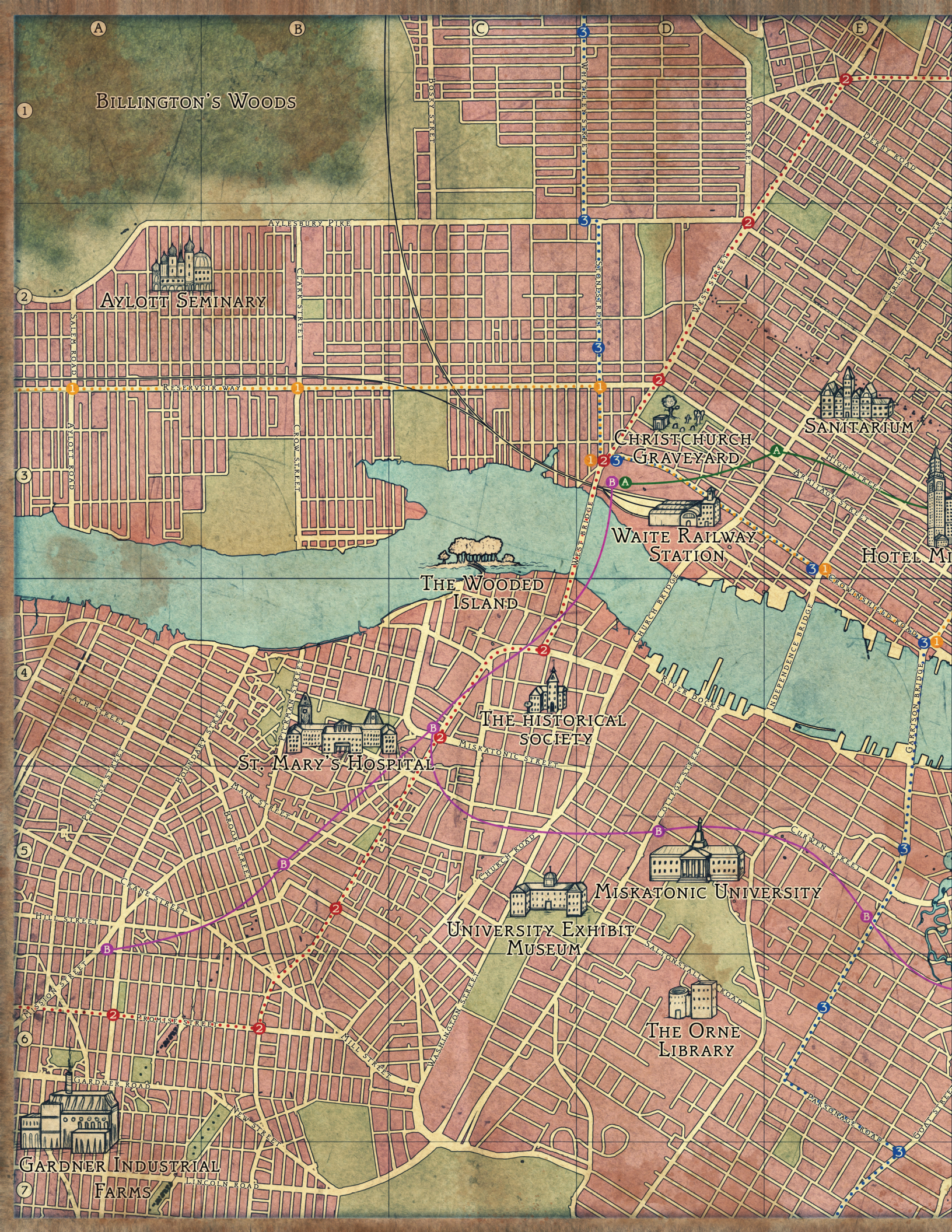
TRAIL OF CTHULHU
CTHULHU CITY
BY GARETH RYDER-HANRAHAN
Pelgrane Press

Cthulhu City

by

Gareth Ryder-Hanrahan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Billington's Woods
Aylesbury Pike
Aylott Seminary
Salem Road
Aylott Road
Reservoir Way
Clark Street
Crow Street
Bosky Street
Whateley Street
Stonese Street
Wood Street
Derby Road
West Street
Christchurch Street
Sanitarium
Christchurch Graveyard
High Street
Armitage Street
Waite Railway Station
Hotel Mi
West Bridge
The Wooded Island
Church Bridge
Crowinshield Road
Independence Bridge
Garrison Bridge
River Docks
Heath Street
Pickman Street
Boundary Street
Promise Street
Main Street
Brook Street
Crane Street
Hill Street
Mission Street
St. Mary's Hospital
The Historical Society
Miskatonic Street
College Street
Curwen Street
Church Road
Miskatonic University
University Exhibit Museum
Salton Hall Road
The Orne Library
Washington Street
Mill Street
Gardner Road
New Street
Gardner Industrial Farms
Lincoln Road
Parsonage Road
Goat Street

Great Arkham
F
G
H
I
J
Rhodes Street
Hyde Street
Summit Street
Circle Court Street
Green Street
Bluff Road
Ship Street
Beacon Street
Jones Street
Orient Street
Market Street
King Street
Globe Street
Chinatown
Orne Lighthouse
Federal Street
Peabody Street
Temple St.
Notes Street
Pilgrim Road
Ellis St.
City Hall
Arkham City Cathedral
Doyle Street
Hall Street
Fort Hutchinson
Hutchison Road
Skatonic
Newspaper Row
Marsh Road
Fort Street
Lafayette Street
Waite Street
Gilman Street
Fall Street
Gilman House
Orne Road
Innsmouth Docks
Essex Chemical Works
Bank Street
Marsh Refinery
Devil's Reef
Devil's Reef Restaurant
Trapper Street
The Dig
Sentinel Road
Lich Road
French Hill
Olmstead St.
Sump Marsh
Bury Street
Water Street
0
1000
2000
YARDS

Cthulhu City

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Introduction

There is – by certain unreliable and maddening accounts, and now by your own dreadful experience – a city on the eastern seaboard of the United States, north of Boston in Massachusetts. You do not recall seeing it on maps when you were growing up, and no-one of your acquaintance ever admitted coming from that place until you found yourself living within its eerie confines. It is a city of windowless cyclopean skyscrapers, of crumbling baroque buildings and ruins that, impossibly, predate human habitation in this part of the world; it is also a crowded city of roaring industry, beset by organised crime and political corruption. At times, you can see remnants of familiar small towns that have grown together into this monstrous conurbation – Dunwich in the west, beyond Sentinel Hill; quaint Kingsport, by the sea; industrial Innsmouth, the engine of trade and commerce; and the city's heart, Old Arkham.

You know that some in the city government are in the thrall of – or in league with – alien horrors. You know better than to go out at night, when the clouds roll in from the sea and shapes move in the sky. You know there are occasional, unpredictable streets, which come and go according to some unearthly schedule; that strange black ships dock at Innsmouth to trade with the squat, ugly denizens of that neighbourhood. You know, too, that not all of your neighbours are sane – or human.

You know that this city is monstrous. You know the horrors are at your door.

What will you do when they come for you?

In a *Cthulhu City* campaign, the Investigators find themselves living in a dreadful, sinister metropolis, a sprawling city called Great Arkham. Is it a dream? A horrific hallucination? An eldritch imposition or intrusion into our reality? Or are their own memories and intuitions of the city's wrongness themselves a sign of unreliability and incipient madness? Do the Investigators simply try to survive in the city, or do they have loftier goals: to escape this eldritch prison, to seek the truth behind Great Arkham, or to bring down the sinister rulers of the city?

Using This Book

Cthulhu City presents an alternate setting for *Trail of Cthulhu*, an impossible metropolis where the Mythos is already triumphant and it's the Investigators, not the cultists, who must gather furtively and plot their occult schemes. Chapter One: The People of the City and Chapter 2: The Evident City are for players, covering character creation, new rules, and a brief overview of the city.

The remaining chapters are for the Keeper only. Chapter 3: Keepers of the City gives advice on structuring and running *Cthulhu City* adventures. Chapter 4: Cults, Criminals & Sorcery goes into detail on the various cults and factions that vie for influence in Great Arkham, while Chapter 5: City Guide describes the various districts and denizens. Finally, Chapter 6: The Whisperer in the Light is an introductory adventure set in *Cthulhu City*.

BOSTON and MAINE

People of the City

MONSTROUS, UNNATURAL, COLOSSAL, WAS THE THING—TOO FAR BEYOND ALL THE IDEAS OF MAN TO BE BELIEVED EXCEPT IN THE SILENT DAMNABLE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING WHEN ONE CANNOT SLEEP.

– H.P. LOVECRAFT, THE NAMELESS CITY

If you're starting a new campaign set in *Cthulhu City*, follow the rules for creating a citizen, below.

On the other hand, if your cruel Keeper intends to bring your existing *Trail of Cthulhu* characters into *Cthulhu City*, pulling them from the 'real' world into this nightmare city, follow the rules for existing Investigators.

Creating a Citizen

Citizens are created using the regular *Trail of Cthulhu* rules, with the following changes:

- All Investigators start with one point of **Cthulhu Mythos** for free. Unlike their fellow citizens, they are unable to wilfully blind themselves to the inhuman horrors all around them; they know that their home city is sick, tainted, and occupied by malignant forces. They may not understand the nature of the horrors, but they know that the city is abnormal.
- All Investigators have **three extra investigative build points** that can only be spent on District Knowledges. Players may choose to spend more than three points on District Knowledges by taking extra points from their regular investigative allocation.
- The heightened, lurid nature of the campaign means that Pulp abilities like Hypnosis are acceptable, even in a game leaning towards the Purist mode.
- Unless you're utterly set on the idea of playing a Pilot, that occupation has no place in this campaign. The clouds that hang above the city are a merciful shroud, hiding things which are better left unseen.

Existing Investigators

Existing *Trail of Cthulhu* Investigators can be brought into *Cthulhu City* without changes. They won't start with any District Knowledge abilities, but can purchase them with improvement build points as normal (see *Trail of Cthulhu,* p. 82).

Existing Investigators might find themselves in the city in a variety of ways. They could dream of it – or wake from a dream to find themselves in an unfamiliar bed. The city might invade their reality, transforming the quaint, sleepy country town of Arkham into a megapolis of towering skyscrapers. They could find themselves in the city after some accident ("You wake up at the bottom of the cliff, and stagger back to your car. When you drive back to town, though…"), or find themselves in the Arkham Sanitarium (p. 103) after a bout of Mythos-induced madness.

Such newcomers to the city do not know if their time in the city is a temporary, one-shot experience, or if they are trapped there forever.

Keepers should refer to *Consumed by the City*, p. 26, for further guidance.

Campaign Frames

In most *Cthulhu City* campaigns, all the Investigators have some common factor that brings them together and gives them a reason to rely on one another. As a group, select one of the following frameworks.

Neighbourhood

All the Investigators live in the same area of the city, possibly even the same street or building. They have friends or family in common. The Investigators are respected individuals in the neighbourhood; other people trust them, and turn to them in time of need. If anything strange or disturbing troubles the neighbourhood, the Investigators are at the forefront of any investigation. For example:

- As graduate students and faculty at Miskatonic University, your study of folklore and the sciences takes on terrifying importance, as you struggle to defend your ivory tower from the corruption and horror of the greater city
- You are all part of one of the immigrant communities in Westheath, defending your people against institutional prejudice and neglect

- The Investigators are all residents of Kingsport, artists and dreamers and poets, working to preserve their town's supernatural defences against the encroaching threat of the city
- As respected professionals and people of influence in Old Arkham, you try to maintain a veneer of civility and sanity on a town rapidly falling into an unknowable abyss – but can you make deals with Sentinel Hill and retain your own grasp on morality?

Patron

The Investigators are all associated with a patron who assigns them mysteries to investigate. The patron knows a great deal about the city's secret affairs, but is forced by ill health or other circumstances to work through intermediaries like the Investigators. Possible patrons:

- **Mayor Ward (p. 125):** The mayor employs the Investigators as private detectives and fixers, dealing with problems that require a light touch – or disposable agents.
- **Doris Morgan (p. 96):** The new chief librarian at Miskatonic University seeks the fate of her predecessor, and wants to put the Mythos knowledge held in the restricted stacks to its best possible use. For both of these aims, she relies on the player characters.
- **Father Iwanicki (p. 162):** The priest of St. Stanislaus' stands firm against the Church of the Conciliator, which has taken over so many of the city's other churches, but his little parish is rapidly becoming an island in a sea of madness. Who will stand with him?
- **Mrs. Upton (p. 77):** The Uptons have been a pillar of Arkham society for generations, tracing their lineage back to colonial days. Mrs. Upton will not bow to the sinister forces that have engulfed her town. She puts her wealth and influence behind those who oppose the corruption in City Hall and beyond.
- **Agent Vorsht (p. 124):** An agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Agent Vorsht's mission is to investigate the spate of murders and other strange events in Great Arkham. Cut off from support from Hoover and the Bureau, he must rely on fellow patriots and veterans to help uncover the truth.

Organisation

The Investigators are all part of an organisation that seeks to investigate the city or opposes the Mythos.

- **Armitage Inquiry (p. 52):** The Investigators were tangentially associated with the circle of academics that orbited around Dr. Henry Armitage, and managed to escape the police raid and arrests that put an end to the original incarnation of the Inquiry. Now, allied with Doris Morgan (p. 96), the Investigators must tread carefully to avoid further police scrutiny as they put the information gathered by the Inquiry to use.
- **Journalists of Newspaper Row (p. 120):** The Investigators are all reporters, photographers and journalists working for the *Arkham Gazette*. Do you seek to reveal the truth of the city to the ignorant populace, or will you use what you learn as leverage to achieve some secret goal?
- **Brethren of the Silver Lodge (p. 55):** The Investigators are all members of the occult society of the Silver Lodge. By day, you are professionals and upstanding citizens, but in the evenings, you meet to study occult truths and traffic with the powers that secretly rule Great Arkham.

The Keeper should read and summarise the relevant entries for these frameworks, so that the players can decide on their roles within the group. Regardless of how the campaign begins, all these frames will eventually point towards an eventual confrontation with the secret powers ruling the city.

Alternatively, the Keeper may prefer a framework in which the Investigators are alone against the city, and forge bonds with one another as they explore their new surroundings.

District Knowledges

District Knowledges are Investigative Abilities that measure an Investigator's knowledge of a particular part of town. With District Knowledge, you can obtain clues through:

- Your knowledge of the streets, buildings and other features of the area
- Your expertise in local history and current events
- Your relationships with local leaders, influencers, experts and figures in the community
- Picking up rumours and efficiently gathering information about that district

You can also:

- Tell when crowds or passers-by are acting strangely
- Tell whether a passer-by or bystander is native to a particular neighbourhood
- Navigate unfamiliar street layouts, and locate buildings without marking yourself out as a stranger

People of the City

A District Knowledge spend can:

- Create a useful contact or ally living in that district
- Allow you to declare some fact about that district
- Find open manholes, dangling fire escapes, loose windows, and conveniently unlocked doors when trying to hide or flee

District Knowledges and other Investigative Abilities often overlap with one another. A character with District Knowledge could certainly substitute it for Streetwise or Oral History in that area. Some districts could even give other abilities, like using Old Arkham for Credit Rating or Innsmouth Docks for Intimidation. However, such substitutions are only permissible when the Investigator is in the district they are familiar with – your familiarity with Westheath means you know the major criminal outfits there, but you need points in Streetwise to have the same information about Innsmouth.

Like other Investigative Abilities, District Knowledges refresh after each adventure.

The major districts in Great Arkham are:

- **Sentinel Hill (p. 115):** The area around City Hall – civic buildings, churches, city bureaucracy, and newspapers. Knowledge of this district means you're connected to the politics and public affairs of the city.
- **Old Arkham (p. 69):** The oldest part of the city – old money, wealthy families, and a warren of narrow streets dating back to the colonial days of the province. Knowledge of this district means you know the secrets of Arkham's elite families and their intrigues.
- **University District (p. 83):** The district centred on Miskatonic University's campus, sliding towards a shady Bohemian underside as you move away from Saltonstall Road. Knowledge of this district likely means you are a current or former student of the University, or a member of the faculty, or at the very least move in the same circles, where you pick up all sorts of academic gossip.
- **Northside (p. 99):** New railyards and factories crowd up against the older squares, houses and burying grounds that once dominated the northern bank of the Miskatonic. Knowledge of this district suggests a connection to Arkham's burgeoning commercial sphere, to industry and finance, or the legal profession.
- **Westheath (p. 152):** Slums and tenements, textile factories, and the eerie chemical-industrial farms that feed the city. Those with knowledge of this district know about the organised crime families that dominate Arkham's underworld, as well as the customs and beliefs of the various groups that live here.
- **Chinatown (p. 190):** A neighbourhood centred around Great Arkham's Chinese population. The heart of Chinatown is a little outcrop of the Middle Kingdom, but the surrounding streets are rife with corruption and sin. A single point of Chinatown knowledge implies that the Investigator is more familiar with the latter aspect of the district; two or more points suggests that the Investigator has close connections to Chinatown proper.
- **Dunwich (p. 138):** Out here on the edge of the city, the built-up streets give way to crumbling roads, which wind their way past little farmsteads, and then vanish in the woods. The western edge of the city is marked by the dark waters of the reservoir behind Olmstead Dam. Dunwich is a backwards, rural district, notable mainly for its influence on the Church of the Conciliator. Knowledge of the District implies familiarity with the ways of the church, as well as a childhood spent wandering the shadowed woods, listening to the buzzing of the insects, and the croaking of the whippoorwills.
- **Salamander Fields (p. 127):** The Salamander Fields district was ruined by flood and financial depression, leaving it a broken landscape of abandoned factories and crumbling tenements. It's a rot in the heart of the city, an urban blight which the city council hopes to erase with new investments and redevelopment. Knowledge of Salamander Fields covers a knowledge of the narrow streets and ruined factories of the area, familiarity with the few remaining locals, and the history of the district, which was once home to Arkham's founder, Joseph Curwen.
- **Innsmouth Docks (p. 165)**: This district straddles the mouth of the Miskatonic River. It's home to the city's fishing fleet, to its heavy industry, and to a population that keeps mostly to themselves. Innsmouth folk have a bad reputation in the rest of the city. Taking this district knowledge gives a working knowledge of Innsmouth's narrow, rain-slick streets, as well as familiarity with Innsmouth's trading and criminal spheres, and connections to Gilman House, the political machine that controlled City Hall for several decades.

- **Kingsport (p. 179)**: The playground for the wealthy and artistic, Kingsport is a cradle for dreams. Knowledge of this district suggests membership of one or more clubs like the yacht club, a presence on the wine-and-cheese gallery circuit, or even a connection to the city's fledgling movie industry.

Entanglements

For each point in a District Knowledge, you must specify one Entanglement. An Entanglement is something that connects you to that part of the city. It might be:

- A friend or family member (*"my husband Arnold, who works in the mayor's office"*, *"my old university professor and mentor, Dr.Warren"*)
- A place of employment ("*I work down at the First National Grocery in Westheath*", "*I'm a reporter for the* Advertiser")
- A church, hobby, vocation or habit ("*I attend the little Catholic church on Boundary Street*", "*when I can't sleep, I walk the banks of the river by night*")
- A particular association or memory (*"I've always been haunted by dreams of those dark woods"*, "*my friend vanished in Kingsport"*)

It's perfectly acceptable, even laudable, to use Sources of Stability and the outward expression of Pillars of Sanity as Entanglements. The purpose of Entanglements is to ground the Investigators in the urban environment.

In a noir-tinged game, consider making some of your Entanglements unwise sexual relationships, unpaid debts, sordid secrets, or other potentially self-destructive associations.

Ancestry

If your Investigator's family has lived in Arkham for several generations, note down your earliest or most famous ancestor (especially if you've got a Drive like In The Blood, Bad Luck or Family Ties).

New Drives

Escape

You yearn to escape the city that consumes and stifles you. Somewhere beyond these awful prison walls is a better place, a place where you can be free of the nightmares that haunt you. You know that it won't be easy, and that the way out must be both circuitous and perilous. You embrace danger – if the city's putting obstacles and monsters in your path, that just means you're on the right trail.

Especially Suitable For: Antiquarian, Artist, Journalist

Family Ties

Friends and family are everything to you; you'll fight for hearth and home, and the safety of those you love. If they get into trouble, you won't stand by and do nothing. Your loyalty is unshakable, no matter what.

Especially Suitable For: Clergy, Criminal, Doctor, Military

Lost Love

You've known loss. Someone you were close to, someone you cared for deeply, was snatched away from you by the city. Were they killed? Did they just vanish? Or were they taken by a corrupt system?

This might be the mystery that yields some clue to your love's fate. And if you can't have your love back, you'll take revenge as recompense.

Especially Suitable For: Military, Police Detective, Private Investigator

Lust for Power

It's madness to deny that that this city is haunted – or *occupied* – by supernatural forces. You suspect that there are those in the city – even in the government – who can command and wield occult power, and you seek to learn their secrets. Only by mastering the occult forces of the city can you hope to survive them.

Especially Suitable For: Alienist, Criminal, Doctor, Parapsychologist, Professor

Self-Doubt

Are you mad? How much of what you see is real, and how much is the raving of a disordered mind? You seek to find the truth – are you crazy? Or are you sane, and is it the rest of the world that has gone utterly mad? You need to find out the truth, and the only way to do that is to delve into the horrors. If you are mad, then you will fight your way back to sanity. If you are sane, then you will force that rationality on a mad world.

Especially Suitable For: Artist, Author, Police Detective, Scientist

Experiences of the City

Read through these questions and answer them for your Investigator. You may pick any of the suggested responses, or come up with your own.

How Did You Come Here?

- You are an intruder in your own life. You found yourself here one day, a stranger to the city, but everyone acted as though they knew you, as if you had always been here. You had keys to an apartment in your pocket, photographs of your family on the walls, a job in the city, and neighbours and co-workers who knew you by name. Everyone knew you belonged here – everyone except you.
- The city grew up around you. It was an incremental infestation, a slow corruption. Day by day, month by month, the city waxed and sprouted. Unfamiliar streets slithered across places that you remember as farmland, but everyone else now claims have been under concrete for generations. You watched – but it must have been a dream – the skyscrapers unfolding from chrysalises, glistening wetly as they stretched towards the clouds. And the next day, everyone else insisted those buildings had always been there.
- You arrived (or returned) to Great Arkham after living in another, saner city for many years. You came here like any other visitor, by train or Greyhound bus, and the city seemed normal at first. It was only over time that you came to see what was hiding beneath the streets, and in the alleyways. It was only when it was too late that you saw the truth.
- There is a gap in your memory, a period of amnesia, perhaps caused by some injury to the brain, or some unbearable horror that drove you out of your mind. It was only through time, and the aid of others, that you recovered your sanity, but once you were yourself again, you discovered you were in an unfamiliar and terrible city.
- You dreamed of Great Arkham long before you came here in the waking world. At first, the dreams seemed inconsequential – a recurring nightmare of a city of skyscrapers and shadows, of huge things moving behind the oppressive grey shroud of the rainy sky, of leering gargoyles and strange, rat-like faces in the crowds. Over time, the dreams became more frequent and more intense, until your real life in the waking world paled in comparison. And then, one morning, you awoke in Great Arkham, and discovered that the other life – that safer, saner, brighter life – was in fact the dream, and the city was all that was real.
- You've always lived in this city. You were born here, and your family have deep roots here; you can trace your ancestry back to colonial days. Despite that, you

have always known that there was something wrong with yourself – or with the city. You have never been comfortable here, and that deep-seated unease drives you to investigate the hidden side of Great Arkham.

Why Can't You Leave?

- You've tried. Maybe you've even made it out before, escaped to Boston or New York, or even across the Atlantic to Europe. It doesn't matter. The city draws you back in. You fall asleep in a flophouse in the Bronx and wake up in your flat in Arkham. Try to stay awake, try to avoid letting your guard down, and it's even worse – the city impends around you, slithering and flailing at the edges of your frayed consciousness, merging in obscene congress with the saner cities of Earth. It sends alleyways like rootways, like invading tendrils, into the fabric of New York or Chicago or wherever you take shelter, until you're swallowed up again.
- You have family and friends here. If you leave, you know they'll suffer some terrible fate. Swallowed by the things behind the clouds, or abducted by some cult to be sacrificed on a pagan altar, or driven mad by the grinding horrors. You've tried to convince them to flee with you, but to no avail. Are they too old and infirm to travel? Are they wilfully blind to the truth? Or does something else keep them – and you – here?
- You remember, dimly, what this place used to be like. You remember Arkham as a little university town, Kingsport as a sleepy seaside resort, Dunwich as an isolated rural hamlet, shunned by travellers. And you know it as it is now, this city of motorways and temples, of cloud-scraping monoliths and tunnels like intestines. What you can't recall is that transition between the two, how one state gave way to the other. If you find that secret, maybe you can turn things back. Free the people from this city. That's why you stay – because, damn it all, you still have hope.
- Time and again, you've stood at the bus terminal with a ticket in your hand. You know, though, that they won't let you go. Who do they have on the bus? The driver, maybe, with his swollen neck and bulging eyes. Or maybe it's the woman in the back seat, smiling, with a thing that might be a cat in a basket on her lap. Or will it be an accident? A traffic diversion, maybe, or a breakdown. They'll arrange something.
- And go where? Starve in a Hooverville in New York? There ain't no jobs anywhere, pal, nothin' but dust and hungry folk the country over since 1929. This place may be bad – hell, it is bad, worse than bad – but you got to eat. Here, at least, you've got a roof over your head and a dollar in your pocket.

What Strange Feature of This City Haunts You the Most?

- The cars. There are different models here, automobiles you don't see anywhere else with names like *Nightgaunt* and *Witch*. They move like insects, and you can hear scuttling beneath the hoods. Sometimes, when you're walking home, one will drive past you – slowly, like someone's watching you from behind the dark windows – and the exhaust smells like meat.
- The churches. You've always been a good churchgoer, sang in the choir when you were young, but the liturgies are all changed now – or is it that you've really listened to them for the first time? The pastor talks about the end of days like it's something that's already happened, and says that God is here and walks amongst us, wearing a pallid mask of flesh.
- The defeated people. Some people are terrifyingly blind to the changes, as if they're mad or deluded. They don't see the horrors. Others know about it and smile, like they're in on the secret and expect to somehow profit – or worse, be rewarded – from the monstrous nature of the city. It's the people who should know better that haunt you. The one who know they're living in a city gone mad, who know that things shouldn't be that way, but pretend that everything's fine. Their eyes plead with you when you pass them on the street, begging you not to break that mask of denial.
- The waterfront at night. You should know better than to go out at night. It's safe enough near the university and Northside, with all the streetlights and crowds, but you've walked along the Kingsport beach after sunset. When it's cloudy, this thick fog rolls in from the water, and you can't tell if you're walking or flying or drowning. It's worse when it's clear – then you can see the stars, and god, they're so close you fear you might fall into the sky.
- The rats. They're everywhere. You see them running into alleyways and sewer grates, and hitching rides with Gardner Farms trucks. They're in the walls too, and under your floorboards.

People of the City

What Do You Chiefly Fear?

- Arrest. You lie awake at night, listening for the tread of boots on the stairs. Every police officer and government agent seems obliquely threatening to you, as if they already know your crimes and are just waiting for the right moment to make you disappear. You suspect your neighbours of informing on you; you know, from the slithering noises on the line, that they're eavesdropping on your phone calls. How long before they come for you and drag you away like so many others?
- You dread the corrupt churches and lodges that dominate the city's spiritual life. You've heard rumours about sacrificial altars, about temples where the floor is littered with the bones of children, about the police covering up disappearances and murders. Some even insist that there's a list of names in some ledger at City Hall, a list of people who are fair game for the murderers and madmen. Sometimes, you wake suddenly in the middle of the night, convinced you felt a cold knife scraping against your breastbone.
- The dark skyscrapers weigh down on your soul. No human hand made those cyclopean structures, no rational mind designed them. There are forces – vast and horrible – moving behind the clouds above, rippling the concrete of the city streets like a shape moving behind a curtain. You have come to doubt that this city was made *for* humans. No, people are only scavengers and squatters here, like rats in the walls.
- You fear madness, in whatever form it might take. You fear joining the afflicted on the streets, who mumble to one another about impossible things and who howl at the moon on certain nights. You fear being committed to the sanitarium, being locked in a padded cell with a straitjacket. You fear being unable to endure, fear what will happen if the truth becomes unbearable and makes you crave oblivion. Perhaps most of all, you fear that you are caught in a delusion, and the strangeness of the city is all in your own diseased mind.
- The oldest and strongest fear is fear of the unknown. All that you have learned about Great Arkham – and all that you are about to learn – does not diminish that fear. For there must be a purpose to the city, and until you know that purpose, the unknown will haunt you. You fear what you must discover. You fear the answers you seek.

The Evident City

A Brief History of Arkham

The city of Great Arkham was founded in 1694 by religious exiles from Salem, who settled in the shadow of a wooded hill on the banks of the Miskatonic River. The town of Arkham thrived, but did not prosper until the arrival of one Joseph Curwen, who is still revered as the chief founding father of the city. Farmer, chemist, philosopher and merchant, Curwen's fortune grew prodigiously over the first half of the 18th century, and the town grew with him, incorporating neighbouring villages like Kingsport and Innsmouth. Other wealthy merchants joined Curwen's circle, further increasing the town's prosperity and prestige.

During the Revolutionary War, Arkham was occupied by British forces. Joseph Curwen was arrested and hung for sedition, resulting in riots and the burning of part of the old town. Despite this unrest, there were no notable battles near Arkham, and the occupying forces retreated along with those in Boston in March of 1776. Arkham played little part in post-revolutionary politics; the city sent three delegates to the Constitutional Convention, who argued unsuccessfully for the establishment of a national Church of Reason. (Local tradition claims that one of the city delegates suggested the design for either the Great Seal or the Flag of the United States).

After the war, Arkham continued to grow. The prestige of Miskatonic University, coupled with the wealth brought through maritime trade and whaling, lent the town the sobriquet of 'Great' Arkham, which was officially adopted as the city's name in the charter of 1831. The city spread across the river, expanding north and west. Great civic buildings were constructed, befitting the city's new name. Though old Joseph Curwen, the martyr of Arkham, was gone, his vision continued to guide city politics.

In the 1850s, disruption caused by the civil war, coupled with the sclerotic state of the city's political establishment, left City Hall open to takeover by a Democratic party machine, led by immigrants and dock workers. Named for their meeting hall in Innsmouth, the Gilman House (p. 170) politicians seized control of the city council. Corruption and graft became the order of the day, as the city was systematically looted by corrupt machine appointees.

Not all of the Gilman House mayors were wholly crooked. The second Mayor Olmstead, for example, built the Quarro Reservoir west of the city, and the Olmstead Dam, which provides electrical power for Arkham's industrial sector. This enabled the city's expansion up the Miskatonic, swallowing up outlying towns like Dunwich, as former farmlands became the industrial sprawl of Westheath. Despite this, Gilman House remains synonymous with organised crime and corruption.

Arkham suffered terribly during the typhoid epidemic of 1905. The strain of typhoid that struck it was so virulent that the mayor ordered strict quarantine controls on anyone trying to leave the city, shutting down the ports and railways for weeks. Even now, three decades later, many of these laws are still on the books, and any vehicle leaving the city may be inspected by the Transport Police.

Gilman House control of city politics lasted until 1925, when the sudden illness and retirement of Mayor Ephraim Waite resulted in infighting and a breakdown of the machine. With the Democrats divided, control of the city switched back to the old-money families, and Francis Upton became mayor. Upton immediately pressed his advantage by turning the full force of the city's law enforcement on the criminal elements connected to Gilman House. In defiance of city tradition, he brought in federal agents from the Bureau of Prohibition, the Treasury, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation to bolster the infamously corrupt police. Upton's war on crime left the Gilman House supporters reeling and disorganised.

Upton's tenure in the office lasted until 1935, when he died in a car accident. The city's new mayor, Charles Ward, has promised to restore order to the city and complete what his ancestor Joseph Curwen started, all those many centuries ago.

Overview

Great Arkham's population in the census of 1930 was 450,302, although it has declined somewhat from that peak. The city is located some thirty

Key Dates

1694: Free-thinkers and religious exiles fleeing persecution in Salem found a new settlement atop Sentinel Hill.

1712: Joseph Curwen, Simon Orne and Edward Hutchinson, gentlemen farmers of Salem, move to Arkham and quickly become wealthy and influential.

1765: Death by shipwreck of Jedediah Orne, merchant captain and founder of the Orne Library.

1776: Execution of Joseph Curwen by British forces.

1782: Edward Hutchinson leaves for parts unknown.

1831: Innsmouth and Kingsport incorporated into Arkham; the city receives its official charter.

1839: Divine visions inspire Dunwich preacher John Whateley to found the Church of the Conciliator.

1858: Mayor Olmstead elected, marking the beginning of the Gilman House era of Arkham politics.

1860: Textile manufacturing becomes Arkham's largest industry.

1882: Establishment of the Gardner Industrial Farms company.

1888: The Miskatonic floods in the spring of this year, destroying parts of the city, including the Salamander Fields textile mills.

1894: Construction of the Olmstead Dam completed.

1904: More flooding strikes, despite attempts to use the dam to control the level of the river.

1905: Typhoid outbreak begins; city-wide quarantine imposed.

1906: Police strikes lead to the establishment of the Transport Police as a separate unit.

1925: An outbreak of suicides and madness strikes the city in early March; Mayor Ephraim Waite falls suddenly ill around this time and resigns, ending Gilman House's stranglehold on the mayoralty.

1931: Mayor Francis Upton cracks down on bootlegging and racketeering, and brings in federal agents to assist city police. Several prominent politicians with links to Gilman House are implicated in the investigation.

1935: Mayor Upton dies in a tragic accident when his car skids off the icy Garrison Bridge and falls into the Miskatonic River.

miles north of Boston, beyond Salem; both road and rail links are unreliable due to foul weather and the ongoing typhoid precautions. Great Arkham straddles both banks of the Miskatonic River, although most of the older parts of the city are on the southern side. A ridgeline of hills, running from Sentinel Hill to the Kingsport cliffs, lifts the northern part of the city high above the original settlement along the banks of the river. West of Sentinel Hill, the land slopes down gently into the Quarro valley.

Cyclopean skyscrapers dominate the skyline of Great Arkham. These buildings tower above the rest of the city. Some of these skyscrapers have no visible entrances, and their lower stories are sheathed in smaller buildings that crowd up against the basalt cliffs. Other skyscrapers have doorways leading in, but the steps up to these huge doors are oddly shaped, and seem designed for inhabitants of an entirely different size and shape to the humans who make what homes they can in the alien structures. These towers can be found throughout the city, but are most common in Northside and Salamander Fields.

Great Arkham & the Nation

The city's relationship with the rest of the United States is… vague. The city is undeniably insular – the newspapers are all concerned with local matters, few people travel, and there is little trade – but the same brands can be bought in stores in Great Arkham as in Boston or Chicago, and you can ostensibly catch a train or Greyhound bus from one city to another, although the city's long-running battle with typhoid fever means that travel is often unexpectedly delayed or postponed. Buy a road atlas if you wish in any gas station in the city, and you'll find Great Arkham there, north of Boston, along the banks of the lazy Miskatonic. Similarly, you can pick up the phone and try calling long-distance if you wish, but the connection is likely to go abruptly dead if you say the wrong thing, and there's always a suspicious slithering noise on the line.

Outside the city, though, no-one has heard of Great Arkham, or if they have, they cannot quite recall where. A cousin went there once, perhaps. It's a name that shows up on old train timetables, or in the diaries of madmen.

Bellington's Woods
Aylott Seminary
Christchurch Graveyard
Waite Railway Station
The Wooded Island
St. Mary's Hospital
The Historical Society
Miskatonic University Museum
The Orne Library
Sanitarium
Hotel Miskatonic
Arkham City Cathedral
Newspaper Row
City Hall
Clinton
Fort Hutchinson
Orne Lighthouse
Gilman House
Marsh Refinery
Essex Chemical Works
The Dig
Sump Marsh
Devil's Reef Restaurant
Devil's Reef
Gardner Industrial Farms
10,000 Yards
20,000 Yards

Typhoid

And then had come the scourge, grinning and lethal, from the nightmare caverns of Tartarus. West had graduated about the time of its beginning, so that we were in Arkham when it broke with full daemoniac fury upon the town... the situation was almost past management, and deaths ensued too frequently for the local undertakers fully to handle. Burials without embalming were made in rapid succession, and even the Christchurch cemetery receiving tomb was crammed with coffins of the unembalmed dead.

Herbert West—Reanimator

Some people appear able to leave the city without any problems; player characters are **never** in this group.

An epidemic of typhoid fever struck Great Arkham in 1905, killing thousands of people. In response, the city authorities instituted strict controls on travel, to ensure the disease did not spread outside the city. Even though that terrible epidemic is three decades in the past, the travel restrictions are still in place, and there are still irregular outbreaks of typhoid in parts of the city. Typhoid is spread by bacteria in drinking water and food; while chlorination of the water supply and vaccination has greatly reduced the incidence of typhoid outbreaks in other cities, that is not the case in Great Arkham, suggesting that typhoid may not be the culprit in every outbreak. Research continues among doctors in St. Mary's; until a better treatment is found, the Transport Police will continue to monitor all travellers leaving the city for signs of suspected infection, and citizens will stay away from neighbourhoods marked with the yellow sign of a typhoid outbreak.

Profane Topics

When I had tried to question the natives in the shops, the lunch room, the garages, and the fire station, I had found them even harder to get started than the ticket-agent had predicted; and realized that I could not spare the time to overcome their first instinctive reticences. They had a kind of obscure suspiciousness, as if there were something amiss with anyone too much interested in Innsmouth.

—The Shadow Over Innsmouth

It's impolite in Great Arkham to ask too many questions about or show too much interest in… odd things. It's simply *rude* to discuss such things. You don't mention the howling and chanting that disturbed everyone's sleep last night. You don't ask questions when the newspaper boy vanishes. You say *'Kingsport's so lovely this time of year, why would you go anywhere else?'* when a friend mysteriously cancels a planned trip overseas. You avert your eyes from the strange graffiti on the wall, and the thing that you saw in the alleyway last night was a dog. A dog, damn it!

Most people in Arkham resent discussion of strange things because it breaks their carefully-crafted illusions. Most people want to believe that they're not trapped in a hellish alien city, and if your questions make it harder for them to maintain this illusion, then they blame you for their suffering. Other people have adopted ignorance as a survival strategy – if you don't discuss the topic, the topic is less likely to reach tentacles down from the clouds, snatch you up, and devour you whole. Avoiding knowledge of the Mythos is not a perfect defence, but it does help.

In game terms, if the player characters ask too many questions openly, they won't only draw Suspicion – they'll also start to lose Credit Rating.

Black Stone Towers

In certain places I beheld enormous dark cylindrical towers which climbed far above any of the other structures. These appeared to be of a totally unique nature, and shewed signs of prodigious age and dilapidation. They were built of a bizarre type of square-cut basalt masonry, and tapered slightly towards their rounded tops. Nowhere in any of them could the least traces of windows or other apertures save huge doors could be found... Around these aberrant piles of square-cut masonry there hovered an inexplicable aura of menace and concentrated fear.

—The Shadow Out of Time

Cyclopean skyscrapers made of a strange black stone stand throughout the city. These structures are, apparently, ancient – some of the earliest photographs and paintings of the city show them rising above the streets. Many are windowless and doorless, or have no accessible openings on their lower levels. Others have what might be entrances, but they are strangely proportioned, built to an inhuman scale. These accessible towers have been colonised by humans, turned into housing blocks or factories or warehouses. In parts of the city, structures have been built around the bases of the towers, hiding them at street level so a traveller can pass by without having to contemplate the cryptic structures.

The people of Great Arkham do not look up, and quicken their pace whenever they must cross the shadows of the towers.

Investigation of the towers is forbidden on grounds of public safety. Every month or so, newspaper headlines speak of a foolish college student or unlucky vagrant who fell from one of the towers to a grisly death on the sidewalk. Rumours claim that some towers contain eerie bas-reliefs that are removed by city council workers as soon as they are discovered.

Day & Night

On [Sentinel] Hill there were watchers as anxious as he, and rain-soaked knots of men paraded the square and alleys around the evil church with umbrella-shaded candles, electric flashlights, oil lanterns, crucifixes, and obscure charms of the many sorts common to southern Italy. They blessed each flash of lightning, and made cryptical signs of fear with their right hands when a turn in the storm caused the flashes to lessen and to cease altogether.

—The Haunter of the Dark

Even those who discount most accounts of unusual events know better than to go out at night. All cities are wilder and stranger at night, but parts of Great Arkham are actively dangerous. Other parts, meanwhile, seem to only *exist* at night; look out of certain windows by night, and you shall see a very different streetscape to the one visible by daylight. Bright electric lights seem to keep this strangeness at bay; those unable to keep the darkness from their door huddle and pray that they will not be taken in the night.

City Authorities

The city authorities is a catch-all term for the forces that overtly run the city – the major power blocs and institutions that rule Great Arkham.

City Hall

City Hall, high on the slopes of Sentinel Hill, is the seat of the mayor, the city council, and the municipal government. Given Great Arkham's…

RADICALS AT LARGE IN CITY

Police Raid Miskatonic University

Explosion Kills Three, Maims More

Many Arrests, Ringleader Escapes

Officers of the Great Arkham Police, acting under the direction of Federal Agent Vorsht and his investigators, today conducted a lightning raid on the campus of Miskatonic University. The object of this raid was the arrest of a cell of seditious criminals with links to the Anarcho-Communist movement. Most of the members of this criminal band are known to be faculty at Miskatonic University, while some others are believed to be students and associates of the group.

The anarchist group planned to blow up City Hall and other government buildings, and were assembling bombs and incendiary devices when the raid took place. In the confusion, one of the bombs went off in the basement of the Science building on campus, killing three people. One of the casualties is believed to be Mrs. Agatha Warren Pickman, who the police suspect of being an associate member of the cell. Several police officers were also injured in the explosion and at other points in the raid, and much of the campus is still closed off to the public while investigations continue.

The raid began when six police wagons left Fort Hutchison and proceeded at speed to the University. Other police officers mustered near St. Mary's Hospital and in Salamander Fields before advancing on the campus from all sides. Intelligence received by the police indicated that the anarchist cell met regularly in the Orne Library, in rooms reserved by the chief librarian, Dr. Henry Armitage, who is also believed to be a member of the group, and perhaps the ringleader. This den of vipers was not the only quarry of Agent Vorsht and his men, for the police also raided the secret bomb-making factory in the science building, as well as offices and storerooms connected to the various professors. The degree of planning and foreknowledge on the part of the police indicates with considerable certainty that Agent Vorsht had one or more informants working within the group, and suggests that Vorsht waited until the right moment to catch the criminals red-handed. Indeed, at the time of going to print, unconfirmed rumors suggest that Assistant Librarian Cyrus Llanfer has already confessed, and that further arrests are likely.

More than two dozen people were arrested on the spot. Three more criminals died by their own hand when the bomb went off prematurely. Another half-dozen – including the suspected ringleader, Dr. Henry Armitage – escaped through an ancient tunnel in the basement of the library building that connected through a hitherto unknown route to the city's sewers and catacombs. All six are still at large, and the police intend to circulate names and descriptions as soon as possible. In the meantime, all citizens are urged to be vigilant for strange behaviour, and to report any sightings to the authorities immediately.

loose association with the rest of the nation, City Hall is for all practical purposes the ultimate authority in the city. The current mayor is Charles Ward; in addition, there are three at-large councilors and ten district councilors on the city council.

Police

The Great Arkham Police Department, sometimes referred to as the GAP, has some 1,100 uniformed police officers and another two hundred detectives and plain-clothes officers. There are six police stations in the city, and the police headquarters is on Sentinel Hill. The Transport Police, responsible for patrolling the city's railways, docks and motorways, and enforcing the long-standing typhoid restrictions on travel, have an especially poor reputation.

It's widely known in the city that the mayor's office has a long-standing unofficial force of agents, informants and guards. Disputes between the mayor and the police commissioner were common during the Gilman years, and Mayors Upton and Ward both continued the practice of maintaining an off-the-books security force in case of more strikes or disagreements.

FBI

While the federal government has a minimal presence in Great Arkham, there is an office of the new Federal Bureau of Investigation (formerly the Division of Investigation). The Bureau was brought in by Mayor Upton to help deal with bootlegging and racketeering, but its remit also includes investigating sedition and Communist infiltration of the city's unions and intelligentsia.

Crime

While bootlegging and other organised criminal activity was a problem in Great Arkham in the early 1920s, the city's murder rate exploded in 1925 and shows little sign of slowing. The primary culprits are the Marsh family, who control most of the Innsmouth docks, and intend to take over the rest of the city. The rise of the Marsh family can be directly traced to the fall of Gilman House, and the fraying of the tangled knot of political, criminal, religious and economic interests in Innsmouth. When Gilman House controlled the city council, successive mayors kept violent crime under control by providing plenty of graft for their criminal cousins. When the Gilman machine lost its grip on the levers of power, Innsmouth politicos could no longer keep the Marshes placated, and war broke out.

Other criminal groups, like the long-established Malatesta family, oppose the Marsh push into Salamander Fields and Westheath with limited success so far. The Malatestas were occupied with their own feud with the Irish mob, the O'Bannion family, which they managed to keep mostly off the streets. The war with the Marshes, however, is extremely public, and a cause of great concern in the media. Hardly a day goes by without a headline trumpeting some new criminal atrocity or intrigue. The Malatestas' main racket is protection, so the Marshes deliberately target businesses in Westheath and Northside with shootings and bombings.

A Chinese crime syndicate, the Tsan Chan Tong, operates out of Chinatown, running gambling, opiates and prostitution there. So far, the Tsan Chans have stayed neutral in the Marsh/Malatesta gang war, and may hold the balance of power if they ever move beyond their home district.

The Church of the Conciliator

The largest and most influential religious group in Great Arkham is the Church of the Conciliator, a Protestant sect which began in Dunwich in the 1830s. While there are a few other Protestant congregations in the city, along with a handful of Catholic churches and Jewish synagogues, the Church of the Conciliator has taken over the vast majority of the city's houses of worship.

The Church's eccentric theology holds that God is coterminous with space and time, and desires to commune with all human souls. However, humans are too base, too sinful, and too caught up in our primitive view of morality to comprehend the terrible majesty of the divine. Humans must be reconciled to the will of God, even if that will seems strange or appalling. God united with a human woman and begat Jesus Christ, whose purpose was to be a bridge between human and divine and to teach this reconciliation, but Christ was betrayed and crucified before he could complete his teaching. The Church denies that that Christ was resurrected, but instead holds that He sleeps in his tomb, dead yet dreaming, awaiting the moment when humanity's reconciliation to the will of God is complete. The Holy Spirit (traditionally depicted in Conciliator iconography as a black man) is the manifestation of Christ's dreams, as he continues to send out his teachings to those worthy of receiving them.

The Church operates a seminary in Dunwich to train new priests. For more on the church, see page 47.

The Media

Great Arkham has two major newspapers, the *Arkham Gazette* and *Arkham Advertiser.* The *Gazette* has a smaller circulation and a lighter tone. It is strongly associated with the university, and has at times sided with Miskatonic in disputes with Sentinel Hill, but it was quick to condemn Dr. Armitage and his co-conspirators in the recent scandal.

The *Advertiser* is solid and uncontroversial, focussing mainly on local politics, sports, and commercial news. Its obituaries column is always the most popular (and sometimes largest) section of the paper. In addition to these two long-established publications, one can also find the sensationalist *Cryer*, the *Worker's Voice* and the upstart *Herald* on the newsstands. Smaller local newspapers are also published in Dunwich (*Dunwich Chronicle*), Kingsport (*Kingsport Messenger*) and Chinatown.

Two radio stations, WARK and WNRM, can be picked up across the city, although reception in Westheath is notoriously bad. WARK broadcasts a mix of news and light entertainment; WNRM is owned by the Church of the Conciliator and includes more religious programming.

Dreams

Sleeping disorders are unusually common in Great Arkham, and are among the commonest complaints brought before doctors. Sales of barbiturates and other sleeping pills are so high that the Malatesta gang has a profitable side line in robbing pharmacies and selling these drugs on the black market. Even those who manage to get to sleep rarely dream, and the city's alienists have privately noted that these dreams have strange commonalities between them – images of drowning, of strange geometric shapes, of voices crying at the edge of hearing.

It is possible, through diligent study and meditation, to learn to sleep and dream despite the unwholesome influence of the city. Player characters may not purchase the Dreaming ability in character creation without the Keeper's approval, but may develop it in play if they find a suitable teacher who already possesses the ability.

New Investigative Ability: Dreaming

You are one of the few people in Great Arkham to have vivid or memorable dreams. Sometimes, these dreams may even be significant or meaningful. You may use this ability to:

- Sense that another person is also a dreamer of your calibre
- Be forewarned of the movements of powerful forces and entities in Great Arkham. You may not know what these forces are or what they portend, but you can sense psychic upheavals, currents and waves before they break on the material world
- Occasionally visit the Dreamlands in your slumber, obtain favours or information from its residents, and discourse knowledgeably about its creatures and locations
- Make contact with creatures and individuals who exist outside the normal space-time continuum of the city. (Such contact may not always be desirable or safe, as Walter Gilman learned in *The Dreams in the Witch House.*)

Suspicion

Great Arkham is an occupied city, a city beholden to greater powers. Investigations into strange events or the malfeasance of the authorities may draw unwanted attention, especially if the Investigators meddle in the affairs of their betters, or break the law. This unwanted attention is measured in Suspicion.

The entire group of Investigators has one Suspicion score in common; they are each other's known associates. The group's Suspicion begins at 0.

Gaining Suspicion

The Investigators gain Suspicion by taking actions that irritate or discomfit the city authorities. Criminal acts, especially assault or murder, are the most common route to increased Suspicion, but showing undue knowledge of certain occult practises, or interfering with the police or other civic agents, can also attract Suspicion.

Some districts draw more Suspicion than others. What is permissible in the slums of Westheath, or in the shadows of the Innsmouth Docks, may draw a harsh response in the tonier parts of town like Sentinel Hill or Old Arkham.

Chinatown, Westheath, Innsmouth Docks: Reduce Suspicion gained here by 1 point

Dunwich, Northside, Salamander Field, University District: Suspicion gains are unaffected

Sentinel Hill, Old Arkham, Kingsport: Increase Suspicion gained here by 1 point

In general, count only the highest Suspicion gain in a session. If the Investigators burn down the Cathedral of the Conciliator, then count only the 5 point Suspicion gain for major arson in Sentinel Hill, and don't worry about the lesser Suspicion gain from trespassing in a church.

Averting Suspicion

Precautions: The Investigators can avoid increases in their Suspicion by ensuring that the city authorities do not connect the suspicious events with the Investigators. Such precautions usually require spends from abilities. For example:

- Make extra spends of Bargain, Intimidation or Reassurance to convince witnesses not to mention the Investigator's presence to the authorities
- Spend Cop Talk to convince police to look the other way
- Spend Evidence Collection or Forensics to wipe away fingerprints and sanitise a crime scene
- Hide incriminating notes with Cryptography
- Make untraceable home-made explosives with Chemistry instead of purchasing them on the black market
- Use Disguise or Stealth to avoid unfriendly eyes, or spend points from the relevant District Knowledge to look like you belong here

Investigator Action	Suspicion Gain
Burglary, car chase, street brawl Public lunacy Being seen in the vicinity of a Mythos attack Going out at night without good reason Purchase of rat poison, train tickets, firearms or other suspicious goods Openly carrying firearms or other suspicious items	+1
Minor arson, use of firearms, car chase Interfering with police business Murder of a criminal Trespass in restricted areas of the city Association with members of the Armitage Inquiry or other Communist groups Keeping physical evidence of a Mythos attack Publicly asking questions about supernatural events Purchase of contraband books or items Attempting to leave the city through conventional means (by train, passing through a checkpoint on the roads, taking ship from Innsmouth)	+2
Trespass in a church Murder of a civilian Attempting to leave the city through unconventional means (stowing away on a ship or train, smashing through police checkpoints) Sheltering members of the Armitage Inquiry or other illegal groups	+3
Major arson, use of explosives, running gun battle, destructive car chase Murder of a police officer or civil servant Revealing the truth of a Mythos attack	+4

Fleeing: Investigators may also reduce Suspicion gains by 1 point by immediately changing district and spending a point from the District Knowledge of the region where they're taking refuge. So, if the Investigators flee to Chinatown after burning down that cathedral, and a member of the group spends a point of District Knowledge: Chinatown, the Investigators' Suspicion gain is reduced by 1 as they flee out of reach of the authorities and vanish into the crowds.

Averted Suspicion can come back to burn the Investigators if circumstances warrant. If a witness comes forward later, or new evidence comes to light, or the Investigators' deceptions are penetrated, the Investigators can gain Suspicion for older actions. Old Suspicion gains are automatically reduced by 1 point, representing the authorities' lack of urgency in prosecuting old offences. For example, the Investigators convince a witness not to talk with an **Intimidation**

spend, avoiding a 3-point Suspicion gain. Later, that witness's daughter is killed and he blames the Investigators for the tragedy. He goes to the authorities and tells them what he knows, reactivating the 'latent' Suspicion. The Investigators gain 2 Suspicion (a 3-Suspicion offence, reduced by 1 because it's old news).

Losing Suspicion

There are four ways to lose Suspicion.

- **Wait It Out:** Low levels of Suspicion diminish over time. If the Investigators' Suspicion score is 2 or less, then reduce it by one point after a game session in which they avoid adding to their Suspicion. Suspicion scores of 3 or more do not diminish over time.
- **Buy It Off:** A good Credit Rating and friends in high places can avert the attention of the authorities. The Investigators may reduce their Suspicion by one if, as a group, they spend Cop Talk, Reassurance, Credit Rating, Old Arkham District Knowledge or Sentinel Hill District Knowledge points equal to the number of Investigators *multiplied* by their current Suspicion score. For example, if four Investigators have a Suspicion score of 3, then they could reduce that score to 2 by spending 12 points from the listed Investigative Abilities.

  These points don't have to be spent all at once; the Investigators can put a few points aside after every game session until they have enough to buy down their Suspicion. However, if the Investigators gain any more Suspicion, then points allocated but unspent are lost.
- **Make A Deal:** Various powerful patrons can intercede on the Investigators' behalf to shield them from the authorities. If the group's Suspicion is becoming unbearable, then Mayor Ward or another figure may contact the Investigators and offer them a deal.

The fourth method is to have the sanction of the authorities to be abroad at night, and to meddle in occult matters. The Keeper is encouraged to consult the section on Cults, on page 36. Players are enjoined, in the name of all sanity and morality, to do nothing of the sort.

Effects of Suspicion

Suspicion represents the attention of the city authorities – primarily the police, but any also any agents of the city council and the established powers.

Increased Scrutiny: The Investigators have all lived in the city long enough to hear stories of how the authorities spy on their enemies.

- **Suspicion 1:** The Investigators notice unusual numbers of rats in the city. They hear them scuttling in the walls, and see them darting in and out of alleyways. They find rat footprints on their pillows and find gnawed scraps of paper in their desk drawers. The scuttling noises stop whenever anyone begins speaking, as if the rats are eavesdropping.
- **Suspicion 2:** The Investigators' phone lines are tapped: sometimes, they hear clicking or slithering on the line. Their mail is opened and resealed – sometimes clumsily – before it's delivered to them. Any letters or parcels relating to the Mythos are confiscated; dangerous forgeries may be substituted in their place.
- **Suspicion 3:** Pressure on the Investigators reduces their ability to call on contacts for assistance. Pick a District Knowledge for each Investigator related to the source of Suspicion; any use of contacts in that district requires an additional point spent from the relevant District Knowledge. Familiar neighbours leave, to be replaced by strangers with suspicious eyes – or return, only with oddly waxy skin and a new, unwholesome curiosity about the Investigators' doings.
- **Suspicion 4:** Known associates of the Investigators – contacts, co-workers, family members, friends – are questioned by the authorities. Depending on the victim, these interrogations might extract incriminating testimony about the Investigators, or result in the beating, or even the 'disappearance', of the subject being interrogated.
- **Suspicion 5+:** At this level of Suspicion, it's only a matter of time before the authorities start a city-wide manhunt for the Investigators.

Increased Watchfulness: Each game session, the Keeper adds a number of General Ability tests equal to the group's current Suspicion, representing the added police presence or increased scrutiny of the Investigators. These are usually tests of Disguise, Sense Trouble, Shadowing, or Stealth, but other General Abilities are fair game. The Difficulty for these extra tests is typically 4, but if the Investigators have a very high Suspicion score, and hence lots of tests waiting for them, then the Keeper may combine multiple tests into one of nigh-insurmountable Difficulty (6+); failing any of these tests may result in arrest and detention, a beating, or just added Suspicion, depending on the circumstances.

The Keeper should point out when an additional test is due to acquired Suspicion, to distinguish them from tests stemming from the Keeper's

cruel whim, and to remind the players that they need to deal with their Suspicion.

Possible added tests:

- There's an extra policeman walking the beat when the Investigators are trying to break into the morgue (Stealth)
- A ticket inspector at the subway spends much too long studying the face of one of the characters, as if trying to place her features (Disguise)
- Rats scuttle through the hollow walls, then stop as if to eavesdrop, at the very moment one of the Investigators is about to say something incriminating (Sense Trouble)
- A shadowy figure with a hat pulled low over its pallid face stalks the Investigators, as if waiting for them to cross some unseen threshold (Shadowing)
- An afflicted man on the streets shouts *'ia! Ia! Yag-shuthath! The unnatural ones are coming!'* and takes a swing at one of the Investigators (Scuffling)
- A stranger bumps into one of the Investigators on the sidewalk, and dips his hand into the Investigator's pocket. Unless noticed in time (Filch), the stranger steals some piece of evidence or equipment
- A patrol car shadows the Investigators' vehicle, forcing the Investigators to take evasive action (Driving)
- Bad dreams and staring eyes haunt the Investigators, fraying their nerves (Stability)

Alternatively, the Keeper might add Suspicion-based triggers into a mystery – ruling that, if the Investigators' Suspicion is 2 or more, the door to the councilor's office requires a Locksmith spend, or that the cult call up guardian spirits to watch over their temple and ward off intruders.

Added Harassment: Once per investigation, choose a player character to roll a six-sided die against the Investigators' Suspicion. If the roll is equal to or lower than the Investigators' current Suspicion, then the Investigators suffer some blowback from their actions against the city authorities. The Investigators may be arrested and questioned, or suffer some other indignity or attack. Possible options for harassment:

- A contact or friend (or even a family member) of one of the Investigators vanishes mysteriously, or is arrested on trumped-up charges
- Someone breaks into the home or office of one of the Investigators. Any tomes, equipment or evidence are stolen, and the room is trashed
- A representative of City Hall (possibly Agent Vorsht (p. 124)) confronts the Investigators, and warns them to stop interfering in affairs that do not concern them
- One of the Investigators is marked for sacrifice
- The Investigators are framed as Communists, criminals or other enemies of the state
- One of the Investigators is pulled through a dimensional gate, or otherwise abducted by supernatural means
- The Investigators are the target of scurrilous attacks in the newspapers, diminishing their Credit Rating scores
- Supernatural curses

These repercussions are not quite the same as Antagonist Reactions (*Trail of Cthulhu*, p. 192), as they are not necessarily related to the current mystery at hand.

Cover Identities

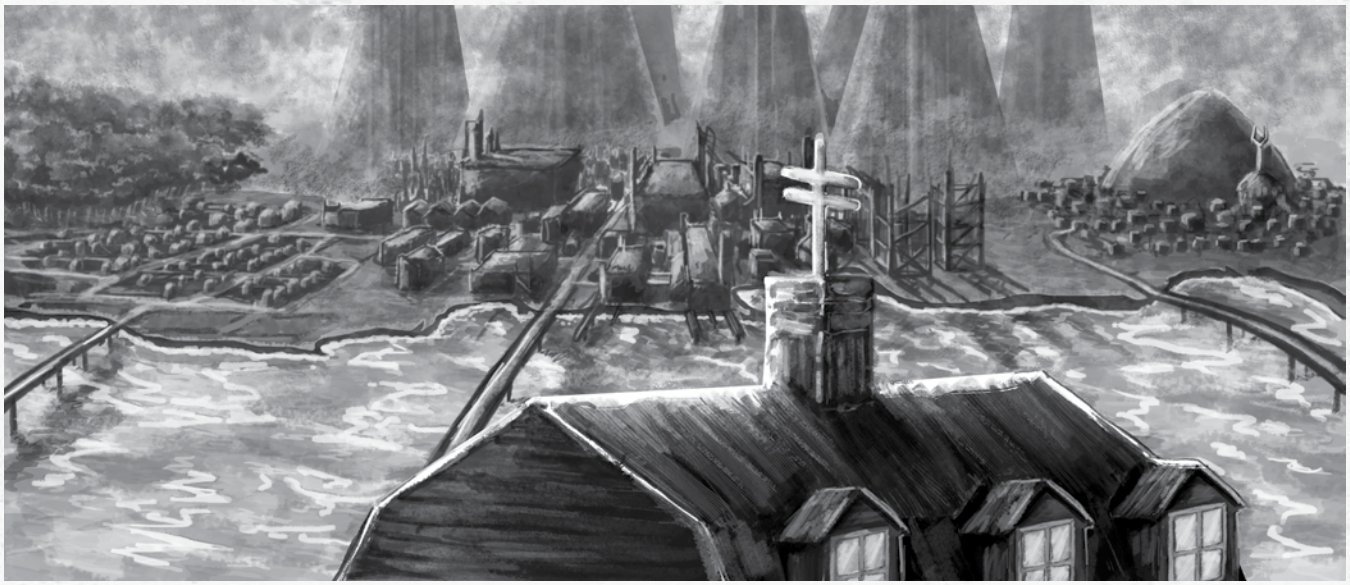
Investigators may wish to conceal their activities from the city authorities by adopting a disguise or a cover identity. To create a cover, the Investigator must allocate points from a District Knowledge to that cover identity. These points can only be spent when the Investigator is in their alternate identity; similarly, Investigators may not use District Knowledge connections belonging to their 'real' identity when undercover without losing the benefits of their cover. Disguise tests may be needed to maintain the illusion that the cover identity is actually a different person.

If the Investigator's cover comes under scrutiny, then the Investigator must spend a point of a suitable Interpersonal Ability or a point from the relevant District Knowledge to bluff their way through.

The advantage of a cover identity is that any Suspicion accrued by that cover applies only to that cover.

For example, Lizzy Bradshaw is a reporter for the *Arkham Gazette*. She's investigating strange events in Kingsport, and wants to avoid any trouble following her home. When Lizzy's player is next awarded experience points (*Trail of Cthulhu,* p. 82), she puts two points into District Knowledge: Kingsport and creates the cover identity of a homeless woman who lives under the boardwalk. These District Knowledge points can only be spent when Lizzy is in disguise – the homeless woman doesn't know anything about City Hall or Newspaper Row, and Lizzy has to maintain the illusion that she has no idea about the secret community of afflicted who speak to birds on the beaches of Kingsport.

Keepers of the City



Searchers after horror haunt strange, far places.

—H.P. Lovecraft

Cthulhu City inverts several of the assumptions of standard Mythos investigative games.

- **The Mythos is unknown:** In Lovecraft's tales, the Mythos was either remote, or buried deeply. His protagonists had to travel great distances in time or space (*The Shadow Out Of Time, At The Mountains of Madness*), actively seek out strange lore (*The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*) or go to certain shunned and isolated places (*The Dunwich Horror*), before they encountered the Mythos.

  In *Cthulhu City*, the Mythos is just beneath the surface. Its spoor is everywhere; the city is foul with supernatural corruption. People have to wilfully blind themselves to avoid acknowledging the existence of inhuman horrors in their midst. The Investigators – unable to share in this comfortable delusion – know they are surrounded by the forces of the Mythos.

- **Cults are clandestine and criminal:** The default assumption in other games is that the Investigators are ultimately on the same side as the authorities. The authorities may be unwilling to acknowledge the horrors for what they really are, but the Investigators are still acting as agents of human rationality and civilisation against atavistic horrors. *The Shadow Over Innsmouth* ends with a government raid on the cursed town; the police search Keziah Mason's lair in *The Dreams in the Witch House*; the Cthulhu cult in *The Call of Cthulhu* operates in secret.

  Inverting this relationship means that the cults and Mythos worshippers are in power, and the Investigators are treated as criminals and deviants. In *Cthulhu City*, the Armitage Inquiry (the group of academics working with Dr. Henry Armitage in Miskatonic University) has already been driven underground after they were accused of being a cell of Communist agents; the Investigators must tread carefully to avoid a similar fate.

- **Victory is the reassertion of normality:** Most of Lovecraft's tales end with horrific consequences for the protagonists, but leave the world beyond unchanged (at least for now). Cthulhu's rising is postponed, the Dunwich Horror is banished, the shoggoths continue to slumber beneath the ice. Driving back the Mythos for another day is as much as any Investigator can hope to accomplish.

In *Cthulhu City*, the Mythos has already, in effect, 'won'. Another day is another day of oppression and terror; the Investigators must search for deeper victories in order to escape or overthrow the city.

Cthulhu City draws inspiration from all of Lovecraft's cities, human and inhuman. It's a mix of Arkham's quaint New England charm, and the cyclopean architecture of the Elder Things, of Dunwich's backwoods sorcery and the catacombs of the Nameless City, of Kingsport's haunted streets and the creeping surrealism of Carcosa, of Innsmouth's sullen, watchful corruption, and the unreal beauty of the Marvellous Sunset City that Carter remembered from his boyhood. It's R'lyeh mixed with Red Hook. Skyscrapers of black stone reach into the ever-clouded sky, and grotesque soapstone gargoyles stare down from shuttered churches.

Cthulhu City is not plausible. It is obviously, obscenely *wrong,* even to people without knowledge of the Mythos; but for most of the people living in the city, denial is more comfortable than confronting the horror of their reality.

Using Cthulhu City

This book presents a setting, not a series of adventures or a campaign frame. However, the unnatural nature of the city makes it extremely flexible; you can allow the city to bleed into an existing campaign for a session or two, or run a game set entirely on the streets of Great Arkham.

Episodic

If you present Great Arkham as a dream or hallucination, you can run a handful of game sessions in the city before the Investigators find their way back to the real world. For example, if the Investigators all suffer a bout of madness, or are subject to some weird reality-distorting magic, then they might find themselves in Great Arkham. If the Investigators are only spending a limited amount of time in the city, don't bother with deeper mysteries like the city council, or the machinations of the Church of the Conciliator – focus on how the Investigators stay one step ahead of the city authorities long enough to find a way to escape.

Dreamers might make repeated visits to the city; it could be an outcrop of the Dreamlands that's closer to the modern, mechanised world of the 1930s than Lovecraft's pastoral fantasy. A visit to Great Arkham might also result from a magical curse or poisoning, or contact with the mind-altering devices of the Yithians.

Strangers and Liars

If only one Investigator gets dragged into the city, then consider getting the other players to create alternate versions of their player characters who are residents of the city. The lone Investigator can then meet these doppelgangers, and be entertainingly appalled by the city and what they consider normal. You could even have some of these doppelgangers be secret agents of the city authorities; inter-player character paranoia and conflict is unwelcome in a regular *Trail of Cthulhu* game, but if the adventure in the city is just a once-off, or a brief interlude in a longer campaign, then it's fine to have some of the doppelgangers turn on the rest of the player characters. Unity is restored when the game returns to the 'real' world.

Urban Campaigns

Alternatively, start with the character creation rules on page 7 and run the whole campaign within the confines of Great Arkham. Have the players choose the campaign frame (p. 7) that appeals to them, give them plenty of connections and ties to people in the city, and then dive into the mysteries and horrors of Great Arkham.

Evoking a sense of place is key to an urban game. Note down any individuals or businesses encountered in the course of play, even ones that have little or no relevance to the current investigation, and have those recur again and again. Allow the player characters' home district to be a haven, at least in the early stages of the campaign; a place where they can retreat, to rest and replenish their investigative pools.

Consumed by the City

The third option is to have Great Arkham capture characters from an ongoing campaign. This works like the episodic option, but here there is no hope of a swift escape – the Investigators are trapped in *Cthulhu City* for the rest of the campaign, or for the rest of their lives, whichever comes first. To integrate the Investigators into the city, they find that they already have identities and histories here. One might wake up in the street and find unfamiliar house keys in her pocket, and a letter with her home address on the envelope. Another might awaken in bed next to his wife – even though she was torn apart by hungry byakhee in a previous adventure. Another character might start in the Sanitarium (p. 103), having been 'cured' of her delusion that Great Arkham does not exist.

Give such players one bonus build point each for the first three sessions after entering the city. These bonus points can only be spent on District Knowledges, represented by people recognising the Investigators and treating them as old friends, even though the Investigators have no idea who these new contacts really are.

Games using this framework benefit from exploring the surreal nature of the setting. Make the city seem malignant and manipulative; it's more like a tormenting alien god than a real city. Instead of emphasising place and continuity, undermine the players with unexpected changes and shifts to reality at every turn.

No Way Out?

I was, it appeared, in very bad luck. There had been something wrong with the engine, despite the excellent time made from Newburyport, and the bus could not possible complete the journey to Arkham.

—The Shadow Over Innsmouth

It's up to you how 'porous' the city is – can the Investigators return to the 'real' world for a time, or are they trapped in the city? Even if they leave, the Investigators will get drawn back to the city. Make this return as subtle or as surreal as you wish – you could lure them back with a plot hook set in Great Arkham that appeals to their drives ("we've got to go back – it's the only place where we know there's a copy of the Modena Grimoire"), or have the city recapture them (they wake up in Great Arkham, or the city seems to infiltrate and absorb the place they escaped to, as if Cthulhu City is a disease that they've unwittingly spread to a new place.)

Make attempts to leave the city into nerve-wracking gauntlets for the Investigators. There are four obvious routes out: by rail, by road, by boat, or by walking cross-country. All four offer plenty of ways for a cruel Keeper to make leaving the city dangerous or ominous. Start off stopping them from leaving using what might be co-incidence or bad luck, and only later escalate to supernatural barriers once the players' escape attempts become more desperate and violent.

By Rail: Leaving from the Waite Railway Station (p. 105) in Northside, or any of the smaller railway stations (p. 106).

- The engine breaks down, stopping the train. There are no further trains today, and it may take a few days to clear the line of the broken engine.
- Transport Police stop the train. One of the passengers has typhoid, and they can't take risk of spreading Great Arkham's peculiar virulent strain of the disease to another city. All passengers must exit the train; those suspected of contact with the afflicted will be temporarily quarantined.
- The train sets off, but takes the wrong branch line and ends up in Westheath. Clearly, the Investigators got on the wrong train, even though they carefully checked the signs on the platform.
- The train runs through a tunnel on the edge of town, and suddenly it seems to have reversed direction. The ticket inspector claims that the Investigators fell asleep and are now on the return train to Waite Station.
- The Investigators take their seats in an empty carriage. Then, suddenly, a host of sinister figures – Marsh gangsters, perhaps, or a church group from the Church of the Conciliator, led by a corpulent priest – get on board, and take all the seats surrounding the Investigators. They sit there watching the player characters with disturbing intensity, as if waiting for the train to enter a dark tunnel so there will be no witnesses.

By Road: Taking the freeway (p. 130) out of Salamander Fields, or the old Aylesbury Pike through Dunwich.

- The Investigators' vehicle suddenly runs out of gas and rolls to a stop. **Mechanical Repair** discovers the gas line was deliberately cut so they'd run out of fuel.

- The Investigators' vehicle abruptly cuts out. Examining the engine, it's choked with a weird rust-coloured fungus, which infests every inlet and valve.
- A Transport Police roadblock stops them. A violent patient has broken out of the Sanitarium (p. 103); the Investigators are ordered to turn around until the police apprehend him.
- A mysterious car knocks the Investigators' vehicle off the road. The other car vanishes into the fog with an animalistic shriek.
- Thick, all-consuming fog surrounds the car. If the Investigators are lucky, they'll just take the wrong turning in the fog, or crash. If they're unlucky, something huge paws at them from *above*, buckling the car's roof and sending them careening off the road. Afterwards, they discover the metal roof is puckered and scarred in a pattern that reminds them of the suckers on an octopus' arm.

By Boat: From Kingsport's yacht club (p. 182) or the Innsmouth Docks (p. 165).

- Transport Police catch the Investigators using a motorboat, and impound their vessel for breaching typhoid control codes.
- Something huge and sinister brushes against their hull from below, ripping a hole in it. They're sinking! One of the Investigators spots a ripple in the water, heading in the direction of Devil's Reef (p. 173).
- Again, thick fogs are common around Great Arkham at this time of year.
- The Investigators drift out of sight of the coast, and find themselves lost in the ocean. North, south, east or west, they see nothing but

Pulling at the Stitches

Some players delight in nitpicking. Give them an impossible city that's simultaneously adrift in some eldritch dreamland, but also squatting in the middle of Lovecraft country in the United States of 1937, and they start asking questions about newspaper deliveries, and wondering what happened to towns like Wenhem and Hamilton now that Essex County's been swallowed by a horrific metropolis. The conceit of *Cthulhu City* invites nitpicking like that.

The setting provides a few glib answers. The city's electricity comes from the Olmstead Hydroelectric Dam; food from the Gardner Industrial Farms, and from the fishing boats. The major employers are the textile farms, the radio factories, and the university. People rarely leave the city because of the Transport Police's quarantine. There is the illusion of an insular but rational city, and that may be enough to satisfy some players, just as it's enough to satisfy most of the people who live in Great Arkham.

If the players want to dig deeper, let them. Welcome their attempts to undermine the setting – *Cthulhu City*'s made to be undermined and broken by the actions of the players. The trick is to ensure they discover horror whenever they look beneath the surface. Take, for example, the textile industry. If Great Arkham's really part of the US, then it's plausible that it exports garments to the rest of the nation – so the Investigators could try stowing away on a goods train that's loaded with Arkham-made overcoats and shirts, assuming they can dodge Transport Police inspectors. The existence of such a connection suggests Great Arkham actually exists in the real world, implying that history has been somehow changed, or that the city has been summoned into existence in the otherwise-normal world of 1937. If their investigations confirm that the city exists, then the question of the campaign becomes "why does this city exist, when we know it shouldn't?"

Alternatively, if Great Arkham's connection to the "real" world is much more tenuous - if it's more of a weird stage-set sketch of a city than an actual place - then the idea of the city exporting textiles becomes more absurd. If the city's actually floating in deep space, or is the last outpost of humanity on a post-apocalyptic earth, then it's silly to think of an ever-growing heap of discarded garments piling up just outside the city limits. In this case, maybe the textile industry is a lie – what are they really making in those huge windowless factories? Is that really cloth they're weaving? You could conceive of the whole thing as a loop – factories in one part of the city make garments, and factories in another part shred them again to make raw materials, just to keep the population employed and distracted. Or maybe the city is in the Dreamlands, and the Black Ships of the Moon-Beasts are carrying crates of Bolton-brand overcoats to the markets of Dylath-Leen and Celephaïs.

In short – if the players denounce some aspect of the city as impossible, they're asking the right questions. Their player characters, however, will not like the answers.

The City Connection

Several previously published *Trail of Cthulhu* supplements suggest connections to *Cthulhu City.*

Arkham Detective Tales: The Nameless City worshipped by the cult in *Return to Red Hook* is an alien city of horrors, said to be located on Earth's moon, but accessible via their Door to the Beyond spell. The fact that buildings from this alien city have begun to appear in New York suggests that it's possible for the cult to link the dreadful moon-city and the mundane cities of Earth. Perhaps, following their defeat in New York, the cult flees north and makes another attempt to contact the moon from their secret stronghold in Kingsport, resulting in the conjuration of Great Arkham. Police Investigators from New York might be reassigned to work with Agent Vorsht, either because they have previous experience of dealing with the Red Hook cult, or because the cult uses its influence to draw its old enemies into the dreadful new city.

The Armitage Files: Several of Armitage's letters might be sent from Great Arkham – notably, Document 7 – might prefigure several aspects of the city, with its talk of tenements and ghouls, and images of insect-ridden cityscapes. The Investigators might be drawn into Great Arkham in the course of their investigations into the Armitage letters, or perhaps their initial failure in piecing together Armitage's warning results in the manifestation of the city. To escape, they must reconstruct his Invocation of Non-Euclidian Time and transmit messages back to their previous selves in some form.

See also the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52) and Dr. Armitage (p. 91).

Bookhounds of London: One of the Bookhounds comes across what seems at first to be an ordinary tourist's guide to New England. What is such a common book doing in a collection of occult tomes? Examining the book, the Investigators discover that there is a whole chapter on a non-existent city named Great Arkham. Is the book a forgery, or an artefact from some parallel reality?

Over the course of the next few months, the Investigators discover more and more books, both mundane and occult, that mention this non-existent city. They glimpse references to it in newspapers; they meet travellers who claim to have come from there. At the same time, they find evidence that the guide books are forgeries, that pages have been inserted into old encyclopaedia volumes, that some intruder broke into the map room at the British Library to carefully alter the maps of New England to add the false city. Is some secret cult of geographers and historians trying to summon a city into existence from the dream realm? And by handling those forgeries, by reading about the city and infecting themselves with abhorrent knowledge, are the Bookhounds themselves reinforcing the reality of Great Arkham?

Cthulhu Apocalypse: If you're running with the interpretation that Great Arkham is the last redoubt of humanity, suspended on the edge of annihilation, then use the *Cthulhu Apocalypse* material to describe the world outside the city limits. The Affliction rules also fit nicely with the madness and corruption that affect people in the city.

Dreamhounds of Paris: Just as the weak gods of Earth stole Randolph Carter's marvellous sunset city in *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath,* Great Arkham is a refuge and fortress raised by the gods of the Dreamlands, where they can hide from the changes wrought by the Surrealists. Characters from a *Dreamhounds* campaign may be dragged into Great Arkham by the gods of Earth, who attempt to use the city to enforce "correct" reverent behaviour on the wild imaginings of the artists.

Shadows Over Filmland: Combine the porous reality of *Cthulhu City* with the Kingsport studios (p. 180). The Investigators are actors working in Great Arkham on a series of Cosmic Studios' monster movies. When the cameras roll, reality warps and projects the Investigators into the fiction (allowing the Keeper to run the Backlot Gothic scenarios as episodes, and use *Cthulhu City* as a framing device).

The Yellow King: Exposure to the reality-corroding effects of the Yellow Sign might bring the Investigators to the city, or bring the city into being. Was Arkham founded under the Sign? Is that the Atlantic that sighs on the shore, or the waters of Lake Hali?

Another interpretation: Great Arkham exists in the alternate-America ruled by the Castaigne regime; it's the 1930s counterpart to the present-day of the Aftermath setting. Add a few Lethal Chambers on the streets, cast the city authorities as strong supporters of the Imperial Dynasty, and add a Carcosan spin to the Church of the Conciliator….

endless waters. Once they succumb to dehydration, they're rescued and wake up in a hospital in Innsmouth, with plenty of unexplained scars and bruises.

- A black ship (p. 169) glides out of the darkness, heading straight towards the Investigator's vessel. It crashes into them, smashing their boat to splinters. Do they tread water and hope to swim back to shore, or do they call for help from whoever – from whatever – is on that ship?
- They keep sailing east until a shoreline emerges out of the fog. It's oddly regular, a smooth curve of concrete, almost like a…dam. It's the Olmstead Dam (p. 143) – the city wraps around, like a Klein bottle.

Cross-Country: Just walking out of the city. What could go wrong?

- The Dunwich Strangler (p. 149) for one.
- Any of the cults (p. 36) might go hunting victims in the night.
- The Investigators end up at the Isolated Farm (p. 139).
- If outside is worse than the city, then the Investigators might come to the edge of the city, and flee screaming from the revelation. They crest a ridge and find themselves staring out at a radiation-seared alien landscape as twin green suns roll overhead, or discover that the world beyond the city is a blasted ruin, or see titanic shapes moving across the horizon.

Running Cthulhu City

Cthulhu City extends the corruption of the Mythos into human society. Civic institutions and neighbourhoods become masks for alien horrors, whose existence is inimical to sanity and morality. It surrounds the player characters with horror at every turn – instead of having to investigate to find the deeply buried supernatural horror that has disrupted the social order, they must investigate the horrors in order to protect and shelter the fragile spark of humanity and empathy. The Mythos is not behind *every* door, but it could be behind *any* door – anyone the Investigators meets could be a servant of the corrupt city authorities, or a mask for something inhuman.

The player characters are not ignorant of the horror – they know that this city is aberrant, and that they are in enemy territory. Trying to shy away from knowledge of the Mythos by dealing with the immediate problem and then sealing the threat away is not a solution: it's not enough to rescue the child from the ghouls, or to banish the summoned horror with the spell from the musty tome. The Investigators don't just need to find a way to deal with the nest of ancient ghouls beneath their homes, they need to study the home, and master sorcery to defend themselves.

Oppression & Alienation

Great Arkham is an occupied city. The game casts the Mythos as the occupying power, with the city authorities as quislings and collaborators, and the player characters as resistance fighters. It's inspired by the human horrors of mass surveillance and oppression, as much as by Lovecraft. The Mythos can strike without reason, without apparent purpose. Tentacles unfold from the clouds, and grab some unlucky soul off the streets; ghouls steal children from their cribs for sacrifice in a witches' sabbat; invisible horrors beyond perception infect the pineal glands of the unwary, devouring their sanity like psychic parasites and causing brain lesions. The people who live in Great Arkham did nothing wrong – the city is not Hell, and they are not sinners. There is no cosmic plan for them, just cosmic indifference that manifests through the city's organs. This permits the Keepers to assault the player characters with horror at any point, not just through antagonist reactions. You can begin a mystery with "your daughter is possessed by Keziah Mason" or "the radio in your bedroom started glowing purple, and this alien creature congealed from the air and branded you with its tentacles before vanishing". (Don't abuse this: excessive oppression can be demoralising, or cross the line into black humour. The aim is to ensure the players never feel wholly safe, not to convince them that their actions are futile in every way.)

A by-product of this oppressive regime is alienation. The only way to be safe in Great Arkham is to collaborate, to surrender yourself to the Mythos. The player characters can never do this (if they did, they wouldn't be player characters any more), but others can become part of the occupying force. The neighbour who worships Y'golonac with perverse and secret rites; the child with ancient eyes who spits curses in Sumerian as you pass by, the residents of a tenement block who've learned that if they sacrifice a stranger in the alleyway once a month, then no-one in the block will die…all people who've given up their humanity to be on the other side.

The player characters may also become alienated from ordinary people by the weight of their knowledge. Most people in Arkham don't want to know

the truth, and instinctively dread having to come to conscious awareness of the Mythos. By investigating and delving deeper, the Investigators become objects of suspicion and dread themselves.

Bring this to the fore by playing on the player characters' Entanglements (p. 10). Whenever they get closer towards uncovering some great mystery of the city, or whenever their Suspicion rises, have one of their Entanglements turn on them. Give occasional dizzying glimpses of the sublime scale of the Mythos – maybe the Investigators find a bottomless shaft hidden in a subway tunnel, implying the city is sitting atop some immeasurably vast cavern. Maybe they see a gargantuan tentacle unfurl from behind the clouds and lazily scoop up a dozen victims, or swat some sorcerer's house into oblivion. Perhaps they get to see the city from outside, and in that terrible moment see the true nature of their existence – remind the Investigators that they are tiny and insignificant compared to the entities that *really* call this city home.

Noir Horror

One of the rules of writing fantastical fiction is that your audience has a limited capacity for strangeness. In prose, for example, you can have an unusual protagonist, a bizarre setting, or a challenging style of writing – pick at most two of those three. Lovecraft wrote "*My own rule is that no weird story can truly produce terror unless it is devised with all the care and verisimilitude of an actual hoax. The author must forget all about 'short story technique' and build up a stark simple account, full of homely corroborative details, just as if he were actually trying to 'put across' a deception in real life…as carefully as a crooked witness prepares a line of testimony with cross-examining lawyers in his mind. I take the place of the lawyers now and then-finding false spots in the original testimony, and thereupon rearranging details and motivations with a greater care for probability.*"

Normal *Trail of Cthulhu* games present a historically accurate and painstakingly detailed setting, and then add in the weirdness of the Mythos. *Cthulhu City* starts out weird – the Investigators are in a clearly ahistorical and deliberately murky setting – which makes adding more weirdness on top counterproductive in most cases. If the setting cannot have physical verisimilitude, with its alien skyscrapers and improbably isolated city, then psychological verisimilitude becomes more important. Spend more time on creating and exploring character and motivations. Encourage the players to made textured, multi-dimensional characters instead of stoically square-jawed Investigators. Make the villains of your mysteries human, with human motivations and desires. They may be warped by their proximity to the Mythos, or forced to compromise their morality in the face of inhuman horrors, but they're still people.

"People forced to compromise in the face of a corrupt system" is one of the hallmarks of noir fiction, so noir makes an excellent model for *Cthulhu City* stories. The city has a million stories, each of them about doomed heroes, about desperate people who've done terrible things, about villains driven by greed, lust and a desire for power, and none of them have happy endings.

Avoid referring to the supernatural as much as possible. Talk around

the Mythos, as if it was something shameful or toxic to even mention.

Write plots that revolve around non-supernatural goals and desires, and spice them with the Mythos. The greedy property developer knows that a particular plot in Salamander Fields will become prime real estate when the Dig is done, and hires organised criminals to drive out the residents – and those criminals are Deep One hybrids from the Marsh Family. The police detective is tasked with solving a murder, and it turns out the dead man's wife did it and tried to cover it up by framing his estranged son – but she killed her husband with a sacrificial dagger, and she's part of the inner circle of the Church of the Conciliator and has the protection of the Church. The hardboiled detective is hired by an eccentric millionaire to find a missing girl, and it turns out she eloped with her boyfriend – but she also stole a book from her father's library and pawned it to pay for their tickets out of the city, and now people are dying because of that book.

Any victories the player characters achieve should be tawdry or hollow; they can save individual people, or push back against the Mythos, but not both.

Existential Horror

Investigative stories are comforting and reassuring because they tell us that existence is ultimately rational. If the detective keeps digging deep enough, then all motives and secrets will eventually be exposed. Everything happened for a reason, even if those reasons were vile or immoral. Even madness has a logical cause; it's either the result of some trauma, or a physical ailment, a condition of the brain. Everything makes sense in the end; the assertion that the mystery can be *solved* is the foundation of the investigative game.

Existential horror games remove that foundation. Now the game and the player characters are in freefall, groping for illusory meeting. They can still investigate individual cases, but the larger mysteries of the Mythos and the city are unsolvable and maddening. This approach allows for multiple contradictory views of the city – it's both real and unreal, in 1937 and a billion years in the future, a toy box for alien horrors and a hallucination in the mind of an insane player character. Give the players clues that point towards all these "answers", and yet more clues that contradict the first set. These clues don't – indeed, shouldn't – make rational sense. Seed your scenes with interesting details, and let the players' curiosity and obsession inform what takes on greater importance. As there is by definition no grand design or ultimate truth behind the city, everything is equally significant.

For example, say the Investigators are in a dark room. One player asks if there is a window, and you reply that there is indeed a window, but it's blocked by a bookcase. The player's curiosity is aroused – why put a bookcase in front of the window, instead of a bare section of wall? Why *blockade* the window? With Architecture, the player learns that the window is not originally part of the building – its frame does not match the surrounding material. Later, the player sees that window again, and again, in different buildings. She spots faces at the window, and shapes moving behind it. Getting to that window becomes an obsession, but the window never appears anywhere accessible. In one adventure, it's high on the wall of a skyscraper; in another, the Investigator could reach it and climb through, but she's being chased over the rooftop by ghouls so there's no time to stop.

Don't let existential rabbit-holes interfere with the resolution of individual adventures. Individual mysteries still yield to deductive reason and clever information-gathering. Save existential weirdness and the frustration of cosmic existentialism for the larger campaign narrative.

Paranoid Horror

Oppression and paranoia go hand in glove; if the only way to obtain even temporary relief from the oppressive regime is to serve it by informing on those around you, then that engenders paranoia. In *Cthulhu City*, the paranoia runs even deeper because the "rules" governing the city are occulted, possibly even unknowable. If you hear strange voices and chanting from the room next door, do you report it to the police because the people in there are doing something dangerous and unholy? Or do you stay quiet, because you fear that even *knowing* those alien words is somehow illegal, and if you admit it, you'll be punished for listening? Every district in the city has its own furtive superstitions and beliefs about how to avoid the attention of the authorities, and its own networks of police informants and quislings who trade with the powers that be. In every district, though, the common practise is to look for people who don't seem to be connected to the city authorities, but do appear to be contravening the unspoken laws of the city: criminals, lone cultists, troublemakers, dissidents, and people like the Investigators.

While the early sessions of the campaign may be conventional investigations, where the player characters uncover some horror and put an end to it, the campaign's second phase involves the players balancing investigation with their

own safety. They may choose to come to some arrangement with one of the occupying powers, or to take further steps to ensure secrecy. If they don't find some way to conceal their activities from the city authorities, they will be destroyed (of course, if the player characters give up and stop investigating, they'll also be destroyed; inaction does not avoid the horrors, only prolongs the wait for destruction). Play on the players' sense of paranoia and fear; show the consequences of every decision. The Investigators must become amateur spies, sneaking around the city to avoid unfriendly attention, or they must uncover ways to manipulate people around them, to blackmail and pressure and leverage the people they meet in order to get what they need without drawing added attention.

Every investigation brings a mix of danger and moral compromise, and each player must find the balance between the two – do they risk themselves, or risk others?

Improvisation Towards a Denouement

No matter which campaign frame you choose, or what stories you tell in *Cthulhu City*, certain elements will recur and become more prominent as the game goes on. What is the nature of the city? What is the Ritual of Opening? How can we escape Great Arkham?

Discovering the nature of the city determines the shape of the endgame of your campaign. If the Investigators discover, say, that Great Arkham is a hallucination, then the final challenge in the game is breaking free of the delusion, and re-entering the waking world. On the other hand, if the Investigators learn that Great Arkham is actually an alien city on the shores of Lake Hali, which orbits Aldebaran, and there is no way for them to return across the billions of miles, and billions of years, that now separate them from the Earth they remember, then the endgame may be bringing down the city authorities and establishing a new life on this alien world.

Allow the players to push the campaign towards endgame. Let them be the ones to disturb the ghastly status quo of the city. As the Investigators delve into street-level mysteries, they will become enmeshed in the affairs of the various cults, and all the cults are tied to those ultimate mysteries. Trail clues pointing to cult activity, and let the players choose which leads to follow.

Mysterious Campaigns

Individual *Cthulhu City* adventures work just like regular *Trail of Cthulhu* mysteries – dangle a **hook** in front of the player characters to engage their Drives, set up a **horrible truth** for them to discover, and then sow a **trail of clues** leading from that ultimate truth back to the hook. You can improvise this trail of clues on the fly using the NPCs and locations in this book, or plan out your mystery in advance and rely on this sourcebook only if the players take an unexpected turn. The sheer amount of horrific weirdness in the city also sows plenty of plot hooks – it'd be absurd in a regular *Trail of Cthulhu* campaign for an investigation into one Mythos threat to randomly run across two or three other wholly unrelated monsters, but that's perfectly reasonable in *Cthulhu City*. Similarly, a character who might be a mundane supporting player or witness in a regular game, might have their own connections to the supernatural in *Cthulhu City*.

The key differences in *Cthulhu City* kick in over the course of a campaign. The geographically limited setting and persistent threat means that the players' actions have greater consequences than is usual for *Trail of Cthulhu*. In a "real-world" game, if the player characters stop a Deep One priest from summoning Dagon in an isolated village, they're unlikely to return to that village again, and it's likely that the Deep One nest gets destroyed, or driven back into the ocean. In *Cthulhu City*, stopping a Deep One priest means the Investigators have crossed the Esoteric Order and the Marsh Gang down in Innsmouth Docks, and there will be retribution. Antagonist Reactions don't have to happen immediately – you can wait two or three adventures down the line before having the Esoteric Order respond.

Similarly, the constrained, persistent nature of the Mythos in the city means you can pile investigation on investigation. The first adventure in a series might put the Investigators on the trail of a serial killer doctor; the second uncovers the connection between the doctor and the Halsey Fraternity; investigating the Fraternity discovers their plot to reanimate and question the deceased members of the Armitage Inquiry, and thwarting that plan puts the Investigators in contact with the revived Inquiry and their battle against the city authorities.

In terms of structure, there are three levels of mystery in *Cthulhu City*. A short campaign might climb through the three levels in three or four adventures; an extended campaign oscillates between street-level and cult mysteries for most of its length, exploring different cults, before finally approaching one of the great mysteries of the city.

- **Street-Level Mysteries:** Isolated encounters and localised horrors. Delving deep into these mysteries eventually may lead the Investigators to the cult level. Some examples:
  - A young thief steals a relic from a church, and is pursued by a monster sent to recover the relic. Other locals are killed by the monster, attracting the attention of the player characters.
  - Conflict between the Marsh and Malatesta gangs spills blood on the streets. An old friend of one of the player characters asks for their help in protecting her business – but it turns out that she's become a secret worshipper of the Mythos.
  - The Investigators are hired to find the missing will of a recently deceased real estate developer, and they discover that several of the properties he owns don't exist – at least, not all the time. If the dead man knew how to call up streets with magic, what else did he know, and why was he killed? And is the murderer hiding in one of those infrequent streets?
  - A drunkard confides in one of the Investigators that he can see ghosts swirling around a particular building when he's drunk – and is found poisoned shortly afterwards. What did he see, and who killed him to shut him up? Could he really see ghosts, or is that just a pickled red herring?
- **Cult Mysteries:** Mysteries involving one of the major cults of the city. Whenever you're uncertain about what to do next in a *Cthulhu City* game, drop a clue pointing towards one of the cults – they can connect to any district, and point down towards more street-level mysteries, or up towards the greater mysteries.

  You can also use the cults to keep a campaign viable. If the Investigators have angered the city authorities and attracted too much suspicion, have a rival cult step in to offer aid and shelter. If the Investigators just murdered a senior member of the Church of the Conciliator, then have the Witch Coven contact them. Use them as corrupting influences, forcing the Investigators to choose between making deals with the Mythos or standing by and allowing worse horrors to transpire.

  The cults are behind everything in the city. They're the ruling authorities, the masks of flesh worn by the Mythos. Everything loops back to them.
  - The stolen relic belongs to the Church of the Conciliator – and the thief was allowed to steal the relic, so the Church could send its supernatural assassins into a part of the city under the control of another cult.
  - Impressed by the Investigators' bravado, Boss Marsh offers them a deal – work for him and help bring down the Malatesta gang, or else…
  - The killer was a member of the Pnakotic Cult – and is actually the murder victim. In a future that can now never come to pass, the real estate developer obtained a Yithian mind-transfer machine and sent his consciousness back in time to assist his past self. However, the two quarrelled and the killer accidentally murdered himself. Now, he's a living paradox, and his very existence is corroding reality around him.
  - The drunkard was poisoned by an agent of the Necromantic Cabal; it's easier to question the dead. The drunkard's visions were the result of an inherited magical curse, not alcohol. Now, the necromancer intends to use the reanimated, horribly changed (Ye Liveliest Awfulness) remains of the drunkard as a tool to see the magical ley lines and forces that run through the city, as part of preparations for the Ritual of Opening. Can the Investigators free their friend from a living hell?
- **Mysteries of the City:** These are the big questions of the setting – the campaign-shattering revelations that will tear down the city or allow the Investigators to break out of the concrete prison. A short campaign may only address one of these mysteries; a longer campaign might deal with three or more of them, but will be significantly changed by each one.

Mysteries of the City

It should be noted that the Keeper is under no obligation to provide *definitive* answers to these questions. Cosmic truth is beyond the reach of human rationality; as long as you provide a satisfying emotional payoff to the Investigators' personal arcs, it's fine to leave larger questions unanswered. Nonetheless, the Keeper should at least contemplate answers to all these questions, as these mysteries are very likely to crop up in a *Cthulhu City* campaign.

What is Great Arkham? What is the city? Is it a dream? A shared delusion? A curse laid on the Investigators? Did Joseph Curwen and his allies conjure it in some ritual? Did the Pnakotic Cult or some other force meddle in the past, changing the history of Arkham?

Keepers of the City

What's outside the city? Is it actually located in Massachusetts, or is the city really floating in deep space off the shoulder of Aldebaran or Fomalhaut? Is it really 1937, or is it actually some far-future date after the Stars Came Right and the rest of humanity was wiped out?

What is the purpose of the City? Why does the city exist? Is it a holding pen for sacrifices to hungry gods? A lifeboat for humanity? A refuge for the cult leaders who want to rule over humanity in the name of the Great Old Ones? A necessary intermediate step in the ritual to open the way for the elder gods? (Could Great Arkham be the "inner city at the magnetic poles" referred to in *The Dunwich Horror*?) Is the city deliberate or an accident?

The city might be a benevolent asylum, a quarantined zone for those afflicted by the memetic virus of the Mythos, and the Transport Police are agents of the US government.

How Can Someone Escape The City? Is it possible to escape the city? Is it simply a question of slipping past the Transport Police and other dangers, or must the Investigators somehow sever a magical connection to the city? Presumably, whoever conjured Great Arkham can also free the Investigators from it, so perhaps the Investigators must bargain with one of the cults? Do the Black Ships offer a way out? Could the Investigators escape using the technology of the Pnakotic Cult? Or could they escape by confronting whatever horror drove them mad and plunged them into the shared delusion of the city?

When and Where Will The Ritual Take Place? The Ritual of Opening is an obvious climax to the campaign – do the players sabotage the ritual, or use it as leverage over the cults? Do they try to slip out of the city as it Opens, or accept that they are trapped in Great Arkham forever and go with Closing?

Who Favours Opening? Who Favours Closing? Identifying Openers and Closers is a vital puzzle for the Investigators to solve. Page 40 offers some suggestions, but those allegiances can change over the course of the campaign, especially if the Investigators are able to find clues giving them leverage over the cult leaders and adherents.

Cults, Criminals & Sorcery

That cult would never die till the stars came right again, and the secret priests would take great Cthulhu from His tomb to revive His subjects and resume His rule of earth. The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones; free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all men shouting and killing and revelling in joy. Then the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill and revel and enjoy themselves, and all the earth would flame with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom. Meanwhile the cult, by appropriate rites, must keep alive the memory of those ancient ways and shadow forth the prophecy of their return.

—The Call of Cthulhu

The city is rife with cults and worshippers of the Mythos. Those who rule from Sentinel Hill owe their position and privilege to the power of alien gods. Cults and secret societies run through Arkham's history like veins; peel back the skin of history and find them there, spreading their poison. It is easy, too, for ordinary people to fall into corruption. The city encourages and fosters knowledge of the Mythos, and those who seek its power will find it. Corrupting knowledge seeps into the mind from the very streets; peculiar angles drawn by skyscrapers against the clouds hold meaning for those who know where to look.

Not everyone who joins a cult is insane; in this cursed city, a cult offers a measure of safety, a measure of control, even a measure of power. If you are initiated into the mysteries of the Church of the Conciliator, you can ensure that they pass over your family when it comes to picking victims for the sacrificial rites. Trade the secret of a hidden tomb to a necromancer in exchange for a promotion, or a ticket out of town. If you want to get ahead, swear eternal loyalty to the Witch Coven. When the gods are so close at hand, serving them becomes a practical decision, an obvious, even

necessary moral compromise. It's not madness to join a cult – it's old-fashioned corruption, a way to survive and get ahead in a monstrous system.

The gifts of the Old Ones come at a price; sacrifices must be made, rites performed, sacred times of the year observed with the correct ceremonies. Some of these are offerings to hungry entities on the threshold of existence, but others are for the benefit of the cultists, not the gods they serve, to keep them close to human. Those who serve the Old Ones are warped and changed, and must take steps to hold onto their human form. Not every cultist is willing to abandon their caul of flesh, and to join the mindless meeping hosts of the Million Favoured Ones who follow Nyarlathotep.

Other people in the city have picked up a few spells without joining a cult. Certain protective incantations and charms are passed around as superstitions, but they have real power in Great Arkham. Even people with no understanding of the Mythos might know spells like the Sign of Eibon or Contact Ghoul.

Cult Influence & Districts

The reach of the cults varies; some have influence all over the city, others are concentrated in one district. As there are places of supernatural significance and power all over Arkham, and the magical power of such places can be tapped by a spellcaster, physical reach translates into metaphysical strength (see *Draw Upon Place of Power*, p. 60). (Also, the Ritual of Opening must be conducted at one such place of power; the cult that controls the ritual site will have a tremendous advantage over its rivals.)

The diagram below lists the influence of the various cults at the start of a *Cthulhu City* campaign. The number in parentheses after each district is the 'value' of that district – it's a mix of the district's prestige, inherent occult power and significant sites. Cults claim some or all of the available influence in a district; any left-over is listed as unaligned. This unaligned influence might be genuinely unclaimed, or under the control of minor cults, independent sorcerers, or other supernatural entities like ghouls.

Joining a Cult

Investigators may wish to join a cult, either to learn the cult's secrets or to destroy it from within. (Exposing a cult to the authorities is unlikely to be an option in *Cthulhu City,* with the exception of illegal groups like the Pnakotic Cult). Each cult write-up describes how new members are recruited; often, the Investigators will need a particular District Knowledge or Investigative Ability to qualify as prospective recruits. Long-term membership of a cult will doubtless take a toll on the Investigator's Stability; the Investigator must make a Stability test between adventures, representing the horrors of cult ceremonies, dreadful secrets revealed, and the stress of hiding one's true allegiance from the other members (or, in the case of the Armitage Inquiry, the terror of discovery.) If the Investigator loses a Pillar of Sanity that corresponds to the cult's particular flavour of horror, then the need for monthly Stability tests is removed.

Dunwich (50)	**Northside (50)**	**Sentinel Hill (65)**	**Chinatown (35)**	**Kingsport (50)**
Church of the Conciliator 30	Pnakotic Cult 5	Necromantic Cabal 25	Pnakotic Cult 10	Necromantic Cabal 5
Witch Coven 10	Necromantic Cabal 10	Witch Coven 15	Unaligned 25	Witch Coven 10
Unaligned 10	Witch Coven 10	Church of the Conciliator 20		Church of the Conciliator 10
	Church of the Conciliator 15	Esoteric Order of Dagon 5		Esoteric Order of Dagon 5
	Unaligned 10			Unaligned 20
Westheath (40)	**Old Arkham (60)**	**University District (50)**	**Salamander Fields (40)**	**Innsmouth (60)**
Pnakotic Cult 5	Necromantic Cabal 15	Halsey Fraternity 10	Halsey Fraternity 5	Esoteric Order of Dagon 50
Church of the Conciliator 20	Witch Coven 10	Pnakotic Cult 5	Pnakotic Cult 5	Unaligned 10
Unaligned 15	Church of the Conciliator 10	Necromantic Cabal 15	Necromantic Cabal 10	
	Halsey Fraternity 5	Silver Lodge 5	Esoteric Order of Dagon 10	
	Silver Lodge 10	Armitage Inquiry 5	Unaligned 10	
	Unaligned 10	Unaligned 10		

District Knowledge can uncover clues that hint at which cults have influence in a district.

For example, membership of the Church of the Conciliator means exposure to blasphemous rites that parody Christianity, a vile inverse theology that puts a blind idiot on the throne of Heaven. If an Investigator with the Pillar of Sanity "religious faith" goes undercover in the Church, and then loses enough Sanity to crumble that pillar (or declares it to be smashed), then there's no need for further monthly Stability tests related to the cult.

There is one key advantage to joining most cults – avoiding Suspicion. Having the patronage of a cult that's in good standing with the city authorities allows the cultist to reduce all Suspicion gains by the listed value.

Degrees of Membership

Cults may have a wholly informal structure, or they may have an elaborate quasi-Masonic arrangement of ranks and degrees, complete with advancement ceremonies and formal structures. Mechanically, cult memberships divide into four degrees. Investigators may not advance beyond Initiate in most circumstances; reaching the rank of Adept is possible for Investigators, but only if they are willing to compromise themselves ethically and spiritually. Investigators cannot become Masters and stay viable player characters.

Associate: An ally or agent of the cult, but not an actual member. Associates might be hired muscle, prospective recruits, afflicted people under the sway of the cult's psychic influence, or relatives or neighbours of cult members. They're spies and cannon fodder, and know nothing about the workings or mysteries of the cult.

Initiate: A low-ranking member of the cult, who has been initiated into the sacred mysteries, but has little or no supernatural abilities or magic. Initiates know where the cult meets for mass ceremonies, a little of the cult's beliefs and practises, and the identity of one or more superiors.

Adept: A senior member of the cult, with some sorcerous abilities. Those listed are the spells commonly taught by the cult, and are not necessarily an exhaustive or complete list. More powerful cultists have, no doubt, access to rarer spells and tomes.

Master: The leader or a high-ranking member of the cult.

As a guideline, player characters may run into initiates and associates in the course of their investigation. Discovering the true identity of an adept requires active effort on the part of the player characters – they need to put together clues and dig for the truth (assuming the adept isn't sent to kill them as part of an Antagonist Reaction). Finding the secret masters of the city might be the goal of a multiple-session campaign arc.

Adjustments

Each degree of membership lists spells, modifiers and special abilities. Apply these templates to any non-player characters you choose to induct into the cult. For example, if the Servant (p. 75) is an adept of the Witch Coven, add the listed modifiers to her existing abilities.

Player character cult members don't automatically gain these modifiers; purchase them with experience points, slacker.

Clues

As A Foulness ShallYe Know Them!

There are certain tells and marks that reveal cult membership, and these clues can be discovered with Investigative Abilities. Don't tell the players what these marks signify until they have discovered the existence of the relevant cult. For example, members of the Pnakotic Cult are slightly unstuck in time, and this can be spotted with **Physics.** The first time the Investigators meet a Pnakotic cultist, a character with **Physics** might spot this tiny discrepancy, but would not necessarily connect the temporal distortion to the presence of the cult. However, in later encounters with the cult, the players would know that temporal distortions foreshadow the presence of the Yithians and their minions.

Responses

This section lists possible Antagonist Reactions for the cult. Reserve the cult's stronger responses for later in the campaign, or if the Investigators are foolish enough to remain in a district where the cult has plenty of Influence. For example, should the Investigators attract the wrath of the Esoteric Order, they can avoid the worst of the cult's responses by avoiding Innsmouth and other coastal districts. If they stay in Innsmouth, they get eaten by shoggoths.

Clashes Between Cults

The actions of Investigators – or cultists – can change the balance of power in the city. For example, if the Esoteric Order of Dagon digs up a temple buried in the mud of Salamander Fields, that moves one point of Salamander Fields Influence from the 'Unaligned' column to the Esoteric Order's total. If the Investigators thwart this plan and kill

Magic

Cthulhu City uses the Magic General Ability, first described in the *Rough Magicks* supplement. Spells that cost Stability can be paid for with Magic instead, but if a spell lists a Sanity cost, that cost must still be paid in Sanity, and spells may still incur a Stability *test* along with a Magic *spend*. This means that sorcerers with a Magic score can cast spells without becoming mentally exhausted or obviously unhinged, but still corrode their souls with exposure to alien sorcery.

Magic refreshes every 24 hours, although some sorcerers have access to reserves of supernatural power they can tap, or can draw power from places of supernatural significance. (If you've got *Rough Magicks*, this is the Perry Court exception described on p. 9 of that book.)

Investigators may not normally begin with the Magic ability (although a case could be made for those with high ratings in **Occult** *and* another suitable ability like **Physics** or **Cryptography**), but may purchase it with experience if they have a suitable tutor.

the Dagonite high priest, then that reduces the Esoteric Order's influence in Salamander Fields.

Most shifts of influence are on the order of one or two points. A major stroke against a cult – say, stealing the *Al Azif* from the Church of the Conciliator – is worth five or more points.

Using Cult Influence

Cult Influence is a tool for the Keeper; track it as closely or as loosely as you prefer, and use it as suits your style of play. Some options:

- Track the Investigators' efforts against a cult – and how other cults slither into the gaps. If the Investigators strike back against the Church of the Conciliator and reduce its influence in the University District, then those unaligned influence points might be claimed by the growing power of the Halsey Fraternity. The Investigators might have to learn magic and start taking Influence for themselves…
- Use Cult Influence to determine the balance of power in the city. If the Investigators foment a conflict between the Esoteric Order and the Church of the Conciliator, their relative influence scores determine which cult has the initial advantage, and which is pressed to take desperate measures.
- Map Cult Influence to locations in a district. For example, the University District has 50 influence available –that implies that the Orne Library, Exhibit Museum and University are worth 10 or 15 points each, with the remaining Influence going to secret places of power.
- Use Cult Influence in a particular district when you want a measure of how well-prepared or entrenched a cult might be. For example, the Esoteric Order has an influence of only 5 in Kingsport, but 50 in Innsmouth. That implies that their presence in Kingsport is secretive and comparatively limited, whereas they are openly dominant in Innsmouth. There might be only one Esoteric Order cultist per player character in the Kingsport temple, but a mob of 50 or 60 cultists in a similar chapel in Innsmouth.
- Apply a Cult's total Influence as a pool of points that can be spent for Magic by cultists. Associate members can't access this pool; initiates get to use 1/10th of the pool, adepts 1/5th, masters ½. The full pool is only available when the whole cult gathers. This pool refreshes after a month of uninterrupted cult activity.
- Cult Influence can be spent on Preparedness to obtain equipment at a 2 to 1 ratio.
- Cult Influence is also a factor in the Ritual of Opening.

Openers and Closers

The most important cult in the city is the one that doesn't exist.

On certain auspicious nights, when the stars come close to rightness, it is possible for powerful sorcerers to choose whether to Open or Close the gates to outside. Right now, the gates are ajar, neither fully open nor fully closed. Keeping the gates mostly Closed prolongs the city's current status quo, where the cults rule from the shadows and the ordinary population are cattle to be bled and sacrificed as the cults see fit. Fully Closing them would bring Great Arkham out of its curious limbo, and the effects of that depend on the true nature of the city – would it be like waking from a dream, or would it be more like ceasing to exist?

Opening the gates would let the Great Old Ones fully into the city, to ravage and destroy and dance as they wished.

The ritual to Open or Close the gates is a perilous one. If performed incorrectly, or interrupted, the consequences are horrific for those involved. The magical forces involved are so potent, so terrible and so precisely balanced that any outside interference would likely ruin the ritual. Therefore, it's unwise to perform the ritual unless one side is sure that every powerful sorcerer and entity in Great Arkham is either in agreement about Opening or Closing, or that any potential opposition has been neutralised.

So, among the cult leaders and sorcerers of the city, knowing who is committed to Opening and who favours Closing is the most important question of all. If the Openers or the Closers are ever sure they have a strong enough majority to risk the ritual, then they will attempt it when the stars next inch close to rightness. The ritual must be performed in a specific place of power, but that ritual site's actual location depends on the time of year and certain other abstruse factors – and attempting the ritual in the wrong place is sure to have horrific consequences for the participants.

The common assumption is that those who blindly worship the Great Old Ones want to Open the gates, and those who seek blasphemous knowledge for their own ends are more likely to prefer to keep the gates mostly Closed – but there are too many exceptions and secrets for such assumptions to be safe. The other key question is one of power: who in the city has the sorcerous prowess to interrupt the ritual, and the secret knowledge to know when and where it takes place?
Of the major cults, then, the commonly assumed attitudes are:

- **Necromantic Cabal:** Closers – they primarily worship Yog-Sothoth as the patron of sorcerers and secret knowledge, although they venerate all the Outer Gods. Despite this, most have no desire to see the world cleared off. For all this power, for all their transcendence of death, they are still mostly human.
- **Church of the Conciliator:** The Church's theology and supernatural patrons indicate they are Openers; of course, human greed might push individual church leaders to secretly favour Closing instead.
- **Esoteric Order of Dagon:** The Esoteric Order's power and influence was greatly diminished when Gilman House lost control of the city; they are likely to ally with whichever side offers them a route back into power.
- **Witch Coven:** As long as Keziah Mason is lost in space and time, they are unlikely to have the strength to participate in the ritual. If they can bring their leader back, or if the timing of the ritual coincides with a night when Keziah walks the earth, then they will add their vote for Opening.
- **Armitage Inquiry:** The authorities moved against the Inquiry to stop Armitage discovering the Ritual of Opening – but were they too late? Presumably, a sane and whole Armitage would give his life for Closing (or better yet, use his knowledge of the ritual to *interrupt* it, killing everyone involved), but if he's insane, he may be nihilistically inclined to Open instead.
- **Pnakotic Cult:** The Great Race want to escape the temporal constraints of the city. Would Opening allowing their minds to return to their conical bodies in the distant past, or flee forward to inhabit the coleopterans that inherit the planet after humanity's demise? Or are they better served by Closing and making further study of the problem?
- Neither the **Halsey Fraternity** (p. 53) nor the **Silver Lodge** know about the Ritual, although Zkauba suspects its existence (p. 56).
- **Unaligned** sorcerers might go either way.

Possible Members: Anyone with enough power to cast the Ritual of Opening. Identifying members of this 'cult' is a major campaign goal in *Cthulhu City*. For more on this, see *Mysteries of the City,* p. 34.

Clues: Most clues connected to this "cult" relate to the location of the Ritual of Opening (see page 60 for more on identifying the ritual site).

- **Cthulhu Mythos:** Players may spend Cthulhu Mythos to identify either the location of the Ritual of Opening, or the identity of the ritualists, but this is an 8 point Stability/3 point Sanity loss as per the table on p. 76 of *Trail of Cthulhu*.

Responses: The Ritual of Opening is the key to the city. Controlling the Ritual might be the only thing that matters, and the safest way to control the Ritual is to eliminate all other possible rival casters. Player characters who uncover the existence of the Ritual are in terrible danger, even from allied cults.

The Witch Coven

In the evening they drowsily discussed the mathematical studies which had so completely and perhaps harmfully engrossed Gilman, and speculated about the linkage with ancient magic and folklore which seemed so darkly probable. They spoke of old Keziah Mason, and Elwood agreed that Gilman had good scientific grounds for thinking she might have stumbled on strange and significant information. The hidden cults to which these witches belonged often guarded and handed down surprising secrets from elder, forgotten eons; and it was by no means impossible that Keziah had actually mastered the art of passing through dimensional gates. Tradition emphasizes the uselessness of material barriers in halting a witch's notions, and who can say what underlies the old tales of broomstick rides through the night?

—The Dreams in the Witch House

The oldest of the Arkham cults, the Witch Coven worships Azathoth and Nyarlathotep above the other gods. Those initiated into the coven sign their name in the Book of Azathoth, and are branded in return with a witch-mark by Nyarlathotep. For centuries, the Coven has been a secret society in Great Arkham, with members sworn to aid each other and protect the coven. Anyone can be a member of the coven; the witches work in secret, and often have relatively humble or ordinary identities by day. They might be sober lawyers, clerks, housewives, domestic servants, schoolteachers, nurses, or even beggars on the streets. They conceal their power by day, and then gather at night to worship the Old Ones in rites that were old when humanity was young. The cult is much, much older than the city.

The coven meets on the Wooded Island (p. 74) in Old Arkham and at the White Stone (p. 142) in Dunwich. They have concealed gates throughout the city, either sketched in alleyways or built into structures; some of these gates link to parts of the city that are otherwise inaccessible. Many gates in the city have been lost or sealed up by enemies of the witches, so the coven has an unexpected interest in property development and real estate deals – that derelict house might contain an inactive Witch-Gate in the basement, which could be reactivated by the witches to give them another route across the city.

They have the friendship of the ghouls, bought with offerings of fresh meat and changelings.

Keziah Mason (p. 95) was the leader of the cult, but she is lost in space and time. The cult seeks a way to retrieve her – by currying favour with Nyarlathotep, by obtaining aid from some supernatural entity, or by finding a way to embody Keziah, possibly by a mind-transference spell that would rehouse her consciousness in some living victim. Without a single strong leader of the coven, the cult has become hidebound, observing the old rites and continuing their worship of the Old Ones without any definite plan for the future. Unlike the Church of the Conciliator, the Witch Coven does not aim to bring about the return of the Great Old Ones – that will come in its own time when the stars are right, and all that the coven must do is preserve the secret rites until the Old Ones return.

Cult Influence: 55

Possible Members: Definitely Keziah Mason (p. 95), any Councilor, a Student (p. 90) like Walter Gilman in *The Dreams in the Witch House*, Nurse (p. 145), Lawyer (p. 108), Laborer (p. 220).

Joining the Cult: Any Investigators with a Dreaming rating of 1 or more, an Occult rating of 2 or more, and a suitable disposition might be approached by the Witch Coven. Witch Coven members must make a 4-point Stability test between investigations.

The Witch Coven's influence with the authorities is limited; members of the cult may ignore 1-point Suspicion gains, and may reduce 2-point gains to 1-point. 3-point or larger Suspicion increases are unaffected.

Associate: Associate members of the cult include ghouls (use the regular, unaugmented statistics from the *Trail of Cthulhu* rulebook), familiar animals (use the appropriate animal stats, and apply the same template as for human associates) as well as human thralls. These thralls might be:

- Sleepwalkers who rise from their beds to defend the witches
- Ensorcelled minions
- Relatives of the witches
- Hired muscle

Add +2 Health and +4 Scuffling for associates.

Initiate: Initiates of the Witch Coven have signed their name in the Black Book of Azathoth, and have been marked by Nyarlathotep.

Initiates have a secret name, given at their initiation ceremony. Invoking one's secret name refreshes 4 points of the witch's Magic pool; however,

knowing the secret name gives a +1 bonus to rolls in *all* contests with that witch.

Initiates also learn the locations of one or more witch-gates, as well as the spell needed to open them.

Add +2 Health, +2 Weapons, and +4 Magic, and the spells: Contact Ghoul, Contact Rat-Thing, Open Witch-Gate and Shrivelling.

Adept: Adepts of the Witch Coven add +6 Health, +2 Scuffling, +2 Weapons, and +8 Magic, and know the spells Bind Familiar, Contact Ghoul, Contact Rat-Thing, Contact Nyarlathotep, Dominate, Enchant Item, Enter Dreams, Open Witch-Gate and Shrivelling. They carry enchanted sacrificial knives. Adepts know a great many witch-gates throughout Great Arkham, including some that lead outside the city to strange times and places beyond.

Adepts commonly possess familiars – usually an animal of some sort, but it might equally be a human or spirit. This familiar is a messenger, carrying whispers between the witches and their patron deities.

Master: Masters of the Witch Coven add +8 Health, +4 Scuffling, +4 Weapons, and +12 Magic, and know the spells Contact Ghoul, Contact Rat-Thing, Contact Nyarlathotep, Create Hyper-Space Gate, Dominate, Dread Name of Azathoth, Enchant Item, Enter Dreams, Open Witch-Gate, Shrivelling and many other spells. Masters of the Witch Coven know the spells to create new Witch-Gates (Create Hyper-Space Gate).

Clues:

- **Anthropology:** The thug seems to have an almost religious devotion to the younger woman; his whole demeanour suggests that he not only defers to her, he positively worships her.
- **Pharmacy:** Dilated pupils, flushed skin, heart palpitations – it suggests the use of some psychoactive drug.
- **Medicine** or post-mortem **Forensics:** Initiates of the Witch Coven have a witch-mark somewhere on their bodies, usually concealed by clothing or make-up.
- **Occult:** Those symbols remind you of cryptic references in Murray's *The Witch Coven in Western Europe*. Could some adherents of that ancient religion have crossed over from Europe?
- **Astronomy:** According to certain occult traditions, the stars tonight are auspicious for an *esbat*, a gathering of witches.

Responses: The Witch Coven's chief purpose is to continue its traditional worship of the Old Ones, to observe their blasphemous rites and festivals, and to maintain its power base. Investigators who trouble the Witch Coven will be attacked; particularly persistent foes may be abducted through Witch Gates, or be targeted by an aspect of Nyarlathotep summoned by the witches. However, if the Investigators retreat and stop posing a threat to the cult, the witches may relent in their attacks – at least until the next murderous festival.

The Coven might:

- Send some thugs to intimidate the Investigators; leave small dismembered animal corpses, and scrawl strange marks, on their doors; threaten contacts and friends of the Investigators
- Attack the Investigators in their dreams (Enter Dreams spell); send Rat-Things or ghouls to trouble them; burgle the Investigators via a Witch-Gate; curse them with magic
- Abduct Investigators via a Witch-Gate; sacrifice them at a festival or cult ceremony; call up a vengeful aspect of Nyarlathotep and send it to dispatch the Investigators

Necromantic Cabal

Last monthe M. got me ye Sarcophagus of ye Five Sphinxes from ye Acropolis where He whome I call'd up say'd it wou'd be, and I have hadde 3 Talkes with What was therein inhum'd. It will go to S. O. in Prague directly, and thence to you. It is stubborn but you know ye Way with Such.

...

I rejoice that you traffick not so much with Those Outside; for there was ever a Mortall Peril in it, and you are sensible what it did when you ask'd Protection of One not dispos'd to give it.

You excel me in gett'g ye Formulae so another may saye them with Success, but Borellus fancy'd it wou'd be so if just ye right Wordes were hadd. Does ye Boy use 'em often? I regret that he growes squeamish, as I fear'd he wou'd when I hadde him here nigh 15 Monthes, but am sensible you knowe how to deal with him. You can't saye him down with ye Formula, for that will Worke only upon such as ye other Formula hath call'd up from Saltes; but you still have strong Handes and Knife and Pistol, and Graves are not harde to digg, nor Acids loth to burne.

O. sayes you have promis'd him B. F. I must have him after. B. goes to you soone, and may he give you what you wishe of that Darke Thing belowe Memphis. Imploy care in what you calle up, and beware of ye Boy.

It will be ripe in a yeare's time to have up ye Legions from Underneath, and then there are no Boundes to what shal be oures. Have Confidence in what I saye, for you knowe O. and I have hadd these 150 yeares more than you to consulte these Matters in.

—The Case of Charles Dexter Ward

The father of Great Arkham was Joseph Curwen. He gathered around him other sorcerers and scholars, and they learned dreadful secrets by calling up the dead from their essential salts. Curwen's circle robbed graves and tombs across the world to obtain bodies for interrogation.

Curwen is (probably) gone, but his cabal of followers survives, delving ever further into the mysteries of the Mythos. The Cabal is the smallest of the major cults in the city, with no more than half-a-dozen members, but each of them has access to the centuried knowledge of the dead. The Cabal does not worship any deity, but makes bargains and pacts with various supernatural entities instead.

The Cabal does not meet except in rare situations – each sorcerer attends to his or her own independent studies, occasionally writing letters to, or trading salts with, other cabal members. Some members of the Cabal are also part of the Witch Coven, but the Cabal loathes the coven's allied ghouls who steal and devour valuable corpses. Given Great Arkham's isolation from the rest of the world, Cabal members often trade with the Black Ships (p. 169) for treasures from overseas, including mummies and stolen coffins.

The Cabal and the Witch Coven are part of the same occult tradition – Joseph Curwen and his allies were members of the Witch Coven in the 18th century – but the two groups now have different aims. The Witch Coven holds to its ancient traditions, and venerates Nyarlathotep (and through him, Azathoth) above all else. The Cabal does not worship any deity outright, but gives grudging and cautious offerings to Yog-Sothoth in his guise as Umr at-Tawil, the patron of sorcerers and the prolonged of life.

Members of the Cabal seek cosmic knowledge, which likely includes the secrets of the Ritual of Opening. They are also sworn to protect and resurrect one another, although such boons are never given freely, and there are no guarantees that resurrected members will be brought back *whole* or *untrammelled*.

Cult Influence: 80

Possible Members: Mayor Ward (p. 125), the late Richard Billington (p. 142).

Joining the Cult: Investigators are extremely unlikely to be permitted to join this cult; the only way in is to study with an existing member for years, although mastering the Resurrection spell and demonstrating one's willingness to trade secret knowledge and essential salts offers a faster ascent to the inner mysteries.

The cult is an extremely powerful patron, with considerable influence in

City Hall. Investigators who somehow manage to join the Cabal may ignore Suspicion gains of 3 points or less. Suspicion gains of 4+ draw the usual attention from the authorities, but even then matters will be handled internally by the cult – troublesome members are more likely to be quietly reduced back to their essential salts and put in storage for a generation until the matter is forgotten.

Associate members of the cult don't need to make monthly Stability tests; Initiates and Adepts must make a 4-point test each month.

Associate: Most associates of the Cabal are highly competent and dangerous bodyguards and political fixers, able to make problems vanish through mundane methods like blackmail or a bullet. The more powerful members of the Cabal can call up hideous abominations, either with summoning spells or by breeding horrors in vats, but in general the Cabal prefers less… dramatic solutions.

A typical mortal associate has +6 Health, +8 Scuffling, +6 Firearms, and carries a pistol (+0 damage). Supernatural minions may be conjured horrors, or formerly mortal associates who have been brought back to life with Resurrection (they turn to dust if killed, but can be resurrected at ½ Health with a quick incantation.)

Initiate: Initiates of the Necromantic Cabal are promising students and apprentices. The outer purpose of the Cabal has been revealed to them – they know that their masters sift the greatest and wisest of the dead for occult wisdom, and that all humanity is as a great and secret book to be read by those who know the tongue of dust. Initiates of the Cabal are not taught any spells, but are permitted to assist their masters in the rendering of essential salts and the preparation of bodies for resurrection. At other times, they correspond with their masters by letter.

There are only a dozen or so initiates in the city; Adepts and Masters of the cabal each have only one or two apprentices at most. Initiates have +4 Health, +4 Scuffling, +2 Firearms – and access to secret knowledge stolen from the dead. Their masters may also gift a promising initiate with a protective talisman or relic stolen from a tomb.

Adept: Adepts of the Cabal know a handful of spells, the chief of which is Resurrection. By means of that spell, however, they may raise up any corpse and demand answers to their questions, so it is trivially easy for Adepts to become wealthy and influential through stolen knowledge and blackmail. Less ambitious Adepts may be willing to settle for mastery over human life and merely human death, using their magic to secure their fortune in the mundane world. Those who seek to reach the rank of Master, though, must study spells more perilous than mere Resurrection, and experiment with summoning alien entities and creating new life from the tissues of Ubbo-Sathla to fully understand the limitations of

the human form. Add +6 Health, +6 Magic, +4 Scuffling, +2 Firearms, +4 Weapons, and the spells Resurrection, Contact Yog-Sothoth, and one or more Summoning spells.

Master: There were three Masters of the original cabal – Joseph Curwen, Simon Orne, and Edward Hutchinson. If any of these three are still alive (presumably under false names), they would be immensely powerful sorcerers with more than three centuries of experience as the secret masters of the city. The weight of those three centuries would warp such a survivor into something visibly inhuman, so either the surviving Masters disguise themselves somehow or operate through intermediaries. At the very least, such sorcerers have +8 Health, +20 (or more) Magic, +8 Weapons, and a huge number of spells, likely including: Resurrection, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, and Contact/Call various Elder Gods including Azathoth, Yog-Sothoth and Nyarlathotep.

Clues:

- **History** or **Oral History:** *"The youth's intimate knowledge of elder things was abnormal and unholy, and he tried his best to hide it. When Willett would mention some favourite object of his boyhood archaistic studies he often shed by pure accident such a light as no normal mortal could conceivably be expected to possess, and the doctor shuddered as the glib allusion glided by."*
- **Cop Talk** or **Forensics:** There's been a recent rash of mysterious 'vampire attacks', where a shadowy figure attacked victims, biting their wrists or necks, and drinking their blood with a savage hunger. What creature could be so lacking in vital essence that such horrific attacks are necessary for survival?
- **Evidence Collection:** The stranger leaves a thin film of dust over everything he touches, as if the top layer of his skin was weirdly dry and dusty.
- **Accounting** or **Law:** How odd – it seems that she inherited all her wealth and property from a distant ancestor, who left oddly specific instructions regarding her eventual heir.

Responses: The Necromantic Cabal's influence at City Hall means that the problem of minor nuisances is given over to the city authorities. Problems troublesome enough to take the necromancers away from their studies are met with blasts of sorcerous power. The Cabal might:

- Raise the Investigators' Suspicion; have the police reopen an old investigation; have the Transport Police intimidate or kill the Investigators; have a high-Credit Rating ally of the Investigators warn them against further meddling; recruit the Investigators as useful pawns
- Send a summoned or resurrected horror to murder the Investigators; resurrect dead allies or family members (or even dead Investigators) for questioning and torture; raise the Investigators' Suspicion even more; hire criminals to assassinate the Investigators
- Replace one or more Investigators with resurrected ancestors who resemble them (have one player secretly play an ancestor of his actual player character, forced into serving the Cabal); summon Yog-Sothoth and have him hurl Investigators across space and time; have the Investigators declared public enemies, as was done with the Armitage Inquiry

Custodes

Are these guards members of some unknown subterranean species of monsters, denizens of lightness caverns deep below the surface of the earth? Or were they once human, reduced to their essential salts and adulterated with other powders, the substance of their condensed flesh mixed with the salts of serpent and salamander, a pinch of mole-thing and a dusting of shoggoth? Most are vaguely humanoid in outline, but each one is grotesquely unlike the next, a carnival parade of cannibal abominations.

The guards have prodigious appetites, so the Cabal is careful to avoid keeping them in shape. They raise them from the holding jars when needed. Vigilant Investigators might be able to determine how close they are to uncovering some secret lair of the Necromantic Cabal by tracking the price of meat from the Westheath slaughterhouses.

Hunger: Custodes stop pursuing to feast on fallen victims. In any contest of Fleeing, the Custodes always focus on the unfortunate Investigator who gets the lowest total.

Abilities: Athletics 14, Health 16, Scuffling 14

Hit Threshold: 4

Alertness Modifier: +2

Stealth Modifier: +2

Weapon: +1 (claws)

Armor: -3 (rugose hide)

Stability Loss: +1

Church of the Conciliator

It was the Yuletide, that men call Christmas though they know in their hearts it is older than Bethlehem and Babylon, older than Memphis and mankind. It was the Yuletide, and I had come at last to the ancient sea town where my people had dwelt and kept festival in the elder time when festival was forbidden; where also they had commanded their sons to keep festival once every century, that the memory of primal secrets might not be forgotten. Mine were an old people, and were old even when this land was settled three hundred years before.

—The Festival

Perhaps the most obvious manifestation of the Mythos in Great Arkham society, the Church of the Conciliator is the dominant 'Christian' sect in the city. Their ghastly theology (see p. 151) mixes the Mythos with Christian belief, making it more palatable to the city's general populace – although it appears that most church-goers are more than willing to accept the horrors as long as they are cloaked in familiar pomp and ritual. The Church has various degrees of initiation. Low-ranking members believe that the Church is just another variation of Christianity, and if they have doubts about its teachings, they must put them aside and pray for guidance if they are to prosper; as members rise in the church's hierarchy, more and more of the Christian trappings are stripped away until they are fully initiated into the worship of Yog-Sothoth.

Even the exoteric church rituals tend towards the gorier parts of the Old Testament; animals are sacrificed on the altar on important festivals, and the priests talk less about love and forgiveness than judgement and the wrath of God. The secret rituals are only for the initiated, but there are enough knowing worshippers of Yog-Sothoth in the city these days to fill the pews. The church practises human sacrifice, but are more likely to call down Servitors of the Outer Gods and other horrors to consume designated offerings directly. These summonings often go awry – either the misbegotten deity manifests in the wrong place, appearing somewhere in the city other than the church, or the Conciliators are unable to dismiss the summoned horror after calling it down. In the latter case, the visiting god must be kept sated and concealed until it departs of its own accord.

The Church runs most of the churches in Arkham, especially the great City Cathedral (p. 117). The church's Seminary where priests are trained is in Dunwich (p. 141).

Cult Influence: 105

Possible Members (in addition to the Bishop of Arkham, p. 150): A Professor of Theology (p. 89) at Miskatonic; Fr. Iwanicki (p. 162), sundry priests. Almost anyone could be an initiated lay member.

Joining the Cult: An Investigator needs a Theology rating of 2 before being considered a prospective member. Initiates of the Church must make a 1-point Stability test between investigations; potential Stability loss climbs by 1 point per rank. The church gives no immediate respite from Suspicion – official church ceremonies are scheduled well in advance and sanctioned by the authorities, so Investigator activities outside those ceremonies are still considered Suspicious.

Associate: The faithful of the church, in their great multitudes, count as associates of the Church of the Conciliator. Near half the population of Arkham regularly attend religious services, and most of the churches in the city have been taken over by the Church of the Conciliator. Even if most of the congregants pay little attention to the ceremonies, and others are secretly terrified of the church, that still leaves thousands of faithful churchgoers who enthusiastically worship the Outer Gods in their new garb. Injure the church, and the city rises up against you. Associates have only Health +2 and Scuffling +2 – but show up in huge lynch mobs.

Initiate: Initiates of the Church are privy to the secret rituals of the church – they have seen miracles with their own eyes, and may have even glimpsed God writhing mindlessly on His divine throne at the centre of the universe. The only spells taught to initiates are Contact Cthulhu and Contact Azathoth, both of which are couched in terms of religious ecstasy and communion with God. The church hymns taught to Initiates include a mass variant of the Dho-Hna Formula.

Initiates attend secret ceremonies in the church a few times a year, on the holy days such as Walpurgisnacht and Candlemas, when they bear witness to the manifestation of God. Those who are specially favoured by their superiors in the church may be invited to other secret ceremonies.

Initiates have +4 Health, +4 Magic, and +4 Weapons.

Adept: Adepts are senior priests and especially enlightened members of the laity. At this degree of initiation, the Christian trappings of the cult are entirely discarded; Adepts know that the purpose of the religion is to placate and propitiate the Outer Gods, and that the fleeting human existence is meaningless in comparison to their eternal glory. They attend regular services in the City Cathedral, at the seminary at Dunwich, or in secret chapels and holy places, where Servitors and other holy spirits regularly manifest.

Adepts are taught to deal with the angels and emissaries of the gods – they learn Contact Star-Spawn, Contact Deep Ones, Summon-Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods and the Dread Name of Azathoth as well as all spells known to Initiates. Adepts have +8 Health, +8 Magic and +8 Weapons.

Master: The Masters of the Church are the high priests of the cult. Their proximity to God has blessed them, so they wear masks of tanned flesh or yellow silk to hide their radiance from the common people. Masters have +12 Health, +16 Magic and +8 Weapons, and have all the spells taught to Adepts as well as the great rite of Calling Azathoth.

Clues:

- **Theology:** The priest becomes animated when discussing certain obscure and troubling points of theology, and quotes from scriptures written by John Whateley that are unknown to historians.
- **Oral History:** The neighbours whisper that she stayed behind for 'private study' with the pastor in the local church.
- **Outdoorsman:** There's something unwholesome about those clouds. It's the way they bulge obscenely, as if something huge pushes at them from the other side. And you're alarmingly certain that the thing up there in the sky is *following* the suspected cultist. A blasphemous guardian angel, perhaps, and all too real.
- **Evidence Collection** plus **Cop Talk** or **Oral History:** Vigorous scrubbing couldn't get the blood out from beneath her fingernails, and the locals say that another child went missing last night.
- **Art History:** Looking closely at the crucifix she wears around her neck, you suspect that Christ's beard is actually a writhing mass of tentacles.

Responses: The church jealously guards its reputation; while it has driven out almost all rival faiths, its own hold on its congregants is not yet secure. Exposure could still ruin it, so intruders and Investigators are dealt with harshly. The church's avowed goal, beyond protecting its own position, is to call the gods down into the city without annihilating Great Arkham – that may require mastering the Ritual of Opening, or just bigger rituals and sacrifices than the church has yet managed to muster.

Possible Church responses:

- Ruin the Investigators' reputations (reducing Credit Rating or reducing the ability to spend District Knowledges) by preaching about them from the pulpit; abduct Investigators or people close to them and force them to attend secret church ceremonies where they see the face of God
- Dispatch a fanatical mob to murder the Investigators or burn down their homes; giant tentacles reach down from the clouds and scoop up the Investigators or their loved ones; abduct the Investigators and sacrifice them in bloody rituals
- Summon a Servitor of the Outer Gods and have it call forth greater entities to wreak divine vengeance on the Investigators; dispatch the Dunwich Strangler (p. 149) to murder them

Organising Resistance

Investigators may try creating their own secret societies, like the Armitage Inquiry, bringing together other enemies of the city authorities and foes of the Mythos. Ordinary citizens may also be recruited into such a society by awakening them to the threat posed by the supernatural. The Cult Influence of such a resistance movement in a district starts at 1-3 depending on the resources and number of members.

1: A single loyal ally; a handful of fair-weather friends.

2: A circle of loyal friends, including one with financial resources or a notable position in the community.

3: A well-organised cell of committed allies, plus a number of other contacts and friends.

Increasing Cult Influence beyond 3 requires taking it from rival cults, or buying it with experience points.

Investigators may spend Cult Influence from a resistance cell on abilities like Preparedness, Oral History, or District Knowledge. However, there is a risk – whenever the Investigators do so, roll a d6. If the roll is equal to or higher than the number of points spent, the Investigators gain +1 Suspicion.

The Esoteric Order of Dagon

Clearly, as I realised a moment later, it was the pastor; clad in some peculiar vestments doubtless introduced since the Order of Dagon had modified the ritual of the local churches. The thing which had probably caught my first subconscious glance and supplied the touch of bizarre horror was the tall tiara he wore; an almost exact duplicate of the one Miss Tilton had shewn me the previous evening. This, acting on my imagination, had supplied namelessly sinister qualities to the indeterminate face and robed, shambling form beneath it.

—The Shadow Over Innsmouth

The Esoteric Order serves the Deep Ones and Great Cthulhu. The Order was the power behind Gilman House (p. 170); now that their political aspirations have been dashed, some in the Order lend their spiritual strength to the Marsh gang (p. 165). The Order despises the Church of the Conciliator – they're the *wrong* sort of ghastly miscegenation of humans and eldritch horrors. The Esoteric Order serves the Deep Ones, who are of a higher order of being than weak, blind humanity and are thus more worthy of the blessings of the divine. The Church is seen as a greedy upstart that needs to be taught its place.

The Order's stronghold, inevitably, is in Innsmouth (or offshore, if you prefer). However, during the Gilman House years, membership of the Esoteric Order helped with social advancement just like the Brethren of the Silver Lodge (p. 55), so there may be unusually well-placed Order members in other parts of the city.

The Esoteric Order aggressively defends its hold on Innsmouth, and does not permit any of the other cults to operate in that district.

Depending on your conception of Great Arkham, the Esoteric Order may be in regular contact with the Deep One colony of Y'ha-nthlei off the coast of New England, or be struggling to maintain such commerce through whatever weird dimensional barriers surround the city.

Cult Influence: 70

Possible Members: Any of the Marsh gang (p. 165), Monsignor Merro (p. 177), Samuel Waite (p. 81), possibly Agent Vorsht (p. 124).

Joining the Cult: In the modern day, only those with the right sort of blood may be initiated into the Cult. An Investigator who *starts* the game with Innsmouth Knowledge 2+, or who discovers her Deep One heritage in the course of play, may be offered a place in the Esoteric Order. Alternatively, learning Contact Deep Ones and Contact Cthulhu through independent study, establishing friendly relations with a Deep One colony, and agreeing

to their customary bargains could bring an ambitious sorcerer into the Order.

As the Order is out of favour with the city authorities, it offers no protection from Suspicion gains, except in Innsmouth; all Suspicion gains in Innsmouth are reduced by 1d6.

It's a 4-point monthly Stability test, although members quickly become inured to the sight of Deep Ones.

Associate: Associates of the Order are Deep One hybrids, their kinfolk, and anyone in Innsmouth or beyond who owes the cult a favour. The Order's political wing, Gilman House, once had connections throughout the city, and all sorts of people are still indebted to the cult for old favours and gifts. Most associates have at least a touch of the Innsmouth look about them.

Statistics for associates vary considerably; assume +4 Health and +3 Scuffling for the average brutish navvy or scrawny hybrid lurking in the alleys of Innsmouth.

Initiate: Initiation into the Order requires spiritual and physical congress with the Deep Ones at the very least. They must attend weekly services in the Esoteric Order temple, and on certain nights of the year must attend special ceremonies at the shore.

Initiates learn a few lesser spells as part of the cult rituals – Contact Cthulhu and Contact Deep Ones being foremost among them. Initiates are very obviously marked with the Innsmouth look, and must use Disguise to hide their increasingly inhuman features. They have got +6 Health, +6 Scuffling, and +4 Magic. Also add +4 Athletics in the water, by the by.

Adept: Adepts of the Esoteric Order are powerful sorcerers and priests, leading the cult ceremonies. They also gather daily for religious services in the Order's temples. All of them are Deep One hybrids on the verge of the full change, and cannot pass for human in all but the most carefully staged situations. The customary robes, mitres, and gold jewellery worn by priests of the Order cannot hide the grotesque transformation of their bodies. Adepts have +8 Health, +8 Scuffling, +6 Weapons and +8 Magic. They know the spells Contact Deep Ones, Contact Cthulhu, Curse of the Stone and Call Shoggoths at the very least.

Master: The Masters of the Esoteric Order dwell beneath the ocean waves, and will not rise for anything less than the Ritual of Opening.

Clues:

- **Anthropology:** The Innsmouth Look is particularly pronounced in this individual.
- **Art History:** He's wearing a heavy gold ring on one bloated finger that depicts a fish of some sort, and you can see reddish marks on his scalp that suggest he often wears a heavy head-dress.
- **Outdoor Survival** or **Evidence Collection:** The stench of rotten flesh is immensely pungent nearby.
- **Oral History** or **Innsmouth District Knowledge:** Asking around, you discover a complex network of debts and favours linking back to the suspected cultist. The Order runs this town…
- **Streetwise:** Those fishy goons in the ill-fitting suits guarding the door are Marsh gangsters.

Responses: The Esoteric Order fights dirty. Its connection to the Marsh gang means the Order can whistle up a brute squad in response to any attacks on its congregation. However, the Order's reach is more limited than that of the other cults – if the Investigators are in Innsmouth, the consequence are much, much worse than if they were resident elsewhere in the city.

In most of Great Arkham, the Esoteric Order might:

- Have Marsh gunluggers do a drive-by shooting of the Investigators
- Send gangsters to burn down the Investigator's home or business
- Mail a cursed stone (see the *Curse of the Stone* spell, *Trail of Cthulhu* p. 122) to the most troublesome Investigator
- Kidnap the Investigator's loved ones and drag them away to Innsmouth
- Reveal or insinuate that an Investigator carries the Innsmouth taint

In Innsmouth proper, or in any part of the city where the Marsh gang runs the streets, the Order might:

- Have a cult priest lead a procession through the streets, starting at the local Esoteric temple and winding its way through Innsmouth, gathering followers along the way, until it arrives at the Investigator's residence or hiding place. The priest then ceremonially curses the Investigator, turning everyone in Innsmouth against him (including any allies obtained with Innsmouth Knowledge spends)
- Have the Investigator kidnapped and tortured by Marsh thugs
- Attack the Investigator's home by night, breaking down the doors and windows, and carrying the Investigator off to the Esoteric Order temple to be devoured or sacrificed
- Call up a shoggoth through the sewers to consume the Investigators

The Pnakotic Cult

In the Necronomicon the presence of such a cult among human beings was suggested—a cult that sometimes gave aid to minds voyaging down the aeons from the days of the Great Race.

—The Shadow Out Of Time

For the time-travelling minds of the Great Race, Great Arkham is a trap. Just as many humans are unable to leave the city, the Yithians are trapped there. Some force or barrier prevents their mind-transfer machinery from working – they can project their minds forwards and backwards within the city's history, but cannot escape it. Worse, the psychic stress of their escape attempts has affected even the inhuman intellects of the Great Race, leaving some of the cult leaders amnesiac or insane.

In the three centuries since Great Arkham was founded, several Yithian minds have become entangled in the city – both explorers in the fourth dimension, and the rescue party sent to investigate the loss of those initial travellers. The Pnakotic Cult consists of these trapped alien minds and the human followers and agents they have acquired over the years. The cult's goal is to break free of the city by any means necessary, even if that necessitates the destruction of Great Arkham.

Like the Armitage Inquiry, the Pnakotic Cult is a threat to the city authorities, and membership of the cult is illegal. Associating with suspected members of the cult is worth 1 point of Suspicion; being in possession of cult papers or a Yithian device is worth 3 points of Suspicion.

Cult Influence: 30

Possible Members: The Union Boss (p. 110), Historian (p. 136), and Engineer (p. 106) are likely candidates, as the Yithians seek out allies with technical skills. They might also recruit muscle like the Private Detective (p. 160) or Gangster (p. 175), or seek out experts in the University District (p. 83).

Joining the Cult: As the Yithians can travel forwards and backwards in time in the city, they recruit most members based on their future position – often, recruitment begins in childhood. High ratings in Occult, Physics, Cryptography, History and Electrical Repair are common marks of Yithian interest. Associates don't need to make Stability tests for membership; Initiates or higher need to make 5-point tests each month.

Associate: Associates of the cult are hired hands and pawns who have no idea of the cult's aims – or even its existence. Often, they only know that they received cryptic instructions to go to such-and-such a location and perform the specified task, and that they'll only be paid if they ask no questions. "Ensure that the back door of the University Exhibit Museum is unlocked tonight, and leave a car outside with the keys in the ignition." "Collect the contents of this safety deposit box at the First Bank of Arkham, and bury them under a particular tree in Billington's Woods." "Go to a particular house on Crowe Street and shoot the first person to answer the door." Yithian plans can only be fully comprehended by a time traveller – a seemingly meaningless or insane action may have unseen repercussions up and down the course of history. Payments for these services are sometimes made through buried treasure; sometimes, the treasure is even concealed in the cellar or walls of the house where the cult pawn lives. Some of these associates have proven so reliable that the Yithians have called on their services multiple times, and so they are used to mysterious errands of this sort, but most assistants of the Yithians never suspect the time-spanning purpose behind their strange and singular mission.

Initiate: Initiates of the cult know they are serving time travellers. The Yithians sometimes reward their servants with knowledge of the secret past and future, although generations of social engineering has produced a cult that is fanatically loyal and thirsty for occult hints. Their contact with their Yithian masters is often fleeting; months or years may go by without any word from the time travellers, but the cultists are patient. They know that a minute and a century and a billion years are equally irrelevant to the Great Race.

Initiates have +2 Health, +4 Firearms, and usually have either +4 Magic or a Yithian trinket of some sort. They also have +4 Preparedness; use this to model Yithian forewarning of danger.

Adept: The Great Race cannot escape Arkham – they can only travel within it, moving forwards and backwards between 1713 and the near future. Attempts to escape these bounds are psychically damaging, but that has not dissuaded the Yithians from trying. Others have doubled and redoubled themselves, fragmenting their minds by occupying the same section of space-time in multiple bodies. Adepts of this cult are Yithians who have been damaged in some way, and so no longer have full access to their faculties. They are still inhumanly intelligent and magically potent, but are also eccentric and unreliable.

Adepts have +6 Health, +12 Magic, +8 Preparedness, and a +2 bonus to Hit Threshold and Alertness

Modifier reflecting their knowledge of future events. They also have spells (Contact Ghoul, Create Hyperspace Gate, Dho-Hna Formula, Elder Sign, Enchant Item, Sign of Koth, Angles of Tagh Clatur, and likely many others) and access to several pieces of Yithian technology.

Master: The Master of the Pnakotic Order is a Yithian who became trapped in Arkham in the 1890s. It was warned by its fellow prisoners not to attempt a forcible escape or to fragment itself, so it retains the full measure of Yithian consciousness (or at least as much as can be expressed by the feeble senses and brain-capacity of a mere human). If the Master has moved bodies since arrival, it has carefully done so in a linear manner, never crossing over its own timeline, or travelling too far in one jump. The Master's role is to co-ordinate the actions of the cult in the present time as they search for a way to escape the city.

The Master has the same attributes as the cult Adepts, but is much more skilled at appearing sane and human.

Clues:

- **Physics:** Your watch isn't just slow – it's slowing. As you move your hand through the air, the watch ticks faster or slower depending on its position, as if time itself was broken here.
- **Electrical Repair:** Flickers in the lights suggest a tremendous load on the power lines here.
- **Psychoanalysis:** The subject barely conceals her megalomania and arrogance, as if you're all nothing but ants to her.
- **Assess Honesty:** His whole act is too practised, too smooth, like he's reading from a script on how to be human. Even his blinks strike you as calculated.
- **Medicine:** She moves like the victim of a stroke who's just learning to walk again, as though she had forgotten how to control and co-ordinate her limbs.

Responses: The Yithians are dispassionate – they will only retaliate if there is some benefit to them, or to protect their organisation from further exposure. They might:

- Hire hitmen to anonymously murder the Investigators
- Mind-swap into the body of an Investigator and destroy the group from within
- Mind-swap an Investigator into another body, like a dying hospital patient (or an Afflicted (p. 58)) and abandon him there
- Use advanced alien technology to spy on the Investigators in order to mislead them or betray them to the city authorities (see Brain Siphons, p. 62, or Projectors, p. 63)
- Meddle in the Investigators' timelines, erasing them from history.

The Armitage Inquiry

The original Armitage Inquiry is described on p. 206 of the *Trail of Cthulhu* rulebook. It consisted of a dozen or so academics at Miskatonic University, many of whom had experienced some strange encounter with the Mythos. The Inquiry operated in secret within the university, sending its agents on expeditions and trying to correlate what they learned with the records in the Orne Library and their own experiences.

In the winter of 1936, Federal Agent Vorsht led a police raid on Miskatonic University. Five members of the faculty were arrested; three people were killed in an explosion, including long-time university benefactor Agatha Warren Pickman and Dr. Francis Morgan. Soon, the police produced a signed confession from assistant librarian Dr. Cyrus Llanfer admitting that the so-called Inquiry was actually a radical Communist group led by Dr. Armitage and known Communist sympathiser Dr. Tyler Freeborn. Llanfer claimed that members of the Inquiry intended to use their expertise in chemistry and engineering to blow up City Hall. Despite this confession, the case has yet to go to trial, and the imprisoned members of the Inquiry are still waiting in their jail cells in Fort Hutchinson (p. 182).

Several members of the Inquiry – Armitage himself, Dr. Ashley, Dr. Rice, Dr. Peaslee, Dr. Wilmarth and Dr. Ephraim Sprague – escaped through the university's underground tunnels. Dr. Ashley was brought to St. Mary's Hospital, where he is reported to have died of injuries sustained underground. His remains were never returned to his family. Dr. Rice's body was found floating in the Miskatonic River the next day; Dr. Sprague was later caught, arrested and committed to the Sanitarium (p. 103) as he could only talk about "hordes of rats". Armitage and his associates Peaslee and Wilmarth are still at large, as are any Inquiry members that the police failed to identify.

The raid and ensuing scandal was easily the biggest blow to Miskatonic University's prestige in the institution's history; the new Dean promised to redeem the university, through added vigilance and scrutiny of any academics who espoused un-American ideas.

The surviving members of the Inquiry have gone underground. Armitage had already established a network of allies and sympathisers, and these friends were able to hide him and

his colleagues from the authorities. Unable to leave the city, they remain wanted fugitives, forced to keep running to stay ahead of Agent Vorsht. Whenever he can, Armitage continues the original aim of the Inquiry. His great fear is that one of the key members still in custody, like Dr. Moore, will crack under police interrogation and reveal all of the Inquiry's hard-won secrets.

Associating with suspected members of the cult is worth 1 point of Suspicion; sheltering known members is worth 3 points.

Cult Influence: 5

Possible Members: Dr. Armitage (p. 91), Doris Morgan (p. 96), possibly the Historian (p. 136) or the Private Detective (p. 160). A desperate Armitage might even take refuge with the ghouls.

Joining the Cult: Finding an existing member and swearing to assist in the struggle against the Mythos is enough to 'join' this desperate brotherhood. Only Dr. Armitage can teach spells. Members face a 3-point Stability test between investigations.

Other than Armitage as 'master' of the cult, there are no degrees or grades of membership. If it's relevant, assume members of the Inquiry +4 Health and +2 Firearms.

Clues:

- **Library Use:** Checking library records shows that the suspect was a regular at the Miskatonic University Library, and had address to the restricted stacks.
- **Cop Talk:** It's all above their pay grade, but the beat cops on the street have noticed watchers from Vorst's office spying on the suspect.
- **Assess Honesty:** She answers questions too quickly, rushing to get the words out. She mutters to herself when she thinks no-one's watching, rehearsing her answers. She recently changed all her regular haunts and habits, cutting off contact with old friends. She's hiding something big.
- **Evidence Collection:** Someone started to carve an Elder Sign into this doorframe, but they were interrupted before they could finish the protective symbol.

Responses: If the Investigators have success in battling the Mythos over the course of several investigations, the surviving members of the Inquiry (like Doris Morgan, p. 96) may contact them.

Halsey Fraternity

Ostensibly a University-based club where medical students, medical faculty and practising doctors can meet and socialise. Secretly, the Fraternity conceals a cabal of doctors who rediscovered Herbert West's reanimation formula, which they believe to be the key to immortality. During the initiation ceremony, new members commit suicide by inhaling cyanide, and are then immediately injected with the West Formula. After this resurrection, members feel a new vitality: they have no need to sleep, are inhumanly tireless, and are immune to contagious disease. They do, unfortunately, suffer from a compulsion to consume human flesh,

but that's a small price to pay, and easily sated with stolen cadavers.

The cabal is just a few years old, and has only a handful of members. The exposure of the Armitage Inquiry and subsequent investigation of the University convinced the cabal members to move most of their activities to St. Mary's teaching hospital (p. 73), off the main campus, and to expand their membership beyond the medical school. While most of the current Fraternity are medical practitioners, they intend to recruit other professionals who might appreciate the benefits of the formula, and assist in obtaining fresh meat. (An alliance with a criminal group like the Malatestas (p. 153) is an obvious next step for the Fraternity.)

The main limit on the Fraternity's growth is their supply of the West Formula. While they have developed a recipe for the formula that almost always works, it requires rare and expensive chemical reagents. Stealing from the university's laboratories, or ordering small amounts from pharmacy suppliers, isn't enough to meet the needs of the expanding Fraternity.

Cult Influence: 20

Possible Members: Dr. Obligot (p. 188), Dr. Hardstrom (p. 112), Nurses (p. 145), Students (p. 90) and Professors (p. 89) at Miskatonic. The Runaway (p. 148) or Hobo (p. 134) might be former members, driven insane by awful hungers.

Joining the Cult: You need Medicine 2, University District Knowledge 2, and the friendship of an existing member before the Fraternity takes notice. The initiation ceremony is a 10-point Stability loss; get through that, and you face a 4-point test every month. Don't worry, though – as the West Formula bubbles through your brain, it'll get easier…

The cult provides no protection from Suspicion – quite the reverse, in fact. The Fraternity does not have the sanction of the City Authorities, and as soon as they learn of its existence, they will seek to exterminate it like the Armitage Inquiry or Pnakotic Cult.

Associates: "Associates" of the cult include test subjects who weren't quite fresh enough to retain their full cognitive capabilities (zombies, *Trail of Cthulhu* p. 159), as well as young medical students who still think the Fraternity is just a social club, and that breaking into an Investigator's house to steal evidence is just an elaborate hazing prank.

Initiates: Cult Initiates are on the inside, and know the purpose of the Fraternity. They may be new members waiting for their chance to commit suicide and be resurrected, or recently revived specimens still adjusting to their new undead state. Living members have their regular ability scores (assume Health 4, Scuffling 2 for the average doctor); revived subjects use zombie stats (*Trail of Cthulhu,* p. 159), but don't have any penalties to Hit Threshold or Alertness Modifier.

Adepts: The circle of Halsey Fraternity adepts consists of the founding members of the group who first rediscovered the West Formula. They've been zombies for several years, and have fully embraced their post-human nature. They consider themselves beyond mortal morality, and foresee a future when they'll be the immortal scientist-kings of a rational empire – the proletariat will be freed from the burden of consciousness and turned into undead automatons, while the intelligentsia will have infinite time for scientific study and artistic development. Of course, a small breeding population will be maintained for replacement zombies and sustenance.

Adepts have +10 Athletics, +14 Health, +14 Scuffling, and +4 Weapons. They also know the 'spell' Brew West Formula.

Masters: The cult doesn't have any masters – they're egalitarian zombies.

Clues:

- **Pharmacy:** That's not cologne he's wearing – it's formaldehyde
- **Oral History:** All the patients talk about the astounding stamina of the doctor; it's as though he never sleeps.
- **Medicine:** She's unnaturally pale, and her eyes appear unusually sensitive to light. She keeps sipping water, and her raspy voice suggests a dry throat, but you haven't seen her eat anything.
- **Chemistry:** The slime in the jar looks to be a paste, like someone tried to make baby food by blending raw liver and vegetables.
- **Outdoor Survival:** The smell on her breath is that of raw meat.

Responses: The Fraternity's reach is limited, and they have to hide from the city authorities just like the Investigators. Subtle responses include:

- Intimidating or murdering an Investigator who's convalescing in hospital after being seriously hurt
- Suborning an Investigator's family doctor or therapist
- Intimidating or murdering a family member
- Resurrecting a recently deceased contact of the Investigator
- Attempt to have an Investigator consigned to an asylum ("*in my medical opinion, he's a danger to himself and others*")

If the Fraternity's leaders believe direct action is required, they might:

- Resurrect a pack of zombies and send them after the Investigators
- Murder one of the Investigators and resurrect her as a zombie ("*you're one of us now, so you can't threaten us*")
- Attempt to eat the Investigators

Brethren of the Silver Lodge

The Lodge of Silver is an (allegedly) ancient mystical order, although there is no proof of its existence before the Arkham lodge opened in 1904. Students of the Lodge study various mystic disciplines centred around mastery of the will – astral projection, telepathy, magick and the like – few of which have any genuine effect. While the Lodge may have some limited knowledge of the Mythos, it's buried deep beneath pompous ritual and mystic nonsense; the organisation's real advantage is the social connections it offers.

Cult Influence: 15

Possible Members: Gadabout (p. 75), Lawyer (p. 108), Clerk (p. 121), Artist (p. 184).

Joining the Cult: Credit Rating 4+, dear boy, and Occult 1. There's no Stability test required for membership at first.

Members of the Lodge are sworn to assist each other in time of need, although this commitment is not taken seriously by most members – in game terms, a member of the Brethren might assist in concealing a 1 or 2-point Suspicion gain, but anything more than that is beyond the pale.

At the start of the campaign, the Silver Lodge is not a banned organisation; it's seen as an amusingly incompetent bunch of useful idiots by the city authorities, a way to spot potentially useful or dangerous seekers after occult secrets. If the authorities were to discover the existence of Zkauba and the wizard's knowledge of the Mythos, though, that attitude would change rapidly.

Associates: None. *Solis sacerdotis* – only for the initiated!

Initiates: Initiates of the Silver Lodge attend monthly meetings, which consist of socialising and some light refreshment followed by a lecture on some mystical topic by a senior member of the Lodge. These meetings are usually held in the home of one of the Lodge's senior members, although if the lecture is an especially important one, the Lodge may rent a church hall or lecture theatre. Between meetings, Initiates are expected to study lessons given to them by Adepts, to record their dreams, and to practise basic psychic techniques. Relatively few ever master the demanding course of study required to become an Adept.

Adepts: Many secrets are revealed to Adepts, including the true name of the order. It is, in fact, the Lodge of the Silver *Key* – the key in question is a potent occult artefact that can

The Silver Key

"Then one night his grandfather reminded him of a key. The grey old scholar, as vivid as in life, spoke long and earnestly of their ancient line, and of the strange visions of the delicate and sensitive men who composed it. He spoke of the flame-eyed Crusader who learnt wild secrets of the Saracens that held him captive; and of the first Sir Randolph Carter who studied magic when Elizabeth was queen. He spoke, too, of that Edmund Carter who had just escaped hanging in the Salem witchcraft, and who had placed in an antique box a great silver key handed down from his ancestors… Inside, wrapped in a discoloured parchment, was a huge key of tarnished silver covered with cryptical arabesques; but of any legible explanation there was none. The parchment was voluminous, and held only the strange hieroglyphs of an unknown tongue written with an antique reed. Carter recognised the characters as those he had seen on a certain papyrus scroll belonging to that terrible scholar of the South who had vanished one midnight in a nameless cemetery. The man had always shivered when he read this scroll, and Carter shivered now."

The Silver Key

This powerful artefact can – if used correctly – unlock many doors that are commonly barred to lesser beings, for it may open the user's consciousness to that ultimate and terrible truth: that all are one in YOG-SOTHOTH, and that we are but facets of greater horrors. At its lowest degree, the key grants the following gifts to one who holds it:

- +4 Magic
- The ability to exchange Sanity for Dreaming or Cthulhu Mythos. This is a permanent swap, not a mere substitution: the Sanity points are permanently lost, and the Dreaming or Cthulhu Mythos knowledge is equally permanent. It takes several weeks of study and meditation on the key's arabesques to make this exchange.
- The ability to cast the spells Create Gate, Open Witch-Gate, Enter Dreams and Contact Yog-Sothoth.
- A +1 bonus to all tests in the Ritual of Opening

unlock the secrets of the universe, but it was stolen from humanity by jealous villains. The hidden purpose of the Lodge is to find or recreate the key. They are also told of the Lodge's Secret Master, the wizard Zkauba, who manifests in the astral plane to reveal occult wisdom to the masters.

Adepts are not taught any actual spells other than the Sign of Koth, but may discover them on their own. While Zkauba's teachings warn against worshipping entities of the Mythos, or studying forbidden books, the city seems to somehow foster and encourage the discovery of horrific secrets. Several Adepts of the Lodge have "discovered" other sources, and are now on a different path of occult power. The Masters of the Lodge try to isolate such malignant influences from the rest of the order, in case sorcerous Adepts corrupt impressionable Initiates. They're too polite – and too scared – to try kicking out any sorcerers, as long the Adepts meet the Lodge's high expectations of decorum.

Some of the Lodge's Adepts are police informers, reporting on Lodge activities to Agent Vorsht (p. 124).

Masters: Masters of the Lodge are in infrequent psychic contact with the wizard Zkauba. According to the wizard, he was travelling from the distant world of Yaddith, but his 'light-wave envelope' was disrupted by some unknown barrier around Arkham, and he was forced to take refuge on the astral place, rotating his physical body into psychic form. He's now trapped on the astral plane until he can discover a way to penetrate this barrier.

For an alien wizard, Zkauba sometimes has a surprising understanding of New England society and manners. At other times, he communicates in bizarre psychic transmissions and makes alarming requests of his petitioners. In both moods, he instructs the Masters of the Silver Key Lodge on occult matters, and directs them in the search for a way to penetrate the barrier. Zkauba has also hinted that there are ways to travel in time using the key, and some of the Masters of the Lodge have successfully "folded" their timelines, living through their lives multiple times. Such Masters were precocious, fey children who took an interest in the supernatural at a young age, and quickly rose through the ranks of the Lodge – almost as if they already knew the rites and ceremonies of the order, and only needed to be reminded to recall that knowledge to mind.

A smaller group within the Lodge, consisting of two Masters and a handful of Adepts, have vowed to use their magical talents for good by helping and protecting the people of Arkham. Their efforts have so far gone unnoticed by Zkauba or the city authorities (or, for that matter, by the people of Arkham).

Masters of the Silver Key Lodge have Magic scores of +4, and learned some of the following spells: Elder Sign, Oil of Alhazred, Sign of Koth, Summon-Bind Nightgaunt. They also know the spell Contact Zkauba.

Clues: The Brethren of the Silver Lodge are not especially hard to find. Anyone with ratings in Occult or Old Arkham Knowledge (or Oral History plus Credit Rating 5+) can probably guess at a few members of the Lodge by reputation alone. Other signs:

- **Dreaming:** In your restless, haunted sleep, you dimly perceive a figure shielded with a protective girdle of shining silver moving through the lands of dream. You recognise her face from the society pages of the *Gazette*. She was pursued by shrieking shades and malicious cats from Saturn.
- **Library Use:** Skulking around the library, you spot one elderly gentleman reading a book on witchcraft, and lingering on salacious woodcuts about skyclad witches.
- **Occult:** From the curious way he grips your hand, and the word he whispers in your ear, you surmise that he's taken you for a fellow initiate of the Lodge.
- **Art History:** Her brooch is marked with an Egyptian hieroglyph associated with Thoth, the god of knowledge and magic. She clearly has no idea of the darker meaning behind that mask.

Responses: The Lodge does not deal with *threats*, per se. Insult them, and they'll snub you at cocktail parties, blackball you at gentleman's clubs, spread rumours about you at the yacht club social, and maybe write veiled attacks in some small-press occult newsletters. This might be enough to temporarily impede the use of Credit Rating, Occult or Old Arkham Knowledge in some situations.

If the Investigators cross the Masters of the Silver Lodge, the Masters might summon nightgaunts and dispatch the monsters to carry away the troublesome meddlers into the sky.

Sorcerers & Solitary Worshippers

There then followed an exhaustive comparison of details, and a moment of really awed silence when both detective and scientist agreed on the virtual identity of the phrase common to two hellish rituals so many worlds of distance apart. What, in substance, both the Esquimau wizards and the Louisiana swamp-priests had chanted to their kindred idols was something very like this—the word-divisions being guessed at from traditional breaks in the phrase as chanted aloud:

"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn."

Legrasse had one point in advance of Professor Webb, for several among his mongrel prisoners had repeated to him what older celebrants had told them the words meant. This text, as given, ran something like this:

"In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming."

—The Call of Cthulhu

In addition to these cults, there are any number of lone sorcerers and solitary worshippers of alien gods living in the city. That creepy neighbour or eccentric shut-in might secretly wield terrible occult powers, and there might be a shrine to Shub-Niggurath or Y'golonac in the apartment next door. Those who seek shall find – the city guides and protects those who venerate the Mythos. Most of these solitary worshippers have no true understanding of the powers they worship – they are in the grip of madness, or driven by primordial instincts, or have patched together a makeshift theology based on images from their dreams and the voices in their heads. Still, like iron filings in the presence of a magnetic field, they rediscover and recapitulate the ancient rites of the Mythos. The lone afflicted who hears only the call of Cthulhu in his dreams and has no knowledge or awareness of the Esoteric Order, or the city of R'lyeh, or the existence of the *Necronomicon,* will inevitably fumble towards that same terrible chant.

Possible Members: Anyone in the city might be a secret worshipper. There are certainly some Afflicted (p. 133) and Hoboes (p. 134) who howl chants to alien gods in the dead of night. Probably some Councilors too.

Joining The Cult: Give up your Sanity. Find meaning in the pattern of cracks in the wall, or in the shapes in the sky. Offer sacrifices to the Great Old Ones. Follow incomprehensible, inhuman impulses that defy all human rationality or morality. There are as many paths to the Mythos as there are streets in Cthulhu City – keep walking until you find yourself.

Solitary worshippers have no protection from Suspicion or the city authorities, but as long as they don't cause too much disruption and don't interfere with the plans of the more established cults, no action will be taken against them. No-one who matters cares if a few children go missing in Westheath.

Associates: None, usually. The average citizen in Great Arkham instinctively shuns worshippers of the Mythos. If your neighbour is secretly worshipping Yog-Sothoth, you say nothing, but you avoid making eye contact with the sorcerer, you bar your door, and you hold your children close at night.

Initiates: Sorcerous initiates have discovered the existence of greater powers in the cosmos. They are still fumbling their way towards rediscovering the old rites. They have +4 Health and +4 to either Scuffling or Weapons, +4 Magic, and one or two spells like a suitable Contact [Deity] or Contact [Creature].

Adepts: These sorcerers have +6 Health and +6 Magic at the very least. Each sorcerer should be unique, so consider giving each one some custom spells and associated weirdness. See the *Afflicted* & *Cultists* sidebar.

Master: Why has such a powerful practitioner of sorcery avoided becoming entangled with any of the cults? Is the sorcerer tied to a particular location (say, the ghost of a wizard haunting a house or family)? Perhaps the sorcerer is disinterested in the outside world and the fate of the city, caring only about unravelling the mystery of the veils of Daoloth, and sees any intrusion as an unwelcome distraction. Perhaps the master sorcerer deliberately avoids the attention of the city authorities, in the hopes of making her own attempt at the Ritual of Opening when the stars come right.

Clues: Finding aberrant behaviour and dangerous eccentrics in Great Arkham is easy; identifying the ones who have

gone far enough beyond sanity to acquire supernatural power is more difficult.

- **Oral History:** Everyone on the street warns you to stay away from the Terrible Old Man. They say he's lived here longer than anyone can remember, and keeps souls in glass bottles. They say anyone who crosses him will end up trapped in one of those jars for all eternity.
- **Biology:** Through the filthy windows of the ground-floor apartment, you can see the corpses of thousands upon thousands of insects, pressed up against the glass in charnel piles, as if every living thing that entered the woman's home tried to flee as soon it sensed her presence.
- **Medicine:** His skin is unnaturally dry and warm, but also oddly gelatinous to the touch. Later, your own skin comes up in hives where he brushed against you.
- **Theology:** The man laughs maniacally at the mention of God. "The unnatural ones are coming", he says, as if that somehow settles the matter. Then he walks away, still laughing to himself.
- **Physics:** After spending an evening dropping ball-bearings on the hallway floor, you're quite sure that there's some strange fold in space-time or gravity in the apartment next door.
- **Reassurance:** You soothe the crying child, and she points at one alleyway. "My brother will go in there," she insists, "and the rats will eat him. That's what the old man said to me, and he laughed."

Responses: Solitary cultists have to take matters into their own hands, striking back against Investigators with any means they have available.

The Afflicted & Cultists

The city is a madhouse. Most people in Great Arkham deny the reality all around them, and delude themselves that they're living in a city governed by human norms. Others – the afflicted and eccentrics, or the Investigators who fight against the Mythos – have glimpsed the truth, but are unable to accept that reality, because they cling to their ideals of human morality. Cultists and sorcerers have either cast off that feeble cocoon of delusion or are in the process of doing so. That means the line between the afflicted and the cultist is often a fine one – the Investigators cannot always distinguish between the two. Use this to sow paranoia and fear; *potential* cultists and sorcerers are everywhere.

Unknowing Sorcerers

The Mythos underlies reality. The true state of the universe is ghastly malignity. That means that if one digs into *any* topic, that investigation will eventually lead to the Mythos. Walter Gilman tried to understand mathematics, and that lead him to the Witch Coven in *The Dreams in the Witch House*. Herbert West's experiments in human anatomy and revivification also destroyed him with terrible revelations. Richard Pickman found the Mythos through art; de la Poer through his family line.

Great Arkham hastens such discoveries. Scratch the surface anywhere in the city, and the Mythos slithers through. Any obsession or drive can be corrupted and made grotesque through association with cosmic truth, so not every sorcerer needs to be a loner clutching a rat-chewed copy of the *Necronomicon*. A sorcerer might equally be:

- A **florist**, who noticed that some flowers she cut to put in wreathes always take root and thrive in grave dirt. Experimenting, she traced those flowers to a grove near Hangman's Hill where – according to local legends – a sorcerer was interred in the dark olden days of the province. She has also discovered that if she picks the flowers a few days after they've taken root and inhales their perfume, she can steal the memories of the dead. Now, she dreams of things in the wood, like walking trees, and she's gained the ability to tell when a person is about to die.
- An **amateur astronomer** who saw things of strange light flitting across the stars on one clear night. Somehow, those winged things became imprinted on his eyes, and now whenever he shuts his eyes he can see them, writhing and glowing against the dark interior of his eyelids. They call for him to let them go, and offer to take him along when he sets them free.
- A **plumber** who has made an alliance with the things that slither through the city's bowels. Whatever these slimy horrors are, they cannot abide the light of the sun or the open air. He's discovered that if he conceals otherwise useless pipes that connect the upper levels of apartment buildings to the underworld, these creatures can crawl up the pipes to reach their preferred prey. He doesn't know why they want to devour certain people, but as long as the creatures protect him and tell him where to find buried treasure in exchange for his services, he won't ask any questions.

New Spells

Brew West Formula

This formula allows the creation of Herbert West's reanimation serum. If injected into a relatively fresh corpse, the serum reanimates that creature. The Halsey Fraternity's method for resurrection ensures that the subject's mind usually survives intact, but some reanimated corpses come back as monstrous killers.

Reanimated individuals no longer need to sleep and do not suffer from fatigue. They still need to consume nutrients, and as conventional digestion ceases a few days after death, they sustain themselves on vile chemical concoctions or liquefied meals. Strangely, human flesh remains appetising, nutritious and digestible to the resurrected. Becoming a reanimated zombie means the loss of all Pillars of Sanity bar one (usually the primacy of science or some other 'higher purpose'). Zombies take only half damage from most weapons, and only 1 point from firearms.

Over time, reanimated subjects acquire higher ratings in Scuffling and Athletics, reflecting their increased speed and strength.

Stability Test Difficulty: 2 (4 to apply the serum to a corpse; 5 when participating in the suicide/resurrection rite of the Halsey Fraternity.)

Cost: 0 Stability/Magic, but making the serum requires the caster spend 4 Points of Medicine, Biology, Chemistry or Pharmacy. Multiple researchers may work together on brewing the serum.

Time: Brewing the formula takes three hours. The ingredients used in the serum include rare chemicals, some of which are expensive to purchase and may draw Suspicion. Others, including an extract from the human pineal gland, cannot be purchased and must be harvested by the caster.

Contact Zkauba

When this spell is cast, the caster falls into a trance and envisions herself passing through a misty realm redolent of Earth's remote past, where she glimpses the ruins of ancient prehuman civilisations and other cosmic wonders before finally coming to a place where there are a number of pedestals, more hexagonal than otherwise, and on each pedestal sits a hooded and cloaked figure. The only one of these figures willing to acknowledge and speak to the supplicant is Zkauba. It is said that anyone who sees the face of Zkauba shall perish, so the wizard keeps his face concealed beneath his robe.

Stability Cost: 4

Cost: 3 Stability/Magic

Time: 4 hours of meditation for a brief conversation with the wizard

Dominate

This potent spell permits the caster to impose her will on a single victim nearby. The hapless target of the spell loses control of his limbs, becoming a puppet under the caster's control. The

caster must direct every action of the target – a victim could be compelled to aim and fire a gun, or walk off a rooftop, but the caster could not give instructions to be carried out by the target at a later time. It's immediate, not long-term control in most cases.

The victim may resist this control by pitting his Stability or Health in a contest against the caster's Magic. The victor of the contest has control of the victim's body for one round, but winning a contest does not end the spell, and the caster may attempt to seize control again in the following round. The only way to escape the spell is to get out of the caster's line of sight (or have supernatural protection, or force the caster to release the victim).

If the target of the spell also knows Dominate, then the contest becomes one of Magic vs. Magic, and the victor gains temporary control of the loser's body for one round.

Being Dominated forces a 3 to 7-point Stability test, depending on circumstances. Repeated use of the Dominate spell on the same victim allows the caster to wear away at the victim's spirit, allowing the caster to exert control at a distance.

Stability Test: 4 (3 with Hypnosis)

Cost: 2 Stability/Magic

Time: 1 round; lasts a number of rounds equal to the caster's highest Interpersonal score ability (or five minutes, for NPC casters)

Draw Upon Place of Power

This spell can only be cast at a place of power, usually at a time specific to that place. It unlocks that place's magical potential and provides a pool of Magic points that can be spent by the caster. These points are available as long as the caster remains at the place of power, or until the next dawn. The caster may also make the pool of Magic available to another spellcaster, as long as the two wizards are aligned in some way – for example, if both are part of the same cult.

For cults, Magic Points gained in this fashion are factored into Cult Influence in general, and it is assumed that most of the cult's Magic Points are spent on off-stage intrigues and blasphemous rites.

In addition to the Stability or Magic cost to cast this spell, it may also require a blood sacrifice, bonfire, or other sort of ritual reflecting the nature of the place of power.

Stability Test: 4 (3 with a matching District Knowledge spend)

Cost: 1 Stability or Magic per 5 dedicated Magic pool points.

Time: 20 minutes of preparation and chanting.

Enter Dreams

By means of this spell, the caster's mind invades the dreams of a specified individual. The caster must possess a connection to the target – a personal item, a photograph, blood, recent physical contact between the two all work. The caster remains in a light trance while in the victim's dreams. While in this trance, the caster may observe the content of the victim's dreams, or transmit a message to the target, although such messages manifest as nightmarish tableaus, bizarre sense-impressions and distorted voices, so the message must be a simple one.

If used as a weapon, this spell triggers a 3-point Stability test for the victim.

Stability Test: 3

Cost: 1 Stability/Magic or Dreaming. If the caster spends 6 points of Magic instead, he or she can briefly manifest physically in the room with the sleeping target, although this psychic projection dissipates moments after the target awakens.

Time: 10 minutes to enter the trance.

Open Witch Gate

This spell allows the caster to open any of the Witch Gates that criss-cross Great Arkham. A Witch Gate might be an actual doorway or portal, a mirror or other roughly human-sized opening, a gap between standing stones, or just an engraving or chalk circle on a wall. Opening the gate with this spell takes only a moment's thought and a word or gesture of command.

Old and disused Witch Gates may be harder to open (higher Stability/Magic costs). Some Witch Gates once went beyond Great Arkham, and travelling through these gates may be especially perilous if the city is not on Earth or in conventional space. Other Gates go to parts of the city that are not otherwise accessible. Witch Gates may be one-way or two-way, and there's no way to tell which without going through.

This spell does not allow the caster to make new Witch Gates; that requires knowledge of the spell Create Hyperspace Gate.

Stability Test: 2

Cost: 1 Stability/Magic

Time: Instantaneous.

Ritual of Opening and Closing

Also known as the Conjunction of the Spheres, the effects of this ritual are mysterious, but it's hinted in certain correspondences from Joseph Curwen and in the *Necronomicon* that Opening

the city would allow the Old Ones back into the world they once ruled, with horrific consequences for the city - and, most likely, the rest of the world. Other sources claim that that Opening would allow people to leave the city, or at least that there will be a brief window during which escape is possible before the door swings both ways and the Old Ones return in terrible glory. Opening might equally end the shroud of warped space-time around the city, returning it to Massachusetts – or exposing it to the harsh conditions on the surface of the alien world where it "really" stands.

The effects of fully Closing the city are equally shrouded; it might banish the supernatural elements from the city, or destroy the whole metropolis by ending the spells that preserve it. It might unravel the threads of warped time that imposed the alternate history of Great Arkham, unmaking the city, and restoring the quiet college town and isolated decaying villages of Lovecraft country. Equally, it might maintain the status quo in the city, keeping the Old Ones out, and leaving their human and near-human agents in charge – the city would remain on the threshold, with the hand of the Old Ones unseen but still present.

It certainly ends the campaign, one way or another.

Finding the ritual site requires extensive investigation; any of the following clues could be spun out into a full adventure, and at least three such clues are needed to locate the ritual place.

- **Anthropology:** Legends of the Pocumtuck people who were once native to this region speak of an evil place where terrible voices cry out from empty air.
- **Archaeology:** Excavating sites related to the original settlers of Arkham, like Curwen's farm (see The Dig, p. 130), or the Orne Shipwreck (p. 173), to discover evidence of the original Ritual of Opening that created Great Arkham.
- **Architecture:** Uncovering the secrets of the cryptic black towers, and discovering the locus point that links them all.
- **Astronomy:** Correlating the position of strange wandering stars with diagrams in certain unholy grimoires.
- **Dreaming:** Travelling through the Dreamlands to consult with perilous oracles.
- **Library Use** plus **Cryptography:** Decoding certain obscure and mysterious passages in books like *Al Azif.*
- **Physics:** Discovering a progressive degrading of various fundamental constants, as the city drifts towards the border of a new and strange region of space-time.
- Various **District Knowledges** plus **Streetwise:** The Afflicted (p. 58) and other signs and portents point the way to the approaching conjunction.

In addition, the Ritual requires at least one, and probably more, of the following components, to be discovered through investigation:

- Mass human sacrifice
- The sacrifice of something entangled with the caster's very soul
- The presence of an intermediary between humans and Old Ones – a hybrid creature with something of the Outside to work on (Possibly the Dunwich Strangler, p. 149, Elizabeth Venner, p. 80, one of the Marsh clan, p. 165)
- The presence of one of the casters of the original ritual (Curwen, Orne or Hutchinson raised from their salts; also possibly Keziah Mason (p. 95), or a spot of time travel to the founding of the city by the Investigators or a Yithian mind)
- Ritual participants at specific places in Arkham (atop the black skyscrapers, at the four corners of the city, one in each district)
- The use of certain occult relics (the Silver Key, p. 55; *Al Azif,* p. 142)

Stability Test Difficulty: 6 (5 with a **District Knowledge** spend for the area in which the ritual is cast)

Opposition: The base Inertia for the spell is 50; points of Magic may be spent in addition to Stability.

If the ritualists are part of a cult with Cult Influence, then they may spend points from Cult Influence for the region containing the ritual site and regions bordering that first region. Points from the region containing the ritual site count double. For example, if the ritual site is in Sentinel Hill, then any cult with Influence in Sentinel Hill, Chinatown, Northside or Salamander Fields may spend points from those regions, and points from Sentinel Hill have double value.

Other sorcerers who know the ritual may spend points to add to the Inertia, opposing the casting attempt. Each test in the contest takes ten minutes.

Cost: 3 Stability rating points.

Time: The ritual takes three hours to complete; at the end of that time, if there are still any points remaining in the Inertia pool, all those who participated in the attempted casting are blasted for +13 damage. The same penalty applies if the ritual is attempted in the wrong place or at the wrong time.

Yithian Technologies

The Pnakotic Cult has a number of alien devices made by the Great Race of Yith. Most of them can be constructed with present-day materials, although they incorporate alien hyper-mathematics, and operate in contravention of human understanding of the laws of physics. Other artefacts cannot be built using present-day technology; these items were recovered from Yithian supply caches by the Pnakotic Cult, having been buried millions of years ago in vaults designed to endure for aeons, until they were opened by the same minds that built them.

An Investigator with **Physics** and **Electrical Repair** 6+ may attempt to deduce how such a device can be operated without understanding the underlying principles; doing so requires an Electrical Repair test and a Stability test.

Aleph Stone

An aleph-stone is a small crystal, around the size of a hen's egg, which reflects all space and time. A person who looks into the stone sees all points in the universe simultaneously. The human mind is utterly incapable of assimilating such a dizzying rush of information, so glimpsing an aleph-stone without suitable protection causes a 6-point **Stability** test and yields no useful insight (although an Investigator could spend a point of **Cthulhu Mythos** to glimpse a clue in the stone.) Staring into the stone without successfully attuning to it shatters human minds – a character who tries to stare into the stone loses 1 Sanity immediately, and continues to lose Sanity until he or she looks away, or is driven incurably insane.

Pnakotic Cult members are trained to attune to the stones, and to recognise their masters elsewhere in space-time. A Yithian mind in the 14th century, for example, could use the stone to send a message to its cultists in 1937; the Yithian speaks aloud, and the words are heard through the stone six centuries later. Or six billion years. The communication is one-way – the person staring into the stone cannot send messages back.

The Yithians warn their cultists to only use the stones to receive instructions, and caution against attempting to observe other parts of space-time.

Attuning to the stone requires a 4-point Stability test; failure to attune costs 1 Sanity.

Brain Siphon

This device is a small black box crammed with wires and valves. It can be clipped onto any electrical cable that provides electricity to a device, such as a telephone, table lamp or wireless set. The brain siphon drains neuro-electric energy from the brains of those nearby – think of it as a sort of thought-recording device. The Pnakotic Cult possesses other machines which can play back the thought-impressions recorded by a siphon. The clarity of the impressions recorded depends on how many brains passed through the field of the siphon, and how close they came to its receiver. For example, a siphon concealed in a wireless set that was in one corner of a room, which a dozen people passed through, would record far fewer thoughts than a siphon connected to a telephone receiver that was used by only one person.

A siphon requires at least 48 hours to record thought-impressions. The Pnakotic cult's practice is to plant such recorders through deception (disguised as a repairman, for example) and then recover the siphon a week later for playback.

Exposure to a siphon forces a 4-point Stability test, divided amongst the people affected. So, if only one Investigator is exposed, that's a 4-point test for that Investigator, manifesting as increased paranoia, hallucinations, listlessness, and the sensation that one's thoughts are being stolen by alien cultists. If four Investigators were regularly in the same room as the siphon, then that's a 1-point test each. If one Investigator spends considerably more time near the siphon than the rest, then it might be a 3-point test for that Investigator and 0-point tests for the rest.

When replaying thought-impressions, make a roll against Difficulty 6, adding on the value of the Stability test. If the roll fails, no useful thought-impressions can be extrapolated for that subject. If the roll succeeds, the Pnakotic cult captured some of that Investigator's thoughts and can read them for useful insights into the Investigators' intent, and knowledge of the cult. (On a roll of 10+, the cult is able to create a complete duplicate of the Investigator's mind on magnetic tape.)

Lightning Gun

The Yithians used these weapons in their wars with the Elder Things and the Flying Polyps. A lightning gun resembles a heavy camera with long prongs instead of a lens. The weapons can be constructed using present-day technology, but are inferior to models constructed by the Great Race millions of years ago.

A lightning gun holds 32 charges. A trained operator can fire the weapon using Firearms, and the weapon does +1 damage per charge expended. An

ancient gun can expend any number of charges, but the weapons made by the present-day cult can expend a maximum of 4 charges per shot.

If an Investigator gets hold of such a weapon, an **Electrical Repair** roll is required to work out how to operate the device (Difficulty 6; Difficulty 4 with a **Physics** spend), and another roll is needed to work out how to recharge the weapon. Recharging the weapon requires access to a powerful source of electricity, and each time the weapon is drained, its capacity for charges is reduced by 2-12.

Mind-Exchange Device

This device is a collection of rods, wheels, carefully aligned mirrors, and subtle electrical circuits, which combine to induce a heightened state of awareness in the human brain. Yithian time travellers use these devices as part of their mind-exchange ritual, enabling them to lift their consciousness out of the linear flow of time, and return to their previous bodies, or leap into a new host. The target of such an exchange experiences weird dreams, visions and premonitions before the exchange takes place.

Only members of the Great Race of Yith can reliably use such a device. A human who meddles with such a machine without careful study succeeds only in making the Yithians aware of his or her presence outside time, and a curious Yithian is likely to take the opportunity to mind-swap with the meddler. A 10-point spend of points from any combination of **Physics**, **Occult**, **History**, **Astronomy**, **Cryptography** or **Cthulhu Mythos** allows an experimenter to attempt a Difficulty 10 **Electrical Repair** roll to operate the device, although precise targeting is impossible. (The Investigators may build up that point spend over time – a few points of **Physics** one session, another few points the next, and before you know it, your mind is plunging through hyperspatial gulfs towards annihilation).

Projector

This machine resembles a bulky movie camera, covered in levers and dials of obscure meaning. When aimed at a nearby individual within ten feet of the projector, it projects a solid dark-energy shadow of that individual to another point along the line of projection. This line of projection can pass through solid barriers, and is theoretically unlimited in range. For example, a projector in one room could project a solid 'shadow' into another room in the same house, or into the house across the road, or into a building five miles away that happens to be in direct line with the projector. The curvature of the Earth must be considered when projecting over a distance.

The projected 'shadow' looks like a vaguely humanoid smear of darkness, but is solid to the touch, and can interact with its surroundings. The projected individual (and only the projected individual) can dimly perceive those surroundings, overlaid onto the actual room around him. If the projected individual moves out of the projector's field of vision, the 'shadow' instantly vanishes. The 'shadow' is perfectly silent, but can communicate through gestures or writing. It can pick up objects, but these will simply drop to the floor when the projection ends.

A skilled projector operator can tune the projection, allowing the subject to see the target room with greater clarity, but this also makes the shadow clearer and more identifiable, turning it from a juddering smear of darkness into a negative image of the projected individual.

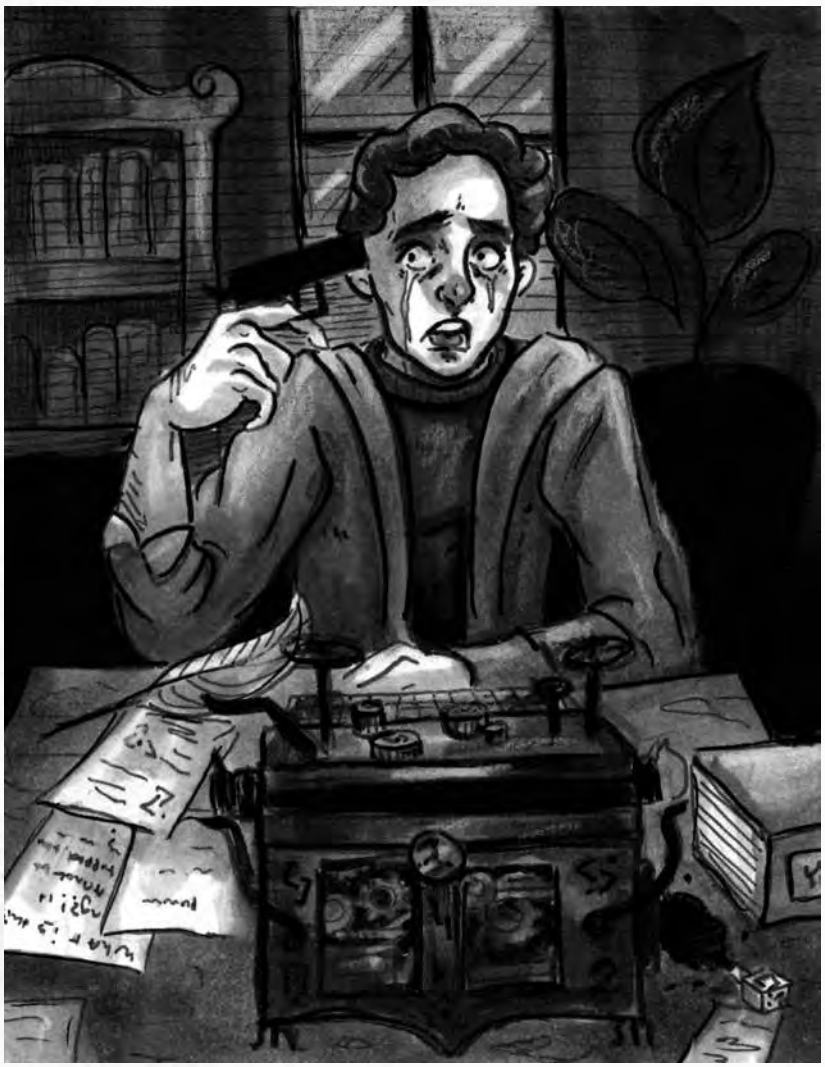
Operating a projector requires an **Electrical Repair** test to activate it (Difficulty 4), and another to tune it (Difficulty 2 to 8, depending on the degree of clarity required). The projected individual must make a 3-point Stability test, and also suffers +0 damage from radiation. The individual also suffers +2 damage if the projector shuts down suddenly, if he moves outside its field of vision, or if the shadow is destroyed. The shadow is immune to most forms of damage, but can be disrupted by an electrical current, or strong magnetic field.

A projector can only operate for about three minutes before overheating. The cult uses these projectors to spy on or murder enemies of the cult by projecting agents into their homes.

For a variant of the projector, see the Space-Lens in *The Whisperer in the Light* (p. 199).

Surety Machine

A surety machine resembles a heavy and ornate typewriter, with a complex and almost indecipherable set of keys, stops, valves and switches, all marked with alien symbols. A surety machine 'locks in' a particular event in space-time, making it unalterable by time travellers. It forces the universe to conspire to bring the specified set of circumstances to pass. The machine's sphere of influence obeys the inverse-square law – it is immensely powerful in the machine's immediate surroundings, but its power drops off rapidly with distance in both space and time. It is best used, therefore, to lock in 'local' events that the Yithians have foreseen to have significant repercussions. A surety machine could



not, say, cause the Great War, as that encompassed all of Europe, but it could ensure that Archduke Ferdinand encountered an assassin in Sarajevo on Sunday the 28th of June, 1914.

The machine increases the Difficulty of any tests (or the costs of any Investigative spends) that might result in events transpiring in a fashion other than specified. The increase depends on the distance from the machine. For example, if a surety machine is set to ensure that a particular Pnakotic Cultist is alive and standing in the main concourse of Waite Station with the machine in her valise case on the morning of 1st January, 1937, then that cultist might benefit from a +1 increase in Hit Threshold against any attacks that might kill her, rising to +4 or more if she's right next to the machine. If she were to be killed before her fateful appointment, then the machine might warp fate to ensure that she gets resurrected by a necromancer, or that she was only badly wounded and left for dead, or it might seize upon some other woman who has a similar lifeline to the cultist, and force her to go to the station in the cultist's place.

If there is simply no way for the machine to bring its specified destiny to pass, it burns out, and the temporal backlash inflicts +8 damage on the individual most responsible for the break in time.

Only a Yithian can fully comprehend the configuration of keys and stops that specify the machine's destined outcome, but a 4-point spend from a combination of **Cryptography**, **Physics**, **Theology** and **History** can guess at the right keys to push to bring about minor alterations to the specified destiny, allowing the Investigators to escape lethal backlash.

City Guide

I remember when Nyarlathotep came to my city—the great, the old, the terrible city of unnumbered crimes.

—Nyarlathotep

The following chapter contains descriptions of districts in Great Arkham. Each district is given a brief overview, followed by a description of various locations, people, groups and sinister encounters in that neighbourhood.

Each write-up contains modular elements that you can mix and match as desired. People may be sinister agents of the Mythos, innocuous victims of the horrible city, or stalwart foes who may have the same heroic drives as Investigators, or have some other reason for opposing the city authorities. Locations may be mundane or supernatural; groups, like people, can be sinister or stalwart. Furthermore, each write-up gives a list of descriptive features and quirks, allowing you to reuse a particular concept multiple times as needed. The entry for Servant (p. 75) can be configured to give you a sinister henchman, an uncomprehending eyewitness, or a secret ally as needed – or you can use one interpretation as the Investigator's initial impression of the NPC, and then later reveal the hidden truth beneath.

Summary lists of the individuals and locations arranged by district are found in Appendix 1 (p. 217), and arranged by type in Appendix 2.

Encounters

Encounters are strange moments or plot hooks for further investigation – either use them as opening hooks for investigations, or drop them in as colour to your own adventures to emphasise the barely suppressed weirdness of Great Arkham.

Locations

Places within the district – landmarks, businesses, civic buildings, private homes, ghoul-infested cemeteries and the like. Some write-ups describe specific landmark buildings, like City Hall or Miskatonic University. Others are referred to as Stock Locations: buildings typical of that district, which can be reused in multiple ways, like mansions in Old Arkham or tenements and factories in Westheath. Stock Locations aren't necessarily tied to a particular district – for example, you could transplant the mansion from Old Arkham to Innsmouth by adding rising damp, peeling wallpaper and sinister splashing from the cellar.

Masked: The Masked take on a location describes it as relatively untouched by the strangeness of the city – or at least, its horrors are hidden beneath a mundane mask.

Unmasked: The sinister, Mythos-tainted version of the location, where the horrors wear no mask.

Cast: NPCs who might be encountered there.

Clues: Clues leading on from this location, pointing to other locations, individuals, or deeper mysteries.

People

People are divided into Supporting Cast and Named Individuals. The Supporting Cast are archetypes commonly encountered in that district – students and professors at Miskatonic University, dockworkers and fishy criminals down the Innsmouth Docks, journalists and political hacks at Sentinel Hill. Again, transplant supporting cast as needed.

Named Individuals are specific, influential individuals like the Mayor, Boss Marsh, and Dr. Armitage. These named individuals are still presented in a multifaceted manner, so you can have a corrupt mayor, a mayor who's a puppet of greater forces, or even a mayor who's trying to prevent the city sliding into madness.

Description & Quirks: A quick pen-picture of physical traits, plus a verbal or behavioural tic that the Keeper can use when portraying that individual.

Leverage: Most entries list a **leveraged clue** for that individual. A leveraged clue is a piece of information that the Investigators must discover and use in order to compel the non-player character to co-operate. The leveraged clue might be a secret that the person wants to keep concealed, a desire or need the player characters can fulfil in exchange for help, or some insight into the NPC's personality that gives the players a handle, or a new perspective, on their contact. Even wholly innocent people are unlikely to wish to speak to the Investigators.

Everyone in Great Arkham knows that the best way to survive is to keep one's head down and one's mouth shut; the city authorities have eyes and ears everywhere. Anyone could be an informant. People only talk if forced.

After a brief general discussion of the individual, each write-up offers three takes on the character. You don't need to use any of these – if you want a perfectly mundane servant or newspaper reporter, then just stick to the basic facts and ignore the victim/sinister/stalwart takes.

Victim: A version of the character needing the Investigators' help, because they are under assault or already wounded by the Mythos.

Sinister: A version of the character in league with the forces of darkness. Often, this implies that the individual is a cultist (see Cults, p. 36). Ability adjustments for each degree of cultist are listed in the write-up for each cult.

Stalwart: A version of the character useable as an ally of the Investigators in their struggle against the Mythos.

Alternate Names & Descriptions: For supporting cast characters only, three alternate versions so you can easily reuse that role. Any Lovecraftian game is going to be crawling with sinister booksellers and creepy dockworkers.

Investigative Abilities: Notable investigative talents possessed by the character; these are especially useful for the Stalwart incarnation, as they show the areas of expertise that such an ally might offer the Investigators.

General Abilities: Health is always listed; other abilities are listed only if relevant to the character concept.

Alertness & Stealth Modifiers: Apply the NPC's Alertness Modifier to attempts by the player characters to use Stealth, Shadowing or Conceal to hide from the NPC; apply the NPC's Stealth modifier to the Investigators' Sense Trouble rolls.

Transport Police

Name: Officer Grieg

Possible Role: Mysterious agents of the city

Description: Long rubber coat, heavy boots and gloves, chemical sprayer, gas mask

Leverage: None. There's no bargaining with these people.

Ever since the 1908 'typhoid' epidemic, the Great Arkham Police has operated a special unit, commonly referred to as the Transport Police – or "the masks" in street slang, a reference to the heavy gas masks they wear. (Common typhoid is not airborne, so the purpose of the masks is obscure). Their official remit is to ensure that travellers leaving the city are not typhoid carriers, and so the Transport Police have the authority to inspect and impound any vehicle attempting to cross the city limits, or to detain and quarantine any would-be traveller. Typhoid continues to plague the city, so the Transport Police can show up anywhere, and seal off any building, street or neighbourhood suspected of harbouring the disease.

Transport Police are recruited from Arkham's regular police force, but are given separate training, and do not associate with their former colleagues.

Victim: He can't be sick. Grieg followed the procedures, exactly like they taught him. He washed off the coat with the caustic chemical spray at the station, never took his mask off when inside a plague zone, never touched the afflicted with bare skin. Still, he feels rotten inside, like his body's decaying from the inside out. He can't keep food down, but never feels hungry. Or thirsty, either.

Maybe he got sick *off-duty*. That would make sense. The plague's everywhere – he's seen that in the few short months he's been with the masks. (How long has it been? Two months? Three? Days in the mask seem longer than they should.) Anyone can be a carrier. Anywhere can be afflicted. He's helped cordon off houses in every part of the city, watched as the sergeant scrawled the yellow sign of quarantine on the door. (And sometimes, Grieg would pass by the next day, and the house would be gone, vanished – an overgrown empty lot in its place, or the neighbouring houses squeezed together as though space had contracted.)

He never feels sick wearing the mask. It's safe inside the rubbery shell. Maybe he should volunteer for extra shifts. Make sergeant faster that way. They say the sergeants never take off their masks…

(If an Investigator gets to examine Grieg, the strange fungal growth and polyps that infest his body cannot be attributed to typhoid. Was he exposed to alien light (Gardner Farms, p. 155), warps in space and time (see the Pnakotic Cult, p. 53), strange chemicals (Chemical Works, p. 131), or is this some physical degeneracy that mirrors the moral decay of working for the city's vilest institution?)

Sinister: The scuttling, insectoid gait suggests that the body beneath that protective coat is no longer even vaguely human, and that mask conceals no human face. Grieg has been eaten away; he was a host, a food source for the larval form of the creature that now wears the remains of his skin. Luminescent yellow paint drips from his gloves as he marks another quarantine zone. Anyone who interferes with the work of the Transport Police is beaten – if they're lucky. If they're unlucky, the police quarantine them, and take them away into some lightless holding cell, never to be seen again.

That's what happened to Grieg's family, after all. The neighbours say (**Oral History**) they heard him arguing with his wife and children, a few weeks after he joined the Transport Police. The next morning, they were gone, and Grieg was living all alone in that apartment, and they heard the buzzing of insects and strange chanting through the walls instead of the laughter of children. And a month after that, Grieg moved to some police barracks at Fort Hutchinson (p. 182), and then the whole apartment was gone. There's just a blank wall where the door used to be.

There are more Transport Police every night, it seems. Like swarming insects, with their hives at Waite Station (p. 105), the docks (p. 165) and the subways (p. 101). The bulging, glassy eyes of their masks watching everyone. Chirping and wheezing to one another in their alien code, as if waiting until their numbers are sufficient to quarantine the whole city.

Stalwart: Officer Grieg knows he's among the walking dead. He can't recall – can't bring himself to recall – the *procedures* they did when he joined the Transport Police, but he knows they did something to him. He doesn't dare remove the mask, in case he catches a glimpse of his new face in the mirror. While he still can – and he doesn't know how long he'll retain a human mouth to speak with – he helps people sneak out of the quarantine zones before they're sealed away, helps those obviously uninfected to escape the Transport Police dragnet. He might even look the other way to let a train or a car to cross the city limits; reminding Grieg of his lost humanity with interpersonal spends can slow his inevitable slide into inhumanity.

Alternate Names: Officer Yiggson, Officer Lathe, Officer Malone

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Long rubber coat, heavy boots and gloves, gas mask

2) Long rubber coat, heavy boots and gloves, gas mask

3) Long rubber coat, heavy boots and gloves, gas mask

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Speaks with an alarming hiss 2) Never speaks 3) Speaks with an Irish accent

Investigative Abilities: Evidence Collection, Forensics

General Abilities: Athletics 4, Firearms 6, Health 6, Scuffling 4, Weapons 7

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** -1

Damage Modifier: Truncheon +0, Pistol +1 or Chemical Spray -2 plus special

Armor: 2 points

Quarantine Zones & Vanishings

Investigators are most likely to encounter the Transport Police if they try to leave the city; all stations, docks and freeways are watched by the masks (see *No Way Out*, p. 27). The Transport Police are also called in to quarantine parts of the city where there's been a typhoid outbreak – depending on the real nature of the disease (p. 17), this may be a genuine precaution or a cover-up for Mythos activity.

"Disinfectant Spray"

Some members of the Transport Police carry back-mounted canisters of a caustic-smelling disinfectant spray instead of a handgun. This chemical spray is ostensibly used to eradicate bacteria that might spread the typhoid plague, but the police have been observed to use it as a weapon. The sprayer attacks using Firearms, ignores cover and armour, but is limited to Close range. It deals -2 damage in addition to any other effects. Pick one of the following effects for the spray (or else assume that the Chemical Works (p. 131) can produce different sprays on demand).

Poison: Make a Difficulty 6 Health test or become Hurt. Those killed by this spray reawaken the next day as placid zombies, becoming good citizens of Great Arkham. Their skin becomes oddly waxy, and a close medical examination confirms they are technically deceased, but the reanimated victims are capable of acting and conversing normally, although they are unable to tell that there is anything amiss with either the city or themselves.

Amnesia-inducing compound: Make a Difficulty 3 Stability test or suffer temporary amnesia. Those afflicted by this gas often forget how they arrived in Great Arkham, and sometimes unconsciously conjure whole alternate identities for themselves to paper over the gaps in their memories.

Hallucinogen: Make a Difficulty 6 Health test or become temporarily Shaken, as the Investigator suffers from disturbing hallucinations, and is unable to tell reality from delusion.

Powder of Ibn-Ghazi: The spray makes invisible creatures visible and able to interact with the material world.

Reality Dissolution: Buildings sprayed with the compound vanish from Great Arkham after a few hours, leaving only overgrown empty lots, or strange new streets, behind. People sprayed find themselves the subjects of increased hostility; not only will Mythos monsters target them first, but ordinary people instinctively revile them. Victims suffer +1 to all Health, Stability and Sanity losses, and cannot make Interpersonal spends; survive long enough to find a way to wash off the spray, and this penalty is removed. Those who perish while covered in the spray cease to exist and are mostly erased from history, leaving behind only a few contradictory traces and fragments of memory.

Old Arkham

The oldest extant part of the city, Old Arkham (also referred to as "old town" or "St. Mary's") contains some of the wealthiest, and also some of the poorest, neighbourhoods. When most people talk of Old Arkham, they mean the mansions and expensive townhouses on the slopes of Oak Hill, in the western part of the district. This is where Arkham's old money families live, in the shadow of the great mound. Widow's walks and ornamental brass cannons speak of the sea-trade and privateering that brought fortune to these families; shuttered attic windows and locked gates speak of their overwhelming desire for privacy. The intrigues and affairs of the "Brahmins" happen behind closed doors; if one cannot trace one's ancestry back to the first settlers in New England, one is unwelcome in certain circles here.

There is another side to Old Arkham; a warren of alleyways and narrow streets that tumble down to the warehouses on the riverbank, and to the west side of the University. This part of the district is home to Polish and Irish immigrants, and can be quite rough in parts, although the police ensure that any trouble does not flow uphill.

A similar neighbourhood of old streets and run-down buildings divides Old Arkham from Westheath to the west; the aptly-named Boundary Street marks the official division between the two districts, and it's unwise to be caught on the wrong side of Boundary Street when the sun goes down. (The street's name refers to the former limits of the town.)

As the name suggests, Old Arkham recalls more of the town as it was; here, Arkham is still quaint and sleepy, sheltered from the insectoid buzz of the crowded metropolis that crowds in on all sides.

Encounters

The Reflection

On windless autumn nights, when the waters of the Miskatonic are very, very still, the reflection of a house can be seen in the river. This house was one of those burned in the riots of 1775, triggered by the execution of Mayor Curwen by the occupying British forces. The ruins of that house have long since been cleared away, and the riverbank there is now empty and overgrown, but still the shade of the vanished structure is visible in reflection. It is as though some movie-camera was projecting the memory of the house onto the surface of the river. **History** identifies the house as that of Edward Hutchinson, one of the major landowners in Arkham at that time, and a business partner of Curwen.

If the Investigators watch without being seen, they observe a small rowboat with two hunched figures aboard cross the river from the northern bank and make directly for the reflection. When they get there, the boat stops above the front door of the image, and one of the figures on the boat steps off and plunges into the water. It's hard to tell – the ripples momentarily distort the surface of the water – but it certainly seems as though he stepped through the front door of a house that is not only just a reflection, but was destroyed more than a hundred years before.

Invitation to Revels

(An excellent time to run this encounter is when the Investigators are fleeing, or hiding, from pursuers).

A crowd of merrymaking revellers – most are women, all are young and fashionably dressed – suddenly emerges from a side alleyway, and swarms around the Investigators. Their limbs are lithe, their eyes bright, their cups overflowing with red wine. Several wear fox-furs or have ivy wreathed in their hair; some even carry snakes (especially if Elizabeth Venner (p. 80) is among their number). **Anthropology** (or **Theology**, or **Occult**) reminds the Investigator of the Baccante or Maenads, the orgiastic violent worshipers of Bacchus, Roman god of wine and ritual madness. They invite the Investigators to join them for a marvellous party in one of the nearby mansions. Should the Investigators agree, they can remember nothing of the revels the next morning, but discover bloodstains on their clothes, and blood beneath their fingernails.

Moonlit Monument

A statue of General Hiram Winthrop stands on a plinth in a small square. **Archaeology** notes that the plinth is much older and far more weathered than the statue it bears; it puts the Investigator in mind of ruins from the ancient world, even though the statue was only erected in 1904. In the moonlight, the shadow of some *other* statue is cast upon the ground before the plinth – General Winthrop did not, even on his worst day, have *that* many tentacles. Has the original monument been moved, or is it still here, in some otherworld accessible by a Witch Gate (p. 60) or some other means?

Beneath the Plaster Mask

Exploring an old house in the district, one of the Investigators stumbles, and puts her hand through the crumbling thin plaster covering one wall. Beneath the plaster, instead of brick or stone, is a slab of something pale and oozing, like the flesh of a snail. A quiver runs through the whole building, releasing a cloud of dust (or spores) as the walls *shudder*. The whole building is one huge living *thing*...

Stock Locations

Mansion

Names: Upton House, Waite Mansion, Salstonall House, Orne Manor

Most of the houses in this district date to the late 18th or mid-19th century. Older mansions are built in the Federal style, rigorously symmetrical and imposing. Newer or renovated mansions tend to be larger, sprawling

out with added wings or towers (**Architecture**). The wealthier families have extensive walled gardens surrounding their homes.

Arkham's first rush of wealth came from the sea, so older mansions have nautical elements to their décor; souvenirs from the South Seas, strange curios from the shores of Africa and Asia, or brass cannons or barnacle-encrusted anchors. New mansions are more likely to belong to textile industrialists or financiers. The streets nearby are regularly patrolled by discreet police.

Houses in Old Arkham have extensive cellars, some of which lead to old smugglers' tunnels along the waterfront. Many of these cellars have been deliberately bricked up, but adventurous Investigators could effect a burglary from below.

Masked: Geometric patterns and art deco pictures adorn the walls; the rooms are high-ceilinged and brightly lit. Thick curtains hide every window. In an upper room, a gramophone plays jaunty, uplifting piano tunes, as if trying to ward off the city outside.

Unmasked: Gravel crunches underfoot as you walk up the tree-lined path to the old house. Whippoorwills call from the branches overhead. Most of the house is dark, but you catch a glimpse of a pale face staring down at you from an upstairs window. Inside, the mansion smells of dust and decay. Ugly idols loom from shelves stacked with ancient books and curios; everything is a little worn and grubby.

Cast: Possible owners: Mrs. Upton (p. 77), Samuel Waite (p. 81), Jervas Hyde (p. 113) or any of the Councilors. The Gadabout (p. 75) might be gadding about the drawing room or abed after noon. There's a Servant or two (p. 75) at the very least. By night, the Burglar (p. 132) might sneak in to rob the place, or maybe a member of the family is Afflicted (p. 58) and lives in the attic, but is allowed to roam the halls by night.

Clues: Art History spots a painting of some ancestor that bears an uncanny resemblance to the mansion's current owner; **Anthropology** reveals chilling details about the relics displayed on the shelves and might suggest whether or not the owner knows their true significance. **Architecture** or **Urban Survival** navigates the labyrinthine tunnels below to connect to some subterranean realm. **Accounting** in the study tells the Investigators if the family is truly wealthy, or deep in decline and desperate enough to do something unwise.

Restaurant

Names: Crawford's (French), The Blue Haven (Seafood), West's Steakhouse

Old Arkham restaurants cater to the expensive tastes of the city's elite. A Credit Rating of 4 or 5 (3 with a spend) is needed to get past the doorman; inside, lobsters scuttle around huge glass tanks and waiters glide silent as ghosts from kitchen to table. Private rooms are available for groups or for sensitive conversations.

Masked: Unless the Investigators have a suitably high Credit Rating, they won't feel welcome here, but there's nothing actively sinister about the place. A **Westheath District Knowledge** spend (or asking a waiter with **Credit Rating**) confirms that none of the food served here comes from Gardner Industrial Farms (p. 155).

Unmasked: Certain restaurants in Great Arkham cater for the peculiar needs of their clientele. Upstairs in a private room is a gathering of one such group. The Brethren of the Silver Lodge (p. 55) might demand that their meals be prepared with a secret ingredient that **Pharmacy** identifies as a potent mild-altering drug. The Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) might prefer their meat freshly-cut and kicking – **Cop Talk** or a suitable District Knowledge confirms that a child went missing earlier that day. The Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) have no particular dietary requirements, but are careful to avoid Gardner produce. Bribing a busboy or other member of staff (**Bargain**) lets the Investigator know when the next secret meeting takes place.

Cast: Anyone who's anyone – with a high Credit Rating – might show up here, especially characters from Old Arkham, Sentinel Hill or the better parts of Kingsport or Northside. No doubt there's a gossip-mongering Newshawk (p. 122) somewhere in the room, along with a Gadabout (p. 75) or two.

Clues: Watching who's dining with who, coupled with a **Sentinel Hill District Knowledge** spend, gives the Investigators insight into the current power struggles in City Hall. **Outdoor Survival** spots evidence of animals – or something larger – scavenging at the bins round the back – or are restaurant staff deliberately leaving out meals for the rats?

Strange Shop

Names: Leridges (general curiosities), Smythes Antiques & Rare Books (books), Hawberks (armourer), Borril & Sons (pawnbroker), Zagots (tailor)

Antiques dealers, rare books, bric-a-brac and the like. Art dealers are more likely to be in Kingsport (Gallery,

p. 181); curios can also be found in Chinatown (p. 190). The strange shop might equally be a specialty service like an engraver, a portrait painter, a tailor, a silversmith or something more unusual, like an armorer or genealogist.

Masked: Tucked away at the end of a narrow alley in the west end of Old Arkham, one might easily overlook this little antique dealer. Brass and china ornaments are crammed into the little window; inside, bookcases overflow with old tomes purchased from house sales or foreign book dealers. **Art History** or **Library Use** suggests there are no items of significance here (unless the proprietor overlooked something). Questioning the owner with **Credit Rating** or another interpersonal spend gets him to admit that he either sells such things on to another dealer, or destroys them.

Unmasked: The owner – frog-faced or sphinx-like – watches from behind a counter piled with strange things. Gold trinkets decorated with fish and coral motifs; bottles with lead pendulums sealed inside; rare and unwholesome books; rarities from foreign lands you've never heard of. **Occult** or **Cthulhu Mythos** suggest the shop sells to a sorcerous clientele; following customers, or stealing a peek at the ledger, reveals who's buying.

Alternatively, **Streetwise** might reveal that the owner is a fence, willing to buy antiques and art without asking questions. A criminal owner has connections to the Marshes (p. 165) or the Malatestas (p. 153).

Cast: The Gadabout (p. 75) or the Professor (p. 89), browsing idly. Someone from the Historical Society (p. 72), arguing with the owner about the correct value of some object. Is that fellow looking at the books a Student (p. 90) or an undercover Private Detective (p. 160)? Is that confused customer a run-of-the-mill Afflicted (p. 58) or an agent of the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51)?

Clues: Architecture spots that the shop has a secret cellar; examining the ledger with **Accounting** reveals who recently made a large purchase (or pawned something for a fraction of its worth). One relic recalls strange, half-remembered dreams (**Dreaming**) for one of the Investigators.

Landmarks

Historical Society

Housed in a restored mansion, the Great Arkham Historical Society collects records and items related to the city's history. The exhibition rooms, each decorated in a style matching a different period, are open to the public, and contain photographs, documents and dioramas describing key moments in Great Arkham's history. The reading room is also open to visitors, although anyone wishing to access the Society's records must pay a small fee (students and faculty of Miskatonic are exempt).

The society's archives are extremely extensive. They contain complete back issues of the city's newspapers, documents and accounts from businesses and civic institutions, parish records from churches, and private collections that have been purchased or donated over the years. However, the floods of 1888 reached the society's basement, destroying some of their records.

Masked: The Historical Society is a quiet little sanctuary for historians and bibliophiles. Most of the wealthy families in Old Arkham sponsor the society, so they can attend the annual fundraising balls, and to affirm their own historical connection to the founders of the city.

The society curator, fusty Dr. Peabody, is an expert on Arkham's history, especially the colonial period. He and Leanora Moore (p. 136) have a bitter rivalry.

Optionally, Peabody has a private, secret collection that he reveals only to those he absolutely trusts. Over the course of his thirty-year career, he has assembled a cache of items that seem to be flotsam from an alternate reality – bus tickets that imply that Innsmouth is a separate town from Arkham, a tattered edition of the *Gazette* that was never printed, a traveller's diary that describes Arkham as a small college town, a second-hand history of Massachusetts that doesn't mention Great Arkham… ejecta, he suspects, from another reality. A **History** spend is needed to spot Peabody's nervousness about certain historical topics; **Reassurance** convinces him to share his findings. He may be a secret member of the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52) or the Silver Lodge (p. 55); if so, he's nervous enough to be a liability, and should not be relied upon.

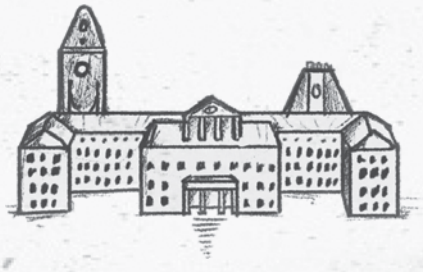
Unmasked: Two possibilities: one variation of the Historical Society casts it as a secret arm of the city council; a memory hole, where items that contradict the city's official history are sorted and destroyed. Hundreds of giant rats scuttle through the basement files, collating the true history; any Investigators who discover physical evidence that Great Arkham's history is not wholly true and fixed are approached by the Historical Society. Peabody's the friendly face of the society – if the Investigators don't sell their find to him, the rats go in.

Another option connects the Historical Society to the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44); here, the Society's real purpose is to collate information on burial grounds in Great Arkham and beyond. The Society maintains a Who's Who of the dead, so the necromancers know where to dig.

Cast: Students (p. 90) or Clerks (p. 121) doing historical research. Leanora Moore (p. 136). The Engineer (p. 106), looking for correct plans of the sewers under Miskatonic University.

Clues: Discover someone's true lineage with **History**; learn the location of a lost building with **Architecture**, or dig up old newspaper clippings with **Library Use**. Anyone trying to discover the secret history of the city or work out the auspicious place for the Ritual of Opening (p. 60) may visit here, so check the visitor's log for patterns.

St. Mary's Hospital



A teaching hospital attached to the university, and the largest hospital in Great Arkham. St. Mary's sprawls over several blocks, incorporating three of the cryptic black towers into its structure. Two of the towers have large open spaces on their lower floors, which have been converted into wards; the third tower has a narrow winding staircase which is used for storage, and as an isolation ward. The full length of this staircase has never been explored; a metal gate at the far end blocks wandering patients from exploring.

The hospital was founded in 1842, and expanded in the 1890s. During the disastrous typhoid epidemic of 1908, St. Mary's was filled beyond capacity with the sick and dying, forcing the city authorities to step in and take the management of the hospital away from the university. The hospital was returned to the administration of the board of directors in 1915; records from the 1908-15 period are sealed, and the hospital staff sometimes come across walled-off rooms, or evidence of old experiments.

University professors and lecturers from the medical faculty are on staff here; most doctors in the city are associated staff. The board of directors remains eager to demonstrate its independence from the city, remembering the humiliation of 1908, and the hospital is often at odds with City Hall. The Church of the Conciliator took over the hospital's chapel in 1893.

Masked: Most wards in the hospital are crisp, clinical and professional; St. Mary's isn't as decrepit as the Sanitarium, and injured Investigators can rest easy here. Hospital staff are careful to steer visitors away from the dangerous or corrupted parts of the building; persuade a nurse to help you with **Reassurance**, and she'll show you the stairs that leads to the old maternity ward with the seawater pools, or tell you stories about missing cadavers, and mysterious scratching sounds from inside the walls.

As St. Mary's is a teaching hospital, **University District Knowledge** works just as well as **Old Arkham Knowledge** here.

Unmasked: Are the Investigators looking for answers here, or are they patients? Investigators recuperating in hospital (see *Trail of Cthulhu,* p. 63) aren't necessarily safe in this labyrinthine building – they might be spirited away to some abandoned ward for interrogation, or a doctor might be bribed to poison them with medication. **Sense Trouble** warns the ailing Investigator of the danger.

Two possible sinister conspiracies for St. Mary's:

- The Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) all work here or once worked here, and the hospital is their best source of fresh meat. **Oral History** or a suitable District Knowledge hears stories of mysterious amputations from recently deceased patients; **Medicine** flags a miraculous recovery from an incurable disease (as the Fraternity branch out into resurrecting wealthy patrons). **Pharmacy** notes the theft of key ingredients from the hospital stores. For that matter, Herbert West himself worked here before leaving to fight in World War I, and traces of his experiments may be buried somewhere in the hospital's basements and sealed wards.
- The hospital is on the frontline of the city's ongoing battle with typhoid. If, as some speculate, the disease that affects Great Arkham isn't actually typhoid, then the dedicated research laboratory here may hold answers. Is the "typhoid epidemic" just a ruse by the city authorities to restrict travel (see the Transport Police, p. 66)? Are local outbreaks actually sacrifices to some Great Old One? Is the disease actually some other sort of infection – say, a blight spread by witches, or contamination by the alien tissue of shoggoths?

  If it is typhoid, then why is chlorination ineffective? Are the city's ghouls spreading disease

Other Hospitals

There are three other hospitals in Great Arkham. All three are much smaller than St. Mary's, and have few specialists on hand. Any serious or complex cases are sent to St. Mary's.

- **Westheath General** is the newest and second largest hospital in the city, built to service the needs of the expanding population in Westheath; it was partially funded by a gift from Gardner Farms. It's overcrowded and underfunded.
- **Allen Memorial:** Located in Innsmouth, Allen Memorial serves the needs of the Innsmouth locals. It's a private hospital, closely connected to the Esoteric Order of Dagon. It also houses the city's orphanage, taking in unwanted children and placing newborns with families who will love and care for their new changelings.
- **Congregational Hospital:** Located in Kingsport, this is smallest of the three, catering mainly to the elderly and the dying.

In addition, the Sanitarium (p. 103) has an operating theatre and a well-equipped sickroom.

by accident, or as an offering to Mordiggan? **Medicine** gives a starting point to the investigation; if the Investigators uncover the truth, then a friendly Newshawk (p. 122) might get the story onto the front page of the *Gazette*!

Cast: Student doctors (p. 90) and medical lecturers (p. 89), as well as Nurses (p. 145). Dr. Hardstrom, the Alienist (p. 112) may be called in for cases of insanity. Dr. Obligot is more likely to be encountered at Kingsport or one of the other smaller hospitals, but sends acute cases here. Ghouls are always eager to break into the morgue here. Thomas Kearney (p. 163), undergoing tests for his mysterious condition.

Wooded Island

'Wooded' is something of a misnomer – while the council has planted a fringe of willow trees around the edge of this island in the Miskatonic, it's mostly grassy, wild and desolate, and the weathered bandstand resembles some antique ruin. The island is a city park, linked to the south shore by a narrow footbridge. The park closes at dusk, although several families in Old Arkham have keys to the gate.

Masked: The Wooded Island is a playground for the wealthy; people go strolling along the shady riverside walks, or boating amid the little coves. It's sometimes used for public festivities; in the winter, the artificial pond in the middle of the isle becomes a skating rink.

Unmasked: The Wooded Island is a meeting place for the Witch Coven (p. 42). The park is too public a place for most of their ceremonies, but a Gate here connects the Wooded Island to the White Stone (p. 142) in Dunwich. Dimensional barriers are especially weak on the Wooded Island; Keziah Mason appears able to come and go from the island as she wishes, and there are many tales of people vanishing having walked behind a tree, or boats being found empty and abandoned. Other stories tell of visitors who lost track of time and were locked on the island when the bridge gate was locked at dusk, and how their bodies were found the next morning, frozen to death, with expressions of terror on their faces.

Cast: Gadabouts (p. 75) and other visitors strolling about. Keziah Mason (p. 95), glimpsed in the tall grass with something moving at her side. A Labourer (p. 158) tending the twisting paths. A Hobo (p. 134) sleeping on a park bench.

Clues: Outdoor Survival finds that the Wooded Island is sometimes larger than it should be – you can row all the way around it in minutes, but some unfortunates have described spending many, many hours trekking from one side to another, as if space and time are more malleable there. **Outdoor Survival** or **Evidence Collection** finds strange tracks in certain parts of the island, and possibly a clue to the identity of a secret Witch Coven member or two.

Possession of a key to the bridge may be a sign of cult membership (**Locksmith** spots matching keys).

Streetwise suggests the park may be a good place to hide out if the Investigators are under Suspicion.

Stock Characters

Gadabout

Name: Henry Billings

Possible Role: Society gossip, assistance

Description: Early 20s, fashionably dressed but somewhat crumpled, drunk at noon

Leverage: While Billings portrays himself as a drunken fop, he conceals a seed of ambition in his heart. If presented with the opportunity to take elected office or otherwise make his mark on history, he'd take it. He wants to be great without having to do any work for it. **Assess Honesty** spots his ambition.

Victim: Scion of one of Great Arkham's wealthy families, Henry Billings is heir to a small fortune. He's a recent graduate of Miskatonic (classical history, of course, and a little law), although his grades were propped up with endowments, and he spent more time in bars or rowing clubs than in lectures. Now, he's employed either in the family firm, or with some friend of his father's, but takes his new job as seriously as his studies, although his rowing days are behind him. Stories of scandal and debauchery float around him like alcoholic fumes, but have yet to get him into trouble – and if they did, his family name would shield him from any real consequences. He may be having an affair with a Runaway (p. 148) or Actress (p. 184); if the girl becomes pregnant, he'll hush it up one way or another. There's always the orphanage in Innsmouth (p. 74).

Billings is an inveterate gossip, and knows everyone who's anyone in Old Arkham; with a spot of **Flattery**, he'll tell you the most scurrilous things about Arkham's elite.

As a victim, Billings could be blackmailed by a cult, or seek out the Investigators for help after seeing something awful in the company of Jervas Hyde (p. 113) or Samuel Waite (p. 81).

Leveraged, Billings can draw on his family's wealth and influence to aid the Investigators. He has no knowledge of the Mythos; he's too interested in having fun to care about any supposed supernatural threats.

Sinister: Henry Billings uses his drunken debauchery to allay suspicion. He and several of his friends are allies of the ghouls. Once a month or so, when the bloody mood takes them, they kidnap someone off the streets and hunt the poor soul through the tunnels under the city. It's hard to tell who is a hunter and who is a ghoul, for all the hunters are naked and smeared in grave-dirt. The hunt ends in a necrophiliac orgy, with ghouls and humans sharing bloodied wine and steaming entrails. Older members of Billings' family have become full-fledged ghouls, and look out for their promising young great-grandson.

Leveraged, Billings does the bidding of the ghoul-cult. He seeks power in order to serve the cult; he'll willingly be a puppet of the ghoul leaders, a human mask for their ambitions. Follow him with **Shadowing** to learn which graveyards he visits before making any important decisions.

Stalwart: Billings may be a drunken idiot, but he's got a good heart. He's lived in the shadow of his ancestors all his life, and if the Investigators give him a way to live up to them by being a hero, he'll take it. Leveraged, he'll help out with even the most dangerous or madcap scheme. Sneaking into the Cathedral at night? Exploring the tunnels? Mahvellous.

Alternate Names: Allen Wilmarth, Susan Upton, Joseph Crowinshield

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-30s, neurotic, pale

2) early 20s, bright young thing, vivacious

3) Late 20s, recently and unhappily married

Defining Quirks: 1) Terrible poet 2) Keen cyclist 3) Avid gambler

Investigative Abilities: Art History, Credit Rating, Flattery

General Abilities: Firearms 4, Health 4 (Sinister: Add Athletics 4, Scuffling 6, Stealth 4)

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Servant

Name: Emma Harper

Possible Role: Informant, scared eye-witness

Description: Mid-20s, reticent, relentlessly practical, scarred hands

Leverage: Emma draws strength from her faith; **Theology** spots her touching a symbol of this faith in time of need. Approach her at her church or through her pastor.

Victim: Emma's a domestic servant for one of the families in Old Arkham. She may be a live-in servant if the family are especially wealthy and have servants' quarters, or she may live in Westheath and travel to Old Arkham each day by bus or subway. If she's lucky, she has a regular arrangement with a family; if not, then she goes to the corner of Mill Street and joins the crowd there, where employers hire the lowest bidder for a day's work. No matter how meagre her pay check, she always donates a little to the church.

She never speaks about her parents, but the scars on her hands are old and were inflicted in her childhood.

This version of Emma is a member of the Church of the Conciliator, but pays no attention and has no understanding of the Mythos elements of the faith. She might be taken as a sacrifice by the gods of the Church (**Sense Trouble** spots something odd about the religious medal given to her by her priest: it marks her as a designated sacrifice), or be attacked by an employer like Samuel Waite (p. 81).

Servants are invisible and ignored; Emma would never talk about the things she sees or overhears, of course – unless an Investigator has leverage and uses **Reassurance** to draw her out.

Sinister: Emma is an initiate of the Church of the Conciliator; she's attended the night-time ceremonies where the preacher called down the Holy Spirit to feed on her blood that she spilled on the altar, becoming partially visible and nuzzling her bleeding hands like a kitten as it did so, and she's heard the monotonous piping of the angels in Heaven. Now, she's been given a holy purpose, a divine mission, one that will sanctify her and vouchsafe her a glimpse of God. The Church needs her to murder someone – some rival, perhaps, some obstacle to the Church's plans, perhaps even one of the Investigators. If Emma's convinced that she's talking to another faithful member of the true church (a **Theology** spend), she'll admit her divine mission.

Alternatively, Emma's not human. She was made out of dust and clay and blood by her employer, and to dust and clay she'll return if the spell is broken. Her employer is a sorcerer (one of the Necromantic Cabal, p. ~~44~~?), and Emma is physically incapable of knowing his secrets – she was made not to see anything out of the ordinary. She's even unaware of her own true nature. She goes to the church in search of meaning, but feels nothing. **Medicine** notes the scars on her hands are bloodless and are more like cracks in mud than human injuries. Investigating Emma leads the Investigators to confront her creator, but will likely cost Emma her facsimile of life.

Stalwart: Emma attends Fr. Iwanicki's church in Westheath (p. 162). Recently, she discovered something about one of the families in Old Arkham that brought her to Iwanicki's door in the middle of the night, shaking and shivering, her hair turned white with shock. With Iwanicki's blessing, she reveals this secret to the Investigators: is it a revelation about the Gadabout's sinister side (p. 75)? About young Miss Venner (p. 80)? About Councilor Goddard (p. 77)?

Emma has returned to work for the family despite this horror, so the Investigators have a source of information on the inside, as long as they spend **Reassurance** to bolster her courage. Can they save both Emma and the intended victims?

Alternate Names: Sally Hessel, Mary O'Mahony, Maria Koslow

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-30s, African-American, motherly and fussy

2) Mid-20s, Irish, bruises from abusive husband hidden as best she can, fast talker

3) Mid-50s, Polish, leathery and tough

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Repeats herself for emphasis 2) Sneak-thief 3) Broken English

Investigative Abilities: Streetwise

General Abilities: Health 5, Scuffling 4, Stealth 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

> And this is good old Arkham
>
> The home of the mill and the cod
>
> Where the Ornes talk only to Uptons
>
> And the Uptons talk only to Gods.
>
> —Adapted from John Bossidy's Boston Toast

Named Characters

Councilor Frederick Goddard

Role: Councilor for Old Arkham, political contact

Description: Early 60s, patrician, carries an ornate antique walking cane, oddly prominent canine teeth

Defining Quirks: 1) Condescending and patronizing 2) lives by his appointment book 3) secret gambler

Leverage: Architecture ties Goddard's company to the Dig (p. 130), and **Accounting** traces the money he's embezzled. Alternatively, he may have an illegitimate child in Innsmouth Docks, offspring of an affair he had when working on the dam.

Goddard lacks the blue-blood family connections that might be expected of the representative of Old Arkham, but his wealth tips the balance in his favour. In his youth, he worked on the design of the Olmstead Dam (p. 143), and he may still have connections to Gilman House (p. 170). He stood against Charles Ward in the most recent elections and lost, but won the special election to nominate a replacement councilor after Ward took over as mayor when Upton died. While both Goddard and Ward were friends of the late Mayor Upton, it's commonly known (**Credit Rating** or **Old Arkham Knowledge)** that the two have never liked one another, and Goddard is likely to support Jervas Hyde (p. 113) in the next mayoral election.

Victim: Goddard is innocuous, inoffensive, and utterly ineffectual. Like many of the inhabitants of Great Arkham, he's trained himself to ignore the horrific elements of the city, to blank out the supernatural horrors, and explain away the living nightmares that surround him. His credo: if he behaves properly, as a man of his station in society should, then the universe should uphold its side of the bargain and behave properly too. Anyone who doesn't behave properly has only themselves to blame when things go wrong – if Investigators insist on picking at the scabs of the world, it's no wonder that they end up covered in blood. **Cop Talk** is the best way to convince him to aid the Investigators; if they can convince him he's assisting with a mundane problem, not a supernatural one, he may exert his influence on their behalf.

Sinister: Goddard has learned to play the various sorcerous factions off against one another. He knows what the Marshes and their Gilman House (p. 170) allies hid in Olmstead Dam (p. 143), but he switched his allegiance to the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44) after Mayor Waite lost control of the city. He's also a major supporter and regular attendee of the Church of the Conciliator (p. 47) – and if he knew about any other occult factions in the city, he'd ingratiate himself with them too. Goddard survives by building coalitions and connections, and by knowing what others need. He might hire people like Private Detective (p. 170) or crooked Newshawk (p. 122) to dig up information about his prospective allies – Goddard himself might not give a damn about a copy of the *Necronomicon* or some other occult curio, but he knows their value as political capital. The Investigators can **Bargain** with him if they have something to trade. He has picked up a little sorcery over the years – just enough to defend himself.

Stalwart: As per his Sinister write-up, only Goddard's ultimate goal is to protect the ordinary people of the city. It's a numbers game for him; if helping Gilman House win an election means that fewer people get sent to the Black Ships, then he'll support the Marshes. If currying favour with the Church of the Conciliator means he can ensure a friend's child is spared, then he'll do that. He knows he can't stop the system, but he can slow it down. **Reassurance** can help bolster his fraying belief in himself; alternatively, tear him down with **Intimidation** and make him see that one desperate gamble might do more good than a thousand compromises.

Investigative Abilities: Architecture, Craft, Occult

General Abilities: Health 6, Mechanical Repair 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Mrs. Upton

Role: Possible patron (p. 8), widow of late mayor, society doyenne

Description: Late 60s, small but magnified by stance and hat, always dresses in black, expensive but understated jewellery

Defining Quirks: 1) Deaf when it suits her 2) keeps a photograph

of her husband in a locket 3) taps her wedding ring on the table when irritated

Leverage: Evidence relating to the car crash that killed her late husband.

The formidable Mrs. Upton (Abigail Dorothea Orne Upton, to be precise) is the widow of the late Francis Upton, Mayor of Great Arkham. During her late husband's tenure as mayor, she reigned supreme over Arkham's upper crust, able to make or ruin a reputation with a well-chosen word.

This state of affairs continued, after a suitable period of mourning, as the current mayor is unmarried and has little interest in socializing and official functions. Mrs. Upton is the dowager queen of Great Arkham.

She despises Jervas Hyde, the Mogul (p. 113), for his criticism of her husband's legacy and his crass, new-money ways.

Victim: Mrs. Upton has no idea who killed her husband, and sees enemies everywhere. She keeps herself in the public eye partly out of pride – she won't be intimidated – and partly as it's the only way she has to defend herself. As long as she's surrounded by cameras and important people at all times, they can't get to her the way they got to Francis, whoever *they* are. **Reassurance** gets her to admit that she's terrified and on the verge of madness; if the player characters can offer protection and a clue to the identity of her enemies, Upton might be able to help them. Her family have been a pillar of Great Arkham's polite society since colonial days; she has allies and influence everywhere, although she has no knowledge of the Mythos beyond folk traditions on how to avoid drawing the attention of dangerous forces. She especially loathes the people of Innsmouth.

She can give the Investigators access to her husband's diaries, as well as describe his relationship with key figures in the city like Agent Vorsht (p. 124), Mayor Ward (p. 125), Ephraim Waite (p. 188), Henry Armitage (p. 91), Frederick Goddard (p. 77), Dean Thursgood (p. 97) and Jervas Hyde (p. 113). Mrs. Upton's patronage is worth a 5-point pool that can be spent on Credit Rating or Old Arkham District Knowledge.

Sinister: Even if Mrs. Upton did not kill her husband, she is certainly complicit in his murder. Poor Francis had done his job, removing obstacles from the path of Mrs. Upton's true masters. He had defeated the Marshes and their servants out of Innsmouth; with control of the city back where it belonged, he could be removed. In this scenario, Mrs. Upton is an initiate of the Church of the Conciliator. Tradition is everything to her; her ancestors were here when Great Arkham was founded, and she will be here when Great Arkham is consumed

Who Killed Mayor Francis Upton?

Arkham's late mayor had many enemies. Upton was the first mayor in decades to stand up to the political power of the Gilman machine and reclaim City Hall from the denizens of Innsmouth. He was well known in the city for his ability to work with the State and Federal governments (a rare and suspicious talent in Great Arkham), and led the fight against organised crime. He also clashed with the Church of the Conciliator, although the cause of his dispute with the church leaders was never made public.

Two years ago, Francis Upton left a function at City Hall. His regular chauffeur had suddenly taken ill, so Upton decided to drive himself home. On the Garrison Bridge, witnesses saw Upton's car abruptly swerve out of control and accelerate, weaving back and forth across the bridge as if the driver was wrestling with the wheel. Upton's vehicle glanced off a heavy goods truck that was crossing the bridge in the opposite direction, then smashed through the balustrade railing and plummeted into the Miskatonic. Upton's body was recovered from the water two days later; he was buried in a closed coffin.

The common assumption held by most citizens and by virtually all the newspapers is that Upton was murdered by organised crime; either Upton's brakes were cut, or the mysterious truck seen by some witnesses ran him off the bridge. Other possibilities:

- **Suicide:** Upton might have killed himself, either because he had discovered something about the city that drove him to despair, or because he was being threatened, and the only way to protect Mrs. Upton or some other loved one was through sacrificing himself. If this is the case, then there might be clues in Mayor Upton's journals, or in the conversations he had the night before he died, which shed light on his state of mind. (**Oral History** and **Shrink;** possibly **Evidence Collection** to prove Upton's journal was tampered with)**.**
- **Terrible Revelation:** Upton, like poor Danforth in *At the Mountains of Madness*, was given a brief glimpse of some cosmic truth that shattered his mind. In this scenario, witnesses may have overhead him screaming something about *"the proto-Shoggoths", "the windowless solids with five dimensions", "the nameless cylinder", "the elder Pharos", "Yog-Sothoth"* or some other clue. Those crossing the Garrison St. Bridge in search of clues might slip through the same crack in reality with a **Cthulhu Mythos** spend; dreamers might return again and again to the image of the car hurtling into the water, cosmic horror reflected in its wing mirrors.
- **Poison:** A more mundane possibility is that Upton was poisoned, either at City Hall just before he left, or over a longer period of time by his staff or by his wife. Too much time has passed for a conventional examination of his corpse to reveal any sign of a toxin (although who knows what a Ghoul, or use of the West Formula, p. 59 might turn up), but finding the medical reports assembled after his death might turn up some clues with **Forensics**.
- **Sorcery:** Upton's erratic driving could have been the result of a sorcerous curse or attempt at possession – or maybe he was literally wrestling something as he drove, like a tickling nightgaunt. How many of the witnesses to the crash are still alive? What did they really see that night?

Investigating Upton's death gives the players leverage when dealing with Mrs. Upton – but who was ultimately responsible for the fatal car crash? Likely suspects:

- **The Marsh Gang/Gilman House:** Upton defeated the Gilman political machine, exposed their criminal connections, and cracked down on bootlegging and organised crime – and then ended up in the river. Was his coffin closed to hide the wounds left on his corpse by vengeful Deep Ones?
- **Mrs. Upton:** Either to advance the goals of the Church of the Conciliator, or out of some private madness. If her husband was about to be implicated in a scandal, the status-obsessed Mrs. Upton might have eliminated him to protect her position and his legacy.
- **Mayor Ward:** Upton's death propelled young Ward into the mayoralty – and Ward was at the party that night. Was it a planned assassination? A momentary madness? Or was the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44) involved in Upton's death? And what became of Upton's body afterwards – could his essential salts have been recovered from the water?

- **The Witch Coven:** Upton's crackdown on crime endangered the Witch Coven; perhaps Agent Vorsht (p. 124) will fall victim to a similar accident. Alternatively, Upton's death may have been a sacrifice (willing or unwilling) – the death of the city's year-king, to be replaced by a younger and stronger male.
- **The Pnakotic Cult:** They glimpsed some dreadful future; eliminating Upton moves the city onto another time-track. There may be no way to escape the ghastly fate they saw, but the Great Race will keep manipulating events and killing key figures in the hopes of discovering a way out of the city.
- **Agent Vorsht:** Vorsht blames Upton for bringing him into this insane city, and took his revenge by killing the mayor.

by the gods of her people. **Theology** or digging into church records discovers that Mrs. Upton sits on the boards of various church-run schools and charitable institutions, and that her family were among the first to foster the doctrine of Conciliation in the 19th century (see p. 20). Now, as a reward for wielding, and then disposing of, Upton as the church's tool, she's been promoted to the innermost circle of the cult.

Mayor Upton's diaries or the secret testimony of his secretary reveal the mayor's suspicions about his wife's intentions – and hint that the church's apocalypse may be closer at hand than anyone suspects.

Stalwart: Mrs. Upton wants revenge. She knows that her husband was murdered, and unlike her innocent interpretation, she's not lacking in courage. She is determined to find out how and why he was murdered, and to uphold his legacy by protecting the people of his city. She will burn Great Arkham to the ground if she has to in order to destroy the evil that has taken root in this city.

As a patron of the Investigators, Mrs. Upton offers her wealth and influence (again, treat this as a 5-point pool that can be spent on Credit Rating or Old Arkham District Knowledge; Upton can replenish this pool by favouring the player characters at some social event, but doing so raises Suspicion by 1.)

As an independent foe of the Mythos, Mrs. Upton might employ agents like the Newshawk (p. 122), the Private Detective (p. 160) or the Engineer (p. 106).

Investigative Abilities: Credit Rating, History, Intimidate, Old Arkham District Knowledge, Sentinel Hill District Knowledge

General Abilities: Health 4, Preparedness 8

Alertness Modifier: +1
Stealth Modifier: +0

Elizabeth Venner

Role: Eerie rich heiress, meddler

Description: Pale skin, yellowish eyes, dark hair in ringlets

Defining Quirks: 1) Plays with a gold chain around her wrist 2) When speaking to several people, concentrates the full force of her attention on one of them 3) soft, hypnotic voice

Leverage: Venner has an overwhelming phobia of cats; **Oral History** can discover this, and then use **Intimidation** to force her to talk.

The daughter of another of Arkham's old families, Venner's early life was scarred by tragedy. Her heavily pregnant mother was bitten by a venomous snake, and died while giving birth to Elizabeth. Her father was so shaken by this loss that he could not bear to look at his new daughter, and Elizabeth was raised by a succession of nursemaids and governesses until she could be sent away to a private boarding school, the Apollonian Institute. Now, her father has passed

away, leaving her the sole heir to his fortune and the family name, and she has returned to Great Arkham to study at Miskatonic.

Victim: The snake that bit Venner's mother was an alien entity, called up by the dark rites of some cult, and its venom altered the child *in utero*. Venner developed hypnotic powers and psychic talents as she grew, and these gifts have warped her personality. She considers humans to be her playthings, there to be manipulated for her entertainment; she enjoys breaking them. At her boarding school, she drove teachers to suicide and turned friends against one another. Now, the city is a larger playground for her. **Cop Talk** or **Oral History** can dig up accounts of strange events associated with Venner, although she's never directly named; chaos happens *around* her.]

The cult who summoned the serpent entity may try to abduct Venner; under the right conditions, she could be transformed into an oracle, a channel for the Old Ones to communicate with their servitors. The Witch Coven (p. 42) or Church of the Conciliator (p. 47) are the likely perpetrators, although Venner's serpentine attributes suggest the involvement of the Children of Yig.

Sinister: The snake-bite was an initiation; Venner has been a member of the cult since she was born. Her education was given by the cult (the "Apollonian Institute" doesn't exist; she was either raised in secret at the Aylott Seminary, p. 141, or in some extra-dimensional dreamland under the tutelage of Keziah Mason (p. 95)). Her return to Arkham is a sign that the End Times are coming to the city, and the cult is ready to bring its strange daughter back into play. Venner's mission in Arkham may be to infiltrate rival cults, or eliminate rival sorcerers in preparation for the Ritual of Opening (p. 60) – or is she destined to be the avatar of some Outer God, like Wilbur Whateley's brother?

In addition to her hypnotic gift, this version of Venner can transform into a gigantic snake (Athletics 11, Health 8, Scuffling 20).

Stalwart: As per her Victim incarnation, but Venner has retained some portion of her humanity; she's driven by curiosity, not malice, and uses her preternatural gifts to dig into mysteries. She's still responsible for a string of tragedies and suicides (she unwittingly forced several people to confront truths about themselves that they couldn't live with), but does not consider herself inhuman. Investigators who can cope with her instinctive hypnotism and strange behaviour can make Venner into a very useful ally – at least, until the cult who spawned her come looking for their wayward child.

Investigative Abilities: Art History, Credit Rating, Flattery, Outdoor Survival

General Abilities: Athletics 4, Health 6, Hypnotism 12, Scuffling 4 (special: Venner has no control over her hypnotism. Whenever she pays attention to someone, roll 1d6 to determine how many Hypnotism points she expends, and pick an appropriate hypnotic effect. When her Hypnotism pool is depleted, Venner feels drained and unengaged.)

Add Magic 8 for her Sinister incarnation.

Alertness Modifier: +2 **Stealth Modifier:** +2

Samuel Waite

Role: Mob lawyer, political opponent, cult leader

Description: Mid-40s, heavy-set, jowly, well-dressed, with a strange golden tie-pin

Defining Quirks: 1) Seemingly near-sighted; peers closely at Investigators 2) leans on a cane 3) laughs at odd and disconcerting times

Leverage: Play him off against Boss Marsh (p. 175)

The Waite family are old money, but that money comes from the sea, and from Innsmouth, and so they aren't *quite* part of Arkham's elite. Samuel's uncle (Ephraim Waite, p. 188) and grandfather were both mayors of Great Arkham, lifted up to the highest office by a tide of support organised by Gilman House (p. 170). Now, that support has ebbed away, and left Samuel Waite's political ambitions stranded. For all his considerable wealth and influence, he still hungers for respect, for power… for something he cannot name. He has repeatedly denied any connection to the Marsh organised crime family, although his law firm has represented some of their foot soldiers in court.

He's a regular at Jervas Hyde (p. 113)'s cocktail parties (and possibly other, viler gatherings – see the Sinister take on Hyde); he openly loathes Mrs. Upton (p. 77) and Mayor Ward (p. 125). The Lawyer (p. 108) may work for him.

Victim: With his family background and his hunger for power, Samuel Waite is never going to be wholly innocuous, but you can use his Deep One heritage as a red herring, making the players suspect an Innsmouth connection to some mystery where none exists. He might

be keeping his transformation in check with medication (obtained in Chinatown, perhaps, or developed by some experimental pharmacist at Miskatonic); no doubt such medication has all sorts of unpleasant side effects, but keeps him close to human. If this medication was stolen, or his source endangered, Waite might turn to the Investigators for help.

Alternatively, if the Waites practice soul transference ala *The Thing on the Doorstep*, then Samuel might be destined to be the host for the consciousness of his uncle Ephraim (p. 188). The former mayor "took ill" in 1925, and is now bedridden in Kingsport Hospital. **Occult** or **Cthulhu Mythos** (or a warning from the Pnakotic Cult, p. 51) alerts the Investigators that Ephraim will soon swap bodies with his nephew; do the Investigators try to save the unpleasant Samuel from the genuinely evil Ephraim?

Sinister: As a full-fledged villain, Samuel Waite's feud with his Marsh cousins may be a ruse; he's the mob's defence lawyer and face in polite society. He still harbours ambitions to replace Boss Marsh as head of the Innsmouth faction. He slows his transformation into a Deep One the same way his family has done for years, by extracting the biochemical essence of humanity and injecting it once a month. Producing this essence requires that he boil down several victims every month; Waite has the Private Detective (p. 160) on retainer, looking for easy targets like the Runaway (p. 148) or an Afflicted (p. 58) who can be dragged to the rendering vats.

Other members of Waite's family don't need to maintain their human guise. His mansion has extensive and high-walled gardens running down to the banks of the Miskatonic River, ensuring easy access to the waters. Unwanted visitors, unlucky party guests and captured Investigators get chased and devoured by Waite's fully-transformed cousins. These cousins also bring Waite counsel and sorcerous assistance from the ancient Deep Ones who dwell in sunken Y'ha-nthlei off the coast.

Stalwart: Samuel Waite is a monster, but he's a human monster. He knows too much about the workings of the Esoteric Order and the city; he's deduced the existence of Openers and Closers (p. 40), and is very much on the side of the Closers. He wants to prolong his debauched and cruel existence at the pinnacle of Arkham society, instead of being devoured, or at best, transformed into a servitor of some alien god. He wants to keep the city as it is, and if helping the Investigators gets him closer to that goal, he'll help them. This version of Samuel Waite isn't a sorcerer; he doesn't have access to the Ritual of Opening, and needs the player characters' help in finding it. **Assess Honesty** confirms he'll throw the Investigators to the wolves (or the fishes) without hesitation if it benefits him, but until then he can shelter them from the Marsh Gang and the city authorities.

Investigative Abilities: Cop Talk, Law

General Abilities: Scuffling 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** -1

University District

Ivy-wreathed Miskatonic University stands at the heart of this district. Once a sleepy country college, notable mainly for its Department of Medieval Metaphysics, Miskatonic University has grown considerable in size and prestige in the last two decades. Rivalry with the nearby Massachusetts Institute of Technology led to the expansion of the University's Departments of Physics, Engineering, Geology and Anthropology. A series of high-profile overseas expeditions undertaken by University researchers further raised Miskatonic's profile; the college's medical faculty is also highly respected. Today, the college is one of Arkham's largest employers. The area surrounding the university is dominated by student housing, bookstores, movie houses and other entertainments; a wellspring of youthful exuberance, idealism and intellectual curiosity rushes through the district, making it more lively and crowded than other districts in Great Arkham. It's easy, even tempting, to hide inside the ivory tower of Miskatonic University and ignore the darkness and strangeness of the city beyond.

The University District borders on Old Arkham on its western side; most of the tenured faculty live in that area, or on the south side of the campus along leafy Miskatonic Avenue. The northern edge of the district, along the river, is a maze of tenements

and student houses. Its unsavoury reputation is undeserved; there are worse places in Great Arkham. The eastern side of the University District is quiet, swallowed in the shadows cast by the black stone towers that stand there.

Encounters

The Diner

While in a diner near campus, one of the Investigators overhears a familiar and disturbing name from her occult research spoken aloud. As she listens further to the buzz of the crowd, she can make out words. Snatches of conversation, half-heard shouts, mixed with the roar of the passing cars and the rattle of the subways somehow coalesce into discernible words – familiar words. With a **Cthulhu Mythos** or **Cryptography** spend, the Investigator can recognise that it is the text of the *Necronomicon*. The city is reading the *Al Azif* to the Investigator, as if trying to reveal some hidden truth through every possible means.

The Bookseller

An academic Investigator (Professor, Author etc.) finds one of his books in a second-hand bookshop on Washington Street. Someone has scribbled annotations in the margin in an antique hand, correcting the Investigator's theories about myth cycles and folklore. Whoever made these notes wrote with a cruel confidence, as if they'd lived through those ancient myths, and had direct experience of the real truth behind them, which the Investigator can only blindly fumble for. At the back of the book is a folded letter, used perhaps as a bookmark, written in the same old-fashioned handwriting. It decries the Investigator's theories, and mocks his current, unpublished work in precise detail. The letter must be twenty years old; the Investigator started the work it mocks only last year. They know the Investigator's future, and it amuses them. Who are they? Likely the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51), or the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44, able to discern future events through their veneration of Yog-Sothoth.)

The Negatives

In an old filing cabinet or dusty university storeroom, the Investigator finds a large collection of photographic negatives, stored in heavy metal cases. According to the labels, these came back from one of the university's overseas expeditions, perhaps to Antarctica, Australia or South America. If the Investigators develop the images with **Photography**, they see strange half-real entities lurking in the images, apparently invisible to the scientists and explorers in the foreground. More worryingly, the shapes in the photography are *moving*, and soon they escape the frame and spill into the material world. The Investigators must find the survivors of that expedition, and learn what those entities might be if they are to contain this outbreak (and if they don't stop this strange incursion, the Transport Police definitely will…)

The Sleeping Book

A group of laughing students have found a curious book in the Orne Library – presumably, one mis-shelved in the chaos after the raid on the Armitage Inquiry. The book is written in an unknown script, but anyone who reads it falls asleep after only a few pages. The students find this phenomenon hilarious, and are taking turns to see how far each one can get before blacking out, and challenge the Investigators to take part. With **Cryptography, Languages** or **Occult**, an Investigator begins to dimly discern *meaning* in those strange glyphs – and then she must make a Stability test to stay awake. And another. And another. How far is the Investigator prepared to go to read the mysterious book?

Radical Lecturer

A strange lecturer cum showman visits the university, and shows terrible truths to the audience by means of flicking images. Shadowed on a screen, the Investigators see hooded forms amidst ruins, and pale evil faces peering from behind fallen monuments. They see the world battling against blackness; against the waves of destruction from ultimate space; whirling, churning; struggling around the dimming, cooling sun. Then the sparks play amazingly around the heads of the spectators, and their hair stands up on end whilst grotesque shadows come out and squat on their heads. Afterwards, the city seems changed, although it appears identical – the lecturer has somehow stripped away the ability of all the members of the audience to subconsciously deny the supernatural horror of Great Arkham. Everyone who attended that lecture is now a potential Investigator – or a potential cultist. They can no longer ignore the truth.

Stock Locations

Laboratory

Name: Department of Anatomy Dissecting Room, Department of Chemistry, Department of Experimental Physics. There are also private research laboratories and inventors in the district; Munoz Medical Research, Farber Engineering, and the massive Gardner Agro-Chemical laboratory for example.

Masked: Spotlessly clean and reassuringly rational; every surface scrubbed until the steel gleams. Neatly labelled samples float in glass jars, precisely arranged on a shelf. Graduate students toil away at their benches, textbooks open at their sides. Some of the pages are discoloured by spilled chemicals, but that little imperfection perversely reinforces the impression that this lab is a temple to reason, a paean to an ordered universe.

The scientist, in his lab coat: earnest and effusive, perhaps, eager to get to the bottom of whatever mystery you have brought him. Or supercilious and dismissive of your petty concerns; this is his lab, his little kingdom, and you come as a supplicant to the altar of science. He might be relentlessly practical, wiping engine oil from his hands, seeing every problem as something that can be drilled, hammered, nailed or dissolved in acid. He might be distant and forgetful, his mind untethered and off considering some wonderful abstract problem while his mouth makes polite noises. In any case, spending a suitable ability (**Geology, Physics, Chemistry, Forensics**; **Bargain** or **University District Knowledge** to call in a favour if you're not a scientist yourself) convinces the researcher to consider some problem or mystery brought to him by the Investigators. He'll report back with his results when his work is done.

Calling on a laboratory can raise Suspicion (p. 21) unless the Investigators impress upon the researcher the need for discretion.

Unmasked: The laboratory is locked and shuttered, unwelcoming to outsiders. Inside, everything is gloomy and obscure; even the harsh lights above the dissecting tables somehow fail to bring clarity to the ambiguous subjects on the slab. Any notes are written in a cramped hand or in some private cypher; the purpose of any machinery seems contradictory or incomprehensible. Other details strike you as odd: the old tin bathtub, big enough for a body, left next to the bottles of hydrochloric acid. The diagram on the blackboard, correlating astronomical observations of the star Aldebaran with changes in the human circadian rhythm. A hatch, heavily padlocked, leads to another room

Unverifiable Results

While the university staff are careful not to say anything in public, for fear of damaging the already-tarnished reputation of Miskatonic in the wake of the Armitage affair, in the Faculty of Science staff room they talk of a new and strange scandal that's already brewing – experimental results made in several fields at Miskatonic University cannot be replicated elsewhere. Nor are these small discrepancies: the results are so radically different, and spread across every field of study from organic chemistry through atomic physics all the way to, impossibly, *pure mathematics* that otherwise sober and conservative scientists have begun to speculate about "discontiguous space-time", "islands of reality" and "local constants".

The other possibility, and the one pointed at by Occam's Razor, is that Miskatonic staff have falsified results or are simply incompetent. Researchers in the Science Faculty now mistrust one another, or suppress their own experimental results out of fear of scandal.

below the lab – it's for disposal of chemicals, they say, chemicals and other waste.

Cast: Students (p. 90) and Professors (p. 89) to taste. The Engineer (p. 106) might work in one of the private laboratories in the district, or teach part-time in the university. Jervas Hyde (p. 113), obsessing about some new invention or discovery. Members of the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) obviously frequent the university's chemistry labs. The Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) could be behind some of the more unusual inventions created in the Miskatonic laboratories.

Clues: Spot stolen chemicals or electronic components with **Chemistry** or **Electrical Repair**. **Evidence Collection** spots the scratches left when the experiment broke its bonds and escaped into the night. **Physics** realizes that the diagram on the blackboard depicts a wormhole in space-time; **Occult Studies** or **Cthulhu Mythos** intuits that the topography of the wormhole is eerily reminiscent of the Sign of Leng described in certain forbidden tomes. Gather gossip about the strangely secretive professor, or brilliant but eccentric student.

Access to a laboratory – or at least the supplies from one – is a requisite for various types of analysis and investigation.

Student House

Names: Witch House, Hill's Boarding House, No. 53 Church Street.

There are five dormitories on the Miskatonic campus, where most undergraduates not native to the city live. Graduate students, and a few adventurous juniors and seniors, prefer to rent accommodation, especially along Church Street and the area near the river. The infamous Witch House is an example of this sort of place, although not, one would hope, a model to be emulated. Such accommodation is often shared with immigrant workers in the Westheath mills or Gardner farms, or in the factories across the river in Northside.

The growth of the university and demand for student housing means that older houses, some of which were previously considered derelict, have been converted into mean little apartments or dormitories. Some supposed student houses are used as bordellos or drug dens, fuelling worries about the moral decay of the flower of Great Arkham's youth.

Masked: Conversations in several languages meld into a lively background noise. A girl sits on the stairs, smoking a cigarette and reading a book of poetry; she shifts imperceptibly to the side to allow another resident – a red-eyed man, a night-shift factory worker – to stumble past her on his way to bed. Upstairs, raised voices argue over some obscure question – you can't tell if they're arguing about physics, methane, or metempsychosis—but Arabs are definitely involved. The Landlady (p. 204) has retreated to her downstairs room to get some peace (or is she listening at the door?)

Oral History lets the Investigators pick up rumours – not just from the University District, but also from Westheath, Northside, Dunwich, or even Old Arkham or Sentinel Hill, if some of the residents here work in those parts of the city.

Unmasked: The house is run-down and foul-smelling. There are many rooms; more than you'd expect, given the narrowness of the building from outside. Long dark corridors stretch off into the gloom; from behind some doors, you overhear groans and gasps, or guttural croaking, or just laboured breathing. The floor is uneven, suggesting warped boards or flood damage. No-one talks above a whisper, as if everyone is accustomed to keeping to themselves and not asking questions. The kitchen is communal; old women watch you suspiciously as you pass through, and make strange hand gestures behind your back as you leave.

Cast: Students (p. 90) and their Sinister Landlady (p. 204), of course. Others living in a cheap but respectable boarding house include the Nurse (p. 145), Labourer (p. 158) or Artist (p. 184). The Runaway (p. 148) could also be staying here with friends.

Clues: Oral History to learn about the disappearance of a promising young student; **Library Use** or **Evidence Collection** finds library cards for certain suspicious books. **Languages** or **Theology** to learn of the curious superstitions of the other residents. For that matter, spend **Bargain** to bribe a student to look up something in the Orne Library (p. 87) without attracting the attention of the authorities.

If this is *the* Witch House, then **Physics** or **Architecture** notices the weird angles in the attic room; other old houses in this district might have similar Witch Coven (p. 42) gates, or basement tunnels leading to the river, or cellars with abandoned Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) experiments.

Landmarks

Miskatonic University

Founded in 1765 with a bequest of money and books from the estate of Jedediah Orne, Miskatonic University has grown into a sprawling campus with nearly 8,000 students. The cluster of buildings at the heart of the university – the Science Hall, the Liberal Arts building, the dorms, the President's House, old Locksley Hall, and the Orne Library – all nestle on the pleasant leafy green along College Street, but the university has spread far beyond its original campus, and is ravenously hungry for space. Former houses and shops in the district have been bought and converted into offices, laboratories or classrooms; plans to build a new secondary campus in Salamander Fields languish in committee on Sentinel Hill.

The recent Armitage scandal shook the university to its very foundations, and prompted the resignation of President Wainscot; several other senior members of staff also retired or are considering their positions, and the college is scrambling to ensure that wealthy benefactors continue their financial support despite recent events. By virtue of his position as head librarian, Dr. Armitage worked closely with most of the staff, and was a well-known figure to the student body; ongoing police investigations into Armitage's conspiracy suggest that everyone on campus is under suspicion. The new President of the college, Dr. Aldcot, insists that Miskatonic can move on from the scandal of Armitage's madness, but as long as the former librarian remains at large, Armitage continues to be an unseen presence on campus.

Masked: The Masked version of Miskatonic is a refuge from the horrors of the city. It's a place of rationality, of documented history and scientific methodology, a stable place where the Investigators can catch their breath and orient themselves. Even for those Consumed by the City (p. 26), the new Miskatonic is very like the one they remember – just larger and wealthier. In this setup, the ongoing police investigation into the Armitage scandal represents tendrils of corruption reaching into campus; the Investigators must thwart Agent Vorsht (p. 124) and the city authorities from imposing their tainted unreality on Miskatonic.

Unmasked: Viewed through a sinister lens, Miskatonic University is a nest of mad scientists and seekers after blasphemous knowledge. The physicists who find new meaning in the *Necronomicon* from their experimental observations with telescopes and spectrographs, the anthropologists who make expeditions to lands that are found on no Earthly map, the poets and theologians who, through intuition and haunting metaphor, map the psychic contours of alien gods – all these minds, straining in different directions, correlating the unthinkable. Burn it all down!

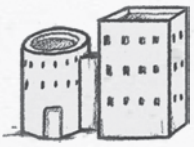
The Unmasked university is funded and directed by City Hall. What secret project are they working on?

- Mapping ritual sites and studying the Ritual of Opening (p. 60)?
- Exploring Great Arkham's weird extradimensional status (p. 27), possibly through expeditions to whatever's really beyond the city.
- Experimenting on citizens in order to create a mutant form of human that can survive when the Stars Are Right
- Trying to counter the malignant manipulations of the Pnakotic Cult by researching time travel or ways to stop the Yithian mind-swapping (p. 51)

Cast: Doris Morgan (p. 96), Dean Thursgood (p. 97) and Professor Pabodie (p. 90) are all on staff here, as is the Historian (p. 136). Mix in Students (p. 90), Professors (p. 89) and porters to taste. Visitors to the university might include Dr. Hardstrom (p. 112) or Dr. Obligot (p. 188). Mrs. Upton (p. 77) and Zenas Gardner (p. 161) are notable benefactors.

Clues: Tracing university funds with **Accounting** points to the existence of the secret project. **Reassurance** spends give clues about Armitage's hiding place.

Orne Library



The university's library building, named for Jedediah Orne. It's built into the lower levels of a black tower, whose architecture is reminiscent – in some lights – of a Gothic cathedral. Unusually, this tower has strangely shaped windows on its lower levels, allowing some light to penetrate the gloomy interior. Electric lights provide more reliable illumination on the public levels, but some of the upper collections require visitors to carry their own lamps with them. The library's collection of books and periodicals is extremely large, and was well-curated until last year. During the police investigation of the former head librarian, large portions

of the collection were torn down and hastily searched for concealed Communist propaganda or bomb-making equipment, and then thrown haphazardly back onto the shelves. The librarians are still trying to put the place in order, and many books went missing in the chaos.

Masked: Dr. Armitage may be gone, his castle overthrown, but the Orne Library is still a refuge and a place of learning. The new librarian, Doris Morgan, keeps the best of Armitage's legacy untainted by scandal and corruption; there are more security guards than before, and the clerks look suspiciously at anyone who asks too many questions about Armitage or requests to look at the restricted tomes, but academically-minded Investigators can still cocoon themselves in books and shut out the world outside. Warm electric lights shine down from polished steel sconces; the stairs and bookcases are of polished oak that gleams in contrast to the cold black stone walls.

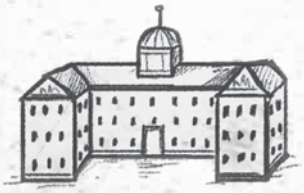
Unmasked: Whatever bargain or binding Armitage made is gone now, and the library is free. It is like the city in microcosm, sprouting new corridors and wings to entrap the unwary. Books are unfixed; they rewrite themselves, changing when you're not looking at them, new information fruiting like fungal growths on the pages or changing to deliberately betray the reader. The new librarian tries to keep the library in check, and she's managed to nail down the central area around the main reading room, corralling the unspace with electric lights and Elder Signs, but the greater library is loose and hungry. Walk down the wrong corridor, and discover your own thoughts scrawled across the pages of a book. Go too far into the dark, and find yourself in another library, in another Arkham, reality endlessly reshuffled like loose pages in a book.

Cast: Doris Morgan, the New Librarian (p. 96) runs the library. The Historian (p. 136) is a regular visitor. Obviously, the place is full of Students (p. 90). In addition to the university faculty and students, the Engineer (p. 106), Clerk (p. 121), Poet (p. 184) or Actress (p. 184) might visit the library to pursue some private research. The library is still under police scrutiny; either plainclothes detectives or uniformed police may be watching visitors, and the rustling and scratching noises in the walls suggest other unfriendly eyes are watching too.

Clues: For general research, **Library Use** or a suitable academic ability (**History, Anthropology, Archaeology)** allows for clue discovery in the library.

Library Use and a modicum of luck to find books mis-shelved or missed by the police raid; **Library Use** or **Bureaucracy** can also get a list of the books impounded by the authorities. **Streetwise** warns Investigators that their reading lists will be scrutinised by the authorities. If Armitage (p. 91) is hiding out here, then **Evidence Collection** finds signs that someone's living in the upper levels of the library.

University Exhibit Museum



Open to the public, this large museum displays but a fraction of the university's collection of archaeological and anthropological treasures, fossils and stuffed animals, geological samples and other scientific curiosities, as well as its collections of fine and folk art. Pride of place is given to a brontosaurus skeleton displayed in the foyer; most visitors gravitate towards the dioramas of prehistoric life and the mediocre Egyptian collection. Other rooms display collections and photographs related to the various overseas expeditions undertaken by the university, as well as a large exhibition about the villages and towns west of Great Arkham, which were drowned by the building of the Quarro Reservoir.

The contents of the museum may give Investigators clues to the true nature of the city. Events like the 1931 Antarctic expedition, or 1935 Australian expedition, were widely reported in Arkham, covered with daily updates in the newspapers and on the radio. If there are no exhibits, then is that proof that the Investigators are dreaming of the city, or that they have somehow moved to another reality? Are the expeditions exercises in propaganda, staged to convince people that there is a world outside Great Arkham?

Alternatively, use the exhibitions to show the mob turning on the Armitage Inquiry – as several key members of the expedition staff, like William Dyer, were arrested and are awaiting trial, the Antarctic and Australian exhibits might be vandalised, or hastily shuffled into storage.

Masked: The museum is dry and largely uninteresting; the displays either concern themselves with prehistory, or have been carefully censored and scrubbed of useful information. The stored collections (not accessible to the public, although a suitable spend or the right occupation grants access) may yield more secrets.

The museum contains several curious artefacts that may be of significance, including relics recovered from the Australian trip that have never been displayed to the public. The **Pnakotic Cult** (p. 51) might break into the museum to recover their 150-million-year-old technology, or even have arranged the expedition in the first place through manipulation of time.

Unmasked: The Unmasked museum might hint at the unreal nature of the city, with faked exhibits to conceal the hollow history of Great Arkham. Alternatively, the expeditions might be stranger than was reported in the press; what if the city arranged for the recovery of frozen Shoggoths and Elder Things from the polar ice, or brought back documents from the City of the Great Race?

Cast: The usual Students (p. 90). The Historian (p. 136), looking at the records of the early city. The Burglar (p. 132) – casing the joint, or just cooling his heels until dark. The Shopkeeper (p. 195), on a lunch break.

Clues: Craft might spot that some of the exhibits are faked; **Photography** might notice the presence of sinister, unnamed figures in the background of group photographs of the expedition teams, suggesting that there were agents of the city authorities overseeing the trips outside the city. **Anthropology** notes the collection of relics from the drowned river valley, and hints that the Pocumtuc tribe who once dwelt in those haunted valleys shunned the lower reaches of the Miskatonic even then.

Stock Characters

Professor

Name: Frank Pabodie
Possible Role: Purveyor of scientific expertise

Description: Mid-50s but looks younger, missing two fingers on left hand, odd chemical stains on his clothing

Professor Pabodie is part of Miskatonic's engineering department, and was a key member of the Antarctic Expedition in 1931, when his ingenious portable drills and cold-weather modifications to the airplane engines proved invaluable to the success of the project (assuming, of course, that the expedition took place in this reality). Versatile and usually unflappable, Pabodie has read widely beyond his field – even going so far as to read the copy of the *Necronomicon* kept in the Orne Library.

He strenuously denies allegations that he was part of the scandalous Armitage Inquiry, even though two of his close friends – Professors Dyer and Moore – were both members. While he has never been a man to care much for politics or his reputation, Pabodie is now besieged by allegations and suspicions, and the stress has frayed his nerves and weakened his once-legendary self-control.

Leverage: Confronting Pabodie with contradictions in his account of the Antarctic expedition, or blackmailing/threatening him with proof of his connections to the Armitage Inquiry.

Victim: Pabodie is in the middle of a nervous breakdown. It might stem from his fear of being arrested, or from his inability to reconcile the city around him with his memories of Arkham as it should be, or from memories of things he saw in Antarctica. Present Pabodie initially to the players as a potential stalwart ally, before pushing him over the edge into madness. His breakdown starts with outbursts of temper or paranoia, before he loses his mind entirely, becoming obsessed with Great Arkham's weird architecture and ending up in a padded room at the Sanitarium (p. 103) – assuming he's not found dead at the base of one of the towers first. **Architecture** or **Geology** might find some revelation in his scribbled essays about the engineering of the black stone towers, perhaps pointing to their origin, or noting some significance in how they are arranged.

Sinister: Pabodie wasn't brought into the Inquiry, despite his extensive field experience and his knowledge of the Mythos, because Armitage did not trust him (**Assess Honesty** agrees with Armitage's assessment; there is an unwholesome confidence about Pabodie, the vile surety of a man who has rejected all moral codes and believes he is beyond judgement). Pabodie spent far too much time closeted with poor mad Danforth after returning from Antarctica, asking questions about the city of the Old Ones and the alien geometry of the tunnels beneath the ice. Now, with the Inquiry gone, Pabodie is free to indulge his macabre curiosity about the Mythos.

If wholly human, Pabodie is intent on unlocking the secrets of the towers. He may believe them to be the keystones of titanic gates, portals in space-time like the witches use, but made for cyclopean, stumbling entities the size of mountains. He may suggest that they are facets of a greater entity that exists in higher dimensions ("*like Leng – Alhazred said it was in Thibet,* and *in the cold waste beyond Kadath. And*

Danforth saw it in Queen Anne's Land. How else could all three be true, and more – infinitely more. I tell you, those are the same stones we saw in Antarctica, and Alhazred found in the depths of the Empty Quarter when he sought the City of Pillars! *Pillars, you hear me?"*)

Alternatively, Pabodie might be a member of the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51), or have discovered some of their technology and is now determined to reactivate it.

Stalwart: The stalwart Pabodie is a potential member of Doris Morgan's revived inquiry, although she has yet to approach him for fear of police surveillance. Pabodie is determined to prove the innocence of his friends Dyer and Moore – or, failing that, to break them out of prison before they go to trial and the electric chair.

Alternate Names: Professor Mary Kildrew, Professor Alberta Stacker, Professor Fedor Becskei

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-50s, conservative dress and head-scarf, prayer beads (lapsed nun, now lecturer in Ancient Languages)

2) Late 40s, squat, perspires after slightest exertion, egotistical (research chemist, works with Zenas Gardner (p. 161))

3) Ostensible mid-40s but looks much younger, goatee and glasses, intense eyes (prodigy in mathematics and physics; fled persecution and prejudice in his oddly obscure and ill-defined homeland 'overseas')

Distinctive Quirks: 1) talks to herself in Ancient Greek 2) only eats the most synthetic, processed foods, especially chemical nutrient broths of her own concoction 3) addresses everyone by their full name and title at all times

Investigative Abilities: Any three Academic or Technical Abilities, Bureaucracy, Credit Rating, Library Use, University District Knowledge

General Abilities: Health 6. Any three of the following abilities at 6: Electrical Repair, Explosives, Hypnosis, Mechanical Repair, Piloting, Preparedness, Psychoanalysis. If the professor has Occult or Cthulhu Mythos as an Academic Ability, add Magic to the list.

Alertness Modifier: -1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Student

Name: Hettie Lear

Possible Role: Witness, eager and mostly clueless assistant

Description: Late teens or early twenties, long skirt and long-sleeved blouse, gloves to 'hide the paint stains', short hair, smoker.

Lear studies art history at Miskatonic University. If she's an undergraduate, she lives on the campus in one of the supervised dormitories; if she's a graduate student, then she might live at a student house (p. 86) under the watchful eye of a landlady who chaperones her.

Leverage: Lear's essays, analysed through the critical lens of **Art History**, reveal clues to her troubled life. Alternatively, gathering rumours with **Oral History** from other students discovers who she's been associating with.

Victim: Through her studies, Hettie's been exposed to some dreadful contagion. Was it a peculiar pigment used in an old portrait from the colonial days of Arkham? Did she handle some oddly greasy idol? Or was she sprayed by the Transport Police's chemical mist? (**Medicine, Chemistry**, **Forensics** or **Pharmacy** might give insight). In any case, Hettie's health is rapidly declining. Dizzied and terrified by her condition, and afraid to go to a doctor, Lear's decided to try to hold out until the end of term. She can go home then, after all, and she's sure that her family will take care of her. Fresh air and sunlight and good food over the summer will cure all her ills. She was previously among those able to leave the city, and is unaware that her association with the player characters has closed this door.

Channelling her nervous energy into bonhomie makes Hettie appear bright and cheerful; **Assess Honesty** or **Reassurance** lets the Investigators discover that she's fighting to conceal her strange illness. She claims that she doesn't want to make a fuss and her ailment is a trivial one, but secretly she's afraid that a diagnosis would force her to confront her situation head-on. She's also unaware that she's spreading a lesser form of her contagion to other students.

Possible contagions a cruel Keeper might inflict on sweet Hettie:

- Her skin becomes progressively more translucent in direct light. Soon, so do her organs and bones, until one day a car with bright headlights passes and she is apparently disintegrated in the light. In this scenario, Hettie isn't the only person to have suffered such a strange transcendence, and she may be able to make contact with the player characters after dissolving, manifesting as a wet smear of ectoplasm on a windowpane, or a weird crackle on a badly tuned radio.
- An unnatural – and contagious – pregnancy. Anyone who associates with Hettie is infested by weird

hard-shelled maggots that hatch from subcutaneous eggs. The queen of this alien brood grows within Hettie's womb. In this case, Hettie had a secret tryst with some other key non-player character, and **Interrogating** her gets the identity of her former lover.

- She dreams of a particular house on a strange street in Great Arkham. Over time, her dreams consume her, and she frantically paints pictures of this house until one night she captures it with **Art.** The next day, the Investigators find this painting in her room, and note that the paint is freshest on the figure that resembles Hettie. Has she somehow managed to reach this house through obsessive painting, stepping through the canvas into some other world? Can the Investigators follow her that way, or must they find the house in the waking world? And what about others who suffer from Hettie's contagion?

Sinister: The sinister Student is an informant for Dean Thursgood (p. 97), passing gossip and rumours about her fellow students' behaviour. Hettie's cheerful façade conceals her manipulative, venomous personality; she enjoys ruining other people, especially those foolish enough to trust her. So far, all she's done is report on students who have been drunk, disorderly, sexually active or who behave oddly, but over the course of the campaign she becomes drawn to the player characters if they have any association with the university, and tries to infiltrate their group to expose their secrets to Thursgood. She's good at hiding her true feelings (**Assess Honesty** can tell she's holding back, but not what she's really concealing), and her ability to blend into a crowd and move freely in the university could make her indispensable to the Investigators – until it's too late…

The Sinister Hettie might also suffer from a mysterious ailment – are Thursgood and his masters using the disease as leverage, or has Hettie embraced the Mythos willingly, believing herself to be above humanity?

Stalwart: The Stalwart incarnation of Hettie saw several friends of her fall victim to the mysterious contagion, and is determined to find out the cause of their disappearances (or removal by the Transport Police). She's started her own investigation, keeping her notes concealed in an obscure textbook in the Orne Library (she's sure that her room was searched while she was out, and that she's under observation by sinister forces). If the Investigators protect her (**Reassurance**), she'll confide in them and tell them where to obtain her notes.

Alternate Names: Stuart Carmichael, Alyson Shaffer, Morey Amsterdam

Alternate Descriptions:
1) Condescending and superior, believes himself to be God's gift both to academia and the fairer sex, sports coat and slicked-back hair, carries a hip flask (medical student, possible new recruit for the Halsey Fraternity, p. 53)

2) Shy, thick glasses, lab coat, always buried in a book (physics student, possible Pnakotic Cult agent, p. 51)

3) Darkly handsome and sinister, eyes like an Egyptian pharaoh, hints at secret knowledge, clothes stained with what might be grave-dirt (history student, claims to have *deliberately* sought out Great Arkham to study here)

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Has the unsettling knack of diagnosing terminal diseases at a glance 2) Always carries a Geiger-counter-like apparatus of her own design and checks it regularly; refuses to say what she's monitoring 3) smokes elaborately rolled cigarillos

Investigative Abilities: Oral History, Streetwise, University District Knowledge, any one Academic ability

General Abilities: Health 4, Shadowing 6, Stealth 4

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Named Characters

Dr. Henry Armitage

Description: Mid-80s but remarkably fit and healthy, white-bearded, wears spectacles with cracked lenses

The most infamous criminal in Great Arkham is an octogenarian academic, who – for most of his career – was a respectable member of the Miskatonic University faculty. In retrospect, though, his radical beliefs should have been obvious to observers. Everyone agrees that the trouble began in 1928, when the librarian suffered some form of nervous breakdown. His physician, Dr. Hartwell, notes that Armitage had driven himself to exhaustion working on an encyphered manuscript, said to be a letter or diary of some sort, but Armitage refused to speak of the contents of the manuscript to either Hartwell or his wife. He would confide only in other academics, like Professors Rice and Morgan, and over the next ten years his circle of close allies – conspirators, to be precise – widened even as Armitage withdrew from the world. After the sudden death of his wife Elizabeth, he turned over

most of his duties at the library to his subordinates, and spent virtually all his time closeted in the restricted stacks, reading and writing letters. Colleagues outside his inner circle assumed that Armitage was simply eccentric and indulging himself in obscure occult research. None of them suspected the truth.

In the early hours of November 1st, 1936, police forces under the command of Federal Agent Vorsht raided the Orne Library and the homes of a number of Miskatonic professors and students. They discovered bomb-making equipment and explosives, as well as political tracts and letters proving that Armitage and his associates espoused a radical anarcho-communist philosophy, and were planning on blowing up City Hall and other civic buildings. While most of the group were arrested, Armitage escaped capture by detonating a home-made bomb, killing three police officers.

The professor is still at large. The police believe that he is still in the city, and that someone – or possibly some group – has given him shelter. Rumours suggest that he is hiding in tunnels and sewers beneath the university, or in the Northside graveyard, or that he's still lurking in his library. Cynics say that Armitage was killed in that initial raid, and the authorities are using a dead man to prop up their unlawful inquisition.

Leveraged Clues: Win Armitage's trust with **Reassurance** that you don't believe the accusations levelled against him; **Cthulhu Mythos** also helps prove you know what you're talking about. Alternatively, compel his aid by threatening (**Intimidation**) to turn him over to Agent Vorsht (p. 124).

Victim: The shock of losing his life's work, coupled with the stress of a year on the run, has driven Armitage insane. He could endure the terrible knowledge of the Mythos with the support of his brave friends and students; alone, the horror was too much for him, and he's now a broken man. He's another one of the Afflicted (p. 58) on the streets of Great Arkham. He may have turned to ghoulish cannibalism if he's living in the sewers and tunnels; if he's living on the streets or in some filthy squat, then he's come to rely on the kindness of the Hobo (p. 134). He suspects everyone of being a police informant; in his madness, he's more comfortable with ghouls and monsters than with fellow humans. Armitage is too far gone to lead the Inquiry or directly aid the Investigators, but his ravings contain a wealth of Mythos secrets and spells. (If you're using the *Armitage Files* campaign, then this is the insane, cannibal Armitage who wrote the letters).

Sinister: Three possibilities present themselves. First, playing off the victim interpretation above, Armitage might have become corrupted by the Mythos while on the run. His cannibalism could have triggered a transformation into a ghoul, and the Investigators need to descend into the lightless crypts beneath the city to find the old man, now sardonic and unsympathetic to the fate of his fellow inquiry members. Alternatively, he might have turned to the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) for assistance while on the run (or even before – just how did an eighty-year-old man remain so active and alert without 'vitamin injections' from one of Miskatonic's doctors?), and he's now among the living dead.

The second possibility is that he's turned to the Mythos in his despair. He could be an independent sorcerer, or have allied himself with the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) or the Brethren of the Silver Lodge (p. 55) in his search for the Ritual of Opening. When he gets it, he'll be on the side of the Openers – the answer to the Inquiry is that there are no answers, no hope of anything better, so let the world be washed away by the Great Old Ones.

Option three, for cruel Keepers (especially if your *Cthulhu City* is a nightmare), is that Agent Vorsht was right, and Armitage really is a bomb-hurling maniac. A hasty **Explosives** spend may be needed…

Stalwart: The heroic interpretation of Armitage is a mentor for the player characters; he provides them with some vital revelation before dying. He's too frail or doomed to save the day as he did in *The Dunwich Horror* – that role now falls to the player characters. The stalwart Armitage is absolutely certain that Great Arkham is a lie – an illusion, an imposition, a Potemkin city propped up by inhuman forces. He may be mistaken about the true nature of the city, but he is unshakable in this conviction.

Defining Quirks: 1) Always takes charge of a situation 2) Peers through thick spectacles 3) Hacking cough

Investigative Abilities: Chemistry, Cthulhu Mythos, Forensics, History, Library Use, Occult Studies, Theology, University District Knowledge

General Abilities: Athletics 4, Health 6, Magic 6, Preparedness 7, Stealth 6, Weapons 5

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +2

Councilor Clarence Engler

Description: Portly, thick glasses, thin moustache, valise case crammed with papers

Defining Quirks: 1) Carries several timepieces but still always late 2) always says exactly the wrong thing when meeting new people 3) Says 'the University District is not just the University' a dozen times a day

Leveraged Clues: Medicine or **Pharmacy** (or **Filch**!**)** spots Engler's reliance on unusual pills and tonics to keep going. Track down the source of his medication for leverage.

Engler is the city council representative for the University District – *not* Miskatonic University, as he invariably points out. While the University is easily the biggest employer in this part of the city, there's more to the district than ivy-covered academia. In practice, this means that Engler mainly represents landlords, publicans, night-club owners and other businesses that serve the less lofty needs of the student body.

Victim: The masters of the time-travelling Pnakotic Cult decided (will decide) that they need a spy at the very highest levels of City Hall. The Yithians themselves could not go – while it would be trivial for one of the Great Race to possess a councilor like Engler, the presence of an alien mind would be detected by any sorcerers on the council. Similarly, the human cultists of the Yithians possess certain psychic marks that would be discernible to a fifth-dimensional entity. So, the Yithians chose Clarence Engler as their unwitting agent. They have manipulated his entire life to manoeuvre him into position to win a seat on the City Council, *without* arousing the suspicion of any powerful foes, and without Engler becoming aware of his Yithian 'benefactors'. The Yithians travelled back and forth along Engler's timeline, possessing people around him to push him this way and that. His parent's gardener told him what to study in college; a passing woman on the train suggested he go into politics; a distant uncle conveniently left him a great deal of money. All steps towards City Hall and the secrets of the city.

The plan has failed thousands of times; Engler has died thousands of times, executed by the Transport Police as a seditionist, or devoured by summoned horrors. The Yithians, though, are conquerors of time; in response to each failure, they went back and made another change to Engler's charmed life.

As a side effect of this manipulation, Engler is somewhat unstuck in time; his attention slips a few seconds forwards or backwards in the time stream, subjecting him to maddening near-constant *déjà-* and *presque-vu*. At times, this condition worsens, and he starts slipping physically into alternate time-streams or meeting himself; his physician's 'nerve pills' (Yithian drugs) relieve these symptoms, and Engler puts his weird temporal encounters down to frayed nerves and hallucinations.

Best of all, from the Yithians' perspective, Engler is the ultimate deniable agent. Once he learns what they need to know, they can remove the temporal anchors that maintain his existence, and he'll cease to exist, vanishing from history and memory. **Pharmacy** discovers that Engler's drugs are chemically similar to the fabled Liao drug; **Physics** and **Evidence Collection** discover strange clock-like devices hidden around Engler's home.

Engler has a Preparedness score of 12, representing his uncanny "luck".

Sinister: Engler is a member of the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44); his first life was more than a century ago, but to avoid the spiritual consequences for a botched summoning rite, he reduced himself to his essential salts and slumbered for ninety-six years before being resurrected. The sorcerer who resurrected Engler deliberately removed some of the salts, leaving Engler physically and mentally diminished – Engler is now forced to serve his former peer, at least until he can recover his strength. (Perhaps Engler is the secret patron of the Halsey Fraternity, hoping that modern science can cure wounds left by necromancy.)

Engler is literally falling apart – pills made of pineal gland extract and blood concentrate can slow this dissolution, but he will inevitably disintegrate unless he manages to restore what was lost. Presumably, he and his rival hold different opinions regarding the Ritual of Opening (p. 60). **History** or **Anthropology** pick up on Engler's occasional anachronistic turn of phrase; **Library Use** or **Art History** finds a portrait of Thomas Engler, his "ancestor", a doctor who came to Great Arkham on the invitation of Simon Orne. Digging into Thomas Engler's dealings can reveal who his ally-turned-master is.

This version of Engler has a base Magic of 4, plus whatever points he gets from membership in the Necromantic Cabal.

Stalwart: Engler's nervousness and infirmity stem from an encounter with the Mythos. As a younger, braver man, he tried to investigate unnatural events in his district with the help of Henry Armitage. What he saw

Keziah Mason

Mazurewicz had told long, rambling stories about the ghost of old Keziah and the furry, sharp-fanged, nuzzling thing, and had said he was so badly haunted at times that only his silver crucifix—given him for the purpose by Father Iwanicki of St. Stanislaus' Church—could bring him relief. Now he was praying because the Witches' Sabbath was drawing near. May-Eve was Walpurgis-Night, when hell's blackest evil roamed the earth and all the slaves of Satan gathered for nameless rites and deeds. It was always a very bad time in Arkham, even though the fine folks up in Miskatonic Avenue and High and Saltonstall Streets pretended to know nothing about it. There would be bad doings—and a child or two would probably be missing. Joe knew about such things, for his grandmother in the old country had heard tales from her grandmother.

—The Dreams in the Witch House

The University District is haunted by the shade of Keziah Mason, the infamous witch who lived in Arkham, but was caught and questioned during the Salem Witch Trials. According to legend, she vanished from her cell in Salem, but her ghost still haunts the streets around the university. Some stories claim that she haunts her old house, with its curiously angled attic room, or that there is a secret altar sacred to the Devil hidden under the university. Other tales insist that she was arrested because of the slanderous testimony of Simon Orne, a wealthy merchant of Arkham. Orne's son Jedediah founded Miskatonic University, and that Keziah Mason swore that all of Orne's works would end in disaster, making her a sort of curse on the college.

Mathematicians who studied the strange marks left in Keziah's cell might have speculated (but not too loudly) that it might be possible to open gates to other dimensions, other modes of reality, and that a human might traverse these other spaces and return one day to Earth. It's even conceivable that, if these calculations went slightly awry, or if there was some sort of dimensional shift or interference, that the returning traveller would be smeared across space and time, intersecting at infrequent intervals and at odd angles with our universe. The 'ghost' might be a human woman in another mode of existence, locked out of our space and time by error or by deliberate intent.

Sightings of Keziah Mason or her ghastly familiar, Brown Jenkin, are reported throughout the year, although most can be dismissed as drunken student pranks or tricks of the mind. On certain nights of the year, though, the tenor of the tales changes; there are disappearances, murders, stories of Witches' Sabbats and the physical manifestation of old Keziah – as if she can only manifest bodily when the gap between our reality and hers is especially thin.

Astronomy coupled with **Occult Studies** or **Cthulhu Mythos** can predict the times when Mason returns, or when her ghost is strong enough to appear. She often leads ceremonies of the Witch Coven (p. 42) during these times, appearing in the company of the Black Man. Uttering her secret name of Nahab also weakens the barriers, allowing her to manifest more easily.

Those dislodged from normal space and time are much more likely to encounter Keziah Mason; indeed, seeing the Witch is a symptom of mental or dimensional instability.

drove him mad for a time (his stay in the Sanitarium was kept out of the papers, and isn't mentioned in polite company). Since then, he's hardly said a word in council meetings, and knows better than to cross those councilors whom he suspects of being involved in… unnatural business. Still, that spark of courage remains buried deep inside, and if the Investigators can convince him (**Reassurance** coupled with evidence of their past accomplishments) that they have a chance to fight back, then Engler may assist them.

He's got Firearms 4, Fleeing 7 and Weapons 4 from his earlier exploits.

Investigative Abilities: Accounting, Bureaucracy, Credit Rating, History, Sentinel Hill District Knowledge, University District Knowledge

General Abilities: Health 3; see write-ups for individual variants.

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Doris Morgan, Librarian

Description: Mid-40s, tall, peroxide blonde, prefers heavy jackets and comfortable shoes

Formerly the third Assistant Librarian at Miskatonic, Morgan was hastily promoted to her new role following the disappearance of Dr. Armitage, the arrest of Dr. Llanfer, and the resignation of the other, more senior assistant librarian. Morgan faces the difficult task of restoring the Orne Library's reputation and functioning in the wake of recent scandals.

She comes from a respectable, middle-class family in Northside, the daughter of an official in the city planning department. She joined the library staff as a student volunteer, and obtained a full-time job there after graduation. She has no knowledge and little interest in the occult; as far as she's concerned, the chief virtue of the Orne Library's extensive collection of occult books is that they make it easy to spot annoying library patrons. If someone asks to see the *Necronomicon*, then she instantly categorises that person as the sort who'll behave oddly, attract trouble, or waste her time.

Recently, while cleaning up the Head Librarian's office – Dr. Armitage really did collect the most disturbing souvenirs – she found an unmarked key hidden in a desk drawer. A little detective work brought her to a locked storeroom in the cellar of the library. Dr. Armitage always told her that the key to that door was lost, and the room was therefore never used – but Armitage has already been exposed as a liar and criminal, a monster and a madman, so how can she trust what he told her? There could be anything behind that door: more bombs, seditious literature, stolen books. The man himself, a mad fugitive, hunched naked in a corner, a knife in his hand. An abattoir for overly curious assistant librarians.

She has yet to find the courage to turn the key.

Once she does, Morgan will become a target for sinister forces. Her only hope is if the player characters get to her first, and convince her (**Reassurance** or **Intimidation**) that they should be trusted with the key. The contents of the secret storeroom might reveal Armitage's hiding place, or contain information about the Ritual of Opening (p. 60) or one of the Cults (p. 36). He might also have stashed some Mythos tomes or other relics there.

Leveraged Clue: The presence of the rat-things tormenting Morgan.

Victim: Since becoming Head Librarian, Morgan's been plagued by rats in her walls. She can hear them scratching and scraping under the floorboards of her apartment, but they've also gotten into her office at the library. She's found rat prints (oddly similar to tiny human handprints) on her ledgers, and correspondence that she kept inside locked drawers.

If the player characters' Suspicion rises to 2 or more, then the rats start leaving notes for Morgan, telling her to note down any interactions with them, and any books they consult in the library. **Assess Honesty** notes her increased nervousness when speaking to the player characters; **Evidence Collection** spots rat-holes, or chewed papers on her desk. A suitable Interpersonal spend (like **Reassurance**) can convince her to trust them and turn on the authorities; if she does so, and the Investigators don't protect her, she'll be dead within a week.

Sinister: Two possibilities – first, Morgan might be a willing servant of the city authorities. Her rise to power in the university was no accident, as the forces that rule Great Arkham wanted to replace Armitage with one of their own. The authorities know that Armitage and his allies need access to the *Necronomicon* and the other occult tomes in the special collection; Morgan's under orders to play along (as per her Stalwart incarnation) with the Investigators, pretending to be an ally until the Investigators have thoroughly compromised themselves – or, better yet, revealed Armitage's hiding place to her. In this scenario, Morgan reports to her masters in City Hall via rat-thing couriers.

Intercepting a rat-thing courier (**Shadowing** or **Urban Survival**) obtains Morgan's reports on the characters.

Alternatively, Morgan's not just a servant of the city authorities – she's one of the Necromantic Cabal. She came to Arkham in the dark olden days of the province, and has worn many names and faces since then. She takes her names from books; her faces she takes from her victims. (**Library Use** discovers that all of her aliases are taken from novels; **Forensics** or **Cop Talk** learns of a spate of grave robbing where all the victims are women, and all the corpses have had their faces flayed). She is using the library's copy of the *Necronomicon* to (**Astronomy** or **Occult Studies**) calculate the auspicious place for the Ritual of Opening (p. 60).

Stalwart: Armitage was a man of many secrets. He told all the members of the inquiry that Assistant Librarian Morgan was not to be trusted, that she was not initiated into his little secret cabal. She never attended any of the Inquiry's meetings, never read their findings about the Mythos. And when the police came and arrested most of the Inquiry, every prisoner – those who co-operated, and those who did not – said that Morgan knew nothing.

She knew almost everything. Armitage secretly confided in her, planning for just this eventuality – if the Inquiry was shut down by the authorities, she could continue the work once suspicion had died down. She could be the seed for a second Inquiry. According to Armitage's original plan, Morgan was supposed to wait at least five years before starting again, but she fears events are moving towards some sort of terrible climax, and so she has begun her second inquiry early. If you're not using Morgan as the Investigators' patron (p. 8), then her new inquiry consists of a few reliable Students (p. 90), the Historian (p. 136) and the Private Detective (p. 160).

Morgan should have waited. **Sense Trouble** or **Urban Survival** spots the tell-tale signs that the rats are watching her – how can the Investigators warn her without exposing themselves?

Defining Quirks: 1) Speaks very quietly 2) writes poetry in a secret notebook 3) keeps a small pearl-handled revolver next to that notebook, and pats it for reassurance when scared.

Investigative Abilities: Library Use, Occult Studies

General Abilities: Health 6, Preparedness 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Dean Thursgood

Description: Mid-50s, dark hair greying at the temples, stork-like, sneering

Thursgood is the newly-appointed dean of the Department of History, one of the largest and most prestigious sections of the University; and traditionally, a stepping stone to the presidency. While his publishing record is mediocre, Thursgood has a reputation as an able administrator and harsh disciplinarian, making him the ideal person to clean up the mess left by recent scandals. He's hated by the students, as he has vowed to stamp out drunkenness, immoral behaviour, and any student societies or clubs that don't fit with Thursgood's puritanical morals.

Leveraged Clue: Thursgood plagiarised parts of his doctoral thesis on Joseph Curwen; **Research** and **History** can dig up the long-buried proof.

Victim: A lecturer in political theory and history, Thursgood harbours great ambitions for his career, and wants to be president of the university, or to be appointed to high political office. He is also a zealous patriot, believing strongly in the superiority of the American people and government, and convinced that America should stay aloof and uninvolved in world affairs. Communist subversion and political dissent – one and the same thing in his eyes – are criminal attacks on the righteous American government. Now, his ambition and his faith have dovetailed together into a mission - Thursgood believes that he can make a name for himself by exposing more of Armitage's sympathizers in the university.

He has no knowledge of the Mythos, and takes the city authorities' cover-up of the Armitage case at face value. Use him as a comic foil for your Investigators, or as a purely human obstacle that requires different handling to supernatural threats. **Cop Talk** reveals that he has connections in the police, and that he regularly corresponds with Agent Vorsht (p. 124). He loathes the allies of Gilman House (p. 170), although his opposition mostly takes the form of polemic letters against Samuel Waite (p. 81) and the legacy of mayors like Olmstead.

Sinister: As above, but Thursgood's appointment was arranged by the city authorities. He's one of their spies, with orders to find any surviving members of the Inquiry or other troublemakers who might try to follow clues left by Armitage. His Puritanism

and curious knowledge of obscure historical facts are no co-incidence – Thursgood died in Boston in 1704, and was brought back from the dead by the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44). They interrogated him about the beliefs and sacred sites of a Native American tribe who lived in the region now occupied by Great Arkham; Thursgood begged not to be sent back to the dust, and was permitted to begin a new life in the present era. A word from the Necromancers can dissolve Thursgood, so he is committed to their cause.

His grave had been disturbed over the centuries, and he came back incomplete. He's falling apart from the inside, his internal organs turning to sooty black dust, but he cannot die again while the spell holds him. Fresh blood sustains him and slows is disintegration into a lich-like horror; he has arrangements with various butchers and with the medical department to supply his disturbing needs, but it is not enough. **Medicine** diagnoses his curious condition.

Stalwart: Thursgood is a latter-day Puritan, a steely foe of immoral behaviour and corruption. Initially, he believed what he was told, that Dr. Armitage was a criminal and anarchist, but he's beginning to doubt the police version of events. If the Investigators convince Thursgood of the danger posed by the Mythos – and use **Theology** to put it in terms he accepts – they can turn him into a potent and determined ally.

If the Investigators fail to recruit or at least monitor Thursgood, then he goes insane and attempts arson of the Orne Library to 'burn out its evil.'

Defining Quirk: Caustic sarcasm ladled onto every comment

Investigative Abilities: History, Intimidate, Sentinel Hill District Knowledge, University District Knowledge

General Abilities: Health 4

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Northside

Crossing the Miskatonic from Old Arkham to Northside is like leaping across two centuries. Old Arkham's gambrel roofs and rotting colonial grandeur give way to the concrete and steel of a modern industrial city. The streets are wider, straighter, but blocked by cars. The air is thick with smog; the towering buildings seem to lunge out of the industrial gloom like colliding ships or sinister aerial reefs.

The oldest part of Northside runs along the west side of Independence Square, along Peabody and Marsh Streets. It's new money – lawyers, stockbrokers, factory owners, accountants. There are shops along here too, upmarket stores with brightly lit windows. Northside's electric lights blaze all through the night, making it a sleepless, restless city. Turn away from the light, though, and once you cross Christchurch Street, you enter the other Northside. Factories clatter all through the night; rail freight rattles along the tracks from the huge rail yards along the riverbank.

In places, there are still signs of Northside's first incarnation as Arkham's textile district. The first factories built here were woollen mills, using the flowing waters of the river for power. The textile industry has since moved down to Westheath, and is powered by electricity from the Olmstead Dam now. The old factories have been replaced by modern ones: paper mills, automobile assembly, electrical appliances.

'North of north' is slang for dull or predictable, a reference to the endless, anonymous suburbs beyond Derby Street. Northside and Westheath are easily the most crowded and populous parts of the city.

Encounters

The Storm Drain

When this district was rebuilt after the disastrous floods, the city authorities installed cavernous concrete storm drains, so that rising waters could be channelled away from the streets and redirected into the depths. Sometimes, sudden rainstorms of astounding intensity strike Northside (a quirk of the weather caused by the skyscrapers, say the meteorologists at the University, but they fall silent when asked how this could be), dropping so much water on the streets that they turn to raging rivers. Animals and even small children have been washed away by these torrents, torn from their parents' grasp and carried down into the storm drains. Would-be rescuers have found no sign of the children, but have found other, stranger tracks – as well as discarded bone flutes.

Curiously, some people report hearing eerie piping music just before the clouds gather, and insist that this music seemed to come from *below.*

The Thing Behind the Clouds

The skies over Great Arkham are almost always shrouded in thick, low-hanging clouds. The tops of the black skyscrapers are lost in this miasma, cutting through the clouds like the prows of eerie ships in an inverted ocean. Sometimes, the Investigators glimpse things behind the clouds, impossibly huge and writhing, pressed hungrily against the dome of the sky.

It must be an optical illusion, some quirk of atmospheric pressure or light rays refracted through the industrial smog. There aren't monsters behind the clouds.

A light plane – a rare sight in Great Arkham – circles over Northside (operating from a private airfield in Dunwich). What might that pilot have seen? Does she know the danger behind the clouds, or is she studying – or worshipping – the horrors?

The Second-Hand People

Murder is regrettably common in Great Arkham. It's not uncommon, therefore, for the Investigators to happen across the aftermath of a crime, and discover some grisly detail. Today, it's a disembodied hand, hacked from the body and left behind when the murderer dragged the carcass away.

The curious thing is… there's another hand over there. They're both left hands, and – apart from the wounds – they are both identical. The same fingerprints, the same scars, the same engraved wristwatch.

How could the same man have been butchered *twice*? Is someone on Northside mass-manufacturing people? Is this some quirk of time-travel or dimensional folding? Is one a human hand, and the other the product of some vile spell that will soon wear off and turn the second hand into a twisted ghoul-paw?

(For added horror – there's a third hand, again identical to the first two. Only this one is attached to the wrist of one of the Investigators.)

The Promised Light

The big display window of the electrical goods shop on Hyde Street looks like a portal to some better future. All the latest technological wonders – vacuum cleaners, wireless radios, refrigerators, electric pigs (garbage disposals) – blaze in the electric light. All the appliances are wired to the same timed circuit, so that once an hour, they all spring to life in an electrical cacophony.

At night, when that switch flips and all the machines switch on, one can glimpse other things reflected in the plate glass. Weird, ephemeral entities, like flying neon jellyfish and insects, phase into partial visibility. It's clear that the electrical flux caused by all those machines switching on at once has somehow allowed these alien creatures to manifest in the spectra that human eyes can perceive. Could a stronger electrical field bring them further into our universe?

And if so, what's really happening in the electrical substations and transformers across Northside? What grotesque humming hive lies concealed beneath the concrete shroud of the Olmstead Dam?

Stock Locations

Factory

Names: Hyde Electronics, New World International, Arkham Amalgamated Electrical

Masked: The factory floor is a sea of bowed heads as workers toil at their benches, assembling radio sets or some other home appliance. The loud and ceaseless clattering of some machine makes conversation almost impossible. As each set is finished, it's whisked away and boxed up to be stored in a warehouse. Cryptic machinery resembles statues or altars or even living creatures from some angles – this might be a baroque temple to the machine age, or an alarming biomechanical hybrid, a thing with oil for blood and gears for teeth. Or maybe it's the fumes, agitating your nerves and making you see things.

The busier factories employ shift-workers, so the textile looms and other machines are never left idle. The night workers are always careful to leave the factory in a group, with knots of four or five workers travelling together for safety. It's not wise to travel alone at night.

Arkham's two largest manufacturing industries are textiles and electrical goods, but the city is remarkably self-sufficient – if you search, you can find almost any sort of factory within the city limits.

Unmasked: This electronics factory is controlled by the Pnakotic Cult. By night, the cultists of the Great Race gather here, and under the instruction of their alien masters, they break down the machinery and rebuild it in a new and dizzying configuration that defies physics as it is commonly understood. Coiled wires crackle with tremendous discharges of static electricity or spit

out unknown forms of radiation. Radio waves become tangible, crawling like worms through the air as the fathomless science of the Great Race warps reality and the machines open doors into the beyond.

Return in the morning, and everything is as it was, not a screwdriver out of place. The workers file back in and start their jobs once more. Maybe one engineer smirks to himself as he works, amused by the ignorance of his fellows. All they need to travel through the depths of time and space are right here, and they'll never realise it.

Cast: Labourers (p. 158) or Chinese Labourer (p. 194), depending on the type of factory. Engineers (p. 106), like priestly custodians of the machines, which are more valuable and cherished than any human worker.

Clues: Physics detects lingering radiation – no wonder all the workers are sick! The whole factory's radioactive, as though it had been bombarded with tremendous numbers of cosmic rays. **Oral History:** The factory workers are more willing to talk where the crashing noise of the machinery makes it impossible for anyone to eavesdrop on the conversation. **Electrical Repair:** What's that component in the radio set? It looks like a microphone – could every set in the city be secretly *transmitting* back to some sinister receiver, listening in on the private conversations of every household?

Subway

Masked: Narrow stairs bring travellers underground, beneath the skin of the world. It's hot and crowded, with a disconcertingly *earthy* smell, as if the soil's broken through the tiles and concrete. Trains rattle through the tunnels, little mobile islands of light in the darkness of the underworld. Sometimes, through the windows, you seem to glimpse other tunnels leading off into the gloom, or eyes gleaming in the darkness.

No-one sane ever lingers underground. Travellers always hustle up the stairs, eager to be back in the open air of the city above.

Unmasked: The tunnel network beneath the northern half of Great Arkham is huge. The subway wasn't dug: the workers just reclaimed and widened other, already-extant tunnels. The city engineers claimed that these tunnels were smugglers' tunnels dug in the previous century, or that they were part of a natural cave network,

but they still hastily bricked up the tunnels leading in the direction of Christchurch Graveyard. At least two-thirds of the buildings in Northside have or had secret entrances to the underworld realm. (Southern Arkham, especially Old Arkham, is almost as riddled with subterranean passages, but those at least are mostly made by human hands.)

Ghouls are not the only things living down here. It's an open secret that it's possible to get from Dunwich to Kingsport without setting foot or hoof above ground, and the opening of the cross-river tunnel has opened up the southern half of the city to chthonic forces. The tunnels are used both by creatures of the Mythos and those hiding from the city authorities; going underground has a literal meaning in Arkham.

Navigating the tunnel network outside the subway requires **Outdoor Survival.**

Cast: Transport Police (p. 66) patrol the subway. Those hiding in the tunnels might include Runaways (p. 148), the Afflicted (p. 58) or even Dr. Armitage (p. 91). An enterprising Burglar (p. 132), or criminals from the Marsh (p. 165) or Malatesta gangs (p. 153), using the tunnels to smuggle stolen goods.

Clues: Streetwise to hear rumours of secret trains that only run at night, to bring cultists to hidden meeting places. **Interrogate** a subway worker to learn of their vile bargain with the ghouls: every year, they strand one subway car full of passengers in the darkness and let the ghouls have them. **Cryptography** decodes the messages in the graffiti on the walls; **Archaeology** notes the strange similarity between the layout of the tunnels under the city and the alignment of the Pyramids at Giza.

Warehouse

Names: Marsh Import/Export, Munoz Cold Storage, Innsmouth Shipping, Hyde Electrical

Masked: This huge warehouse is crammed with crates and boxes. If it's on the riverside, then there's a dock for cargo barges nearby. If it's adjacent to the railway, there's likely a siding that runs alongside the warehouse, and a crane for lifting heavy crates and machinery off the flatbed railcars. Elsewhere in the city, there's a large access door for trucks or carts. Inside, the crowded warehouse offers plenty of places to hide or conduct illegal business.

Specialty warehouses may be refrigerated, especially secure (requiring a **Locksmith** spend and a Difficulty 6 Stealth test to get inside), or used for packing instead of just storage (in which case there's a larger workforce present by day.)

Possible illicit or suspicious activity at the warehouse: criminals (Marsh gang, Malatestas, or just local petty crooks) trying to steal goods; minor cultists held a ceremony here last night (candlewax dripped on crates, strange symbols drawn on the ground, mutilated animal carcasses, the ashes of a fire, or even the bones of a child); animal noises, as if some wild dog or other beast got locked inside the warehouse overnight, but there's no sign of it now – it must have escaped.

Unmasked: The warehouse is locked and guarded at all hours of the day and night, and the windows have been painted over or hastily blacked out with cardboard. Whatever's held inside is clearly very precious, and is transferred from the warehouse under cover of darkness. The secret of the warehouse might be:

- **Slaves**, captured from the streets of Northside by agents of the Marshes. These unlucky souls are kept chained and partially sedated, and are held in this makeshift prison until the Marshes have a full cargo of slaves to be traded to the Black Ships (p. 169). The slaves are then loaded onto a barge and smuggled down the river to the docks.
- **A stumbling god-thing,** conjured by some botched ritual of the Church of the Conciliator. This mostly mindless horror greedily demands worship and tribute from its servants. The church keeps such ghastly fallen angels hidden from the populace, preferring to hide them under Waite Station (p. 105) or in other sanctums; the warehouse is just a way station, a temporary shrine to the greasy, ghastly entity.
- **A ritual site.** Either belonging to an independent sorcerer who wants privacy, or one of the major cults attempting to discern the locus for the Ritual of Opening (p. 60). The warehouse has been transformed into a makeshift temple; blood-stained tarpaulins on crates stand in for sacrificial altars, weird geometry-warping sigils drawn with luminous paint, and warehouse workers shed their flat caps and work clothes to dance naked around the summoning fires.
- **A portal:** Anything from the weird science of the Pnakotic Cult to an ancient witch-gate hidden beneath the floor of the warehouse, to a huge sinkhole leading to some underground kingdom of the ghouls.

Cast: A Night Watchman (p. 109). Labourers (p. 158).

Clues: Accounting traces the ownership of suspicious goods in

the warehouse; **Craft** tells genuine goods from forgeries, or spots unusual techniques – why were all those wireless sets rewired to pick up transmissions on the Very Low Frequency bands?

Landmarks

Arkham Sanitarium

The Orne family donated a tree-shrouded farmhouse and the surrounding land to the city in 1866, for the establishment of a hospital for survivors of the Civil War, especially those suffering from "manias", "nostalgias" or "irritation" as a result of their experiences on the battlefield. A combination of charitable donations and money from the city government funded the construction of a massive hospital on the site, built according to the Kirkbride plan, which urged patients be given plenty of sunlight, fresh air and exercise.

Early plans to have the hospital serve the needs of the surrounding county as well as Great Arkham had to be abandoned, as the beds were quickly filled with the afflicted from the city; the Danvers State Hospital was built in 1878 to take patients who could not be accommodated in Arkham. Today, the Arkham Sanitarium has both public (city-funded) and private wings; the former are considerably more crowded and less salubrious than the latter. Part of the hospital was used to treat typhoid cases from Dunwich and Northside, but most serious medical procedures are carried out at St. Mary's (p. 73) – there are more than enough patients in Arkham to keep the sanitarium staff fully occupied. A purpose-built typhoid house on the sanitarium's grounds now takes those suffering from Arkham's seemingly incurable plague.

Masked: Thick, black-leaved trees, which buzz with swarms of insects, press in against the sanitarium, despite the best efforts of the gardeners, making a mockery of the designer's plans for a light and airy environment. Patients lucky enough to get a private, south-facing room in the west wing might have a chance of benefiting from rest and solitude – if they can ignore the screams and gibbering that echo up from the lower wards.

The sanitarium's methods are invasive. Lobotomies, electro-shock and powerful drugs are regularly employed, and the health of patients is of secondary importance – there are always more test subjects in Arkham, so let scientific experimentation go forward without impediment. Similarly, the orderlies and porters treat the patients roughly. Accidental

deaths are attributed to typhoid, not violence, and the bodies are disposed of in the typhoid house's crematorium.

Unmasked: Despite ghastly conditions and the undeniable brutality of its methods, the sanitarium produces a high rate of cures. The afflicted are dragged in off the streets, screaming about dead gods in the sky and rats in the walls, and thrown into filthy padded cells with strange stains and fungal growths on the walls. Then, somehow, these patients emerge from the gloom apparently cured, and become happy, productive and content citizens. What happens to them in the asylum, what alchemical process transmutes their madness and terror into bland acceptance and compliance? The sanitarium does not publish accounts of how many patients it has treated – who knows what percentage of Great Arkham's population have undergone treatment here?

Cast: Dr. Hardstrom (p. 112) treats patients at the hospital. The Nurse (p. 145) may be on staff. The Afflicted (p. 58) are not the only patients; the Investigators might also run into sensitive souls like the Artist (p. 184) in the hospital. Transport Police (p. 66) bring patients to the quarantine house on the hospital grounds; Private Detectives (p. 160) have been known to interview patients, as if seeking insight in their ravings.

Clues: Oral History coupled with **Reassurance** gets an account of what drove some unfortunate mad – do the Investigators continue to delve into that particular mystery after seeing what it did to the poor woman's mind? **Cryptography** decodes the message scratched into the walls of one cell – it's a warning and a mathematical formula all at once, alerting the Investigators to the danger of the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51). **Architecture** or **Urban Survival** helps when investigating the sprawling hospital and the typhoid house on the grounds – might the typhoid house have a secret subterranean connection to Waite Station (p. 105) or Christchurch Graveyard (p. 104), sending grisly tribute underground? The Dunwich Strangler (p. 149) might use the forested grounds of the sanitarium as a hiding place, or hide among the patients – **Outdoor Survival** finds its curious elephantine tracks.

Christchurch Graveyard

Great Arkham has many burying grounds, but Christchurch is the largest. It is not the oldest – there are overgrown, willow-shrouded churchyards around Hangman's Hill in Old Arkham where the crumbling gravestones date back to the 1700s – but it has its share of old tombs. The graveyard was opened in the 1860s, and has welcomed the vast majority of the city's burials since then. Smaller yards nearby cater for the city's Jewish and Catholic populations.

Masked: Investigators are likely to become very familiar with funerals in Great Arkham. Burials at Christchurch tend to be cold and perfunctory; the sheer size of the necropolis robs the ceremony of any intimacy. Acres of grey headstones stretch away as far as the eye can see, a grim levelling broken only by the occasional larger tomb or monument.

Burials often draw the Afflicted (p. 58).

Certain bodies, such as those infected with 'typhoid fever' are cremated at the Sanitarium (p. 103) instead.

No Respite Even in Death

Two cults in Arkham – the Necromantic Cabal and the Halsey Fraternity – reanimate the dead as a matter of course to interrogate them. If they had reason to do so, the Witches could hold a séance to whistle up a ghost too, or call on their ghoulish allies to recover memories from the brain-meat of recently eaten corpses. That means that dead Investigators can be a threat to their surviving allies in *Cthulhu City*. Interrogating the dead can raise the group's Suspicion, as incidents previously covered up are brought to light (p. 22).

Chemistry can dissolve a body in acid; **Forensics** can remove the brain, or make careful surgical incisions into the frontal lobe to destroy the power of speech, even post-mortem. Proper application of **Theology**, perhaps coupled with **Occult** or **Magic**, could protect a corpse against reanimation.

Unmasked: The graveyard was deliberately built atop a massive nest of ghouls. The larger tombs have hidden passages and entrances into the ghoulish underworld, and the gravediggers are in league with the monsters and deliberately leave some graves open after the coffin has been lowered down, to make it easier for the ghouls to get to the meat. With unwanted observers eaten by the ghoulish allies, the Witch Coven have the run of the graveyard for their ceremonies, and some of the tombs conceal secret Witch Gates. The students of the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) sometimes raid the graveyard for

fresh bodies, but are more likely to steal cadavers from hospital morgues and university anatomy labs.

Those who wish to contact the ghouls of Arkham may do so by leaving suitable offerings in the tombs. The ghouls can come and go from the city as they please, either by underground tunnels that connect to the vast cave network beneath North America, or by slipping away through the lands of Dream.

Cast: Gravediggers. Any of the Witch Coven (p. 42). The Afflicted (p. 58).

Clues: Bureaucracy spots the Clerk (p. 121) in the Registration Office making suspicious notes about the location of a fresh grave. **Archaeology** or **Library Use** helps find a specific grave, or spots an oddly prolonged life (or a case where a supposed descendant is identical in appearance and handwriting to a deceased ancestor). **Architecture** spots tombs which have been reinforced against grave-robbing (and perhaps magically protected too, says **Occult** or **Cthulhu Mythos**).

Miskatonic Hotel

Originally built by the Boston and Main Railroad Company to serve train passengers, the Hotel was purchased by a consortium of Arkham property developers in the 1880s and renovated to the highest standards of luxury. Gilt and glittering crystal turned the ballroom into an enchanted wonderland.

Masked: The hotel caters more for functions and long-term residents than tourists or other passing guests – strangely, Great Arkham has very few visitors from outside the city. Most of the hotel rooms, therefore, are empty on any given day. All the life of the hotel is down near the ballroom and quite excellent restaurants (**Credit Rating 5+** to be a regular here; anyone lower may draw Suspicion).

The upper floors are typically deserted, apart from the penthouse apartment (currently occupied by Jervas Hyde, p. 113) and a few rooms reserved by guests who prefer solitude. The hotel is labyrinthine, and it's easy to get lost in this warren of empty, identical rooms (stories of ghosts are common, as are claims that the hotel is so underused that certain enterprising scavengers have taken up residence in the hotel, slipping from room to room ahead of the cleaning staff and stealing leftover food from the kitchens by night.)

Unmasked: Follow the echoes of strange voices on the empty floors, and a **Dreaming** Investigator might find her way into some fabulous palace in Serannian or Celephaïs, with gilt and crystal giving way to gold and moon-crystal. Less enchanted Investigators could uncover a plot by the Halsey Fraternity to infiltrate the hotel staff, in order to murder wealthy guests and reanimate them as pliant zombies to fund their research. Or perhaps the Pnakotic Cult use the hotel as a meeting place to speak with their time-travelling allies, or they stash mind-swapped victims from Arkham's distant past in empty rooms. At the very least, the few visitors to the city get put in rooms overrun with vigilant rats.

Investigators who have been Consumed by the City (p. 26) may wake up in the hotel, or come here to rent a room if they have nowhere else to go.

Cast: Jervas Hyde (p. 113) is a resident. Use a Servant (p. 75) for staff members. Anyone of importance could attend dinners or galas here, from any of the Councilors to Mayor Ward (p. 125) to Mrs. Upton (p. 77).

Clues: Bureaucracy or **Flattery** to get a look at the guest book and see if a particular individual is in residence, or to bluff your way into the left luggage room to search their bags; **Locksmith** gets into the safe for really valuable items. **Credit Rating** or **Old Arkham/Sentinel Hill Knowledge** for advance knowledge of prestigious balls or dinners; Investigators eavesdropping there could hear more than idle gossip.

Waite Railway Station

Great Arkham's main railway station is operated by the Boston and Massachusetts railway company. This station is the end of a branch line; trains from Arkham run through Beverly and Salem on their way down to Boston. Other local lines run to parts of Dunwich and Westheath, and passengers can also transfer to the Arkham Subway here.

The station is cavernous and labyrinthine, and was criticised even before it opened as being an absurd monument to Mayor Waite's pride – or a bribe to the construction industry. The huge main concourse is the largest enclosed space in Arkham, but is mostly empty, even when the station is at its busiest. Travellers look smaller than ants as they cross that wide expanse on their way towards the arched exits leading to the platforms below. Posters warning about typhoid

Railways in Great Arkham

There are two rail networks in Arkham. The B&M line from Great Arkham to Boston runs west out of Waite Station and arcs south through Westheath and onto Beverly. Only local services stop at Westheath; the express rumbles through the station at high speed. A spur connects the little-used and dilapidated station in Dunwich to the B&M line. This line is also used for freight – a line runs from Westheath to Innsmouth Docks, skirting south around the old town and University District before cutting across Salamander Fields. There are no passenger trains along this line.

Commuters use the G, the Great Arkham Underground Railway. The A Line runs from Waite Station to Sentinel Hill, with stops at Christchurch, Industry St., and Independence Square. The B Line is intended to run from Westheath to Innsmouth Docks, but construction of the tunnel sections under Salamander Fields has run into unexplained delays, so the B line currently stops near St. Mary's Hospital. The cross-river tunnel, constructed at huge expense, runs under the Miskatonic and connects the two lines.

In addition to the underground tunnels, there are three streetcar lines, again meeting at Waite Station. The 1 and 2 lines connect the sprawling Northside suburbs to the heart of the city. The 1 line runs out towards Quarro, while the 2 continues on across the West Street Bridge, and down into Westheath. The recently-completed 3 line runs from the new suburbs in Dunwich to the University and beyond. No lines run into Innsmouth, but there is a private bus service.

outbreaks and the dangers of spreading the disease wrestle for space with advertisements on the hoardings.

Transport Police (p. 66) are ubiquitous here, and the clerks (p. 121) are infamously uncooperative and demanding; leaving Arkham by rail is always an ordeal comparable to trying to leave some insular, paranoid state in Central Europe. Departures are often delayed, or passengers are asked to step off the train so the police can ensure compliance with the city bylaws on disease control.

Masked: Even the Masked version of the Railway Station is sinister. Most people, it seems, can leave Arkham if they wish, but the Investigators cannot (see page 27). Play up the scale of the railway station – it's huge beyond human proportions, reducing the Investigators to the size of insects who can be brushed off by the authorities. The main concourse is so vast that they might glimpse a suspect across the room, but he's vanished into a side tunnel before they can catch up – and the tunnels leading to the platforms are an intestinal maze of looping ramps, maintenance tunnels and dead ends.

Most newcomers to the city arrive via rail, so there's usually a crowd of con artists, Runaways (p. 148), panhandlers and other predators waiting for fresh meat from the boonies.

Unmasked: By night, huge creatures – palely luminescent, bloated like grave-worms, and tended by misshapen drovers – crawl out of some stygian depth and ooze their way through the station's tunnels and platforms. Passenger trains (from Westheath? From the Sanitarium?), crammed full of drugged or gagged victims, arrive, and the monsters feast. Other trains are directed down sidings that do not exist during the day, plunging down spiralling rails like rollercoasters into caverns far below the city, where horrors that have grown too fat to fit through the tunnels wait for them. It's not a train station; it's an abattoir. **Architecture** or **Urban Survival** might find a way out of (or, if the Investigators are truly heroic, deeper into) the branching concrete intestines of the station.

Cast: The Engineer (p. 106) and the Hobo (p. 134) both frequent the station. Transport Police (p. 66) are a constant watchful presence.

Clues: Evidence Collection spots a wallet or some other personal effects from a missing person in the station's overflowing Lost and Found. **Astronomy** notes that the electric lights in the arched ceiling of the main concourse are eerily similar to certain constellations not seen from Earth, as if the architect was trying to imply that the station is *elsewhere*. **Bureaucracy** identifies the Clerk (p. 121) who has access to the timetable for special trains that the Transport Police might not be watching as closely, while **Urban Survival** suggests that the crowded station might be a good place to pass messages to contacts without being spotted by the police – or the rats.

Stock Characters

Engineer

Name: Albert Roccardi

Description: Early 30s, round face, hands splattered with oil and grease

Leverage: (Oral History or **Streetwise)** Roccardi frequents a bordello in Kingsport; he's in love with a girl named Ruby who works there.

Roccardi's employed by the city's Department of Transport. He supervises the construction and wiring of new tunnels. He spends most of his days down in the stygian darkness, or locked away alone in his office, so he craves human companionship – especially intellectual conversation, as he has little in common with the labourers and mechanics he supervises – when the working day is done. He's unmarried, and has made no close friends since he came to Great Arkham, so he's the sort to strike up conversations in bars, or take unwanted interest in what the Investigators are up to.

He used to work for the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, and still has connections there; **Streetwise** or **Northside District Knowledge** might identify him as someone who could help avoid the Transport Police.

Victim: Roccardi dreamed of the city before he came here, and in those dreams he walked the streets beneath the dark towers, before descending a staircase of green stone into a horrible underworld. He can only recall fragments of those dreams – the thing that wriggled out of the tunnel, the Vaults of Zin, the hideous discordant piping in the darkness, and the non-Euclidian geometries of that subterranean temple.

Step by step, those dreams are coming true. First, he found himself drawn to the city, and then was forced into a job with the subway company (he's convinced that his former boss at B&M was intimidated into firing Roccardi on fraudulent grounds, and Roccardi was then 'encouraged' to take a job for the city). He's now working on the Dig (p. 130), and the designs for the new subway station in Salamander Fields are terrifyingly reminiscent of images from his dreams. Sometimes, it's as though the Dig is excavating his subconscious, as if the drilling machines are tunnelling into some atavistic recess of his skull. He's convinced he'll die when the Dig is done, although he doesn't know if he'll be killed because *they* have no more use for him, or because the machines will bore through some vital artery in his brain.

He's searching for someone else who'll understand. Another person with **Dreaming,** perhaps, or an Investigator with both **Physics** and **Occult** who could explain the bizarre connection between Roccardi's apparently precognitive dreams and his engineering work.

Roccardi might be a victim of the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51); at some point in his future, Roccardi will be possessed by a Yithian, intent on interfering with the Dig site, and his 'dreams' actually spill across from his mind-swapped future self, who now inhabits a different body in Roccardi's present. The Yithians manipulated Roccardi's past to ensure he would have access to the Dig site.

Alternatively, if Great Arkham exists primarily in the Dreamlands, then he's from the waking world. As he intuits, Roccardi's fate is connected to the Dig; when it's finished, the city will spill out of his mind into the real world, exploding into existence. Roccardi isn't the only dreamer trapped in the city who's destined to be an unwilling gate for Great Arkham's entry into reality – the Investigators face the same grisly awakening.

Sinister: In his second year at MIT, Roccardi discovered a cryptic journal in a Boston library. Decoding the journal took months, and transformed the young man from a gregarious student into an obsessive recluse, but the prize was worth it – the journal contained the secrets of necromancy. With the formulae at his command, Roccardi could call up the dead and question them. The journal also hinted that a cabal of necromancers had once convened in Great Arkham. Roccardi came to Arkham intent on joining that cabal – even if they were all long dead, they could be *recalled*.

As a subway engineer, he has access to the underworld. Excavations near Christchurch cemetery give him ample opportunity to raid the older tombs, and to bargain with the city's ghouls. He's learned, too, that there are older ruins and deeper catacombs beneath the city, and there are tombs down there, too, and not all of them contain human remains. The elder necromancers of the cabal warned him against experimenting with the dust from *those* graves, but Roccardi has three hundred years of ground to make up – he's prepared to take risks.

Investigators with **Cryptology** or **History** may be approached to help Roccardi decipher the sections of the journal that have eluded him for a decade; his superiors at City Hall may suspect Roccardi of deliberately squandering company resources on tunnels to nowhere, and ask the Investigators to look into the matter discreetly.

Stalwart: Early in Roccardi's career, his work crew broke into a cave beneath Salamander Fields. Following procedure, he ordered his men to stop digging, until a full survey could be made of the unexpected chamber. He went back up the tunnel to report the discovery by telephone, while some of his crew explored the cave. His superiors told the crew to down tools immediately and return to the surface.

To his horror, every other man who entered that cave vanished that night – the Transport Police arrested them all, claiming they had been exposed

to infection, and sure enough, they all sickened and died shortly afterwards. Roccardi's convinced they were executed by the Transport Police, and that he was spared because he was the only one who didn't enter that cave and see whatever was buried within.

Since then, he's tried to thwart and sabotage the Transport Police at every turn. He smuggles people out of Great Arkham via the B&M train line, sends anonymous warnings to people under Transport Police surveillance, and observes police activity in the hopes of discerning their ultimate purpose. He may have been a member of the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52), helping Armitage and his fellows escape through the maintenance tunnels below the university.

Alternate Names: Charles Kolb, Ricca Helm, Denny Stafford

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Pencil-thin moustache, tall but hunched, meek in public but tyrannical and abusive to his subordinates at work [works at Hyde Electrical]

2) Mid-20s, sickly and pale, home-educated, no fashion sense [amateur inventor]

3) Mid-30s, wears safety glasses and heavy gloves, pock-marked cheeks [chemical engineer, works at the Chemical Works, p.131]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) bristles like a hedgehog when provoked 2) hides social awkwardness with scientific babbling 3) intolerant of authority figures

Investigative Abilities: Architecture, Chemistry, Craft, Evidence Collection, Geology, Physics

General Abilities: Electrical Repair 6, Health 6, Mechanical Repair 6

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Lawyer

Name: Barney Wulf

Possible Role: Criminal go-between, witness

Description: Mid-50s, prematurely white hair, large glasses, nasal voice

Leverage: Accounting or **Streetwise** to know of bribes paid by criminal syndicate

Wulf's a property lawyer: he deals with the paperwork for land deals, surveys, property line disputes, that sort of thing. Most of his regular clients are in the construction and real estate sectors, which often means dealing with some unsavoury, even criminal, types. If Wulf isn't working for Samuel Waite (p. 81), then he's almost certainly employed by the Malatestas (p. 153). Clients like that don't help Wulf's chronic nervousness – the man is a bundle of nerves.

Victim: Some of Wulf's clients are crooks, but they don't scare him anymore. It's the maps that haunt him, the knowledge that the streets move and shift, that places vanish and disappear. The real world seems to have no more permanence or solidity than a legal fiction, to be rewritten with a thought. Terrified at the thought that his office (with him inside) might cease to exist at any moment, Wulf's taken to weighing down the building with absurdly thick legal tomes, file folders packed with lead weights, and other heavy objects.

His obsession with vanishing buildings distracts him from his real work. In fact, he's failed to file paperwork relating to the purchase of property on Derby Street in Northside, which is part of a money-laundering scheme. Wulf's convinced that the street's unstable, and refuses to go down there to serve eviction notices to the few people still living there. **Law** or **Accounting** spots the money laundering angle; **Streetwise** guesses that Wulf's in danger.

Sinister: Wulf's a human cockroach, determined to survive. He's working for either the Marsh or Malatesta families, but he's also informing on them to the city police. If the player characters cross his path, he'll inform on them too. **Assess Honesty** picks up on his lack of loyalty or morals; **Intimidation** is the best way to temporarily secure his co-operation and silence. Push him too far, though, and he'll play his ace-in-the-hole.

Some years ago, he was involved in sorting out the estate of a woman named Connie Paltroso. While going through her apartment, Wulf found a mysterious door that wasn't on the building's plans. On the far side of that door was… well, Wulf knows what happened to Connie Paltroso. He bought the apartment, and he's kept the entity fed with a few other offerings over the years since then. (Animals, mostly, but when times are tough he's rented out the apartment, and waited for the tenant to find that extra door…) From the brief glimpses he's snatched of the other side when he pushes meat through, Wulf believes the door leads to some other part of the city, uninhabited by humans. Wulf believes that the creature understands that it owes him a favour, so if he's pushed too far, he'll flee to Connie's old apartment, and hold that door open.

Stalwart: The Stalwart Wulf is still a crooked lawyer with mob connections, and he bought Connie's apartment after she vanished, but there's no monster on the other side of the door.

The mysterious door leads to some distant, alien part of the city – no street signs, deserted streets, empty buildings, almost total silence, like a movie set when all the actors have gone home. Wulf's explored a little of this silent neighbourhood. As far as he can tell, it's safe, although he hasn't dared go beyond the area immediately around the door (and has no idea what became of Connie Paltroso). He retreats to this sanctuary when he needs to be alone, and he's stashed food, water and money there in case he needs to hide there for some time.

Outdoor Survival spots Wulf emerging from the Paltroso apartment wearing a damp raincoat - even though it hasn't rained today; **Streetwise** fingers Wulf as a possible vulnerability in any investigations involving his criminal clients. If befriended by the Investigators, Wulf offers the use of the Paltroso apartment as a bolt-hole.

Alternate Names: Marguerite Baring, Paul Thorne, Cao Yu

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Early 20s, braying laugh, conservatively dressed (legal secretary studying by night)

2) Mid-40s, heavy-set, tired eyes, rumpled suits (defence lawyer fighting a corrupt system)

3) Early 30s, intense glare, aggressive staccato speech quoting a litany of precedents (brilliant young lawyer, bitter at prejudice)

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Laughs inappropriately, especially when confronted with damning or hideous evidence.

2) Alcoholic; the more unwinnable a case, the more frequent the libations from a bottle concealed inside a huge legal book on Essex County law

3) Lights incense before discussing cases that might involve the supernatural

Investigative Abilities: Bureaucracy, Law

General Abilities: Driving 4, Firearms 2, Health 5

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Night Watchman

Name: Brember Bond

Possible Role: Source of shelter, useful informant

Description: Late 40s, greying moustache and thinning hair, walks with a limp, carries a flashlight

Leverage: Intimidate – there aren't many jobs out there, and who'd rehire a wounded, broken man like Bond? Any threat to report Bond to his employers and get him fired convinces him to aid the Investigators.

Bond patrols a warehouse or factory complex in Northside. He works the night shift, shuffling around the cavernous, empty building from dusk until dawn. He's gotten used to the quiet and the loneliness, and gets tongue-tied when talking to other people for long. He carries his old service revolver, but mainly uses it to shoot at the rats that plague the building. He knows better than to go out alone at night, when sensible god-fearing people are in their beds, and only the afflicted and suspicious folk walk the streets,

He's a veteran of the Great War, wounded by shrapnel at the Marne in 1918, so he's well disposed towards Investigators with a military background.

Victim: The first impression of Bond is that he's half-witted, a simpleton given the job of night watchman out of pity. His memory and co-ordination are both poor, and he mumbles as he speaks. **Medicine** spots that Bond winces in pain when the telephone rings on his desk. If questioned, he explains in his stumbling, awkward fashion that his old war wounds have started hurting again of late. **Physics** or **Electrical Repair** suspects an unusually strong magnetic field tugging at the shrapnel in his leg. Examining the telephone, the Investigators find a curious black box attached to the inside of the device (it's a Pnakotic Brain Siphon, p. 62). When the phone rings, some interaction between the Siphon device and the electrical current causes a strange magnetic field.

With the Siphon gone, Bond is able to remember the terrible night when he accidentally witnessed a strange – ceremony? Experiment? A group of people gathered in one of the warehouses, where they had erected a mysterious frame. One of them… her voice, her eyes, so monstrously cold. She wasn't *human*, he could tell. He watched as images of the future played across the frame, like in a movie theatre, but in colour, and oddly distorted. Bond swears that he glimpsed the faces of the Investigators in the strange movie.

With his memory restored, Bond can identify at least one member of the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) that attended the ceremony.

Sinister: The German shell fell right on top of Bond – and he woke up in a hotel room in Great Arkham. He has no memory of the intervening time, and isn't even convinced that there *was* any gap between that moment of certain death and waking in that anonymous room. He believes that he spared by some act of God, and

guesses that some great *purpose* awaits him. He's waited nearly twenty years for God to show him that purpose. He's never left the city, and never contacted his family, who presume him dead. He's waiting for that divine mission to begin – why else is he still alive?

In an attempt to prompt God into acting, he's murdered several people. (Recently, his crimes have been erroneously attributed to the Dunwich Strangler). It's easy enough if you're patient – remove a few bolts so the walkway collapses and spills a factory worker into the gears of some big machine, give a homeless drunk one too many bottles of bad whiskey, know which of the secretaries works late and follow her home… after each killing, he returns to the hotel room where he woke up, and prays that his victim will turn up there in the bed, just like he did. He prays he won't be alone any more, that he'll have someone to share the divine secret of this terrible second-act life. (Bond could easily play a part in the story of Investigators who have been Consumed by the City, p. 26).

Oral History reveals Bond's military service, and notes that he's wearing a wedding ring, but never mentions his family. **Library Use** or **Bureaucracy** can dig up his records, and the threat of talking to his family can force Bond to confess his past.

Bond's resurrection might be due to experiments by Herbert West, who carried out more experiments in revivification when serving with the Canadian armed forces on the Western Front. If so, the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) might wish to examine a West "original". Alternatively, Bond may have passed through a Witch-Gate made by some medieval French coven, which connects to Great Arkham.

Stalwart: Bond isn't much of a night watchman – ever since the war, he's suffered from narcolepsy, and spends most of the night shift snoozing at his desk. He's become an accomplished Dreamer, and uses this gift to escape the grim city of the waking world in order to frolic (as much as a tired middle-aged man can be said to frolic) amid the zoogs and cats of the Dreamlands. He knows that his dream-life is as real as his waking existence, but Bond has never questioned or explored his talent, and has avoided expanding his knowledge of the occult. Waking-Bond pays as little attention to Dream-Bond as a man pays to his shadow.

In the Dreamlands, he met Randolph Carter, the great dreamer of Arkham. The two adventured together across the jewelled realms of slumber, and even met once in the waking world (it was an awkward encounter; the pair had been boon companions in that other existence, saving each other time and again from peril, and terrors which were not beyond imagination solely because they were encountered in dreams), but when they met in the waking world, the social gulf between the educated scion of an ancient family and the watchman was wider than the Vale of Pnath.

In recent months, Bond has begun to dream of Carter again, and those dreams urged him to make contact with the Silver Lodge (p. 55). Bond failed to gain access to even the lowest ranks of the secret society, and is now on the look-out for a friendly scholar who might teach him enough "spiritualist blather" to get past the gatekeepers. **Assess Honesty** confirms that Bond is as plain and honest as can be; **Dreaming** notes his natural gift.

Alternate Names: Horace Hughes, Gwen McQuarrie, Hung Lam

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-20s, lean, disconcertingly intense stare

2) Late 50s, nightgown and shotgun, mutters to herself

3) Late 20s, threadbare clothes, bandaged face from recent assault

Distinctive Quirks: 1) stalks intruders like a hunting dog 2) insomniac, obsessed with idea that thieves are breaking into her business by night 3) no or poor English

Investigative Abilities: Evidence Collection, Streetwise

General Abilities: Health 6, Scuffling 2, Shadowing 4, Weapons 2

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Named Characters

Milton Daniels, the Union Boss

Description: Late 40s, thick glasses, wild hair, lingering Russian accent when excited

Leverage: Daniels sheltered a young man named Joseph Buskow, who is on the run for shooting a police officer. Buskow is a member of the Communist Party and an ally of Daniels. He arranged for Buskow to get a job at the Hyde Electrical factory and created a new cover identity for Buskow, taking over the name of a dead man.

Born in Russia in the 1890s, Daniels emigrated to the United States with his family in 1917. He's a talented electrical engineer, and has worked on the factory floor of Hyde Electrical since it opened. Hyde Electrical is a union shop – all employees must join the union in order to work there. The union in question was the International

Association of Machinists, but Daniels led the call to join the new United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, in protest at the IAM's discrimination against non-white members. Daniels was elected head of the local union after the split.

Victim: In his youth, Daniels was a radical Communist, and barely escaped deportation during the Red Scare. While he is less militant now than he was then, he continues to associate with the radical fringe, including Dr. Tyler Freeborn, a member of the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52), who was implicated in the planned bombing of City Hall. Daniels and United Electrical are under surveillance by men working for Agent Vorsht (p. 124), who believe the union is a front for more socialist terror attacks. As pressure on the union grows, so too does the temptation to fight back with strikes or direct action. Influential player characters with high **District Knowledge** scores can trade their influence and support for the union (**Bargain**) in exchange for Daniels' help – he knows everyone in Hyde Electrical, and may be aware of strange activity related to the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) or strangeness in Northside. However, any association with Daniels will implicate the Investigators in Vorsht's eyes.

Sinister: Daniels has been a member of the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) all his life, and his family's association with the Yithians goes back uncounted generations. Throughout his youth, he was taught to revere the strangers who would contact the family and give certain coded signals of recognition, and he did not question them when they ordered him to leave Russia and travel to Great Arkham to aid the cult there. As union boss, Daniels can obtain whatever resources the Yithians need for their experiments. Electronic parts and components can be stolen from factory supplies; machine shops can be put to work building unknowable devices, and troublesome Investigators can be removed by loyal union muscle. Protecting the cult is all that matters – as long as Agent Vorsht and the city authorities think Daniels is a labour agitator and troublemaker, they won't notice the Pnakotic Cult's movements in the shadows. He knows that this will inevitably lead to a clash between the workers and the city, and that the Transport Police won't go gently on the strikers, but he must serve the inevitable powers of history, and cannot allow suffering in the present to delay the great work of time.

Streetwise or **Northside District Knowledge** spends can reveal the union's frustration with Daniels' secrecy and strange behaviour; **Assess Honesty** suggests the union boss is a fanatic to some degree. **Anthropology** or **History** notes that Daniels' own beliefs in central planning and state control of resources aren't quite in line with those of the Communist party (but do precisely match the 'fascistic communism' of the Yithian society of 65 million years ago.)

Stalwart: Three possibilities. First, Daniels was a close friend of Armitage Inquiry member Dr. Tyler Freeborn; Daniels was not a full member of the Inquiry, but was aware of their research into the Mythos, and helped them on occasion. He might even be sheltering Dr. Armitage (p. 91), or other escaped members, along with various Trotskyites.

Alternatively, Daniels might believe the newspaper reports about the Armitage Inquiry being an anarcho-Communistic sect. The arrest of his old friend has revived Daniels' appetite for revolution, and he's now secretly plotting to break the arrested Inquiry members out of Fort Hutchinson. He's unaware of the Inquiry's battle with the Mythos, but could be a useful ally to the Investigators if made aware of the threat.

The third option is that Daniels is aware only of the machinations of the Pnakotic Cult, erroneously believing them to be government spies working for Agent Vorsht. Clearly, their strange inventions are surveillance devices for spying on union meetings. Daniels

is preparing to expose and capture these spies – and his efforts against the Yithians cause him to cross paths with the Investigators.

Investigative Abilities: Anthropology, History, Physics

General Abilities: Electrical Repair 8, Health 6, Scuffling 6

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Councilor Arthur Diamond

Description: Mid-60s, flaring moustache, heavy-set, commanding voice

Leverage: Diamond went to Alaska with another son of Arkham, his childhood buddy Nate Whipple; Nate got left for dead in the snow when the pair were chased by wolves. Find proof of this betrayal, and use **Intimidate** or **Outdoor Survival** to blackmail Diamond.

Colourful character Arthur Diamond has represented Northside's business interests on the city council for more than a decade. He made his fortune up north, during the Alaskan gold rush, before returning home to his birthplace of Great Arkham. In public, he retains the wild man swagger of a hardened prospector, a straight-shooting, straight-talking frontiersman, but it's mostly an act – Diamond's a canny and sophisticated politician, who has won the loyalty of the city's professional class.

Go digging for scandal with **Library Use** or **Law** (or **Northside District Knowledge**) and there are old, unproven allegations that Diamond was forced to flee Alaska after he was accused of claim-jumping and theft.

Victim: Diamond's a victim of his own unshakable confidence. He refuses to believe that there's anything unusual or amiss with Great Arkham. Anyone who comes to him with wild claims about monsters and occult murders is clearly a crank and can be ignored. He gets angry, even violent, with anyone who tries to break his delusions. **Bargaining** works out how best to bribe him; **Reassurance** or **Flattery** to reinforce Diamond's self-image as the one clear-headed man in a town full of credulous fools offers a cheaper alternative.

Sinister: Diamond knows exactly what's going on in Great Arkham, although he hides this awareness from everyone. During his prospecting days in Alaska, he learned secrets from a shunned Inuit tribe, and stole a curious soapstone idol from their shaman. When he returned to Arkham, he noticed strange correspondences between the litanies of the Church of the Conciliator and the chants of the Esquimaux, and correctly deduced that there must be some immeasurably ancient and powerful entity that inspired both faiths. His plan is to bide his time and hide his occult knowledge until the moment is right – in effect, he's planning on claim-jumping the Ritual of Opening if it comes to pass. **Anthropology** recognizes the tattoos that Diamond keeps concealed beneath his shirt as being of Inuit origin; get him talking about his experiences in Alaska with **Flattery,** and then **Occult** or **Cthulhu Mythos** to realise he knows more about the Mythos than it seems.

Stalwart: That Inuit shaman was a foe of the Mythos, and recognised the foulness of the Old Ones from Diamond's descriptions of Great Arkham. When Diamond declared that he was going to return home, the old shaman transferred his consciousness into an idol. The shaman sometimes possesses Diamond's body and speaks through the councilor, but for the most part just hides and waits, looking for prospective allies that might help intervene when the stars come right. The shaman's spirit knows several spells, including Elder Sign, the Sign of Eibon, Contact Nodens, and Call/Banish Ithaqua.

Archaeology notes the curious idol in Diamond's home; **Anthropology** notices his occasional bouts of curious behaviour.

Investigative Abilities: Anthropology, Northside District Knowledge, Occult Studies, Outdoor Survival,

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Health 8, Riding 6, Shooting 8

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Dr. Eric Hardstrom, the Alienist

Description: Mid-40s, clipped voice, bird-like features, evasive in conversation, dislikes being touched or confined

The head of Arkham Sanitarium (p. 103), Hardstrom sees the sheer number and variety of inmates in his care as a wonderful opportunity to advance the understanding of the human brain. He employs a variety of treatments in his hospital, in the hopes of finding some scientific key which will unlock the secrets of consciousness. Hardstrom treats most of his patients like specimens on a slide, viewing them as collections of interestingly damaged nerves and disjoined brains to be fixed. He is obsessed with rationality, and has the disconcerting habit of testing the sanity and reasoning ability of those around him. He might, for example, hand an Investigator a dead rat, to judge whether or not the appropriate degree of revulsion is displayed, or ask that an Investigator complete a logic puzzle within a certain time.

He lectures at Miskatonic University (p. 87), and is a consultant at St. Mary's Hospital (p. 73) in addition to his responsibilities at the Sanitarium. The staff marvels at his clinical detachment and energy, even as they grumble at his cavalier attitudes to both them and the patients.

Old Arkham keeps its madmen locked up in attics; in Innsmouth and Salamander Fields, they roam the streets. Hardstrom embodies the Northside attitude towards insanity – lock it away, lock it down, and mechanise the cure.

Victim: Hardstrom keeps obsessive notes on all his patients. He has staff note down the ravings of the afflicted, and has recorded the mumblings of lobotomised patients to listen to over and over. He has taken biological samples and brain biopsies, confiscated personal items, forced patients to maintain dream diaries, and even conducted illegal autopsies of patients who died in his care. His case files are kept in a huge vault in the heart of the sanitarium. Somewhere in that mass of papers, Hardstrom believes, is the clue that will justify his life's work.

Hardstrom suspects that someone – some external force – is meddling with his vault. He has noticed papers have been moved, files left open, samples stolen. He initially assumed that some of the staff had entered the vault, and took the precautions of ordering them to stay away from the vault, and adding locks to the door. Still, the intrusions continued. Could someone have made a copy of his keys? Could there be a secret entrance to the vault? Hardstrom has even begun to doubt his own sanity – hidden away in the vault is a journal where he documents his own movements, in the hopes of catching himself out, and proving that he's visiting the vault in a fugue.

Inquiring about a current or former inmate at the Sanitarium could bring the vault 'on-stage' in your game; **Library Use, Medicine, Northside** or **Miskatonic University Knowledge** could also lead to the Investigators hearing rumours of the vault. As to the intruders – the city authorities could be sending rat-thing spies or burglars to read Hardstrom's records, the Pnakotic Cult could be possessing him (or using a Projector, p. 63) to steal information, or perhaps the vault is somehow part of the city – there's a file in that vault describing every living soul in Great Arkham, detailing their deranged belief in an alien city…

Sinister: Hardstrom's clinical analysis isn't restricted to his patients. He's a member (or associate) of the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44). When they resurrect some scientist or philosopher or alchemist from the dust, the restored victim is given into the "care" of Dr. Hardstrom for interrogation. Why, half the finest minds of the past century are patients in this sanitarium: Ben Franklin's raving in a strait-jacket there, Francis Bacon's eating his own fingers, and *that* fellow isn't lying when he claims to be Napoleon – and if he doesn't tell Hardstrom what the *Armeé D'Orient* discovered in Egypt, it'll be another dose of electroshock tonight.

History coupled with **Flattery** makes Hardstrom give away historical gossip; breaking into the Sanitarium and gaining access to the dungeons of the public wing discovers his prison of luminaries.

Alternatively – or even in parallel – Hardstrom may be a member of the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53). The Sanitarium is both a good source of fresh bodies, and a place to hide botched resurrections – if there are two murderous monsters locked inside padded cells, does it matter if one has a pulse and the other does not? Those resurrected with the West Formula experience an attenuation of emotion and a sharpening of intellect (as well as a hunger for human flesh, but that's a minor side effect) – perhaps an injection of a small amount of the serum directly into the right part of the brain could cure insanity?

Stalwart: Hardstrom was another ally of the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52), and has several former members of the Inquiry under his care. These might be former Investigators who worked for the Inquiry before it was destroyed, or current Inquiry members like Peaslee, Wilmarth or even Armitage himself! Even a Stalwart Hardstrom prefers to deal with unpleasant topics at one remove – he's more likely to pass on information to the Investigators, than to try to investigate matters himself.

Investigative Abilities: Anthropology, Medicine, Occult Studies, Pharmacy

General Abilities: First Aid 6, Health 6, Psychoanalysis 8

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Jervas Hyde, the Mogul

Description: Late 50s, gorilla-like frame, but air of ill health, balding, expensive suits.

Jervas Hyde was already a wealthy man when he came to Great Arkham. He made his fortune in sales, and owns a chain of hardware stores and a profitable construction company – but since moving to the city, he has invested heavily in real estate and factories. Rumours tie him to deals all over Northside, and he's argued that his company should take over the stalled subway construction contract in Salamander Fields. To that end, he's courting the favour of

city councilors and the Mayor, and if they reject him, then he's vowed to contest the next municipal elections. His business style might politely be described as 'aggressive', and he has no compunction about making dirty deals or working with organised criminals like the Malatestas (p. 153). He bought the *Arkham Gazette* newspaper and uses it as his mouthpiece while demanding that the Editor (p. 123) double circulation. He blames the late Mayor Upton for squandering the city's potential, claiming that Upton failed to build upon the legacy of the Gilman House mayors and let the city stagnate. He is a patron of the arts, especially radical new artists in Kingsport (p. 179), and owns Cosmic Pictures (a Film Studio, p. 180).

Hyde owns the Miskatonic Hotel (p. 105) and lives in the lavish penthouse suite. As an outsider, he'll never be part of the inner circle of Arkham's high society; Hyde may be able to fake good manners when he wants to be charming, but it's commonly known that 'Hyde' is an affectation – he was born Jervas *Dudley*, to poor stock, and adopted the name of an extinct aristocratic family when he was a young man. (In fact, Jervas Dudley was haunted by dreams of the tomb of the Hyde family, and believes himself to be a reincarnation of the original Jervas Hyde, who died in a fire and was therefore not buried with the rest of the family. This psychic episode is the root of Hyde's ambition; he is determined to make a mark before he ends up back in that forgotten tomb for all eternity).

Leverage: Present him with information about his death (obtained through precognition or time travel?) coupled with **Intimidation** to play to his fear of mortality.

Victim: An addict to amphetamines, Hyde's own crawling paranoia and gnawing ambition blind him to the horrific nature of the city around him. He's convinced that any strange or supernatural things he encounters are entirely within his own mind and can safely be ignored; he is determined to charge ahead with his ambitious plans for remaking the city. He cannot understand why Great Arkham plays such a small role in the nation's politics and commerce – why, it's a positively *sinful* waste of potential. **Bargain** gets an impression of Hyde's overwhelming drive for wealth and power, while **Pharmacy** spots his pill addiction. The combination will certainly destroy Hyde; the only question is, will he die alone and insane, the Howard Hughes of Great Arkham, or will he drag the Investigators over the edge with him, in some overly-ambitious attempt to seize power from forces he neither believes in nor understands?

Sinister: Hyde's avarice and cruelty are positively inhuman. He is as cold and unsympathetic towards his fellow man as any creature of the Mythos; other people are less than ants to him. His complete lack of any moral or ethical qualms brought him to Great Arkham – he knows the city is occupied by supernatural forces, and he intends to exploit or to join them. Hyde intends to become a Great Old One, or as close as he can achieve, no matter what it costs. He has no time for occult secrecy or mysticism; his goal in Arkham is to identify the most powerful cult and seize control of it, another stepping stone on his path to immortality and transcendence. Any Investigators who prove useful may be employed by Hyde as part of his occult inquisition.

It's possible that Hyde's psychic episode is the result of Yithian mind-transference. The 'echo' of two Jervas Hydes might be a side-effect of a botched time travel experience, and have nothing to do with reincarnation – the Yithians mind-swapped him with the original Hyde, and then returned his mind to the wrong body, intermixing his memories with those of Jervas Dudley. In that case, the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) may have an interest in Hyde.

Stalwart: Hyde believes in reincarnation; specifically, he believes that he is the reincarnation of the original Jervas Hyde, and that he was somehow able to escape from whatever comes after death. Hyde is certain that there is some form of post-mortem existence, but that it is unthinkably ghastly. He believes this brief earthly existence is all we have before being consigned to a fate infinitely worse than any conception of Hell; the universe is not merely uncaring towards human life, but actively malign. Hyde's goal is to find a way to reincarnate again, or failing that, to annihilate his consciousness so it does not fall back into that nightmare post-mortem realm (or better yet – to deliver the same release to all humanity). He uses his business persona as a shield to keep from thinking too much about death, and will only confide his morbid fears if the Investigators show him they have genuine experience with mystical matters (**Cthulhu Mythos).** Hyde can be a sort of nihilistic patron for the Investigators, although his standing in the city will quickly draw Suspicion on any of his agents.

Investigative Abilities: Accounting, Architecture, Credit Rating, Occult Studies

General Abilities: Health 6, Shooting 4

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Sentinel Hill

A ring of stones – believed to be all that remains of the temporary fort built by the first settlers – stands atop Sentinel Hill. For centuries, Sentinel Hill has been the heart of Great Arkham, the place where citizens gather or take refuge in times of crisis. Two of the most important buildings in the city – the Cathedral, and City Hall itself – stand on the lower slopes of the hill. The streets in the shadow of the hill are home to the city's major newspapers, as well as the city's bureaucracy and administration. The slopes of the hill exaggerate the vertical height of these buildings, turning them into cyclopean canyons of concrete, which loom monstrously over the insignificant citizens.

Unoccupied skyscrapers stand vigil over the otherwise barren eastern face of the hill; other than a few lonely houses and the transmitter tower for WARK, that side of Sentinel Hill is unoccupied and unwholesome. The eerie silence of the hill is a striking

contrast to the bustle of the western slopes, and it is strange to be able to go from the busiest part of the city to an almost lunar solitude, with only a few minutes' climb over rough ground.

Encounters

The Offering

The Investigators encounter a vagrant who's standing in front of City Hall, howling obscenities and ranting about how the government has wronged him. A squad of Transport Police close in on the man – clearly, he must be showing some symptoms of typhoid for them to be involved. On seeing the masked figures, the man runs, staggering and weaving towards the player characters. Do they block his escape, or stand aside?

If captured, the vagrant is herded towards a side door, which leads to a narrow concrete stairwell. The police push him down the stairs, and close the door.

Eavesdropping

In a diner at night, the Investigators overhear someone in the next booth over whisper their names. The conversation suggests an intimate knowledge of the Investigators' movements and actions, including anything that might warrant Suspicion. On investigation, though, the Investigators find that the booth is empty. It appears to have been recently deserted, as it is still covered with the debris of a half-finished meal. If disturbed, dozens of rats scurry out from beneath the napkins and soiled plates, and race out of the diner.

Unbound

Crossing the barren side of Sentinel Hill, the Investigators find themselves feeling oddly light, as if gravity is unaccountably weaker here. Small stones hang lazily in the air before falling down to the ground. Each step seems to carry the Investigators higher, as if one more jump could slip the bonds of earth entirely and carry the Investigators off into the sky. The effect seems to grow more pronounced as the Investigators climb the hill – do they continue or turn back?

The Sleeper

The Investigators come across a young woman from Kingsport, sleeping in the middle of the day. When woken, she smiles and explains that she is a poet, and that she likes to nap on Sentinel Hill because she always has the most wonderful and illuminating dreams here. She attributes this inspiration to the rarefied air of the hill – it is, she says, closer to God than anywhere else in Arkham.

Stock Locations

City Office

Names: Office of Property Records, Sanitation Maintenance and Construction, Land Registry, City Archives

Part of the bureaucratic apparatus around City Hall (p. 119). Only important offices are in City Hall proper; less prestigious functions get pushed out into anonymous office blocks along Noyes Street. Investigators might come here to request records from City Hall, to inquire about city employees, to consult building plans and maps, or to complain about eldritch horrors squatting in the basement of their homes. In every case, pair **Bureaucracy** with other appropriate abilities to obtain clues.

Masked: Sometimes, an office is just an office, and adding Mythos horror to Kafkaesque bureaucracy just leads to unwanted comedy. If you wish a little creepy touch, then mention rat-holes in the skirting board, suggesting the city's rat-things are monitoring the office.

Unmasked: To get to the office, the Investigators must ascend or descend several flights of stairs. This floor is oddly deserted; they pass empty rooms, offices filled with broken furniture and toppled filing cabinets. The electric lights flicker and buzz, as if signalling to one another in some unknowable code. When the Investigators find the office they are looking for, there's no-one there, but they can recover the information they seek from the files there with **Library Use.** As they search, though, they hear something moving in the locked room next door, something that taps insistently on the dividing wall as if beckoning them…

Cast: Clerks (p. 121) and secretaries. Any of the various Councilors (p. 221 for a list) might be encountered here in passing.

Clues: Plans for buildings in the city – **Architecture** notices curious details, like connections to underground tunnels, or occult architecture, which mimics the layout of the Great Pyramid. Records about city employees, which might reveal secrets about the Transport Police. Information about property developments in Salamander Fields, which (**Accounting**) imply shady dealings or (**Archaeology**) reveal the discovery of mysterious ruins beneath the mud.

For a more surreal discovery, the office might contain transcripts of the Investigators' dreams, copies of letters they have yet to send, drawers full of dismembered left hands and eyeballs, or just the paranoid scribbling of a clerk who's succumbed to madness.

Skyscraper

Names: 140 Noyes Street, the Derleth Building, 607 Rhodes

These are the mysterious, possibly pre-human, structures that tower above parts of the city. All the towers are made of a black, basalt-like stone, and all are at least 500 feet tall. Their tops are commonly lost in the clouded skies which overhang the city. Some are doorless, and have no visible means of ingress from outside, although there might be underground tunnels or Witch Gates which connect to the lightless interior. Others are doorless but not windowless (the "windows" are arched openings without frame or glass, although some towers have had conventional windows added), or windowless but not doorless. Some are covered in eerie bas-reliefs, others are smooth and featureless, at least to human eyes. If there is a pattern or purpose to these towers, no-one has discovered it.

Even in cases where the towers are open, they are not built to any human scale. A 500-foot-tall building might have only five or six internal floors, or even fewer – imagine a half-dozen cathedrals stacked on top of one another, connected by vertiginous stairwells. The stairs are uneven, and much too tall to be traversed comfortably.

The towers are offensively mysterious. They loom over the city of Great Arkham, ancient and cyclopean. They should not exist. They do.

Masked: Inhabited skyscrapers are literally masked, as the city authorities build false fronts around the lower sections of the towers. At street level, the building looks just like a skyscraper in New York or Chicago. Pull away at the façade, punch through the plaster walls, or just look up, and you'll see the black tower, indifferent to the human infestation dwelling within.

Gigantic alien skyscrapers make for cheap real estate in the city, but few people want to live in these weird structures. The strange geometries, the bone-chilling cold of the bare stone, the wind whistling through the hollow-eyed windows, the groaning subsonic communication running through your spine, the dreams… Only the Afflicted (p. 58) willingly live here. Other towers are used for storage, or even retail – shoppers can fend off cosmic dread through feverish consumerism.

Unmasked: Early in the campaign, use the towers mainly as an interesting backdrop. Have sorcerers living alone in titanic skyscrapers, have witnesses commit suicide by hurling themselves from the heights. If the players ask to investigate the towers, have all the leads end up bringing them to insane archaeologists, and murderous architects, driven mad by their obsession with the towers. Investigating the towers is precisely as illuminating as dashing your skull against their stone walls, and elects just as many answers.

Later in the game, the towers may be a clue to the nature of the city. If Great Arkham genuinely exists in the waking world, then what does that imply about the towers? Do they predate the city – and if so, are they mentioned in Native American legends? Are there records from the Colonial days of the province, describing the discovery of strange black towers? Or are the towers a reaction to the city? Did Curwen call them up from some subterranean city in the Vaults of Zin? The towers might be gateways to other universes, or anchors which keep Great Arkham tucked away in a fold of space-time.

The spatial relationship between the towers might be relevant to the Ritual of Opening (p. 60) – perhaps the rite requires a celebrant atop each of the extant towers.

Cast: The Afflicted (p. 58). Runaways (p. 148). The Historian (p. 136) or some Professor (p. 89), examining the strange buildings. Transport Police (p. 66) might be dispatched to clear out an unwanted infestation in a tower.

Clues: Architecture to examine the towers; **Cthulhu Mythos** to recall that Iram, the fabled desert city, was called the City of Pillars, and to note the disturbing similarity between these towers and "enormous dark cylindrical towers" that menaced Professor Peaslee in his memories of his abduction by the Great Race.

Anthropology might turn up legends of lost cities and petrified forests, or cryptic entries in 18th-century accounts of the "prodigious church-spires" of Arkham. **Geology** notes that bedrock near the Miskatonic River is unlikely to be strong enough to bear the weight of such buildings, so either their foundations are incredibly deep, or they defy the laws of physics.

Landmarks

Arkham City Cathedral

This building began as a Catholic cathedral, and would have been known as the Church of the Most Holy Blood if it had ever been consecrated. The explosive growth of the Church of the Conciliator during the 1840s meant that the Catholic diocese of Arkham & Bolton ran out of money and was unable to finish the cathedral, which had been under construction since the 1830s, and was nearly complete. The cathedral was

sold to the Church of the Conciliator, who completed and consecrated it in 1853 (although local legend insists that a Catholic priest and a group of incensed parishioners crept into the church when it was still under construction and held a mass there on Good Friday, and to this day some of the few remaining Catholics in Arkham still refer to the Cathedral as theirs.)

The cathedral is an impressive example of the Gothic Revival style; the Church of the Conciliator made few alterations to the exterior design, although many of the grotesques and gargoyles decorating the upper levels are rumoured to have features that resemble critics of the church in the 1850s. Inside, the church is best known for the magnificent blue stained-glass windows, designed by a mad artist; at certain times of the day, the nave is flooded with shifting aquamarine light, which gives the disconcerting impression that the building is underwater.

Masked: Even the masked incarnation of the cathedral is unsettling. **Evidence Collection** spots strange scratch marks in the floor, suggesting that all the pews were moved out of the way during the night to make room for something gigantic. **Art History** notes elements in the interior decoration that both recall the most primitive carvings found in prehistoric caves, while simultaneously anticipating the most outré imaginings of the futurists and surrealists. Most troubling of all, **Forensics** spots brownish-red spots on the white cloth covering the altar. **Streetwise** reminds the Investigators not to linger here too long; the congregation at the City Cathedral includes many of the most important – the most *fervent* – members of the Church of the Conciliator.

Unmasked: The cathedral is right in the heart of Great Arkham, and the central of the Church of the Conciliator's efforts to gain control of the city. Whatever form their plans take, the horror becomes manifest here. Some possibilities:

- The reason the Church of the Conciliator wanted a huge building in the middle of the city was to conceal their summoning of alien gods. A huge Servitor of the Outer Gods, or even a writhing avatar of Azathoth, squats in the middle of the cathedral, scooping up worshippers and devouring them whole. Bringing such powerful entities into Arkham gives the church an edge over the other cults.
- The cathedral is another potential site for the Ritual of Opening – and the church prepares the ground with sacrifices and unholy rites. When the time for the ritual comes, the Bishop of Arkham will draw on the power coursing through these alien stones to seize control of the spell.
- The cathedral is consecrated to Great Cthulhu in his role as high priest of the Outer Gods. Ignore the distorted beliefs of the Esoteric

Order and the Deep Ones – they know nothing of the gods! Cthulhu died millions of years before the first Deep Ones paddled through the seas of prehistoric Earth, and they have misinterpreted His dreams. The cathedral is designed to filter out the distortions and attenuations of the ocean, so that the Call of Cthulhu may be heard clearly for the first time in 300 million years.

- The cathedral is consecrated to Yog-Sothoth. On certain nights when the veils between dimensions are thin, the cathedral and the god become *congruous.* It's possible, at the moment of dawn, to walk out the cathedral door and emerge anywhere in time and space – assuming, of course, you survive the night…
- The cathedral is a sanctuary. When the stars come right and Great Arkham is washed clean of the human infestation, the faithful shall be saved by taking refuge within these walls.

Cast: The Bishop of Arkham (p. 150) attends the City Cathedral occasionally, arriving and departing hastily in a convoy of sinister cars, for he dislikes spending time in the city centre. There's always a Priest (p. 146) in attendance, along with other members of the faithful.

Clues: Accounting or **Oral History** to learn of significant donations to the Church; **Archaeology** to look at the names on the memorial plaques and trace the families associated with the Church, and to spot the entrance to the crypts beneath. **Architecture** works for the latter too, as well as for noticing inconsistencies between the original Catholic blueprints, and the church's present incarnation.

City Hall

Great Arkham's city hall was built in the 1860s by the first Mayor Olmstead. The choice of site was exceedingly controversial – instead of building near the previous town hall in Old Arkham, Olmstead chose a steep-sided ledge on the slopes of Sentinel Hill, on the north side of the river. Construction of the massive building was arduous, and more than a dozen workers either fell to their deaths, or died of exhaustion, when moving the huge stone blocks into position. Olmstead added to the cost by importing the stone for City Hall from overseas: the building is made of the same dark basalt-like stone as the Skyscrapers (p. 117). The stone was brought to the city by the Black Ships (p. 169) – this was the start of a long commercial arrangement between Great Arkham and those vessels.

When completed, the building was certainly striking – it squats on the side of Sentinel Hill like a "pagan idol" in the words of one critic. Others called it "Otranto on the Miskatonic". The huge bay windows of the state function room have commanding views over the Miskatonic and the southern parts of the city, but resemble eerie red eyes when the huge red drape curtains are closed. (As the windows face south-west, the running joke was that City Hall was carefully not looking directly at Gilman House.)

City Hall has been modernised over the years; some of the offices have electric lights, and there's a pneumatic messaging system. Other aspects of the building are neglected; the mouse-holes behind every bookcase are testament to that.

Notable rooms include:

- **Main Rotunda:** Visitors to City Hall pass through this domed chamber. Corridors lead off in every direction, and a pair of staircases spiral up to the second and third floors of the building. The walls are decorated with oil paintings depicting key moments and figures in Arkham's history, which were moved here from the original town hall, where they were kept in a private gallery; **Art History** notes that some of them appear to be copies, while others are originals. The execution of the copies is oddly hasty and slapdash for such prestigious work, as if the artist was in a hurry to replace the originals before they went on display to the public.
- **Grand Function Room:** This room is noted for its huge red-curtained windows and ornately decorated floor. It's used for large receptions, banquets and other functions.
- **Curwen Library:** Joseph Curwen's personal library is long since gone – most of his books were burned by the British forces when they occupied Arkham during the War of Independence, and the rest were lost along with his house. The seeds of this collection were several books Curwen wrote on governance – his essay on Machiavelli, for example, is so insightful it is as though he had the Italian statesman by his side when he wrote it.
- **The Yellow Room:** Decorated in sickening yellow wallpaper, the Yellow Room is used for smaller functions and press briefings.
- **Mayor's Office:** A knot of offices and meeting rooms surrounds the Mayor's office, directly above the Grand Function Room.
- **Council Room:** The grand meeting room used for council

meetings. There are thirteen chairs – one for the mayor, nine for the councilors for the city's districts, one for the treasurer, one for the secretary, and one left empty for guests.

Underground tunnels are said to link City Hall to Fort Hutchinson.

Masked: Treat City Hall as a civic building, filled with people executing the quotidian business of government, but mention how awkward and ill-fitting it is to that function. Cram clerks into absurdly small offices, contrast the soaring ceilings and gilded-age décor with the broken-down, squalid conditions of other parts of the building. Arkham's City Hall is to a regular seat of government as the shambling, fish-smelling figure with its hat-brim pulled low over its scaly face is to a human.

Investigators working for Mayor Ward (p. 125) may meet with the mayor in his office on occasion, but a paranoid Ward is more likely to meet them at his home in Old Arkham, or some secret venue like a friend's house or a hotel.

Unmasked: City Hall clearly has an occult purpose, but what is it? Why did Olmstead nearly bankrupt the city building this monstrosity? Is there something more to the allegations that the Armitage Inquiry were plotting to blow up City Hall? Some possibilities:

- City Hall is the keystone that turns the whole city into one huge temple. Everyone in the city is an unwitting and unwilling celebrant in a sorcerous rite. In the gaps between awareness, as they walk the streets and go about their daily lives, they chant words in no human tongue. The tainted air and the alien geometries of the streets sap their vital energies, channelling all that power to City Hall. Everyone is a celebrant; everyone is compromised. Perhaps the whole City Council can draw on that battery of occult power; perhaps it's only the Mayor, or the nameless horrors that dwell below. And as the stars crawl toward rightness and the time for the ritual is at hand, City Hall grows hungrier and more demanding.
- The building is the site for the Ritual of Opening – which is why the cults fight over seats on the council. Whether you favour Opening or Closing, the only way to be in place when the time comes is to be there in City Hall. The rise of Gilman House was a power play by the Esoteric Order of Dagon, snatching the throne away from the Necromantic Cabal. Now, who's running Arkham?
- Olmstead's choice of Sentinel Hill for the new site of City Hall was not made lightly. The building completes and amplifies the power of the circle of standing stones atop the hill. It makes casting Call [Deity] spells much, much easier. Mayor Waite, the last Gilman mayor, tried to use City Hall to Call Cthulhu, resulting in the brief rising of R'lyeh in 1925.
- City Hall is a psychic lens, focusing the Call of Cthulhu. It bends and warps the alien dreams of the dead god, refracting them through the consciousness of the Mayor. Olmstead intended it to turn the city into a surface reflection of R'lyeh, but he was poisoned by enemies before he could draw on Cthulhu's power, and the secret of the Hall died with him.

Cast: Mayor Ward (p. 125). All the Councilors (p. 221). Clerks (p. 121). Newshawk (p. 122).

Clues: Complaints overheard with **Oral History** point to strange events in one of the other districts (use any of the Encounters for inspiration). **Architecture** discovers a hidden room, secret passage, or occult symbology. **Bargain** with a newshawk for gossip, or use **Bureaucracy** to find a bureaucrat who's down on his uppers and can be bribed.

Newspaper Row

Both of Arkham's major newspapers, the *Gazette* and the *Advertiser*, are based in this block, as are the *Cryer,* the *Herald,* and the offices of WARK radio. The area also houses several of Arkham's more respectable publishing houses (for academic publishers, look to the University District; for eccentric small-press poets, try Kingsport or Salamander Fields). Unsurprisingly, there are also plenty of bars and late-night diners along Newspaper Row, frequented by cynical newshawks and harried editors.

The *Gazette* was recently purchased by Jervas Hyde, the Mogul (p. 113), reigniting a long-simmering rivalry between the two newspapers. Both sides are now scrambling for scoops and fighting for circulation, and the conflict colours everything connected to the publishing industry. Some bars are *Gazette,* others *Advertiser,* and opening a paper in the wrong bar can lead to a broken nose. Skirmishes between gangs of newsboys for territory are common; no-one's died yet in this newspaper war, but given Hyde's demand that the *Gazette* doubles its circulation by the end of the year, it's only a matter of time.

Masked: The newsroom is abuzz with the clacking of keyboards and the ringing of telephones. Reporters

gossip with the typing-pool girls before going out in search of a scoop. The sounds of a shouted argument are only partially muffled by the closed door of the editor's office; not even the roar of the printing press on the floor below can drown it out. With a suitable spend (**Credit Rating, Library Use, Bargain, Oral History** all work), Investigators can check the newspaper morgue, or winkle a clue or two out of a reporter.

Bureaucracy or **Reassurance** gets a warning about a particular sub-editor. No-one on the staff – at least, no-one who's willing to talk to the Investigators – knows who he is, or what exactly he does for the newspaper, but he sometimes suppresses stories and won't say why they can't be published, and the senior editors always back him. Why, that creepy little fellow's office must be a veritable trophy room of stories he murdered.

Unmasked: As above, but there's an entire cabal within the newspaper, dedicated to suppressing the truth about Great Arkham. This cabal has members at every level within the newspaper – journalists, photographers, sources on the street, even editors and parts of the board of management – so they can handle certain matters quietly and internally. If the city authorities need to suppress a Mythos-related incident, they hand the problem over to this cabal, who produce a suitable cover story for dissemination to the media.

The Investigators may run afoul of this conspiracy when the results of one of their investigations is covered up by the newspaper. Digging into the archives with **Library Use** spots the same credits on many similar stories; digging into other cover-ups reveals other horrific events in the city's history.

Cast: Newshawks (p. 122) and other staff. If this is the *Gazette*, then Preston Kane, the Editor (p. 123) is always here. His boss Jervas Hyde (p. 113) may be visiting, but is more likely to bark orders down the phone. A Runaway (p. 148) might work for the papers as a hawker on the streets.

Clues: Photography spots that something's been cropped out of a picture – maybe the original negative can reveal what was concealed. **Reassurance** convinces a frustrated journalist to tell the Investigators about a story that got suppressed; **Oral History** (or **Evidence Collection** to find a notebook) lets the Investigators discover what another journalist was working on, before she tripped and fell out a 20th floor window.

The city authorities keep a close watch on the fourth estate in Arkham; apply a +1 modifier to any Suspicion gains connected to the newspapers.

Stock Characters

Clerk

Name: Wilbur Fleischmann

Description: Early 40s but looks older, hangdog expression, cheap and threadbare suit

Distinctive Quirk: Always sniffling

Leverage: Fleischmann's in love with a burlesque dancer named Misty at a club in Kingsport, *King's*. Blackmail him with **Photography** and **Intimidation**, or arrange an introduction with **Streetwise.**

Nervous, nebbish Wilbur Fleischmann works as a low-paid clerk in a City Office (p. 116) near City Hall (alternatively: he's an accountant, salesman or some other suitably grey and despairing job). He has no close friends in the city; Great Arkham unsettles him, and the towering buildings all around make him feel like a furtive mouse, scurrying from shadow to shadow. What little pride he has left goes into his hobby of astronomy, and a sizeable portion of each pay check goes towards saving for that telescope he has an eye on.

Victim: Once, Fleischmann was able to use the roof of his apartment building as a makeshift observatory. Sometimes, the nights were clear enough to get a good view of the stars, and he was able to look into the heavens and forget the world in a cold detachment. Now, there's a strange man living up there, filthy and bedraggled, who shrieks and attacks Fleishmann whenever he opens the access door. The afflicted man even stole Fleischmann's telescope and won't give it back. No-one else in the apartment building cares, the supervisor won't listen, and he's too nervous to go to the police. What he needs is someone to do him a favour and get rid of the squatter on the roof. At the very least, could someone please make the afflicted man stay quiet, instead of ranting all night about cones and eyes, and why does no-one else in the building seem bothered by the noise? It's enough to drive Fleischmann mad…

The afflicted man on the roof could be one of the Afflicted (p. 58), a fugitive member of the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52) or a zombie escaped from the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53). That is, assuming it's not a hallucination of Fleischmann's, or a future/alternate Fleischmann after he ran afoul of the Pnakotic Cult's experiments in time travel…

Sinister: The creature that wears the waxy flesh-mask and calls itself Wilbur Fleischmann came from the stars, flapping down from the Hyades on membranous wings, but discovered it was unable to fly in the

unwholesome vaporous atmosphere of this planet. Unable to escape the city, it concealed itself among the human rabble, learning their speech by laying its eggs on them as they lay sleeping, then consuming the memory-larvae that hatched in the night. For a long time now, it has prepared to escape the city, building a light-wave envelope to pierce the skies and return to the alien realms beyond. Astronomical observations are a vital part of the alien's preparations – the angle of escape through Yog-Sothoth must be carefully determined. These primitive instruments are not precise enough, so he requires specialist equipment and knowledge.

This might involve working with a Laboratory (p. 85), trading with the Black Ships (p. 169), demanding secret knowledge from the Silver Lodge (p. 55) or just dissecting people who have especially keen vision and stealing their eyeballs (**Forensics** identifies alien surgical technique; **Medicine** to notice that none of the victim have spectacles).

The alien interpretation of Fleischmann might be after Misty for her perfect eyes, or perhaps it absorbed something of Fleischmann's personality when it mimicked him ("*Run away with me to the stars, Misty! I shall make suitable adjustments to your brain so you can survive in the void!*").

Stalwart: Fleischmann notices everything. He keeps obsessive journals, detailing everything from the position of the planets in the night sky to the type of luncheon meat in his co-worker's sandwiches to the number of cars that drove past his window in the night. He maps his own genealogy, tracing his family back to the Imperial Dynasty of America. He correlates it all too, finding patterns and connections, proving to his own satisfaction that there are messages in the humming of the neon sign across the street.

Sometimes, he's right. Fleischmann, for all his faults, is one of the few people who hasn't deliberately blinded themselves to the nature of the city. He sees the madness and horror. For the most part, he's too scared to confront it directly– even if he's glimpsed the ghouls creeping from the sewers at night to steal babies from the maternity hospital, he just cowers on the rooftop and watches in terror as they go about their grisly business. Fleischmann fights back in quiet, indirect ways: he won't try to stop the ghouls at night, but he'll 'accidentally' leave his car parked on top of the manhole so the ghouls can't use that route tomorrow night. He might become a useful contact or guardian angel for the Investigators.

Alternate Names: Harry Barwyn, Nell Covan, Josephine Bland

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-40s, talks fast, red-faced (political hack and fixer, uses the roof to smoke and to meet with contacts)

2) Mid-20s, ditzy, party girl (typist; goes to the roof to contemplate suicide when she's in a downward emotional spiral)

3) Mid-50s, intimidating, cold eyes behind thick glasses (manages city office with icy competence, keeps small garden on roof)

Distinctive Quirks: 1) String of expletives at the drop of a hat 2) emotionally labile 3) remarkably caring and considerate in a crisis

Investigative Abilities: [Astronomy], Bureaucracy

General Abilities: Health 4, Sense Trouble 2

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Newshawk

Name: Faye McKenzie

Description: Late-20s, dark hair in a short bob, winning smile

Quirk: Taps her pen on the table before asking a question

Leverage: Faye's a newshound; use **Bargain** to trade a good story (2-point **District Knowledge** spend) for her help

McKenzie is an investigative reporter for the *Gazette*. She started out on the Miskatonic University beat; one of her first pieces was a series of interviews with the survivors of the ill-fated expedition to Antarctica, and made her name with her reports on the Armitage Inquiry. Now that the *Gazette* has been commanded from on high to increase circulation by any means necessary, she – along with the rest of the bullpen – is ready to take any risk to get a big story.

McKenzie idolizes the example of 19th-century journalist Nellie Bly, who was famed for her undercover expose of a mental asylum in New York; McKenzie might well try a similar stunt, like:

- Going undercover in the work-force in Gardner Industrial Farms to investigate rumours of strange illness and physical degeneration of employees there
- Digging into the more mysterious and sinister aspects of the Church of the Conciliator
- Chasing the Dunwich Strangler (p. 149)
- Exposing Boss Marsh (p. 175)

Victim: This incarnation of McKenzie has discovered something she was not meant to know, and the City Authorities are aware of this. Soon, they're going to deal with her, but first they need to find out who her source was. Until she gives up this source,

she's under surveillance by rats, and other agents of the authorities; even a casual association with her is worth +1 Suspicion, and speaking to her at length is worth +2 (more if the authorities suspect one of the Investigators is her source).

If the *Gazette* is compromised (i.e. either Jervas Hyde, p. 113, or Preston Kane, p. 123 is Sinister), then she's doomed as soon as she files her story. If it's not, then she's even closer to the grave (although she may be coming back from it – the Necromantic Cabal might have her killed, so they can call her back and interrogate her post-mortem). **Streetwise** spots that she's being followed; **Reassurance** convinces her to confide in the Investigators and – if she comes to trust them – tell them what she discovered. This might point the Investigators at Thomas Kearney (p. 163), Henry Armitage (p. 91), the tunnels under Waite Station (p. 105) or something uncovered in the Dig (p. 130).

Sinister: McKenzie reports to one of the city councilors (p. 221) – and her patron is a cultist. She may be a lower-ranking member or associate of that cult, or they're just having an affair of mutual convenience. She poses as an honest reporter, but she's a muckraker targeting enemies of her patron. Once she becomes entangled with the Investigators, she'll spy on them, and attempt to manipulate them into advancing her patron's schemes. **Assess Honesty** in one of her rare moments of vulnerability, or any of the methods for detecting cultists, can spot that McKenzie's not to be trusted.

Stalwart: As part of her investigation into the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52), McKenzie obtained some of Dr. Armitage's diaries and personal papers. Instead of turning them over to the police, she started following up on the leads herself, and what she discovered convinced her that Armitage was framed and that there is something dreadfully, cosmically *wrong* with the city. Her goal now is to prove that the charges against the Inquiry are false; she'll seek out any Investigators with suitable investigative abilities (**Law, Occult, Cryptography**) for assistance.

Alternate Names: Majorie Weidler, Ray Copeland, Buster Webb

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-50s, blue-rinse hair, drunk by noon (society and advice columnist)

2) Mid-40s, muscular but getting fat, broken nose and bald head (former boxer, crime beat)

3) Mid-20s, arrogant smile, dressed to the nines, braying laugh (political beat)

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Pries into Investigators' personal lives 2) alarmingly calm, as if trying to suppress red rage 3) spoiled rich kid

Investigative Abilities: Evidence Collection, Library Use, Oral History

General Abilities: Filch 4, Health 4, Preparedness 4, Shadowing 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Named Characters

Preston Kane, Editor of the Arkham Gazette

Description: Early 50s, thinning hair in a comb-over, white moustache, slight and rail-thin, with a deep voice out of proportion to his frame

Distinctive Quirk: Unfailingly polite, even in a crisis

Leverage: Kane secretly loathes his boss, Jervas Hyde (the Mogul, p. 113). Any information that he can use against Hyde is valuable to him.

Kane's the editor of the *Arkham Gazette*, Arkham's second-largest newspaper behind the *Advertiser*. As editor, Kane prided himself on running a newspaper that was intelligent, challenging, erudite and respectable – even if its circulation was far behind that of its rival. Let the *Advertiser* chase scandal and demean itself by slathering its pages in tawdry advertising and yellow journalism – the *Gazette* was the thinking man's paper.

Now the *Gazette*'s owned by Jervas Hyde, and the war between the papers is in full swing. Both newspapers are scrambling for headlines and readership, and every day Kane finds himself compromising another one of his journalistic ethics. Worse, he's discovered that he's got a taste for the dirty tricks and muckraking that he decried earlier in his career. While the younger journalists and staff on the *Gazette* look up to Kane, several of his old inner circle of friends and reporters are disgusted by his slow descent into the gutter press, and his attempts to justify it to them.

Victim: Kane believes he's cursed. At Hyde's insistence, he printed a story that insinuated that several members of the City Council were taking bribes from the Malatesta gang. Shortly afterwards, Kane began to suffer from agonizing stomach pains at infrequent but predictable intervals: whenever the printing presses of the *Gazette* go to work, then Kane feels a stabbing pain whenever the name of one of the councilors is printed. It's as though the words are being hammered into his kidneys instead of being printed on paper. He's convinced that this is not a psychosomatic delusion, and that he has been cursed by some occult power.

One more story about the council could kill him; he's been suppressing and rewriting articles to defend his diminishing health, but he cannot hold out forever. **Cryptography** notes the increasingly elaborate circumlocutions and evasions in the *Gazette*; **Reassurance** convinces Kane to trust the Investigators and confess his beliefs. It's up to the Keeper as to whether Kane is genuinely cursed, or if he's simply gone mad.

Sinister: Kane is a quisling. He knows the city is monstrous and corrupt, and that there are forces that control and beguile the population, and he willingly serves them. Most people in the city unconsciously blind themselves to the truth – Kane's smart enough to have discovered it, and self-serving enough to have deliberately turned away from it. He uses his position as editor of the *Gazette* to suppress that truth, and is rewarded by the secret masters of the city. He meets with some agent of those masters regularly, to receive his instructions and his stipend.

If anyone discovers his arrangement, then he'll write them a glowing obituary after his Mythos allies deal with the inconvenience. He has a great respect for human accomplishments – far more than *they* do, you understand – but no human accomplishment can change reality. No revelation can make the truth of this existence palatable or bearable. There is no fighting the Mythos, and the only victory is an arrangement ensuring that he will be the last sheep slaughtered.

The situation with Jervas Hyde (p. 113) endangers Kane's arrangement. Hyde's blind political ambition is causing problems for the *Gazette*, and without control of the newspaper, Kane cannot fulfil his end of the bargain with the city authorities. For some reason, the authorities are unwilling to confront Hyde directly, so Kane is looking for another way to manage the situation.

Stalwart: Kane's wife Myrna is a secret cultist (either the Church of the Conciliator, p. 47, or the Witch Coven); consumed by his job, Kane never noticed her growing obsession with the occult. A few weeks ago, he accidentally found a strange amulet among her belongings when searching for his cufflinks, and when he picked it up, it *bit* him. The mark is still visible on his finger, half-way between (**Medicine**) a radiation burn and a snake-bite. Ever since, he's been both worried and scared of his wife, and is debating either sending some of his reliable journalists to follow her, or hiring a Private Detective (p. 160) to look into her associates. If the Investigators help him – and save him from whatever ghastly effects that amulet might have on him – he'll be a stalwart ally of theirs.

Investigative Abilities: History, Kingsport District Knowledge, Northside District Knowledge, Old Arkham District Knowledge, Oral History, Sentinel Hill District Knowledge, Streetwise, University District Knowledge

General Abilities: Health 6.

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Agent Isaac Vorsht, the Federal Investigator

Description: Mid-40s, heavyset, red-faced, scarred knuckles.

Distinctive Quirk: Intimidatingly intense at all times.

Leverage: Justice. Convince Vorsht that you're on the side of righteousness, and he'll listen.

Isaac Vorsht is an agent of the Bureau of Investigation. Director Hoover himself recruited Vorsht out of the army. Trusted him, put him in charge of anti-racketeering investigations. Vorsht was a rising star in the Bureau, one of the inner circle – or so he thought. Six years ago, Mayor Francis Upton of Great Arkham asked for federal assistance in his struggle with organised crime, and Washington sent Isaac Vorsht.

Over those six years, and under two mayors, Vorsht has led the city's fight against the Marsh gang, against dissidents and seditionists, against Communists, against anyone who defies the laws of God and man. The fight has both consumed him and defined him; Vorsht works twenty-hour days, and can't remember the last time he slept anywhere other than the couch in his office in City Hall. The other G-Men Hoover sent with him to Great Arkham are gone: dead, vanished, gone home, gone so deep undercover they've changed – he cannot recall. All that remains is the struggle for this city's soul. When he saves Great Arkham, Vorsht knows, the Director will call him back to Washington. The Director hasn't forgotten him.

Victim: Vorsht is insane. In his delusions, he's still in touch with Hoover and the rest of the Bureau in Washington, and still has a host of Federal Agents under his command. He types up reports, gives them to himself to read, and then sends the reports back bloodied with red ink. The things described in the reports are impossible, he tells himself – there are no tentacle monsters, no witches, no rats with human faces scratching in the walls. He calls himself on the telephone, argues with himself. He's trying to do the work of twenty different men, all at once. The city

Vorsht as Patron

Agent Vorsht would prefer to employ former police officers or soldiers, but as long as the player characters are free of obvious moral turpitude, he'll work with them. Vorsht-as-patron distrusts the city's police force (either entirely, or just some elements like the Transport Police), and so uses the player characters to investigate crimes that he fears would be covered up or even *committed* by the city authorities.

As a patron, Ward provides a 4-point pool that can be spent on **Bureaucracy**, **Cop Talk**, **Credit Rating**, **Forensics** or **Evidence Collection**. Refreshing this pool can be done between adventures, but raises the Investigators' Suspicion by 1.

authorities keep him around as a sort of amusing pet, or a living rubber-stamp – if they need to interact with the Federal government, or to blunt some investigation into the city's police force, they bring Vorsht out.

Cop Talk and a willingness to indulge Vorsht's delusions might turn him into a useful source of information for the player characters – he's got files on everyone and everything. Of course, Vorsht's paranoia makes it dangerous to associate with him: he might report on his own suspicious conversations with criminals like the Investigators, leaving him with no choice but to arrest himself and rough himself up, to force a confession that he'll then type up with broken fingers.

Sinister: Vorsht is a hard-headed, no-nonsense Federal Agent. He believes in the same vision of God and America that Director Hoover inculcated in all his agents – an orderly, civil society where everyone knows their place, a perfect order that must be protected from subversion and corruption. He is wilfully blind to the existence of the Mythos and the corruption of the city authorities, and maintains this blindness by obsessively hunting the Armitage Inquiry and other enemies of the state. He is a doggedly human foe for the Investigators – dangerous not because of any supernatural qualities or cosmic horrors, but because he's a fanatic who will do anything to bring them to 'justice'.

Optionally, Vorsht might have rediscovered his own family heritage during his raids on Innsmouth. He still despises the Marsh gangsters, but the Esoteric Order of Dagon calls to him when he dreams.

Stalwart: Vorsht has managed to retain his sanity, despite being trapped in Great Arkham. He saw horrors he does not care to recall during his raids on Innsmouth, and knows that this city is infested with supernatural dangers. He uses his position in the city authorities to battle the Marsh gang, to hunt for the Dunwich Strangler, to keep down the ghouls and to warn people away from other trouble spots, like typhoid outbreaks or the Kingsport Beach at night. At the same time, he knows that the city authorities are equally corrupt and monstrous. He doesn't know how long he can maintain his position before he's found out, but he's determined to use what little time and influence he has to strike back against the Mythos.

Investigative Abilities: Cop Talk, Forensics, Intimidate

General Abilities: Athletics 8, Firearms 10, Health 8, Scuffling 10

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Mayor Charles Ward

Description: Mid-30s, handsome, bearded, dark-eyed, awkward demeanour when standing or walking, as if recovering from an old injury.

Distinctive Quirk: Uses anecdotes about Arkham architecture and local history as a way of talking around topics

Leverage: You don't get leverage on the mayor that easily.

Great Arkham looks proudly on its young mayor. Charles Ward was named deputy major by the late Francis Upton (p. 79); at the time, the deputy mayor's duties were mostly administrative and ceremonial, a way for the younger man to take some of the burden of the office off Upton. Ward was a first-term councilor representing Old Arkham, and was generally seen as a political dilettante – respectable and competent enough, but without the ambition or the connections to make a long career in politics.

When Upton died in a car crash, Ward declared his intention to serve out the remaining two-and-a-half years of Upton's final four-year term. Councilors from Innsmouth objected, but Ward won them over in a lengthy closed-door council meeting. Now, with less than a year to go before the end of his term, the young mayor still hasn't made a convincing case for re-election. He has yet to shed his reputation as a caretaker mayor,

a moment for City Hall to breathe before the battle between a resurgent Gilman House and its opponents begins again. Jervas Hyde (p. 113) and Samuel Waite (p. 81) are both likely contenders for the mayoralty.

Mayor Ward is unmarried; before standing for election as a councilor, he was an antiquarian, amateur chemist, property developer. He is a direct descendant of Joseph Curwen, Arkham's famous founding father. A portrait of Ward hangs next to one of Curwen in the foyer of City Hall (p. 119); the resemblance is uncanny.

Victim: Ward – either independently, or through the machinations of the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44) – resurrected his ancestor Joseph Curwen. The ancient sorcerer fed from Ward's life force, restoring blood to his dusty veins by taking from his descendant. Once restored, Curwen imprisoned Ward and stole his identity. For several years now, Curwen has pretended to be Ward in public. The real Charles Ward is still alive, and is released sometimes to play himself. If Ward ever reveals the truth, Curwen has promised to exact a terrible vengeance on Ward's family.

Ward does not know why the resurrected sorcerer keeps him alive. Perhaps Curwen fears assassins, and uses Ward as a double to deceive them. Perhaps the resurrection is dependent on Ward's life force. Perhaps Curwen intends to conceal his return to life for as long as possible, and having Ward around helps him fool those who know Ward best. His prison is somewhere beneath Salamander Fields (p. 127); he's brought into City Hall via a Gate spell.

History or **Assess Honesty** notes that Mayor Ward's demeanour and speech patterns change subtly at times; a close examination of a painting of Curwen with **Art History** or **Photography** spots a small scar above his right eyebrow that Ward sometimes (but not always!) shares. If the Investigators can reach Ward and convince him to trust them, he can signal them when he is "Ward" and when his dark twin is away on some sinister mission.

Sinister: Charles Ward is dead, buried in an unmarked grave in Salamander Fields. Joseph Curwen has returned to the city he created, resurrected from his essential salts and given the name and identity of a descendant who conveniently resembled him. Now, Curwen continues his necromantic studies and prepares for the Ritual of Opening (p. 60) that will shape the future of Great Arkham and the world.

As Mayor, Curwen is mistrusted by the rest of the city council, and cannot wholly neglect his duties, as his political enemies will seize upon any sign of weakness or inattention. He still needs to win the upcoming mayoral elections in order to retain control of the city authorities. Fortunately, he has a ready source of political intelligence – he can literally dig up dirt on his opponents by exhuming their deceased friends and family.

Stalwart: Charles Ward is a direct descendant of Joseph Curwen, but he is emphatically not his ancestor. Francis Upton warned him that there was something terribly wrong in Great Arkham, but it took the death of his mentor to rip the scales from Ward's eyes and see the horrors of the city. Ward may have become mayor almost by accident, and is dismissed as an irrelevant figure-head by the other councilors, but he's determined to use the powers of his office to redeem Great Arkham, and liberate its citizens from the horrors that surround them.

Investigative Abilities: Architecture, History

General Abilities: Health 6

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Ward as Patron

The obvious route is to use the Stalwart version; Ward cannot trust the police or Vorsht (p. 124), so he turns to fellow stalwart foes of the Mythos like the player characters for aid. He might have agents watching for potential recruits, so Investigators who are Consumed by the City (p. 26) and arrive unexpectedly in Great Arkham could be contacted by the mayor's office. The price of Ward's support and protection is that the Investigators must help him cling to power – he needs to defeat his political enemies and learn what's really going on in the city. For a nasty twist, have Ward be replaced by Curwen, as per the Victim version of the character, midway through the campaign.

Alternatively, the Sinister mayor could use the Investigators as pawns; as they are not connected to any of the rival cults, he can work through them, without endangering the delicate balance of power, as he prepares for the Ritual of Opening.

As a patron, Ward provides a 3-point pool that can be spent on **Bureaucracy**, **Cop Talk**, **Credit Rating** or **Sentinel Hill District Knowledge**. Any points in the pool left over at the end of an adventure are counted against Suspicion (so, if the Investigators have two points left over, drop Suspicion by 2.) This pool gets refreshed whenever the Investigators do a significant favour for the mayor.

Salamander Fields

Salamander Fields was once farmland owned by, among others, city founder Joseph Curwen. No sign of those green fields and fruitful orchards remain – present-day Salamander Fields is a derelict eyesore, a dying district. The floods of 1888 destroyed the textile mills that provided employment for the majority of the neighbourhood's citizens. New mills were built in Westheath, taking advantage of electrical power from the new Olmstead Dam, so Salamander Fields were left to rot. Since then, parts of the district have flooded every spring, despite the dams upriver.

Many of the buildings are still partially flooded, their basements awash in stagnant black water. There are some stirrings of life, like the Chemical Works, but in the main this is a district of shuttered, derelict houses, ruined factories and waste ground. The new Highway (p. 130) and the Dig (p. 130) are the clearest statements possible of Sentinel Hill's attitude towards this sullen, brooding region – the only thing to be done with Salamander Fields is to bypass it, and bury it away beneath a concrete tomb.

People still live in Salamander Fields – squatters, the afflicted, those too poor or too stubborn to leave. Outbreaks of typhoid fever and other diseases are regrettably common in the Fields, and the Transport Police (p. 66) are regularly seen here, especially around the Dig (p. 130).

Salamander Fields is also rife with crime; it's the battleground between the Marsh and Malatesta gangs (p. 153), and shootouts and punishment beatings are regrettably common. Currently, the Marshes have the upper (webbed) hand, but the Malatestas are long-established in parts of the district, and have local criminals under their control.

Encounters

While there are inexplicable and disturbing things throughout Great Arkham, the region of Salamander Fields is especially… porous. These intrusions take many forms – weird growths, mysterious ruins, strange folds and warps in space, pockets of ab-reality, cryptic windows into other realms. They are always fragmentary and apparently broken, as if their arrival in the city has damaged or distorted them. If such public intrusions of unreality showed up anywhere else in the city, then they'd be surrounded by Transport Police and erased within hours – but no-one cares about Salamander Fields, and no-one who matters will ever see these alien shards. Pick one of the following intrusions, or use them as inspiration for your own bizarre encounters.

- A patch of mushrooms or moss, growing profusely over a ruined house. **Biology** or **Outdoor Survival** are unable to identify the plants, which sway back and forth as if touched by a breeze only they can feel. Occasionally, they belch clouds of strong-smelling spores into the air.
- A broken waist-high wall of strange bluish stone, partially covered in broken clay tiles. Examining the clay tiles with **Archaeology** reminds the Investigator of certain clay tablets discovered in the ruins of Nineveh. **Languages** translates some of the inscriptions as describing a 'water-lizard' who brings destruction to the cities of men.
- A twisted, misshapen spear of metal rises from the ground. From a distance, it might resemble a broken lamppost or maybe a girder from a demolished building, but when examined it's clear that this is something alien. The metal appears to have been exposed to astounding heat and pressure quite recently (**Chemistry** is unable to identify the material, which seems to be an alloy of titanium and several other elements, including some that are unknown to science; **Physics** or **Astronomy** guesses the most likely source of the heat and stress marks on the metal is re-entry into a planet's atmosphere). The metal spike is connected to something deeply buried in the ground.
- A spot of complete, overwhelming silence. Stand on that spot, and the Investigator can hear nothing except the beating of her own heart – the noise of the city and everything else vanishes completely. It's extremely disconcerting and disorientating, like falling into a deep hole without moving. **Evidence Collection** or **Outdoor Survival** notices that the border of the spot is marked by a ring of flies, ants and other insects, all of which appear to be in agony and confusion, and are unable to leave the affected zone.

Stock Locations

Derelict Industrial Building

Names: Old Mills, Arkham Steel, Grosner Flour

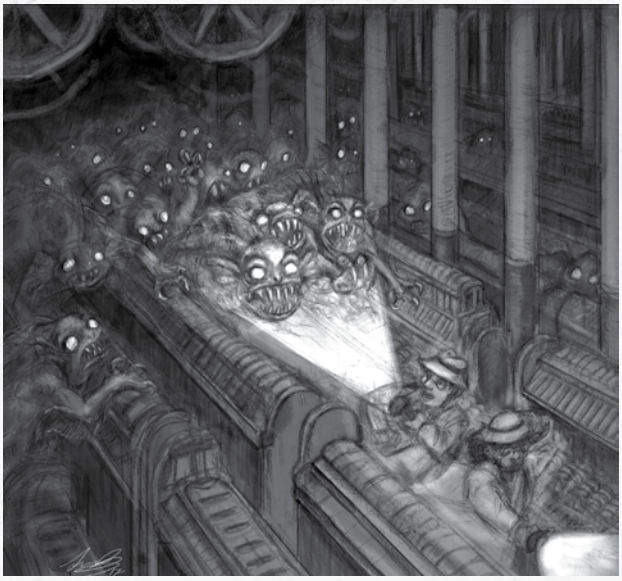
Masked: Several large former industrial buildings stand vacant along the riverside in Salamander Fields. The original factories shut down after the floods of 1888, and the factories moved away to Northside and Westheath. Attempts to repurpose the buildings never met with much success, especially as the floodwaters damaged the foundations, making them unsafe. At the same time, the owners refused to pay to have them demolished. Today, the corpse-hulk factories remain much as they were after the floods, cloaked in rot and malaise, grotesque redbrick reminders of the neglect of Salamander Fields.

Some of the buildings do house small workshops, garages or assembly lines, but these only employ a tiny fraction of the former workforce, and use only a small part of the vast space available. Investigators picking through the ruins might find a few seamstresses sewing clothes in one small corner of a cavernous factory floor, or a car mechanic using one room of a building with a hundred more.

Unmasked: The floodwaters took these buildings, and will not give them back. The lower levels are flooded, and down there amid the flotsam and the wreckage in the darkness dwell things that swam upriver from Innsmouth when the river burst its banks. What's down there? A nest of Deep Ones, now allied with the Marsh Gang (p. 165)? A shoggoth? A half-flooded dungeon, where the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) dump their unwanted reanimated corpses? Perhaps if an Investigator climbs down those rusted stairs into the stagnant water, she'll emerge on the other side, climbing out into an inverse, mirror-world city; or descend into a Dreamlands clogged and flooded with psychic effluvia from the city.

Alternatively, the thing isn't a building – it only resembles one from a distance. If the Investigators cross the marshy landscape of broken rubble and oily mud that surrounds the towering structure, they discover that it is a cyclopean creature, a living thing with a hide the colour of concrete, held in a rusting cage of iron girders.

Cast: There are healthier places to sleep, so of Arkham's homeless population, only the Afflicted (p. 58) would willingly stay here. The Marsh



Gang (p. 165) might use a factory as a place to hide out or cache stolen goods.

Clues: Streetwise knows that the Marsh Gang are operating out of an old mill (either to hide guns, or to contact their Deep One allies). The bloated corpse lodged among the industrial wreckage is too far gone to identify, but **Forensics** spots a curious wound or mark that suggests a cause of death other than drowning. Surveyors working for Jervas Hyde, the Mogul (p. 113) might visit the ruined building, planning to redevelop it.

Ruined House

Names: Curwen Row, Salamander Gardens, Water Street, Goat Street

Masked: A row of ugly, dilapidated townhouses, once all identical, but now each one shambles towards disintegration in its own way. That one was flooded, and now the basement and the ground floor are choked with a profusion of varicoloured mushrooms that push up through the floorboards and grow through the walls. The roof of the next has fallen in, and the whole building sags inwards, its heart gone rotten. Along there is one with cracked windows and a boarded-up door (and strangely, the door was boarded from the *inside*, nails driven at awkward angles into the brickwork), and next to it, a house where the empty doorway gapes like a mouth, and vagrants sleep ten-to-a-room, huddling together for warmth against the chill wind.

And in the midst of this rot are a few houses which are still inhabited. The curtains are tattered and stained, but there are flowers in the windows, and the pavement outside is swept clean each day. Lights burn in the upper stories – flickering candles and lamps, of course, because electricity never came to this part of the city.

Exploring an abandoned house, the Investigators find evidence of either current or previous cult activity. For an extinct cult or vanished sorcerer, **Occult** or **Evidence Collection** spots the faded remnants of occult symbols daubed on the walls, and **Forensics** pieces together the bone fragments found beneath the floorboard into the skeleton of a cat – or a child. That one wall where the ceiling is strangely bowed might hold a latent Witch Gate; the ring of brightly coloured mushrooms that sprout like a fairy ring around the living room might give potent visions if eaten; **Archaeology** finds several old books concealed behind a false wall or buried in the ground.

If the cult is currently active, then the blood's fresher (**Forensics**), the child might still be alive (albeit buried alive, and rescuing the infant makes the Investigators targets of cult retribution), and the witch-gate is still 'hot' – it's a one-way portal to some other part of the city or into some other region of space-time altogether. **Cthulhu Mythos** could determine if this was a rite of the Witch Coven (p. 42), a secret gathering of the Church of the Conciliator (p. 47), or some transient minor cult.

Unmasked: The house is a nest for a Mythos creature. Byakhee or nightgaunts take flight from the collapsed roof at twilight like monstrous bats. Something unwholesome was trapped in the basement when the floodwaters withdrew, caught like a sea-creature in a tide pool. Ghouls gnawed their way up through the mud, or one of Curwen's mysterious Guardians – called up from the dust of many centuries – now hides amid the ruins. **Evidence Collection** and **Outdoor Survival** let the Investigators find clues that might tell them what dwells here. Nearby offerings suggest that someone in the neighbourhood knows of the creature and leaves it food – or is trying to command it.

Cast: The Hobo (p. 134), Runaway (p. 148) or one of the Afflicted (p. 58) might be using this place as a flophouse. The Transport Police (p. 66) may have the house under surveillance pending a 'decontamination'. A Labourer (p. 158) or Engineer (p. 106) might be working on it.

Clues: Oral History gleans gossip about the comings and goings at a particular house. **Law** discovers that the house is part of a section of the city due to be redeveloped, and the developers have an interest in forcing a sale or getting rid of squatters. **Streetwise** to know whether this area's under the control of the Malatesta or Marsh gangs (and **Sense Trouble** to duck when there's a drive-by shooting).

The Boston Highway

An impressive billboard depicting an automobile speeding across a shimmering bridge announces the imminent opening of Route 22, a highway linking Great Arkham with Boston. Route 22, though, depends on the completion of the Dig, and until that Sisyphean task is done, the main road out of Great Arkham is a sullen, narrow road running through surprisingly thick woodland scrub. The Transport Police have a permanent checkpoint set up across the highway, examining every vehicle that tries to pass for signs of contamination.

Landmarks

The Dig

The Dig in the Fields is an infamously slow and over-budget public works construction project. It began under Mayor Waite when the city was booming and flush with tax revenue, continued as make-work at the height of the Depression, putting a legion of unemployed men to labour at reclaiming Salamander Fields from the mud and floodwaters. Now, the city says the Dig is part of the expansion of the subway line into Innsmouth, or building the foundations for the new interstate, or it's going to put an end to the problem of flooding in the low-lying parts of the city. The Dig has seen three administrations come and go, and buried more than one councilor. Most people in Salamander Fields have grown used to the hosts of mud-covered spectres with shovels, to the strange noises and rumblings in the earth, and to the Transport Police cordon that surrounds the construction site.

Masked: The Dig's secret purpose is to find and excavate the remains of Joseph Curwen's old farm. According to local legends, there were vaults and chambers beneath the property, but the location of the secret entrance to this subterranean realm was lost when English soldiers burnt the farmhouse. The slums of Salamander Fields erased any clues that might have pointed to Curwen's secret laboratories, forcing the city to effectively dig up the whole district to find what was lost.

Floods and the shifting of the earth over the centuries damaged the vaults, so while the Dig crew have found some chambers and corridors, they haven't yet found the real prize (Curwen's library? His collection of grave-dust amphorae? His *Custodes*?). They have uncovered ghoul warrens, slumbering horrors, dangerous alchemical substances and other perils – the city authorities have so far managed to conceal the alarming number of casualties suffered by the workforce, and the Transport Police ensure no-one speaks out of turn.

Oral History plus **Reassurance** might convince a worker to talk, but if the Investigators incur any Suspicion, they sign the poor man's death warrant. **Evidence Collection** plus **Chemistry** wonders why the mud tracked over the mat in the victim's home contains traces of ash, bone and rare acids. **Architecture** plus **Library Use** or **Cthulhu Mythos** (and maybe some **Cryptography)** might allow the Investigators to decode some old map or diary and find the lost entrance to the vaults before the city authorities.

If Major Ward is in fact Joseph Curwen reborn (p. 137), is the Dig intended to recover his old haunts for some sinister purpose (like the Ritual of Opening)? Or, given it was started by Mayor Waite of Gilman House (p. 170), is the Dig aimed at destroying the last redoubt of the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44)?

Alternatively (or in addition), the Dig's purpose is eradicating a ghoul nest under Salamander Fields.

Unmasked: Curwen's old farm may be buried in the sucking mire of Salamander Fields, but that is not what the Dig seeks to uncover. There's something vastly older and larger beneath the city. Perhaps:

- The Dig is aimed at breaking through the bedrock of the Dreamlands to reach the Vale of Pnath, that lightless valley where gugs and bholes dwell. In fact, they broke through years ago – the casualties among the workforce are the results of the city's secret war against the gugs. Investigators with **Dreaming** find relics from the city forces traded in the markets of Ulthar.
- The Dig seeks a route the fabled Vaults of Zin, a vast cavern beneath North America. They are close; the "mud" of parts of Salamander Fields is actually the mulched remains of Formless Spawn that slither up through the excavation. **Geology** discovers discarded rocks in a pile of waste with alien fossils.

- The Dig was organised by the Church of the Conciliator – it's an endless, ongoing sacrifice to the charnel god Mordiggan. The workers will continue to toil until they drop dead or are crushed in some industrial accident, and their bodies will be thrown into the pit to join the many, many other offerings that have gone before them.
- An alien god slumbers beneath the city. The Ritual of Opening will wake the deity when the stars are right. Other cults want to excavate the god's grave to loot its body and steal its grave-goods. **Archaeology** finds strange relics in the mud; **Biology** finds parasites and hide flakes from the god's body.
- There's a wrecked alien spaceship/temple buried in the mud. Its damaged dimension-shifting engines create the reality-distorting field that preserves the city. **Physics** detects that these strange distortions are strongest near the Dig site.

Cast: Labourers (p. 158), overseen by Transport Police (p. 66). The Historian (p. 136). Councilor Frederick Goddard of Northside (p. 77) runs a company involved with the Dig.

Clues: Injured workers are brought to St. Mary's Hospital (p. 73; **Forensics** or **Medicine** to examine their corpses for weird wounds or diseases). Sift through tailings from the Dig with **Archaeology** or **Geology**; any significant artefacts might be taken to Fort Hutchinson (p. 182) or the Historical Society (p. 72). **Accounting** or **Sentinel Hill District Knowledge** can learn about financial misdealings, and the Marsh Gang siphoning off money from the Dig, as well as Goddard's involvement.

Essex Chemical Works

The Essex plant is a huge industrial chemical factory, a futurist landscape of steel pipes and huge tanks, spider-webbed with gantries and walkways. Clouds of acrid smoke and steam hang above the plant, and it disgorges millions of gallons of waste into the Miskatonic from its outflow pipes along the riverbank. The plant's labour force live in the eastern parts of Salamander Fields; most of the chemical engineers and scientists who work here live near the University or in Northside, and do not linger on their drive home from work.

The plant's major customers are Bolton Textile Mills (p. 155), Gardner Industrial Farms (p. 155), Hyde Electrical (p. 100), and overseas buyers (exported via the Black Ships, p. 169). The plant also makes the chemical disinfectant used by the Transport Police (p. 66), as well as various household cleaning products, medications, and industrial chemicals. The plant is also rumoured to produce a quantity of mustard gas, or some similar chemical weapon like Lewisite, destined for US army stockpiles; if such weapons exist, they would be stored at Fort Hutchinson (p. 182).

Masked: The chemical plant is one of Arkham's bigger employers, and its health is vital to the city's economy. **Accounting** or **Innsmouth/Sentinel Hill District Knowledge** discovers that the plant owners are indebted to Gilman House (p. 170) – was it a loan of funds, a political deal, or something more sinister?.

The Transport Police's spray is made on-site, in a heavily guarded section of the plant. Depending on which variant of the spray is used in your campaign (p. 68), breaking in here may allow Investigators to concoct an antidote to the spray, or discover how the spray dissolves troublesome things into unreality.

Any of the 'scientific' cults might have agents in the Chemical Works – the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) for its chemical resources, the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) for weird science, or the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44) – perhaps it's the Chemical Works, and not the Dig (p. 130) that sits atop Joseph Curwen's former farm, and the Chemical Works recapitulates the sorcerer's work with salts and reagents on an infinitely vaster scale. Similarly, any of the criminal gangs in Arkham might have an interest in robbing the chemical worlds – to obtain explosives for bank robbery, to steal the uniforms and masks used by Transport Police (how better to hide the distinctive Innsmouth Look than behind a gas mask), or simply to steal valuable chemicals.

Unmasked: The Chemical Works is not just where the city makes the spray used by the Transport Police – it's where they make the police. Step into the vats of noxious chemicals, and have your humanity dissolved in some unholy baptism of the Old Ones. Become a thing that can survive on an alien world, or endure falling into the hands of a living god. Alien horrors tend to (or dwell in) those chemical vats, nesting amid the caustic slime.

Anyone arrested by the City Authorities as a result of investigation or rising Suspicion may be brought here for conversion (or consumption).

Cast: Transport Police (p. 66) and Labourers (p. 158). A Professor (p. 89) can be adapted as a research scientist or engineer.

Clues: Chemistry can trace strange compounds back to the Chemical Works here; use **Bureaucracy** or **Accounting** to work out who bought the reagents. Strange discrepancies in the records might point at a Laboratory (p. 85), possibly run by the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53) or Pnakotic Cult (p. 51).

Sump Marsh

At the end of the passable road they alighted, and for miles splashed on in silence through the terrible cypress woods where day never came. Ugly roots and malignant hanging nooses of Spanish moss beset them, and now and then a pile of dank stones or fragment of a rotting wall intensified by its hint of morbid habitation a depression which every malformed tree and every fungous islet combined to create. At length the squatter settlement, a miserable huddle of huts, hove in sight; and hysterical dwellers ran out to cluster around the group of bobbing lanterns. The muffled beat of tom-toms was now faintly audible far, far ahead; and a curdling shriek came at infrequent intervals when the wind shifted. A reddish glare, too, seemed to filter through pale undergrowth beyond the endless avenues of forest night. Reluctant even to be left alone again, each one of the cowed squatters refused point-blank to advance another inch toward the scene of unholy worship, so Inspector Legrasse and his nineteen colleagues plunged on unguided into black arcades of horror that none of them had ever trod before.

—The Call of Cthulhu

A lake welled up in waste ground when the Miskatonic burst its banks in 1888. Sump Marsh is an ugly expanse of stagnant, insect-infested marshland in the middle of the district. Proposals to drain it as part of the Dig project have passed through the city council, but remain unfunded. Clouds of insects hang over the marsh in summer; in winter, it freezes, becoming a treacherous maze of icy pools and frost-rimed thorn bushes. There could be anything hidden in the undergrowth – an abandoned shack now reclaimed by vegetation, a patch of weird fungi, a victim of lead poisoning in the Marsh Gang's turf war, the skeletal ruins of some long-collapsed factory, or strange will-o-the-wisps that lead unwary travellers deeper into the mire.

Masked: Sump Marsh is a dangerous, lawless place – a good place to disappear. Investigators on the run can disappear into the marsh with an **Outdoor Survival** or **Salamander Fields Knowledge** spend, escaping pursuers or avoiding Suspicion. There's a community of vagrants living in the marsh; **Streetwise** helps know which ones to avoid, while **Oral History** gets stories of ghastly rites and blasphemous ceremonies held in the depths of Sump Marsh, of fires and chanting in the night, and of horrible white winged things that flap down from the sky. Other persistent rumours claim that Sump Marsh formed because there's an underground tunnel or pipe that channelled the floodwaters of 1888 down to this hollow, and talk of weird shanty structures built by the afflicted, which resemble castles made of plywood and cloth.

Travelling in Sump Marsh is dangerous, especially at night; Investigators without **Outdoor Survival** must make **Sense Trouble** tests to avoid blundering into pools or thorn bushes, and to avoid getting lost in the thick greenish fogs that rise from the ground.

Unmasked: Sump Marsh is much, much larger than it should be. On the map, it's only a few blocks across, so how could the Investigators have spent days struggling to cross it? There could be anything in this endless marsh – mysterious ruined castles, sunken cyclopean statues, slithering shoggoths. Sump Marsh might be a gateway out of the city into whatever alien landscape surrounds Great Arkham, or it might be a distortion of space-time, a half-mile-wide wasteland distended to infinity.

Cast: Hoboes (p. 134). Runaways (p. 148). Transport Police (p. 66) patrol the edges of the swamp.

Clues: Outdoor Survival follows tracks to a shanty town – or discovers a trail of tracks that ends abruptly. **Biology** notices the strange plants which grow in the swamp that are unknown to modern taxonomy.

Stock Characters

Burglar

Name: Nina Leigh

Description: Early 20s, gamine, wears an oversized overcoat that makes her look even smaller than she is

Quirk: Mimics and mocks mannerisms and speech patterns of others

Leveraged Clues: Intimidation or **Cop Talk** to threaten her with arrest, especially if she's caught red-handed.

Leigh lives with her ailing and bed-ridden mother. As the sole bread-winner for the pair, it's on Leigh's slim shoulders to find money however she

Afflicted

Name: Pick a name from any other non-player character – or better yet, use a minor NPC that the Investigators met in a previous session, to give them the impression that everyone is falling under the city's malign influence.

Description: Filthy, wild-haired, tattered remains of once-fine clothes

Quirk: Howls and rants.

Leverage: None. **Intimidation** or **Reassurance** might work, though.

Sanity is humanity's delusion. Better to be without it, and see the city as it really is. Of course, humanity is also absurdly, pathetically limited in its ability to perceive and conceive – the true nature of the cosmos cannot be encompassed by the human mind. Some of the raving, gibbering, mob that throng the streets of Great Arkham have opened their eyes to the truth, but see it as if through broken glass. Others are wounded, their minds shattered by exposure to the Mythos or some other trauma.

There are afflicted victims of horror everywhere in the city. The ones who make a nuisance of themselves get swept up by the police and put into prison or into the Sanitarium (p. 103), but most are left to mutter and writhe in the alleyways of Salamander Fields, Innsmouth and Westheath. Many of the Afflicted have a preternatural sensitivity to the Mythos, an awareness of occult powers they cannot articulate. This manifests in several ways:

- They become agitated and vocal at certain times of the year, especially around Walpurgisnacht (April 30th), Lammastide (August 1st), All Hallow's Eve (October 31st) and when certain stars are in the sky.
- Afflicted become aligned to cults, like iron filings are drawn to a magnet. A group of the Afflicted might have no conscious idea – and no earthly way of knowing – that a particular place is sacred to, say, the Esoteric Order of Dagon, but still they would gather there, chanting *Cthulhu fhtagn* and smearing their faces with fish guts and scales stolen from the docks.
- Similarly, they are aware of powerful Mythos entities lurking in the city. When the Church of the Conciliator summons down some servitor from the Court of Azathoth, when the Necromantic Cabal raises up some long-dead wizard from Hyperborea, or when an elder Deep One swims up from Y'ha-nthlei, some of the Afflicted herald the new arrival with howls and shouts of joy. Others desperately try to warn everyone around them, pleading with them to see the invisible danger, unable to remember the right words to make themselves understood.

This sensitivity means that if the Investigators acquire their own magical abilities, they will attract their own retinue of afflicted followers. Increase Suspicion by +2 unless the Investigators can discover a way to disperse this crowd or conceal their occult activities.

Investigative Abilities: Cthulhu Mythos

General Abilities: Health 6, Scuffling 4, Weapons 2

Alertness Modifier: +1

Stealth Modifier: +1

can. She works, when she can find a job. She's worked on shop counters, in factories, as a seamstress, a secretary, a maid, an artist's model. None of them ever last long – she bores easily, and starts to steal from her employers. A few notes from the register, a few boxes from the shelf. A customer's wallet, like low-hanging fruit begging to be plucked. Sometimes, when money's really tight, she works with a few of the boys from the bar down the street as a housebreaker – she's clever enough to talk her way into a fancy house in Old Arkham to case the place, and small enough to be boosted up to a second-story window.

When she has money, it goes quickly – on medicine for her mother, and rent and other necessities, but also on drinking and smoking and other vices. Leigh is no saint, despite her self-professed martyrdom.

Her mother's illness – a complication of typhoid – gets more debilitating every year. Leigh can feel her own life slipping away, and imagines her youth being consumed by the old woman in the upstairs bedroom. She doesn't want to wait until her mother dies to start living her life, and doesn't want to end up an unmarriageable, loveless spinster. The only way out – the only conscionable way out – is for one big score, to find enough money, or a rich mark, to help her to escape this prison of filial obligation and poverty.

Victim: Bring Nina into your game when the Investigators obtain an item or tome of importance, and have her steal it (she knows what sells in Great Arkham, even if she has no knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos). Inquiries on the street (**Streetwise/Cop Talk/District Knowledge)** point the Investigators to a fence, where they learn that Leigh offered him the stolen item, but wanted a higher price for it

than he was willing to pay. Now both the Investigators and whatever cult they stole the item from the first place are looking for the stolen treasure. Following Leigh's trail brings the Investigators into Salamander Fields – and if the Investigators get there first, they can save Leigh from whatever cult response (p. 38) was dispatched to recover the stolen item.

Sinister: Nina Leigh doesn't exist – but she doesn't know that. She's a conjuration of the withered, monstrous thing that lives in its fetid bed of spider-webs and rotten meat upstairs in the little house in Salamander Fields, the thing she calls (rightly) her mother. It might be the still-conscious remains of a long-dead witch, or a mummified alien monstrosity, or something that crawled out of Curwen's laboratory when the English soldiers burnt his farmhouse in the dark olden days of the province. It conjured Nina Leigh – she's made of dust and mud and old rags – and sent her out into the world to fetch whatever necessities it requires.

Nina isn't aware of this. She thinks she's human. She's a psychic projection of the mother-thing, but she's alive and conscious in her own right. At least, she is as long as the horror keeps up the spells that created her. A momentary lapse of concentration, or the slightest attenuation of the animating will that maintains her, and Leigh will crumble into nothingness in an instant.

Assess Honesty notices that there's something strange about Leigh; **Oral History** discovers that while Leigh claims to have lived in this neighbourhood all her life, everyone else in the district thinks she showed up only a few months ago. **Photography** or **History** finds a picture of Leigh from the last century, looking exactly the same – this isn't the first time that the thing upstairs has conjured Nina Leigh out of the dust, and to the dust she shall return.

Stalwart: Leigh was her father's name; her mother's maiden name was Bagarella, and she's a cousin of the Malatesta crime family. Leigh isn't a member of the Malatesta gang by any means, but she has an understanding with them. From time to time, she does them favours – a little spying, a little stealing, a little watching – and they respond in kind. Leigh's become a confident of Sylvia Malatesta (p. 164), an unofficial *consigliere* – and has used this position to urge Sylvia to look beyond the turf war with the Marshes and see what's really going on in the city.

With **Streetwise** or **Westheath District Knowledge,** Investigators know about Nina's privileged access to the Malatesta gang; **Assess Honesty** lets them guess that she might be the friendliest way to approach the crime family.

Alternate Names: 1) Albert Axt, Mary Halton, Doodles Tenbrook,

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Late 20s, cheeky grin, stubbly face

2) Mid-30s, red-faced and uses perfume to mask the booze, 'respectable' clothes stained with mud

3) Mid-40s, amiable gorilla of a man, cauliflower ears and blind in one eye

Distinctive Quirks: 1) laughs nervously when under interrogation 2) swears like a sailor 3) oddly kind and apologetic when mugging people,

Investigative Abilities: Architecture, Streetwise

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Filch 8, Health 6, Shadowing 4, Stealth 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +2

Hobo

Name: Joe Stocks

Description: Mid-30s, weather-beaten face, stubble, shabby work clothes

Quirk: Keeps glancing fearfully at the sky

Leverage: Bargain with a bribe or word of a way out of the city.

Stocks' story is a familiar one in the America of 1937. The bank foreclosed on his family's farm, so he went to town to find work. There weren't jobs there either, and he ended up riding the rails, travelling from one side of the country to the other in search of a new start, working odd jobs wherever he could.

Then, one night, he fell asleep on a freight train, and woke up as it pulled into a stockyard in Dunwich. Masked Transport Police rousted him out of the railcar, and he stumbled into the streets of Great Arkham. He instantly took a dislike to the town – "*summat* unwholesome *'bout the air"*, but now he's stuck here. He's not the only hobo to get caught in the strange attractor of Great Arkham, and the others shared wild campfire tales of the difficulties of leaving the city. Stories of roads turning on themselves, of cannibal cults in the woods, of the Transport Police (Rubber Bulls, in hobo slang) dissolving people who tried to hop a train – all unbelievable, but told with such conviction that Stocks hasn't dared risk an escape from Arkham.

Until he finds a way out of the city, Stocks is a casual labourer, perhaps working on the Dig (p. 130) or down on the docks. He might be flopping in a Ruined House (p. 129), or just living on the streets, perhaps in Sump Marsh (p. 132).

Victim: Stocks is losing his mind. The city, he believes, is deliberately trying to destroy him by driving him insane. He hasn't slept in what feels like months – whenever he tries to rest, he's chased by the Transport Police or some other danger. During the day, when he stumbles down the streets, his mind wanders to other towns and cities he has known, and he remembers the rails that brought him to those other, saner towns – and then, in his mind's eye, he sees some *malignancy* race down the tracks of his mind, and *consume* the other towns. He doesn't know if this is a hallucination, or if the city is literally invading other towns through his mind, using him as a living map in its conquest, its *assimilation* of the country. Or if it's somehow symbolic, and when he envisions the city devouring his home town of Bakersfield, it's actually erasing his memories of his childhood, and replacing them with something else, some awful knowledge that he does not remember. At times, he's glimpsed shapes moving beyond the clouds – huge tentacles pressing against the sky, as if there was some flexible but unyielding membrane between the city and the stars, and some pale white winged thing seems to have an unholy, unwelcome *interest* in Stocks himself. The white winged thing keeps following him, and circles overhead whenever he tries to sleep.

He suspects that the Transport Police are using it to keep track of him, and to avoid it, he's taken to riding the rails in the subway as the cars go back and forth all night.

In short, Stocks is one bad Stability test away from becoming one of the Afflicted (p. 58), but maybe there's something to his delusions. Some possibilities:

- The "white flapping thing" he saw really exists – it's a hunting creature summoned or engineered by the Transport Police, used to track dissidents and undesirables. (If the Investigators find Dr. Armitage's diaries, they spot references to a similar flying thing, suggesting he was under observation before the raid on Miskatonic.) If the Investigators gain too much Suspicion,

they'll start seeing such creatures too. Stocks' tactics of constant movement and hiding underground can help the Investigators avoid surveillance by the Transport Police.

- Stocks' belief that the city is reading his memories is correct – if the city is an illusion or simulation of some sort, then it needs to take in the occasional victim from the 'real' world to update itself. As soon as it's unspooled Stocks' mind, maybe it will start on one of the player characters, and every time that character loses Stability, elements from her memories start to appear in the city. Or maybe after Stocks, the city will take in another victim, and suddenly the Investigators will find that it's 1943 instead of 1937 as a new set of memories are imposed on the city's prisoners.
- Stocks is, unwittingly, a potent Dreamer, one strong enough to escape the city through the Dreamlands. He's being kept awake so he cannot dream, while the nightside of the city winds psychic webs around his consciousness to keep him trapped there.

Sinister: Stocks learned occult secrets from an old hobo named Castro. He thought Castro's tales of magic and old gods were nonsense, until one night when he found himself chased by the yard bulls. He scrawled a symbol on the wall of the rail car like Castro had shown him, a sign that was supposed to attract the attention of the old gods. As he finished drawing it, the train went through a tunnel – and ended up in Great Arkham.

Maybe, thought Stocks, there was something to old Castro's ramblings. Armed with what he remembers of the old man's ravings, and the loyalty of the other hoboes, Stocks has begun to worship the Outer Gods with shambolic, improvised rites that mix Mythos lore with hobo slang and superstition. He leads ceremonies in the depths of Sump Marsh (p. 132), and searches for safe ways to acquire more knowledge of the Mythos. He doesn't dare challenge any of the dominant cults – at least, not yet – but Investigators with a few points of **Occult** and **Cthulhu Mythos** might be forced to share their understanding of sorcery with him.

Stalwart: Most of the hoboes and tramps in Great Arkham come from outside the city, and know that they're trapped here. (See *Consumed by the City*, p. 26). Stocks has become the unofficial emperor of this community of exiles and prisoners; he looks for newcomers to the city, and tries to guide them to places of safety. Stocks' hangdog face may be the first friendly face newly-arrived Investigators see.

This version of Stocks has either the occult knowledge of his Sinister variant, or the weird dreams of his Victim incarnation – but his loyalty to his people takes precedence over any supernatural concerns.

Alternate Names: Stanley Stone, Rollo Lorch, Kit Bevans

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Late 50s, long white beard, bloodshot eyes, horn-skinned hands

2) Mid-30s, rake-thin, weird purplish blotches on deathly pale skin

3) Late 40s, cracked eyeglasses, once-expensive clothing now patched and threadbare

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Former miner, tells ghoulish tales about being buried alive

2) Dying of mysterious and contagious fungal infection

3) Former academic fallen on hard times; tries to sell Investigators on manuscript of his book.

Investigative Abilities: Bargain, Outdoor Survival, Streetwise

General Abilities: Athletics 4, Filch 3, Health 4, Scuffling 5

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Named Characters

Leanora Moore, Historian

Description: Mid-50s, broad-faced, square-shouldered, likes hats

Quirk: Clears her throat audibly before starting a lecture

Leverage: Find some relic or secret from Arkham's colonial period that Moore covets, and trade it to her with **Bargain** or **Archaeology**

Leanora Moore is the acknowledged authority on the history of Great Arkham, especially the colonial era of the region (well, acknowledged by almost everybody – Dr. Peabody of the Historical Society (p. 72) dislikes her). She sometimes lectures at Miskatonic University (p. 87), but is no longer part of the teaching faculty there. She also writes opinion columns for the *Gazette* (p. 120), commenting on current politics from a historical perspective. Moore has connections everywhere in Arkham – she's a regular guest at the homes of Mrs. Upton (p. 77), although their opinions about current events rarely agree, and Moore was a loud advocate for the suffragette movement and Jervas Hyde (p. 113), as well as events in Kingsport. Brimming with bohemian joie de vive, effusive in her manner, and outspoken in her opinion on everything, Moore cuts a colourful figure in Arkham society.

Currently, she's overseeing an archaeological dig, examining colonial-era foundations uncovered by the Dig (p. 130). She therefore spends hours each day tramping around Salamander Fields in her bright green wellington boots; she lives near the University.

Victim: A mysterious benefactor (a friend? A cultist? Nyarlathotep?) showed Moore a method to transmit her mind back in time (perhaps using a salvaged Pnakotic device (p. 51) or a drug obtained from Wu Siwang, the Herbalist (p. 197), or maybe she's a senior member of the Silver Lodge (p. 55)). She was able to briefly visit the distant past of Arkham, and walk the narrow, muddy streets of the colonial-era town. She saw the contradictions, the inconsistencies, the *impossibilities*, and now knows that all her life's work as a historian is not merely misguided, it's utterly futile. It's like she was studying the cracks in melting ice, believing they were fundamental constants of the world, as changeless as mountains.

Now, Moore wanders through her old life in a daze, barely able to keep from laughing hysterically. Earnest students come to her, wanting to discuss their latest work on the city's history, and she bites her lip until it bleeds, because she can't tell them that they've wasted all those years, because she can't even be sure if those years existed. She fears that she's unstuck in time, that the same faces recur in both her memories of colonial-era Arkham and the present day – assuming there's any difference between the two at all. Assuming memories are in the least bit trustworthy.

Past, present, future – all are one in Yog-Sothoth!

Reassurance convinces Moore to discuss how she travelled in time, pointing the Investigators at the 'benefactor' who shattered her sanity.

Sinister: Moore informs the city authorities of anyone who looks too closely into Great Arkham's occult history. If an archaeologist uncovers a valuable grave, if anyone comments on the uncanny similarity between the features of Joseph Curwen and Mayor Ward, if she detects the presence of the criminal Pnakotic Cult in history, then she passes this intelligence on to her masters. While she's likely a member of one of the cults (either the Necromantic Cabal, p. 44, or the Church of the Conciliator, p. 47), she's careful to keep that secret – she wants to draw in people like the player characters, inquisitive souls who might uncover the secret history of Great Arkham.

Present Moore as a potential ally or patron along the lines of her Stalwart incarnation; it's only through diligent investigation that the Investigators can discover her treachery. (**Assess Honesty** doesn't work on her – she's too good a liar).

Stalwart: Moore uncovered a sheaf of correspondence between the founders of Great Arkham, implying there were occult purposes behind Curwen's move from Salem to Arkham, and

Tales of the Founders

Moore has written extensively on the exoteric lives of Joseph Curwen, Simon Orne, and Edward Hutchinson.

Joseph Curwen was a gentleman farmer and apothecary. He became immensely wealthy, and his fortune helped Arkham grow from an obscure village to a thriving town. He was joined by two friends of his from Salem, Simon Orne and Edward Hutchinson, and the three of them are revered to this day as Arkham's founding fathers. Curwen, famously, was killed by the British forces during the occupation of Arkham in the War of Independence.

Simon Orne was a merchant and seafarer. When he died, his son Jedediah returned from foreign parts and took over the thriving business. Both Ornes were very widely read, and had connections all over the world. Trading ships from Arkham visited Europe and North Africa, but also parts of the South Seas and the Orient. Jedediah's private library became the foundation of the Orne Library at Miskatonic after he perished in a shipwreck – although some claim that Orne's ship was attacked by another vessel, perhaps one belonging to Edward Hutchinson, or that Orne leapt overboard and may have survived. The wreck of Orne's ship, the *Providence*, has never been found, but some items washed up on the beaches of Kingsport suggest that she sank quite close to the mouth of the Miskatonic.

Edward Hutchinson was perhaps the most colourful of the three – he began as a merchant, but became a privateer and, later, a pirate during the War of Independence. Fort Hutchinson (p. 182) is named to honour his victories over British naval vessels during the war – Hutchinson was especially known for his masterful use of bad weather, and stories even claimed that he could command the storms. He took over some of Orne's trading routes after Jedediah's death, but also raided merchant shipping in the Caribbean, and local rumour insists that Hutchinson left a fortune in buried treasure hidden somewhere in Arkham before he vanished in 1775.

his subsequent recruitment of Simon Orne and Edward Hutchinson to help him in building up the town. Previously, she gaily dismissed suggestions that the town's founding fathers were involved in witchcraft and alchemy as nonsense, but now she privately believes there may be something to these allegations.

Moore makes a natural ally for Investigators looking into Arkham's history; her public standing and connections in the city even give her a small degree of protection from the city authorities.

Investigative Abilities: Archaeology, Architecture, Art History, History

General Abilities: Health 4

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Dunwich

The most rural of the city's districts, Dunwich's wooded hills and small farms are all that remains of the farming communities of the Quarro valley, now drowned beneath the reservoir. The city's suburbs creep out further and further, forcing the wild wooded hills into retreat. It's still possible to walk five minutes down some track and find oneself lost in primordial woodland that has not been visited by human feet since before the colonial days of the province, but such places are becoming increasingly rare as the city expands. The folk of Dunwich dislike strangers, and do not welcome the coming of the city, and the paving over of their old farms and woods with concrete and metal. It's a hybrid district, a miscegenation of suburban sprawl and pagan wildness.

Encounters

The Slithering Track

The Investigators pass a narrow dirt trail that leads off the main road into the woods. The trail is overgrown, thorny, and hemmed in by trees that dangle with creepers and moss. A short distance down the road, the Investigators pass the same trail again – and again, and again. The same identical path seems to be following them, as if trying to snatch them off the safety of the main road and pull them down towards whatever's waiting in that stand of ancient trees.

Meat Dolls

Hanging from trees (or lampposts, in east Dunwich) are strange sculptures made of hunks of meat strung on a twine sketch of the human form – two arms, two legs, a torso. Most are small and crude, consisting of just five scraps of meat with a chicken foot or some other morsel for the head. Others are much more elaborate, pressing together bits of offal to form ersatz organs and genitalia. Theories about the purpose of these meat dolls include:

- They're a sacrificial offering to the things that live in the woods - "eat this doll, not us". **Anthropology** recalls evidence that the Pocumtuc made similar offerings.
- They are used as a form of divination. The order in which the crows eat the limbs is significant. Some meat dolls are made with tokens pressed into the meat (coins, rings, thimbles, needles and the like), and finding such a token dropped by a crow is especially meaningful.
- Some theories connect the meat dolls to practices brought to Great Arkham by former slaves, who fled New Orleans and Louisiana and settled in Westheath. These meat dolls are made to put a curse on some enemy.
- Other stories insist that no-one makes the meat dolls; they develop naturally, like rotten fruit. These stories tell of groves of meat dolls in the deep woods, where the dolls have grown to human size, and put on skin, and will soon pull themselves free of the trees that birthed them and walk around like people.

Pay One's Respects

The Investigators pass a funeral procession, conducted according to the precepts of the Church of the Conciliator. The rites here in Dunwich are the oldest and the purest, unalloyed with the milksop Christian decorum of the big city.

At the head of the procession walks a fellow in an elaborate costume of

brightly coloured rags and streamers, who symbolizes Jubelo the spirit guide, taking the deceased as one of the Million Favoured Ones. Behind him comes the priest from the Church of the Conciliator, intoning the funeral prayers, and the hearse-cart itself, flanked by six men armed with clubs and shotguns, whose role it is to fend off grave-robbers and devils. After them come the bulk of the procession – some weeping, some shouting drunkenly that the gods are coming back and the dead will rise when they reclaim the fields of earth.

Finally, trailing along behind all the rest, is a gaggle of children armed with catapults, drums and flutes. They make a din whenever they see a whippoorwill in the trees, scaring the bird away so it cannot steal the soul of the deceased.

Stock Locations

Isolated Farm

Names: Whipple Farm, Bishop Farm, Corey's Farm, Cold Spring Glen

The advent of scientific, industrial farming at Gardner has forced many small, family-owned farms out of business. The few that remain are lonely, isolated farms, subsistence-level places where most of the farm's produce is consumed by the family who run it. Others survive by supplying foods that cannot yet be produced using Gardner Farm methods, primarily grain, or by specializing in high-quality meat (Gardner Farm meat has a distinctive rubber texture and bitter aftertaste).

Masked: The decaying farmhouse's size speaks of better times – most of the family's sons and daughters have moved away to the city, so the house has more empty rooms and ghosts than living souls. The farmland around it is a tangle of orchards, pastures and thickly knotted hedgerows and coppices; thick mist coils around the land, making everything unduly sinister and obscure.

It's hard to believe that the city is only a few minutes' drive away – there's a primordial stillness, a sullen watchful silence, that makes the farm seem like an isolated outpost in the midst of a hostile wilderness.

Farmers in these parts complain about city-folk; they blame City Hall for the destruction wrought by the Olmstead Dam, blame Gardner Farms for taking their jobs, blame strangers for everything else. Although Dunwich has been a part of Great Arkham for centuries, the region fiercely defends its independent identity – Dunwich, they say, is 'west of Arkham, not West Arkham'. This is the heartland of the Church of the Conciliator, and church attendance is almost universal, but even those who attend church ceremonies every Sunday know to leave offerings in the hollows or crooks of certain trees when Lammastide comes round.

Isolated farms offer respite and shelter from the city authorities – there are fewer informants and unfriendly eyes out here, although the smaller population in Dunwich means everyone knows everyone else and strangers are instantly spotted. A **Reassurance** or **Bargain** spend or a **Disguise** test may be needed to keep a low profile.

Unmasked: The track leading to the farm is overgrown, and the gate is shut. As the Investigators approach, though, it's clear that the farm is still in use and that people are still living here, although they seem to have little contact with the outside world. Why such secrecy? Are the residents part of a minor cult, worshipping Shub-Niggurath or some other deity? Are they a cell of the Pnakotic Cult, running a safe house for time-travelling Yithian minds? Is the barn full of zombies created by the Halsey Fraternity, who use the farm for their experiments? For that matter, the founders of Arkham and the Necromantic Cabal – Curwen, Orne and Hutchinson – were all gentlemen farmers, who used the privacy offered by their landholdings to pursue occult research.

Cast: Use the Labourer (p. 158) for farm labourers, and the Servant (p. 75) stats for any domestic servants. Ambitious families try to send one son to the priesthood (p. 146).

Clues: Outdoor Survival or **Evidence Collection** to spot strange tracks leading to Billington's Woods (p. 142) – the trail of the Dunwich Strangler (p. 149), perhaps? **Evidence Collection** or **Forensics**, too, might raise questions about the bloodstained floor of one outbuilding. **Biology** notes the cows in the fields are thin and bloodless, as if something had feasted on their blood; others have been mutilated with surgical precision. **Oral History** or **Occult** finds rumours that one should avoid that particular field yonder; Seth Whipple went a-marching across that field in 1911, and vanished into thin air. **Archaeology** finds what might be a grave or shrine left by the Miskatonic tribe amidst the roots of an old oak tree.

Roadhouse

Names: Pike Hotel, Hibb's Roadhouse, Seven Oaks Tea Rooms, White Stone Roadhouse

A hotel or restaurant on the edge of Arkham. Once, this might have been the destination for a leisurely carriage ride into the countryside, or a place for a traveller to spend the night. Now, it's a rough place, frequented by rowdy drinkers and travelling labourers from out of town.

Masked: Most of the customers are locals, who keep to themselves and watch the Investigators sullenly over their meals. There are a few travellers – some are newly-arrived in Great Arkham and haven't yet realised the nature of the city. Others have tried and failed to leave; they return to the roadhouse each night, increasingly exhausted and frustrated, complaining about police harassment and roadblocks, or country roads that double back on themselves, or trucks that won't pick up hitch-hikers. In

the end, they fall silent, terrified of admitting to themselves that there is, impossibly, no escape from the city.

Other travellers are new-comers to the city, but know exactly where they're going. Immigrant Chinese Labourers (p. 194) on their way to Arkham's Chinatown (p. 190), denizens of Innsmouth (p. 165) who were "visiting cousins upstate" near the Olmstead Dam (p. 143), or a lone traveller who eats ravenously, speaks with a strangely old-fashioned accent, and pays with gold coins before asking the Investigators if they are familiar with Mayor Ward (a resurrected member of the Necromantic Cabal, p. 44, or a Yithian mind who has yet to adjust to the modern day)?

Unmasked: This roadhouse is – according to whispered rumours – a way station on a secret route out of the city. The owner is said to know a method for leaving Great Arkham. Everything about this 'underground railroad' is shrouded in mystery, to avoid discovery by the Transport Police. Would-be escapees are told where to go at the last possible moment.

Some possibilities:

- The owner of the roadhouse is a murderer, who spreads the rumour to lure victims out into the woods. The only escape from the city comes at the end of his axe.
- The roadhouse is run by the Transport Police. Anyone who follows the instructions is arrested and brought to Fort Hutchinson (p. 182) for interrogation.
- The owner of the roadhouse discovered a Witch Gate out in the woods – he doesn't know where it goes, but it must be out of the city. After all, no-one's ever come back to complain…

Cast: Runaways (p. 148). Hoboes (p. 134). Marsh Gang smugglers (p. 165) might use the roadhouse as a meeting place. There may be Transport Police (p. 66) keeping an eye (or at least, the glittering eyepiece of a face-concealing gas mask) on people passing through. An Artist (p. 184) might play here to earn some extra dough.

Clues: Pick up rumours at the bar with **Oral History**, and learn about good places to find work in Salamander Fields (the Dig, p. 130), the strife between the Malatesta and Marsh gangs, and wild stories about the Dunwich Strangler (p. 149). Spot newcomers to the city with **Streetwise**, and help them before some Grifter (p. 157) takes advantage of them. Out here at the edge of the city, the substance of reality seems thinner, like you could walk into those cold dark woods and emerge somewhere far, far away from Earth; **Astronomy** backs up this intuition, because the stars overhead aren't at all familiar…

Landmarks

Aylott Seminary

This college was founded by Seth Aylott, the second head of the Church of the Conciliator, to train priests and missionaries for his new church. While religious education is the primary goal of the school, and all students are obliged to study theology and the history of the church, the seminary also offers degrees in liberal arts and sciences, and is seen as a godly alternative to the morally degenerate Miskatonic University. There is a preparatory boarding school on campus, which takes pupils from the age of 12; virtually all pupils of the Whateley school go on to train as priests or academics of the Church of the Conciliator.

The Seminary is surrounded by extensive wooded grounds; only students and faculty are permitted to stay at the school after dark, and visitors are discouraged. Whippoorwills throng the trees of the campus, and their calls make for a constant maddening chorus. There are several houses which belong to the church on the grounds, including the mansion given to the Bishop of Arkham (p. 150). Promising students may be employed as servants and helpers by the residents.

The chapel in the seminary holds some of the most valued relics of the church, including the sacred *Al Azif,* given to John Whateley by the angels. This book is held in a locked metal case, and guarded night and day by two students – it's considered a great honour to be given a place on the roster.

Masked: The seminary was built on the site of Aylott's farm, and something of that nature remains. It is a school for shepherds, but it's hard to shake the uneasy thought that sheep are kept to be slaughtered and eaten. Hosts of students snake from lecture hall to dormitory and back again, watched by dark-eyed teachers, whose hoarse voices put the Investigators in mind of the croaking of crows. Despite this unpleasant atmosphere, the seminary is just a school for the most part – while all the staff and most of the students are part of the Church of the Conciliator, only a handful have moved beyond Associate level in the cult.

Investigators visiting the campus are accompanied by a trusted student or member of staff as a guide, and are not permitted to wander unchaperoned. Those with suitable credentials or a letter of recommendation may be allowed to visit the college's small library. The sacred *Al Azif* is only for the eyes of the Bishop of Arkham (p. 150).

Unmasked: The Seminary is a cult stronghold for the Church of the Conciliator. The cultists invoke the Outer Gods in nightly ceremonies. Promising students are initiated into the cult; others are kept for use as offerings. Only those who kneel before Yog-Sothoth and swear eternal service to the Outer Gods have a hope of surviving their time in the seminary (parents who raise questions about missing students are encouraged to put their faith in the Church and move on). Runaway students are hunted down and dragged back, dead or alive.

Cast: The Bishop of Arkham (p. 150), Priests (p. 146), and Students (p. 90). That strange black man lurking under the cypress trees has an uncanny resemblance to images of Whateley's slave Jubelo, who helped him decipher passages of *Al Azif,* and may be an avatar of Nyarlathotep.

Clues: Unguarded discussions of church **Theology** let slip some Mythos secrets, perhaps related to the City Cathedral (p. 117); **Accounting** or **Oral History** identifies some important figure in Arkham, like Jervas Hyde (p. 113) or Leanora Moore (p. 136) as a new donor to the church. Those heavy trapdoors leading underground (**Architecture**) might connect to a secret temple or an arsenal – certainly, the seminary would be very defensible in a war, and all students are expected to take part in weekly military drills.

Al Azif

The sacred book of the Church of the Conciliator is a version of the fabled *Necronomicon* of Abdul Alhazred. It is written on goatskin, but is of comparatively recent origin (late 18th century), despite being written in 7th century Arabic. The book appears to have been transcribed from another copy, as it includes hand-drawn versions of the illustrations and diagrams in the 1623 Wormius edition. Other parts of *Al Azif*, though, do not match anything in the Latin *Necronomicon* held in the Orne Library (p. 87).

Poring over this book is worth +5 Cthulhu Mythos. It definitely contains the Ritual of Opening (p. 60), as well as any spells known to the Church of the Conciliator (p. 47).

Billington's Woods

The dark expanse of Billington's Woods stretches in a rough semi-circle around Great Arkham's western edge. The forest covers the hillsides around the Quarro valley, and it stands fast in Dunwich against the advancing concrete tide of the city. The wood is named for Richard Billington, another contemporary of Joseph Curwen and the founding of Arkham; the overgrown ruins of Billington's abandoned mansion are lost somewhere deep in the woods, as his family fell into dissolution and poverty in the early years of the 19th century.

Masked: The brooding woods are so dense that little sunlight penetrates the canopy. Oak and maple trees grow in tangled profusion, and the forest floor is uneven with roots, and treacherously slick with mulch and mushrooms. There are few trails through the woods, and they all bend around to lead back to Arkham. Iron deposits in the wooded hills make compasses unreliable, further impeding navigation.

With **Outdoor Survival** or **Dunwich District Knowledge**, or a local guide, Investigators can find their way to a specific site in the woods, such as:

- **The White Stone:** An ancient stone stands in a narrow valley that is strangely devoid of all plant life. This place is sacred to the Witch Coven (p. 42), and is haunted by the ghost of Keziah Mason (p. 95). **Archaeology** or **Forensics** discovers numerous shallow graves containing the bones of infants; digging in the soil also disturbs tens of thousands of fat worms, which writhe just beneath the surface of the soil.
- **Billington's Mansion:** The ruins of the wizard's house may contain underground chambers like those of Curwen's house (p. 130). Other rumours (**History** or **Occult**) insist that Billington's ghost haunts the site.
- **Forest Caves:** A network of caves bores into the rocky cliffs in the deeper part of the forests. These caves were said to be the last refuge of the Miskatonic tribe before they were wiped out by settlers in colonial times; some of the caves connect to deeper tunnels.
- **Ashworth Mine:** The Ashworth iron mine shut down in the 1890s when some of the tunnels were flooded by waters from the rising Quarro Reservoir, but the mine was already almost worked out. It had more than its share of tragedy;

miners reported hearing tapping and buzzing noises in the depths, and these noises often presaged mine accidents and tunnel collapses.

- **Unmasked:** Keep going, and oak and maple give way to stranger trees that the Investigators cannot name, even with **Biology** spends. Titanic ferns and bizarre fungal growths turn the forest into an eerie, almost alien landscape, and the fogs that rise from the marshy ground seem to fluoresce green or pink, or other, nameless colours. It becomes harder to breathe; if the Investigators do not have gas masks or other breathing gear, then they need to start making Consciousness tests. Should they make it to the far edge of the alien forest zone, the woods give way to:
- An alien desert-scape, blasted with radiation from the howling suns in the greenish sky above
- Larger, taller trees with curiously rough grey bark, almost like sharkskin. The leaf mulch becomes more even and firmer underfoot. As the Investigators march through the forest gloom, the trees continue to get bigger and bigger, and seem to be arranged in neat even rows, suggesting that this is like an orchard of titanic grey, oddly *square* trees. Shapes emerge in the bark – regular lines and depressions that suggest openings or hollows in the wood. Finally, as if waking from a dream, the Investigators discover that those 'trees' are buildings, and they're on a street in Innsmouth.
- The open countryside of Massachusetts, west of Arkham. Where did you think you were going to end up?
- The open countryside of Massachusetts, west of Arkham… only there's no sign of human settlement in the wilderness. *When* have the Investigators arrived? Colonial times? Even further in the past? *After* humanity's demise, when the wild world has reclaimed the ruined cities?
- The open countryside of the Dreamlands.
- A grotesque conglomeration of living tissue. The Investigators notice that trees and underbrush are all one entity, linked by tendons and veins running through the earth. The animals, too, are just ambulatory appendages of this primordial life-mass. And then the Investigators discover that there are tendons and veins connecting *their* bodies to the thing, too. Has their passage through the woods allowed this monster to infest them, or were these connections always present, and they simply haven't noticed them before? Either way, a spot of impromptu surgery, and fleeing back to Arkham, is the only way the Investigators can avoid being drawn into unholy union with the entity.

Cast: Members of the Witch Coven (p. 42). The Dunwich Strangler (p. 149). The Runaway (p. 148). Transport Police (p. 66) patrol some of the back roads.

Clues: Cave drawings in the forest caves imply (**Art History**) some hidden truth about another location (Keeper's choice, although the Waite Railway Station (p. 105) and the Orne Lighthouse (p. 183) make excellent default options) in Great Arkham – bizarrely, that location must predate the city if it was drawn here by the fearful Miskatonic tribe on the walls of their last redoubt. **Evidence Collection** or **Outdoor Survival** lets the Investigators find tracks leading to the Witch Gate near the White Stone (p. 142).

Olmstead Dam

The Olmstead Dam stands like a brooding Egyptian tomb, a cyclopean monument to the ambition and hubris of the late Mayor Olmstead. Building the dam transformed the city, and promised to tame the Miskatonic River, but the reservoir drowned a once-inhabited valley, and the construction effort claimed dozens of lives.

The dam's hydroelectric generators supply Arkham's electricity – another example of how Great Arkham remains at the forefront (or even disturbingly *ahead*) of scientific progress. When the dam was first designed in 1889, it was one of the largest power stations in the world, and those designs became reality with frantic speed. Those original designs did not include the curious decorative gargoyles and oddly angled buttresses, which were added during construction. The dam's floodgates are designed to control the flow of the Miskatonic, and prevent a repeat of the disastrous 1888 incident, but this has proved only marginally effective.

Behind the dam is the Quarro Reservoir. The Quarro valley was flooded to make the reservoir, and the waters swallowed several small villages and hamlets. At the height of summer, when the water level is especially low, the spires of the drowned churches and the roofs of barns become visible in the depths. Also consumed by the lake was the cave and farm where John Whateley (p. 151) and his servant Jubelo found the holy book and founded the Church of the Conciliator – the church's protests at the destruction of this sacred site were ignored by the town council. A small shrine on the steep hillside marks the location of the lost cave.

Masked: Whatever else, the dam does supply electricity to the whole city. The rushing waters drive four huge turbines to generate current. **Electrical Repair** or **Physics** might discover weird irregularities – perhaps the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) or some Laboratory (p. 85) draws an inordinate amount of power from the city grid, or there's a huge power cable running west out of the dam, down into the lake. Alternatively, if you're going for dream-Arkham, or one located on an alien planet, then maybe the turbines are eerily still, and yet the lights keep burning.

The Olmstead mayors who built the dam were part of the Gilman House machine, and they might have secretly made modifications to the design that aren't on the public plans. (Councilor Goddard, p. 77, who helped design and build the dam in his youth, may know more about these changes; the Marsh Refinery, p. 172, may conceal a twin temple to the one beneath the dam). There might be secret stairs and access tunnels leading down into the lake, if the Olmsteads brought some of their Deep One allies or shoggoths upriver to the new lake, or a huge vault destined to be the site of the Ritual of Opening (p. 60). There might equally be long-buried explosive charges or a deliberate flaw in the structure of the dam (**Architecture**), so it can be brought down in a flash. The ensuring flood would consume all of Westheath, all of Northside and the University, most of Old Arkham and Salamander Fields, killing tens of thousands of people in a cataclysmic offering to the Outer Gods.

A related possibility is that the site for the Ritual of Opening is down there in the Quarro valley, perhaps in John Whateley's cave. If so, the reservoir might be a ploy by the Esoteric Order

of Dagon to prevent any rival cult using the ritual until they are ready. Did someone stop Ephraim Waite (p. 188) from drowning the city in 1925?

Alternatively, there might be something in the water. The Chemical Works (p. 131) could be producing a drug that blinds most of the city population to the horrors of the Mythos, deadening their perceptions and their emotions. If so, then the best way to deliver such a drug would be through the water supply.

Unmasked: The waters of the reservoir conceal something other than a few drowned farms. Beneath those dark waters, the Investigators find:

- The continent of R'lyeh. Great Arkham exists on the highest peak of that antediluvian landmass, the only part of R'lyeh that is above the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Great Arkham exists in the dreams of dead Cthulhu; the Olmstead Dam is a concrete lens that transforms them into shape and structure.
- An alien vessel/machine/god that landed or crashed on Earth millennia ago (or intersected with Earth's timeline, in the case of a Yithian device). The ship's reality-warping engines create the bubble-reality of Arkham. Cables running from the dam's turbines slowly recharge the alien vessel's inscrutable machinery.
- The clouds that hang above the city of Great Arkham. Descend into those waters, and you end up swimming through the clouds with the titanic, octopod-like entities that are sometimes dimly glimpsed from the streets. Keep going, and you'll fall. Similarly, sailing out across the lake brings you to the coast of Innsmouth or Kingsport. The city folds upon itself.
- Countless thousands of bodies, floating in the depths. There are far more bodies down here than there are people living in Great Arkham. Going through the bloated faces of the corpses, the Investigators spot familiar features – they find the bodies of people they know, people who are still alive in the city. Is Great Arkham's population regularly replaced by resurrected bodies pulled from the water? Or is the reservoir used to dispose of the city's victims over and over again?
- **Cast:** The dam is guarded by Transport Police (p. 66). Councilor Goddard (p. 77) was involved in the dam's construction, as was former mayor Ephraim Waite (p. 188).

Clues: Architecture to find secret passages or unusual chambers in the dam itself; **Electrical Repair** or **Physics** to examine the massive electrical turbines.

Stock Characters

Nurse

Name: Rose Thebes

Description: Mid-20s, quizzical expression, narrow lips, white nurse's cap and long white collared dress

Quirk: Pauses and takes a long breath before answering any difficult questions.

Leverage: Rose takes care of her aged father; threatening or helping him (**Intimidation** or **Bargain**) can convince her to talk to the Investigators.

Thebes lives in the suburbs of east Dunwich. She's a nurse – she likely works in St. Mary's Hospital (p. 73) or the Sanitarium (p. 103), but might equally be a private nurse employed by a wealthy family in Old Arkham (p. 69) to take care of an infirm relative, or employed by the city to treat typhoid patients. Her elderly father Louis lives nearby, and she takes care of him as best she can. He's a former city employee, a retired sewer worker whose lungs were damaged by exposure to noxious gases underground. Thebes is in a relationship with a man named Artie, who is a member of the Malatesta gang (p. 153); she worries about Artie's intentions towards her father (he might be frustrated by how much time Thebes spends taking care of the old man, or plotting a way to benefit from the old man's death, or intending to use the old man's knowledge of the city's sewers and tunnels in some robbery – or maybe Thebes is just paranoid).

Victim: Thebes recently treated a patient who was a faithful believer in the Church of the Conciliator (p. 47). This patient, Beatrice Blim, died from mysterious wounds and blood loss, as if a swarm of weird animals with beaks had suckled from her veins. She lingered for a few days in hospital before she died, whispering lovingly about her 'star children' and 'the strange kindness of Zoar'. Thebes sat by Blim as she died.

Since then, the Church has turned against Thebes. Her neighbours stare at her and hiss as she goes past, and make eerie signs with their hands when they think she's not looking. Another patient of hers grabbed a scalpel and tried to stab her with it. Most worryingly of all, there was one night a week ago when she stayed at her father's house overnight – the old man had a coughing attack that worried her. When she went home, she found her windows shattered and many of the shingles on the roof broken and scattered. It was as though

a huge tree had fallen on the house, but there was no sign of anything that could have caused such damage, and the neighbours will not speak of that night, or of anything that might have reached out of the clouds and fumbled blindly in search of prey.

Thebes doesn't know why she's being targeted by the Church. Did she take something from Blim? Did Blim accidentally let something slip? Or is someone else framing her for a sin against the church?

Sinister: 'Thebes' is her adopted name – a memory of her youth in Egypt, all those many centuries ago. She was a queen there, a sorceress and a priestess of the Outer Gods, and she worshipped Nyarlathotep with blasphemous rites in the shadow of Luxor. In time, she was murdered by jealous rivals, and her servants interred her in a secret tomb that her soul might join the Million Favoured Ones who follow in the train of the god.

Instead, she awoke more than two thousand years later, in a dungeon somewhere beneath Arkham, raised from her essential salts by a member of the Necromantic Cabal (p. 44). The insolent wretch dared to question her, and forced her by means of torture and tongue-loosening drugs to reveal secrets of the Outer Gods. When the opportunity arose, she escaped, fleeing through the sewers into the strange new world of the 20th century. Her 'father' was an unfortunate sewer worker who happened to be the first person she met – with her magic, she bound him to her will and forced him to serve her and help her escape. He died in her service, but the spells she placed on him are too strong to let him go entirely.

She must move carefully – she knows that her former captor is still looking for her. She knows, too, that her own reanimation is a fragile one, as anyone could use the reverse form of the resurrection spell to turn her back into dust, so she seeks a way to fortify her physical form or transfer her consciousness into a more stable host body.

Stalwart: When she was a nursing student, a friend of hers named Carlton Royal was recruited into the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52). She learned of this when Royal showed up at her door one night, bleeding from a gunshot wound in his side. She managed to save Royal's life, and became an ally of the Armitage Inquiry. Now, she's sheltering a member of the inquiry (perhaps Armitage himself, p. 91). She's told inquisitive neighbours that he's her father from out of town, but doubts that story will hold up for long. Worse, her Malatesta boyfriend is asking questions about her patient, and a member of the Inquiry would be a valuable bargaining chip for the criminal family.

Alternate Names: Zoe Cooper, Elia Mintz, Gloria Trebbs

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-20s, short black hair, snub nose, freckles [hospital nurse]

2) Mid-30s, greying hair, round face, musical voice [carer for elderly gentleman]

3) Mid-40s, matronly, commanding demeanour, goes everywhere with her small dog [ward matron]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) flirtatious 2) bristles at slightest hint of impropriety 3) deaf as a post

Investigative Abilities: Medicine, Oral History, Pharmacy, Westheath plus one other District Knowledge

General Abilities: First Aid 6, Health 4, Scuffling 2, Shadowing 4

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Priest

Name: Adrian Lyman

Description: Early 30s, tale and pale, mellifluous voice, slightly nervous demeanour

Quirk: Clasps his hands when agitated

Leverage: As anyone perusing his shelves with **Library Use** or **Theology** notices, Lyman collects obscure theological treatises; obtain the right book, and **Bargain** gives leverage over him.

Lyman's a recently-ordained priest in the Church of the Conciliator (or, if encountered in Innsmouth or parts of Salamander Fields, the Esoteric Order of Dagon.) He was educated by Jesuits in his youth, and approaches every conversation as a rhetorical argument.

Victim: Lyman grew up in Boston, and was ordained as a Catholic priest there. He was sent to a new parish to serve as priest, and somehow that new parish turned out to be here in Arkham. An old priest was waiting for him there, with a wide smile and kind words, but who smelled like a goat, and he said he was handing the parish over to Lyman. The paperwork was all in order. He was expected by the church – but the church was not at all what *he* expected. The liturgy was all wrong, the iconography in the church was frankly disturbing, and the ceremonies left him feeling unsettled and sick. By the time he realised this wasn't a Catholic church at all, but one sanctified to the Conciliator, it was too late, and Lyman was trapped. They made him read this book, this devilish Bible, and those awful words seeped

into his mind and his flesh. He knows things he should not know.

He can feel himself sinking into this new identity, this ersatz faith. Sometimes, he finds he has memories of attending the Aylott Seminary (p. 141), and not St. John's in Boston. When he first arrived, some of his parishioners professed to share his Catholic faith, and he would host secret Tridentine masses in his church by night, but the number of Catholic faithful dwindles every year, to be replaced by more worshippers of the Drowned Christ and his terrible, unknowable spirit. He is a Catholic priest who has lost all faith in the god of his youth, but he is no atheist – he knows the Gods are real.

With **Theology**, the Investigators can draw Lyman back from the brink of madness, at least for a while. Lyman's partially corrupted by the Mythos, but if the Investigators remind him of the faith of his forefathers, he can tell them what he knows about the Church of the Conciliator's inverted theology and horrific goals. He'll then destroy himself by burning down his church after locking himself inside.

Sinister: Lyman is a shepherd of the Church of the Conciliator. He tends to his flock, separating them according to their needs. Some – the *elect* – have minds that might be opened to the higher teachings of the Church; they are not trammelled by the petty concerns of morality or humanity. These he initiates into the cult when he deems them ready.

The majority of his flock lack the mental fortitude to behold the true face of God, but are still numbered among the *faithful* – they listen to his sermons, pray fervently to his Gods, and when the time comes, they will join in the Conciliation: they will be free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all shouting and killing and revelling in joy. But they are not ready yet.

There are the *weak;* those souls who adhere to the mild gods of Earth, who lack the courage to discard the husk of morality. They are good only as offerings to hungry angels.

And finally, in Lyman's reckoning, there are the *apostate* – individuals with sufficient intellect to dimly apprehend the truth, but without the conviction to be counted among the elect. Instead, these self-deluding fools try to fight against the inevitable. They are enemies of the Church, and succeed only in delaying the Conciliation. They must be destroyed.

Lyman tests members of his flock to discern their true nature. Sometimes, he does it through reasoned argument, discussing matters of morality and theology with them until he can tell where they stand. At other times, he finds revelation more efficacious – he knows spells like the Dho-Hna Formula that can show glimpses of the Mythos to others, and can summon messengers of the Outer Gods to appear before members of the flock. Lyman uses the Mythos as a chemist uses a strong acid, dissolving away impurities and testing the composition of the soul.

Reassurance plus **Oral History** convinces those who failed Lyman's tests to speak of what they saw on that awful night. Lyman himself can be questioned with **Flattery.**

Stalwart: As per his Victim incarnation, only this Lyman still holds to his original faith. Unlike any of the incarnations of Fr. Iwanicki (p. 162), this version of Lyman believes the city cannot be saved. He's learned about the *Al Azif* kept in the Aylott Seminary, and is convinced that this cursed book is the root of the city's corruption. He intends to destroy the holy book of the Church of the Conciliator. The only way he can rise in the cult's hierarchy in order to gain access to the book is by learning their rites and embracing the Mythos. He knows he's damning his own soul by studying black magic; his only hope is that he can redeem the city with this sacrifice.

Lyman initially comes across as his Sinister version, but **Assess Honesty** guesses that his monstrous demeanour is ultimately an act.

Alternate Names: Van Polglase, Harold Stoff, Holly Kerr

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Late 50s, wild-haired, thick Dutch accent, oddly prominent canines

2) Late 40s, meek and self-effacing, grey-faced, forgettable

3) Mid-20s, bubbly, dark hair and eyes, high-collared dress hides tattoos/scars/mutations [nun or lay member of the church]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Gestures to the sky 2) easy to overlook in person, but lingers strangely in one's memory, as if he is somehow *watching* you from your recollection of him 3) takes an eerie and unsettling interest in one particular Investigator and acts as though they have a special spiritual bond

Investigative Abilities: Dunwich District Knowledge, History, Occult Studies, Reassurance, Theology

General Abilities: Health 6, Preparedness 4, Scuffling 4

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Runaway

Name: Aileen Whitney

Description: Late teens, wears a cloth cap pulled low to hide her features, scabbed and dirty hands

Quirk: Ravenously hungry

Leverage: Cop Talk or **Intimidation** to threaten to send the runaway back where she came from – but the threat only works if the Investigators know where that is.

Aileen Whitney is typical of a story that plays out regularly in Great Arkham. Horror found her, or she found horror. She tried to flee, but where could she go? Most people don't care, and those that do care are in danger themselves. The city authorities are in league with the monsters. There's no way to escape the city. So, she keeps running, stumbling around the shadowy fringes of Great Arkham, trying to stay ahead of whatever's chasing her.

She moves hiding place every few weeks, in case someone reports her to the city authorities and the Transport Police come looking for her. She steals when she has to, lives on the streets when she has to. Anything to keep running.

Victim: Whitney was sprayed by the chemical disinfectant used by the Transport Police (p. 66), and the chemical has had a permanent effect on her. Choose which disinfectant effect is most suitable for your purposes, and apply its effects to Whitney. It might have killed her and brought her back as a zombie (and over time, her personality and drive will atrophy, and she'll become a placid, obedient citizen and stumble back home). It might have driven her insane (in which case, **Psychoanalysis** or **Streetwise** can clue the Investigators in that her wild conspiracy theories about the forces running the city are nonsensical). Exposure to the powder of Ibn-Ghazi means she cannot stop seeing the invisible entities that throng the streets, and looking beyond the clouds to see the gods writhing in the sky.

If she was sprayed with the reality-dissolving version of the spray, then have Whitney approach the Investigators. She acts as though she knows them, as if they're old friends. She might even claim to be a family member of one of the Investigators. The spray's erasing her from existence, and not even the Investigators are able to retain memories of her. She's been fading in and out, and her stays in that no-place, that howling void, are getting longer and longer. Unless the Investigators are able to break into Fort Hutchinson (p. 182) or the Chemical Works (p. 131) and find a cure, she'll fade again forever and be forgotten.

Sinister: Whitney's already infected by the Mythos. Pick one of these grisly fates for her, which will turn her from victim or ally to monster before the Investigators' eyes.

- She's the daughter of one of Old Arkham's wealthy sorcerous families. Some aged relative is in the process of using the Mind Exchange spell to steal Whitney's body. The two souls flicker back and forth; at times, Whitney is Whitney. At times, she's someone else… **Assess Honesty** detects her personality changes, while **Occult** guesses at the cause.
- Whitney comes from Innsmouth. She's pregnant with a Deep One child, or maybe she's secretly a Marsh, and has already begun to develop the infamous Innsmouth look. Either way, the Marsh gang is looking for her, but what she really fears is hearing the call of Cthulhu in her blood. **Forensics** or **Medicine** spots the symptoms of the change.
- Whitney was offered as a sacrifice by the Church of the Conciliator. She's been prepared as a vessel for one of the Outer Gods or their servitors. An alien god is trying to cram its terrible imminence into her human skull. At times, she babbles in Aklo, or screams as more of her soul is pulped and digested by the god-thing that will soon claim her. **Cthulhu Mythos** or **Theology** recognizes what's going on.

Stalwart: Whitney's father is a wealthy businessman. A member of the city council visited the family home in Old Arkham one night to discuss a proposal with her father, and Whitney overheard the terrible thing they plotted together. Appalled that her father was in league with the cults, Whitney stole the councilor's briefcase and fled into the night. It was an impulsive, unplanned act of rebellion. The next morning, she thought better of it and returned home – only to find her father's house sealed off by Transport Police, who claimed that an outbreak of typhoid had killed everyone there. Now, she's on the run with the briefcase; **Cryptography** or **Languages** can decipher the councilor's weird notes.

Alternate Names: Jane Prescott, Billy Conlin, Matty West

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Late teens, large eyes, greenish tint to skin, thinning hair [fled Innsmouth]

2) Mid-20s, scarf pulled over face, heavy coat and gloves hide mutated body [former Transport Police]

3) Late 20s, brown hair and glasses, travel-stained suit, feverish, glassy expression [Consumed by the City]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Carries a filleting knife in her purse 2) can hear radio signals and other strange transmissions 3) Talks about Arkham as though it's a small provincial town

Investigative Abilities: Outdoor Survival, Streetwise

General Abilities: Health 6, Shadowing 6, Stealth 4

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Named Characters

The Dunwich Strangler

Description: According to rumour, the Strangler is invisible.

Quirk: Serial killing.

Leverage: Bait – identify the type of victim preferred by the Strangler with **Forensics** or **Cop Talk,** then leave a suitable offering.

The Dunwich Strangler is a serial murderer. Most of the killings occurred in Dunwich, but the Strangler has struck in Westheath and Northside too. Rumours on the streets insist that the Strangler is invisible, and that victims are seized by invisible hands and throttled or torn apart, but such stories never appear in reputable newspapers, and the police insist that the Strangler is just an ordinary man who will soon be caught.

Victim: The Dunwich Strangler is Ray Crabb, a renegade Transport Police office (p. 66). Either the stress of his job drove him insane, or he's revulsed by his physical transformation. His police uniform and gas mask make him effectively invisible on the streets of Arkham – no-one can tell one policeman from another, and no-one dares look too closely. Hidden by this cloak of fear, he can carry out his attacks without being spotted.

Forensics on a murder victim reveals that the strange strangulation marks weren't made by a rubbery tentacle or gloved hands – Crabb kills by choking people with the hose from his disinfectant sprayer. His victims follow a discernible pattern of your choice: does he target people who remind him of the family he was forced to abandon, people who are secretly informing on their neighbours to the police, secret adherents of a cult, or are his killings driven by some predictable cycle detectable with **Astronomy?**

Sinister: "*They from outside will help, but they cannot take body without human blood. That upstairs looks it will have the right cast. I can see it a little when I make the Voorish sign or blow the powder of Ibn Ghazi at it, and it is near like them at May-Eve on the Hill. The other face may wear off some. I wonder how I shall look when the earth is cleared and there are no earth beings on it".*

The Dunwich Strangler is a Son of Yog-Sothoth, a monstrous, invisible half-deity, born of the union of a human woman and an Outer God. Was it created by John Whateley, the founder of the Church of the Conciliator, back in the 1840s? Is it of more recent origin – born in the last few years after some Church ritual? Is there a secret renegade cult of Yog-Sothoth trying to hasten the Ritual of Opening by creating a divine offspring who can master the rite? In any case, the Strangler is loose now, roaming invisibly through Arkham to feed on victims. The Church of the Conciliator protect their hideous offspring, sheltering it from the city authorities by hiding it in churches and blocking attempts by the Transport Police to stop the invisible rampage.

Stalwart: The Dunwich Strangler is the same "invisible monster" that devoured Abdul Alhazred in a marketplace before a number of fright-frozen witnesses (after writing his fabled *Al Azif* in which he spoke of seeing "fabulous Irem, or City of Pillars, and to have found beneath the ruins of a certain nameless desert town the shocking annals and secrets of a race older than mankind"). The Strangler is a murderous angel, perhaps sent by the Elder Gods or perhaps an instinctive collective psychic spasm of humanity, a defence mechanism that stops us knowing what *Al Azif* reveals. The Strangler hunts down members of the Church of the Conciliator, but cannot penetrate the magical protections around the Aylott Seminary (p. 141).

Investigative Abilities: Cthulhu Mythos, Outdoor Survival

General Abilities:

(Human) Athletics 8, Firearms 10, Health 13, Scuffling 11, Shadowing 13, Stealth 10

(Monster) Athletics 10, Health 21, Scuffling 33, Weapon +3 (trample and rend)

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +2 (stealthy) or +3 (actually invisible)

Zebulon Whateley, Patriarch of the Church

Description: Mid-50s, immensely tall but bent almost double by back pains, white beard, ornate robes, walking stick

Quirk: Archaic speech peppered with thees and thous

Leverage: Zebulon's warped physiology causes him immense pain, and he is secretly addicted to opiates. **Pharmacy** or **Streetwise** lets the Investigators trace his suppliers.

Bishop of Arkham and head of the Church of the Conciliator, Whateley is a direct descendant of the Prophet who founded the church in 1839. His rise through the ranks of the church was unquestioned, and he became the Bishop of Arkham at the age of only thirty-three. His imposing height and striking features make him a commanding presence, like some Old Testament prophet come to life. He runs the church from his palace at the Aylott Seminary (p. 141), and dislikes having to visit either the City Cathedral (p. 117) or City Hall (p. 119), preferring to send his oily deputy Noyes in his stead.

Victim: Zebulon Whateley is a figurehead. He suffers from intense back pain, relieved only by powerful drugs procured for him by Noyes from a supplier in Chinatown. These drugs put Whateley into a deep stupor for hours at a time; Noyes claims that the patriarch is praying or in private meetings when Whateley's actually in bed staring slack-jawed at the ceiling. **Medicine** or **Pharmacy** can diagnose his mental state if the Investigators can gain access. If Noyes' hold over Whateley is broken, then the patriarch will reassert his control over the church (not necessarily a good thing – Noyes might be deliberately drugging Whateley to stop the patriarch using the Ritual of Opening).

Sinister: Whateley isn't wholly human. His great height and twisted back are merely the visible outward signs of his alien biology; beneath those clerical robes is the horrific expression of his alien heritage, as human flesh strains to contain the writhing, fluttering and rasping of his weird organs. The Dunwich Strangler may be his half-brother (did he take the name 'Zebulon' when he entered the priesthood, abandoning his birth name of Wilbur?) or does it represent a failed, malformed early attempt at the vile miscegenation that is accomplished in Zebulon himself?

Zebulon's goal is to destroy the enemies of the Church of the Conciliator – the upstart human sorcerers and necromancers who dare think themselves worthy of the power of the Outer Gods; the stunted worshippers of the Witch Coven and the Esoteric Order, who mistake the messengers for the true powers they serve; and the other meddlers and weak-minded unbelievers who shall be

consumed when the Earth is cleared off. He is ambitious and impatient – he knows that his half-human form is an anatomical contradiction that cannot endure for much longer. He hungers for transfiguration, and the only way to do that is to push for the Ritual of Opening as soon as possible.

Stalwart: Whateley manoeuvred his way to the top of the Church of the Conciliator using his family name as a bludgeon, aided by his childhood friend and co-conspirator Noyes. Now that he has the bishopric, he intends to enjoy it – Whateley, Noyes and their coterie of friends and sycophants abuse their position in the church, stealing money and smuggling in drink, drugs and girls. In Whateley's eyes, their sybaritic decadence is wholly reasonable and justified – his own holy book reveals that the gods are uncaring and monstrous, and that the world will soon be destroyed by the fumbling blind idiot god Azathoth. All existence is meaningless horror, so the best thing to do is extract as much empty pleasure as you can from life. **Streetwise** learns rumours about the Bishop's distinctly unspiritual tastes; Whateley could even become an unpleasant but necessary ally for the Investigators. As long as he's squatting at the apex of the church hierarchy, the Church of the Conciliator is never going to advance its apocalyptic plans. Keeping Whateley in position benefits the Investigators.

Investigative Abilities: Cthulhu Mythos, Dunwich District Knowledge, History, Theology

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Health 13, Magic 10, Scuffling 9

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

The Prophet of the Conciliator

The truth of God was revealed to the world in 1839 by John Whateley, a preacher and farmer who lived on a farm now drowned beneath the reservoir. After a series of revelatory visions and dreams that prepared Whateley for his mission, a pair of angels visited his home one night and showed him a cave where he found the holy book, called the *Al Azif*. While extracts from this sacred tome are part of the liturgy, the book itself is kept as a relic at Aylott Seminary (p. 141), and it may be read only by the head of the church.

The book revealed that the act of Creation locked God away from the universe (but because God is co-terminus with space and time, the Creation is ongoing and eternal). To overcome this barrier and reconcile with humanity, God begat his Son on a human woman, but the Christ was betrayed and murdered by jealous conspirators, and his body drowned in the ocean. Certain obscure sections of the book were explained to Whateley by a former slave, Jubelo, who Whateley came to recognize as an incarnation of the Holy Spirit. Whateley vanished in 1842 (according to church teachings, he ascended bodily into Heaven), but his work carried on under his friend Seth Aylott, the second head of the Church.

Aided by Jubelo, Aylott established a church in Dunwich to preach the message of conciliation. The church expanded quickly into the nearby city of Great Arkham, where many religious leaders and priests denounced their former faiths and joined Aylott's new religion. In 1853, the Church of the Conciliator took over the half-finished City Cathedral from the dwindling Catholic congregation and rededicated it to their faith. The habit of referring to the head of the Church of the Conciliator as the Bishop of Arkham stems from this time. Zebulon Whateley is the first direct descendant of John Whateley to hold that title.

Westheath

The sprawling slum of Westheath is a brownstone hell, a warren of crumbling tenements, factories and narrow alleys. After the disastrous floods of 1888, many of the textile factories in central Arkham were destroyed. The advent of the electrical dam up in Dunwich meant that there was ample power, so new factories were built away from the treacherous Miskatonic River. New housing was built for the factory employees, and Westheath rapidly expanded. Gardner Industrial Farms provided both employment and food for the growing population. Thick smog from the factory chimneys hangs over the district like a pall; outbreaks of the city's cryptic typhoid are especially common here, forcing the Transport Police to quarantine whole buildings.

Westheath's ethnic mix is very different to the rest of the city; Lower Westheath is home to the majority of the city's African-Americans. Tensions between this district and City Hall over budgets, services and land use are invariably steeped in racism. Upper Westheath, the older part of the district, is primarily Italians and Eastern Europeans, and is the heartland of the Malatesta gang.

Encounters

He

"Far? What I have seen would blast ye to a mad statue of stone! Back, back—forward, forward—look, ye puling lack-wit!"

And as he snarled the phrase under his breath he gestured anew; bringing to the sky a flash more blinding than either which had come before. For full three seconds I could glimpse that pandaemoniac sight, and in those seconds I saw a vista which will ever afterward torment me in dreams. I saw the heavens verminous with strange flying things, and beneath them a hellish black city of giant stone terraces with impious pyramids flung savagely to the moon, and devil-lights burning from unnumbered windows.

—He

Walking the streets, the Investigators encounter a man dressed in old-fashioned clothes, who claims to recognise them as fellow seekers after occult wisdom. He refuses to give his name, but with antique politeness he invites them to visit his home and his extensive library. If the Investigators accept his offer, he leads them through unfamiliar streets to his palatial mansion, where they may indeed consult his collection of occult books. As they do so, their host explains that he has a window with a singular property – he can look *back* through it, looking out over vistas from the city's distant past. He has gone back very far indeed, and tonight he intends to go back even further. He brought the Investigators here to be his anchors in *time*, as they are intimately bound to the city's awful present.

When he opens the window on some primordial vista, though, it shatters and the shards fly outwards, as some vortex outside howls, and drags the stranger through the aperture into the void beyond. The Investigators, too, are sucked through – and find themselves back on that same street where they met the stranger, minutes before that fateful meeting.

Stalked By Rats

The trash-strewn alleyways of Westheath are full of rats, thousands of them, and unusually large, but the Investigators could swear that particular rats are following them. Not just rats, either – pigeons and other birds circle overhead, cart-horses stop and stare at the Investigators, dogs pad out from doorways and stand there like silent guardians. It is as though there is some invisible field of *attention* following the Investigators, using whatever eyes it can find to watch them. If they went somewhere with no weak-souled animals, would this field start seizing humans to be its eyes? Would the Investigators see newborn babies crane their necks to watch them, or would that old man snoozing on his porch suddenly open his eyes – still sleeping – and turn to keep them in view? Or has this awareness already invaded the Investigators? Who is looking through their eyes?

Mythos Graffiti

A graffitoed wall in Westheath catches the Investigators' eyes. Amid the lewd messages, slogans and crude drawings are some messages that suggest a kindred soul, someone else who sees this city for what it is, and is desperately trying to make contact with others. "THE TOWERS ARE WRONG", reads one message. "THERE IS NO TYPHOID". "THE CITY WON'T LET US GO". "WE ARE ALL EATEN".

Investigating, the characters find a patch of brick wall that is inexplicably free of graffiti. It's clear that it once was marked like all the rest, but now there's a roughly door-shaped patch that's just pristine brickwork. Could this other victim of the city have found a Gate?

The Blasted Heath

A patch of bare broken earth lies between two lots. The locals warn the Investigators not to let their skin touch the soil; if they do, the dirt will burn them. Worse, flowers will grow from the spot where they touched the ground, strange flowers that are not native to this world, and whose poisonous perfumes cause weird hallucinations and choking fits.

The Malatesta Outfit

The Malatestas are a Mafioso family, allied with the Buccolas of Boston. They moved into Arkham in the 1920s as part of the Buccolas' war on other ethnic gangs, including the O'Bannion family, who previously ruled Arkham's underworld. The Malatestas, therefore, are comparative newcomers to the city, and have only a limited understanding of the Mythos or the city's true nature. They are arguably more professional and organised than their Innsmouth-based rivals, the Marshes, but lack supernatural allies.

Stock Locations

Jazz Club

Names: Blue Moon, No Man's Land, Fallows' Club, Commercial House

The best of Arkham's jazz clubs are in Lower Westheath, but only true music aficionados from outside the district know about such places; most people flock to more fashionable places in the University District.

Masked: A jazz trio plays on stage to an enthused crowd. The décor in the club has a faintly Art Deco style, inspired by ancient Egypt; the stage looks like the entrance to some underworld, and the musicians are dark-eyed gods here. Private booths and balconies afford a little privacy for those who have business here other than dancing. With **Streetwise**, Investigators can spot Malatesta goons; all the clubs along the Westheath strip pay protection money to that gang, and hence are targets for the Marshes.

Unmasked: When the house band here gets going, the crowd goes wild. Sweat drips from the ceiling as everyone joins in a riotous, orgiastic dance. Then, the visions begin – glimpses of dead people in the crowd, people speaking in tongues, strange shapes moving in the air, as if the music is calling something from *beyond*. The band leader, they say, was a Priest (p. 146) in the Church of the Conciliator (p. 47) before giving up his vocation to play the trumpet.

Investigators who participate in this dance gain a 1-point pool that can only be used for **Cthulhu Mythos** spends; earning this pool requires the Investigators to give themselves up to the music and abandon all reason and control, so they may do things in the dance that they would not otherwise contemplate.

Cast: Artists & Actresses (p. 184). Malatesta Goons (p. 159).

Clues: Eavesdrop at a private booth to learn about criminal intrigues involving the Malatestas (p. 153). Spot the girl at the bar who's still shaken after her experiences last night, and use **Reassurance** to learn what she saw in her visions. That eerie piping isn't coming from any of the instruments on stage – could some unseen Servitor of the Outer Gods be jamming along with the band, guiding their music towards the song that shatters worlds?

Tenement

Names: Tredway Buildings, Amalgamated Towers, Gardner Homes, Hangman's Brook Houses

Tenement buildings cram thirty or more families into a lot that would fit a single home in the suburbs of Northside or Dunwich. The better tenements are built around a large open courtyard in the centre, so that the residents have an open space to look out on. More commonly, the builders crammed as many apartments as they could into the space, using thin air shafts to get past city ordinances that every apartment has to have at least one window. Narrow stairwells lead to cramped apartments, or end in inexplicable dead ends, as if whole floors have been walled off. Some tenements are overcrowded, a pandemonium of competing voices, sweat and cooking smells. Others are occupied yet empty – you might hear voices echoing down the stairwell, or enter a hallway just as another door closes at the far end, but you never see another living soul.

Masked: Most people living here are just trying to get by. If they're lucky enough to have work, then it's likely at a Textile Factory (p. 155) or Gardner Farms (p. 155), but the Depression still has Westheath in its grip, and unemployment remains high. People living in these blocks keep to themselves, and are wary of outsiders. Anyone asking questions could be an agent of the city authorities working for Vorsht (p. 124) or the Transport Police – and everyone in the tenement will suffer if the building is found to be harbouring enemies of the state.

Streetwise (or **Westheath District Knowledge**) warns the Investigators to be wary of certain residents. That woman is a police informant; he works for the Malatestas; *she* killed a cat by staring at it, and he buys ungodly quantities of meat at the butcher shop.

Unmasked: Everyone in the tenement is a servant of the Mythos. They whisper to one another, speaking of the day when the Old Ones will return to claim Earth once more. They hold ceremonies and sacrifices in the central courtyard, where no intruder can disturb them. A single cult might unite everyone here – they're all worshippers of the Church of the Conciliator, or they're all part of the Witch Coven. Equally, they might all serve some ghastly creature that dwells in the building, or squats in their dreams, or has permeated the structure – there could be more than rats in those crumbling walls.

Cast: Clerk (p. 121). Labourer (p. 158). Grifter (p. 157). Thomas Kearney (p. 163).

Clues: Use **Oral History** to gather testimony from witnesses and neighbours – each one knows only a tiny piece of the puzzle, but put them together to learn about Mythos activity. **Streetwise** plus the right amount of **Credit Rating** gets an invitation to the Malatesta poker game that runs every week in one apartment. **Architecture** finds

a secret passage in the basement of the tenement – a ghoul tunnel, or something more? A combination of **Art History, Archaeology** and **Astronomy** notes the bizarre architectural flourishes on the roof resemble decorations found on certain temples in South America, and that the tenement is aligned with particular stars in the night sky – was the whole building made as a psychic funnel, to drain the residents' life force, and channel it to some nefarious purpose?

Textile Factory

Names: Bolton Mills, Mason Factory, Arkham Textile Works

Arkham's textile industry is in decline. Manufacturers rebuilt after the disastrous floods of 1888, aided by support from the city council and the promise of cheap electricity from the new dam (p. 143), but they were still carrying debts from that reconstruction, and fighting cheaper competitors overseas, when the panic of '29 hit. All the large factories are still haemorrhaging money. The promise of new synthetic fibres from the Chemical Works (p. 131) may herald a brighter future for the industry.

Masked: The clatter and roar of the spinning machines makes conversation almost impossible. Long workbenches stretch into the distance between the pillars, converging in infinity. The rhythm of the machines is hypnotic, mechanical; when the workers fall into that rhythm, they give the disconcerting impression of being automata themselves. They keep their heads down and pay little overt attention to the presence of visitors, but shoot curious glances when the foreman isn't looking. Investigators with a high **Credit Rating** get whisked away upstairs to the showroom, where they can see fabric samples and enjoy a drink; other visitors are ignored, or asked to leave if they haven't stayed out of sight.

Unmasked: The factory's rhythm is more than hypnotic – it's deadening, soporific. The smell of chemicals is overpowering, making it hard to breathe, and harder still to get a sniff of fresh air that might penetrate this brain-numbing fog. The workers have glazed eyes, and they work without seeing, repeating the same tasks over and over without any thought. One woman's hand gets caught in a machine that rips away three of her fingers. She doesn't seem to notice, but just carries on. Another man strains to carry box after box; his shirt is wet with blood oozing from his shoulder, but he doesn't stop.

Investigators sneaking around the factory must make **Stability** tests (Difficulty 4) to avoid this hypnosis. Those who fail find themselves joining the enchanted work force, and toiling away on the cotton mills.

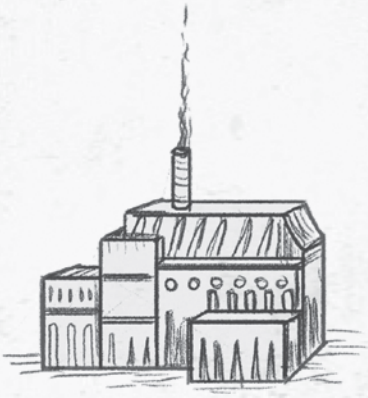
When the whistle blows, it breaks the spell and the workers come back to life. Faces suddenly become animate. Shoulders slump with natural weariness instead of the bizarre animation. And the woman stares at her hand in confusion and barely suppressed terror, telling herself that it must be an old wound, an old old injury. It couldn't have happened today. She'd have noticed it before, surely.

Cast: Labourer (p. 158).

Clues: Get a look at the books, and **Accounting** confirms the factory's in a financial death spiral. What will the owners do to save themselves? Get a loan from the Marshes? Agree to support Jervas Hyde's (p. 113) ambitions? Hire zombie labourers, courtesy of the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53)?

Landmarks

Gardner Industrial Farms



Produce from Gardner Industrial Farms feeds Arkham. Six huge, windowless buildings, like concrete greenhouses, do the work of thousands of acres of farmland. Every morning, trucks and carts carry a cornucopia of fruit and vegetables from the industrial farms to the markets and kitchens of the city.

The Gardner Company began in 1882, with a partnership between a farmer named Nahum Gardner and a research professor from Miskatonic, Reginald Whipple. Several years of poor harvests and blighted animals had nearly ruined the Gardner farm, so Nahum turned to science for assistance. Professor Whipple's combination of chemical fertilizers and radiative light therapies (based on the theories of Edwin Dwight Babbitt) soon produced stupendous results. The two agreed to work together to develop the professor's techniques, and so Gardner Industrial Farms was born.

The "Whipple Treatment" used in the farms has several drawbacks. It requires a tremendous electrical current to power the curious 'vitalising lamps' which hang from the tin roofs of the huge 'lamp-houses'. Plants treated by the lamps grow incredibly

large, producing tomatoes the size of watermelons, and heads of corn so heavy the stalks bend and break under the weight, but often have a foul or bitter taste. (The Gardner Company regularly publishes cookbooks and sponsors recipe columns in the *Advertiser* to teach housewives how to best mask the taste with spices, sauces or chemical additives.) For many years, the Treatment only worked reliably on vegetables, but company scientists recently developed a method for applying the Whipple Treatment to animals. It works best on young creatures; the Industrial Farms now produce endless truckloads of lamb, chicken and veal, but their efforts to produce acceptable pork, beef or mutton are less successful.

The company employs thousands of workers, but only during the day. Each night, sirens warn everyone to leave the lamp-houses and retreat to beyond the clearly marked safety lines. Only a few technicians wearing protective gear are permitted to remain on site when it's time to fire up the vitalizing lamps, and even they are careful to avoid the lamp-house floors when the lights are lit. Then, once the site has been inspected, the sirens sound again, and the morning shift begins. There's a harvest every day at Gardner Farms, and all those grotesquely swollen plants must be gathered, all those misshapen beasts slaughtered in the company's abattoir, to clear the fields for the next crop.

Masked: The farms are just background Colour, so to speak. The great secret of Gardner Farms is that Nahum Gardner and Professor Whipple managed to capture a Colour Out of Space in 1882, and have harnessed the entity's power. The 'vitalising lamps' are electrical prisons for the original Colour and its offspring/shards/buds/reflections. Is the Colour feeding on everyone who eats produce from Gardner Farms, or does the company have to offer sacrifices to its imprisoned monsters every so often? (A modernist take on Frazer's year-king mythology – the employee of the month is treated to a relaxing holiday in Kingsport, a series of free steak dinners, fattened up on rich desserts, and given all manner of other pleasures, before being locked in the grow houses when the Colours are set loose to feed…) Alternatively, the alleged typhoid outbreaks (p. 17) might be the result of the Colours reaching out and devouring the life force of people in the city.

Outdoor Survival or **Craft** notices the weirdness of the produce from the farms (the bitter taste, the warped, bloated shapes, the fact that it doesn't rot or decay naturally, the glimpses of an unnameable *colour* when you look at it from certain angles). **Medicine** coupled with **Oral History** and **Library Use** could correlate mental and physical degeneration with tales of

the events at Nahum Gardner's farm in 1882, when the Colour first landed.

Unmasked: The trapped alien Colours might be the cause of Great Arkham's peculiarity; in their thrashing against the whirling walls of their electrical prisons, they've accidentally wrenched the city half-way out of conventional space-time. Freeing the Colours might allow Arkham to fall back into normal reality; the warped, nightmare city would melt away, allowing the original history and geography of Essex Country to reassert itself. (Maybe the fabled Ritual of Opening is as simple as unplugging the electric prisons!)

Another possibility is that the Colours are an escape route from the city. Investigators desperate to escape Arkham might be able to **Bargain** with the alien creatures; escaping the city as a disembodied mental pattern within a Colour is a poor sort of existence, but it's an escape nonetheless.

Cast: Zenas Gardner (p. 161) runs the company. Thomas Kearney (p. 163) may still work here, as do many Labourers (p. 158). Deliveries go to the Restaurant (p. 71), Roadhouse (p. 140), and Shopkeeper (p. 195), but *not* to the Devil's Reef restaurant (p. 170).

Clues: Forensics or **Outdoor Survival** identifies the 'monster corpse' as a weirdly mutated calf that must have escaped the farms. **Medicine** diagnoses the strange burns on the body as radiation burns. **Physics** or **Electrical Repair** spots the huge power cables running into all six of the massive grow-houses, each one the size of a covered football stadium.

Stock Characters

Grifter

Name: Marsha Kinkaid

Description: Mid-20s, glamourous, peroxide blonde, flashing green eyes

Quirk: Exaggerated French accent

Leverage: Cop Talk and proof of Kinkaid's previous crimes

She's been a French countess, a movie starlet, an innocent farm girl in the big city for the first time. She's been a poor but talented violinist with an old battered instrument as her only possession. She's been a nun with a bevy of hungry orphans, or the waitress in a dingy, dangerous bar, just looking for a good man to take her away from all this. The honest truth is dull and paltry compared to the exciting lies – Kinkaid's a con artist, Westheath born and bred.

Unlike the Mystic (p. 185), who runs a similar racket, she's learned to exploit the tendency of the average Arkhamite to look the other way when there's a hint of supernatural involvement.

Victim: Kinkaid filched a valise case from a traveller at Waite Station (p. 105). Inside was an antique silver urn full of ashes. She dumped out the ashes, but a sudden gust of wind blew them back in her face, and she inhaled a lungful of the oily, foul-smelling stuff. Still coughing, she sold the silver urn to a fence and thought no more of the incident.

Until she started dreaming. Until the traveller turned up dead, his body drained of blood. Her mark was a courier for the Necromantic Cabal, and now Kinkaid contains all that remains of those valuable grave-salts. **History** or **Languages** notes that she sometimes lets slip some archaic phrase or impossible knowledge.

Sinister: Kinkaid works for one of the Councilors as a spy and agent provocateur. If her employer is a member of a cult, then she's a lower-ranking member of the same group. Her role is to dig up blackmail material or other scandal (and if such material does not exist, then to create it) on political enemies, possibly including the Investigators.

Stalwart: Whip-smart and observant, Kinkaid secretly preys on Mythos cultists. There are plenty of ambitious, monstrous but not especially bright worshippers of alien gods in this city; she has a good line in fake relics and tomes. **Craft** or **Archaeology** spots her forged work.

Alternate Names: Toby Dollmer, Harley Quarnow, Archibald Sumner

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-20s, long elegant fingers, jug ears, check shirt and braces [card shark]

2) Mid-40s, green felt hat, opera glasses on a chain around her neck, large purse [gambler and dog-racing enthusiast]

3) Mid-50s but looks older, white hair and patrician nose, distinguished appearance when he puts effort in, drunk at noon [con artist]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Hums tunelessly

2) Lives with several arthritic greyhounds and smells strongly of dog

3) Shameless codger of free drinks

Investigative Abilities: Bargain, Streetwise

General Abilities: Disguise 8, Filch 6, Fleeing 6, Health 5

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Labourer

Name: Maude Williams

Description: Mid-20s, dark hair covered by a shawl, torn but carefully mended coat, downcast eyes

Quirk: Very deferential towards high Credit Rating Investigators

Leverage: Either blackmail here with some real or suspected misdeed and **Intimidation,** or point out how she can help her friends or family with **Bargain** (she won't be moved by appeals for her own safety).

Maude Williams is just trying to get by in the city. She works on the line in a factory in Northside or Westheath, nattering with the other girls there when the supervisor's not looking. She was engaged to be married, but she tells everyone that her beau was recruited by the Transport Police, and she hasn't heard from him in months. In confidence, she also mentions that she was warned not to come looking for him.

Victim: Williams and her friend Molly found a man lying on the sidewalk while walking home from work a few months ago. The man was well-dressed, but had a nasty cut on his forehead and seemed stunned, so they guessed he had been the victim of a mugging. Williams helped Molly take the semi-conscious fellow up to her apartment nearby, where they could treat his injuries. She left the man in Molly's care. (Under **Interrogation**, she recalls that there might have been a parcel or briefcase in that alleyway, but cannot remember if Molly took it up to the apartment with her.)

The next day, Molly refused to speak of the incident, and told Maude to forget about the whole affair. The man was never there, she insisted. It was all a mistake. Maude complained about Molly's odd behaviour to some of her other friends at work.

Now, Molly's vanished, and Maude Williams thinks she is next. She fears that there's an informant in the factory in her circle of confidantes, but can't imagine which of them it might be, or why being a Good Samaritan might be so dangerous. She doesn't know who the man was (perhaps a member of the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52), or associated with the Malatesta or Marsh gangs (p. 165)), or what became of Molly. Maude doesn't know what she did to deserve punishment, or what form that punishment will take, but she lives under the shadow of terror, and knows that at any minute *they* will come for her.

Sinister: A few months ago, Maude's boyfriend Roger got drunk and attacked her. She grabbed an iron poker out of the fireplace and struck him with it, killing him stone dead. Terrified, she called her friend Molly, who suggested that they hide Roger's body in an old crypt in a nearby graveyard, where no-one would ever find it. In the dead of night, the two women smuggled the corpse down the stairs and across the street. They prised open the tomb and threw the corpse into the darkness.

Immediately, the night air flooded with the sound of chewing and tearing, of wet lips slapping and bones breaking as something in the tomb devoured Roger's body. Then a voice spoke, deep and gelatinous and remote, and its word was an undeniable command to the two women: ***MORE.*** Maude was faster – she pushed Molly into the hole, and fled as the creature below ate her friend.

Since then, the creature in the graveyard across the street has contacted Maude several times as she walks back from work, demanding more tributes. Sometimes, she can placate it with a stray cat, or a few pounds of mince from the butcher. There was the lecherous barfly who thought it was his lucky day too, and the old widow from two floors down who wanted help cleaning her husband's grave. There'll be more to come, Maude knows. The thing in the graveyard is a growing boy, and she'll have to work to keep him well fed. **Streetwise** or **Evidence Collection** notes that Maude's got a collection of stolen trophies which she pawns for extra cash.

Stalwart: The disappearance of her boyfriend Roger was only one of a string of mysterious vanishings that beset the neighbourhood, but only Maude Williams made a stand and refused to accept that this was normal. She's waging a one-woman war against the city's collective feigned ignorance; after work each day, she spends hours writing letters to the city council and to the newspapers, complaining to the police, or organizing search parties to look for Roger and all the lost souls. It's only a matter of time before the city authorities destroy her, but right now, she's too loud and too public to simply disappear.

This version of Maude is likely to seek the Investigators out and ask them for help, but her high profile makes her dangerous to be around; associating with her is worth at least +1 Suspicion.

Alternate Names: Bess Fetherston, Jack Moorhouse, Morrie Dixon

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Early 40s, curly red hair, prizes her expensive necklace inherited from a wealthy aunt [cleaner working in city offices]

2) Early 20s, cheery and open, paint-stained no matter how hard he scrubs [handyman and painter]

3) Late 40s, balding and greying, wears knitted sweaters against the cold [factory worker]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Paranoid about thieves and pickpockets

2) has seen Mythos horrors, but too clueless to recognize them for what they are

3) blames Investigators for stirring up dangers

Investigative Abilities: Evidence Collection, Oral History, Westheath District Knowledge

General Abilities: Health 4, Mechanical Repair 4

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Malatesta Goon

Name: Guino Malatesta

Description: Late teens, crooked smile, dark hair, trench coat over cheap suit

Quirk: Always has a pack of playing cards to hand

Leverage: Guino's loyal to the family; he knows to keep his mouth shut until the family's lawyer arrives if **Interrogated**, and think he's tough enough to resist **Intimidation**. However, if the Investigators discover his gambling debts, he'll do anything to stop Sylvia Malatesta (p. 164) from learning how much money he's lost.

Guino's a street-level soldier for the Malatesta crime family, on the front line in their gangland war with the Marshes. He's an eager puppy with a tommy gun, trying to keep a veneer of aggression and bravado on top of the surge of terror he feels whenever a black car comes around the corner. If the Investigators make trouble for the Malatestas, they'll send Guino to break some legs.

Victim: A few weeks ago, Guino and a few other Malatesta men were over in Salamander Fields, and had to take shelter in a Ruined House (p. 129) to hide from the Marshes – better to lie low until daytime, when there would be civilians on the streets. None of them dared sleep, so they played cards for matchsticks, and here's the thing – there was Guino, and Harry Burke, and Lou the Singer, all sitting around this little table with a lamp on it, turned down low so no-one could see the light from outside, but it was just bright enough for each of them to make out their cards. You couldn't even see the other guys' faces. When it came to Guino's turn to shuffle, he dealt out four hands instead of three, and something in the darkness played that extra hand. At the time – like in a dream – it felt normal, and nothing was out of place. They played out the game, and Guino won, and scooped up the pot of matchsticks. Next morning, they made it back to Westheath and safety.

Harry Burke died a day later. He fell off a rooftop and splattered on the sidewalk. He was a drunk; forget about it.

But Lou – they found Lou in his moll's place, dead on the floor without a mark on him. He'd fired his gun into the wall, six shots like clockwork. She's up in the sanitarium now, in a padded room.

Guino thought that he was a dead man walking, too, but now he's realised the truth. He won that game, and the lives of the other players were his *winnings*. All he has to do is summon up the courage to go back to that house and cash in his chips, but he's too scared to find out who that fourth man was.

Oral History or **Streetwise** gets some of the above tall tale from Guino or his associates; **Evidence Collection** finds a dropped matchstick that seems weirdly, unnaturally *significant* and weighty.

Sinister: Guino delights in the suffering of others to a degree that disgusts his fellow criminals. If he wasn't a blood relative of Sylvia Malatesta, someone would have ended him years ago – or tried to, at least. Something in the city seems to encourage Guino's sadism, blessing him with unreasonable good fortune in gunfights. **Oral History** or **Streetwise** hears tales of a shadowy figure following Guino, said to be the Angel of Death. It's actually the shade of a dead wizard, perhaps Keziah Mason (p. 95), feeding off the hot blood and death spilled by Guino's murder spree.

Stalwart: Guino may be a criminal, but he lives by a code of honour. He takes the concept of protection money seriously – he's one of the few Malatestas willing to listen to those troubled by things other than Marshes and petty crooks. If you worry about the strange old man who lives in the attic, if you've seen strange shapes slithering through the fog, if you keep having dreams about a drowning city and impossible angles, you can talk to Guino. All he's got is his gat and his guts, but if you're in good standing with the Malatestas, he'll do what he can for you.

Alternate Names: Alonzo Malatesta, Charles Marazo, Tony Gagliano

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-40s, scarred face, expensive clothes,

white spats [one of Frank Malatesta's senior lieutenants]

2) Mid-30s, funereal mien, black clothes, tommy gun [Seminary student dragged into family business; add Theology]

3) Mid-20s, aggressive slouch, chain smoker, talks fast [hired hitman from New York]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Fastidious about cleanliness

2) Fervent Catholic

3) Inventively abusive

Investigative Abilities: Intimidation, Law, Locksmith, Westheath District Knowledge

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Driving 4, Firearms 7, Health 7, Scuffling 4, Weapons 4 (Pistol +0 damage, Tommy Gun +1 damage)

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Private Detective

Name: Hunt Hall

Description: Mid-30s, small frame, oily, slicked-back hair, nasal voice

Quirk: Never looks you in the eye – instead, he looks at books on a shelf, cars going by on the street, examines his own fingernails, comments on your shoes. Anything to avoid direct contact.

Leverage: Hall's manipulated or blackmailed several women into sleeping with him, often the wives of clients he was investigating for infidelity; find his blackmail photographs and confront him with **Intimidation**, and he'll crumble.

Creepy, twitchy Hall channels his natural talent for prying and sneaking into a career as a private detective. He can ferret out almost anything, given time. Most of his clients are in Old Arkham and Northside, and hire him secretly by telephone – he advertises in several discreet magazines, including the newsletter of the Silver Lodge (p. 55). He's not the sort of detective who gets beautiful dames showing up in his rundown Westheath office.

Victim: Hall's been hired to investigate the Investigators. Have him show up in the background of scenes, have players make **Sense Trouble** or **Shadowing** tests to spot him. He might break into their homes, question their contacts, and photograph them at the worst possible moments. When the Investigators finally confront Hall, he refuses to give up his employer's name without leverage, but **Assess Honesty** or **Psychoanalysis** suggests he's shaken by what he's discovered about the Investigators.

If the Investigators force him to give up his assembled dossier (or **Filch** it), then they discover Hall's found out things about them that even they don't know. Some options:

- Hall's photographs show weird alien parasites clinging to the Investigators' faces; these parasites are visible only in photographs treated with a particular emulsion Hall invented.
- Hall dug up death certificates for some of the Investigators – they died weeks before the campaign began. Have the Investigators been brought back to life, or have they unwittingly stolen the identities of parallel versions of themselves?
- Hall discovered something about the Investigators' patron, or their ancestry.

Sinister: Hunt Hall is a member of one of the cults that secretly rules Arkham. He puts his detective skills to use covering up the indiscretions of his fellow members, or procuring new victims or experimental subjects. If the Investigators cross his path, he'll try to divert them to inconvenience a rival cult or sorcerer. For example, if Hall's a member of the Esoteric Order of Dagon, then he'll plant evidence that points the Investigators at the Church of the Conciliator. If no such evidence exists, he'll forge it. **Interrogate** Hall, and the mask of the fanatic slips; he'll start ranting about how he has secret masters and powerful allies, and the Investigators will be *punished* for seeing through his brilliant deception.

Stalwart: Hall is a private Investigator from Arkham – the other Arkham, the sleepy college town in the midst of the New England countryside, not this satanic metropolis. A client hired him to find some missing documents, some antique scrolls in a foreign language. He followed a trail of clues that led him to a cave in Billington's Woods (p. 142). He entered the cave and found the papers, but when he emerged from the cave, the air had changed. There was an oily smell to it, a chemical taint, and the skies had grown darker. His car was missing, so he had to hitchhike from the woods back to town – and arrived here, in Great Arkham. If the player characters have also been Consumed by the City (p. 26), then Hall offers them help in adjusting to life in this asylum.

He still has the papers, hidden in a safe place. Examining them with **Languages** and **Occult** suggests the inscriptions resemble Naacal, but they are actually written in the tongue of R'lyeh. The higher adepts in the Lodge of the Silver Key (p. 55) could make much of them, if they knew they existed.

Alternate Names: Ed Gargan, Jean Wyman, Patrick Flavin

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-40s, hulking shoulders, voice like sandpaper in a mine [Hard-drinking ex-cop]

2) Early 30s, peach summer dress, excitable, carries a magnifying glass [Amateur sleuth]

3) Late 30s, pale and sinister, hat pulled low over face, soft-soled shoes [Professional police informant]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Threatens violence at the drop of a hat 2) Bubbly enthusiasm for Mythos investigation quickly becomes off-putting 3) Takes notes

Investigative Abilities: Assess Honesty, Evidence Collection, Photography, Streetwise, Westheath District Knowledge

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Health 6, Scuffling 6, Shadowing 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Named Characters

Zenas Gardner

Description: Late 70s, dark weathered skin and a shock of white hair, preternaturally thin, wheelchair-bound

Quirk: Occasionally falls silent, as if entranced.

Leverage: Reminding Zenas of his vanished baby brother Merwin plays on his sympathies.

Zenas' father Nahum Gardner owned a small farm outside Dunwich, in a region now drowned by the Quarro Reservoir (p. 143). In 1882, Nahum Gardner hired a professor from Miskatonic University to develop new pesticides and chemical fertilisers, and the two created what became known as the Whipple Treatment. Nahum bought the patents for the process, and founded Gardner Industrial Farms, and in a few short years went from penniless farmer to industrial magnate. Zenas inherited the family company in 1910. Despite his lack of education and physical infirmity, the company has thrived under Zenas. It now operates six industrial greenhouses, and employs thousands of workers in Arkham. The Gardner fortune has not lain idle – many of the housing blocks in Westheath were built by Zenas, and his charitable bequests and contributions have made him immensely popular in the city. While he's shown no interest in city politics, an endorsement from Zenas Gardner is likely the single most valuable asset a prospective council member could hope to acquire.

Zenas is unmarried. His youngest brother Merwin died in 1883 in an accident at the farm, and the middle brother Thaddeus has been a patient in the sanitarium since then. Without a Gardner to inherit the company, Zenas' likely successors as head of the company include Lucan Whipple (the grandson of the professor who invented the Whipple Treatment), and his cousin Marissa Gardner (an ally of Mayor Ward).

Victim: Zenas was hollowed out by the Colour Out Of Space. His life was preserved only by the quick thinking of Professor Whipple, who used a variation of his process to arrest the inevitable disintegration of the young man's body. Fifty years later, Zenas is still held on the brink of death by science. He needs daily injections and spends his nights in a specially designed 'light chamber' atop Lamp-house Number One; only these procedures and other, more unpleasant and illegal, treatments prevent Zenas from crumbling into dust. His mind is equally decayed, but he is left in place as a figurehead to keep the company together, and avoid legal battles that might destroy Gardner Farms and risk releasing the Colour.

Zenas wants to die, and in his rare moments of lucidity begs to be released from his unnaturally prolonged existence. **Medicine** confirms that he's among the walking dead.

Sinister: Zenas was hollowed out by the Colour, and what survives is a strange hybrid of the two. His intellect is cold and remote, veined with memories of plunging from world to world through the void of space. Zenas believes himself to be the forerunner of a new species, a new form of humanity. At first, he tried to propagate this new species through conventional reproduction, but all his many children were stillborn husks. Now, he sees Arkham as a farm where he will grow his new species; with everyone in the city eating food bathed in the Colour, eventually some of them will become like him, and there will be women capable of bearing live young. He conducts secret experiments, trying to hasten this ghastly evolution (Thomas Kearney, p. 163, may be a deliberate creation of Zenas). He only hopes that he can complete his work before he must embark on the next phase of his metamorphosis – his doctors tell him that his brain has started to solidify and turn to glass, and one day soon it will become a coloured globule like the core of the meteorite that fell on his father's farm all those years ago.

Stalwart: Zenas is a philanthropist, eager to leave a worthy legacy for the Gardner name. He believes that he loves Great Arkham and wants the best for its inhabitants, but he's unaware of the strangeness of the city – he lived

on an isolated farm until his twenties, and then almost overnight went from the son of a penniless farmer to being heir to a fortune. If the Investigators can prove to Zenas that Great Arkham is unnatural and monstrous, and that human existence is not always overshadowed by the proximity of alien horrors, then he might lend what financial and political aid he can.

Craft or **Outdoor Survival** are the best ways to approach Zenas; for all his wealth, he misses the simpler days on the farm when Thad and Merwin were still around, the days before the Colour seeped down from the stars.

Investigative Abilities: Astronomy, Bargain, Biology, Credit Rating, Outdoor Survival, Physics

General Abilities: Electrical Repair 10, Health 4

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** -1

Fr. Iwanicki

Description: Late 50s, white beard, heavy eyebrows, clerical collar.

Quirk: Blesses Investigators if he feels they are in danger.

Leverage: Iwanicki wants certain relics and treasures stolen from the church returned; **Art History** or **Streetwise** spot the stolen relics in a pawn shop.

Fr. Josef Iwanicki is the last Catholic priest in Westheath; possibly in all of Arkham. The other churches have closed or converted over to the Church of the Conciliator, leaving Iwanicki to stand alone against the darkness. He is not without weapons – the elderly priest saw many strange things in the old country before coming to America, and he has studied books that are kept under lock and key in the Vatican archives. When the devil comes to St. Stanislaus' church, he will find candles lighting in the windows and the doors barred against him.

Iwanicki knows that the city is monstrous and corrupt, and that the city authorities are in league with the forces of darkness. His power is limited – he tries to keep his church and the area around it safe from the Mythos, and rarely dares go beyond that little circle of light. His church is under siege by the city. It began with break-ins – thieves stealing from the altar and the collection plate, stones thrown through the stained-glass windows. Then came the scratching noises from under the old flagstones of the floor, as noisome things broke into the crypt and devoured the bodies of the other priests interred there. Now, dark entities assail the church each night, and Iwanicki must keep lights burning all night to keep them out – they cannot abide light. Ringing the bells also drives them away, but they come back in greater numbers each night.

Victim: Iwanicki is doomed; he defied the city once too often by sheltering and aiding enemies of the city authorities, and soon he will be destroyed. He was spared this long only by the intercession of the Church of the Conciliator – Zebulon Whateley (p. 150) hoped to convert Iwanicki to the true faith. Now, it's only a matter of time before Iwanicki vanishes, or St. Stanislaus' is smashed by a giant flailing tentacle which descends from the clouds.

Present this incarnation of Iwanicki to the Investigators as a potential ally, and give them the impression that their task is to save him from destruction. There is no way to save the doomed man; the challenge is to salvage what they can and continue his work.

Sinister: Fr. Iwanicki turned to what he once considered black magic to defend his church from the Mythos. In his library he had a copy of *Thaumaturgial Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, and one dark night he performed the rite described in those accursed pages, calling up Nyarlathotep in his mask of the Black Man. Iwanicki might be a member of the Witch Coven (p. 42), trying to protect his last pillar of sanity – his belief in the Catholic church – with the sinful rites and obeisances that he must perform to obtain magical favours from the Outer Gods. Alternatively, Nyarlathotep might promote Iwanicki as a counterforce within the Church of the Conciliator; perhaps Zebulon Whateley has displeased the Outer Gods by not proceeding with the Ritual of Opening, and so a new mortal agent is needed.

This version of Iwanicki might still employ the player characters as Investigators and allies, manipulating them into helping him gain more occult power so he can defend his church (or so he tells them, and himself for that matter). **Assess Honesty**, therefore, is no use as Iwanicki believes in this cause; the Investigators must discover his corruption by detecting the foul stigmata of the Mythos.

Stalwart: Fr. Iwanicki is exactly what he appears to be – a compassionate and courageous man with a deep knowledge of the occult and a blazing, deluded faith in the Almighty. He's too old and tired to take on the city authorities, but he can provide a safe foothold for the Investigators in their struggle with the Mythos. **Occult** or **Assess Honesty** reveals that while Iwanicki has studied the supernatural, he recoils from the ungodly truth it implies.

Iwanicki as a Patron

Iwanicki works best as a patron in the early part of a campaign. His Stalwart version gives the player characters a home base and a reason to come together: he calls them to investigate supernatural threats troubling his parishioners in Westheath. You can then segue into either his Victim or Sinister incarnation if you wish.

As a patron, Iwanicki has limited ability to assist the Investigators in avoiding Suspicion. If the players flee back to Westheath (see Fleeing, p.22) and spend a point of **Westheath District Knowledge**, they may reduce their Suspicion gain by -2 instead of -1. Iwanicki may also give the Investigators silver crucifixes or other religious tokens; such items have no power over the Mythos, but allow Investigators to regain 1 or 2 points of Stability once per investigation through prayer and contemplation.

Investigative Abilities: History, Occult Studies, Reassurance, Theology

General Abilities: Firearms 2, First Aid 6, Health 7, Magic 4, Psychoanalysis 10, Sense Trouble 6

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Thomas Kearney

Description: Mid-20s, tall and broad-shouldered, hunched, defensive demeanour, heavy gloves.

Quirk: Takes great pains to avoid touching people.

Leverage: Offering to aid Kearney rid himself of (or master) the Colour with **Physics** and **Biology.**

Thomas Kearney was a worker at Gardner Farms. A field hand, so to speak – every morning, he'd pick apples or dig up vegetables that had sprouted overnight thanks to the mysterious Whipple Treatment. Once the cavernous lamp-house was clear, they'd sluice down the raised beds with a chemical spray and plant seeds for the next day's crop – and then leave when the sirens wailed. The one thing that they knew about the Whipple Treatment was that all workers had to clear the factory floor before the lamps open.

One evening, Kearney was struck from behind just as the siren started. He doesn't know if it was an accident – there's always a rush to clear the room at the end of the shift – or if someone deliberately hit him. Nor does he know why his unconscious body wasn't found by the foremen who were supposed to check the lamp-house floor for stragglers. All he recalls is waking and finding himself bathed in this unnatural light, this colour that he could not name.

Somehow, a portion of this Colour has lodged itself in Kearney. When it manifests, living things around him crumble and perish, all structure and vitality bleached from their cells by that awful light…

Victim: Exposure to the Colour killed Thomas Kearney. He's unwittingly sustaining himself by feeding on the life energy of others. When his body starts to fall apart, his Colour manifests and consumes the vitality of someone nearby. He might seek the Investigators out in search of a cure, or they might track him down while investigating a series of mysterious deaths. **Medicine** confirms that the Colour is all that's keeping Kearney alive; how will he react when told of this diagnosis?

Sinister: Kearney uses his Colour as a weapon. He's now a gunsel for the Malatesta gang, able to kill Marshes with a touch. So far, Kearney has yet to find a limit to his power, and worries that experimenting in Westheath will attract the attention of the Transport Police or the Gardner Company. Therefore, he seeks out victims in other parts of the city who won't be missed, as he teaches himself to control the life-eating monster which has taken root in his soul. **Forensics** connects Kearney's victims to the Whipple Treatment at Gardner Farms.

Stalwart: In that awful moment when the lamps opened and the Colour descended, Kearney understood the malign purpose of Gardner Farms. He embarked on a vendetta against the company, and intends to find a way to banish the Colour. Initially, he tried breaking into the company, using his life-draining abilities to weaken any guards, but the protective suits worn by the technicians also block the Colour from sucking their life force, making it too dangerous for Kearney to proceed. If he's going to take down Gardner Farms, he'll need help.

Investigative Abilities: Astronomy, Cthulhu Mythos, Streetwise

General Abilities: Athletics 8, Health 10, Scuffling 7

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Sylvia Malatesta

Description: Late 40s, expensively dressed, strong jaw, perennial scowl.

Quirk: Coughs a lot.

Leverage: Anyone trying to blackmail or manipulate Malatesta ends up in a coffin. **Flattery**, though, can disarm her a little.

Sylvia Malatesta is the older sister of Frank Malatesta of the Malatesta crime family (p. 153). While Frank is the official boss of the Arkham branch, and takes care of day-to-day business and enforcing discipline, Sylvia's the one who decides on long-term strategy and planning, and all the important decisions are made in her smoky kitchen. She was engaged to another Mafioso, Paulo, who was murdered several months ago; she still dresses in black to mourn him.

Victim: Sylvia's under the effects of a *Curse of the Stone* spell (*Trail of Cthulhu*, p. 122), cast by priests of the Esoteric Order of Dagon (p. 49). When the spell first struck, she was beset by horrific visions, and unwittingly stabbed Paulo to death. She hid the evidence of her crime and convinced Frank that Paulo was attacked by the Marsh gang. The curse continues to corrode her sanity, and she's now haunted by Paulo's face everywhere she looks. She's convinced that the dead cannot leave Great Arkham, and that Paulo is either haunting her, or has already been reincarnated in some form (perhaps as a player character). Finding and breaking the stone ends the curse, but the stone's in the possession of Monsignor Merro (p. 177).

One of Sylvia's Servants (p. 75) knows when the madness began and can (with **Reassurance**) tell the Investigators about the strange bout of insanity that triggered Sylvia's decline, but she also saw her employer murder Paulo, and is terrified of repercussions if she breaks her silence.

Sinister: Sylvia deliberately killed Paulo and framed the Marshes for the murder, in order to stiffen her brother Frank's hatred for the rival family. Frank had been thinking about retreating and ceding control of Arkham to the Marshes, and Sylvia could not allow that. She believes that she can master Arkham's occult power, and become the secret ruler of the world if she rules this city. While Frank's goons handle the war with the Marshes, and shake down Northside businesses for protection money, Sylvia has her boys steal grimoires and interrogate cultists. Her overwhelming ambition shields her ego from the crushing cosmic horror of the Mythos, keeping her somewhat sane as she gathers occult power wherever she can find it. She doesn't worship any of the Mythos deities – she's out for herself (optionally, Nyarlathotep might appear to her using Paulo as a mask; offering Mythos knowledge as a route to self-destruction amuses the messenger of the Outer Gods). **Streetwise** picks up rumours about Sylvia's supernatural desires; Investigators can use **Bargain** to trade occult secrets for Malatesta muscle.

Stalwart: As per her Victim write-up, only Sylvia's channelled her grief and madness into a vendetta against the

Esoteric Order in particular, and the Mythos in general. She wants to burn the city down. Her brother Frank is cautious, and worries about internal dissent and challengers within his own organization, but Sylvia drives him to expand his feud beyond the Marshes; she wants him to challenge the most obvious manifestation of the city authorities – the Transport Police.

She makes for a dangerous ally; she'll urge the Investigators to fight against the city, and offer the aid and support of the Malatesta gang. She may push the Investigators to act prematurely, or end up losing her brother's support at a critical moment, leaving the Investigators exposed and vulnerable. **Psychoanalysis** and ridding her of the curse can turn her into a more reliable and restrained ally.

Investigative Abilities: Bargain, History, Intimidate, Law

General Abilities: Health 7

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Innsmouth Docks

Sprawling across both banks of the mouth of the Miskatonic River, Innsmouth is home to Great Arkham's docklands and a sizeable proportion of its industry. According to histories of the city, Innsmouth was a separate town until 1831, and the district retains its own particular look; the streets here are narrower, the buildings huddled closer together. Even the light is different, murkier and colder than in other parts of the city. Innsmouth folk stick together and rarely visit the wider city. Innsmouth's fortunes fell into decline in recent years, as the Depression took its toll on the district's shipping and refining businesses. Unemployment amid the Irish, Polish and… *other* immigrants in the tenement blocks on the western edge of the district is extremely high, forcing some to turn to crime, which is rife in Innsmouth. The district's refinery, docklands and fish canning industries continue to shamble on.

The older, wealthier families of Innsmouth remember better times. For much of the city's history, Innsmouth's Gilman Hall was the home of a ruthless political machine, which leveraged the voting power of the district's burgeoning population to control City Hall. Innsmouth is a district in decline, but it has reserves of hidden strength that may yet turn the tide of its fortunes.

Marsh Gang

The Marsh family runs all criminal activity in Innsmouth; increasingly, it could be said that they run Innsmouth. When the city was run from Gilman House, and the city council was crammed with Marsh cousins, the criminal branch of the family was an embarrassment, relegated to a little smuggling and leg-breaking. Now that the political influence of Gilman House has waned, the criminal element is dominant, and has the support of the Esoteric Order of Dagon.

All of the Marsh family are Deep One hybrids. Marshes run the organisation and make up most of the rank-and-file soldiers, but the organisation also has many fully-human associates – hired muscle, minor crooks, and criminals from Innsmouth who work for Boss Marsh. A member cannot advance in the outfit without having the right blood. (Outsiders who have fathered hybrids can become soldiers, but not captains or bosses.)

The Marshes have their webbed fingers in many pies, but their primary business is trade with the Black Ships (p. 169). The gang and the Esoteric Order are deeply intertwined – every Marsh is at least an Associate of the Order and the gang can call on magical assistance from the cult.

City Hall
Fort Hutchinson
Gilman House
Marsh Refinery
Devil's Reef
Devil's Reef Restaurant
Doyle Street
Hall Street
Hutchison Road
Lafayette Street
Waite Street
Gilman Street
Main Street
Orne Road
Innsmouth Docks
Bank Street
French Hill
Olmstead St.
Water Street

Encounters

The Fishing Boat

A pair of sinister fishermen approach the Investigators. One grins broadly; the other keeps his face concealed beneath the hood of his raincoat. "You want to leave the city," says one, "we can bring you out. Passage on our boat, yaw? If you can *pay*…" The pair are in league with the Marshes: Investigators who accept this offer get their throats slit and their looted bodies flung overboard – if they're lucky.

Streets Paved with Gold

Walking through the streets of Innsmouth, one of the Investigators happens across a gold coin lying on the sidewalk. It looks to be solid gold, but any identifying marks have been worn away by long centuries spent underwater. And there's another one, and another, leading towards the mouth of a dark and muddy alleyway. A fourth coin rolls out of the shadows, ringing as it lands at the feet of an Investigator. A shambling shape beckons the Investigators, jingling a bag of coins as a lure.

The Esoteric Call

At certain hours of the day and night, seemingly at random (although **Astronomy** works out that it corresponds to moonrise over a particular longitude in the South Pacific), the priests of the Esoteric Order of Dagon chant prayers that echo through the strangely deserted streets of Innsmouth. Investigators near the shore spot ripples racing across the sea – are these caused by things moving just beneath the surface, or is the whole Atlantic resonating with the prayers to Dagon?

The Shunned House

The Investigators pass a crumbling mansion. Once a great house owned by some wealthy Innsmouth family, now it is apparently derelict. The windows are all shuttered, but the front door is slightly ajar. The front lawn is a jungle, and home to a huge number of stray cats, who slink in and out of gaps in the fences. The house seems to be wholly abandoned, but through the gap in the front door, the Investigators spot a bookcase so crammed with tomes that it leans drunkenly to the side, perhaps as the rotten floorboards beneath it slowly give way. There might be secrets worth taking in this abandoned house, before the sea reclaims it.

Stock Locations

Dive Bar

Names: Orne's Rest, The Whale, Hobart's

"As for the Innsmouth people—[he] hardly knew what to make of them. They were as furtive and seldom seen as animals that live in burrows, and one could hardly imagine how they passed the time apart from their desultory fishing. Perhaps—judging from the quantities of bootleg liquor they consumed—they lay for most of the daylight hours in an alcoholic stupor. They seemed sullenly banded together in some sort of fellowship and understanding—despising the world as if they had access to other and preferable spheres of entity."

The end of Prohibition means that the dive bars along the Innsmouth docks can be public houses again, and hang their creaking shingles out in the sea-breeze, but that's the only change. They remain gloomy, filthy holes, patronised only by locals, and the occasional desperate sailor, or boozehound without the sense to go a few blocks inland to safer establishments.

Masked: The stench of rotten fish and vomit hangs in the air, mixed with the oily fumes from engines and the acrid smoke from the refinery. A handful of Innsmouth locals stare at intruders, with suspicious and unblinking eyes; the barmaid sullenly wipes a glass, a cigarette hanging from her deformed, scaly lip. Upstairs, Investigators can hear a one-sided argument; one voice is alternately gurgling and bellowing, but the other is whispered, and interspersed with a strange rubbery rustling. **Streetwise** warns the Investigators not to make trouble here.

Unmasked: The bar's run by the Marsh family, and outsiders are not welcome here. **Streetwise** or **Innsmouth District Knowledge** alerts the Investigators that entering is extremely foolish. It's a place where Deep One Hybrids can move about openly, easing the pain of their half-finished transformations with copious quantities of cheap booze. If the Investigators are seen here, they'll be followed by Marsh goons for the rest of their time in Innsmouth, and kidnapped and interrogated if the opportunity arises. Bars like this definitely have entrances to the old smuggling tunnels that run beneath the town – or even direct access to the ocean, through filthy brick-lined inlets in the cellar.

Cast: Marsh Gangsters (p. 165) and dockworkers (Labourers, p. 158). An old salt, sinking into his glass. Poets and ne'er-do-wells from Kingsport, slumming it on the south shore. A ward heeler from Gilman House, come to roust a few more votes for the ballot box.

Clues: Oral History and a few drinks worms some gossip out of the old salt in the corner about the Marsh gang (p. 165) or the Esoteric Order (p. 49). **Outdoor Survival**

or **Art History** notes a strange old nautical chart on the wall with spots marked on it – do they show the location of undersea reefs (p. 173), or waypoints on the route to some alien shore? **Evidence Collection** spots clues relating to illegal goods being smuggled through the docks – are those crates being dragged from an adjacent warehouse in the dead of night, or chained prisoners being hauled onto the Black Ships?

Docks

Names: Water Street Docks, Refinery Docks, Riverside Docks

Shambling warehouses, and cranes that loom like the flesh-stripped skeletons of alien giants, mark the industrial docklands along the shore. Fog cloaks the port all year round; ships emerge out of the gloom unexpectedly, their running lights making phantasmagorical shapes in the mist. Most of the vessels that dock here are local boats – fishing boats, their holds slopping over with cod from the North Atlantic, or tramp steamers that run up and down the coast to Kingsport or other small coastal towns.

The Marsh gang run the docks, and take a cut of everything that goes in or out.

The Transport Police (p. 66) also patrol the docks, but their behaviour here is different to elsewhere in the city. In other districts of Great Arkham, the Transport Police enforce the will of the city authorities – they quarantine buildings, arrest enemies of the state, and hunt down troublesome Investigators. The Transport Police often show up in support, or instead of, regular unmasked law enforcement. Here in Innsmouth, they just inspect ships and watch for stowaways and would-be escapees – in short, they just police transport, nothing more. There's a dedicated Transport Police station on the docks at the Innsmouth Customs House, and the Transport Police have a flotilla of motor boats, equipped with powerful search lights, for patrolling along the docks and coasts of Arkham.

Masked: The only ship visible along the docks is a fishing boat, wallowing low in the water. As the dockworkers unload the cargo of wriggling fish and octopi, the Investigators spot something unusual tangled in one of the nets. It might be…

- **Archaeology:** It's a broken wooden spar, covered in barnacles, which must come from some old shipwreck off the coast of Arkham. Could it be from the fabled *Providence*, the sunken ship that carried Jedediah Orne to his death (p. 173)?
- **Art History:** It's a small golden idol of a squat, octopus-faced figure, wrapped in golden branches like transmuted seaweed. It looks like it was *placed* in the net – there's a neat, almost surgical hole cut in the fishing net, as if someone on the sea-bed reached up and cut an opening so they could send this statuette up to the surface.
- **Biology:** The sea-creature wriggling in the net is like nothing you've ever seen – like a jellyfish, not a crustacean, but something in between. What alien sea did it swim in – and how did it get here?
- **Forensics:** The crabs have eaten the corpse's face and hands, but you can guess that this poor fellow didn't drown – the stab wound in the chest happened before he was thrown into the sea. This was more than a murder – it was a sacrifice.

Unmasked: The Black Ships come to Innsmouth at festival time. Motley parades burst out of the Esoteric Order hall and march down to the docks, joined by more denizens at every corner. The Marsh gang close off all approaches to the docklands during festival time – it's not for the eyes of outsiders.

What would an outsider see, in those final minutes before being caught and dragged screaming into the merriment? The golden tiaras of the Dagonite high priests, bobbing above the crowd. The loping, shambling, bellowing beasts, some on two legs, some on all fours, some dragging their mermaid-tails through the mud behind them. The masters of the Black Ships, luminescent and hideous, slithering down the gangways, accompanied by their unctuous interpreters and acolytes. The exchange of gifts: treasures from the dark side of Earth's moon, and from distant ports like Dylath-Leen and Ib, in trade for goods from Arkham. The cacophony of shouted prayers, and the clanging of every church-bell in Innsmouth; the green flames leaping from the bonfires; the buzzing in the air from invisible insects; the shrieking joy, the Elder Pharos!

Investigators near the Innsmouth docks need to succeed at Fleeing or Stealth tests, or they'll be discovered and chased by a horde of Deep Ones and Moon-Beasts (p. 169).

Cast: Transport Police (p. 66). Labourers (p. 158) and Chinese Labourers (p. 194). Marsh Gangsters (p. 165). Possibly Tallis Martin (p. 177).

Clues: Evidence Collection spots labels on the crates going to the Black Ships, hinting at industries in the city that have Mythos connections (Gardner Farms, p. 155? Chemical Works, p. 131? Textile Factory, p. 155?)

The Black Ships

The Black Ships have been coming to Innsmouth for many years. First, they were many-oared galleys with sails of sickly moonlight, but in recent years, the Black Ships that arrive at the wharves are black-hulled steamers with white-painted funnels (although some old fishermen who live on the Kingsport shores insist they're the same ships, only their appearance changes as they pass through the ever-present mists around Devil's Reef). The ships come, it is said, from some distant port in Eastern Europe or Asia Minor. The masters of the ships speak little English, and prefer to conduct their business through intermediaries – in the old days, they were ill-favoured foreigners (the Men of Leng), but now they employ former residents of Great Arkham to speak for them.

Secretly, the masters of the Black Ships are alien moon-beasts from the Dreamlands. They come to Arkham to buy slaves and manufactured items (radios, motorcars, firearms); they trade in rubies, in weird relics from the Dreamlands, in alien spices, in grave dust, and in other occult treasures. The Marshes handle most, but not all, trade with the moon-beasts.

The moon-beasts consider Great Arkham to be a valuable trading port, and might intercede on one side of the Ritual of Opening if they suspected that such a rich source of deliciously suffering slaves was in danger of being closed to them.

Moon-Beasts

FOR THEY WERE NOT MEN AT ALL, OR EVEN APPROXIMATELY MEN, BUT GREAT GREYISH-WHITE SLIPPERY THINGS WHICH COULD EXPAND AND CONTRACT AT WILL, AND WHOSE PRINCIPAL SHAPE—THOUGH IT OFTEN CHANGED—WAS THAT OF A SORT OF TOAD WITHOUT ANY EYES, BUT WITH A CURIOUS VIBRATING MASS OF SHORT PINK TENTACLES ON THE END OF ITS BLUNT, VAGUE SNOUT.

—THE DREAM-QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH

Moon-beasts are denizens of the Dreamlands of Earth's moon, but are also encountered on rare occasions in the waking world. They delight in torture and suffering, and have also been known to trade with humans (using intermediaries where necessary), indicating that they are comparatively similar to mankind in terms of psychology. Physiologically, they are squamous toad-like monsters, who perceive the world around them using their facial tentacles.

Game Statistics

Abilities: Athletics 7, Health 4/8/12/16, Scuffling 4/8/10/12, Weapons 6.

Hit Threshold: 5/4/3/2

Alertness Modifier: +0/+0/-1/-2

Stealth Modifier: +2/+0/-2/-4

Weapon: -1/+1/+2/+3 claw, +1 spear

Armour: None, but firearms automatically do minimum damage.

Stability Loss: +0

Moon-beasts can alter their size by concentrating, from the size of a small dog (the first set of values in each variable ability or characteristic) to that of a human (the second set), a horse (the third set) or even larger (the fourth set). It takes one round of concentration for the creature to alter its size.

Investigation

Bargain: The trader offered rubies of incredible size at an even more incredible price. Something's wrong there.

Forensics: The wounds on the body look like they were inflicted by a spear or harpoon. The attacker twisted the weapon when it was inside the victim – it must have been a slow and agonising death, poor bastard.

Biology: There was no light – whatever that thing was, it must have had some other way of perceiving its surroundings. Echolocation like a bat perhaps, or something stranger. Maybe it could sense vibrations, or see in the infrared, or even detect electrochemical changes nearby. Every muscle twitch, hell, every *thought*, would be like a little spark of light to such a creature.

Landmarks

Devil's Reef Restaurant

The old Devil's Reef was a smoky, dim-lit tavern on the quayside, but Boss Marsh (p. 175) transformed it into a palatial dining room and lounge. The Reef is the stronghold of the Marsh Gang; if you're here, you either work for Boss Marsh, or you're begging him for a favour. The interior of the place is all gilt and marble and seashells; the exterior is pock-marked with bullet-holes after the Malatestas tried a hit.

Masked: Boss Marsh holds court at Devil's Reef, but it's just one of his many wholly legitimate properties in Innsmouth. A three-point spend of **Streetwise** or **Innsmouth District Knowledge** can get the Investigators a brief audience with the Boss here (**Bargain** also works if they have something to trade).

Streetwise also tells the Investigators that guests at the restaurant are under Marsh's protection – the Boss doesn't like it when his guests are threatened under his roof. Investigators fleeing through the Innsmouth streets could take refuge here – if they're prepared to throw themselves on the mercy of Boss Marsh.

Unmasked: The cellars beneath Devil's Reef connect to more tunnels running beneath Innsmouth. Down there are hidden all the depravities and horrors wrought by the Marsh gang. Prisoners hang like sides of beef, the flesh stripped from their bodies to be gobbled by cannibalistic Deep Ones. Slaves chained together are dragged down secret ways to the Black Ships. Esoteric priests bless the tommy-guns and bone knives of the Marshes.

If the Marsh gang are preparing for a war against the Malatestas, then their stockpiles of ammunition and explosives are kept down here.

Cast: Boss Marsh (p. 175) and a host of Marsh Gangsters (p. 165). Samuel Waite (p. 81) has a table reserved here.

Clues: First off – make a 2-point **Streetwise** or **Flattery** spend *now* or you've made an enemy of Boss Marsh for life – and his life is going to be a lot longer than yours, even without taking Deep One immortality into consideration.

Architecture to spot the trapdoor under your chair that opens onto a chute. **Anthropology** recognizes the Polynesian influence in the décor, and leaves you subtly unsettled at what the drawings hint at. **Oral History** and eavesdropping pick up rumours about the Marshes' plans, or comings and goings at the Docks (p. 165).

Gilman House

For a place that dictated the course of Great Arkham's civic life for almost a century, Gilman House looks mean and unimpressive, compared to the grotesque grandeur of City Hall. It is a squat, square-faced meeting hall, adjoining an Esoteric Order lodge. In the last century, Gilman House was the heart of a political machine that rallied the poor and immigrants of Arkham, and brought them to the polling booths. Voting was rewarded with political patronage – and protection. Someone who voted for Gilman House's chosen candidates could count on a government job, or security for a loan, or a promise that none of their children would be taken this Roodmas. Gilman candidates took every seat on the council in good years, and could count on Innsmouth, Salamander Fields, Westheath, University and Northside as safe seats in bad ones. The Gilman House machine fed into the Esoteric Order too – first son to the House and second to the Lodge was the tradition for the wealthy Innsmouth families.

While corruption and graft were commonly known to be synonymous with the House, it was not until Mayor Upton brought in the Federal authorities in the form of Agent Vorsht (p. 124) that the scandals became too much to bear. Today, Gilman House is in retreat - while many of the civil servants working in Sentinel Hill owe their position to the machine, it's hard to call in those debts, and without patronage and favours to distribute to ward heelers and supporters, the machine has ground to a stop.

Gilman House has also lost the support of the Esoteric Order of Dagon, and its aquatic masters beyond Devil's Reef. The criminal network of the Marshes is now the Deep One's preferred tool for manipulating events in Great Arkham, not the political network of Gilman House.

The one remaining advantage possessed by Gilman House is blackmail – the House's agents spend years collecting dirt on prominent figures in Great Arkham, including membership of certain cults. Those papers were hidden when Vorsht's men raided Gilman House.

Masked: Gilman House is a shadow of its former glory. The meeting hall that was once packed to the rafters is now empty, apart from some grizzled die-hards talking of the good old days. Upstairs, the offices are slowly coming back to life, as Gilman's few remaining adherents determine what remains of their network.

If the Investigators find the cache of papers hidden from Vorsht's raid, then **Library Use** and **Cryptography** can discover key clues relating to various scandals and government projects from Arkham's history (there might be accurate schematics for Olmstead Dam (p. 143), for the Dig (p. 130), for Waite Station (p. 105), the Chemical Works (p. 131) or for Fort Hutchinson (p. 182), or documents implicating various important figures in criminal or cult activity).

Unmasked: When Agent Vorsht's federal agents raided Gilman House, they broke through the wall into the adjoining Esoteric Order lodge.

They're still there.

The Lodge co-existed in time and space with a sacred place of the Deep Ones. Some sunken temple in Y'ha-nthlei, perhaps, or R'lyeh before it sank millions of years ago, or Xoth vingtillions of years before that. The slowly tumbling bodies of the agents can still be seen beyond the event horizon within the tabernacle, descending infinitely towards that unknown region. The surviving federal agents retreated back to the safer, more rational geometry of Gilman House, and sealed off the breach in reality as an ongoing crime scene.

Now that Vorsht is the only remaining Federal Agent in Innsmouth, the Gilman House lodge is guarded by a small hand-picked squad of loyal Northside men (several of whom are newcomers to the city). They keep the natives of Innsmouth out of the former lodge, and ensure that no-one else gets dragged into that nightmarish singularity. Some of them have gone mad and had to be restrained from leaping into the breach; others have been attacked when they went outside, so Agent Vorsht has ordered that none of his agents are to leave Gilman House. They sleep and eat here, supplied by a regular van sent down from City Hall; the same van brought them enough firepower to see off a siege of Gilman House by the worshippers of the Esoteric Order, if it comes to violence. For now, it seems to be enough for the Innsmouth folk to torment the policemen occupying the temple – every night, there are pale faces at the windows and gurgling, yowling voices echoing in the streets.

Cop Talk reveals that these officers are all on the brink of madness. **Physics** can map the alien geometries of the gate/singularity/whirlpool. It might even be an escape route from Great Arkham, if the Investigators can figure out how to get a working submarine up here.

Cast: Samuel Waite (p. 81). Old allies of Ephraim Waite (p. 188). Monsignor Merro (p. 177). Transport Police (p. 66). Possibly the Historian (p. 136), studying the whirlpool.

Clues: Oral History with old Gilman House hands gets gossip about past exploits – including the name of a Clerk (p. 121) or other figure who has benefited from its patronage.

Marsh Refinery

The Marsh Refinery is a steel mill, turning iron ore into steel. Its huge furnaces blaze through the night, and the unearthly glow of white-hot molten metal turns the factory floor into something out of the wildest imaginings of Bosch or John Martin. In addition, smaller blast furnaces refine other metal ores; the refinery produces a sizable amount of gold, for example, although the source of the precious ore is something of a mystery.

The Steelworker's Union was, historically, closely tied to Gilman House, and now has strong ties to the Marsh family. The mob takes a piece of any construction in Great Arkham – those who don't pay don't get their steel.

Masked: The steel mill itself is unremarkable, although the gold refinery is a cover for the supply of sea-gold from the Esoteric Order's Deep One allies offshore. **Anthropology** or **Streetwise** notices that the workforce is mostly Irish, Polish and African-American, but the supervisors and foremen all have the Innsmouth Look (Deep One hybrids dislike the intense heat of the foundry). A secret cult has formed spontaneously among the workers, worshipping Cthugha (*Trail of Cthulhu*, p. 89); the cult's litany incorporates elements of Zoroastrian fire worship, despite none of the cult members having any knowledge of that faith. Other older and forgotten faiths from Hyperborea or Mu may also be discerned in the chants of the fire worshippers. This is one of the bizarre ad hoc cults which crystallises the madness of Great Arkham into a ghastly theology; the high priests are illiterate foundry workers, who wear iron masks of congealed waste metal.

There are plenty of hazards in here – open vats of molten metal, hanging chains, steam-powered industrial machinery – so Investigators may spend Mechanical Repair points as Scuffling at a 2-to-1 ratio when fighting in the refinery.

Unmasked: The refinery was built atop a sprawling complex of sea-caves and partially flooded tunnels. This warren of caves has become a temple to Great Cthulhu and his spawn. High priests of the Esoteric Order – too hideous in their transformation to be seen on the streets above – chant prayers to Hydra and Dagon, while

shoggoths thrash in their containment pools. Secret passages snake out from this hidden temple, connecting half the cellars in Innsmouth. While the upper levels of the complex have been grudgingly yielded to the Marsh gang as a hideout and smuggling base, what horrors wait below? Some options:

- Sea-water surges through pipes and runs past antennae and wires, boosting the call from the depths, restoring the 'spectral intercourse' from Cthulhu that was previously blocked by "*the deep waters, full of the one primal mystery through which not even thought can pass*". **Astronomy** or **Physics** discerns that the refinery's chimneys and pillars align with certain stars in the vicinity of Xoth; those with **Dreaming** feel the oppressive psychic influence when they enter the refinery.
- Mating with humans is a slow and inefficient way to spread the blessing of Cthulhu. Beneath the refinery, the Deep Ones are building a thing which might be considered a machine, or a living creature, or a disease, or a god. When complete, it will transform the upper-earth people into more suitable forms, awakening the latent blessing in their genes. The machine-thing is not finished yet, but already it has begun to exert its influence over the people of Great Arkham – the supposed 'typhoid outbreak' was the first wave of a morphogenetic field which will turn the city and its populace into alien forms. **Biology** plus **Medicine** plus access to the city authority's files on the disease (stored in Fort Hutchinson, p. 182, or St. Mary's, p. 73) could discover the connection between activity at the refinery and typhoid outbreaks.

Sites Offshore

- **Devil's Reef:** The restaurant is named after an actual reef off the coast of Innsmouth. Low tide exposes the rocks; small boats and swimmers make their way out there to gather shellfish. Rumours of strange ceremonies on Devil's Reef are entirely true – Boss Marsh's yacht can often be seen through the fog, anchored just off the reef, while weird fires burn and half-human *things* leap and howl in the night.
- **Orne Shipwreck:** The *Providence,* the trading vessel carrying Jedediah Orne (p. 137) away from Arkham in 1764, sank somewhere near Devil's Reef.
- **Y'ha-nthlei:** Far beneath Devil's Reef, according to Innsmouth tradition, is the Deep One colony of Y'ha-nthlei. In a *Cthulhu City* game, what's become of that colony?
  - **It's Down There:** Either Great Arkham is in the 'real' world, and hence there's a vast city/commune of Deep Ones in the sea-deeps off the coast of Massachusetts, or else Y'ha-nthlei is part of the same 'bubble' as the rest of Great Arkham, and hence subject to the Ritual of Opening. Everything may hinge on the location of the ritual site – if it's close to the shore, then the palaeogean magic of the Deep Ones shall be brought to bear against the fumblings of the upper-earth sorcerers, and the city will drown.
  - **It's Not Down There:** Y'ha-nthlei isn't there, or is inaccessible to the Deep Ones. The elder Deep Ones might still be able to communicate with their offspring through dreams or other magical means, but for the most part, the Innsmouth hybrids are cut off from their deep-sea allies, and cannot call upon the earth-shattering magic or shoggoth hosts of Y'ha-nthlei.
  - **It's Not Down There, But…:** There are a few ancient and powerful Deep Ones down below Devil's Reef, but only a handful. They can lend their titanic strength and sorcery to the Esoteric Order, but there are so few of them left that they must be careful. If the upper-earth men shoot death into the water, they may perish…
  - **There's A Gate:** There's a portal to another world deep below Devil's Reef, which can be opened by sufficient expenditure of magical power. The Esoteric Order can call on their allies, but only rarely, and at great cost.
  - **Y'ha-nthlei Is Here:** All cities are one city. Y'ha-nthlei is part of Great Arkham, albeit a part that upper-earth folk rarely encounter. Still, if you go down the wrong muggy alley in Kingsport or Innsmouth, then perhaps the walls on their side will suddenly seem covered with pearls of water, and the bricks will give way to fabulous columns and strange luminescent corals. Ahead, you glimpse stupendous and unheard-of splendours – before your lungs fill with water, and the pressure crushes you. They'll find your body at dawn in that alley: a drowning victim, six blocks from the shore.

- The structure beneath the refinery mirrors a similar structure hidden under the Olmstead Dam (p. 143). These two cyclopean temples bracket the city. When the time comes, these twin obscenities – one consecrated to Dagon, the other to Hydra – will magnify the prayers of the Deep Ones, enabling Monsignor Merro (p. 177) to seize control of the Ritual of Opening.

Cast: Labourers (p. 158). Possibly an Engineer (p. 106).

Clues: Architecture or **Oral History** discovers secret entrances beneath the refinery. **Accounting** or **Craft** guesses that the amount of gold produced by the gold refinery is implausible; **Streetwise** or **Art History** or **Bargain** finds a refinery worker who 'found' a weird golden crown that was on its way to be melted down.

Stock Characters

Fishwife

Name: Eliza Prescott

Description: Mid-40s, weathered face, soiled apron, suspicious glare

Quirk: Mutters a prayer under her breath after speaking to the Investigators

Leverage: One of Prescott's children is in the Marsh gang; **Cop Talk** or **Intimidation** threatens that if she doesn't co-operate, her boy will come to a bad end.

Prescott sells fish from a stall in Innsmouth. The fishing boats that land at the Innsmouth docks are always heavy with an unnaturally good catch (while their counterparts at Kingsport regularly come back empty), and concerns about the health consequences of eating too much food prepared by Gardner Farms (p. 155) means that Prescott always has plenty of customers. She wields her filleting knife with practiced ease, cutting any conversation short with an abrupt decapitation of the dead fish on her block.

Victim: All of Great Arkham is occupied territory, but in Innsmouth, those not corrupted by the Mythos are a minority. Eliza's under siege in her own home. Her husband Michael is a fisherman; he was never the same after one night when his boat was caught in the fog, and he saw something he won't speak of with Eliza. He will discuss his experience with their eldest son, Caleb, and the two speak in a tongue that Eliza does not recognize. Her daughter Jane ran away from home; Eliza stayed to take care of her youngest boy, Abe, but now he spends all day staring out at the grey sea, and asks in an eerie piping voice when he will be big enough to go out with his father to Devil's Reef. **Reassurance** and the promise to look for Jane (see the Runaway, p. 148) might get the Investigators some rumours about Innsmouth, but Prescott knows better than to talk openly to strangers.

Sinister: Prescott worships at the Esoteric Order hall. None of her children were fathered by her husband, but what does that matter, compared to the knowledge they shall live forever beneath the ocean. Prescott was an influential behind-the-scenes organizer at Gilman House (p. 170), and resents the loss of influence there; however, her time in politics means she is adept at dissembling and dealing with visitors from other districts; she may be dispatched to befriend Investigators and fool them into believing she is trustworthy (**Assess Honesty** can tell that she's putting up a friendly façade, but can't discern her true motivation).

Stalwart: Prescott refuses to bow to Marsh intimidation. She won't pay them protection money, and ostentatiously goes across to worship at Fr. Iwanicki's church (p. 162) rather than kneel in the house of Dagon. If the Investigators can protect her from Marsh or Esoteric Order retribution, she'll put her knowledge of Innsmouth at their disposal. If the Investigators do not intercede, then her courageous stand against the town's corruption will come to a messy end.

Alternate Names: Mary Waite, Barbara Merro, Esther Gilman

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Unknowably ancient, old scars on her neck, blind in one eye [talks about her late sons, who "come up and visit her sometimes"]

2) Mid-30s, well-dressed, wears gold jewellery, hair is a wig [clerk in Monsignor Merro's office or in Gilman House]

3) Ageless, heavily pregnant (and has been for an unaccountably long time), accompanied by gaggle of sinister children

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Mutters things about Investigators that she shouldn't be able to know

2) Sinister, mocking, smile.

3) Shushes children when they speak of Them Below.

Investigative Abilities: Innsmouth District Knowledge, Oral History

General Abilities: Health 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Marsh Gangster

Name: Harold "Snacks" Marsh

Description: Eyes bulging beneath the brim of a homburg hat; suit tailored to conceal weird anatomy; eerily sharp teeth.

Quirk: Takes a bite of anyone he kills or roughs up.

Leverage: Use **Forensics** to match bite marks on a recent murder victim to Marsh's teeth.

A typical Marsh gangster, Harry's a small-time smuggler and enforcer for the outfit. He runs illegal booze upriver into Salamander Fields when he's not otherwise occupied.

Victim: Harry got shot in the stomach by a Malatesta Goon (p. 159). His altered anatomy allowed him to survive. The Investigators might run into him in a Ruined House (p. 129) or Derelict Industrial Building (p. 128) in Salamander Fields – do they aid the wounded criminal, or let him bleed out? Alternatively, if Harry made it back to Innsmouth, then his experience left him with a burning desire for vengeance, which will soon trigger a bloody spiral of tit-for-tat killings between the two gangs. **Medicine** and **First Aid** are needed to treat Harry's injuries; **Streetwise** identifies his attacker.

Sinister: Harry treats ordinary people as playthings to be abused, manhandled or eaten as he sees fit. The gods of the upper-earth folk are dead, and Cthulhu will soon rise. He glories in his inhumanity, in his monstrous bloodline, and in the alien aberration of the city. Great Arkham, he declares, is a slaughterhouse, and the Investigators are cattle. Even Harry's fellow gangsters are perturbed by his sadism and ritualised abuse of civilians. **Oral History** picks up plenty of stories about how dangerous Harry is; **Bargain** or **Cop Talk** might be able to cut a deal with the Marshes to disown Harry.

Stalwart: Ambitious Harry is trying to play both sides; he's informing on the Marsh gang to Agent Vorsht (p. 124), in the hopes that he can fill the vacuum left when the Feds arrest his great-uncle.

Alternate Names: George "Crabs" Moran, Maysie Waters, Tubal "Stone-face" Marsh

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Late 20s, dark hair, furtive, scarred face [messenger for Boss Marsh]

2) Mid-20s, auburn, tall and stocky, skin on hands and forearms cracked and reddish [runs a dockside safe house disguised as a laundry]

3) Late 30s, dresses all in black, face locked in permanent scowl, high collar conceals otherwise obvious gills [hitman]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Can shed his skin to assume a more amphibious form and escape via water 2) Always has a basin or box of lye to hand, and can use it as a weapon 3) Lugubrious voice deeper than the ocean

Investigative Abilities: Innsmouth District Knowledge, Locksmith, Streetwise

Abilities: Athletics 5, Firearms 4, Health 7, Scuffling 7, Weapons 3

Weapon: Iron bar (+0) or pistol (+0). If heavily armed, then consider adding a Thompson submachine gun (+1 damage; gives +2 Firearms pool) or a Molotov cocktail (+1 damage at Point-Blank range; +2 at close, thrown with Athletics)

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Named Characters

Boss Boaz Marsh

Description: Huge. Shaved head. Inhumanly wide mouth with jagged teeth, like a shark. Sharp suit.

Quirk: Always asks after the health of the Investigators' families.

Leverage: Bargain with information or a way to hurt his enemies.

Boaz Marsh runs the Marsh gang, and the Marsh gang runs Innsmouth. Soon, they'll run the city, too.

The Boss likes to compare himself to a shark, and is rumoured to keep a pair of them as pets in a holding tank at the back of the Devil's Reef Restaurant (p. 170). The Marsh gang are universally loyal to their leader – most of them are his children or godchildren.

Back during Prohibition, Boss Marsh and his boys were rum-runners and smugglers, trading with the Black Ships on the fringes of Innsmouth society. The Gilman House political machine ran the district, and Mayor Waite loathed his embarrassing, violent cousins. His criminal corruption was more genteel, more civilised. Now Boss Marsh is in charge, and he's going to do things his way.

For generations, an unofficial agreement has existed between the cults of Arkham. They refrain from outright violence against each other, and instead wage war indirectly, though magical intrigues and contests of will. As none of the cults know when the next window for a Ritual of Opening will occur, they all have to keep their stock of sorcerous power in reserve. Blasting a rival with a death spell may be momentarily satisfying, but what if that spell costs the cult control of the Ritual? Marsh intends to take advantage of that restraint,

that aversion to direct confrontation. Once he's dealt with the Malatestas, he intends to claim Great Arkham for the Esoteric Order by gunning down every other cult in the city.

Old Waite had his chance. This is the time of the shark.

Victim: 'Victim' doesn't really apply to Boaz Marsh, and he would certainly never think of himself that way – but he's an insignificant pawn in the secret war between the cults. His value to the Esoteric Order of Dagon is determined purely by his utility as a weapon, and when they no longer need him, they will discard him and break him. **Theology** or **Cthulhu Mythos** coupled with **Assess Honesty** discovers that Marsh believes that the sorcery and occult secrets of the cults are little more than superstitious nonsense – oh, there are gods and monsters in the world, but he's yet to meet a sorcerer who can keep the flim-flam routine going with a gun in his face. This pride and misplaced confidence will be his downfall.

Sinister: Marsh has criminal ambitions that go beyond Great Arkham. He wants to take over the criminal underworld of Boston, of Chicago, of New York. He wants to run all the outfits, take over the families. The Mythos will give him the edge he needs – who, he asks, is going to stop him when he can whistle up a shoggoth? The first step in that plan is ensuring that Great Arkham is solidly, unambiguously rooted in the United States, and he's got an inkling that the Ritual of Opening is what he needs to make *that* happen. **Streetwise** confirms the rumours that Marsh is trying to build connections to other criminal outfits, and that he might even try making peace with the Malatestas in order to gain access to their backers in the Italian mob.

Stalwart: Marsh has his own code of honour, which he esteems above his Deep One ancestry and his ties to the Esoteric Order. If the Investigators treat him with respect (**Flattery**) and don't cross him, he'll consider them off limits in his war on the Malatestas and other rivals.

Investigative Abilities: Innsmouth District Knowledge, Intimidation, Streetwise

General Abilities: Athletics 12, Firearms 8, Health 20, Scuffling 16, Weapons 12

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Tallis Martin, Sumatra Import-Export

Description: Mid-30s. vivacious, tanned, sometimes wears a *sari* dress

Quirk: Flirtatious

Leverage: Force Martin to confront the horrors of the Black Ships with **Photography**, so she can no longer ignore the sadism and inhumanity of her trading partners

Martin's company, Sumatra Import-Export, is one of the last vestiges of Great Arkham's once-vital connection to trade in the South Pacific. All three of Arkham's founders – Joseph Curwen, Simon Orne and Edward Hutchinson – sent trade ships there, as did Obed Marsh of Innsmouth with his *Sumatra Queen*. Through a tangled genealogy (**History**), Martin can claim descent from at least two of those famous captains. She's a noted explorer and adventurer in her own right, but has now returned to Great Arkham to run the family business – and to bask in the limelight. Tallis Martin is one of Arkham's most glamorous socialites, and even a budding film star – she's slated to portray herself in a fictionalised adaptation of her adventures in the South Pacific.

Sumatra Import-Export does little trade with Sumatra; while her offices on Water Street are crammed with treasures brought back from the South Pacific, most of her business these days is done with the Black Ships. Martin sees herself as a dealer in exotic art and rare goods; when awareness of the Mythos threatens to impinge upon her, it's time for another round of frantic parties and socializing.

Victim: Martin is a direct descendant of Simon and Jedediah Orne, and inherited certain books and diaries from her ancestors which did not go down with the *Providence*. Through reading Orne's books, she has inadvertently opened herself to possession (by her ancestor's ghost? By Keziah Mason (p. 95)? By elements of the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51)?) She cannot recall all of her journeys in the South Seas, nor can she remember why she chose to return to Great Arkham now. **Assess Honesty** notes occasional changes in behaviour as her shadow takes hold.

Sinister: Martin is the primary agent of the Moon-Beasts. She barters their deals with the Marsh gang and other factions in Great Arkham. In exchange for her service, they reward her with magical power and wealth. She keeps herself insulated from the actual smuggling of slaves and torture victims, and prefers to meet with the mortal agents used by the Moon-Beasts instead of the creatures themselves.

Since the Moon-Beasts became aware of the Ritual of Opening, they have ordered Martin to gather information about the rite, and discover which of the Arkham cults have control of the spell. Martin's knowledge of the city's occult community is limited (although she knows enough to stay away from the Esoteric Order), so she now seeks a way to infiltrate the two most 'public' cults – the Silver Lodge (p. 55) and the Church of the Conciliator (p. 47).

Stalwart: Martin remembers battling the forces of darkness in the South Seas. Together with several other academics and a few ex-soldiers (as well as, for reasons she cannot readily recall, a hard-drinking private detective), she discovered the ruins of a mysterious civilization in Polynesia, and fought the degenerate amphibious natives who still dwelt in the ruins and worshipped horrific gods. She recalls her ship running around, she was thrown overboard – and then she found herself here, in Great Arkham, suddenly occupying an unfamiliar and ill-fitting life. She never heard of Sumatra Import-Export before a few weeks ago, and knows next to nothing about any business dealings with the Black Ships. **Assess Honesty** confirms that she's telling the truth – like the Investigators, she's been Consumed by the City (p. 26).

Investigative Abilities: Accounting, Anthropology, Archaeology, Bargain

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Firearms 4, Health 7, Weapons 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Monsignor Albert Merro

Description: Immensely old, thin white hair, scaly skin, turtle-like

Quirk: Quavering voice descends into glottal gurgling when agitated

Leverage: Art History notes Merro's collection of Polynesian artefacts; get him the right relic, and he'll talk.

Merro is the head – or, at least, the public face – of the Esoteric Order of Dagon in Great Arkham. He emerged from the wreck of Gilman House with his reputation mostly intact, although it is commonly rumoured that he was involved in all sorts of corruption and

graft in Arkham politics in the '10s and '20s. In public, he decries Boss Marsh and the criminal gangs in Innsmouth, almost as fiercely as he fights against the Church of the Conciliator, which he describes as a "cult spawned by the whores of Babylon".

Victim: Merro's parents were among the citizens of Innsmouth who arrested Captain Obed Marsh back in 1846 when the sea-captain made his bargains with the Deep Ones. Orphaned after that terrible night, when creatures rose out of the ocean and freed Marsh and his associates in a tide of violence, Merro spent his youth in the Allen Memorial Orphanage. He was an intelligent, introspective child, and his intellect was noted by the Esoteric Order priests, who encouraged him to join the priesthood. Merro grew up alongside the first generation of hybrids; his belief in the teachings of the Esoteric Order is intimately bound up in the experiences of his youth. He has seen the wrath of God when it slithered out of the black waters and murdered half the town; he has seen the blessings of God when his friends transformed into hideous immortal angels and swam down to Y'ha-nthlei.

Reminding Merro of his parents' fate (**History** plus **Reassurance,** perhaps) might be enough to convince the old man to turn on his inhuman masters at the last.

Sinister: As above, but Merro is wholly committed to the Order, and seeks a way to become a Deep One or an analogous Mythos entity – perhaps by transferring his mind into another host, perhaps through cellular symbiosis with a shoggoth, or by completing the Ritual of Opening and being transformed into a godling. He combines the primordial occult knowledge of the Deep Ones with the impatience and drive of an all-too-mortal human; he has only a few short years left, unlike his undying and frustratingly patient fellows in the Esoteric Order. **Medicine** or **Cthulhu Mythos** guesses that Merro, unlike the other deacons of the Esoteric Order, is entirely human.

Stalwart: As per Victim, but Merro secretly uses his position in the Esoteric Order to protect the human survivors in Innsmouth and sabotage the schemes of the Deep Ones. He pushes the Order towards charitable good works and tries to minimize the horrors perpetrated upon the innocent, while also passing information to the Order's enemies. He passed on information to Mayor Upton (p. 79), which resulted in the appointment of Agent Vorsht (p. 124) and the fall of Gilman House (p. 170).

Investigative Abilities: Cthulhu Mythos, Innsmouth District Knowledge, Law, Occult Studies, Sentinel Hill District Knowledge, Theology

General Abilities: Health 7, Magic 10, Weapons 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Kingsport

Separated from Innsmouth by the river and rocky spine of Kingsport Head, this district is the playground of the city. All the rich families of Old Arkham have summer homes in Kingsport, and high society decamps to the shore for three or four months every year. Carnivals, beaches and the boardwalk attract the less affluent to Kingsport during the summer too. Few of these summer visitors climb the steep streets into the central portion of the district. The backstreets of Kingsport date back to colonial times, and are home to simple tradesmen, fisher folk and sailors, leavened by artists and poets drawn by the district's dreamy, antique beauty.

The western part of Kingsport is less romantic; here, visitors may find theatres and cinemas (not to mention Arkham's small but compelling clutch of movie studios), but also the city's red light district and other sordid entertainments. The most raucous and dangerous elements congregate around Washington Square, and along the edge of Chinatown.

Encounters

The Fog

The perils of the Kingsport shore are well known, and even the most incredulous and wilfully blind citizens of Great Arkham warn about rip currents and sudden waves. Each morning, beachcombers discover long deep gouges in the sand, as if something huge had reached out from the sea, and been swept away again with the tide.

Sometimes, thick fogs – as thick as the clouds that hang over the city – roll in from the sea, and those who walk the streets of Kingsport on those murky nights might inadvertently blunder onto the beach. It is as though the whole city melts away into the fog, the buildings dissolving into mist, leaving the Investigators alone on the sandy wastes of the shore, with nothing between them and the things in the sea.

A Marvellous Party

The Investigators spot a group of wealthy socialites from Old Arkham stumbling drunkenly down to the shore. A **Flattery** or **Old Arkham** spend can get the Investigators an invitation to the raucous party – and to the suicide pact afterwards. All the party-goers intend to climb into a yacht, sail it out into Kingsport Bay, and then set it alight with all of them aboard.

Too Close to the Moon

If you walk on certain narrow old streets atop the steep slopes off Green Lane at the right time of year, you will see that the moon is unnaturally *close* to the Earth. The lunar sphere seems to fill half the sky or more, swollen beyond all measure, so close that one can see shapes crawling like titanic beetles across its shimmering seas. Other shapes cluster at the edge of the lunar disc, lurking on the dark side of the moon, eager to invade. It's even possible that a light aircraft or a balloon, launched from the right spot in Kingsport, could reach the moon…

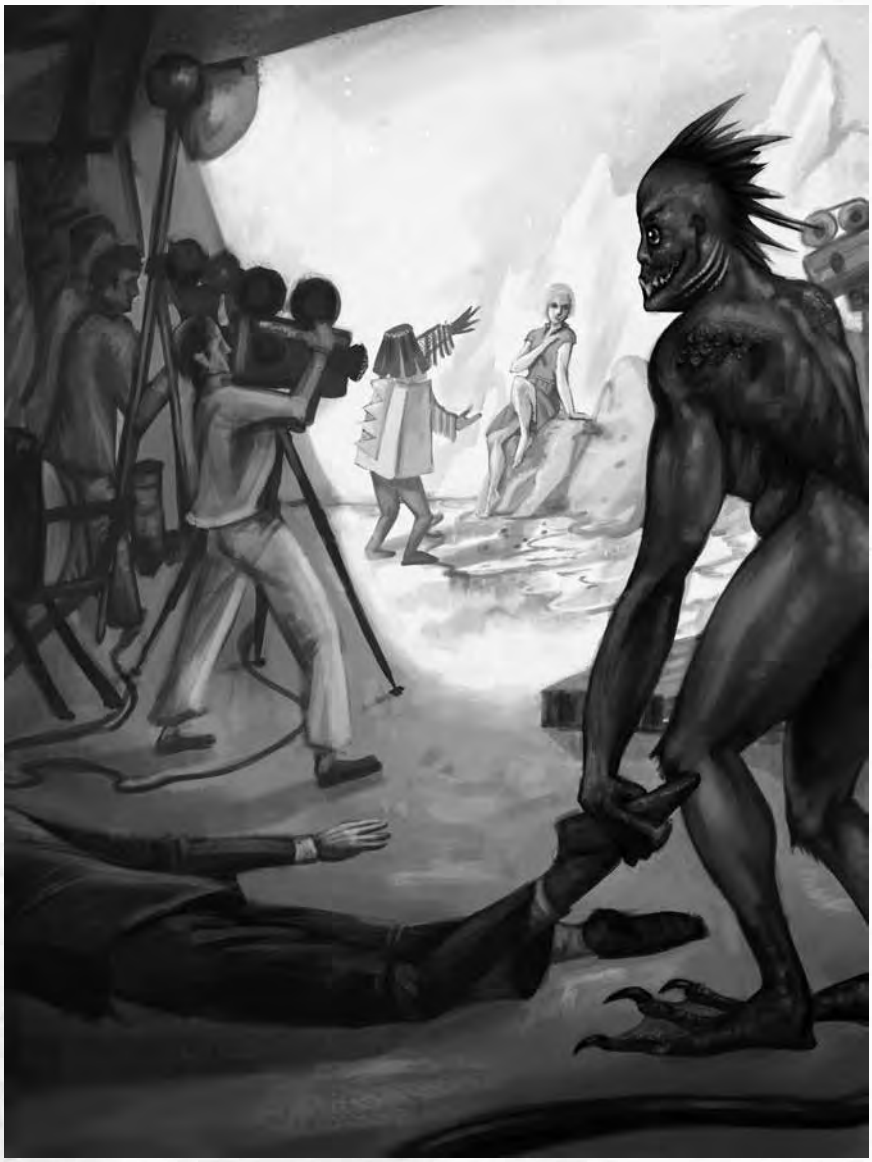
Stock Locations

Film Studio

Names: AKLO Pictures, Cosmic Studios

Arkham's burgeoning movie industry clusters along Bluff Road. The huge soundstages resemble sleeping giants, tied down with cables and wires by a swarm of technicians. Visitors must pass by security guards, there to keep autograph hunters and reporters at bay. With a comparatively small pool of stars and skilled filmmakers, the studios hunger for new faces, and lock their existing talent away with extremely strict and binding contracts.

Masked: Things are sufficiently unreal here without the addition of the Mythos. The whirr of the camera, the unforgiving blaze of the lights, and the ever-present drive for success turns everything, on-set and off, into a staged melodrama. Home-grown films



in Arkham tend to be light-hearted farces and romances, despite the desires of certain auteur directors to capture the gloomy, gothic atmosphere of the city on celluloid.

Of course, special effects and monster masks can conceal real horrors. Some possibilities:

- The Marsh gang extorting money from a studio, threatening to shut production down if their demands are not met. They terrorise the stars using Esoteric Order sorcery.
- Pnakotic Cultists concealing Yithian technologies among regular film cameras. The artificial environment of a movie set makes it easier to overcome the technical limitations of the Yithian projector (p. 63), while actors already playing roles make prime 'landing strips' for Yithian minds battered and bruised after attempts to time-shift out of the city.
- The Church of the Conciliator, sensing the impending conjunction, funding an epic biopic of John Whateley, the founder of the church, in order to align the minds of millions of people in Great Arkham with Nyarlathotep.

Unmasked: The Investigators discover their own lives are nothing more than studio productions. Their homes are stage sets, flat and unreal; their friends and loved ones are actors, their real inhuman features concealed behind waxy masks. Blundering backstage, they break out through a side exit, and discover that they are outside the city entirely… Is this a bizarre hallucination, a psychotic break, or a dream-vision that reveals that some of the people closest to the Investigators are secretly agents of the city authorities?

Cast: Jervas Hyde, the Mogul (p. 113) owns Cosmic Studios. Councilor Eleanor Brack (p. 187). Actresses (p. 184) and actors.

Clues: Evidence Collection spots real blood on a prop sword – did someone use it as a desperate weapon? A technician seeks the Investigators' aid in explaining why strange distortions and weird creatures show up on recorded footage (**Photography** guesses the new camera is seeing dimensions invisible to the human eye). The rivalry between the *Advertiser* and the *Gazette* spills over into Tinseltown, with the *Advertiser* spreading scurrilous rumours about a Hyde-owned star – can the Investigators use **Streetwise** find out the real truth?

Gallery

Names: Gallery of Hidden Delights, Lake Gallery, Vandermeers'

It is primarily in painting and sculpture that the city expresses its terror and confusion. Other artistic works produced in Great Arkham – prose, poetry, music, most cinema – are either comforting, entertaining pabulum or navel-gazing nonsense, both of which deliberately abrogate the artist's responsibility to grapple with the cosmic mystery of the city's existence. The paintings and sculptures on display in these galleries, though, bear oblique witness to the horror of Great Arkham. Investigators may substitute **Art** for **Cthulhu Mythos** by visiting a gallery – that fantastical piece showing disembodied heads floating above an eerie desert, or that crude clay effigy of an elephant-headed monster, may yield unexpected insight into some mystery.

Masked: A trickle of bored visitors to Kingsport snakes through the gallery, whiling away a rainy hour by looking at pictures without seeing them. A few students from the University pay more attention, and a couple of critics talk excitedly about some new discovery out of Westheath, a young painter who mixes the most marvellous colours out of factory waste. **Art History** or **Flattery** can get some gossip about artists who might be of relevance.

Unmasked: Alien entities, composed of a substance utterly unlike terrestrial matter, struggle to exist in Arkham. They manifest through art, like a perverse inspiration, the artist driven by unknowable urges to carve weirdly detailed shapes in stone or clay, making muscles and sinews and nerves and cells beneath the skin of the sculpture, or making paintings that resemble nothing so much as a specimen, sliced thinly and mounted on a hundred slides. One artist is rarely enough to bring the alien into being – a dozen or more sensitive souls must be burned up by the same living inspiration, before the gallery is transmuted into a nest.

Biology notes the weirdly organic inspiration of the art; **Cryptography** pieces it together; **Forensics** spots that the weird injuries on the corpse are identical, impossibly, to the cilia on the creature depicted in the painting.

Cast: Artists (p. 184). Gadabouts (p. 75).

Clues: Architecture plus **Occult** guesses that this supremely detailed painting of a now-demolished structure might be an attempt to recreate a Witch Gate through art. An exhibition of historical portraits includes (**Art History**) a depiction of one of Arkham's founding fathers, and his eyes seem to follow the Investigators around the room; those who study it dream of the dark olden days of the province, when the King's men hunted witches.

Yacht Club

Names: Kingsport Yacht Club, *Demeter, Hettie, Providence*

Few things are more cosmically absurd than the Kingsport Yacht Club. The great and the good of Arkham take pathetic pride in their yachts, competing to see which of them can have the most gilded and luxurious boat, but they never leave Kingsport Harbour. The excuses pile up – fog, rough seas, bad weather, pressing engagements back in town – each one given with increasingly panicked urgency. Only those with connections to the Mythos – or, conversely, those who are somehow free to leave Great Arkham – take their yachts out to sea.

Masked: The yacht club is a fashionable place to be seen by the bright young things of Old Arkham (p. 69). There's an endless swirl of cocktail parties, dances and fundraisers. **Credit Rating 4+** is needed to get in as a guest; the yacht club staff keep the riff-raff out. Once inside, **Oral History** gathers gossip about affairs in Old Arkham or Sentinel Hill; press an older member with **Reassurance** (or **Outdoor Survival**) for tales of strange things seen at sea.

If the Investigators try escaping the city by sea, see *No Way Out*, p. 27.

Unmasked: The yacht club is home to one of the more secretive cults of Arkham. The one place in the city where one can be assuredly free of eavesdroppers is out at sea – there are no rats out there, no informants, no Transport Police. Likely candidates include the Silver Lodge (p. 55), whose adepts hold séances and discuss occult secrets amid the roaring waves, or the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51), who need to avoid detection, but might also find value in a psychic desert where minds are few and isolated. Alternatively, the club might be home to a more cultured branch of the Innsmouth clan, allies of fallen Gilman House, who despise the Marsh gang takeover of the district and fondly recall a day when the Look was a mark of good breeding and class.

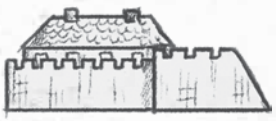
Some of the yacht club members may have followed in the wake of the Black Ships (p. 169), arriving at strange ports like Baharna or Celephaïs – or Carcosa.

Cast: Gadabouts and the like. Mrs Upton (p. 77) and Jervas Hyde (p. 113) are both benefactors. Councilors Brack (p. 77) and Goddard (p. 187). Tallis Martin (p. 177) and Dr. Obligot are both members, as (technically) is former Mayor Waite (p. 188).

Clues: Evidence Collection notices strange claw-marks on a yacht's hull, as if something climbed aboard from below. Spot curious marks made on a chart of the Miskatonic bay with **Outdoor Survival.** Mention you're a doctor with **Medicine**, and hear a story about a would-be stowaway who was taken to St Mary's Hospital (p. 73) when discovered, suffering from terrible frostbite.

Landmarks

Fort Hutchinson



There has been a fort on this patch of hillside since 1744, when Edward Hutchinson built a small tower overlooking the neck of the Miskatonic, and outfitted it with cannon. The present buildings date back to the Civil War, but Fort Hutchinson never saw action, and was handed over to the city shortly after the armistice. The fort is presently used as the headquarters and barracks for the Transport Police. A former ammunition store under the fort is used as a special secure prison for prisoners awaiting trial; captured members of the Armitage Inquiry (p. 52) are incarcerated here.

Masked: The Transport Police run the fort, so it's literally masked. It buzzes with the regimented activity of an army camp – or a hive of wasps. Of the three long barracks in the centre of the fort, two are used by the Transport Police; the third is empty. Other outbuildings contain supplies, a canteen, and other necessities, while the rooms in the fortified sections are used for offices and storage. Prisoners are held in the old ammunition store in the cellars, and are transported by armoured van to the courthouse in Sentinel Hill for trial.

Access to the fort is strictly controlled; all visitors must report to the front gate, and a **Bureaucracy, Cop Talk** or **Credit Rating** spend is needed to get past the desk. Even then, guests are kept under watch by sinister, glassy-eyed Transport Police, and a **Stealth** test (Difficulty 5+) and **Locksmith** are needed to get into any of the sensitive areas. Tunnels connect the fort to City Hall and the subway lines.

Investigators with a military background or **History** notice that, while the fort's guns have long since been removed apart from a few ceremonial pieces, its other defensive fortifications are well maintained, and this fort would be capable of holding out against a mob for a prolonged siege. If this is the site of the Ritual of Opening (and remember, Edward Hutchinson built his wizard's tower on this spot), then the fort could keep out rival cultists who might try to interfere with a ritual in progress.

Currently in prison here are:

- **Dr. William Dyer**, former Professor of Geology, veteran of the first expedition to Antarctica, and member of the criminal Armitage Inquiry (p. 52). Dyer remains resolutely determined to prove that the Inquiry is innocent of the crimes it has been charged with, and demands access to lawyers and reporters so he can defend himself.
- **Dr. Tyler Freeborn**, former Professor of Anthropology, Communist radical, and the alleged ringleader of the Inquiry. He believes the whole affair is a plot by Agent Vorsht and the capitalist oppressors to destroy dissent.
- **Dr. Cyrus Llanfer:** former assistant librarian, has confessed whatever the Transport Police wish him to confess.
- **Dr. William Moore:** Palaeontologist, and another survivor of Antarctica. Has gone mad in prison, and now scrawls weird messages across the wall of his cell.
- Any attempted escapees from the city
- Any associates of the player characters arrested as a result of heightened Suspicion.

Unmasked: The unmasked version of this location goes all-in on Mythos secret police. The interior of the fort is a ghastly buzzing hive, where insectoid Transport Police scuttle and chirp secrets to one another. Rat-thing scribes type up reports on every person in Arkham on tiny rat-sized typewriters. Orphans and the afflicted pressed into service as police seers mumble and thrash as their lungs are flooded with the Liao drug, and their screams describe visions of those under surveillance. File-rooms contain accounts of the Investigators' inner-most thoughts, or interrogation transcripts from previous incarnations. Everything that the Investigators sought to keep for themselves is laid bare to the remorseless probing collective intellect of the Transport Police.

Cast: Transport Police (p. 66).

Clues: Chemistry or **Evidence Collection** points the Investigators towards the Chemical Works (p. 131), where they make the disinfectant spray used by the Transport Police. The police use Waite Station (p. 105) as their main base of operations in the western part of the city. **Archaeology** might discover underground tunnels or structures built by Hutchinson.

Orne Lighthouse

A lighthouse stands atop Kingsport Head, warning ships away from the rocks at the base of the cliffs. The lighthouse was named to commemorate Jedediah Orne, son of Arkham's founding father Simon Orne, who was lost at sea, and tradition holds that the lighthouse keeper has free access to the collection in the Orne Library (p. 87). The lighthouse was built adjacent to a strange old house, which has stood here since time immemorial. A narrow causeway connects the lighthouse to the city below.

Masked: A close examination of the lighthouse **(Geology)** reveals that it is made of the same black stone as the Skyscrapers (p. 117). Persuade the old keeper to talk (**Flattery** or **Reassurance**) and he admits that the tower is sometimes "bigger'n it should be", and that he occasionally hears things stumbling and flapping down the spiral staircase, just out of sight. As the eastern-most skyscraper, the Lighthouse might mark the boundary of Arkham in some mystical geometry – finding the other three stones (perhaps the Olmstead Dam, p. 143), is among them might real some secret *omphalos* in the heart of Arkham.

Unmasked: According to Kingsport legend (**Kingsport District Knowledge** or **History**), there is a door in that strange high house in the mist that faces the sea, and that door opens onto the clouds – or onto fields beyond the ones we know on Earth. These tales are true, for the door of the high house is a potent and far-reaching Gate. The lighthouse was built alongside the house by the founders of Arkham, because one of the functions of a lighthouse is to be a beacon, guiding travellers back to safer waters and saner dimensions. If the Investigators can convince the inhuman guardian that wears the face of a lighthouse keeper to allow them to pass through that door, they could perhaps escape Great Arkham – but only into weird worlds far from Earth, where they would have to rely on the strange beam from the lighthouse to guide them home.

Cast: The old lighthouse keeper. Mayor Waite, when he can struggle up from his sick-bed in Congregational Hospital, visits the keeper sometimes.

Clues: Evidence Collection or **Outdoor Survival** spots tracks suggesting that the causeway is oddly well-travelled, even though only the lighthouse keeper and a few delivery men have reason to come this way. Perhaps the tales of strange ceremonies in sea-caves have something to them.

Photography or **Astronomy** spots the flash of the setting sun reflecting off a telescope atop the lighthouse – one pointing *towards* Kingsport. What movement on the streets does the lighthouse keeper observe with such intensity?

Stock Characters

Actress

Name: Diane Derby

Description: Early 20s, winsome features, flamboyant dress, excitable

Quirk: Everything is a triumph or a tragedy; nothing can be taken with equanimity

Leverage: Connections in the newspaper business, plus **Flattery** and the promise of good reviews

Daughter of an old-money family, Diane's relatives look askance at her choice of career, and pray she will stick to staid, respectable roles that will not bring their name into disrepute.

Victim: Diane Derby currently has the role of Miranda in an amateur production which mixes elements of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* with Arkham history, replacing Prospero with a thinly-disguised Jedediah Orne, who was exiled from the city he helped found. Since taking the role, however, she's been followed by a sinister hairy beast (she nicknames it, inevitably, Caliban); at first, she thought this creature was a product of fraying nerves, but a break-in at her family home convinced her to call on the Investigators' aid.

In the play, Orne befriends a number of shipwrecked sailors (who bear a curious resemblance in mannerisms and background to the player characters) and attempts to use them to recover his position in Arkham. Are the Investigators being led into a trap?

Sinister: Investigators watching one of Diane's previous movies notice strange subliminal effects associated with the actress. In the flickering light of the cinema reel, she moves between frames, suddenly appearing in strange costumes, her mouth forming the shape of blasphemous words. Things appear on screen with her for an eye blink, half-real, as if the camera cannot capture their awful existence. No-one else in the audience seems to notice these subliminal effects – but if the Investigators steal a film reel and use **Photography**, they can confirm that Diane Derby's movies contain hidden messages or instructions. She's clearly an agent of one of the cults – are her fellow Mythos worshippers the target of her messages, or is she trying to afflict the minds of the general population? And what does it mean that the Investigators are immune to her subliminal blandishments?

Stalwart: Diane Derby was secretly having an affair with Mayor Upton (p. 79), and was with him on the night he died. She doesn't know who killed him, but saw some vital clue that the Investigators can follow to find the murderer. Terrified that the murderer would kill her too, Diane fled to Kingsport and threw herself into the public eye as an actress, so that she could have a protective screen of photographers and reporters to ward off any assassins. If the Investigators discover her connection to the late mayor (perhaps by finding a keepsake of his among Derby's possessions, or learning of the affair from Upton's diaries, or Mrs. Upton), then **Reassurance** convinces her to entrust them with her secret.

Alternate Names: Arnold Blake, Lita Hytten, Fritz Reicher

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Late 30s, well dressed, boyish grin [egotistical leading man]

2) Mid-20s, beautiful, bites her lower lip when considering a matter [scandalous hedonist]

3) Mid-40s, dour face, immensely tall, awkward gait [plays monsters]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Immensely vain and concerned about his appearance

2) Well versed in nihilistic philosophy

3) Falls into one of his monstrous voices when nervous or embarrassed

Investigative Abilities: Art, Flattery, Kingsport District Knowledge

General Abilities: Athletics 4, Disguise 6, Health 5, Scuffling 4

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +1

Artist

Name: Beatrice Clement

Description: Early 30s, bohemian, long hair tied up in a colourful shawl, paint-splattered smock

Quirk: Attention wanders easily; finds significance in tiny details

Leverage: Evidence Collection, Streetwise or **Chemistry** spots drug paraphernalia among Clement's possessions; **Intimidate** or **Cop Talk** threatens her into talking.

A nameless hunger seized Clement months ago, a desire to create or apprehend something that she cannot articulate with this clumsy human speech. She tries to capture it in art. Sometimes, she catches a little of it in the way the light twists on Kingsport Beach near sunset, or in the peculiar colour of the mould that creeps across

the ceiling of her attic apartment, or in the paintings she makes after taking the curious Liao drug that a friend of hers gave her just before he vanished.

She's sold a few paintings to galleries and private collectors, but when times are lean, she takes occasional jobs working on movie sets.

Victim: While walking on the shoreline near the base of the cliffs, Clement found a strange creature which had been washed up on the rocks. The thing was like a pale white jellyfish crossed with a gorilla – it had four squat limbs, and a snout with tentacles, but its flesh was gelatinous and glowed faintly. It had clearly died violently – she couldn't tell if the marks were those of gunshots, or some sort of harpoon or spear. Greatly daring, she touched the corpse – and those snout-tentacles wrapped around her hand and sank into the flesh of her wrist as they detached from the creature! Now, her skin has several raised whitish welts, like blisters left by a burn, and when she paints with that hand, she draws symbols she doesn't recognize or understand. She suspects they are a message, but to whom? And from whom?

The creature's body is still there, hidden in the rocks, leaking a glowing fluid. No-one else has found it yet, but she's seen the Transport Police combing the shoreline, and it's only a matter of time.

Medicine discovers the tentacles are growing and changing beneath Clement's skin, and and are intertwining themselves into the muscles and nerves of her hand. **Languages** notes that glyphs resembling the one she paints occur in the *Necronomicon*; **Forensics** plus **Cthulhu Mythos** or **Innsmouth District Knowledge** suggests the corpse she found was that of a moon-beast (p. 169).

Sinister: Those who buy Clement's paintings get more than they bargained for. She has the power to make the painted monsters slip free of the bounds of canvas and crawl out of the frame – still tiny and almost two-dimensional, but wickedly sharp and cruel. The paint-goblins obey her wishes, whatever they may be: robbing wealthy clients, punishing critics, murdering romantic rivals. (Clement may be an independent sorcerer, or a member of the Witch Coven). **Art History** finds the presence of Clement's depictions of ghastly imps and ghouls to be the common factor in a series of crimes; **Forensics** uncovers flecks of paint in the wounds.

When the Investigators learn more about Clement, however, they discover that she has a new and powerful patron who has ordered a series of large paintings from her. Who is this patron, and what do these paintings depict?

Stalwart: Clement is addicted to a rare drug she obtains through contacts (from Chinatown? Or brought from the Dreamlands on board the Black Ships, p. 169?) Or through stranger channels?). When under the influence of this narcotic, she paints curious abstract images, swirling currents of colour and darkness, which resemble weather patterns or rolling clouds. **Cryptography** plus **Cthulhu Mythos** discovers that these paintings reflect, or even predict, the cult activity in Arkham. Do the Investigators use this source of information, even though **Medicine** clearly tells them that Clement will die if she continues using the drug?

Alternate Names: Justina Montcliffe, Cary Belmore, Olivia Upton

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-30s, intense and dark-eyed, former flapper, smokes furiously [poet]

2) Mid-20s, dishevelled, floppy hair, distracted [scriptwriter]

3) Early 20s, long flowing dresses and gowns, scandalously bare arms [musician]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Quotes from her own (terrible) poems

2) Always worried about deadlines, always behind on deadlines

3) Entranced by moonlight and fog

Investigative Abilities: Art, Art History, Kingsport District Knowledge, possibly Languages or Dreaming

General Abilities: Health 4

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Mystic

Name: Osman Black

Description: Mid-40s but looks older, bald, dark clothing with silver jewellery

Quirk: Stares intently at the Investigators, as if reading their innermost thoughts

Leverage: Either **Bargain** to offer him some mystical secret, or **Cop Talk** to threaten to expose his questionable connections to the police

The enchanted air of Kingsport attracts mystics, prophets, seekers after occult truths, sensitive souls drawn to esoteric fields – and con artists who prey on them all. Throw a crystal ball down the street of Kingsport, and it'll bounce off a spiritualist, two radical Theosophists, a dealer in bottled souls, and an eccentric who's not classed as one of the Afflicted purely because she

retains a Credit Rating of 4+. Like the rest of this unhappy crew, Osman Black haunts the cafés, galleries and theatre bars of Kingsport, obsessing over status and reputation in the occult demimonde, and trying to land a wealthy disciple or a lecture with the Silver Lodge (p. 55). Most of these 'experts' claim to know everything about Arkham's supernatural side, but actually flee from any real revelation, walling the truth up behind a thick layer of flim-flam and nonsensical mysticism.

Victim: Black hypnotised a young woman named Violet Graves, trying to regress her into a past life. He succeeded beyond his intentions – Graves assumed the persona of a queen from a prehistoric civilization so strongly that she somehow caused part of her palace to manifest around her. Black watched in awe as marble halls materialised in his dingy flat on Central Hill, and Graves strode out majestically into what should have been empty air and vanished. The same effect happened twice more, with two other clients – both were taken over by past lives from the same lost civilisation, and part of that long-vanished city appeared in Great Arkham.

Then, a few nights ago, Graves returned to Black's flat and forced him at sword-point to kidnap and hypnotise two more people, who took on the personas of royal guards. Black is terrified that Graves – or whatever sorcerer-queen she's become – will force him to conjure more shades from the distant past as part of a bid to take over Arkham.

Assess Honesty notes that Black's account of events is not always consistent, and he's something of a fabulist. **Old Arkham Knowledge** recognizes the name of Violet Graves – she's living with her family in Old Arkham, not ruling some alien city from a dread throne. The only way to discover the truth might be for Black to hypnotise an Investigator and see if the dreaming city appears once more…

Sinister: Black is the occult equivalent of a carrion eater. He trades in occult secrets, and there's always a market for those in this city. Newcomers to the city soon discover that rationality doesn't apply here, and delving into mystic weirdness is the only possible way to escape. Black is the fellow who'll sell you the location of a tomb where you can talk to ghouls, or a copy of a diary left by a 19th-century wizard, or arrange an introduction to the masters of the

Silver Lodge – always at a price. And when your delving into the occult gets you killed, Black is right there to break into your apartment and steal your belongings when he's certain you won't be coming back. He also informs the Transport Police about potential threats to the city authorities.

Assess Honesty warns the Investigators not to trust him; **Cop Talk** discovers that Black's crimes are tolerated, suggesting that he's an informant.

Stalwart: Osman Black is part of an order that fights the Mythos (either the Armitage Inquiry, p. 52, or the Silver Lodge, p. 55). To conceal his efforts, he deliberately associates with the worst elements of Kingsport's occult fringe, hiding his real knowledge of the Mythos in the chaff of absurdity.

Alternate Names: Madame Sosotris, Pierre Lamoissier, Edwina Dullworth

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-30s (but uses makeup to look older), croaking voice, Egyptian henna tattoos on hands [carnival fortune-teller]

2) Mid-50s, silver hair and carefully manicured beard, expensive suits with silver-headed walking cane [occult "expert"]

3) Late 40s, flushed face, squashed nose, brassy voice [Radical theosophist]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Treats her deck of cards like a pet – or like a dangerous wild animal that she has to keep under control

2) Does he ask rhetorical questions loudly and theatrically, AS IF ADDRESSING UNSEEN SPIRITS?

3) Takes offense at trifles

Investigative Abilities: History, Occult Studies, possibly Cthulhu Mythos or Dreaming

General Abilities: Health 5, Hypnosis 8, Preparedness 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Named Characters

Councilor Eleanor Brack

Role: City council member for Kingsport

Description: Mid-40s but looks younger, strikingly tall and elegant, sultry voice.

Quirk: Smokes with a long ivory cigarette holder.

Leverage: There are salacious photographs of Brack out there, taken by an unscrupulous studio executive early in her career. She wants them back.

Councilwoman Brack is best known in Great Arkham as a champion of the arts. She started out as an actress and singer, then was one of the leading lights of the city's film industry. Her elevation to the city council came on the heels of a dispute between City Hall and the studios over theatre licensing bylaws, and political opponents who dismissed her as an insubstantial celebrity were outmanoeuvred by her comprehensive grasp of the legal side of the movie business. While she's still primarily associated with the movie business, she has made a concerted effort to understand the concerns of other parts of Kingsport.

She's one of the most popular and visible councilors in Arkham, and is assured of re-election – and could conceivably mount a challenge for the mayoralty if she desired.

Victim: Soon after winning the election, Brack woke up to find a hideous old woman sitting on her chest. The crone clapped her hand over Brack's mouth to stop her screaming and whispered, "*I shall take thee to Ngranek, and shew thee all the kingdoms of this little world, and all these things I will give thee, if thou speakest the word in a place of my choosing.*" The woman then vanished, although her fingernails left scars across Brack's throat. Since then, Councilor Brack has become exceedingly wealthy through corruption and graft - bribes and lucrative deals just fall into her lap, without her having to do anything. She fears that she accepted the bargain from the old woman, and that one day she will have to fulfil her side, no matter what that entails.

If the Investigators cross her path, she may try to get them to investigate what this bargain might be, without revealing her own complicity.

Sinister: Brack is a member of a cult (likely the Witch Coven or the Church of the Conciliator). She plans on leveraging her fame and popularity to unseat Mayor Ward, putting her cult in control of the city when the Ritual of Opening comes around. Analysing her past movies with **Occult** and **Photography** spots concealed references to cult practices.

Stalwart: Brack was elected on a liberal platform, and is determined to do away with the Transport Police and end Agent Vorsht's "inquisition". She is unaware of the supernatural roots of the city, but could be a potent ally of the Investigators if they can convince her to trust them. She's naturally sympathetic to artists and other creatives.

Investigative Abilities: Accounting, Art, Art History, Flattery, Kingsport District Knowledge, Photography

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Disguise 7, Health 7.

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Dr. Louis Obligot, Physician

Description: Late 50s, bearded, wide smile, tubby, white suits.

Quirk: Oddly high-pitched voice for his size and frame

Leverage: Bureaucracy plus **Medicine** to dig up records of Obligot's past 'cures'

Dr. Obligot is a physician who specializes in diseases of the rich. His clients are almost all wealthy Arkhamites with unusual or non-existent ailments, especially nervous conditions. Obligot's cures are a mix of cutting-edge treatments from Europe, and bizarre experimental quackery. He is a talented doctor, but he's an even more talented salesman and sycophant.

Victim: Obligot isn't human any more – he's an ambulatory colony of alien fungi. The invaders have consumed most of his body, leaving only his face and hands human. They use him as a spore dissemination vector – when Obligot treats patients with open wounds, the fungi can spread and take root in a new host. Many of Arkham's wealthiest patients are now hosts for the alien creatures, although none are as far gone as Obligot. These fungi might be a curse spread by the Witch Coven (p. 42), survivors from some prehistoric era cultivated by the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51), or they might be intruders from outside the city. Many of Obligot's "treatments" are designed to propagate or foster the fungi (combining the fungi with the Whipple treatment, p. 155, would be an apocalyptic threat to the city).

Medicine or **Evidence Collection** spots the spores; **Assess Honesty** discovers that Obligot desperately yearns to warn people about the infestation, but cannot speak without the permission of the alien colony in his body.

Sinister: Obligot is a powerful cultist. Some possibilities:

- He's a founding member of the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53), and snacks on his drugged patients. He also uses them as test subjects as he refines the formula.
- He's a member of the Necromantic Coven – possibly, one of the original trio returned, or else an enthusiastic apprentice.
- He's a member of the Silver Lodge, but a corrupt one – he joined the organization because it was a promising place to find new clients, and has no loyalty to the Lodge's spiritual goals. He informs on Lodge members to the city authorities.
- Obligot worships Y'golonac, and procures slave-girls from the Black Ships to feed his deviant lusts. He experiments on adjusting his patients' brain-chemistry to change their urges and instincts, with the ultimate goal of unifying the sexual drive with worship of the Old Ones. Many of the afflicted on the streets of Salamander Fields or in the Sanitarium had their brains adjusted by Obligot's scalpels and syringes, and are now driven by bizarre paraphilias – a sexual attraction to the star Aldebaran, for instance, or a ghastly all-consuming physical lust for magic.

Stalwart: Eccentric doctor Obligot experimented with a method of extracting the cerebro-spinal fluids of the recently deceased, and turning this fluid into a potion, which enabled him to relive the memories of the patient's last few hours of life (a form of Weird Science; see p. 85). Initially, he used his discovery to explore the boundaries of death, and for voyeuristic curiosity, but he has since discovered evidence of multiple sinister conspiracies and cults in Arkham. If the Investigators are willing to overlook Obligot's grisly method of investigation, he can be a useful source of intelligence for them (at least until he drinks the wrong person's spinal fluid and becomes infected with something awful.)

Investigative Abilities: Biology, Chemistry, Kingsport District Knowledge, Medicine, Pharmacy

General Abilities: First Aid 10, Health 8, Preparedness 6, Scuffling 6

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Ephraim Waite, Former Mayor

Description: Indeterminate age, fish-like features, weeping eyes, soiled bathrobe

Quirk: Slurs words

Leverage: Identify Waite's enemies and use them to intimidate him.

Ephraim Waite was mayor of Arkham from the Great War until 1925, when he suffered an apoplexy and collapsed at home. Unable to continue as mayor, he was moved to the Congregational Hospital in Kingsport under the care of Dr. Obligot (p. 188). Other than the occasional excursion in a bath-chair into the gardens or along the boardwalk, he does not leave the hospital.

After twelve years in obscurity, most people in Arkham have forgotten him, but on his lucid days he still has influence and a network of contacts across the city. His nephew Samuel (p. 81) is a prominent lawyer; he was once close friends with Merro (p. 177) but the two have not spoken in years. Waite was one of the Gilman

House mayors (p. 170), and his Innsmouth Look has grown much more pronounced since his illness. His 'stroke' in 1925 was the result of a magical blast. Some possibilities:

- He attempted the Ritual of Opening (p. 60), and either failed to complete the rite, or was interrupted by rivals
- He suffered some sort of backlash when R'lyeh rose briefly in 1925
- He was attacked by a rival cult
- A time-travelling Yithian attempted to possess him (or, equally possibly, a Yithian that had been possessing him for some time left his body)

As a result, Francis Upton became Mayor of Arkham, which led to the appointment of Agent Vorsht as a special Investigator, the fall of Gilman House, and the loss of control of the city council.

The same effect that disordered his mind also affected his transformation into a Deep One – now, his body sprouts new and malformed limbs at random, and it is only through the surgical brilliance of Dr. Obligot that Waite is still alive.

Victim: The incident in 1925 severely damaged Waite's mind. He's occasionally lucid, but most of the time he is either insensible, staring out at the city without seeing it, or muttering nonsense about conspiracies and shadows. The masters of the Esoteric Order keep Waite alive to punish him for his failures.

With **Pharmacy** and **Reassurance**, Investigators with unfettered access to Waite can question him and learn the answer to three questions about City Hall and the secrets of Great Arkham – as long as they promise to end his suffering.

Sinister: Waite's mind has recovered from the 1925 attack, even though his body is still ruined and dying. From his bath chair, he plots a return to power in some form. He might intend to possess his nephew Samuel (p. 81), or another suitable host, like a player character. Alternatively, Obligot might offer him the immortality of the Halsey Fraternity (p. 53), assuming the West Formula can be adapted to work on Waite's bizarre biology. (Making the formula work on Deep Ones might require plenty of test subjects). He might also be gambling on completing the Ritual of Opening and becoming something like an Old One.

Waite's return might have the blessing of the Esoteric Order (p. 49), or he could be operating independently of his former associates. He still has many allies and agents across the city, such as Goddard (p. 77), and officials working at Waite Station (p. 105) and the Dig (p. 130). **Streetwise** picks up rumours of Waite's return as a political force in Arkham.

Stalwart: Stalwart is an exaggeration, but Investigators could profit from the wedge between Waite and the Esoteric Order. Waite might be willing to assist the Investigators in bringing down Waite's enemies, like Monsignor Merro (p. 177) and Boss Marsh (p. 175) so Waite can take over Innsmouth again. **Assess Honesty** convinces the Investigators that Waite's malice towards his former associates outweighs – for the moment – his desire to eat the Investigators whole.

Investigative Abilities: Architecture, Bureaucracy, Credit Rating, History, Innsmouth/ Kingsport/Old Arkham/ Sentinel Hill District Knowledge, Streetwise

General Abilities: Health 8, Scuffling 6

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Chinatown

Large numbers of Chinese labourers arrived in Great Arkham in the 1880s, searching for employment after the completion of the Transcontinental Railroad. Some found jobs in the textile mills, but protests and riots from other labouring communities kept the Chinese workers out of the mills. The Innsmouth Docks were more welcoming, mainly due to the influence of the politicians of Gilman House, who saw the Chinese community as another potential block of votes to be added to their machine.

Arkham's Chinatown is a small, crowded district, sandwiched between the eastern slopes of Sentinel Hill and the west side of Kingsport. Chinatown is even more insular than Innsmouth, with very few non-Chinese residents. The district is considered part of Kingsport for political purposes; Councilor Brack (p. 187) has little interest in representing Chinatown on the council.

Chinatown has a reputation as the seat of Arkham's vice and criminality, although this is only true of the strip along the border with Kingsport, where there are certainly plenty of Chinese-run opium dens, gambling houses and burlesque houses. Most outsiders only come to Chinatown in search of such illegal pursuits, and ignore the other parts of the district.

Encounters

A Curious Game

The Investigators pass two old Celestials sitting at a bench, playing a curious game. The board consists of a labyrinth of grooves and channels, and the playing pieces are carved shells and marbles. Moving the shells opens and closes gates and allows the marbles to roll down the channels across the board. On a close examination of the board, the Investigators note that it is

oddly *unclean* – there are patches of moss, little pools of stagnant water, and even scraps of meat scattered across its surface, as if these too are playing pieces.

Unseen Walls

According to tall tales told in Kingsport bars, there are *invisible walls* in some parts of Chinatown. The story goes like this – two fellows, a little worse for wear after an evening's drinking to celebrate the end of Prohibition, go into Chinatown in search of a disorderly house, and one weaves down a street he doesn't know. Suddenly, he finds his path forward blocked, as though there's a sheet of glass in front of him. He tries to retrace his steps, but finds he's in a maze with invisible walls. He calls for help, and the other fellow comes a-running, but try as they might, the man in the maze can't find his way *out* and the other fellow can't find his way *in*. They try all they can think of, to no avail. The free fellow tries asking the locals for help, but those devils all swear blind they speak no English, and ignore the poor bastard who's stuck in the maze. In the end, his friend runs off to get a ladder – they can think of no other solution – but when he comes back, there's nothing there. Just an empty street.

Stock Locations

Gambling House

Names: Market Street House, Fortunate Hands, Lucky Dragon

This downstairs hall is guarded by Tsan Chan Tong Highbinders (p. 196) at the door. Get past those scowling guards, and enter a richly decorated smoky basement hall offering Chinese roulette (*fan tan*) and poker. Most of the gamblers in such establishments are locals, but Chinatown's proximity to the wealthy districts of Sentinel

Tsan Chan Tong

The Tsan Chan Tong controls illegal gambling and narcotics in Chinatown and the seedier parts of Kingsport, and protects Chinese businesses from crime and intimidation. So far, the war between the other two gangs has stayed mostly south of the Miskatonic River, and as long as the Marshes don't cross into Tong territory, the Tsan Chan stay neutral. The tong also deals with supernatural threats, keeping horrors out of Chinatown - the usual translation given of the tong's name is the "Society Against Evil Sorcery". Tsan Chan hatchet men butcher any lesser Mythos creature which crosses their path, compelling ghouls, Deep Ones and other such entities to avoid the district.

The ultimate goals of the Tsan Chan Tong depend on the interpretation of Charlie Zhang (p. 198) in your campaign – they might be a stalwart Mythos-fighting society, or have their own monstrously malign goals that are equally destructive to human society.

The Cruel Empire of Tsan Chan

I talked with the mind of Yiang-Li, a philosopher from the cruel empire of Tsan-Chan, which is to come in A.D. 5000...

—The Shadow Out Of Time

Three thousand years in the future, an empire will arise which is renowned for its cruelty. This empire might be one of humans, or some post-human creatures, who have learned new ways to shout and kill as the Cthulhu cult promised. The Tsan Chan tong's relationship to this future empire might be any of the following:

- The Tsan Chan tong is a secret society, which will survive for thirty centuries until it finally comes to dominate the globe. Inspired (or infected) by the Mythos in Great Arkham, Charlie Zhang will plant the seeds which will one day bring untold suffering and cruelty to the far future. Zhang himself is a figure of incalculable historical significance, eclipsing every philosopher, warlord and sorcerer in human history.
- The monstrous scientific-sorcerers of the empire to come ensure that the rule of Tsan Chan will come to pass by manipulating history. This branch of the tong is one of thousands founded by time travellers sent from the far future, each one part of a great work that will bring about the 'correct' future. The empire fights a desperate secret war against the Great Race of Yith (or, alternatively, is a *product* of the Great Race – the Yithians created the ruthless Tsan Chan culture to ensure that the present period of history (roughly 5000 BC to 5000 AD) is kept stable and unchanging, so the Yithians can extract the collective knowledge of humanity in safety.)
- Great Arkham actually exists in the year 5000, not in 1937. Beyond the city limits is the Cruel Empire of Tsan Chan. Is the city partially shifted in time, existing in both periods simultaneously, or have the decadent sorcerers of the far future decided to abduct it, and torment their ancestors with conjured horrors?

Hill and Kingsport means that some wealthy Westerners also frequent the gambling halls.

Masked: Protection money paid to the Tsan Chan, and bribes paid to the Arkham police, keep trouble at a minimum – as long as the other gangs stay out of Chinatown. Investigators without **Streetwise** or **Chinatown District Knowledge** have trouble blending in, and will attract plenty of suspicious glances, or be treated as fresh marks to be relieved of the burden of their doubtless overflowing wallets, but there's no obvious supernatural activity here.

Unmasked: Invisible forces swirl through the room like electrical currents, and their movements can be discerned by their effects on random factors. Cryptic old men sit on hexagonal cushions along one wall, reading the future in the dice, playing cards and the fortunes of the gamblers. One *pai gow* gambler drops a stack of ivory tiles, and the crowd part like ripples in a pond, careful not to step on any of the fallen tiles, as their configuration is meaningful to the old men. Another gambler convulses quietly in his chair, his eyes rolling back into his head, his mouth frothing, but he keeps playing, driven by those unseen energies. This whole hall is a divinatory device for reading energy flows in the city. **Cryptography** plus **Anthropology** (or **Cthulhu Mythos**) lets the Investigators discover some clue in this symbolic engine. Alternatively, **Bargain** with the old sages for insight.

More than that, the Gambling House can be a way to manipulate the energy flows in the city. If a particular gambler is spiritually congruent to, say, Mayor Ward, then the old sages might mark that gambler with a cursed tile or other sign – and then the Tsan Chan might later murder that gambler, bringing bad luck to Mayor Ward and frustrating his ambitions.

Cast: Tong Highbinders (p. 196), Chinese Labourers (p. 194) and Shopkeepers (p. 195). A Grifter (p. 157) or Gadabout (p. 75) or two. Mrs. Lu, a notoriously unforgiving widow, runs most of the gambling houses.

Clues: Accounting can estimate the value of the gambling hall – each table is worth $20 protection money a week to the Tsan Chan. **Streetwise** spots the most desperate gamblers – the ones who might be willing to part with a clue or favour, in exchange for a loan at rates less extortionate than the Tong's.

Laundry

Names: Sam Lee Laundry, Gold Mountain Laundry.

Laundry is one of the few industries where immigrant Chinese labourers are not in competition with Americans – factory workers could strike in protest if their bosses brought in a cheap Chinese workforce, but the laundry trade was seen as women's work, and ripe for takeover. Conditions in these laundries are taxing; workers spend more than ten hours a day amid the steam and caustic chemicals. Other workers haul baskets of clothes across the city; labourers from a laundry might be encountered anywhere in Arkham, and never attract undue attention as they stagger along beneath their heavy burdens.

Masked: The laundry's basement conceals an opium den. Here, addicts lie on straw pallets, breathing in opium fumes from hookahs. The room is kept tightly sealed so the flames in the opium pipes burn smoothly and do not flicker; vents in the ceiling draw out the smoke and mix it with steam from the laundry, ensuring that the den cannot be detected from outside. These precautions mean the air inside the den is heady even before one chases the dragon's tail; it's hard to make out details through the gloom and coiling smoke. Different grades of opium are available for purchase; those who know the right words (**Languages** plus **Occult)** may obtain *other* substances, too, such as the fabled Liao drug, which allows the user to apprehend more time than the narrow slit we call the present moment.

Unmasked: The laundry serves the secret masters of the city. Darkness falls across Great Arkham like a tide each night, and when the darkness recedes with the dawn, it leaves behind star-things, stranded across the city like little fish in rock pools on the shore. Wriggling slimy things with too many tentacles, god-spawned aberrations, rats and pigeons mutated into alien shapes, extradimensional horrors downshifted into base matter… the city is littered with things that should not be every morning. The Transport Police deal with the largest incursions, "disinfecting" places and cordoning off streets where the horrors might break the carefully cultivated ignorance of the masses. For the smaller cosmic accidents, the spoors and leavings of the Old Ones, the authorities use these Chinese laundry workers to clean up. Every morning before dawn, they go out across the city, scooping up the unnameable detritus of the Elder Gods, and hiding it beneath dirty linens in their baskets. Every day, they return to the laundries and dissolve these little ghosts and gods in chemical baths. **Streetwise** in the early hours of the morning spots these labourers scouring the alleyways and rooftops, especially around temples of the Church of the Conciliator.

Cast: Chinese Labourers (p. 194).

Clues: Chemistry sniffs something odd in the steam rising from the laundry; **Streetwise** or **District Knowledge** points out places to find an opium den.

Landmarks

Chinese Garden

Established with a bequest from a previous Tong leader, the Chinese Garden is a small walled garden, planted with flowers and trees imported from China. Other parts of the garden are used to grow vegetables and herbs which are not native to Arkham; Wu Siwang (p. 197) is the unofficial keeper of the garden.

Masked: The garden is eerily tranquil – it's a magical dead space in Arkham, cut off from the various sources of power and sorcerous patrons. Sorcerers cannot draw on added Magic Points from places of power while within the four walls of the garden. To those familiar with the garden's curious nullity, it makes for an ideal neutral ground for meetings between cult leaders – who invariably overlook old Wu Siwang, in his guise as a humble gardener tending to his root vegetables. **Occult** or **Magic** notes the unnatural stillness in the air here.

Unmasked: The garden is unmoored in space – it is (at times) a Gate to some distant land. The air is cool here – the icy chill of some high place. Is this garden simultaneously in Arkham, and high in the Himalayas? Or in the Plateau of Leng, beyond Kadath in the Cold Waste, and what man hath known Kadath? Or is the garden akin to the temporal gate in Foundation Building, connected to the Cruel Empire to come, or does it reach back to Hyperborea – or R'lyeh in the days of Great Cthulhu?

Cast: Wu Siwang (p. 197).

Clues: Biology notes that some of the plants growing in the garden are not native to Earth (**Evidence Collection** finds bones, suggesting they're also carnivorous). Other plants include the fabled Black Lotus, which **Pharmacy** can turn into the Liao drug. **Archaeology** discovers traces of a building that once stood here – or, weirdly, *will* be built here.

Foundation Building

Arkham's Chinatown began with a small Chinese grocery on the ground floor of this building (see Wu Siwang, p. 197). Over time, the grocery became a way station for other immigrants from the west, who would

come here in search of temporary lodging and employment after arriving in Arkham. The grocery expanded, and eventually came to occupy the entire ground floor, while all the apartments above were owned by immigrants, sometimes sleeping six or more to a single room.

Today, the Foundation Building is the headquarters of the Tsan Chan Tong. The attic space has been cleared out and converted into a temple and meeting hall for the society, while senior Tong members live in the apartments on the upper floors.

Masked: The upper stories of the building are a fortress for the Tsan Chan Tong. All the illicit money in Chinatown flows through here, and the fruits of that criminal enterprise are plain to see – the building is luxurious in parts, like some emperor's palace has been whisked from Shanghai to Arkham. Upstairs in the temple is a room full of offerings to the cryptic deity of the Tsan Chan Tong – tables laden with butchered Deep Ones, chopped tentacles, dismembered ghoul heads and other violent trophies. A similar offering is required to obtain an audience with Charlie Zhang (p. 198).

Unmasked: As above, but the Tsan Chan temple contains a time-gate to the Cruel Empire of 3,000 years in Earth's future. This gate only functions at certain times of the year, and activating the gate requires a vast investment of magical energy, and also draws the attention of various supernatural entities such as Hounds of Tindalos (*Trail of Cthulhu,* p. 135). To ward off such intruders, the tong holds ceremonies and processions, which augment the region's magical defences, before activating the gate. The gate makes that upper room briefly co-terminous with the distant future, although anyone present in the room when contact is achieved risks either being trapped in the far future when the gate closes, or else smeared across thirty centuries. The tong usually leave messages and gifts in the room before closing the door and activating the gate; when they open it again, they find replies from their descendants of three thousand years in the future, as well as strange treasures and weapons from the far future.

Cast: Tong Highbinders (p. 196). Charlie Zhang (p. 198). Wu Siwang, the Herbalist (p. 197), still runs the shop in the basement. Other Shopkeepers (p. 195) also run stores here.

Clues: Physics notes the strange time warps around the building; **Anthropology** or **Occult** guesses at the purpose of the ceremonies on certain nights of the year.

Stock Characters

Chinese Labourer

Name: Yijun Yuen

Description: Early 40s, lined and haggard face, cloth cap, new and spotless trousers.

Quirk: Hums show-tunes to himself (sings enthusiastically when no-one's around)

Leverage: Bargain and a bribe is enough to get information out of Yuen about most topics

Yuen came to the United States with the intent of earning enough money to retire home to China as a wealthy man. There were no jobs when he arrived in San Francisco, so he kept going east, following rumours of work. San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Kansas, Chicago, New York… and then finally Great Arkham. Here, he thought, he would find his fortune.

Victim: Yuen wants to escape Great Arkham, but he's discovered the city won't let him go. The streets seem to cling tighter every time he escapes. On his first attempt, he made it as far as a steamer, which left San Francisco bound for Shanghai – but he awoke on board a creaking wooden sailing ship with black sails, and that strange ship bore him back to the Innsmouth docks. The second time, he took a train to New York to stay with his cousin, but the cityscape outside the window changed, a little at a time, until it was Arkham again and the man wearing his cousin's face was someone else entirely. On his third attempt, he tried walking along the coast south of Innsmouth, but blundered into an impenetrable fog that seemed thronged with moving shapes just beyond the reach of his vision, and he was forced to turn back.

After each attempt, the city paid more attention to him. The first attempt brought the police to his door, to check his papers. After the second, the Transport Police followed him for days, stalking him with their masked faces and glassy eyes. Now, after the third, the rats have started talking to him, and demanding that he perform mysterious errands for them, things he knows are both perilous and unwholesome. A fourth attempt to escape may kill him, but he is determined to try, and this time he will be better prepared. He might meet with the Investigators in some underground society of would-be escapees, or cross paths with them as they explore exits from the city like the Roadhouse (p. 140) or the Ruined House (p. 129). **Streetwise** points to Yuen as someone who has tested the bounds of the city.

Sinister: Yuen isn't Chinese; he isn't human. He's one of the Men of

Leng, a race of hairy-hoofed little goblins from the Dreamlands. The Men of Leng serve the Moon-Beasts, whose black galleons visit the docks of Arkham and take cargoes of human slaves in exchange for rubies and other gifts. The Moon-Beasts prefer to use former residents of Arkham in their dealings with the folk of the city, so the Leng-man who now calls himself Yuen was given his liberty. He delights in mischief and chaos, and traffics with ghouls and petty wizards. He is also a potent Dreamer (for him, Arkham is his fantastical vision born of slumber, and the Dreamlands is his waking world).

Of late, Yuen has discovered that portions of the ruined city of Sarkomand, where his ancestors were kings of old, are lodged and echoed in Great Arkham. Eager at the thought of recovering the lost magic of his folk, Yuen seeks out scholars and explorers who he might force to aid him.

Medicine (or **Outdoor Survival** to spot the hoof prints) guesses that Yuen isn't human.

Stalwart: Yuen dislikes the cruelty of both the Tsan Chan boys and the city authorities, and tries to counterbalance their evil in his own little way, through humble good works and kindness. If he encounters them, he will aid the Investigators as best he can, for no other reason than it is the right thing to do.

Alternate Names: Mock Lou, James Chow, Abraham Wang

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-20s, Asian conical hat, exhausted [factory labourer]

2) Mid-30s, sneering expression, close-cropped hair [carpenter and general labourer in AKLO studios)

3) Mid-60s, white-haired, walks with a limp [former railroad worker]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Always keeps his head bowed, never looks investigators in the eye

2) Makes sarcastic comments in Chinese about foolishness of investigators - a **Languages** spend lets an Investigator catch him out, embarrassing him into being much more co-operative.

3) Unflappable in the face of peril

Investigative Abilities: Chinatown District Knowledge, Craft, Streetwise

General Abilities: Health 4, Mechanical Repair 6, Scuffling 2

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Shopkeeper

Name: Su Mu Kwan

Description: Mid-20s, irritable, wears heavy sweater over traditional dress against the chilly air

Quirk: Pretends not to speak English when she doesn't want to answer a question.

Leverage: Cop Talk or **Law** and threaten to shut down her shop.

Su Mu Kwan runs a small store in Chinatown (possibly in the Foundation Building, p. 193). Depending on your campaign, she might be a grocer (selling Chinese spices and ingredients, catering mostly to customers from the district), a cigar maker (selling to wealthy visitors, or supplying a humidor in Old Arkham), or a bookseller (catering to local scholars, creepy occultists, and Investigators).

From her doorstep, she sees everything that happens in Chinatown, but knows better than to talk openly about strange happenings. She pays her dues to the Tsan Chan Tong, who protect her shop from police harassment and other dangers. They cannot, however, protect her younger sister Lei, who has fallen into some illicit business in Kingsport. Kwan tries to convince herself that Lei is no longer her responsibility, but cannot forget her sister.

Victim: Kwan fears that she is going mad – she remembers not having a sister. Lei's existence throughout Kwan's life is variable, infrequent, as if the reality of her sister waxes and wanes. Kwan has strong memories of being an only child on her twelfth birthday, but remembers Lei existing when Kwan was nine and fifteen. A photographer took a picture of her family back in San Francisco – in it, Lei looks like a shadow, a hollow-eyed thing without substance. It is as though Lei is a weed growing backwards in time, insinuating herself into Kwan's life.

Could Lei's existence be the result of temporal machinations by the Pnakotic Cult or some other extra-temporal force (such as the Tsan Chan Tong, or Keziah Mason (p. 95))? Is Kwan lying, denying Lei's existence so she can avoid facing what really happened to her sister? Is Lei an entity forcing its way into reality, moving backwards as well as forwards in time?

Sinister: Kwan's a spy for one of the cults (likely the Church of the Conciliator, or the Esoteric Order of Dagon). Her sister Lei discovered Kwan's duplicity, so Kwan drugged her and sold her into slavery through the Marsh gang – Lei might be in a sweatshop or brothel down in Innsmouth, or awaiting her fate in some Marsh gang dungeon, knowing that she will soon be carried away on a Black Ship. Lei's boyfriend Chin Lem is

inconsolable at her disappearance, and has taken to hanging around Kwan's shop when he's not out looking for her.

Assess Honesty spots that Kwan knows more about her sister's disappearance than she admits; **Evidence Collection** finds some clues gathered by Lei before Kwan betrayed her.

Stalwart: The Tsan Chan Tong tried to dissuade her from going looking for her missing sister, but Su Mu Kwan will not give up. If she cannot find Lei on her own, then she will find fellow stalwart Investigators to aid her – and, if they bring Lei back safely, she will be eternally indebted to them, and put her considerable courage and tenacity as an amateur detective at their disposal.

Alternate Names: Ru Chang, Yahui Kuang, Huan Zhou

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-40s, traditional dress, excellent English [cigar maker or other craftsman]

2) Mid-20s, nervous, gangly, eyebrows possessed of a life of their own [runs his uncle's shop and terrified of failing]

3) Mid-30s, shy and stammering, prematurely grey hair [arranged bride for tong member]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Makes elaborate cigar-sculptures of dragons and monsters

2) Regrettably clumsy

3) Has an eerily intelligent pet cat

Investigative Abilities: Accounting, Bargain, Chinatown District Knowledge

General Abilities: Health 4, Preparedness 3, Scuffling 2

Alertness Modifier: +0 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Tong Highbinder

Name: Sin Chung

Description: Mid-20s, hair queue (head partially shaved, remaining hair worn long and braided), leather wristbands, scarred hands.

Quirk: Quick to take offence

Leverage: Sin Chung draws strength and courage from being part of the Tsan Chan Tong fraternity – cut him off from his brothers, and he loses his bravado.

One of the Tong's enforcers, Sin Chung lives entirely outside the law. He believes himself to be untouchable within Chinatown, able to do whatever he wishes, as long as he obeys the commands of Charlie Zhang and the other superiors.

Victim: Sin Chung fell through a Witch Gate, and has spent weeks stumbling down strange empty yet haunted streets in a part of the city he cannot name. After many hardships, he has found his way to a distant district (Dunwich, perhaps, or Westheath – wherever the Investigators are) that is at least inhabited by human beings, unlike the *things* he glimpsed in that shadow city. He emerges starved and half-mad, and is immediately blamed for some recent crime or atrocity. **Assess Honesty** or **Evidence Collection** proves that the young man is innocent – do the Investigators intervene to defend him, or do they leave the criminal to an unjust but possibly fitting fate?

Sinister: Murderous Sin Chung, the 'Flying Devil', is a talented assassin sent by the masters of the tong to deal with their enemies. He wears a metal belt that enables him to alter the effects of gravity on his body – he can make astounding flying leaps, walk on walls or ceilings, or become immovably rooted to the ground. This belt might be a gift transmitted back in time from 3,000 years hence, or stolen from the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51) or a Laboratory (p. 85). In any case, long metallic wires from the belt run beneath Chung's skin and wrap around his spine, pelvis, ribs and thigh-bones – no-one else can use the belt without extensive and dangerous surgery. Chung has learned to be cautious using the belt, and not to fly too close to the overhanging clouds.

Stalwart: Sin Chung is a monster-hunter. It is the custom of the Tsan Chan tong to butcher any creatures that stray into Chinatown; gangs of tong members lie in wait at certain sewer entrances and graveyards, ready to throw themselves into the fray against any monsters that crawl forth. The gangs fortify themselves with cheap whiskey to give them the courage to face inhuman horrors, and casualties are invariably heavy when they are not self-inflicted. Participating in the killing of even a single monster is an honour few tong members ever achieve.

Sin Chung has killed many monsters. He no longer spends cold nights with the gangs, but goes out stalking Deep Ones on the streets of Innsmouth, and climbs down into the subway tunnels to hunt ghouls and rat-things and other subterranean things. His drive to kill monsters exceeds even his loyalty to the Tsan Chan hierarchy, and soon there will be a reckoning between Sin Chung and Charlie Zhang.

Alternate Names: Bo Lee, Bell Yu, Chew Jou

Alternate Descriptions: 1) Mid-20s, lean features, dark clothes, furrowed brow [street thug]

2) Mid-30s, trilby hat and glasses, leather satchel contains documents and hatchet [fixer and accountant]

3) Mid-50s, tattooed, bearded, broad smile [senior lieutenant and trusted troubleshooter]

Distinctive Quirks: 1) Has a collection of trophies from defeated foes

2) Relentlessly polite

3) Sucks his cheeks when considering a problem or contemplating violence

Investigative Abilities: Chinatown District Knowledge, Outdoor Survival, Streetwise

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Firearms 3, Health 5, Preparedness 3, Scuffling 6, Shadowing 4, Weapons 6 (Hatchet or knife +0 damage)

Alertness Modifier: +1 **Stealth Modifier:** +0

Named Characters

Wu Siwang, The Deathless Chinaman

Description: Immensely old, hairless, wizened, wears a small furry cap

Quirk: Speaks only in whispers.

Leverage: Bargain and offering some secret or magical treasure. Blackmail or threats are ineffective against an immortal.

Wu Siwang, it is commonly known, opened the first Chinese shop in Great Arkham, planting the seed that grew into Chinatown.

Wu Siwang, it is less commonly known, was in Arkham for more than a century before that. He may have been one of the circle of necromancers, along with Curwen and Hutchinson, who founded the city in the 17th century – and he was immeasurably old even then. He crossed the ice into North America hundreds of years before any Europeans set foot in these lands, and he was immeasurably old even then. He came out of the mountains of Thibet and wandered China for many centuries – and he was immeasurably old even then.

He runs a little herbalist's shop, selling cures and potions, as well as certain… *other* items, which are kept hidden behind the counter, in jars sealed with signs writ in no human language.

Victim: Wu Siwang is so old he cannot remember how he obtained his immortality. His memory is a jumble of lost treasures and secret sorrows – he could describe, if he chose, the precise features of a beautiful woman who once stood on the basalt jetty of a city of domed buildings, and cast her jewelled mask into the waters before taking Wu Siwang's hand, and he can remember that moment brimming with both joy and crushing terror – but he cannot name the woman, or the city, or recall why this memory is important to him. He can recite from memory the lost section of the *Fifth Cryptical Book*, but cannot recall who the current mayor is.

Perhaps most importantly of all, he cannot remember that his immortality has a cost. Wu Siwang's life is prolonged by draining the vital energy from other living beings. He does this by means of powerful spells, which he now casts instinctively, mumbling the incantations without thinking. Should the Investigators discover the cause of these mysterious deaths, they must then decide how to stop the old man from continuing his unconscious vampirism. **Medicine** determines the symptoms of death, if not the cause; **Oral History** reveals that the victim had some contact with Wu Siwang shortly before death, even if such contact was as brief as passing him on the street.

Sinister: Wu Siwang is a high priest of the Cthulhu cult, a secret sodality which stretches from the icy wastes of the North to the islands of the Pacific. He came to Great Arkham like a malign prophet, to prepare for the resurrection of the dead god – both the Church of the Conciliator and the Esoteric Order were guided and manipulated by him. He sees himself as a gardener of souls, shaping and pruning the tender stalks of humanity, so that through their worship and collective psychic abasement, they may spark dreamy thoughts in the stagnant and cold brain-tissue of the sleeper. Great Arkham is a greenhouse, and when the Stars Come Right, Wu Siwang will begin his great harvest of souls.

This interpretation of Wu Siwang casts him as one of the chief architects of the city; **Library Use** and **Anthropology** coupled with **Cthulhu Mythos** detects his sinister shadow across the city's history.

Stalwart: Wu Siwang is a sorcerer from Hyperborea, that prehuman civilisation which existed a million years ago. When that land foundered, Wi Siwang cast a spell to project himself forward in time, searching across the aeons for another age of safety, another minima in the power of the Mythos, when human beings might thrive. His spell went awry, and he fell into Great Arkham. The psychic impact shattered his consciousness into a series of concentric shells, some of which broke off as he regained corporeal form. There are shards of Wu Siwang scattered across the city

– some manifest as ghosts, others have become lodged in buildings or other living things. The man who calls himself Wi Siwang is but a portion of that once-great totality.

What remains of Wi Siwang is a potent but frustrating ally. He knows that humanity is ultimately doomed, but can be convinced to intercede if it benefits his own chances of survival – or if it tickles his deeply buried but still extant capacity for pity. **Flattery** is the best way to befriend him.

Investigative Abilities: Astronomy, Cthulhu Mythos, Cryptography, Languages, Occult Studies

General Abilities: Athletics 4, Health 6, Magic 15, Scuffling 8, Weapons 4

Alertness Modifier: +2
Stealth Modifier: +0

Charlie Zhang, Tong Leader

Description: Mid-40s, muscular, shaved head, long moustache

Quirk: Can kill small animals and insects with a thought, and uses this gift to emphasise points in conversation

Leverage: Streetwise to offer Zhang useful information about his lieutenants and business rivals.

Charlie Zhang is the leader of the Tsan Chan tong. He founded the Arkham branch, although he claims that the society is an ancient one, and that he is touch with secret masters in China who reveal hidden wisdom to him. Zhang is a hero on the streets of Chinatown – even those who deplore his methods see him as a protector. Those who know him well fear his brutality and paranoia.

Victim: Zhang is consumed by paranoia. He sees enemies and the taint of the Mythos everywhere – in the air and water, in the city and in the sky, in the people around him - and believes that brutality and ruthless cruelty is the only way to preserve himself. He rules through fear, and seeks to reach heaven through violence.

At night, he dreams of the cruel empire to come, a realm where all forms of dissent and corruption (both bodily and spiritual) are annihilated without mercy. This version of Charlie Zhang might be a temporary ally for the Investigators – until either they face a foe which cannot be overcome with swords and bullets, or (more likely), Zhang suspects the Investigators of being monsters in disguise, and murders them.

Sinister: Zhang is a time traveller from the Cruel Empire of 5,000 AD. He may have achieved this feat through psychic mind-transfer (perhaps with a Yithian Mind-Exchange Device, p. 63 – especially if he's secretly a Yithian or a Pnakotic Cult agent), or through bodily time travel (perhaps through the Foundation Building time-gate, p. 193, or with the Silver Key, p. 55). Trapped in a barbaric and grotesquely primitive era, he seeks to reconstruct the Empire as best he can with the tools and servants available to him. Secretly, he plots to use his knowledge of advanced scientific sorcery to become master of the world. **History** or **Physics** plus **Flattery** makes Zhang let slip some hint that he knows more about future events than he should.

Stalwart: While Charlie Zhang is troubled by restless dream-visions of a far-future empire, he is repelled by the cruelty and depravity of the future version of himself that he glimpses in the dreams. He tries to prove to himself that he is not the man he sees in his dreams by fighting selflessly against the Mythos.

Investigative Abilities: Anthropology, Chinatown District Knowledge, History, Languages, Streetwise

General Abilities: Athletics 10, Firearms 4, Health 10, Preparedness 6, Scuffling 12, Sense Trouble 7, Shadowing 8, Weapons 12

Alertness Modifier: +2 **Stealth Modifier:** +2

The Whisperer in the Light

And as I walked by the shallow crystal stream I saw unwonted ripples tipped with yellow light, as if those placid waters were drawn on in resistless currents to strange oceans that are not in the world.

—What The Moon Brings

This adventure is designed as an early introduction to *Cthulhu City*. If you are starting a new campaign in the city, then it works as a starting adventure and gives lots of plot hooks which can be followed up on later. However, if a group of existing Investigators have been Consumed by the City (p. 26), then give them a chance to get their initial bearings before getting them involved in this mystery.

Backstory

Twenty years ago, **Professor Miles Whitney** of Miskatonic University came into possession of a curious device, which he likened to a 'whispering gallery of space' – the device could link different places, bending the intervening distance. Together with another scientist, **Franklin Oakes**, Whitney experimented with the device. He turned his home observatory into a 'lunar chamber', and built an array of lenses and mirrors to focus and manipulate the strange space-warping effects. He discovered that a particular configuration of the chamber was stable enough to allow him to step between the spaces – it linked four spots in Arkham (one in Westheath, one in Salamander Fields, one in Northside, and the lunar chamber itself) with another three points. Two of these points were inaccessible – one is buried deep underground, the other somewhere in the upper atmosphere – but the third, reached by moving in a direction that is only *conceivable* when under the effects of the device – led to a dimension hitherto unknown by science.

Whitney purchased the properties at these three focal points, to ensure no-one else would be endangered by his experiments, and for several years he and Oakes continued to explore the seventh dimension. Oakes feared that exposure to the alien light was causing Whitney to degenerate, both physically and morally, and argued that they should shut the experiment down. The two fought, and Whitney was trapped in the seventh dimension when Oakes damaged the lunar chamber.

Professor Whitney's grieving daughter **Selene Whitney** sealed her father's observatory away, and never learned anything about the lunar chamber. The shock of losing her father so suddenly led to her becoming an eccentric recluse, surviving on savings and the rent from properties inherited from her father. Recently, Whitney's become involved with a shyster named **George Halpener**, who leeches money from her to pay his gambling debts to the Malatesta family (p. 153). Having drained most of Whitney's savings, he began to look for other sources of ready cash – and discovered the lunar chamber, and its space-warping device.

Halpener's clumsy meddling with the lunar chamber set the terrible events of *The Whisperer in the Light* in motion. A pair of homeless children, Suzy and Billy, discovered the Salamander Fields node of the reactivated device, and blundered through the light into the Westheath node, appearing as "ghosts". Meanwhile, Halpener is trying to adjust the machine so he can move the Northside node into the vault of the First Bank of Arkham; he's in considerable debt to the Malatesta family, and wants to offer them the perfect crime to pay off his debts. He needs to experiment with the machine to correctly calibrate it, and that means getting rid of anyone interfering at the other nodes…

The Hook

The Investigators are asked to investigate a troublesome haunting in Westheath.

The Spine

In **The Request,** the player characters' patron asks them to help a woman named Mae Curlow, whose house in Westheath is said to be haunted. She claims to have seen the ghosts of children roaming through the walls.

The investigation begins at **Mae Curlow's House**, where the Investigators learn a little about the history of the building and the haunting. They also discover that Curlow is facing **Eviction**, which may lead to an early confrontation with **The Malatesta Gang.** Diligent Investigators might try **Background Research**; those aggressively exploring the house may discover **The Secret Room**.

While the Investigators are present, they witness **The Haunting**; during this supernatural encounter, Curlow recognises one of the ghosts as a man who works for **The Landlady**, which sends the Investigators to Old Arkham to interview Selene Whitney, a wealthy eccentric. They also meet her lover, George Halpener, a crook and gambler. At Whitney's mansion, they may try **Interrogating George** or **Investigating the study** belonging to the late Professor Whitney.

Atop the Whitney house is **The Lunar Chamber**, where the Investigators discover the machine that causes the 'haunting.' The Investigators might also go visit Professor Whitney's former research partner, Franklin Oakes, now a patient in the sanitarium, in **Franklin Oakes.**

Clues point the Investigators to two other potential sites – **The Northside Warehouse** and **The Burnt-Out Ruins** where they meet **The Ghost Children.** From them, they learn about how to visit **The Bright Place**.

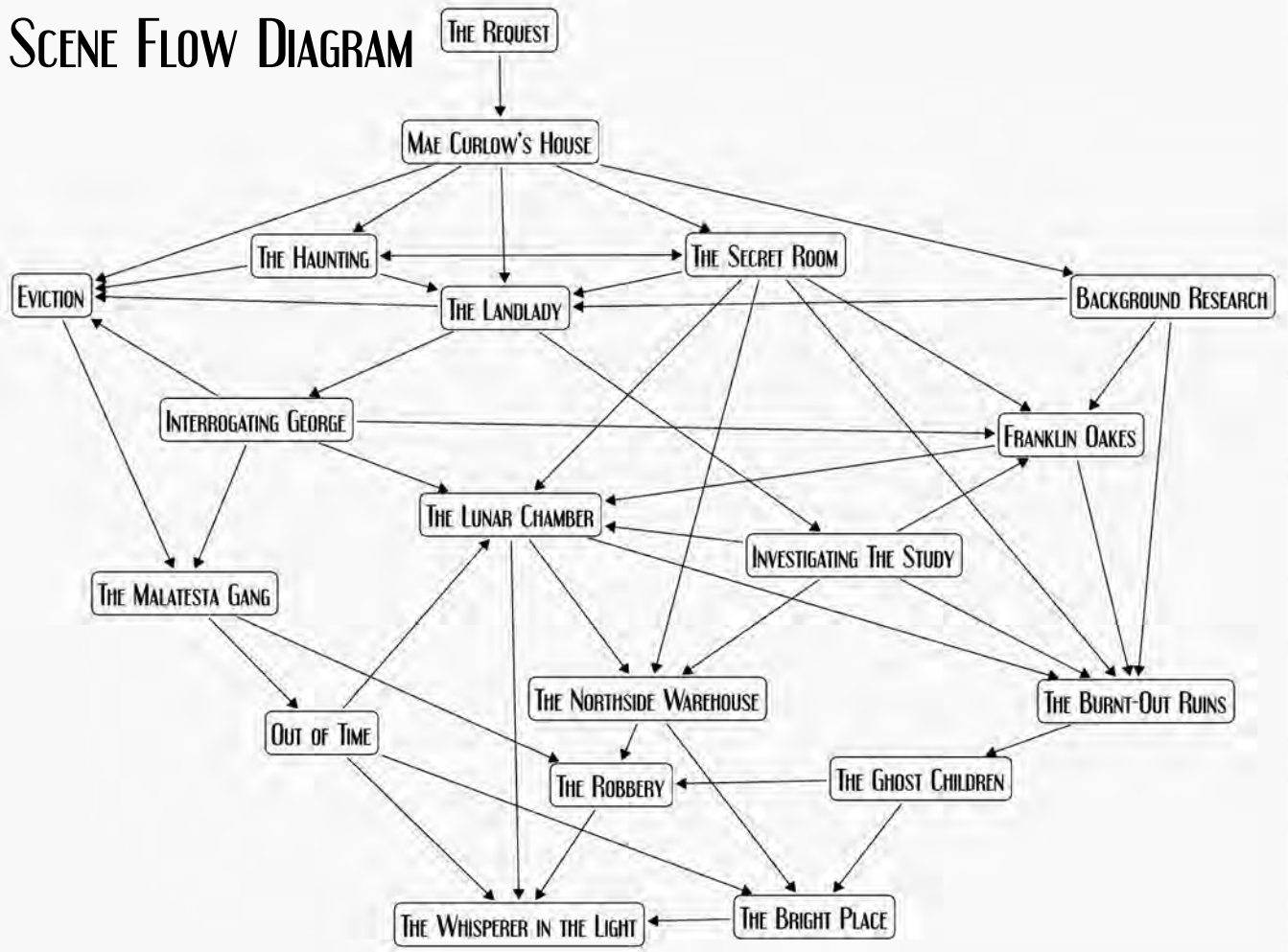
Meanwhile, the Malatesta gang and George Halpener plot to use the Lunar Chamber to carry out **The Robbery;** either the attempted robbery of the bank or a Malatesta attack on Halpener in **Out of Time** trigger the endgame of the adventure. Use either of these crises to put the adventure to a climax.

The Investigators must decide how to intercede before Halpener's meddling releases **The Whisperer in the Light.**

The Horrible Truth

Professor Whitney is still alive, but was horribly changed by his experiments. Franklin Oakes betrayed his friend and shut down the Lunar Chamber, trapping Whitney in the Bright Place for twenty years.

Scene Flow Diagram



Scenes

The Request

Scene Type: Introduction

Lead-Outs: Mae Curlow's House

The initial hook depends on your player characters, their Drives, and the campaign frame you've built together.

- If the player characters have a Patron, then that Patron might ask them to investigate the strange events at Mae Curlow's house.
- If they are part of an organisation that investigates strange events (the Silver Lodge, for example), then Curlow might have already reported her haunting to the newspapers, and attracted the group's notice that way.
- Curlow might be a neighbour of the Investigators (her home can easily be transplanted from Westheath to another district if you wish), or seek them out for their expertise.
- Alternatively, look at the Investigator's Drives and target those that make for ghost-hunting, like Curiosity.

The salient details: Mae Curlow, a secretary in a local school, believes her house is haunted. The house has always had more than its fair share of strange creaks and echoes, but now she's seen things that terrify her – strange spectral children running through the walls, and bizarre voices speaking out of thin air.

Curlow **does not** approach the Investigators herself; as they will soon discover, she is about to abandon the house.

Mae Curlow's House

Scene Type: Core

Lead-Ins: The Request

Core Clues: The connection to Selene Whitney, the existence of the "ghosts"

Lead-Outs: The Secret Room, The Haunting, Eviction, Background Research, The Landlady

Curlow's house is the last one in a row of townhouses. The house was built around the turn of the century, thirty or so years ago. **Architecture** immediately spots several oddities – the windows of the house are built slightly askew, as if they were installed at an angle to the wall. (*Background Research*, p. 204, if the Investigators look into the building of the house). The neighbours around here are close-knit and suspicious, so any Investigators without the local **District Knowledge** or an inappropriate **Credit Rating** get suspicious glances – especially if any of them look like they might be involved with the threatened eviction (see below).

Depending on the initial setup, Curlow may be expecting the Investigators; in any event, **Reassurance** or **Credit Rating** is enough for her to usher them inside. The hallway is crowded with boxes and suitcases; she admits that she was recently told that her landlady wants her to leave the house, and so Curlow's packing her bags. She shows the Investigators into the little living room at the front (mention the blanket and pillow on the couch; Curlow's sleeping down here). A gramophone plays jaunty tunes; Curlow's eager to fill any silence that might otherwise be invaded by voices from nowhere. After offering hospitalities and drinks, she starts to describe the recent events. Throughout the conversation, she tries to keep a brave face, but **Assess Honesty** suggests she is held together by pride and little else – her life and now her sanity are falling apart.

Once the conversation reaches a lull (or a dramatic point), run *The Haunting* (p. 203).

Strange Events

Curlow offers the following information freely:

- She's lived in this house for the last six years. At times, she's had eerie encounters – odd noises like footsteps, distant voices, chilly breezes, and on occasion she's seen strange lights under the door leading to the hallway from her bedroom. All the encounters happened upstairs, and always at night. She never paid them much heed.
- This is a safe neighbourhood; she's heard stories about how dangerous other parts of Great Arkham can be, but she trusts the people around here, and she was heart-broken about having to leave this house – at least, she was until the strange events became terrifying.
- For the last few nights – she's not sure exactly when it started – the voices have been louder, the cold more intense. Then, she started seeing these *ghosts:* there are two of them, the size of children, one a little bigger than the other. She can't make out features, as they look like vaguely humanoid blobs of white light.
- As far as she can tell, they are *aware* of her, but only dimly. She screamed when she first saw them, and they seemed to react, but they haven't followed her downstairs.
- They can move through the walls, and "sort of" fly. If pressed, she

describes that the shapes move as if walking across an invisible floor that's at an angle to the actual floor.

If the Investigators examine the upstairs section for themselves, see *The Secret Room*.

The Eviction

If asked about the threat of eviction, Curlow is initially reticent to speak about it, but **Reassurance** or **Law** convinces her that the Investigators are not randomly prying into her private affairs.

- The house is owned by a Ms. Whitney, a wealthy woman who owns several properties around the city. Curlow's never met her; she used to deal with her agent, a nice old man called Mr. Peters.
- Two years ago, she got a letter saying that Mr. Peters had been replaced, and that she would now be dealing with a man named Halpener. She doesn't like him; he always scared her when he came to collect the rent, and he'd call at the strangest hours, hammering on her door in the middle of the night or in the early morning.
- Then, a week ago (around the same time the hauntings started), she got a letter telling her that Ms. Whitney wants Curlow out of the house by the end of the month.
- **Law:** It might be possible to fight the eviction in court. For one thing, the letter looks like it wasn't written by a lawyer – it has plenty of legal-sounding jargon, but half of it is misspelled and the rest doesn't make sense. It's credited to 'Halpener & Co.", which isn't a law company any of the Investigators have heard of before.
- When Halpener next came to collect the rent (two days ago), she demanded to know why she was being thrown out of the house. He just sneered at her and said that Ms. Whitney had other plans for the property. There were two men with him who really scared her – criminal types, she thinks. One of them had a big black moustache, and the other kept leering at her with this horrible grin.

The Secret Room

Scene Type: Alternate

Lead-Ins: Mae Curlow's House, The Haunting

Clues: The existence of the Lunar Chamber and Professor Whitney's work

Lead-Outs: The Haunting, The Landlady, Franklin Oakes, The Northside Warehouse, The Burnt-Out Ruins, The Lunar Chamber

Curlow's house is at the end of a row of houses. The houses share a single attic that runs the length of the row. Chimneys from each house go through the attic to the roof above. Close examination of floorplans, precise measurements or tapping at the walls of the attic (in other words, **Architecture** or **Conceal**) discovers a small secret room directly above Curlow's house. The attic is truncated by a brick wall, which conceals a little garret room between the wall and Curlow's chimney. It was once accessible by an extremely narrow staircase that led up from Curlow's upstairs hallway, but that route was bricked up years ago. To get into the secret room, the Investigators need to either smash through a wall (the one downstairs, and then squeeze up the stairs), or else arrive via the Lunar Chamber (p. 209).

If you haven't already run *The Haunting*, run that scene just as the Investigators smash through the walls.

- It's evident that no-one's been in this room for years. The little space is thick with rat droppings and dust. There's no obvious purpose for the architectural oddity. No windows, no way in or out apart from the bricked-up door.
- The floor is at a curious angle, slanting sharply towards the front of the house.
- Searching around (**Evidence Collection**) finds a bundle of old newspapers, all dated around twenty years ago. There's also a map of Great Arkham with a curious diagram drawn on it. The diagram is roughly cross-shaped, although one leg of the cross shoots off the edge of the map. The locations marked on the map correspond to Mae Curlow's house in Westheath, a house in Old Arkham at the centre of the cross (Whitney's house; *The Landlady*), across the river (*The Northside Warehouse*), a house in Salamander Fields (*The Burnt-Out Ruins*).
- Beneath the papers is a wooden box that rattles when picked up. One corner of the sturdy box is smashed in. Inside, the box contains several panes of glass, all of increasing thickness, each one slotted snugly into a custom-made notch. Several panes of glass have shattered, and their shards litter the bottom of the box. **Physics** or **Craft** guesses that this is an improvised home-made device designed to measure the height it was dropped from – the higher you drop it, the bigger the impact and the thicker the glass broken. (With a **Physics** spend, the Investigators can work out it was dropped from around 200 feet in the air).

The Haunting

Scene Type: Core

Lead-Ins: Mae Curlow's House, The Secret Room

Clues: The connection to "Whitney", the existence of the secret room

Lead-Outs: The Landlady, The Secret Room, Eviction

The haunting of the Curlow house begins with a strange electric thrill in the air. The gramophone skips and crackles. The windows vibrate, resonating with some unseen force. The haunting has two components. Mrs. Curlow cowers downstairs during the haunting; a two-point **Reassurance** spend is needed if the players want her with them.

Ghost Sounds

Upstairs, the Investigators can hear distant voices, which seem to be emanating from upstairs, or from behind the wall at the end of the corridor (see *The Secret Room*, p. 202). At first, it sounds like an animal roaring in pain, but then the Investigators clearly hear the following:

- A man shouting "WHITNEY! WHITNEY, RUN! GET OUT OF THERE" (**Core Clue**)
- A different man shouting "FRANKLIN! FRANKLIN, DAMN YOU! COME BACK! I CAN'T SEE! CAN'T SEE!"
- One of the Investigators – or certainly, someone who sounds exactly like them - saying "Which way?"
- What sounds like another Investigator shouting "Fire!"
- A gunshot
- And then the sound of glass shattering

If the Investigators keep listening, they'll hear the same cryptic noises again and again. The order varies, but the sounds are exactly the same, as if they're recordings. It's worth a 3-point **Stability** test. (The Lunar Chamber is outside time. The first two shouts come from Whitney and Oakes during their initial experiments with the chamber; the latter noises are from the future.)

The Apparitions

The strange noises are followed by the manifestation of two apparitions. As Curlow described, they're humanoid blobs of light, about the size of children. They have no material presence, and are able to move through the walls (they emerge from the wall at the end of the upstairs hallway). They seem only marginally aware of the Investigators; they can see and hear the Investigators, but move as if they're battling through a torrential rainstorm, or perhaps a sandstorm. The ghosts appear more curious than hostile.

- **Anthropology:** Those are definitely children; at least, they move like children, and have child-like frames.
- **Occult Studies:** How fascinating: these strike you less as spirits, and more like the fabled *tulpa* soul-projections of the Hindoo mystics. These may be living entities projecting their minds into this house – although why some ancient lama, doubtless reincarnated into a youthful body, would choose to visit a suburban house like this is perhaps a deeper mystery.
- **Photography:** Something suggests that these things are out of *focus*; the way the blobs of light move and distort, split and recombine reminds you of a moving light source seen through a maladjusted camera lens.
- **Physics:** The entities have some measure of physical reality – they can pass through walls, but have to push through the physical barrier, as if they're swimming through treacle. They move more freely in the empty air of the hallway. From the way they "fly", you're sure they're walking on a plane that doesn't match the surface of the floor.

Seeing the ghosts is worth a 4-point **Stability** test.

After a moment, a third figure appears. This one is similarly composed of blazing white light, but its features are much more strongly defined. It

looks like a youngish man, wearing silk pyjamas, a dressing gown, and a pair of loafers. He's got a smug expression on his face as he advances on the other two figures, who turn around in confusion, as if they can sense his approach but cannot see him clearly. He grabs one of the two figures and hurls it *away*, and it must be some trick of the light because the figure seems to become smaller and shrink away without moving in any direction, as if it's falling on the spot. Pick one of the nearby player characters – that Investigator has the momentary sensation that the child – somehow, it's definitely a child, a young girl – is falling *through* them, screaming as she falls into infinite light. (Have another 4-point **Stability** test).

The other blob bolts and runs, and vanishes.

The man glances vaguely in the direction of the player characters, but cannot see them clearly. Then he too vanishes, and the haunting stops.

If Mrs. Curlow is present, she identifies the figure as George Halpener, the agent of her landlady. She has no idea why the ghost of her landlady's agent would be in her attic; as far as she knows, Halpener is still alive.

Eviction

Scene Type: Antagonist Reaction

Lead-Ins: Mae Curlow's House, The Haunting, Interrogating George, The Landlady

Clues: The involvement of the Malatestas

Lead-Outs: The Malatesta Gang

As soon as Halpener learns that the Investigators are connected with Mae Curlow (or if you need a jolt of action), then he sends two Malatesta goons to throw Curlow out of her house and secure the Westheath node of the Lunar Chamber. A suitable spend could dissuade the crooks from evicting Curlow (**Law/Intimidation/Credit Rating/Cop Talk**), as could a bout of fisticuffs. In any case, **Streetwise/Interrogation** or **Westheath District Knowledge** identifies those goons as being part of *the Malatesta Gang* (p. 205).

If the Malatestas don't get hold of the Westheath house, it makes *Out of Time* (p. 214) more likely. If they do, then lean towards *The Robbery* (p. 214) as your endgame.

Background Research

Scene Type: Alternate

Lead-Ins: Mae Curlow's House, Any

Lead-Outs: The Landlady, The Burnt-Out Ruins, Franklin Oakes

Cautious Investigators may prefer a spot of **Library Use, Law** or the appropriate **District Knowledges** to dig up the following facts. Optionally, liven up a scene of thrilling visits to city archives or newspaper morgues by having *The Malatesta Gang* (p. 205) shadow the Investigators from Curlow's home.

- **Law** or **Library Use:** Curlow's house is owned by Selene Whitney, who inherited it from her late father, Professor Miles Whitney, who died in a fire twenty years ago. Miles Whitney built the whole row of houses (he came from a wealthy family). He also owned several other properties in Arkham, notably the family mansion in Old Arkham (*The Landlady,* p. 204).
- **History** or **University District Knowledge:** Miles Whitney was an astronomer and physicist. A 1-point spend recalls details of his friendship with an amateur engineer, Franklin Oakes; the two were very close and secretive, and there were rumours about some marvellous discovery made by Oakes that Whitney was helping fund and develop.
- **Library Use:** Oakes lived in a house in Westheath; it was destroyed in a fire twenty years ago (*The Burnt-Out Ruins*). Professor Whitney burned to death in that fire. Oakes never recovered from the ordeal, and is now a patient in the sanitarium (*Franklin Oakes*, p. 212).
- An **Oral History** or **Westheath District Knowledge** spend finds an elderly neighbour of Curlow's who recalls Professor Whitney. The professor rented or sold the other houses in that row, but kept the Curlow property for himself. He used to come and go at all hours of the night; there were sordid rumours about his relationship with another man (Oakes) and the purpose of the house.
- **Streetwise** gets plenty of stories about George Halpener; he's a con man who usually preys on rich widows.

The Landlady

Scene Type: Core

Lead-Ins: The Haunting, Background Research, The Secret Room, Mae Curlow's House

Clues: George Halpener's Duplicity, Professor Whitney's Work

Lead-Outs: Interrogating George, Investigating The Study, Eviction

Selene Whitney's home reflects its solitary occupant. Both are part of great houses which have seen better days; both are withdrawn from the world, hiding behind tall hedgerows and barred windows. **Old Arkham Knowledge** reminds Investigators that Selene Whitney never recovered

The Malatesta Gang

Scene Type: Antagonist Reaction

Lead-Ins: Eviction, Interrogating George

Lead-Outs: The Northside Warehouse, The Robbery (endgame), Out of Time (endgame)

Halpener owes a fortune to the Malatesta Gang (p. 153), to cover his gambling losses. He's siphoned off all he can from Selene Whitney's inheritance, and it's not enough. The Lunar Chamber is his last hope. He has told the Malatestas that he can get them into the vault of the First Bank of Arkham so they can rob it, but has not explained how this miracle will be achieved. Still, even the slim chance that Halpener could pull off such an audacious con is worth the gamble; the Malatestas have dispatched one of their lieutenants, Freddy "Lemons" Lamone and a few more goons as "security" for Halpener – both to assist him in his preparations for this miraculous bank robbery, and to make sure he doesn't run out on his debts.

Use the Malatestas as a lurking presence and added threat throughout the game. There are Malatesta goons keeping an eye on Curlow's house, on the Whitney mansion in Old Arkham, and following Halpener everywhere he goes. **Sense Trouble** (Difficulty 4) warns the Investigators to be cautious if they think of intimidating Halpener, or reporting his activities to the authorities; a 1-point **Streetwise** or **District Knowledge** spend (or a Difficulty 4 **Shadowing** test) spots the lurking goons.

If the Malatestas have to intervene, they'll first threaten and then assault the player characters to dissuade them. They won't get murderous until the Investigators prove irritatingly persistent.

If the Investigators turn the tables and try following the Malatestas (with a **Shadowing** test), they may find them watching *The Northside Warehouse*.

Freddy "Lemons" Lamone

One of life's punching bags, Freddy operates with a sort of brutal resignation. Just once, just one time, he'd like for things to go smooth and easy. Maybe this time, he won't have to break some schmuck's kneecaps. Maybe this time, he'll be able to talk the troublesome Investigators out of prying into affairs that don't concern 'em, instead of having to beat them to death with a claw hammer. Maybe this time, he'll be able to sit back and relax and let other people do their jobs, instead of having to step in and shovel other people's shit.

Take Halpener, for example. Freddy would really like it if Halpener would just pay the money he owes the mob and go away. Failing that, he'd like a simple solution, such as "Halpener ices old lady Whitney, they rob her house, he pays his debts that way", or "Halpener talks a stroll along the river bank wearing concrete overshoes". Anything would be better than this exhausting run-around, and talk about magic bank robberies and perfect crimes. Freddy ain't a young man no more; he hasn't got the energy for all this nonsense.

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Firearms 6, Health 10, Scuffling 8, Shadowing 8

Weapons: Pistol +1

For generic Malatesta goons, see p. 159.

from her father's death, but she's wealthy enough to be called eccentric. Most of the house looks unoccupied; she lives in a handful of rooms, and keeps the rest as her father left it.

Architecture or **Astronomy** notes the old dome atop the house, which looks like the cupola of a small observatory, although there is no visible telescope.

If the Investigators knock, they are met at the door by George Halpener. **Assess Honesty** notes that while he glances suspiciously at the Investigators as if trying to recall where he met them before, he genuinely doesn't recognise them. "*Ms. Whitney's ill. She's not receiving visitors. Direct all correspondence to my office.*" A suitable Interpersonal spend (**Flattery, Bargain,** etc.) convinces George to let the Investigators in, as does making enough noise to alert Selene Whitney, who's resting in a nearby drawing room. "*George*", she calls, "*be a dear and let them in. I don't want them to waste any more of your time.*"

(If the Investigators try **Intimidating** George, it also works – he pretends to crumble and lets the Investigators in to see Selene, confident that she's sufficiently under his influence to ignore any allegations the Investigators bring against him. He will also alert *The Malatesta Gang*, sidebar, above).

If the Investigators want to get George alone, they either need some ruse, or to convince Selene that they need to speak with her trusted advisor privately. If the Investigators manage this, run *Interrogating George* (p. 207).

George Halpener

An inveterate conman, George thought he'd hit a winning streak when he managed to worm his way into the confidence of Selene Whitney. She's younger, prettier and richer than the old widows he usually preys on, and so mentally fragile that he was able to win her complete trust with a few well-chosen words, and by emulating her father as closely as possible. For a few months, he was able to steal so much money from her that he indulged his gambling habit, and is now in debt to the Malatestas. While searching for antiques to sell in the sealed sections of the house, he discovered *The Lunar Chamber* (p. 209).

He needs to keep Whitney sweet on him until he masters the Lunar Chamber and repays his debts to the Malatestas. That may only take a few days, so he will do whatever he can to stall or deflect the Investigators.

Around Whitney, he dresses in ways that remind her of her father; he therefore favours rumpled old-fashioned suits, and carries a large pocket-watch which he consults regularly. (**Photography** spots a portrait of Professor Whitney, and it is clear that Halpener is emulating him.)

Playing George: Most of the time, you're a street hustler, always looking for a mark. Be quick-witted, ruthless, confident and charming – and be vindictive and cruel when someone crosses you. Around Selene Whitney, be considerate, caring and protective of her; **Assess Honesty** can tell it's an act, but it's one she believes in completely.

Selene Whitney

Selene Whitney retreated from life after the death of her father. Her mother died in childbirth, and the two were bound together by shared grief. When he vanished abruptly, it struck her with the force of a meteor, annihilating the world she knew. Although she's now in her mid-30s, she dresses and acts like an aged and sickly spinster, clutching blankets and shawls around her thin frame. She virtually lives in the drawing room of her mansion, and has dismissed all her servants other than one old cook and the omnipresent and, in her eyes, omnicompetent Halpener. She suffers from terrible, incapacitating fits of anxiety, and Halpener has learned how to trigger these as desired – all he needs do is subtly remind her how disappointed her father would be in her, and she crumples.

When the Investigators come calling, she rallies her strength to greet her visitors; after all, it's what her father would want her to do.

Playing Selene: Shrink into yourself; appear as small and fragile as you can. At the same time, you're a creature of wealth and privilege and this is your home, so you are not scared of the Investigators; at worst, all they can do is make you confused and upset, and then dear George will sort everything out. You'd be lost without him.

Interviewing Selene

Likely topics of conversation and the flavour of her responses are listed below. In general, if the Investigators press too hard, she either asks them to leave or decides that they're enemies of her beloved George and are just trying to turn her against him with lies. If the Investigators threaten or upset her, she calls the police and brings the full force of her **Credit Rating 6** down on them.

- **Mae Curlow's Eviction:** The best approach is to suggest that there has been some mistake or miscommunication, and that they need to speak with George privately to sort it out. Selene barely knows who Curlow is, and while she bears the woman no animosity, she's certain that if George is evicting Curlow, it's for the best possible reasons.
- **The Ghosts:** Selene doesn't believe in ghosts; if the dead could come back, she says with quiet certainty, her father would have found a way.
- **Halpener's Manifestation:** She's amused at the suggestion that George – dear, solid, dependable George – could be a ghost. Why, if he's any sort of supernatural being, he is undoubtedly her guardian angel. If the Investigators describe George in his pyjamas and dressing gown, she frowns in confusion. George did spend the night here, and how could the Investigators know what he was wearing?
- **Franklin Oakes:** Mentioning Oakes casts a shadow over the conversation; she blames the older man for her father's death.
    - A **Reassurance** spend gets a little more detail. Her father took pity on Oakes; she recalls that the man was in and out of madhouses all his life. Her father paid for Oakes' home and workshop in Salamander Fields (*The Burnt-Out Ruins*, p. 213).
- **Her Father's Work:** Any queries about Professor Whitney's work immediately triggers a discussion about how clever and caring her father was. After the hagiography, she admits that in his last few years, her father became a little eccentric. (It runs in the family, she adds.) She doesn't know what he was working on, and doesn't care to know – it was, after all, that work that took him away from her.

- A **Reassurance** or **Oral History** spend gets a little more detail. She thought her father was still at home on that fateful night; she remembers him tucking her into bed, and then the comforting creak of the floorboards on the floor above as he went to his study. (She often dreams of that night.) The next morning, they told her that they had found her father's body in the remains of Franklin Oakes' home in Salamander Fields. She has no idea why her father left home in the middle of the night to go across town to visit Oakes.
- **Astronomy**, **Flattery** or any vigorous expression of interest in Professor Whitney's work (Core Clue): Her father's study is upstairs, and all his papers have been preserved exactly as he left them. The Investigators are free to examine them – as long as nothing is removed, and nothing is damaged, of course.

Whitney's Accounts

Investigators who gain access to Whitney's financial details (either through a suitable **Reassurance** spend, through sneaking round the mansion, talking to bank tellers with **Streetwise** or some other method) can use **Accounting** to work out the extent of the damage. It's clear that Halpener has taken almost everything – she's hugely in debt, and all her properties are mortgaged to the hilt. She has nothing left, but hasn't realised this yet.

Interrogating George

Scene Type: Alternate

Lead-Ins: The Landlady

Clues: The existence of the Lunar Chamber; the Malatesta's plans

Lead-Outs: The Malatesta Gang, Franklin Oakes, The Lunar Chamber, Eviction

If the Investigators manage to get hold of George where Selene Whitney cannot protect him, they can question him. He's initially evasive, then threatening, then switches back to evasive and deceptive again. His goal is to get the Investigators off his back for long enough to him to carry out his plan to rob the First Bank of Arkham, and he'll say anything to make them go away (or at least, back off long enough for him to call *The Malatesta Gang* and get them to deal with the troublesome Investigators; see p. 205).

- He admits that he's evicting Mae Curlow, but claims that Ms. Whitney's financial affairs have been mismanaged for years, and that she lost a fortune without realising it in the Crash of '29; she needs to raise money, and selling off that property is good business sense. He claims that he gave Curlow plenty of notice, and that she's lying when she accuses him of intimidation.
- He initially claims complete ignorance of any supernatural events, but **Assess Honesty** confirms he's lying.
- Press him with **Interrogation**, and he admits that he's been going through Professor Whitney's old papers and equipment in search of items he might be able to sell – nothing of personal significance of course, and nothing without Ms. Whitney's permission. He found a strange machine upstairs, which he assumed was some sort of telescope or similar instrument. Last night, he couldn't sleep and went up experimented with it, and found himself almost blinded by this astounding light. He blundered around the room, and thinks he may have brushed against some intruding entity – it might have been a child, but he was very very confused and scared. He pushed the thing aside and managed to shut the machine down again. He didn't tell Selene about his discovery, because he feared it would upset her delicate mental balance.
- He believes the machine was made by Franklin Oakes (*Franklin Oakes,* p. 212).
- He'll happily show the Investigators how to operate it if they wish. If they do so, run *The Lunar Chamber,* p. 209, but George will try to trap them just as Oakes trapped Professor Whitney…

Investigating the Study

Scene Type: Core

Lead-Ins: The Landlady

Clues: The configuration of the Lunar Chamber; the involvement of Franklin Oakes

Lead-Outs: The Lunar Chamber, The Northside Warehouse, The Burnt-Out Ruins, Franklin Oakes

Professor Whitney's study is superficially unchanged from the night he left it – crammed with books and papers in apparent disarray.

- **Evidence Collection** or **Art History:** Several items have been removed from the study; there's a spot on one shelf that looks like it once held a bust, another spot on

the wall whose faint discolouration suggests a picture hung there until recently, and several shelves have suspicious gaps where valuable books were removed. (All items sold by Halpener.)

- **Accounting (Core Clue):** A ledger gives an idea of the state of Whitney's finances just before he vanished; he had clearly spent a great deal of money on custom-made components and lenses, suggesting he was building a new telescope of some sort. He'd also paid a lot of money to a Franklin Oakes, resident in Salamander Fields (*Franklin Oakes*, p. 212; *The Burnt-Out Ruins*, p. 213)
- **Physics:** A set of sketches resemble Schlegel diagrams, ways of representing four-dimensional objects on paper. Was Whitney contemplating other formulations of space-time? A one-point **Physics** spend notices one diagram that depicts a figure trying to move through a hypercube, with arrows pointing forwards, backwards, up, down, left and right. The "back" arrow is marked "to Chamber".
- **Cryptography:** One handwritten journal is written in a code. A Cryptography spend unlocks it – see the sidebar.
- **Library Use** or **Evidence Collection** finds an old newspaper cutting tucked into the journal, from 1908; it's from a local astronomic newsletter, and mocks some drunk who claimed to have seen the aurora borealis on a hillside in Salamander Fields.
- **Astronomy (Core Clue):** Another diagram shows a roughly sketched cross, with curious mathematical equations between the lines. Some of these equations include co-ordinates, which can be resolved to four locations in Arkham (*The Northside Warehouse,* p. 211, *The Burnt-Out Ruins,* p. 213, Mae Curlow's home, and the Whitney Mansion). Other factors in the equations relate to electrical currents and angles.
  - With **Astronomy** or **Physics**, an Investigator could guess at other solutions to these equations that would provide solutions for different

Whitney's Journal

Decoding the journal will take more time than the Investigators have available, but they can learn the following details with a quick skim.

- Franklin Oakes suffered from a period of amnesia, after which he either built or found a strange device they referred to as the **Space-Lens**.
- Whitney believed that the machine could bend light waves through higher dimensions, and allow light from one point to be seen at another *without passing through the intervening space*. He compared it to a whispering gallery, an architectural phenomenon where sound-waves propagate through the curved dome of a church and allow two people to hear one another at a great distance.
- When activated, the Lens blazed with "light and other radiations"; Whitney even suspected that the Lens was connecting Great Arkham to another point far across the universe – or even *another* region of space-time.
- They converted Whitney's home observatory into a method for adjusting and calibrating the lens, and referred to this as the **Lunar Chamber**. Whitney also purchased several plots of land, having discovered that a "rotation of the lens' primary facets" caused light to bend to those spots.
- Whitney notes that "I have had to take a leave of absence from the university. I can no longer perceive darkness. All things are bathed in light. All is illuminated."
- Another page has, without any explanatory text, the words: "Which way? Fire! Lemons, give me a hand here. I can't see her. Something's got me."
- Other cryptic notes talk about "substances other than earthly matter", "the whisperer in the light", "the dreadful cones" and "symptoms of over-exposure".

After the Investigation: The Whitney diary might contain more information about the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51), higher dimensions, and the physical limits of the city. If Whitney knew more of the Mythos beyond the "Space-Lens", his diary is worth +1 Cthulhu Mythos and provides a 1-point pool that can be spent on Physics or Astronomy once per investigation.

co-ordinates (enabling, for example, the northern node to be moved to the bank vault of the First Bank of Arkham), but getting those solutions would be exceedingly difficult. The slightest error could have disastrous consequences (literally – disaster means bad star…)

- **Architecture (Core Clue):** The stairs up to the cupola dome atop the house are concealed behind a curtain in this room. The door is locked and there is no key, so **Locksmith** is required to open it. (Halpener has a key; **Locksmith** notices that it's a recently made copy, and that it sticks in the lock, implying it's an imperfect fit.)

If Halpener is with the Investigators, he shows them through the door upstairs as quickly as possible, so they don't notice evidence of his thefts.

The Lunar Chamber

Scene Type: Core/Hazard

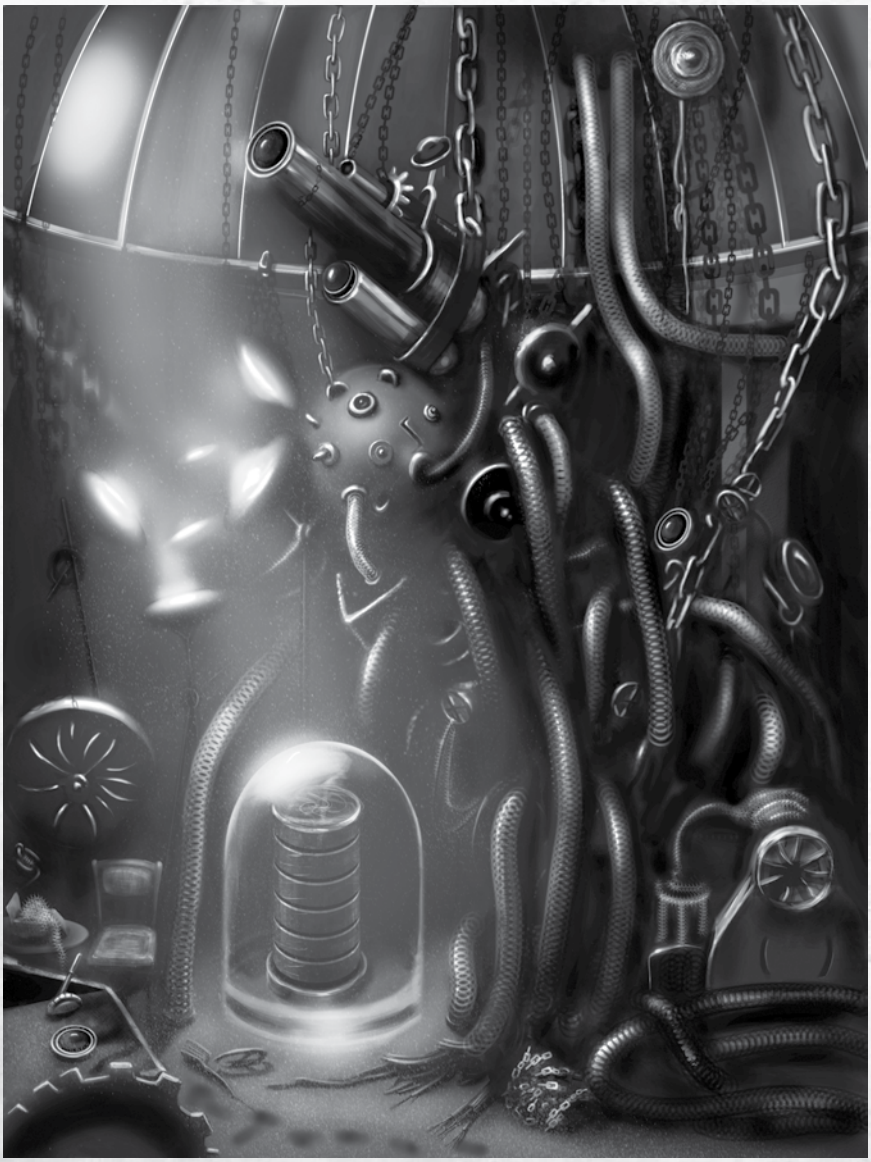
Lead-Ins: Investigating the Study, Interrogating George, Out of Time, The Secret Room

Clues: The configuration of the Lunar Chamber

Lead-Outs: The Northside Warehouse, The Burnt-Out Ruins, The Whisperer in the Light

The domed room atop the Whitney mansion was once a small private observatory, but now it houses a curious contraption called the Lunar Chamber (named because Whitney suspects the Space-Lens is somehow using Earth's moon as a reflector). Thick wires – some insulated with rubber, some bare – snake across the room, and hang from hooks on the inside of the dome. Lenses glint atop long adjustable rods, rising from the floor like a crop of weird metal plants. Levers and chains allow various parts of the apparatus to be adjusted and moved. It is absurdly complicated, and is clearly a work in progress – some sections are disconnected from the rest, and other parts lie on the floor as if discarded or incomplete. Almost everything is covered in dust, although an **Evidence Collection** spend spots that someone's recently been here, scuffing the floor and dislodging dust on several of the levers, including what seems to be a large on-off switch.

At the centre of the room is a glass bell-jar containing another device, a metal cylinder marked with several deep grooves. **Physics** or **Chemistry** spots that the bell-jar is made of leaded glass; that cylinder is likely dangerously radioactive.



The Bright Secret

As Professor Whitney discovered, the Space-Lens does more than merely *project* matter – it can *duplicate* it. One copy of Professor Whitney was burnt up in the fire at Franklin Oakes' home, the other is still stuck in the Light. It's possible that the Investigators may get duplicated; it's a 6-point **Stability** test for discovering you're a copy of a deceased original.

If possible, avoid having the players discover this phenomenon while they have easy access to the Lunar Chamber. Consider skipping to *Out of Time* if circumstances conspire to give the Investigators control of the Lunar Chamber for any length of time.

Activating the Chamber

Pull that switch, and the chamber rouses itself to ungodly life. First, there's a crackle of electricity, and some of the lenses rotate, moved by unseen magnets. Then, an astounding LIGHT floods the room. It doesn't have any visible source – it's as though all things are light, as if every object is blazing with its own internal illumination. There are no shadows any more, and it becomes hard to judge the distance between points. The Investigators, too, are affected by this light; their clothing and possessions, as well as their bodies, seem to melt into this blazing, celestial light. The Investigators feel their physical forms become less…important, as if they are on the verge of some cosmic revelation. The sensation is not wholly unpleasant – it's a little like meditating, and a little like drowning, and a little like being unable to think of the word on the tip of one's tongue.

It becomes impossible to see anything clearly; at best, the Investigators can make out vague shapes, and then only with difficulty. All they can hear without shouting is the rush of blood – or is that the whirling of the cosmos? – in their ears. Sometimes, at the edge of hearing, they can almost make out sounds that seem to tumble out of the timeless light ("I can't see!" "Fire!" "Which way!" "Damn you Franklin" and so forth – take some memorable phrases spoken by the player characters, and add them to the list of phrases echoing through time).

It's a 3-point **Stability** test.

Any Investigators on the outer edge of the chamber, or outside, notice that there is a narrow path around the edge of the dome which isn't bathed in light – the effect extends only a short distance from the Space-Lens in the glass jar.

If anyone is present at any of the other nodes, they manifest as vaguely humanoid shapes of light, like stains on a photograph.

The Lurker in the Chamber

Pick one of the Investigators to be the target of Professor Whitney's attention (possibly one who upset Selene, or the Investigator with the lowest Stability). The professor's been here in the light for the last twenty years – at least, as time is measured in Earth's frame of reference. For him, it's been much longer, and he's no longer remotely human. Every cell in his shambling, mutated body is pervaded by the light; most of his grotesque form exists in dimensions beyond the mere three spatial and one temporal axis known to humanity.

He longs to find his way home, but cannot do so.

Take your chosen victim aside and describe how they hear something huffing and groaning *behind* them. If they turn around, the sound still seems coming from behind them – no matter how they turn, it's always behind them. There's a gelatinous *unfurling* noise, as the thing reaches out with an unseen limb – and it brushes against the *inside* of the Investigator's body. The Investigator can feel the thing's invisible fingers ghost through skin and muscle, but it tries to grab onto denser, more tangible bone. The sensation is horrific, and warrants a 6-point **Stability** test.

After this, the lurker retreats back to the higher dimensions, moving in a direction the Investigators cannot recognise.

Moving in the Chamber

While in the Lunar Chamber, the Investigators sense they can move in any direction – up or down, left or right, forwards or backwards. Moving "backwards" means leaving the field of light, and returning to normal space.

If an Investigator moves far enough in any direction, that Investigator is transported to one of the other nodes. So, if an Investigator goes "left" enough, she ends up in the attic room at Mae Curlow's house in Westheath. Go right, and arrive at the burnt-out ruins in Salamander Fields. Go "up"… and materialise hundreds of feet in the air over the city, and fall to your death. Go "down", and get entombed in solid rock.

Transported is perhaps the wrong word; the Investigator materialises as a being of light, like Halpener did in Curlow's attic (the children appeared as vaguely humanoid blobs because they were "out of focus" in Salamander Fields). As a projected being of light,

the Investigator can dimly see and interact with the surroundings at the far node, much like the ghosts, but isn't "really" there. If the Investigator tries to leave the area around the node, the projection becomes thinner and thinner, until the Investigator ceases to be there.

When the Chamber is switched off, any transported Investigators feel a curious tugging that draws them back to the Lunar Chamber. If a transported Investigator resists this tugging, the Investigator gets split in two – one copy ends up at the far node, the other appears in the Lunar Chamber. The further the Investigator is from the node, the poorer the copy. Mechanically, this means that it's -2 damage if you downshift from "light" to base matter in the middle of a node, +0 damage if you're *near* a node, and +2 or more damage if an Investigator strays more than a few feet from the node.

For example, three Investigators enter the Lunar Chamber and travel through it to the north ("forward") node, appearing in the Northside Warehouse. They manifest as glowing versions of themselves made out of light. One Investigator stays still, a second tries to pick up a broom from a table to see if she can interact with physical objects here, and the third walks through a wall, becoming more ill-defined and "out of focus" as she does.

The chamber shuts down, and all three Investigators feel the "tugging" urge to turn back, but resist. They each get split in two. The Investigator nearest the node gets split clearly, taking -2 damage. The other two take +0 and +2 damage respectively. Back in the Lunar Chamber, copies of the Investigators appear. As they're disposable non-player characters, the Keeper assigns them less Health, and two of them are killed instantly by the damage. The third Investigator is then murdered by George Halpener.

Adjusting the Chamber

The various settings of the Chamber can be adjusted, but for every valid configuration, there are thousands that are either ineffective (the Lunar Chamber cannot be switched on), unstable (there's a brief flash of light, and nothing else), damaging (some part of the chamber catches fire, lenses shatter, wires burn out, part of the Arkham city power grid goes down) or immensely dangerous (those in the chamber are projected through horrible angles and distorted beyond the limits of biological viability).

Halpener's trying a relatively simple modification – he just wants to move the "north" node a few dozen feet further north – but it's still proving to be an almost intractable problem. Investigators who can muster a combined five-point spend of **Astronomy, Physics, Architecture** and/or **Cthulhu Mythos** could come up with a possible solution, given time (see *Out of Time,* p. 214).

The Chamber as a Weapon

If Halpener suspects the Investigators are a danger to him, then he might use the chamber to try to murder or evade the Investigators. He might pretend to activate the machine to demonstrate its properties to them, and then shut it down while they're between nodes, trapping them in the Light. (If this happens, the Investigators get split in two, and Halpener kills any surviving copies while they're still disorientated. The Investigators may find their own corpses during a later examination of the Whitney house.)

Alternatively, Halpener could try escaping through the Chamber, with the plan of circling back and retaking the house with the aid of *The Malatesta Gang* (p. 205).

The Northside Warehouse

Scene Type: Hazard

Lead-Ins: The Secret Room, Investigating the Study, The Lunar Chamber

Lead-Outs: The Robbery, The Bright Place

The Investigators may arrive here through *The Lunar Chamber* (p. 209) or by following clues found at either Curlow's house or the Whitney mansion. Whatever structure was here twenty years ago is gone; now, the north node of the Lunar Chamber appears on the upper floor of a warehouse attached to a broom factory. The Investigators can easily break in (**Locksmith**) or bluff their way past a drunken night watchman (**Reassurance**). There's little of interest here, in ghost form or in normal reality. Even in a city of alien gods, crazed cults, cryptic skyscrapers and a state of existence that on a good day is like a cracked and weeping scab over a mortal wound in reality itself, a broom factory warehouse is still a broom factory warehouse.

However, as **Architecture, Streetwise** or **Northside District Knowledge** reminds the player characters, the offices of the First Bank of Arkham are two blocks north, along a straight line drawn through the north node all the way to the Lunar Chamber. If Halpener were able to move the node, he could step into the Lunar Chamber and teleport right into the bank vault.

Optionally, the Malatesta gang might have the warehouse under surveillance. Or if the Investigators have yet to visit the Whitney mansion, they might see a bright white light blazing from the upper levels of the warehouse, as Halpener continues his experiments in adjusting the chamber.

Franklin Oakes

Scene Type: Alternate

Lead-Ins: The Secret Room, Background Research, Interrogating George, Investigating the Study

Clues: The configuration of the Lunar Chamber

Lead-Outs: The Lunar Chamber, The Burnt-Out Ruins

Franklin Oakes, Professor Whitney's erstwhile assistant and co-creator of the Lunar Chamber, now resides in Arkham Sanitarium (p. 103). **Medicine, Bureaucracy, Cop Talk** or **Credit Rating** gets the Investigators in to interview the old man.

- **Library Use** or **Oral History:** This isn't Oakes' first stay in the sanitarium. Back in 1894, he was an engineer working on the Olmstead Dam (p. 143). He suffered a serious head wound in an accident on site, and afterwards displayed signs of a radically altered personality. He became secretive and paranoid, and was accused of attempting to sabotage the dam. He was committed to the sanitarium, and spent six years here before the doctors deemed him cured.
- He was returned to the sanitarium in 1917, after his home in Salamander Fields burnt down (*The Burnt-Out Ruins,* p. 213). There was some speculation that he set fire to the place, and that he should therefore stand trial for the murder of Professor Whitney, but instead he was deemed insane, and recommitted to the asylum.
- **Medicine:** Oakes is in extremely poor health; he's filthy, covered in sores, and suffers from a hacking cough that's likely a symptom of pneumonia. It's a miracle he is still alive.

Oakes ignores the player characters in favour of muttering to himself (I can't see… I can't see… get out of there, Whitney… I can't see"). **Interrogation** is the best way to force him to pay attention. Intersperse babbling about cone-shaped beings, monsters, and the fragile nature of reality into his answers.

If Oakes learns that *The Lunar Chamber* (p. 209) still exists and is once again being used, he insists that the machine should be smashed, and the Space-Lens at its heart should be melted down or thrown into the deepest gulf of the ocean.

- **"Ghosts":** *Not ghosts. Light. Moonshadows. The Whispering light… bent through dimensions. Not just light. The shadow of matter. We are all shadows on the cave wall, are we not? Ha. Ghosts, a fine distinction, oh ho. Could one put a man's soul on a slide, maybe, and project it onto the living world? Who are you to stand in judgement? Who are you to put me on a slide and peer at me? Tell me that!*
- If asked about the missing girl, he insists that she's dead and alive, and that the dead one is the lucky one. *The other fell into the Light, with… no, I can't say. He's dead. He's dead.*
- **The Lunar Chamber:** *We built it, Whitney and I. Or did I build it? Find it? The lens came first, I remember that much, but I don't remember it at all, how could I? It wasn't* me *who brought the lens from space, it wasn't me who folded it into a cylinder. No earthly science – but we could lance it with electricity, pierce it like a bleeding prism. Perspective is a trap, you see. I fear mirrors, very much. I don't know which I am.*
- If asked to explain how to operate the Lunar Chamber, he mutters about "regrettable angles" and "the frequency of the Moon"; between the mysticism, it's worth a 3-point pool that can be spent on adjusting the chamber (see p. 211).
- **Professor Whitney:** "*He's dead. Dead. Nice man. They found his body in the fire, almost all of it. His shadow, all burnt up. He's dead. Nothing of him survives, do you hear me!? Even if he were still alive, NOTHING OF HIM SURVIVES!*"

Oakes & The Pnakotic Cult

Franklin Oakes was a victim of Yithian possession, and spent several years mind-swapped with a Yithian agent of the Pnakotic Cult (p. 51). In a campaign of *Cthulhu City*, Oakes might be the trailhead for a lengthy investigation into the cult.

- Perhaps agents of the cult continue to visit Oakes in his cell in the sanitarium, questioning him about his experiences.
- Oakes' diaries and Whitney's coded journal (p. 208) might contain clues about the cult.
- Do the cult believe that the Space-Lens was destroyed in the fire? Do they know about the Lunar Chamber? Was the creation of the Lunar Chamber their aim all along – perhaps Oakes never really escaped Yithian control, but instead built a device according to their programmed designs?

The Burnt-Out Ruins

Scene Type: Core

Lead-Ins: The Secret Room, Background Research, Investigating the Study, The Lunar Chamber, Franklin Oakes

Clues: The nature of the ghosts

Lead-Outs: The Ghost Children

Twenty years ago, Franklin Oakes built a small cabin on this patch of waste ground near Sump Lake. No-one ever bothered to build here again after the cabin caught fire, so now it's a pile of overgrown stones, still bearing visible traces of that fire (**Geology** notes that the fire was somehow hot enough to melt and fuse some of the stones, which requires far greater heat than a normal house blaze could generate).

Asking around with **Streetwise** discovers that some street children were seen playing in the ruins from time to time; there are also stories about weird glowing lights and voices, but this is Salamander Fields – sensible people close their curtains and lock their doors when they glimpse weird glowing lights across the mud flats.

Via the Lunar Chamber

If the Investigators visit this node via the Lunar Chamber, they hear more weird echoes – fire, glass shattering, and then a young girl screaming. They then have a second encounter with Professor Whitney (see *The Lurker in the Chamber*, p. 210, and target a different player character this time).

Billy Colsworth (below) may approach the "ghostly" player characters and beg them to give back his sister; the Investigators can only barely see and hear Billy while in ghost form.

On Foot

Evidence Collection or **Outdoor Survival (Core Clue)** easily spots muddy tracks leading into nearby underbrush. More tracks in the mud can be seen within the ruins of the house, suggesting the children were in the east node when Halpener activated the Lunar Chamber.

The Ghost Children

Scene Type: Core

Lead-Ins: The Burnt-Out Ruins

Clues: What happened to Suzy, The Malatesta plot, The Whisperer in the Light

Lead-Outs: The Bright Place, The Robbery

Following the tracks, the Investigators discover a young boy of around six or seven years of age. This is William "Billy" Colsworth; he and his sister Suzy live on the streets of Salamander Fields after their parents "got sick" and were taken away by the Transport Police. When the Investigators find him, Billy's trying to hack open a tin of beans with a blunt pocket-knife. His muddy face is tear-streaked, and his skin seems to glow faintly beneath the mud.

Reassurance (Core Clue) is enough to get his whole story:

- He and his sister Suzy found a "glowing door" and went playing in the "Bright Place."
- There was a woman there, who Billy thinks might have been his mother. He couldn't see his father, but he could hear him (Billy's mistaking Mae Curlow and Professor Whitney for his missing parents.)
- They overheard a man (Halpener) talking on the telephone about a "big score" and about the First National Bank. (*The Robbery*, p. 214).
- The man attacked them. Billy fell out of the glowing door, but the man grabbed Suzy and she… he's not quite sure what happened to her.
  - If the Lunar Chamber's been activated since *The Haunting* (p. 203), then Billy insists he hears Suzy calling for help from the glowing door.
  - Otherwise, he merely insists that she fell inwards.
  - **Physics (Core Clue)**: From his description, it's possible that the sister fell in a direction that isn't one of the ones known to three-dimensional space. If it's true, then Suzy may still be alive, and could even be rescued if the Investigators can find a way into *The Bright Place* (p. 215).
- In either case, he's quite sure that the thing in the undergrowth is *not* his sister.

The Thing in the Undergrowth

When George Halpener grabbed Suzy Colsworth and threw her, he split her in two. One version of Suzy ended up in the same hyperdimensional prison as Professor Whitney; the other, out-of-focus, half materialised here. Billy doesn't want to believe that the thing in the undergrowth is his sister (or, to be precise, a solid three-dimensional projection of the four-dimensional hyperentity that Suzy was when she was torn apart).

The thing is hideous – it's about the size of a young girl, but has grotesquely long limbs, like a spider (or an elongated shadow). She has no skin and no eyes, and is covered with a whitish furze mixed with scraps of the dress Suzy was wearing. She has no

exterior mouth, but can bite through the skin of her head from inside to form temporary orifices. The thing is clearly immensely resilient – how else could such an ungodly abomination have survived this long?

The thing cannot easily communicate or think in a human fashion, but retains the instinct to protect Billy – and remembers what Halpener did to Suzy. She also knows that there's another aspect of Suzy in the Bright Place, a more intact copy, and will try to convey this through scratching in the mud or pointing to a small hand-mirror among Suzy's bundle of treasures.

General Abilities: Athletics 6, Health 8, Scuffling 6, Shadowing 8, Stealth 10

Hit Threshold: 3

Alertness Modifier: +2

Weapon: Frantic teeth and claws -1

Armour: 0

Stability Loss: +1

The Robbery

Scene Type: Antagonist Reaction

Lead-Ins: The Malatesta Gang, The Northside Warehouse, The Ghost Children

Lead-Outs: The Whisperer in the Light

There are several ways to bring the Investigators into this scene.

Halpener plans to adjust the Lunar Chamber so he can open a route into the vault of the First Bank of Arkham in Northside. He has only a slim chance of doing so on his own; if he discovers that some of the Investigators are technically minded, he may try to recruit them to assist him, either by:

- Lying to the Investigators and saying that he's trying to understand the machine; he might even suggest it could be a way to escape Great Arkham
- Having the Malatesta gang take Selene or another character prisoner, and using her as a hostage to force compliance
- Having the Malatesta gang take the Investigators prisoner, and threaten to kill them unless they assist Halpener in adjusting the Lunar Chamber.

Alternatively, Halpener might blunder into a solution on his own. His flawed reconfiguration of the chamber opens a route from the Bright Place, allowing what remains of Professor Halpener to slither back towards our reality. Furthermore, it overheats the wiring, starting a fire that will definitely destroy the machine, and may destroy the Whitney mansion. In this case, the Investigators might return to the Whitney house to find Selene Whitney bound and gagged, and the building guarded by Malatesta goons waiting for Lemons and the other gangsters to finish robbing the bank. The Malatestas intend to burn down the house when they're done to cover their escape.

The Big Score

Even if the gangsters manage to open up a route to the bank vault, the plan is flawed; it's hard to rob a bank when one is made of semi-solid light from a higher dimension and can barely tell the difference between a wall and empty space, let alone the difference between a dollar bill and a stack of hundred-dollar bills. The Malatestas are also psychologically unprepared for travel through the Lunar Chamber (Halpener had led them to expect a tunnel or a secret entrance, not a magic door), which gives the Investigators further scope for interfering with the gangster's plans.

As the Malatestas stumble out of the Lunar Chamber, Professor Whitney follows them. Run *The Whisperer in the Light* (p. 216).

Out of Time

Scene Type: Antagonist Reaction

Lead-Ins: The Malatesta Gang

Lead-Outs: The Whisperer in the Light, The Bright Place, The Lunar Chamber

Another possible ending – the Malatestas tire of Halpener's excuses and delays, and decide to make an example of him. They attack the Whitney mansion, throwing Molotov cocktails through the windows of the downstairs rooms and barricading the doors. Ideally, this happens when the Investigators are in the building; alternatively, they might have to run *into* the burning building to rescue Selene, and reach the Lunar Chamber to rescue Suzy.

As a reminder, a fire deals +1 damage; Investigators in a burning building are also at risk of smoke inhalation and asphyxiation (*Trail of Cthulhu*, p. 68). The Whitney mansion is crammed with three generations worth of bone-dry papers and old books, so it burns with terrifying speed.

The Malatestas don't know about the Lunar Chamber, so anyone trapped in the building can flee through the higher dimensions to one of the other nodes. Doing so, of course, means passing through the Bright Place.

The Whisperer in the Light

The Bright Place

Scene Type: Hazard

Lead-Ins: The Ghost Children, Out of Time, The Northside Warehouse

Lead-Outs: The Whisperer in the Light

Step into the light of the Lunar Chamber and walk. Don't go forwards or backwards, left or right, up or down. You're in four-dimensional space. Go *out*.

Out into the bright place.

Humans don't have the visual sense-organs to perceive this hyperspace (but if they stay here long enough, they'll develop them). To eyes evolved for three dimensions, the four-dimensional light is not merely blinding, it is all-pervading, able to penetrate eyelids and eyes and bones with equal ease. Everything is light.

There are shapes here, hypershapes, discernible only by touch, although brushing one's fingers over them means touching within the shape as well. Sounds echo strangely across time. Echoes come before the words, slip-sliding over one another. The Investigators can sense that there are many other *entities* here – or, possibly, only a small number of entities, but they are moving in and out of the planes that the Investigators can sense. Is that one being, or several – or is there a distinction in this alien space?

Two entities are closer (in terms of that fourth *out* direction) than the others. One must be Suzy Colsworth, the young girl thrown into this space by Halpener. The other is – or *was* – Professor Miles Whitney.

Whitney – the Whisperer in the Light – mutters to himself as he searches for the Investigators, intent on following one of them back to the Lunar Chamber and the reality he left twenty years ago. While the Investigators cannot see Whitney, they can smell him, taste him: it's clear he's become something ghastly and inhuman. The stench is like engine oil and bile and battery acid.

Entering the Bright Place is worth a 3-point **Stability** test.

Finding Suzy

Locating Suzy requires a successful **Shadowing** or **Conceal** test. The Difficulty of this test is 6; each time the Investigators fail, it adds +2 to the Difficulty of any **Stealth** or **Fleeing** tests made in this scene.

Hiding in the Light

If the Investigators wish to avoid being detected by Whitney, they must make **Stealth** tests (Difficulty 4). Those who fail are noticed by the Whisperer, and sense the creature closing on them. It's like he's always behind – or *inside* – them. This is worth another 4-point **Stability** test, and those marked Investigators are the ones who need to make **Fleeing** tests when it's time to run.

Fly-the-Light

Finally, once the Investigators have found Suzy, they need to flee back to the Lunar Chamber. Any Investigators touched by Professor Whitney need to make **Fleeing** tests (Difficulty 6). If any Investigators fail, then Whitney is able to follow them back to the three-dimensional world; if multiple Investigators fail, then not only does Whitney follow them, but he automatically hits the Investigator with the lowest **Fleeing** result with a Flailing Tentacle attack (+1 damage).

The Whisperer in the Light

Scene Type: Conclusion

Lead-Ins: The Bright Place, The Lunar Chamber, The Robbery, Out of Time

The most likely ending for the adventure is that Professor Whitney escapes from his higher-dimensional prison and spills back into our reality. Twenty years of existence as a four-dimensional being has transformed him into something far from human – the seething mass of tentacles and eyes, sliding in and out of our space, topped by the eyeless but still-human face…

Fortunately for Great Arkham, Whitney cannot survive in our reality for long, any more than a human could survive being squashed flat into two dimensions. That still gives him several minutes to wreak havoc or have a final confrontation with the player characters. Depending on the events of your game, Whitney may be a literally *deus ex machina*, a god-thing emerging from the machine to destroy the men who abused and threatened his daughter, or he might be the final threat that the Investigators must escape.

The Whisperer in the Light

General Abilities: Athletics 8, Health 25*, Scuffling 16

Hit Threshold: 4

Alertness Modifier: +0

Weapon: 4th-dimensional appendage +1 (ignores armour). He may make up to four such attacks per combat round.

Armour: None, but firearms do minimal damage.

Stability Loss: +1

*: Whitney takes +0 damage (1-6) every combat round until dead.

Emotional Manipulation

If Selene Whitney is present, then the Investigators may spend **Reassurance** to have her plead with her father. The thought of his daughter seeing him in his monstrous form drives Whitney to either retreat back to the Bright Place if the Lunar Chamber is still active, or else to give in to despair and commit suicide if he's stranded in this universe.

Similarly, Professor Whitney might mistake Suzy Colsworth for his daughter – she is the same age that Selene was when he vanished.

Aftermath

Selene Whitney is financially ruined, but she does at least know her father's fate. She continues to claim that he died in a fire twenty years ago, and refuses to ever admit that the Whisperer in the Light is anything to do with Professor Miles Whitney, but she knows the truth now.

The Lunar Chamber is likely destroyed – if not, what happens to it? Do the Transport Police quarantine the ruins of the Whitney mansion, claiming there was an outbreak of typhoid fever?

Are there copies of the Investigators' corpses lying around somewhere? Or, for that matter, *living copies* of the Investigators, like the Thing in the Undergrowth?

Generous Investigators may wish to find a place for Suzy and Billy Colsworth (playtesters often placed them in the care of Mae Curlow). Has Suzy's time in the Bright Place afflicted her?

The Investigators have technically cost the Malatesta gang a considerable amount of money – who will make good on this debt?

Where did the Space-Lens at the heart of the machine come from? What is the connection to the Pnakotic Cult?

And most important of all – could the Investigators find another such lens and use it to escape *Cthulhu City?*

Appendix 1

Individuals and Locations by District

Individuals	Locations
Transport Police (p. 66) Afflicted (p. 58)	
Old Arkham	
Artist (p. 184) Councilor Frederick Goddard (p. 77) Elizabeth Venner (p. 80) Gadabout (p. 75) Nurse (p. 145) Servant (p. 75) Mrs. Upton (p. 77) Samuel Waite (p. 81)	Historical Society (p. 72) Mansion (p. 70) St. Mary's Hospital (p. 73) Restaurant (p. 71) Strange Shop (p. 71) Subway (p. 101) Wooded Island (p. 74)
University District	
Henry Armitage (p. 91) Artist (p. 184) Councilor Clarence Engler (p. 94) Keziah Mason (p. 95) Doris Morgan, Librarian (p. 96) Nurse (p. 145) Professor (p. 89) Student (p. 90) Dean Thursgood (p. 97)	Laboratory (p. 85) Miskatonic University (p. 87) Orne Library (p. 87) Student House (p. 86) Subway (p. 101) University Exhibit Museum (p. 88)
Northside	
Milton Daniels, the Union Boss (p. 110) Councilor Arthur Diamond (p. 112) Engineer (p. 106) Grifter (p. 157) Dr. Eric Hardstrom, the Alienist (p. 112) Hobo (p. 134) Jervas Hyde, the Mogul (p. 113) Labourer (p. 158) Lawyer (p. 108) Night Watchman (p. 109) Nurse (p. 145)	Arkham Sanitarium (p. 103) Christchurch Graveyard (p. 104) Factory (p. 100) Miskatonic Hotel (p. 105) Skyscraper (p. 117) Subway (p. 101) Waite Railway Station (p. 105) Warehouse (p. 102)

Individuals	Locations
Sentinel Hill	
Clerk (p. 121) Preston Kane, *Gazette* editor (p. 123) Newshawk (p. 122) Agent Isaac Vorsht, the Federal Investigator (p. 124) Mayor Charles Ward (p. 125)	Arkham City Cathedral (p. 117) City Hall (p. 119) City Office (p. 116) Newspaper Row (p. 120) Skyscraper (p. 117) Subway (p. 101)
Salamander Fields	
Afflicted (p. 58) Burglar (p. 132) Engineer (p. 106) Hobo (p. 134) Labourer (p. 158) Leanora Moore, Historian (p. 136)	Derelict Industrial Building (p. 128) The Dig (p. 130) Essex Chemical Works (p. 131) Ruined House (p. 129) Skyscraper (p. 117) Sump Marsh (p. 132)
Dunwich	
The Dunwich Strangler (p. 149) Hobo (p. 134) Nurse (p. 145) Priest (p. 146) Runaway (p. 148) Zebulon Whateley, Patriarch of the Church (p. 150)	Ashworth Mine (p. 142) Aylott Seminary (p. 141) Billington's Mansion (p. 142) Billington's Woods (p. 142) Forest Caves (p. 142) Isolated Farm (p. 139) Olmstead Dam (p. 143) Roadhouse (p. 140) Ruined House (p. 129) Skyscraper (p. 117) The White Stone (p. 142)
Westheath	
Zenas Gardner (p. 161) Grifter (p. 157) Hobo (p. 134) Fr. Iwanicki (p. 162) Thomas Kearney (p. 163) Labourer (p. 158) Malatesta Goon (p. 159) Sylvia Malatesta (p. 164) Priest (p. 146) Private Detective (p. 160)	Factory (p. 100) Gardner Industrial Farms (p. 155) Jazz Club (p. 154) Skyscraper (p. 117) Subway (p. 101) Tenement (p. 154) Textile Factory (p. 155) Westheath General Hospital (p. 74)

Appendix 1

Individuals	Locations
Innsmouth Docks	
Fishwife (p. 174) Labourer (p. 158) Boss Boaz Marsh (p. 175) Marsh Gangster (p. 175) Tallis Martin, Sumatra Import-Export (p. 177) Monsignor Merro (p. 177)	Allen Memorial Hospital (p. 74) Devil's Reef Restaurant (p. 170) Dive Bar (p. 167) Docks (p. 165) Gilman House (p. 170) Marsh Refinery (p. 172) Ruined House (p. 129) Skyscraper (p. 117) Warehouse (p. 102)
Kingsport	
Actress (p. 184) Artist (p. 184) Councilor Eleanor Brack (p. 187) Gadabout (p. 75) Grifter (p. 157) Mystic (p. 185) Louis Obligot, Physician (p. 188) Ephraim Waite, Former Mayor (p. 188)	Congregational Hospital (p. 74) Film Studio (p. 180) Fort Hutchinson (p. 182) Gallery (p. 181) Orne Lighthouse (p. 183) Yacht Club (p. 182)
Chinatown	
Chinese Labourer (p. 194) Shopkeeper (p. 195) Wu Siwang, the Deathless Chinaman (p. 197) Tong Highbinder (p. 196) Charlie Zhang (p. 198)	Chinese Garden (p. 193) Foundation Building (p. 193) Gambling House (p. 191) Laundry (p. 193)

Appendix 2

Individuals and Locations by Type

Location Codes:

CT: Chinatown
DW: Dunwich
ID: Innsmouth Docks
KP: Kingsport
NS: Northside
OA: Old Arkham
SF: Salamander Fields
SH: Sentinel Hill
UD: University District
WH: Westheath

Academia

Henry Armitage (UD, p. 91)
Historical Society (OA, p. 72)
Laboratory (UD, p. 85)
Miskatonic University (UD, p. 87)
Leanora Moore, Historian (SF, p. 136)
Doris Morgan, Librarian (UD, p. 96)
Mystic (KP, p. 185)
Orne Library (UD, p. 87)
Professor (UD, p. 89)
Student (UD, p. 90)
Dean Thursgood (UD, p. 97)
University Exhibit Museum (UD, p. 88)

Commercial

Foundation Building (CT, p. 193)
Gallery (KP, p. 181)
Roadhouse (DW, p. 140)
Strange Shop (OA, p. 71)

Criminal

Henry Armitage (UD, p. 91)
Burglar (SF, p. 132)
Derelict Industrial Building (SF, p. 128)
Devil's Reef Restaurant (ID, p. 170)
Dive Bar (ID, p. 167)
Gambling House (CT, p. 191)
Jazz Club (WH, p. 154)
Malatesta Goon (WH, p. 159)
Sylvia Malatesta (WH, p. 164)
Boss Boaz Marsh (ID, p. 175)
Marsh Gangster (ID, p. 175)
Sump Marsh (SF, p. 132)
Tong Highbinder (CT, p. 196)
Samuel Waite (OA, p. 81)
Charlie Zhang (CT, p. 198)

Cults

The Armitage Inquiry (p. 52)
Brethren of the Silver Lodge (p. 55)
Church of the Conciliator (p. 47)
The Esoteric Order of Dagon (p. 49)
Halsey Fraternity (p. 53)
Necromantic Cabal (p. 44)
The Pnakotic Cult (p. 53)
The Silver Key (p. 55)
The Witch Coven (p. 42)

Entertainment

Devil's Reef Restaurant (ID, p. 170)
Dive Bar (ID, p. 167)
Gambling House (CT, p. 191)
Jazz Club (WH, p. 154)
Restaurant (OA, p. 71)
University Exhibit Museum (UD, p. 88)
Yacht Club (KP, p. 182)

Industrial

Ashworth Mine (DW, p. 142)
Chinese Laundry (CT, p. 193)
Derelict Industrial Building (SF, p. 128)
Essex Chemical Works (SF, p. 131)
Factory (NS, p. 100)
Gardner Industrial Farms (WH, p. 155)
Marsh Refinery (IS, p. 172)
Textile Factory (WH, p. 155)
Warehouse (NS, p. 102)

The Great Outdoors

Ashworth Mine (DW, p. 142)
Billington's Woods (DW, p. 142)
Chinese Garden (CT, p. 193)
Christchurch Graveyard (NS, p. 104)
The Dig (SF, p. 130)
Docks (ID, p. 165)
Forest Caves (DW, p. 142)
Isolated Farm (DW, p. 139)
Olmstead Dam (DW, p. 143)
Orne Lighthouse (KP, p. 183)
Sump Marsh (SF, p. 132)
The White Stone (DW, p. 142)
Wooded Island (OA, p. 74)
Yacht Club (KP, p. 182)

Inhuman Horrors

Black Ships (ID, p. 169)
The Dunwich Strangler (DW, p. 149)
Thomas Kearney (DW, p. 163)
Keziah Mason (UD, p. 95)
Moon-Beasts (ID, p. 169)
Wu Siwang, the Deathless Chinaman (CT, p. 197)
Elizabeth Venner (OA, p. 80)
Ephraim Waite, Former Mayor (KP, p. 188)

Labourers

Chinese Labourer (CT, p. 194)
Milton Daniels, the Union Boss (NS, p. 110)

Appendix 1

Thomas Kearney (DW, p. 163)
Labourer (WH, p. 158)
Night Watchman (NS, p. 109)
Servant (OA, p. 75)

Landmarks

Arkham City Cathedral (SH, p. 117)
Arkham Sanitarium (NS, p. 103)
Ashworth Mine (DW, p. 142)
Aylott Seminary (DW, p. 141)
Billington's Mansion (DW, p. 142)
Billington's Woods (DW, p. 142)
Chinese Garden (CT, p. 193)
Christchurch Graveyard (NS, p. 104)
City Hall (SH, p. 119)
Devil's Reef (ID, p. 173)
Devil's Reef Restaurant (ID, p. 170)
The Dig (SF, p. 130)
Essex Chemical Works (SF, p. 131)
Forest Caves (DW, p. 142)
Fort Hutchinson (KP, p. 182)
Foundation Building (CT, p. 193)
Gardner Industrial Farms (WH, p. 155)
Gilman House (ID, p. 170)
Historical Society (OA, p. 72)
Marsh Refinery (ID, p. 172)
St. Mary's Hospital (OA, p. 73)
Miskatonic Hotel (NS, p. 105)
Miskatonic University (UD, p. 87)
Newspaper Row (SH, p. 120)
Olmstead Dam (DW, p. 143)
Orne Library (UD, p. 87)
Orne Lighthouse (KP, p. 183)
Orne Shipwreck (ID, p. 173)
Sump Marsh (SF, p. 132)
University Exhibit Museum (UD, p. 88)
Waite Railway Station (NS, p. 105)
The White Stone (DW, p. 142)
Wooded Island (OA, p. 74)
Y'ha-nthlei (ID, p. 173)

Living Quarters

Mansion (OA, p. 70)
Miskatonic Hotel (NS, p. 105)
Roadhouse (DW, p. 140)
Skyscraper (SH, p. 117)
Student House (UD, p. 86)
Tenement (WH, p. 154)

Medical

Allen Memorial (ID, p. 74)
Arkham Sanitarium (NS, p. 103)
Congregational Hospital (KP, p. 74, also see p. 188)
Dr. Eric Hardstrom, the Alienist (NS, p. 112)
St. Mary's Hospital (OA, p. 73)
Nurse (DW, p. 145)
Louis Obligot, Physician (KP, p. 188)
Professor (UD, p. 89)
Westheath General (WH, p. 74)

Named Characters

Dr. Henry Armitage (UD, p. 91)
Seth Aylott, second head of the Church of the Conciliator (DW, p. 47)
Councilor Eleanor Brack (KP, p. 187)
Milton Daniels, the Union Boss (NS, p. 110)
Councilor Arthur Diamond (NS, p. 112)
The Dunwich Strangler (DW, p. 149)
Dr. William Dyer, member of the Armitage Inquiry (KP, p. 183)
Councilor Clarence Engler (UD, p. 94)
Dr. Tyler Freeborn, member of the Armitage Inquiry (KP, p. 183)
Zenas Gardner (WH, p. 161)
Councilor Frederick Goddard (OA, p. 77)
Officer Grieg, Transport Police (p. 66)
Dr. Eric Hardstrom, the Alienist (NS, p. 112)
Jervas Hyde, the Mogul (NS, p. 113)
Fr. Iwanicki (WH, p. 162)
Preston Kane, the Arkham Gazette Editor (SH, p. 123)
Thomas Kearney (WH, p. 163)
Dr. Cyrus Llanfer, member of the Armitage Inquiry (KP, p. 183)
Sylvia Malatesta (WH, p. 164)
Boss Boaz Marsh (ID, p. 175)
Tallis Martin, Sumatra Import-Export (ID, p. 177)
Keziah Mason (UD, p. 95)
Monsignor Albert Merro (ID, p. 177)
Leanora Moore, Historian (SF, p. 136)
Dr. William Moore, member of the Armitage Inquiry (KP, p. 183)
Doris Morgan, Librarian (UD, p. 96)
Dr. Louis Obligot, Physician (KP, p. 188)
Wu Siwang, the Deathless Chinaman (CT, p. 197)
Dean Thursgood (UD, p. 97)
Mrs. Upton (OA, p. 77)
Francis Upton (OA, p. 79)
Elizabeth Venner (OA, p. 80)
Agent Isaac Vorsht, the Federal Investigator (SH, p. 124)
Mayor Charles Ward (SH, p. 125)
Ephraim Waite, Former Mayor (KP, p. 188)
Samuel Waite (OA, p. 81)
Zebulon Whateley, Patriarch of the Church (DW, p. 150)
Charlie Zhang, Tong Leader (CT, p. 198)

Police

Transport Police (p. 66)
Agent Vorsht (SH, p. 124)

Politics

Councilor Eleanor Brack (KP, p. 187)
City Hall (SH, p. 119)
Councilor Arthur Diamond (NS, p. 112)
Councilor Clarence Engler (UD, p. 94)
Fort Hutchinson (KP, p. 182)
Gilman House (ID, p. 170)
Councilor Frederick Goddard (OA, p. 77)
Monsignor Merro (ID, p. 177)
Mrs. Upton (OA, p. 77)
Ephraim Waite, Former Mayor (KP, p. 188)
Mayor Charles Ward (SH, p. 125)
Zebulon Whateley, Patriarch of the Church (DW, p. 150)

Professional

City Office (SH, p. 116)
Engineer (NS, p. 106)
Film Studio (KP, p. 180)
Jervas Hyde, the Mogul (NS, p. 113)
Preston Kane, Gazette Editor (SH, p. 123)
Lawyer (NS, p. 108)
Newshawk (SH, p. 122)
Newspaper Row (SH, p. 120)
Samuel Waite (OA, p. 81)

Religion

Arkham City Cathedral (SH, p. 117)
Aylott Seminary (DW, p. 141)
Fr. Iwanicki (WH, p. 162)
Monsignor Merro (ID, p. 177)
Priest (DW, p. 146)
Zebulon Whateley, Patriarch of the Church (DW, p. 150)

Stock Characters

Actress (KP, p. 184)
Afflicted (SF, p. 58)
Artist (KP, p. 184)
Burglar (SF, p. 132)
Chinese Labourer (CT, p. 194)
Clerk (SH, p. 121)
Engineer (NS, p. 106)
Fishwife (ID, p. 174)
Gadabout (OA, p. 75)
Grifter (WH, p. 157)
Hobo (SF, p. 134)
Lawyer (NS, p. 108)
Labourer (WH, p. 158)
Malatesta Goon (WH, p. 159)
Marsh Gangster (ID, p. 175)
Mystic (KP, p. 185)
Newshawk (SH, p. 122)
Night Watchman (NS, p. 109)
Nurse (DW, p. 145)
Priest (DW, p. 146)
Private Detective (WH, p. 160)
Professor (UD, p. 89)
Runaway (DW, p. 148)
Servant (OA, p. 75)
Shopkeeper (CT, p. 195)
Student (UD, p. 90)
Tong Highbinder (CT, p. 196)

Stock Locations

City Office (SH, p. 116)
Derelict Industrial Building (SF, p. 128)
Dive Bar (ID, p. 167)
Docks (ID, p. 165)
Factory (NS, p. 100)
Film Studio (KP, p. 180)
Gallery (KP, p. 181)
Gambling House (CT, p. 191)
Isolated Farm (DW, p. 139)
Jazz Club (WH, p. 154)
Laboratory (UD, p. 85)
Laundry (CT, p. 193)
Mansion (OA, p. 70)
Restaurant (OA, p. 71)
Roadhouse (DW, p. 140)
Ruined House (SF, p. 129)
Skyscraper (SH, p. 117)
Strange Shop (OA, p. 71)
Student House (UD, p. 86)
Subway (NS, p. 101)
Tenement (WH, p. 154)
Textile Factory (WH, p. 155)
Warehouse (NS, p. 102)
Yacht Club (KP, p. 182)

Transport

Black Ships (ID, p. 169)
Innsmouth Docks (ID, p. 165)
Subway (NS, p. 101)
Transport Police (p. 66)
Waite Railway Station (NS, p. 105)

Upper Crust

Gadabout (OA, p. 75)
Zenas Gardner (WH, p. 161)
Jervas Hyde, the Mogul (NS, p. 113)
Tallis Martin, Sumatra Import-Export (ID, p. 177)
Mrs. Upton (OA, p. 77)
Elizabeth Venner (OA, p. 80)
Mayor Charles Ward (SH, p. 125)

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

BY KENNETH HITE

Player Name:

Investigator Name:

Drive:

Occupation:[2]

Occupational benefits:

Pillars of Sanity:

Sanity[1]			
0	1	2	3
4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15
Hit Threshold[3]			

Stability			
-12	-11	-10	-9
-8	-7	-6	-5
-4	-3	-2	-1
0	1	2	3
4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15

Health			
-12	-11	-10	-9
-8	-7	-6	-5
-4	-3	-2	-1
0	1	2	3
4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15

Academic Abilities	Interpersonal Abilities	General Abilities
Accounting		
Anthropology	Assess Honesty	Athletics
Archaeology	Bargain	Conceal
Architecture	Bureaucracy	Disguise(I)
Art History	Cop Talk	Driving
Biology	Credit Rating	Electrical Repair(I)
Cryptography	Flattery	Explosives(I)
Cthulhu Mythos[4]	Interrogation	Filch
District Knowledges[10]	Intimidation	Firearms[5]
	Oral History	First Aid
	Reassurance	Fleeing[7]
	Streetwise	Health[9]
		Hypnosis[8]
	Technical Abilities	Magic
Geology		Mechanical Repair(I)
History	Art	Piloting
Languages[6]	Astronomy	Preparedness
	Chemistry	Psychoanalysis
	Craft	Riding
	Dreaming	Sanity[9]
Law	Evidence Collection	Stability[9]
Library Use	Forensics	Scuffling
Medicine	Locksmith	Sense Trouble
Occult	Outdoorsman	Shadowing
Physics	Pharmacy	Stealth
Theology	Photography	Weapons

SOURCES OF STABILITY:	CONTACTS AND ENTANGLEMENTS

[1] In a Pulp game where Sanity can be recovered, mark Sanity pool loss with a line, Sanity rating loss with a cross.

[2] Occupational abilities are half price. Mark them with a * before assigning points.

[3] Hit Threshold is 3, 4 if your Athletics is 8 or higher

(I) These General abiltities double up as Investigative abilities

[4] Usually, you can't start with Cthulhu Mythos. Sanity is limited to 10-Cthulhu Mythos.

[5] In a Pulp game If your Firearms rating is 5 you can fire two pistols at once (see p. 42)

[6] Assign one language per point, during play. Record them here.

[7] Any Fleeing rating above twice your Athletics rating costs one point for two.

[8] Only Alienists and Parapsycholigists can buy Hypnosis, and only in a Pulp game

[9] You start with 4 free Sanity points, 1 Health and 1 Stability point.

[10] For each point in a District Knowledge, you must specify one Entanglement

Page references refer to the Trail of Cthulhu Core Rulebook

Great Arkham

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

PELGT44

Enter a place born from all of Lovecraft's creations, and governed by servitors of the Old Ones.

Great Arkham – the Cthulhu City.

The Marvellous Sunset City

There is – by certain unreliable and maddening accounts, and now by your own dreadful experience – a city on the eastern seaboard of the United States, north of Boston in Massachusetts. You do not recall seeing it on maps when you were growing up, and no-one of your acquaintance ever admitted coming from that place, until you found yourself living within the eerie confines of Great Arkham. It is a city of windowless cyclopean skyscrapers, of crumbling baroque buildings, and ruins that, impossibly, predate human habitation in this part of the world; it is also a city of roaring industry and crowded streets, beset by organised crime and political corruption. At times, you can see remnants of familiar small towns which have grown together into this monstrous conurbation – Dunwich in the west, beyond Sentinel Hill; quaint Kingsport, by the sea; industrial Innsmouth, the engine of trade and commerce; and the city's heart, Old Arkham.

The Great, the Old, the Terrible City of Unnumbered Crimes

In this surreal nightmare supplement for ***Trail of Cthulhu***, discover…

- **The heart of Lovecraft's urban fiction.** Arkham, Dunwich and Kingsport, but also R'lyeh, the Nameless City, and the City of the Elder Things…
- **The vertiginous terror of inverted order!** Worshippers of the Great Old Ones rule from City Hall, while investigators are wanted criminals! After the infamous Miskatonic Raid which put an end to the "anarchist plots" of the Armitage Inquiry, who dares challenge the authorities?
- **Intrigue and action in the twisted streets!** In a campaign of urban horror, evade the watchful eyes of the authorities with the new Suspicion rules! Smash the cults – or conspire to pit one faction against the others!
- **The hidden ways of the city.** Use District Knowledges to find help, but beware – any of the dozens of NPCs could be a stalwart ally, a doomed victim, or a sinister servant of the Mythos…

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Cthulhu City – an inescapable new setting for the **Trail of Cthulhu** RPG

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GUMSHOE

Pelgrane Press