.

Just why have so many denizens of the Unknown turned their attention to East Bend? The reason goes back several centuries, to when the only human inhabitants of the region were native Indians, specifically, a band of the Klamath tribe. During what by European chronology would be called the 17th Century, the band was threatened by a powerful Manitou. After several decades of struggle, the creature was finally killed by a courageous warrior, who gave his own life to defeat the evil. The warrior was armed with a ceremonially-prepared dagger that had in its hilt a "miter crystal"—a kind of crystal, described in the **Items** Chapter, that has a strong connection with the Unknown. The warrior used this crystal to drive the evil creature back into the Unknown, but some of its life-force was absorbed by the miter crystal, turning it into another kind of item described by SAVE scholars as a "soul stone." (Again, soul stones are described in detail in the **Items** Chapter.) The soul stone, still set in the pommel of the ritual dagger, was buried with the burned and torn body of the warrior. This burial site is, not so coincidentally, beneath a flower bed on the property where the Wallaces live.

One of the characteristics of a soul stone is that it somehow weakens the veil between the Known world and the Unknown, making it easier for evil creatures to enter this world. It is the presence of this soul stone that has attracted all the otherworldly attention to East Bend.

Banishing the Evil

Envoys have two basic options when it comes to removing the evil influence from East Bend. The first, and most difficult, is to combat and destroy each of the creatures that threaten the town. It's unlikely, however, that even the best-equipped and most dedicated group of PCs can take on and defeat three Rakshasas, a Ccoa, and whatever townsfolk have fallen under the influence of these creatures.

The second option is to discover the existence and the location of the soul stone and destroy it. This will immediately drive the Ccoa and the Rakshasas back into the Unknown. Learning about the stone is no easy task, of course. A stint in a library, perhaps the sociology library at the Oregon Technical Institute in nearby Klamath Falls, might uncover local legends concerning the warrior who killed the Manitou centuries ago. After that, PCs could use Clairvoy-

ant/Prescient Dream to learn more and perhaps eventually discover how to combat the evil.

As discussed in **Creatures of the Unknown**, the Spirit Wolves are not, in fact, evil. As soon as the Rakshasas and Ccoa are destroyed or banished, the wolves return to the deep woods and are never seen again.

Role-Playing the Town

It should take a group of PCs some time to get even a vague hint of what's happening in East Bend. This probably means they'll have to spend at least a few days in the town, providing an excellent opportunity for in-depth role-playing. Experienced and creative CMs should see this as an ideal chance to "pull out all the stops" and create a town full of unique and fascinating characters.

Developing an entire town takes time and effort, of course, and some CMs might not be able to invest much of either. To make life easier for these CMs, here are some brief, thumb-nail sketches of important townsfolk. These descriptions are limited to position in the town and the people's personalities. CMs are encouraged to decide what skills individual characters might have and to add the quirks necessary to turn them into memorable additions to the overall campaign.

Sam Macnamara

About 30, Sam is the younger brother of David Macnamara, a member of SAVE's San Francisco chapter. Sam graduated in medicine from the University of Washington four years ago and decided he would rather work as general practitioner in a small town than make more money in a large city. As his letter would indicate, he is aware that something is happening in East Bend; he is unwilling to believe in supernatural causes, of course. Sam doesn't know that his brother is a member of SAVE.

Mayor Tyler Ratzenburger

A good church-going man, Mayor Ratzenburger still can't really accept that his daughter was murdered. (Of course, it's hardly easier for him to believe that she took her own life.) He is a relatively weak-willed man, who was elected mayor partially because he's on good terms with everyone in town . . . but mainly because he couldn't talk anybody else into taking the position. He goes to the same church as Bill Marchand, and the two men were good friends. Ratzenburger doesn't want to believe that his friend has done what he's been accused of doing, but he can't deny the evidence. The mayor fluctuates between disbelief and almost homicidal anger at Marchand. Now that his daughter is dead, Ratzenburger is alone in the world; his wife died of natural causes five years ago.

Bill Marchand

In his early 50s, Marchand is virtually a dead ringer for Henry Fonda. The similarity extends further than appearance: he has the same quiet, straightforward honesty and nobility that Fonda showed in many of his best roles. Marchand knows he's innocent and can't understand where the evidence against him came from. He can't truly accept that someone has tried to frame him. He's been in jail for several days, and he's afraid that incarceration has somehow begun to affect his mind. His dreams are troubled with visions of hideous creatures feeding on the bodies of his friends, and sometimes he has "aural hallucinations" of inhuman laughter echoing in his cell.

Sheriff Zach Gallagher

Gallagher is a big, burly man in his early 40s. He has no imagination whatsoever, a qualification that makes him the perfect sheriff for a small town. He enforces the law efficiently and even-handedly, because he can't conceive of doing it any other way. He shares a strong emotion with many other locals: a distrust of and dislike for strangers, particularly city slickers. Gallagher was a good friend of Marchand, but that ended as soon as evidence against Bill came to light. Now the sheriff views Marchand as just another accused criminal.

Toby Barret

Barret is a logger whose bicep measurements rival his IQ. Many townsfolk describe Toby as "Strong like ox, smart like rock" but not to his face, of course. Barret is the leader of the contingent of people who think a trial isn't the best way

to handle Marchand. After all, he might hire a city slicker lawyer and weasel his way out of paying for his crimes. Barret would rather see the matter settled with a rope over a convenient tree or with a shotgun blast.

Maggie Drake

In her early 30s, Maggie is Marchand's lawyer. Marchand wanted to go with the one lawyer in town, an inveterate drunkard named Al Moberley, who can be found passed out (or close to it) in one of the neighborhood bars, but Sam Macnamara wouldn't allow it. He called on Maggie, whom he'd met in Seattle, to come to East Bend to defend Marchand. While Maggie is smart and a good lawyer, Sam's choice might not have been the best. Firstly, Maggie's background was in corporate law, and she moved to criminal law only two years ago, so she has limited experience, and none in murder trials. Secondly, she's a city slicker and a woman, neither of which is likely to ingratiate her with the locals.

Zelda Pruvi

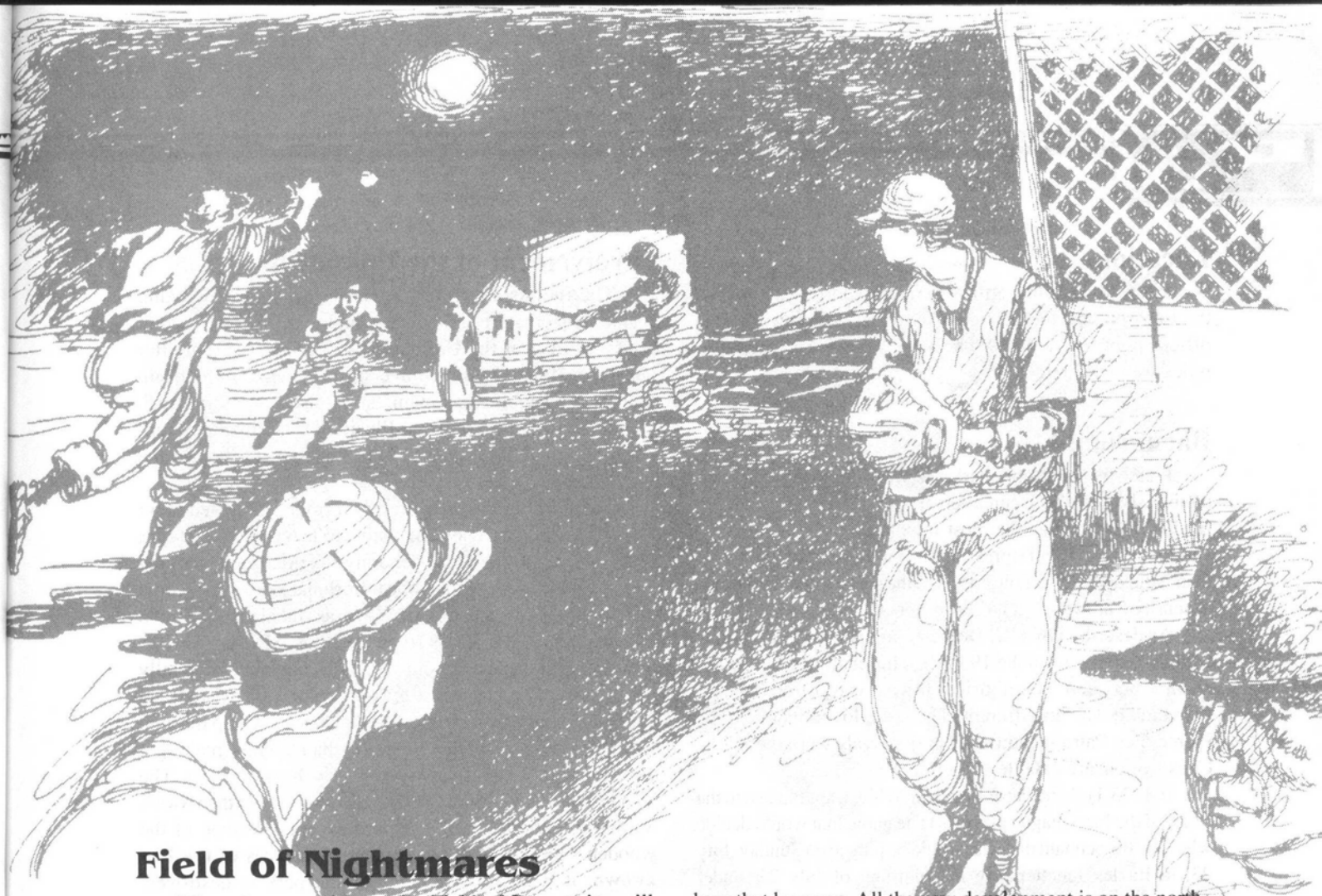
In her early 60s, Zelda is one of the town's characters. She's a little, grandmotherly lady, with thinning snow-white hair and twinkling blue eyes. She seems generally lucid, although sometimes she speaks as though her mind is operating on input that's denied to others. She has a very thick Slavic accent that at times becomes almost unintelligible. Although she's unaware of it, Zelda has some innate skill with the Art and frequently has Prescient/Clairvoyant Dreams. Thus she's a great "tool" for the CM to use to present important information to the PCs.

The adult townsfolk think Zelda is "half a bubble off plumb," but harmless nonetheless. Children dislike and distrust her, however. She has a small house on the outskirts of town with a garden of which she's inordinately proud, and she often rants and raves at any children who enter her property. In addition, she has a large black dog, tied up in the front yard that barks loudly and seems ready to rip intruders limb from limb. These facts might lead overzealous PCs to conclude that Zelda is a Mean Old Neighbor Lady. She's nothing of the sort, of course. Even the dog isn't what it appears: it may bark and snarl at intruders, but it's a coward and flees whimpering from anyone who does so much as shout at it.

Additional Notes

CMs can easily turn a sojourn in East Bend into a multi-session adventure. Remember, the Ccoa might well have used its "hail" of brain worms to create minions, and the Rakshasas can use Animation of the Dead to send more opponents against the PCs. East Bend can be as challenging and as deadly as you, the CM, want it to be.





Field of Nightmares

"If you've seen the movie 'Field of Dreams,' you'll know some of this. During the, well I guess it was the '30s, many of the small towns in the Midwest had baseball teams. It was a big thing. The baseball field would often be the de facto center of the town. Things changed, of course, as the country changed. Despite what Kinsella would have us think, people turned away from baseball and it became less important, not the touchstone of American culture he talks about in the movie.

"Anyway, that's just background, unimportant except as an explanation of why some Midwest towns have baseball fields with seating that looks like it would be appropriate, almost, for big league games.

"So, where was I? Oh, yes. About a week ago I was traveling, and I stopped in a tiny little town. The place was called Piercetown. It was in Missouri but just maybe a mile south of the Iowa border. Little jerkwater town, with nothing to set it apart from any other little jerkwater town in the region. Like other places, it had the central baseball field. But there was something different about this one; it was new, I could tell that at once. Relatively new, at least, not much more than a decade old.

"It didn't matter, of course, but I got curious. The locals were as friendly as the locals in towns like Piercetown always are. But when I asked about the old field (Well hell, there had to be an old field, didn't there?), they got kinda jumpy, and I didn't know why. I finally found out that the town had sort of crept north over the years, the way some towns do. You know

how that happens. All the new development is on the north, while the south end falls into disrepair. Keep that up for 50 years, and the town moves, like a snail.

"The old field? It was south of town, of course. Out along an old road that nobody used anymore. It was strange: I don't know why, but I felt like I wanted to visit it. So that evening (It was one of those warm Missouri summer nights.), I just walked out of town toward the old ball field.

"I knew something strange was going on before I got there. I could hear a game, or a practice at least, going on. The crack of the bat, the slap of the ball into a glove. There were no lights, of course, and even though there was a moon, it wasn't so bright you could see well enough to play. I felt uncomfortable, but I pressed on.

"Well, sir, it was a bit like a scene out of that movie. There were maybe six players there, all in baseball uniforms dating from the '30s, and they were practicing. There was nobody in the stands watching of course (Well hell, there were only the rotting remains of stands anyway.), and there was no other team.

"They must have seen or heard me coming, because they all stopped and just stared at me. I could feel their gaze on me like a physical weight. And then I looked into their eyes.

"I'll tell you, Kinsella in the movie seems to think Iowa is Heaven. After I looked into the eyes of those baseball players who shouldn't have been there, I think Piercetown, Missouri is the closest thing to Hell I ever want to see. . . ."

SAVE St. Louis debriefing: Carl Doblesse
August 1, 1991

Location

Piercetown is in northwestern Missouri, just south of the Iowa border, on the Nodaway River. The town has an official population of 750. The nearest city is St. Joseph, 53 miles south of Piercetown.

Background

Piercetown is an unremarkable Midwestern farming community. Before the Depression it was considerably larger, rivaling Maryville as the most important in the region. For various reasons, the Depression hit Piercetown much harder than it did Maryville, however, and the small town fell into an obscurity from which it has never rebounded.

As described by Carl Doblesse in his debriefing, many Midwestern towns in the 1930s had baseball teams, and the rivalry between neighboring towns was often heated. Piercetown was no different. The town loved its team, the Piercetown Patriots, and their major rivals were the White Caps from nearby Bayles Junction.

In 1933, both the Patriots and the White Caps made it to the finals of the local league playoffs. The game that would decide who took the pennant that year would be played on Sunday, July 23, in Bayles Junction. On the morning of July 23, under threatening storm clouds, virtually the entire population of Piercetown gathered at the local baseball field to form a convoy of buses and other vehicles to make the journey to Bayles Junction. The Patriots were there too, understandably the center of attention. At 11 a.m. precisely, the Patriots climbed aboard their team bus, and the convoy started for Bayles Junction.

At 11:02 a.m., disaster struck. The storm that had been threatening broke, and a lightning bolt struck the Piercetown Patriots' team bus. The vehicle exploded into flame, and everyone within perished.

It was several years later that Piercetown formed another team (with a different name). The town's interest in baseball seemed to have diminished drastically in the interim, and the team played only a single season before folding forever.

In 1941, the townsfolk of Piercetown discovered an ugly fact about their beloved Patriots. Six members of the team had made a deal with certain interests in Bayles Junction to throw the championship game. Since the game had never been played, this shady deal had never been consummated. This, coupled with an unwillingness to speak ill of the dead, persuaded the townsfolk to keep this ugly secret to themselves.

Since 1933, there have been rumors that the old baseball field south of town is haunted by the dead members of the Patriots team. The majority of townsfolk are level-headed farmers, not given to such flights of fancy. Nevertheless, everybody in Piercetown seems conveniently to have something to do on the night of July 23 that involves being far away from the old field.

Involvement of the Unknown

The rumors are true. The old baseball field is being haunted by creatures known as Oathbreakers (described in the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter). Every year after sunset on July 23, the anniversary of the championship game, six Oathbreakers manifest themselves on the field. Using their Automatic Total Illusion Discipline, they turn sticks and rocks into bats and balls, and they practice for the big game they never played.

The transition to their present form has unseated these creatures' reasons. They are unable to leave the boundaries of the field, but they will certainly take out their undying anger and bitterness on anyone unfortunate enough to come within range of their "baseballs" (treat as Unbalanced Thrown Objects, SR 1) and "bats" (treat as Clubs, SR 2).

Over the years, the old ball field has become totally overgrown. The grass is a grayish color and twisted and stunted in appearance. The grass that has grown up through the mound and base paths is shorter than the rest, making it easy to identify the field (particularly from the air). The stands were never torn down, just left to weather away. Virtually nothing is left anymore except for some of the wooden supports. As described in **Creatures of the Unknown**, if what little remains of the park is destroyed, perhaps by bulldozing the base paths and tearing down what's left of the stands, the Oathbreakers aren't destroyed, as some people might predict. Instead, they are freed. On the next July 23, after sundown, they manifest themselves in Piercetown itself and vent their bitter rage on the townsfolk.

Banishing the Evil

There are two ways to eliminate the Oathbreakers. The first is to destroy them individually in combat. The second is to arrange a night baseball game between the Oathbreakers and a team of living humans, with spectators. The Oathbreakers will play fairly and to the best of their ability to the conclusion of the game. Once the game is complete, no matter who wins, the Oathbreakers vanish forever.

Additional Notes

Obviously, if the PCs decide to follow the second course previously described, they should face serious problems. The major one: who can they recruit to play or attend the game? If a potential recruit believes the old ball field is haunted, he certainly won't agree to play or watch a night game there. If he doesn't believe in ghosts, what could the PCs say to persuade him to waste his time?

The PCs should have to work hard to get even this far. For the reasons previously given—embarrassment over the Patriots' corruption, and unwillingness to admit a belief in the Unknown—the townsfolk won't be overly willing to talk to outsiders.



'The Front'

"I lived in St. John's, Newfoundland, when I was growing up. Back then, there was just two ways of livelihood for men in St. John's, fishing and swiling. Sealing, folks like you call it. Swiling is what we called it. Every year, the swiling boats would go out, taking men to the 'front,' the southern edge of the ice. Then the men would march out onto the ice to hunt the whitecoats, the young swiles . . . young seals. Many men would go out. Not all of them would come back. My father died on the ice when I was 10.

"It was rough work. I did it for three years in my teens. Cold it was and physically hard. You walked the ice until you found the swiles, then you clubbed them dead, and then you sculped them. ('Skinned them,' for the likes of you.) Then you tied the skins into bundles—we called them 'yaffles'—and dragged them back to the ship. Yes, it was rough work. But it was work for men, before the government outlawed it.

"What? No, I only went out three seasons. Why? Well, let me tell you why. . . .

"My third season swiling, I was 18. Still young and nervy, still sure I was immortal. Anyways, it was the last day on the ice before we were heading back for port, and I hadn't racked up the yaffles I wanted. We were paid by the yaffle, you see. The others

were headed back for the ship, but I figured I had half an hour more of light, so I set off in the other direction.

"I'd gone maybe a quarter-mile, and I saw a group of whitecoats on the ice a couple hundred yards ahead. There weren't any other swilers around, so they were all mine. I got out my club and got myself ready to go to work.

"Then I noticed something about them swiles. They weren't acting the way normal whitecoats do. Most whitecoats, they see you coming and they try to move away. Not fast, mind you, but they do try. These swiles, though, they just stayed there, watching me steadily. I didn't like the feel of their eyes on me. And then I came close enough to see something that chilled me to the core, even more than the cold wind and the thought of approaching night.

"Those whitecoats had the faces of men. They were watching me with men's eyes. And one of them had the face of my father. . . .

"I turned and ran like Old Nick himself was at my heels. I didn't stop running and screaming until I was aboard the boat. I never went out onto the ice again. . . ."

*From a taped interview with Douglas McDuff
July 8, 1983*

Location

"The front" is what East Coast sailors, fishermen, and sealers call the southernmost margin of the Arctic ice cap. During the winter, the front extends almost as far south as the city of St. John's, capital of the province of Newfoundland. It was from this city, as well as from other Newfoundland and Labrador ports, that the sealing fleets used to sail before the annual seal hunt was prohibited.

The front itself is sometimes hard to define. Ice floes and pack ice are always breaking away from the front and often extend considerably farther south than the unbroken ice cap.

Background

Although Douglas McDuff seemed never to have heard of it, there was a superstitious belief held by many sealers ("swilers") that the souls of men who died on the ice didn't go directly to heaven or hell. Instead, they "went into" the bodies of whitecoats (baby seals). There they remained until the person who was responsible for their deaths had died too. (This person was often the captain of a sealing boat who had sent the unfortunate man out one last time, from which he never returned.) The swilers believed it was the worst possible luck to harm these human-faced whitecoats, and many believed the sighting of one was an ill omen.

Some tellings of the legend carry it a step further. These human-faced seals are said to communicate telepathically with some men lost on the ice. Mostly, it seems, the seals instruct the men on how to find their way to safety.

Very few living ex-sealers admit to having seen a human-faced seal themselves. Most tellings of the legend are second- or third-hand. ("I didn't see it, but my brother met a man who had . . ." etc.)

Even though the seal hunt is currently prohibited by law, there are still people who visit the front. Most of these are biologists, environmentalists, and the like, studying the nature and ecology of the ice cap. None of these level-headed scientific types had ever reported seeing a human-faced seal.

Until 1990. A helicopter carrying a group of biologists crashed inexplicably on the front. Only one of the men was ever recovered, and he was dying of exposure and of hideous wounds that had apparently been caused by a polar bear. As he expired, he babbled deliriously about having received directions toward safety from a baby seal with a man's face.

Involvement of the Unknown

As is the case with many legends, the "swilers" have got things all wrong. The human-faced seals actually aren't seals at all: they are creatures of the Unknown that SAVE has

christened Swiles. (See **Creatures of the Unknown**, for details.) These shape-changing creatures often take the form of human-faced seals, apparently both for the sheer enjoyment of scaring the living hell out of people who spot them and for the purpose of leading victims to a place where the Swiles can kill and eat them undisturbed.

As discussed later, Swiles need to eat animal flesh to stay alive, and their favorite food is human meat. Unfortunately for these creatures, the annual influx of handy food (the sealing fleet) has been absent for half a decade, and the scientists who come to study the front are definitely not numerous enough to make up the difference. From the recent increase in strange disappearances among the French and Canadian fishing fleets that cruise the waters to the south of the front, it seems as though the Swiles might have found another way of supplementing their diet. . . .

Nobody knows how many Swiles there are on the ice cap. SAVE estimates range from dozens to thousands.

Banishing the Evil

Like any species of animal, Swiles require a certain base breeding population to avoid extinction. It's theoretically possible to hunt the creatures to extinction, but the practicalities of the matter—the amount of manpower, material, and ammunition required, to name but three issues—pretty much rule this out. Other than hunting them down, there is no way of ridding the ice cap of Swiles.

Additional Notes

The front is a dangerous place to visit, even for characters who have all the appropriate equipment, clothing, and training. For inexperienced and ill-equipped characters, it can be quickly lethal. Feel free to pull out all the stops if your players decide to have their characters explore the ice pack. Here are some suggested effects; add to these or modify them—generally making the hazards and obstacles worse—as you see fit.

Travel: Travel times on the ice are generally doubled or tripled if snow is falling. If a blizzard blows up, normal travel is impossible. Because of pressure ridges, crevasses, and the like, normally appropriate vehicles like snowmobiles still have their travel time doubled.

Exposure: For well-equipped characters, and good conditions (relatively speaking), check for exposure every 24 hours; the Target# is 95 and the Strike Rank 6. For ill-equipped characters, check for exposure every 12 hours, or every 6 hours. In blizzard conditions, check for exposure every 6 hours (3 for ill-equipped characters); the Target# is 95, but at Strike Rank 7.

The Grave of the Andrea Doria

"Like lots of scuba divers, I enjoy diving on wrecks. There's something about seeing the wreckage of a ship, about being able to float above it or even 'fly' through its corridors, that's indescribably exciting. I've bagged my share of wrecks, including a Russian sub that went down in the Caribbean—too deep to reach, according to the dive tables, but I don't mind pushing my luck—but until this year I hadn't seen one of the most famous.

"The Andrea Doria went down off New York—chart location 40°30' north, 69°50' west, if you want to look it up—in 1956 as a result of a collision. Fifty-one people died. The ship's not that deep—only about 200 feet, which makes it just possible for amateurs to try it—lying on its starboard side on the bottom. A buddy of mine, Jake O'Malley, dived the Doria in 1989 and came to me last year, asking me if I'd dive it with him. He wouldn't tell me why he wanted to do the same wreck again, but I could see from his manner that something was really bothering him. So what the hell?

"It was August 1990 that we did the dive. The wreck is really something. For one thing, it's covered in cables. There's a lot of commercial fishing in the area and lots of trawl nets get hung up on the hulk. I remember reading some writer's description of the wreck: 'It looks like Gulliver on the beach at Lilliput.' The way it looked was weird enough, but the sound was even stranger. The current had to pass through all those cables, and it kind of whistled and moaned—not the kind of sound I'm used to hearing underwater.

"It was Jake's dive, so he led. It's dark at 200 feet, even on a sunny day, so we took lights. The Doria was a black, hulking shape on the bottom. We cruised in. Jake signaled for me to stay back from the wreck. I couldn't understand why, so I ignored him and moved closer. Jake raced in and got between me and the wreck, physically holding me back. Again, I didn't know why, and I was angry.

"That's when it happened. Jake was just jerked backwards, away from me, as though something had grabbed him by the ankles and pulled hard. He was thrashing around hard. At first I thought shark, the natural reaction. But there wasn't anything alive in sight. I came closer to Jake. . . .

"I saw that one of the cables from the wreck was wrapped around both his legs. Wound around them, like a snake. I remember thinking, 'How could a cable have pulled him back?'

"Jake was panicked, understandably, and I grabbed onto the cable to try to unwind it from his legs. It wouldn't come. And . . . I know it sounds weird, but the cable didn't feel right. It was vibrating a little, but not like you'd expect from a wire rope with water running over it. It quivered like

something alive. I struggled to get it off him, but I wasn't strong enough. The cable . . . it . . . it seemed to be tightening. I could see it cutting into Jake's flesh. I was in a frenzy.

"Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the end of another cable. Like a snake or the tentacle of an octopus, it was reaching out from the wreck, toward me.

"I'm not proud of myself, but I bolted. I left Jake, I turned tail and headed for the surface. I didn't stop for decompression, I went up way too fast. I embolized, of course. I took a hit in my spinal cord, that's why I'm in this wheelchair.

"Jake? He's dead. He's still tangled up in that cable.

"And if he's not, I don't want to know about it."

*SAVE New York debriefing: Holly Brightman
January 29, 1991*

Location

As Holly Brightman described, the Andrea Doria is in 200 feet of water, off the New York coast. The chart location 40°30' north, 69°50' west is approximately 200 miles due east of Long Beach.

Background

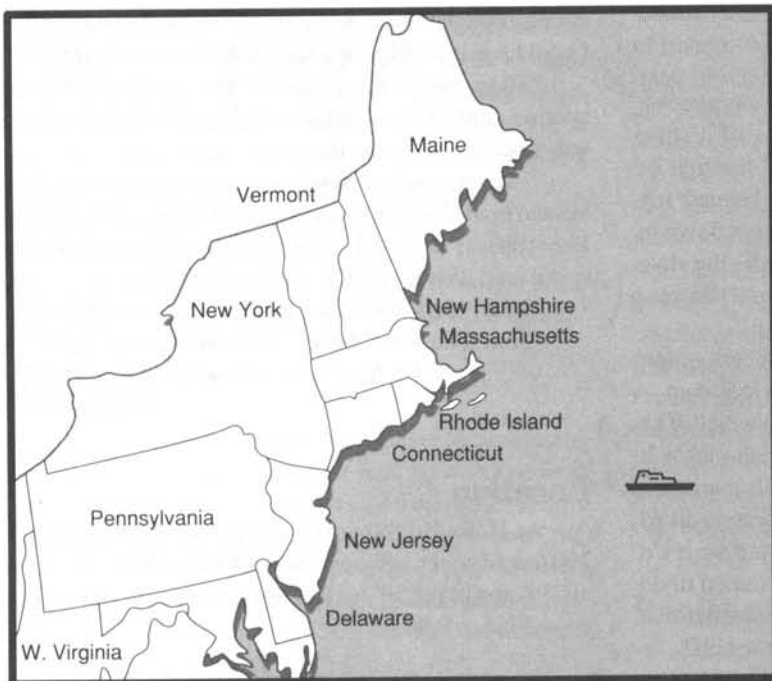
On the night of July 27, 1956, shortly after 11 p.m., the Swedish liner Stockholm sliced through the fog off Nantucket and plowed full into the flank of the Italian liner Andrea Doria. The Doria was left listing badly and foundered 12 hours later. The Stockholm sustained a crumpled bow but was able to limp in to port. When the Doria went down, 51 people lost their lives.

The accident has its mysterious elements. Both ships were equipped with radar, which should have warned both bridge crews about the proximity of the other vessel. The fog was thick but of course poses no problem for radar.

Involvement of the Unknown

The accident that sank the Andrea Doria was orchestrated by a creature of the Unknown called an Altum (described in the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter). Using its Haywire Discipline, it interfered with the radar of both vessels. Then, using Hypnotize and perhaps Telekinesis, it caused the crash. The Altum now dwells within the wreck.

The creature requires physical sustenance and feeds on fish and sea mammals that wander near its home. It occasionally kills scuba divers who come to explore the wreck, but won't do so often, or in obvious ways. (After all, the Altum is intelligent and knows that it's not a good idea to draw too much attention to itself.) Deaths usually appear as accidents of some kind. As with Holly Brightman's friend, Jake, the Altum often uses Telekinesis and Gnarl to "animate" the many cables draped over the wreck.



The Altum eats the vast majority of its victims; the others it converts into minion creatures called Drowned Ones (also described in the **Creatures** chapter). There are now at least ten of these zombie-like minions prowling the wreck. They are totally under the control of the Altum and so won't draw unwanted attention to themselves. If a dedicated group of investigators were to visit the wreck, the Altum would become invisible to escape detection, while the Drowned Ones would simply bury themselves in the bottom ooze until the interlopers left.

Occasionally, the Altum extends its influence to the surface. Sometimes it uses its Change Weather, Haywire, and Wave of Fog Disciplines to confuse and isolate fishing boats nearby (Haywire to disable the boat's compass, navigation gear, and radio, Wave of Fog to obscure visual landmarks, etc.). Then it sends its minions aboard to kill the crew. Generally, the Altum or its servitors scuttle the boat, although occasionally the creature leaves the deserted vessel to drift.

Banishing the Evil

There are two facets to banishing the evil associated with the grave of the Andrea Doria. The Altum can be returned to the Unknown, at least temporarily, through physical combat. Alternatively, a group of PCs could salvage the "heart" of the Andrea Doria and have it blessed by

a priest from any religious tradition, destroying the Altum forever.

If the Altum is banished or destroyed, the Drowned Ones become free-willed. Without the control imposed by their master, their rapacious nature comes to the fore, and nobody within 50 miles will be safe from their depredations. (Of course, this will quickly attract attention, particularly from SAVE, and probably lead to their eventual destruction.)

Additional Notes

Remember that 200 feet underwater is deep (many dive tables designed for amateurs list 120 feet as the deepest safe dive). As a scuba diver knows, the time you can spend underwater decreases with depth. Using standard scuba gear, the maximum safe time at 200 feet is less than 5 minutes. To stay longer, and to ascend without appropriate decompression stops, can cause embolisms and "the bends." (As Holly Brightman found out to her detriment, embolisms can be crippling, and are sometimes fatal.) If characters "push the limits" when diving on the Andrea Doria, you as CM can use the following procedure to represent the risks. Each character must make a General Luck Check or suffer an attack of Strike Rank 1-5. (This represents the widely-varying effects of the bends and embolisms.) The Luck Check can be modified depending on circumstances. In general, a character with the Aquatics Skill understands the risks involved and knows the limits that the laws of physics impose.

If PCs intend a protracted visit to the Andrea Doria, they should consider specialized deep-sea diving gear, which isn't particularly common, or should track down a small submersible or submarine.

(The depth and time figures are provided to give the CM some guidance in role-playing a visit to the Andrea Doria. They are not intended to be used as guidelines for actual scuba dives. If you wish to perform an actual dive, to any depth, refer to actual dive tables.)

The depth-related considerations above are mentioned for those CMs who want to add as much "reality" as possible to their campaigns. Other CMs who are into more devil-may-care adventuring can simply assume that the PCs have access to specialized, or perhaps experimental, gear, that allows them to work at 200-foot depths without risk.

Millersylvania Battleground

"Most of the battlegrounds of the Civil War have been located and mapped out in great detail. To discover an apparently unknown site, albeit the site of a minor skirmish between small units, rather than a clash between large armies, was a gift from destiny that I had never expected.

"How had Millersylvania escaped the notice of other scholars? The evidence that I followed can be found in a number of documents, scattered about the country in various archives. Transcripts of unit orders here, resupply requisitions there. . . . There was no central record of the occurrences at Millersylvania, however. At the time of my discovery, I suspected that perhaps someone had actively removed all records from the files that dealt directly with Millersylvania. But, knowing what I do about both Union and Confederate record-keeping techniques, this conclusion would have required that members of the officer corps of both sides obliterate records in their own files. Obviously ludicrous.

"Understandably, I made haste to visit the site, hoping to gain some understanding of the tactical and strategic nature of the battle and some clue as to why it might have been obliterated from official records. Instead of the lush grass and alder trees native to the region, the only flora indigenous to Millersylvania is coarse, sharp-bladed grass and stunted bushes. My first conclusion was that the soil was somehow being rendered alkaline, but a quick assay proved this incorrect.

"I spoke to the inhabitants of various neighboring farms, asking what they knew about the land and its history. The results surprised me. Most Virginians are friendly to a fault and very accepting of strangers, even admitted Yankees such as myself. Not so the neighbors of Millersylvania. They were taciturn to the point of rudeness.

"Being unwilling to return to my night's lodging without at least some information, I remained in the area longer than I had planned. Night was falling as I drove my jitney past the blighted soil of Millersylvania.

"It was then I heard the sounds. Distant sounds, echoing as if from a great distance. Although I did not know the sounds from personal experience, my research allowed me to identify them immediately. I heard the discharge of muskets, cries of anger and pain, the frenzied whinnying of horses, the clash of steel, and the clarion voices of bugles. I left my vehicle by the road and hastened toward the sound.

"Mist lay close to the earth, cloaking the blighted ground. Under the moonlight, I saw figures moving through the mist. Figures proudly wearing the blue and the gray. Muskets fired, steel sang, bodies fell. I tried to convince myself that it was a re-creation of the battle, enacted by local farmers. But of course I could not believe that. When the first rifleman turned his cold, steady eyes my way, I turned and ran.

"It was only later that I realized the date: August 19, 1914."

SAVE Washington debriefing: Prof. Haywood Meyers

November 15, 1914

Location

Millersylvania is located in Buckingham County, Virginia, almost exactly between the towns of Arvonion and Centenary. It's about 45 miles northeast of Lynchburg and 55 miles west of Richmond.

Background

In August, 1864, an entire unit of Union soldiers decided to go "over the hill." As luck would have it, something similar was occurring on the Confederate side as well. Individuals and small groups of deserters coincidentally met up and, deciding that there was safety in numbers, remained together. On August 19, these two groups, each of which wanted only to distance itself from the fighting, ran into each other.

The fighting was fierce, and many on each side died that day. In total, 42 Union soldiers and 47 Confederate men fell at Millersylvania. The survivors fled the scene.

This explains, of course, why Prof. Meyers was unable to find a record of the Battle of Millersylvania in any files. It simply wasn't an official battle.

Involvement of the Unknown

Because they fell while performing a cowardly act, deserting from their respective armies, the dead of Millersylvania don't rest easy. Every year, on the night of August 19, they rise from the ground as Battlefield Remnants to fight out their final battle once more.

The remnants are armed with Civil War vintage weapons. Of the 89 remnants, 83 carry muzzle-loading muskets (described on p.98 of the *Chill* hardcover), while the other 6 are armed with antique pistols (also on p.98) and sabers (Strike Rank 5). They attack any interlopers they notice.

Banishing the Evil

The remnants of Millersylvania can be destroyed in the manner described on pp. 214-215 of the *Chill* hardcover.

Additional Notes

As CM, you should feel free to add whatever other elements to this "bare bones" structure you see fit. For example, perhaps a group of PCs is chasing a creature of the Unknown and the final conflict occurs in Millersylvania. The violence of the battle and the proximity of something from the Unknown would probably trigger a reappearance of the Battlefield Remnants.

Ontario First Bank

Yesterday I received my official promotion to Inspector for my actions in preventing the robbery of the Ontario First Bank down on Dundas St. in Toronto. I do not deserve it; I did nothing. But nobody believes the true story, which I set down here.

We heard word on the street that a small gang known as the Danforth Boys was planning to rob the Ontario First. Following standard procedures, we followed the known members of the Danforth Boys, waiting for them to make their move.

On the night of July 11, 1920, we lost four of the Boys. At 7:15 p.m., they had entered a beer parlor on Yonge Street where they spent every Monday night playing cards. Since this was a regular schedule they followed, the men tailing them were remiss in confirming that they stayed there. At 10:30 p.m., an officer entered the beer parlor and found that the Boys were no longer within. (The men involved in the tail were disciplined for the laxness.)

No more than ten minutes later, the station received a phone call from a young woman. She would not identify herself by name but claimed to be an employee of the Ontario First Bank. Four men had broken into the building, she claimed, and were working on the vault. When the desk sergeant said he would send a car, the woman replied that that would not be necessary, that an ambulance would be more appropriate. Before the desk sergeant could ask further questions, the young woman hung up.

I was in one of the cars that was dispatched to the bank and the first to enter the building. There was evidence that the back door had been forced. That was how we gained entry. I hurried to the vault.

There was a small lantern burning, casting shifting light about the room. The great door of the vault was still closed. I saw that immediately. I also saw the bodies of four men whom I recognized as the Danforth Boys. From the condition of the bodies, there was no doubt that they were dead.

It was simple to reconstruct the basics of what had happened. The Boys had somehow come into possession of a new technology, something called the 'thermal lance.' The lance is a long rod of a substance that burns at a temperature great enough to penetrate the hardest steel as if it were butter. Marks on the metal door showed that the Boys had ignited the tip of a lance and had started to cut into the vault. For some reason, the lance had shifted, possibly slipping on the metal. The man handling the lance had been unable to control it, and its fiery tip had killed him and his accomplices. My superiors still claim that a simple error by the wielder of the lance had caused the deaths. The case was closed.

There are factors here that never appeared in the official report. Firstly, according to the bank's managers, there was no bank employee in the building on that evening who could have made the call that the desk sergeant received. Secondly, and more telling, was the expressions that seemed frozen on the dead faces of the would-be robbers. Although the sight of an uncontrolled thermal lance

would certainly be one of great horror, the expressions on the faces of the Danforth Boys convince me that the emotion they felt at the time of their demise was fear of something more than death. . . .

From the journal of Inspector William Carlisle

August 23, 1920

Location

The building that once was the Ontario First Bank is a small stone structure near the corner of Dundas Street and Pape Avenue in the downtown core of Toronto, Ontario in Canada. The building has been abandoned since 1951. Although all other old buildings in the neighborhood have been torn down and replaced with office blocks, for various reasons the old Ontario First building still stands.

Background

The Danforth Boys described in Inspector Carlisle's journal had been planning their assault on the Ontario First Bank for many months. The leader of the Boys, a charismatic Irishman named Brendan O'Doyle, decided he needed inside information. To this end, he began to romance a young teller at the bank named Mary Theresa Flannigan.

Mary was naive and soon succumbed to the charm and flattery of O'Doyle. As their relationship blossomed, he subtly extracted information from her about the bank layout, the type of vault used, and the schedule followed by bank employees. At first, Mary was totally unaware that she was giving away sensitive information.

It was two nights before the planned raid that Mary learned that O'Doyle had been using her. She confronted him, demanding that he turn aside from his plan of robbing "her" bank. Even though she thought she was in love with O'Doyle, Mary's greater loyalty was reserved for her employer. She threatened to call the police if he went through with his plans. O'Doyle, who beneath his charming exterior was a ruthless killer, murdered her to keep his secret safe.

The Danforth Boys carried out their raid as they'd planned it and were found dead by Carlisle and his colleagues as described in the Inspector's journal. To this day, the Toronto Police Department considers the case closed and has no intention of investigating who made the phone call to the station or what went wrong with the robbery.

For several years after the robbery, everything seemed quiet at the bank. Then, in 1927, employees of the bank started telling ghost stories about the building. The bank was haunted, they claimed. Several employees in the building after nightfall claimed to have seen a spectral figure prowling the darkened hallways. A few of these people also claimed that the insub-



stantial figure looked exactly like Mary Theresa Flannigan. Even in 1927, Toronto was a cosmopolitan metropolis, and Torontonians weren't given to believing in ghost stories. Bank employees quickly learned that nobody wanted to hear their tales, and if anybody saw the ghost of Mary Flannigan again, they kept the story to themselves.

In 1936, the Ontario First Bank fell on hard times and closed its operations. The small stone building was sold, and a developer purchased it with the intention of turning it into a restaurant with offices on the upper floor. The developer sent crews in to remodel the building.

Immediately, the ghost stories started up again. Workers in the building began reporting inexplicable accidents and even appearances of the glowing figure of a sad young woman. The developer wouldn't be put off from his plans by superstition, of course, and ordered his crews to continue the renovations. Although many quit, he managed to hire enough to make a good start on remodeling the building.

Whether or not the workers were superstitious, the accidents continued. Several workers were injured when ladders fell or when tools inexplicably "misbehaved." The whole thing came to a head when five workers were killed in a fire. Insurance investigators concluded that the fire was purely accidental, caused by faulty wiring. This judgment does nothing to explain why the fire was restricted to a small room in which the men were eating lunch or why the victims were unable to escape from the room through the door or window before they were overcome.

After this tragedy, the developer canceled his plans and sold the building to an American land development company. This company had plans to demolish the building and put up a modern office block. In 1944, a crane with a wrecking ball was brought in to level the building. As the crane operator swung the heavy metal ball back for the first swing, the crane's boom buckled, and the ball slammed into the cab. The operator was killed and the crane destroyed. The land development company canceled its plans to demolish the building, and the structure remained untouched for six years.

In 1950, the building was purchased, at "fire sale" prices, by a man named Derek Flannigan. Derek was a distant relative of Mary Theresa Flannigan. Despite pressure from other developers, Derek Flannigan refused to allow any kind of modifications to the building. For 22 years, the old Ontario First Bank building remained untouched and deserted.

Derek Flannigan died in 1972, and his heir quickly sold the old building to a property developer for an almost obscene sum of money. The developer quickly sent a demolition team in to plant charges that would implode the building. Minutes after the team entered the building, the charges detonated. Since they were shaped charges and hadn't yet been placed in contact with the building's walls, the structure was largely undamaged. However, all members of the team were killed.

The developer made no second effort to bring down the building. In 1974, the Toronto Heritage Building Commission declared the bank a heritage site, making it illegal to destroy the building. The same developer still owns the building to this day but has made no moves to remodel the interior. The Ontario First Bank building still stands deserted, its windows and doors boarded up, little changed since the day that Mary Theresa Flannigan was slain.

The story doesn't end there, however. The old building is flanked by large office blocks. Many people who work in these office blocks have recently started reporting accidents and other strange occurrences. So far there have been no deaths, but there are some who believe that this is only a matter of time.

Involvement of the Unknown

The background above makes it fairly obvious that the spirit of Mary Theresa Flannigan still haunts the Ontario First Bank building. When she was killed by O'Doyle, she remained bound to the Known world in a form known to SAVE as a Guardian Spirit (discussed in the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter). Her loyalty to her employer, the bank, was so great that it continues even decades after the poor woman's death. Her goal in the Known world is to prevent any damage or loss to the bank.

The bank, of course, no longer exists as such. Mary has transferred her loyalty to the building itself and will do anything within her power to prevent anyone from damaging or destroying the building. In her present state, she considers any form of renovation or remodeling of the building to be damage. She arranges "accidents" to drive "vandals" out of "her" building and doesn't hesitate to kill if that's what it takes.

Over the decades, the Guardian Spirit's perception has twisted, and she has become increasingly paranoid. She has come to fear that anyone who spends much time near "her" building is planning something detrimental to the bank. She has now started a campaign to drive "prospective vandals" out of the office blocks that flank her building. Unless someone does something to banish her, this campaign will become more intense.

Banishing the Evil

The only way to remove Mary's influence from the building is to banish the Guardian Spirit that she has become and then destroy or totally remodel the building before she can return to the Known world.

Additional Notes

Toronto is a large, progressive metropolis. Torontonians are level-headed and certainly won't believe that there's a haunted building in their downtown core.

Seven Devils

"It sounds real weird, I know. But man, it's the truth, I'm telling you.

"Me and my buddies, we hang out around Seven Devils. Yeah, I know, strange name for a town. But it's home. In the summer, we do the beach things. We do some surfing, we head up to the Oregon dunes and race dune buggies, that kind of stuff. Winter times, though, the whole place closes down.

"Now here's what you've got to understand. Seven Devils wasn't always the sleepy nothing little place it is now. Used to be different, back in the '40s. They had this big amusement park thing, right down on the beachfront road north of town. Official name was Seven Devils Fun Park or something like that, but everybody used to call it 'Coney Island West.'

"I hear it was really something: as big and flashy as the real Coney Island. (Where is that, anyway? New York?) I used to wish it was still open.

"So, where was I? Oh yeah. The fun park was north of town a couple miles. There's nothing left there now, just this big empty space. When they closed the place down, I guess people just came in and tore down everything. Probably wanted to build on it. Never could figure out why they didn't. I guess I know now.

"So it was Tuesday night a couple of weeks back. Middle of winter, and there's nothing to do. So me and my buddies figure what the hell, we'll go up and see if there's anything left of the fun park. We didn't expect to find anything, but what else is there to do in Seven Devils on a Tuesday night? We jumped on our bikes and headed up the coast road.

"It was a dark night. Full moon, but cloudy. Spooky, you know? We were feeling kinda scared about heading so far out of town at night, but nobody was going to be the first one to suggest turning back. We were still a mile or more from the fun park when we knew that something just wasn't right.

"There was light up ahead, where the fun park used to be. It looked like . . . well, it looked like the kind of lights you'd see on the midway at an amusement park. And . . . the wind was blowing from the north, and it was carrying music. You know the kind of music I mean: cheap and cheesy carousel-type music.

"Well, what the hell were we supposed to do? We were damn near scared enough to pi . . . wet ourselves, but could we turn back and go home now? Forget it. We pushed on.

"And sure as hell, there was an amusement park there. But it . . . —this is where it gets really weird—it was kinda transparent, like. You could see through it. You could see the torn up ground and the trees on the other side. And even when we were close, the music still sounded real far away.

"We didn't go too close, you can bet on that. We wanted to. There was something about that music that was pulling at

us. I felt like the thing I most wanted in the world was to run to that park and jump on the rides and be a young kid again.

"But then I saw something that freaked the hell out of me. No matter how much I wanted to go on the rides, this was enough to send us all riding back to town as fast as we could.

"It was a fricking elephant, man. A big, transparent, glowing, ghost of a fricking elephant. . . ."

*SAVE Portland debriefing: Jimmy Banes
February 12, 1990*

Location

The town of Seven Devils is on the southern Oregon coast, between Bandon and Lanlois. The nearest major town is Coos Bay, which is 22 miles north along Highway 101, the major coast highway.

Seven Devils is right on the coast. Highway 101 is about 2 miles inland, and the single road leading to Seven Devils is narrow and badly marked. It's easy to drive right by without even knowing the town exists, and many people do.

Seven Devils Fun Park, which used to be called "Coney Island West" by the locals, is also right on the coast, about 4 miles north of the town. The location of the fun park is a large, cleared area on which nothing grows. The access road leads nowhere but to the fun park site and so is rarely used.

Background

Seven Devils Fun Park was built by Oregon businessmen who owned much of the land in the area and saw the park as a great way of attracting tourism and investment . . . and of lining their own pockets. When it opened in 1940, it was the premier amusement park on the West Coast. In fact, it was so large and flashy that it actually deserved its nickname as "Coney Island West." For the first few years, it attracted thousands of tourists, who were only too pleased to leave great amounts of money behind in Seven Devils and vicinity. The businessmen running the park were making a fortune and were smart enough to invest much of their profits back into the business.

Seven Devils Fun Park expanded rapidly. What had originally been just rides and a midway quickly expanded. A permanent big top was erected in 1942, unfortunately at the cost of one life. The site manager, a man named Brian O'Doul, was killed in a tragic construction accident. In his memory, the owners christened the big top the "O'Doul Arena." Circus shows ran every night during the season. One of the major attractions of the circus was an unusually large African elephant named (unimaginatively) Jumbo.

Unfortunately, no matter how much visitors loved Jumbo, the huge creature didn't reciprocate the emotion. In the period between 1942 and 1946, Jumbo killed four

people. Granted, several had asked for it. One had tried to stuff a carrot up the creature's trunk. But one was a 4-year-old girl named Daisy who wanted nothing more in the world than to be friends with the "hefalunt." The businessmen running the park realized that no matter how big a draw Jumbo may currently be, killing paying patrons was a behavior not to be tolerated. In a closed business meeting, the owners sentenced Jumbo to death.

The sentencing might have been conducted in private; the subsequent execution was definitely to be otherwise. The park owners advertised the demise of Jumbo as a major event and sold tickets. Something similar had happened in the real Coney Island, which might have given the owners the gruesome idea. On the night of July 22, 1946, under the big top, Jumbo the elephant was electrocuted to death in front of a sell-out crowd.

Although it wasn't apparent at the time, July 22, 1946, was the turning point for the Seven Devils Fun Park. The organization became plagued by bad luck. Freak accidents destroyed valuable property and injured patrons and staff. An unseasonable storm lashed the park on July 4, 1947, and lightning set the big top ablaze. Fifty-seven souls perished within. In August 1947, four cars flew from the rails of the roller coaster, killing 36 people. Members of the staff who lived on site began to report strange sounds outside their trailers at night. At the end of the 1947 Labor Day weekend, after the park had closed for the season, seven trailers inexplicably caught fire, with tragic loss of 25 lives. During the winter of 1947 and spring of 1948, four of the five businessmen who owned the park died in unexplained accidents.

The fun park never reopened. In 1948, the surviving owner sold the land to a real estate developer, who immediately went in with crews and cleared away every last trace of the fun park. Construction of a luxury resort was scheduled for the spring of 1949, but for reasons that have never been clear, the project never went ahead. Since 1949, the land has been left as it was.



Involvement of the Unknown

The Unknown is highly active around the site of the Seven Devils Fun Park, but this activity increased in gradual stages.

The first of these stages took place in 1942, with the death of Brian O'Doul. There was more to that death than most people realize. Brian and his younger sister Mary were newcomers to Oregon, and Brian was having difficulty finding a job to support them. Somehow, the O'Doul siblings came to the notice of one of the park owners, a lecherous man named William Sutcliffe.

Although the actual facts of the matter will probably never come to light, some SAVE historians reconstruct matters as follows. Sutcliffe became enamored of Mary O'Doul and hired Brian O'Doul to be his site manager as a way of ingratiating himself with the beautiful Mary. Brian, in turn, hired Mary as a ticket-taker at the park. Sutcliffe made suit to Mary O'Doul, but he was, apparently, a far from charming and subtle man. Mary became disgusted with his advances and told Brian what had been happening.

Brian was a fiery-tempered man. He stormed into Sutcliffe's office and threatened to kill his employer if he didn't leave Mary alone. The matter grew even more heated, the men fought, and Sutcliffe ended up smashing Brian's skull with a golf club. Fearing criminal consequences, Sutcliffe took Brian's body out to the site of the half-constructed big top and set up an "accident." When the crew arrived in the morning, they found Brian dead beneath a fallen beam. The way the police reconstructed it, the dedicated site manager had visited during the night to check things out and had somehow toppled the beam that had killed him. Sutcliffe, no doubt, thought that Brian was out of the way and that he could continue wooing Mary. Mary had other ideas, however, and took her own life. Even after their deaths, they both remained in the Known world as creatures of the Unknown called Fun-fair Remnants. (See the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter for details).

Some SAVE researchers believe that it was the presence of Brian and Mary that drove the elephant Jumbo to its fits of homicidal rage. Whether that was true or not, the death of Jumbo simply added to the park's problems. Jumbo's life-force remained behind as a very large example of a Beast Ghost (also described in the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter).

The later "accidents" that plagued the park were all caused by the Fun-fair Remnants that Brian and Mary O'Doul had become. Every victim killed by the O'Douls became a ghost of one sort or another that immediately became a servitor to the Fun-fair Remnants. When the fun park closed, the "vengeance phase" of the remnants' existence

ended. They then began to create a spectral replica of the fun park at its peak, on every full moon night. It was one of these spectral displays that persuaded the new owner of the land that building a luxury resort on the site might not be the best idea.

Every month, on the night of the full moon, a glowing and slightly transparent apparition of a thriving and crowded fun-fair appears on the site of the Seven Devils Fun Park. The rides, the midway stalls, etc. are totally illusory. Some of the "patrons" of the fair—122, to be exact—are actually ghosts of one type or another: victims of the O'Douls, and now their servitors. These ghosts attack any living person who wanders into the fair. The other "patrons" are totally illusory. The illusion of the fun-fair includes sound and smell, as well as sight. The music of the carousels, etc., has a strangely attractive effect.

There is a "wild card" in all of this. The Beast Ghost of Jumbo manifests every full moon but isn't under the control of the Fun-fair Remnants. It is quite likely to attack anyone who even comes near the illusory fairground. It's the ghost of Jumbo that scared Jimmy Banes and his pals away before they could fall under the control of the Fun-fair Remnants.

Banishing the Evil

As discussed in **Creatures of the Unknown**, the only way to banish Fun-fair Remnants is to hold a sincere, noncynical fair or celebration on the land. This celebration, which must involve at least 122 people to be effective, will immediately send the O'Douls back to the Unknown forever. The ghosts that were their servitors are also banished immediately.

The Beast Ghost of Jumbo is another matter, however. Since the O'Douls didn't kill the elephant, the ghost isn't under their control. Jumbo must be destroyed in the same manner as any Beast Ghost (see the **Creatures** chapter for details).

Additional Notes

As CM, you should feel free to populate the "spectral fairground" with whatever different kinds of ghosts particularly intrigue you. Remember, the 122 "real" ghosts are the victims of the O'Douls.

Organizing a celebration on the site of the Seven Devils Fun Park sounds simple enough. Remember, though, that the place has a bad reputation. Also, it's a long way from town. Player Characters trying to set up such a fair should have bureaucratic hassles getting licenses, etc. and should find it difficult to get anyone to show up.



Shawnigan Lake

"To the northwest of the Malahat pass, on Vancouver Island, lies Shawnigan Lake. It is a lake of peaceful aspect and abiding beauty, surrounded as it is by old-growth forests and rugged hills. The lake lies within the territory once settled by the Salish Indian tribe. Of course, the land has been wrested from their grasp, and the tribe has been relocated to reservations elsewhere on the island.

"The name 'Shawnigan' itself presents somewhat of a puzzle. When I was visiting the region in 1926, I asked several Indian storytellers the origin, language, and meaning of the word. The most common response was that the lake was named after a great tribal chief. This was no answer, of course, since that chief's name would have to have come from some source. Perhaps it was my imagination, but I seemed to sense from these storytellers an unwillingness to discuss the topic with an outsider such as myself.

"The best answer to my questions about the origin came from a venerable Salish storyteller named Dan George. This decrepit, blind man was more willing than any other to discuss Shawnigan Lake. The word 'shawnigan,' he explained to me, is the corruption of a Salish word that means 'Something is happening that I do not understand.'

"According to the tales of Dan George, Shawnigan Lake is considered a holy place by many of the older Salish, although the younger members of the tribe do not accept the old stories. The region was used for a time as a burial ground, but this practice was abandoned in the early 19th Century. Since then, the natives have considered the area virtually taboo.

"The reason for this is simple. Old tales tell that Shawnigan Lake is home to a creature known as 'Noo-Qua,' the Lightning

Snake. On moonless nights, Noo-Qua roils the still surface of the lake and summons clouds and rain to cloak itself from prying eyes. The Lightning Snake is also said to feed on anyone foolish enough to go out on the lake after sunset.

"Dan George considered it important that I hear these tales, for one significant reason: there are plans currently being considered to build a resort, the Shawnigan Lake Inn, on the shores of the lake. My Indian contact warned me that this project will be ill-fated, perhaps catastrophically so, and urges that I do everything in my power to block it.

"I must admit that even though I consider myself level-headed and not given to flights of fancy, his words and the urgency with which he delivered them impressed me with a feeling of impending ruin. Although I knew that my attempts were fore-doomed to failure, I attempted to dissuade the developers from following through on their plans. My words were dismissed, of course, as I knew they would be.

"The last night that I was in the area was the dark of the moon. As the sun sank below the hills, I stood on the shore of Shawnigan Lake, looking out across its still, cold waters. Night fell like a shroud, and my heart was gripped with a sense of irrational terror. Although there was no moon, the starlight was just enough to allow my night-adapted eyes to scan the surface of the lake . . . and to see that surface roiled as though something huge and monstrous were stirring beneath the surface. I am shamed to admit it, but I turned and ran. I have never returned to the vicinity of Shawnigan Lake, and never will I do so."

*Excerpt from Western Remembrances,
by Daniel K. Mulcahy Published 1931*

Location

Shawnigan Lake is located about 40 miles north-northwest of Victoria on Vancouver Island, British Columbia in Canada, near the small town of Cobble Hill.

Background

Despite attempts by Daniel Mulcahy to block the construction, the Shawnigan Lake Inn was built as planned. Initially it was very popular, attracting guests from all over the West Coast, but over the years its popularity waned. By the early 1980s it was frequented by only a relative few regulars, and it eventually went bankrupt.

The building was taken over and turned into a school, specializing in Asian students who wished to enter the Canadian university system, and its curriculum included several English as a Second Language courses. This school is known locally as "the Academy." Although the Academy had many students enrolled even before it officially opened, enrollment quickly dropped off.

Though the Shawnigan Lake Inn and later the Academy tried hard to suppress them, stories started to circulate about mysterious disappearances on or around the lake. In 1947, a guest at the Inn went out for a midnight swim and never returned. The unfortunate swimmer was found two days later, washed up on shore. The official ruling was death by misadventure, specifically drowning, but this hardly explains the mangled condition of the body. There have been other, similar "accidents" as well.

In 1972, a family camped in the woods near the shore of the lake. When they didn't return from their long weekend, authorities began a search. The searchers found the campsite but no traces of the family. The campsite itself was in great disarray; the ground had been torn up and the underbrush crushed as though by a large animal. The police ruled that the family had been killed by a bear.

In 1984, a student at the Academy attempted suicide late one moonless night. Only the fast actions of the house master saved his life. Although the boy recovered physically, his mind was shattered. He babbled about seeing Indian war canoes on the lake, as well as a massive creature rising from the water, and claimed that the "great god" had bidden him to take his own life as punishment for having seen what no living man should see.

Involvement of the Unknown

Shawnigan Lake is home to a creature of the Unknown commonly known as the Noo-Qua, or Lightning Snake. This monstrous beast is described in the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter.

In addition to the Noo-Qua, various other creatures haunt Shawnigan Lake. It is suspected that the spirits of several of the Noo-Qua's victims, most notably the family that camped near

the shore, are still in the area, acting as servitors to the Noo-Qua. Some of these victims are known to have become Beisacs, and it is suspected that one victim, a young woman who committed suicide in 1941 by throwing herself into the lake, is still present as a Continh.

Finally, as if that weren't enough, the lake is haunted by almost 100 Battlefield Remnants. In the early 1800s, there were two rival Indian bands living on opposite sides of the lake. On a moonless night in the dead of winter, each band sent a detachment of 50 warriors across the lake in canoes to attack its rival on the other shore while the enemies slept. (The fact that both groups chose the same night for their raid wasn't mere coincidence. The plans for the raids, and the entire rivalry, had been orchestrated by the Noo-Qua.) The two war parties met in the middle of the lake, and the resulting combat left none alive. The fact that all of the warriors were engaged in a cowardly attack on (what they thought to be) sleeping enemies led to their continued existence as Battlefield Remnants. Every year, on the anniversary of this battle, the dead Indian warriors and their canoes rise from the lake and repeat the battle that caused their deaths. These remnants are armed with traditional weapons: spears, axes, knives, and bows. The anniversary date of this battle, December 23, falls at a time of year when few people are around the lake to witness the event. (Summer is the tourist season, and the Academy is out for Christmas.)

Banishing the Evil

The only way of ridding Shawnigan Lake of its evil influence is to hunt down and destroy the Noo-Qua. This won't be an easy task, particularly since the Lightning Snake sends its servitor creatures forth to dissuade any hunters.

The Battlefield Remnants are not under the control of the Noo-Qua and so continue to re-fight their fateful battle even if the Lightning Snake is destroyed.

Additional Notes

The Noo-Qua's best tactic, when faced by a determined bunch of hunters, is simply to remain on the bottom of the lake. The hunters then have to figure out some way of taking the battle into the creature's lair, a very dangerous proposition.

The waters of the lake are dark with suspended mud, a result of run-off from the surrounding hills. Visibility even under the best of conditions—i.e., adequate lighting, etc.—is never more than 20 feet. The bottom of the lake is dotted with the trunks of trees, which the creature can partially "animate" by using its Gnarl Discipline to distract hunters or to lead them into ambush. Hunters who try to use sonar or other high-tech gadgets can be foiled by the creature's Haywire Discipline.

Hunting down and killing the Noo-Qua should be an incredibly difficult and dangerous escapade.



St. Thomas Aquinas School for Boys

"It's weird. I went to school at St. Thomas Aquinas—St. Tom's, we called it—and I never thought there was anything weird about it. Well, not really. Now? I've got to tell you, I'm scared.

"Let me tell you a story.

"When I first went to St. Tom's, in the early '70s, it was a small, stereotypical English boys' boarding school, like Eton or Rugby, picked up and transplanted in Massachusetts. Or, at least, that's what the school wanted people to believe, but it didn't cut it. With a few exceptions, the staff was mediocre and the facilities, an old firetrap of a wooden building, disgusting. But then in 1978, when I was in grade 10, the school moved from the wooden building into a stone building just a few blocks away.

"This building used to be a convent, the Convent of the Holy Cross, and later a convent school. This great, blocky place, with arched doorways, statues of saints along the tops of the walls, even a couple of towers, looked like something out of an English period movie. Sure, the place wasn't that big, but neither was the school. The grad class was only about 75. Like I said, small.

"At first we liked it, the boys who actually boarded in the place. But then we started hearing the stories. Apparently, there was this translucent figure that prowled the top floor, the 'White Sister,' the ghost of a nun who'd died in the convent. At least, that was the story, but I don't know where it came from. As more and more people reported seeing the White Sister, the boys got to feeling real creepy about staying there.

"But, you know, after a while we stopped caring. The ghost never did anything other than prowl the hallway, and we basically accepted it as part of life. By the time I graduated in 1980, I considered the dead nun to be just another quirk of a school that was known for its quirks.

"I didn't think any more about the ghost, or the school, as my career took off. But then six months ago, I heard that one of my old schoolmates had been involved in an 'incident,' a murder-suicide. One night, out of the blue and for no apparent reason, he'd taken his gun and methodically shot his wife and children, then put the barrel in his own mouth and pulled the trigger one last time.

"Obviously, this disturbed me. The guy hadn't been a close friend at school, but I knew him because he was one of two guys from my year who'd 'staked out' the upper hallway to get a good look at the White Sister. Anyway, there was nothing I could do for him or his family, so I forgot about it. Until last month. Another murder-suicide, very similar to the first. And who was the guy who did it? The other of my classmates who'd gone on that 'ghost hunt.'

"That shook me. At the time I thought I was overreacting, but this idea just came into my head and I couldn't get rid of it. I did some digging, tracking down as many St. Tom's graduates as I could, specifically, guys who graduated after the move in 1978. What did I find? Well, that's why I talked to the magazine writer who referred me to you.

"Out of 900 boys who graduated from St. Tom's between 1979 and 1991, there've been 12 who've been involved in murder-suicides. Twelve out of 900; that's over 1 in a 100. What's the usual rate for murder-suicides? One case in a million people?

"Anyway, that's why I'm scared. You see, I saw the ghost once. And my wife's pregnant with our third child. . . ."

SAVE Massachusetts debriefing:

Doug Hardy May 11, 1991

Location

St. Thomas Aquinas School for Boys is located in Cambridge, Massachusetts, near Boston.

Background

The Convent of Saint Michael, as it was originally known, was built in 1904 and was home to an order of nuns, the Sisters of St. Michael or more commonly "the Michaelines," from then until 1940. The Michaelines were a relatively rich order, although its members took vows of individual poverty. They performed charitable works around Cambridge and ran a free soup kitchen and clinic during the Depression.

Although they never admitted it publicly, the Michaelines were somewhat active in the Art. The convent contained a library full of books on the occult, and perhaps one-quarter of the order's number had some limited skills in the Art. This definitely set the Michaelines apart from most other religious orders, which generally believe the Biblical injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." This, of course, was known to nobody outside the order.

Some SAVE members believe that any use of the Art attracts the attention of the Unknown. While this may not always be totally true, it certainly proved to be in the case of the Michaelines. By 1934, the order had begun to let its charitable works lapse, as though it had turned its collective eyes inward. Three years later, rumors began circulating in Cambridge that something odd was happening with the Michaelines, that the order was split by infighting and rivalry among the members. In 1939, five members of the order died within a two-week period. Because of the order's religious precepts, the Mother Superior refused to allow post mortems on the bodies, and the dead were buried, with private ceremonies, on the grounds of the convent. The official reports at the time stated that the nuns had died of

some disease, but most people in Cambridge who heard of the deaths suspected that foul play had been involved.

The next year, 1940, was a bad one for the Michaelines. Three more nuns died—again, supposedly as a result of disease—and the order completely terminated its philanthropic works. The soup kitchen and clinic closed down, and the Michaeline nuns were never seen outside the convent grounds. The people of Cambridge concluded, correctly, as it turned out, that the order had turned away from the world to concentrate on its own problems.

The whole thing came to a head in 1941. In early spring, on a moonless night, homeowners living near the convent heard screams coming from within the old stone walls. The police were called. When they entered the convent, they saw a scene that chilled them to the marrow. All of the nuns were dead: killed in the most gruesome manners with fire axes, knives, and clubs. The official report released by the police stated that some psychopathic killer had broken into the convent and had slain all the nuns. Most locals accepted this story, because the alternative was too unpleasant to consider.

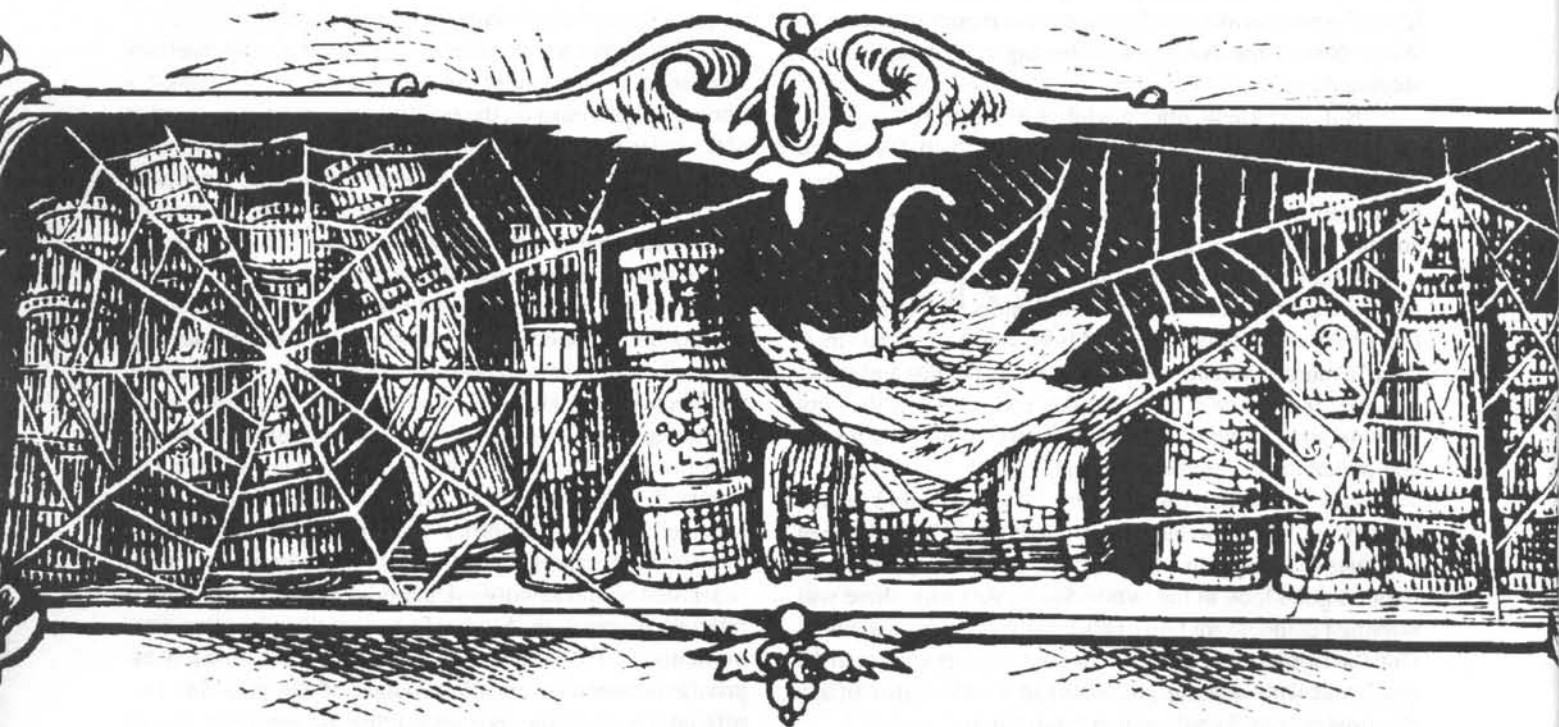
Private records, kept by the investigating officers, told a different story. The evidence was indisputable: there had been no psychopathic killer from the outside. The nuns, for no apparent reason, had that night picked up weapons and

fought each other. The last surviving nun had apparently been the Mother Superior. Although badly wounded, she would probably have lived, but she took her own life, lying in the midst of her dead sisters.

The convent remained empty for 10 years. In 1951, it was taken over by another religious order, the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and turned into a convent school. The Sisters of the Holy Cross were highly devout and shared none of the arcane interests shown by the Michaelines. While the Convent School of the Holy Cross operated, there were no reports of any spectral apparitions or mysterious happenings.

The school fell on hard times in the 1970s, as registration dropped off at parochial schools. By 1977, the convent was unable to maintain itself, and the order moved to other lodgings. St. Thomas Aquinas School for Boys bought the property and moved their operations into the old building the next year.

Almost immediately, boys reported seeing the "White Sister," a translucent, shifting figure dressed in a nun's habit from 40 years ago. Every few months she'd be seen, prowling the upper hallway of the convent building. She would never respond to the presence of observers, and she never caused any kind of trouble or commotion. The staff of the school officially denied the existence of the ghost, even though some staff members admitted, unofficially, that





they'd seen her too, but the boys who boarded in the building continued to see her.

Only Doug Hardy, in his report to SAVE, has ever speculated that there might be some connection between seeing the White Sister and the murder-suicides that have involved men who graduated from St. Tom's.

Involvement of the Unknown

Today, the Unknown is definitely at work in the old convent building; the presence of the White Sister proves that. But this involvement is not new. The Unknown first manifested itself in the stone building when the Michaelines were in residence. Nobody knows just what arcane research the Michaeline nuns were conducting, but it has been confirmed that many were able to use the Art and that certain disciplines were incorporated into the order's religious observances. SAVE experts speculate that the nuns might have used various Communicative Disciplines to help "speed their prayers to God" and to receive omens and portents.

Whatever the Michaelines were doing, it certainly attracted the attention of the Unknown. A Betrayer visited the convent and used its powers to warp the order's actions toward Evil. Under the creature's influence, some of the nuns learned and used Evil Way Disciplines.

The Betrayer was very patient in its actions. It dedicated several decades to perverting the purity of the order's intentions, setting up the nuns for the final act in the tragedy. Under the influence of the Betrayer, the nuns killed several of their sisters who weren't totally convinced of the sanctity of the order's actions. When all the doubters had been removed, the Betrayer forced the nuns into a final orgy of murder and suicide. With the order totally destroyed, the Betrayer happily went on its way.

The aftermath of the creature's actions still haunts the building, of course. Several of the nuns have become creatures known as Apostates (described in the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter) and still dwell in the convent. While the stone building was owned by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, the aura of sanctity about the place and the purity of the sisters' motives prevented the Apostates from manifesting themselves. When St. Tom's, a highly secular organization, took over the building, however, this restraint was removed.

There are three Apostates haunting the school. As with all Apostates, these creatures enjoy planting mental suggestions in victims to commit the most grievous sins according to the religious tradition in which the Apostate believed. In the case of the Michaelines, the two worst sins are murder and suicide. Thus it is these acts that the creatures force their victims to perform.

Banishing the Evil

When the convent belonged to the Michaelines, the nuns used the small chapel on the ground floor for religious observances and also as a place to practice their disciplines. They kept a journal of their experimentation in a huge, leather-bound book that they referred to as their "grimoire." The grimoire was stored in a secret compartment behind the altar. When the Michaeline order ceased to exist in 1941, the existence of this compartment and the grimoire it contained were forgotten. Neither the Sisters of the Holy Cross nor the staff and boys of St. Tom's ever found it.

The grimoire is the focus that keeps the Apostates bound to the Known world. If a group of PCs can find and destroy the book, the Apostates are immediately sent screaming into the Unknown. Of course, the Apostates realize their vulnerability and do everything in their power to prevent anyone from finding or destroying the grimoire.

The grimoire contains descriptions of various Evil Way Disciplines that the nuns came to practice in the last days of the order. While these should be of little interest to PCs, beyond the purely intellectual, there are also descriptions of several Disciplines of the Art: Clairvoyant/Prescient Dream, Telepathic Empathy, Telepathic Sending, and Raise Perception. These descriptions can help an envoy increase his facility with the disciplines listed. Studying a discipline description can give a PC a +10% bonus to his chance of using that discipline.

Studying the discipline descriptions in the grimoire isn't a quick task. A PC must dedicate 20 hours of concentrated study, over a period of no more than 4 days, to understand and digest a single description. Only after this amount of study does the PC receive the bonus.

The descriptions in the grimoire are couched in highly allegorical language and incorporate diagrams and symbols. It is impossible to copy the contents of the book into another format—say, into a notebook—and even a photocopy or photograph of a page won't yield sufficient detail for the copy to be useful. In other words, a PC can gain the bonus on discipline use only by studying the original grimoire. (Since this book is the focus for the three Apostates, most PCs might decide that the bonus isn't worth the consequences of keeping the book in one piece.)

Additional Notes

Cambridge is a large city of about 95,000. As with any bustling metropolis, its residents will be unlikely to accept any claims of involvement by the Unknown. This certainly includes the staff of St. Thomas Aquinas School for Boys, who will categorically refuse to grant the PCs permission to operate on school grounds.

Telchac Ruins

When we arrived on the Yucatan, the weather was foul and steadily getting worse. The clouds, the dark gray of lead, were moving unnaturally fast. We knew that Tropical Storm Agnes, soon to be promoted to Hurricane Agnes, was having its way with St. Lucia and the Grenadines, and the Yucatan wasn't the healthiest place to be right then.

But we really had little choice. It had taken us nine months of hard work to get the Mexican bureaucracy to give us the permission we needed to visit the Telchac ruins with our equipment. If we missed the three-day 'window' on our papers, even to avoid a hurricane, we were pretty sure the government would make us go through pure pluperfect hell to get authorization again.

So that's how we came to be packing half a metric ton of 'deep radar' equipment through the jungles of Mexico in a bloody tropical storm.

It was in 1981 that archaeologists began to suspect the Telchac ruins had concealed chambers, below the structures that had already been examined. The next year, the first attempts were made to excavate those chambers.

If you're at all up on archaeology, you'll probably remember what happened. A series of cave-ins and shifting stones killed six of the eight workers. Because of the obvious instability in the site, the Mexican government outlawed any further attempts to enter the underground chambers.

That's where I came in, of course. As an amateur archaeologist, I was fascinated by the challenge of the Telchac ruins. As a professional engineer, I was aware of the breakthroughs at the University of Texas in Abilene that led to what we now call 'deep radar,' a prototype high-frequency electromagnetic scanning system capable of penetrating rock and imaging oil-bearing formations, or secret burial chambers, through tens of meters of rock.

When we arrived at the site, the weather was still deteriorating. Even in the artificial twilight of the storm, however, we could see just how extensive the Telchac ruins were. From the overall layout, we could tell that Telchac in its heyday must have been even more impressive than Tikal in Guatemala, and that's saying something.

An old man approached us as we set up tarpaulins to protect our equipment. He was tall and lean, his skin the color of aged leather, and he wore the garb of a local 'indian.' But it was his eyes that caught our attention; they were milky white, obviously blind. Despite his disability, he moved through our camp with the ease of a sighted man, and approached us as surely as if he could see.

The old man was mad, that's for sure. We knew that within the first moments. He started talking to us in his singsong, almost hypnotic voice. His English was surprisingly fluent, but what he talked about made no sense. He told us that he was the guardian of Telchac, the immortal master of these ruins, and that to stay here

would mean our deaths. He threatened us with all manner of supernatural evils, all the time smiling benignly at us.

We paid no attention to him, of course. When we'd heard enough, we left him, still rambling on about our horrible fates. We had just opened the first equipment case when the bats began to arrive. Hundreds upon hundreds of them, darkening the skies and filling the air with their cries.

And that was just the beginning. . . .

*From the journal of Douglas Cahill
April 23, 1990*

Location

The Telchac ruins are near the northeastern tip of the Yucatan, in Mexico. The ruins are about 60 miles east of the town of Telchac Puerto, and about 86 miles west of Cancun. They are deep in thick jungle, totally inaccessible by any vehicle. The only way to reach them is by foot, a 15-mile hike from the town of Tizimin.

Background

In its heyday, Telchac was a large and beautiful Mayan city, spread over several square miles. It was a city of staircases and plazas, broad triumphal arches and pyramidal buildings. At its center was a huge pyramid that archaeologists have dubbed the "Pyramid of the Sun."

Nobody knows exactly when Telchac was inhabited or why it was deserted. There are some folk tales that tell of a mythical "City of the Sun" that was the center of all learning in the Yucatan area. The rulers of this city were priests and magicians of great wisdom and even greater power, and their blessings, in the form of knowledge and technology, spread throughout the land.

Over the centuries, the rulers of the City of the Sun grew arrogant, however, and claimed that they were the masters of everything on, above, or below the earth. They extended boundaries of their city along the surface and started to delve into the depths of the earth.

This was their downfall. According to the tales, they delved too deep and awakened some ancient evil, which came forth and destroyed them all.

Archaeologists and historians have examined these tales and believe there is a kernel of truth at their core. They believe that a large city did exist in the Yucatan and that it extended below ground as well as on the surface. Many archaeologists believe that the legends of the City of the Sun actually refer to Telchac. Of course, they discard the stories about "ancient evil" as simply symbolic tellings of the fall of the great city.

The 1990 expedition led by Douglas Cahill was the first, and only, attempt since the tragic 1982 excavation to map out the hidden chambers. Unfortunately, the expedition came to

naught. Seven of the ten explorers died tragically in the jungle, victims of a bewildering variety of tragic accidents. Cahill and two others made it out of the jungle alive, only to die within weeks of some incurable malady. Since then, nobody has visited Telchac.

Involvement of the Unknown

Characters reading Cahill's journal entry, reproduced above, may conclude that a Bat Lord dwells in Telchac. They're right . . . in a way.

In fact, the "mad, blind old man" is just what he seems: a mad, blind, old man. He was a feeble-minded hermit unfortunate enough to wander across the site of Telchac. The Bat Lord saw in this old man a chance for some unpleasant fun. Using Influence, the creature destroyed what was left of the old man's sanity and struck him blind. The old man now truly believes he is the supernatural guardian of Telchac. He's got evidence to support this belief, too. Every time he threatens an interloper with magical retribution, the threats come to pass (thanks to the Bat Lord, of course).

The Bat Lord calls himself Huehuetenango and has been haunting the site of Telchac for many centuries. It's possible that it was Huehuetenango who actually caused the destruction of the city, but the only person who knows for sure now is the Bat Lord himself. The creature preys on travelers, the inhabitants of local towns—such as Temax, Tizimin, and Rio Lagartos—and sometimes travels as far afield as Puerto Juarez and even Cancun itself. When he feeds in these areas, he is always careful never to leave clues that lead people back to his home.

There's another side to Huehuetenango's personality that the "kill-crazy monster" most people associate with a Bat Lord. He has a sense of humor, an unpleasant one, but a sense of humor nonetheless. His idea of a great joke is to start rumors that lead archaeologists—or, better yet, grave robbers—to Telchac. The visitors meet up with the mad old man, who threatens them with magical retribution. Huehuetenango then uses his disciplines to make these threats come to pass. With the old hermit as his puppet, Huehuetenango plays with the intruders like a cat does with a mouse, terrifying them before killing them.

Huehuetenango is aware that one day someone will kill "his" hermit, but that doesn't worry him; he's confident that he can create another puppet whenever he needs to.

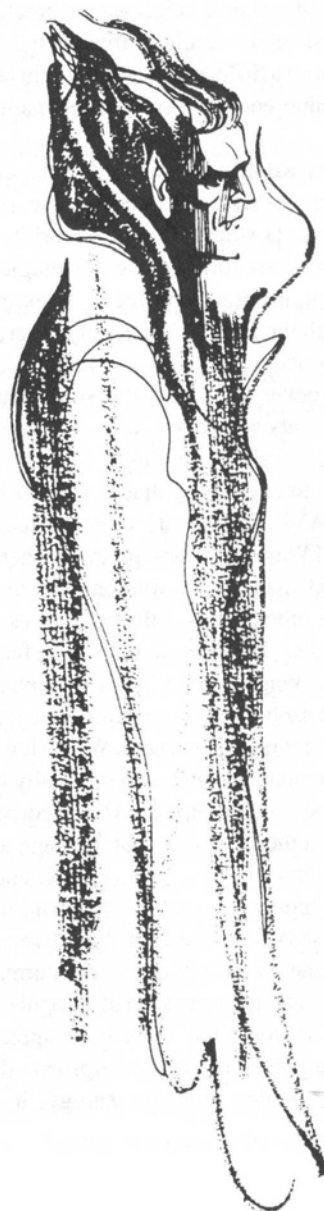
Huehuetenango isn't an idiot and won't let his sense of humor override his instincts for self-protection. If a group of PCs arrives in Telchac "loaded for bear," the Bat Lord won't play with them if he thinks they could actually harm him. Instead, he'll either stay out of sight or just destroy them as efficiently as possible.

Banishing the Evil

The only way to rid Telchac of its evil influence is to destroy Huehuetenango the Bat Lord.

Additional Notes

If you, as CM, feel like throwing another complexity at your players, when the PCs arrive in Telchac, Huehuetenango might recently have created a "bride." (Alternatively, if one of the PCs is female, Huehuetenango might pick her as the subject of his evil attentions.) In any case, Huehuetenango will certainly use the bride to reinforce the impression that the old hermit is actually a Bat Lord.



Sites of Power

SAVE's theories on the Art and the Evil Way hold that the use of disciplines is not "magic," no matter how magical the results may appear. When someone uses the Art, he is actually drawing a little-understood form of energy from the Unknown, channeling it through his body, and releasing it in such a way that it has an effect in the Known world. A consequence of this theory is that, in places where this form of energy can flow more easily from the Unknown to the Known world, it should be easier to use certain disciplines or that the results of certain disciplines are greater than normal. Certain theorists go on to claim that each School of Disciplines depends on a different sub-type of this energy form or perhaps the same energy form but resonating at different frequencies.

This theory would explain many "magical" or mystical traditions in the world. Certain "mystic places" can be explained as points where this otherworldly energy flows more easily. Various forms of "earth magic," such as the druidic religion, discuss "ley lines," lines that have some connection with the flow of "magical power," "manna," or other similar concepts. Conventional science, of course, has nothing whatsoever to say on the subject of ley lines or nexuses, the points where ley lines intersect. SAVE theorists, however, can shed some light on these topics.

According to one theory that is gaining increasing credence within SAVE, the flow of the energy that drives both the Art and the Evil Way is not constant everywhere on the globe. There are, in fact, many local variations, some subtle, some far from subtle. In other words, different places have different "power potentials." Ley lines may then, in fact, be lines that connect points having the same "power potential," in much the same way that isobars on a meteorological chart connect points of equal barometric pressure. Where ley lines intersect, this "power potential" might reach unusually high levels.

There is one small group of SAVE theorists dedicated to proving this hypothesis. Unfortunately, there are several major stumbling blocks in their path. Firstly, and most importantly, nobody knows for sure exactly what kind of power or energy drives the Art and the Evil Way. Everyone agrees on two facts: this energy isn't magic in the normal sense of the word, and it certainly isn't any kind of recognized electromagnetic radiation. Beyond that, there is no agreement whatsoever. Considering this, it's hardly surprising that no one has found any way of detecting this energy, its flow, or any



variation in its level. So far, the only device that can detect this energy is the human brain. Such detection is generally described as the Discipline, Sensing the Unknown. As every envoy knows, however, this discipline isn't quantitative.

Nevertheless, there is a small group of SAVE envoys in England who are trying to correlate activity of the Unknown with the ley lines that, according to myth, crisscross Great Britain. Their specific area of focus is Stonehenge, where several very powerful ley lines are said to intersect.

Whatever the theoretical basis, the facts are inescapable. There are certain places in the world where the veil between the Known world and the Unknown is particularly thin, where powers can flow and creatures can pass back and forth more easily than elsewhere. The majority of these sites are malign; some have benign attributes, however. These "sites of power" are of great interest to SAVE investigators. Only a few such sites of power have been located. Researchers suspect, however, that there are many more awaiting discovery.



Mount Shasta

My attention was first drawn to Mount Shasta some years ago when I was reading the records kept by several of the Spanish missions that used to operate in California. There was one story of a man of God named Father Alvito who visited the tribal peoples living in the vicinity of the mountain. The records refer to these people as savages, but we now know that to be inappropriate. This is 1905, after all, and we are more enlightened now.

According to Father Alvito's personal journal, the natives were very hospitable and both answered his questions and listened politely to his discourse. He quickly learned that they considered Mount Shasta a holy place, a site of power dedicated to their gods. In an attempt to turn them away from what he saw as worship of false gods, the good Father tried to persuade them that Shasta was just a mountain, like any other mountain in the coastal range. He went so far as to claim that he would climb Mount Shasta to prove that no gods dwelt atop it.

The natives were highly distressed by this—not from any idea of desecration, of which they seemed to have no conception, but out of concern that the gods would strike the old man down. Father Alvito claimed, of course, that he was protected by the greatest god of them all and would thus come to no harm.

Unfortunately, Father Alvito's journal contains no description of his ascent. It must be assumed that he either left the journal behind, as unnecessary weight, or was too exhausted by his strenuous ascent to waste energy on keeping his diary. The next entry was made when he had returned from his successful climb.

As he slept near the summit, he had a dream of an intensity that he had never experienced before. On the stage of his mind was played out a rendition of the Biblical story of Adam and Eve . . . but with some significant differences. In his dream, Father Alvito saw Eve as pale-skinned and blond, with a definitely European beauty. Adam, in contrast, was dark of skin and hair, and his face greatly resembled those of the Indians who had tried to dissuade him from his climb. In the dream, Adam ate of the apple offered to him by Eve, but only he was cast from the garden. Eve remained in the paradise and took total dominion of it. Under her stewardship, however, the garden was despoiled and its beauty raped. Adam stood at the gate, watching the destruction of what he had held so dear, unable to do anything to alter it. Father Alvito awoke in tears.

After this experience, Father Alvito decided that Mount Shasta must be a holy place. Five years later, he and several other priests made another pilgrimage up the slopes of the mountain. None returned.

From the journal of Karl Gatringer, historian
December 23, 1905

Location

Mount Shasta is located in northern California. Interstate 5 crosses the lower slope of the mountain. Shasta is one of the most beautiful mountains in the state, rising to a height of 14,162 feet. There are several small towns on its slopes, including Weed and the town of Mount Shasta.

Background

Mount Shasta's reputation as a site of power existed for many centuries before Father Alvito's visit. Most of the Indian tribes in the region had some legends about the peak. These legends varied quite dramatically in their content, however. While some held that the mountain was a holy place, inhabited by gods, others described it as cursed ground haunted by demons and monsters. The vast majority of these legends had one thing in common, however: to climb the peak was to court death.

Since the native Indians were moved out of the area in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries, the old tales have fallen into obscurity. While the Spanish missions were still operating, Father Alvito's description of Shasta as a holy place was given at least some credence, but when these organizations closed their doors, this claim, too, was quickly forgotten.

Mount Shasta is now a national park. Many hikers and campers enjoy its lower slopes, and climbers challenge its peak. Over the last several decades, after the organization acquired Karl Gatringer's journal, SAVE has been collecting information about Shasta. Apparently, a significant proportion of people who have slept overnight on the mountain's slopes have experienced strange, intense dreams. Since few people discuss their dreams, particularly if they're disturbing, no one but the SAVE researchers assigned to the project have discovered how common these abnormal dreaming patterns are. Research shows that more than 25% of overnight campers experience disturbing dreams, and there are strong indications that a large proportion of these are actually Prescient or Clairvoyant Dreams. Some people might wonder why the dreamers themselves haven't recognized the prescient qualities of their dreams. The reason for this is simply that Prescient or Clairvoyant Dreams are almost always symbolic, requiring interpretation. To interpret such a dream correctly, the dreamer must fully accept the concept that the dream might truly be prescient. This is a step that the vast majority of people are unwilling to take.

Each year, there are a number of deaths on Mount Shasta. Most appear to be normal accidents—a frayed climbing rope, a badly-seated piton, a storm that blows up suddenly, stranding a group of hikers, etc. The annual death toll is higher for Shasta than for any other comparable mountain in North America, but not enough higher to draw attention to

the peak. SAVE has examined the death toll statistically, however, and has come to the conclusion that the high number of deaths each year is not due solely to natural causes. The conclusion is inescapable: there is some force or creature native to Mount Shasta that is causing a significant proportion of these deaths.

Involvement of the Unknown

SAVE theorists cite Mount Shasta as the best support for the "site of power" theory previously discussed. Whether or not the theory is true, the facts are undeniable.

When a character or a creature is on the upper slopes of Shasta, above an altitude of 8,000 feet, he gains certain benefits when using any Communicative Discipline. Firstly, the character or creature gains a bonus of +30% to the base chance of successfully using a Communicative Discipline. Secondly, the Willpower cost for using the discipline is halved. And thirdly, the range of the discipline (if appropriate) is increased by 50%. Note that both characters and creatures gain all of these benefits. The benefits apply only to Disciplines of the Communicative School, however.

This power of Mount Shasta is so great that it allows characters who are normally unable to use the Art to experience Prescient/Clairvoyant Dreams. Each night that a character unable to use the Art sleeps on the upper slopes of Mount Shasta, there is a 30% chance that the character experiences a Prescient/Clairvoyant Dream. Such dreams are usually vivid and highly disturbing and always highly symbolic, requiring intensive interpretation. (As CM, you should remember that most people won't even consider the possibility that a dream might be prescient or clairvoyant.) On a night when a Prescient/Clairvoyant Dream occurs, the character regains no Willpower. There is no way to block out such a dream; thus it's possible that a character experiences one at the worst possible time, when he desperately needs to regain lost Willpower. (Players shouldn't automatically know about these benefits, of course. You, as CM, should keep them in the dark for as long as possible.)

The same attributes of Mount Shasta that enhance Communicative Disciplines also attract the attention of creatures of the Unknown and make it easier for them to enter the Known world. There is known to be a population of creatures permanently dwelling on the mountain. The majority of these creatures are of relatively low intelligence—for example, Sasquatches and certain kinds of ghosts. These creatures attack intruders because of their evil and destructive nature. Most try to make these attacks look like accidents.

SAVE suspects that Mount Shasta is also home to at least one creature of considerable power and intelligence, perhaps an Onaqui, Manitou, or even a Deceiver. Nobody knows for sure what attraction Shasta holds for such a creature, but there are theories. The most popular theory among SAVE envoys is

that creatures of the Unknown are as much in the dark as humans about why Mount Shasta exhibits the powers that it does. The more-intelligent creatures are spending time on Mount Shasta because they want to discover its secret and then, presumably, use that secret to achieve their goals. While these more-intelligent creatures aren't overly concerned about innocent hikers since these innocents pose no danger, they become highly distressed if they learn that a group of well-equipped player characters is visiting the mountain. The creatures fear that the PCs are investigating the secrets of Mount Shasta and do their best to drive the PCs away or to kill them.

There are known to be several packs of Spirit Wolves that live on the lower slopes of Mount Shasta. They sometimes risk a trip to the upper slopes but are rarely spotted there.

Banishing the Evil

Although unlikely, it's possible that a militant group of PCs might be able to "sanitize" Mount Shasta, destroying all of the creatures of the Unknown that dwell there. The story isn't over at that point, however. Whether or not any creatures of the Unknown are present, Mount Shasta is still a site of power and lends its benefits to discipline use. It also attracts the attention and presence of more creatures.

There are only two ways of eliminating Shasta as a site of power, neither of which is within the capabilities of the best-equipped PCs. Firstly, the mountain itself can be destroyed. Since this would take a nuclear device in the megaton range, this is hardly an option. Secondly, the flow of mysterious energy that powers both the Art and the Evil Way could be altered, so that "ley lines" no longer congregate at Mount Shasta. Unfortunately, there is no theoretical basis to show that this is even conceptually possible. It seems certain that Mount Shasta will remain a site of power for millennia to come.

Additional Notes

As CM, you decide the creature population of Mount Shasta. This population fluctuates wildly, so it's possible that a group will find the mountain almost deserted, only to meet up with an army of creatures on their next expedition.

There are many scenarios that can be spun off from Mount Shasta. For example, a group of envoys might be dispatched to track down an earlier group who never returned from the mountain. Alternatively, the group might hear legends that a holy man, possessing an item of great power or value, turned up missing on the slopes of the mountain.

You should also remember that mountains pose their own dangers. Climbing gear can malfunction, handholds can crumble, and storms can blow up with little or no warning. Your players will probably assume that all such occurrences are attacks on their characters by creatures, so this will give you a chance to play on their paranoia.

Lechuguilla Cave

"I'm lucky to be alive. I know that. I'm busted up inside about my buddies who didn't make it, but God I'm glad I'm still around to feel sad.

"Lechuguilla Cave is one of the big new finds in the caving world. There's still a lot of virgin passage—unexplored territory—to see. That's one of the joys of caving, to 'scoop booty,' to see something you know no human eye has ever seen before. When the group and I learned about Lechuguilla, we had to do it, of course.

"We've done this kind of thing dozens of times before. Hell, between the six of us we've got almost two centuries of caving experience. We know what we're doing. We know there's danger, but we take the proper precautions. Anyway, we got all geared up and went down the entrance, which is something they call Misery Hole. It was beautiful.

"We followed the path that had been mapped out by the first group to enter the cave, but then we saw a branch tunnel that wasn't on the map. New terrain. Of course we had to follow it. A chance to push a new cave? No caver ever turns down that chance.

"And that's when things started going wrong. We all carry short-range radios to keep in communication. They started to fail. One moment they'd be working great, the next we'd hear nothing but static. Weird static, too, sounded like something big breathing. And the lights started getting erratic. Well hell, we could work around it, and that's what we did.

"We lost John going down a major pit, maybe 100 meters or more. He set up to rappel down, checked his rope, and stepped over the edge. And he just fell free to the bottom, like he wasn't on a rope at all. We knew he was dead—he had to be—but we had to do something. I went down to check on him.

"First thing I did was check his rappelling gear. I saw at once he was what we call 'death rigged.' He'd screwed up his rope rig so that he couldn't check his descent. It's not hard to do if you're an amateur, but John had rigged thousands of times before. We realized the expedition was jinxed, and we decided to get out of there fast.

"I lost the others on the way back to the main passage. Freak accidents, all of them. Mary stumbled and fell down a crevasse. Tony got his head smashed in by a falling stalactite. Tim... I don't know what happened to Tim, he just wandered off and I never saw him again. Arvid fell from the rope as we were climbing out Misery Hole. There was just me left.

"You know how caves 'breathe,' as the barometric pressure changes? Well this one had bad breath: I could smell death and corruption in the air... and fear. And... I know this is going to sound psychotic... but I heard laughter. Inhuman laughter from deep in the cave."

*SAVE Denver debriefing: Joanna Cahern
March 10, 1991*

Location

Lechuguilla Cave is in New Mexico, only about 5 miles from the more-famous Carlsbad Caverns. Although only some of the cave complex has been explored, it is already known to be America's deepest cave, with a maximum depth of 1,565 feet. (Since more of the cave remains to be explored, it may have even deeper regions.)

For CMs who want to learn more about the layout of Lechuguilla Cave, refer to the March 1991 issue of National Geographic.

Background

Lechuguilla Cave was formed millennia ago as sulfuric acid dissolved in water percolated downwards through limestone, eating away the rock and forming complexes of tunnels and caves. The cave was discovered in stages. In 1914, the entrance pit was mined for guano. The bottom of this pit was clogged with rocks, but explorers detected wind, which implied that more caverns lay beyond the rocks. In 1986, a group broke through the rocks and discovered the entrance into the Lechuguilla Cave complex.

Since 1986, there have been many expeditions into Lechuguilla Cave. Most have been organized by the Lechuguilla Cave Project, which is under the supervision of the National Park Service. The project is intended to protect cavers by ensuring that only experienced speleologists enter the complex and to protect the cave itself. The Lechuguilla Cave Project is very strict that everyone practice conservation. Most cavers take the old adage "Take nothing but photographs and leave nothing but footprints" one step further: they will go out of their way, even risking a lethal fall, to prevent damage to the cave.

Apart from the ill-fated expedition led by Joanna Cahern (an excerpt from whose debriefing is given previously), there have been no deaths in Lechuguilla Cave. There have been many close calls, however, many of which seem to support the belief held by some cavers that the complex is jinxed. Belay points for ropes, points that were adequately tested, frequently give out as soon as a caver trusts his life to them. Electronic gear malfunctions for no apparent reason. Rocks fall, boots slip, and cavers suffer inexplicable lapses in concentration, many of which have caused near-fatal accidents.

Cavers are generally a very level-headed bunch, not given to flights of fancy and irrational beliefs or fears. After all, what other kind of person would risk death in the dark and narrow depths simply for pleasure? Because of this, explorers into Lechuguilla Cave have only rarely reported strange occurrences. By nature, the kind of person who takes up caving always searches for a natural explanation for anything unusual, even if it requires reaching for an inadequate interpretation of events. Still, a few cavers have



repeated some of their experiences in the Lechuguilla complex. This leads some SAVE psychologists to conclude that the experiences must have been extremely intense and that probably most cavers who enter the complex experience some of these strange events.

Some cavers have heard the "inhuman laughter" described by Joanna Cahern, but most have attributed it to the sound of dripping water, somehow magnified and altered by the strange acoustics of the caverns. Others have caught fleeting glimpses of humanoid shadows that seem to flit around the periphery of their vision. Again most cavers have an explanation for these shadows: they are actually shadows of themselves and their companions, cast by their own lights reflecting off smooth rock surfaces. The smell of death and corruption has also been reported but has been explained, inadequately, as the result of organic chemicals in the rock walls being dissolved by low concentrations of sulfuric acid.

Cavers frequently suffer from troubled sleep and highly disturbing dreams while inside the cave complex. The most common explanation for this is that the combination of relatively high temperature and high humidity, about 65° and 100%, interferes with sleep patterns. Some cavers have also reported that food supplies have become spoiled, even rotten, much faster than expected, while a few have claimed that supplies have actually turned up missing. The most common interpretation for the first incidence is similar to the explanation for the smell of decay: the sulfuric acid in the water, and hence in the air, is speeding the spoilage of food. (This explanation doesn't hold water, of course. The concentration of sulfuric acid in the air is much too low to cause any such effect.) Nobody has even tried to explain the missing supplies, generally dismissing the occurrences as carelessness.

Involvement of the Unknown

Lechuguilla Cave is another site of power, similar to Mount Shasta. As with the mountain, the barrier between the Known world and the Unknown is particularly thin in the depths of the cavern complex. There is a difference between the two sites, however. Mount Shasta is generally benign in its effects; Lechuguilla Cave is highly malign.

Nobody knows exactly what causes Lechuguilla's strange characteristics. Some SAVE theorists believe that the three-dimensional arrangement of the complex somehow warps the flow of otherworldly energy that powers Disciplines of both the Art and the Evil Way. Whether this is true or not, it can't be denied that this energy flow is very different inside Lechuguilla than outside. This altered flow has grave effects on several Schools of Discipline.

The greatest effect is on Disciplines of the Incorporeal School. While within the cave, each PC's base chance to perform the Disciplines Incorporeal Attack and Leave the Body are halved, while the Willpower cost is doubled. In



addition, the body of a PC using Leave the Body is more vulnerable to possession than normal. If a creature tries to seize the "empty" body, it needs to roll an H result, not the C result normally required. Finally, any PC who tries to use the Seance Discipline within the cave immediately loses enough points of Willpower to put his Current Willpower at 19 and immediately becomes stark, raving mad (as described on p. 40 of the *Chill* hardcover) for 1D10 hours.

Other Schools are affected as well. The chances of success for Communicative Disciplines are halved while inside the cave. In addition, Prescient/Clairvoyant Dream never functions normally. Even if a PC rolls a success, the dream he experiences is a phantasmagorical nightmare, apparently highly symbolic but actually with no relationship at all to the subject in which he's interested.

The chances of success for Distortive Disciplines are halved while inside the cave. The Willpower cost for using Sensory Disciplines of the Evil Way is halved while inside the cave.

If this weren't bad enough, the altered energy flow has attracted the attention of a type of creature that SAVE has come to call the Bogie (from old English folk tales). SAVE experts have come to suspect that there is a significant population of Bogies, perhaps more than 100, living in some of the less accessible branches of the cave. These small creatures are probably responsible for most of the "accidents" that have occurred in the cave complex. There are hints that more-powerful creatures of the Unknown also dwell within Lechuguilla Cave, but no concrete evidence exists one way or the other. (See the **Creatures of the Unknown** chapter for more information about Bogies.)

Several SAVE experts have been trying to learn more about Lechuguilla Cave by using Prescient/Clairvoyant Dreams. The results are vague at best, but they do hint at something interesting. The focus of the altered energy flow seems to be a particular side passage, named the Pit of Hades by Joanna Cahern's expedition. Nobody has yet probed deeply enough into this passage to see where it leads. If certain Prescient/Clairvoyant Dreams are to be trusted, however, the Pit of Hades leads to a huge, domed cavern at the center of which stands a 40-foot-tall stalagmite encrusted with crystals. Some members of SAVE believe that some, and perhaps many, of these crystals are actually miter crystals or focus crystals (both of which are described in the **Items** section).

If this is true, it seems likely that the Bogies know it. The Bogies and any other, more-powerful creatures inhabiting Lechuguilla Cave would do whatever it takes to prevent PCs from gaining access to this lode of crystals. Since creatures of the Unknown can also attune and use focus crystals, it's very likely that any SAVE expedition will face opposition that is very powerful in the use of the Evil Way. It's doubtful that there are enough focus crystals to "arm" every Bogie, but enough of the creatures probably possess crystals to make them a force to be reckoned with.

Banishing the Evil

As with Mount Shasta, it's a distant possibility that an aggressive group of PCs might destroy all the creatures of the Unknown inside Lechuguilla Cave. This doesn't solve the problem permanently, however, since the characteristics of the cave that weakened the veil between the Known world and the Unknown still exist. Within weeks, more Bogies will be attracted by the altered energy flow and will take up residence in the cave complex.

Although the crystal-encrusted stalagmite in the domed chamber seems to be the focus of the altered energy flow, destroying the crystals or the stalagmite will have no long-term effect. It is the focusing of the altered energy flow that created the lode of crystals and not the other way around. The only way to disrupt this altered energy flow permanently is to transform the three-dimensional layout of the cave complex. This would involve collapsing many thousands of feet of caverns and tunnels and would require hundreds of pounds of blasting charges, properly located at stress points. Obviously, it would be difficult to smuggle several hundred pounds of TNT into the complex under the noses of the authorities and probably even more difficult to set the charges in the correct positions. (The denizens of the Unknown inhabiting the cave would almost certainly learn what the PCs are up to and go to whatever lengths were necessary to stop them . . . dead.) Practical considerations aside, Lechuguilla Cave is a find of great beauty and great significance. PCs should think twice before even considering destroying what has been called the "eighth wonder of the world."

Additional Notes

Lechuguilla Cave is a challenging complex, far beyond the abilities of amateur cavers. People without training who go in without veteran guides will find so many ways of killing themselves that the creatures of the Unknown inhabiting the cave won't have to bother attacking them. Presume that characters with the Climbing Skill understand the requirements and dangers of caving, even if they have no specific experience in the area.

Since the cave is under the authority of the Lechuguilla Cave Project and the National Park Service, it is relatively difficult for even veteran cavers to get permission to explore (CM discretion). The authorities will certainly have their doubts about the expedition if the group insists on carrying along the gear that PCs usually pack with them: weapons, surveillance gear, and the like. The Lechuguilla Cave Project comes down particularly hard on anyone trying to bring explosives or excavating equipment into the cave. Any PCs who try are arrested as vandals and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. PCs who want to enter the cave should have at least some difficulty with bureaucracy.



Creatures of the Unknown

"Checked the weather forecast? Of course we checked it, you fool. We ain't idiots, even if we don't got none of your fancy degrees. There weren't no hint of a storm and no reason for no fog, neither. Like I told you, that weather weren't natural."

Altum

"Charley says to me, 'Quinn,' he says, 'I'm not likin' this. Let's get the blazes outa here.' And I says, 'Charley, you got that right.' So I give the boat some throttle.

"And the engine just quits, just like that. All the navigation lights go out, even that fancy radar thing the company made me buy goes dead blank. So there we are, driftin' in fog with no lights, no engine, no radar. Just askin' to be hit by one of them Librarian tankers comin' into port. (Liberian? Whatever.) So I hit the button for the fog horn, but it don't work neither.

"So I says to Charley, 'Charley, go below and check on them batteries.' And Charley leaves the wheelhouse.

"That's when the sound comes. A splash and the sound of somethin' against the hull. Somethin' big, heavy like, but soft like a tire. And then Charley's screamin' like the devil itself was comin' to get him. And from what I saw out the wheelhouse door, I still ain't sure he weren't right. . . ."

*SAVE New York debriefing: Daniel Quinn
August 6, 1990*

AGL: (70 + 2D10) or 85

DEX: (50 + 2D10) or 65

PCN: (80 + 2D10) or 95

PER: (40 + 2D10) or 55

STA: (55 + 2D10) or 70

STR: (70 + 2D10) or 85

WPR: (50 + 2D10) or 65

EWS: (110 + 2D10) or 125

ATT: 2; (40 + 2D10) or 55

SR: 3

WB: 45

Fear: -25

MV: 30 (L) 160 (W)

Type: Master, Independent

Class: C

Disciplines:

75/90/110 Empathy, Swarm, Summon

80/95/115 Unique Animation of the Dead, Change Self, Gnarl

85/100/120 Change Temperature, Change Weather, Feat of Strength, Haywire, Rain, Raise Waves, Raise Winds, Wave of Fog

78/93/113 Confuse, Hypnotize

85/100/120 Slam, Telekinesis

88/103/123 Ghostly Lights, Neptune's Lantern, Invisibility

The Altum is a large, roughly humanoid creature that dwells in salt water, almost exclusively at depths in excess of 100 feet. It is only about 6 feet tall but is extremely broad and well-muscled. Its arms are disproportionately long and tipped with eight clawed fingers. Its hands and feet are

webbed, allowing it to swim rapidly. Its head is relatively small and blunt, with large, featureless eyes and a broad shark-like mouth. Its flesh is greenish-brown, rubbery, and covered with a thick layer of slime.

Alta are fully corporeal creatures and must eat regularly. They prefer the flesh of mammals—seals, dolphins, and whales, for example, although their favorite prey is man—but can subsist on fish. Unlike most creatures of the Unknown, they share no language with humanity and show absolutely no desire to communicate with or understand their prey.

Alta extract oxygen from water through their skin. They can exist out of the water for short periods of time as long as their slimy skin remains wet. Under normal conditions, the skin of an Altum dries out in one hour (circumstances can alter this, of course). Once the creature's skin has dried out, it loses 1 point of Current Stamina each minute it remains out of water, and 1 Wound Box every 5 minutes. If the Altum's skin has dried out, it must fully immerse itself in salt water to prevent this damage; wetting itself down with a hose won't do the job. It regenerates any damage it may have taken from drying at a rate of 5 points of Current Stamina and 1 Wound Box each minute after it has fully immersed itself.

Alta know that mammals need to breathe air and seem to understand the concept of scuba and other breathing gear. When attacking divers, Alta use their disciplines to devastating effect. The possibilities of attacks against divers are almost limitless: for example, they might use Haywire to disable a dive computer or compass, Telekinesis to close off



a diver's air valve, Gnarl to ruin his regulator, Hypnotize to convince him that he's out of air, Slam to shut him in a wreck until he suffocates, etc.

Alta live in wrecked ships lying on the ocean floor. Although they can prowl many miles away from their home, each one returns to its wreck at least once every 24 hours.

There seems to be a strong link between an Altum and its wreck. Studies show that all of the wrecks inhabited by Alta had considerable loss of life associated with their sinking. In fact, some SAVE experts hypothesize that the psychic disturbance caused by multiple deaths somehow attracts Alta. There is a competing theory that the Altum actually causes shipwrecks so it has a place to live. There is no direct evidence for either theory, although the fact that no "homeless" Altum has ever been detected seems to support the former hypothesis.

Whichever theory is true, the existence of the link between an Altum and its wreck is undeniable, and this link presents a way of destroying the creature.

The process is as follows: the "heart" of the wrecked vessel must be brought to the surface and blessed by a practicing minister of any religious faith. This instantly destroys the Altum forever.

"Heart" in this usage is highly symbolic. With an old ship, the heart could be the figurehead or the wheel, anything that is unique to and symbolically representative of the vessel. In modern ships, it could be the ship's log or the vessel's radar transponder. As CM, if your players can make a good case for a certain item being the heart of the wrecked vessel, and if their characters act as if they believe it, you should probably allow it. As with many issues concerning the Unknown, symbolism is all.

Alta are well aware that they can be destroyed in this fashion. Although they are unable to alter their wrecks physically, as by stealing the wheel or figurehead and hiding it elsewhere, they do whatever they can to prevent intruders from removing anything from the wreck.

Alta eat many of the intruders that they kill. On the rest they use their Animation of the Dead Discipline, turning them into zombie-like creatures known as Drowned Ones (see p. 57 for details).

Alta are fully corporeal and can be damaged normally by any attack forms. They automatically regenerate 3 points of Current Stamina per round and can regain all Wound Boxes that they took in combat simply by spending 24 hours uninterrupted within their wreck. If an Altum is killed in combat, its life-force is actually banished to the Unknown. If this occurs in the creature's home wreck, the banishment lasts 1D10 days. If the creature is killed anywhere else, the banishment lasts D% years.

SAVE specialists believe that at least one Altum dwells within the hulk of the Titanic. Evidence is mounting that one hides within the wreck of the Andrea Doria.

Apostate

The nave of the church was dark. No candle burned; no light from outside shone through the stained-glass windows. The only illumination was from our candles as we moved forward.

The church was defiled with evil. So Heinrich assured me, and even though I did not possess the Art as he did, I felt I could smell its taint in the air. We moved deeper into the building.

There was light coming from the small side chapel, the flickering light of candles such as our own. We moved forward cautiously.

I turned the corner and gasped at what I saw. Our worst fears were confirmed. There was Johansen, standing before the chapel altar, a knife in his hand. And, on the altar, trussed hand and foot, was the still, tiny figure I knew to be Johansen's youngest daughter. If only we were not too late. . . .

*From the journal of Michael Thurgood
June 6, 1910*

AGL: N/A

DEX: N/A

PCN: (90 + 2D10) or 105

PER: (95 + 2D10) or 110

STA: N/A; (90 + 2D10) or 105 for discipline use

STR: N/A; (70 + 2D10) or 85 for discipline use

WPR: (125 + 2D10) or 140

EWS: (115 + 2D10) or 130

ATT: 2; (100 + 2D10) or 115*

SR: 2

WB: N/A

Fear: -20

MV: 80' (1)

Type: Independent, Master

Class: I

Disciplines:

95/110/130 Contact the Living, Hound, Telepathy, Write

95/110/130 Animation of the Dead, Deadly Remains, Second Light, Wound

87/102/122 Change Temperature, Haywire, Wave of Fog

105/120/140 Confuse, Deadly Dreams, Dreamsend, Hypnotize, Steal Memory

93/108/128 Darken, Ghostly Lights, Quiet

105/120/140 Unique Enhanced Hypnotize

*An Apostate attacks with a Chilling Touch. The Attack Score is equal to the creature's EWS. The attack is the same as an unarmed melee attack, but any C result has the additional effect of causing a wave of cold to pass through the body of the victim, leaving him stunned and gasping for breath for 1 round, unable to fight, move, or use the Art.

The Apostate is the spirit of a religiously devout person who died while breaking the precepts of his religion or while in violation of his holy vows. Apostates can be of any race and nationality and of any faith or religious tradition. SAVE has records of Apostates who had been nuns, priests, American Indian shamans, and Buddhist monks, among others.

The Apostate can become invisible and incorporeal whenever it desires at no cost in Willpower. Then it moves as an incorporeal creature, even when presenting a visible manifestation. When an Apostate chooses to become visible, it appears as a shifting, translucent image of how it looked while alive, and it glows with a faint light. Visible Apostates often appear to carry some light source with them, usually a lantern or candle, even though this light source casts no greater illumination than the Apostate's spectral body itself.

Apostates seem to have one purpose while in the Known world: to force other followers of their religious tradition to commit the most heinous of sins against the tradition's precepts and to die in the commission of these acts. (For example, if the Apostate had been a member of the Roman Catholic faith, it might force its victims to commit murder and then suicide, both mortal sins.) The actual acts that an Apostate forces its victims to perform vary, depending on the religious tradition the Apostate followed while alive.

Apostates have the power to perform a unique Mental Discipline best described as Enhanced Hypnotize to help them in this goal. Enhanced Hypnotize is similar to the normal Evil Way Discipline Hypnotize but considerably more powerful. Using normal Hypnotize, a creature can't force a victim to perform an action obviously and immediately harmful to himself or to others, such as murder or suicide. Using Enhanced Hypnotize, however, an Apostate can force a victim to perform virtually any action, harmful or not.

There are several constraints that limit the effectiveness of this discipline, however. Firstly, the discipline has a long-time course. The victim will not commit the action desired by the Apostate until at least one year after the Apostate used the discipline. Secondly, the action must be something specifically proscribed by the religious tradition followed by the victim.

To use Enhanced Hypnotize and have it work, the Apostate must follow a strict sequence of discipline use. First, it must appear to the victim and use Hound, rolling a result level 3 higher than the victim's. It must follow this immediately with a successful use of Enhanced Hypnotize. After at least one year, the Apostate must then use the connection established by Hound to locate the victim. The Apostate then appears to the victim and triggers the suggestion planted when it first used Enhanced Hypnotize. Assuming that the Apostate succeeded in its initial casting of Enhanced Hypnotize, the victim immediately commits the act desired by the Apostate. The desired act must be describable in a short phrase or sentence, such as: "Kill your family, and then kill yourself."

Enhanced Hypnotize is usable only against victims who are devout believers in the same religious tradition that the Apostate followed in life. Whether or not the victim actively practices the religion is incidental. The key issue is whether the victim believes, deep down, in the religious tradition. If the victim is an NPC, this is entirely up to the CM. If the victim is a player character, the CM should adjudicate based on the character's background, the player's statements, and the way the player role-plays the character.

An Apostate cannot be harmed by any type of weapon. The only way to destroy the creature is to destroy the focus that keeps it bound to the Known world. This focus is an item of some kind—or perhaps a small building, but never anything larger—that had a great significance to the Apostate while it was alive. This object is usually connected in some way with both the Apostate's religious tradition and the sin it was committing when it died. (For instance, a Buddhist monk murdered a traveler because he coveted a gold chalice that traveler owned. After the act, the monk was consumed with remorse and, as an attempt at repentance, melted the chalice down and formed it into a religious symbol. If the monk dies and returns as an Apostate, this symbol could well be the creature's focus.)

Each Apostate knows the nature and location of its focus and does its utmost to prevent it from being destroyed. The Apostate is unable to move the focus physically, but it certainly takes steps to prevent its discovery. If several people were involved in the same act and remained in the Known world as Apostates, it's quite possible for one item to act as focus for all of the creatures.

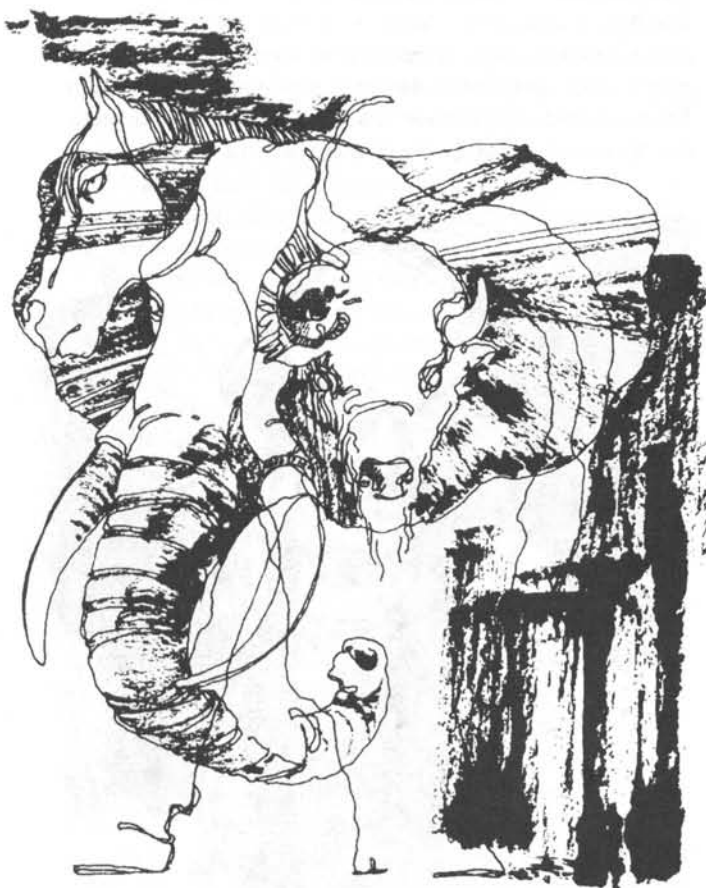


Beast Ghost

Certainly, my studies had unearthed descriptions of spectral apparitions in the forms of animals. Most of these, such as the Barghest, are understood by catalogers of the Unknown. Other documented cases, however, I had always assumed to be foul trickery by more well-known creatures of the Unknown. The 'ghost horse' that was reported in New York's Central Park? The 'spectral buffalo' spotted on the western plains? No doubt they were nothing more than illusions created by the creatures already cataloged by my scholarly colleagues.

I must now admit, however, that my confidence has been shaken. I have seen spectral images of beasts that react in ways inconsistent with simple illusion. Circumstances are forcing me to accept the possibility that the life-force of an animal—I hesitate to use the word 'soul'—can be bound to the Known world after death in a manner similar to that of a human spirit.

*From the journal of Ian Davidson
January 10, 1922*



AGL: As in life*
DEX: As in life*
PCN: As in life* + 2D10
PER: N/A
STA: As in life*
STR: As in life*
WPR: As in life* + 4D10
EWS: (80 + 2D10) or 95
ATT: 1; as in life* or 95**
SR: As in life*
WB: N/A
Fear: -30
MV: As in life* (L, W, A); 150' (I)
Type: Independent, Servitor
Class: I, C
Disciplines:

Automatic Unique Manifestation

*Refer to the appropriate statistics for the animal in life, as described on pp. 176 - 189 of the *Chill* hardcover.

**Chilling Touch attack, similar to common ghosts.

Nobody knows exactly what leads to the creation of a Beast Ghost. Some believe that a Beast Ghost can arise whenever an animal is killed unjustly or cruelly. Considering mankind's track record when it comes to mistreating animals, however, if this were true the world should be overrun with Beast Ghosts. A more-credible theory holds that the transition to Beast Ghost occurs only if the unjust or cruel death of an animal takes place in close proximity to a powerful creature of the Unknown and then only if the creature is paying attention.

Whatever their origin, Beast Ghosts are dangerous opponents. The transition to their ghostly condition greatly increases their intelligence and grants them an evil sense of will. Beast Ghosts can become invisible and incorporeal at will, at no cost in Willpower. Then, they move as incorporeal creatures, even when presenting a visible manifestation.

A Beast Ghost attacks with a Chilling Touch, with the Attack Score equal to the creature's Evil Way Score. This attack does normal physical damage. In addition, any C result has the effect of causing a wave of cold to pass through the body of the victim, leaving him stunned and gasping for breath.

A Beast Ghost cannot be harmed by any type of weapon. The only way to destroy the creature is to find its physical remains—that is, its body, its bones, or at least a significant proportion of them—and burn them to ash. As soon as the burning begins, the Beast Ghost is immobilized and unable to stop the process. The creature is intelligent enough to recognize if PCs are preparing to burn its remains, however, and will make its best efforts to prevent this from happening.

Beast Ghosts are potentially deadly foes. Luckily, they seem to be very rare. There seems to be no restrictions on the type of animal that can become a Beast Ghost. As examples, the following types of Beast Ghosts have been reported: bats, bison, cats, dogs, horses, rats, wolves . . . and even an elephant!

Bogy

"It was our job to re-open the old Wilders copper mine, me and my crew. There's lots of that kind of work around: mines that were closed because they were uneconomical are being recommissioned because new extraction techniques can make them profitable again. We knew the procedure; it was just another day's work.

"Well, hell, you can imagine my reaction when some of my boys told me that they'd seen golddamn goblins in the tunnels. Goblins? These were grown men, experienced hard-rock miners and mining engineers. Goblins? Give me a break.

"Yeah, well, I know. They were experienced people, so I should have listened to them more. I know that now. At the time, though . . . well, I told them to forget the golddamn fairy tales and do the job.

"We lost the first man the next day. Crazy accident. He just screwed up on a procedure he'd done a thousand times before and could do in his sleep, and it killed him. Two more died the next day.

"I went down with my boys to see what the hell was going on. I followed them into a large chamber . . . and I thought I was in the middle of a golddamn monster movie. There were those things everywhere. And they sure looked like goblins."

*SAVE San Francisco debriefing:
Skip Abraham, Practical Engineer,
January 4, 1991*

AGL: (60 + 2D10) or 75
DEX: (40 + 2D10) or 55
PCN: (40 + 2D10) or 55 [S: +50]
PER: (30 + 2D10) or 45
STA: (50 + 2D10) or 65
STR: (60 + 2D10) or 75
WPR: (30 + 2D10) or 45
EWS: (85 + 2D10) or 100
ATT: 1; (50 + 2D10) or 65
SR: 3
WB: 30
Fear: -15
MV: 150' (L)
Type: Independent, Servitor
Class: C
Disciplines:

70/85/105 Evil Eye
73/88/108 Feat of Strength, Haywire
63/78/98 Confuse, Hallucinate
73/88/108 Telekinesis, Throw Voice
67/82/102 Darken, Ghostly Lights, Invisibility,
Putrefy Shell

Bogies are small creatures, ape-like in appearance. When standing erect, they are 4 to 5 feet tall; they generally move on all fours, like chimps, however, and so appear much shorter. They have long, slender arms and legs, which are surprisingly strong. Their faces are broad and flattened, like those of apes, but their eyes show a spark of malign awareness. They are covered in short, soft fur that can range from black to pale, dusty gray. They communicate among themselves using a simple language that consists of various grunts and gasps. Their vocal apparatus is such that they couldn't use human speech even if they understood it. There are rumors that Bogies can learn to understand spoken English, with a vocabulary of perhaps 200 words, but this has yet to be confirmed. Bogies are sometimes found acting as servitors for more-powerful creatures of the Unknown.

Bogies live in dark caves, caverns, and other deep places away from the light of day. Many SAVE researchers believe that mythical tales of goblins, kobolds, gnomes, and other small subterranean monsters are actually based on encounters with Bogies. While Bogies prefer natural cave complexes, they sometimes inhabit man-made excavations that have been deserted, such as abandoned mines and old subway tunnels.



They are malign creatures and seem to take great pleasure in causing misery, destruction, and death for anyone who wanders into their territory. They are cowardly bullies, however, and only cause trouble if they can get away with it with little or no risk to themselves. They usually back away from any confrontation unless they drastically outnumber their enemies. Bogies most commonly attack with a bite, but they can use any melee weapon unskilled. They seem to have no conception of how to use any kind of missile weapon more sophisticated than a hurled rock.

When Bogies enter the Known world, they are completely corporeal. This means that they must eat and drink, even if only rarely. It also means that they can mate and have offspring. Bogies usually enter the Known world in small groups of 4 to 12 individuals. With a gestation period of only 120 days and reaching sexual maturity in 1 year, they reproduce rapidly, so groups of Bogies grow fast. In a particularly large cave complex, such as Lechuguilla Cave in New Mexico, an extended family of Bogies can reach 100 individuals or even more. Bogy groups are highly territorial and attack any other Bogies who try to enter their caves. (There are unsubstantiated rumors that in 1965 workers trying to clear some partially-blocked subway tunnels beneath London found themselves in the middle of a "range war" between two groups of Bogies.)

Bogies have very sensitive eyes, allowing them to see normally in virtually total darkness. This sensitivity means that bright lights disorient them and cause them pain. When a Bogy is exposed to artificial illumination equal to daylight, the Target# for every action the creature attempts is divided by 2 (round fractions up). This represents the distracting and painful effects of the light. The effects of natural daylight are even more profound. When a Bogy is exposed to daylight, the Target# for every action the creature attempts is divided by 3 (round fractions up). In addition, the creature loses 1D10 points of Current Stamina for each 5 minutes or portion thereof that the creature is exposed to daylight. If a Bogy is reduced to zero Current Stamina through exposure to daylight, it falls unconscious and suffers 1 Wound per minute of continued exposure until it dies. Obviously, Bogies stay out of sunlight and do whatever it takes to eliminate any powerful light source that invades their territory.

Being corporeal, Bogies suffer Stamina loss and Wounds normally from physical combat. If a Bogy is killed while exposed to daylight or if its dead body is exposed to daylight within 5 hours of its death, the creature is destroyed forever. If a Bogy dies underground and its body isn't exposed to sunlight, its life-force is banished to the Unknown for a period of 1D10 weeks. After this period, it returns to the Known world and rejoins its family unit.

A Bogy can regenerate all lost Stamina and all Wounds simply by sleeping for 4 uninterrupted hours in total darkness at least 100 feet below ground level.

Crying Spirit

As that unnatural fog rose around us, I saw the tall figure of Harry Williamson standing immobile in its midst. Ahead of him, the fog was glowing faintly with some unholy light, and he was staring into that light with rapt attention.

Honor clutched my heart in its cold fist as the light formed itself into a figure—the translucent, shifting image of a beautiful young girl. Her finely chiseled features and willowy figure were those I had wished for all my life. Harry's face broke into a broad grin. The spectral girl beckoned to him, and he began to walk toward her, toward the outstretched arms that were reaching to embrace him.

I called to him. He looked back at me, and for a moment I saw in his eyes the friendship, even love. I knew he felt for me. Then he turned his gaze back on his new love, the shimmering figure before him.

Like a bolt from the blue, realization struck. I suddenly knew the fateful significance of the delicate wooden box I still held in my hands. I flung the box to the ground and raised my foot to crush it beneath my heel.

The incorporeal creature's scream pierced my head like a skewer. . . .

*From the journal of Virginia Marshall
May 21, 1900*

AGL: N/A

DEX: N/A

PCN: (70 + 2D10) or 85

PER: (75 + 2D10) or 90

STA: N/A; (75 + 2D10) or 90 for discipline use

STR: N/A; (70 + 2D10) or 85 for discipline use

WPR: (110 + 2D10) or 125

EWS: (100 + 2D10) or 115

ATT: 1; (100 + 2D10) or 115*

SR: 3

WB: N/A

Fear: -30

MV: 100' (1)

Type: Independent, Servitor

Class: I

Disciplines:

84/99/119 Contact the Living, Write

90/105/125 Kiss of Death, Wound

89/104/124 Haywire, Wave of Fog

95/110/130 Unique Entrance, Sleep

Automatic Unique Manifestation

*A Crying Spirit attacks with a Chilling Touch. The Attack Score is equal to the spirit's EWS. The attack is the same as an unarmed melee attack, but any C result has the additional effect of causing a wave of cold to pass through the body of the victim, leaving him stunned and gasping for



breath for 1 round, unable to fight, move, or use the Art.

A Crying Spirit is sometimes the result when a young woman, just undergoing puberty, is killed in a violent manner. Like other forms of ghost, a Crying Spirit can become totally invisible and incorporeal whenever it desires at no cost in Willpower. Then it moves as an incorporeal creature, even when presenting a visible manifestation.

The Crying Spirit's Unique Manifestation Discipline allows the creature to become visible as a shifting, translucent image of a beautiful young girl, typically appearing to be about 16 years old. This form of Manifestation is automatic, requires no roll, and costs the Crying Spirit only 1 point of Current Willpower.

A Crying Spirit has a unique Mental Discipline, Entrance, that the creature can only use on a male. If the Crying Spirit achieves an M result or better, the male subject is entranced by the creature. The subject still sees the Crying Spirit in her true form and still knows her to be a creature of the Unknown. Nevertheless, he is inflamed by lust and the desire to sexually possess the beautiful girl. He follows the Spirit wherever she goes, trying to gather her up in his arms and lavish his affection on her. Once the Crying Spirit has succeeded in entrancing a victim, she leads him away from his companions to a private place where she pretends to return his ardor. Then she uses her Disciplines of Kiss of Death, Wound, and any other powers that are appropriate, to kill her victim.

A Crying Spirit cannot be harmed by any type of weapon. Typically, it can be destroyed or driven off in only one way: by destroying the creature's focus. This is an object, often with religious significance, that was highly important to the spirit's life-force during its natural life.



Drowned One

"The weather's always unpredictable on the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands. That's why there've been so many shipwrecks there. We shouldn't have been surprised when that thick fog rolled in from the sea.

"We'd pitched our tent on the rocky beach, just above the high tide line. It wasn't the most comfortable place to sleep, but the underbrush was just too thick under the trees to give us any option. We blew up the air mattresses and settled down for a long, cold night.

"I think it was about 3 a.m. when we heard the noise. It sounded like an old ship's bell or maybe the bell of a small church. There weren't any churches around, and we figured that any ships close enough to shore for us to hear the bell would have been blowing their foghorns. So we didn't know what it was.

"I . . . I was scared. But not Jack. He wanted to see what it was. He climbed out of the tent. I was scared to follow him, but too scared to stay there alone. I climbed out, too.

"That bell was still ringing. And there were lights moving through the fog offshore. Cold lights, dead lights. They moved strangely, and the fog diffused their light until they became areas of oyster-colored glow.

"And that's when I saw the figures. Human figures, I thought at first. But then I realized they were twisted out of true. I tried to scream, but the scream caught in my throat.

"Jack was walking toward them, asking them if they needed help. Help. That's almost funny. I couldn't control myself. I turned and ran. And when I heard Jack's scream behind me, I just ran harder. May God forgive me."

*SAVE Vancouver debriefing:
Sally Markasy July 2, 1989*

AGL: (40 + 2D10) or 55
 DEX: (50 + 2D10) or 65
 PCN: (30 + 2D10) or 45
 PER: N/A
 STA: (70 + 2D10) or 85
 STR: (50 + 2D10) or 65
 WPR: (2D10) or 15
 EWS: (70 + 2D10) or 85
 ATT: 1; (40 + 2D10) or 55
 SR: 1 or as per weapon
 WB: N/A
 Fear: -40
 MV: 30' (L); 90' (W)
 Type: Servitor
 Class: C
 Disciplines:
 78/93/113 Blur Vision, Darken

Drowned Ones are also known as Sea Zombies. They appear as the bloated, partially decomposed corpses of humans who have drowned and then remained underwater for several weeks. They usually wear the tattered remnants of the clothes and gear they wore when they died. (This is often scuba gear, which is deceptive because the neoprene wetsuits frequently disguise their nature almost until contact.) Drowned Ones are simply drowned bodies animated and given power by a unique version of the Animation of the Dead Discipline possessed (to SAVE's knowledge) only by creatures called Alta.

Unlike true zombies, Drowned Ones have self-awareness. Once an Altum has created a Drowned One, the Drowned One obeys the orders of the creature to the best of its abilities. It has the intelligence and the initiative to operate without direct supervision. If the Altum that created a Drowned One is destroyed, the Drowned One continues to exist and is totally free-willed. Such a freed Drowned One delights in death and destruction for its own sake, frequently attracting so much attention that it gets itself terminated by a team of SAVE envoys. Free-willed Drowned Ones are not subtle or cunning and prefer direct confrontation as a response to any situation.

Underwater, Drowned Ones can swim very fast. In combat they can use unarmed attacks (SR: 1), but generally pick up weapons of opportunity. They can use any melee weapon unskilled but cannot use missile weapons of any kind. Any type of projectile put squarely through the front of a Drowned One's forehead destroys the creature, regardless of its Current Stamina. (This can only be done by a Called Shot. Under water, the weapon of choice is a speargun.) Otherwise, Drowned Ones suffer Stamina loss from attacks of all types but never suffer wounds. Drowned Ones reduced to zero Current Stamina spend 1D10 rounds regenerating Stamina, then begin full activity again with Current Stamina equal to their original Stamina.

Drowned Ones may be torn apart, but each part continues to attack and moves as a separate creature. Each has a Stamina equal to the Current Stamina of the fully animated corpse immediately before the limb or part was torn from the body. Individual parts do not lose Current Stamina and only stop attacking when a projectile is put through the head of the corpse.

Being undead, Drowned Ones do not need oxygen and can exist in the most polluted waters. If forced to hide from pursuit, they frequently bury themselves completely in the sea-bottom ooze. Drowned Ones can only leave the water and range inland at night and only when a heavy fog lies over the land. If they are caught ashore when the sun rises, or when the fog clears, they are immediately destroyed. (Alta sometimes use their Wall of Fog Discipline to create the fog their servitors need to carry their depredations to the land.)



Factory Remnant

"I used to have nightmares about him, old Cal Roberts, meanest line foreman ever was, at any GM plant at least. He was all over my ass all day, and then I would have these scary dreams about him at night. When he got himself killed in the stamping machine, the entire Local threw a party and I thought I would be able to rest in peace. But now he haunts me during the day. Everywhere I go in the plant, he appears with his mean grin and bloody mangled body.

"I've heard the rumors that some of the guys actually killed him. Could've happened, I guess, but I didn't have anything to do with it, even though the thought had occurred to me. So why does old Cal haunt me, and can he really be responsible for all the accidents lately?"

*SAVE Detroit debriefing: Curt Forster
January 17, 1988*

AGL: (45 + 2D10) or 60
DEX: (25 + 2D10) or 40*
PCN: (60 + 2D10) or 75
PER: (5 + 2D10) or 20
STA: (35 + 2D10) or 50
STR: (40 + 2D10) or 55
WPR: (95 + 2D10) or 110
EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135
ATT: 1; (120 + 2D10) or 135**
SR: N/A
WB: N/A
Fear: -25
MV: as character (L); 150' (I)
Type: Independent, Servitor
Class: I,C
Disciplines:

77/92/112 Evil Eye, Gnarl, Inhabit
78/93/113 Change Temperature, Haywire
97/112/132 Confuse
80/95/115 Slam, Telekinesis
85/100/120 Darken
Automatic Unique Manifestation (as ghost)
Automatic Unique Dreamsend

*This figure is used for discipline use and is relevant when the remnant is physically intact. In many cases, however, the physical body of a Factory Remnant is badly mangled. As CM, you should modify the creature's DEX—for physical actions only, not for discipline use—to reflect this. (For example, for a remnant with a mangled arm, multiply its DEX by 1/2. For a remnant missing both arms, its physical DEX would be N/A, since it has no manipulative appendages.)

**A Factory Remnant attacks with a Chilling Touch in the same way as a common ghost.

The Factory Remnant is the ghost of a person who was

killed on a factory floor or in some incident involving heavy machinery. In every recorded case, the person becoming the Factory Remnant was killed through the conscious actions of another (i.e., was murdered) or as a result of criminal negligence by a single other person.

In incorporeal form, this creature haunts the factory where it died, inhabiting pieces of heavy equipment. From this place of concealment, it uses its disciplines to cause "accidents" around the plant floor. These accidents usually start off as merely inconvenient but quickly escalate through dangerous to lethal. Note that many of the remnant's disciplines are remarkably effective on a factory floor, where people are working in close proximity to heavy machinery. (Imagine the potential effects of Confuse, Gnarl [consider high-speed bearings], Haywire, and Telekinesis, particularly.)

A Factory Remnant can manifest itself in the condition its body was in when it died. Since industrial accidents are rarely pretty, this can be horrific. It rarely manifests itself and then only to terrify potential victims.

The creature suffers Stamina loss from combat normally but never takes wounds. If it is reduced to zero Current Stamina, it vanishes, apparently destroyed. In fact, however, it returns to the Known world 1D10 hours later, with all its lost Stamina regenerated. The only way to destroy the remnant is to bring to justice the person responsible for the remnant's death. "Bring to justice" is quite specific in this case. The person responsible must be brought to trial in the jurisdiction in which the death took place, charged for the death, and convicted. If the person responsible is dead, these restrictions are relaxed somewhat: an official coroner's inquest or similar official body must find that the death was caused by the person in question. If either condition is met, the remnant immediately vanishes into the Unknown forever.

Any person killed as a result of the actions of a Factory Remnant has a base 25% chance of remaining in the Known world as a Factory Remnant himself. This secondary remnant is totally free-willed and can act completely independently. A secondary remnant is destroyed if the remnant that created it is destroyed.

A Factory Remnant is unable to leave the factory or other facility in which it came into being as long as that facility still exists. If the facility is burned down, blown up, etc., it's free to range virtually anywhere. The one restriction is that it's unable to cross large bodies of salt water ("large" here meaning anything wider than one mile).

Even though it may desire the freedom, a Factory Remnant feels an emotional tie to the place of its creation and won't knowingly or intentionally do anything to cause its destruction. If someone else does something that may cause its destruction, however, the remnant won't make any move to protect it.

Unlike other kinds of ghosts, a Factory Remnant has no desire for direct vengeance against the person who killed it.

Even if its killer enters the site of its death, the remnant rarely goes out of its way to torment or attempt to kill that person. SAVE experts hypothesize that the death trauma has unseated the remnant's reason and that it has forgotten its murderer or simply ceased to care. It seems to feel hatred toward anyone living, with no special feelings toward its killer.

Most remnants seem totally unaware that bringing their killer to justice will destroy them, or again, perhaps they simply don't care. Thus they won't go out of their way to interfere with the process of justice. The only time they'll focus particularly enmity on a person is if someone tries to destroy them in combat, especially if they're temporarily driven back into the Unknown. Factory Remnants concentrate their attentions on anyone who challenges them physically.

Factory Remnants have a unique version of the Dreamsend Discipline. Using this discipline, they can send dreams to a single close relative (either by blood or by marriage) of the person who killed them. This discipline is automatic and unaffected by distance. The dreams sent using this discipline are always horrific, but vary in content. Sometimes they re-create the death of the person who became the remnant, pointing out the involvement of the killer. Other times, they simply show the person the horrible, mangled condition of their body. Still other times, they show the person the trouble and pain they are causing, or plan to cause, at the site of their death. Nobody knows what purpose this Dreamsend serves unless it's to cause trouble for their killer by communicating his guilt to someone else.



Fun-fair Remnant

If there is anything sadder than a closed amusement park, I cannot think of it. I think that the dust on the ground is the residue of laughter and joy, fallen into oblivion. Ah, well . . .

As I travel this land, I always make a point of visiting amusement parks, whether they are still operating or closed forever. Some people visit graveyards; I visit amusement parks. The motive is similar, and my pastime is less morbid.

Sometimes circumstances are such that I can only make my visits at night. This was the case in Pentano Beach, Florida, where I knew of an abandoned fairground. You can imagine my fascination when I saw the lights and heard the sounds of a fully functioning amusement park.

I approached cautiously, since I had no idea of who might be reactivating the abandoned equipment or for what reason. I had approached within less than 100 yards of the place when I noticed something I should have discerned earlier: every person in the place was wearing clothing that had been out of date for 30 years. It was then that the eyes of every patron suddenly turned upon me, and I realized that a site of joy had somehow become a site of terror.

*From the journal of Jerome Harkerhome
June 4, 1974*

AGL: (45 + 2D10) or 60
DEX: (50 + 2D10) or 65
PCN: (65 + 2D10) or 80
PER: (10 + 2D10) or 25
STA: (35 + 2D10) or 50
STR: (30 + 2D10) or 45
WPR: (95 + 2D10) or 110
EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135
ATT: 1; only uses disciplines
SR: N/A
WB: N/A
Fear: -20
MV: as character (L); 150' (I)
Type: Independent, Master
Class: I, C
Disciplines:

68/83/103 Unique Hound, Swarm, Write
77/92/112 Gnarl, Inhabit
75/90/110 Lightning Call
80/95/115 Slam, Telekinesis
Automatic Unique Influence
Automatic Unique Manifestation
Automatic Unique Total Illusion

A Fun-fair Remnant is the life-force of a dead person who had worked at a fun-fair, amusement park, circus, or similar attraction. SAVE theoreticians conclude that there's something about the environment of a fun-fair, the surface currents of enjoyment, underlaid by the general dissatisfaction and poor

working conditions of the staff, that predisposes workers to become the type of ghosts classed as Fun-fair Remnants.

Fun-fair Remnants can become invisible and incorporeal whenever they desire at no cost in Willpower. Then they move as incorporeal creatures, even when presenting visible manifestations. Fun-fair Remnants have the same unique Sensory Discipline, Manifestation, as common ghosts. Unlike common ghosts, Fun-fair Remnants cannot inflict damage through a Chilling Touch. They are, in fact, unable to attack physically and are limited to discipline use only.

Fun-fair Remnants generally go through two phases of behavior. During the revenge phase they seek vengeance on those people who caused their deaths and those who owned and operated the amusement park or circus the remnants worked for in life. They do whatever it takes to make sure the park closes forever. They prefer to do this by orchestrating fatal "accidents." If they can't arrange on-site accidents, they use their unique version of the Hound Discipline. This differs from the regular version in that they can only use it on the owners and operators of their amusement park.

The Remnants' victims immediately return to the Known world as ghosts of one type or another, usually common Ghosts or Beisacs. Under certain circumstances, they might return as Vaudeville or Theater Remnants. These ghosts are automatically servitors, under the complete control of the Fun-fair Remnant that caused their deaths. When the Fun-fair Remnant responsible for their deaths is destroyed, these servitor ghosts are immediately destroyed as well.

Once the owners and operators are dead or have managed to escape their attacks and once the fun-fair is closed down forever, the Fun-fair Remnant moves on to the sec-

ond behavioral phase. SAVE specialists call this the replay phase. During this phase, the Fun-fair Remnant uses its unique Total Illusion Discipline to create the appearance of a normal, operating amusement park on the same site as the real operation that it forced to close down. This is the only illusion that the Remnant can create with this discipline. The illusion incorporates sound and smell as well as sight, but it's never intense enough to be mistaken for reality at close range. The visual component of the illusion is always somewhat out-of-focus and faintly transparent, for example, and the aural component, usually laughter and the sound of carousel music, always sounds very distant. There is no



tactile component to this illusion whatsoever. One can walk through the illusion without any hindrance whatsoever.

The illusory fairground is always populated by hundreds of semi-transparent patrons. These crowds wear clothes appropriate to the year in which the fairground ceased operation. Some of these patrons are actually the servitor ghosts under the control of the Fun-fair Remnants; the others are totally illusory, simply completing the scenery. There is no simple way of telling real, dangerous ghosts from unreal, harmless illusions.

A Fun-fair Remnant can use its Total Illusion Discipline only on the night of a full moon. Some Remnants create an illusory fairground every month; this is particularly common if the fairground site is far out of town. Others limit themselves to once a year or even less frequently. This unique version of the discipline has a cost of 3 WPR points per hour.

Fun-fair Remnants have a second unique discipline, a distinctive version of Influence. This discipline has the potential to affect anyone who hears the illusory music previously mentioned. For each person hearing this music, you as CM should roll an Opposed Check against the potential victim's Current Willpower. The following are the degrees of success for influence over characters:

- Victim's roll is higher: the attempt fails.

- Rolls are equal: the victim feels an unnatural compulsion to walk (or otherwise travel) directly toward the illusory fairground and to join with its other patrons. The victim is able to resist this compulsion, however.

- CM rolls 1 result level higher: the victim feels the compulsion described above and acts on it, moving toward the fairground at the character's normal rate of speed. The compulsion can be broken by anything that distracts the victim (CM's discretion).

- CM rolls 2 or more result levels higher: the victim heads toward the fairground at the character's maximum rate of speed. On foot, he runs. In a car or other vehicle, he uses the vehicle's maximum speed. Again, the compulsion can be broken by anything that distracts the victim (CM's discretion).

Once the victim enters the illusory fairground, the Remnant and servitor ghosts immediately attack and kill him. If killed, the victim immediately returns to the Known world as some type of ghost and continues to haunt the site as a servitor to the Fun-fair Remnant.

Obviously, this discipline is ineffective against deaf characters, those who have completely blocked their ears, or those otherwise unable to hear the music (loud rock & roll on a Walkman will do the job).

Fun-fair Remnants cannot be harmed by weapon. They can be destroyed in only one way, by organizing and holding a real fair or celebration on the site of the attraction. This celebration must involve at least as many people as the number of victims the Fun-fair Remnant has claimed.

Guardian Spirit

"We rushed further into the darkened museum in hot pursuit of the would-be thieves. We were packing a lot of gear, though—recorders, videocams, that kind of thing—and it was slowing us down. We could hear the thieves' running footsteps pulling away from us. Unless something changed, there was no way we'd catch them.

"I'd just thought that when I heard the screams. Screams of ultimate terror, quickly silenced. We pounded down the short passage, flung open the door to the Edwardian Gallery, and stopped in our tracks.

"Something had stopped the thieves, too . . . stopped them dead. One lay on his back in the middle of the room, face twisted in a rictus of horror, unseeing eyes staring at the ceiling. The other . . . well, all we could see were his feet. A huge wooden cabinet, weighing hundreds of pounds, had toppled onto him.

"Without warning and without any visible cause, the door behind us slammed shut. And then a hazy figure, the figure of a middle-aged man wearing vaguely Edwardian clothes, shimmered into visibility in the middle of the room.

"So," the figure hissed, "more thieves, hmm?"

*SAVE Chicago debriefing:
Charlie Morgenthaler, envoy
April 13, 1990*

AGL: (55 + 2D10) or 70
DEX: (40 + 2D10) or 55
PCN: (70 + 2D10) or 85
PER: (65 + 2D10) or 80
STA: (50 + 2D10) or 65
STR: (30 + 2D10) or 45
WPR: (75 + 2D10) or 90
EWS: (115 + 2D10) or 130
ATT: 2; (40 + 2D10) or 55
SR: as per weapon
WB: N/A
Fear: -25
MV: 75' (L); 100' (I)
Type: Independent
Class: C,I
Disciplines:

85/100/120 Contact the Living, Empathy,
Spirit and Image, Telepathy
80/95/115 Fleshcrawl, Gnarl, Inhabit, Second Light
74/89/109 Haywire
88/103/123 Confuse, Hallucinate, Influence
82/97/117 Slam, Telekinesis, Throw Voice

The Guardian Spirit is the life-force of a person who was strongly loyal to a person or an institution of some kind and died while trying to prevent the subject of their loyalty from coming to harm.

Guardian Spirits generally appear like ghosts, cloudy, shifting images of the people they used to be, and can become invisible at will. They can also take on corporeal form at night, in which condition they're virtually indistinguishable from the living. In corporeal form, they can perform any physical act that a normal person with their ability scores could. While in corporeal form, a Guardian Spirit can also speak normally; its voice is more sibilant and less resonant than that of a living person.

When it initially appears in the Known world, a Guardian Spirit has one goal: to use its various powers to protect the person or institution to which it was loyal in life. For the first several years of its afterlife, it usually refrains from killing. Unlike other, similar creatures, a Guardian Spirit never seeks vengeance against the person who caused its death unless that person takes some action that's a direct threat to the subject of the Spirit's loyalty. If this occurs, and the Spirit can combine vengeance with protecting the subject, it almost always kills.

For the first few years of its afterlife, a Guardian Spirit often seems to be an admirable creature. After all, it's only protecting that which it protected in life. It takes life only as a last resort, and it reacts only to active threats against the subject of its loyalty.

After several years, the Guardian Spirit becomes more and more willing to kill. It starts to use lethal force even when alternatives exist, progressing eventually to the point where it always kills. Another change occurs at about the same time: the Guardian Spirit starts to act against intended threats, not only active ones. (For example, take the case of a Guardian Spirit protecting its child. The Spirit might take lethal action against a con man who's planning to swindle the child out of his inheritance.) The next step in this progression is that the Spirit starts to act against potential threats as if they were real. (Staying with the example above, the spirit might kill the con man just in case he ever decides to swindle the child.)

The Guardian Spirit slowly becomes more and more paranoid, seeing ever more potential threats. At

this point, it becomes a real risk to anyone and everyone in the vicinity. Eventually, it starts to attack anyone who comes within range of its senses.

Guardian Spirits can attack physically when they're in corporeal form, using their clawed fingers. Alternatively, they can make unskilled use of any weapon available to them. When incorporeal, they are limited to discipline use.

A Guardian Spirit suffers Stamina loss but cannot be wounded. If reduced to zero Current Stamina, it is driven back into the Unknown, where it stays for D% years. If at the end of this time the subject of its loyalty still exists, then it continues its protection as if nothing had ever happened to it. (It does not necessarily track down and take vengeance on those who drove it into the Unknown.) If during its sojourn in the Unknown the subject of its loyalty dies, is destroyed, or is changed beyond reasonable recognition, the Guardian Spirit never returns to the Known world.



Hodag

"Ya've heard of cabin fever, ain't ya? Well up here in the northwoods, God's country, sometimes the fever hits ya quicker than grease through a goose. It was in '96 [1896] that I caught the first glimpse of the Hodag. Got a tintype of him, too. Darndest thing, it was. It was about this time of year, but as soon as the Hodag spotted me, a cloud of flies appeared out of nowhere. It was the darndest thing!

"Everybody said I had a bad case of cabin fever, but we all know the fever doesn't cause a person ta see things! Anyways, I got a tintype ta prove it! It's a little fuzzy, but ya can sure tell it ain't from this world!

"But as I've always said about the northwoods, there are more unnatural critters up here than most anywhere else—there are areas in these woods that are home ta Bigfoot, Will-o'-wisps, and some mighty big fishlike critters, too.

"I ain't sayin' that the woods are full of spooks, but there are things out there that ya just can't explain away.

"Anyways, I ain't the only one ta see him [the Hodag]. He's been spotted more times in the past 21 years than wolves have, which ain't surprising seeing how they're hunted so much. Beautiful animals too . . .

"Oh yeah, the Hodag. Back in '96, I was forced to admit that the Hodag was a fake. I ain't no liar, but it was either lie or be locked in an asylum for the rest of my days.

"They thought that the Hodag would scare away the vacationers. Little did they know that the legend of the Hodag has brought the newspaper people and the curious here in pretty big numbers. Oh well . . . that's the government for ya."

*From an interview of Gene Shepard
Rhinelanders [Wis.] Post
January 22, 1917*

AGL: (75 + 2D10) or 90

DEX: N/A

PCN: (80 + 2D10) or 95

PER: N/A; (95 + 2D10) or 110 for discipline use

STA: (120 + 2D10) or 135

STR: (70 + 2D10) or 85

WPR: (100 + 2D10) or 115

EWS: (110 + 2D10) or 125

ATT: 2; (60 + 2D10) or 75

SR: 4

WB: 45

Fear: -35

MV: 25' (W), 100' (L)

Type: Independent

Class: C

Disciplines:

93/108/128 Empathy, Swarm

101/116/136 Gnarl

85/100/120 Change Temperature, Change Weather,
Call, Rain, Raise Winds

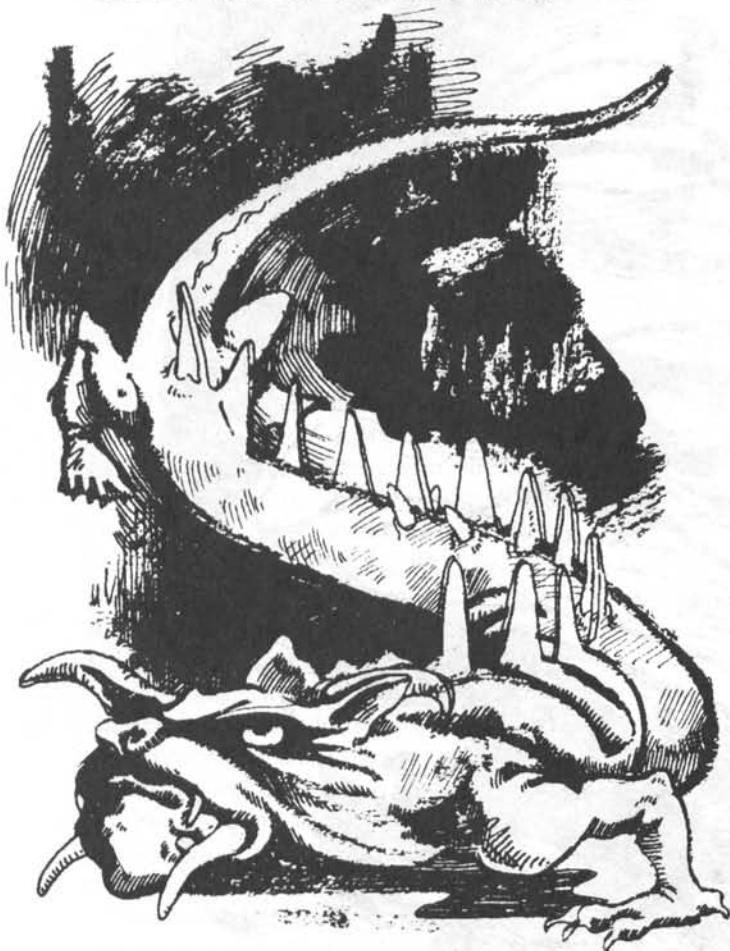
The Hodag is a hairy creature about 7 feet long and 30 inches high. It looks like a cross between large bulldog and a miniature dragon. Its backbone is covered by a dozen foot-long white horns, two bull-like horns sprout just behind its eyes, and its vise-like jaws house two down-turned tusks. Its stubby limbs end in razor-sharp claws. The claw marks of the Hodag have been mistaken for those of bears, as both sharpen their claws and mark their territories by carving into trees with their claws. If you ever see such marks, no matter which creature made them, vacate the area as quickly and cautiously as possible.

The Hodag has been said to be dark brown to black in color; its horns, tusks, and claws are a pearly white.

It spends most of its time hunting for food—usually deer, fish, dogs, cats, and most other small/weak mammals—from tree branches up to 40 feet from the ground. Its powerful legs allow it a vertical jump of 10 feet and a horizontal leap of 20 feet.

SAVE speculates that the Hodag hibernates in the winter, which is cold and harsh in the northwoods.

The Hodag is fully corporeal and suffers Stamina loss and Wounds as do natural normal creatures.



Lord of the Plains

I have traveled this land for many years, visiting the red man where he lives in his tipis and hogans, smoking the ritual pipe with him, and listening to his tales. Throughout, of course, I told my own tales as well: tales from the Scriptures, in an attempt to swing these noble savages away from their idolatrous rituals to the worship of the One True God.

The red man reveres many false gods and spirits: nature spirits, the spirits of departed ancestors, spirits of the land, the sky, the grain, the birds. The list is virtually endless and varies from tribe to tribe, band to band. There seems to be one spirit, however, whose worship spreads across tribal divisions.

Interestingly enough, it is this spirit about which the red man is least willing to talk to outsiders. Even those shamans who had come to accept me as a friend were quite circumspect about this spirit. One alone, an old Navaho, would tell me of the legends.

The spirit is known by many names in many languages, but most seem to translate to 'Lord of the Plains.' The description of the spirit was highly symbolic, and I found myself unable to understand it fully. The Lord of the Plains is said to have multiple forms, including that of a man, that of a great white buffalo, and one that merges elements of each. He has the power of life and death and is feared more than revered by the plains tribes.

I left my benefactor's tent, shaking my head at the misguided way that the red man continued to follow such obviously ludicrous religions. It was then that I felt eyes upon me. I turned, and my heart seemed to stop in my chest.

Observing me, from no more than one hundred paces away, was a monstrous beast, a white buffalo as tall at the shoulder as my full height. Terrifying as that might be, what filled my soul with horror was the unmistakable spark of evil intelligence in its eyes.

*From the journal of Rev. Jonah Wells
October 1, 1887*

AGL: (55 + 2D10) or 70
DEX: (35 + 2D10) or 50
PCN: (90 + 2D10) or 105
PER: (70 + 2D10) or 85
STA: (60 + 2D10) or 75 [x 1/3*]
STR: (80 + 2D10) or 95
WPR: (40 + 2D10) or 55
EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135
ATT: 1; (45 + 2D10) or 60
SR: 2 / 5**
WB: 70
Fear: -10 / -30**
MV: 180' (L); 15' (W)
Type: Independent, Master
Class: C
Disciplines:

150/165/185 Chill

88/103/123 Empathy, Spirit and Image, Telepathy

85/100/120 Animation of the Dead, Create a Feast, Gnarl

92/107/127 Change Temperature, Change Weather, Haywire, Lightning Call, Rain, Raise Winds, Shake the Earth

78/93/113 Dreamsend, Hallucinate, Hypnotize, Sleep, Steal Memory

83/98/118 Teleport

95/110/130 Invisibility, Raise Perception, Total Illusion

Automatic Unique Change Self

*In buffalo form only.

**The figure before the slash refers to the creature in human or bison-headed human forms; the figure after the slash refers to the creature in buffalo form.



The Lord of the Plains is a powerful corporeal creature with the body of a large and muscular man but the head of a buffalo or bison. The creature is territorial and considers all humans within its territory as either prey or pawns to use in furthering its plans. The Lord of the Plains can automatically change form to either a huge white buffalo standing six feet tall at the shoulder or a handsome man with Indian features. The creature can change form at will at a cost of 1 point of Current Willpower per change.

The Lord of the Plains is incredibly intelligent and highly evil. Unlike many creatures of the Unknown, however, it indulges its evil nature by virtually enslaving humans within its territory. This enslavement is rarely direct; the creature prefers to play upon its victims' superstitions and religious beliefs. It is thought that these creatures were largely responsible for the ongoing wars among the Plains tribes before the arrival of the white man. The Lord of the Plains is definitely represented in most Indian religious traditions, usually in its white buffalo form.

Modern humanity is much less susceptible to control through superstition than were the Plains tribes. Today, these creatures are more direct in their actions. Lords of the Plains are thought to be responsible for many deaths and disasters that take place in the plains areas of North America.

A Lord of the Plains suffers Stamina loss and Wounds from normal combat. When either its Current Stamina or number of Wound Boxes is reduced to zero, it crumbles into dust and appears to be destroyed. Within 1D10 hours of its "destruction," however, the creature reforms from the dust. This reborn creature has its full complement of Stamina and Wound Boxes. The only way to destroy the creature permanently is to pour at least one pint of pure distilled water over the dust into which it crumbled.

A single successful hit by a dagger or spear-point made from buffalo horn immediately drives the creature back into the Unknown for 1D10 years. After this period, it returns to the exact spot where it was struck by the weapon. Its first action upon its return is to hunt down and destroy the person who banished it from the Known world.

Lords of the Plains are very uncommon creatures. They are particularly territorial with respect to their own kind. If two Lords of the Plains find themselves within 100 miles of one another, they sense each other's presence and immediately devote all their efforts to destroying each other. If a Lord of the Plains is killed by another Lord of the Plains, it is permanently destroyed.

Reliable reports seem to limit this creature to the dry plains of North America. There are some SAVE scholars who wonder whether the Lord of the Plains and the minotaur of Cretan legend are the same type of creature. This is mere speculation, of course.

Mimic

"Logging camps aren't big places for theft. Sure, you can lift stuff, but you've got nowhere to go with the stuff until the chopper comes in to fly you out. And remember, you're surrounded by loggers—big guys who don't have much of a sense of humor when it comes to getting robbed.

"So when stuff started to go missing, we were puzzled. What didn't help was that it was just plain weird stuff that was being stolen. Tools sometimes, a guy's shaving mirror, the foreman's chromed hard-hat. We wanted to find out just what the fu . . . what the fun was happening.

"One of the engineers had a little video camera, so we decided to set up a trap. We laid out some stuff that we thought the thief might be interested in and set up trip wires and crap to start the video camera when anyone came near.

"It worked, kind of. The stuff was stolen, the camera worked. But what the video showed was just weird. It was a figure, but not really. It was like . . . like the background was rippling a little. And the shape of the rippling was sort of like a human figure. Just too weird."

SAVE Duluth debriefing:

Joe "Curly" Kiwior

March 14, 1990

AGL: (65 + 2D10) or 80

DEX: (65 + 2D10) or 80

PCN: (80 + 2D10) or 95

PER: (20 + 2D10) or 35

STA: (40 + 2D10) or 55

STR: (30 + 2D10) or 45

WPR: (50 + 2D10) or 65

EWS: N/A

ATT: 1; (45 + 2D10) or 60

SR: 2

WB: 25

Fear: -10

MV: 125' (L)

Type: Independent

Class: C

Disciplines:

100 Unique Chameleon Mimicry

Automatic Unique Sensing the Unknown

Mimics are slender, lightly-built humanoid creatures that stand about 5 feet tall. They are totally hairless. When they are unconscious, their skin is a pale gray and soft to the touch. Their skin contains many highly developed pigment cells, however, that allow them to change color. The change is almost instantaneous.

Mimics are sometimes nicknamed Chameleon Men. This name simply doesn't do them justice, however. Their ability to change the color of their skin is orders of magnitude more versatile and precise than any species of chameleon. So

versatile is the creature's mimetic ability that it can perfectly duplicate the color, pattern, and even the appearance of texture of any background. A Mimic can duplicate its background so well that it blends in and becomes virtually invisible, whether that background is a brick wall, a privet hedge, a wood-grain panel, or tartan wallpaper. The pigment cells in the Mimic's skin allow it to duplicate all reflective and absorptive characteristics of its background, no matter what kind of light it's exposed to: ultraviolet, infrared, or normal visible light. Thus, using a UV light and UV-sensitive goggles won't help in spotting a Mimic. This mimetic ability is consciously controlled. When a Mimic is rendered unconscious or killed, its skin immediately returns to its natural shade of light gray.

When a Mimic is immobile and within two feet of the background it's mimicking, it is almost impossible to detect visually. Anyone looking for the Mimic must make an Opposed Perception Check against the mimic's Chameleon Mimicry ability (Target# of 100). The character looking for the Mimic must roll a higher result than the Mimic. If he does, he spots the Mimic (although he might not realize exactly what it is he has spotted); if he doesn't, he simply hasn't detected the Mimic.

A Mimic's base chance at success for its Chameleon Mimicry ability is adjusted by the following modifiers:

<i>Mimic's Actions/Position</i>	<i>Modifier</i>
<i>Moving</i>	<i>-60</i>
<i>More than 2' from background</i>	<i>-20 per additional foot</i>
<i>Within the visual field of more than one character</i>	<i>-15 per additional character*</i>
<i>Cannot see the character seeking it (character is hidden, invisible, etc.)</i>	<i>-40 for that character alone**</i>

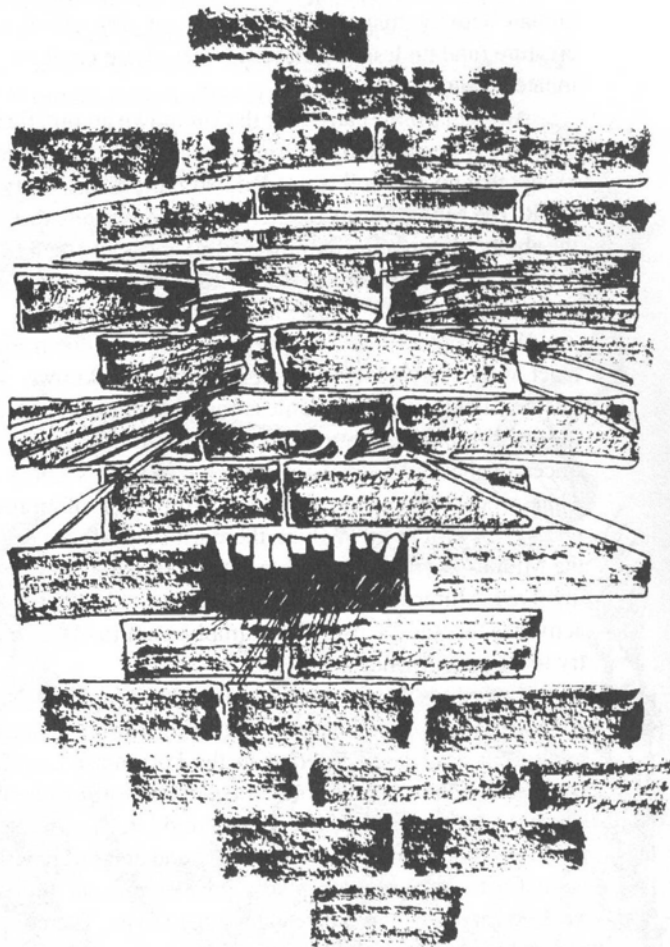
*This reflects the difficulty the creature has with compensating for the parallax differences created when multiple characters are viewing it from different directions.

**Obviously, the Mimic has even more difficulty compensating for parallax differences if it isn't aware of an observer's existence or if it doesn't know the observer's exact location.

A Mimic's mimetic abilities apply solely to vision. No matter how effective its chameleon-like abilities, it can still be detected normally by touch, sound, or smell. (Mimics' natural scent is much too subtle for human noses to detect.)

As might be inferred from their protective mechanism, Mimics are natural cowards. They flee from danger and fight only if the only alternative is obviously death or if they vastly outnumber their enemies. They attack with a single bite and can use any melee or throwing weapon unskilled. Being entirely corporeal, they suffer Stamina loss and Wounds normally. They fall unconscious and die exactly as do humans and animals.

Although there are still experts who dispute this, Mimics appear to be totally natural creatures, not denizens of the Unknown at all. Some taxonomists classify them as *Homo Arcana* and consider them to be a sub-species of mankind. Most taxonomists, however, consider this theory to be pure bunk.



Mimics are usually found in small family groups ranging from 3 to 8 individuals. Solitary individuals have been reported but are apparently very rare. Mimic groups seem to be totally nonterritorial in outlook. As long as an area can support more than one group of Mimics, the creatures seem to have no objection to another group's moving in nearby. Mimics are thought to live for about 40 years, reach sexual maturity around age 10, and have a gestation period of about 240 days.

The creatures are omnivorous, like humans, and eat local vegetation and small mammals that they catch. They do not eat carrion and do not seem to hunt any creatures larger than house cats.

Mimics communicate telepathically among themselves. They don't seem to understand that sounds can be used for communication.

Mimics are aware of the existence of mankind and seem very curious about the activities of human beings. The creatures often visit human settlements, observing human activity from afar. They seem to be no more threatened by human activity than by the activity of any other large creature (and no less either; remember, these creatures are innate cowards).

An adult Mimic can Sense the Unknown automatically. This ability is similar to the Discipline Sensing the Unknown except that no dice roll is needed and it costs the Mimic no WPR. The Mimic doesn't even have to concentrate on using the ability: the creature automatically senses any manifestations of the Unknown that fall within the constraints discussed on pp. 34-35 of the *Chill* hardcover.

While other creatures that sense the Unknown might react with fear, Mimics respond to the Unknown with uncontrollable curiosity. Unless there's some overwhelming and life-threatening reason not to do so, Mimics follow traces of the Unknown to discover just what's going on. Thus, when evil matters are afoot, Mimics are often found nearby. As with Spirit Wolves, there's no causal connection: the Mimics are not responsible for the evil and aren't even involved. Mimics have no desire to either aid or hinder the activities that they sense. They simply want to observe and try to figure out what's going on.

Mimics can be found in virtually all regions of North America. They prefer temperate climates with moderate humidity but have been reported in the hot, moist Louisiana bayous and in the sub-arctic forests of northern British Columbia. The only regions that they seem to avoid totally are deserts, mountains above the tree line, prairies, and areas of tundra or permafrost. Because such places pose significant life risk, Mimics generally avoid cities and large towns. There is one report, unsubstantiated, but persuasive, that a small group of Mimics is living in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park.

There have been no reports of Mimics ever functioning as servitors for powerful creatures of the Unknown.

Noo-Qua (Lightning Snake)

Let's call this story 'The Search That Went Too Well.'

In 1987, I was hired by a group of Japanese filmmakers to take them to Lake Okanagan in British Columbia and help them in their search for 'Ogopogo,' the local version of 'Nessie.' I thought they were idiots until they told me their rationale. They didn't believe in Ogopogo, not at all. But the Japanese TV market has an insatiable hunger for these mysterious 'In Search Of...' type shows. They knew they wouldn't find anything. All they wanted to do was film the search and make piles of yen. Since they were willing to pay me piles of dollars and they seemed like cool enough guys, I went along with it and took the contract.

Never let it be said that they do things by halves, the Japanese. They had more camera equipment than I've ever seen in one place before. They even had a nifty little one-man submersible. We spent a few days combing the lake for what we knew we'd never find, and the cameramen shot miles of film of our vain effort.

It was a full moon the fourth night of the trip, and one of the directors said it would be a nice mood sequence to see the 'investigators' working by moonlight. Sounded good. So we set up, and we slung that submersible over the side. We were in radio communication with the sub jockey and had him traced on sonar.

We didn't get any warning. One moment everything was cool. The next, the sonar was scrambled like it was being jammed. We heard the sub jockey's scream over the radio, then there was silence. The sonar came back, and there was no trace of the sub.

Nobody got it on film, but I saw, under the moonlight, the water of the lake roiling as though something huge was moving just under the surface.

*From the journal of Deke Wilson
July 10, 1987*

AGL: (15 + 2D10) or 30
DEX: (30 + 2D10) or 45
PCN: (10 + 2D10) or 35 [H: +30]
PER: N/A; (100 + 2D10) or 115 for discipline use
STA: (120 + 2D10) or 135
STR: (90 + 2D10) or 105
WPR: (90 + 2D10) or 105
EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135
ATT: 1; (65 + 2D10) or 80
SR: 5
WB: 65
Fear: -40
MV: 100' (W), 25' (L)
Type: Master, Independent

Class: C

Disciplines:

150/165/185 Chill

105/120/140 Animation of the Dead, Breath of Pestilence, Gnarl

95/110/130 Change Temperature, Change Weather, Haywire, Lightning Call, Rain, Raise Waves, Raise Winds, Wave of Fog

95/110/130 Deadly Dreams, Dreamsend, Hallucinate, Influence, Minion

72/87/107 Blur Vision

Automatic Unique Change Self

The Noo-Qua or Lightning Snake is a massive serpent 80 feet long and almost 4 feet in diameter at its thickest point. Its head is flat and broad, with an elongated snout reminiscent of an alligator's. It's capable of unseating its lower jaw, like a snake, allowing it to open its tooth-filled maw to an angle of greater than 180°. Its eyes are small, cat-like, and seem to spark with a malign intelligence. Its tail is tipped with a barbed spine 3 feet long. Although this spine looks deadly, perhaps even venomous, the Noo-Qua never uses it as a weapon. The Noo-Qua is a dark brownish green, and its supple, scale-less skin drips with foul-smelling slime. It spends most of its time below the waters of the lake, inlet, or bay that forms its home, although it is able to breathe air and can even leave the water for periods of up to three hours. (For each minute beyond this period that it remains out of the water, it suffers 1 Wound and a loss of 1 point of Stamina.)

As well as the standard disciplines previously discussed, the Noo-Qua has the ability to Change Self into the form of a large trout or salmon. This fish will be among the largest of its kind, although not unnaturally large: as a trout, it will weigh about 50 pounds, and as a salmon, 90 pounds. This ability is automatic and instantaneous, and the Noo-Qua uses it to evade anyone trying to hunt it down. It prefers not to take fish form, however, since this eliminates its effectiveness in physical combat. It evades cursory searches simply by concealing itself in the bottom ooze of its home.

Several Salish legends mention the Noo-Qua, and there are indications that one lives in Shawnigan Lake. One legend claims that the creature enjoyed fomenting dissension within tribes and starting wars between neighboring bands. There is some indication that Noo-Qua are responsible for stories of sea serpents elsewhere in British Columbia, most prominently "Ogopogo" in Lake Okanagan, and "Caddy" in Cadborow Bay, near Victoria.

Nobody knows for sure what the Noo-Qua's motives or goals are. It obviously enjoys killing or terrifying innocents who happen to wander into its territory. Unlike many other creatures of the Unknown, however, it isn't a ravening killer or predator. Even including all suspected cases, the Noo-Qua in Shawnigan Lake has been responsible for only one or two deaths per year, on average, and in most cases the bodies

of the victims have been found, indicating that the Noo-Qua is not hunting for food. Some members of SAVE believe that this shows great intelligence and understanding of the way people react to the Unknown. If the creature made its existence obvious, through an extensive killing spree, for example, it would stimulate a massive hunt that might end in its destruction. The people hunting for the creature would rationalize their actions, of course, by claiming that they were hunting for a natural being, perhaps a member of a species thought to be extinct. They would do accept any other explanation, however, before they would admit the existence of the Unknown.

A number of SAVE specialists believe that the Noo-Qua hibernates for much of the year; others propose that the word "hibernate" is misleading, since it implies seasonality, and prefer the simple term "sleep." When it wakes, the creature feels the need to feed—not on physical sustenance, as such, but on the psychic resonance of the terror felt by its victims. This terror can be engendered simply by the physical appearance of the monstrous creature, or through more indirect means, such as its Evil Way Disciplines.

The Noo-Qua is fully corporeal and suffers Stamina loss and Wounds as do natural creatures.



Oathbreaker

The night watchman was standing just where one would expect him to be. Thus his presence should have been no surprise. But surprise it was to us, because we had been led to understand that no night watchman would be on duty that night.

Why should there be anyone on duty? There was nothing significant left of the bank to guard; merely the empty shell of the building, stripped of all interior walls and flooring. But here stood the guard, in full uniform, and glaring at us with undisguised hostility.

It was at that moment that I recognized the first incongruity. There was something out of place about that uniform, and the pistol that he wore at his hip. Both appeared anachronistic, seeming to date from the 1890s, at least 15 years out of date.

It was as if chill fingers had touched my heart. In that instant I sensed the presence of the Unknown, and I realized that this night watchman was actually the unquiet spirit we had come to this place to find. As if my realization had been a trigger, the night watchman bent and picked up a discarded piece of wood about as long as my forearm. As his fingers touched it, its appearance changed, to become the kind of 'billy club' or truncheon such a guard would have carried 15 years ago. There was malice in his eyes as he stepped forward.

*From the journal of Donald Montkeith
May 7, 1908*

AGL: (50 + 2D10) or 65
DEX: (25 + 2D10) or 40
PCN: (50 + 2D10) or 65
PER: (15 + 2D10) or 30
STA: (65 + 2D10) or 80
STR: (70 + 2D10) or 85
WPR: (110 + 2D10) or 125
EWS: (90 + 2D10) or 105
ATT: 1; (60 + 2D10) or 75
SR: 3 or as per weapon
WB: N/A
Fear: -15
MV: as its former self (L); 100' (I)
Type: Independent
Class: I, C
Disciplines:
60/75/95 Write
78/93/113 Haywire
Automatic Corporeal Manifestation
Automatic Unique Total Illusion

The Oathbreaker is the life-force of someone who in life was bound by some contract or obligation, but died while preparing to break that contract or while actively breaking it.

This covers a wide range of possibilities: a bank guard who abetted thieves and was killed by them to silence him; a corrupt judge or politician; even someone involved in "industrial espionage," passing her company's secrets to a competitor. The overall and objective significance of breaking the contract or obligation, in terms of the grand scheme of things, appears to be relatively unimportant with regard to whether the person comes back as an Oathbreaker. What is important, it seems, is how other people judge the significance of the transgression. For example, people are highly outraged if doctors or priests transgress the unwritten contracts and obligations that constrain them. These people are more likely than some others to return as Oathbreakers. Sports figures, too, sometimes return as Oathbreakers, since sports have such an importance in the cultural anthropology of modern man. This explains how a portion of a baseball team bribed to throw an important game has remained in the Known world as Oathbreakers. (This case is described in more detail in **Field of Nightmares**, pp. 25-26)

The Oathbreaker's central desire is to discharge the obligation that it failed to fulfill in life. This can be easy or difficult, depending on the situation. The bank guard who was bribed to let thieves into the building will want to protect the bank from thieves when he's an Oathbreaker. As soon as he's stopped one group of thieves from robbing the bank, he'll consider his obligation discharged and will immediately leave the Known world.

As another, more difficult, example, take a doctor who took a bribe to let a particular patient die and thus became an Oathbreaker. The only way he can discharge his obligation is to save the life of someone who is mortally ill or wounded. It seems very unlikely that most sick people would submit to the care of a dead doctor, so this Oathbreaker will have difficulty fulfilling his obligation.

And what about the baseball players, killed while trying to throw a game? The only way they can discharge their obligation is to play one last baseball game, against living players and with living spectators, and to give it their all. Whether they win or lose, once the game is finished, they'll have discharged their obligation to play to the best of their ability and they'll be freed to return to the Unknown.

As CM, you must decide, just how any particular Oathbreaker must discharge the obligation he forsook. In general, the act involved will be straightforward and literal. In certain cases, though, you can decide that the task must be symbolic. This gives you a wide range of options and ensures that your players will have to research the matter before trying to destroy an Oathbreaker.

Unfortunately, the transition from life to unlife always warps the mentality of the person becoming an Oathbreaker. The creatures become bitter, blame everyone else for the Oathbreaker's ill fortune, and hate them because of it.

Anyone who enters the site to which an Oathbreaker is bound risks attack by the creature. Like many creatures of the Unknown, Oathbreakers are cunning and know that if they go on a rampage of terror, they'll attract unwanted attention and eventually be destroyed before they can discharge their obligation. Thus they are usually very cunning in their attacks against the living. The only time that an Oathbreaker can be guaranteed of not attacking is when it senses the opportunity to fulfill its outstanding obligation.

Oathbreakers are only active at night. They are aware of events around them during daylight hours but are able to manifest and use their other disciplines only at night.

Another major constraint on their actions is that they are bound to the locale associated with the obligation they didn't fulfill. (Again, this can be symbolic in some cases.) Thus, the bank guard is unable to leave the bank building; the baseball players are unable to leave the boundaries of the ball field. If this site is destroyed or fundamentally altered (for example, the bank building is demolished or the ball field is turned into an airport), any Oathbreakers associated with that site are freed. However, they then go forth from that place and wreak havoc on anyone nearby.

Oathbreakers can Corporeally Manifest themselves on any night, at will. There is one night of the year, however, when they are forced to manifest themselves. That is the anniversary of either their death or the date they actually broke the major obligation. On this night, the Oathbreaker must manifest itself within one hour after sunset and remain in physical form until within one hour of sunrise. While in physical form, they can be destroyed in combat, which makes this perhaps the best time to hunt Oathbreakers.

An Oathbreaker in incorporeal form attacks with a Chilling Touch similar to that of a ghost. In corporeal form, the creature attacks with whatever weapons of opportunity are at hand. Using its unique Total Illusion Discipline, the Oathbreaker always causes such a weapon to appear as something appropriate to its physical appearance. (For example, a bank guard makes a piece of wood appear as a night stick; a doctor makes a broken bottle appear as a scalpel; a baseball player makes a stone appear as a baseball.) No matter what appearance the weapon takes on, its Strike Rank doesn't change. A tree branch still does damage like a tree branch, even if it looks like a sword. The Oathbreaker uses any such weapon unskilled. Oathbreakers cannot use any missile weapon other than thrown objects.

Apart from giving an Oathbreaker a chance to fulfill its undischarged obligation, the only way to destroy it is to attack it while its in corporeal form. If the creature is reduced to zero Current Stamina and receives a C result (wound) while in physical form, it is destroyed. (Remember, of course, that on any night but the creature's anniversary, it will return to incorporeal form to prevent its destruction.)

Ravager

"The perpetrator had gone to ground in a farmhouse occupied by a family of four. A classic hostage situation. We brought in the negotiator, but the perp wouldn't even talk. We gave the negotiator eight hours, but when he didn't get the slightest answer, we decided on active response.

"We're not a full-fledged SWAT team. We're just cops. We've been trained for this kind of thing, but it's not our usual job. That's why missions like this are always on a volunteer-only basis. We had no problem getting enough volunteers this time. A serial killer, particularly one who does kids, is the worst kind of slime in the world. Everybody wanted to be in on taking him down.

"Our approach was perfectly orchestrated. Everything worked as planned. I was with the team that went in through the back window. The perp was there in the kitchen, holding a gun on the hostages. He heard us coming, and turned, bringing his gun around. We were about to cut loose on him.

"Then he... he smiled. And the kitchen table just picked itself up off the floor and flew into our faces."

SAVE Chicago debriefing:

*Sgt. Dale Bentz, Rantoul (IL) Police Department
May 9, 1986*

AGL: 10-90*

DEX: 10-90*

PCN: 10-90*

PER: 10-90*

STA: (100 + 2D10) or 115

STR: 10-90*

WPR: (100 + 2D10) or 115

EWS: (110 + 2D10) or 125

ATT: 1; variable*

SR: 0 or as per weapon

WB: (STR + STA) ÷ 4

Fear: 0

MV: (AGL ÷ 3) + 20

Type: Independent

Class: C

Disciplines:

(PER + 125) ÷ 3 + 15/30/50 Empathy, Telepathy

(STA + 125) ÷ 3 + 15/30/50 Deadly Remains

(STR + 125) ÷ 3 + 15/30/50 Feat of Strength

(WPR + 125) ÷ 3 + 15/30/50 Dreamsend,

Influence, Steal Memory

(AGL + 125) ÷ 3 + 15/30/50 Telekinesis

(PCN + 125) ÷ 3 + 15/30/50 Appear Dead (Self),

Invisibility, Raise Perception

*Since the Ravager is basically a human being who has been touched by the power of the Unknown, these attributes show the same variability as with other humans.

The Ravager is one of the most-fascinating and most-dangerous hybrids created when the powers of the Unknown

interact with normal creatures of the Known world. A Ravager is, in essence, a normal human, but one of great and abiding evil. Serial killers are the most common candidates to become Ravagers. Their greatest joy in life is to cause suffering and to kill.

There seems to be something about the personality of such people that attracts the attention of powerful creatures of the Unknown. The hypothesis currently in vogue at SAVE is that a creature such as a Deceiver visits the killer and offers him additional powers to help him continue his reign of terror. If the candidate refuses this gift, the Deceiver kills him on the spot and searches for another candidate. If the candidate accepts, however, the Deceiver uses a little-understood and rarely used discipline that turns the serial killer into a Ravager.

A Ravager is still alive and his personality totally unchanged. He lived to kill before; he still does, although the Evil Way Disciplines he received from the Deceiver make killing much easier.

The physical characteristics of Ravagers vary wildly. Some are small people, physically and psychologically weak; others are large, powerful, and flamboyant. There are some who maintain a normal job and family life, at least for a while. This secret identity rarely exists for long after the killer has become a Ravager. He soon decides that his powers have set him apart from the normal world and that for him to consort with normal humans would be as inappropriate as for an eagle to fly with a flock of pigeons.

The personalities of Ravagers vary as greatly as their physical attributes. Some are cold and clinical in their evil, killing simply because they enjoy it. Others might have an overall goal, such as to rid the world of lying politicians (for example); still others might be acting out a revenge fantasy against anyone who even vaguely resembles someone who hurt them in the past. Again, as CM, this is totally up to you.

Ravagers are human and so can be wounded and killed using any form of combat. Because of their contact with the Unknown, however, they regenerate Current Stamina at a rate of 7 points per round, even if they didn't rest in that round; this rate increases to 15 points per round of rest. When a Ravager dies, anyone who successfully Senses the Unknown feels an overwhelming sense of fear and agony. Some SAVE members believe this is a consequence of the other side of the Ravager's bargain with the Unknown. These members hypothesize that the Ravager's soul is drawn into the Unknown, to be tormented forever by the Deceiver that gave the killer his powers.

Ravagers rarely show their supernormal powers. A Ravager represents an interesting opportunity for you as CM. You can involve your player characters in a scenario that seems totally unrelated to the Unknown: a serial killer who's stalking members of their SAVE chapter (apparently a good change of pace after ghost-bashing). Only when they finally track down the killer and confront him do they discover what it is they're really up against.

Sasquatch

"I still don't know how we got separated. We had compasses, we had trail maps. We knew the area. Hell, I've been guiding hunters through those woods most of my life.

"When I realized I was lost, I did what I'd always told my clients to do. I fired my rifle three times into the air as a signal, and then I sat down under a tree and waited for someone to come and find me.

"When I heard movement approaching through the trees, I thought it was my buddies coming to find me. But then that thing stepped out of the underbrush . . . I thought I was dead for sure."

*SAVE Seattle debriefing: Howard Ames
May 21, 1987*

AGL: (70 + 2D10) or 85
DEX: (70 + 2D10) or 85
PCN: (50 + 2D10) or 65 [S&T: +30]
PER: (50 + 2D10) or 65
STA: (100 + 2D10) or 115
STR: (120 + 2D10) or 135
WPR: (130 + 2D10) or 145
EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135
ATT: 1; (75 + 2D10) or 90
SR: 4
WB: 35
Fear: -20
MV: 300' (L)
Type: Independent
Class: C
Disciplines:

82/97/117 Empathy, Shriek

98/113/133 Fleshcrawl

105/120/140 Haywire

108/123/143 Confuse, Hypnotize

88/103/123 Throw Voice, Quiet, Raise Perception

The Sasquatch, also known as Bigfoot, is a large humanoid creature that grows to a height of nine feet or more. Its arms are disproportionately long, and its feet are more than 24 inches long, leaving prints similar to those of a barefoot man except in size. Its entire body is covered with thick, short hair, which is usually dark brown or black in color. Its head and face are similar in appearance to a gorilla or orangutan; the Sasquatch's skull is larger, however, which implies a greater brain capacity.

Sasquatches are native to the forests of the Pacific Northwest. While most people dismiss Sasquatch sightings as hoaxes or mistakes, there are some naturalists who believe the creatures to be a species of "pre-man," or hominid, that was somehow arrested in its evolution. Members of SAVE know better, however. Despite its appearance as a product of nature, the Sasquatch is a creature of the Unknown.

According to the prevailing theory, a Sasquatch is similar to a Yeti: the evil, corporeal spirit of one who died away from the comfort of human companionship. There are great differences, of course. The Yeti was generally, in life, a hermit who chose to shun society for religious reasons. The Sasquatch, in contrast, was one who turned his back on society for material reasons. Most Sasquatches are former trappers, explorers, or prospectors: people who decided to pursue careers that took them into the wilderness and led to their solitary deaths.

While a Yeti's central goal is to find the companionship it lacked in life, a Sasquatch's central goal is purely revenge. It enjoys causing pain, suffering, and death, seeing this as some kind of grand justice for its own lonely life. A Sasquatch sometimes attacks a small band of hikers or loggers but only when it knows from shadowing the group for a time that its victims are unarmed and unable to defend themselves. If larger or better-equipped groups enter its territory, the Sasquatch uses its disciplines to split off one or two victims, whom it then dispatches. If the group doesn't know quite what it's up against, a single Sasquatch can sometimes kill all the intruders, one at a time.

Sasquatches were loners in life, and they're loners after death. Each Sasquatch claims and guards a territory of perhaps 900 square miles. Each such region contains only one Sasquatch. If another Sasquatch wanders into the region, the creature whose territory it is immediately attempts to kill or drive off the intruding Sasquatch.

Although they are creatures of the Unknown, Sasquatches still seem to need to eat. Their usual fare is owls, which they hunt during the daylight hours, although they relish human flesh when they can get it. Sasquatches are nei-

ther nocturnal nor diurnal but can operate around the clock. Their eyes can see perfectly in illumination levels as low as starlight. This halves all modifiers for low light or darkness.

Sasquatches are corporeal and so suffer damage normally from combat. If a Sasquatch is reduced to zero Current Stamina but it still has Wound Boxes, it collapses and appears to be dead. In 1D10 minutes, however, it emerges from this state of feigned death with its Current Stamina equal to its original Stamina. A Sasquatch can only be killed by reducing it to 0 Wound Boxes.

A Sasquatch can regenerate all lost Stamina and Wound Boxes simply by sleeping for an uninterrupted six hours.



Spirit Wolf

The creature was scant hours ahead of us, and the tracks it left through the forest told us unmistakably that we were closing the gap.

It was Benjamin Lewis who spotted the first wolf—a massive creature, almost four feet at the shoulder, night-black, with silver hackles. It was soon joined by more than a dozen others. We feared that the creature of the Unknown was summoning these wolves to bedevil us and expected attack at any moment.

But the attack never came.

*From the journal of Michael O'Boylan
August 10, 1912*

AGL: (65 + 2D10) or 80
DEX: N/A
PCN: (85 + 2D10) or 100
PER: N/A
STA: (60 + 2D10) or 75
STR: (45 + 2D10) or 60
WPR: (30 + 2D10) or 45
EWS: N/A
ATT: 1; (55 + 2D10) or 70
SR: 4
WB: 40
Fear: -30
MV: 200' (L), 10' (W)
Type: 1
Class: C

Spirit Wolves look like particularly large timber wolves. Their pelts are usually black, with a faint dusting of silver on the hackles. Spirit Wolves behave in the same manner as normal wolves with certain exceptions.

Spirit Wolves have an innate sensitivity to the Unknown. In game terms, this gives them a base chance of 20% to Sense the Unknown (as the Discipline). This base chance can be increased (CM's discretion) if the activity of the Unknown is extremely powerful or concentrated. Spirit Wolves instinctively congregate in an area where they sense a significant presence of the Unknown. When creatures of the Unknown come near Spirit Wolves, the Wolves begin a mournful howling and may even attack the creature, particularly if it is in the form of a human or small animal. The Wolves sense the creature as an enemy but have no conception of the power that such a creature might wield. Unlike normal wolves, Spirit Wolves attack werewolves on sight, regardless of the werewolf's current form. Spirit Wolves never hunt humans, even when starving, and fight only to save their lives.

Because Spirit Wolves are often seen in places where evil events are occurring, many people have come to view the animals as beasts of ill omen. Spirit Wolves are drawn by evil and the Unknown, but their instinctive desire is to fight that evil. Few humans understand this, of course, and even many members of SAVE believe Spirit Wolves to be baneful creatures.

Swile

I still dream of it to this very day.

Our ship, the Great Northwest, was trapped in the ice off Point Hope, north of the Bering Strait, in the Chukchi Sea. We realized that we were no more than 35 miles from shore and presumably from rescue. Several of us volunteered to make the trek to bring back help from the settlement of Port Hope. It was with reasonable expectations of success that we set out.

On dry land, under normal conditions, 35 miles is two days' hike. On the ice, with its pressure ridges and crevasses, and swept by winds of 60 knots and up, five miles' travel in one day is a killing pace. We anticipated a week's journey, and we feared that we would be unable to survive so long. But we had little choice. If we failed, our colleagues still aboard the Great Northwest would die as well.

We were four days into the journey when we discovered that our stock of food had somehow become spoiled and inedible. This was a stroke of evil luck indeed, since maintaining a good food intake is vital for resisting the cold and other hardships of the journey. We calculated that we were beyond the point of no return, however, so all we could do was press on.

We traveled for another four days, and we were forced to admit that our original estimate of time was much too optimistic. There was not one among us who did not feel so weak that the idea of lying down and dying was an attractive one. But we pushed on, forgoing rest, since we knew that our first sleep would be our last.

It must have been delirium that fogged the minds of my companions. Two of them tried to convince me that they had seen seals with the faces of men and that these unnatural creatures had spoken to them, telling them that we were traveling in the wrong direction. It was a close thing, but I managed to persuade my colleagues not to follow the advice of these figments of their imagination.

They had only just accepted, unwillingly, my authority, when I heard the roar behind me. I turned, expecting to see the terrifying prospect of a polar bear charging at us across the ice. But the creature actually approaching was such that a polar bear would have appeared reassuring and harmless by comparison.

*From the journal of Sergei Arbitov
(translated from the Russian)
March 2, 1911*

AGL: (45 + 2D10) or 60
DEX: (10 + 2D10) or 25
PCN: (40 + 2D10) or 55
PER: (30 + 2D10) or 45
STA: (70 + 2D10) or 85 [x 1/3*]
STR: (100 + 2D10) or 115
WPR: (50 + 2D10) or 65
EWS: (80 + 2D10) or 95
ATT: 1; (65 + 2D10) or 80

SR: 0 / 5**

WB: 50

Fear: -20 / -30**

MV: 30' / 175' (L); 90' / 30' (W)**

Type: Independent, Servitor

Class: C

Disciplines:

75/90/110 Wound

85/100/120 Haywire, Raise Winds

68/83/103 Confuse, Influence

65/80/100 Putrefied Shell

Automatic Unique Change Self, Empathy,
Telepathy

*In bear form only.

**The figure before the slash refers to the creature in seal form; the figure after the slash refers to the creature in bear form.

In its natural form, a Swile appears as a huge bear-like creature. Its coat is white and soft like the pelt of a baby whitecoat seal. It has small red-rimmed eyes, in which the spark of intelligence burns, and canine teeth that extend beyond the lips even when its mouth is shut.

The creature can automatically Change Self into a second form, a baby seal with a human face. This change is instantaneous and costs the creature only 1 point of Current Willpower.

Contrary to certain popular legends, the Swile can't take on the face of a particular person. Its human face is generic and undifferentiated, without character or distinguishing features. In viewing conditions that aren't ideal and when the viewer is under stress, a viewer's mind might play tricks on him, making him believe that the Swile's face resembles someone he knows.

Swiles live on the Arctic ice cap. Nobody knows exactly how many of the creatures there are; estimates range from dozens to thousands. They are ferocious predators with no natural enemies. No creature of the Arctic could stand up to a Swile in bear form. The creatures are highly intelligent and know that mankind poses a serious risk to them. Thus, they only rarely attack humans openly and then only when they're sure that the humans are insufficiently armed (CM discretion). Usually, however, the creatures use guile to lead potential victims away from their fellows, to places where the creatures can kill and eat them without risk of interference.

Swiles fared very well during the decades when the annual seal hunt took place. Each year, they used their Evil Way Disciplines and their deceptively harmless appearance (in seal form, that is) to lure sealers away from their fellows. Encounters with Swiles were the basis for the old sealers' legend that the souls of men who died on the ice went into the bodies of whitecoats. The Swiles seemed to understand this and sometimes consciously reinforced this belief. The creatures sometimes used their automatic Telepathy to warn sealers of real dangers, so that the men could return and

spread the superstition further. In most cases, though, the Swiles used Telepathy to lure believing sealers to their deaths. Swiles are capable of human speech and often use their Throw Voice Discipline to lead victims astray.

Since the outlawing of the hunt, Swiles have had to find other sources of food. Certainly, the annual pilgrimages to the ice made by environmentalists, naturalists, and other scientists supply the creatures with some food, but the Swiles have had to subsist mainly on real seals, bears, and other mammals unfortunate enough to enter their territory.

Swiles are fully corporeal creatures and need to eat flesh to stay alive, perhaps 20 pounds of flesh a day for an adult Swile. Their food of preference is human flesh, but they can subsist on other mammals and even fish. They don't like it, however.

Swiles reproduce like regular mammals. Females bear one offspring a year after a gestation period of four months. Offspring grow fast, attaining adult size in only six months. They achieve sexual maturity in one year. Some SAVE biologists believe that Swiles have a natural life span of 35 years or so, although there is precious little evidence to back up this estimate. Adult Swiles are generally solitary hunters, congregating only once a year to mate. Young Swiles stay with their mothers until they are full-grown.

Swiles take normal armed and unarmed combat damage. If a Swile is rendered unconscious in combat, it immediately reverts to its bear form; if killed, it also reverts to bear form, then the bear corpse melts like ice into a puddle of foul-smelling water. This water is poisonous, equal to Strength 80 poison.





Items

As with locations, there are two distinct types of items of interest to SAVE and its envoys. The first items are objects of power. These items have some kind of innate power, some ability to increase or change the flow of otherworldly energy that drives the Art and the Evil Way.

Objects of Power

Objects of power can augment discipline use and can grant the use of disciplines to those who couldn't otherwise use them, among other potential effects.

Focuses of the Unknown are quite different and are analogous to Sites of Power (see pp. 44-49). These items somehow alter the flow of otherworldly energy without increasing it and can weaken or even sometimes rip asunder the veil that separates the Known world from the Unknown.

In general, when an object of power operates, a character has the chance to detect its operation using the Sensing the Unknown Discipline. This isn't the case with focuses of the Unknown, however. Since they add nothing to the flow of otherworldly energy, there is little or nothing for the Sensing the Unknown Discipline to detect. There are exceptions to both of these statements, of course; refer to the descriptions of individual items.

Hands

"'Bayou magic? Yeah, right.' That's what I always thought, you know? But my gran'ther, he was real deep into that stuff. Made poultices, made love charms. Made these little bitty things he called 'Hands.' Little squares of sewn cloth, stuffed chock full of herbs and junk. People paid him big money for those Hands. Me, he gave me one, told me to carry it with me wherever I went, for good luck. Well, I kind of liked the smell, so I put it on a string and wore it round my neck. Still there.

"Didn't believe none of that magic stuff, of course. Not until that ghost tried to come for me two weeks back. Least ways, I thought it was a ghost. I like to just stood there frozen, while the thing came towards me. I couldn't move, even though my mind was screaming at my body to get the hell out of there. The ghost was right in front of me, reaching out for me, when I remembered the Hand.

"I grabbed it, and I remember praying—I don't rightly know to what or to who—that it would save me.

"It was like flicking a switch. All of a sudden, like, I could move again. And move I did. Dead run, didn't look back, didn't stop till I was miles away from that place."

*SAVE New Orleans debriefing: John Etoille
July 22, 1990*

As described by John Etoille, a Hand is a small pouch of cloth, often velvet or felt, filled with various herbs, dried leaves, flowers, and so forth, then sewn shut. Hands are usually a little more than an inch square, about the size of a matchbook.

Hands come from an old mystical tradition of Arcadian "hedge magic" or "bayou magic." The only known place this tradition is still practiced is on the bayous of Louisiana. The old folks of the bayou have kept the tradition alive thus far, but very few members of later generations have any interest in it. Some sociologists predict that the death of the older generation of bayou Cajuns will spell the disappearance of this tradition forever.

Belief in bayou magic is fairly common in the bayous. Perhaps one out of 50 of the oldest generation of Cajuns attempts to practice the tradition. Very few of these practitioners, probably no more than a dozen in the entire world, can actually produce Hands that work, however.

Those who practice it believe that the creation of Hands is actually magic. SAVE theorists disagree. Most SAVE specialists believe that there's something about the contents and form of a Hand that can summon, focus, and direct the flow of otherworldly energy that drives the Art and the Evil Way. Some don't even accept this and believe that Hands are merely placebos, powerless symbols that allow people to focus their own, unconscious use of the Art. Whatever the truth of the matter, Hands seem to work.

To use a Hand, a character must grasp the small cloth pouch in his fist and focus all of his attention on it. The character must then make a General Luck or Personality Check, whichever is higher. If the check is successful, the Hand creates a Mental Shield (described on p. 40 of the *Chill* hardcover), centered on itself. This Mental Shield has a radius of 10 feet and lasts 1D10 minutes. The person using the Hand doesn't have to be able to use the normal version of the Mental Shield Discipline or be able to use the Art. A Hand-created Mental Shield costs the person no Current Willpower. A single Hand can be used only once in any 24-hour period. Subsequent attempts within 24 hours automatically fail.

Very few Cajuns know how to make a Hand that actually works. Even for these people, the process is hit-or-miss, and the chance that a particular Hand will be effective is extremely low. While unscrupulous fakers make Hands and sell them to the gullible, the true practitioners are very quiet about their abilities. They give Hands only to family members, their closest friends, or others whom they trust completely. Many people in the bayous wear Hands on cords around their necks; perhaps one in 1,000 of these Hands is actually effective. It should be very difficult, if not impossible, for a PC to acquire a Hand that works. Hands that don't work are much easier to acquire, of course.

When a Hand is operating, the altered flow of energy can be detected by the Sensing the Unknown Discipline. An inactive Hand can't be detected by that discipline.

Miter Crystal

I admit that I could see no reason for my father to list the crystal so specifically in his will. It had no unusual beauty—although I must say it did sometimes catch the firelight well—and several jewelers judged it to be virtually worthless. But it was a bequest, after all, so I took it with me from the house of the executor. I set it on the table beside my bed and determined to use it as a paperweight.

Perhaps it was purely coincidence, but the night after the reading of the will—and, to be truthful, every night thereafter—I was tortured by confusing dreams. At first, I ascribed the dreams to emotional distress over the death of my father. But when events in waking life began to echo, in some strange way, the events of my dreams, I was forced to re-examine this assumption.

*From the journal of Zebediah Washington
March 22, 1903*

A Miter Crystal appears to be a simple crystal of quartz, roughly the shape of a bishop's miter (hence its name). Miter Crystals range from almost perfectly transparent and colorless to milky white and translucent. Some rare Crystals take on a honey-gold tinge. Miter Crystals range in size from as small as the first joint of a man's little finger, to almost as big as a clenched fist.

SAVE chemists have analyzed Miter Crystals and found them to be simple quartz—silicon dioxide, SiO_2 —with traces of other elements such as selenium, manganese, and copper. From the standpoint of physical chemistry, there is absolutely no indication of why these Crystals have the powers that they undeniably do.

A Miter Crystal has the power to enhance the use of certain Disciplines of the Art and the Evil Way. While a character has

a Miter Crystal on his person, his chance of performing any Communicative Discipline is increased by 3D10%. This bonus is re-rolled each time the character tries to use a new discipline. The bonus is lost instantly if the Miter Crystal is removed from the character's person. This bonus also applies to creatures that can use Communicative Disciplines.

In addition, a character with a Miter Crystal on his person gains a bonus of 10 to his Luck Score. Again, this bonus vanishes instantly if the character no longer has the Crystal on his person. Since only PCs have the Luck Score, this benefit of the Crystal doesn't apply to NPCs or creatures.

Miter Crystals have an additional power that can benefit any character, PC or NPC, who has a Perception Score of 40 or more. If such a character sleeps within five feet of a Miter Crystal, there is a base chance of 10% each night that the character experiences a Prescient/Clairvoyant Dream whether or not that character can normally use that discipline. This base chance can be modified by the CM in either direction. Remember that on a night when a character has a Prescient/Clairvoyant Dream, he doesn't regenerate Current Willpower.

Finally, Miter Crystals can be incorporated into weapons that are particularly effective against creatures of the Unknown. A Miter Crystal can be incorporated into virtually any melee weapon, mounted in the pommel of a dagger, for example. If a creature is reduced to zero Current Stamina by a weapon that incorporates a Miter Crystal, the creature is instantly and permanently banished to the Unknown. Most of the Stamina loss can be caused by other means as long as the weapon incorporating the Crystal delivers the final blow. This is only relevant in the case of creatures that suffer Stamina loss from physical attacks. Even with this restriction, it's obvious that a weapon incorporating a Miter Crystal is a valuable tool for an envoy.

There is a drawback, however. Whenever a weapon incorporating a Miter Crystal destroys a creature with an Evil Way Score of 100 or more, there is a 30% chance that the Miter Crystal will absorb a portion of the creature's life-force. This turns the Miter Crystal into a totally different kind of item: a Soul Stone (described later in this chapter).

Miter Crystals are very rare. Nobody knows exactly how they come into existence. Obviously, only a minuscule percentage of quartz crystals are Miter Crystals. It appears to be impossible to synthesize a Miter Crystal. The few specimens that SAVE has been able to examine have been found incorporated into good luck charms or, in one case, the crown jewels of a family of European nobility. Obviously, the people who incorporated the Crystals into these items recognized that they had potentially beneficial powers.

So far, the only way known to SAVE to identify a Miter Crystal is through Prescient/Clairvoyant Dreams. Miter Crystals can only rarely be detected by the standard Sensing the Unknown Discipline.

Focuses of the Unknown

Focus Crystal

I must admit it. Pride was a major factor for me. I attributed it solely to my own abilities and potential that I could so quickly outstrip the master who instructed me in the use of the Art. Abilities that had taken him years of toil to learn and perfect. I seemed to take to immediately. There was no sense of struggle; it was almost as if I were coming home to something familiar.

There were some disciplines for which I showed no such aptitude, however. It has only been later, after my loss, that I recognized that the disciplines at which I excelled all belonged to one school. At all other disciplines I was clumsy and slow and showed no aptitude whatsoever.

It is hard to admit it, even in my journal, but admit it I must. The aptitude I showed for those disciplines was not truly mine. It came not from within me but somehow from the amethyst ring I had acquired in Memphis. The ring that I lost 17 years ago and that haunts my dreams to this very day.

*From the journal of Jeremy Hart
December 12, 1900*

A Focus Crystal is a particular type of amethyst that is somehow attuned to the energy flow that drives both the Art and the Evil Way. Focus Crystals are visually indistinguishable from normal amethysts, ranging in color from light violet to deep purple and varying widely in size.

Normal amethyst is crystalline quartz, mainly silicon dioxide (SiO_2), containing various impurities that give the stone its color. SAVE chemists have found no significant differences in chemical composition between normal amethysts and Focus Crystals except that some Focus Crystals have a marginally higher concentration of manganese and copper. No theories adequately explain how such minor variations in composition can cause a Focus Crystal's strong attunement to otherworldly energy, however, and many researchers believe that these variations are in fact meaningless.

Whatever the cause, Focus Crystals have certain powers and characteristics that make them valuable, and dangerous, to SAVE envoys. The most beneficial power of a Focus Crystal is its ability to focus and enhance the energy flow that drives disciplines.

Before a Focus Crystal can be used in this way, it must be attuned to a particular School of the Art (or of the Evil Way) and to the user (and vice versa). For the attunement to work, the Crystal must be in physical contact with the skin of the character (or creature). The character must then use any discipline belonging to the school to which the Crystal is to be attuned. Once a Crystal has been attuned to a particular school, it can never be attuned to another school.

It can be used by any other character or creature who can use disciplines of that school, however (with certain constraints, as discussed later).

In most cases, attunement of a virgin crystal is accidental. A character acquires a Focus Crystal, often incorporated into a piece of jewelry, and wears it on his person. The first time that character uses a discipline, the Crystal becomes attuned to that particular school, and the Crystal and user become attuned to each other.

An attuned Crystal increases the user's Target# by 25% for any discipline of the school to which the Crystal is attuned. It has no effect on the use of disciplines that belong to other schools.

There are some significant disadvantages to using a Focus Crystal, as well, because attunement is a two-way process. While he has the Crystal on his person, the user gains a bonus of +25% when using disciplines of the appropriate school. If he tries to use such a discipline when the Crystal isn't in contact with him, he suffers a penalty of -25% to his Target#. This might make it impossible for the character to use certain disciplines. The character shouldn't know this immediately, however, nor automatically understand what the source of the problem is. This penalty continues until either he returns the Crystal to his person or the Crystal is destroyed. A person who is attuned to one Focus Crystal cannot attune or become attuned to another unless the original Crystal is destroyed.

Another disadvantage is that anyone attuned to a Focus Crystal becomes emotionally attached to that Crystal. Over a period of months or years, he becomes very protective of the Crystal, whether he knows of its powers or not. He becomes unwilling to let the Crystal leave his person or even to let others look at it. If he loses the Crystal, for whatever reason, his sleep is troubled with dreams of the Crystal for as long as the item continues to exist. These dreams are so intense as to make it more difficult to regenerate lost Willpower through sleep. Each time the character sleeps, roll 1D10 for the number of points of Willpower regenerated, but subtract 4. Treat negative numbers as 0. For example, BB and Nels have both become attuned to a Focus Crystal, which is now missing. Both sleep, trying to regenerate lost Willpower. BB's player rolls 1D10 and gets 6. BB regenerates only 2 points of Current Willpower ($6 - 4 = 2$). Nels' player is less lucky: he rolls a 3. Nels regains no Willpower whatsoever from his sleep ($3 - 4 = -1$, which is treated as 0).

Once a Focus Crystal has been attuned to a particular school, that can't be changed. A single Crystal can become attuned to more than one character, however. Take the case of a Crystal attuned to the Communicative School. Its original owner has lost the Crystal, and an envoy has picked it up, keeping it on his person. The first time the envoy uses a Communicative Discipline, he becomes attuned to the

Crystal and vice versa. He gains the same benefits and suffers the same penalties as the original owner of the Crystal. Both the original and the new owner are free of the Crystal's influence only when the Crystal is destroyed. There is no limit to the number of people (and/or creatures) that can be attuned to a single Crystal.

The Sensing the Unknown Discipline can't detect the nature of a Focus Crystal except when the Crystal is altering the energy flow of a discipline of the school to which it is attuned. For example, if a character possesses a Crystal attuned to the Protective School and is currently using Mental Shield, another character who is simultaneously using Sensing the Unknown senses two things: first, the energy flow of the discipline itself; and second, the altered energy flow through the Focus Crystal. This might be enough to clue the second character in to the true nature of the Focus Crystal.

Soul Stone

It was purely fate that allowed me to realize that the crystal, the one that had saved my life no more than a year ago, was now the very thing that was bringing doom and destruction down on me and my family. Realization struck me at the last possible moment. My strength was failing me, and the hideous creature that pursued me was drawing closer. I could feel its pestilential breath on my heels, and its gibbering and chuckling filled my ears.

Its claws were about to close on me when I drew the crystal from my pocket and shattered it under my heel. I can still remember the creature's screams as it was hurled back into the Void.

*From the journal of Zebediah Washington
August 3, 1905*

As described earlier, sometimes when a Miter Crystal is incorporated into a weapon that destroys a powerful creature of the Unknown, the Crystal absorbs a portion of that creature's life-force. Such a Crystal is known as a Soul Stone and has completely different characteristics and powers.

A Soul Stone is physically indistinguishable from a Miter Crystal. No physical test can determine whether the transition has occurred; the Sensing the Unknown Discipline is equally useless at detecting the change. Sometimes a Prescient/Clairvoyant Dream will indicate that the change has occurred, but this is far from certain.

A character who has a Soul Stone on his person suffers a number of detrimental effects. Firstly, the character can use additional points of Current Willpower in an attempt to increase the chance of successfully using a discipline, but these additional points do not actually increase the chance. You, as CM, should keep this ugly truth secret from the

character's player, of course. For example, an envoy is in a tight spot and wants to use her Telepathic Sending Discipline to call for help. Her base chance to use the discipline is 57. She decides to spend 10 points of Current Willpower in an attempt to raise her Target# to 67. Because she has a Soul Stone on her person, however, spending the points of Current Willpower gives her no benefit whatsoever. Although she may believe her Target# to be 67, it is actually still only 57.

A character also suffers a -10 penalty to his Luck Score while he has the Soul Stone on his person.

A more significant effect is that the Soul Stone weakens the veil between the Known world and the Unknown. This both attracts the attention of creatures of the Unknown and makes it easier for them to enter the Known world. While a character possesses a Soul Stone, he is harassed by an abnormal level of evil activity. There's no game mechanic for this. You, as CM, should remember this, however, and make sure the character gets much more than his fair share of action from the Unknown. If a Soul Stone is just lying around, the region around it suffers a great deal of attention from the Unknown.

Creatures of the Unknown with an Evil Way Score of 100 or more can sense the existence of a Soul Stone at great distances. If such a creature sees a character who possesses a Soul Stone, the CM can immediately make a die roll for the creature to attempt to Hound that character. This is true even if the creature normally doesn't possess the Hound Discipline. The chance of success for this discipline is the creature's (EWS + PER) ÷ 2, rather than by 3. The Willpower cost for this action is only 25, rather than the normal 50. This is a consequence of the power of the Soul Stone itself.

A character can gain one major benefit from possessing a Soul Stone. If the Stone is destroyed, it releases a burst of otherworldly energy that automatically banishes any creature with an EWS of 100 or more to the Unknown for a duration of 1D10 years. The range of this effect is 500 feet and isn't limited by line of sight. If a creature so banished can use the Chill Discipline, it triggers this discipline as it is hurled back into the Unknown.

Destroying a Soul Stone has no effect whatsoever on creatures with Evil Way Scores of less than 100.

Though able to sense the location of a Soul Stone whether or not it's in the possession of a character, creatures with an EWS of 100 or more cannot touch, move, or otherwise manipulate a Soul Stone. Thus, they can't hide the Stone somewhere safe. They can, of course, try to prevent anyone from destroying the Stone. Less-powerful creatures are indifferent to the fate of a Soul Stone, since its destruction won't affect them.

Destroying a Soul Stone is a simple task. The Stone is brittle enough that it can be crushed beneath the heel of a shoe or shattered by any solid blow from a hard object.



Once Bitten . . .

The moon rides high in the sky, a ghostly galleon sets sail upon waves of cloud. The land below is dark, rolling hills covered with thick, old-growth timber. To a logger, the woods of northwest Oregon could just as well be paradise.

But now paradise has turned to purgatory for the men working at the Ladner Lumber sawmill near the town of McIver, Oregon. Death walks the mill floor, and each sunset is a portent of new horrors to come.

Welcome to *Once Bitten*. If you plan to play in this scenario, read no further. If you plan to be the Chill Master (CM) and guide your players into horror, you may continue, but you do so at your own risk.

Once Bitten depends heavily on role-playing and character interaction for its mystery. This scenario includes a number of different characters, all important to the storyline and each having his own motivations. As CM, you should take the time to get to know the major NPCs so you'll know how to role-play them when the PCs meet and interact with them.

Location

McIver is a town of 1,500 people located in northern Oregon. It's on the Clackamas River, about 4 miles southeast of the North Fork Dam and right on the western edge of the Mount Hood National Forest. The nearest big city is Portland, which is about 30 miles to the northwest.

McIver is on a narrow, two-lane road that is rarely used by anything except logging trucks. In fact, McIver exists solely to support the logging industry, specifically the local sawmill run by a company called Ladner Lumber Inc.

On the map, McIver isn't far-removed from civilization. The emotional reality is quite different, however. The road to McIver is little more than a logging road and doesn't even appear on some maps. The only people who use it are people who live or work in the town. Thus, there is almost no cultural cross-pollination between McIver and the rest of the world. Although Portland, a good-sized city, is less than an hour's drive away, most McIverites have never been there and have no desire to go. The town could hardly be more isolated, emotionally and intellectually, if it were on the far side of the moon.

Plot Synopsis

There are actually two interlocking stories that are responsible for the problems in McIver. This section chronologically describes the background information of these two major stories.

The town of McIver isn't the best place for kids to grow up. For one thing, they're absolutely guaranteed to pick up the same introverted, xenophobic attitude as the rest of the town. For another, there's nothing for them to do. Considering these two points, it's little surprise that a high percentage of McIver's kids go bad.

Of course, going bad in McIver isn't the same as it is in a big city. There are no drugs, there's little crime, and there are no dangerous gangs. About the only things the bad kids can do are drink, skip school, and perform acts of petty vandalism.

Currently, there are six bad kids in McIver, and they've formed a kind of gang, called the Bunkhouse Boys after their hangout, an old bunkhouse behind the Ladner mill that's now used as a storage area. The Bunkhouse Boys range in age from 14 to 17.

Their leader is a 17-year-old named Jimmy Bartholomew Jr., son of the Rev. James Bartholomew from McIver's Baptist church. Up until six months ago, Jimmy and the Bunkhouse Boys hadn't done anything particularly out of the ordinary. Sure, on Saturday nights they'd steal booze from their fathers' liquor cabinets or con someone over 21 into buying them beer, and they'd get tanked up in their bunkhouse retreat. And sure, they'd occasionally hide in the bushes to watch the nightly show put on by Marge Whelan, a 25-year-old waitress with a habit of undressing for bed with her bedroom curtains open. But apart from that, the Bunkhouse Boys hadn't done anything really memorable.

That changed six months ago, when Jimmy Bartholomew saw a TV show about "the rising tide of satanism threatening the bedrock of this country." This show described the "blasphemous" actions of a group of satanists in some small Midwestern town. According to the show, these demon-worshipers had performed their "godless ceremonies" in the local church, had sacrificed several cats on the altar, and had scrawled "cabalistic and profane" symbols on the church walls.

All this really got Jimmy Bartholomew's attention, so much so that he arranged to tape the show when it was replayed the next night on another channel. After he'd reviewed the tape a couple of times, he presented a new idea to the rest of the Bunkhouse Boys. How would it be, he asked, if McIver got itself its own group of satanists?

At first the rest of the Boys thought their leader was crazy. Then they started to come around to his point of view. None of the Boys believed in satanism, or wanted to believe in it, or even thought of it as anything more than purest garbage. But that didn't matter one whit. All that mattered was that there'd be some people in McIver who would believe it.

Jimmy's plan was simple. The Bunkhouse Boys would start manufacturing evidence around McIver that would lead people to believe that an active cabal of satanists was operating in the small town. Even though most people probably wouldn't believe it, it would certainly put a major scare into some folks, and that in itself would make the whole thing worth the effort.



The group started off slowly, believing that a progression of steadily worsening occurrences would be the scariest. Their first move took place six months ago when they broke into Rev. Bartholomew's church and the other three churches in McIver and inverted all the crosses and crucifixes mounted on the walls.

Nobody paid much attention. The only person to mention it even peripherally was Rev. Bartholomew himself, who included in his sermon the next Sunday an exhortation to "keep to the paths of righteousness and not be led astray by the artifices of the deceiver."

The Boys' next move was to modify the messages on the noticeboards outside the town's churches. They changed Biblical quotations and "feel-good messages" like "God is watching over you" to such phrases as "Satan Lives!" and "To Hell with McIver."

This attracted more attention, if only for a couple of days. Some of the more-religious types in town began to fear a "satanist conspiracy," but the more level-headed townsfolk considered it to be a grotesque practical joke, particularly when Police Chief John Stone announced that he knew who did it but didn't have enough proof to run them in. The only person who really took it seriously was Rev. Bartholomew, who started pounding on the topic of "rampant satanism" in his weekly sermons.

The Bunkhouse Boys focused their attention on Jimmy's father's church, since the elder Bartholomew was paying much more attention to the gang than anyone else. Late one Saturday night, they entered the church and scrawled cabalistic and satanic symbols on the walls using beef blood (stolen from the local butcher shop). While the other Boys used their imaginations when it came to creating satanic symbols, Jimmy based his on what he remembered seeing on the television show. As things turned out, his memory proved very accurate, too accurate in fact.

Rev. Bartholomew's reaction the next morning was all the Bunkhouse Boys could have hoped for. He started ranting and raving like a lunatic, claiming that satanists were threatening his flock and the whole of McIver. He announced that he would be holding a public exorcism to expel the evil spirits from his church. He backed down only after Chief Stone had a long, calming talk with him. Even though he agreed not to hold the exorcism, Rev. Bartholomew demanded that Stone get to work and find the demon-worshippers who were drawing the wrath of God down upon McIver.

No dummy, Chief Stone knew who was behind the satanic graffiti. He called the members of the Bunkhouse Boys to the station and told them in no uncertain terms to stop this nonsense. But the Boys just rolled their big, innocent eyes and claimed no knowledge whatsoever of anything that

had happened. Stone had no proof and had to let the Boys go.

Nothing new happened for the next month, at least, nothing so far as the satanists went. Jimmy Bartholomew, however, began to change. He'd always been what the older townsfolk called a troubled youth, but there was no real evil in his soul. He was just a kid with energy enough to light up a city and nowhere to let that energy out. That, of course, might describe most 17-year-olds in small towns. Now, however, people noticed a change. Jimmy became more surly and introspective and started staying out all night once or twice a week.

Different groups of townsfolk had differing opinions on the reason for this, of course. The "rational" group, which included Police Chief Stone, figured that Jimmy was just feeling trapped in McIver and that he'd end up running away soon enough. Another group, almost as large, concluded that either Jimmy had a secret girlfriend but was having a rocky relationship or that he had found a source of drugs. The smallest group, led by Rev. Bartholomew, announced that Jimmy's actions were simply a symptom of the "spiritual blight" brought upon McIver by the satanists, who Chief Stone still hadn't caught.

The other members of the Bunkhouse Boys knew a little more about Jimmy, but of course they weren't telling. They knew for sure that there were no satanists and that Jimmy didn't have a girlfriend, and they were pretty sure that he wasn't into drugs. They didn't know where he spent those nights when he didn't come home, however.

Since the night of the last raid, the Boys haven't been spending much time with Jimmy. They find his dark, introspective mood, interspersed with flashes of feral energy, to be very uncomfortable to be around. The youngest of the Boys, named Cal Geuvrement, claims to have seen Jimmy walking in the woods that surround McIver, accompanied by a large wolf-like dog. Although Cal hasn't told this to the other Boys, he's pretty sure that Jimmy was talking to the dog.

It was about a month after the last raid that Jimmy came back to the Boys with an idea for another practical joke on the town. The other Boys met Jimmy in their old bunkroom hide-out, and they immediately noticed a significant change in their friend. His skin was pale, and his eyes were sunken but burning with a savage light. He was so full of energy that he seemed to vibrate, incapable of remaining still for more than seconds at a time.

This new prank would really stir things up in the town, Jimmy told them. No matter how hard they pressed him, he refused to give them any details. He just demanded that they meet him outside his father's church at two o'clock the next morning. As they were leaving, Cal begged Jimmy to give them all a little more information. Jimmy just gave them a

manic smile and asked, "Any of you guys read *Dracula*?"

The Boys didn't want to go along with Jimmy this time. But they were all sworn members of the Bunkhouse Boys, after all, and they'd always found it difficult to resist Jimmy's driving personality. Thus they found themselves behind the McIver Baptist Church, on a cold and cloudy night, wishing they were somewhere else—anywhere else.

Jimmy was late. When he arrived, he was carrying a bundle in a burlap sack. Using a key that Jimmy had stolen from his father's desk, they entered the church. Jimmy went straight to the altar and dumped out what was in the sack.

The boys recognized it at once. It was a cocker spaniel named Sandy that belonged to Police Chief Stone, and it was very dead. In fact, the body of the dog had been drained of blood through two holes in its throat. Jimmy enjoyed the horrified reactions of his buddies for a few moments, then explained how he'd poisoned the dog, then drained it of blood after it was dead, punching the holes in its throat with a carpenter's awl. "Tell me," he asked his friends, "what did you think when you saw the dog?" The expressions on their faces were all the answers he needed.

The next day, when Sandy was discovered, the uproar matched Jimmy's expectations. The fanatic group immediately decided that the group of satanists had somehow conjured a vampire to torment the town. The realist group and the "girl/drugs" faction agreed on one thing: this time Jimmy Bartholomew had gone too far. Chief Stone went over to the Bartholomew home to arrest Jimmy—evidence be damned. Like many outwardly tough men, John Stone had a sentimental heart and had loved his spaniel. When he got there, though, he found that the boy was missing. Jimmy Bartholomew was never seen in McIver again. Predictably, the two groups interpreted this differently. Rev. Bartholomew's faction suspected that the vampire had killed Jimmy, while Stone's group figured the boy had simply skipped town.

Of all the townsfolk, only Cal Geuvrement has seen Jimmy since that night, and he hasn't told anyone about it. One night, Cal was sure he saw Jimmy watching him from the forest, the feral dog at his side. Though Cal has not told anyone exactly what he has seen, he has been having nightmares, understandably enough. He has shared these nightmares with his friend and "big sister" figure, Lucy Kobayashi, the attractive town librarian. Cal has had a secret crush on Lucy and likes to talk to her, though he has not betrayed his gang.

Lucy once had a brush with the Unknown and knows of the existence of SAVE. As a newcomer to McIver, she did not want to anger the townsfolk by calling in outsiders but she suspected the Unknown was at work in Cal's dreams. This is

why she wrote the anonymous letter to SAVE Portland.

The Bunkhouse Boys have unofficially disbanded their group. Individually, they think that Jimmy Bartholomew might be holing up in their old hide-out, but none of them is going to say this to the others. Nobody has visited the old bunkhouse, just in case they're right and Jimmy is there. The Bunkhouse Boys would be just as glad to forget about Jimmy Bartholomew.

Unfortunately, Jimmy isn't letting that happen. There have been more vampiric incidents recently. Another three dogs and four cats have been found, dead and drained of blood through two punctures in their throats. A little more than a week ago, a deer was found, killed in the same manner and dumped on Police Chief Stone's front porch. This last one has given the realist group some pause. The deer wasn't shot and it wasn't poisoned. To all appearances, its death was due to massive blood loss. How, the realists have been forced to ask, could Jimmy Bartholomew have captured the deer without leaving any marks on its body. The vampire contingent has no difficulties explaining it, of course: creatures of darkness like vampires have unholy powers that allow them to do things beyond the abilities of God-fearing mortals.

So far, the vampire hasn't claimed a single human victim, but Rev. Bartholomew's followers think this is only a matter of time. Anytime somebody is late for work or an appointment, there's always the tinge of fear that the vampire has got him. There's been a great run on Bibles, crucifixes, mirrors, wooden tent pegs, and garlic in McIver, as the vampire contingent has stocked up with anti-vampire gear. Truth be told, quite a few members of the realist faction have also begun smearing garlic around their doors and windows and being very careful about whom they invite into their homes.

Involvement of the Unknown

As mentioned earlier, when Jimmy Bartholomew reproduced the satanic symbols he'd seen on television, he was a little too accurate for his own good. The symbols were actually part of an Evil Way Discipline designed to summon a Ccoa from the Unknown and bind it to service. Unfortunately for Jimmy and for McIver, he copied only some of the symbols. The arcane formula called a Ccoa to the Known world but put no constraints or controls on its actions. Free in the Known world, the Ccoa is gleefully orchestrating the destruction of McIver. The Ccoa is currently in the form of the feral-looking dog that almost always accompanies Jimmy.

Immediately on its arrival, the Ccoa recruited Jimmy to its service by using its Influence Discipline. The unfortunate youth currently has a Brain Worm living inside his skull and is totally under the control of the Ccoa.

Ccoa

AGL: 40
 DEX: N/A
 PCN: 90
 PER: N/A
 STA: 65 [x 10]
 STR: 15
 WPR: 70
 EWS: 125
 ATT: 1; 35 or disciplines
 SR: 0
 WB: 4
 Fear: -30 only if recognized; otherwise 0
 MV 75' (I); or 125' (L); 5' (W)
 Type: Master
 Class: I, C
 Disciplines:
 93 Evil Eye
 96 Change Temperature, Change Weather, Unique
 Hail, Rain
 85 Influence
 85 Telekinesis
 Automatic Change Self

Subplot Synopsis

Unfortunately for McIver, there are more evil influences at work than the Ccoa.

Up until two months ago, the best-known and best-liked employee at the Ladner mill was a machinist named Jacques Lanier. Jacques was a tall, muscled, and roguishly handsome man with a French Canadian accent that many local women found fascinating. Jacques was also a very charming smooth talker and was never in need of feminine company.

In anyone else, this combination of charm, good looks, and sexual achievement would have earned the enmity of just about every man in McIver. But Jacques came across as such a nice person, open and friendly, that nobody could bring himself to dislike him.

Jacques' boss at the mill, the engineering maintenance supervisor, was a man named Mark Girard. Girard is in his mid-40s and a workaholic, spending most of his time at the mill. He came to McIver a couple of years ago because the job of maintenance supervisor was a good step on his career path. With him he brought his new wife, Holly.

Holly is in her early 20s and full of energy. For her, moving from her home in Los Angeles to dancing downtown

McIver was like going to jail. She loved her husband and enjoyed his company but got less and less of that as he became more engrossed in his new job. She tried to get involved in community activity but found the people of McIver closed, and sometimes openly snobbish, toward a city slicker like her. She started to drink a little too much and have dreams of some kind of adventure.

What happened next was inevitable: Holly Girard had an affair. The only unusual factor was the other participant: Jimmy Bartholomew. At 17, Jimmy was maybe 5 years younger than Holly, but she found that he had a rough charm and a sensuality much more mature than his years. The Ccoa instilled these qualities in Jimmy, using its Influence Discipline via the Brain Worm in Jimmy's head. The affair lasted for several weeks, and Holly was happier than she'd been since she'd arrived in McIver. She felt guilt, of course, but the excitement of doing something illicit completely outweighed the guilt.

Mark Girard was no dummy, of course. Even all the time he spent at the mill didn't prevent him from seeing the changes in his wife. He quickly put two and two together. One night he confronted his wife: was she having an affair? Holly denied it, but Girard could tell she was lying. He thought for a moment about potential correspondents and immediately came up with Jacques Lanier. Flat-out, he asked Holly if she was sleeping with Jacques. Holly denied it, but Girard knew she'd lied to him once and didn't hear the truth in her voice this time.

Mark Girard was a persuasive man, very good at convincing people, including himself, of the truth of a proposition. Girard loved his wife and couldn't bring himself to believe that she was purposely cuckolding him. The only possible alternative, then, was that Jacques Lanier had somehow brainwashed the woman and led her astray. Over a period of weeks, hatred for Jacques grew in Girard's breast. Then, Mark Girard discovered that he was a jealous man—jealous enough to kill. Very quietly and efficiently, Girard decided that he was going to kill Jacques Lanier.

The murder wasn't difficult to arrange. The mill had been shut down for repairs for the last several days. The equipment was scheduled to start up again the next morning at 7 a.m., so the entire staff had taken the night off to relax. Nobody was present on the site. After midnight, Girard went to Jacques' home, a trailer just outside the mill site, and told him that a fault had been found in the trimmer saw assembly. It had to be fixed immediately, or the mill couldn't be re-started in the morning. This type of emergency repair wasn't uncommon and was the kind of job that Jacques particularly enjoyed. Without doubt or second thoughts, he accompanied Girard to the mill.

The problem with the trimmer saw assembly, Girard explained to Jacques, was deep in the heart of the large

machine. Apparently a sprocket was out of alignment. Adjusting it would be an easy task for a skilled machinist like Jacques, but it would involve reaching into the depths of the unit with both arms. Carefully, Jacques made sure that the machine was turned off and that there was no chance it might accidentally start up. Then he got to work.

Girard waited until Jacques was engrossed in his job, then he turned on the large machine. With his arms deep in the mechanism, Jacques didn't have a chance. The great machine tore his arms from their sockets. As Jacques lay screaming, his life pumping from his broken body, Girard changed the settings on the control panel. The supervisor then wiped his fingerprints from everything he'd touched and left the mill. He returned home and gave his wife some excuse about having to help a drunken man home from the bar. "To protect that man's reputation," Girard said, he was pretending that the event never happened. Could Holly back him on that, by telling people that Girard had stayed at home with her all that night?

Holly agreed readily—too readily, but Girard was too stressed to notice. The reason why Holly had been so quick to agree was that she was guilty. She'd seen her husband head for the mill earlier in the evening and knew from experience that meant he'd be gone for a couple of hours. She took the opportunity to meet Jimmy Bartholomew for some quick diversion.

The morning shift found the dead Jacques Lanier lying beside the trimmer saw assembly. There was a coroner's inquest, of course, but Girard had taken precautions to make sure the coroner didn't implicate him. The way it looked was that Jacques had entered the mill alone, intending to do some final maintenance on the trimmer saw. He'd been careless when it came to making sure the big machine was safely turned off, however. Instead of turning the power off completely, he'd accidentally put the machine into standby mode. Then, while he was working on the device, the machine had spontaneously switched itself from standby to full operation. This wasn't an unheard-of occurrence with the out-of-date control equipment used in the mill.

Holly Girard had abided by her agreement and had told Chief Stone that Mark was with her all that night. She didn't know who Jacques Lanier was and had all but forgotten her husband's accusation that she was seeing the machinist. Over time, however, suspicion started to dawn. After a couple of weeks of worrying over it, she confronted her husband and asked him straight out if he'd been involved in Lanier's death. Girard denied it, but now it was Holly's turn to recognize a lie.

Holly Girard was in a bad position. She'd lied to Chief Stone, perjured herself at the coroner's inquest, and was afraid of the consequences if she admitted the truth. Also, she still loved her husband and didn't want him to be tried for murder. On the other hand, she was convinced he was a murderer and couldn't bring herself to stay with him anymore. Without fanfare, Holly Girard packed her belongings and went home to her mother in Los Angeles.

Holly's departure was the clincher for Chief Stone's theory about the murder. When he'd interviewed Mark Girard, Stone was convinced that the engineer was lying. But there was no evidence, and Holly's support of his alibi guaranteed that there was insufficient support to charge Girard with homicide. Stone continues to watch Girard closely in the hope that he'll make some slip, allowing the police to pick him up.

For his own part, Girard is still tormented by guilty dreams, but he's managed to suppress them, at least partially. There's nothing he can do to bring Jacques back anyway, he reasons, so he just goes on with his life. Girard has become a very introspective and unhappy man, but most of the townsfolk attribute it to the fact that his wife left him.

Girard has another reason for unhappiness, as if guilt over the murder and sadness over Holly's departure weren't enough. He's being blackmailed, by party or parties unknown.

In fact, the blackmailer is Jimmy Bartholomew. Since his disappearance, he's been lurking on the edge of town and has overheard all of the recent events. He knows that Girard's alibi is a lie (Holly was with him that evening, after all.), and the Ccoa saw Girard and Jacques heading for the mill together. Jimmy has sent Girard notes threatening to expose his guilt unless Girard hands over ever-increasing sums of money. So far, the engineer has agreed to each of Jimmy's demands, although he has accompanied one of the payments with a letter begging to be let off the hook.

Jimmy has stashed the money and that letter in the disused bunkhouse. He has no need for or interest in the money. He's only doing this to tighten the screws, to get Girard desperate. Then he intends to offer Girard a chance to "get out from under" forever, if only he performs one small task. Jimmy hasn't decided what that task will be, but it will definitely be something destabilizing to the town.

Involvement of the Unknown

Contrary to conventional wisdom, the dead don't always rest peacefully. Jacques Lanier is a case in point. The events surrounding his death, the fact it was murder and the agonizing nature of his passing, generated such an emotional current that Jacques' life-force was bound to the Known world as something called a Factory Remnant (see p. 59 for details). The remnant will bring death and destruction to anyone unfortunate enough to enter the creature's territory, namely the Ladner mill.

Another factor in the equation is the Ccoa. This creature has taken control of the Factory Remnant, turning it into a servitor, and will do the same to any other remnants that Jacques may create.

Since Jacques' death, there have been many accidents at the mill, increasing in severity. Initially, they were minor things: tools fell into the machinery, or so as to just miss

workers' heads; doors or access panels slammed shut unexpectedly, injuring workers' hands. Two weeks ago, a bandsaw blade shattered inexplicably, showering nearby workers with high-velocity metal splinters. Nobody was badly injured, but that was just a matter of luck.

One week before the PCs arrive in McIver, another fatality occurs in the mill. Nobody knows all the details of the accident, but here's what the witnesses are able to reconstruct: the worker, a man named Randy Reymore, was working on the mill's "green chain." Nearby workers saw him turn, as if in response to a sound behind him. Then Reymore screamed and fell backwards over the guardrail into the machinery that drove the green chain. Nobody knows why he fell, and everyone says that he screamed when he felt himself falling. Even though it was obvious that he screamed before he overbalanced, nobody present will admit that to anybody.

In fact, when Reymore turned, he was responding to a Telepathic message from the Factory Remnant that was Jacques, which was standing in a dark corner. As Reymore

turned, the remnant manifested itself for a moment, and the unfortunate Reymore saw the torn, armless body of Jacques Lanier. It was in response to this horrific vision that he screamed and pitched backwards into the machinery.

Like Jacques before him, Reymore wasn't killed instantly but lingered for a few moments in terrible agony. As his colleagues clustered around his dying body, Reymore tried to tell them what he'd seen. With his last breath, he gasped out the name "Jacques."

Of course, most people never admit that they believe in ghosts or in people returning from the dead. On the rare occurrences when the mill workers discuss the incident the most-common rationalizations are that it wasn't "Jacques" that Reymore said but something else that sounded like it or that he was remarking on the similarity between what happened to him and to Jacques. Deep down, however, many of the workers fear that Jacques Lanier isn't resting in peace.

Unknown to anyone in town, Randy Reymore has become a Factory Remnant as well and is also under the control of the Ccoa.

Timeline

This chart is provided to give the CM a grasp of the flow of events that occurred before the PCs' arrival. This will be important when the PCs start trying to get information out of the townsfolk. Events after the PCs arrive are covered in a later section.

Time	Event
May 12	Bunkhouse Boys make first raid on churches.
May 18	Second raid on churches.
May 27	Jimmy scrawls satanic symbols on church walls and summons Ccoa.
June 26	First vampire incident (Sandy the spaniel).
June 27	Police Chief Stone visits the Bartholomew home to arrest Jimmy; Jimmy never returns home.
July 1	Holly Girard starts her affair with Jimmy.
July 5	Cat found killed by vampire.
July 12	Dog found killed by vampire.
July 21	Mark Girard confronts Holly about affair.
July 29	Dog found killed by vampire.
August 5	Girard kills Jacques Lanier.
August 7	Coroner begins inquest into Jacques' death.
August 10	Coroner rules "death by misadventure."
August 21	Holly Girard returns to Los Angeles.
August 23	Cat found killed by vampire.
September 6	Cat found killed by vampire.
September 20	Cat found killed by vampire.
September 26	Dog found killed by vampire.
September 28	Bandsaw in mill shatters.
October 1	Cal Geuvrement sees Jimmy with feral dog.
October 2	Deer found on Chief Stone's front porch, killed by vampire.
October 3	Randy Reymore killed in mill.
October 10	PCs arrive in McIver.

The Supporting Cast

Rev. James Bartholomew

(Baptist preacher and Jimmy's father)

AGL: 50

DEX: 45

PCN: 40

PER: 65

STA: 45

STR: 35

WPR: 70

Rev. Bartholomew is a small, bird-like man in his mid-50s, with a thin neck, prominent Adam's apple, and pipe-cleaner limbs. He talks fast and struggles with his impatience when talking with people who talk slower, such as Police Chief Stone. He's a devout preacher, very much into Apocalyptic readings—Revelations is his favorite chapter in the Scriptures—and a staunch believer in the ongoing battle between Good and Evil within men's souls.

He fully believes that satanists and a vampire are threatening his flock. If he even suspects that the PCs might take his theories seriously, he'll gleefully regale them with all the "demonic" events that occurred in McIver over the past months. He sees no connection between the deaths in the mill and his pet theories and so won't mention these results to the PCs.

His church is the McIver Baptist Church on Pike Avenue.

If the PCs ask Rev. Bartholomew about satanic activity, vampires, or the disappearance of his son, see **The Satanists and the Vampire** on p. 97. The Reverend has chosen not to see his son's involvement with the Bunkhouse Boys, so he will not be able to provide the PCs any information about Jimmy's gang. Rev. Bartholomew knows little about the mill deaths or the events surrounding Holly Girard's return to Los Angeles. If the PCs ask him about these things, use the responses given for Other Townsfolk under the appropriate heading.

Miriam Blake

(owner of Double-D Diner)

AGL: 40

DEX: 45

PCN: 55

PER: 60

STA: 45

STR: 40

WPR: 55

Miriam is a bubbly, matronly lady in her mid-50s. She owns the Double-D Diner and often works behind the counter. Unlike many McIverites, she's very friendly to out-of-towners, at least on the surface. Behind her jovial smile, she's highly judgmental about everybody and can find at least one good reason to dislike any given person. When she's alone, her broad smile comes off like a mask, and her face settles into a nasty sneer.

She's solidly in Police Chief Stone's "rationalist" camp, even though she thinks the chief is an idiot and considers Rev. Bartholomew's followers to be lunatics. She's in a position where she can overhear much gossip and so represents a great source of information if the PCs can manage to play on her cynical nature enough to get her to open up (CM discretion).

Use Police Chief Stone's response under **The Satanists and the Vampire** if the PCs question Miriam about these things. If they ask her about the mill deaths or the Girards, use the responses given for Other Townsfolk under the appropriate heading except that Miriam is somewhat more knowledgeable than other sources.

Bunkhouse Boys

Jimmy Bartholomew

(leader of the Bunkhouse Boys)

AGL: 51

DEX: 60

PCN: 35

PER: 70

STA: 48

STR: 58

WPR: 10

Jimmy is 17, tall and lanky with straight black hair that he wears just short of shoulder-length. He's got a thin face with an aquiline nose, pale skin, and piercing blue eyes. He always wears jeans, a flannel shirt, jean jacket, and motorcycle boots. Since his recruitment by the Ccoa, he's been living mainly in the woods and he looks it: his skin and clothes are filthy, and his hair is matted and filled with twigs and leaves. A light of madness burns in his eyes. He's almost always accompanied by a feral dog (the Ccoa in animal form).

Jimmy always hated the town of McIver and, specifically, his father. These hatreds were what got him started on the satanist idea in the first place: he wanted to stir up the town and didn't care how he did it. The Ccoa has learned to play on this element in his personality. Jimmy and the Ccoa now share the same goal, the ultimate destruction of McIver.

Jimmy is enrolled as a junior at McIver High School but hasn't attended classes since his recruitment.

When the PCs meet Jimmy, he'll be armed with a shotgun (6 shells only) and a hunting knife. He learned to hunt as a young boy, so he is Student Level with the shotgun (Target# is 51). He is unskilled with the knife (Target# is 26).

Larry Ewald

(member of the Bunkhouse Boys)

AGL: 50

DEX: 55

PCN: 60

PER: 55

STA: 52

STR: 45

WPR: 65

Larry Ewald is 16, slender, with pale skin, white-blond hair, and gray eyes. His appearance is very Nordic, which is understandable since his parents are immigrants from Norway.

Larry is a manic personality, always talking, always high-energy. He fluctuates from wildly funny to threatening and dangerous. He's an inveterate liar but not a very good one. He has real difficulty remembering what lies he's already told and frequently contradicts himself, sometimes in the space of one sentence. The townsfolk know this about Larry and trust him about as far as they could spit a rat. If Larry told them water is wet, they'd go and check.

While he pretends to despise Tad and the larger boy's adoration of him, Larry actually feels a strong friendship for Tad and will go out of his way to protect him.

Larry is a sophomore at McIver High.

If the PCs ask Larry about satanic and vampiric acts, use his response listed under **The Satanists and the Vampire** on p. 98. If they ask him about Jimmy Bartholomew or the Bunkhouse Boys, use the response listed for the gang under the **Bunkhouse Boys** heading on p. 99. If they ask him about anything else, he will have no information, but his evasive nature may make the PCs suspect that he is hiding something.

Cal Geuvrement

(member of the Bunkhouse Boys)

AGL: 50

DEX: 65

PCN: 75

PER: 35

STA: 45

STR: 40

WPR: 60

Cal is 14, large for his age, with short blond hair and hazel eyes. He is soft-spoken and has a slight stutter. When he was growing up in McIver, this stutter was the cause of much abuse and derision from his schoolmates. Since then, he's been struggling to gain acceptance from his peers. It's this desire for acceptance that led him to join the Bunkhouse Boys.

Despite the antisocial nature of the gang, Cal has a schoolboy's crush on the town librarian, Lucy Kobayashi. Even when the other gang members started teasing him about hanging around the library, Cal still found reasons to have long chats with Lucy. For her part, Lucy had few friends and so was happy for the company and wanted to try to keep Cal from becoming more of a delinquent.

At heart, Cal is a sensitive, caring person. He's forced himself to suppress this to remain part of Jimmy Bartholomew's gang. He was horrified when the Boys first desecrated the churches but went along because he was afraid to stand up for what he thought was right. While the others were drawing "satanic" symbols on the walls, he was present but didn't actively take part. The final straw was when Jimmy killed Chief Stone's dog, Sandy. This so sickened Cal that he decided to have nothing more to do with the Boys. Nevertheless, he still felt some loyalty toward the Boys, even Jimmy, and hasn't told Chief Stone or even Lucy Kobayashi anything of what he knows. Cal has been having nightmares of late, and he has shared this with Lucy. Though Lucy suspects involvement of the Unknown in Cal's dreams, they are completely natural for a boy who has experienced what he has.

As things have gone from bad to worse in McIver, however, Cal has been searching his soul and has decided that he must tell someone the truth. He doesn't want Lucy to know what he has done, and he fears bad consequences if Chief Stone finds out he lied, so he is looking for other, perhaps more sympathetic, listeners. Cal eventually gets up the courage to approach the PCs.

Cal is a freshman at McIver High School.

If the PCs talk to Cal before 8 p.m. Oct. 11, use his statement under the heading **Oct. 11, 8 p.m.** on p. 104.

Tad Johnson

(member of the Bunkhouse Boys)

AGL: 55

DEX: 38

PCN: 15

PER: 40

STA: 65

STR: 74

WPR: 50

At 16, Tad Johnson is bigger and stronger than many adults. He's tall, broad, and very muscular, with close-cropped black hair and dark eyes. Tad knows he isn't particularly bright and is self-conscious about it, so he stays away from situations that might show his lack of intelligence. He prefers physical activity to mental activity of any kind. He's uncomfortable with conversation and is usually monosyllabic, which makes many people think he's even dumber than he really is. Generally, Tad is too dumb to be scared by anything but the most extreme events.

Tad liked Jimmy Bartholomew, but his closest friendship and loyalty are reserved for Larry Ewald. Tad never really understood exactly what Jimmy was up to but went along with everything simply because Larry did. When Larry decided that Jimmy had gone too far, then Tad went along with that too.

Tad does not like strangers, particularly strangers who act like they're better or smarter than he is.

Tad is a freshman at McIver High, when he bothers to attend.

If the PCs can get Tad to talk at all, use the response under his name on p. 98 for questions about satanism and vampires. Use the response under the **Bunkhouse Boys** on p. 99 for questions about the gang or Jimmy Bartholomew. On other subjects, Tad is genuinely ignorant.

Link Maurinier

(member of the Bunkhouse Boys)

AGL: 70

DEX: 72

PCN: 55

PER: 45

STA: 60

STR: 35

WPR: 50

At 17, Link Maurinier is built like a long-distance runner: long and lean, with compact, ropy muscles. His hair is sandy and tightly curled, and his eyes are a deep sea-green. He is a natural athlete and excels at every sport he tries. His dream is to play some sport at the professional level. Unfortunately, his father, a millwright at the Ladner sawmill, thinks Link's dream is stupid. A man should work with his hands, the elder Maurinier thinks, and anything else is unworthy and perhaps effeminate.

Link has no great love for Jimmy Bartholomew; in fact, the only member of the Bunkhouse Boys he has any respect for is Cal Geuvrement. But Link joined the Boys a year ago as a way of rebelling against his father. He quickly got

himself into trouble. He shoplifted a flashlight from the Country Store and was about to get caught, but Larry Ewald got him out of it. Now Larry uses that debt to keep some modicum of control over Link.

Link is a junior at McIver High.

Though not as emotionally troubled as Cal Geuvrement, neither is Link Maurinier particularly loyal to Jimmy Bartholomew. If the PCs can gain his confidence before 8 p.m. October 11, substitute Link for Cal Geuvrement in the description following **Oct. 11, 8 p.m.** on p. 104. If Link comes forward and is killed, Cal becomes so frightened that he stays well away from the PCs and from Jimmy Bartholomew.

Geoff Mianato

(member of the Bunkhouse Boys)

AGL: 45

DEX: 56

PCN: 50

PER: 40

STA: 55

STR: 60

WPR: 45

Fifteen-years-old, Geoff Mianato has reached his full adult height: 5'1." Geoff is compensating for his size by muscle-building. He's almost as broad across the shoulders as Tad Johnson and has more visibly developed muscles, although he's not quite as strong. He has dark eyes and straight black hair, which he wears shoulder-length. His wardrobe leans toward oil-stained jeans and rock group T-shirts, preferably bands that nobody else has heard of. When he's not in school, he can often be seen tearing around the nearby logging roads on a customized 250cc trail bike.

Geoff is the only son of Tony Mianato, who owns the Country Store, McIver's general store. The elder Mianato is a frequent and abusive drunk, and Geoff's home life is best left unmentioned. Suffice it to say that he's rarely at home. Geoff is abusive to others, continuing the cycle of abuse that started with his father. He learned to fight young and is highly dangerous in a scrap (Student Level in Boxing, Target# of 68). Unlike his father, Geoff rarely drinks and then only symbolically (a single swig of beer, for example).

Geoff is a sophomore at McIver High.

If the PCs ask Geoff about the satanism and vampires, use his response under **The Satanists and the Vampire** on p. 98. If they ask him about the Bunkhouse Boys or Jimmy Bartholomew use the response for the **Bunkhouse Boys** on p. 99. Geoff has no knowledge of events at the mill or of the Girards.

Holly Girard (née Kurmvalter)

(Mark Girard's wife)

AGL: 68

DEX: 40

PCN: 40

PER: 40

STA: 48

STR: 40

WPR: 60

Holly Girard is in her early 20s, willow-slender and graceful, with shoulder-length wavy blond hair. She was a (marginally successful) dancer in Los Angeles when Mark Girard found her, married her, and brought her back with him to McIver. Holly found the transition from Los Angeles to McIver very difficult, this difficulty culminating in her affair with Jimmy Bartholomew and, indirectly, Girard's murder of Jacques Lanier.

Holly is not well-educated and is naturally trusting, almost naive. When she comes to a decision, however, she sticks to it tenaciously. Her current decision is to put everything about McIver behind her. She's currently living with her mother in Los Angeles and is unwilling to talk to anyone about the events in Oregon.

If the PCs want to talk to Holly Girard, they'll have to track her down. If they know her maiden name, Kurmvalter, all that's required is a successful General Skill Check, either Journalism or Investigation, to find the phone number of Holly's mother's house in Los Angeles.

Holly won't answer the phone herself and has left instructions with her mother to get rid of anyone who wants to talk about anything concerning McIver. To get past Holly's mother, a PC must make a Specific Skill Check. If the PC gets an L or M result, the mother passes a name and phone number on to Holly and leaves it up to her whether she'll call back. On an H or C result, Mrs. Kurmvalter considers the issue important enough to put Holly on the phone. In either case, Holly's response depends entirely on what the PC tells her.

Holly is suffering from recurring nightmares, showing death and destruction at the Ladner mill. In these nightmares, she often sees the body of a mangled man missing both arms. A week ago, she saw a bandsaw explode, injuring many people. More recently, she's been seeing images of another man falling into a conveyor belt. Holly, of course, has no idea as to the source of these dreams.

If the PC mentions any of the recent events in McIver that match the events in her dreams, the emotional impact on Holly will be incredible. In her emotionally vulnerable state, she'll come totally clean, admitting that she lied to support

her husband's alibi on the night of Lanier's death. She'll also tell the PC about Mark's suspicions that she was having an affair with Lanier, and she thinks he killed Lanier. She won't volunteer that she was having an affair with Jimmy Bartholomew. If the PC asks her straight out, however, she will tearfully admit it.

The PCs are free to do what they like with the information they gain from Holly Girard. No matter how persuasive they are, however, she will not agree to return to McIver or to testify against her husband. Perhaps the best thing the PCs can do is pass the information on to Chief Stone, who will pursue it himself.

Mark Girard

(engineering maintenance supervisor at Ladner mill)

AGL: 40

DEX: 65

PCN: 50

PER: 45

STA: 50

STR: 50

WPR: 39

Mark Girard is in his mid-40s, generally average in appearance (average height, average build, mid-brown hair, etc.). He's a workaholic, spending most of his time at the mill. As described earlier, he moved to McIver because his current job was on his career path. Since his murder of Jacques Lanier and the departure of his wife, Holly, Girard has become more and more introspective. While he puts in even more inhuman levels of overtime at the mill than he ever did before, he no longer seems to enjoy his job and seems totally disinterested in talking to anyone about anything except the mill. When he works, he pushes himself much too hard, appearing almost frenetic. In fact, he's trying to lose himself in his work so he can forget his crime.

When he finally goes home, he drinks himself to sleep. The drinking is taking its toll, and several of his coworkers expect him to kill himself soon, either with an ulcer or in a plant accident. Most of his colleagues assume that it was Holly's departure that prompted his self-destructive mood; Police Chief Stone suspects differently.

The PCs will find it very difficult to get Girard to talk about anything other than the mill. If they do the impossible, getting him to discuss Jacques' death, they'll find he's got a solid, contradiction-free alibi, and he shows no outward signs of guilt.

For Mark's specific responses to PCs' questions, see the passages under his name under **Jacques Lanier's Death** on p. 99, **Randy Reymore's Death** on p. 100, and **Holly Girard** on p. 101.

Virgil Hood

(owner of The Rustic Inn)

AGL: 50

DEX: 55

PCN: 60

PER: 50

STA: 55

STR: 55

WPR: 40

Born and raised in McIver, Virgil Hood is a small, slight man in his late 30s. He keeps his black hair almost militarily short but sports a huge handlebar mustache, of which he's inordinately proud. He owns the only motel in McIver, the Rustic Inn, and can usually be found behind the front desk.

Virgil's job and personal preference are frequently in conflict. He's one of the most xenophobic of the townsfolk and would be just as glad if no other outsider ever set foot in McIver. Outsiders mean money for him, however, since there's no other place for them to stay in town. His manner to out-of-town guests is a weird mixture of contempt and politeness. People who don't know him often interpret this dichotomy as evidence that he's lying or covering something up.

If the PCs can get Virgil to answer any questions, use the responses listed for Other Townsfolk under the heading appropriate for the question, **The Satanists and the Vampire** on p. 98, **The Bunkhouse Boys** on p. 99, **Jacques Lanier's Death** on p. 99, **Randy Reymore's Death** on p. 100, **Mark Girard** on p. 101, or **Holly Girard** on p. 101.

Lucy Kobayashi

(librarian and administrator of town museum)

AGL: 65

DEX: 70

PCN: 75

PER: 55

STA: 48

STR: 42

WPR: 62

In her late 20s, Lucy Kobayashi is of Japanese-American extraction and enjoys the best features of both heritages. She is beautiful: tall and slender, with golden-tanned skin, lustrous black hair, and almond-shaped eyes. She's highly intelligent, well-educated, and a good observer but much prefers listening to talking (she learns more that way).

Lucy was born in Portland and went to university there. She earned her bachelor's degree with a double major, history and library science. She worked in Portland as a librarian,

doing some free-lance journalism on the side, and enjoyed a good career. Five years ago, however, she picked up and moved to McIver, where she founded over the town's tiny library and museum. Lucy left Portland after a run-in with the Unknown and she knows about SAVE, sending an anonymous letter alerting the organization to the events in McIver. This gives you, as CM, two options. If the PCs don't have the important Skills of Journalism or Investigation, you can use Lucy to guide them and provide them with important clues. If the PCs don't need outside help, Lucy should remain in the background, maintaining her anonymity so as not to alienate herself from the townsfolk.

Even after five years, Lucy doesn't fully belong in McIver. Because of her somewhat Asian looks, her city upbringing, and her erudition, many townsfolk don't fully trust or accept her. Cal Geuvrement is another story, however. Lucy is young Cal's first puppy love, and he hovers around her as often as he can find any excuse. Lucy finds Cal a likable boy, is happy for the company, and wants to steer him away from the influence of the Bunkhouse Boys.

If Lucy wants to keep her past hidden, use the responses listed for Other Townsfolk under the heading appropriate for the question, **The Satanists and the Vampire** on p. 98, **The Bunkhouse Boys** on p. 99, **Jacques Lanier's Death** on p. 99, **Randy Reymore's Death** on p. 100, **Mark Girard** on p. 101, or **Holly Girard** on p. 101.

If you, as CM, need to use Lucy to keep the PCs on track, make her as knowledgeable and helpful as you need to, even to the point of having her search out the envoys. Whether she remains anonymous or not, however, Lucy still persuades Cal to approach the PCs, which he does at 8 p.m., October 11.

See **October 11, 8 p.m.** on p. 104 for details.

Jacques Lanier

(Factory Remnant)

AGL: 55

DEX: 42*

PCN: 75

PER: 23

STA: 51

STR: 56

WPR: 111

EWS: 140

ATT: 1; 137 SR: N/A

WB: N/A

Fear: -25

MV: 38' (L); 150' (I)

Type: Independent, Servitor

Class: I,C

Disciplines:

92 Evil Eye, Gnarl, Inhabit

113 Change Temperature, Haywire

112 Confuse

115 Slam, Telekinesis

100 Darken

Automatic Unique Manifestation (as ghost), Unique
Dreamsend

*This figure is for discipline use only; Jacques has no arms and cannot perform normal actions that would require DEX..

When Jacques Lanier got caught in the trimmer saw assembly, both his arms were torn off. Thus, this is how his physical manifestation appears: as a mangled, armless body. His head and throat are undamaged, so he can speak clearly.

The person responsible for Jacques' death was Mark Girard. If Girard is brought to justice and convicted of Jacques' murder, Jacques is instantly destroyed.

Jacques is currently using Dreamsend to trouble the sleep of Holly Girard, Mark's wife.

Jacques is under the Ccoa's control and is thus more likely to concentrate its attentions on PCs entering the mill.

Tony Mianato

(owner of the Country Store)

AGL: 35

DEX: 35

PCN: 30

PER: 65

STA: 50

STR: 60

WPR: 15

Geoff Mianato's father, Tony is in his mid-50s. He's a big man, tall and heavily muscled but with an enormous beer belly. His face looks like a sunburned fist, and he usually smells of whiskey.

The elder Mianato owns the Country Store and works behind the counter when he's not too drunk. He's a highly abusive man, given to picking fights with anyone who gives him the slightest excuse. The locals know to stay away from the Country Store on days when Mianato is working.

Mianato hates strangers. When he's only moderately drunk, he realizes that people in his store, strangers or not, mean money in his pocket and is merely rude to out-of-towners. When he's really under the weather, however, he forgets the logic of this and is out-and-out obnoxious and abusive to visitors. If he

thinks that strangers are being condescending to him (CM discretion), he might even become violent.

As CM, you can use Tony Mianato to spice up matters and to throw a stumbling-block in the way of PCs who are having too easy a time of it. Alternatively, if your players' characters don't need the added hassle, Tony Mianato can make a single cameo appearance or might remain totally off-stage. It'll probably be fun if the PCs are nervous about a possible run-in with Mianato, even if it never happens.

In either event, Mianato is useless to the PCs as a source of information.

Randy Reymore

(Factory Remnant)

AGL: 50

DEX: 45

PCN: 75

PER: 8

STA: 51

STR: 55

WPR: 106

EWS: 130

ATT: 1; 130

SR: N/A

WB: N/A

Fear: -25

MV: 36' (L); 150' (I)

Type: Independent, Servitor

Class: I, C

Disciplines:

112 Evil Eye, Gnarl, Inhabit

93 Change Temperature, Haywire

97 Confuse

80 Slam, Telekinesis

120 Darken

Automatic Unique Manifestation (as ghost), Unique
Dreamsend

Randy Reymore was badly mangled when he fell into the green chain conveyor, but he lost no limbs. His face was hideously disfigured, and he is incapable of clear speech.

The person (or creature) responsible for Randy's death was Jacques Lanier. If Jacques is destroyed (by bringing Mark Girard to justice) Randy is instantly destroyed as well.

Randy is currently not using his Dreamsend Discipline. Randy, too, is under the control of the Ccoa and so attacks any PCs who seem to be getting too close to solving the mystery of McIver.

Dick Sharmen

(owner/bartender of The Flame Tavern)

AGL: 35

DEX: 65

PCN: 60

PER: 60

STA: 72

STR: 65

WPR: 60

Dick Sharmen is a big man in his early 50s, tall and broad-shouldered but softly rounded everywhere with a layer of fat. He keeps his gray hair cropped close to his head and sports a scraggly beard.

As bartender at McIver's most-popular tavern, he has the opportunity to find out a lot about what's going on in town and hear many secrets. Many people in McIver confide things in Sharmen that they'd never tell their spouse or their minister, and the bartender takes very seriously the responsibility this entrusts to him. He sees himself in the role of father-confessor and treats what he knows with the confidentiality appropriate to the confessional.

Sharmen will be glad to listen, totally nonjudgmentally, to anything the PCs see fit to tell him and will easily discuss the widely known events in McIver. It will take a great deal of persuasion, or very obvious need, to get him to break faith with his confidants, however, and to talk about his interpretation of events (CM discretion).

In general, use the responses listed for Other Townsfolk under the heading appropriate for the question, **The Satanists and the Vampire** on p. 98, **The Bunkhouse Boys** on p. 99, **Jacques Lanier's Death** on p. 99, **Randy Reymore's Death** on p. 100, **Mark Girard** on p. 101, or **Holly Girard** on p. 101.

Police Chief John Stone

(McIver's chief of police)

AGL: 55

DEX: 65

PCN: 76

PER: 60

STA: 52

STR: 70

WPR: 60

In his mid-40s, Chief Stone is a burly man with thinning sandy hair and a face that looks continuously sun-burned. He

sports a considerable beer belly and usually moves slowly. Like a bear, however, he's slow only when he doesn't need to move fast.

Stone may look and sound like a stereotypical good-ol'-boy police chief, but this is an image he's built up over the years. He finds it makes locals more willing to open up to him and criminals more likely to underestimate him, both of which he finds very useful in his job. Stone actually has a mind like a steel trap and often seems to be almost preternaturally observant.

Stone was born in McIver. He moved to Portland when he was 20 and served on that city's police force. Twelve years ago, he returned home, and he has been McIver's police chief for the past eight years.

John Stone has seen enough of the city to know that city folks aren't any better or worse than McIverites, just different. Unlike most townsfolk, he's got nothing against strangers. What he does have something against is anybody who meddles in his investigation. He'll be cordial to the PCs but makes it abundantly clear that they're welcome in McIver only so long as they keep their noses out of police business.

Stone's responses to PCs' questions appear with his name under the appropriate topic, **The Satanists and the Vampire** on p. 97, **The Bunkhouse Boys** on p. 99, **Jacques Lanier's Death** on p. 99, **Randy Reymore's Death** on p. 100, **Mark Girard** on p. 101, or **Holly Girard** on p. 101.

Mill Workers

AGL: (40 + 2D10) or 55

DEX: (45 + 2D10) or 60

PCN: (40 + 2D10) or 55

PER: (35 + 2D10) or 50

STA: (45 + 2D10) or 60

STR: (45 + 2D10) or 60

WPR: (40 + 2D10) or 55

Generally speaking, the mill workers are big, self-sufficient men, used to working under demanding conditions. Very few are what might be termed intellectuals; they generally prefer playing pool and drinking beer to reading and prefer hard rock to opera. Macho is a big thing for many, particularly when they've been drinking, and they'll often make times tough for anyone they consider to be a wuss. Many are very chauvinistic toward women and xenophobic to a fault. To reflect this, whenever you make a Response Check for a PC interacting with a mill worker, the PC's Target# suffers an automatic penalty of -10%. In addition, modify the PC's Target# as follows:



Condition	Modifier
PC is female	Target# x 1/2
PC is male and has PER < 40*	Target# x 1/2
PC is male and is dressed "better" than worker**	Target# x 3/4
*The PC is considered a wuss.	
**The PC is considered as putting on airs.	
Modifiers are cumulative; round all fractions up.	

For the mill workers' responses to the PCs questions, see the subheading Mill Workers under **Jacques Lanier's Death** on p. 99 and **Randy Reymore's Death** on p. 100.

Other Townsfolk

AGL: (35 + 2D10) or 50
 DEX: (40 + 2D10) or 55
 PCN: (40 + 2D10) or 55
 PER: (35 + 2D10) or 50
 STA: (40 + 2D10) or 55
 STR: (35 + 2D10) or 50
 WPR: (40 + 2D10) or 55

McIverites, typically speaking, have a closed-minded, insular mentality. Anything that comes from outside is different, and anything that's different is probably bad.

They generally don't like strangers and big-city folks, particularly if they suspect that the outsiders look down on them in any way. To reflect this, whenever you make a Response Check for a PC interacting with a Townsfolk, the PC's Target# suffers an automatic penalty of -10%. In addition, multiply the modified Target# by 3/4 (round fractions up) if the PC is dressed in city styles.

When the PCs question these people, use the responses listed for Other Townsfolk under the heading appropriate for the question, **The Satanists and the Vampire** on p. 98, **The Bunkhouse Boys** on p. 99, **Jacques Lanier's Death** on p. 99, **Randy Reymore's Death** on p. 100, **Mark Girard** on p. 101, or **Holly Girard** on p. 101.

Running Once Bitten . . .

This scenario is mainly investigative in nature. Although there will probably be some toe-to-toe combat (initially with the Factory Remnants, but also with Jimmy Bartholomew), the main focus is on role-playing and character interaction. As CM, you should make this clear to your players. The only way that they can succeed in this scenario is to have their characters talk to enough people in town to figure out the chronology of events and the interlinked stories that will give them a clue to the mystery.

This puts a lot on your shoulders. Combat is easy to referee; interaction with a town full of characters isn't. Before playing this scenario, spend the time to get to know the major NPCs listed in the previous section. Become familiar with their attitudes and figure out what their reactions to the PCs will be, based on various courses of actions the PCs might take. This will prepare you for the time when your players tell you their characters are going to pump the bartender for information.

There are a number of leads or directions of investigation that your players might follow. The most obvious and fruitful are described individually in the following sections. Of course, players being players, it's quite likely you'll find the PCs scurrying hither and yon, chasing down red herrings. You have two options in this case. The first is, let them. If the players are having fun, just let it happen. Both you and your players can have a blast as the PCs pursue totally irrelevant topics with the locals.

If your players are getting frustrated, however, you should get them back on track. You have several ways of doing this. One is to have Lucy Kobayashi, the librarian, approach the PCs on her own initiative, offering some valuable piece of information. Another is to have any other local they happen to talk to suddenly open up to them and tell them more about what's been happening. Perhaps this person has simply decided that the PCs aren't that bad after all, or maybe he has experienced a symbolic nightmare that's scared him so bad he has to talk to somebody about it. The chronological events, discussed later, will also serve to get your players back on track.

There are two kinds of encounters in *Once Bitten*: Chronology Encounters and Location Encounters.

Chronology Encounters occur only at specific times on particular days. These encounters are summarized at the

beginning of that section. Be familiar with the summary before you sit down to play.

Location Encounters occur only if the PCs visit a particular place in McIver. These encounters are to be used with the map of the town and the mill.

If a Chronology Encounter is scheduled to occur while the PCs are involved with a Location Encounter, the Chronology Encounter occurs immediately after the PCs leave the location. Don't have Chronology Encounters happen within Location Encounters.

To make sure you don't give away too much to your players, we have italicized the information that is meant to be read aloud. The rest of the text is for the CM only. Keep in mind, though, that players can obtain some of this information by doing the right things or asking the right questions.

The mystery in *Once Bitten* is not simple to figure out. Keep an eye on your players' frustration level and moderate the pace of the scenario accordingly.

Skills

The following skills are especially useful to the characters in *Once Bitten*:

Journalism*

Investigation

Savoir-Faire

All combat skills

Journalism, and to a lesser degree Investigation and Savoir-Faire, will be particularly valuable to the PCs. If no PC has one, two, or all three of these skills, the CM may wish to provide the party with an NPC who does.

*The following information can be obtained by using the Journalism Skill.

Research Information: Journalism

L result: *A little more than two months ago, a worker at the Ladner Lumber mill was caught in a piece of mill machinery and killed.*

M result: The PC discovers the information in the L result, and: *The circumstances of the death were a little unusual. The worker, Jacques Lanier, was apparently alone in the mill at night, repairing the piece of equipment that killed him.*

H result: The PC discovers the information in the L and M results, and: *Even though the coroner's investigation ruled the death accidental, McIver's police chief seemed to suspect foul play.*

C result: The PC learns the information in the three previous results, and: *One of the most important witnesses at the coroner's inquest was Lanier's boss, Mark Girard. Coincidentally, Girard's wife left him soon after the inquest.*

Disciplines

The following Disciplines of the Art are especially useful to the characters in this scenario:

Clairvoyant/Prescient Dream*

Mental Shield

Restore Willpower

If the characters do not have these disciplines, the CM may wish to provide the party with NPCs who do.

*Dream

For successful uses of Clairvoyant/Prescient Dream, read the following aloud:

You see a threatening man approaching you: a man dressed in a flowing black cape. He glares at you with red eyes and opens his mouth to display needle-sharp fangs. But then the red glow fades from his eyes. He reaches up and removes his fangs, and you realize they're a set of novelty plastic teeth. You look at the man again and realize he's turned into a teenage boy.

For the first time, you notice that there's an attractive young woman with the teenager. She smiles warmly at you. Automatically you return the smile.

Suddenly you hear a snarl of rage. A faceless man that you hadn't noticed before picks you up as if you weighed no more than a child and flings you into the gears of a huge machine.

You wake up shivering, in a cold sweat.

Getting Underway

When the players have selected or created PCs, or made any adjustments to old characters, read them the following (remember that italicized blocks of text in the scenario are to be read aloud to the players):

Each of you has received a letter from SAVE, a round-trip plane ticket to Portland, Oregon, and a round-trip bus ticket to a town called McIver, also in Oregon.

After reading this paragraph, hand the players a copy of Player Aid 1 or read it to them aloud. Allow them to discuss

the letter and to fabricate a believable cover before proceeding. When the players are ready, continue reading.

Preparations for Departure

Ask the players what supplies, within reason, they would like the PCs to take to McIver. Keep in mind the cover that the players have chosen for their PCs, and make sure that the supplies they take are consistent with this cover. For example, if the PCs are to pose as writers researching a magazine piece on small town America, they could justify carrying cameras and recorders but not shotguns and wooden stakes. Allow those who want to research any mentions of McIver in the media to do so. (See **Research Information: Journalism**, above.)

When the PCs are ready to travel to McIver, read the following:

Your flight to Portland is bumpy but uneventful, and the Greyhound bus that will take you to McIver is on schedule. The route takes you southeast out of Portland, into the heavy old-growth timber of northwestern Oregon.

As you cross over the Clackamas River and begin to climb the foothills of the Cascade range, you feel civilization receding. Certainly, Portland is only a couple of dozen miles behind you, but you are gripped by the sense that somehow, in terms of something more significant than distance, the big city is far, far away.

It's late afternoon as the bus deposits you in McIver, outside an establishment called the Double-D Diner. The sun is already sinking behind the trees that press around the tiny town. There's a chill in the air that warns you the night will be cold.

The PCs will have to find somewhere to stay for the night (if they haven't already made arrangements). The only motel in town is The Rustic Inn, owned by Virgil Hood. When the PCs finally go there, read the following aloud:

The Rustic Inn certainly lives up to its name. It's a blocky wooden building, with a large stone chimney. The sign outside is faded and weatherbeaten.

Virgil Hood is behind the front desk when the PCs enter the inn, giving the PCs their first chance to learn just how insular and downright xenophobic some people in McIver can be.

Investigation

As described earlier, the main focus of *Once Bitten* is on investigation, which requires the PCs to interact with the townsfolk. This section describes the major leads that the PCs can follow up in McIver and the information they can learn. Remember, if the PCs are getting skunked when it comes to their investigations or your players are getting frustrated, Lucy Kobayashi the librarian can come forward and volunteer some information.

For each major lead, this section describes who in town knows or believes what and any specific hesitations they may have to talking about it. Following this is a listing of the information that a PC can learn by using his Investigation or Journalism Skill. Depending on exactly whom the PC is talking to, you'll have to filter these results. For example, someone who believes implicitly in the vampire isn't going to speculate on who might be faking the vampiric activity.

The Satanists & The Vampire

Depending on whom the PCs talk to, they can find out various things about the vampiric activity.

Rev. Bartholomew

"I and my congregation believe completely and utterly in the reality of the vampire. The spawn of Satan takes many forms. This vampire is one such spawn, and it has claimed my son."

If the PCs manage to get past the Reverend's and his congregation's initial unwillingness to talk to strangers, Bartholomew and his faction take great joy in regaling them with the horrific events of the last several months. Unless the PCs specifically ask, Rev. Bartholomew won't mention the deaths of Lanier or Reymore, since they "obviously" aren't related.

Police Chief Stone

"I don't believe that the satanists or the vampire exist. All the strange events are actually gruesome pranks perpetrated by some townsfolk."

Most of the "rationalists" have a pretty good idea who's involved, but they're going to be reticent to tell their suspicions to strangers. Again, unless the PCs specifically ask, these people won't mention the deaths at the mill, since they obviously aren't related.

Larry Ewald

"Sure I know about the vampire, I even saw it once. Tall and shadowy thing, with long fangs. 'Bout three weeks ago, it was. This thing pounced on a dog and sucked the life out of it. I got the H— out of there."

If the PCs continue to question Larry, he will change details of his statement, the timing for instance. If the PCs point out the discrepancies in his story, Larry will become surly and tell the envoys that he was just "messing with" them.

Cal Geuvrement

If the PCs question Cal before 8 p.m. on the day after their arrival, use his statement listed with **October 11, 8 p.m.** under **Chronology Encounters** on p.104.

Tad Johnson

"I don't know nothin' about vampires, and we didn't do it. Stone sent you to me, didn't he? That old coot don't want nobody to have no fun."

The more he talks, the more it dawns on Tad that he's giving away bits of information. As the envoys press for more details, Tad withdraws and becomes quiet, eventually running away from the session in embarrassment at what he has revealed.

Link Maurinier

"I never believed in vampires before, but facts are facts. Chief Stone talked to a couple of us boys about it, but things have happened that we could've never done. I think folks are trying to blame the teenagers because they're afraid of the real answer."

The more the PCs question Link, the wider the generation gap becomes. Link is suspicious of adults and will cooperate with them only as long as he can manipulate the conversation.

Geoff Mianato

"Of course there are vampires. And who are you guys, the vampire's handlers? Come to retrieve your escaped bloodsucker, have you? Well, you found the right place."

Geoff has no interest in a prolonged conversation with the PCs. He doesn't know who they really are, but he doesn't like any questions about the vampiric or satanic activity.

Other Townsfolk

Most townsfolk hold view somewhere between those of Chief Stone and Rev. Bartholomew. They don't really believe in vampires or satanic rituals, but they're not completely sure. Since it's stupid to take chances, many of them have taken anti-vampire precautions, such as mounting crucifixes on their doors, smearing garlic around windows, hanging mirrors everywhere, etc. It's not unusual to find that even the most outwardly rationale local smells strongly of garlic.

The following information is that which a PC can learn by using his Investigation or Journalism Skills. Depending on exactly whom the PC is talking to, you, as CM, may have to filter these results. For example, someone who believes implicitly in the vampire isn't going to speculate on who might be faking the vampiric activity.

L result: *"It started six months ago: all the crosses and crucifixes on the walls of our churches were inverted. Next, the messages on the noticeboards outside the churches were changed to such phrases as 'Satan Lives!' and 'To Hell with McIver.'"*

"Then, Rev. Bartholomew's church—the Baptist—was vandalized with cabalistic and satanic symbols on the walls written in blood. Nothing new happened for the next month."

"It was about a month after the last incident that the sheriff's cocker spaniel, Sandy, was found on the altar in the Baptist church, completely drained of all blood through two holes in its throat. That night, Jimmy Bartholomew turned up missing and was never seen in McIver again."

"Recently, another three dogs and four cats have been found, dead and drained of blood through two punctures in their throats. And, a little more than a week ago, a deer was found, killed in the same manner, and dumped on Chief Stone's front porch. The deer wasn't shot and it wasn't poisoned; to all appearances; its death was due to massive blood loss."

No matter what result the PC rolls, he learns nothing more than this from Rev. Bartholomew or one of his faction.

M result: The PC discovers the information in the L result, and: *"It's all garbage, of course. There's no satanists, no vampire. It's all some kind of prank. A real ugly prank."*

H result: The PC discovers the information in the L and M results, and: *"Of course you've got to wonder: just how the hell did the joker catch that deer?"*

C result: The PC discovers the information in the three results above, and: *"Yeah, I'm pretty sure who did it. Some local kids, call themselves the Bunkhouse Boys. Makes you wonder, though. They've never done anything this outrageous before."*

The Bunkhouse Boys

Depending on whom the PCs talk to, they can learn various things about the Bunkhouse Boys.

Police Chief Stone

"Sure I know all the members of the Bunkhouse Boys, but it's none of your business."

The Bunkhouse Boys themselves

"There isn't any such group. It's the overactive imaginations of the old farts in McIver who hate young kids. They'll do anything to get us kids in trouble."

The only members of the Boys who might come clean are Cal Geuvrement and Link Maurinier, but this is doubtful. If either of them does tell all, refer to the passage at **October 11, 8 p.m.** on p. 104 under **Chronology Encounters**.

Other Townsfolk

Most townsfolk know that Jimmy Bartholomew is the leader of the Bunkhouse Boys but are unsure of the other members. Again, they'll be unlikely to tell anything to outsiders without a very good reason.

The following results represent the information that PCs can learn through the use of Journalism or Investigation Skill.

Reword the following text depending on who is furnishing the information.

L result: The PC learns: *"The Bunkhouse Boys? Yeah, they're some wild local kids. They get into trouble time to time, but there's no real harm in them."*

M result: The PC discovers the information in the L result, and: *"I think the leader's Jimmy Bartholomew. Yeah, the reverend's kid. Don't know the rest of them, though."*

H result: The PC discovers the information in the L and M results, and: *"The others? I think it's Geoff Mianato, Link Maurinier, Larry Ewald, Tad Johnson, and Cal Geuvrement."*

C result: The PC discovers the information in the three previous results, and: *"They used to hang around the mill sometimes. Don't think they do it anymore, though, not since Jimmy disappeared."*

Jacques Lanier's Death

Depending on whom they talk to, the PCs can learn various things about Lanier and his fate.

Mill Workers

"I knew Lanier; everyone here knew him and liked him. He had a thing for women and them for him. Some of the guys were jealous of him but still liked him. He couldn't help he was a hunk!"

"It was kinda unusual that Jacques was working alone in the mill at night, but he was dedicated, so . . ."

Some workers have had the sense recently that, even though Jacques is dead, he's not really gone.

Police Chief Stone

"I have a feeling that Jacques Lanier wouldn't be careless enough to get himself in such a predicament."

In his heart, Chief Stone knows that Lanier's death was murder and suspects strongly that Mark Girard is the guilty party. He has no proof, however, and is too much of a professional to speculate wildly without evidence, particularly to strangers.

Other Townsfolk

Few of them knew anything about Lanier, other than the grisly manner of his death. They're generally much too concerned about the vampire to worry about what's happening at the mill.

Mark Girard

"Jacques' death was an accident, that's all. He left the saw on standby and was killed due to this mistake. That's all the information I have. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a lot of work to do."

Obviously Girard would be able to shed the most light on Lanier's death, but of course he doesn't want to. He'll do whatever he can to stay away from prying outsiders, and the PCs should have to work extremely hard to talk to him at all. Even if they do, he'll stick with the "party line" about Lanier's death being an accident and deny all knowledge of anything else.

The following results represent the information that PCs can learn through the use of Journalism or Investigation Skill.

L result: *"Poor sumbitch, got himself caught in the trimmer saw assembly up to the mill. Was working on it alone, late at night, and he didn't make sure it was off first. Tore his arms clean off. Ten weeks ago, that was."*

M result: The PC discovers the information in the L result, and: *"Jacques was a real lady killer. Loved the ladies, they loved him. He was usually discreet, but I always kind of figured he'd end up on the wrong end of a husband's shotgun someday."*

H result: The PC discovers the information in the L and H results, and: *"There was something... not right about the way Jacques bought it. Suspicious, you know what I mean? Like maybe somebody did him in. And you know what else? There's some people around the mill saying he's not really gone."*

C result: The PC discovers the information in the three previous results, and: *"Now don't quote me on this or nothing, but I always kinda wondered if Jacques didn't have something going with Holly Girard, his boss's wife."*

Randy Reymore's Death

Depending on whom they talk to, the PCs can learn various things about Reymore and his fate.

Mill Workers

"A week ago or so, Randy was working on the mill's green chain. I saw him turn, as if in response to a sound behind him. Then he screamed and fell backwards over the guardrail into the machinery that drove the green chain. Nobody knows why he fell."

They know all the details about Reymore's death. Even though they won't admit it to each other or even to themselves, some have the horrible suspicion that somehow Jacques Lanier was responsible.

Police Chief Stone

"Not that it's any of your business, but the case is closed. Randy Reymore lost his balance and died a brutal death. There's no evidence whatsoever of foul play."

He's basically dismissed the incident from his mind.

Mark Girard

"All I know is what the workers told me. He fell over the guardrail and was torn up enough to die. A real tragedy."

This is really all he knows of Randy's death.

Other Townsfolk

Again, they're too tied up with their own troubles to concern themselves with anything more than the basic facts of the event.

The following results represent the information that PCs can learn through the use of Journalism or Investigation Skill.

L result: *"Tragic accident, that's what it was. He was working the green chain, and he just fell over into the conveyor. Tore him up real good. That was just a week back."*

M result: The PC discovers the information in the L result, and: *"I think that mill's jinxed... or maybe haunted. I talked to someone who was working right beside Randy, and there's more to it than most people say. Just before the... the 'accident,' he looked up as though somebody had called to him. Then he reared back like he was terrified of something and went over the guardrail. He screamed with terror, but he started screaming before he started falling. Something scared him. I don't know what, and I don't think I want to know."*

H result: The PC discovers the information in the L and M results, and: *"Randy didn't die immediately, took him a minute or two. As he was dying, he was trying to say something out of his mangled face. And what he was trying to say, it sure sounded like 'Jacques.'"*

C result: The PC discovers the information in the three previous results, and: *"It ain't over, either. Some of the guys working the mill swear they've seen Randy over the last couple of days. Watching them from the shadows out of his torn face."*

Mark Girard

Depending on whom they talk to, the PCs can learn various things about Mark Girard.

Mill Workers

"Mr. Girard has been going through some deep... stuff lately, since his wife left him. He still puts in lots of hours, but he seems... distant."

His colleagues know more about Girard than anyone else. They've seen him go downhill in his work lately, but most attribute this to the departure of his wife.

Police Chief Stone

"He's going through a lot with his wife leaving and all."

Again, Stone is sure that Girard killed Lanier, but he has no evidence and is very unlikely to talk about his suspicions. He also knows about the change in Girard but puts a different interpretation on it from Mark's co-workers.

Other Townsfolk

Those locals who enjoy a good bit of gossip, which includes most people, know that Girard's wife ran out on him and have noticed he's become somewhat of a workaholic recluse. As with the mill workers, most attribute this to Holly's departure.

The following results represent the information that PCs can learn through the use of Journalism or Investigation Skill.

L result: *"Girard is engineering maintenance supervisor up at the mill. Poor guy, he had a young wife named Holly, but she ran out on him a couple of months back."*

M result: The PC discovers the information in the L result, and: *"Used to be a real good worker, but over the last couple of months he's really gone downhill. He's pushing himself harder than ever but not getting the results. And he's drinking more since his wife left him. If he keeps it up, I'll bet a hundred bucks he doesn't last another year."*

H result: The PC discovers the information in the L and M results, and: *"His wife—Kurmvalter was her single name (what a gross name for a pretty blonde)—she's gone to Los Angeles, that's the way I hear it. Staying with her mother, I think."*

C result: The PC discovers the information in the three previous results, and: *"It's weird. When I look at the way Girard's falling apart, I can't help but wonder if the guy's got some guilty secret."*

Holly Girard

Depending on whom they talk to, the PCs can learn various things about Holly Girard.

Police Chief Stone

"She's a pretty, young blonde who left her husband."

The sheriff suspects that Holly lied when she supported her husband's alibi for the night of Lanier's death, but of course he won't admit this to strangers without some overwhelming reason.

Mark Girard

"She wanted me to have this great career and high salary, but she couldn't accept the amount of time I needed to put in at work. She'll be back soon, I'm sure."

Mark is not eager to talk about Holly to anyone, especially a group of strangers. The PCs should have a difficult time getting this information from him.

Other Townsfolk

Most people in McIver are aware of Holly's dissatisfaction with small-town life but know nothing of any greater substance.

The following results represent the information PCs can learn through the use of Journalism or Investigation Skill.

L result: The PC learns: *"Ran out on her husband a few weeks ago (and the poor guy's been on the skids since then). Went back where she came from, I guess—LA, I think."*

M result: The PC discovers the information in the L result, and: *"Kurmvalter: that was her maiden name, if that don't beat all. She never liked living here. I guess it wasn't exciting enough for her. And her husband was older and spent so much of his time at the mill. I kinda figured she'd eventually have herself an affair and enjoy herself."*

H result: The PC discovers the information in the L and M result, and: *"It was, oh a couple of weeks before Jacques Lanier cashed in. I saw Holly walking around with such a smile on her face, I figured she'd found something in McIver that she liked after all."*

C result: The PC discovers the information in the three previous results, and: *"When Lanier was killed, some people thought Mark Girard might have done it. But then Holly told the coroner they were together all that night, let him clean off the hook. Kinda interesting that she lit out soon after that."*

Other Information

There are, of course, other tacks that the PCs can take; these are only the most-likely and the most-fruitful. If your players go off on a different tangent, refer to the background information in the **Introduction** and keep in mind the townspeople's unwillingness to talk to strangers.

Chronology Encounters

The following summary of the Chronology Encounters lets you know at a glance when a major event in the scenario

is scheduled to occur. Refer to it continually; it serves as a guide to the pacing of your scenario and helps you run events in an orderly manner.

Some Chronology Encounters require that the PCs be at a particular place—usually, their hotel rooms. If they're not at the required location at the specified time, the encounter occurs the first moment they are in the right place. These "floating" encounters are marked with an asterisk (*), and the required location is given in parentheses.

Remember, October 10 is the day the PCs arrive in McIver.

Chronology Encounters Summary

DAY

ENCOUNTER

October 10

6:00 p.m.

The PCs' bus arrives in McIver.

11:45 p.m.*

(Hotel rooms) Temperature drops in the PCs' hotel rooms.

October 11

9:00 a.m.*

(Town street) A wolf-like dog watches the PCs from a distance.

1:00 p.m.

Storm gathers.

2:30 p.m.*

(PCs return to hotel) Threatening note found under door.

8:00 p.m.*

(Hotel room) Cal Geuvrement visits PCs.

11:45 p.m.*

(Hotel room) Jimmy's face is seen at window.

11:46 p.m.*

(Outside) PCs attacked by dogs.

October 12

2:00 a.m.*

(Hotel room) A PC has a Prescient/Clairvoyant Dream.

3:00 a.m.

Ladner Lumber mill burns.

11:45 p.m.

Factory Remnants attack PCs from then on. They'll keep attacking every chance they get until the PCs are destroyed or Girard is brought to justice

October 10, 6:00 p.m.

Welcome to beautiful downtown McIver. As the sun sinks below the trees, a chill in the air warns of a cold night. The hostility in the eyes of the townsfolk who pass you by warns of another kind of chill.

Give the players a copy of the town map. They're free to pursue their investigation in whatever manner they like.

October 10, 11:45 p.m.*

(This encounter occurs when the PCs are in their hotel rooms.)

It's cold. Colder than you'd expect. You check the room's heater, but it's going full blast. And it's still cold—colder than it has any right to be—and getting colder. As you watch in horrified amazement, a delicate tracery of frost forms on the inside of the window.

In incorporeal form, the Ccoa is outside the hotel, observing the actions of the PCs. It is using its Change Temperature Discipline just to shake them up and to give them an idea of what they're in for. The Ccoa lowers the temperature to just below freezing, maintains it at this level for 3D10 minutes, then terminates the discipline and allows the temperature to return to normal. The PCs should be unable to locate or identify the creature causing this effect.

October 11, 9:00 a.m.*

(This encounter occurs when the PCs are abroad in the town, preferably near the outskirts.)

You haven't seen the sun yet this morning. The clouds are leaden gray and heavy, a lowering presence above you. There's no wind. You have the unmistakable sense that the whole town is waiting for something.

Have each player make a General Perception Check for his PC. If anyone succeeds in this check, read the following aloud:

Suddenly you feel—no, you know—that someone or something is watching you. You look around.

A hundred yards away, a large dog is standing motionless on the sidewalk, its cold gray eyes fixed steadily on you. From its wild appearance, you realize the animal could just as easily be a wolf. You also realize that the intensity of the creature's gaze simply isn't natural.

Before you can react, the animal turns and runs off, disappearing down an alley.

There's nothing threatening about this dog (which isn't the Ccoa but is under its control), but its behavior appears so purposeful and so alien that PCs must make a Fear Check. Since it isn't hostile, and it's at a distance, PCs receive a +30 bonus to their Target# for this Fear Check. In addition, should a PC be forced, or choose, to flee, the number of rounds he must flee are as follows, depending on the result of the check:

Failure—1D5 rounds

L result—1D5 rounds

M result—1 or 2 rounds

H result—1 round

C result—no adverse effects

If the PCs want to follow the dog, let them try. Roll the appropriate dice and let them think they've got a chance. No matter what the dice say, however, the PCs can't track the dog. It's gone, and they don't see it again.

October 11, 1:00 p.m.

For the first time today, the wind starts to build. A rushing sound comes from the surrounding forest, as if something huge were moving through the foliage. And then the clouds begin to thicken, to darken, and the day takes on a twilight cast. In the gathering gloom, you wait for the rain.

No surprise here: the Ccoa is using its Change Weather Discipline. It maintains the discipline until it has created a heavy storm, then terminates the discipline. As with the Change Temperature Discipline earlier, the Ccoa's main goal is to unsettle the PCs and make them realize that they're up against something powerful. It has another motive as well, however. If the creature succeeds in achieving a heavy storm, all phone lines connecting McIver to the rest of the world will be blown down. Unless the PCs have access to a cellular phone or something similar, they won't be able to contact Holly Girard in Los Angeles. In addition, you, as CM, have to judge whether any other research using the Investigation or Journalism Skills requires phone or computer contact with places outside McIver.

October 11, 2:30 p.m.*

(This encounter occurs when a PC returns to his hotel room.)

You open the door of your hotel room and step inside. What's that? Something on the floor: a folded piece of paper. You pick it up and open it.

It's a note, scrawled messily in what could be red ink . . . but what you sickly suspect is blood.

Give the PC Player Aid 2.

The note was written and slid under the door by Jimmy Bartholomew. As with the preceding encounters, this is intended merely to unsettle the PCs. Under the Ccoa's guidance, Jimmy included references that reinforce the theory that a vampire of some kind is bedeviling McIver.

Characters with the Graphology/Forgery Skill have a chance to learn something about the writer of the note. The results of a successful Skill Check are as follows:

L result—*The writer is male.*

M result—*The writer is between 14 and 25 years old.*

H result—*The writer was highly excited when he wrote the note.*

C result—*The writer was manic when he wrote the note, probably past the boundaries of sanity. He was filled with hatred, but his handwriting shows some kind of contradiction or ambiguity.*

(This, of course, reflects the fact that Jimmy is under the Influence of the Ccoa.)

If the PCs check with the front desk, the person on duty claims that nobody went up to the PCs' room while they were out. Jimmy actually snuck in through a fire exit to deliver the note. Should the PCs try to analyze the medium used to write the note, they'll find out that it is squirrel blood.

October 11, 8:00 p.m.*

(This encounter occurs when the PCs are in their hotel rooms.)

You hear a knock on the door of your room. Not a loud knock, rather tentative, in fact.

If the PCs open the door, read the following aloud:

You swing the door open, ready for any kind of threat. But there's no danger on the other side of the door. Standing in the hallway is a young man—a boy, really. You'd put him at about 14 years old, although he's quite large for his age. He's got short blond hair and hazel eyes . . . which, at the moment, are fixed on the floor at his feet. In fact, the kid looks mortified about something. You watch for a moment as he struggles with his hesitancy. Then he speaks.

"H..h..hi," he stammers. "I'm C..C..Cal Geuvrement, and there's something I g..g..got to tell you. Can I c..c..come in?"

If the PCs invite him in, read the following aloud:

Cal Geuvrement steps inside and carefully shuts the door behind him. "You're here to find the v..vampire, aren't you?" he asks. "Th..that's what people are saying. Well," he goes on, "there isn't any v..vampire. Not the way you think."

Without waiting for an invitation, the boy launches into his story. As he gets involved in the telling, you notice his stammer vanishes. "You might have heard about Jimmy Bartholomew," Cal begins. "He's a friend of mine. Was a friend of mine. It was all his idea. You've heard about the satanists? That was us. Jimmy got us into it, me and the rest of the Bunkhouse Boys. He saw it on TV, he says, and thought it was a great way to stir up this boring town. I . . ."—he hesitates—"I didn't like it, it scared me. I didn't like messing with churches, but I was too scared to say anything.

"After the first couple of times, Jimmy started getting weird. Wild, real strange, even stranger than usual. Anyhow, that's when Jimmy started spending time away from home. We thought maybe he was spending his time at the old mill bunkhouse. That used to be our hangout, but when Jimmy started going weird on us we stopped going there. Then we thought maybe he was spending nights in the woods, god knows why.

"It got too much when he killed Chief Stone's dog, Sandy, a cute little spaniel. Drained the dog's blood to make it look like a vampire did it. I got sick to my stomach when I saw it. The chief, he's a tough guy, but he's got this real soft heart. And he loved that dog. Well hell, so did I. We all figured Jimmy had gone over the edge, and we just kind of pulled away from him.

"He pulled away from us, too. I don't think any of the Boys has spoken to Jimmy since that night. Some people in town think he's left or been killed by the vampire. We know he's still around. He's got to be: it's him who's done the other vampire stuff, we know it. And . . .

"And . . . I saw him, about ten days back. He was standing on the edge of the woods, and he had this dog by his side. This real wild dog I'd never seen before. And he and the dog were just staring at me. Scared the living hell out of me, I'll tell you that.

"Anyway, that's about it."

Unless the PCs stop him, Cal leaves at this point and suffers the fate described later (see **Cal's End**).

The PCs may try to ask Cal some more questions about what's gone on. To decide what Cal does and doesn't know,

refer to the background in the Introduction, and figure out what Cal would have been party to. Cal figures he's done his duty already and won't volunteer any further information. Each time a PC asks him a question about anything he hasn't already mentioned, the PC must make a successful General Skill Check using Investigation, Journalism, or Savoir-Faire. Failure means that Cal simply won't answer the question. No matter what the result, Cal won't lie: if he doesn't know something or if he doesn't want to talk about something (i.e., if a PC fails a Skill Check), he'll come right out and say so.

If the PCs manage to succeed in their Skill Checks, Cal can tell them that the Bunkhouse Boys used to use the old mill bunkhouse as their headquarters. He also speculates that Jimmy might be hanging out there.

The PCs might try to persuade Cal to lead them to the bunkhouse. This requires a Specific Check against Investigation, Journalism, or Savoir-Faire. If the PC attains a C result, Cal grudgingly agrees to lead the PCs to the bunkhouse. On any other result, he refuses, and any subsequent attempt to persuade him automatically fails.

A PC might show Cal the scrawled note from the previous encounter and ask him to identify the handwriting. Cal (honestly) states that it could be Jimmy's handwriting, but he's just not sure.

Cal's End

NOTE: If the PCs accompany or follow Cal when he leaves the hotel, this horrible event never happens.

Cal leaves as soon as the PCs have finished grilling him. The only exception is if the PCs have managed to persuade him to lead them to the bunkhouse. If Cal leaves while the PCs remain inside the hotel, read the following aloud:

Several minutes after Cal Geuvrement leaves, you hear a horrible cacophony from outside. Snarls and barks blend with screams of agony.

If the PCs investigate, read the following aloud:

Cal has been set upon by a pack of dogs and torn to shreds. There are no signs of the dogs.

Should the PCs check around town, they'll find that many pet dogs, ranging from Pekingese to Dobermans, have blood on their muzzles.

October 11, 11:45 p.m.*

(This encounter occurs when the PCs are in their hotel rooms, after their meeting with Cal.)

Roll a General Perception Check for each PC. To each player whose character succeeded on the check—or to the player whose character came closest to succeeding if everyone failed—tell the following:

Out of the corner of your eye, you see movement at the window.

A face! Someone's looking in your window. It's a thin face, belonging to a young man in his late teens. He's got long black hair, a sharp nose, and piercing blue eyes.

Almost as soon as you notice the face, it's gone.

The face, of course, is Jimmy Bartholomew. He's climbed up the outside of the building to stare in the PCs' window in an attempt to lead them outside to their doom. As soon as he realizes he's been noticed, he drops to the ground and sprints for the woods. If the PCs try to follow him, go to the next encounter.

October 11, 11:46 p.m.*

(This encounter occurs as soon as the PCs leave their hotel room, possibly in pursuit of the face they saw at their window.)

The town's lights reflect from the underside of the cloud deck, giving the sky a strange oyster-colored glow. That and the streetlights give you enough illumination to see that the street is empty.

No, not empty. Shapes are moving in the shadows, gathering, moving toward you. So quickly you don't have time to react, the shapes hurtle in toward you. Snarls and barks fill your ears, and fangs glint white in the strange light.

The PCs are being attacked by a pack of dogs. These are the pet dogs of McIver, ranging in size and temperament from Pekingese and beagles to Dobermans and shepherds, reinforced by one or two wolves from the woods. All are under the control of the Ccoa.

There are 24 dogs in the pack, 16 smaller dogs and 8 larger dogs. Since the dogs are completely under the control of the Ccoa, they fight to the death.

16 Small Dogs

AGL: (30 + 2D10) or 45
 DEX: N/A
 PCN: (25 + 2D10) or 40
 STA: (45 + 2D10) or 60 [x 10]
 STR: (2D10) or 15
 WPR: (10 + 2D10) or 25
 ATT: 1; (20 + 2D10) or 35
 SR: 0
 WB: 4
 Fear: 0
 MV: 125' (L); 5' (W)

8 Large Dogs

AGL: (60 + 2D10) or 75
 DEX: N/A
 PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90
 STA: (45 + 2D10) or 60
 STR: (60 + 2D10) or 75
 WPR: (30 + 2D10) or 45
 ATT: 1; (45 + 2D10) or 60
 SR: 3
 WB: 30
 Fear: -20
 MV: 250' (L); 10' (W)

October 12, 2:00 a.m.*

(This encounter occurs when one of the PCs is safely asleep. You can use this dream if any PC uses Clairvoyant/Prescient Dreaming a second time.)

Sleep enfolds you in its darkness, and you sink willingly into it. But then your sense of peace is disrupted; images split the darkness.

A dog is watching you. Not one of the dogs you've already seen around McIver, but a different one. A feral creature, it looks more than half wolf and possibly rabid. It's watching you from the edge of the forest as you walk down the street toward it. Its lips draw back from yellowed teeth in a vicious growl.

You reach up and remove something from your head, a small crown of some kind, studded with jewels. The dog is watching you, and you can feel its sudden fear. You draw your arm back and hurl the crown at the dog. It flashes in the dim light as it tumbles. And then the crown reforms itself and becomes a gleaming silver knife with a huge gem set in its pommel. The dog howls in terror as the knife sinks deep into its chest. It thrashes in mortal agony and then crumbles to dust.

For the first time, you notice something at your feet. It's a doorknob. You reach down to pick it up and realize that it's attached to a door. You pull on the doorknob, and the door lifts from the street until it stands solidly on end, as though it were mounted in a door frame. As the door settles into this final position, the clouds that shrouded the sky vanish, and the sun breaks through. In the sudden wash of light, the town of McIver around you looks new and clean again—reborn.

This dream contains valuable information. First, it indicates that a feral dog, perhaps the one Cal mentioned seeing with Jimmy, is somehow involved. Second, it hints that a crown of some kind could represent a weapon to use against this creature. This clue refers to the Miter Stone that can be found in the McIver town museum. This is discussed in a later section. Finally, it implies that raising a door, whatever that may mean symbolically, might help in clearing the town of its evil blight. This clue refers to raising the doorposts of the unfinished community center, described later. This act will totally destroy the Ccoa.

If a PC is actively using the Clairvoyant/Prescient Dream Discipline, he accepts that this dream is a result of that action. If nobody attempts to use the discipline, one of the PCs experiences the dream anyway. The energy flow that drives the Art has been so disrupted around McIver by the Ccoa and remnants that even people who can't use the Art are sometimes having prescient dreams. Of course, the PCs might be less likely to trust what the dream is telling them.

October 12, 3:00 a.m.

If the PCs are asleep, they won't learn about this event until they wake the next morning. If they're up and around, however, read the following aloud:

In the distance, you hear a faint wailing. It takes you a second or two to identify it as a siren. You look in the direction of the mill. The underside of the cloud deck is glowing a sullen red. The mill's on fire!

The PCs are free to go and investigate. By the time they arrive, the mill is burning fiercely. The McIver Volunteer Fire Department can't save the building. By dawn, it has burned to the ground. The firefighters prevent the fire from spreading to surrounding buildings, however. Specifically, the old bunkhouse is undamaged.

Jimmy set the fire on orders of the Ccoa. With the mill destroyed, any Factory Remnants that still exist are free to travel anywhere they want.

If the PCs are in or near the mill at 3:00 a.m., Jimmy doesn't set the fire until they leave. If the PCs have already dealt with Jimmy in some way but the Ccoa is still alive, it uses Influence to force someone else to set the fire. The only circumstance under which the mill will survive is if the PCs have already destroyed the Ccoa by completing the unfinished community center.

October 12, 11:45 p.m.

Once more you feel unmistakably that someone or something is watching you. You turn. A terrible sight meets your eyes. A man stands a dozen feet behind you. His body is mangled and bloody, and both his arms are missing. He smiles at you out of a blood-drenched face. "C'est finis, mes amis" he says quietly.

Then his smile becomes a snarl, and he hurls himself at you.

Obviously, this is Jacques Lanier, the Factory Remnant. Randy Reymore and any other remnants subsequently created are present too, but incorporeal. All of the remnants immediately attack the PCs in an all-out attempt to destroy them. If all of the PCs fall unconscious, either through the remnants' Chilling Touch or their disciplines, the creatures immediately kill them. Any PCs who flee are pursued by one or more of the remnants.

From now on, any time a remnant returns to the Known world—i.e., after the 1D10 hours it must remain in the Unknown after being destroyed—it immediately attacks the PCs again. If the PCs are all together, it attacks them all; if they've separated, the remnant attacks whichever PC or group of PCs appears to be the least well-defended. This cycle of continuous attacks keeps up until either Mark Girard is brought to justice, at which time the remnants are destroyed, or until the Ccoa is destroyed. If the Ccoa is driven back into the Unknown, the remnants forget about the PCs and concentrate their nasty attentions on the residents of McIver.

Location Encounters

This section describes the significant locations in McIver and the encounters, if any, that may occur at each location.

Baptist Church

Half-way down Pike Avenue, this is a small "American Gothic" style church, with white clapboard walls, a white picket fence, and a tiny steeple. According to the board

outside the front door, the sermon at the next service is scheduled to be "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Since the disappearance of his son, Rev. James Bartholomew spends most of his waking hours in the church. He holds services weekday evenings at 7:30 p.m. and at 9:00 and 11:00 a.m. on Sunday. If the PCs attend a service, they'll find that Rev. Bartholomew is a real firebrand of a speaker, although his rhetorical skills often far outreach his content.

Rev. Bartholomew's house

This is a small, single-story house that has seen better days. The garden is overrun with weeds, the fence needs mending, and the house itself could do with a coat of paint.

Rev. James Bartholomew is usually home only between 11:00 p.m. and 8:00 a.m., and then he's asleep. He doesn't like talking to people at home, preferring to have them visit him at his church.

The PCs might notice the discrepancy between Bartholomew's church, which is spick-and-span, and his house, which is far from that. This is an indication of where Bartholomew's interests lie.

The Country Store

This is a standard small-town general store, although maybe a little more run down than most. The "sale" signs in the windows are faded and several weeks out of date, and a layer of grime covers the windows. Nevertheless, the store is obviously open.

The store is open from 9:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

As mentioned earlier, you can use the presence or absence of Tony Mianato to make things easier or more difficult for the PCs. If Mianato isn't in the store, the staff of 5 are all "Other Townsfolk," and there are 1D10 townsfolk in the store. If Mianato is present, however, there are only 1D5 customers in the store.

Double-D Diner

A typical greasy-spoon truck stop, this place like most of McIver, has seen better days. The neon sign out front is missing segments, so its message actually reads DOU LE— IN R.

The diner is open from 8:00 a.m. to midnight. Whenever the PCs visit, Miriam Blake is behind the counter. Throughout the day, there are 1D10 townsfolk patronizing the diner.

The Flame

This is a narrow "shotgun" building; its 20-foot frontage sporting rough-hewn cedar siding. The only identification of its nature is a flickering neon beer sign in the window. The inside is dark, with room for nothing more than the bar, some stools, and a couple of tables.

Dick Sharmen keeps The Flame open from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 a.m. and spends much of his time either behind the bar or in the cramped office. Throughout the day there are 1D5 townsfolk present; in the evening, they're joined by (3 + 1D10) mill workers.

Mark Girard's house

This is a comfortable-looking two-story house near the center of town. It has lots of window-space, hinting that the inside should be light and airy, but at the moment every drape in the place is drawn shut. The garden, which is nicely laid out, is starting to go to seed; obviously, nobody has done any outside work for a while.

Mark Girard is usually at the mill from about 7:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. or even later. When he's at home, he sits alone in the den, drinking himself into oblivion. He never answers the door and rarely picks up the phone. The drapes are never opened.

The Ladner Lumber Mill

The mill is described in detail in a later section.

McIver Library and Town Museum

The rather grand sign outside reads "MCIVER LIBRARY AND TOWN MUSEUM." The reality of the building is considerably less grand. It's a small, plain wooden building that probably started its existence as a five-and-dime store or something similar. There's a big, hand-lettered sign on the door reading "WELCOME," but you get the sense that very few people in McIver use this source of information . . . or, to be honest, care whether it's still open tomorrow.

The library is open from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Its founder, manager, and sole employee is Lucy Kobayashi. Lucy will be glad to help any of the PCs with their research (after all, they're the only "customers" she's had in months). Lucy is also the McIverite who sent SAVE the anonymous letter alerting the organization to the strange goings-on in McIver.

If the PCs go inside, read the following aloud:

The library portion of the building is little more than a joke. You'd laugh out loud, except that you know how seriously Lucy Kobayashi, the librarian, takes her work and how hard she's struggled to get it even to this point. There are five bookshelves, each holding maybe 100 books. Most of these are tattered paperbacks, but here and there are old school books that appear to date from the 1940s.

A real contrast to the rather sordid appearance of the rest of the room is the powerful personal computer that sits, humming happily to itself, in the corner. You notice that this system includes all the most-modern peripherals: a laser printer, a fax/modem, even an optical disk reader.

This system is Lucy's pride and joy. She bought it herself and—out of her own pocket—paid to have all the town's archives scanned onto optical disk. With its fax and modem, the system will allow the PCs to research databases virtually anywhere in the world (so long as the phone lines aren't down, of course). Again, Lucy will be glad to help the PCs with any form of research.

The museum portion of the facility is a small room toward the back of the building. If the PCs decide to investigate it, read the following aloud:

After seeing the library, you're not expecting much from the museum, and you're right. There are a few blow-ups of grainy, sepia-toned photographs on the wall. (When you examine them, you find you have to check the dates. McIver apparently hasn't changed significantly since 1925.)

In a long display case, which looks handmade, are examples of antique logging tools. The only thing that looks at all impressive has pride of place in the center of the room. In another handmade glass case is what you suppose could be called a coronet. It's a three-quarters circle of worked silver that would fit around the brow of a woman. Set into the portion of the circle that would rest on the wearer's forehead is a faceted gem about thumbnail size. At first you think it's a diamond, but you quickly realize it must be a chunk of quartz crystal.

If the PCs ask Lucy about the coronet, read the following aloud:

"Two years ago, one of McIver's real characters, a 95-year-old woman everyone called 'the widow Murphy,' died. Everyone was surprised when her estate included this coronet because they'd thought she was dirt poor, and they were even more surprised when her will left it to my museum. I don't know the piece's historical significance, if it has one, but I felt honor-bound to display it."

In fact, the piece of quartz mounted in the browpiece is a Miter Crystal (see p.78 for details). The "widow Murphy" didn't know the significance of what she had, but as death approached she started having vivid dreams that seemed to instruct her to pass the coronet on to the museum. Accordingly, she changed her will.

Lucy doesn't know the significance of the stone either. Although she'll be helpful to the PCs, this help won't necessarily extend to letting them rip apart one of her exhibits (assuming that the PCs even figure out the significance and value of the coronet's stone). It should be a difficult task to persuade Lucy to relinquish the coronet (CM discretion).

If the PCs do acquire the Miter Stone, it represents a significant weapon against the Ccoa and the Factory Remnants. As described in Chapter 4, if the Miter Crystal is incorporated into a melee weapon such as a knife, that weapon has the power to permanently destroy a creature of the Unknown. The Clairvoyant/Prescient Dream described in the Chronology Encounters hints at this.

McIver School

This single cement-block building houses the elementary, junior high, and high school for the town. Considering the few children you've seen in McIver, this wouldn't be much of a problem.

The PCs might try to track down the Bunkhouse Boys here. Unfortunately, the Boys are rather given to truancy. The chance of finding each member of the Boys in school, on any given day, is as follows:

Bunkhouse Boy	% Chance in School
Jimmy Bartholomew	0%*
Larry Ewald	15%
Cal Geuvrement	15%
Tad Johnson	15%
Link Maurinier	50%
Geoff Mianato	25%

*He hasn't been seen in weeks.

New Community Center

According to the sign out front, this is "McIver's New Community Center, paid for by your tax dollars." Maybe when it's finished it'll look like something. But at the

moment, it's just the wooden frame of a building set on a concrete slab. There's no roof and no walls, and the front door frame hasn't even been set in place yet. You estimate it'll take a group of 10 workers a couple of weeks to get the place half-way finished.

Nobody's working on it at the moment. And, from the look of the building, you figure that nobody's touched it for weeks. You suppose that the town's had other things to worry about.

The PCs will eventually realize that the creature causing much of the trouble in McIver is a Ccoa and that they can destroy it by completing this community center. Unfortunately, it certainly appears that the amount of work remaining is much too great for a handful of PCs to manage in any reasonable time. If they try to persuade or hire townsfolk to help them out, they'll be met with resistance every step of the way. Who cares about a stupid community center when a vampire's stalking the town?

In fact, to destroy the Ccoa the PCs won't have to complete the entire community center. As with so many things related to the Unknown, symbolism is more important than reality. To "complete" the community center, all the PCs have to do is install the frame of the front door and hang the double doors. This is hinted at in the Prescient/Clairvoyant Dream described in the Chronology Encounters. As soon as the door frame and doors are installed, the Ccoa is destroyed.

Unfortunately for the PCs, the Ccoa senses as soon as anyone starts to install the door frame and doors. It immediately hurries to the site in dog form and does everything in its power to prevent the PCs from completing the task. It first uses its disciplines in such a showy way that it scares off any townsfolk who might be involved, and it then uses whatever abilities are appropriate, including physical combat, to kill or drive off the PCs. It also summons a pack of dogs and orders them to attack the PCs.

If the Factory Remnants haven't been destroyed and if the mill has burned down (freeing them), the Ccoa also calls on these creatures to attack the PCs. And finally, it calls to Jimmy Bartholomew to help destroy the PCs. When Jimmy arrives on the scene, he is armed with a stolen shotgun (with 6 shells) and a hunting knife. While the Ccoa exists, Jimmy fights to the death.

If any PCs flee the scene, the Ccoa dispatches part of the dog pack to chase them down and kill them. After it has made sure that the community center isn't going to be completed, it mops up any surviving PCs.

Police Station

The McIver Police Station is a low building made of concrete blocks. It looks stark and utilitarian, and even the two large flower pots that flank the front door don't do anything to soften its appearance.

The front desk and the phone system are manned around the clock. Chief Stone is in his office perhaps 50% of the time during the day. Around the clock, the receptionist can reach him instantly, and Stone can get to his office or anywhere else in town in a matter of minutes. Among the receptionists and policemen, there's a jocular rumor that Chief Stone never sleeps . . . or if he does, it's behind the wheel of his Bronco with the radio handset propped against his ear.

The Rustic Inn

This is a blocky wooden building, with a large stone chimney. A faded and weatherbeaten wooden sign—rather like an English pub sign—swings creakily from a post out front.

The front desk is open from 7:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. During this time, there's a 75% chance that Virgil Hood is on duty. If he's not, the back-up clerk is present. (Use the statistics for Other Townsfolk.)

The Rustic Inn has eight rather spartan rooms upstairs. All are currently vacant so the PCs have no trouble getting a room for the night. Each room has two single beds. Up to five can sleep in a single room, as long as they don't mind lying on the floor. A room costs \$60 a night, no matter how many people are staying there. The Rustic Inn has a kitchen and restaurant downstairs, but they haven't been used for years. When guests want to eat, they usually walk to the Double-D Diner.

The Mill

Refer to the map of the mill and its surroundings.

The mill operates from 7:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. At night, the place is usually deserted, although sometimes workers are present performing maintenance. Since the death of Jacques Lanier, this nocturnal maintenance has become much less frequent, as workers often refuse to visit the mill at night.

There are large lights mounted on the outside of the mill building, illuminating the millpond and the parking lot. Inside, at night only one light in four is left on, making the mill a place of intangible threat, looming machinery, and ink-black shadows. After 5:30, all the equipment is turned off (except as mentioned later).

If the PCs enter the mill during the day, they'll find it a place of bustling activity. If they talk to the workers, however, they'll sense an undercurrent of fear. The remnants are present during the day but are almost always incorporeal and stay out of the way. Only if the remnants think they can kill or injure a PC without drawing attention to themselves do they attack during the day.

Nighttime is a different story. As soon as the PCs enter the mill building, the remnants start to taunt and threaten them. Using their Haywire Discipline, they'll randomly activate some of the mill equipment, leading the PCs deeper into the mill. Then they'll use their other disciplines—particularly Telekinesis, Gnarl, Confuse, and Slam—to injure or kill the PCs. Only when the PCs have been suitably softened up do the remnants attack physically, using their Chilling Touch.

The remnants fight to the death if the PCs stand their ground. If the PCs flee the mill, even temporarily, the remnants won't follow (because they can't) and won't use their disciplines on anyone who is outside the mill building.

In general, anyone unfortunate enough to fall into or be caught by operating mill machinery suffers catastrophic damage; the Target# is 80 at Strike Rank 8. Feel free to make any kind of combat in the mill as dangerous as you like, requiring your players to make frequent Agility Checks to have their characters avoid running afoul of the lethal machinery. Remember, there are probably few deadlier places to have a fight than in a sawmill with the equipment running.

Bunkhouse

This old building looks more decrepit than the mill itself, and that's saying something. The walls haven't been painted in a decade or so, and the roof looks like it would leak like a sieve. The three wooden steps leading up to the front (and only) door are covered with a layer of green and slimy moss. There are windows, but they're solidly boarded up.

The wooden steps are almost totally rotted through. If one or more characters weighing a total of 200 pounds or more stand on the middle step, it gives way with a crack like a rifle shot. (So much for surprise.)

If the PCs want to enter through a window, they'll first have to pry off the wood boarding them up. As soon as they start trying to do so, let them know that this is an exceptionally noisy process. Should the PCs enter the building through a window, they'll be entering the main bunkroom, just as they would if they entered through the door. Go to the paragraph below for a description.

Even during the day, it's dark inside the building, requiring flashlights to see well. Make sure your players understand this.

If the PCs want to enter the building through the door, read the following aloud:

The door swings easily open. Your light source shows you the expanse of a large room, filling the entire building. Mounted around the wall of the room are racks of some kind. It takes you a moment to realize that these are bunks where the mill workers slept tens of years ago. The wooden plank floor is wet and slippery, and there's a wet, decaying smell to the air. The entire building exudes a feeling of disuse. There are some boxes piled against the far wall. Obviously somebody once used this room as a storeroom; just as obviously, it hasn't been used as such for several years now.

The boxes contain employment records and other files from the mill. The paper is soaked and rotted.

If Cal Geuvrement is with the PCs, he can tell them that the meeting place of the Bunkhouse Boys was actually a storage room beneath the floor of the bunkroom. If the PCs are on their own, make a General Perception Check for each player, and read the following to anyone who succeeds on the check:

There's something unusual about the floor in the center of the room. The gaps between the planks are slightly wider. It looks almost like . . . yes, it is: a trapdoor in the floor.

If the PCs want to open the door and proceed, read the following:

The trapdoor opens with a muffled squeak. Something hurtles out of the opening, right at your throat. Something that's all matted black hair and flashing teeth.

This is a wild dog that the Ccoa has set on guard to protect the storage room. It's still basically a puppy, but what it lacks in size it more than makes up for in aggressiveness. The creature is totally under the Ccoa's control and fights until it's dead.

Killer Puppy

AGL: 42
DEX: N/A
PCN: 41
STA: 65 [x 10]
STR: 10
WPR: 20
ATT: 1; 40

SR: 0
WB: 4
Fear: 0
MV: 125' (L); 5' (W)

Whenever the PCs choose to visit the bunkroom, the Ccoa itself won't be present; it is prowling in the woods that surround the mill, watching. It's entirely up to you as to whether Jimmy Bartholomew is "at home" when the PCs come calling; either you can let the PCs scrap it out with Jimmy now or hold him in reserve until the PCs try to complete the community center.

If Jimmy is present, the situation will depend on how much noise the PCs made getting into the building. In your opinion, if the PCs were very quiet, Jimmy will be sitting, lost in his own thoughts, when the PCs open the trapdoor. He'll be surprised and unable to act for one round, then he'll pick up the shotgun and blaze away at the PCs. (He only has 6 shells, but this might be enough.) If the PCs tried prying boards off the window, broke the front step, or otherwise made significant amounts of noise, Jimmy is ready, shotgun leveled at the trapdoor. As soon as it opens, he starts firing.

Either way, Jimmy fights until he's dead or rendered unconscious. In addition to his shotgun, he has a hunting knife in his belt. For Jimmy's stats and other information, see p. 88.

After the PCs have entered the area under the trapdoor, read the following aloud:

The room is roughly square, about 10 feet on a side, with a ceiling so low that the tallest of your group has to stoop. The floor is dirt, and the walls are wood. In one corner is a pile of filthy sheets and blankets that must be a bed but looks more like the nest of some large animal. Piled in another corner is a selection of electronic equipment—looking strangely out of place here. There's a small television that can run on batteries and a hand-held video camera, also battery-powered. Next to this high-tech collection is a tattered leather briefcase.

The television and video camera were both acquired by Jimmy Bartholomew in better days. None of the Boys knew if Jimmy had stolen them, and they didn't want to know.

There is a video cassette in the camera. On it is recorded a TV show describing satanic cults; it was this show that gave Jimmy the original idea of pretending that there were satanists in McIver.

Inside the briefcase are four envelopes, each containing sums of money in new \$20 bills. The envelopes contain \$300, \$500, \$1,000 and \$1,500. There are no markings on the envelopes, but characters with the Investigation Skill will be able to trace them and the money back to Mark

Girard. Obviously, this was the blackmail money that Jimmy has been demanding from Girard to keep his guilty secret. The envelope with \$1,500 in it also contains a hand-written letter, which can also be traced back to Mark Girard. If the PCs find this letter, give them Player Aid 3.

A character with the Graphology/Forgery Skill can learn a lot from this letter. The results of a successful Skill Check are as follows:

L result: *The writer is male.*

M result: *The writer is in his mid-40s.*

H result: *The writer was drunk and emotionally overwrought when he wrote the note.*

C result: *The writer was also suffering from a crippling combination of fear and guilt. He was dealing with these emotions by drinking to escape and by withdrawing from contact with other people.*

When the PCs leave the bunkhouse, the Ccoa has arranged an unpleasant surprise for them. As soon as they step outside, they are attacked by a pack of 12 dogs, 8 small, and large. (See the Chronology Encounter at **October 11, 11:46 p.m.** for details about the dogs.) If the mill has already burned down, the dogs are accompanied by the Factory Remnants. (See the **Jacques Lanier** entry on p. 92 and the **Randy Reymore** entry on p. 93.) If this isn't enough, you can add Jimmy Bartholomew with his shotgun (assuming he's still in commission).

The dogs continue to attack until they're all killed; the others break off combat as soon as the PCs leave the mill area. The Ccoa itself won't get involved in the tussle. (It's saving itself for the final conflict surrounding the community center.)

Chipper

This piece of equipment grinds up the scrap wood, reducing it to sawdust, which will eventually be used by the pulp and paper industry.

Fine sawdust suspended in the air is highly flammable and often explosive. Open flames near or particularly inside the chipper can cause a major fire or explosion. Keep this in mind if the PCs are a little wild with gunfire.

Drying Kilns

Boards are stacked inside these two heated buildings to be seasoned (to have the excess moisture removed from the wood). Instruments monitor the temperature and moisture of

the wood and control the heating elements. From here, the seasoned boards go to the lumberyard.

The temperature inside a drying kiln is usually in the low 100s, not hot enough to do significant damage unless someone is trapped inside the building for several hours (possible if the remnants use their Slam Discipline, then jam the door somehow). For each hour that a person is trapped inside the drying kiln at normal temperature, roll the dice as if the character were being attacked, using a Target# of 65 and a Strike Rank of 3.

If the control system is disabled, which a remnant can easily do using Haywire and Telekinesis, the temperature within a drying kiln can rise almost to the boiling point of water. At this higher temperature, for each 5 minutes that someone is trapped inside, roll the dice as if the character were being attacked, using a Target# of 80 and a Strike Rank of 4.

Edger Saw

Here the boards created by the head saw are cut into the proper widths, and their edges are squared. The leftover edgings are dumped onto a conveyor that takes them to the chipper.

Grading Shed

In this small outbuilding, the workers examine the boards coming from the mill and grade them according to size, quality, and kind of wood. From here, the graded lumber is moved to the drying kilns.

When the mill burns, everything in the mill building itself and the grading shed are destroyed. Nothing else in the mill compound is significantly damaged.

Green Chain

This conveyor belt moves the boards out of the mill proper into the grading shed. It's here that Randy Reymore lost his life.

Head Saw

As logs are dragged onto the log deck by the bull chain, they are moved onto the carriage. Looking something like a small railroad flatcar, this carries the logs into the teeth of the head saw.

This is a huge bandsaw that cuts the log on the carriage into a pile of boards. You figure this must have been the bandsaw that shattered two weeks ago, injuring some workers. From the head saw, the boards are carried to the edger



saw. The slabs, the leftover parts of the log that can't be turned into boards, are dumped onto a conveyor belt that takes them to the chipper.

When the mill is operating, the head saw makes a painfully loud screaming sound as it cuts into the logs. This noise is so loud that ear protection is required.

Lumberyard

Here the boards are stacked in huge piles, 10 feet or more high. The piles are closely spaced, making for a claustrophobic, maze-like atmosphere.

During the day, three powerful forklifts carry the boards around and stack them neatly. At night, the forklifts are parked next to the drying kilns. Using Haywire and Telekinisis, the remnants can activate these forklifts and use them as weapons against the PCs. A forklift can reach a maximum speed of 15 mph, about 113 feet per round. If a remnant is trying to run down a character with a forklift, make an Opposed Check between the character's AGL and the forklift's AGL of 40. If the character rolls an equal or higher level of success, he evades the forklift; otherwise, the vehicle hits him, with an Accident# of 50 (due to the nature of the collision) and a Strike Rank of 4.

Alternatively, the remnants could use the forklifts to knock over piles of lumber onto the PCs. To do so, the forklift must run into the pile of lumber at full speed; there is a 35% chance that this will disable the forklift. Characters caught under a falling pile of lumber suffer Catastrophic Damage; the Target# is 70, and the Strike Rank is 6.

Millpond

The water is dark, almost black. In places, you can see a scum on the surface, probably only algae, but you have to admit it looks somehow diseased. Logs float in the filthy water, looking like a pack of malformed crocodiles, waiting for someone to make the fatal error of falling into the pond. During the day, mill workers herd the logs, pushing them toward the mill end of the pond, where the "bull chain" catches them with its vicious hooks and drags them up a ramp and onto the log deck inside the mill.

There is nothing untoward about the millpond, but it might be fun to drop hints that something unpleasant lives beneath its scummy surface.

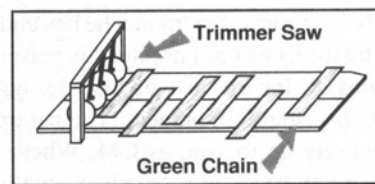
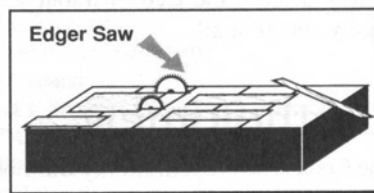
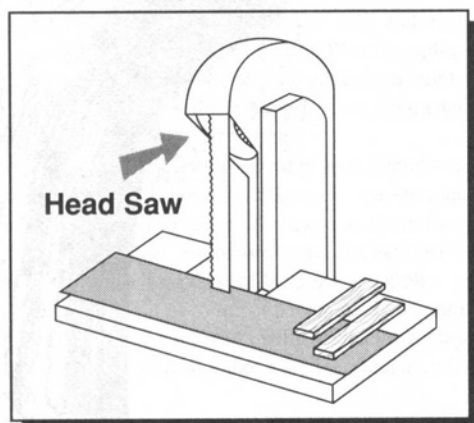
Offices

These small offices are where the managers, bookkeepers, and secretaries work during the day.

There's nothing of interest or value in these offices.

Trimmer Saw

The boards from the edger saw are cut into the appropriate lengths by the multiple circular saws of the trimmer saw assembly. This is the piece of equipment that killed Jacques Lanier, and you can see just how dangerous it is, with its 12 spinning blades. The boards now go to the green chain, while the trimmings go to the chipper.



Epilogue

There are several issues in this scenario that must be resolved. The major ones are discussed below. (Minor issues can arise out of the PCs' actions, like criminal charges for blazing away at people's pet dogs in downtown McIver. It's up to you and your players to settle them in a reasonable fashion.

Mark Girard & the Remnants

If the PCs present Police Chief Stone with testimony from Holly Girard or with the blackmail money and note in the possession of Jimmy Bartholomew, the chief will happily reopen the case against Mark Girard. The first thing he'll do is visit Girard and confront him with the new evidence. Girard is in such an overwrought state that he'll immediately confess his guilt. The justice system can run much faster and smoother in a small town than it can in a city, so court will be convened in three days. Based on Girard's confession, the court will find him guilty of the murder of Jacques Lanier and sentence him to jail. As soon as the verdict of "guilty" is pronounced, the Factory Remnants bedeviling the town instantly crumble to dust.

Destroying the Ccoa

As described previously, as soon as the door frame and front doors of the incomplete community center are installed, the Ccoa vanishes screaming into the Unknown, never to return. If the PCs have recognized the nature of the Miter Crystal in the museum, they can fashion it into a weapon and possibly destroy the Ccoa without worrying about the community center at all.

Jimmy Bartholomew

As soon as the Ccoa is destroyed, Jimmy Bartholomew is freed from its direct control. The brain worm within his skull crawls out and dies.

Unfortunately for Jimmy, the trauma he has undergone while controlled by the Ccoa has unseated his reason. He is insane and remains so for the rest of his life, unless he undergoes intense psychiatric treatment. The nature of his insanity is left entirely up to you, as CM. Whether he is eventually cured or not, he never remembers anything that happened between the time the brain worm entered his skull and the moment the Ccoa was destroyed.

The Fruits of Success

Note that it is possible for the PCs to solve one problem and not the other. If they solve only one and then leave, SAVE quickly learns that McIver is still in trouble, and probably sends another group of PCs to deal with it. The PCs' receive credit for what they did, but the SAVE administration can't help but note that they left their job only half done. If they destroy the Ccoa and the remnants, however, SAVE is very impressed. Their reputation in the organization is spread, as "the team that didn't get the vampire they were sent out after, but bagged a Ccoa and some Factory Remnants instead." They'll probably also be in for some good-natured teasing about the impact they had on the dog population of McIver.

If the PCs eliminated the Ccoa, the players each receive 3 CIPs; if they eliminated the remnants, they receive 3 CIPs each. These two awards are cumulative. In addition, award them with any additional CIPs you think they deserve (for good role-playing, etc.).





The rules of Chill are like a language. The ideas that follow will teach key words and phrases to those whose characters journey to a place where fear and terror are customary.

Standard Terms

An action is what a PC or NPC does during a round of combat. PCs and NPCs can have more than one action per round.

The Art is the ability to perceive or use the energies/forces of the Unknown, and includes the Evil Way. All forms of the Art are known as Disciplines.

Attacks (ATT) only apply to creatures and animals. This is the number of attacks an animal or creature can make in one round.

Basic Abilities represent PC, NPC, animal, and creature characteristics. The Basic Abilities are: Agility (AGL), Dexterity (DEX), Luck (LCK), Perception (PCN), Personality (PER), Stamina (STA), Strength (STR) and Willpower (WPR). Neither creatures nor animals have a LCK Score, animals have no PER Score, and some creatures and animals have no DEX Score.

A Called Shot allows an individual to specify an exact target in exchange for cutting his Target Number in half.

Character Insight Points (CIPs) are what characters gain after successfully completing SAVE missions.

The Chill Master (CM) is the person who runs the game. The CM tells the players what's happening in the scenario and acts as the eyes, ears, and other senses of the PCs. He plays the part of all NPCs and creatures, and serves as the referee.

The dice used in Chill are ten-sided dice (D10). The abbreviation D means die or dice. 1D10 means roll one ten-sided die, 2D10 means rolls two ten-sided dice, etc. A roll of "0" on a ten-sided die is read as "10."

The notation D% indicates that a percent roll is to be made using 2D10; one die represents the tens digit, and the other die represents the ones (two "0s" are read as "100"). Which die represents which digit is decided by the person rolling the dice before the beginning of the game. For example: a player is making a percent roll using one red ten-sided die and one blue ten-sided die. Before the scenario begins, he declares that the blue die would be his tens die. He rolls a "2" on the blue die, and a "5" on the red die, which results in a roll of "25."

Disciplines are forms of the Art, including the Evil Way. Characters use Art Disciplines, and creatures use Evil Way Disciplines.

Edges and Drawbacks are personal advantages and disadvantages which characters may possess.

The Evil Way is a branch of the Art that creatures use.

An Evil Way Score (EWS) applies to creatures only, and is used to figure the base chance of success when using Evil Way Disciplines.

Fear is the modifier used when a character comes into contact with a creature or animal. The Fear modifier is applied to the character's Current Willpower when making a Fear Check.

A Fear Check is a Specific Check required of any character that meets or senses creatures of the Unknown. In some cases, characters must also make a Fear Check when they meet animals. Fear Checks are always rolled against a character's Current Willpower Score. A Fear Check is made at the instant it is required, regardless of the sequence of play.

A General Check is the act of rolling a percent and comparing the number rolled to the Target Number. As with all checks, a player (or the CM) is only successful if the number rolled is equal to or less than the Target Number.

Movement (MV) is how far an individual can move in one round. Rates are given for movement on land (L), in the air (A), and in water (W). Some creatures move incorporeally (I). This means the creature has no physical form, and can therefore move anywhere—on land, in the air, or under water—at the rate shown.

Sensing the Unknown is the Score a character uses to find out if someone or something from the Unknown is nearby.

Skills represent specific proficiencies that characters may learn. Players use characters' skills at specific levels as follows:

Student (S), Teacher (T), and Master (M).

Societas Argenti Viae Eternitata (SAVE) is a secret organization dedicated to protecting the Known world from creatures of the Unknown.

A Specific Check is the act of rolling a percent and comparing the number rolled to the Target Number. A Specific Check is made when a specific result is needed (for instance, determining the amount of damage the creature took from a gunshot). As with all checks, a player (or the CM) is only successful if the number rolled is equal to or less than the Target Number.

A Strike Rank (SR) determines the range of damage a particular weapon is capable of.

A Surprise Check is a General Check used to determine whether a character can respond immediately to an unexpected attack or situation.

The Target Number (Target# or T#) is the number which is ultimately rolled against in a given check.

The Unknown is the "dimension" where creatures come from, and pertains to that which cannot be explained in terms of the everyday world.

Wound Boxes (WB) are used to determine the amount of damage an individual can take before dying.

ABBREVIATIONS

A Air
AGL Agility
ATT Attack(s)
CIP(s) Character Insight Point(s)
CM Chill Master
C Corporeal
D% Percent roll
D10 Ten-sided die
DEX Dexterity
EWS Evil Way Score
G Gaseous
I Incorporeal
L Land
LCK Luck
M Master
MV Movement
NPC(s) Non-player character(s)
PCN Perception
PER Personality
PC(s) Player character(s)
rnd Round
SAVE Societas Argenti Viae Eternitata
STA Stamina
STR Strength
SR Strike Rank
S Student
T#, Target# Target Number
T Teacher
W Water
WPR Willpower
WB(s) Wound Box(es)
Wnd(s) Wound(s)

SPECIFIC CHECK RESULTS

L Low result
M Medium result
H High result
C Colossal result
K Knockdown result

A. CREATURES

Name	AGL	DEX	PCN	PER	STA	STR	WPR	EWS	ATT	SR	WB	Fear	MV	Type	Class	Page
Altum	85	65	95	55	70	85	65	125	55	3	45	-25	160' (W)	M, I	C	51
Apostate	N/A	N/A	105	110	N/A	N/A	140	130	2; 115	2	N/A	-20	80' (I)	M, I	I	52
Beast Ghost	*	*	*	N/A	*	*	*	95	1; * 95	*	N/A	-30	*	I, S	I, C	54
Bogy	75	55	55	45	65	75	45	100	65	3	30	-15	150' (L)	I, S	C	55
Crying Spirit	N/A	N/A	85	90	N/A; *	85; *	125	115	1; 115*	3	N/A	-30	100' (I)	I, S	I	56
Drowned One	55	65	45	N/A	85	65	15	85	55	1*	N/A	-40	90' (W)	S	C	57
Factory Remnant	60	40*	75	20	50	55	110	135	1; 135**	N/A	N/A	-25	150' (I)	I, S	I, C	59
Fun-fair Remnant	60	65	80	25	50	45	110	135	1*	N/A	N/A	-20	150' (I)	M, I	I, C	60
Guardian Spirit	70	55	85	80	65	45	90	130	55	*	N/A	-25	100' (I)	I	C, I	62
Hodag	90	N/A	95	N/A; *	135	85	115	125	2; 75	4	45	-35	100' (L)	I	C	64
Lord of the Plains	70	50	105	85	75*	95	55	135	1; 60	2/5**	70	-10/-30	180' (L)	M, I	C	65
Mimic	80	80	95	35	55	45	65	N/A	1; 60	2	25	-10	125' (L)	I	C	66
Noo-Qua	30	45	35*	N/A; *	135	105	105	135	80	5	65	-40	100' (W)	M, I	C	68
Oathbreaker	65	40	65	30	80	85	125	105	1; 75	3*	N/A	-15	100' (I)	I	I, C	70
Ravager	*	*	*	*	115	*	115	125	1; *	0*	*	0	*	I	C	71
Sasquatch	85	85	65*	65	115	135	145	135	1; 90	4	35	-20	300' (L)	I	C	72
Spirit Wolf	80	N/A	100	N/A	75	60	45	N/A	1; 70	4	40	-30	200' (L)	I	C	74
Swile	60	25	55	45	85*	115	65	95	1; 80	0/5**	50	-20/-30	*	I, S	C	74



BRENDA SMITH

• LIBRARIAN •

AMERICAN (GERMAN), Age: 37, 5' 6", 143#, BROWN HAIR, BROWN EYES

Although quiet and reserved on the outside, Brenda is really a bundle of energy, held back so as not to "appear too unladylike." Brenda loves her work and therefore spends all of her time reading and gaining knowledge.

In 1970, Brenda, a part-time librarian's assistant, had her first experience with the Unknown. While she was closing the library one night, a ghost appeared and demanded a specific out-of-print book. Brenda, fearing for her life, got the book and laid it in front of the ghost. As the ghost "touched" the book, the ghost disappeared, banished to the Unknown.

The next day, Brenda told the head librarian her tale of the ghost and was contacted by SAVE shortly thereafter.

Brenda has been a SAVE envoy since 1971.



DESMOND "DES" BLAKESHIP

• DILETTANTE •

AMERICAN (ENGLISH), Age: 33, 5' 10", 165#, BROWN HAIR, BLUE EYES

Des is not your "typical snooty dilettante." He treats everyone fairly, is level-headed, and never says a bad thing about anyone. However, if people know of Des' "rich background," he is usually pre-judged as a snob.

Des first came in contact with the Unknown when his father died. Shortly thereafter, he discovered that his father had become a Screaming Skull (see *Apparitions*, the sourcebook, for details), haunting the family mansion in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. To this day, the skull remains in a gold and glass case in Des' library.

Basic Abilities		Skills/Level		Base	Score
AGL	81	Antiques/S		54	69
DEX	61	Boxing/T		78	108
LCK	46	Driving/M		62	112
PCN	63	Familiarity (Classic cars)/T	49		79
PER	88	Savoir-Faire/T		59	89
STA	84				
STR	75				
WPR	39				

WOUNDS

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MOVEMENT
47'

SPRINTING
131'

UNSKILLED MELEE
39

SENSING THE UNKNOWN
12

INITIATIVE
8 + 1D10

EQUIPMENT

EDGES
Wealth

NOTES

CURRENT

STAMINA

WILLPOWER

Basic Abilities		Skills/Level		Base	Score
AGL	43	Familiarity (Literature)/M		78	128
DEX	67	History/T		81	111
LCK	72	Investigation/T		72	102
PCN	77	Journalism/S		62	77
PER	37	Legend/Lore/S		81	96
STA	68				
STR	36				
WPR	85				

WOUNDS

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MOVEMENT
34'

SPRINTING
93'

UNSKILLED MELEE
19

SENSING THE UNKNOWN
15

INITIATIVE
4 + 1D10

EQUIPMENT

EDGES & DRAWBACKS
Eidetic Memory
Won't Harm

NOTES

Sphere of Protection T 49 79

CURRENT

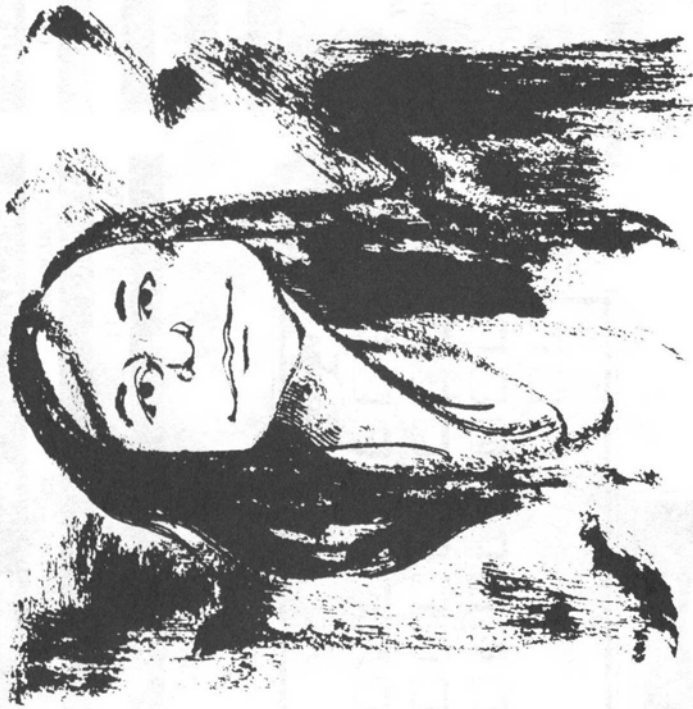
STAMINA

WILLPOWER

CURRENT

STAMINA

WILLPOWER



MARIA-GALLEGOS

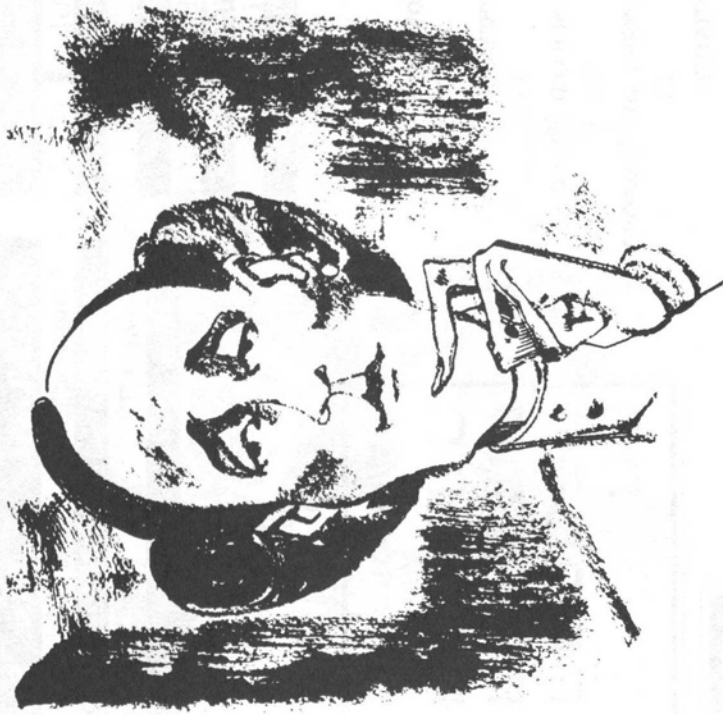
• DANCER •

FILIPINO (AMERICAN). AGE: 30, 5' 2", 93#, BLACK HAIR, BROWN EYES

Maria has recently become an American citizen, something of which she is very proud. She is also very proud of her Filipino heritage and speaks her native language of Tagalog whenever possible.

Maria is a soft-spoken person who is always willing to help out a friend. However, if riled, she can become a formidable foe.

During her childhood on the island of Mindoro, Maria had her first taste of the Unknown. While vacationing with her parents, Maria came upon an Asuwang, a Philippine creature of the night, known as a Manananggal. (The Manananggal is currently being investigated by SAVE.)



DR. ELLEN ERIKSSON

• DOCTOR •

AMERICAN (NORWEGIAN). AGE: 39, 5' 10", 155#, BLOND HAIR, BLUE EYES

Dr. Eriksson is a direct descendant of Leif Ericsson, the person from whom she is said to get her confidence. She is analytical with everything she does and always does a professional job.

She studied medicine at Johns Hopkins University and graduated in the top 10% of her class. During her time at college, she was able to impress both her peers and her professors with her ability to learn quickly.

Dr. Eriksson has been involved with SAVE since she had contact with an animated medical skeleton.



JULIA PLESHA

• MYSTIC •

YUGOSLAVIAN (AMERICAN), AGE: 63, 5' 5", 150#, BLACK HAIR, GREEN EYES

Julia is originally from Srebrenica in central Yugoslavia but has been in the United States since 1942. She is fluent in English and has lost almost all of her accent. However, when talking to clients, she "lays on" her accent.

Julia has been reading Taro cards and using her Disciplines of the Art since the age of 15 and has had a fortune-telling business in her home since the early '60s.

In 1972, Julia was running a seance and called up an evil spirit—what kind of spirit is still unknown. She became incorporeal and fought the spirit. Her trophy for banishing the creature to the Unknown is stark white hair.



EDWIN "EDDY" BROMLEY

• HOMELESS •

AMERICAN (ENGLISH), AGE: 44, 5' 10", 255#, BROWN HAIR, BLUE EYES

Eddy has had hard luck all his life. At the age of 16, his parents were killed in a car accident; he has been on the streets ever since.

At the age of 23, Eddy found a large sum of money. He turned it in to the police and, seeing that no one claimed it, was able to keep it. The day he was awarded the money, he was approached by two mafiosi who claimed the money belonged to their boss.

During the confrontation that ensued, Eddy was knocked unconscious, the mafiosi got the money, and Eddy was back where he'd been the day before, penniless and on the street. Eddy's knock on the head gave him the ability of Prescient/Clairvoyant Dreams.

In 1989, Eddy's luck seemed to change . . . a little. He was in an alley looking for a friend when he was attacked by a Mimic. SAVE contacted Eddy shortly thereafter and has taken Eddy "under its wing."

Basic Abilities	
AGL	46
DEX	38
LCK	12†
PCN	82
PER	63
STA	71
STR	67
WPR	55

Skills/Level	Base	Score
Animal Handling/T	63	93
Blackjack/T	56	8
Investigation/T	31	61
Stealth/T	46	71
Survival (city)/M	57	107

Discipline	Level	Base	Score
Clairvoyant/			
Prescient Dream	T	48	78

MOVEMENT
35'

SPRINTING
96'

UNSKILLED MELEE
28

SENSING THE UNKNOWN
41*

INITIATIVE
4 + 1D10

EQUIPMENT
Blackjack

EDGES & DRAWBACKS
Evil Sense (x3)*
Pet (2 Ferrets)
Misfortune†

Notes

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CURRENT
STAMINA

CURRENT
WILLPOWER

Basic Abilities	
AGL	31
DEX	47
LCK	76
PCN	84
PER	70
STA	61
STR	33
WPR	61

Skills/Level	Base	Score
Astrology/S	73	88
Familiarity (Taro cards)/M	73	123
Hypnotism/S	73	88
Magic Tricks/T	67	97

Disciplines	Level	Base	Score
Incorporeal Attack	T	48	78
Seance	T	48	78

MOVEMENT
30'

SPRINTING
81'

UNSKILLED MELEE
16

SENSING THE UNKNOWN
16

INITIATIVE
3 + 1D10

EQUIPMENT
Taro Cards

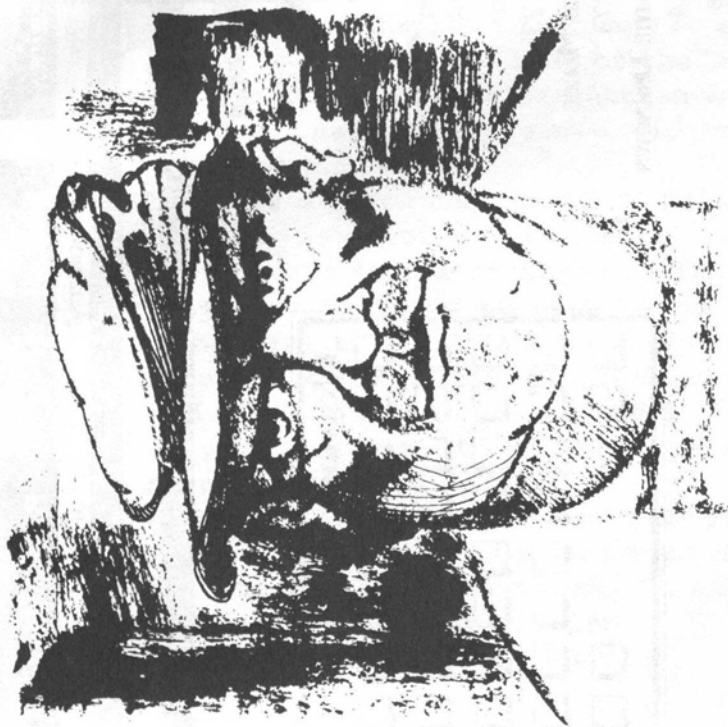
DRAWBACKS
Flashbacks

Notes

WOUNDS									
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CURRENT
STAMINA

CURRENT
WILLPOWER



GERALD "RED" HOUNSEEN

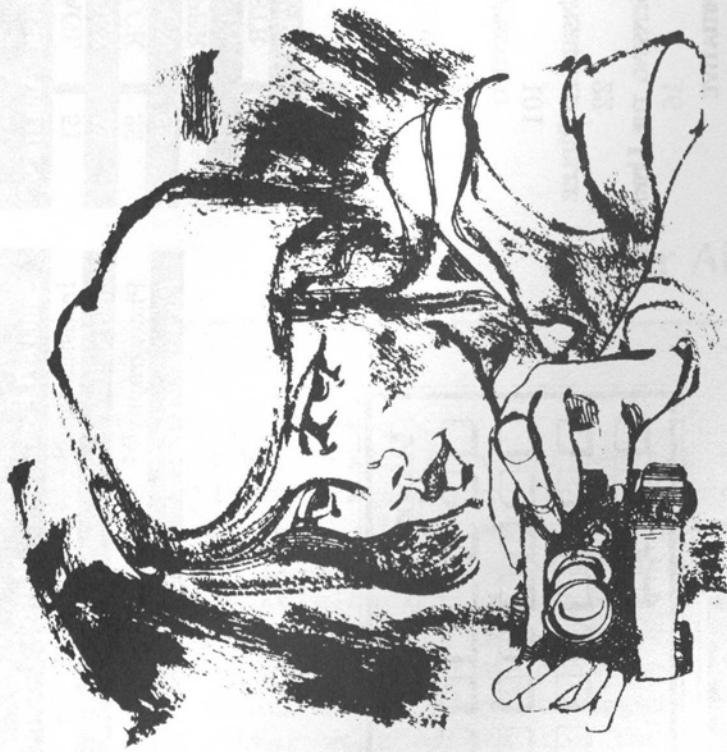
• FIRE FIGHTER •

AMERICAN (IRISH), AGE: 26, 6' 1", 185#, RED HAIR, GREEN EYES

Red is a serious, quiet person who always analyzes situations before acting, a good quality for a fire fighter. He is also a perfectionist.

Red drives the main fire truck and works on the trucks when they break down. He loves his work and will do almost anything to save the innocent.

While on the scene of a five-alarm fire, Red entered a burning restaurant and came face to face with a Flame Zombie (see *Living Dead*, the sourcebook, for details). Since that time, Red has become a part-time SAVE envoy.



ANGIE NESBIT

• PHOTOJOURNALIST •

AMERICAN (SCOTTISH), AGE: 31, 5' 3", 100#, BROWN HAIR, BROWN EYES

Angie's main goal is to get a pictorial of some earth-shaking event that will get her a job with National Geographic. She figures that SAVE is the perfect place to get her the recognition she needs.

Angie was contacted by SAVE after she took some pictures at a posh party. She photographed a man at the party; she wanted to develop the pictures and ask around to see if people knew who the man was. She knew that she had the man in at least 10 group shots. However, when she developed the pictures, he appeared in none of the pictures.

Basic Abilities	
AGL	51
DEX	52
LCK	35
PCN	82
PER	79
STA	73
STR	40
WPR	48

Skills/Level	Base	Score
Investigation/S	63	78
Journalism/T	65	85
Photography/M	67	117
Police Procedures/S	63	78

MOVEMENT
37'

SPRINTING
101'

UNSKILLED MELEE
22

SENSING THE UNKNOWN
16

WOUNDS									
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EQUIPMENT
35mm camera and film
Notebook
Tape recorder

EDGES & DRAWBACKS
Keen Vision
Flashbacks (Gun Shots)

Notes

CURRENT
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WILLPOWER

CURRENT
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STAMINA

Basic Abilities	
AGL	78
DEX	54
LCK	78
PCN	73
PER	67
STA	77
STR	70
WPR	48

Skills/Level	Base	Score
Acrobatics/S	76	92
Climbing/S	74	89
Driving/M	63	113
Familiarity (Seattle)/M	66	116
First Aid/T	63	93

MOVEMENT
46'

SPRINTING
128'

UNSKILLED MELEE
37

SENSING THE UNKNOWN
14

WOUNDS									
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EQUIPMENT
First-aid Kit

EDGES & DRAWBACKS
Absolute Direction
Courage
Won't Harm

Notes

CURRENT
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WILLPOWER

CURRENT
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STAMINA

Player Aid 1

Fellow Member:

We are asking you and several other reliable PCs to fly to Portland, Oregon, and from there travel on to the town of McIver, which is 30 miles away. Once in McIver, you are requested to investigate some strange occurrences.

A little background on McIver first. It is a small logging town, with a total population of about 1,500. The town originated merely to support the local sawmill, run by Ladner Lumber, and has changed little over the years. Virtually all the inhabitants of McIver work either for Ladner Lumber, in one capacity or another, or for businesses that provide support to Ladner and its workers. A word of warning: we have come to understand that certain people who live in McIver are somewhat sensitive about outsiders. You should keep this in mind during your dealings with the townsfolk.

Various rumors have reached the local SAVE office from McIver. Most of these rumors are confusing and vague, and some are contradictory. The rumors we consider most important are these:

There seems to have been some activity by "satanists" within McIver. We interpret this rumor to suggest that certain townsfolk have fallen under the sway of the Unknown, in one way or another.

There may well be a Carpathian vampire operating in and around McIver. There have been incidents that are consistent with vampiric activity.

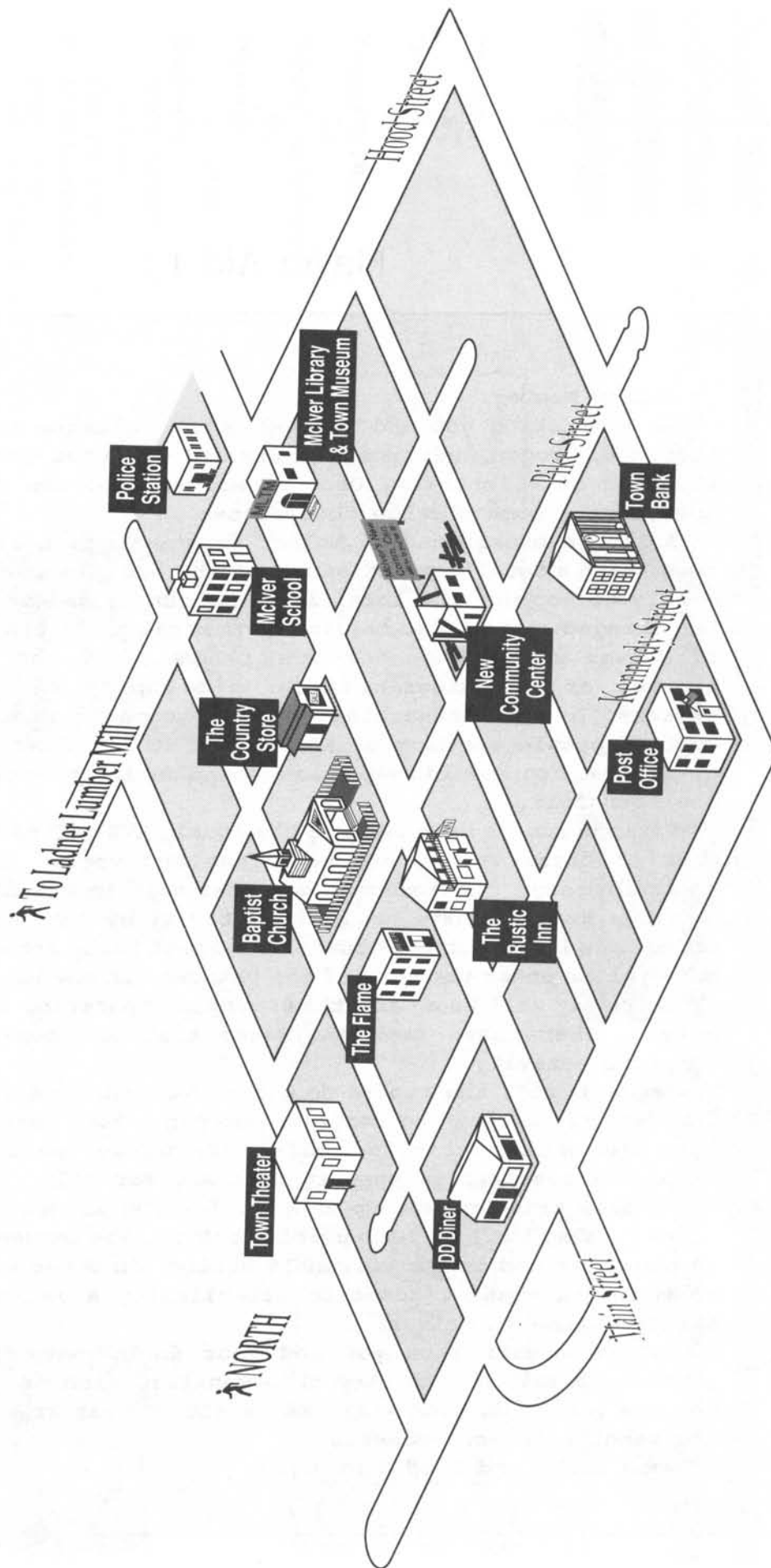
Vague or not, the rumors do point unarguably to one fact: the Unknown is active in McIver, Oregon. Your mission is to investigate this activity, confirm its nature, and take whatever steps are required to stop it once and for all.

We have tried to set up a cover for you as new employees of Ladner Lumber but have been unable to do so. The company has fallen on bad times and is not currently hiring. In other words, you're on your own when it comes to establishing a valid reason for spending time in McIver.

We are counting on you and your fellow envoys to deport yourselves well and to stop this manifestation of the Unknown. We know you'll do good work. We expect to hear from you soon on the results of your mission.

Good Luck, and Good Hunting.

PLAYER'S MAP

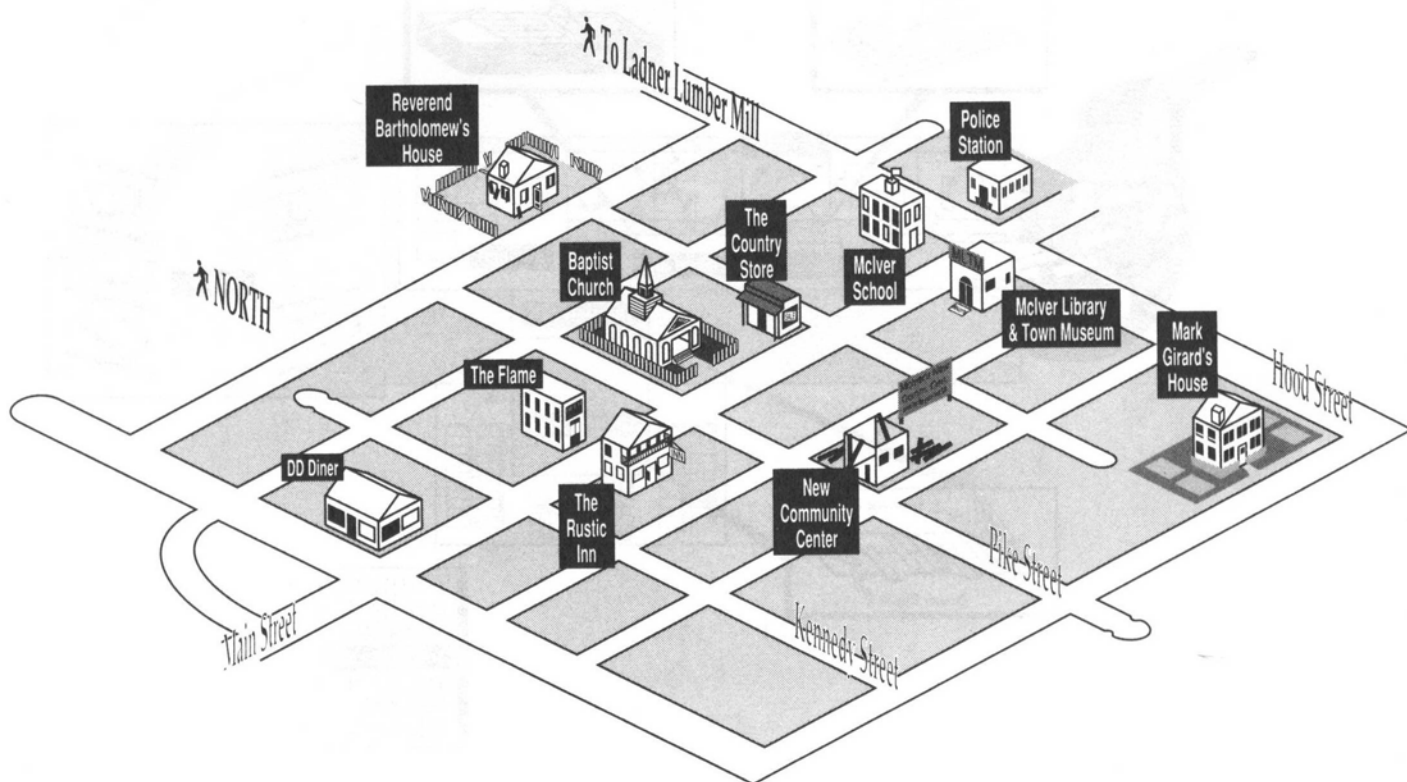




Player Aid 2

Your dead. All of you. Dead.
I'll drink your blood and
suck the marrow from your bones.
McIver is going to be your grave.
You think your so clever,
with your city learning.
Well your going to find out that
you dont know so much after all.
Your going to find it out,
and then your going to die.
Screaming.

CM's MAP



Player Aid 3

To whom it may concern:

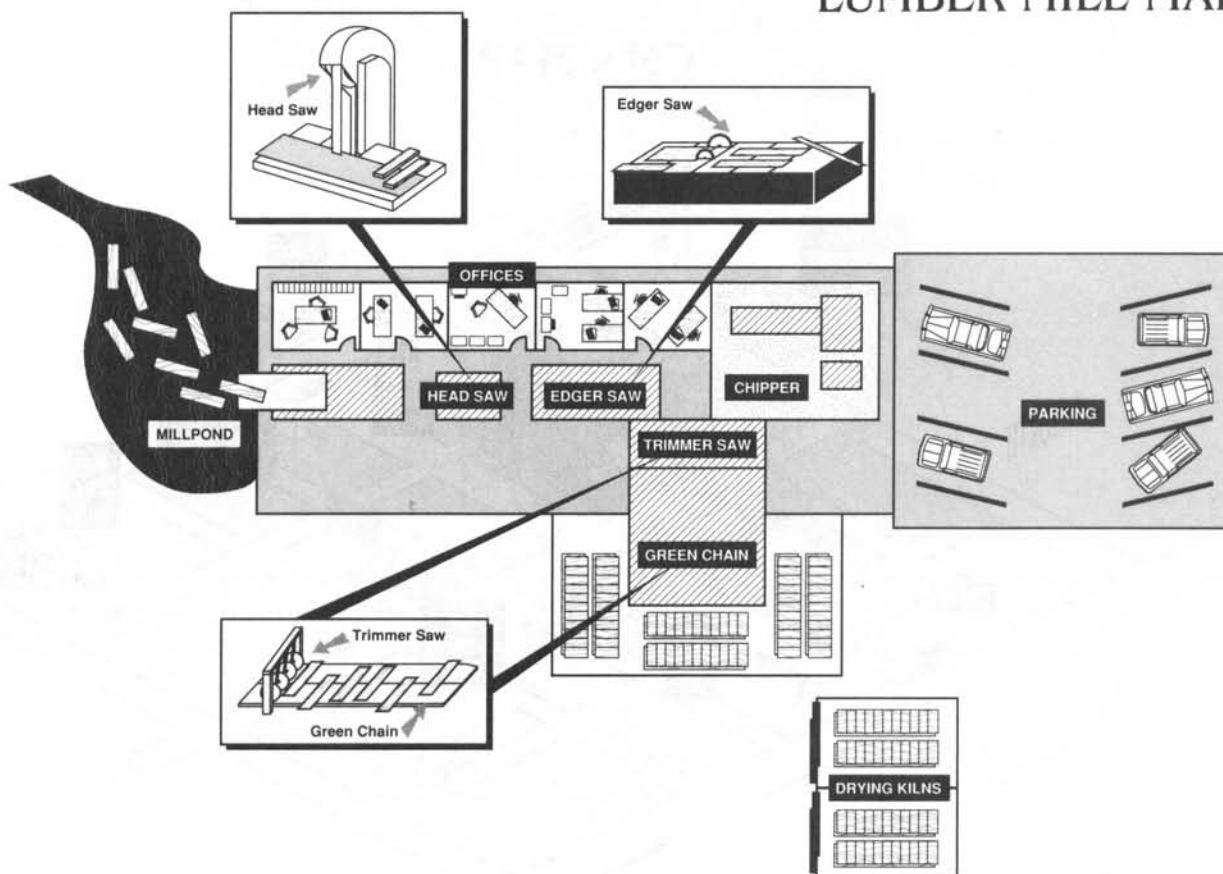
Here's the money, as you requested.

This is going to have to be the last time. I can't afford to pay you any more, particularly if you keep increasing the payment each time. Draining me broke isn't going to help you. If I don't have any money left, I can't give you any money, right? That only makes sense.

Look, I've been thinking about it. And I don't think you've got the evidence you say you've got. You're lying. How the hell could you know where I was that night? Like I told everybody, I was with her all that night. And if the cheating bitch told you otherwise, she was lying.

You've got to let me off the hook. Please. Show me some Christian mercy.

LUMBER MILL MAP



“FOLLOWEES OF THE
UNKNOWN ARE MANY AND
NEAR
BETWEEN
THOSE
WARM
ENVIRONS
WHERE
HUMANSOLES
SEEK
FRAGILISTIC
PIECE OF
MIND.”
—RAX

This 128-page sourcebook/scenario features 18 new Creatures of the Unknown and 15 alarming locations spread across the continent. Chill Masters can have their players' characters travel to Newfoundland, Vancouver, New York, New Mexico and other places and meet horrifying creatures such as the Sasquatch, the Drowned Ones, the Hodag and the Bogy. Localized maps, objects with magical powers and frighteningly real historical information are included.

The scenario, *Once Bitten*, is for 4 to 8 characters and takes place at a lumber mill in the forests of Oregon.



192658MFG1200



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