

CROSSOVER SERIES



19.40

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Alec Torvton

Section M

INTERFACE 19.40 ADDS A NEW ALTERNATE
DIMENSION TO THE SECRET WAR, INCLUDING:

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WARNING! Due to the nature of the themes discussed, this book is recommended for a mature audience only.

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ACHTUNG! Cthulhu™

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*So this book is from... the future.
And just how did we get hold of it again?
- A. J.*

Foreword from Josh Vogt

Sometimes a connection exists that you never really thought about before, but once you take a good look it makes an enormous amount of sense. Other connections are just absolutely insane but tons of fun to explore. Fortunately, insanity lends itself well to the Cthulhu Mythos, with all its squamous horrors and soul-shattering revelations of human insignificance. Its grasping tentacles have pervaded so much of our history, especially seen in ***Achtung! Cthulhu*** and its many popular expansions. But how could eon-spanning beings like Cthulhu be consigned to our past? Answer: they can't. Enter cyberpunk and ***Interface Zero 2.0: Full Metal Cyberpunk***, a grim 2090 setting that combines near-future disaster with technology rapidly evolving beyond our control.

Finding the links between 1940 and 2090 was an absolute joy, to say the least. The horrors and occult activities of World War Two obviously lend themselves to such monstrosities, but few have looked ahead to see how Lovecraft's creations might make their presence known down the dark paths humanity walks. When technology is embedded directly in our brains and we're sharing the streets with genetic hybrids and chrome-plated freaks and zeeks, what better breeding ground could inhuman things from beyond the stars ask for?

For me, the Cthulhu Mythos became like a mutating virus, starting in our minds and souls before infecting our bodies and increasingly integrated technologies. Not only that, but once I looked at ways the world-that-was might shift into the world-that-could-be, it became rather obvious that Mythos manifestations in a cyberpunk future had deep roots in one of our most violent, blood-soaked eras. This is a long game the Elder Gods are playing.

In the end, I know that this sourcebook is just the beginning. It's the first step in a mind-altering journey that's now yours to take and run with until you've explored every shadowy corner and stumbled down every whispering alley. I can't wait to see what you make of it and the many stories, adventures, and horrifying encounters you experience along the way.



Josh Vogt
Autumn 2014

Foreword from Jason Brick

"You want me to write a Cthulhu adventure?"

"No."

"You want me to write a Cthulhu-slash-World-War-Two adventure?"

"No."

"So it's a Cthulhu-slash-World-War-Two-slash-Cyberpunk adventure?"

"No."

"A Cthulhu-slash-World-War-Two-slash-Cyberpunk-slash-time-travel adventure?"

"Yes."

"Can you give me a moment to say Wahoo?"

...And that's how I got involved with the *Interface 19.40* rules. I've gamed for more than 35 years, but heard about **Achtung! Cthulhu** on the "Postcards From the Dungeon" podcast where Chris [Birch] was being interviewed about the core rules and the *Zero Point* adventures. I backed the Kickstarter that day and started pestering them about getting on board within minutes of getting my rule books in the mail.

They broke down and let me in on the *19.40* project, mostly to make me stop jumping up and down shouting "Pretty please!" every few minutes. They did not disappoint. I can honestly say that in my career of freelance writing I have encountered few crews as fun, kindly, and geeky as the Modiphius gang.

This has been an entertaining and enlightening experience. I hope you enjoy playing it as much as I enjoyed writing it.



Jason Brick
Autumn 2014

ACHTUNG! Cthulhu™

CROSSOVER SERIES



• Book One •
EVILUTION



CHAPTER 1

Welcome to the Future

"It is always wise to look ahead, but difficult to look further than you can see."
- Winston Churchill

#SANE_PROPHET

Whether you know it or not, you've accessed this database, this hidden archive, because you're seeking a deeper truth to the flimsy reality we've all been spoonfed since birth. Even if you think you stumbled across my recordings by accident, know that a higher purpose has brought you here. You can't escape it any more than I can escape the visions that have plagued me for so many years.

Know this and despair: history is more than just past events. It is a cycle. Some say ignorance to history is what dooms us to repeat it. They are wrong. We are all doomed whether we are aware of the past or not. Knowledge may simply prolong the inevitable a bit further, give a few more souls a chance to escape the darkness that has existed alongside humanity ever since we crawled out of the mud and started worshipping the stars we've now begun to conquer.

Ours is a history of war. Peace is an illusion—merely a side note in-between those times of fury and bloodshed that we forever fall back into. And what does war do? It destroys. Destroys men and women and children. Destroys minds. Destroys souls. Destroys boundaries that keep reality from tearing itself apart. The more we struggle, the more we hasten our own downfall, even when we think we're fighting for ourselves.

And in the endless wars that mark us as creatures of mud and bone, we constantly forget what has come before. This is the purpose behind this archive. This is the focus of my ongoing studies—to resurrect facts and theories lost for centuries. To recall what might seem like ancient history and show it has as much relevance today as it did when it first occurred.

My prayer is that those who heed these words may find more hope than I have. This is my legacy, digging through both digital and physical muck, exposing myself to infectious shadows that now infest my soul. Don't believe in a soul? Perhaps you will when yours is wrenched from your body, be it made of

flesh or titanium. And whether your thoughts reside in a normal skull, a bullet-proof casing, or a virtual reality upload, you still can be driven mad by exposure to concepts beyond human comprehension.

Pressure building within my skull. Words... Languages... Images I never downloaded... Nonetheless, they possess me. The only way I've found to relieve the mounting force is to convey what I've learned, in the hopes that the seeds of knowledge I scatter do not fall upon fallow ground.

Heed me. But even if you do not, know that the cycle has begun anew...

Peace is merely an illusion - a side note
in-between times of fury and bloodshed.

WHAT IS INTERFACE 19.40?

Welcome to the future—or, at least, one possible version of it. Within this book you will find a meeting of two worlds: those of Modiphius Entertainment's *Achtung! Cthulhu* and Gun Metal Games' *Interface Zero*. Come with us as we investigate how the events of the Secret War have impacted on a future full of giant corporations, advanced weaponry, and extreme body augmentation (Book One). Then step back in time to experience the bizarre goings on at a remote German monastery; an incident that could have far-reaching repercussions for everyone involved, as well as for history itself (Book Two).

Ideally, to make full use of the material in this book, you will need access to *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Investigator's* and

A Note on Page References

Throughout this adventure we refer to pages in the **Call of Cthulhu, Sixth Edition** rulebook, *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Investigator's Guide to the Secret War* and the *Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*. These are abbreviated, where necessary (such as in stat blocks), as “**CoC6**”, “*Investigator's Guide*”/“*IG*”, and “*Keeper's Guide*”/“*KG*”, respectively.

Keeper's Guides to the Secret War, and the *Interface Zero 2.0* core rulebook. Depending on the system you are using, you will also require either the **Call of Cthulhu, Sixth Edition** rulebook, or the **Savage Worlds** core rulebook.

Cth If you are using the **Call of Cthulhu** rules, look for this symbol, which highlights the rules and game stats relevant to your system.

Sav If, on the other hand, you are using **Savage Worlds** (the system for which *Interface Zero* was originally designed), look for this symbol instead.

IN THE BEGINNING?

Surry rapped on the front door to the professor's home, a shabby domicile crammed between a holo-tat parlour and a noodle shop that remained open despite the faded health hazard notices in its windows. When the Prof didn't answer the buzzer, Surry activated the door's bio-scanner—the minimal security measure that came with the building. It confirmed him as the professor's research assistant and the locked door opened with a hiss.

Surry stepped inside and his nose wrinkled at a foul odour—rather like backed-up sewage mixed with a salty brine. The stink grew stronger as he edged past the foyer, stepping over stacks of books that had fallen in disarray from a nearby shelf. Actual paper books. Who kept physical books these days? Must come from being such a history freak.

The opposite wall boasted an impressive array of ancient weaponry, ranging from Roman gladii to Civil War muskets to a bandolier of WWII grenades—duds, of course. It was Surry's find of a well-preserved Nazi Panther tank up for auction that had inspired him to contact the Prof, hoping the discovery might notch his grade up a few percentages, but all attempts to contact him for the past week had gone unanswered. The man's TAP appeared to have been set offline and he hadn't logged into his lecture domain in over a month. Initial concern had deepened to true worry for the eccentric old man, finally spurring his visit to ensure the Prof hadn't been the victim of local gang violence, or worse.

He spotted a set of steel double-doors off to one side. From a brief visit the previous semester, Surry knew this led into the Prof's inner study sanctum. He didn't doubt the man would be furious

at being disturbed, especially at such a late hour, but he would understand. Hopefully.

The doors swung open on well-oiled hinges at his touch. The study lay in darkness beyond, but the lights flicked on once Surry crossed the threshold. Then he reeled back, gagging and retching. What sat dismembered in the Prof's chair... strewn across the desk... only a tuft of grey hair on the sagging chin indicated the remains might've been human once. One of the dead man's arms lay on the floor beside the desk, pointing to a corner of the room, where an odd statue of an eagle stood with wings spread.

That's when a deeper darkness detached itself from the shadows behind the statue and slithered Surry's way...

To comprehend the future, one must give regards to the past. The two are inseparably linked, and to pretend otherwise is of the utmost folly. Yet if one follows the rabbit trails of “Why?” and “Because...” too long and too far, it becomes a rabbit hole for one to tumble down, landing you in a realm where certain impossibilities start to encroach on any sense of decent reality. I should know, once being a historian myself, my life dedicated to cobbling together scraps of data and verifying archives that had been scattered across the earth and virtual realms—even the solar system—during these last wars and the increasing chaos that is human advancement.

#Billy Black Eyes: Interesting. I don't necessarily agree that chaos equates to human advancement, though. I wonder what he means by “certain impossibilities?”

#Luciferion: Just keep reading, Billy. It gets stranger.

#Billy Black Eyes: Where's the fun in that?

How far back, then, must we go in order to return to where we are with greater clarity? Look at the world today. 2090. A time where the world and its many civilisations and cultures are attempting to gain the power of gods over themselves. Steering evolution here and there, consequences be damned. Flinging ourselves across the planets and asteroid belts because to curse one planet alone with our ever-breeding presence isn't enough for our insatiable pride and libido.

Then I draw your gaze back to another decade: the 1940s. I suspect some of you may recoil at the blowing off of such a dusty date, while others might lean in, intrigued by the scent of secrets. In a world now dominated by cybernetics, simulated life-forms, VTOL transportation, and too many other oddities to be named, what relevance could World War Two have to us?

The problem is, you think of history as dead. You think that once a thing has happened, it passes into textbooks or digital archives and is left there to rot. Know this: history is well and alive among us today. I do not mean this metaphorically. The illusion of time is just that. An illusion. All those who have come before and all those who will come after exist within the same universal moment.

#Magpie: Oh boy. Looks like we have a nutter on our hands, guys.

For the modern world has its roots in that turbulent period, just as the next form of human evolution has its roots in our own. 2090 and 1940 mirror each other in ways that the ordinary citizen might easily overlook. Yet what is the old adage? In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king? Yes. And the two-eyed man is considered either a prophet or a madman.

But I digress.

There is a kinship to these eras. They are linked across time and space itself, not only by similar mindsets of war and survival, but also by oddly anachronistic technologies and mythologies that appear in either period. My purpose in collating these archives is to reveal the truths, however minimal or monstrous, that have hidden behind the curtain of history.

On the one hand, the modern plethora of cybernetic advances are, in fact, first seeded within the events of World War Two, when many of genius mind and superhuman will-power ceaselessly plied their trade developing weaponry, equipment, and soldiers the likes of which the world had yet to see. For isn't necessity the mother of invention? And what is more necessary than finding the power with which to crush the enemy, be they Axis or Allies?

Yet amidst the human versus human clashes that laid waste to entire countries and threatened genocide to entire people groups, a secret war also took place—one that pitted humanity against alien intelligences beyond comprehension.

Whatever side one fell on at the end of World War Two, this secret war continued to be waged behind the scenes. It ebbed and flowed across the decades, seeming—at times—to vanish from the planet before bursting to the fore once more. During World War Two, this war involved such entities known as Cthulhu, Nyarlathotep, and others stranger yet. Many of the primary leaders and generals of the main war effort didn't even realise the full extent of this secondary conflict, which could have tipped the entire planet into chaos had the worst come about. But do not rest so easy, for this same war has survived into the modern age. Whether willingly or not, whether knowingly or not, we have all played our part in it. Perhaps it is a war we will never be able to win but, at the very least, we must take care to understand it.

For that to happen, we must study the links between these two eras. It is a strange symbiosis, to be sure, but one on which the survival of both realities may hinge.

#Billy Black Eyes: Cthulhu... I've scanned that name before.

It was in a Ravenlocke incident report. They pulled some nut bag job out of Coffin City. He was deep into some devil worship shit; like hard core human sacrifice with all the trappings—strange symbols on the walls and the floor, ritual circles, robes, etc. He kept rambling about this Cthulhu guy and stars lining up... whatever that means.

#Magpie: I'm not surprised, Billy. You're TAPped into the datastream, omae. Just don't believe everything you read in the Deep.





CHAPTER 2

The Madness of War

*"I can calculate the motion of heavenly bodies, but not the madness of people."
- Sir Isaac Newton*

Tommy slithered through the mud, rifle clutched in one aching hand as bombs thundered down around him. Men screamed in the distance, their agonised cries cut off by the heartless chatter of machine gun fire. Tank gears ground along, churning up mud, blood, and bone alike as the Nazi forces tramped their way towards the Allied front lines.

Caught in the middle, Tommy tried to recall where he'd seen the foxhole, not a hundred feet away before he'd been forced to drop flat or dare a bullet between the eyes. He whispered prayers to the Holy Mother Mary as he inched forward in the thin grass, spitting grit. The earth trembled as if the battle might break it apart beneath him.

There! A black crevice offered him a spot to squat and shiver until the worst of the fighting passed. Not cowardice, he told himself as he renewed his crawling, ignoring the sharp rocks that cut into his palms. Just smart to live and fight another day, when the odds were on his side.

A few feet away from hopeful safety, he paused as a sound emerged from the hole in the earth. A shuffling, slurping noise, like a body getting comfortable in the muck. Had another soldier or two already claimed this position? Were they friend or foe? No telling until he dared to peek over the edge, but that might give him away if he did so at the wrong moment and to the wrong people.

Tommy dared to prop himself up on an elbow and edged closer, rifle ready—assuming it wasn't already clogged beyond repair. Taking a deep breath, he leaned over the side and tried to make sense of the pale, writhing mass below.

Then his scream joined the rest as the writhing appendage shot out to wrap around his throat and drag him down into darkness.

War is a thing of horror, of that there can be no doubt. But once a person has given themselves over to the insanity

of slaughtering their fellow man, even the most pacifistic neurones eventually get desensitised to death and killing, and it becomes a much simpler matter of exploring avenues for achieving such things more efficiently or effectively. Practically any tool can be turned into a weapon, and even the most constructive knowledge can be bent towards destructive ends.

It's amazing how the human imagination so easily wanders down darker paths. How easily our hands curl into fists, and our minds devise the excuse of "might makes right." It's almost as if we're *made* for such ends.

[#Luciferion: Or were pushed there...](#)

World War Two saw an enormous acceleration of industry across entire continents, much of which was, of course, devoted to the war effort on all sides. Weaponry—from the mechanical to the biological—leapt forward in complexity. Yet so, too, did elements of communication, medicine, transportation, and practically every other facet of life. The war saw the creation of viable radar systems, more refined air and ground navigation networks, and the very rocket propulsion technology that went on to send humanity beyond the pale.

Yet the technology of the time had its limits, and even humanity's most brilliant minds could only be stretched so far so fast. Which is why both sides found themselves going to inhuman degrees to continue creating ever more powerful weapons and conscripting ever more potent allies in the war effort. As the stakes of the war escalated, so did the attempts to gain undeniable superiority in several arenas.

THE AXIS APPROACH

For the Nazis, the key to victory remained securing as much power as possible from as many sources as possible. Power not over just body and machine, but also over the mind and soul. War, in itself, is an attempt to mould reality to one's perception and wishes, and that's exactly what the Nazis attempted to do—replace one reality with their own. Should it be any surprise, then, that some among them searched for supreme power from places and beings that could actually distort or alter the fabric of reality itself?

#Luciferion: Not sure I like where this is going. I agree the Nazis were power-mad monsters, but the rest is insane. The only alternate reality is the Deep, and we created it.

Technological Superiority

Beyond the baseline tanks and torpedoes and turret guns that dominated the World War Two battlefields, the Axis powers set themselves to resurrecting ancient technologies that could shift the entire course of their conquering. When it comes to rending flesh and bone, not even bullets or blades can compare to the devices that were revealed in some of the more fever-pitched conflicts across Europe.

Rumours of Atlantean technology were of particular interest to certain Axis factions, the most prominent being...

The Nazis sought out power,
not just over body and machine,
but also over the mind and soul.

NACHTWÖLFE

This division was under the auspices of Mina Wolff, once a member of the Order of the Black Sun. Originally brought on as an archaeologist fascinated by the long-lost Atlantean and Hyperborean civilisations, Mina rapidly became dissatisfied with Black Sun's obsessive focus on just mystical and sorcerous powers, despite their potential. She believed ancient technology held far more potential to allow the Nazis to take control of, and win, the war.

Through a series of cunning manipulations, Mina secured the support of the *Führer* himself and became the leader of *Nachtwölfe*, an inner organisation devoted solely to discovering and learning how to manipulate these ancient artefacts. Much of the subsequent weaponry developed required odd power sources, found in the form of bizarre blue crystals that possessed strange qualities, such as radioactive emanations. From force plates to power armour to energy weapons and beyond, *Nachtwölfe* lost no time in converting their discoveries into devices that could be employed on the battlefield to ever-growing efficacy.

Unbeknownst to Mina and her compatriots, the blue crystals were actually components of an alien life-form known as Daoloth. The more the crystals were recovered and reunited, the more Daoloth regained his former power and came closer to manifesting in the world—an event which would no doubt cause planetary annihilation. This being spread a peculiar madness among many weak-willed and weak-minded researchers and scientists in *Nachtwölfe*'s ranks, while those with stronger fortitude were taken over as actual hosts to the creature.

#Billy Black Eyes: Daoloth's another term I've seen. Can't remember where, though.

Supernatural Superiority

Spurred by Hitler himself, many powerful individuals and organisations within the Nazi ranks had long held an... unhealthy (to put it charitably) fascination with the occult and supernatural forces. As such, throughout the war, countless teams and divisions were despatched across the world to seek out and claim everything from religious artefacts to obscene relics in the hopes of claiming their secret power for victory.

Of the many factions that vied for supernatural superiority during this time, none saw more success than the infamous Order of the Black Sun.

ORDER OF THE BLACK SUN

Die schwarze Sonne was the masterwork of one Reinhardt Weissler, a man who somehow mastered the ability to enter and traverse the Dreamlands, where he encountered the beings known as the Black Sun (another name for Yog-Sothoth) and Nyarlathotep. Gifted with increased occult knowledge and prowess, Weissler vanished from history for a time, having sent himself into a magical coma in order to study under his new masters in realities far more distant and twisted than our own.

#Magpie: Nope. I don't believe it. Magic isn't real. This Weissler guy was probably a druggie that had a bad acid trip.

Upon his return, Weissler eventually established the Order of the Black Sun with the intent to use the war effort to give him the necessary freedom to roam the lands and plunder sites and artefacts of occult power. Eventually, he intended to wrest global control from Black Sun's patrons and bring the entire planet under the dominion of the Black Sun itself.

Black Sun members embraced their devotion to the cult leaders, and many of their powers were of a corrupt sort, seeking to twist minds and souls into perversions of themselves, creating fleshly monstrosities, and raising the darker elements of nature up against the enemy.

OTHER AXIS OCCULT SOCIETIES

Ordo Novi Templi

An odd mix of Catholic rites, astrological beliefs, esoteric arcana, archaeological discoveries, and a rigid adherence to Aryan philosophy, this order sought the purification of the human race through any means necessary.

The Waldgericht

An ancient order dedicated to rooting out those who were found practicing religious heresy or witchcraft—though their definition of such had become rather fluid over the centuries. Their victims were strung up and gutted by a knife in the forested wilderness.

The Idisen Handmaidens

A long-forgotten fertility and battle cult composed of women, they sacrificed those wounded in war to their Dark Mother in order to protect their chosen land from harm and bless it with health and growth.

Intelligence & Espionage Superiority

Even having the most powerful weaponry and occult forces at your beck and call means little if you don't have the wherewithal to deploy them properly. Intelligence concerning enemy movements was crucial to the Nazis' advancement, giving them unprecedented control over captured territory or fronts where they planned to invade.

As such, the Germans established expansive intelligence and espionage operations designed to cripple Allied efforts. The primary and most public of these were...

THE ABWEHR

A clear counterpart to Allied intelligence, the *Abwehr* took responsibility for all reconnaissance, communications, and counter-intelligence activities both in Germany and abroad. The surprising aspect of this organisation was that, despite its obvious effectiveness in bringing in desired intelligence, it was often marginalised because it couldn't deliver the specific, party-favourable data the Nazi officials wanted to act upon or feed to the public.

In fact, it is rumoured that the *Abwehr* commander himself, Wilhelm Canaris, was an Allied sympathiser and actively worked against the Nazi agenda from within. However, his efforts were, possibly, undone by the two other main agencies that came into being during the rising tide of bloodshed...

THE SICHERHEITSDIENST (SD)

Beyond the original German intelligence agency, the Nazis created their own inner "police", staffed only by Party members, and tasked with rooting out any and all enemies of the Nazi agenda—even from within their own ranks. They were as despised for their ungoverned use of deadly force as they were feared.

THE GEHEIME STAATSPOLIZEI (GESTAPO)

The Nazi secret police force, the *Gestapo* was the counterpart to the SD, possessing *carte blanche* authority in enforcing Nazi propaganda and political unity in all German and conquered territories. They were responsible for as many innocent lives lost as they were in actually uncovering true traitors or spies.

GM Note: *these Axis societies and organisations are more highly detailed in Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War. Review them there for thorough breakdowns of important individuals, ranks, troops, gear, and lore, as well as ways in which to include them in various adventures and campaigns.*

THE ALLIED APPROACH

The Allied forces revered one thing above all—freedom. But can freedom ever come at too high a cost? In fighting to keep the Nazis and their ilk from overrunning the world, Allied nations had to counter increasingly horrific measures with just as severe tactics and methodologies. At what point, though, does fighting fire with fire mean you will be consumed by the flames just as much as your foe? And if all is burnt to ashes in the end, does it matter if the world remains free?

#Billy Black Eyes: I think issues of freedom and slavery are muted in an apocalyptic wasteland.

#Simba: He's speaking in metaphors, Billy. Stop being so literal.

#Billy Black Eyes: Is he? Given the subject matter of this article, I'm not so sure.

Allied forces certainly aimed to do all they could to preserve life and the values that were central to their worldview, but that didn't mean they were without flaw. As the Nazis forged dark pacts and summoned darker powers to their side, the Allies had to decide how far desperation would drive them and how much they would see their enemy when they looked in the mirror.

Technological Superiority

The Allies had always been a bit more suspicious of trying to integrate what might be considered extraterrestrial technology in with their own. In fact, many people who suggested such, or tried to push such initiatives through government channels, were often ousted and ignored as crank jobs or crackpots. As such, while the German *Nachtwölfe* society saw greater success in enhancing human equipment and weaponry, Allied research and development relied more on pushing the boundaries of fringe sciences—yet, despite their more cautionary approach, the results were, at times, proven to be just as explosive and dangerous as those involving alien technology.

Photo: Otto Donath - Berlin, nach der Kapitulation, 1945 - Bundesarchiv, Bild 183-M1015-332 / Donath, Otto / CC-BY-SA

#Luciferion: Hmm... Could this be a veiled reference to the Manhattan Project?
 #Simba: I guess that depends on whether or not you think nuclear physics is a fringe science.
 #Luciferion: It certainly was at that time.
 #Simba: Good point.

DEPARTMENT OF MISCELLANEOUS WEAPONS DEVELOPMENTS

This department was probably the closest counterpart to *Nachtwölfe* activities on the Allied side. They were devoted to researching and creating every possible weapon and tool that might give both soldiers and agents the edge needed to win the skirmish, the battle, the war. As *Nachtwölfe*'s efforts ramped up, so the DMWD took a particular interest in the equipment they'd deployed on the field, trying to find ways to negate any advantage the alien technology might have given the Germans.

OFFICE OF NAVAL RESEARCH

The war was on the seas as well as on land. To this end, the US Naval Research Laboratory spawned a far-reaching effort to empower on-the-waves warfare, as well as offshore intelligence-gathering, including the refinement of radar and sonar devices. Oddly, the ONR also enacted some of the more experimental procedures, including one ill-fated attempt at creating cloaking devices for warships that ended in vanished crews and numerous mental breakdowns before the experiment was blacklisted for good.

Supernatural Superiority

The Nazis definitely got the jump on pursuing supernatural ends in bolstering their military might, and were far more willing to leap into the abyss, not caring whether it stared back or even reached up to drag them down. So long as they reigned supreme in the end, the means justified it. However, once the Allies got a whiff of this sort of mystical manipulation going on over in the *Reichsland*, with German specialists being sent hither and thither to dig up this artefact or that relic, they realised that they needed their own specialised organisations to handle and repel whatever horrors the Nazis might conjure and send their way—consequences be damned.

Most of these orders found themselves more on the defensive at first, digging up the critical data to understand exactly what the Nazis had summoned and then how to neutralise it with minimal attrition. However, they steadily gained steam as they gathered growing teams of specialists.

MAJESTIC

Aka the Office of Mumbo-Jumbo, Majestic was established by President Roosevelt to handle the “spooky” or otherwise occult affairs both on national soil and overseas, freeing up the more public agencies to deal with concrete military matters.



This organisation was overseen by one Sally Armitage, the daughter of Dr. Henry Armitage, an associate of the Miskatonic University, which gave her unparalleled expertise in handling odd and uncanny affairs, wherever they arose.

SECTION M

When occult forces were officially recognised as being “in action” by British intelligence field agents, it was decided that a special branch was required to handle such esoteric engagements before they started to threaten any progress being made against the Nazi warfront. Alexander Towton, a wealthy lord, was tapped to head up this effort; in turn, he recruited a broad, multinational team of agents who were all equally committed to turning the tables on Nazi occultists.

OTHER MYSTICAL UNIONS & BROTHERHOODS

Sons of Roanoac

A society that dated back to the earliest American colonists, this shamanistic order protected a powerful British relic that was smuggled to the New World—an artefact that many ill-doers would be gleeful to get their hands on. Their primary focus resided on repelling U-boat incursions, as well as any attempts by Nazi agents to slip across national borders along the eastern coastline.

Fraternity of the Inner Light

This brotherhood was a conglomerate of ancient orders that united under a common name to repel the powers of darkness that threatened their homeland. Having developed growing psychic powers among their members, they proved instrumental (if unwitting) keystones in repelling the efforts of Nazi psychics to destroy the minds of Allied leaders through Dreamland attacks.

La Fraternité de la Cagoule Rouge-Sang

Having come under the patronage of Nyarlathotep, this anti-Communist French cult grew quickly during the years of German occupation, due in large part to its violent methods and bloodthirsty refusal to allow foreign invaders to keep the territory without massive losses. Their tactics were as highly questionable as their sanity, perhaps having something to do with their otherworldly agency.

#Billy Black Eyes: So it would seem this Nyarlathotep cat was playing both sides.

Intelligence & Espionage Superiority

Some might claim that the Allies put even more effort into their intelligence warfare than they did on the battlefield—or that the counter-intelligence measures they enacted were the clinch point for several key victories as the war dragged on. It is true that without the tireless efforts of the various intelligence agencies, the Allied nations would have faced a severe, perhaps decisive, disadvantage in the face of the Nazi war machine. Here is a brief overview of the main organisations in action...

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE

The UK Secret Service Bureau was collectively known by the common title of MI, followed by a number that denoted a department's specific function and focus—ranging from 1 through 19. These military intelligence sections handled

everything from aerial communications to cryptography to propaganda creation and dissemination to scientific data gathering and beyond. It is believed that there were several “hidden” departments within the MI organisations, with several numbers being used as nomenclature for deep cover agents, or those involved in more supernatural affairs.

It is believed there were some “hidden” departments within the MI organisations.

U.S. INTELLIGENCE

The Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) were the two main branches of American intelligence operations, handling international activities while monitoring national affairs and citizens suspected of possible Nazi collaboration. While younger than the SSB, they quickly proved themselves equally capable in turning the tide against Nazi forces from the shadows.

ANOTHER CRITICAL ELEMENT

The French Resistance

While France was overrun by Nazi forces and turned into a puppet state for the Nazi party, a network of resistance cells sprang up across the country in an effort to keep their homeland from being completely subsumed by the Germans. This French Resistance received some support from British and US intelligence forces, and offered its aid in return, helping downed Allied fighters make it back across enemy lines, sabotaging Nazi equipment and transports, and providing an underground transportation network to spirit Jewish refugees out of the region.

GM Note: *These Allied societies and organisations are more highly detailed in the Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War. Review them there for thorough breakdowns of important individuals, ranks, troops, gear, and lore, as well as ways in which to include them in various adventures and campaigns.*





CHAPTER 3

Early Experiments

*"The danger of the past was that men became slaves.
The danger of the future is that man may become robots."
- Erich Fromm*

Audio recording salvaged from Nazi lab ruins (translated from German):

"Tell me what you are feeling right now. Leave out no details."

"Yes, doctor. I feel... calm. Serene, actually. Fully at peace. I suspect it has something to do with the medication you just injected me with."

"Very good. Subject's rational faculties remain intact. Now then, what do you recall before awakening here?"

"The... the battle by the river. I manned the gun nest with Lieutenant Menacht and we held off the enemy forces for as long as possible. But they swarmed across the banks and assaulted our position. I believe a grenade was thrown nearby. Fire... an explosion... then blackness."

"Good. Are you aware that you suffered the loss of both your arms?"

"Yes. The nurse informed me when I woke up."

"And you are aware of the experimental replacements we have gifted you with? You accept the responsibility of enhancing our knowledge through your sacrifice?"

"It is my duty to further the victories of the Reich. My life for the Führer!"

"As it should be. Now, I am going to remove the clamps holding you in place and we are going to run several tests."

(Metal squeals with background murmurs as the patient is released)

"Please attempt to walk across the room. Try to keep as natural a gait as possible."

(A groan from the patient)

"Doctor... the weight... My arms, I cannot..."

(A scream, accompanied by the loud popping of bone and ligaments. Two metal clangs on the floor, followed by a meatier thump and trickling liquid)

(A sigh from the doctor)

"Pity. Nurse, please note the skeletal bracing proved inadequate in this instance. Then prepare the next subject for surgery."

End Audio

#Magpie: Great. Listened to this recording and now I'm gonna have nightmares.

#NECROTIXX: Tried Sleepshine? Great for knocking you out in no time. No dreams, either.

#Magpie: Uh... have you seen the list of side-effects for that? "May cause irreversible nerve damage." No thanks.

In order for new victories to be won, new realms of technological insight and exploit must be explored. As with any exploration of uncharted territory there are inherent dangers, but the risk may well be worth it for those who brave the unknown. The warnings of "Here Be Dragons", or the danger of falling off the edge of the map, should be ignored, whether they are legitimate or not.

When you start interacting with or confronting beings that defy explanation by any modern understanding of science, certain boundaries start to break down. Both the Allies and Axis researchers and developers realised they had only just begun to scratch the surface of human potential in the realms of biology, chemistry, technology, and similar. DNA itself had only just been identified as the underlying "transformative principle" of genetic construction, opening up debates on how it might be manipulated.

Foremost of these was the concept that man and machine were not so different from one another, and could, in fact, work in concert far more thoroughly than previously thought possible. Up until then, a distinct divide existed between the



flesh and mechanical constructs. Man was the constructor and master of machines, but they were separate things, and this separation created difficulties. But isn't the human body a machine in itself? Couldn't it be broken down into various components? Isn't it composed of levers and joints and plugs and valves?

#Luciferion: Oh come on. It's more complicated than that.

"Just" a machine?

#Mortis: Actually, break it down far enough, and I'd say he's right. Just because the machines we deal with are biological and nano-scaled doesn't mean they don't work according to the same principles.

#Luciferion: So we should reclassify the whole medical field as just a subset of engineering?

#Mortis: That'd throw a few kinks into corporate benefits packages, wouldn't it?

#BatRastard: Wait, you get benefits?

As this sort of thinking began to emerge in labs and development departments across the war-torn world, it sparked a whole new area of research and technological evolution. While the technology of the time was limited, it was also rapidly evolving, driven forward by necessity and desperation. If survival is granted to the fittest, then why not pursue all avenues to make humanity hardier, faster, or more efficient?

What if the mind could pull the trigger of a machine gun as easily as a finger? What if a tank could be driven by pure willpower, rather than by the clumsy fumblyings of flesh? What if soldiers could be... upgraded? Evolved into something more than mere shells of meat and blood?

All of these questions were percolating in brilliant minds on both sides of the conflict, and the results were increasingly spectacular and shocking. If left to its own devices, humanity might've taken decades, if not centuries more to reach this stage of technological innovation—but thanks to the interference of both supernatural and extraterrestrial spheres, the species was spurred on to not only learn how to control the devices and forces it had dug up, but to also empower itself to dominate on entirely new fields of battle.

Just as many technologies were in development long before they became common knowledge, so various experiments were playing out even before the war's beginning, coming to some early fruition during the preliminary stages of the conflict.

*I wonder what Mary Shelley
would make of all this?*

—R.D.

CLONING & HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION

The Madness of Mengele

Given the Nazi eugenics programme that infused practically every element of their very existence and identity, it isn't surprising that the Germans spearheaded the exploration of cloning. Of particular interest is one Dr. Josef Mengele, a German SS officer who also operated as a physician in Auschwitz. Fascinated by the concepts behind eugenics, Dr. Mengele used the many prisoners at his disposal to perform a wide variety of horrific experiments, hoping to uncover hereditary breakthroughs that would allow the Nazis to create and control their ideal master race.

#Magpie: I was wondering when the Angel of Death would come into the picture.

He took particular interest in identical twins and pregnant women, thinking that they might hold the key to producing duplicate births, singling out and propagating the desirable genetic characteristics. He went so far as to secure any twins in special barracks, where they could be supervised at all times. After any experiment on a set of twins was completed, they were often then killed and dissected. Mengele frequently administered the lethal injections or shootings to the head himself.

Such experiments included the creation of conjoined twins, as well as bizarre manipulations of embryos still in the womb. It is surmised that Mengele was working on a system by which he could remove an unborn child and keep it alive or in stasis separate from its mother, in order to study its development more thoroughly. His research group's hope was to find a way to accelerate embryo growth and produce fully grown humans in a fraction of the usual time. Mengele did not carry out this aspect of the work himself, and the name of the equally twisted mind behind the scheme remains lost even in the face of my own exhaustive enquiries.

Alongside this, Mengele was also fascinated with the functions of eggs and sperm, taking Jewish eggs and replacing the genetic material with Aryan seed in the hopes that the Jewish "code" might be "overwritten" and eventually negated across the world.

#Sorry_U_Asked: Sounds like they were working on early versions of vat-grown simulacra.

#Paladin: Except instead of enhancing humanity, his idea of vats were basically genetic gas chambers.

#Sorry_U_Asked: True, if an extreme way of putting it.

Much of Mengele's efforts may seem haphazard or even ignorant on the surface, a doctor mad with power flailing about on the fringes of science in the hopes of stumbling across revelations. Yet there was a cold method to his madness, and

reports persisted across the front of Nazi soldiers wearing the same faces and possessing similar, athletic builds while acting in perfect unison. Could these have been the results of the group's cloning experiments? Could true cloned *übermensch* have added their strength to the Nazi forces?

Unit 731

There was, in Manchuria, a complex known to the public as the Epidemic Prevention and Water Purification Department. An innocuous and even hopeful name, at first glance... if one didn't look past the cover story. In reality, this covert research and development unit was under the control of the Imperial Japanese Army and had received a steady supply of human guinea pigs from a variety of sources, including prisoners of war and undesirable citizens such as political dissidents, criminals, and innocent civilians (including infants, the elderly, and pregnant women).

General Shiro Ishii, the chief medical officer of the Japanese Army, oversaw operations here, most of which revolved around chemical and biological experimentation. Human subjects were operated on while still alive, often conscious, so that bodily decomposition wouldn't interfere with experimental results. Other experiments tested the limits of the human body, with the hope of finding ways to circumvent them. Test subjects were spun in giant centrifuges until death, deliberately infected with a wide range of diseases, and exposed to high doses of x-rays and other radioactive bombardments.

Much like Dr. Mengele's in Auschwitz, General Ishii's researchers used the war as a cover for scientific "progress," seeking ways to create the perfect soldier and citizen, an unwaveringly loyal clone that possessed only positive attributes and proper mental modes. If successfully generated at an accelerated rate, these clones could (they proposed) be easily converted into foot soldier fodder, creating an opportunity for overwhelming numbers that would result in victory by sheer force.

Unit 731 was also devoted to biological warfare efforts, in the hopes that a particular germ or chemical could be created that would not only proved to be lethal, but could also be targeted at specific people groups—allowing allied soldiers to live while the enemy fell into lethal spasms or suffered monstrous infections.

It was rumoured that General Ishii and Dr. Mengele were in communication with one another, sharing results and urging faster progress. Of course, both wished their teams to be first in making the necessary breakthroughs, which they were sure would immortalise them in the realms of science and genetic warfare. As it did, but perhaps not in the way that they intended...

ALLIED CLONING EFFORTS & EXPERIMENTS

At this time, Allied intelligence alerted those in command as to the horrific extent of Nazi human experimentation and the fledgling results it had begun to spawn. For the most

part, the more ethical Allied stance prevented most scientific or medical institutes from pursuing any similar ends as far as cloning was involved. However, this did not mean that their research was entirely devoid of such efforts—they were simply kept much more covert.

#Warpig: Always how it's done. One side tries to act all righteous and vilify the other side even when they're performing the same basic procedures behind closed doors.
 #PieintheSky: Righteous? Vilify? Have you been plugging into the Word of the Day feed lately, piggy?
 #Warpig: Shut up.

Most human experimentation occurred within criminal populations. Two such efforts were ongoing in the Stateville Penitentiary and the US-controlled country of Guatemala. The former used the cover of a study into malaria by the Department of Medicine at the University of Chicago. However, particular focus was set on attempts to boost the human immune system and create embryos capable of withstanding any manner of disease or biological attacks. The latter involves a “breeding” programme, where prostitutes were brought to the prison and insane asylum inmates, infecting them through sexual intercourse, at which time the results were studied in a controlled environment. Various inmates were removed when they showed promising resistance to infection, and their fate is unknown.

When any hint of these activities came to light, it was immediately decried or condemned by public officials.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Propaganda efforts never die. Politicians forever lie. Ain't it a sad fact?

CYBERNETICS: THE BONDING OF MAN & MACHINE

Allied Efforts

Cybernetics combines a huge array of scientific fields, bringing them together in an attempt to enhance human physical and mental performance through systemic means. It involves electrical networks, engineering, biology, and neuroscience—many areas that coalesced during those early wartime years. The world war itself saw a boost in military technology applications, from applications of electrical networking to gun mounts and radar apparatus to naval detection systems.

Several powerful minds on the Allied side were the main pioneers of this new field, with advances being found primarily throughout the US, UK, and France; though the Nazis certainly had their experts at work as well. Mathematician Norbert Wiener first coined the word “cybernetics” in his book *Cybernetics, or Control and Communication in the Animal*

and Machine. This publication didn't arrive until towards the end of the war effort, but its theories and applications were already being implemented during the earliest confrontations. Wiener worked on military devices such as automatic aiming systems and anti-aircraft guns, and also sought ways to link cognitive theory with robotics. He believed automation held the key to improving widespread quality of life as well as providing equal opportunity for anyone to flourish, no matter their race, upbringing, or social status.

The ability to replicate biological functions with mechanical ones led to further experimentation

Early Automata

The first step to blurring the lines between flesh and mechanism was the creation of machines that mimicked life. John von Neuman, while heralded more for his advances in computer science and mathematics, laid the foundations for this through the development of cellular-level automata, replicating the production of life itself on the most basic levels. This led to his eventual creation of a Universal Constructor—a self-replicating machine that could produce various iterations of itself and evolve as needed.

#DoomSecretary: Makes me think of the Gray Goo scenario. Self-replication is a nice idea, right up there with perpetual motion, but the consequences could be apocalyptic if someone really started tinkering with it.

#Think4U: Oh, we're already in total danger of that today. The wrong test tube dropped... The wrong lab broken into by environmental hacks, and our globe goes goopy in a matter of days.

#DoomSecretary: Such a comforting thought. Thanks for that.

#Think4U: Welcome!

#DoomSecretary: Dude. Learn the art of sarcasm.

William Grey Walter, an American-born British neurophysiologist and roboticist, also lent his expertise to the effort. Not only did he work on radar scanning technology and guided missile programming, but his study of brain waves and robotics allowed for crossover between the two fields. He developed the first electronic and autonomous robots, showing that even simple brain cell structures could result in complex actions.

This ability to replicate biological functions with mechanical ones led to further experimentation in this area. Certainly, some scientists urged caution, believing this new field should be tentatively explored before trying to integrate it with actual reality. However, war is not a time for caution, and if cybernetics was about to provide some sort of combat edge, you can be sure someone was willing to brave the risks.



Automated Soldiers

Attempts were made to replicate the soldiers themselves through purely mechanical means, resulting in automatons that could march and carry and fire guns, all while acquiring energy through provided battery packs. The hope was to eventually replace human soldiers, eliminating any troop deaths.

While they functioned in basic ways, able to hit targets and march in formation, the main issue with them was their inability to distinguish between allied and enemy soldiers, or accept complicated commands or battle plans. Their abilities were based on simple act-react/stimulus-response mechanisms, rather than any sort of cognitive ability or computer processing. Once set loose with the intent to conquer a territory, these warbots simply continued to fire and fight until destroyed or given the proper shutdown code. This required close monitoring to ensure they didn't stray too far off the intended path or accidentally start firing on civilians—plus their motor functions had to be adjusted for each specific mission, while disruptive terrain effectively shut their gyroscopic balance down. Several of these constructs went missing during early test operations, and their whereabouts and purposes remained unknown.

Biological Boundaries

With the semi-successful, yet mostly disappointing development of warbots, the robotics projects were sidelined in preference for upgrading existing bodies. A variety of

initiatives were implemented to see exactly how far the human body could be pushed and what enhancements could be added to it. These original cybernetic experiments were incredibly crude, and some of them were more crippling than empowering in the end. But each was a step forward into a frontier of limitless possibilities.

TRANSPLANTS

A true tragedy of war is that, when it doesn't wipe out lives altogether in an instant of bloody violence, it can leave people crippled for the rest of their suffering years. Everything from eyes and ears to whole limbs... lost, reducing a person's ability to function and even enjoy life to almost any degree. Disfigurements from massive burns or scarring can likewise impede a soldier's ability to return to any sort of normalcy after the battle ends.

Recognising this, Dr. Joseph Murray, a First Lieutenant surgeon, devoted himself to developing the craft of such medical procedures as skin grafts and organ transplants. The American Orthotic & Prosthetic Association also joined the fray, bringing teams together to find ways to improve prosthetic technologies and provide improved rehabilitative services.

Integrating the fledgling robotics and automaton technology with prosthetics and body transplants proved a promising field, with surgeons and scientists visualising being able to not only replace lost body parts, but also improve them. As such, a variety of prototypes were developed and delivered

throughout the ranks of wounded Allied warriors. They were clunky, heavy arm and leg replacements, with articulated joints and motive power provided by batteries wired into the system. Some provisional advantages were found, such as a soldier being able to jump higher, safely fall further, or run longer distances without tiring—however the need for a strong power source limited the widespread use of such devices.

Substitute skin grafts were also experimented with, replacing lost flesh with a number of metallic substances to see if they might afford higher protection once a soldier returned to the battlefield. While facial and torso metal grafts were effective in deflecting bullets and blades, they hampered movement due to their weight and caused ongoing pain due to inflamed flesh where the original skin was welded to the graft.

#Neon_Bright: I shudder to think what these early grafts must've been like. Augment surgeries are painful enough these days, and painkiller costs are almost as much as the implants themselves.
 #Downtrodden: Don't joke! Got a friend who got his arm sheathed, and is now hooked on pills.
 #Neon_Bright: Yeah, but that's not the implant's fault. Just his.

IMPLANTS

First there is the need to equip wounded soldiers with bodily replacements that enable them to continue fighting. Then there is the effort to optimise healthy soldier functions: enhancing eyesight, hearing, strength, and more. One of the first optical implant experiments was performed on World War Two pilots with pieces of shattered canopy lodged in one or both eyes. Video hookups direct to the optic nerves were attempted. Allied forces also experimented with other feedback beyond basic video input, such as night vision implants.

Auditory enhancements also become a new focus. Acoustic nerves were directly stimulated in soldiers who had been deafened by close range explosions or other injuries, and while the civilian version didn't become available until years later, prototype cochlear implants were developed involving pairs of solenoid-like coils that could transmit sound to the inner ear. Many of these devices failed after a short time of operation, but those that did continue to function not only allowed soldiers to hear again, but some of them also gained heightened auditory sensations, able to focus on distant noises and even develop echolocative talents.

Early attempts were also made to enhance overall unit strength by converting hydraulic systems into humanoid exoskeletons that could be operated by a single user, effectively converting a person into a walking tank. While several models were constructed and tested, it isn't known whether they were placed into action. Several test subjects were also lost in the process.

MENTAL UPGRADES

The body is nothing without the mind. Even as technology began to advance at a rapid pace, Allied scientists recognised that soldier brains had to be enhanced as well in order to keep up with and maintain control of the mechanical interfaces they were being integrated with. Most initial attempts at this were chemical, employing a vast array of drugs in an attempt to boost human intelligence and thought processing speeds. Even LSD was toyed with, as it presented the ability to view reality from entirely unique perspectives. Unfortunately, those soldiers involved in such experiments often wound up either mentally impaired or altogether insane.

Those soldiers that experienced brain damage through battlefield injuries were recruited to experiment with mental implants. Thanks to discoveries in the 1870s, it was already well-known that electrical stimulation of the brain could result in movement and mood fluctuations, as well as the fact that the brain itself was a source of electrical output. Experiments began involving neural stimulators (known as stimoceivers or transdermal stimulators) in an attempt to upgrade brain performance as well as reduce the effects of shell shock (Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder), while increasing the pleasure associated with following officer commands.

#Illicit_Behavior: They can use our TAPs like this too! Trigger us into becoming a bunch of zombies who orgasm when we obey the corps authorities! It's true!
 #Billy_Black_Eyes: A ridiculous claim, even for you. Not a scrap of evidence.
 #Illicit_Behavior: Of course there's no evidence! You think people would get the implant if they knew how much control it gives others over them?
 #Billy_Black_Eyes: Ahh... it's skaggers like you who make life interesting, at least.
 #Magpie: Oh, be nice, Billy.

Much of this research was based on formative data produced by José Manuel Rodríguez Delgado, a Spanish professor at Yale. Delgado not only created the stimoceiver prototypes, but also developed a “chemitrode” which could release specified amounts of chemical substances into targeted areas of the brain. Most early participants in these trials were considered criminal or otherwise insane, but some military applications were explored, including adrenaline boosts and attempts to eliminate the need for sleep.

As Allied scientists laboured to boost battlefield performance, however, they came up against several major obstacles...

VOLUNTEERS

Unlike the Nazis, Allied research teams were much more valuing of human life, and many scientists were opposed to involving subjects in cybernetic testing without their knowledge or consent. That said, the drive to match or overcome

Nazi advances at times overwhelmed scientific prudence. Certain squads were listed as MIA when, in reality, they were victims of cybernetic mishaps or were otherwise involved in covert operations and experiments. Prisoners and other criminal factions made for more tempting subjects, though empowering such people with cybernetic enhancements was of dubious value or wisdom.

SYSTEMIC REJECTION

The body fights against any intrusions, be they chemical or mechanical in origin. Wartime medicine was not yet advanced enough to keep the immune system from rearing up to try and reject cybernetic transplants, implants, or otherwise. This caused all manner of complications, from mildly inflamed skin to total organ failure among test subjects. The more someone gave over to “upgrades”, the more susceptible they were to infection and bodily failures.

POWER SOURCES

Steam power was a thing of folly, and batteries were just becoming a more solid reality. The cybernetic implants and prosthetics all required an immense level of power in order to operate on any dependable level. Yet these wires and batteries also imposed their own limitations on cybernetic functionality, holding back range and time expansion to a large degree. Newer, more powerful sources needed to be uncovered in order to make such physical and mechanical upgrades feasible.

PHYSICAL LIMITS

Beyond the immune system itself rejecting foreign objects and substances, researchers began to realise that the human body, in and of itself, had certain... breaking points. Grafting on heavy metal or other burdensome implants could quickly over-stress the joints and muscle tissues beyond their ability to bear. Bones and ligaments snapped under the strain, and then there was the muscle strength and aerobic capacity necessary to haul a device-laden physique across all manner of terrain. Of course, identifying these limitations led to the consideration of how the implants or grafts themselves could be implemented to help test subjects surpass such obstacles.

Wartime medicine was not yet advanced
enough to keep the immune system from
rearing up to reject implants

Warfare Upgrades

Cybernetic enhancements went beyond just bodily functions and features. Integrating humans with warfront weaponry and equipment was also of top priority, allowing for faster firing rates and accuracy, speedier communication, and better troop coordination, among other benefits.

AUTOMATON VEHICLES

When you can remove the need for soldiers and technicians entirely, even when equipment is lost, at least lives aren't included. The main issue with automated tanks and other vehicles is that they can't be used much beyond pre-designated routes... and if one is trying to invade enemy territory, known routes may be questionable at best. Attempts were made to create interfaces where mental commands could control military vehicles, both while present within the contraption or from a distance. Those experiments, so far as we know, were unsuccessful.

INTEGRATED WEAPONRY

Some of the more extreme experiments involved attempts to connect the human form directly with weaponry, replacing traditional arm or leg prosthetics with firearms of various sorts, or even cannon implements in some instances. The constant recoil or physical impact of the equipment was uniformly negative, degrading fleshly composition and even shattering bone in trial runs—but that didn't stop scientists from trying to find ways to dampen the effects and allow soldiers to become walking weapons.

ENHANCED ENGAGEMENT

We have touched on a number of physical upgrade experiments being tested out on soldiers. Any soldiers that successfully incorporated these cybernetic additions were tested on the battlefield to see if they might provide an edge against enemy forces. Challenges arose in the form of mental and physical breakdowns under duress, as well as simple equipment malfunctions. However, enough progress was noted to keep these programmes in operation.

ENERGY ISSUES

One of the main inhibitors of more widespread cybernetic enhancement was the issue of energy provision. Baseline fuel was an obvious solution, but also provided an easier target, with fuel tanks being heavy and bulky, as well as extremely flammable when under fire. Electric networks were coming into top form at this time, but were highly sensitive to interruptions should a main wire or connection be fiddled with. Various alien artefacts were available, but most Allied forces were suspicious of such devices and preferred to depend on more reliable power sources.

SUPERNATURAL & PSYCHIC SOURCES

As Allied forces realised they were facing more than just human opposition in the war, they struggled to comprehend and control the occult or magical powers that defied their efforts. Nazi occult influences were well-documented and broadcast during battles in order to intimidate their opponents. While the Allies decried the Fascist forces for their

dabbling in the supernatural, they came to understand that they must also learn to wield them if they were to fight on equal footing.

There was a wide debate as to whether psychic powers counted as supernatural forces, or if they fell under the auspice of mental augmentation. Whatever the case, the Allies determined that such efforts were at least worth investing in, for if the Germans were so committed to them, there must be some value in their development and manifestation.

#XRAYGUN: It's always amusing to see psychic abilities considered magical or similar. Shows how much we're still monkeys stuck in the mud, no matter how far we've evolved.
 #Sam_Jones: Speak for yourself. Some of us recognise that there will always be elements of existence we'll never fully understand. Whether you want to call it inexplicable science or magic is just semantics.
 #XRAYGUN: And another monkey joins the chorus. Ee! Ee! Ee!
 #Sam_Jones: Hey!

The Black Team

Even the sceptical Brits began to explore supernatural or psychic means of wartime exploitation. Prime Minister Winston Churchill reached out to form a council of diviners who might be able to defy Nazi spiritual incursions. The members of this council included Archbishop Cosmo Lang, Dennis Wheatley, and others. All known for their psychic influence, these mediums were able to give the Allies clarity on mental battlegrounds, warding off psychic attacks that would have otherwise crippled their military and political leaders. They and others become collectively known as “The Black Team”.

#Magpie: Look, Billy! Your very own team!
 #Billy_Black_Eyes: If only...

Among these proponents of psychic influence was Air Marshal Lord Hugh Dowding, who wondered at how the Nazi air forces—headed by Herman Göring—were able to predict their bombing raids in the early years of the war with such accuracy. Could there be German forces somehow ascertaining these plans before they were even enacted? During the *blitzkriegs*, Dowding regularly consulted with mediums and psychics, including diviners such as Joseph Benjamin and Leslie Flint, in an attempt to conjure spiritual defenses for his forces as well as to block Nazi efforts to scry them from realms ethereal. His attempts were apparently successful, as Göring found his *Luftwaffe* planes blown from the sky with uncanny foresight, and Axis bombing runs had the tables of superiority turned on them.

Even the MI5 counter-intelligence department became involved in esoteric espionage, thanks to the department's head, Maxwell Knight, being a fervent magical ritualist who consulted Churchill on such matters. He worked alongside

Dennis Wheatley, Britain's chief “black” propagandist, who was put in charge of the London Control Group to spread information and disinformation about the Nazis. Oddly, Wheatley published a fiction book in 1942, *Strange Conflict*, which accused the Nazis of being in league with voodoo priests and using obscene methods of astral projection to spy on the Allies. At the same time, Wheatley and the MI5 esoteric espionage team linked up with an unknown psychic known only by the codename “Anne” and attempted to use her powers to spy on Hitler in return. Wheatley also resorted to more banal tactics, such as air-dropping astrological pamphlets and occult brochures over German territories, all of which had been doctored to predict that Germany would lose the war.

Spiritualistic Adversaries

The years before the war broke out saw a sharp rise in fascination with spiritualism. Ghost conjurers, mediums, and other psychics abounded, yet many of them proved to be frauds simply trying to take advantage of an unwitting public that wished to connect with the spirit world or afterlife. As such, a number of paranormal investigators came to the fore, eager to expose such shams and distinguish between true mediums and fake ones. Among these were J.B. Rhine and Harry Price, both of whom contributed to the psychic battlefield in hidden ways.

On the surface, both Rhine and Price appeared to take steps to debunk psychic or supernatural phenomena, documenting established cases of fraud in both the US and Britain. However, both also sought out legitimate instances of psychic talent, testing for ESP and other parapsychological skills. It is believed that many of the true mediums or clairvoyants they uncovered in their efforts were then drafted into the Allies' covert war efforts. It is also understood that both men were not only trying to disrupt scams and schemes, but also sniffing out dangerous psychic manifestations, such as violent poltergeists or summoning rituals linked to Cthulhu cults, eliminating them before they could become a larger threat.

#Krymonacer: There's a Net feed like this even today. Some show called *Ghosts in the Machine* that tries to debunk everything from people claiming to be zeeks to haunted battlegrounds and more all over the world. Wonder if they're up to the same thing.
 #Psychopope: You watch that dreck? It's all staged, you realise.
 #Krymonacer: Prove it, omae.
 #Psychopope: Prove it isn't.

Russian Agents

Joseph Stalin, feeling that the Soviet Union bore a large brunt of the war effort against Germany (in part due to geographic proximity), recognised that he not only needed

Allied forces on his side, but also his own supernatural agents to fend off the growing occult powers of the Nazi party. Russia had already gained some fame (or notoriety) through the occult exploits of infamous characters such as Helena Blavatsky and Grigori Rasputin, and Stalin was quick to acquire the help of numerous spiritualists, mediums, and others who claimed they could tap into unearthly powers to ensure Soviet victory. These included:

GEORGE GURDJIEF

Gurdjieff was a spiritual teacher who believed enlightenment and transcendence beyond the ordinary human state was possible through the application of hypnotic mesmerism. He was employed by Stalin to not only teach others his hypnotic talents, but to also employ them in interrogating German prisoners, as well as brainwashing POWs into serving the Soviet side, whether they realised it or not. He was constantly suspicious of ghosts or invisible surveillance, and was working on a method by which a person can block their thoughts from external intrusion.

MATRONA DMITRIEVNA NIKONOVA

Born blind, Matrona began receiving visions of holy beauty as well as manifesting prophetic and healing powers by the time she was eight years old. An adherent to the Russian Orthodox faith, she ascribed her abilities to God, lending her foretelling and heavenly insights to the war effort in the hopes her aid might bring the violence to a swifter end, and give all nations a chance for redemption. Stalin often conferred with her before major battle engagements.

PRINCE NIZHARADZE

The true identity of this “prince” is unknown, as the name is apparently a pseudonym for a mysterious occult figure that made his presence felt throughout Soviet occult circles. Descended from the Nizharadze family, a Persian line that traced its origins back to King Solomon himself, this man maintained a place of nobility among the Russians and also served in the Imperial Russian military. It is believed that this prince was a teacher of sorts (having been apprenticed to Rasputin himself at one time) and was gathering secret disciples of his own to spread the dark, mystic arts his master bestowed upon him.

Nazi Efforts

Where the Allied forces sought, for the most part, to enhance the quality of life and human performance through both technological and supernatural means, the Axis forces took a different slant on experimental efforts: absolute control. What good is it to create an *übermensch* if one could not control him from the womb to the grave? The Aryan master race must be represented by humans who were not only superior in the flesh, but also in mind and willpower.



SEARCH FOR THE SUPERSOLDIER

The Nazis employed a widespread eugenics programme to promote the birth and raising of an Aryan race under their control, attempting to remove the weak, the elderly, the degenerate, and other undesirables from their population. This involved the T4 programme, headed up by senior Nazi party member Philipp Bouhler, which instigated and oversaw the forced sterilisation of over 400,000 citizens, as well as a cull of the unwanted via euthanasia.

Alongside the experiments taking place in Auschwitz, the Ravensbrück concentration camp also became a centre for human enhancement experiments, applying biological and technological “upgrades” to test subjects in an effort to create a soldier that could fight tirelessly, heal faster, and be unswervingly loyal to the Nazi party.

CYBERNETIC CREATIONS

Nachtwölfe was one of the primary factions to pursue a blend of man and machine, given the group’s obsession with ancient and alien technologies and their wartime applications. Mina Wolff even reluctantly presented a handful of the blue crystals they had dug up to Ravensbrück, on promise of return, so that their effects on both mind and body could be more closely studied.

TRANSPLANTS

Ravensbrück began a lengthy series of experiments wherein subjects had bones, muscles, and portions of their nervous systems removed, transplanted into other subjects, and replaced

entirely. Many of these efforts wound up with the death or permanent disabling of the victims. However, some small successes were had in enhancing bodily regeneration, as well as boosting strength, stamina, and other features thanks to organ and tissue transplants. Bones and muscles were replaced with a wide variety of materials, mostly different metals, and wiring networks were introduced in place of removed nerve endings to try and enhance various sensations or sensitivities. Many of these experiments were performed without anaesthesia, as it was believed that the drugs would interfere with gathering accurate data on the efficacy of the surgeries. The positive results were reported both to Hitler himself as well as to *Nachtwölfe* officials, who began to employ some of the techniques on their own soldiers, with limited upgrade success.

IMPLANTS

Slivers derived from a rare blue crystal were implanted directly into various parts of human test subjects, including their brain, heart, and other organs. To a one, these victims rapidly went insane and died in violent spasms. The crystal slivers were recovered from their corpses, which appeared to have been seared from the inside out. These attempts negated future efforts to fuse people with recovered artefacts, and relegated them back to simple power sources for vehicular and weapons upgrades. However, Nazi doctors did begin to experiment with brain electrode implants, triggering victims into any number of actions by remote control. With this, the Nazis learned how to create intense anger in their subjects, throwing them into murderous rages, while also stopping them in their tracks with the press of a button. They began to perform such brain implant surgeries on countless prisoners of war and then set them loose on the battlefield, remotely controlling their actions while deploying them against their former allies against their will. There was also talk of using this technique to create “berserker” soldiers, channelling intense rage into increased strength and battlefield ferocity.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: What is it with scientists always wanting to create some unstoppable freak of nature? Haven't they seen the movies? That sort of thing always ends badly.
 #Simba: Hey. Watch it with the “freaks of nature” label. You're starting to sound like a few anti-hybrid extremists I keep an eye on.
 #Billy_Black_Eyes: Not what I meant. Stop trying to take me out of context.

CHEMICAL CONCOCTIONS

Of particular interest to Nazi doctors was the ability to manipulate human chemistry, and they were experimenting with a large number of formulae and pills. One of their most successful products was known only as D-IX, a drug cocktail that incorporated oxycodone, cocaine, and methamphetamines. Subjects who took this drug were able to carry massive amounts of equipment and march at a rapid pace for anywhere

from fifty to a hundred miles a time before collapsing, near to death. While mass production wasn't immediately feasible, this pill was provided to certain elite German troops in order to give them temporary strength and stamina boosts, while at the cost of their ongoing sanity and physical stability.

#Closet Heretic: I heard about this! Anyone want to resume this experiment? I'll volunteer!
 #Brainscanningfool: Please. Afterburn is far superior to this juvenile concoction.
 #Closet Heretic: And you'd know how?
 #Brainscanningfool: You really have to ask?

MIND CONTROL

If the mind is the origination of all action, then to control it is to master the course of an individual's life. Related to the brain implant experiments that produced uncontrollable rage, Nazi doctors worked with a selection of mind control techniques, ranging from hypnosis to drugs to direct electrical stimulation of different regions of the brain. Most of these efforts focussed on taking prisoners of war and turning them into staunch fighters for the Axis side, or creating brainwashed double agents who could return behind enemy lines and cause havoc and sabotage in their homeland. It is unknown whether any such attempts were successful, especially since most test subjects simply went insane before any substantial progress could be proven.

SERVANT RACE CREATION

As the Nazis were committed to eliminating undesirable races while helping the Aryan master race rise to power, there was a recognition that such a master race would still require servants in order to perform widespread manual labour. Several Nazi labs took to extreme measures in trying to create an entirely new race of creatures. Using primarily dogs and monkeys, as well as human corpses, Nazi scientists worked on transplanting animal heads onto human bodies, uplifting the common creature into a loyal being that would be worthy of service at the Nazi party's feet. Attempts at the creation of robotic manservants were also made, but finding a proper replacement for the human brain remained an insurmountable obstacle.

#Warpig: If only it was that easy. Thank god hybrid tech is a bit more advanced than this.
 #Simba: Don't you dare try to argue that this is some early form of hybrids. This was sick surgical butchery, not the refined genetic manipulation we enjoy today.
 #Warpig: Refined, huh? Yeah, a rat hybrid is surely a refined creature to behold.

VEHICLE & WEAPONRY UPGRADES

Nachtwölfe remained unmatched in its creation of new battlefield devices and equipment, giving Nazi soldiers superior

firepower and even weapons that could summon pure beams of energy, flaying flesh from bone. Like the Allies, though, *Nachtwölfe* continued to experiment with ways to make a seamless bond between soldier and weapon, increasing firing control and targeting accuracy. As such, efforts were made to connect equipment directly to soldiers' spines and skulls, tapping into their nervous systems. The success of these conversion attempts were questionable, but soldiers were seen from time to time with odd wiring and cords connected to their bodies from the guns they carried, and some bombed-out tanks were investigated after one battle, with Nazi corpses being found connected to the machinery in strange ways that could not be fully explained through mere explosions alone.

POWER SOURCES

Unlike the Allies, who relied more on battery and fuel, *Nachtwölfe*'s increasing grip on blue crystal sources provided a much steadier and more effective power generation that could be applied to everything from weaponry to vehicles and other upgraded equipment. Indeed, many of the Nazi experiments weren't even feasible without the use of these crystals.

OCCULT PURSUITS

From the very beginning, Hitler's obsession with the occult and supernatural paved the way for Nazi delving into such matters. Throughout the war, for instance, Hitler believed it is his fate to uncover the Spear of Destiny, which would grant immortality and make the wielder unbeatable in battle. In the *Führer*'s ongoing attempts to recover ancient relics of supernatural power, he enlists one Otto Rahn, a German medievalist and member of the SS.

**"My ancient forbears were heathens,
and my ancestors were heretics. For their exoneration
I collect the pieces that Rome left over."
- Otto Rahn**

Rahn travelled in the company of Antonin Gadal, a French historian and mystic. Their travels took them throughout southern France as well as Italy and Iceland—mostly in pursuit of legends surrounding the Holy Grail. In 1939, Rahn went missing and was believed dead by most. However, the truth is that Rahn did, in fact, uncover a particularly powerful artefact he believed to be the original Holy Grail. But his interaction with the relic transformed him into something more than human and also transferred the mantle of guardianship onto him. He then became committed to ensuring the Grail would never fall into the hands of any that would use it for war, vanishing into the mists of time. Aware of this betrayal, Hitler continued to send troops after Rahn, but it would appear that there was no successful retrieval mission.

Closer to the battlefield, occult forces gathered within the Nazi party, intent on wielding powerful psychic and other

supernatural powers to catapult Germany to victory. At the forefront of this effort was Heinrich Himmler, leader of the SS itself. Himmler spearheaded the collection of hundreds of thousands of cultural and religious artefacts from around the world, and also established himself in Wewelsburg Castle, which once served as a prison and torture chamber for witches in the 17th Century. Making this his ideological and occult "centre of operations," Himmler began to work closely with another Nazi party member, Karl Maria Wiligut, who claimed to trace his heritage back to the ancient god, Wodan (Odin), becoming known as "Himmler's Rasputin". Together, they created and disseminated a new mythology, linking the Nazi party to ancient powers and civilisations, including the Hyperborean and Atlantean cultures that had already captured the imagination of Mina Wolff.

#Mortis: I've heard that Rasputin himself didn't actually die in 1916, but was actually immortal and helped the Russians behind the scenes during the war.
#Luciferion: Pics or it didn't happen.
#Mortis: Actually, there are a number of wartime photos that experts claim show a still-alive Rasputin meeting with various officials like Churchill and Stalin.
#Luciferion: Yeah, because that sort of thing can't be doctored at all.

Himmler transformed Wewelsburg Castle into a manner of Nazi Camelot, creating numerous ritual chambers, holding equinox ceremonies and other darker meetings to ally Germany with powers from beyond space and time. Himmler also established a unique specialist SS group known as *Nibelungen*, so named in honour of a mythical band of treasure hoard keepers. They were tasked with procuring and protecting the most precious relics Germany uncovered in its expeditions.

ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES

Hitler also wanted to uncover the origins of the Aryan race itself, and find out how it was connected to modern civilisations. According to historical research, Tibet appeared to be the most promising location for this cradle of Aryan civilisation, sparking numerous forays into the country in search of artefacts and ruins. Ancient myths spoke of two races, Hyperborea-Thule (aka the Atlanteans) and Vril-ya, a subterranean species associated with hollow earth theories and attributed with having immense psychokinetic powers and energy sources known as *vril* at their disposal. Were these races truly extinct or lost within the muddle of human genetics? Or did their descendants remain hidden, waiting to join the fight at the right moment?

**"Let us see ourselves for what we are.
We are Hyperboreans."
- Friedrich Nietzsche, Der Antichrist**



CHAPTER 4

The Consequences

*"Men who are in earnest are not afraid of consequences."
- Marcus Garvey*

Davis knelt beside Geoff as the two men hunched among the mouldering ruins beneath a waning moon. The pair of them were the only survivors of this doomed-from-the-start rescue operation. Whose bright idea had it been to send a single squad past enemy lines looking for some civvie idiot who had got himself lost in this jungle? What was the bloke even doing out here, and what sort of sway did he have back at HQ to garner this sort of resource allocation? Some sort of egghead, Davis had heard, trying to scrounge around ancient places like this in search of who-knew-what.

Didn't matter now. They'd found their guy in the middle of the ruins, long dead. Strange thing was, no gun had laid him low. Instead, their medic claimed he'd been gutted by some sort of jagged blade, and he couldn't explain the black charring that had marked the disturbing wounds across his body.

Since then, the rest of their squad had been picked off as they'd tried to slip back out the way they'd come. Not so much as a scream or whimper... one minute, they'd skulked along... the next, it was just Davis and Geoff left, trying to get their radio working to confirm their pickup point before whatever lurked in the ruins set its sights on them.

Geoff had the headset over his ears, eyes half-closed as he fiddled with the tuning dial, trying to find the right frequency.

"Any luck?" Davis whispered.

Geoff waved him off without looking his way, gaze distant. Then, after another turn of the dial, he stiffened and his eyes went wide. Davis leaned in, trying to discern words in the buzz of the headphones. Geoff's lips moved silently and shudders rippled through his body.

Davis poked at his partner. "C'mon. What's the word?"

Geoff's head swivelled eerily to lock their gazes. Too fast to stop, the radio man drew the headphones off and clamped them down over Davis' ears. Davis tried to jerk away, but the buzzing from the speakers wove through his thoughts and fizzled away any

awareness of himself... the ruins... the danger they hid... while his and Geoff's mouths worked in concert, forming words neither of them had ever heard before.

"Ia... Ia..."

Let us step back from our immersion in these historical databases and try to gain a better understanding of how these experiments went on to revolutionise the world. The Allied and Axis employed enormously diverse methodologies in carrying out cybernetic and other human enhancement experimentation, even if their goals were similar. The Allies tried to hold onto the virtues of free-

The scientific community struggled with
how to justify using their knowledge

dom and strength, believing it was the duty of the strong to protect the weak and preserve the value of human life. Some felt this approach limited Allied efforts because they weren't willing to push the boundaries of human potential enough, while the Nazis discarded any idea of morals or ethics that might have detained them from making the discoveries they craved.

Indeed, for years after the concentration camp experiments, the scientific community struggled with how to justify using the knowledge gathered by Axis scientists about human reactions to negative stimuli, such as freezing water and toxic chemical solutions. This knowledge did, in fact, advance medical or technological knowledge and methods, but at what cost? And if doctors or scientists use the Nazi data in developing future procedures that actually ended up

saving lives or improved the quality of life for the general population, did it make them a party to the torture and horrors Nazi test subjects underwent?

A WHOLE NEW BATTLEFIELD

While the majority of Axis and Allied forces remained unaware of the cybernetic developments being pursued behind the scenes, the advances, even crude and limited as they were, still changed the nature of the war itself in drastic ways; both for good and for ill.

Such scientific progress could be measured as “three steps forward, two steps back” in several arenas that go on to shape the future of the world. The stakes were certainly raised for all involved parties, and the threat for later disaster heightened.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Today we adopt the more progressive philosophy of “three steps forward... nuke ourselves all back to hell.”

#DoomSecretary: Someone needs a hug!

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Get the hell away from me.

The Overall Impact

INCREASED DEATH TOLL/ATTRITION

With an exponential boost of weapon and soldier effectiveness, it was only natural that the number of deaths and

equipment destruction on both sides would escalate as well. Mutually assured destruction became quite a real threat as bombs were developed that horrified even their own inventors with their ability to wipe out huge swathes of geography in a single explosion. Not to mention that soldiers were able to carry individual weapons that had massive firepower, turning a single man or woman into a deadly force that could eliminate whole squadrons alone, or turn the tide of a battle as they waded into the fray.

INCREASED ENERGY COSTS

To keep the machine of war rolling demanded a constant outpouring of power, and there was only so much to go around. Rolling brown and blackouts impacted major cities, and civilians often had to go without power for weeks, if not months at a time. Some officials claimed this was to avoid cities being spotted by bombers at night, and this was a valid reason, to be sure. However, at times the power from the generators was actually being diverted in order to supply labs and research facilities that were experimenting with new cybernetic models and vehicles that demanded excessive energy levels to reach functional levels.

INCREASED FINANCIAL COSTS

The funding for all this research and development had to come from somewhere, and governments found themselves going into massive debt in order to keep these operations going. Populations suffered increasing taxation or property seizure, all in the name of the greater

Photo: Troschke - Nordafrika, Lazarett, Krankenschwestern, April, 1943 - Bundesarchiv, Bild 101I-787-0510-35 / Troschke/ CC-BY-SA



good, and the common citizen was expected to sacrifice any spare resources they had for the war effort, whether or not they saw any extra protection or peace of mind for their investment. The exploration of cybernetic implants and transplants also involved a huge amount of precious metals and even gems. Some people accused their leaders of hoarding national wealth, but the reality was much of it was going straight into hidden research and was never seen again.

HISTORICAL SITE DESTRUCTION

Both Nazi and Allied expeditions into foreign territory revealed the locations of valuable archaeological sites and historical remains that would send any historian or relic hunter into instant salivations. However, because of a constant sense of urgency, the teams that discovered these sites often succumbed to hasty artefact recovery, eschewing any level of care or courtesy as they desecrated holy sites or other ruins. As such, many sites were damaged beyond value or repair, ridding the intellectual world of resources that might have contributed to further knowledge and progress.

#Sam_Jones: Okay, yes. This is one of the true tragedies of the time. People go all Indiana Jones, bulldozing the pyramids themselves, thinking they'll dig up some powerful artefact while trashing far more valuable ruins.

#Sorry_U_Asked: Indiana who?

#Sam_Jones: Oh, child. I pity you.

MORE DECISIVE ENGAGEMENTS

During the years of war, battles raged for weeks at a time without either side getting any distinct advantage over the other. Soldiers suffered in foxholes, wasting away due to diminished rations or fresh water, falling prey to all manner of diseases and mental illness due to long-term exposure. But, with the deployment of superior, enhanced troops and equipment, such lengthy engagements could (theoretically, at least) be shortened to a matter of days, with enemy troops being eliminated in quick order and territory being overrun in all haste. While this, too, would increase the overall death toll, it would also hasten the eventual end of the war—a merciful thing in some people's minds.

BOUNDARY BREAKDOWNS

Reality itself came under assault during these events, and human perception of everything from religion to medicine to warfare to the substances of the body and mind was forever altered. In pursuing occult powers, both side crossed boundaries that had been erected for good reason, to prevent humanity from dabbling in forces beyond their ability to control. It also brought humanity into the focus of beings so *other* that even though some basic communication was exchanged, their true motives and long-term plans could never be fully understood.

Some fear that these forces will eventually break full into our reality and turn the whole species into nothing more than slaves, sacrifices, or pawns in their unnatural designs.

The Advantages

GREATER BIOLOGICAL UNDERSTANDING

While the path to this increase in knowledge in human biology and related sciences wound through many dark realms, it is undeniable that it advanced the intellectual community by leaps and bounds. If the war had never happened, it might have been decades, if not centuries, before humanity even began to ponder similar issues and explore their ramifications. Those who value knowledge over ethics are certainly quick to claim the progress these discoveries afforded.

CYBERNETIC LEAPS

The field of cybernetics itself was established at this time, unifying a host of theories and technologies that had been separate until then. While it was crude, a fumbling in the dark and clutching at things unknown, it was still a valuable beginning. The cost was high, but scientists were well-acquainted with the sacrifices they needed to make in order to unearth new knowledge. Of course, those same scientists often imposed the necessary sacrifices on their test subjects rather than on themselves, almost seeing themselves as an elite order that must survive in order to continue the research and see the data brought to light.

BATTLEFIELD MASTERY

War was forever changed. It was no longer a simple matter of throwing more soldiers into the fray, but of outsmarting the enemy with superior intelligence and outwielding them with superior equipment. Chemical and biological attacks were added to both sides' arsenals and only became more refined (and more deadly) with each passing year. Improved battlefield communication allowed commanders to guide the course of a battle without risking their own lives on the field, while also ensuring that their troops had the most up-to-date information that allowed for superior deployment.

POST-WAR ADVANCES

Most discoveries made during wartime were applied to civilian living once the major conflict ended and the focus returned to daily routine. New medicines, new technologies, and new creature comforts: all became available and humanity's imagination was spurred on by the achievements they had already accomplished.

The Disadvantages

INFECTIONS & DISEASE

Tinkering with the flesh is always risky, especially because humanity—however much it wishes to think otherwise—is

a fragile creature. The slightest cut can become infected if not cared for and sanitised properly. Within wartime, disease and infection can actually be even deadlier forces than enemy fire, claiming more lives than actual combat in the long run. As early cybernetic implants and transplants were experimented with, this opened up test subject bodies to a variety of possible infections, creating inflamed flesh, disgusting seepages, and open wounds where the mechanical elements were connected to the limbs or organs.

ABNORMAL GROWTHS

The body can react in extreme ways to what it sees as “intrusions”. In some cybernetic test subjects, the immune system went into overdrive, as well as trying to replace damaged bone and flesh at a rapid rate. This led to victims suffering from overdeveloped bony growths and a general swelling of limbs or internal organs, sometimes to obscene degrees. Some scientists even observed bizarre growths that turned into extra limbs or organs themselves, with test subjects developing new eyes, ears, or mouths, as well as duplicate sets of lungs, hearts, arms, and even brains.

SYSTEM REJECTION

Mentioned earlier as a critical obstacle to be overcome, then, as now, systemic rejection of cybernetic upgrades is an inherent risk. Even if it appears that a particular implant or transplant has been accepted by the host and is working as desired, there is always a chance that when it has been in operation for a time, or comes under undue stress, the bond between man and machine will break down at the most inopportune moment.

#Psychotropic_meme: This happened to a friend of mine.
Had an eye implant go bad and nearly went blind.
#Neon_Bright: Sorry to hear, man.
#Psychotropic_meme: S'ok. He sued 'em good.

INSANITY

There are experiences the human mind should never have to undergo; stresses it was never meant to suffer. With scientists attempting to plug the body directly into electrical or mechanical networks, it can be of no surprise that a large number of test subjects began to suffer from various mental illnesses, or break down into total dementia after a time. There were even forms of insanity that were considered “infectious”, that could be passed from person to person without even requiring physical contact. Merely being in the same room with such a deranged person could be dangerous and increase the chances of the victim taking on the same sort of madness.

UNCONTROLLABLE SUBJECTS

When you are attempting to create soldiers with enhanced speed, strength, and even psychic capacities, if you're successful, the issue then shifts to maintaining control of those

soldiers. Why should they take commands from those who are weaker or less-skilled than themselves? By breaking down the boundaries between the mind and machine, other elements such as loyalty or empathy can also be destroyed in the process, resulting in amoral monsters that no longer see themselves as truly human and who wield their new abilities or powers without regard for others.

These are experiences the human mind
should never have to undergo; stresses it
was never meant to suffer

ENHANCED CREATURES

Not all of the test subjects for cybernetic advances were human. Things alien and monstrous also came under the surgeon's scalpel in the hopes of turning them into enhanced fighting forces or salvaging some aspect of their strange anatomy that could be used to empower human biology in unimaginable ways. Most of these experiments died on the lab table, but some successfully integrated the new mechanical components they were introduced to, only adding to their strangeness and deadliness. Nor could all of them be kept contained afterwards...

Those Opposed

While many people were intrigued, if not excited, by how cybernetic discoveries could change the course of the war as well as chart new paths of human evolution, not everyone was sold on the idea. In fact, certain factions existed that outright opposed any such mingling of flesh and technology. Even within the Nazi party, there were those who saw these advances as going too far, and believed that the true Aryan spirit had to be preserved and not diluted by technological invasions. Three such factions included:

THE HAMMERS OF HEAVEN

A religious order that grew slowly over the centuries, this Catholic offshoot believed that humanity was made in the image of God and any attempts to alter it were heresy. Its members were devout in their faith and believed that disfiguring the body in any way was a sin that must be purged before humanity could be forgiven and reunited with its Creator. The membership kept its official presence as much a secret as possible, but most members held an identifying token on their person, in the form of a miniature shield emblazoned with a golden hammer. Some of the more fervent members even took archaic battlehammers to the front with them. Despite not being as effective in long range combat, they were quite capable of smashing both enemy troops and equipment to bits once the soldier got swept up in a religious frenzy.



EYES OF HORUS

A network of psychics, clairvoyants, and mediums (many of whom actually worked for the Allies in defending against astral Nazi incursions), this group also believed that the future of the human race lay in the mind, not in machines. In fact, humanity's increasing reliance on technology rather than mental powers was viewed as crippling, something that held them back from achieving their true potential. As such, attempts to introduce cybernetic upgrades to the human form were thought to do irreversible damage and keep humanity from manifesting to the next level of existence. While not outright hostile towards the scientific community, it was suspected members of this group attempted to keep tabs on scientists on both sides of the war effort, and tried to sway their thoughts away from certain discoveries.

SEEDS OF THE STARS

A Nazi brotherhood, this group was founded to decry the advancement of the human race through anything less than natural methods. While they supported the eugenics breeding programme, as well as sterilisation efforts to remove undesirable cultural elements, when implanted technology was held up as a tool to achieve similar goals, that was where they drew the line. To sully the perfect Aryan form with crude mechanical devices was obscene and went against everything the master race should stand for. Weapons and

tools of war were one thing, but the body itself needed to remain inviolable, keeping humans from devolving into the very machines they should be in control of. This brotherhood worked from within the Nazi ranks to stall scientific progress in cybernetics, even going so far as to sabotage some of their own labs and assassinate various scientists who had success in blending man and machine.

#Krymonacer: Do these Starseed fellows sound familiar to anyone?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Not ringing a bell. Should it?

#Krymonacer: Give it some thought. It'll come to you.

Cybernetics vs. Cthulhu

Even while humans reached out to what would be considered supernatural or alien forces to give them victory in battle, it was not a simple one-way exchange of power or resources. The various cults and creatures that emerged from the shadows during these conflicts also took what they wished from the minds of men, and applied new technologies and tactics to themselves. Cybernetics became of particular interest to these different species, perhaps in part because their extraterrestrial intelligences had already learned to no longer distinguish between flesh and machine, and they realised the potential such bonds offered to their fragile forms.

ENHANCED MI-GO

The mi-go had already recognised that their bodies were not optimised for battle in and of themselves, and so they sought ways to strengthen both their offensive and defensive abilities. While some of these attempts simply added armour or weapons to the mi-go form, some creatures were observed to be far more integrated with their mechanical additions, almost as if they had a mental control over the apparatus.

ELDER THINGS

These bizarre creatures were known for having a vast neural network within their bodies, placing their intelligence several orders above any human. Some of these creatures were, in fact, captured and dissected; their nervous systems stripped out and transplanted them into humans to observe the effects. Similar to mi-gos, elder things were (allegedly) pursuing ways to upgrade their physical natures with extra armour and weaponry, which they could connect and control through their thoughts alone.

#BatRastard: "Things." Gotta love the vagueness there. Want to make something sound spooky? Slap the word "thing" on it, and get people trembling in their boots.
#NECROTIXX: Want to see my "thing?"
#BatRastard: Hell no.

DEEP ONES

These amphibious creatures had already been discovered to be inter-breeding with humans, creating hybrids that

could conceal their true natures for a time. Since they were already transformed beyond human ken, it was thought that they could be better adapted to cybernetic interfaces, giving them a more effective battlefield role or an ability to survive longer on land before having to return to the sea. It was rumoured that deep were trying to mechanically enhance themselves in order to become a more dangerous force in naval warfare, sabotaging submarines and ships from beneath the waves.

Opposing Cults

If truly understood, many of the magical or supernatural elements encountered through interactions with these beings were actually just incredibly advanced technologies or manipulations through methods unimaginable by human intellects. Despite their basis in strange physics and sciences, certain creatures preferred to keep humans ignorant of the actual forces they dabbled with, and so generated an aura of mystique that concealed their true natures.

Cthulhu himself keeps to the realms of the mind, driving his followers with dreams and sending them spiralling down into insanity as they surrender more of their will to him. Nyarlathotep also takes a more supernatural approach, such as with the Order of the Black Sun, directing them to develop along more occult lines rather than technological advancement. It may be that such tactics are intended to keep humanity squabbling in the mud of ignorance, unable to ever really understand and become any sort of the threat to the dark "gods" they have come to worship.

*Dear Heavens, this is even bleaker than Mr. Huxley's magnum opus!
Is this really what the human race has to look forward to?*

- A. T.





CHAPTER 5

The Stars are Aligning

"Fate leads him who follows it, and drags him who resists."
- Plutarch

#SANE_PROPHET

See? See? C? Circle? Cycle? Cthulhu? All start with C, see? As it was, so it shall be, again and again and again...

The seeds of the future were planted in the past and watered with blood. World War Two may not have been the absolute beginning of the madness we've now begun to face again, but it was most certainly where it began to flourish and took deeper root in the minds and souls of men.

During this war, humanity exposed itself to creatures it thought it could control. We desired power at any cost, and we sacrificed our sanity to receive it. We're just now beginning to realise the extent of the price we might pay. The 1940s may seem like an archaic time to those of us living in 2090, but if we forget or ignore what started there, we will be caught unawares when those same forces come into play in our time.

I said it before and must repeat—these two eras are linked. Today, cybernetics and even stranger sciences have changed the face of humanity far more than the scientists of that time might've ever imagined, yet we owe our current tools and techniques to their initial discoveries and willingness to challenge the concept of human/machine separation, the refinement of automata, robotics, and more. Those are the blessings they have given us, and we have embraced them fully. Perhaps too fully. But that's another matter entirely.

At the same time, they also cursed us by opening doors that should've remained locked forever. Doors into different realms of thought and space, where lurked powers and beings that see our species as nothing more than fodder. To them, to the Great Old Ones that slumber in the depths of both the seas and space, hidden under ice or behind curtains of ignorance, we are cattle. We are pests to be stamped out the moment we start making nuisances of ourselves.

It is undeniable that both Allied and Axis powers created dark bargains with these beings... Cthulhu... Nyarlathotep...

Dagon... Tsathoggua... and many far more unspeakable ones. But what do you think happened once the war ended? Did these beings just slip back into the realms we had lured them from? Were they sated by the blood we had spilled on their behalf? Or did they grow even hungrier and more restless?

Some claim that, since almost a century and a half has passed without these beings manifesting in the world, they should be of no concern. Perhaps they've returned to their eternal slumber and simply dream of eons past. Perhaps they've gone on to other planets or planes of existence altogether, leaving humanity to its lot.

Don't fall prey to those lies. Such evil never dies. Such evil never truly goes away. It may slumber for a time, but that only means it will be even more ravenous when it reawakens... as it is now doing.

Why now, you ask? What evidence do I have of this? I will display my proof in these next sections, to the point where even the biggest doubter will have to admit that strange stirrings have begun across the world, pointing to the return of the Elder Ones. And once you see the data, you must determine whether you think me a liar... a madman... or a prophet of truth. I can only be one of those, and what purpose would I have, of what benefit would it be to me, to spread this sort of mad disinformation? If I'm a madman, then... well... you've nothing to fear. Nor do you have anything to lose in reviewing this information. If insanity has caused me to compile this then-meaningless assortment of historical and current datapoints, then surely my logic will break down under careful consideration by a mind as even-keeled as yours.

But are you willing to risk dismissing me as insane if I'm actually telling the truth? As much as it might give me fleeting satisfaction, I'm not the sort of person willing to watch planetary annihilation occur just to say, "I told you so!"

As for why they've waited until now to assert their presence once more, I propose several theories:

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Times of Chaos

If you step back and watch our species crawl upon the face of the earth and expand into the solar system itself, we've come to resemble an enormous anthill that has been stirred up into a mania. We have now reached a frenzied peak of evolution on all fronts, and many nations and megacorps and networks commit their full resources to pushing us further and faster than we've ever dared to go before. Yet we've barely survived the latest wars. Chaos defines us these days, and it is that chaos which the Old Ones thrive upon. Our current events could be acting as a clarion call to their slumbering essences, pinging out against them like radar, alerting them that the time is ripe for them to once more feed upon our energies.

Boundary Breakdowns

What is real, these days? Thanks to almost the whole of civilisation being directly connected to the Net through TAPS, with simulations and virtual realities abounding, we can reshape our identities and perceptions as easily as we wish. We reshape our bodies through genetic splicing and grow enhanced versions of ourselves in vats. We are constantly altering what it means to be human, and we now play host to artificial intelligences that may view the world far differently than we. The more the hard lines of truth and reality are blurred, the more we could be inviting the attention of beings that have been waiting for millennia to cross over the threshold into our time.

Primed Technology

It may be that when the Old Ones first made contact with us, they found humanity lacking the tools or weaponry needed to conquer the earth in the manner they desired. They may have given us the knowledge to revolutionise our understanding of science and set us on the path to the rampant technological advances we now enjoy. But are these actual boons, or have we simply been primed to offer our own tools and resources to beings that know how to manipulate these technologies even more extensively and effectively than we?

The Stars have Aligned

It may be a matter of pure timing; that we are unlucky enough to exist during this occurrence. I personally don't give much stock to astrological or other occult beliefs, but it is true that nature itself is a thing of cycles. Sunrise... sunset... the tides... the turn of the seasons... the ebb and flow of the planet's own magnetic field. All of these things speak of inevitable change. We may be on the cusp of a new

era where, if we aren't prepared, we may be swept aside to make room for powers far greater than we can conceive. Consider also how humanity is stretching across the solar system itself, establishing colonies on the planets we once merely marvelled at on their courses through the night sky. If these beings are not originally from our planet, then might they not have origins, or a continued presence, in the extraterrestrial territories we now have the audacity to claim as our own? Might our expansion efforts have triggered an alien awareness that had otherwise lain dormant within the spheres?

Whatever the truth, whatever the trigger of this re-emergence of Cthulhu and his insanity-spawning ilk, it may not even matter. The only thing that does matter is that we become aware of it and prepare ourselves for a world that will grow stranger by the day. Unfortunately, because of the ease with which we merge mind and body and technology nowadays, we are, in many ways, even more vulnerable than ever. Yes, we have mental firewalls and security devices and the like, but will they stand strong in the face of powers that, if fully awoken, could rip the entire planet apart or send entire civilisations into spasms of insanity and violence?

Should I be forced to bet on the outcome, if I'm honest, I wouldn't give us spectacular odds. I just want to survive, and help others do so as well. Whether that means we find a way to fight these awakening powers and send them back to the infernal hells they slither out from... or whether it means we forge new unions with them and pray they treat their loyal servants well... those may be the choices we are now left with.

So, once you have perused the evidence of modern monstrosities lurking just below the surface of common awareness, it will come down to your own personal decision. Will you side with these dark powers and hope they will spare you in the end, or will you risk all to push them back into the frozen depths of space from which they've come?

Because, however much you might try to delude yourself, no one will be able to stand neutral in this growing conflict. If you don't choose, someone (or something) will choose for you, whether you realise it or not. Why not at least be in charge of that aspect of your fate?

It may be the last sane decision you ever make...

#Billy_Black_Eyes: I'll be the first to admit there's some freaky shit going on these days, but you're gonna have to try harder than that to convince me it's coming from aliens older than the universe.

#Paladin: What's so far-stretched about it? We barely know our own planet and we're wandering into dark corners of the solar system, acting as if they already belong to us.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: When did you get all gloomy?

#XRAYGUN: He has a point, though. Until we've turned over every last rock, anything could be out there, waiting for us.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: That's it. No more X-Files sims for you guys.



CHAPTER 6

Madness Made Flesh/ Tubes, Wires, and Tentacles

Dr. Lucille Patrovlsky reviewed the next patient's notes as she headed towards the examination room; an intriguing mix of symptoms that the usual run of publicly available medications had failed to alleviate. She tracked a finger down the list on the tablet: nightmares, leading to several months of insomnia; a growing aversion to food that had triggered a wasting effect on the body; and an odd number of topical growths that appeared to be some form of fungus. Strange that previous examinations had yielded no identifiable pathogens or chemical agents that might be responsible for such a profile. A form of mutation, perhaps? She flicked through past lab reports, aghast at their lack of vital information, and wondered what sort of quacks the patient had visited before coming to this clinic.

If she couldn't identify the cause, it might be necessary to quarantine the patient for more detailed study. She smiled to herself as she entered the exam room. Maybe a few experiments on this strange case might give her the material she needed for several journal publications; publications which could get her out of working at this emergency care clinic.

She didn't look up from her tablet right away, scanning a few last salient details. "Surry DeFlange, is it?"

A moan made her raise her eyes, and she froze in shock as the door slid shut behind her. The figure sat hunched on the examination table, clutching his... it's?... stomach, as if in pain. Tattered clothes hung from a skeletal frame. Red eyes glistened in torment from within a face whose normal features had been crowded out by blue-green mounds and tendrils that writhed with a life of their own. The man, for it had to be a man, wore no shoes, and his broad feet appeared to have webbing between the toes.

As she stared, the man lurched up and staggered towards her. His voice crackled and slurred as a scaly hand reached for her face.

"So... hungry..."

Dr. Patrovlsky panted in terror as she sprinted from the room and locked the door behind her. She hit the button to summon security, and then leaned against the wall to tremble in relief at the close call. A sudden flare of pain drew her hand to her neck, and her fingertips came away stained with blood. The patient must've scratched her during her escape. But surely that was no cause for alarm...

#SANE_PROPHET

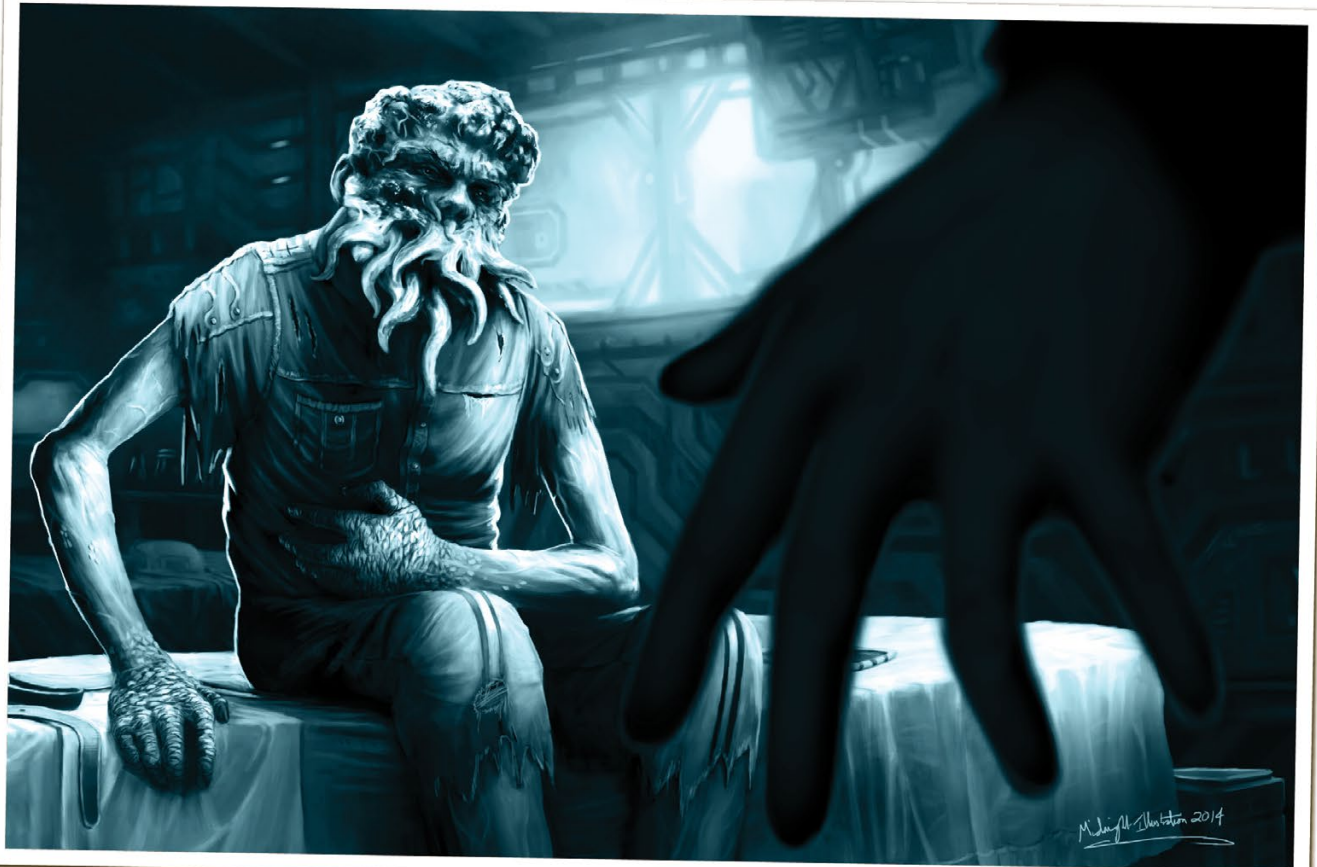
My research into the reawakening of ancient powers in our times came into fruition when I first gained access to a handful of odd, encrypted archives that made me aware of these beings and their growing influence on our world. Don't bother yourself wondering how I accessed these—I paid the price so you don't have to. Simply accept the blessing of my knowledge.

I have since sifted through the mass of arcane lore and esoteric data, exposing myself to this material so that our species might stand the highest chance of survival in the years to come. I've distilled the most essential elements of my research into concepts and terms the average human might be able to understand, but don't be surprised if there are facts here beyond your ability to integrate with everyday experiences.

#Think4U: Nice way to insult our intelligence, neh? Give us a little credit, ami.

It's all rather depressing if this document is real - did we achieve nothing at all through our sacrifices?

—Capt. Harris



WHAT IS, AND IS NOT It's Not Magic

Let me be clear upfront. These creatures are not supernatural. They are simply... beyond. Beyond our understanding of science and biology. Beyond our control of technology. Beyond our perception of the space/time continuum itself.

Yet that doesn't mean we must be afraid of them. Fear their power, yes. Fear their monstrous forms, yes. Fear their sanity-shattering intellects, yes. Fear is a rational response to such overwhelming force. But cower and hide and refuse to even put up a fight? Never.

#Billy Black Eyes: So...All that talk about rituals, blue crystals, and occult societies wasn't magic? I'm confused.

Embedded in the Code

What has come to light that might prove Cthulhu and other Elder Gods are stirring in their sleep? Foremost is the propagation of ancient and alien languages within current coding and programming. The most common name for this language is Aklo, which was once attributed with mystical powers, but may simply be a mental construct that allows normal thought to shift into unfamiliar patterns. It is buried deep within our networks, the very software we download straight into our

brains and are exposed to on a daily basis. It contains incredibly telling phrases if you know what to look for. Two such common occurrences include:

"Ia! Ia! Cthulhu Fhtagn!"

"Ph'nghui Mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn."

Such phrases are not in every piece of software out there. They don't underlie every simulation. But they're included in enough to make it matter. That someone should've taken notice. These sort of phrases don't actually do anything in-and-of-themselves, and one might be tempted to write them off as harmless. However, consider this... Every time someone runs software or other digital interface that includes this code, it adds their voice to a hidden chant. An unspoken summoning. A prodding at the awareness of minds that are best left alone.

And when the billions of people upon this world download and run these same programmes... if even a million users have it, it's as if a million voices have whispered unholy names and requested the attention of these beings, whether they realise it or not.

Your voice might even be among them.

#Neon Bright: Ok, this creeps me out. I've created a number of engrams that will mess with someone's mind. It's not hard to do—you just tweak the signal a bit, embed a

subliminal meme, and presto! Your target starts barking like a dog, or goes to sleep. That is basically what #sane_prophet's talking about, only on a much larger scale.

#Billy Black Eyes: @Neon: That's my impression too, only I'd add that, if what this guy's sayin' is true, there's something more sinister going on.

#Simba: Well, duh ;)

#Magpie: ... Yeah, umm... I downloaded a NAVbuddy T-APP a while back, and heard that phrase every time I ran the prog. I deleted it because the thing wasn't working right. It kept on prompting me to go to an address in the Gray Hell Zone, and only a crazed dedder goes there. I don't buy into this Elder God bullshit, though. Anyone can string letters together and code a psychotropic engram. That doesn't mean they're from another dimension.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE YELLOW SIGN?

At the same time, various sigils and glyphs are being hidden behind advertisements and broadcast memes. Four such signs are of particular note, and once you are aware of them, you will begin to see them in everything from megacorps logos to gang tattoos to brief graphical glitches that intrude on your simulation overlays.

Stay away from doors marked with this sign, as you will likely find yourself nowhere near your intended destination



Elder Sign

A warped, five-point star with the image of a flaming eye or pillar at the centre, this is one of the most obvious of the Elder God symbols, and is often found carved into stone or metal. If it is engraved on a physical object, possessing that object can act as an effective defence against attacks by deep ones or other servants of the Elder Gods. Don't believe deep ones are even around these days, ami? We'll rid you of that notion soon enough. It is also rumoured to be able to briefly hide one from the sight of the Elder Gods, should you be unfortunate enough to deserve their focus. How long does that protection last? Do you want to be the one to test that limit?



Yellow Sign

This is the symbol of the King in Yellow, a being whose very countenance can shatter the sanity of any who look upon him. Lovely, neh? Sometimes named as Hastur, this entity is not only represented by the Yellow Sign, but anyone who possesses a copy of such a sign, whether

intentional or not, opens their mind to possession or other forms of insidious control. Wherever it appears, you can rest assured that someone's will has been usurped for nefarious ends.



Sigil of the Gateway

This symbol is intended for ritual opening of various portals or in the crossing of thresholds that allow one to pass into various time periods or physical realms not actually connected with the present reality. It involves a main pentagram shape, overlaid by partial, broken secondary and tertiary pentagrams, respectively known as Arra, Agga, and Bandar. Stay far away from doors marked by this sign, as you will likely step through and find yourself nowhere near your intended destination.



Sign of Koth

An antithesis of the Sigil of the Gateway, the Sign of Koth is a powerful mechanism designed to lock certain passages and portals from both sides. It can also be used as a defense to protect one's mind and will from being subsumed by inhuman designs, though the sign must somehow be touching one's flesh at all times in order for it to function properly.



Pnakotic Pentagram

Another protective symbol. Those who mark it out on a floor and stand within its confines can be rendered unseen to forces of evil, or beings that are either present in the flesh or who have taken possession of other humans.



Sign of the Dark Mother

Also known as Shub-Niggurath, this entity is believed to spawn horrific goat-like creatures that blend human bodies and goat heads. Harkens back to early Nazi experiments in swapping animal heads onto human bodies, does it not?

"In some places they was little stones strewed about - like charms - with somethin' on 'em like what ye call a swastika nowadays. Probly them was the Old Ones' signs."

- Zadok Allen, The Shadow Over Innsmouth

#Luciferion: I know a hybrid who looks like he might be a Shub-baby. Name's Henry. He has two curled horns and really sharp, angular features. Hell, he's even got the goatee to match.

#Billy Black Eyes: Why am I not surprised, Lu?

Those who wear such signs on their bodies, or work under a megacorp or military logo that incorporates such, may have no idea that they've been marked, but it still throws their allegiance in with unnatural forces and may be used to cast a subtle influence over their minds (and souls, if you believe in such things). It is alarming how many gangs can be seen wearing symbols that resemble some of those listed here, despite not being connected in any other way. We will address several of the more prominent criminal elements that may be involved later on.

NOT MEANT FOR HUMAN HANDS

All of this is just the precursor to the technologies that are being developed; devices and weapons that have no real purpose if they're being created for human hands or minds.

Have you ever given octopi or other multi-limbed invertebrates any degree of study? If so, you may have realised that tentacles are both incredibly strong and dexterous limbs, capable of manipulating numerous objects and surface interfaces simultaneously. Human fingers require clunky things such as buttons and triggers and tapping away at one interaction point at a time, while creatures with more fluid control can process mechanisms far faster than we.

These things are being created. Some intentionally. Some without knowledge of who, or what, they are eventually intended for. We've gained enough control over technological evolution that it's now being subverted for these creatures' plots. Let's look at just a few examples:

Cybernetics

With its roots going back to the 1940s and World War Two, as we've discussed at length, there are some who surmise that the field of cybernetics itself was inspired by humanity's interactions with Cthulhu-like creatures, and the understanding that humanity could force itself to evolve in unanticipated ways. Today, we've taken this to obscene lengths, with nary a body component that isn't upgradable or replaceable. There are already those trying to argue that cyborgs and others who have switched to more tech-based lifestyles may not even be human anymore, at their core. What then separates us from the Mythos monsters that alter their minds and forms at will? What if, instead of a direct conquest, we're instead simply being replaced one by one, slowly converted into mechanical forms that are more easily reprogrammed for service?

Hybrids

If anything is evidence that alien forces are leaning their influence on the minds and bodies of the modern man, it's hybrids. What could motivate humanity to try and shape itself into the form of animals or even stranger creatures, adapting

ourselves to environments which we were never intended to inhabit in the first place? You recall the deep ones, who serve the sleeping gods in the sunken city of R'lyeh? The very creatures that would interbreed with humans, creating hybrid monsters that eventually succumbed to their more bestial, insane natures? We don't even need them to breed anymore, as genetic manipulation allows people to turn themselves into such amphibious creatures from birth. How long until our very DNA has been corrupted worldwide, transforming our species into a servant race? We need to start paying particular attention to hybrids that integrate qualities from cephalopods, reptiles, or amphibious species in general.

Diseases

Disease and infection were two of the major risks involved in the first cybernetic implants or transplants. Since then, diseases have only proliferated, to the point where it seems that it's impossible for modern medicine to keep up with controlling the symptoms, much less eliminating the viruses. I tell you true—humanity is being weakened from the inside out. These diseases are affecting both the body and mind, perverting our genetic code, causing mutations, and cutting down whole swathes of the population. Doesn't it make sense to think that we're being treated as test subjects in an experiment that spans the entire planet? We're being toyed with, exposed to unearthly and toxic substances to see how we react. And once we manage to overcome any particular disease, a new one pops up that circumvents our boosted immune systems entirely. This is not random chance. There are intelligences at work behind these outbreaks, however random they may appear when studied in isolation.

Psychics

They've been around since humanity first learned how to turn grunts and groans into language... since the first cave-man sketched a mural in blood. Psychics—zeeks, as they're called these days—are not as new as we like to pretend they are. We have enormous mental potential, but the issue is that these realms of the mind have already been inhabited by entities that would love to suck the thoughts straight out of our cerebral cortexes and turn them inside out. The more we “open our minds” and try to embrace these powers and abilities, the more vulnerable we make ourselves to creatures that long-ago conquered the arenas of astral projection, mental control, and likewise. Some of them may even be willingly working for entities such as the Black Sun.

CULTURAL INFLUENCES

Even while our technology, our medicine, our own bodies and minds, are slowly being turned against us, our society is embracing various elements of the Mythos, often without

even being aware of where these sayings and signs originate from. Recall the symbols we spoke of earlier? How they're appearing in everything from tattoos to game logos to megacorps branding? That's only the beginning:

Fashion Statements

Masks. This is a newer trend that is disturbing, to say the least. Not only are people starting to employ them on their digital avatars and other online presences, but also more frequently in real life as well. Metal... plastic... cloth... the substance doesn't matter. What does matter is the fact that these masks aren't any sort of Halloween costume, trying to mimic various creatures or political personas for mockery. They're often blank, almost like shields that eliminate any element of human features. Would you like to know what else is associated with such masks? The King in Yellow. Those who give themselves over to his will have been known to don blank masks, either of gold or silver, that outwardly display their internal submission to this being's will. Why, then, are masks becoming so widespread these days? What are people trying to hide... or trying to show?

#Sorry_U_Asked: Over in Italy, they've got this Festival of Masks every year. I was in Venice last time it happened.
#Magpie: What was it like?
#Sorry_U_Asked: Damn creepy. Like anyone... or anything... could be behind those masks and cloaks. Some guy tried to sell me one for a few creds, but you can be damn sure I didn't take him up on that.

Drugs

Enough drugs have flooded the streets in recent years to send even the most hardened addict into spasms. Yet there are several mainstream concoctions of special note, as well as some new developments that aren't as widely known or used. Afterburn promises to enhance reflexes and launch energy levels sky-high, but it also leaves people highly susceptible to emotional manipulation. Black Mist is heralded as salvation among hackers and other brainers... yet again, the more the mind is "blown open", the more it is left vulnerable to anything that might wish to invade it. A new blend has also been rumoured to be hitting the streets, known only as Eibon, with claims that it allows one to

Eibon

Nicknames: Liber, Ubbo, White Worm.

Duration: one dose lasts 1d4 hours.

Methods of ingestion: ingested via inhalers or chemdelivery cyberware.

Cost for one dose: 150 credits.

Effect: Eibon is a new blend of Black Mist, a long-lasting, powerful psychoactive inhalant made in labs all over the world. The active ingredients are THC (tetrahydrocannabinol), LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) and amyl nitrite. The drug expands the neural pathways, speeding up thought processes and stimulating the logic centres of the brain.

Gth

Effect: all technical skills, such as Electrical and Mechanical Repair, become *Easy* if using Eibon. All Spot Hidden rolls, on the other hand, become *Difficult*.

Side Effects: while under the effects of Eibon, characters believe they are tapped into a higher level of language comprehension. They can speak and read Aklo at 50%, and hear voices all around them muttering in dark languages. This is highly distracting, and so all Listen and Spot Hidden rolls become *Difficult*. Afterwards, they will not retain any knowledge of what they read or heard in these other languages.

Addictiveness: treat Eibon as a poison with POT10. Provided the character overcomes the POT with their CON (using the Resistance Table on p.55 of **CoC6**) every time

they use the drug, then they have staved off addiction for another day. A failure indicates that true addiction is not far away. Three failed Resistance Table rolls mean the character is addicted and must feed their habit or begin to suffer from an appropriate temporary insanity, which may well become indefinite over time. Once addicted, all technical skills suffer from a cumulative 5% penalty for each day the character does not take Eibon; this penalty resets to zero with the next fix.

Sav

Like with Black Mist, Eibon users are granted a +1 bonus to Smarts-based skills such as Hacking, Knowledge (Programming), Repair, etc. The exception is the Notice skill, where they actually suffer a penalty (see below).

Side effects: while under the effects of Eibon, characters believe they are tapped into a higher level of language comprehension. They can speak and read Aklo and hear voices all around them muttering in dark languages. This is highly distracting, and so they suffer a -1 penalty per dose taken to all Notice rolls involving sight, smell, and sound. Afterwards, they will not retain any knowledge of what they read or heard in these other languages.

Addictiveness Rating: -1 penalty to Spirit rolls to avoid becoming addicted for each dose taken within a 24 hour period. (Minor Habit).

speak languages that haven't even been invented yet and comprehend mysteries of the universe that no human can fathom. Sound familiar in any way?

Megacorps Brands

The corps are forever jockeying to provide the next most provocative product or branding statement. As such, some of them have begun to start exploiting historical contexts to catch the consumer's eye. Old-fashioned military clothing and equipment have seen a recent surge of buyer interest, including gas masks and archaic weapons systems, supposedly because these antiquated technologies aren't as easily hacked or compromised, making them conversely more effective against modern warfare methods. Or are they being resurrected in the minds of marketers and manufacturers because they're being swayed back to the World War Two era for some reason?

Entertainment

There have been a spate of historical documentaries and channel series that, for an unknown reason, have started to highlight the World War Two period, as well as what might be considered "occult" topics, trying to connect zeeks and cybernetic technologies to this time, as well as to possible alien interference in human evolution. While we've already established strong links that would corroborate these theories, why is a fascination with this war surfacing just now? Why are people paying attention to it, as if there's an underlying cultural interest in the Mythos where little, if any, existed before? Is something provoking these connections in our genetic memory?

GANGS & CRIMINAL TRENDS

Gangs have become of particular interest to my research. On the surface, they may appear to be random collaborations of violent individuals, come together for nothing more than the opportunity to wreak havoc on the general populace. If you study gang mentality, though, you find that they often possess an almost cultish psychological dynamic, being committed to their specific brand of do-unto-death, and often even having semi-religious rituals or beliefs that back up their devotion to violence and crime.

There are plenty of skinhead-type gangs that adhere to Nazi philosophies for one reason or another, but many of these are just for show and don't really have any commitment to the original gospel of purification. However, I have dug up reports on several gang operations that have established widespread criminal networks across the globe, as well as even having some solar-wide influence in interplanetary colonies. These are the four worth paying attention to:

The Wolves

If you think of a gang styled after a pack of wolves, you might think of bloodthirsty young men and women, bound to mindless violence and prowling the back-alleys of Chicago, or the bombed-out ruins of San Francisco. However, The Wolves give the lie to this sort of stereotype. Instead, they are a rather intelligent band, given over to the scavenging of cast-aside technology which they then repurpose to their own ends. They create slipshod weaponry and power armour based on even the smallest scraps of gear they're able to salvage from landfills and the few successful incursions they've made into government and military labs. Of late, they've been focusing more on scientific targets, seemingly at random, but definitely with a penchant for technological sites. Their "commanders" are self-labeled as Night Wolves. Remind you of anything or anyone?

Menschmeisters

These "masters of humanity" are an all-male gang that has devoted itself to Aryan purification regimens. They hunt down and eliminate anyone they consider to be of inferior stock, and also taken any women in their territory and use them in a eugenics effort, trying to create a self-regenerating population of gang members who exhibit greater strength, loyalty, and other desirable characteristics. This gang has taken to wearing the swastika as a sign of identification, and it is not hard at all to guess the source of inspiration for their ongoing crimes.

Deep Blue

For many, "Deep Blue" refers to an incredibly crude chess-playing computer programme back in the olden days of coding and digital tech. However, if you give it a few more minutes of thought, there is another possible origin for this name: the blue crystals used by Mina Wolff and her cohorts in order to power their early weapons and equipment. Even so, this gang has been noted as possessing enhanced weaponry that doesn't perform according to any known technological basis. They have some fashion of power armour that displays an odd blue tint to their energy emanations, and their guns have a similar cerulean glow to their blaze when they fire. Have they recovered some portion of the same blue crystals *Nachtwölfe* once sought?

The Soulless

This gang holds to the idea that reality, when truly perceived beyond the boundaries of human perception, is meaningless. There is no such thing as right or wrong; no such thing as possession or property. Everything is fluid, everything is one. This gang invites anyone and everyone to join its ranks, from sims to hybrids to zeeks, and even baseline humans. They hold to a desire to break down any

Gangers



STR 12 **DEX** 12 **INT** 10 **CON** 14
SIZ 13 **APP** 11 **POW** 09 **EDU** 16
SAN 45 **Hit Points:** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 45%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Language Skills: Own 80%.

Weapons: *Fist/Punch* 55%, damage 1D3+1D4.

Kick 55%, damage 1D6+1D4.

Wasteland Trader's Shillelagh Havoc Stick (Melee Weapon—Club) 50%, damage 1D6+1D4 (anyone hit by a Havoc Stick must make a STR×2 roll or be thrown backwards a distance equal to their Move rating and lose their action for that turn if they have not already acted), atts 1/5, base range touch.

Hostile Takeover HT-9 Hold-out Pistol 9mm (Handgun) 45%, damage 1D10+2, atts 1, base range 15 yds.

Cyberware: see the descriptions of *Cat Scratch/Nazi Surprise* (Cyberweapon; p.59) and *Ogre Bones* (Subdermal

Armor; p.60), for the rules effects of this cyberware, but minus the obvious physical ramifications caused by 1940s Cthulhoid technology.



Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: 0, **Pace:** 6", **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 5(3)

Firewall: 4, **Strain:** 4.

Hindrances: Various.

Edges: Chromed, Combat Reflexes, Steady Hands

Gear: *Urban Punk Combat Jacket* (Armor +2, Torso, Arms), *Wasteland Trader's Shillelagh Havoc Stick* (Str+d6; a character hit by a Havoc Lance Stick must make a Strength check at -2 or be knocked back 2d6" and become prone, and shaken on impact. Minute Recharge), *Hostile Takeover HT-9 Hold-out Pistol 9mm* (12/24/48, 2d6, AP 1, Semi-Auto, Shots: 5).

Cyberware: *Cyberweapon* (Damage: Str+d4), *Fight or Flight* (Quick Edge), *Subdermal Armor* (Armor +1).

sense of territory or limitations... and if their conquests happen to benefit them in the short term, then who are they to deny such wealth and abundance?

#DesperateDiva: Hello? Anyone... I'm looking for more information on the Menschmeisters. My sister has gone missing and I think they're responsible. If anyone has details about their territory or knows where they keep those they've kidnapped, I'll pay well. Please help!

CAN'T HELP WONDERING IF THE CAPTAIN IS RIGHT -
 WHAT ARE WE DOING THIS FOR IF THE FUTURE'S ALL
 GONE TO HELL? BUT THEN, IF WE DON'T FIGHT,
 HOW MUCH WORSE WOULD IT GET?

-SGT. CARTER



CHAPTER 7

The Elder God Net

**"Computers are like Old Testament gods: lots of rules and no mercy."
- Joseph Campbell**

Fercul tried not to shiver in anticipation as the VR chamber sealed, locking him inside for the hour of plugged-in-pleasure he'd finally saved up enough credits to indulge in. He wiped sweaty hands on his crimson corporate tunic, telling himself he deserved this. Years of slaving away in the bureaucratic depths of the accounting department at least kept him and his family from starving, but there were never quite enough credits to fulfil the deeper, darker desires that would've gotten him fired should any of his co-workers even get an inkling of the fantasies that ran through his mind while he badgered and bullied countless rows of numbers into order.

A soft, feminine voice spoke up from everywhere at once, while a holographic menu floated in the air before him.

"It is our delight to offer the finest in virtual reality programming, guaranteed to satisfy your every whim. Please choose your entertainment preferences, but do recognise your deposit is being charged during this selection process."

Fercul scrolled through the first dozen offerings, discarding them without a second thought. Base programmes that would give fleeting satisfaction. No. He needed something... different. Temptations that would keep his blood simmering for weeks and crackle at the edges of his imagination within his dreams.

Almost of its own accord, his finger settled on an entry he'd not noted in the official advertised listings. Before he realised, he'd tapped it twice, and the menu disappeared, replaced by:

Initialising... The Lady in Yellow

The VR chamber faded into darkness even as he protested.

"Wait! I didn't mean to pick one just yet. Can't I start over?" He crossed his arms. "Hey, I paid for this time. I'm in charge here. Hello?"

A golden glow appeared behind him, and the softest of music lilted through the air. It twirled around his heart and teased his ears with sweet whispers that he couldn't quite make out. Turning

to face the light, he saw a tall woman dressed in a pale yellow robe, her face hidden in the depths of a hood. She stood before a golden throne, from which the strange light emanated. Figures shuffled in the shadows surrounding them, but Fercul found he had eyes for no one but this mysterious woman and the tantalising angles and curves her outfit suggested.

She reached out for him with a slim hand, the nails long enough to prick his skin as he accepted her touch. He swallowed and stepped closer to peer up at her. This might be exactly what he needed, after all.

Then, with her other hand, she lifted her hood back from her face...

When the VR technician finally forced the chamber open two hours later, the accountant's fingers had been scraped down to bone and his lips had been chewed away. The inner walls of the room dripped with far more blood than any one man should've been able to contain.

Have you ever tried to visualise what all the global TAP connections looks like? Think of it a central network that is linked to all of our minds through cybernetic implants, directly interfacing with our brains. What if you imagined each Tendril Access Processor as the tip of a tentacle that is connected to a main node... billions of invisible tethers that link us all back to a central source that has the ability to influence our very perceptions of the world...

What sort of image does that evoke, ami?

#Illicit_Behavior: Uh... is this some sort of Rorschach test? I see a butterfly. No, wait! Two pig hybrids gettin' the nasty on!

#Simba: Hey now...

The GodNet is prime territory for dimensional incursions because it's an in-between place in itself. Grounded in our technology, yet a realm inherently separate from the physical and reached only through our minds. Accessing the Net, broadcasting our essences into the aether... it's our form of astral projection, and a way for us to flex our mental muscles even if we aren't zeeks.

There are those who think humanity has conquered the virtual realms, that we are the masters of the digital domains. The truth is, we are but wanderers in a strange land. We are stumbling through uncharted territory, with all manner of beasts lurking in the shadows, waiting to devour us. They've been waiting all this time. Their patience spans the lifecycle of the stars themselves, and now there are stirrings within the GodNet, hints and clues that we are hardly alone within our own minds.

to the immersive effects of our modern technology. The old "fear/insanity metres" have been upgraded. Now the screen doesn't just get blurry while the sound of heavy breathing fills your ears. Instead, your body chemistry can be directly manipulated to induce the desired emotional response. You are part of the game, and it can control you just as much, even more so, than you can control it in return. Beyond several popular simulations of the Cycle itself, there is also a rise in World War Two games.

There are those who think humanity has
conquered the virtual realms, that we are
masters of the digital domain.

Simulations & Games

The increasing popularity of simulation overlays and virtual reality games is a worrisome trend. Even in the early days, during computer infancy, games such as *Call of Cthulhu: Dark Corners of the Earth* and *The Secret World* brought the Mythos to the mainframe and turned it into mere entertainment. Elder creatures found their ways into all manner of online manifestations, and soon became the harmless endgame bosses many people think of them as today. These games still persist, having been made even more pernicious thanks

Strange Domains

During my research, I uncovered a particularly disturbing domain that has been anonymously established, yet is receiving quite a bit of traffic. It is known as "The Dreamlands", and its channel sign is of a black orb surrounded by golden rays. If you log into this channel, much of the surface material indicates it is a gathering place for intellectuals who wish to explore the true potential of their minds. Everything from zeeks to lucid dreamers to modern mystics and religious fanatics have joined this channel, and there are many frenzied discussions about its true purpose. I



created an alias there (no, I will not expose it here) and am attempting to establish communication with the domain's founder. But even just exposing myself to this channel has had odd effects, draining me of strength, filling my dreams—when I manage to sleep at all—with visions of dead landscapes under an ever-burning black sun.

Virtual Viruses

I spoke of the proliferation of modern diseases being a sign that we are lab rats in a planetary experiment. With all of our advanced medicines and our ability to manufacture resources on a solar scale, why haven't we been able to eliminate the illnesses that prey on our flesh? But these infestations are not physical alone. Several viruses have been making their presence known on the Net. Akclimate, for instance, doesn't appear to do anything. When downloaded, it simply integrates itself into the system and... sits there. What is it waiting for? A trigger of some sort? A critical mass of host infections? Another is called Yellow Robe, which seems to just turn one colourblind to a particular shade for several days before wearing off. I procured copies of these viruses easily enough and gave them to an associate to study their code.

Mythos Memes

Advertisements and memes are such sneaky things, trying to slip into our awareness at every moment, turning people from rational beings into obsessed consumers who will do anything to buy the latest product from a company they hadn't heard of until right there and then. Yet some of the memes that are being broadcasted into our eyes and ears have nothing to do with selling food paste or sex sims. They are Aklo phrases and Elder God imagery combined into a mishmash of overwhelming sensory bombardments. It might be simple to dismiss these as harmless, or theorise they're an aggressive marketing campaign for a new horror film or simulation. But try to tell yourself that the next time such a meme blast leaves you muttering "Ia... Ia..." as you stumble down the street.

Insanity

Dementia is so easy to sweep aside and ignore. Why bother studying a broken mind? Why not just shove the shattered pieces of humanity into a deep hole and cover it over, pretending they don't exist? We don't like to admit that there are things our minds aren't made to comprehend. We don't appreciate the fact that there are beings out there, as well as experiences and realms, that would shred our sanity were we to get even a glimpse of them. It insults our sense of species superiority. How many times have you seen a Net report about someone who went stark, raving mad in the middle of a crowded city, for no apparent reason? How many times have you heard of the dangers of TAP, and how people have had their minds burnt out from within, just by logging on to the wrong domain or downloading the wrong software? I have a good idea of what these people have encountered during their virtual journeys, and am treading softly in my own wanderings, hoping that I don't garner the wrong sort of attention and become just another madman in the headlines.

#Nightlight: This is your invitation to visit The Dreamlands, a new domain that offers unlimited opportunity for one and all! Signup is free, and you'll soon be immersed in an unparalleled mingling of the minds, interacting with brilliant souls and intellects across the globe as we share our waking and dreaming experiences in the ongoing search for enlightenment. Just visit [LINK REDACTED] today to begin your new journey...

The best defence against these Net-based dangers is suspicion. You must treat every message sent by TAP with the utmost caution. You must keep your firewalls burning strong and hold back from the temptation to drink from the firehose of content that our culture blasts our way. It's so easy to hide one tiny piece of deadly code in a glut of mindless entertainment that is otherwise 99.9% harmless.

Never fear. I've made sure that this data archive is well-protected. Reading through it will not expose you to any of the threats we've just discussed.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Yes. That's reassuring. Everyone double-check your firewalls, would you?

*Does everyone live in really large houses in the future,
or have computing machines become much, much smaller?
And what on earth is a "Net"?*

— Peggy



CHAPTER 8

The Rising Tide

*"No enterprise is more likely to succeed than one concealed from the enemy until it is ripe for execution."
- Niccolo Machiavelli*

"You sure this is where the delivery's happening?"

Olav sighed and scowled at Tobble. The bull hybrid had been asking such inane questions since they'd set out at dusk. They'd made it down to the Chicago shoreline, where the pair waited for the drug dealer to bring his submersible lab to the surface with the latest batch, which they'd then smuggle back into the city.

"For the dozenth time, yes. Now shut your gawper and keep an eye out. You're here to keep security away, not botch the plan by distracting me."

Tobble frowned but went back to scanning the choppy waves. He kept a thick finger on the trigger of the massive rail cannon he wielded, and Olav kept one eye on the gleaming barrel, making sure the muzzle didn't shift too far his way.

Olav scratched the back of his hairy neck, trying to rid himself of the worry gnawing there. The dealer was half an hour late. Another ten, and they might as well head back and consider this deal scratched. No use putting their lives on the line for a scag who didn't know the meaning of punctuality...

Tobble thrust an arm out. "What's that?"

Squinting, Olav made out an object bobbing on the surface of the lake. He licked chapped lips. Their contact? Seemed a bit small, and his suspicions were confirmed when the glinting object stood up on hind legs, revealing a slick-skinned figure wading through the waves fifty feet off.

Tobble hefted the rail cannon onto his boulder-sized shoulder and sighted down the holo-scope. Olav raised a hand for him to hold off firing just yet as he tried to make sense of the scene unfolding before them. At first, the newcomer appeared to be wearing a diving sort of some sort, but then Olav figured it for some sort of fish hybrid, noting its organic gills and webbed hands and feet. It blinked at them through over-large, lidless eyes, and its scaly body shimmered with some form of bioluminescence.

"Take that thing out," he ordered at last.

Tobble grinned and his cannon pulsed blue. A hole appeared in the hybrid's forehead, and it sank back into the foam it had emerged from.

Then a dozen more fish hybrids stood from their hiding spots below the waves and sand and charged the smugglers. Olav drew a pistol and vibroblade and loped forward to meet the nearest intruder, while Tobble roared and triggered the rail cannon over and over. Even as they decimated the first comers, another hundred could be seen swimming towards the shore...

Have I created the sense that humanity is hopeless in the face of unspeakable horrors from beyond comprehension? Apologies. While that may actually be true, it doesn't mean that we should give up hope itself. After all, that is a defining characteristic of our species; hope and endurance, even in the face of oblivion and madness. There are those, such as myself, who have peeked behind the curtains of ignorance and wish to now enlighten others and equip our kind with the knowledge and tools necessary for survival.

At the same time, there are those who have embraced this madness and seek to throw all of existence into a bottomless pit. Some of these have been tricked into believing they'll be the rulers of whatever strange, new reality they help bring about. Others have come to understand the vast power of the Elder Gods and recognise they are insects in comparison. They no longer see any point in striving for meaning in life, and have decided to stamp out as many fellow insects as possible before the end comes.

Most of the people and companies that have become involved in this eternal conflict are not eager to expose themselves as active players, as that would only make them easier targets for the very powers they oppose. I have, though, through meticulous research, singled out a variety

of factions that appear to have cast their lot with one side or the other. Perhaps you have heard of a few of these, or recognise their faces.

CORPORATIONS

It's no surprise that many megacorps are involved. After all, the possible end of the world is a remarkable business opportunity, as well as a chance to perhaps perform a few hostile takeovers during the ensuing chaos. And when you say the phrase "monstrous, all-consuming, soul-devouring, bastion of evil", these planet-spanning companies might be the most logical answer that springs to mind.

#DoomSecretary: This I can get behind. If anything is a source of evil and madness today, it isn't aliens. Just good old, homebrewed human greed.

#Downtrodden: Aren't you still working for a corp?

#DoomSecretary: Well, sure. But only until I can payout my contract.

#Downtrodden: Hypocrite.

#DoomSecretary: Hardly. We all work for them if you follow the cred trail long enough. I just let them pay my bills while trying to bring them down from the inside.

Malmart

This corps made its fortune by supplying everyone with everything they could possibly ever need. Armour, weapons, vehicles, drugs: you name it, and they sell it. They've got their tendrils rooted in all possible industries, and span the world as well as the interstellar colonies. It is no accident that they've so successfully managed to manoeuvre themselves into reaping optimal profits, no matter whether they sell explosives to cultists or power armour adapted to deep one physiology.

Galaxy Entertainment

You can bet this media conglomerate is part of the conspiracy as well. Maybe not down to the last corporate drone, but someone on the inside is surely working for the other side. They're the ones seeding innocent entertainment channels with Mythos memes and Yellow Sign trojans. They're the ones churning out the HyperReality games and simulation overlays that are sending people gibbering. They're part of it. I just haven't found concrete proof yet.

MILITARY

When the blood runs like a flood and the bodies become walls of corpses, that's where you'll find these people. Of course, all of these more mercenary corps and militant

institutions love to play the "We're here to protect you" card. Just as long as we surrender our inherent rights and place our complete trust in their twitchy trigger fingers, everything will be just fine, neh? You might think our warrior friends would be on the side of the angels here, eager to defend humanity from all comers. But some of these organisations have been seduced by the promise of inhuman knowledge and technology that could give them a superior edge in whatever battlefield they choose to loose their soldiers upon.

Ravenlocke Securities

These are the people who oversee everything from street-level law enforcement in major cities to running the penal colonies on Mars and beyond. They take all recruits, but of late have shown particular interest in bringing both zeeks and hybrids into their ranks. That, in itself, might not be a cause for concern, but they've recently been showing an increasing focus in aquatic operations, and the word on the street is that they're keen on hybrids with underwater capabilities. It could just have to do with oceanic labs and the like, yes, but there are plenty of deeper, darker things lurking beneath the waves. Might they have uncovered a sunken city, or even a whole civilisation that they're trying to explore... and exploit?

Black Knight Industries

Black Knights, ami? Then why have some of their elite squads been seen with a different logo, one that is more reminiscent of a Black Sun than any sort of medieval figure? Sure, squads can choose their badges, and there are plenty more bizarre insignias being sported out there. But why this sign? Why now? These are the questions no one but me has cared to ask... until now.

Act of God Armaments

Don't let the name fool you: there's nothing holy about these people. If anything, they believe violent power is the be-all-and-end-all of life, and will do anything to get a gun or mech upgrade. Some of the technology they've created, such as the Golemmechs, have required such unexpected leaps forward in tech and interface foundations that people have wondered whether they might be based on alien dynamics that have been adapted for human use.

CULTS

The cult mentality is not a pretty thing. It amazes me how a rational person can go from worrying about taxes and paying the utilities bill one day... and the next they're dressed in black robes, draining their own blood into goblets, and praying that the Dark Lord of Annihilation will

heed their prayers. You'd think we would've outgrown such childish behaviour long ago, but it still persists today, no thanks to the incessant screeching of numerous religious organisations, as well as the flourishing zeek population. Most folks would lump zeeks in with other genetic freaks, but there are plenty who take a more mystical angle on this growing population segment.

The one thing I will say about cults is they're effective in what they do, be it finding like-minded individuals willing to sink their last credits into an insane endeavour, or sabotaging an interplanetary cruiser and causing millions of deaths.

The Void Screamers

Expansion into the solar system has long been the dream of our species, and we're finally beginning to realise the fulfillment of that vision. Unfortunately, these guys aren't so keen on the idea, believing we're committing some sort of massive "sin" by simply stepping off the planet. They've done everything they can to hinder solar system colonisation, often at the cost of innocent lives. But what are they so afraid of that might be waiting for us in the further reaches of space? Are they nothing more than mass murderers, or are they trying to protect humanity, keeping us contained so we don't gain the attention of interstellar beings that might've left us alone if we hadn't gone poking around where we didn't belong?

It is their intention to create a
military force capable of repelling even
interdimensional invaders.

The Unbound

This society is a global network of zeeks and normal humans who've enhanced their mental abilities in some manner, whether through performance implants or other modifications. They believe that the current human mindset limits us from the next stage of evolution, and are experimenting with a wide variety of ways to free us from these boundaries. This includes psychotropic drugs, forming hive minds, broadcasting whole dubbed copies of their minds out onto the Net, and even more extreme measures. What's wrong with the human mind, as-is? Why are they so determined to mould us into something else, perhaps cast into the image of a far stranger intellect?

Ascendant Glory

Artificial Intelligences are seen as everything from latent messiahs to harbingers of the apocalypse. While there's no doubt that several of these digital constructs are assuming positions of greater control with regards to humanity, it's

also my belief that at least a few of them are nothing more than fronts for even more alien intelligences. This cult has gathered around one such entity, which they interact with through direct mental connections over the GodNet. When asked to explain their purpose and goals, their most common answer is "You wouldn't understand". Apparently, their AI "god" is so beyond human comprehension that, unless they're plugged into its thought processes, not even they are entirely clear on the group's ultimate intent. Oh, and did I mention that at least half-a-dozen of their former members are now in mental institutions?

#Psychopope: Huh. I wonder if Stopwatch has Ascendant Glory in their sights yet.

#Krymonacer: If they don't, it's only a matter of time. First I've heard of these Glory guys, though.

#Psychopope: Same.

INDEPENDENT FACTIONS

As I've delved deeper into the truths behind many of our current conflicts and social dilemmas, I've gleaned evidence of the existence of two secret societies that have existed in one form or another for centuries. They were created specifically to act as lines of defence against the Elder Gods and their servant races, exposing their plans and opposing their agents wherever they were encountered. It surprises me that they are not more readily known, but it does speak to their effectiveness in keeping their activities concealed. Only a finely honed and committed intellect such as mine could even begin to detect their presence, and I am still in the process of trying to establish more open communication with them, in the hopes of contributing what I've learned to their archives.

Even more surprising to me is my belief that these two factions were once a unified front that has split off due to divergent philosophies and methodologies. Saddening to see that, even with common goals and priorities, humanity is still so able to divide itself, setting us up for inevitable downfalls.

Miskatechnic League

According to my data, this League was formed by an ex-mercenary leader named Everett Manson, who spent time fighting for the highest bidder on numerous fronts in Africa before retiring. Since then, he has gathered numerous war veterans to his side and is recruiting other formidable fighters, outfitting them with all the latest armour and weapons they can get their hands on. I believe it is their intent to create a military force capable of repelling even interdimensional invaders, wherever they might appear. In the meantime, they have been targeting a variety of tech-development establishments and scientific research



labs, plundering them for new equipment to add to their arsenal. I do wonder what Manson encountered in Africa that exposed him to the true threat this world faces and set him on this path.

The University

Opposed to the Miskatechnic League's tendency to solve any and all problems with violence, The University is a network of intellectuals who believe that the Elder Ones can be nullified through the proper application of knowledge. As such, they have spent the years gathering all available data about these beings and their plans. Whether or not they've formed any actionable theories is debatable, as they seem content to remain passive for the time being. Their data-gathering efforts are so well-organised that I am tempted to believe an AI might be at work in the centre of their operations.

#Warpig: Or #sane_prophet just made these groups up to feed his own paranoia. Nothing this big would stay a complete secret for this long.

#Mortis: It doesn't have to be a complete secret. They can just rely on public ignorance and apathy to do most of the work for them. It worked for the Consortium Uprising and the Prophet's involvement.

#Warpig: Which has still never been proven.

#Mortis: My point exactly. You don't care to search for the data that tells the whole story.

If anyone perusing this data is in any way associated with either of these institutes, I beg that you contact me at the earliest possible opportunity. I hope that the thoroughness and accuracy of my research shows that I might prove a valuable asset in your ongoing war. For if we remain isolated from one another, it only makes it easier for our true enemies to eliminate us at their convenience.

I'D LOVE TO SEE THE LOOKS ON THE FACES OF THOSE
STUFFED SHIRTS AT MU WHEN THEY FIND OUT HOW THEIR
NAME'S BEING USED IN THE FUTURE.

-SGT. CARTER



CHAPTER 9

Demented Destinations

*"We are all travellers in the wilderness of this world."
- Robert Louis Stevenson*

Where in the world is Cthulhu? Better to ask where he is *not*, at this point. He isn't in the public perception. He isn't in the headlines. Nor is he running for office anywhere. But you can rest assured that signs of his presence can be found almost everywhere else, if you know what to look for. Recognise that the Elder Gods and alien species aren't as bound to geographical limits and the need for traditional transportation as we are. If we want to get from Point A to Point B, well, we just have to truck it on over, be it under our own motive power, on a VTOL vehicle, or a spaceship to another colony.

But them... For them, time itself is a road they can walk on, and our neural pathways are mere rabbit trails to wander down. Yet despite their more fluid existential nature, there are places that their presence is felt more keenly, or their actions take on greater shape in our reality. Places of power that act as a nexus or portal. Summoning circles where countless gallons of blood have been spilled. They're all here, waiting for us to stumble across them or track them down and reawaken the powers slumbering there.

EARTHBOUND

Almost every major city that has survived the turmoil of recent decades has one cult or another dedicated to keeping the Mythos alive. Chicago, London, Paris... all have spots of mental rot festering within them, adding to the chaos and priming them to be overrun by servants of the Elder Gods. I've not been able to gain personal access to countries such as China, India, or many of the African municipalities; however, I wouldn't doubt that their presence is felt there, too. To point out every single location connected to

the Cycle would be foolhardy, and exploring them all would take a lifetime—assuming one is foolish enough to venture into these places in the first place. Plus, due to war and our expansion across the world, many of the original places have been altered beyond recognition. Here is a mere handful that you may be familiar with, and would prove of interest if you are brave enough to take a closer look.

Boston

Not so much the city itself, as the region surrounding Boston and some of the deeper reaches of the Massachusetts wilderness and coasts. Boston itself is a bombed-over wreck of political and militant conflict, with martial law in effect and your life kept in your own hands. But if you start searching elsewhere, you may stumble upon towns that seem a bit torn out of time, almost as if the last century hasn't touched them much, if at all. Places known as Dunwich, Arkham, Innsmouth, and Kingsport are still there, though you're not likely to spot them on any map; nor are their denizens all that eager to welcome outsiders into their fold. I've seen some reports that Kingsport has been converted into a scientific community, with several mainland and offshore labs having been constructed, with possible exchanges occurring between the researchers and the deep ones who still prowl the beaches.

#Coastal_Critter: C'mon. I live in Boston. We've already got enough troubles to deal with, and now you've got to try and make us out as some sort of Gate to Hell? Give us a break.

#Luciferion: Gate to Hell? More like the Backdoor to Hell's Cesspit.

#Coastal_Critter: Hey!

London

This pinnacle of British culture and achievement remains a centre of psychic exploration and occult activity, even to this day. With the UK's preeminence in all fronts of World War Two and the secret wars that coincided with them, it's not surprising that it contains numerous archives and societies that hearken back to those days.

Severn Valley

This rural English valley seems rather benign in and of itself, but there is a marked history of supposed supernatural events occurring here, and it continues to be a site of interest to cults wishing to establish contact with the Old Ones. There remain a number of small towns and villages in the area, with numerous roads, walkways, and bridges connecting them. It appears to be idyllic, but whispers continue to this day of hidden caverns and strange creatures lumbering about the countryside at night, leaving behind clawed footprints or casting unearthly glows before disappearing into the mist.

Tibet

Hitler had it right when he felt that this country had some connection with unnatural forces and events. However, he never really discovered what that was, despite countless expeditions. Many monasteries remain in existence in what is still a raw, unconquered geography. Even zeeks have become members of these mountain-top brotherhoods, using their mental powers to probe the realities of the universe. Some of these monasteries may be fronts for larger operations, hiding ancient ruins or relics that could shed light on the mysteries we've been discussing.

Heidelberg

A larger city in the southwest region of Germany, during World War Two this place achieved infamy as a centre of Nazi political activity and, of course, achieved notoriety for the many deaths and assassinations that occurred as a result of strife within the Nazi party. At the same time, several Nazi cults used the place as a base of operations, and it is claimed that their pacts with dark powers protected the city from being bombed by Allied forces. It has since gained a reputation as being haunted.

SOLAR SYSTEM

Do you think Cthulhu and his minions are bound solely to the Earth? Some creatures may be limited to the lands and waves we claim to be familiar with, but many more soar through alien skies and exist in realms that have no real physical corollary. As humanity has stretched itself out to try and grasp the stars, why does it surprise us to imagine that these beings are

already out there, waiting for us to come to them? Why do we think of ourselves as pioneers who are planting flags on bits of frozen rock, and that we are entirely alone in the endeavour?

The Elder Gods laid claim to the solar system eons before we even wondered what those twinkly bits of light in the sky might actually be. The comets and asteroids we now mine for fuel and other resources are the very devices they might've once used to travel between the stars or to seed life on other planets. And we have the audacity to believe the planets are just for us?

Yuggoth

Haven't heard of Yuggoth? How about Pluto, then? This planetoid sits at the edge of the solar system, perfectly positioned to allow observation of the inner planets without calling too much attention to itself. Pluto looks rather devoid of any signs of life to us, but Yuggoth was said to have cities of black stone. Where did those settlements go? Mi-go colonies have also established sub-surface colonies here, where they mine a strange mineral known only as *tok'l*.

#Magpie: I forget. Is Pluto a true planet or not?

#XRAYGUN: It's been classified and declassified as such a handful of times now. We need a status label for "fuck it, we don't care anymore, it's a big barren ball of rock and ice."

#Magpie: But if this is true, it isn't as barren as it seems.

#XRAYGUN: That's an enormous IF.



Venus

Think about how the barren geography of the Dreamlands is noted as having an atmosphere poisonous to human life? It may be that a portion of that realm shares the same real estate with this colonised planet. Anything that might've evolved to live in such a hazardous environment would certainly have little in common with human biology.

Saturn

Known as Cykranosh to the Elder Ones and Hyperboreans, this colonised planet is said to be the origin of Tsathoggua and a variety of lesser servant races. Pale, fungus-like creatures were once in abundance across the planet but, so far, the dozens of mining colonies established here have yet to encounter such beings.

U.N. Luna Prison Colony

A massive prison that decided to liberate itself from government control, this colony is a refuge for the worst sorts of criminals the solar system can conjure. There were rumours of experiments being carried out on prisoners here before the "jailbreak" occurred, similar to other wartime horrors and genetic tinkering. Some of these may still be ongoing.

UNEXPLORED & UNEXPLAINABLE LOCALES

There are some places where man was never meant to go, or he simply lacks the capacity to travel there. Yet this does not mean those places don't exist or can't have any impact on our world. We may still find a way to catapult ourselves beyond the geographic anchors that limit us to this plane, though we may wish we had done otherwise when we arrive.

R'lyeh

Often paired in legends with the sunken city of Atlantis, this was the centre of Cthulhu worship for millennia before some great cataclysm sent the city beneath the waves. Could it be at the bottom of the Marina Trench or some other unfathomable gully in the depths of the ocean?

The Nameless City

Also known as the City of Pillars (so it has a name after all, despite the nomenclature), this is proposed to be based in the Arabian Peninsula and host to an ancient, reptilian species that predates the earliest years of human evolution. It is also connected to outdated theories of a tunnel that leads into the centre of the earth, which we know to be a

foolish notion. However, that doesn't preclude the possibility that, if this city exists, it could merely be the capstone of a subterranean ruin.

The Dreamlands

The dwelling place of the Black Sun and of Nyarlathotep, this unknown dimension seems to only be accessible through mental or astral projection. Those who have visited it even in non-physical form are quick to note that the atmosphere there seems quite hostile to human physiology, and it could prove deadly if one was to travel there in the flesh.

Oriab

A large island that seems to move around from sea to sea as it wishes. It is defined by a snow-peaked mountain that is an extinct volcano, and those who have stumbled upon it say there is an established harbour, complete with lighthouses and a large city that waits for anyone who sails to its shores.

Yian

According to what little information I could dredge up, this city apparently exists in another dimension entirely, perhaps connected to the same realm as the Dreamlands. It is said to be accessible through a hidden gateway that lies somewhere near the centre of the Chinese mainland. An alien species is said to exist there, under the rule of a god of death. Sounds like a lovely place, neh?

K'n-yan

This cavern isn't in some far-off dimension or on another planet. It's in Oklahoma, if you can believe it. Said to be lit by glowing blue crystals, it was the home of a race of extra-terrestrials with powerful psionic abilities. They abandoned any pursuit of technological development, preferring to manipulate energy by their minds alone. There are several connected caverns below K'n-yan, one called Yoth and one called N'kai. Don't expect me to draw you a map to get to any of these, though.

[#PieintheSky](#): I always knew there was something evil about Oklahoma.

[#Neon_Bright](#): Totally! All that flat earth has to be hiding something. It just sits there, looking so innocent...

[#PieintheSky](#): I can never tell if you're serious or not.

PLACES OF POWER

There are certain locations and monuments throughout the world that have, over both centuries and millennia, gained some prominence in what might be considered

“supernatural” circles. As mentioned before, magic is simply a form of science we have yet to fully comprehend. Whether these sites are based on strange confluences of magnetic fields; whether they are interdimensional portals or gateways; whether they have soaked in some sort of energy from the many deaths involved in their construction and the bloody history of the regions, I cannot say. Yet they remain worthy of note, even if their reasons for such are not yet clear.

There is the possibility of old experiments still lying around.

Stonehenge

This druidic monument has been thought of as little more than an astronomical or astrological calendar, and remains a centre of religious activity even now. Yet there are those who claim that it can be turned into a gateway to another planet or dimension, if you have the right keystone and know the proper words of power to active the stones’ latent energy.

Pyramids of Giza

Long surmised to be more than just tombs for the pharaohs, these pyramids have been proposed to be everything from interplanetary antennae to superweapons built by aliens. Plenty of hieroglyphics suggest that the ancient Egyptians did indeed have some sort of connection to extraterrestrial civilisations and technologies, which may have guided them into building these monuments. What lies within them... or underneath them... that we have yet to discover...

Chichén Itzá

Few places in the world have more of a bloodthirsty legacy than this monument to the vanished Mayan civilisation. It was here that countless hearts were carved, still-beating, out of endless chests in sacrifice to their dark gods. The fact that many of those gods took on the form of serpents is telling in itself. Some of these gods, such as Chac, a rain deity, are even depicted in carvings with blank eyes and tentacles protruding from the side of their heads.

Tunguska

Have you heard of the Tunguska Event? An explosion in Siberia that flattened 830 square miles of forest. Many think it was an asteroid or comet that entered our atmosphere, or it could’ve been a secret weapons test of sorts. Whatever the truth, the area has remained... odd... since that time, with strange auras being spotted wavering in the sky, while radiation levels remain hazardous in some spots to those who wander it without proper protection.

HISTORICAL SITES

Every war leaves its mark on the world, and World War Two was not unique in failing to avoid this. We have the remnants of that time still standing in various places around the world, many of them also noted for their use in occult pursuits or equally mysterious operations by both Allied and Axis powers. While some of these are naught but mouldering ruins by now, others remain surprisingly intact and may offer links between these eras.

Wewelsburg Castle

Himmler’s headquarters, and his attempt to create a mythological centre of power for the Nazi party, Wewelsburg Castle stands abandoned, its pseudo-religious trappings long lost to time. It even operated as a youth hostel for a number of years, but has lately fallen into disrepair. It may be that hidden chambers remain unexplored within the castle, and there are rumours that old tunnels lie in wait beneath it, leading to ritual circles and caches of the many relics Himmler collected.

Catacombs of Paris

These ancient catacombs hold the remains of at least six million people, with skeletons stacked from floor to ceiling in many chambers. During World War Two, when the Nazis invaded France, the French Resistance used these catacombs to move about and launch ambushes against the usurpers. Without a dependable light source, it is quite easy to get lost in this maze of tunnels, and occasionally people venture in, never to emerge.

Ebensee, Austria

In a mountainous area of Austria, the Nazis built a huge network of underground tunnels that provided several main functions throughout the war. Primarily, they acted as a base for the *Luftwaffe*, and then were later converted to a research and development facility. A portion of these tunnels was also used as a temporary concentration camp, providing prisoners to the R&D scientists, as needed, to carry on many of their horrific experiments. These tunnels remain mostly intact today, though there are portions of them that have been sealed off since the end of the war—with the possibility of old experiments still lying around, unfinished or contained.

The M6

This old highway is an oddity, to be sure. A six-lane freeway that once connected Birmingham to Glasgow, it is mostly used by smugglers and mercenaries these days. However, this massive roadway also has a reputation for being haunted, with mysterious lights flickering about during both the day and night, and ghastly apparitions have been seen along the side of the road.



CHAPTER 10

The Horror is Here...

*"If you do not change direction, you may end up where you are heading."
- Lao Tzu*

#SANE_PROPHET

There you have it: all that I have managed to cull from many corners of the earth and archives hidden across the Net. I have cast my net wide and caught numerous strange, wriggling things in it, which I have presented for your inspection and dissection.

Strange to think that two such different times could be so intimately connected. Considering how the walls of reality have a tendency to break down in this context, I've even wondered whether our actions in this day and age might somehow have a ripple effect back into the past. If so, do our choices in the here-and-now impact them, for better or for worse? Can they learn from us, as we have from them? Or am I simply speaking to ghosts now? Wouldn't be the first time.

Even as I secure this data and see it delivered to those who might best put it to use... the whispers have started again. I'd hoped them banished for good; that my mind had been made a sanctum. It seems I've been a fool yet again.

Despite my precautions, despite the protections I thought I'd woven around myself, I fear it will not be enough to keep me safe for much longer. My dreams are no longer my own. How much time is left until my thoughts follow the same path and take me far, far from here?

Every time I close my eyes, I see skies of black night, dotted with stars that blink and wink at me—until I realise the sky is skin, and the stars are eyes, watching me. And the intellects behind those eyes know nothing of humanity. Their regard is as cold as space itself. There will be no mercy. There will be no relief. Only endless agony beyond compare. These beings brook no trespassers such as I in their domains, and I have strayed there far beyond welcome.

This doesn't have to be your fate, however. This knowledge is power, placed in your hands. Use it wisely, for to let this information lie dormant, thinking inaction can save you in the end, would be a tragedy. At least now... now, you have a chance. To

fight back. To defend others who refuse to admit the truth and who leave their minds and bodies vulnerable.

The world is evolving far faster than anyone thought possible, and in another century and a half, we might not even recognise our own species any longer. But without the help of those such as yourself, our species might not even last that long.

Survival may be all that we can hope for. But will it be worth the cost?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Well, that was... interesting. Not quite sure what to make of it all. I'd love to write everything off as the ravings of someone who took one dose of Black Mist too many, but some of these names and events do stick out in my mind.

#Luciferion: You're actually buying into what this lunatic's selling?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Give me more credit than that. Maybe he falls down plenty of rabbit holes, but he's got a few points worth considering.

#Illicit_Behavior: All I gotta say is this guy needs a good puff of Sticky Icky. It'll calm his jitters down, for sure.

#Luciferion: Right, that's what we all need. More drugs clouding our thoughts.

*The future may well be completely
through the looking glass, but at
least they still know all about
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

- Peggy



CHAPTER 11

Interface 19.40

"I am eye. I am a mechanical eye.
I, a machine, am showing you a world, the likes of which only I can see."
- Dziga Vertov

Sav This chapter is devoted to *Savage Worlds Achtung! Cthulhu* players and GMs who face the prospect of reverse engineering *Interface Zero* cybernetic elements, creatures, and encounters into the World War Two era. Alongside the Mythos materials you are already familiar with, adding in cybernetic developments and cyborg-styled characters can bring some particularly interesting (and nasty) twists to what otherwise might have been an "ordinary" adventure or campaign. As such, allow us to cover some of the core aspects and considerations of cybernetic gameplay that should be taken into consideration when launching or constructing a **19.40** experience.

It is important to remember that *Interface Zero* is grounded in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* system and, as such, approaches issues such as combat, damage, health, player creation, and more, in a similar manner to the *Savage Worlds* version of *Achtung! Cthulhu*. As such, many of the stats and other calculations should crossover with one another with little-or-no conflict. This section is just to bring clarity to some of the more unique setting considerations that might be less familiar to you.

For those wishing a more in-depth coverage of cybernetics, associated rules, stats, and the 2090 world, these are covered in comprehensive detail in the *Interface Zero 2.0: Full Metal Cyberpunk* core rulebook.

Cybernetic Factors

We have discussed the major pros and cons that fledgling cybernetics can cause in test subjects, running the gamut from death on the lab table, to odd growths and festering flesh, to highly increased speed and strength, and beyond. Unless you are playing a scenario where characters from 2090

are interacting with the past (and, as such, have access to far more advanced technology), the cybernetics in the World War Two time period are intended to be raw fields of science, riddled with mistakes, errors, and malfunctions. There may be the occasional test subject who beats the odds (and, for added fun, you can make this lucky person a high-threat enemy instead of an ally), but they are still rare. When a character possesses cybernetic implants or upgrades of any sort, they are potentially subject to a number of modifiers that can impact their actions and abilities. We will highlight the most relevant ones here; ones you could consider adding to your player character profiles:

HINDRANCES

- **Shell Shock (Major).** The character has a tendency to freeze up in combat. He begins the first round of combat Shaken. This condition can be removed normally.

Cth Convulsing Chrome

For *Call of Cthulhu* players who would like a version of cyber-Cthulhu (or Cthulhu-punk) that is more squishy and less chrome, please turn to **Chapter 12** on p.56 (*Savage Worlds* players looking for a simpler cyberpunk alternative may also wish to take a look). *Call of Cthulhu* players and Keepers, please feel free to use this chapter instead as a source of inspiration for other elements that you could potentially introduce into your game to add an unexpected twist, such as drug enhancement (p.53) and genetic manipulation (p.54).

- **Shakes (Minor).** For some reason, this character has some faulty wiring in the brain. Whether it's from a birth defect, or because helpful doctors from some research project made a neural pathway zig where it should have zagged, the result is the same: he suffers the shakes if he is overwhelmed by stress. Whenever this character is forced to make a Spirit roll and fails, he must make an immediate Vigor roll; if that fails as well, he begins to have a seizure.
- **Owned (Major).** Whether due to experimental procedures that keep you alive, or a contract for indentured servitude in order to pay back a large debt, your individual liberty is severely hampered because you are, to

Working cybernetics remain rare in World War Two.

all intents and purposes, the property of whoever holds your contract. This Hindrance is very common for soldiers who have submitted to a secret cybernetics upgrade military programme. For the most part, this Hindrance means that you have little say over your actions; it is not uncommon for you to be given orders with the expectation that you fulfill them.

- **Racist (Minor/Major).** The character dislikes people from other races and believes his own race to be far superior. He can't help belittling other races at every

opportunity. A character taking the Minor version has -2 Charisma among other races. The penalty increases to -4 for the Major Hindrance.

EDGES

- **Soldier/Ex-Soldier.** "Sir! Yes, sir!" You serve(d) in a regimented military outfit. The nature of your background probably colours your attitudes toward things like money, patriotism, and honour. You gain a +1 bonus to your Toughness.
- **Cyber Tolerance.** You are more resistant to the intrusion of Augments on your body than the average person. Your Vigor is counted as being one die type higher for the purposes of determining Strain.
- **Augmented Warrior.** The character has learned how to use his cyberlimb for both offensive and defensive purposes, granting him two benefits: either +1 to unarmed damage rolls made with the limb, or +1 to Parry. He may choose which one he wishes to use as a free action, but must decide this at the start of his turn.
- **Pack Fighting.** You have a natural talent for turning overwhelming force into overwhelming damage. You add half your gang up bonus (round down) to damage for melee attacks.

ADDITIONAL FACTORS

Interface Zero also relies highly on Cost, Strain, Fatigue, and Availability when determining how cybernetics of any sort impacts on the characters or situation.



- **Cost.** In 2090, most upgrades and implants have a certain credit price tag attached. In World War Two, the financial cost of cybernetics could be circumvented by having experimental implants or augments be provided free-of-charge by the military and its scientists, with the subject being considered an appreciated volunteer (think Steve Rogers/Captain America).
- **Strain.** While an enhanced soldier might not have had to pay out of his pocket for the upgrades, the cost may come more in the form of physical and mental Strain, which can induce Cybertrauma. Every augment adds a certain level of Strain, which can be determined by the GM according to the specific augmentation(s) an NPC or player character possesses. If a character ever gains more Strain than Vigor, they must make a Vigor roll each time a new augment is installed. If the roll fails, the character gains a level of Fatigue which does not go away until enough augmentations are removed to drop Strain below the Vigor level. A critical failure roll results in two levels of lethal Fatigue.
- **Fatigue.** *Interface Zero* characters have one extra level of Fatigue (Debilitated) before becoming Incapacitated. A character can take the same amount of Fatigue as he can Wounds. This is to balance out some of the extra physical and mental requirements imposed by Strain.
- **Availability.** Working cybernetics remain rare in World War Two since most are in an experimental phases and not field-ready. Therefore, working upgrades might be considered the exception rather than the rule. At the same time, scientists who possess operational cybernetic systems may not wish to part with their precious equipment, or may try to keep tight control over the test subjects who receive the implants.

Drugs & Genetic Engineering

Alongside cybernetic enhancements, there may also be opportunities where enemies, allies, or the characters themselves, encounter drug boosts or undergo genetic manipulation in an attempt to “upgrade” their performance. Each of these paths also holds various pitfalls and consequences for those who risk them.

DRUG ENHANCEMENT

Drugs are a temporary thing. Whatever edge they give a character is fleeting, and the main differences are in the severity of the effects, the duration, and any possible side-effects. In and of themselves, almost every drug has an addictive nature, and it is possible to become hooked on a substance even after a single use, if you are unlucky enough. Other, milder drugs require more prolonged exposure but, sooner or later, a drug habit can become more of a detriment than a help.



Riding High

If you would like to introduce the concept of performance enhancing drugs into your **Call of Cthulhu/Achtung! Cthulhu** campaign, then use the descriptors given for **Savage Worlds** on pp.53-54 with the following amendments:

Addictiveness Rating: using the sample poisons on p.58 of the **Call of Cthulhu, Sixth Edition** rulebook as examples, assign a POT to the drug in question. Provided the character succeeds at a CON resistance roll (see p.55 of the core rulebook) when he uses the drug, then he has managed to avoid becoming addicted to it this time; if he fails the roll, then he is on the slippery slope to addiction. Decide on the number of failed rolls required to constitute full dependency; once the user reaches this target, he must secure a supply of the drug to use every day or gain a suitable temporary insanity (which may well become indefinite if he does not receive either his fix or some form of medical intervention), as well as suffering from skill roll penalties (see below).

Habit Hindrance: as **Call of Cthulhu** does not have a Hindrance system, instead award appropriate (and cumulative) skill roll penalties for each day the addicted character does not take the drug. These penalties are removed as soon as the drug is taken again.

GM Note: Various drugs and their specific effects are already detailed comprehensively in the equipment chapter of the **Interface Zero 2.0: Full Metal Cyberpunk** handbook. If you would like to base your play on these, it is recommended that you gain a copy of the manual; alternatively, you can simply make up the effects and statistics however you wish for your custom game.

If you would like to create drugs or evolve existing ones, here are some factors to consider:

- **Name/Nickname.** How is this drug labelled? Is it known by lab denotation only, or is it gaining some slang moniker on the street?
- **Duration.** How long does the drug last? A few minutes? A few hours? A few days, even? A default time period is simply 1D4 hours.
- **Methods of Ingestion.** Does it go straight into the vein with a needle, or can it be crushed and snorted, swallowed in pill form, or absorbed straight through the skin? Does it come in the form of edibles?
- **Effect.** What is the main intended purpose of this drug? Mental or physical enhancement of some sort? Pleasure and relaxation? Painkillers? What main stats does it boost?

- **Side Effects** . Alongside the main effect, what else does the user experience? Do they hallucinate or hear voices? Do they become so weak that they can't move? Do they become highly aggressive or increasingly paranoid?
- **Addictiveness Rating**. Each drug has a particular negative penalty to Spirit, which is used to determine whether a character becomes addicted to a drug or not after every usage. To see if your character becomes addicted to a drug, make a Spirit roll at a penalty equal to the addictiveness rating of the drug. If the character fails the Spirit roll, he gains the Habit Hindrance at either a Minor or Major level of severity, depending on the quality of the roll or the GM's decision.
- **Supply**. Most drugs in this context will be provided through various government or scientific providers, using soldiers and civilians as guinea pigs to test the effectiveness of their latest concoctions.
- **Habit Hindrance (Major/Minor)**. Charisma -1; Fatigue rolls when deprived of Major Habits. Characters may assume a Minor Hindrance representing an addiction that is present but less severe than the Major version of this Hindrance. Rather than taking a -1 Charisma, if the character possesses this version of the flaw, he must get his fix every 24 hours or make a Vigor roll to avoid Fatigue. The Fatigue level remains until he receives his fix, but does not get worse than one Fatigue level.

GENETIC MANIPULATIONS

In the World War Two era, genetic manipulation is only barely beginning to be understood, and the surrounding and

supporting technology is fledgling, to say the least. As such, any attempts to genetically enhance a subject are fraught with peril, and may end up causing more harm than good. If a character or NPC seeks to be genetically enhanced, here are the main dynamics to keep in mind:

- **Rejection Rolls**. After each game session involving a genetically upgraded character, apply a Vigor roll to them. If the Vigor roll fails, the character's body begins to reject the gene therapy and suffers a wide range of consequences. The actual symptoms suffered are up to you, but can run the gamut from faint, persistent nausea to violent rages to systemic breakdowns to full-blown insanity. The following are specific examples of what might occur at this point:
- **Genetic Mutations (Minor/Major)**. Your character was infected with a genetic virus and ended up on the short end of the mutation stick. Choose one Trait. If this is a Minor Hindrance, choose one skill your character has;

Any attempts to genetically enhance a subject are fraught with peril, and may cause more harm than good.

if this is a Major Hindrance, choose one attribute. In either case, the Wild Die for that Trait is reduced to d4. Alternatively, a character can take a -1 penalty to his Pace or a -2 Charisma as a Minor Hindrance, or a -1 penalty to his Parry or Toughness as a Major Hindrance. In all cases, it is up to the player to explain how the genetic virus has actually affected his character, and the GM has the final say on which Traits he deems appropriate for this Hindrance. Genetic Mutation can be taken multiple times (if a character got totally screwed by some genetic virus), although the benefits gained for taking Hindrances are still limited to one Major and two Minor Hindrances.

- **Feral Throwback**. Genetic manipulation has caused your genetic cocktail to veer more towards animal than human, regardless of your outward appearance. As a result, a character with this condition gains a +2 bonus to all Intimidation, Notice, and Survival checks. The downside is that his bestial nature is usually poorly received by society. A character with this condition also suffers a -2 penalty to Charisma when dealing with anybody except others with his own genetic animal base.

Cth All in the Genes

As with performance enhancing drugs, if you would like to bring elements of genetic manipulation into your *Call of Cthulhu/Achtung! Cthulhu* game, then use the following rules:

Rejection Rolls: After each game session, have the genetically manipulated character roll CON×5; if the roll succeeds, then the treatment has remained stable (for now). If, however, the roll fails, then the character's body begins to reject the manipulation. Symptoms could include fever, nausea, pain, and mental problems and should be related to the nature of how the character has been enhanced. These symptoms and changes may lead to alterations to attributes such as STR and CON over time, or may result in related skill rolls suffering from penalties that grow larger as the rejection gathers momentum (for example, beginning as a -5% penalty that degrades to -10% after a month, then -15%, etc.).

Humanity Evolved

If you are going to play a scenario where you integrate characters from 2090 into World War Two, here are several main elements to keep in mind to present them in the proper context.

RACES

In 2090, humanity has evolved far beyond many of the boundaries we currently maintain, and there are several main divides that form the camps people lump one another into. Aside from mainstream human, these are the main distinctions one could encounter:

- **Android.** Fully artificial construct, and a lifeform that was once considered property but has subsequently gained independence of sorts.
- **Bioroid.** Vat-grown humans that have computer systems for brains. Fleshy body, artificial mind.
- **Cyborg.** An android body with an organic brain.
- **Human 2.0.** Genetically manipulated before birth to be mentally and physically superior. Considered by many to be an increasingly separate species from mainline humans.
- **Hybrid.** Humans whose genes have been spliced with animal DNA, exhibiting some inhuman characteristics and abilities.
- **Simulacra.** Vat-grown humans (considered corporate or personal property) made for labour, luxury, or combat.

CULTURAL & SOCIAL INTERACTIONS

Every culture continuously evolves in the way it simply walks and talks and goes about its daily business. Even a decade is enough to bring about social shifts that would be considered foreign or alien to those born a generation before. Here are several core factors that would affect the mindset of a 2090 citizen:

- **Megacorps & the Military.** For the 2090 citizen, these are two of the biggest social, political, economic, and

even religious powerhouses. Megacorps practically run certain countries and major cities, holding vast monopolies and being the only source of resources for thousands, if not millions, of people at a time. Almost every military faction is wedded to one social agenda or another, often pursuing the increase of their own power base rather than actually trying to protect the public (and some military organisations are wholly in bed with the megacorps!).

- **Money.** Most currency exchanges in 2090 are either digital, in the form of credits, or a bartered/haggled exchange of goods and services rendered. Physical currency does not exist in a meaningful way, except perhaps for a credit stick that represents a potential funds download.
- **Language.** New words are added to the dictionary every year, while even more fall out of common usage forever. 2090 has its own flavour of lingo, just like any other era. A few of the more common phrases or terms you might hear include: “neh?”—i.e. no? (often used to ask if one is in agreement); “ami” = friend (sometimes used sarcastically); “omae” = casual friend, “zeek” = psychic, “ronin” = freelance operatives

Of course, all of this is entirely dependent on how inter-linked you wish these two eras to be within your specific game. It is always up to the GM to determine how prevalent cybernetic elements are with a World War Two-based adventure: whether they are just vague rumours, a strange encounter on the battlefield, or an actual collaboration where soldiers team up with (or fight) strange folks from the future. You know what works best for your game and your players. So long as you are having fun, that is what matters most!





CHAPTER 12

Cyber-Cthulhu

"The ego is willing, but the machine cannot go on."
- Will Durant

Cth

Basic Roleplaying (BRP), the system that underpins *Call of Cthulhu*, has been used for many different genres over the years: fantasy, science fiction, horror (obviously), and even superhero roleplaying, but one genre which (as far as we can tell) has not been published for it in any major way is cyberpunk.

The probable reason for this omission is a matter of timing. **Basic Roleplaying** was first released in 1980, which is also when the first book to feature a form of cyberspace (John M. Ford's *Web of Angels*) was published; however, the book which popularised the genre (*Neuromancer*, by William Gibson) was not released until 1984, and by then **Basic Roleplaying** was firmly wedded to the games *Runequest* and, of course, *Call of Cthulhu*, and has rarely ventured beyond the fantasy and horror genres since.

The purpose of this book is to integrate the two settings of *Interface Zero* and *Achtung! Cthulhu*. The *Keeper's* and *Investigator's Guides to the Secret War*, coupled with the material provided previously in this book, give more than enough information to include Mythos horrors in an *Interface Zero* game. Indeed, one of the great things about the *Savage Worlds* system is that using bespoke setting rules in a second setting is fairly simple. What this book has yet to do is provide a system for incorporating cyberware into a *Call of Cthulhu* or *Achtung! Cthulhu* game. If such is your desire, read on...

Obviously, the 1920s-1940s are no place for the attitude and lifestyle found in the average cyberpunk setting, nor is there any real need for hacking rules or the near endless lists of guns, programmes, drugs, and other trappings beloved of those systems. Nor can it be expected that the cyberware will be as polished and unobtrusive as these near future settings present them. Finally, the modifications found here are not readily found and will often be the tools

of Nazi madmen, crazed Japanese Section 731 scientists, misguided cultist doctors, and inhuman alien meddlers.

The *Keeper* can use the cyberware presented here as a tool to make his NPCs even more dangerous than they already are. However, a brief system for adding such modifications to investigators is included, should they be experimented upon by the enemy or unwisely decide to use the tools of the Mythos for themselves.

Sav

For *Savage Worlds* players, the information in this chapter can be used as an alternative way of introducing cybertech with a more Cthulhoid feel into your game, although the names of the cyberware from *Interface Zero 2.0: Full Metal Cyberpunk* used as the inspiration for the enhancements on pp.58-61 are included for reference purposes.

THE COST OF CYBER-CTHULHU

The modifications listed in this chapter make use of an alien technology which is invasive and toxic to the human system. Undergoing such surgical procedures not only risks the physical health of the subject, but also puts their psyche under a tremendous strain as well.

Each of the modifications listed below can only be installed by a fully trained medical staff led by a surgeon skilled in Surgery (Modification) [Cth]/Knowledge (Surgical Modification) [Sav]. These skills are fully detailed overleaf.

Even if the patient survives the surgery, it takes at least a month of convalescing before he is able to return to active duty. The mental impact of the modification is even more insidious and can have far-reaching, long term

implications. The Sanity cost [Cth]/mental Cost [Sav] is listed with each of the modifications. Lastly, some of the modifications will inflict a sanity cost on anyone who witnesses these modifications for the first time (at least!). Very few—if any—of these modifications are unobtrusive, and they are all obviously alien and *wrong*; just seeing them can cause nausea, or worse.

Most cyberpunk settings have a “humanity” or “essence” cost for cyberware which limits the amount a character can be loaded up with. Here, the rather steep Sanity cost and the inherent dangers of the surgery involved should be enough to prevent investigators from “cybering” themselves to the max.

Obviously, the Keeper is free to ignore these costs and limits when creating his NPCs. If he wants to create a Nazi killing machine full of mi-go technology, then not only can he, but he probably really should!

New Skills

Presented below are two new skills which deal with the implanting and extraction of Cthulhu-tech. Surgery (Modification) is used in *Call of Cthulhu*, and Knowledge (Surgical Modification) is used in *Savage Worlds*.

Cth

SURGERY (MODIFICATION) (00%)

Somehow—probably through costly and extremely unethical human experimentation—the character has picked up the skill for implanting and extracting Cthulhu-tech into and out of subjects.

This is extremely hazardous to the patient and inflicts 3D6 Hit Points of damage, whether the operation is successful or not. If the surgery is not successful, then as well as the tech not being fitted correctly, the trauma of the operation increases the damage incurred to 4D6.

Rolling a Critical Success (01-05) on his skill check reduces the damage inflicted by a successful operation to 2D6, but if the surgeon should ever critically Fumble his roll (rolling a 96-00), then the patient dies on the operating table.

Cyberware will not be as polished and unobtrusive as in the near future.

Sav

KNOWLEDGE

(SURGICAL MODIFICATION)

Somehow—probably through costly and extremely unethical human experimentation—the character has picked up the skill for implanting and extracting Cthulhu-tech into and out of subjects.

This is extremely hazardous to the patient and inflicts 3d6 damage, whether the operation is successful or not. If the surgery is not successful, then as well as the tech not being fitted correctly, the trauma of the operation increases the damage incurred to 4d6.



Rolling a raise on his skill check reduces the damage inflicted by a successful operation to 2d6, but if the surgeon should ever critically fumble his roll (rolling a 1 on his skill die no matter what the Wild Die reads), then the patient dies on the operating table.

Sav New Hindrance

INHUMAN (MINOR/MAJOR)

This Hindrance is not available during character generation, unless the GM has allowed an investigator to start the game fitted with Cthulhu-tech. However, should a hero be modified (either willingly or unwillingly), then the Hindrance becomes unavoidable.

Your investigator, either through choice or circumstance, has been biologically modified by Cthulhu-tech. This automatically bestows the minor level of Inhuman, and you become distant and aloof as the alien nature of your modification starts to invade your psyche. You suffer -2 Charisma.

Should your investigator ever be modified a second time, then your physiological systems start to mutate and change, as well as your psychological self. You keep the -2 Charisma, and also suffer a -2 to all attempts to heal trauma using human medicine.

CTHULHU-TECH

Listed below are many of the modifications available. Each has the followings statistics:

NAME

The modifications are listed in alphabetical order using the names they are known by in the *Achtung! Cthulhu* setting, with the name of the corresponding cyberware from *Interface Zero 2.0: Full Metal Cyberpunk* displayed in brackets after it.

SURGERY MODIFICATION

This only applies to *Savage Worlds* games, and is a penalty to the Knowledge (Surgical Modification) skill used to implant the modification.

SANITY COST

This entry has several listed values: in fact, it has two for the *Call of Cthulhu* rules and one or more for *Savage Worlds*. The first one listed is the cost of having the Cthulhu-tech implanted in the first place; the second is the mental trauma they can inflict on people who see them for the first time (if there is only one value, it acts for both circumstances). Treat the “witness” value exactly as you would if someone were encountering a creature of the Mythos (which, in some respects, they are).

DESCRIPTION

This entry will give the Keeper all the grisly details on how the device works, and what it looks like.

EFFECT

Here we will detail the actual game effects of the device. This will be purely for the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, as the *Interface Zero* rules (available from Gun Metal Games) already include everything you need to integrate them into a *Savage Worlds* game.

Okay, that’s quite enough preamble—here’s the tech:

Cthulhu-tech Examples

BLOODY MARY (ANTI-TOXIN SYSTEMS)

Surgery Modification: -2.

Sanity Cost: 1D6+1; 0/1D4 [Cth]/Horror (+0); Nausea (+0) [Sav].

Description: a large clump of translucent protean flesh (similar to that of a shoggoth) is permanently affixed to the modified person’s chest. The blood flow has been redirected through this filter and can be seen surging through the blob. Any poisons and impurities are ejected through the jellyfish-like modification and stain the user’s clothes. The modification absorbs oxygen from the air as part of the cleansing, and so must be exposed to the air to work properly.

Effect: this modification allows the user to use the better of two rolls on the Resistance Table (*Call of Cthulhu*, *Sixth Edition*, p.55) when determining the effect of poisons.



BOILS (TAILORED PHEROMONES)**Surgery Modification:** -4.**Sanity Cost:** 1D10; 1/1D6 [Cth]/Nausea (-2) [Sav].**Description:** the subject is injected with alien tissue which causes his skin to erupt in pulsating boils, which leak a yellow pus. These cancerous growths can be forced to open, emitting a foul-smelling gas which, paradoxically, makes those in the immediate vicinity of the subject much more agreeable to his demands.**Effect:** the subject can reverse the percentage dice on any Bargain, Fast Talk, or Persuasion skill roll he makes. For example, a roll of 93 could be reversed to become 39 (which might make all the difference between success and failure).**BRAIN BOX (DATA CARRIER/ENHANCED NEURAL NET/KNOWCOMP/TACTICAL COMPUTER)****Surgery Modification:** -4.**Sanity Cost:** 1D8; 0/1D6 [Cth]/Nausea (-1) [Sav].**Description:** using captured mi-go technology, the subject is able to have parts of another's brain grafted onto his own. His skull must be opened and the new brain matter can be seen throbbing and wriggling on the side of his cranium. Occasionally electrical sparks play across its surface.**Effect:** the subject can reverse the percentage dice on any knowledge-based or Know roll he makes. For example, a roll of 52 could be reversed to give 25.**CAT SCRATCH OR NAZI (NASTY) SURPRISE (CYBERWEAPON)****Surgery Modification:** -4.**Sanity Cost:** 1D6; 0/1D4 [Cth]/Nausea (+0) [Sav].**Description:** a spring-loaded, sharpened blade or rapier is fitted along the arm bones of the subject, which can be slid out and locked into place at a moment's thought (Nazi Surprise). Alternatively, the subject may have claw-like spines embedded in their fingertips (Cat Scratch). These weapons are often constructed from alien bone beneath which the marrow visibly shifts and flows.**Effect:** Cat Scratch inflicts 1D4+db damage. Nazi Surprise inflicts 1D6+db damage.**CREEPER PEEPERS (ENHANCED VISION/INFRA/ULTRA OPTICS/ NIGHT VISION OPTICS)****Surgery Modification:** -2.**Sanity Cost:** 1D8; 0/1D6 [Cth]/Nausea (+0) [Sav].**Description:** the subject's eyes are replaced by those taken from a non-human creature. Their alien origin is obvious; they may be lizard-like, have a nictating membrane, be a solid block of colour, glow, or even (in some cases) be crystal growths that extrude several inches from the socket.**Effect:** the subject can ignore all penalties inflicted by darkness. Some are also given the ability to see into other planes of existence, allowing them to witness radio transmissions, radar signals, and look through walls and other barriers.**CREEPY CRAWLER (GECKO HANDS)****Surgery Modification:** -4.**Sanity Cost:** 1D6; 0/1D6-1 [Cth]/Nausea (-1) [Sav].**Description:** the subject's hands and feet are injected with alien tissue which mutates them into monstrous lizard-like appendages. These are disgusting to look at, and twitch and writhe when at rest.**Effect:** the subject can climb walls like a lizard or spider, as long as his hands and feet are uncovered.**DOPPELGÄNGER (CYBERSKULL, PROTEAN)****Surgery Modification:** -4.**Sanity Cost:** 1D10; 1D3/1D8 (witnessing a change) [Cth]/Horror (-1) [Sav].**Description:** protean flesh, taken from a shoggoth, is injected directly into the skull of a subject. This biological material expands, consumes, and replaces the skull and skin of the subject, creating a malleable material that can be reshaped to impersonate anyone studied.**Effect:** the subject can change his features to resemble someone else. He cannot change his height, but the change reaches as far as the vocal chords, allowing the subject to impersonate a voice.**FROGS LEGS (CYBERLEGS, AQUATIC)****Surgery Modification:** -4.**Sanity Cost:** 1D8; 0/1D6 [Cth]/Horror (+1) [Sav].**Description:** a series of extremely painful injections transform the subject's legs into scaly, streamlined, extremely muscular limbs with webbed toes, which are perfectly adapted for swimming. They are not so well suited for walking, however.**Effect:** the subject can reverse the percentage dice on any Swim (or related) skill roll he makes. For example, a roll of 62 could be reversed to give 26 instead. The subject's Move is reduced to 5 when out of water, however.

GUNSIGHT (SMARTGUN)**Surgery Modification:** -2.**Sanity Cost:** 1D6+1; 1/1D4 [Cth]/Horror (+0); Nausea (+0) [Sav].

Description: the gun has a partially organic look to it, like some of it was grown rather than manufactured. The firearm is covered in fleshy and coral-like protuberances, which constantly sway and move. Worst of all, a tentacle extrudes from the gun for about 2ft (61cm), plunging directly into the eye of the user. This allows the user to see directly out of the gun itself, greatly aiding the aim of the weapon and also providing a relatively safe method of peering around corners or over cover. There is a loss of depth perception, but simply tugging the tentacle from the eye restores normal vision in a few moments.

The surgery to use this device is done on the eye and brain of the subject, giving them the capacity to adapt to the alien perception using the Gunsight implants.

Effect: the user can ignore all penalties for cover; he can also reverse the percentage dice on any firearms skill roll he makes with the gun. For example, a roll of 81 could be reversed to become 18.

The user is also able to make any normal perception skill rolls (such as Spot Hidden) when using the Gunsight to peer from cover.

Effect: this increases the damage bonus by one step (e.g. from 1D4 to 1D6, 1D6 to 2D6, etc.). If the character does not have a damage bonus (or even a damage penalty), then it is automatically increased to +1D4.

OGRE BONES (BONE REINFORCEMENT/CYBER-SKULL, ENFORCER/REINFORCED SKELETON/SUBDERMAL ARMOR)**Surgery Modification:** -2.**Sanity Cost:** 1D4; 0/1D6+1 [Cth]/Nausea (-1) [Sav].

Description: a series of invasive alien chemicals are injected into the subject's bone marrow. This accelerates and modifies the bone growth until it forms a near-impenetrable shell just below the surface of the skin. This effect also stretches the skin to the furthest degree of natural elasticity (and sometimes beyond). The result is a monstrous, bestial look.

Effect: reconfigure the subject's Hit Points, doubling the CON score for the purposes of calculating the new value. The modification also grants 2 points of armour.

Worst of all, a tentacle extrudes from the gun, plunging directly into the eye of the user.

GUNSLINGER (IMPLANTED FIREARM)**Surgery Modification:** -4.**Sanity Cost:** 1D6; 0/1D2 [Cth]/Nausea (+0) [Sav].

Description: the subject has a pistol similar to a .25 Derringer grafted to their wrist bones. The pistol can be fired reflexively and the first shot blasts a hole in the subject's palm. The operation process deadens all feeling in the forearm and hand of the subject, and this has very little debilitating effect. The pistol has a clip of 5 bullets and once these have been used, the gun can only be reloaded after some relatively minor surgery.

Effect: the pistol does 1D6 damage, atts 1, base range 5 yds, and has a clip of five bullets.

THE KNOCK-KNOCK (BREACHING SYSTEM/MUSCLE AUGMENTATION)**Surgery Modification:** -2.**Sanity Cost:** 1D6+1; 0/1D2 [Cth]/Nausea (+0) [Sav].

Description: originally designed as a door opening mechanism, the subject's arms are enhanced with iron reinforcements and the wrists are replaced by a hydraulic system which can deliver one hell of a punch. This is very obvious and almost impossible to disguise.

SHELL-LIKES (AMPLIFIED EARS)**Surgery Modification:** -1.**Sanity Cost:** 1D4; 0/1D2 [Cth]/Nausea (+0) [Sav].

Description: the ears of the subject are surgically removed and replaced with alien, coral-like growths which are sensitive to sound waves on a level far beyond normal human ears.

Effect: the subject can reverse the percentage dice on any Listen skill roll he makes. For example: a roll of 42 could be reversed to give 24.

SKIPPER (WIRED REFLEXES)**Surgery Modification:** -4.**Sanity Cost:** 1D10; 1/1D8 [Cth]/Horror (-1) [Sav].

Description: after a series of extremely painful and dangerous injections, the subject's form becomes hazy and somehow indistinct, as if out of phase with reality. The subject is able to act incredibly quickly, as if he "skips" most of the movement needed and only the result of the movement is seen.

Effect: the subject gets another action every turn without penalty, and can decide independently of the initiative order when to take that action.

SLICK AND SCALY (CYBERGILLS)

Surgery Modification: -2.

Sanity Cost: 1D4+1; 0/1D4 [Cth]/Nausea (+0) [Sav].

Description: deep one flesh is grafted to the subject's neck and lower face, creating an organ similar to fish gills which extracts oxygen from both river and sea water.

Effect: the subject is able to breathe underwater.

TREE TRUNKS (CYBERLEGS, LIGAMENT ENHANCEMENT)

Surgery Modification: -4.

Sanity Cost: 1D8; 0/1D4+1 [Cth]/Nausea (+0) [Sav].

Description: a series of extremely painful injections cause an extremely noticeable strengthening of the tendons and ligaments in the subject's legs. The legs have visible rope-like tendons throbbing and writhing below the skin.

Effect: the subject's Move increases to 10.

UBERMEN (ENHANCED ARTICULATION)

Surgery Modification: -4.

Sanity Cost: 1D10; 1/1D6 [Cth]/Nausea (-1) [Sav].

Description: the joints of the subject are replaced with alien tissue and bone which gives an increased range of movement. The movements of the subject are often well beyond the limitations of the human frame, frequently tearing the flesh in the process. When this occurs, writhing tendrils and a sickly green light can be seen emanating from the wound.

Effect: the subject can reverse the percentage dice on any physical skill roll he makes. For example, a roll of 91 could be reversed to become 19.

After everything we've had to deal with, I wasn't sure that there was anything left that could shock me, but that's definitely going to give me nightmares.

- Sally Armitage



ACHTUNG! Cthulhu™

CROSSOVER SERIES



• Book Two •
SHADOWS OF TOMORROW



CHAPTER 1

Introduction

"The battlefield is a scene of constant chaos. The winner will be the one who controls that chaos, both his own and the enemies."

- Napoleon Bonaparte

Now that you have been introduced to the dark world of the future, it is time to travel back into the past (or present, depending on your starting point) to try and prevent the Germans from exploiting forbidden and alien technologies that could seriously alter the course of the war should their experiments succeed.

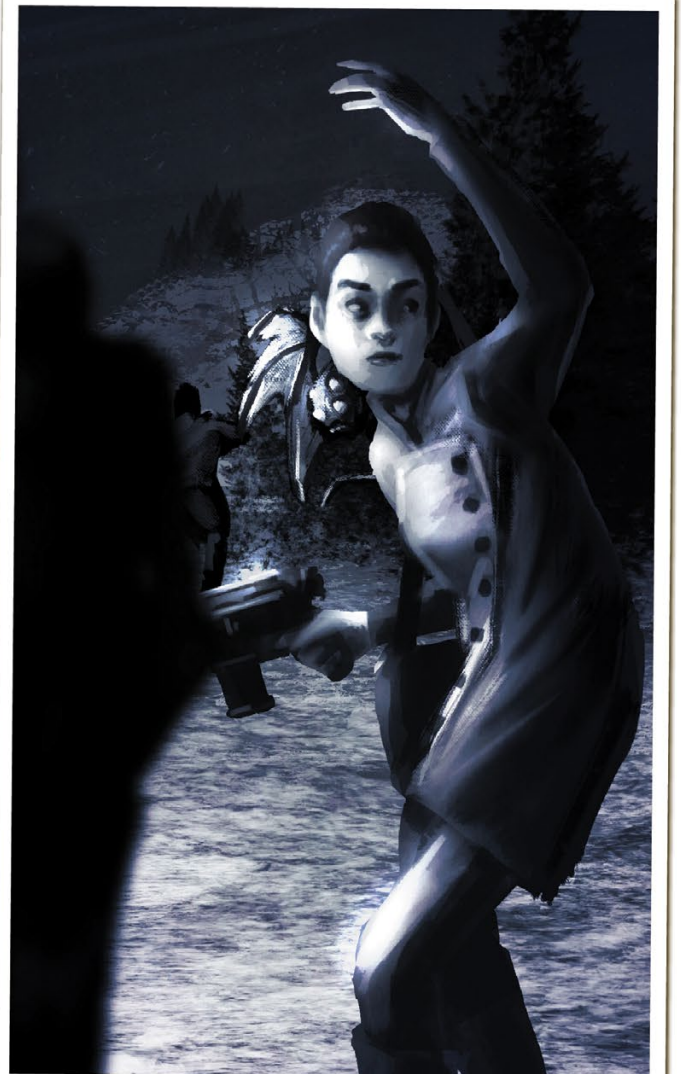
OVERVIEW

Dateline 1941

Beginning in the winter of 1940, reports of Nazi super soldiers armed with powerful, high-tech weapons begin trickling into the ears of staff at Section M. The first reports are from behind the frontlines, action seen in low-intensity battles against resistance fighters, or through the conflict and disinformation of the Eastern Front. Those that can be tracked to a specific point form a cluster of events surrounding a mountainous patch of the Bavarian Forest.

Lagging behind the Germans in weird war science, Section M attempts to gather information on shadowy labs and similar operations in the region. These attempts succeed only in losing good intelligence assets until *Hauptmann* Ernst Gängel, a *Heer* officer, contacts them with a map and a brief note describing the situation as "urgently dangerous". Research into the area depicted on the map identifies a disused Trappist monastery near a rocky promontory at the centre of the reported weird encounters.

Section M sends a raiding party on 14th February, 1941, dropped from a Douglas C-47 "Dakota" Skytrain during a strategic bombing raid of nearby Munich. Their mission is to infiltrate the facility, gather as much intelligence as possible,



and sabotage any targets of opportunity. It is Section M's hope to use this raid to slow the supernatural war effort in Germany while gaining sufficient knowledge to speed Britain's own research and establish, at the very least, an even footing in the war.

Dateline 2090

Chesterfield Simulations is the leading provider of virtual reality training simulations for police, private security, mercenary, and military organisations in the world, and have been since the late 2070s. Their Postmodern Warfare project is intended

Achtung! Cthulhu Skill Difficulties

Cth There will be certain situations in an *Achtung! Cthulhu* adventure or supplement that will present an investigator with more, or less, of a challenge to his standard skill ability. In such instances, the skill's percentile value is temporarily modified. If the challenge is easy, but there still exists the chance of a mishap, the skill's value is doubled. However, if the challenge is difficult, the skill's value is halved and rounded down. For example, an investigator with Spot Hidden 30% faced with an *Easy* Spot Hidden check would roll against an enhanced value of 60%, but against one of only 15% if facing a *Difficult* Spot Hidden roll. This modification can also be applied to Idea or Know rolls.

In this book, we have introduced a new designation: *Extreme*. In this situation, the skill's value is divided by five and rounded down. So, using the above example, an investigator with Spot Hidden 30% facing an *Extreme* challenge would need to roll against a modified skill value of just 6%.

The Keeper is, of course, free to modify an investigator's skill rolls according to the situation and as he sees fit.

Sav There will be certain situations in an *Achtung! Cthulhu* adventure or supplement that will present an investigator with more, or less, of a challenge to his standard skill ability. In such instances, the difficulty of the Trait test will be modified. An *easy* Notice test may be displayed as Notice (+1) or Notice (+2), and a *difficult* Notice test may be displayed as Notice (-2). *Extreme* tests may even have an eye-watering -4 penalty, but this will be an exceedingly rare occurrence. Remember: it is the dice result that is modified, not the difficulty number.

This is no different than the rules presented in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook, but is presented here to avoid confusion.

to expand their simulations software into a massively multiplayer online game, with the twin purpose of creating a profit point and to analyse the tactics of determined amateurs in order to develop anti-insurrection and anti-terrorism modules they can then sell to their traditional clients.

In November of 2089, Chesterfield sends word out to local mercenaries that they want to train "motivated talent" using the prototype system. The job comes with a generous pay check, an all-expenses paid trip to their R&D headquarters in Bavaria, and a single incidence of amnesty from Chesterfield Simulations for a past or future job pulled against them or their holding company.

On 14th February, 2090, the first such team is assembled and put through basic training. Three hours later, they enter the Chesterfield VR matrix on the inaugural live test of the new system.

In November, 2089, Chesterfield sends word out that they want to train "motivated talent" using the prototype system.

The Real Deal

In 1940, *Nachtwölfe* encounters a mi-go mining operation in the southeast Swiss Alps. Although they lose more than twenty elite mountain fighters, they manage to capture a single, wounded mi-go and some of its equipment. They move the prisoner and its gear to a base in the Bavarian Forest built at the previously abandoned Ambacht Monastery.

Nachtwölfe scientists explore the captured equipment and interrogate the mi-go captive to speed their development of augmentations they can graft onto—or into—the bodies of test subjects. At first, they perform these techniques on captured prisoners of war. After one British POW gets loose with a machine gun mounted on his left arm, they change the focus of the programme.

Since September, 1940 test subjects are drawn from loyal Nazi soldiers injured on the frontlines. These already loyal soldiers become fanatical upon receiving replacement limbs

Einherjar

In Norse myth, the *Einherjar* are the slain warriors chosen by the Valkyries to enter Valhalla, drink their fill of mead, and prepare for the great battle of Ragnarok. It takes no great leap of the imagination to understand why Max Limbach (p.96) and *Nachtwölfe* chose this as the name of the project for resurrecting mortally wounded and maimed soldiers.

Hauptmann Gängel

Hauptmann Ernst Gängel works within the *Wehrmacht*, but is opposed to both the Nazi regime's politics and their exploration of the supernatural. He is the agent responsible for bringing the initial intelligence about Ambacht Monastery to the Allies' attention. Though he is on the side of the angels, he considers his ongoing efforts more important than the lives of any one Allied soldier, or the success of any one mission. He never directly or obviously assists the heroes if there is any possibility of being observed or caught, instead dropping subtle clues into any interaction he has with them.

Allow an Idea roll [Cth]/a normal Investigation or difficult Notice test [Sav] for the hero who interacts most with Gängel in any scene. On a success, give a one-word answer to any one question the player has. Note that none of the heroes have been briefed on who Gängel is, his role in this adventure, or even that the Allies got their information from a Nazi source.

as “gifts of the *Führer*”. During this early stage of the “*Einherjar* Project”, these soldiers are deployed primarily behind the main combat lines. *Nachtwölfe* hopes to use them in the main war effort when attacks in Russia begin in earnest with the spring thaw.

The mi-go is not a passive prisoner. It pretends to succumb to torture before giving out basic technologies to its captors, and then begins to volunteer processes (such as removing the brains of failed subjects and preserving them in jars). It uses some of the technology it provides to build a time-space machine that communicates with 2090 using a variant of the Aklo programming language. There, it makes contact with a scientist at Chesterfield Simulations. Its offer of unprecedented computing resources make the Postmodern Warfare project possible, and gives the mi-go limited control over the VR net at Chesterfield R&D. When the heroes in 2090 begin their mission—a raid on a Nazi base that is supposed to be filled with zombies—the mi-go moves the monastery, its inhabitants, heroes from both time streams, and the local geography into a pocket that exists in both



2090 and 1941, but neither at the same time. The mi-go plans to use the confusion caused by the multiple raids and temporal isolation to affect its escape.

ADVENTURE STRUCTURE

The Keeper should consider this adventure a series of events playing out on a small stage, rather than a linear plot. You can best prepare to run this scenario by becoming familiar with the area and the events that will unfold upon it. As the investigators explore the facility, the Keeper should insert events as appropriate. Exactly how the environment, heroes, and events interact is up to the ingenuity of the players and the resourcefulness of the Keeper.

Gängel's certainly proving to be a useful asset. We just have to hope he doesn't take too many risks in his efforts to help us.

-A.T.



CHAPTER 2

Plot Episodes

"This land may be profitable to those that will adventure it."
- Henry Hudson

EPISODE ONE: POINTS OF ENTRY

Dateline 1941

The strike team boards a Dakota Skytrain (the *Keeper's Guide*, p.125) to participate in a night bombing raid. After hours of flight, they jump out of the bomb hatches while the squadron carries on to the southeast to bomb Munich, both as a legitimate strategic attack and to draw Nazi attention away from

Ambacht. Falling through the sky, each investigator feels himself pass through some kind of permeable barrier, a sensation not unlike passing through a layer of static electricity.

See *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Investigator's Guide to the Secret War*, p. 92 [Cth]/p.107 [Sav] for rules on successfully making a parachute jump. Safe or injured, the investigators land in the dark at the edge of a clearing some kilometres from the Ambacht Monastery. They are not alone.

Mix & Match

Although it is envisioned that most groups will want to play the scenario with all of their characters coming from the same timeline, there is the potential of playing through with a mixed group of investigators; some from 1941, and some from 2090. Any of the pregenerated characters who are not taken by the players are still present throughout the scenario regardless and can serve a number of purposes, such as acting as cannon fodder (see Bavarian Standoff for one potential example), or to provide a handy reservoir of replacement characters should anyone get bumped off* before they reach the end of the story. As the Keeper, do not worry too much about tracking the movements and damage taken by these NPCs—use them dramatically as and when the story dictates the need for heroic sacrifice or a timely warning...

*British slang for killed.

Dateline 2090

The team of new recruits arrives at the Munich International Aerospaceport within a few hours of each other and are shuttled over a few hours via private van to the Chesterfield R&D centre. They receive initial training on how the new VR system works in a beautifully restored monastery overlooking a lake in the Bavarian Forest. Their mission in the new game is to enter the VR matrix and hunt zombies to test the realism of the developmental interface.

The team moves to a Quonset hut some kilometres down the road. They plug in and find themselves in an extremely realistic forest. As they move out, they feel a physical sensation best described as "static or interference, but on the skin". The sensation is worrisome, but not dangerous. After walking for a few hundred metres, the team emerges in the dark at the edge of a clearing some kilometres from the Ambacht Monastery. They are not alone.

Bavarian Standoff

One crux point of this episode is the two sets of investigators meeting each other at the clearing (or in other locations if you use an alternate point of entry). It is up to the Keeper



to create the right balance of tension and mistrust without half the party dying outright from a simple misunderstanding.

A potential solution to this is to have each party include one or two “expendable” NPCs who can be the first—and only—ones to die if this encounter becomes violent. Any such NPCs who survive can serve as replacement characters for a player character that dies in this meeting or elsewhere during the raid.

If the player characters look like they are heading for a mutual firefight, the Keeper can use that moment to first insert the telepathic voices from the mi-go’s brains in jars (see p.84). These whispers can urge, or even force, a key character from each side to lower his weapon and focus on the mission.

During this first meeting, it adds good colour to emphasise differences between 1941 culture and 2090 culture. The team from the future is wearing jumpsuits and helmets, and carrying weapons from 150 years in the future; they will also be using different language (see the “Having a Few Words” sidebar for slang popular in both time periods). Other points of difference include the presence of female combatants from 2090, pop culture references, and 1941 characters who might associate 2090 cybertech with what they have learned about Nazi super soldiers.

Alternative Beginnings

The adventure start described above is just one way to open this scenario. The Keeper should feel free to insert the investigators into this situation however works best for his play group or campaign. Some other ideas for each time stream are listed below.

FROM 1941

- A resistance movement like *Weisse Rose* has heard of the facility, and sends a group of partisans to investigate.
- A Nazi element rival to *Nachtwölfe*, such as *Black Sun*, is sending in saboteurs.
- A rival occult movement from outside Germany has found out about the mi-go.
- Prior to the US entry into the war in December, 1941, Germany spent much energy courting both the American government and US industry to keep them out of the conflict. Investigators from 1941 could be invited guests of *Nachtwölfe* and the *Reich*, visiting the facility when the 2090 commandos appear. This could be, or at least begin as, a more espionage-flavoured adventure than a run-and-gun raid approach.

FROM 2090

- A physical raid on a facility somewhere in the world encounters a zone controlled by the mi-go, which transports the investigators to the pocket dimension.
- Industrial or academic researchers find the ruins of the monastery and are pulled through time by the mi-go’s machinations.
- The VR game has gone live and the investigators are simply logged into a multiplayer session. This does nothing to make the game any less deadly.

Future Knowledge

In most of the ways this adventure can end, all of the equipment from 2090 returns to its home time stream along with the investigators from that time period. However, knowledge and information passed from 2090 investigators to 1941 investigators stays with the recipient. This can have interesting, even profound, effects on the war effort, especially if one of the investigators from the future is an engineer, computer expert, or cryptographer.

*I wonder if they've brought
any chocolate with them from
the future?*

— Peggy

Having a Few Words

Every era has its lingo, so two groups separated by 150 years have a hard—or fun—time learning one another's slang. Here are a few key phrases from each time period. For more, see p.55 or any number of films set during World War Two.

2090 SLANG

Ami—friend or pal
Banger—a violent person
Blue Plater—a poor person
Dry Spot—a place without a GodNet connection (i.e. everywhere on this adventure)
Freelancer—somebody for hire
Gaacho—a “cowboy” or other slick, handsome, trendy male
Ismist—one who follows an ideal or philosophy, such as most Nazis
Zeek—a psychic

1941 SLANG

Alley!—run away! (From the French *allez*)
Bivvy—to find shelter
Buck—of the lowest rank, as in “buck private”
Devil's Piano—machine gun
Dogface—soldier
Packet—to wound
Pineapple—hand grenade
Throw a Seven—to die in action



from the Action Deck once per hour of game time. Pulling a spade face card means they encounter a *Wehrmacht* patrol consisting of three regular German Infantry (see *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, p.32).

CLEARING

This open space in the woods, about 16.5ft (5m) in diameter, is where the two parties from different time streams first encounter one another. Although they can spot the Ambacht Monastery from here, there is no chance of being seen by *Wehrmacht* or *Nachtwölfe* elements while in this area.

EPISODE TWO: THE STAGE

Regional Key

The mi-go's temporal pocket dimension is a dome approximately 10 miles (16km) in diameter. Although it is not snowing at the time of the raid, any ground that is not a road is covered with approximately 3ft (1m) of snow. This cuts movement in half and makes tracking easier. It also creates a risk of hypothermia for any investigator stuck outside for too long (see p.69).

Cth

Investigators exploring the area below the cliff line do not encounter any patrols. Exploration south of the cliff has a 10% chance per hour of encountering a *Wehrmacht* patrol consisting of three regular German Infantry (see *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, p.32).

Sav

Heroes exploring the area below the cliff line do not encounter any patrols. While the heroes are exploring the area south of the cliff, draw

WOODS

Expanses thick with beech, ash, and spruce trees make visibility short, and stealth easy. Due to the thick canopy crowned with snow, there is no risk of being spotted as investigators move through the trees. Snow drifts are only 4-5" (10-12cm) deep here, but off-road travel is still at half speed due to the thick trees and underbrush.

LAKE

This mountain lake is 26-40ft (8-12m) deep in most parts. It is covered out to 16.5ft (5m) from shore with ice thick enough to hold a person walking, but not thick enough for running or fighting. Because of the snow layer, characters could stand as much as 10ft (3m) from shore without realising that they are, quite literally, on thin ice. Investigators out on the lake run the risk of being spotted every fifteen minutes.

CLIFF RIDGE

This cliff is about 65ft (20m) high near Ambacht Monastery, with the grade dropping as it nears the Bridge and the Low Road. Although the face is uneven with lots of hand holds,

it is also covered with snow and ice. The two factors cancel one another out, making climbing the cliff a normal difficulty check or test.

UPPER STREAM

This brook is at most 3ft (1m) wide and almost entirely iced over, but flows swiftly beneath the ice. The current is fast enough to slow walking upstream in unfrozen sections, but too slow to push anybody downstream who does not want to go. The stream's deepest pools are less than 3ft (1m) deep.

There is something about slowly dying
of the relentless cold of winter...

LOWER RIVER

With slower water and a deeper bed than its tributary, this river is about 16.5ft (5m) wide and 10-16.5ft (3-5m) deep in most areas. It is mostly frozen over with ice too thin to support much weight. Anybody looking at the river can easily spot holes where even the weight of the snow has broken through. Anybody on the banks runs the risk of being spotted every thirty minutes.

ZEDSTELLE STUTZPUNKT

The army base tasked with securing the Ambacht facility and surrounding area. See pp.74-77 for full details.

THE IRON ROAD

This gravelled and well-maintained road has barricades blocking half of its width on alternating sections of road every 65ft (20m), which force any vehicle to slalom as it approaches or leaves the monastery. Anybody walking on

the road runs the risk of being spotted once every minute; once every five minutes if he sticks to the trees on either side of the road.

THE LOW ROAD

Paved until it reaches the bridge, this road is wide enough for vehicles to pass each other. It is the only road between *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt* and Grossbruk, the nearest village. Although supply deliveries come up the road every week, none are set to arrive during the time frame of this adventure. Investigators are most likely to interact with the Low Road while driving down it in a desperate attempt to escape the area. Anybody on the road within 220yds (200m) of the bridge has a chance of being spotted every ten minutes.

BRIDGE

Wide enough for just one vehicle at a time, and reinforced to support the weight of a tank, the bridge has roadblocks and machine-gun emplacements at each end. Each roadblock and emplacement is manned by three German Infantry (*Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, p.32), one with a *Maschinengewehr 34* machine gun (see *Achtung! Cthulhu:*

Hypothermia

Though it is not as dramatic a death as many other possibilities in this adventure, there is something about slowly dying from the uncaring, relentless cold of winter while lost in a dark forest that is just as Cthulhoid as being strangled by tentacles in the moments before your mind snaps.

Cth In the cold of the Bavarian winter, investigators must make a CON roll every four hours to avoid the onset of hypothermia.

Those with the Survival (any) skill can use that score instead. A failed roll inflicts 1D6 damage and a -10% penalty to subsequent rolls to resist hypothermia. This damage heals at a rate of 1D6 per hour spent in a warm environment. For each failure, one point of damage per roll is regular physical damage and heals at the normal rate, reflecting frostbite.

Characters that are compromised (for example, wet or travelling without winter clothing) make a *Difficult* CON or Survival roll, suffer two points of frostbite damage per failure, and move at half speed.

Sav To handle the heroes stumbling through the cold of a Bavarian winter, use the rules for cold in **Chapter 4: Situational Rules—Cold** in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook. If a hero is compromised (for example, wet or travelling without winter clothing) inflict a -2 penalty to the Vigor tests.

Being Spotted

Any time the investigators are at risk of being spotted, call for a Fieldcraft or Sneak roll [Cth]/a Stealth or Survival test [Sav] from the investigator most obviously visible. On a failure, the investigator has given the party away. However, the soldiers stationed at the Ambacht facility are not expecting visitors. The first failure upgrades all additional rolls to avoid being spotted from normal to *Difficult* [Cth]/*difficult* (-2) [Sav]. On the second failure, they are upgraded to *Extreme* [Cth]/*extreme* (-4) [Sav]. A third failure over the course of the adventure results in troops being sent to investigate.

These rules apply for any time that the heroes might be spotted when outdoors. Any character seen inside the monastery or a *Wehrmacht* building is immediately detained and questioned.

the *Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, p.140 [Cth]/p.152 [Sav]). The *Wehrmacht* soldiers stationed here check all credentials closely before letting anybody they do not personally know pass into the secured area. It is impossible to approach or cross the bridge casually without being spotted.

AMBACHT MONASTERY

The centre of *Nachtwölfe* operations in the area, this facility is described in full below and on pp.81-83

Ambacht Monastery Key

The Ambacht Monastery was built in 1438 and served as a home for dozens of Trappist monks for nearly 200 years. It was abandoned in 1663 during the Austro-Turkish war and shortly thereafter became home to a series of dark cults, including the Order of the Inverted Hand during the latter half of the 18th Century. Due to the frequency of Mythos rituals conducted here, it has become a dimensional anchor for Mythos beings and events.

Every surface in the building is a study in centuries-old construction, patched and augmented with modern German concrete, steel, and industrial work. Any religious investigator who spends even a few moments inside instantly notices that all symbols of Christian worship have long since been removed, replaced by disturbing sigils that hint at something terrible the hero already knows, but cannot quite remember...

EXTERIOR

For 55yds (50m) in every direction, trees have been cut down to stumps to create a free-fire kill zone. However, the space between the monastery and the cliff still holds the remains of a garden, which can provide some cover (see p.77 for details on how to cross this area without being seen). A patrol of two *Einherjar* walks this zone in circles at any time, taking twenty minutes to complete each circuit.

Ambacht Monastery Occupants

The facility is currently home to Max Limbach, *Hauptmann* Gängel, four *Nachtwölfe* scientists, and twelve *Einherjar* (including Erich Borchtmann). Under normal circumstances, there is a single *Einherjar* at each of the three entrances, and three more awake in the central chamber. The other six are resting in their rooms. Borchtmann stays awake from 10AM until midnight, and is usually found in the Library. Limbach and Gängel both roam the complex day and night. The Keeper should insert one or both when it is most dramatically appropriate to do so.

ENTRIES

Three doors allow entry to the monastery: a large double-door above a half staircase at the west side of the cathedral; three wide doors at the south of the cloister; and two doors on the north wall. These doors are made of reinforced wood and closed tight against the weather. The cathedral and cloister doors are manned from the inside by one *Einherjar* each, while the smaller doors on the north side are merely locked.

Other entries include any of the monastery windows, or by crossing the roof or cloister into the courtyard and gaining entry through one of the unlocked interior doors there. Nimble investigators might also consider breaking one of the higher windows in the cathedral—an act of vandalism that might take longer to be noticed (providing no-one hears the sound of breaking glass).

CATHEDRAL

This once holy space has been desecrated by nearly three centuries of Mythos-related rituals and sacrifices, of which *Nachtwölfe's* activities are only the most recent. The entire space vibrates with evil and madness, and is entirely empty of furniture or trappings. The closest things to decorations are suspicious red-brown stains on the ground and the remains of chalk markings in disturbingly familiar shapes. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll [Cth]/Knowledge (Mythos) test [Sav] identifies that these markings are the remnants of multiple, unidentifiable, but definitely Mythos, rites.

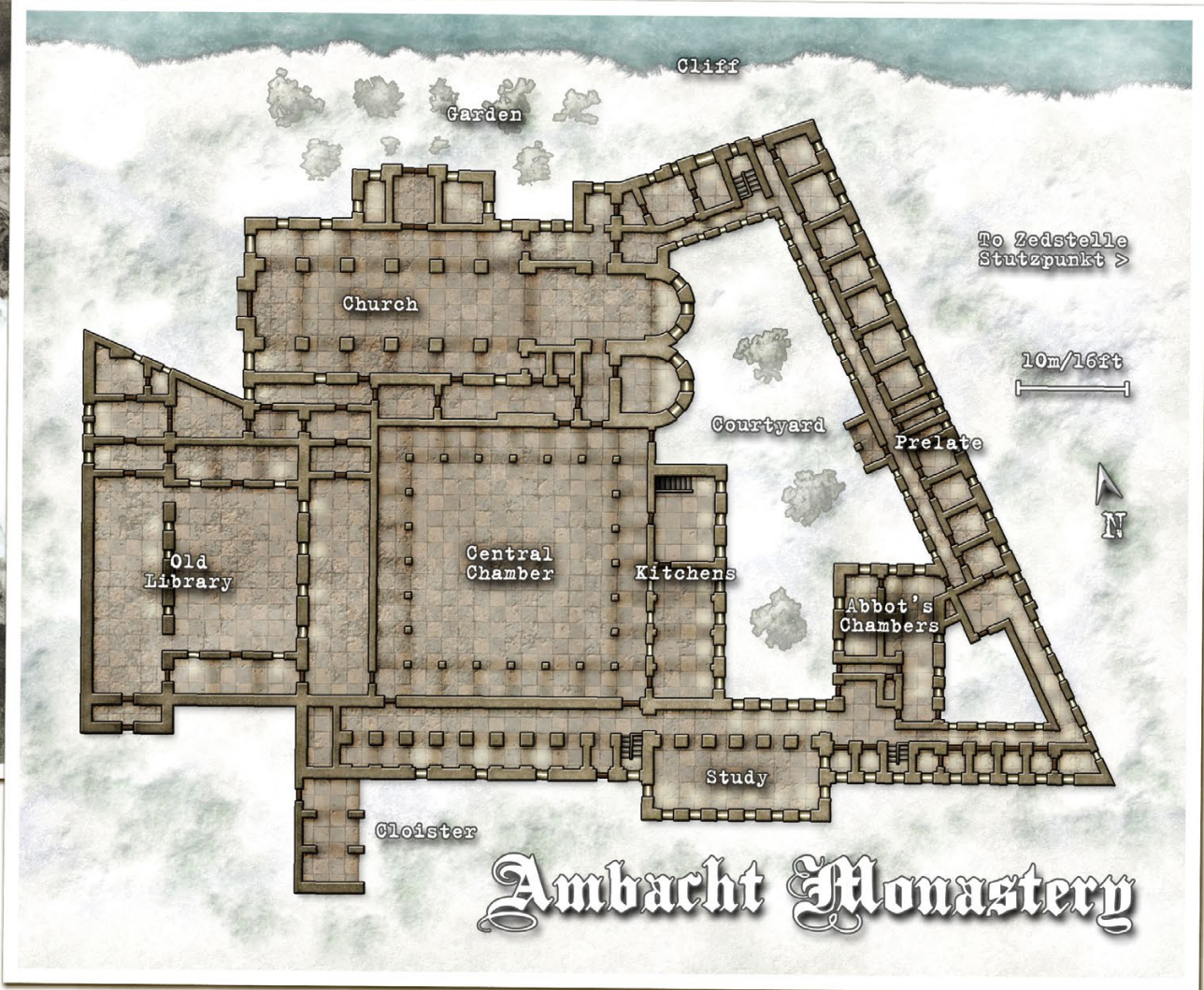
CLOISTER

A covered and sheltered, but open, walkway stacked with crates of clearly, precisely marked supplies. Since anything stored out here must be able to survive in the sub-zero winter weather, the crates contain tools, clothing, firewood... and archived files. Allow a relevant skill roll or test for each investigator passing through the area; two for any investigator actively searching. A success means the investigator has found a piece of relevant information.

A critical failure (96-00) on the roll [Cth]/rolling a 1 on the skill die [Sav] means that the investigator has found, or independently connected, some unhealthy truth about the nature of the universe and must make a Sanity (0/1D6) roll [Cth]/Horror (+0) test [Sav].

Relevant information investigators might find among this paperwork includes:

- The Ambacht Monastery is a centre for experimentation, research, and development of a programme designed to improve Nazi soldiers and the weapons they carry into battle.
- Unsuccessful experiments have resulted in several deaths.
- The earliest subjects for experimentation were prisoners of war; later test subjects have been volunteers from the *Wehrmacht*. The programme has enjoyed greater success since the change.



STUDY

Once for quiet reading and reflection, the study is now the communications room for the *Nachtwölfe* facility. Half the space is occupied by a wide, wall-to-wall table hosting two regular telephones, a short-wave radio, a Torn E.b radio set, Morse code gear, and a third telephone with a direct connection to the communications station at *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt*. This room is usually unoccupied, though a single *Einherjar* comes in at the bottom of each hour to answer the security check-in from the *Wehrmacht* base, as described on p.75.

Investigators present when the security check-in comes can make a Spot Hidden or Military Doctrine roll [Cth]/a Notice test [Sav] to find the list of coded responses to the incoming message. Those who speak German can attempt Fast Talk and Language rolls [Cth]/a Persuasion test (at a -2 penalty if their Knowledge (German) is below d8) [Sav] to bluff their way through the check-in.

Pressed heroes might attempt to use the short wave radio to broadcast their discoveries about *Nachtwölfe*'s plans if they doubt their ability to escape with hard evidence.

PRELATE

The thirteen cells of this wing of the monastery once served as simple housing for its Trappist residents. They now house the *Nachtwölfe* researchers and *Einherjar* troops. Each room is practically identical to the next: a small windowless cell with two narrow beds, two chairs, and a small table. When investigators enter any individual room, roll D6 to see what is inside:

D6

ROOM CONTENTS

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1 | A sleeping <i>Einherjar</i> , snoring on his bunk in an orderly, well-kept room. |
| 2 | An awake <i>Einherjar</i> . The first investigator into the room has one chance to act before the soldier shouts to raise the alarm. |
| 3 | A researcher's room, empty between 10AM and 1AM, occupied by a sleeping researcher between 1AM and 10AM. |
| 4-5 | Empty. A search finds only personal effects. The second empty room searched contains <i>Helmut's Diary</i> (see p.73). |
| 6 | Empty. A successful search turns up a clue to a relevant fact. |



Relevant facts investigators might turn up while searching a room include:

- The facility has a live captive in the basement.
- This captive might not be human.
- Several members of the staff have reported hearing “voices in their minds” telling them secrets vital to their successful study.
- Ambacht’s parent organisation is called *Nachtwölfe*, which is in conflict with another Nazi research organisation called Black Sun.

On the second result of a six, the investigators enter Max Limbach’s room. It is the only one with just a single bed and is unoccupied regardless of the time. A search turns up no notes or incriminating diary, but finds a heavy iron key. This is the key to The Deeps (p.83).

COURTYARD

This open space once held a meditation garden, but now houses only the burned remains of foliage covered with a thin layer of slush. Any investigator with a knowledge of astronomy who looks up at night notices the stars visible from here do not correspond with any constellations visible from Earth.

Any investigator from 1941 who sees the sky must make a Sanity (0/1D6) roll [Cth]/Horror (+0) test [Sav]. Characters from 2090 have never seen an unobstructed night sky.

A single metal device that looks like a small, square, wheel-less tank with guns that point in four directions, stands upright in the centre of the area. It is unfamiliar to the investigators, though any hero who has been in the cellar or the Deeps notes an eerie similarity between its design and that of the mi-go equipment. This is the flying machine described on pp.88-89.

CENTRAL CHAMBER

A square, high room that, in past incarnations, was the central area for the non-religious activities of the resident monks. Here they would eat, study, and socialise under a colourful ceiling fresco depicting Jesus giving his Sermon on the Mount—a painting now entirely covered with smoke, dust, and cobwebs. These days, the chamber serves much the same function for a less savoury group of devotees. At any given time, three to four *Einherjar* relax here, eating, playing chess, or practicing hand-to-hand combat. The heavy tables are surrounded by rough chairs; the scattering of books on them all fall along the lines of *Mein Kampf* and *Juden Raus*. A stone fire pit fills the centre of the room, constantly stocked with great branches to heat this chamber and those adjoining.

KITCHEN

The work tables and simple icebox of the older monastery have been replaced with modern cooking equipment run from an oil generator. The north end of the room has a staircase down to the cellar. Observant investigators might recall that the foodstuffs for the monastery are kept in crates in the cloister and wonder what is being kept in the more traditional storage area.

If the heroes arrive here between 8AM and 10AM, or 4PM and 6PM, they find two *Einherjar* fixing a meal; two *Einherjar* in a small room full of cooking pans, boiling water, and knives, to be precise. On the bright side, the oil generator running during this time could grant a small bonus to stealth attempts in adjacent rooms.

LIBRARY

A maze of long tables strewn with papers, diagrams, dismantled equipment, and dissected body parts, this area forms the nerve centre of the Ambacht Monastery’s mission. Although nobody without at least a little Mythos knowledge would be able to figure out what is going on from examining this place, any investigator with a Mythos background or skills can puzzle out some information. Between 10AM and 1AM, four *Nachtwölfe* researchers are hard at work in this room. Eavesdropping on their conversation for five minutes renders the same results as poring over the materials for half an hour.

For every half an hour an investigator examines the materials in the room, allow a normal Cthulhu Mythos or a *Difficult Library Use* roll [Cth]/a Knowledge (Mythos) test

[Sav]. Success means that the investigator has discovered a relevant fact. A critical failure means learning too much too fast, and the investigator must make a Sanity (0/1D6) roll [Cth] or a Horror (+0) test [Sav].

Cth Compounds and equipment for scientific experimentation fill crates lining the western wall of this room. Any fire or firefight here has a 10% chance each round of igniting this gear. Once on fire, it is completely destroyed and useless as an intelligence source after two minutes of consecutive burning.

Sav Compounds and equipment for scientific experimentation fill crates lining the western wall of this room. During any firefight or fire in

Helmut's Diary

Helmut Magnussen is one of the original *Einherjar* to survive his transformation. His diary tells the story of a Hitler Youth who joined the *Wehrmacht* as soon as he was old enough. There is a noticeable gap between his thoughts before a push on the Eastern Front and the journal picking up after he arrived at Ambacht. After that gap, he has diligently recorded his activities and those of his fellow *Einherjar*. Although this diary lacks technical specifications of any kind, it is the most compact description of what is happening at Ambacht Monastery. The most relevant excerpts from the diary are a player handout found on p.106.

MARCH 7TH, 1936--A day of triple pride! I have graduated at the top of my class and am the most respected member of my HITLERJUGEND Corps. This morning, while my family was together waiting to go to my graduation, the letter came with my initial orders. I am now part of the WEHRMACHT! I shall be an officer in time. I found also that our glorious REICH spread today to occupy the Rhineland. I am surely the most fortunate son of the Fatherland, and must do all I can to live up to that promise.

MARCH 15TH, 1939--In less than three hours, my battle group enters Czechoslovakia to bring the Sudetenland home. I confess I am nervous, and hope the water in my stomach is simply a physical symptom beneath a controlled mind. My greatest fear is that I am truly a coward. Tonight will surely be the test of this.

MARCH 16TH, 1939--Daylight dawns on a larger REICH and a better Europe. The FÜHRER and my officers, they were right. These Slavs were no match for German will and discipline. They barely fought at all. I must remember it is not their fault. They were not fortunate enough to be born a part of the Aryan master race. It would be easy to treat them poorly if I forget this.

SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1939--I can see the lights and fires of Warsaw. These Poles are Slavs, but history tells us they once knew how to fight. Despite this, I do not feel the nerves I felt in March. We will march just before dawn, and drive the last of their army out of their holes.

??--I do not know where I am. I have arms, but they are not my own. A spectre tells me he has brought me back from the dead. There is pain, but it is remote--merely physical, like my fear before my

first battle. There are no mirrors in this place, and I find myself strangely comforted by this fact.

MARCH 20TH, 1940--I am one of many, brought from the very brink of death by Germanic technology and Aryan will. Herr Borchtmann tells me I was burned alive in Poland, that only my strength kept the Valkyries from my soul that night. Herr Limbach's skill gave me my breath, and gave me new arms. I have much to do, and much to be thankful for.

AUGUST 30TH, 1940--I used my new body against a small uprising near our home. These arms, these glorious, mighty arms, tore two rebels asunder. And that is not the most of it. I wrote in this journal on the eve of other battles because I was afraid, and because the writing helped me control that fear. Last night I did not write. I felt no fear, for I am an Aryan god made flesh by the WEHRMACHT and NACHTWÖLFE.

NOVEMBER 16TH, 1940--A new soldier arrived today, burned in an oil fire in North Africa. Herr Borchtmann tells me it is my happy duty to teach Jan Korn what it means to be EINHERJAR, to comfort him in his convalescence, and train him in his health. I can only try to measure up to the standards I have seen in action.

NOVEMBER 22TH, 1940--Disaster. Herr Limbach regrets to inform me that Jan Korn died on the operating table, that he did not possess the warrior spirit necessary to survive the surgery. It is strange. Jan has been dead for two days and was never my friend, but I still hear his voice in my mind. I do not even know how it is I recognise it as his.

this room, draw from the Action Deck each round. Any draw of a spade face card means the gear has caught on fire. Once on fire, it is completely destroyed and useless as an intelligence source after two minutes of consecutive burning.

A sinister “black book” is the basis for much of the project’s work.

Relevant information investigators might find in the notes and diagrams here includes:

- Victims of unsuccessful experiments have been kept alive in some kind of suspended animation.
- Scientists at the Ambacht facility are deriving ideas for their weapon designs from high technology captured in a raid at an unidentified location.
- A sinister “black book” is part of the basis for much of the project’s work and experimentation.
- The researchers are working diligently on duplicating a hand-held device that gives the wielder limited telekinesis.

THE CELLAR & THE DEEPS

Both are underground beneath the main floor and described in full in **Episode Five: Descent**.

Zedstelle Stutzpunkt Key

This collection of rectangular wooden buildings is surrounded by wire and populated with *Wehrmacht* soldiers responsible for the security of the Ambacht Monastery zone. The base commander, General Brandis, runs a tight operation and is held in terrified respect by his subordinates. Still, it is a quiet assignment, and the base is far from being on a combat alert footing when the investigators arrive in the valley.

WIRE FENCE

Ten feet (3m) high with a loop of barbed wire at the top and 3ft- (1m-) wide loops of barbed wire at ground level along the outside perimeter. Because of the height and snow, a failed check does not cause damage. Instead, the investigator is caught on the barbed wire, possibly stuck there as a patrol approaches.

WATCHTOWER

Two *Wehrmacht* soldiers staff this 40ft (12m) high observation platform at all times. In addition to their usual gear (see *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, p.32), one is armed with a Karabiner 98K rifle with ZF39 telescopic sight. The other mans an MG34 machine gun mounted in the tower (see *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, p.140 & pp.152-153 for details on these weapons). These troops are supposed to watch the road on both sides of the base. If a hero is spotted (see p.69), it is likely to be by these two men.



Radio Check-ins

Like any well-run military facility, *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt* stays in radio contact with the facility it is in place to protect. Every hour at the bottom of the hour (12:30, 1:30, etc.) an officer comes to the cafeteria to make a radio call to Ambacht Monastery and receive a coded response.

If the *Wehrmacht* misses one call, the *Einherjar* at the monastery think little of it. They assume the regular army is so poorly disciplined that such a slip is only to be expected. If two consecutive calls are missed, Borchtmann calls down to ask what is going on.

If the *Einherjar* fail to reply to even one call from the *Wehrmacht* officer, the base immediately goes on Full Alert, and sends twenty soldiers and one officer up the road in an Opel Blitz truck (the *Keeper's Guide*, pp.116-117) to investigate.

ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING

This one-story building resembles a miniature version of a simple German house, and is split into two interior rooms. The front room houses soldiers watching the gate, and is occupied by two *Wehrmacht* soldiers at any given time. The rear room is the base office. The three desks along three of the walls are the shared property of the base's nine lesser officers, and a fastidiously kept desk against the back wall is the domain of General Brandis. In the locked bottom drawer of this desk, lucky and daring investigators can find a copy of the general orders for the base. These include the order to turn the artillery piece on the monastery, the circumstances under which Brandis is expected to carry out that order, and the fact that orange smoke indicates a command to commence firing the artillery.

BRIG

A shack with drafty windows, the brig houses a small anteroom containing a table and chair, and a second room holding a single, barred cell. The building is usually empty since the German soldiers at *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt* are well-behaved, and there is not much trouble to find even if a young man is looking for it. Captured investigators are taken here, with one of the general duty soldiers assigned as a guard and stationed in the anteroom.

MESS & COMMUNICATIONS

A single, long room with a high ceiling, long tables, and lines of benches. The west end of the hall is an open kitchen surrounded by crates of supplies. The east side has a single table covered with communications equipment, including a phone with a direct line to the monastery. At any given time, twelve or so soldiers are in this room eating and socialising.

Zedstelle Stutzpunkt Occupants

The base hosts a population of 100 soldiers and officers. The human troops operate on three watches: midnight to 8AM, 8AM to 4PM, and 4PM to midnight. During any given watch, thirty soldiers are on active duty.

- 5 squads of three patrolling the area around the facility
- 2 soldiers in the watchtower
- 2 soldiers in the guard room of the admin building, watching the front gate
- 6 soldiers on duty at the bridge
- 1 squad of three patrolling the exterior perimeter of the fence
- 2 soldiers on general clean-up and maintenance duty at large on base grounds

At any given time, thirty more soldiers are awake but off duty. Assume twelve are in the mess hall eating and socialising, with an equal number resting or maintaining their gear in the barracks. The remaining six are outside walking, or even playing soccer, in the frosty air. The final thirty are asleep in their barracks.

The other ten occupants of *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt* are the officers. One *Major* and two *Leutnants* are on duty in the administrative office during any given shift. General Brandis is active, usually also in the administrative building, from 8AM to 4PM. He reads or sleeps in his room between midnight and 8AM, but wakes up for any Full Alert or higher status.

BARRACKS

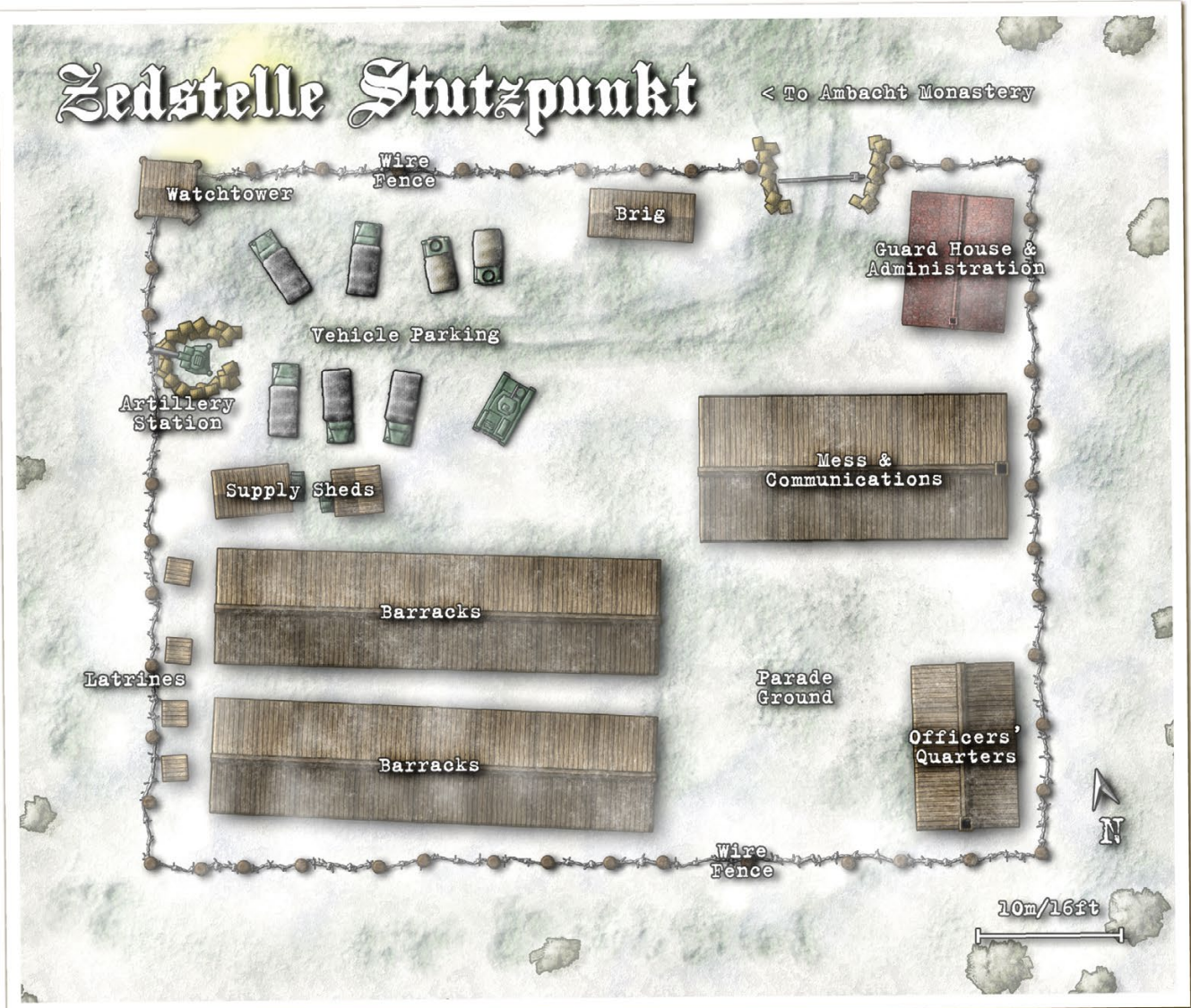
Both of these two identical buildings house twin rows of twelve bunk beds each. Unless the base is on elevated alert, one holds thirty sleeping *Wehrmacht* soldiers, while the other holds about twelve soldiers resting or performing basic chores.

PARADE GROUND

At night, this area is covered with snow and is empty. During the day, it is covered with snow and is home to a handful of soldiers demonstrating their Teutonic love of athletic activities in freezing weather. Anybody out in this area is plainly visible, but does not raise an immediate alarm unless the off-duty soldiers have reason to suspect there has been a security breach.

OFFICERS QUARTERS

The front door of this two-story house leads to a simple sitting room with a door in the centre of each wall. The doors on either side lead to nearly identical bedrooms, each for two of the base's *Leutnants*. The far door leads to an indoor pit toilet. Upstairs consists of three bedrooms: one each for



the two *Majors*, and a larger room for General Brandis. The rooms contain various personal effects, but nothing that sheds light on what is happening at Ambacht Monastery. Unless the base is on alert, one of the *Leutnant* rooms and one of the *Major* bedrooms is occupied by sleeping officers. A kind Keeper might allow a skill check or test to hear them snoring before investigators open the door.

LATRINES

A row of four pit latrines dug into the earth before winter froze the ground solid. The lack of indoor toilets is by far the largest source of the loudest complaints for the entire base. Extremely unsqueamish investigators could conceivably tunnel into the pits for a clandestine entry.

VEHICLE PARKING

Two *Kübelwagen* staff cars, five Opel Blitz trucks, and a *Panzer II* tank occupy this wide, flat, gravelled space. The keys for the cars and trucks are in the ignitions. Assume each has enough fuel to travel half its maximum range before running

out. Because the vehicles break line of sight, this is one of the few outdoor areas where an intruder could hide for more than a few seconds. See *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, pp.116 -117 & p.129 for details on these vehicles.

ARTILLERY STATION

Surrounded by sandbags and orderly stacks of ammunition, this artillery piece stands as a stark landmark in the woodland village scene of the base. Observant investigators might notice that it seems to be aimed toward the Ambacht Monastery instead of at the approaching road. It is in fact zeroed in on the monastery, per the base's general orders. Although it is a stationary gun rather than mobile, use the statistics given for a *Sturmgeschütz* on p.118 & pp.130-131 in *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*.

SUPPLY SHEDS

Most supplies for Zedstelle Stutzpunkt are kept at their duty stations: food and cooking utensils in the mess; weapons and ammunitions with the soldiers and in their footlockers;

medical supplies in the mess where they can be used on a hastily cleared-off table. The sheds here hold tools and mechanical parts needed to maintain the facility and its vehicles. Fifty-gallon (230-litre) fuel drums are stacked on their sides between the two buildings, held in place by wooden stakes driven into the ground. Any sufficiently trained investigator could easily find the components for an improvised explosive or weapon here.

EPISODE THREE: GETTING IN

Approaching the Facility

Once the heroes resolve their initial meeting, they begin the mission by moving through the woods. They do not meet patrols north of the cliff, but there is a chance of being spotted by lookouts whenever they break the treeline. Check location descriptions for the chances and consequences of this occurring.

The monastery is surrounded by a kill zone extending out 55yds (50m), intended to prevent the investigators from doing exactly what the investigators want to do. Crossing the kill zone takes luck and skill, with a successful attempt putting a hero safely out of sight against the monastery wall. Failure means the hero has been spotted, per the details on p.69.

An investigator must succeed at an *Extreme* Sneak or Fieldcraft roll [Cth]/a Stealth test (-4) [Sav] if he attempts to cross the open kill zone without watching for at least ten minutes. After a ten minute observation, the hero gets a sense of the rhythm of the watch, and can cross successfully with a *Difficult* Sneak roll [Cth]/a Stealth test (-2) [Sav].

Crossing the garden to approach the monastery from the north requires just a normal skill roll, but heroes attempting this route must successfully climb the cliff to do so.

Entering the Facility

No matter how well or how long the heroes explore the rest of the area, eventually they need to enter Ambacht Monastery if they want to complete their mission. Four of the most likely scenarios are described below. Of course, the ingenuity of your players might present entirely different strategies for breaking and/or entering. Use these descriptions as guides for working out how any alternative approaches will play out.

KICK IN THE DOOR

This has been a popular option since the birth of role-playing games. Although it is possible for a well-organised team to get into the monastery, they are immediately met with resistance from all awake *Einherjar*—with the sleeping super soldiers just three minutes behind. The response is likely to send the heroes running back into the snow before they have much chance to look for clues. This approach would better

serve the mission as an initial reconnaissance run, or as a diversion while other team members take a quieter approach.

SNEAK IN A WINDOW

The windows in the monastery do not open, but it is possible to break one and sneak through the hole. It is a *Difficult* Sneak or Fieldcraft roll [Cth]/a Stealth test (-2) [Sav] to successfully do so without raising attention.

Any broken window on the ground floor is noticed by a passing *Nachtwölfe* or *Einherjar* within twenty minutes, placing the facility immediately on Full Alert. Breaking a window in the upper reaches of the cathedral might pass unnoticed for hours, but requires a climb down from a high position.

BLUFF PAST THE GUARDS

Nachtwölfe is secretive and powerful, but Nazi Germany is full of secretive, powerful people who can end a career or a life at their pleasure. Bluffing into the facility requires a series of conversations with the door guard, then Erich Borchtmann, then Max Limbach. Success in all three means that the investigators are housed and given a tour of the ground floor of the facility as a hostile, but important, member of the German authorities. A partial success results in the same initial treatment, but Max ends the tour suspicious and goes to the study to confirm the investigators' credentials. If not stopped, he comes to arrest the visitors three hours later.

DIVERSION TACTIC

The heroes can get a lot of use out of causing a commotion at one point, then sneaking in through holes left in the security as personnel move to deal with the distraction. Use the general guidelines for other ways to get in, but downgrade the difficulty of any checks to move around unnoticed. For example, an *Extreme* roll becomes a *Difficult* roll, and a *Difficult* roll becomes a *Normal* roll.

Searching the Facilities

Searching the monastery and base should be tense and frightening, as the pressure of remaining undiscovered builds along with the discovery of exactly what is happening at Ambacht Monastery. Many of the areas in either location hold nothing interesting, while others contain important clues. Searching each space to sort the wheat from the chaff, however, all eats valuable time and increases the risk of discovery.

SEARCHING AMBACHT MONASTERY

As the investigators search this place, keep in mind that it is an ancient religious building and not a modern military base. Tapestries and protruding stonework are common even in simple hallways, and *Nachtwölfe*'s staff members have stacked crates of equipment in every corner. There is no location in the building that does not have something for a hero to duck behind as a guard passes; they still need to succeed on



their skill checks, but there is always a chance to make the attempt. See the area key (p.70) for the specific contents of the rooms and hallways of the monastery.

SEARCHING ZEDSTELLE STUTZPUNKT

Depending on how your players respond to the presence of a fully-staffed *Wehrmacht* base within sight of their objective, this area can be a source of menace on the horizon, or a red herring that derails the investigators with a dangerous mission that accomplishes little. The outdoor areas around this modern installation are meticulously maintained, making it much harder to sneak around in than the monastery. If players insist on searching the base, there are three ways to go about it.

The Sneaky Way: Using stealth to sneak about, probably knocking out or silently killing some guards, then pawing through what information caches they can find. It is difficult to find a place to hide outside because of the clean sightlines. Since the interior spaces are small, well-cleaned, and usually occupied, it is largely impossible to hide indoors.

The Loud Way: A frontal assault on *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt* is a bad idea, and almost certainly results in dead heroes and/or the entire squad being chased away. However, a brief assault on one area relaxes vigilance in other parts of the base, and might make a sneaky insertion more successful.

Whispers of the Mi-Go

Throughout the investigators' presence in the dimensional bubble, the mi-go occasionally whispers into their minds, and the minds of other humans in the area. It uses the technology and powers associated with its brains in jars to do this, and attempts to subtly manipulate events in its favour.

Simulate this by blatantly fudging a die roll or three in the heroes' favour as they enter the building. For example, a critically failed stealth-related roll could still result in guards walking past the investigator, or a door guard could entirely ignore a failed bluff check. Do not tell the players why this is happening—let them wonder.

The Cunning Way: The investigators' best chance of successfully exploring the base lies in putting on captured uniforms and their most convincing accents to bluff their way past the front gate guards. The subterfuge might last long enough to find some useful information before they are chased out or captured.

EPISODE FOUR: SPOTTED!

Alert Status

There is an excellent chance that the heroes will eventually draw the attention of one or more enemy elements. If any of those soldiers escape or make enough noise, the entire region goes on general alert. Use these three general status conditions to determine how the facilities respond to an enemy presence.

The mi-go occasionally whispers into the minds of the humans in the area.

CONTACT

Both facilities are in this state when personnel have visual contact with the intruding heroes, usually after somebody in the party fails a stealth-related roll or starts a fight. Whatever condition the area was in before making contact, the action draws all personnel from the immediate area plus a support team from the other. If contact is made at the monastery, all researchers and *Einherjar* close on the area, and a truck full of twenty *Wehrmacht* soldiers arrive from *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt* in ten minutes. For contact at the *Wehrmacht* base, the monastery sends Erich Borchtmann and three *Einherjar* to help.

All troops in the entire area are more alert, and more likely to fire on a stranger, for as long as the facilities remain in the Contact condition. The condition remains until the intruders are captured or killed, or until ten minutes after the heroes break contact. At that point, the facilities downgrade to Full Alert status.

FULL ALERT

Under this status all personnel know the investigators are (or were) present, but do not know their location. This usually happens if the heroes break contact, or if somebody on site discovers a definite sign of intruders, like a broken window, missing equipment, or a dead body.

Moving from Guarded condition to Full Alert draws 50% of the troops in the immediate area to where signs of an intruder are found, plus half the assistance the other facility would send for a Contact situation. These troops conduct a systematic search in a spiral pattern from the point of discovery. If they find the heroes, the area immediately upgrades its status to Contact. Moving from Contact status to Full Alert results in the same search, with half the troops moving to a ready area to await developments.

While at Full Alert status, all off-duty troops are awake and armed, waiting in their barracks or common areas. All personnel are especially alert, upgrading checks to avoid detection by one difficulty level. In *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt*, General Brandis stations operators in the artillery battery, but does not order it loaded. The delay between the order to fire and the falling of the first shell is one minute.

The Full Alert condition last for thirty minutes without further contact with intruders, then downgrades to the Guarded condition.

GUARDED

After an unsuccessful search at Full Alert, personnel return to their stations but remain on guard. General Brandis pulls his men out of the artillery battery and every patrol gets an *Einherjar* escort. If no further contact happens for two hours after the facilities move to a Guarded condition, operations return to their normal state.

The Big Gun

Borchtmann's big gun is a hybrid of Nazi rifle making and mi-go technology including X-ray imaging, supersonic bullet propulsion, and a projectile jacket many times stronger than steel. Anybody using it can see and shoot through walls, trees, and even tanks. The device is bulky and heavy—about the size of a flamethrower—and weighing 330lbs (150kg). Only an *Einherjar* modified for strength, or a similarly powerful hero, can carry and use the weapon effectively.

If the facilities are in the Contact condition for ten consecutive minutes, Borchtmann arrives on the scene strapped into the gun. For the best dramatic effect, have him arrive as soon as the investigators take cover behind something after

that time has passed. Depending on the scene, this might be a vehicle in *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt*, a wall in Ambacht Monastery, a barricade in the bridge road block, or simply a stand of trees. The gun fires through any and all of these as if it were a plaster wall.

Borchtmann can fire the gun once per round. His first shot always misses, colourfully and convincingly blowing a hole in whatever the heroes happen to be hiding behind without injuring anybody. Hopefully, this will convince the investigators to beat a hasty retreat before he can get off a second shot (or do something to neutralise his presence). After the first shot, he fires normally until the heroes are captured, killed, or escape. If the latter, Borchtmann stays on the hunt until the facility returns to Full Alert status.

If the facility is at Full Alert status, Borchtmann returns to his duty station but keeps the gun close to hand. His response time to further contacts is five minutes. Once the facility returns to a Guarded condition, he puts the weapon back in the lab, and his response time returns to normal.

BIG GUN WEAKNESS

The straps of the big gun include an organic-looking bulb that rests at the back of the user's neck. This bulb collects and pumps a fungal cooling fluid that prevents the big gun

Breaking Contact

Throughout the course of this adventure, the heroes are outnumbered and outgunned in enemy territory. Winning a stand-up fight is impossible under all but the most unusual circumstances, and even a fight they can win immediately just means a temporary reprieve until reinforcements arrive. In almost all cases, they must break contact with the enemy at the earliest opportunity.

The first step in breaking contact is losing line of sight by putting a visual obstacle between the hero and his enemy. Once the investigator does this, he can make a Fieldcraft or Sneak roll [Cth]/a Stealth test [Sav] to take advantage of the opportunity and hide. The difficulty level of this check depends entirely on the surrounding terrain.

Success does not automatically put the hero in the clear, since somebody hiding behind a truck is plainly visible once an enemy soldier comes around the corner. The next step is, therefore, getting out of the immediate range of the enemy. This is usually another Fieldcraft or Sneak roll [Cth]/another Stealth test [Sav], but the Keeper might call for a Climb, or even a Luck, roll [Cth]/a Climbing test [Sav] to move out of a pursuer's field of vision.

Once out of sight and immediate range, a hero has successfully broken contact. The Nazis are still looking for him, but he has taken the first step toward downgrading the area's alert status.

The Big Gun

Cth

Damage 2D6+2, min STR+SIZ 25, atts 1, 8 rnds, HP 10, base range 110yds, Malf 95.

This weapon ignores all cover. If the firer can see the target (i.e. by using the inbuilt imaging equipment), then he can fire upon it unimpeded.

Sav

Damage 2d8, 12/24/48, RoF 1, Shots 8,

Min Str d10. Ignores darkness penalties, ignores any cover penalties and armour bonuses by messily blowing a hole through them.

from overheating. The bulb is strong enough to prevent accidental breakage during normal activities or even combat, but it explodes if intentionally struck or shot for any amount of damage, or if the user rolls a critical failure. If it explodes, it covers the wearer's face with a rapid-acting, flesh-eating fungus. The result looks like the first few seconds of the face-melting scene from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

Cth

On a critical success (01-05), those targeting the wielder of the gun hit the pulsating bulb on the back of the neck. The fungus eats approximately 40% of the victim's flesh in one minute, rendering him helpless from the pain and doing damage equal to one-half of his remaining Hit Points. The victim must make a Sanity roll (2/2D6) every minute until he receives medical treatment. An investigator who goes insane from this experience immediately attacks everyone nearby until killed or treated. On a critical success, he no longer has to make Sanity rolls for this.

Sav

Targeting the pulsating bulb at the back of the wielders neck is a Called Shot with a -4 penalty. The fungus eats approximately 40% of the victim's flesh in one minute, rendering him helpless from the pain and inflicting 2d6 ongoing damage. The victim must make a Spirit test every minute until he receives medical treatment, gaining one point of Dementia for each failure. A hero who goes insane from this experience immediately attacks everyone nearby until killed or treated. On a roll with two raises, he no longer has to make Spirit tests for this.

Captured!

Both the *Wehrmacht* and *Nachtwölfe* forces accept surrender if the heroes do so unconditionally and with immediate disarmament. Captured heroes are handcuffed and then marched to the brig at *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt*, where they are locked in the single prison cell after having their equipment, coats, and shoes removed.

Once incarcerated in the brig, the investigators are left alone for three hours in the uncomfortably (but not dangerously) cold cell. At the end of that time, Max Limbach

arrives with an *Einherjar* named Norbert. Norbert is a former infantry commander, a hugely intimidating specimen with an advanced case of implant rejection that has left his visible skin with a complexion that looks more like boiling water than normal flesh. Each investigator is taken in turn to be interrogated for one hour before being returned to his cell.

Cth

Each investigator makes two CON rolls during the interrogation. If both succeed, he is returned, bruised but unharmed, without having given up any information. Failing one roll means not talking, but taking 1D6 points of damage in the process. Failing both rolls means taking 1D6 damage and giving Max a key piece of intelligence about the mission. The player decides exactly what his investigator admits. If the Keeper judges the information to be too small, or if it duplicates or contradicts what another hero has already said, Max begins another round of interrogation with the unfortunate hero.

Sav

Each hero makes a *difficult* Spirit test. If he succeeds with a raise, he is returned, bruised but unharmed, without having given up any information. Succeeding normally means not talking, but becoming Fatigued. Failing the test means becoming Exhausted and giving Max a key piece of intelligence about the mission. The player decides exactly what his hero admits. If the Keeper judges the information to be too small, or if it duplicates or contradicts what another hero has already said, Max begins another round of interrogation with the unfortunate character.

THE GENERAL

Cth

Each time an investigator gives up information, roll percentile dice. There is a ten percent cumulative chance per incidence that General Brandis receives the information and uses it to figure out the general idea of what is happening at Ambacht Monastery: a roll of 01 to 10 the first time, a roll of 01 to 20 the second, etc.

Sav

Each time an investigator gives up information, draw from the Action Deck. If the draw is a heart, set it aside. Once you have drawn two hearts, General Brandis has received the information and used it to figure out the general idea of what is happening at Ambacht Monastery.

If the General figures it out, he goes mildly insane and orders immediate artillery strikes on the monastery, followed by an all-out attack on all *Nachtwölfe* and *Einherjar* personnel with his entire force. He does not specifically target the heroes during this action, but takes no steps to help or protect them.

THE INSIDER

The investigators are left alone in the brig after the interrogations are over. Escape is not difficult, with no penalties to pick the cell's locks even without equipment. There is just one guard in the antechamber. The door to the brig faces a fence, which is an easy climb. The challenge for escapees is surviving the winter cold with no shoes or heavy clothing.

If the investigators make no attempt to escape, Hauptmann Gängel arrives the next morning and bullies General Brandis into allowing him to interrogate them alone. During the session, he roughs up the healthiest-looking character just enough to inflict 1D3 points of damage [Cth]/one level of Fatigue [Sav] for verisimilitude. He then reveals himself as an Allied sympathiser using terse whispers.

Gängel explains his plan: to get the heroes into the downstairs lab with the leadership of the Ambacht project. He will get them their clothes and march them, loosely cuffed, to the lab in the monastery. If the investigators agree, they will end up in the lab along with Max, Gängel, and Borchtmann. From there, it is a simple matter of slipping off the loose bonds and attacking the *Nachtwölfe* leaders.

While the heroes and villains are in the lab, however, the mi-go attempts to control an investigator's mind to help it escape. If this fails, either because the investigator resists, or because *Nachtwölfe* forces prevent them, Max tries some new surgical techniques on the investigators. Those who don't survive are likely end up with their brains in additional jars surrounding the mi-go's prison...

EPISODE FIVE: DESCENT

Although hints and suggestions to what is going on at Ambacht Monastery can be found above ground, only discovering and entering the lower levels fully reveals the depths of insanity and depravity Max Limbach has sunk to. In the absence of extremely bizarre circumstances, investigators first enter this area via the stairs leading down from the kitchen.

The Cellar

The cellar is large, the same size as the kitchen and central chamber above it (p.72). The walls are still lined with the racks that once held the monastery's famous Trappist beers. They now hold medical equipment, instruments of torture, and an assortment of mi-go artefacts, alongside *Nachtwölfe* copies of that technology. Two operating tables and four recovery beds, all currently unoccupied, crowd the centre of the room. Heroes who look will notice that all six beds have

The Goods

In addition to the more generic "packages" of notes, schematics, and mundane equipment on the shelves of the cellar there are several pieces of more esoteric interest.

MENGELE CORRESPONDENCE

A thick envelope amid the other papers contains several dozen letters from, and an equal number of copies of letters to, Dr. Josef Mengele. They contain both friendly, newsy chatter, and an intense comparison of methods and results. Skimming them takes about three minutes. Thorough reading yields little actionable information for Allied researchers, but could be used as evidence should the campaign last until the end of the war, and include presenting evidence against Nazi war criminals.

Perhaps the most disturbing part about these letters is the utter lack of Mythos influence on Mengele's research and decisions. Evil is as much a part of human nature as it is a part of Mythos creatures. Since those being are not harming their own kind, it is possible humans are capable of greater evil than the mi-go and the Elder Gods.

YITHIAN LIGHTNING GUN

Two of these devices sit on a piece of cloth at head level along the south wall. Only one of them works, as described in *Call of Cthulhu, Sixth Edition*, p.179. Even to investigators with no Mythos exposure, they are obviously weapons.

Cth

Skill: Lightning Gun (30%), damage 1D10, atts 1, 32 rnds, HP 12, base range 100yds, Malf 95.

Sav

Damage 2d6, RoF 1, Range 100/200/300, Shots 32, Weight 15.

MI-GO FIRE WAND

This looks like a turkey baster made of a slick, oily stone, and rests next to the lightning guns, on the shelf but off the cloth.

It takes an Idea roll to figure out how to activate the wand, which fires a 10ft (3m) wide by 33ft (10m) long sheet of flame when triggered. The wielder rolls a base chance of 30% for each being in the area of effect. Anybody hit takes the base damage of the weapon for three consecutive rounds before the flames diminish. A malfunction destroys the weapon and engulfs the wielder in flames, who takes double damage for six rounds as a result.

Skill: Fire Wand (30%), damage 1D8, atts 1, 12 rnds, HP 9, base range 10yds, Malf 97.

Sav

It takes a *difficult* Spirit or normal Knowledge (Mythos) test to figure out how to activate the wand, which fires a 10ft (3m) wide by 33ft (10m) long sheet of flame when triggered. The

(continued on the next page...)



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wielder makes a Shooting test for each being in the area of effect. Anybody hit takes the damage listed for three consecutive rounds before the flames diminish.

Damage 2d10, RoF 1, Range Cone Template, Shots 12, Weight 6. Targets must make an Agility roll using the firer's Shooting result as the Target Number; if successful, they avoid the blast and take no damage.

THREE JARS OF SPACE MEAD

Clear, Mason-type jars containing a golden liquid. Space mead is described in full in *Call of Cthulhu, Sixth Edition*, pp.220 & 222 [Cth]/*Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, pp.198-199 [Sav]. They sit among several similar jars containing pickled organs, all at eye-level on the east wall.

BORCHTMANN'S BIG GUN

This is described on pp.79-80, and takes up a shelf at knee-level on the north wall of the room.

UNAUSPRECHLICHEN KULTEN

The book rests on the top shelf of the wall in front of the door to the Deeps, among the surgical logs. It is up to the Keeper to decide if this volume is one of the six known copies of the text listed in the book, or represents a new discovery. Max Limbach's notes in the margins, and the wholehearted acceptance they imply, make this version more disturbing and informative than other copies of the text.

A thin book bound in black leather, this Mythos text is described on pp.95-96 of the *Call of Cthulhu, Sixth Edition* rulebook. Sanity loss for reading the volume is 2D6/4D6, and the reader gains +20 percentiles to their Cthulhu Mythos score.

A thin book bound in black leather, this Mythos text is described on p.191 of *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*.

Cth

Sav

Successfully reading this tome also provides the reader with a special one-off Bennie which can only be spent on Knowledge (Mythos) rolls.

SURGICAL LOGS

Three bound ledgers containing full descriptions of every surgery performed at the Ambacht facility, all in Max Limbach's cramped, neat hand. Although the nature of the documents is immediately apparent, it takes five minutes to scan enough to understand fully what is being described. The logs rest on the top shelf along the wall in front of the door to the Deeps, next to Limbach's copy of *Unaussprechlichen Kulten*.

FORCE PLATES

As described in *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, pp.147-148. The device resembles a flamethrower tank wired to a pair of paddles rather than a nozzle, and occupies a shelf at chest level, directly above Borchtmann's Big Gun.

TWO SETS OF CHEST ARMOUR

As described in *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, p.149. They hang next to each other on hooks mounted on the west wall between shelves.

ONE NACHTWÖLFE BREATHER

As described in *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, p.146. This can easily be mistaken for a current era gas mask. It sits among several normal gas masks on a shelf along the north wall.

THOSE GUNS LOOK
NICE AND DEADLY.

-SGT. CARTER

restraints in place. Despite its macabre contents, the room is meticulously clean and smells pleasantly of pine-based cleaning agents and rubbing alcohol.

While in the room, player characters can hear whispering in six different voices. Each voice speaks in the investigator's native language with heavy Russian, German, American, and Australian accents. Though no hero can discern any specific words, they can all tell that the voices are calling them to explore deeper into the cellars. These are the voices that have been in their minds off and on throughout the raid.

Hearing the voices actually speaking, and recognising them as the same voices that have been whispering all along in the investigators' minds, requires a Sanity (1/1D8) roll [Cth]/a Horror (+1) test [Sav].

Searching the shelves reveals pieces of mi-go technology, several logs meticulously listing the exact procedures performed in this lab, and numerous binders of anatomical drawings and technical schematics. Amid the papers are two books of Mythos significance. Altogether, the trove is invaluable to Allied normal, supernatural, and technological intelligence. Without getting too bogged down in the mathematics of encumbrance, assume that each hero can carry one "package" from the trove and still move normally, or two under a heavy load. Getting to England with three or more "packages" of information is a complete success for this mission.

A successful Spot Hidden roll [Cth]/Notice test [Sav] finds that a section of shelves holding dusty medical textbooks pulls away from the wall to reveal a locked, steel door. It takes a *Difficult* Locksmith roll [Cth]/a *difficult* Lockpicking test [Sav] to open it, unless the investigators have taken the key from Max's room.

It is also possible to break the door open with one minute of solid, noisy effort. Despite the noise, nobody comes to investigate. The mi-go is exercising its mental influence to keep *Nachtwölfe* and *Einherjar* personnel focussed on other things. Once opened, the door reveals The Deeps beyond.

In The Deeps

This lower room is a nearly perfect circle, with smooth walls that indicate modern building methods rather than the medieval construction tools used to create the rough walls of the rest of the facility. In the centre is a circular glyph 10ft (3m) in diameter that emanates a sickly blue light which, in turn, delineates a cage of thick, dark blue metal bars. Within that cylinder floats, perfectly motionless, the mi-go: a winged, fungoid insect from the planet Yuggoth and captive of *Nachtwölfe*.

Despite this lack of movement, every investigator can feel the mi-go's awareness of him as he enters the room. This forces a 1/1D8 Sanity roll [Cth]/a Horror (+1) test [Sav].



The Brains in Jars

Although all six of the preserved minds are decidedly insane, their personalities are more-or-less intact. Investigators in the Deeps might even be able to draw one or more into a conversation.

SASCHA FIROVA

A Russian Jew brought to Max Limbach after she led an unsuccessful revolt at the Dachau concentration camp. She was only barely sane before being subjected to *Nachtwölfe*'s tender ministrations, and speaks mostly by raving in rapid-fire Ukrainian or Yiddish.

BRETT SULLIVAN

An Australian-born RAF pilot shot down over Stuttgart and brought to Ambacht after seducing the daughter of his POW camp's Commandant. His personality is very much intact, and he answers questions put to him by anybody who can prove he is with the Allies. His willingness to take risks has become nearly suicidal, so investigators should consider any advice "Sully" gives very carefully indeed.

MIKE GRAY

An American spy who came to Berlin in an attempt to gauge German progress on the atomic bomb. He followed leads to the Ambacht facility and was captured. His mind is dealing with the problem via a cold, clinical detachment. He

shows academic interest in everything that happens, but no emotion of any kind.

OSKAR WESLEY

The first *Einherjar* volunteer, brought to the surgeon's table with third degree burns over forty percent of his body, received while rescuing civilians during an Allied bombing. He died on the table, but is overjoyed to continue serving the *Reich* in his capacity. His mind is so far gone that any activity the mi-go suggests, he considers as serving the *Reich*—even were the alien to force him to surrender Berlin to the Russians.

JAN KORN

Another *Einherjar* volunteer, who died on the table only three weeks ago. He suffered serious injuries in Paris during a Resistance attack. Unlike Wesley and the other *Einherjar*, he has grave doubts about the direction the *Reich* has taken. If possible, he will try to free the mi-go to slow *Nachtwölfe*'s progress.

AGATA GROSSKIND

Once Max Limbach's secretary, then his lover. When she tried to end the relationship, the resulting six months ended with her here. This mind is utterly shattered and speaks only in mumbles and mad whispers.

The glyph is creating a magic-infused force field using a combination of mi-go technology, Atlantean crystal energy, and Mythos ritual, with the cage serving as a focus through which the glyph channels its power. Nothing can pass through the field, not even bullets or kinetic energy from an explosion, unless the glyph is marred. This is the mi-go's prison, and has kept the creature at the mercy of *Nachtwölfe* for several years.

If the glyph is damaged by the PCs, then the mi-go is released, the metal of the cage reverts to normal and it becomes relatively straightforward to open. Not wishing to rely entirely on arcane technology, Limbach has additionally secured the cage with a large and heavy padlock, which requires a successful Locksmith roll [Cth]/Lockpicking test [Sav] to open; alternatively, the lock can be smashed after inflicting 10 points of damage [Cth]/has an Object Toughness of 8 [Sav]. If this happens, the mi-go immediately moves to escape (see Episode 6: All Reality Breaks Loose).

Six metal cylinders stand in a semicircle behind the glyph/cage, wired together and to an eerily organic machine that sits against the wall behind them. Each container has a speaking grill, similar to those the investigators have seen used by Allied and Axis troops throughout the war. Each cylinder

holds and preserves the brain of a failed experimental subject. All six of their voices babble at once as the heroes enter this area. Investigators recognise them as the source of the whispers they have been hearing throughout the mission.

First Contact

The mi-go floats silently until an investigator examines or touches its cage. At that time, the voices from the cylinders all stop at once, even Oskar's threats and the ravings of Sascha. The mi-go's body begins to change colours as the voices speak in unison, in English, with their accents gone. Once the alien begins speaking through the brains, it moves through three strategies to convince or force the investigators to help it escape.

It first tries talking the player characters into "opening" its cage and releasing it. It uses the voices of Brett Sullivan and Mike Gray, weaving a fabric of truths, half-truths, and lies. It tells the heroes that the Nazi technology they have seen is all the result of its work with them, about torture at the hands of Max Limbach, about how horrified it is at the warmongering German *Reich*. It also talks about what it has been doing for *Nachtwölfe*, and how Section M can benefit

from its help. All the investigators have to do to earn this boon is to release it from its cage and help it escape.

If the players call out a specific point they do not believe, allow a *Difficult* Psychology or a *Normal* Cthulhu Mythos roll [Cth]/a *difficult* Notice or a normal Knowledge (Mythos) test [Sav] to tell that the creature is lying. If caught in the lie, the mi-go goes silent as it mentally projects all six voices into one hero's mind in an attempt to snap his sanity. The mi-go makes this mental attack for five rounds, during each of which the investigator must make a *Difficult* Sanity roll [Cth]/repeated *difficult* Spirit tests [Sav]. If he fails any roll, he spends three rounds attacking his friends in a mad frenzy. During each round of this fight, the action has a chance of marring the symbol that holds the mi-go in place (a 25% chance [Cth]/draw from the Action Deck; on the draw of a heart, the glyph is damaged [Sav]). If that happens, the mi-go immediately releases its unwilling benefactor and begins smashing the walls of its cage in order to break the lock. Unless the heroes intervene, it breaks free in four rounds.

PLAN B

If its first plan fails, the mi-go will then attempt to drive three different investigators mad. If none succumb to the mental attack, the alien begins to dance while its skin shifts colours. It is casting a spell that requires three minutes to complete. At the end of that time, a random investigator within 330ft (100m) is subject to domination by the mi-go, even if the heroes have left the Deeps.

A dominated investigator moves immediately to the Deeps and breaks the seal (and the lock) restraining the alien.

Cth For each round of domination, allow an *Extreme* Sanity roll to resist the commands for one round. Three consecutive successes, or a single critical success, casts off the domination permanently. Being dominated by the mi-go requires a final Sanity roll at the end with damage of 2/2D10.

Sav In *Savage Worlds* terms, the dominated investigator is subject to the Puppet power (see *Savage Worlds*, Chapter 5: Powers).

The mi-go's first goal is to wreak bloody revenge on its captors.

SWEET FREEDOM

If the mi-go escapes by any means, it immediately goes on a rampage as described in Episode 6: All Reality Breaks Loose. If the heroes leave without releasing the mi-go, the whispers in their heads increase in volume and intensity.

This requires a Sanity (1/1D10) roll [Cth]/a Horror (-1) [Sav] test every hour until somebody snaps, or the heroes get more than a mile away from the monastery. If any investigator goes mad due to sanity lost from this, he becomes dominated as described above.

EPISODE SIX: ALL REALITY BREAKS LOOSE

When the seal imprisoning the mi-go breaks, two things happen. First, the energy in the seal bursts outward, knocking all humans in the room to the floor and stunning them.

Cth Allow each investigator a *Difficult* CON roll each round. On a success, he has recovered enough to act.

Sav The blast of energy automatically stuns everyone in the room (except the mi-go). Use the normal unshaking rules to determine when they recover.

As the investigators hit the floor, an alarm sounds on the main floor of the monastery. Unless everybody upstairs is already dead, somebody will launch the orange smoke to signal the staff at *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt*. Shelling, as described on p.87, will commence in six minutes.

Upon being freed from its prison, the mi-go's first goal is to wreak single-minded and bloody revenge on all of its Nazi captors in general, and upon Max Limbach in particular. It takes one round to smash random objects in the Deeps, then moves to the lab where it grabs the Lightning Gun (see p.81) and the Fire Wand (see p.81) to use in destroying everything it sees in the facility above. It climbs upstairs on the fourth round after the seal is destroyed.

Cth For the first two rounds of its rampage, the mi-go is phasing in and out of existence as the magic that bound it to multiple time streams fades. Any investigator attacking the mi-go must roll twice and take the worst roll when determining whether he makes a hit. For the third and fourth round, the mi-go is still phasing, but spends more time in this dimension than in others; all attacks are one difficulty level more tricky to accomplish (so a *Normal* roll becomes *Difficult*, etc.). For the fifth round and beyond, the mi-go is fully in this dimension and attacks against it work normally.

Sav For the first two rounds of its rampage, the mi-go is phasing in and out of existence as the magic that bound it to multiple time streams fades. Each time a hero scores a hit on the mi-go during this period, draw from the Action Deck. A black card indicates the attack misses, passing through the mi-go as it goes out of phase. For the third and fourth rounds, the mi-go is still phasing, but spends more time in this dimension than in others. Draw from the Action Deck for each time a hero scores a hit, with a spade indicating a miss. For the fifth round and beyond, the mi-go is fully in this dimension and attacks against it work normally.

Note that the mi-go is perfectly aware of, and can predict, when it will and will not be in phase. All attacks and actions it performs while in phase are resolved normally.

Rooms on Fire

Any room the mi-go, or any other incendiary presence, sets on fire burns for five rounds.

Cth During the first and fifth round, any investigators in the room must succeed at a *Normal* CON roll or suffer 1D6 Hit Points of damage. During the second, third, and fourth rounds, investigators must succeed on a *Difficult* CON roll to avoid the damage.

Sav During the first and fifth rounds, the fire does damage as a “spot fire” as described in **Chapter 4: Situational Rules—Fire** of the *Savage Worlds* rulebook. During the second, third and fourth rounds it burns as intensely as a flamethrower.

Fortunately for everyone in the Monastery, its stone walls and ancient timbers do not allow the blaze to spread uncontrolled. After five rounds, the fire dies down, leaving scattered hot embers.

When the mi-go emerges from the cellar, it fires on any *Einherjar* it sees until the soldier is either dead or out of sight, then spends three rounds in each room blasting everything bigger than one cubic inch (16cm³). This attack sets most rooms on fire, which will be visible from *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt*, and is very likely to trigger the artillery barrage if something has prevented the staff from launching the orange smoke minutes earlier (p.85).

If, at any time during its rampage, the mi-go sees Max Limbach, it fires both weapons simultaneously, shearing his legs off below the knees while simultaneously cauterising the wounds. It then spends five minutes wreaking personal vengeance on Max before force-feeding him space mead and carrying his still-living form outside to fly away with him towards Yuggoth for centuries of its own experimentation. If it never sees Limbach, the mi-go flies away once it has trashed every room in the monastery and killed every creature plainly visible in the immediate outdoors area.

Einherjar who see the mi-go must each make a Sanity roll [Cth]/a Horror (+0) test [Sav]. Those who succeed run toward *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt* in as direct a line as possible. If



Fire — so beautiful in its destructive capacity.

—R.D.

any make it to the base, they deploy the artillery and the tank if they are not already in use. All *Wehrmacht* soldiers, and any *Einherjar*, who fail their sanity checks freeze in awe and terror. They gibber helplessly as the mi-go mows them down, fire consumes them, or artillery shells land to finish them off. Any still alive after the mi-go has gone might regain enough sanity to take cover and survive the event, but cannot be an active participant in subsequent events of this adventure.

They gibber helplessly as the mi-go mows them down, fire consumes them, or artillery shells land on them.

The Really Big Gun

Nachtwölfe and the *Wehrmacht* High Command agree that the activities at Ambacht Monastery are both sensitive and potentially destructive, and have issued orders that the facility is to be destroyed if things there get out of control. This is why the artillery piece at *Zedstelle Stutzpunkt* is zeroed in on the monastery. General Brandis has orders to give the command to fire under two conditions:

1. He sees orange smoke rising from the monastery, or its immediate vicinity.
2. He sees evidence that the monastery has been hopelessly compromised. This includes fire engulfing parts of the buildings, sections of the facility collapsing, or an observable general rout from the facility.

There is an orange smoke grenade in every common area of the monastery. Although the *Einherjar* are highly confident fighters, any one of them is willing to use the grenade if they believe it is the only way to prevent knowledge of the project from getting out. Max Limbach will not personally launch a smoke grenade under any circumstances. He is too fanatical about the project, to the point that he might actively attempt to stop others from launching the orange smoke if he sees the attempt.

Brandis is the only *Wehrmacht* officer aware of or authorised to give the fire order. However, all of the *Einherjar* know about the artillery piece and its function. If the monastery is lost to them, survivors attempt to reach the artillery and execute the order themselves.

Brandis also gives the order to fire if he discovers evidence of the mi-go or other Mythos activity (see p.80). He does not know the details of what is happening at Ambacht, but has seen enough to fill him with superstitious dread. He attempts to raze the place to bedrock if he discovers the truth. This is most likely to happen when the mi-go emerges during its rampage, or if the heroes give away too much information while being interrogated.

When the artillery fire begins, a shell hits the facility at a rate of one every twenty seconds. The barrage hits, in order:

- The Library
- The Library (destroying the floor and exposing the Deeps)
- The Study
- The Study
- The Courtyard
- The Prelate
- The Central Chamber
- The Central Chamber (destroying the floor and exposing the Cellar)
- The Cellar
- The Cellar
- The Deeps
- The Deeps (freeing the mi-go if this has not already happened)
- The Cloister
- Any clusters of Mythos or Allied activity

The first artillery hit on any given location destroys the roof and showers the interior with debris. Any investigator inside must avoid the falling roof fragments or take damage. Anybody in the room must make a successful Dodge roll [Cth]/a successful Agility test [Sav] or take 1D6 damage [Cth]/2d6 damage [Sav] from the debris. If the Dodge roll is 25% or more above their Dodge skill [Cth]/if any die rolled on the test comes up a “1” [Sav], then the character is trapped beneath fallen debris until a second character can free him.

A second hit in a given location subjects everybody in the room to the full force of the explosion. Anybody in the middle of a room takes 4D6 damage [Cth]/4d8 damage [Sav]; everybody at the edge takes 2D6 [Cth]/2d8 [Sav] instead. Subtract 2D6 damage with a successful Dodge roll [Cth]/2d8 damage with a successful Agility test [Sav], and 2D6 [Cth]/2d8 [Sav] for being behind some kind of reasonable cover. Being trapped under debris counts as cover for this purpose, since the debris itself will take the worst of the shrapnel.

Cth Any important objects in the room, such as documents or technology the investigators are trying to remove, has a 50% chance of being damaged beyond repair, and a 25% chance of being completely destroyed.

Sav For each important objects in the room, such as documents or technology the investigators are trying to remove, draw from the Action Deck. If the card is black, the object is damaged beyond repair. If a club, it is completely destroyed.

During the barrage, *Einherjar* and *Nachtwölfe* scientists flee into the woods as quickly as possible, as they are aware of the orders to use artillery and know what it means. *Wehrmacht* troops in the immediate area shelter on site, dying whenever their location gets shelled. Investigators in the

monastery who encounter *Wehrmacht* troops during the barrage can run by them unaccosted if they leave them alone to cower under cover.

Cth Investigators who flee into the woods during the artillery action have a 25% chance of running into a group of two *Einherjar* and one researcher every thirty minutes they are within 1100yds (1km) of the monastery, dropping to a 10% chance if they are more than 1100yds (1km) away. This encounter could end in an exchange of bullets, but quick-thinking and quick-talking heroes might be able to negotiate a temporary ceasefire until the sky stops falling.

Sav If the heroes flee into the woods during the artillery action, they find themselves in an increasingly crowded patch of forest. For every thirty minutes they are within 1100yds (1km) of the monastery, draw from the Action Deck. A black face card indicates encountering a group of two *Einherjar* and one researcher. Draw once per hour if they are more than 1100yds (1km) from the monastery. This encounter could end in an exchange of bullets, but quick-thinking and quick-talking heroes might be able to negotiate a temporary ceasefire until the sky stops falling.

EPISODE SEVEN: ESCAPE

It is theoretically possible for the investigators to sneak into Ambacht Monastery, grab some documents and technology without encountering the mi-go, slip out without encountering guards, and attempt to walk the 15½ miles (25km) to Grossbruk without any *Nachtwölfe* or *Wehrmacht* elements the wiser.

Possible, but unlikely. Most runs through this adventure will end with investigators fleeing the facility in one of five scenarios.

The Car Chase

The investigators steal a jeep, halftrack, or tank, and drive for Grossbruk as fast as the vehicle can take them. This sequence includes stealing a vehicle, getting it past the roadblocks on the bridge, and a chase down an icy road. If the mi-go is still trapped and the time bubble is in place, everybody involved in the pursuit is in for a surprise when they pass through the bubble's border and plough into thick woods a few miles south of where they started.

Most keys are in the ignitions of the *Wehrmacht* vehicles, but a Mechanical Repair roll [Cth]/a Repair test [Sav] hot-wires any vehicle not ready to drive.

Cth Use the appropriate Drive skill and the chase rules on pp.284-285 of the *Call of Cthulhu*, *Sixth Edition* rulebook for the various challenges of escaping the area and the chase down the road. If the

vehicle does run through the border of the bubble, have the driver make a *Difficult* Drive roll. Success means stopping the car or truck without colliding with a tree. Failure does 1D6 damage to everybody in the vehicle and ruins the car in the crash. If the investigators are escaping in the tank, there is no chance of a collision that does not end up worse for the tree. Make a *Difficult* Drive Tracked roll for every ten minutes driving, with failure meaning that the tank has foundered on an obstacle and is stuck.

Sav If the heroes are being pursued, use the chase rules in **Chapter 4: Situational Rules—Chases** of the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook. If the vehicle does run through the border of the bubble, have the driver make a *difficult* Driving test. Success means stopping the car or truck without crashing into a tree. Failure does 1d6 damage to everybody in the vehicle and ruins the car. If the heroes are escaping in the tank, there is no chance of a collision that does not end up worse for the tree. Make a *difficult* Driving test every ten minutes, with failure meaning that the tank has foundered on an obstacle and is stuck.

Through the Forest

The heroes attempt to melt into the shadows of the thick, snowy woods and walk to safety. This starts with breaking visual contact with any *Einherjar* or *Wehrmacht* forces they are engaged with at the time, a task which might (or might not) include an exciting leap from the cliff's edge into the lake below. Once they have broken contact, heroes are in for several hours of cat-and-mouse as the Nazis hunt them through the forest. Ultimately, they must trek through the forest toward their contact in Grossbruk, or all the way to Switzerland. If the mi-go is still trapped, they eventually come back into sight of the Ambacht Monastery and begin the process anew.

For every thirty minutes after breaking contact, have each investigator make a Sneak or Fieldcraft roll [Cth]/a Stealth test [Sav]. If more than half of the investigators fail this roll, they encounter a search party of three *Wehrmacht* soldiers and one *Einherjar*. If half or more of the investigators succeed, they travel for another thirty minutes before making another check. After three consecutive successes, they shake off the pursuit entirely and are free to trek out to their final destination (unless the mi-go is still imprisoned).

Stealing the Flying Machine

The machine in the monastery courtyard is a prototype helicopter inspired by mi-go technology. It poses a dramatic, if not easy, escape route. Heroes who attempt to use it must start and launch the machine, then fly it successfully out of the forest.

Cth Use a *Difficult* Mechanical Repair roll to figure out how to activate the machine and the basics of flying it. Once the machine is

started, use *Difficult* Pilot (Rotary-wing) or *Extreme* Pilot (Fixed-wing) rolls to fly it. The first successful check gets the machine off the ground; the second pilots it out of the courtyard; the third gets it out of weapons range and past the tree line. Each failure inflicts 1D10 damage on the machine.

Mi-Go Flying Machine: Speed 30, Weapons None, Crew 1, HP 30/30/30/30/30, Handling 20, Accel/Decel x10.

Sav Use a Repair test to figure out how to activate the machine and the basics of flying it. Once the machine is started, it is a *difficult* Piloting test to fly it. The first successful check gets the machine off the ground; the second pilots it out of the courtyard; the third gets it out of weapons range and past the tree line. Each failure inflicts 1d10 damage on the machine.

Mi-Go Flying Machine: Acc/TS 30/1000, Engines 1, Climb 50, Toughness 40 (4), Manoeuvrability 4, Range (effectively infinite), Crew 1, Notes: Alien Technology, Weapons: none.

The flying machine can pass out of the temporal bubble as if it were not there, even with the mi-go still trapped in the monastery cellar. As it passes through the barrier, two machines come into existence, one each in 1941 and 2090, and each carrying the investigators from that time. Flying the machine across occupied Europe to deliver it to Allied scientists is a major coup that can be handled as a closing narrative, or another set of adventures in its own right. In 2090, the VR test team appears in the sky above a secure Chesterfield Simulations facility in an unknown flying craft, with the predictable armed and nervous welcoming party there to greet them.

Wanton Devastation

Between the artillery, the active and angry mi-go, and the general access to futuristic weaponry, it is very likely this adventure ends with less breakneck pursuit or tense hunting and more stumbling out of a deserted, smoking ruin. If this is how the adventure does end, investigators are thrown back into their home timelines (see Episode 8 for further details on how to handle this). Those in 2090 have security personnel on hand to extract them. Investigators in 1941 must find an intact vehicle and possibly work to keep their wounded alive as they move toward Grossbruk.

Closing the Bubble

If the mi-go is still trapped when the investigators try to leave the area, they find the dimensional bubble is recursive. When they reach the border of the bubble—about 4 miles (just over 6km) from the edge of the map in any direction—they experience the same mildly electric sense of passing through a barrier as they did on their arrival, and then enter the region on the opposite side of the bubble. This happens whether they are on foot or driving in a stolen vehicle.

New Spell: End Temporal Effect

Cth

Casting the spell requires thirty minutes of preparation and chanting, with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll every ten minutes. If the caster is unable to concentrate fully—for example in the middle of a firefight—the rolls become *Difficult*; each successful check requires a Sanity (0/1D6) roll. Any failed rolls give the caster an unfiltered glimpse into the workings and dimensions behind the magic; this requires a Sanity (1D6/2D6) roll. Success permits the caster to dispel any temporal effects active in the immediate vicinity of the ritual. The spell fails if the caster fails two or more rolls. If the spell is successful, the bubble collapses as described in Episode 8.

Sav

Casting Modifier: -2

Range: must be within the temporal effect

Duration: instant

Cost: Horror (+1)

Casting this spell requires one hour to draw the sigils and align the local geometry, then thirty continuous minutes of casting. At the end of that time, the caster must make a Knowledge (Mythos) test. If the caster is unable to concentrate fully—for example in the middle of a firefight—the rolls become *difficult*; each successful test requires a Horror (+0) test. A success dispels any temporal effect in the immediate vicinity. On a failure, the caster receives an unfiltered glance into the true workings of the dimensions behind temporal magic and must make a Horror (+1) test.

One option for escaping the bubble is to release the mi-go so that it escapes and the bubble collapses on its own. Any investigator who comes within a mile of the monastery after a failed attempt to leave the bubble hears whispers in at least three voices calling him toward the monastery in an attempt to facilitate the mi-go's escape.

The second option is to kill the mi-go, or for circumstances beyond the heroes' control to kill the alien. When the mi-go dies, the bubble collapses.

The third option is to perform an End Temporal Effect spell (above).

Cth

If nobody in the party has the spell, but at least one of them has Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, the Keeper can allow an *Extreme* Idea roll, or a *Difficult* Cthulhu Mythos roll to think of this as an option. Once the idea gains momentum, investigators need to remember or piece together the knowledge and materials

Shadows Out of Time

Simply having the spell fail can be a necessary simplification in an adventure that is already running low on time or high on confusion. A Keeper who does not mind even further complexity might recall that the Great Race of Yith has a habit of swapping minds with their victims across great gulfs of time. An investigator involved in the End Temporal Effect spell might suffer from such a mind swap, especially if his mind is already broken by the sanity loss from studying for the spell.

GREAT RACE OF YITH

A strange combination of alien intelligence and earthly body, the cone-shaped creatures of the Great Race came to be a powerful faction in earth's prehistory soon after their arrival, alongside the mi-go and Cthulhu's followers and family. Ruling from the mighty city of Pnakotus (somewhere in modern Australia), their great civilisation lasted from approximately four hundred million years ago until fifty million years ago, and covered large areas of the southern hemisphere before it was destroyed by their ancient enemies, the flying polyps.

Yithians are cerebral creatures who greatly prize intelligence. They reproduce using spores, although offspring are rare given their incredibly long life-spans.

The Great Race's major conquest is of time. A Yithian can send its mind backwards and forwards through time and space to swap consciousnesses with an interesting victim. Once exchanged, the minds remain in their respective new bodies until the Yithian decides to return home again. The Great Race have used this technique to flee from extinction on numerous occasions, but also to better study history. Under these circumstances, the target is usually a guest of the Great Race for a period of five years, during which time they are required to write down everything they know of

their own era. By way of recompense, the captive is allowed to travel and commune with other targets before being returned to their own time having had their memories wiped (although usually imperfectly).

Cth

See the **Call of Cthulhu, Sixth Edition** rulebook, pp.163-164 for details of the Great Race.

Sav

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12+6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+8, Vigor d12+6.

Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (All Sciences) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6.

Pace: 7; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 23 (4).

Special Abilities

- **Armor (+4):** Yithians are covered in a thick rubbery hide.
- **First Strike:** Yithians get a free attack against anyone who approaches within their reach.
- **Frenzy:** Yithians get two attacks per round with their pincers at a -2 penalty to both. These attacks may be against different targets.
- **Horror:** anyone who sees a member of the Great Race must make a successful Spirit test or roll on the Horror Effects Table.
- **Huge:** Attackers get a +4 bonus to their attack rolls.
- **Lightning Gun:** 2d8, 15/30/60, Shots 32, RoF 3, Auto. If the Yithian rolls a 1 on both his Shooting and Wild Die, the gun explodes, doing 2d10 damage in a Medium Burst Template.
- **Pincers:** Str+d6, Reach 4.
- **Size (+8):** the cone shaped body of a Yithian is 10 feet high, with a 10 foot wide base.

necessary for casting the spell. This requires a *Difficult* Cthulhu Mythos roll, or a standard roll with access to solid Mythos texts like those found in the lab and the library at

Yithians are cerebral creatures who greatly prize intelligence.

Ambacht Monastery. It takes two hours of study and consideration to attempt to learn the spell and the attempt requires a Sanity (1/1D8) check.

Sav If nobody in the party has the spell, but at least one of them has spent points on Knowledge (Mythos) or has the Mythos Exposure Edge, the Keeper can allow an Smarts (-4) test, or a *difficult* Knowledge

(Mythos) test. Once the idea gets rolling, investigators need to remember or piece together the knowledge and materials necessary for casting the spell. This requires a *difficult* Knowledge (Mythos) test, or a standard difficulty test with access to solid Mythos texts like those found in the lab and the library at Ambacht Monastery. It takes two hours of study and consideration to attempt to learn the spell, and the attempt forces a Horror (+1) roll.

AS IF ONE CREEPY BRAIN
STEALING MONSTER WASN'T
ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH...

-SGT. CARTER

EPISODE EIGHT: THE COLLAPSING BUBBLE

If the mi-go is killed, or flies away, or the investigators complete the End Temporal Effect ritual, the bubble begins to collapse. Every living being, and all the gear they are carrying, swings from 1941 to 2090, then back again an equal number of times. This collapse happens in distinct stages, each more chaotic than the last.

The first transition to another timeline is rough on everyone involved, and requires a Sanity (2/1D10) roll [Cth]/a Horror (+1) test [Sav] for each player character.

The transfer can break the minds of NPCs just as easily. Make a Sanity (2/1D10) roll [Cth]/a Spirit test (failure inflicts two points of Dementia) [Sav] for each major NPC: Max Limbach, Erich Borchtmann, General Brandis, and *Hauptmann* Gängel. Take the results into account when deciding on their actions during each stage. Alternatively, the Keeper could have each major NPC react to the mi-go in the way that makes the adventure the most chaotic, terrifying, and entertaining.

For minor adversaries, simply roll a D6 whenever an investigator interacts with one. On a one or two, the adversary acts normally. On a three or four, he flees. On a five, he begs the hero for help. On a six, he has gone completely mad and attacks, fighting to the death.

Stage One

Everybody within the temporal bubble swings forward in time to 2090, appearing on the Chesterfield Simulations campus. Any investigator who was in the Central Chamber of the monastery when the bubble collapsed finds himself standing amid the physical bodies of the 2090 heroes, still plugged into the VR machines. Ten Chesterfield security men, six

Extraction

What happens after the dust settles and the smoke clears is up to the goals the players and the Keeper have for this adventure. As a stand-alone game, the events as described are probably the most satisfying.

If part of a campaign, it might be better for the investigators from 2090 to remain behind and contribute to the war effort. The implants and knowledge of people from 150 years in the future can make as significant a difference as the technology and guidance of the mi-go. The reverse—investigators from 1941 being thrust into the future where they must find a way to get 2090s technology and historical knowledge back to the war in time to help—could be equally entertaining. It is also possible to strand them all in 1792 to discover and fight Mythos influences on the approaching Napoleonic Wars (p.92).



Dealing with the Chaos

During the chaos of the swinging time bubble, it is best not to try and keep track of every single Nazi, Chesterfield guard, and cultist on site. Instead, begin each round by describing the chaos around each investigator. Next resolve the actions of each investigator and major NPC. Finish by inflicting some kind of hazard on each investigator.

Given the complexity of the fracas in each timeline, the Keeper should have no trouble imagining hazards to throw at the heroes during each round. A (very) incomplete list for inspiration includes hostile fire, friendly fire, exploding lab equipment, collapsing walls, crazed cultists, and enraged *Einherjar*.

researchers, and five administrators are in the immediate area and respond predictably to the sudden appearance of heavily-armed time travellers in this secure area.

This stage lasts for three minutes, at which point everybody in the temporal bubble—including the Chesterfield personnel—swings backwards in time. Characters from 2090 stay in their current incarnations, and the bodies plugged into the VR machines remain in 2090.

Stage Two

Everybody arrives on the scene in 1941. Chesterfield personnel spend one round taking in the situation before responding in the most appropriate manner for their immediate position and situation. Keep in mind that many have just moved from a secure, sterile laboratory to a burnt, blood-spattered ruin that might still be under artillery fire.

This stage lasts for one minute before the bubble swings even further back in time.

Stage Three

Every living being in the bubble swings backwards 149 years to 1792. At this time, the monastery is intact and occupied by a group of monks who worship Shub-Niggurath with dark fertility rites that take victims from Grossbruk and other nearby villages. The lingering stain of their sacrifices drew *Nachtwölfe* to this location, and allowed the mi-go to tap into Mythos power and develop its escape plan. These thirty violent, evil cultists each carry a long knife. Although they are not armed at the same level as the investigators, *Wehrmacht*, or Chesterfield troops, somebody caught alone or out of ammunition is in for a brief bit of misery before the cultists put him out of it.

This stage lasts for three minutes and then everybody—cultists and all—swing forward.

Stage Four

Everybody gets swept forward to the 1941 timeline. If they have not already begun a bombardment, shelling the monastery in the hope of ending the madness becomes General Brandis' top priority. The cultists, convinced that this is a sign of their master's approval, rejoice, and begin trying to kill everybody they can reach. It takes any given cultist just one round of examination to understand how to use and fire any modern or futuristic weapon.

This stage lasts for two minutes.

Stages Five, Six & Seven

The bubble spends one minute each in the 2090, 1941, and 1792 timelines. At the end of each of these stages, the native denizens of each timeline remain in their home time-stream rather than moving again with the bubble. As the bubble passes from stage six to stage seven, investigators from the 1941 timeline experience this as the disappearance of any surviving cultists, coupled with the sensation they have come to associate with the shift.

At the end of stage seven, the bubble simply pops and ceases to exist, accompanied by a scratching pressure across the bodies and minds of everybody who was involved with it.

EPILOGUE: TO BE CONTINUED?

The Ambacht Monastery is the headquarters for *Nachtwölfe Einherjar* research and advanced supernatural technology at this point in the war, so what happens during an adventure here can have serious potential consequences for the war effort on either side. What follows are some possible outcomes from different endings of the adventure. The Keeper can use them as written, as a springboard for their own narration of what happens next, or as inspiration for the course of a continuing campaign against *Nachtwölfe* and other Mythos-related Axis enemies.

1941

IF THE INVESTIGATORS ARE KILLED OR DRIVEN OFF WITHOUT RELEASING THE MI-GO...

The Ambacht Monastery continues to operate unchallenged, and Allied research continues without any stolen information. The Nazis gain a distinct advantage in the war. During the spring thaw of 1942, *Einherjar* forces turn the tide on the Eastern Front, and the swastika flies over Stalingrad by late August. *Nachtwölfe* discoveries lead to mi-go technologies being installed in *Luftwaffe* assets, extending the Big Blitz (*Achtung! Cthulhu: the Investigator's Guide to the Secret War*, pp.24-25) well beyond its historical end and causing carnage in Britain. Germany negotiates a separate peace with the United States by November,

leaving the Sleeping Giant to turn its entire attention toward Japan after the Pearl Harbor sneak attack.

IF THE INVESTIGATORS ARE KILLED & THE MI-GO ESCAPES...

The *Einherjar* project continues without access to new technologies. *Einherjar* troops with a limited array of new weapons give the Nazis an advantage in the Soviet Union, though Britain continues to repel the *Luftwaffe* in the West. By 1945, the Allies are forced to sue for a peace that cedes Europe from France to Kiev to the Germans, and most of Asia and the Pacific to the Japanese.

IF THE INVESTIGATORS ESCAPE ALIVE, BUT EMPTY HANDED...

The results for the war are much as if they had been killed. In an ongoing campaign, the Keeper might allow some ability or skill rolls to remember what they have seen.

Cth An Idea or some other applicable knowledge roll could produce usable memories of a half-glimpsed schematic or overheard conversation. Some occupations, most notably Journalist, Police Detective, Private Eye, and Soldier might warrant a bonus to this roll.

Sav A Notice or an applicable Knowledge test could produce usable memories of a half-glimpsed schematic or overheard conversation. Alertness grants a bonus to this roll.

With enough information remembered, Allied scientists might be able to follow up on some leads to put British or American *Einherjar* into the field before it is too late. At worst, the investigators can use what they learned about the facility to plan and stage a second raid. Any character who encountered the mi-go during the first attempt finds himself plagued with dreams and daytime voices, likely becoming obsessed with the idea of a second mission.

In either of the above cases, the only way to stop an Axis victory might be to attempt a second raid on the Ambacht facility or other *Einherjar* installations. If the mi-go is still in captivity, it uses its ability to manipulate events across time to make this raid a likelihood.

IF THE AMBACHT MONASTERY IS DESTROYED...

Nachtwölfe moves the *Einherjar* project to a facility in occupied Norway and gets back to work. This slows their ability to put their technological advantage in the field, or to apply research to the *Luftwaffe*. The end result is a war lasting years longer and costing millions more lives before an almost Pyrrhic Allied victory. If the mi-go survives the destruction but fails to escape, Allied spies identify the transport caravan that takes the alien to its new prison. As it turns out, Section M has a group of already experienced commandos, many of whom have an almost supernatural level of enthusiasm for the mission...

IF THE INVESTIGATORS ESCAPE WITH ONLY SOME INFORMATION OR EQUIPMENT...

The Allies use the captured intelligence to put prototypes into the field by the end of 1942. During the intervening months, the Nazis press their advantage in the same way as they would have had the investigators been killed. This results in a longer war where the Allies win at a far greater cost in lives, time, and fortune... unless the heroes discover information within their captured documents that identifies key locations and individuals important to *Nachtwölfe*'s shadow war.

IF THE INVESTIGATORS GET OUT WITH ALL (OR MOST) OF THE INFORMATION & EQUIPMENT...

The Allies put their own prototypes into the war by mid-summer. This balances the technological and supernatural scales of the war so its course does not change significantly from actual history. The investigators also have the technology and information needed to make surgical strikes against other *Nachtwölfe* facilities, giving the Allies a chance to end the war even earlier.

2090

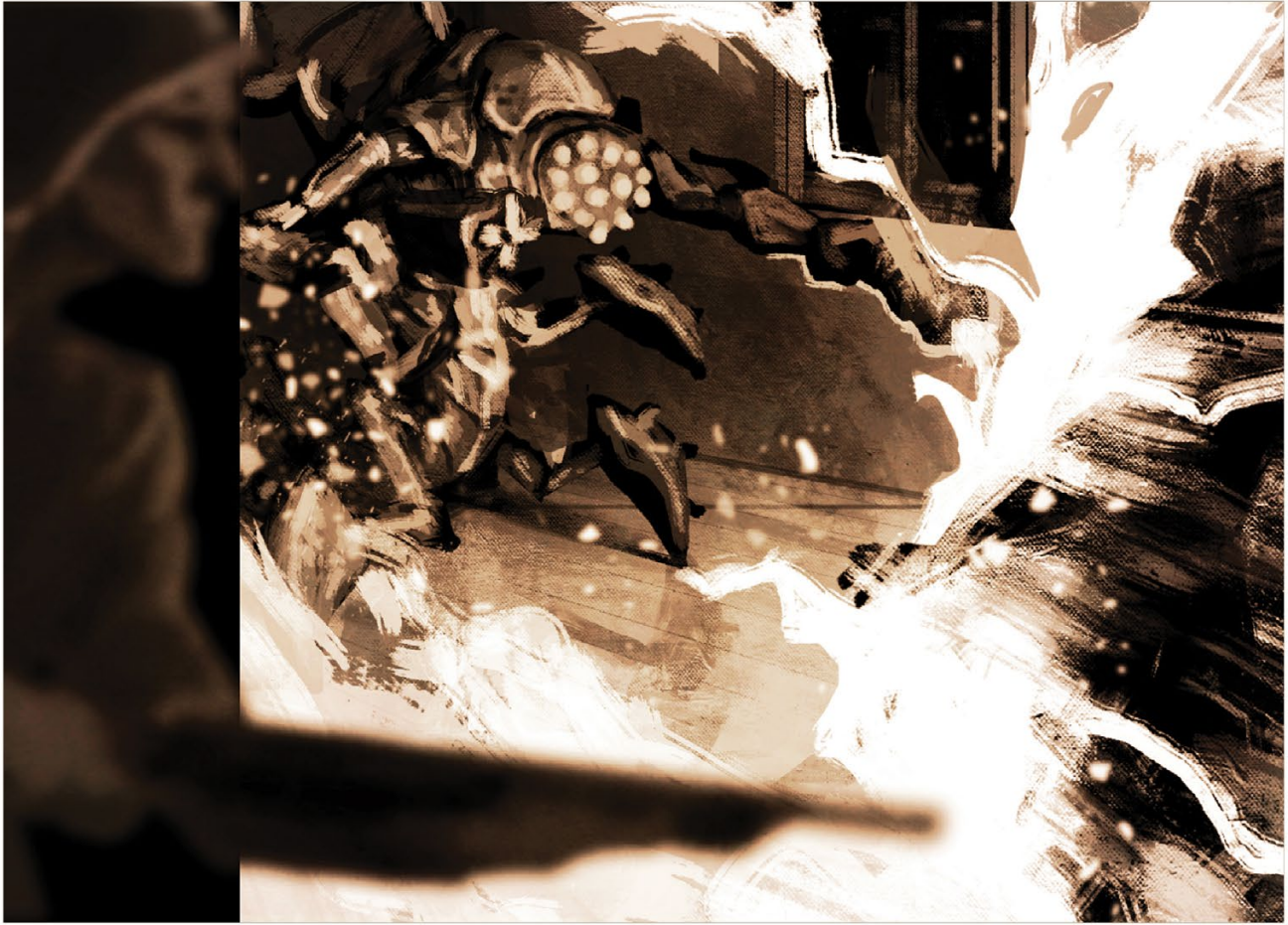
The Chesterfield Simulations virtual reality disaster is less world-spanning than the World War Two events, as Chesterfield is (probably) not involved in an active, violent bid for global domination. However, what happens next is still likely to be important to individual characters involved in this adventure. Investigators emerging from the wreckage have to answer an intimidating array of pointed questions from Chesterfield's security department. How that interview proceeds depends largely on the investigators' actions during the portion of the battle that happened in 2090.

KILL 'EM ALL, LET THE ELDER GODS SORT IT OUT

If the investigators took the chaotic events of the time bubble as license to open fire on everything that moved, Chesterfield's security team is openly hostile. Some have lost friends or loved ones in the battle. They point out

Sibling Rivalry

If this adventure is part of an ongoing campaign, a particularly perverse Keeper could include information on Black Sun among the files the investigators capture from Ambacht Monastery. With the help of *Hauptmann* Gängel, the heroes could use that information to stoke the fires of rivalry between Black Sun and *Nachtwölfe*, forcing them to spend resources fighting one another while the Allies stride ahead in their own supernatural and technological development.



A Visit from a Friend

The organisations involved in the events at Ambacht Monastery live on, even if the governments and groups that founded them are more than a century dead. If the investigators let too much slip during their exit interviews, word gets to the descendents of *Nachtwölfe*, Black Sun, Majestic, Miskatonic University (see *Gangs and Criminal Trends*, p.37 and *The Rising Tide*, p.42 for further details) or any other interested group. Agents of one or more such groups contact and debrief the player characters.

Benevolent organisations might offer a job, or simply place the investigators under surveillance. Others of a less friendly nature are likely to be more aggressive in the debriefing, and to kill the investigators once it is over. They might even strap the unlucky characters to a table for experimentation on Mythos-based cybertech that feels eerily familiar to those who were on site in 1941...

particularly egregious actions using surviving security footage, likely punctuated with light-to-medium strikes about the head and neck. Arrest and incarceration follows unless the heroes manage to escape. In the end, they will be lucky

to get out merely blackballed from working with Chesterfield, its allies, or its subsidiaries ever again. A hefty, Chesterfield-backed, price on each of their heads is the more likely outcome.

Others of a less friendly nature
are likely to be more aggressive
in the debriefing.

RUN & HIDE

Investigators who simply took cover and tried to survive find Chesterfield's security team openly contemptuous, but not actively hostile. The company does not pay up on the contract without some significant skill rolls on the part of a fast-talking hero, and no amount of talking gets them to honour the "get out of jail free" card that was part of the original negotiations. Future gigs with Chesterfield, or any company Chesterfield has pull with, will be extraordinarily hard to land.

STAYING ON MISSION

Should the investigators simply focus on gathering material and evidence while the time bubble moves, paying little attention to the Chesterfield staff, they are treated as if they

had run and hidden. However, word of their actions trickles into the infosphere. Weeks or months after they walk away from the Chesterfield run, they can each expect a visit from specialised agents asking pointed questions about why they made the decisions they made.

SERVING & PROTECTING

Any investigator who actively protects Chesterfield staff, especially non-combatants, is treated kindly by the security team. If their efforts to save lives were successful, the heroes involved are offered a lucrative security gig guarding C-level executives and their families on a pleasure junket. This can be a one-off adventure of its own, or a new source of regular employment, depending on your campaign. If their efforts were unsuccessful but observable, Chesterfield pays the terms of the original contract, and short-lists the investigators for future work with the company.

In Closing

Regardless of how they acted during the temporal instability, the investigators should be very, very careful about whom they discuss their experience with, and how they explain the time travel and Mythos events. As with most things Mythos, those who have not been initiated will write the heroes off as delusional crackpots. Those who are aware of the Mythos are likely to view them as a threat.

With the mi-go gone, the computing power behind Chesterfield Simulations' revolutionary VR training system is in trouble. If it makes sense for your campaign, information the investigators bring back might contribute significantly to further developments in the VR system, or help kick-start a time travel research department for Chesterfield.

Richard,
Do we have any records of anything like this having happened before?
After all, if experience has taught us anything, it's that these sorts of
incident are usually anything but isolated. Let's make sure we're as prepared
as we can be in case another one comes to light, eh?

- A. T.





CHAPTER 3

Allies and Adversaries

*"Neutral men are the devil's allies."
- Edwin Hubell Chapin*

This chapter contains statistics for the NPCs the investigators are likely to come up against during the course of the adventure. For further details on the organisations mentioned, see p.64 and the *Keeper's Guide*, pp.98-110.

OBERSTLEUTNANT MAX LIMBACH, AGE 42, COMMANDER AMBACHT RESEARCH FACILITY

Head of the *Nachtwölfe* operation at Ambacht Monastery. He is deeply devoted to Mina Wolff, but equally jealous of those both directly above and below him in the organisation. As important as his work is to the war effort, he fears that his isolation will lose him his position in the internecine politics of *Nachtwölfe*, and the *Reich*. Physically, he is far from the Nazi ideal of Aryan perfection: short, chubby, and balding. It is his sharp mind and knack for manipulating his fellows and superiors that put him in his position.

Cth STR 15 DEX 15 INT 18 CON 15
SIZ 10 APP 8 POW 16 EDU 16
SAN 55 Hit Points: 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Biology 70%, Climb 35%, Command 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fieldcraft 40%, First Aid 60%, Jump 40%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Medicine 55%, Military Doctrine 60%, Spot Hidden 60%, Surgery 55%, Use Atlantean Technology 40%.

Language Skills: German (Own) 80%, English (45%).

Weapons: *Fist/Punch* 55%, damage 1D3+1D4.

Luger P08 Pistol (Handgun) 55%, damage 1D10, atts 2, base range 15 yds.

Sav



Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Atlantean Technology d8, Climbing d6, Driving d8, Fighting d6, Intimidation d10, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Anatomy) d10, Knowledge (English) d6, Knowledge (Military Doctrine) d8, Knowledge (Mythos) d4, Notice d10, Repair d8, Shooting d6, Throwing d6.

Charisma: +0, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5, **Sanity:** 6.

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (*Nachtwölfe*).

Edges: Brave, Command,

Gear: *Knife* (Str+d4), *Luger P08 Pistol* (2d6-1, 12/24/48, Shots 7, RoF 1, Semi-Auto).

HAUPTMANN ERNST GÄNGEL, AGE 34, WEHRMACHT INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Gängel studied engineering and philosophy at Harvard during the 1920s before returning to Germany to work as a researcher in metallurgy. He joined the Nazi Party out of patriotism and an honest belief in the *Reich*, but soon became disillusioned with its thuggish leaders and the progressive sickening of its general policies. He ranks highly in the *Wehrmacht*, though he serves in an intelligence role rather than as a combatant, and became an Allied sympathiser with the 1938 occupation of the Sudetenland. He is at Ambacht Monastery as a political officer, and is even more appalled by the alliance with the mi-go and corruption of human flesh he sees there than he is by rumours of internment camps in Poland for Jews and Gypsies.



STR 14 DEX 14 INT 16 CON 16
SIZ 12 APP 12 POW 14 EDU 18
SAN 60 Hit Points: 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Climb 35%, Command 50%, Cryptography 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 55%, Espionage 40%, Fieldcraft 55%, Jump 50%, Listen 60%, Martial Arts (Boxing) 60%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Military Doctrine 65%, Navigate (Land) 60%, Radio Operator 55%, Spot Hidden 55%, Tactics 65%, Throw 50%.

Language Skills: German (Own) 80%, English (60%), French (40%).

Weapons: Boxing Punch 60%, damage 2D3+1D4.

Luger P08 Pistol (Handgun) 65%, damage 1D10, atts 2, base range 15 yds.



★ **Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d8.

Skills: Driving d6, Espionage d10, Fighting d8, Fieldcraft d6, Healing d4, Investigation d10, Knowledge (American Culture) d6, Knowledge (Communications) d8, Knowledge (English) d8, Knowledge (Espionage) d6, Knowledge (French) d6, Knowledge (Mythos) d4, Lockpicking d8, Persuasion d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Swimming d6.

Charisma: +0, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 6, **Sanity:** 7.

Hindrances: Secret (Allied sympathiser), Cautious.

Edges: Icy Calm, Luck.

Gear: *Luger P08 Pistol* (2d6-1, 12/24/48, Shots 7, RoF 1, Semi-Auto).

THE MI-GO, ALIEN ENTITY

Neither Limbach nor any of his researchers have been able to determine the creature's name, or even to confirm that mi-go have names that humans can perceive and comprehend. The mi-go has co-operated with *Nachtwölfe* by giving technological knowledge and the locations of abandoned mi-go installations as a way of luring its captors into a sense of (false) security. It intends to take advantage of this during the raid it has engineered so it can take revenge and escape.

See full descriptions of the mi-go race in *Call of Cthulhu*, Sixth Edition, p.168, and *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*, p.229.



STR 11 DEX 14 INT 10 CON 12
SIZ 14 APP — POW 13 EDU —
SAN 65 Hit Points: 12

New Hindrance

SECRET (MAJOR OR MINOR)

Your character has a secret that he will try and take to his grave. If this secret ever became common knowledge then, at best, his social standing would be ruined and, at worst, his and others lives would be at risk. The penalty for revealing the secret, and the determination to keep it unknown, should be used as a guide for deciding whether it is a minor or major hindrance.

For example, in an *Achtung! Cthulhu* game, the fact that you are a titled officer of illegitimate birth might make you a bit of an outsider in the rarefied and bigoted ranks of the British High Command, but in a game where you are all playing German troops trying to undermine the goals of a cult in Nazi Berlin, your Jewish ancestry could lead to your death.

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Biology 55%.

Language Skills: Human Languages 40%.

Weapons: *Nippers* 30%, 1D6+Grapple.



★ **Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d8, Knowledge (Human Anatomy) d8, Knowledge (Human Language) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d4.

Charisma: +0, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Special Abilities

- **Armor (+1):** bioengineered carapace.
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Flight:** mi-go are clumsy flyers at the best of times, and this mi-go has undergone years of torture and captivity. It flies at a pace of 6 and a Climb rate of 1, and suffers a -2 penalty to Agility rolls when flying.
- **Horror:** anyone who sees the mi-go must make a successful Spirit test or roll on the Horror Effects Table (*Achtung! Cthulhu: the Investigator's Guide to the Secret War*, p. 181).
- **Unusual Biology:** mi-go reduce the damage die of any blunt force weapon that hits them by one step.

What on earth made them think
they would be able to trust the
thing, that's what I want to know.

—Capt. Harris

**ERICH BORCHTMANN, AGE 25,
COMMANDER EINHERJAR REGIMENT**

Captain of the *Einherjar*, and a fanatically devoted Nazi, Erich lost both of his legs leading a charge on a Russian formation. He awoke from surgery able to leap over tanks with his new cyber-appendages. He is devoted to helping Limbach continue his work, though the mi-go worries him. The existence of such a far-advanced alien species sits poorly with his belief in Aryans as the master race of the universe.

Cth STR 24 DEX 16 INT 12 CON 20
SIZ 22 APP 8 POW 14 EDU 12
SAN 60 Hit Points: 23

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Skills: Climb 70%, Command 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 30%, Drive Automobile 30%, Drive Tracked 20%, Fieldcraft 40%, First Aid 35%, Jump 75%, Listen 30%, Martial Arts (Karate) 60%, Military Doctrine 65%, Radio Operator 35%, Spot Hidden 35%, Tactics 30%.


Language Skills: German (Own) 60%.

Weapons: Karate Punch 60%, damage 2D3+2D6.

Kick 65%, damage 2D6+2D6.

Jagdgewehr StGw43a (Assault Rifle) 60%, damage 3d6+3, atts 2 or burst, base range 100 yds.

He awoke from surgery with the ability to leap over tanks with his new cyber-appendages.

Sav  **Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+2.

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Communications) d6, Knowledge (Mythos) d4, Notice d4, Repair d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d4, Throwing d10.

Charisma: +0, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 7, **Toughness:** 10, **Sanity:** 5.

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Fanatic, Vow (*Nachtwölfe*).

Edges: Brawler, Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Improved Nerves of Steel.

Gear: *Jagdgewehr StGw43A* Assault Rifle (2d8, 24/48/96, Shots 30, RoF 3, AP 2, Auto, 3RB).



**GENERAL ALEX BRANDIS, AGE 49,
COMMANDING OFFICER, ZEDSTELLE
STUTZPUNKT**

Commanding officer of Zedstelle Stutzpunkt, the *Wehrmacht* base tasked with protecting the Ambacht site, Brandis is a professional soldier. He was part of the German army during the Great War, and a civilian police officer before Hitler came to power. Like many professional German soldiers, he is loyal to his country but deeply troubled by its leadership. Those opinions got him stationed in a backwoods garrison, too well-regarded to be dismissed or eliminated entirely but now safely out of the way. He is suspicious of the activities at the monastery, and dislikes *Nachtwölfe* on principle. It might be possible for persuasive investigators to convince him to provide some degree of help with, or at least an agreement not to hinder, their attempts to stop Limbach's research.

Cth STR 11 DEX 13 INT 16 CON 12
SIZ 13 APP 14 POW 14 EDU 16
SAN 70 Hit Points: 12


Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Climb 40%, Command 75%, Dodge 35%,
Fieldcraft 40%, Listen 65%, Military Doctrine 75%,
Navigate (Land) 55%, Radio Operator 55%,
Spot Hidden 55%, Tactics 70%, Throw 30%.

Language Skills: German (Own) 80%, English (35%).

Weapons: *Punch* 65%, damage 1D3.

Luger P08 Pistol (Handgun) 65%, damage 1D10, atts 2,
base range 15 yds.

Sav  **Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d8,
Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Fighting d6, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Military
Doctrine) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6,
Streetwise d8.

Charisma: +0, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5, **Sanity:** 6.

Hindrances: Bad Eyes, Code of Honor.

Edges: Command.

Gear: *Luger P08 Pistol* (2d6-1, 12/24/48, Shots 7, RoF 1,
Semi-Auto).

WEHRMACHT SOLDIER

Use the descriptions and statistics for the Regular German Infantry, found on pp.32-33 of *Achting! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*.

WEHRMACHT OFFICER

For officers at Zedstelle Stutzpunkt other than General Brandis, use the statistics for the *Fallschirmjäger* on pp.34-35 of *Achting! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*.

EINHERJAR SOLDIER

Use the statistics, and descriptions for the *Nachtwölfe* Stalker, found on pp.108-109 of *Achting! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*. When describing individual *Einherjar*, attribute their enormous size and strength to weirdly shaped bodies or obviously grafted artificial limbs rather than the injection of *Vitalität IX* as described for regular Stalkers.

CHESTERFIELD SIMULATIONS SECURITY OFFICER

Use the statistics for a US Infantryman, found on p.39 of *Achting! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*. These guards wear identical uniforms, including armoured jumpsuits, Kevlar helmets with facemasks, and assault rifles.

Cth *Enhanced Negotiations* 9mm Close (Assault
Rifle) 60%, damage 2D6+4, attacks 3 or burst,
base range 90 yds.

Sav *Armour* (+3/+5, Weight 16, Negates 4AP),
Assault Rifle (2d8+1, 24/48/96, Shots 36, RoF 4,
AP 3, Weight 10, Min Str d6).

NACHTWÖLFE SCIENTIST

Use the descriptions and statistics for the *Nachtwölfe* Scientist, found on p.110 of *Achting! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*.

CULTIST OF SHUB-NIGGURATH

Use the statistics for a Black Sun Canon, found on p.92 of *Achting! Cthulhu: the Keeper's Guide to the Secret War*. The cultists wear rough black robes and silk wrappings over their faces and hands. Each carries a vicious knife.

Knife 65%, damage 1D6, atts 1, base range touch [Cth]/
Knife (Damage Str+d4, Weight 1) [Sav].

Some places just seem to draw evil.

- Sally Armitage



CHAPTER 4

Pre-generated Characters

"A trusty comrade is always of use."
- Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

This chapter provides you with pre-generated characters ready to run through the above adventure—four from 1941 and four from 2090. See *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Investigator's Guide to the Secret War*, Chapter 8, for additional weapon and

equipment details for the characters hailing from 1941, and *Interface Zero 2.0: Full Metal Cyberpunk*, Chapter 3: Malmart 2090 Catalog (pp.48-90), for those originating in 2090.

Private BRYAN CADWALLADER, "The Greasy Private", age 24

Background: Bryan is the youngest of eight children, but the first of his family to spend time in jail. He is no patriot, but joined the army because three of his older brothers have been killed in action. His life goal is to claim 300 German lives (100 for each brother) before seeing the end of the war, or before the war sees the end of him. He is a born survivor: tough, resourceful, and never above lying, cheating, stealing, or fighting dirty to make sure he gets home alive.

Cth STR 11 DEX 14 INT 14 CON 13
SIZ 6 APP 9 POW 12 EDU 9
SAN 60 Hit Points: 8

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Climb 60%, Close Combat 61%, Demolitions 26%, Drive Automobile 30%, Fast Talk 25%, Fieldcraft 61%, First Aid 43%, Listen 35%, Locksmith 21%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Military Doctrine 16%, Parachute 26%, Scrounge 45%, Spot Hidden 45%, Tactics 13%.

Language Skills: English (Own) 45%.

Bonuses: Dead Eye, Invisible (see *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Investigator's Guide to the Secret War*, p.76 for descriptions of these bonuses).

Weapons: *Smatchet Fighting Knife* (Melee Weapon—Knife) 61%, damage 1D8, atts 1, base range touch.

Lee-Enfield No. 4 Mk I with Sniper Scope (Rifle) 63%, damage 2D6+4, atts 1, base range 220 yds.

Sav



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8.

Skills: Boating d4, Driving d4, Fighting d8, Knowledge (Demolitions) d4, Lockpicking d4, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survive d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d4.

Charisma: -2, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 6, **Sanity:** 5.

Hindrances: Bad Luck, Small, Vengeful.

Edges: Jury Rig, Scrounger.

Gear: *Mk III Turtle Helmet* (+2 head only), *Smatchet Fighting Knife* (Str+d4), *Web Gear*, *Backpack*, *First Aid Kit*, *Mess Kit*, *Canteen*, *Winter Clothing*, *Boots*, *Lee-Enfield No. 4 Mk. I Rifle With Sniper Scope* (2d8, 24/48/96, Shots 10, RoF 1, AP 1), *Photo of all seven of his brothers with hash marks for each Nazi kill on the back*.

Captain KENNETH BLAGG, “The Old Man”, age 45

Background: Some officers are incompetent, pampered buffoons harkening back to the age when noble status was the only qualification for command. Kenneth Blagg is not one of those officers. He served with distinction during the Great War, and personally saved 20,000 lives during the Dunkirk evacuation. He is curt to the point of seeming rude (but equally curt to everybody), and delivers frequent, severely phrased compliments to his men when they do well. He has been in the service long enough to have seen parts of the weird war, including some very bizarre goings-on during the Dunkirk fracas.

Cth STR 9 DEX 11 INT 13 CON 12
SIZ 9 APP 12 POW 15 EDU 14
SAN 70 Hit Points: 9

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Artillery 16%, Climb 55%, Close Combat 37%, Command 73%, Credit Rating 33%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Drive Automobile 35%, Fieldcraft 30%, First Aid 56%, Heavy Weapons (Machine Gun) 25%, Listen 55%, Military Doctrine 51%, Parachute 26%, Rifle 45%, Scrounge 30%, Spotter 15%, Tactics 35%, Throw 40%.

Language Skills: English (Own) 70%, German 40%.

Bonuses: Blood & Guts, Five Rounds Rapid (see *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Investigator's Guide to the Secret War*, p.75 for the full descriptions of these bonuses).

Weapons: *Fairbairn-Sykes Fighting Knife* (Melee Weapon—Knife) 37%, damage 1D4+2, atts 1, base range touch.

Sten Mk. II (Submachine Gun) 30%, damage 1D10, atts 2 or burst, base range 30 yds.

Webley .38/200 Service Revolver (Handgun) 30%, damage 1D10, atts 2, base range 15 yds.

Sav  **Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6.

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Battle) d4, Knowledge (German) d6, Knowledge (Mythos) d6, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Survival d6, Throwing d4.

Charisma: +0, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5, **Sanity:** 7.

Hindrances: Phobia (Minor—spiders), Overconfident, Quirk (Detachment of Command).

Edges: Icy Calm, Mythos Exposure.

Gear: *Mk III Turtle Helmet* (+2 head only), *Mk. I Trench Knife* (Str+d4), *Web Gear*, *Backpack*, *First Aid Kit*, *Mess Kit*, *Canteen*, *Winter Clothing*, *Boots*, *Webley .38/200 Service Revolver* (2d6+1, 12/24/48, Shots 6, RoF 1, AP 1, Revolver), *Sten Mk. II Submachine Gun* (2d6-1, 12/24/48, Shots 32, RoF 2 or burst, AP 1, Auto), *Battered copy of All Quiet on the Western Front*.

Private SANDASHIR PATIL, “The Professional”, age 27

Background: Patil is a Gurkha from a long line of military families reaching back to what his great-grandmother claims was the battle of Kurukshetra, where they fought alongside Arjuna and Lord Krishna rode in their chariot. He has served the British Army loyally and brutally since his seventeenth birthday. When he was twenty, he was the sole survivor when his regiment encountered ghouls in tunnels beneath a Nepalese monastery. His experience drew the attention of Section M, and he has worked with them for the past year. He is a professional, spit-and-polish soldier but not fussy about how any other competent fighter conducts his own business.

Cth STR 12 DEX 12 INT 16 CON 17
SIZ 16 APP 9 POW 10 EDU 9
SAN 50 Hit Points: 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.


Skills: Climb 55%, Close Combat 65%, Drive Automobile 35%, Fieldcraft 65%, First Aid 49%, Jump 30%, Listen 45%, Military Doctrine 23%, Parachute 26%, Rifle 58%, Submachine Gun 35%, Survival (Mountain) 36%, Tactics 19%, Track 25%.

Language Skills: Nepali (Own) 45%, English 27%, German 20%.

Bonuses: *Jaya Mahakali*, *Ayo Gorkhali!* Enemies who know of the Gurkhas must make a SAN check if they are facing them in combat. If they fail, they suffer a -5% penalty to their Tactics skill.

Weapons: *Kukri* (Melee Weapon—Knife) 55%, damage 1D6+1D4, atts 1, base range touch.

Browning Automatic Rifle (Heavy Weapons—Machine Gun) 45%, 2D6+4 damage, atts burst, base range 120 yds.

Sav  **Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8.

Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (Artillery) d4, Knowledge (English) d4, Knowledge (German) d4, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Survival d4, Throwing d4.

Charisma: +0, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 6, **Sanity:** 8.

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Outsider, Vengeful (Minor).

Edges: Alertness, Commando.

Gear: *Mk. I Brodie Helmet* (+2 head only), *Kukri* (Str+d6), *Web Gear*, *Backpack*, *First Aid Kit*, *Mess Kit*, *Canteen*, *Winter Clothing*, *Boots*, *Browning Automatic Rifle* (2d8, 30/60/120, Shots 20, RoF 2, AP 2, Auto, Snapfire).

ELSA BECHLER, "The Spook", age 34

Background: Elsa had a post in Nazi Intelligence, and spent 1938-1940 helping German Jews and other "undesirables" escape to Switzerland and Palestine. Six months ago, she had to go with her charges as she was certain trial and execution awaited her in Berlin. She has worked with Section M since her arrival in England, and has been instrumental in helping them form a cohesive picture of Nazi supernatural research. She has read and heard about Mythos activities, but has yet to actually encounter any such beings. Elsa is aggressive and confident, and treats others with detached professionalism. She is a master linguist, fluent in English, German, French, Latin, Nepali, and Thai.

Cth STR 8 DEX 12 INT 18 CON 10
 SIZ 9 APP 14 POW 13 EDU 18
 SAN 60 Hit Points: 8

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Close Combat 45%, Conceal 45%, Cryptography 21%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive Automobile 55%, Espionage 41%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 45%, Hide 50%, Persuade 65%, Rifle 45%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Language Skills: German (Own) 90%, English 40%, French 40%, Latin 40%, Nepali 40%, Thai 40%.

Bonuses: Inner Strength, Strong Stomach (see *Achtung! Cthulhu: the Investigator's Guide to the Secret War*, p.65 & p.63, respectively).

Weapons: *Thumb Knife* (Melee Weapon—Knife) 45%, damage 1D3, atts 1, base range touch.

M1911 A1 Pistol (Handgun) 40%, damage 1D10+2, atts 1, base range 15 yds.

Pistolet Mitrailleur Erma Modèle 1935 (Submachine Gun) 40%, damage 1D10, atts 2 or burst, base range 30 yds.

Sav



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6.

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Cryptography) d4, Knowledge (English) d4, Knowledge (Espionage) d6, Knowledge (French) d4, Knowledge (German) d8, Knowledge (Latin) d4, Knowledge (Mythos) d4, Notice d6, Persuade d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d4, Shooting d6.

Charisma: +1, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5, **Sanity:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Habit (Minor—chain smoking), Quirk ("Anything boys can do, I can do better.")

Edges: Attractive, Linguist (see description).

Gear: *Backpack*, *First Aid Kit*, *Thumb Knife disguised as a broach* (Str +d4, target suffers -1 to unshake), *M1911 A1 Pistol* (2d6+1, 12/24/48, Shots 7, RoF 1, AP 1, Semi-Auto), *Pistolet Mitrailleur Erma Submachine Gun* (2d6, 12/24/48, Shots 32, RoF 3, AP 1, Auto), *Winter Clothing*, *Boots*, *Sewing Kit*, *Binoculars*.



Photo: Dietrich - "Enigma" auf U-Boot U-124, March 1941 - Bundesarchiv, Bild 101II-MW-4222-01A / Dietrich / CC-BY-SA

TOREN COOKE, "The Street Samurai", age 29

Background: For a none-too-bright street thug, Toren spends a lot of his off-time reading. It is not his fault the books tend to be highly illustrated with prose that rhymes. Unlike most street operatives in the dystopian future of 2090, he genuinely loves his life. He is good at fighting, gets paid well to do it, and is a little too dumb to fully realise how much danger he is usually in. Toren is chatty and enthusiastic when not in a fight, and whoops like a berserker on a carnival ride when the fists, and bullets, start to fly.

Cth STR 10 DEX 15 INT 11 CON 13
SIZ 16 APP 10 POW 9 EDU 10
SAN 45 Hit Points: 13


Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Bargain 15%, Climb 50%, Computer Use 45%, Conceal 25%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 30%, Electrical Repair 20%, Fast Talk 15%, Handgun 40%, Jury Rig 35%, Listen 40%, Machine Pistol 50%, Martial Arts (Krav Maga) 31%, Melee Weapon (Razor Nails) 60%, Rifle 45%, Sabotage 15%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 35%, Survival (Mountain) 11%, Throw 35%.

Language Skills: English (Own) 50%.

Weapons: *Razor Nails in both hands* 60%, damage 2D6+2+1D4, atts 1, base range touch.

Ingram Mac-44 Machine Pistol (Submachine Gun) 50%, damage 1D8, atts 3 or burst, base range 30 yds.

Sav  **Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8.

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Hacking d6, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Battle) d4, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Streetwise d4.

Charisma: -2, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 7, **Sanity:** 4.

Hindrances: Hard of Hearing, Ugly.

Edges: Modification Upgrade (Razor Nails, Str+d4, add d8 with a raise).

Gear: *All-Weather Jumpsuit, Kevlar Helmet, Ingram Mac-44 Machine Pistol* (2d6, 12/24/48, Shots 32, RoF 4, AP 1, Automatic), *Street Soldier Combat Trench Coat*.

SALLY "MANDER" PRICE, "The Face", age 63

Background: Sally Amanda Price is old, fat, and somehow still sexy after forty long, hard years in the escort services of Japan, Macao, Amsterdam, and Las Vegas. After crossing the wrong crime family and getting kicked out of the trade virtually worldwide, she started using her natural powers of persuasion for less honest work. It was her way with words that got her approved for this job, even though her combat skills did not match the position profile. She views the other members of her team like she used to view her girls—talented amateurs in need of looking after.

Cth STR 8 DEX 12 INT 14 CON 9
SIZ 13 APP 14 POW 13 EDU 18
SAN 65 Hit Points: 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Bargain 20%, Conceal 40%, Disguise 16%, Dodge 49%, Drive Automobile 35%, Espionage 31%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 65%, Handgun 40%, Law 15%, Listen 40%, Navigate (Land) 35%, Perform 35%, Persuade 65%, Pilot (Rotary-wing) 25%, Psychology 15%, Rope Use 25%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Language Skills: English (Own) 80%, German 50%, Thai 50%.

Weapons: *Punch* 50%, damage 1D3.

Assault Shotgun (Shotgun) 40%, damage 6D6/4D6/2D6, atts 2, base range 10/20/50 yds.

Sav  **Attributes:** Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4.

Skills: Healing d6, Investigation d10, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (German) d6, Knowledge (Thai) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4, Taunt d4.

Charisma: +2, **Pace:** 5, **Parry:** 2, **Toughness:** 4, **Sanity:** 7.

Hindrances: Elderly, Obese, Quirk (Flirtatious).

Edges: Charismatic, Danger Sense.

Gear: *All-Weather Jumpsuit, Kevlar Helmet, Assault Shotgun* (1-3d8, 15/30/60, Shots 15, RoF 1, Shotgun), *Makeup Kit, First Aid Kit*.

PRANDER THET, "The Ghost", age 31

Background: Prander Thet was born into a splinter Buddhist sect that lived apart from the technological advancements of the rest of the world. He was never registered, never educated, never took a regular job, never got paid in anything but cash or barter. Nothing in any file anywhere records his existence, other than fleeting images across closed-circuit security cameras. He works hard at being unremarkable; unmemorable except for his reputation as a competent, professional operator. Though he works with his team regularly, nobody knows what he thinks of them (except for the tacit approval implied by his accepting multiple jobs).

Cth STR 11 DEX 10 INT 11 CON 13
 SIZ 12 APP 10 POW 13 EDU 14
 SAN 65 Hit Points: 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Climb 50%, Computer Use 41%, Conceal 55%, Dodge 56%, Drive Automobile 40%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 50%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Jury Rig 45%, Listen 55%, Martial Arts (Karate) 36%, Persuade 35%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Language Skills: English (Own) 80%, German 50%, Thai 50%.

Weapons: Karate Punch 50%, damage 2D6.

Kelvin-12 Assault Rifle (Heavy Weapons—Machine Gun) 60%, damage 2D10, atts 3, base range 150 yds.

Harrison Hand Cannon (Handgun) 40% 1D10+2 damage, atts 2, base range 40 yds.

Sav



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d4, Hacking d4, Healing d4, Investigate d4, Knowledge (German) d6, Knowledge (Thai) d6, Lockpick d4, Notice d6, Shoot d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survive d4.

Charisma: +0, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 4, **Toughness:** 5, **Sanity:** 5.

Hindrances: Illiterate, Quirk (Speaks very rarely), Unplugged.

Edges: Luck, Alertness.

Gear: *All-Weather Jumpsuit*, *Keular Helmet*, *Kelvin-12 Assault Rifle* (2d8+1, 24/48/96, Shots 36, RoF 3, AP 3, Heavy, 3RB, Auto, Min Str d6), *SC Urchin Pistol* (2d6, 10/20/40, Shots 16, RoF 2, AP 1, 2RB), *Climbing Gear*.



*Interesting to note that, whatever else
 might have changed, human nature is
 pretty much what it ever was.*

—R.D.

YUUKI CADWALLADER, "The Grease Monkey", age 19

Background: Yuuki is the third of nine children from a sprawl tenement south of Amsterdam; a scrapper and survivor who earned her first meal on her own by repairing a cop's Gyroc pistol. She grew up having to scheme against her own siblings to get enough to eat, and has trust issues on top of her trust issues. Since falling in with Toren, Mander, and Prander Thet, she has finally found a family that takes care of one another, and is ferociously loyal to all of them. Unless it is a promise from one of those three people, she only believes what she can see, rap with a hammer, or take apart and put back together again.

Cth STR 11 DEX 10 INT 11 CON 13
 SIZ 12 APP 10 POW 13 EDU 14
 SAN 65 Hit Points: 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Climb 50%, Computer Use 41%, Conceal 35%, Dodge 56%, Drive Automobile 40%, Electrical Repair 50%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 50%, Handgun 40%, Jump 45%, Jury Rig 45%, Listen 55%, Martial Arts (Karate) 36%.

Family Resemblance

Bryan Cadwallader is Yuuki Cadwallader's great-great-great-grandfather, though Yuuki has no knowledge of her heritage beyond her own parents. Whether or not the two realise their relationship (should they come face to face) or even care about it is up to the players. What happens to Yuuki if Bryan dies is up to the Keeper.

Mechanical Repair 55%, Persuade 35%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Language Skills: English (Own) 80%, German 50%, Thai 50%.

Cybertech: Cyber arm with STR 24 and Chemical Sniffer. Spot Hidden is 95% for finding sources of smells or changes of chemistry.

Weapons: Karate Punch 36%, damage 2D6.

Karate Punch with Cyber Arm 36%, damage 2D6+1D6.

Kelvin-12 Assault Rifle (Heavy Weapons—Machine Gun) 60%, damage 2D10, atts 3, base range 150 yds.

Sav  **Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4.

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Knowledge (Engineer) d4, Knowledge (German) d6, Knowledge (Mechanics) d6, Knowledge (Thai) d6, Repair d8, Shoot d4, Streetwise d4.

Charisma: +0, **Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 4, **Toughness:** 4, **Sanity:** 5.

Hindrances: Doubting Thomas, Stubborn, Loyal (to party).

Edges: Modification Upgrade (Advanced Cyberarm with Chemical Sniffer).

Gear: All-Weather Jumpsuit, Kevlar Helmet, *Aga Tiger Claw Close Assault Shotgun* (1-3d4, 15/30/60, Shots 12, RoF 2, AP 2, Min Str d6), *PD Saturday Night Sprawl Special* (2d6+1, 12/24/48, Shots 6, RoF 1, AP 2, Revolver), *Two High-End Cigars*, *Tool Kit*.



MARCH 7TH, 1936--A day of triple pride! I have graduated at the top of my class and am the most respected member of my HITLERJUGEND Corps. This morning, while my family was together waiting to go to my graduation, the letter came with my initial orders. I am now part of the WEHRMACHT! I shall be an officer in time. I found also that our glorious REICH spread today to occupy the Rhineland. I am surely the most fortunate son of the Fatherland, and must do all I can to live up to that promise.

MARCH 15TH, 1939--In less than three hours, my battle group enters Czechoslovakia to bring the Sudetenland home. I confess I am nervous, and hope the water in my stomach is simply a physical symptom beneath a controlled mind. My greatest fear is that I am truly a coward. Tonight will surely be the test of this.

MARCH 16TH, 1939--Daylight dawns on a larger REICH and a better Europe. The FÜHRER and my officers, they were right. These Slavs were no match for German will and discipline. They barely fought at all. I must remember it is not their fault. They were not fortunate enough to be born a part of the Aryan master race. It would be easy to treat them poorly if I forget this.

SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1939--I can see the lights and fires of Warsaw. These Poles are Slavs, but history tells us they once knew how to fight. Despite this, I do not feel the nerves I felt in March. We will march just before dawn, and drive the last of their army out of their holes.

??--I do not know where I am. I have arms, but they are not my own. A spectre tells me he has brought me back from the dead. There is pain, but it is remote--merely physical, like my fear before my

first battle. There are no mirrors in this place, and I find myself strangely comforted by this fact.

MARCH 20TH, 1940--I am one of many, brought from the very brink of death by Germanic technology and Aryan will. Herr Borchtmann tells me I was burned alive in Poland, that only my strength kept the Valkyries from my soul that night. Herr Limbach's skill gave me my breath, and gave me new arms. I have much to do, and much to be thankful for.

AUGUST 30TH, 1940--I used my new body against a small uprising near our home. These arms, these glorious, mighty arms, tore two rebels asunder. And that is not the most of it. I wrote in this journal on the eve of other battles because I was afraid, and because the writing helped me control that fear. Last night I did not write. I felt no fear, for I am an Aryan god made flesh by the WEHRMACHT and NACHTWÖLFE.

NOVEMBER 16TH, 1940--A new soldier arrived today, burned in an oil fire in North Africa. Herr Borchtmann tells me it is my happy duty to teach Jan Korn what it means to be EINHERJAR, to comfort him in his convalescence, and train him in his health. I can only try to measure up to the standards I have seen in action.

NOVEMBER 22TH, 1940--Disaster. Herr Limbach regrets to inform me that Jan Korn died on the operating table, that he did not possess the warrior spirit necessary to survive the surgery. It is strange. Jan has been dead for two days and was never my friend, but I still hear his voice in my mind. I do not even know how it is I recognise it as his.

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