

Horror Roleplaying in the Worlds of H.P. Lovecraft

SHADOW ON THE SEA



VISIT KENT
FOR SUNSHINE!



SHADOW ON THE SEA

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Far from the shore stands the grey lighthouse, above sunken slimy rocks that are seen when the tide is low, but unseen when the tide is high. Past that beacon for a century have swept the majestic barques of the seven seas.

The White Ship

By H. P. Lovecraft

INTRODUCTION

This Scenario is set in the south of England in 1926 during a time when wreckers infested the cliffs and coves of the Kentish coast. Using false signals, they lure ships to their doom then swarm over the hulls of the shattered vessels gathering plunder from hold and corpse alike.

SCENARIO OUTLINE

In 1556 **Mi-Go** (**Keeper Rulebook** Page. 268) arrived on the Kentish coast and soon began trading with the local wreckers rewarding them with small quantities of an alien silicate imported from the **Mi-Go** homeworld. When mixed with human blood, the sand both prolonged life and conferred superhuman strength, but at a price.

In 1636, King Charles I, alarmed by reports of witchcraft on the Kentish coast, issued a patent for the construction of two great beacons on the South coast of England. The copyright acted as a cover for his agent's— a man called John Meldrum — other mission; to eradicate the suspected coven.

Setting up a base of operations in the small hamlet of **St Margaret's at Cliffe**, Meldrum built the beacons and uncovered the wreckers but chose to join rather than destroy the cult He began to ingest and experiment with the sand in his quest for immortality.

In 1703, he attempted to summon **Shub Niggurath** hoping to convince the deity to transfer his mind into a vessel composed of **Mi-Go** sand. The spell went awry, and a terrible storm laid waste to half of England.



The **Mi-Go**, offended that a human might attempt to summon their God, severed all ties with the coven. Meldrum began funding expeditions and digs across the globe hoping to uncover clues as to where his spell went wrong.

The Cult leader changed his appearance often. Decades turned to centuries and still, he waited.

By the turn of the 20th century, his wrecking operations took an even darker turn as Meldrum began to explore other ways of achieving true immortality

Half drowned figures were hauled from freezing waters only to be taken deep into the caves beneath his cliffside manor where Meldrum would extract their brains and implant them in facsimiles of **Mi-Go** sand. (See Appendix: [Cloying Ones](#))

In 1919, Prof Henry Cavendish, a fellow of **Imperial College London** undertook a trip to Iraq where, along with famed archaeologist **Oscar Davenport** he uncovered a most unusual item, a lens fashioned with a precision that ancient civilizations should not have possessed.

As moonlight hit the object, a tentacle sprang forth, killing several men before Davenport was able to smash it. Their efforts to get the fragments out of the country without a permit brought them to the attention of **Joules Pierre**, a smuggler employed by Meldrum.

Intrigued, he allowed the transfer to take place so that he might examine the contents of their find. Recognizing the shards of the lens for what they were, he allowed them to be couriered up to London sending his servant – Samuel Adams—to seek service with the good professor.

He began to fund another series of digs.

Directly transferring brains into crude golems of sand achieved only limited success. With one of these lenses, Meldrum could once again attempt to summon forth **Shub Niggurath** and have his mind transferred directly into a waiting vessel.

Davenport, obsessed with unraveling the mysteries of the lens, continued his expeditions. On the **Anatolian plateau**, he unearthed another oval of glass identical in almost every way to the first one, only made of a near-indestructible substance he could not identify.

His excitement renewed, he telegraphed Cavendish immediately. Together, perhaps they could unravel its mysteries.

Unfortunately for both Davenport and Cavendish, Meldrum was surveilling them. Having read Davenport's telegram some days ago, he delayed its passing north. His plan is simple. He will lure the Ausbery onto the sands and recover the 'key' Davenport spoke of, from the seafloor itself if need be.

Meanwhile, Adams is to bring Cavendish south in the hope that he can begin work on the translation.

CONTENTS

1. **Scenario Outline**
2. **The Known history of the Goodwin Sands**
3. **Evil Deeds, Dark Secrets:**
4. **Getting the investigators involved:** Ideas for embroiling investigator's in the unfolding mystery as well as advice for those keepers who prefer to set the adventure somewhere other than England.
5. **Locations:** While some events occur in a fixed order other can be completed as the investigators see fit. Investigators might also opt to visit the nearby city of Dover at some point.

Location 1: London

Location 2: St. Margaret's at Cliffe

Position 3: South Foreland Lighthouse

Location 4: The Ocean Floor

Location 5: Cliffside Manse

Location 6: Meldrum's Laboratory

Location 7: Return to the lighthouse.

Flight through the night: A desperate escape or an ignominious end.

Appendices: NPC's, Maps, and Player Handouts



THE KNOWN HISTORY OF THE GOODWIN SANDS

Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say.

The Merchant of Venice

By William Shakespeare

The **Goodwin Sands** is a 10-mile-long sandbank situated some 6 miles out to sea off of England's famous white cliffs. Even today, it is one of the most feared nautical hazards in the world. As many as 2000 ships are said to have been wrecked by the sands over the centuries. Between the sands and the busy coastal town of **Deal** lies a safe anchorage known as **The Downs**.

The Foreland Lighthouses

Although a beacon of some kind might have been present on the chalk headlands of the Kent coast during the Iron Age, the earliest known reference to a formal structure dates back to the 1636 patent. See [Handout #5](#).

The North and South Foreland Beacons were built that year, erected some 25 miles apart; the Northern on the Isle of Thanet the southern, overlooking **St Margarete's Bay** just a little south of The Downs. The original wooden structures are long gone, but in 1926 two fully operational modern lighthouses stand in their place.

The Great Storm of 1703

"No pen could describe it, nor tongue express it, nor thought to conceive it unless by one in the extremity of it."

The Storm

Daniel Defoe

On 7th December 1703, a storm of unprecedented scale and ferocity swept across the south coast of England leaving devastation in its wake. See [Player Handout 10](#).

Wrecking

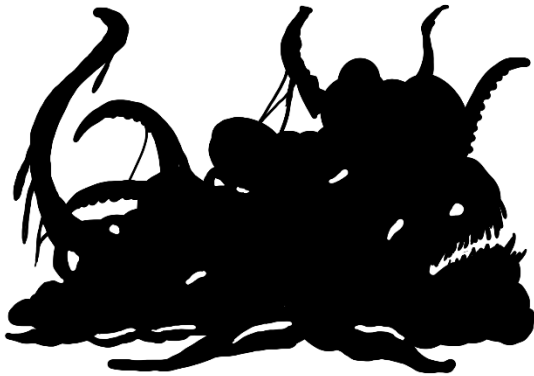
Wrecking in England had been an important industry as far back as the 16th century. In many cases, the wrecks were the result of genuine accidents, but rumors of more nefarious activities persisted through the centuries. In 1735 a law was passed that forbade the making of false lights to lure ships to their demise.

HISTORICAL TIMELINE

- February 1636. King Charles I grants Sir John Meldrum a patent to build the **Foreland Beacons**
- April 1636 Meldrum searches for evidence of witchcraft activity on the Kentish coast.
- May 1636 Meldrum witnesses a cult ritual and sees the Mi-Go with his own eyes for the first time.
- May 1636 Meldrum murders Cult leader Father Dalton and begins to experiment with the Mi-Go sand.
- 1642 the English Civil War begins. Meldrum ignores Charles' call to arms.
- 1651 Civil war ends with the execution of Charles I.
- 1660 Charles II returns from exile and is crowned at Westminster.
- January 1683 A new Priest, Father Harrow, discovers evidence of witchcraft in St Margaret's at Cliffe. With help from the local yeomanry, they burn down the North Foreland Lighthouse. The cult manages to murder all the witnesses but fearful of being discovered, Meldrum creates a double identity henceforth taking on the role of the village priest.
- 1698 Both lighthouses are rebuilt as permanent structures.
- November 1703 Meldrum attempts to open a portal to another plane of existence. The spell goes wrong. Dozens of cultists die, and the storm wreaks havoc across England. The Mi-go refuse to trade with the village from this point forward.
- 1768 Meldrum hunts down the Shoggoth he accidentally unleashed and gains control over the creature.
- 1830 Meldrum pinpoints the location of the Mi-Go mine.
- 1875 Both lighthouses are now equipped with powerful lights.
- June 1919 Prof. Cavendish and his companion Davenport discover a

curious lens and are attacked by a nameless horror.

- January 1920. The two scholars return to England and enlist the aid of local smugglers. Slipping off the ship late at night they drop their find ashore before returning to their berths.
- May 1926 A General Strike called in England lasting ten days. Martial Law is declared and not lifted until December.
- June 1926 Meldrum intercepts a message from Davenport indicating that a 'key' has been found. He makes plans to steal it and to kidnap Cavendish.



SCENARIO TIMELINE

- June 21 Investigators attend **Carter Lecture**.
- June 22 Investigators arrive at St Margaret at Cliffe. The Ausbery is wrecked.
- Investigators snooping around Meldrum's mansion are attacked by cultists.
- Investigators searching for clues at the lighthouse are waylaid by creatures of living clay.
- June 23 Message sent from Cavendish urging investigators to inspect the wreck using diving equipment hired from Deal.
- Evening. Cavendish is kidnapped and brought South to Meldrum's hidden laboratory.
- June 24th Investigators dive to the Ausbery and attempt to retrieve the package.
- June 24th Evening Meldrum forces the Investigators to hand over the lens and then orders their death.
- June 25th The Investigators descend beneath the White Cliffs to Meldrum's

secret laboratory only to find Cavendish's corpse.

- June 25th Meldrum mounts his lens atop the South Foreland Lighthouse and attempts to summon Shub Niggurath

GETTING THE INVESTIGATORS INVOLVED

This scenario assumes that party members already know one another. Ideally, investigators should already be in London on business, perhaps recovering from a previous scene such as *Horror on the Orient Express*.

Keepers should have little trouble convincing North American players to attend a special lecture at the Royal Institute in honor of the world-famous Howard Carter. Although Carter himself will not be present, excerpts from his as yet unpublished journal will be read out by distinguished fellows. Carter opened Tutankhamun's inner coffin back in January 1925, but interest in the discovery of the century has not yet waned. Investigators with a journalistic background

ORDER OF PLAY

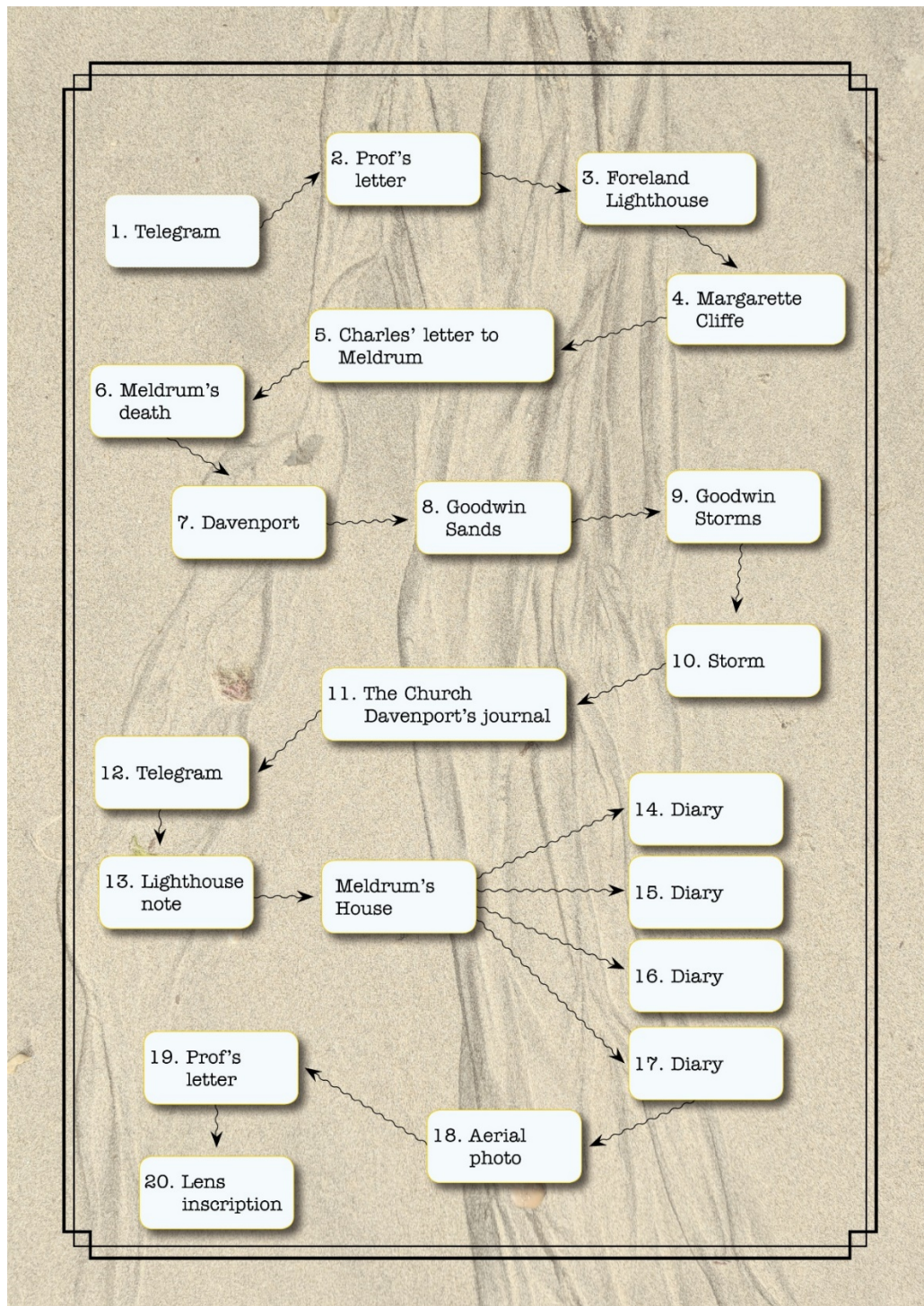
While the scenario is designed to be free form in nature, the sequence of events should be reasonably easy to predict.

A quick summary of events is listed below followed by the likely order in which clues follow on from one another.

- Investigators are tasked with retrieving a package due to be smuggled in on a secluded beach. Research prior to setting off warns them that all might not be well within the region.
- Investigators witness the deliberate wrecking of the Ausbery.
- Investigators travel either to the lighthouse to discover why it went out at a critical moment and also investigate the light source emanating from the house on the cliff. These events can happen in either order.
- The professor urges the Investigators to attempt to retrieve the package from the ocean floor. Cultists try to intervene.
- Meldrum demands the Investigator returns the lens to them while holding Professor Cavendish hostage.

- Investigators attempt to rescue Cavendish by venturing into Meldrum's laboratory only to find that they are too late.
- Armed with full knowledge of what Meldrum is going to attempt the Investigators make their way to the Lighthouse. Along the way, a Shoggoth attacks.
- Fighting their way through cultists, wild weather and the Shoggoth, the investigators confront Meldrum atop the South Foreland Lighthouse in a battle to the death.
- Investigators who succeed are rewarded for their efforts. Those who fail must face the consequences.

CLUE CHART



THE CARTER LECTURES

London is a city in mourning. A General Strike took place in May and lasted nine days; the aftershocks, however, have continued. Even as the **Investigators** settle into their hotel suites, a state of martial law is still in full effect.

Read the following when the Investigators decide to make their way to the conference.

*The summer heat is dry and seems to suck the breath from your very lungs as you make your way by taxi through streets choked with the noises of traffic and shuffling feet. The sky is blue, but in the distance, the atmosphere seethes with the rosy glow of a fading sun. Mounted soldiers prowl the outskirts of Whitehall, their polished helmets gleaming like fire. The sense of oppression intensifies. Traffic slows to a crawl, and as you turn onto **Albemarle Street**, half-mumbled profanities spill from the cabbie's mouth like rain from a willow tree. An unholy mass of vehicles jockey for a position outside the many pillared façades of the Royal Institute's famous headquarters.*

Investigators who are familiar with London society will note that a veritable who's who of the rich and famous are in attendance tonight. An **Education** roll allows the investigator to recognize government ministers, operatic performers, prominent scientists, and minor nobility.

Standing at the entrance to the hall seemingly trying to ignore the whirl of dresses, music and silver platters of food held aloft by waiters is none other than Professor Cavendish. At least one of the investigators should know the professor, and as they approach, he flashes them a weak smile.

"Professor Cavendish; no relation."

(**Keeper Note:** **Investigators** making a regular **Education** roll will recall that a man named Henry Cavendish founded the Institution.)

The investigators might take this opportunity to ask the professor questions about the upcoming lectures, but constant interruptions make it challenging to maintain a conversation. Those making a **Spot Hidden** roll will note that one of the professor's hands is tucked into his jacket pocket.

(**Keeper Note:** The item in the professor's pocket is a crumpled telegram. See [Player Handout 1](#).)

The message makes sense to the Professor. As Davenport's ship anchors up for the night, a boat lowered from the side is to deliver the cargo via a beach situated between the Foreland Lighthouses, a repeat of the smuggling operation in 1920.

Investigators might want to risk picking the professor's pocket although unless they can find a way to distract him, it should require an extreme **Sleight of Hand** roll. If asked what is in his pocket, the professor dismisses the question; his mind is on the upcoming lecture.

Read the following:

Without preamble, an attendant steps forward and announces that the lecture is about to begin. The lights in the foyer dim as the crowd start to gravitate towards the famous lecture theatre.

The auditorium is compact, overcrowded even. Three walls are given over to sturdy banks of sloping seating that look down upon a fourth wall dominated by three suspended blackboards and fronted by an old looking angular C-shaped bench. Green drapes contrast the reddish plaster of the walls and newly installed electric lights cast languid shadows that flicker with anticipation.

Eventually, it is Professor Cavendish's turn to speak.

He begins to read in a slightly quaverous voice but suddenly stops mid-sentence and waves a hand in front of his face.

Scooping up his papers, he makes a hurried exit through the door behind him.

What happens next

Concerned investigators may wish to dash after the professor but a spidery orderly bar their way.

At the end of the lecture, they are approached by Cavendish's manservant Samuel Adams who requests that they see the professor in his room towards the back of the building.

Read the following:

A seemingly endless parade of storerooms, offices and makeshift changing rooms give way to a spindly staircase clinging to the inner wall of the east wing. A maze of oak-paneled corridors interspersed with an endless parade of sash windows confronts you; all are open, but the air remains stale and gritty. The professor's name stenciled across a sheet of frosted glass identifies the correct office. The door is slightly ajar as if it has been slammed shut hard enough for it to bounce back out of its frame.

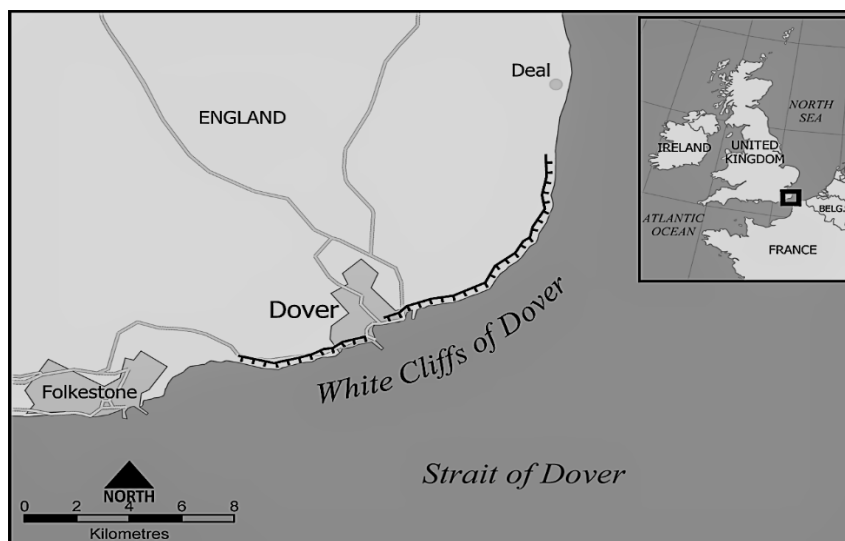
As the **Investigators** enter the room, **Read the following:**

Entering the room, you are at once struck by its opulence. A golden lamp cradled in the finest of crystal sits atop a spacious desk covered in scattered notes and half-forgotten scribbles. A Persian rug of exquisite design is splayed out across the floor; cobalt, flecked with silver highlights and utterly smooth. A blackboard peppered with thick disjointed writing, and odd symbols dominate the far wall. The professor is nowhere to be seen, but a letter with one of the Investigators names sits on the mantelpiece. Samuel waits outside.

What the note says

Inside the envelope is a note and £100 (around \$400).

Samuel knows nothing about the contents of the letter and will not divulge Cavendish's location, nor let the Investigators rifle through his office



PREPARATIONS

Investigators have time to make some inquiries in London before they leave and have a few keywords to look through.

Each successful **Library Use** roll relating to lighthouses, Davenport, Margarete at Cliffe or the Goodwin Sands should result in a handout as befits the searched term selected from handouts 3-10.

This information is also available at Dover Library.

THE WHITE CLIFFS

St. Margaret's at Cliffe is still, today, a small hamlet squeezed between the city of Dover and the fishing town of Deal.

Read the following:

The village stands about 3/4 mile from the sea situated along the cliffs north of the South Foreland lighthouse. Dover's famous white cliffs sparkle in the sunlight and a ragged path snakes down the cliff face to the bay below. The village's only inn, 'The Hope' is a ramshackle affair. Red bricked and hip-roofed; its whitewash façade has been reduced to chalk-like consistency. A bird table stands in front adorned with a clay facsimile of an unfamiliar bird staring out at you with two glass eyes.

THE HOPE

The Inn looks like any other pub the **Investigators** might have encountered, save for the fact that it is empty on a Sunday afternoon. A stout woman clothed in thick woolen garments, a red headscarf, and a scowl is wasting a fair amount of elbow grease in trying to shine a bar dulled matte with age.

The woman introduces herself as the 'Widow Sapolsky'

"Lines are down," she grumbles as she takes names down in spidery handwriting.

With a successful **Spot Hidden** roll, an investigator notices that they are the first people to stay here in over six years.

The Investigators rooms are surprisingly comfortable if somewhat basic in their amenities.

When next the investigators venture downstairs, they find the barroom filled with revelers. Attempts to engage them in conversation results in talk of the weather, fishing, and so on.

A **Psychology** roll reveals that the celebration seems forced. Drinks are barely touched, games of darts continue without anyone keeping score, and many of the patrons speak in hushed voices.

A man dressed as a Church of England Vicar enters the building. He is short, and of a slight build with greying hair and piercing blue eyes. Smiling, the man greets the investigators and introduces himself as Father Bryan. He asks their business in the village accepting any cover story with a smile. Still smiling, he wishes them well and moves off to greet some other patrons.

(Keeper Note: This is Meldrum in his Father Bryan guise, sizing the investigators up. He does not believe in coincidences and has them watched from this point onwards.)



EXPLORING THE VILLAGE

By the time investigators have freshened up, it is around 4 pm. Those wishing to explore the village may do so. With a **Hard Spot Hidden** roll, investigators note that the clay bird has vanished.

There is little to see. A village shop, closed for the day sits next to a blacksmith, post office and a scattering of houses. A weathered church beside a duck pond dominates the surroundings. To the North, stands a grand old mansion perched atop the cliff.

THE CHURCH

A successful **History** roll correctly identifies the structure as Norman in origin.

The square tower is sloped outwards towards the bottom, and its mottled grey stone walls blend seamlessly with the brooding skyline. The windows are small and high up off the ground yet still glazed with shards of thick colored glass. At the porch, oak doors are shut fast with a thick chain and padlock.

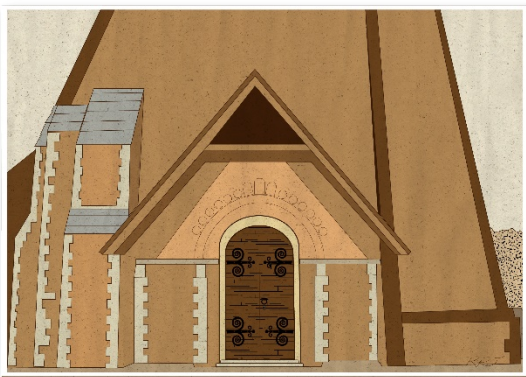
Peering through the window requires a leg up and a **Spot Hidden** roll.

The church interior consists of three white pillars on either side of an aisle that is flanked by neat rows of pews. The posts connect via sweeping arches that help hold the many-beamed roof aloft. The pulpit is a simple affair of wood and stone. There is no sign of a cross or crucifix anywhere, and a fine mist of cobwebs adorns every pew.

A break-in soon brings the village constable in 1D4 plus 5 minutes, but investigators have a chance to find an old letter wedged between a page in the oversized Bible. It is from Davenport and addressed to the Professor.

See [Player Handout 11](#)

Investigators had best have an excellent reason as to why they broke into the church. The constable explains that the roof is unsafe, which is why they have been taking communion in the village hall for some months now.



THE PATH

The path down to the bay is of little interest at this point, but the weather is disgusting.

THE MELDRUM HOUSE

A decaying edifice of rigid towers and sloping gables perches aside the cliff like a bird's nest clinging to the far reaches of a tree branch. Its mildewed walls bulge; scarred by harsh winds, any trace of paint has long since vanished. An almost uniform grey, a seemingly endless number of windows jut out at odd angles peering in all directions with the milk-white vacancy of cataract covered eyes.

Locals encountered insist that nobody lives there. Attempts to break-in should be discouraged by the reappearance of the constable.

Still, the cove is beautiful if unremarkable. Several sturdy-looking boats are moored up on the beach, protected from the weather by sturdy tarpaulins. Looking under the tarps reveals only fishing tackle, nets, and gear.

MIDNIGHT IN ST MARGARET'S COVE

The village is unlit. Call for **DEX** rolls on the way down to the cove.

Read the following:

The weather has calmed, though the temperature has dropped. To the South, a great light sweeps across the straits, illuminating the ocean for the briefest of moments. There is no moon.

Scanning the horizon, you notice a sudden change in your surroundings. The expected sweep of light has not reappeared.

Conscientious investigators might wish to avert disaster by racing up the cliff, but two things occur before they can make it to the top.

Read the following:

From above, a weak stream of light shines forth. It travels slowly in a not-quite straight line. The beam reaches the surface of the ocean then holds steady, casting its fungal gaze across the waters.

A successful **Navigation** roll indicates that the light might be coming from the direction of the weird old house up on the cliff. If they choose to react, it is too late. Racing up the cliffside path in the drizzle is a foolhardy venture; failed **Dexterity** rolls sends **Investigators** tumbling whereas **Constitution** rolls are required to keep from getting winded. Regardless, before even the fleetest **Investigators** can get halfway up, a loathsome sound stops them in their tracks,

Read the following:

Suddenly a rending noise like the carping of a beast at slaughter cuts through the night. From across the sea, the sound gains in momentum, becoming an incoherent roar that stops almost as suddenly as it began. And then, moments later, distant screams float across the bay like wind chimes jingling with saphenous despair. The last gasps of men dying a wrongful death.

The Ausbery has been holed by hidden reefs some seven miles out to sea. It takes investigators 1D4 +2 rounds to drag one of the moored ships to the waterfront, and that's after making a **Hard Locksmith** roll to denude it of its padlock and chain. Without a guide, **Luck** rolls are required every second round to avoid bottoming out the vessel, and **Constitution** rolls are necessary to battle the tides. Ultimately, even if the **Investigators** manage to make their way to the wreck, there is little to see other than slicks of oil and scattered detritus.

Investigators foolish enough to leap into the water will have to make **Swim** rolls each round or drown; after three rounds have passed throw in a disadvantage dice to represent the numbing cold.

By the time they get to the top of the cliffs again, the village is in an uproar. Seeing the investigators coming up the path causes something of a stir, and a man steps forward.

He is wearing what look to be impossibly huge framed glasses with lenses almost as thick as jam jars. Pale blue eyes peer at you with glacial intelligence.

(**Keeper Note:** This is Meldrum in yet another guise.)

He introduces himself as **Mark Davis**, the de-facto mayor of the town and demands to know what the investigators were doing down on the beach at such an ungodly hour. Regardless of their explanation, he seems to be remarkably forthcoming about his version of the events. A call came in that a ship had radioed for help after having foundered on the shoals.

"Sadly, an all too common occurrence in these parts," he tells them. The village men are going down to the cove on the off chance that survivors wash ashore, something that Davis admits is 'quite unlikely.'

If told about the lighthouse going out and the strange light ashore Davis shrugs. 'The eyes can play tricks,' he suggests.

As if to illustrate the point out in the harbor, the yellow arc of light renews its sweep across the strait.

Davis politely refuses offers of assistance. If they choose to sneak down to the beach to spy on what occurs, they are sorely disappointed. It's all for show.

THE SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE

The Lighthouse is manned 24/7 with the keeper – known the locals only as Boothby-- living in the adjacent cottage. He's either aloft tinkering with the lights or else pottering around in his small garden

The old man's hands are as cracked and weathered as a well-used sharpening strop, but most of his broad face remains hidden beneath improbably bushy eyebrows, and a mighty beard flecked with white. He carries with him the faint smell of stale tobacco and sweat.

When asked about the wreck he blames an electrical outage but refuses to let the investigators snoop around the lighthouse. If they persist, he hurries off to inform the police.

THE GROUND FLOOR

The Entrance Hall

The lock to the door is of a newish design requiring a **Hard Locksmith** roll to open, but the wooden frame is quite weathered. The door can be jimmied open with a standard **Strength** roll.

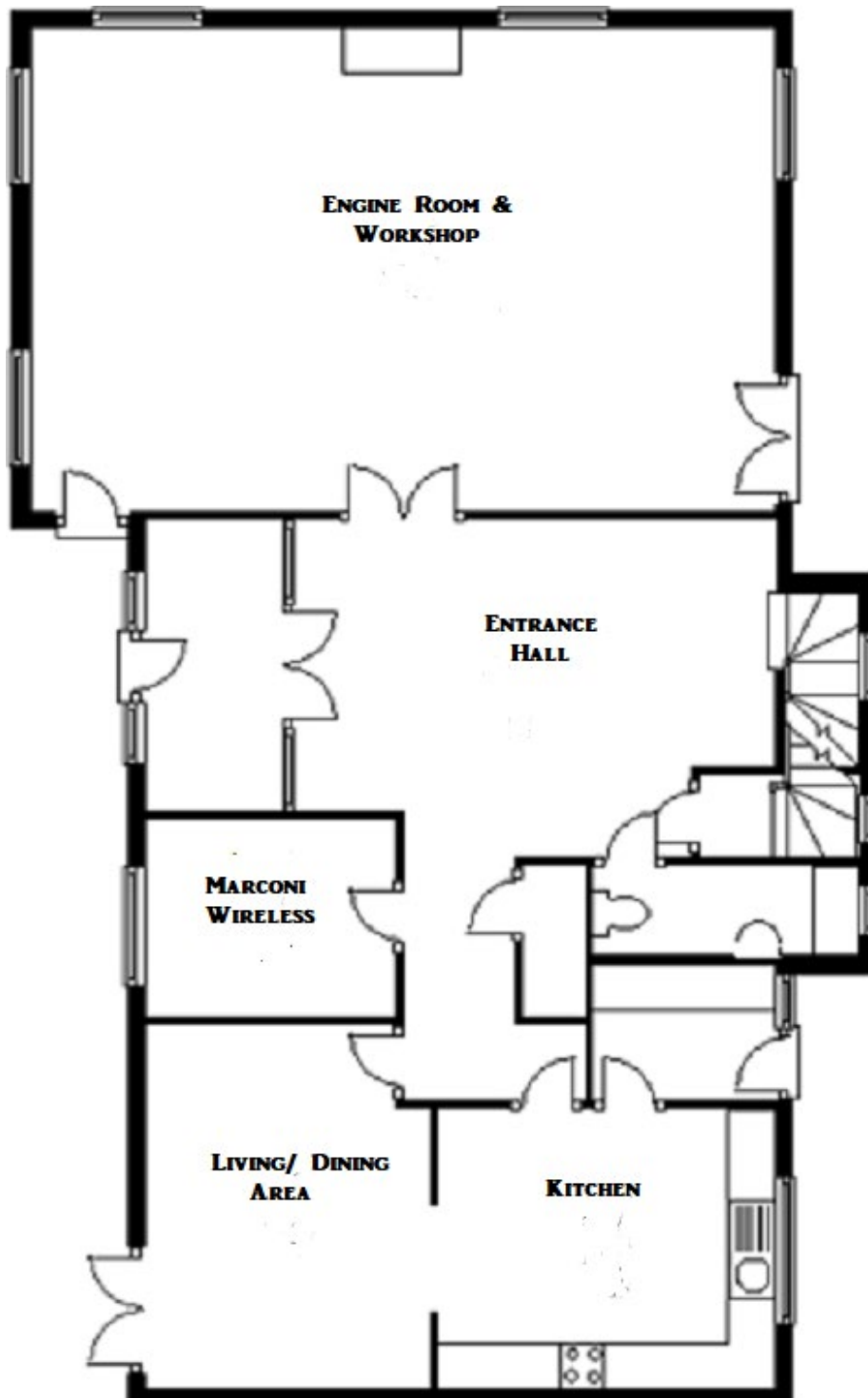
Boots, shovels and other miscellaneous objects are piled up in one corner. Past the first set of double doors, the hallway opens up before you. Doors lead off to the east and west, and a way to the north, a staircase begins its ascent to the next level.

The Engine Room

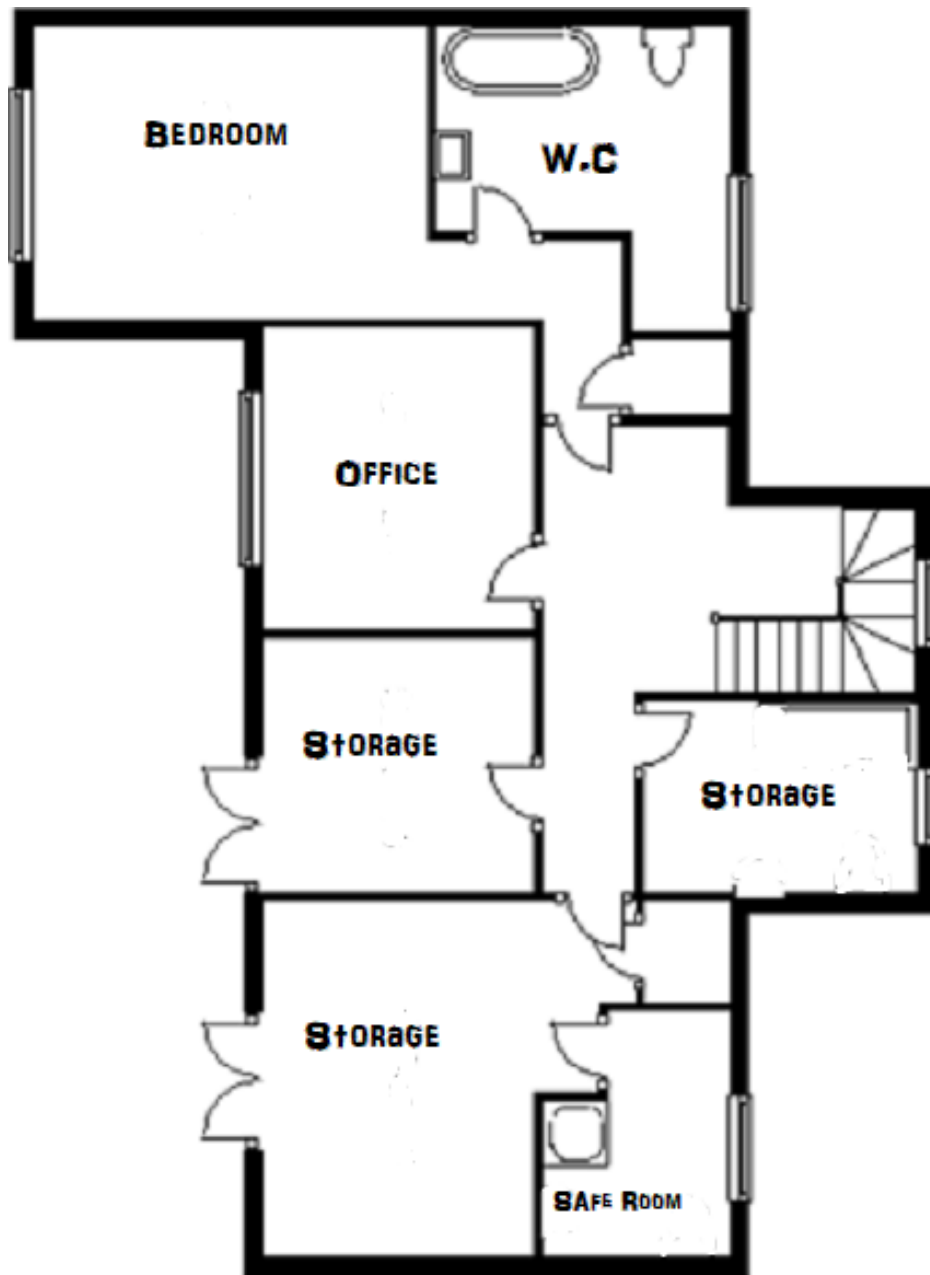
Thick metal doors bar the way, and as you approach them, the sound of an engine builds to a piercing whine.

Two diesel engines lie behind these doors. One provides power and heat to the cottage (since it is not on the grid,) the other is fired up at night to control the light itself.

GROUND FLOOR FORELAND COTTAGE



First Floor Foreland Cottage



Marconi Wireless Room

The Marconi wireless set enables the lighthouse keepers to contact ships, receive distress calls, and forward telegrams. By day a young clerk called Wilson is operating this station.

When working, Wilson wears headphones, so **Stealth** rolls are not needed unless the investigators enter the room.

A rectangular box of gleaming brass, whirling dials and coils of wire sits atop a desk large enough to seat two operators. Piles of neatly stacked paper sit beside two well-used looking typewriters while scattered slips of writing and the stubs of well-chewed pencils seem to have been used to scribble down notes as they come in.

A successful **Library Use** roll – assuming they can distract/ subdue Wilson -- reveals the telegram from Davenport to Professor Cavendish (**Player Handout 1**) A **Spot Hidden** roll, however, allows them to spy a crumpled-up piece of paper sitting beside the waste paper basket almost as if it were thrown at it and then bounced off the rim.

See [Player Handout 12](#)

The Kitchen

There is little to see in the kitchen other than the usual amenities one might expect. The pantry, on the other hand, is something else altogether.

Two double doors lead to a larder cut into the rocky foundations of the building. Stuffed to the brim with a dizzying array of exquisite luxuries it makes for quite the sight: imported French wines, sausage from Germany Spanish olives and all manner of canned goods from home and abroad.

An **Appraise** roll reveals that Boothby is living well beyond his means.

Living Room/ Dining Hall

There is little to see in this room other than a comfy chair, dining table, and a wireless set.

THE UPSTAIRS

Investigators who are trespassing during the daytime might find Boothby asleep in his room. Ask for **Stealth** rolls. Investigators snooping around at night are more likely to see him at the top of the lighthouse.

Bedroom

A chest, a bed, and a few personal items are all that awaits **Investigators** within this sparsely furnished room although there is a .45 automatic pistol stuffed under the mattress (**Spot Hidden** roll to notice.)

W.C

The presence of an indoor lavatory replete with its bath must be a welcome luxury for the lighthouse keeper.

Office

The office is locked. Inside is a desk, typewriter, and chair.

The desk is also locked, a **Locksmith** roll opens it or investigators can force it open with a **Strength** roll but doing so reveals only an empty desk. A **Spot Hidden** roll is required to realize that the drawer has a false bottom. Removing it reveals a loaded .38 pistol £50 in crisp notes and several, blank passports.

Storerooms

All three storerooms are unlocked but one. It contains three C.E. Heinkel & Co standard diving suits.

Safe Room

This unremarkable room contains only a giant safe. It stands in the far corner.

If they do somehow manage to get into the safe, they find only money –close to £300, in fact; a fortune.

THE LIGHTHOUSE TOWER

Spiral stairs wind their way up to the top of the tower. There are no stops along the way up, only the occasional window. The stairs give way to a copper-plated landing encased in a dome of glass and steel. The light itself is easily 10 feet tall and six feet in diameter and mounted on a rotating caddy. A door leads to a wraparound walkway.

(**Keeper Note:** The lamp puts out around 6,000 lumens of light at 200,000 candlepower. Such luminosity is more than sufficient to temporarily blind anyone foolish enough to look directly at it.)



THE AMBUSH

The Ambush occurs immediately after the Investigators launch their first investigation into the events following the wrecking of the Ausbery.

The road turns, and you realize, too late, that the shadowy outline of a hunched figure bars your path, you hit the brakes, but too late; the thud of the impact rattles your bones, and the windscreen goes black.

Investigators need to make a **Hard Drive** roll or risk careening off the cliff face. Stopping the car, they see that the screen is covered in sand and viscera, From the dunes on the side, three snarling shapes emerge.

Hunched over, hackles raised the three creatures circle you. Eyes, yellow as a midday sun peer out at you with a mournful refrain, and as the lead wolf tenses, you notice that the rain bounces off fur made of sculpted clay.

Use the statistics for **Cloying Wolves** in the Appendix.

If the investigators manage to fend off the attack, the creatures revert to clay sculptures. A closer examination reveals that the eyes, however, are all too real.

THE MELDRUM HOUSEHOLD

THE GROUND FLOOR

Entrance Hall

The door is older than the rest of the building by many years, so much so that it is hard to distinguish iron wrought hinges from the shrunken wooden beams. The lock is, however of modern design.

Inside a grand staircase of polished mahogany and velvet, carpet sweeps up towards the second floor. Two short flights of stairs to either side lead up to the main hall; a gleaming chandelier hangs over the lobby and straight ahead, stands a private elevator.

(**Keeper Note:** They are being watched, so 1D4 +2 **Cultists** plus two **Cloying Ones** are dispatched to subdue the investigators.

They will enter through the front door and spread out in search of intruders but allow the Investigators to get as far as the Arboretum before springing the trap.)

The Library

A grand library dominates the East Wing and sports floor to ceiling shelves high jam-packed with leather-bound tomes. The window opens up to the sea with a reading desk off to one side, taking full advantage of the view.

Each successful **Library Use** roll locates a book of interest.

- An original first edition of Thomas Hobbes' Leviathan dated 1651. A large red leather-bound edition of **Oracles of Nostradamus** in Latin. See **Keeper Rulebook** page 236.
- A withered 18th-century book on the construction and grinding of lenses.

A **Spot Hidden** roll allows investigators to notice a lack of dust in a sweeping semi-circle around the far wall. The trigger is foot-operated and hidden behind a section of the skirting board; second **Spot Hidden** roll is required to find it.

The secret library

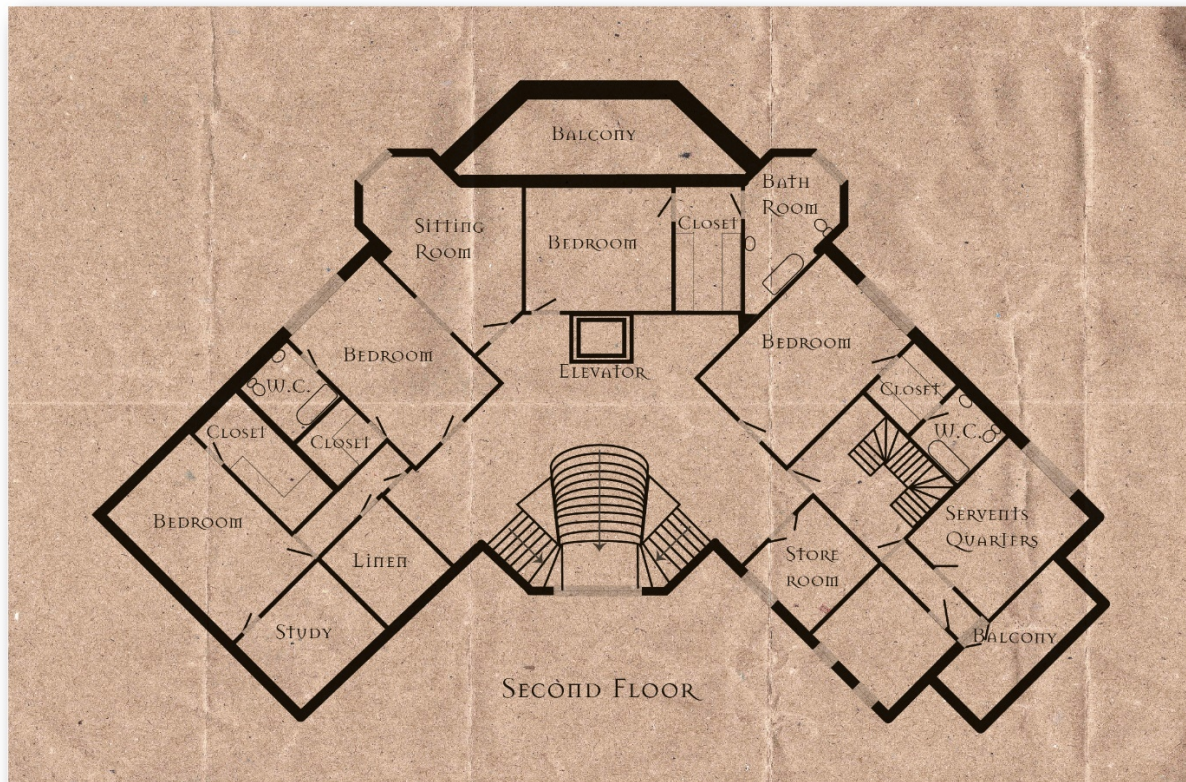
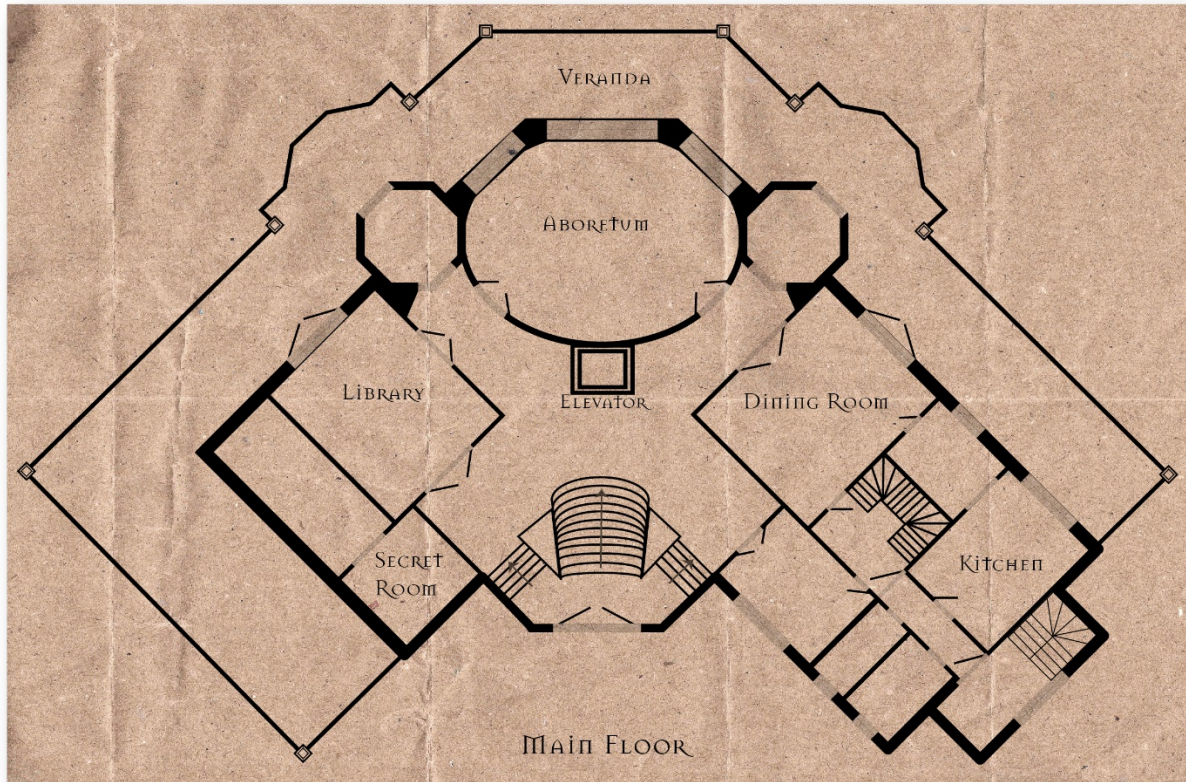
Shelves of stacked papers and moldering parchments adorn walls the color of blanched almonds. The near-wall is marked with patches of crumbling plaster and dotted with an odd, verminous symbol. At the other end, a podium stands well-worn, of indifferent construction, and tacky to the touch.

A copy of the **R'leyh Texts** (See **Keeper Handbook** page. 233) sits on the pulpit. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll confirms that the symbols are of **R'leyh**: **SAN** 0/1D3.

Of more immediate interest is a leather-bound book sitting on the edge of the bricked-up windowsill. It is Meldrum's diary.

The book feels dry in your hands, its texture that of jerked meat. The cover, which might once have been of stern vellum is blotted and weathered to rags. The name Meldrum is still visible, if barely.

[*Player handout 14-17.*](#) Each Handout takes 1D4 x 15 minutes to locate.



THE ARBORETUM

This magnificent structure of steel and glass seems to be the best-maintained part of the house.

An oval dome of glass and painted steel towers above as you pass through the pillars of its supporting border. The air is stifling; palms brush up against the glass-paned roof, and insects buzz lazily from exotic looking orchards that fill your nostrils with pungent aromas. In the center, a marble fountain dribbles water into a crystal-clear pool. At the far end, double doors open onto a cliffside veranda.

THE VERANDA

The Veranda hangs over the cliff with vertigo assaulting indifference. A low palisade of tough granite wraps around the edge providing little comfort.

Towards the south side, a telescope stands mounted on a sturdy looking tripod. A thing of 18th-century brass, it is in excellent condition.

The telescope

Attached to the viewfinder is a triangular frame fitted with three lenses, one of which has a reddish tinge to it and the other made of a beautiful crystal. The mounting rotates in a clockwise direction to fix the next glass in sequence in place.



Looking through the telescope

The first lens is just what it seems. The telescope is in a fixed position, and unless Investigators move it, all that they see is what looks like a speck of dust. They might not know it, but they are looking at the planet Pluto which in 1926 is as of yet unheard of.

Sliding the triangular frame clockwise puts the reddish socket in position. Read the following to anyone who looks through it.

A motion, like the lurching of a ship in a storm, grabs you and then stretches you into infinity. Through your unblinking eyes, a tunnel extends, a swirling, textureless vortex of unnamable angles. Your ears fill with the hideous sound of wet suction but even as you cry out the tunnel collapses. Before you, a dark orb rushes towards you or perhaps you to it. A city stretches out before you, filled with windowless towers of gleaming obsidian flanked by specks of grit that blaze paths across a buttery sky. On one side, a yawning pit descends into abyssal ink while on the other, a river of pitch and bile meanders with noxious intent. And everywhere, the ominous buzzing of leathery wings floats past you on currents of poisonous fumes.

(Keeper Note: This unexpected and entirely unwelcome vision of **Yuggoth** -- see **Keeper Rulebook** page 301 --requires a **SAN** roll /1/1D6 and costs 1D3 Magic points.)

The frame can be rotated once more, putting the strange crystalline lens in front of the eyepiece.

The visions before you curve back in on themselves so that you are looking not at the heavens, but at a rolling vista of cragged rocks and pits of steaming Sulphur, rotting wounds spitting toxic ash into a sky filled unchecked rage. A humpbacked shape of glistening scales rises on four lean, spindly legs and two burning eyes, placed on either side of a bulbous, blue-veined head turn towards you with a hideous refrain. An override tongue slips from a maw of needles and spleen; it bounds towards you with malicious intent.

It requires a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll to recognize the **Hound of Tindalos** (**Keeper Rulebook** page 298) for what it is.

If cultists have not already attacked, they creep through the darkened arboretum and attack now, charging out onto the Veranda hoping to barrel investigators over the edge. **Investigators** who are tumbled over the side mid grapple get a **Luck** roll.

Dining Room

A large table festooned with silverware and fine china caked in dust dominates.

Kitchen

The kitchen is functional yet bereft of implements. Even the coal in the oven seems to have turned brittle with age.

The Elevator

The elevator is a cage of brass bars, oak and green felt panels. A semicircular control panel sits within the enclosure, capped with a lever of polished silver. The gear –currently set in the middle position –rests next to red letters that read ‘ground floor’. Above it, the words ‘second floor’ appear in expertly stenciled, golden letters. A third ‘down’ position is unmarked but is at any rate blocked by a metal bar some three inches thick and ending in a combination lock.

There is no basement to the building but rather a shaft that takes the carriage all the way down the cliff to the lab hidden in the cliffside. Only Meldrum knows the combination. **Investigators** might try to cut through the bar or lock itself but doing so requires a hacksaw and at least an hour’s work. The noise attracts the attention of cultists. If someone takes the lift up, then investigators can break into the now empty lift shaft. Doing so allows them to climb down although the cylinder is close to 300 feet deep.

UPSTAIRS

Investigators can reach the upstairs either by the servant’s stairs near the kitchen or via the grand staircase in the entrance hall.

Bedrooms

There are four bedrooms in the building but only one, on the west side of the upper story has any furniture in it.

Meldrum’s bedroom

The room – dominated by a large four-poster bed flanked by two side tables and a door – leads off to the south. A sizeable Persian rug is spread out over the center of the room

Meldrum’s office

A wood-paneled room dominated by an oak desk, massive stone fireplace and shuttered windows. Piles of papers sit in extraordinarily neat piles while a quill and inkpot placed at right angles to one another appear dried out through misuse.

The drawer in the desk is locked but at any rate, contains little of interest. A successful **Library Use** roll, however, reveals a logbook on the table while an **Accounting** roll indicates some significant payments made to a **Mr. Samuel Adams**, none other than **Professor Cavendish’s** manservant. If at this point the **Investigators** attempt to contact the Professor, they discover that he has gone up to Scotland for a few days to visit relatives.

There is also an aerial photograph (see [Player Handout 18](#)) depicting a stretch of coastline. This is the location of the cove leading to Meldrum’s hidden lab.

Elevator second story

A successful **Mechanical Repair** roll reveals that there is way too much cable attached to the spool for such a modest-sized house.

Storeroom

Beakers, burners, and vials stand in neat rows on one shelf while below jars of acids and sulfates crowd around off tinctures, crystalline substrates and stoppered test tubes of quietly fizzing ochre fluids. A door leads off to a second room. On a shelf on the far wall are rows of finely sculpted heads made of a pinkish clay with a collection of modeling tools neatly piled alongside them. In one corner a headless mannequin leans against the wall. It too is made of clay.



A **Chemistry** roll reveals nothing out of the ordinary about the chemicals on display. Examining the heads reveals exquisite attention to detail in all areas except that the eyes are empty sockets. The skulls are also hollow and the tops of them removable.

Servant Quarters

A single shelf contains a variety of goggles and other protective items such as gloves and masks. From a series of hooks on the wall hang several well-worn protective aprons of conventional design.

The Lab

*Sinks plumbed into the ancient plasterwork crawl with grime. Several used beakers sit in the tub ready for washing. On the bench in front of you lies a glistening mound of reddish slime. Next to it is what appears to be a bust made out of reddish clay. The top of the 'skull' has been removed. Both the lid and head are hollow. Beside it stands a polished cylinder a foot high and somewhat less in diameter fronted with curious sockets set in an isosceles triangle. (See **Brain Cylinder Keeper Handbook** page. 269)*

(**Keeper Note:** Meldrum long since deduced that the Mi-Go sand possesses some form of sentience. He knows that the creatures from Yuggoth use it to seal breaches in their warrens and perhaps even to construct new buildings.

What he doesn't know is how they get the substance to perform such tricks. His experiments down below have led him to a partial discovery. Mixing the sand with certain chemicals creates a slime. See **Yuggoth Slime** in the Appendix.

Sitting Room

Elegant furniture adorns a room blessed with an ocean view. A sleek marble ashtray stands beside a comfortable chair, and portraits of unknowable people hang on the walls gathering dust.

Upper Balcony

Providing some shade for the balcony below, this part of the house seems to be in serious disrepair. Part of the palisade has crumbled away, and a large crack has appeared in the masonry. It snakes its way from the edge of the balcony all the way back to the doors.

(**Keeper Note:** No roll is required for **Investigators** to realize that the gallery is structurally unsound. If they insist on venturing outside, ask for **Luck** rolls.

TO THE OCEAN FLOOR

Investigators might have stumbled upon the unsigned memorandum (See [Player Handout 13](#)) instructing Digby to prepare the diving equipment.

Regardless, the Professor is on hand to nudge them in the right direction if it does not immediately occur to them. Although by now, already the victim of kidnapping, news reached him before he was spirited away. On hearing of the Asbury's fate and suspecting foul play, Cavendish immediately hired a courier to hand-deliver a hastily scribbled note (See [Player Handout 19](#))



NO BIG DEAL

Stretching out before you, the town of Deal is a city of two halves. On the south side, the cove littered with fishing boats of various hues and sizes sits in shadow. Ships drift by crowned with a halo of screeching gulls as fisherman ready tackle and haul the morning catch up the beach towards the gutting shed. Downwind, rows of worker cottages cluster around an impressively neat central parade

Deal is located around eight miles North East of Dover, little more than a simple fishing village supplementing its income via a post-Edwardian obsession with the seaside. An iron pleasure pier dominates the seafront.

Finding Karl Reuben

Depending on the time of day, Reuben is either readying his boat or else unloading the days catch. The ship in question is an impressive single-masted 45 ft turbine-powered launch with a covered cabin. The name 'Sally's Regret,' is scrawled on the side in thick yellow paint.

An ex-marine and WWI veteran, Reuben is a large, barrel-chested man with heavily tattooed arms. His taciturn nature hides a keen intellect and an impressive eye for detail. A former diver, he owns two full diving suits. For a price, he is willing to let the **Investigators** engage in a little salvage. What he is not ready to do is to get the items for them. Reuben is aware that if the **Investigators** are caught red-handed, he can maintain plausible deniability as long as he stays at the helm.

Diving Equipment circa 1925

During the 1920s, only a handful of navy divers are trained to dive deeper than around 90 feet (27 m).

Fortunately for the investigators, the Goodwin Sands lie between 1ft. 8 in (0.5 m) above the low watermark to around 10 ft. (3 m) below the water, except for one channel that drops to approximately 20 m (66 ft.)

Reuben's equipment can more than handle such depths. In his possession are two **Davis Submerged Escape Apparatus** that he insists he acquired from Navy surplus stores shortly after he left the service.

The DSEA

The device resembles a lifebelt. Straps across the waistline and neck can be used to secure a rubber breathing bag to the chest. The upper portion of the breathing bag contains a canister filled with chemicals able to absorb exhaled (CO₂) The lower half includes a steel cylinder filled with 56 liters of Oxygen compressed down to around 120 atmospheres.

Assuming that both the diver and waters are calm, the tank will run close to empty in around 20 minutes at a depth of 32 feet or about 12 minutes at a depth of 60 feet. The rubber bladder is attached to an elastic corrugated tube ending in a mouthpiece. Somewhat painful steel clips fit over the nose to pinch it shut and galvanized rubber goggles with tight straps and thick lenses finish off the design.

The Bends

The bends -- also known as decompression sickness or DCS -- occurs when dissolved gases -- usually Nitrogen -- come out of a solution to form bubbles inside the body as the diver depressurizes. Typically, this only happens during rapid ascent from significant depths. Ascent rates higher than 66 (33 ft/min) are inadvisable. The last 6 m (20 ft) are particularly dangerous; rising should occur no faster than one foot per three seconds or the chances of the **Investigator** suffering from DCS increase dramatically. Any player character rising to the surface too quickly (from around 30 feet or so), must make a **Luck** roll. Investigators who have ventured into depths below that for some reason must make a **Hard Luck** roll.

Failed rolls result in excruciating musculoskeletal pain, formication, numbness and confusion, incontinence, dizziness, and shortness of breath.

The Bends does 1D6 +3 damage per 33 ft. of rapid ascent.

Read the following

Spray leaps from the bow as Reuben's boat curves its way around the coast. You hang on to guide ropes threaded just a few inches below the rim of the ship lurching from port to starboard as the skipper zigzags his way through a network of razor-sharp shoals with barely a sideways glance.

Reuben took only a few moments to school investigators in the use of the equipment. Light is to be provided by a submarine arch lamp. Too bulky to handle, it is attached to a buoy by way of a thick cable of variable length, allowing it to dangle over the dive area and provide consistent illumination. He also has a pair of 45-watt Sodium hand lamps that have to be switched on underwater lest the cold water cracks the heated glass upon immediate contact. They look somewhat like standard oil lanterns save that a conical reflector juts out from the front and the grip is a sturdy metal ring welded on top. The first one has two minutes of power, the second, seven minutes.

Read the Following:

It is near dusk when you arrive at the sandbank. The sun is low in the sky, and gulls cry overhead against a sky of rust. A Royal Navy buoy marks the spot where the ship foundered; it bobs up and down, scattering detritus gathered at its base as the boat pulls alongside and drops anchor.

Divers need to make **Dexterity** rolls for all but the most basic of maneuvers. Keepers might also call for **Strength** or **Constitution** rolls as the situations demands.

THE DIVE

You plunge into the water bracing yourself for a shock of the frigid water that never really materializes. The suit seems to provide some insulation from the cold. You sink lower, eyes bulging as you force yourself to breathe normally. Ten feet: you twist the nob at your side and compressed air leaks into the inflated bag attached to your chest. Twenty feet — thirty feet. You are in a bubble of light some fifty feet wide beyond which lies the most absolute blackness you have ever seen. Only below can you make out details; the hull of the Ausbery resting prone against the side of an immense sandbank.

Up above

You feed the cable through a hoop in the side of the buoy acting as a cradle for the light. Glancing up you see the sun has begun to dip below the horizon. It seethes like an angry red boil as it casts its rays across the surface of the sea, sending a huge golden corridor cascading off to port. To starboard white cliffs gleam like polished dentures. A droning noise reaches your ears, and a flicker of movement causes you to turn back towards the coast. A boat is approaching. Approaching fast

Meldrum had intended to wait until nightfall, but upon seeing the boat pull alongside the wreck, he has moved his timetable forward. He has sent six armed cultists to deal with the interlopers.

Down Below

The light hangs some seven or eight feet above you like a pale sun on an overcast day.

The Ausbery is 100 feet in length with two smokestacks situated towards the center of the vessel. You swim down past the rear section, shining your torches across the hull, noting the single line of portholes running across its length. A significant rent in the mid-section has caused the ship to curl inwards.

Anyone opting to swim closer to the porthole and peer in is greeted with the sight of a woman's alabaster face, contorted in fear. One eye has already been chewed out by marine life. **SAN** roll 0/1D3. Eddies around the ship make it hard to navigate. Ask for a **Dexterity** roll and if successful **Investigators** must also make a **Hard Spot Hidden** roll.

A burst of bubbles spills from some hidden air pocket in the wreck below blinding you for the briefest of moments. The churning waters clear and you are gripped with chilling certainty. Spinning through the water towards you is the enormous bulk of a Great White Shark

Up Above

The approaching vessel turns to port and then begins tracing a circle around your boat. The sunlight is all but gone, but you can see that there are six men on board; one at the tiller and the other five spread out in a line. Without warning, bullets whine past your ears and splinters fly, Reuben swears reaches under the wheel and comes away with a .38 and box of ammo.

The Cultists are all armed with pistols aside from one who is busily peppering the boat with a Tommy Gun. They have partial cover as does any investigator who chooses to raise themselves from a sedentary position.

Down Below

You reach out in panic as the creature lunges at you, but as it gets closer, you note that its eyes are dull and glassy. It rotates revealing shreds of rubbery flesh hanging from a ribcage that seems to have burst open from the inside. Contrails of blood and tissue swirl around you as the creature sinks through the halo of light and disappear into the abyss beyond.

The shark, attracted by the smell of carrion on the Ausbery very recently encountered a traveling Yugothian. The shark got too close, and the Mi-Go used a microwave gun to cook it from the inside out. Ask for a **SAN** roll 0/1 for seeing the shark.

When they recover and arrive at the door, **read the following.**

The door won't budge. You peer in through the cabin window, but all is dark inside. The door was locked when the ship went down. Pressing your weight against it is no good, you cannot get any leverage.

The most obvious solution is to go in through the side window, but that will require something to smash it. Allow a **Spot Hidden** roll to notice something suitable. Even so, breaking a window with this much water resistance is no easy task. Investigators must succeed on a **Strength** roll.

Up Above

The firefight up above continues. If the Investigators become incapacitated, Reuben hauls anchor and makes his escape as best he can. Regardless, at least one of the cultists has the idea at this point to shoot out the buoy.

Sparks fly from its metallic casing and the thick rubber cable lashes to the side in a shower of white light. The buoy sags, groans, and then begins to sink.

Down Below

The ambient light blinks out.

Investigators must now switch on at least one of the hand lamps if they have not already done so. With no way of communicating with those above their choices are limited. They can either return to the surface or else search the cabin.

The cabin is a simple affair containing a bed and a writing desk upon which sits a typewriter flanked by leaves of paper rolling over in the current. A sea chest in the corner is the only other adornment. Floating beside it is the corpse of a drowned man, eyes are levered open as if in shock.

Davenport was caught unprepared by the sudden crash and then knocked senseless against one of the bulkheads. The cold water revived him as it rushed in but too late for him to save himself.

The trunk is locked and picking the lock under such conditions requires an extreme **Locksmith** roll. Allow an **Idea** roll to suggest searching through Davenport's pockets for a key. Doing so requires a **Spot Hidden** success and a **SAN** roll 0/1.

You are blinded by an explosion of bubbles as trapped air escapes from the massive trunk. Items of clothing wave lazily at you, a hat, a shirt, and two loose buttons. Brushing them aside you reach towards the bottom of the trunk where sits a sealed package, bound tightly together with coarse twine. You turn it over in your hands and glance behind. Through the broken window, two pale green lights, approaching at high speed are visible. One flashes red for a brief moment. The other responds with a series of auburn flashes and then changes direction, heading upwards to the surface.

Up Above

A funnel of water – as if the ocean suffered a mortar strike – bursts upwards between the two vessels. Cresting it is a figure, undulating with shades of rotting peach, and chittering with moth-like excitement. Diaphanous wings spread, shivering with polychromatic dew as its bulbous head pivots left and then right. The cultists open fire on the new arrival.

Use the statistics for **Mi-Go Keeper Rulebook** Page. 301

If wounded the Mi-Go dives under the water. The cultists fight to the death no matter what.

Down Below

The light cuts towards you with unnerving speed, and with shaking hands, you clamber out of the cabin. It's moving fast, perhaps too quickly.



The membrane the Mi-Go is using to keep itself dry is semi-permeable. It is unable to fire its **Electric Gun** (**Keeper Rulebook** page. 270) underwater but carries a microwave device for that very reason (see **Appendix**).

It gets close, very close, and studies the humans as they ascend. **SAN** rolls are required (See **Keeper Rulebook** Page 301). If the investigators attack, it will fight back. Otherwise, it lets them go in peace.

Up above

As the **Investigators** reach the surface, Reuben helps them onboard fires the engine full-throttle in an attempt to flee the scene.

The package

At some point, the **Investigators** are likely to open the box; when they do, read the following:

The package unfurls like a morning flower as soon as you cut the heavy twine. Water dribbles lazily from the corners of the wilting wax paper as light glints off the reddish form of a carefully carved ellipse of glass. About two inches thick and perhaps ten inches wide, the edge is textured via the etchings of a debased language of unsettling origin. The lens is utterly smooth, with no trace of imperfection upon its surface. It is warm to the touch.

SAN roll 0/1 to see the artifact.

Translating the writing upon the edge requires 1D4 hours of study and a **Hard Archeology** roll (see [Player Handout 20](#)).

If the Investigators choose to hold it up to a light source, they notice an odd shimmer appear at the focal point, a few feet away from where they are standing.

The prize in hand, the investigators, might want to contact the professor immediately, or they may wish to wait until morning. Either way, Meldrum intends to stop them.

If they are unable to retrieve the package, Meldrum gets his hands on it instead and absconds to his lab to prepare the summoning.

NEXT STEPS

Potential plans of action are listed below.

THE FLIGHT BACK TO LONDON

If the Investigators attempt to return to London immediately, they will arrive at the Professor's private accommodation or office at the Royal Society to find it in a state of disarray. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll reveals signs of a scuffle and the presence of drops of blood on the hearth and the tip of the coal shovel. The phone rings 1D3 minutes after they arrive. If they choose to answer it, they hear only a thin, rasping voice.

"If you ever want to see him again, be at the Church in Margaret's at Cliffe at midnight. Bring it with you."

NIGHT IN DEAL

The same phone call greets Investigators who to return to their lodgings.



The Church

The doors stand ajar, the light from within beckoning you to an uncertain fate. You step across the threshold where hundreds of candles sputter casting a warm fuzzy glow over the dust-caked altar. The church interior consists of three white pillars on either side of an aisle that is flanked by neat rows of benches. The posts connect via sweeping arches that hold aloft a ceiling of oak blackened with age. The pulpit is carved granite, draped with threadbare tapestries and capped with an unpolished silver lectern. Mark Davis stands atop it, his arms spread wide in welcome. Flanking him are two sturdy figures dressed in pinstripe suits, features obscured by angled trilbies; their hands twitch a spasmodic tattoo by their sides. A little way behind them is a prostrate figure, hooded and bound cruelly at the wrists with a stiff wire.

Keepers Note: This is not Cavendish and the prostrate figure – a villager – lies unmoving because he is no longer alive.

“Gentlemen, there is no need for unpleasantness. I only want what is mine, I have, after all, waited so many years. The key, please.”

As he talks, his men surround the church.

If they hand over the real lens

If the **Investigators** offer to hand over the key, one of the **Cloying Ones** steps forward to make the exchange. Upon learning, it is genuine, Meldrum snarls with pleasure.

“Kill them, but don’t damage the brains, I’ll be in my lab; we go tonight.”

Meldrum deftly ducks down the door to the crypt slamming the heavy door behind him.

Keeper Note: There is a not too well concealed rear entrance from the catacombs to the small graveyard at the back of the church.

If they refuse to hand over the lens or hand over a fake package

If the package is false, or if they failed to bring it with them, Meldrum will command one of his Golems to rip ‘Cavendish’s head off – bag still attached – and attempt to take another hostage before threatening to do the same.

At any rate, Meldrum will not stop until he has got the lens. Even as they speak, Meldrum’s henchmen begin their search of the **Investigator’s** rooms. As a final resort, he had the investigators followed, so any hiding place they might have contrived offers little protection.

As soon as Meldrum has the key – or his aides indicate it is secured – events proceed as before (see above)

If an Investigator held back to protect the artifact or perhaps even take it out of the immediate areas, have them waylaid.

INTO THE CLIFF

Meldrum has used this ancient smuggling cave for centuries. There are only two ways in. The first – natural entrance – is partly submerged even at low tide. It is situated one and a half miles west of Meldrum’s mansion and accessible only by boat. Reuben won’t take his boat out again for any price.

It requires a **Spot Hidden** roll to locate the sheltered cove although **Investigators** must state that they are traveling farther up the coast in search of it. If they spot it, require a **Hard Boating** roll (See Appendix)

If they fail the roll, **read the following.**

Finally, you spot something of interest. A clutch of rocks curling inwards like an elongated S makes its way to a half-submerged cave entrance flanked by a ragged slate and spitting eddies. White spray blinds you as the boat lurches from side to side in the rough waters. The tiller shudders in your hand as the keel grates upon the sharp rocks below. Water pools in the bilge.

The boat will sink in 1D6 rounds or 1D6+1D4 rounds if they go all-out bailing. Forced to abandon the ship, **Investigators** must make swim rolls to make it to the cave entrance.

The **Investigators** may have other concerns anyway. Meldrum’s Shoggoth (See **Keeper Rulebook** page 306), patrols the waters outside the cave with orders to sink any vessel that lingers too long.

Read the following:

Something flickers at the periphery of your vision, and as you glance off to the horizon, you see the black mass of a shoal some five yards across intersecting the vector of your approach. You blink as the shoal seems to change shape before your eyes. It uncoils like a coagulating mass of ink suspended a few feet below the surface. The form shudders as tendrils of obsidian ripple outwards from an indistinct periphery. A lurch of certitude rises in your gut. It's moving towards you, against the current.

The Shoggoth will not reach the investigators for 2D6 rounds.

See **Keeper Rulebook** Page 306.

As the Investigators enter the cave, **read the following:**

The cave is perhaps seven or eight feet wide--although in places it narrows to half that – and no more than six feet high at any given point. The walls are damp and chalky. You arrive at last at a weathered door wedged between a narrowing of the passage, naught but a rusted lock held aloft by wet wood.

The door is in no condition to resist efforts to move it to one side, but the noise reverberates around the cavern and alerts the guard at 'G.' (See Map)

LOCATION A

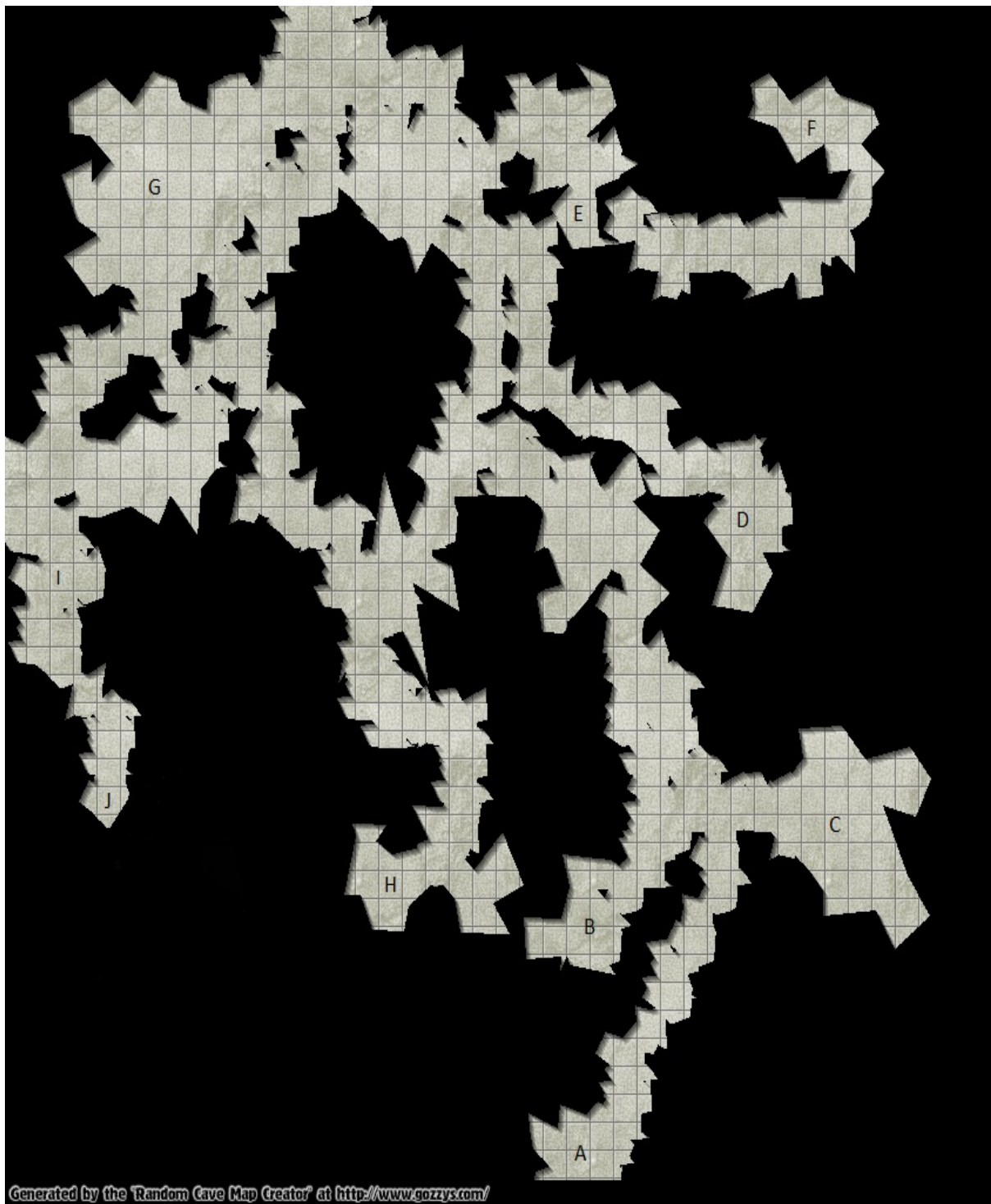
The door opens to a gallery of some 20 feet in diameter. The remains of old rotting barrels, discarded iron pinions, and other less identifiable detritus lie strewn across the floor.

LOCATION B

The path leading southwest ends abruptly in what looks to be a part-carved out storage facility. As before, all items have turned to rot.



THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE



LOCATION C

The East path opens up into a much larger natural lichen covered grotto dominated by a large pool of water. Anemic light streams in from a gap in the cliff wall some thirty or forty feet above and as you step over the threshold, the ground beneath your feet shifts and pops as if you are walking upon a shell beach. Ripples shudder across the pool.

The sound emanates from the remains of an ancient midden – a rubbish tip made up of thousands of oyster shells.

LOCATION D

The cave ends abruptly.



LOCATION E

Another Grotto opens up before you although this one seems dry. Towards the south end of the cavern, a slight breeze emanates from an alcove carved out of the wall.

The alcove contains a fissure barely wide enough to squeeze through. An Investigator attempting to do so must make a **SIZ** roll with a penalty dice for anyone size 70 or above and a bonus dice for anyone of size 50 or less. A failure indicates that the investigator is stuck and must re-roll once per round in an attempt to get himself free.

Following the crescent shape of the cave beyond soon reveals cracked bones and the gnawed skulls of dogs and other animals. A **Spot Hidden** roll shows a human femur nestled within the detritus.

Your hand snaps back, and the bone falls from your grasp, landing with a brittle clang that sets your teeth on edge. As the echo recedes, another noise rises to prominence. A wet/dry sound not unlike the slimy rattle of maggots wriggling in an angler's bucket.

Father Dalton's death at Meldrum's hands all those years ago was not quite as absolute as Meldrum first expected. Dalton returned from the grave as a **Crawling One** (See **Keeper Rulebook** Page 286). The miserable wretch was dragged down to the cave and left free to roam ever since. He is always hungry but has long ago lost the ability to cast any spells.

A mass of bloated maggots and writhing larvae stagger towards you. Humanoid in shape its body undulates and contorts before your eyes as steaming clumps of grubs and other crawling outrages fall from its stinking limbs before rejoining the whole with each passing footfall.

SAN Loss 1D3/ 2D6.

LOCATION F

A quick search of Dalton's lair reveals little other than chewed bones.

LOCATION G

This large cavern operates as a storeroom of sorts. Sheets of tarpaulin heaped in one corner molder alongside a collection of heavy work boots, picks, and other assorted tools. In the far corner two neatly stacked boxes marked 'Explosives' sit flush against the wall.

Meldrum has wisely kept some distance between himself and the 60 odd sticks of dynamite stored here in the two boxes.

LOCATION I

A mystic ward guards this path.

Read the following to the first **Investigator** to enter.

As you cross the threshold of a narrowing gap in the cavern wall, a myriad of lewd sounds careens off the very walls. A keening jamboree of dissonant chords and maudlin wailings, it lasts but a few seconds, but even as it fades, the memory of its profanity burns like white phosphorous.

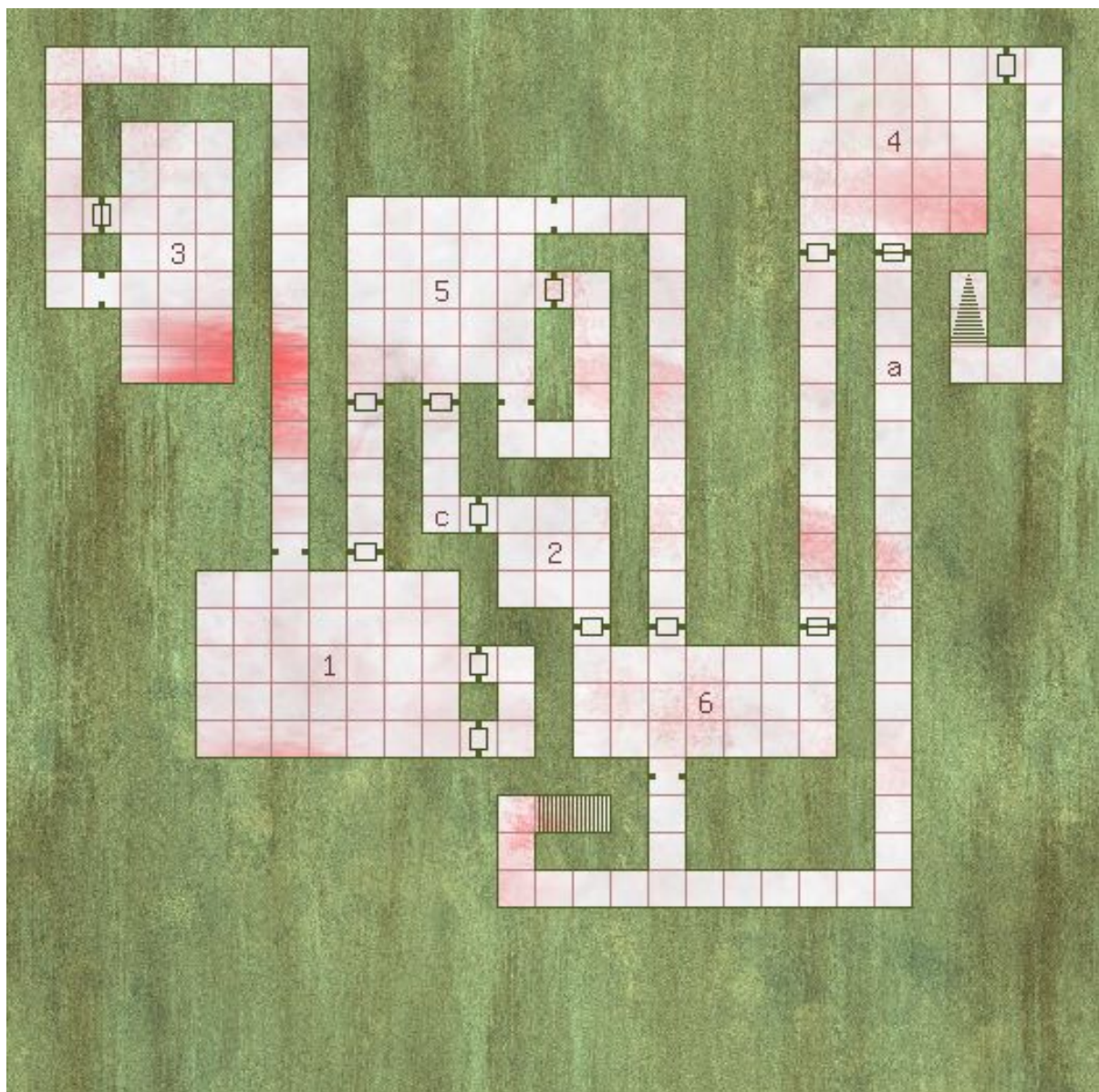
Ask for an opposed **POW** roll. If the **Investigator** fails, then they take 3D10 damage to their **APP**, lose 1d6 hit points, and 3D10 **CON**.

Location J

A sturdy looking door bars the way. A **Locksmith** roll is required to open it. If explosives are used they cause a cave in. Any **Investigator** failing a **Luck** roll takes 2D6+3 damage. Meldrum is alerted to their presence regardless.

MELDRUM'S SECRET LABORATORY

If alerted, Meldrum escapes via the elevator and then sabotages it by leaving the doors at the top open.



LOCATION 1

Elevator room

An elevator shaft of bronze and steel that ascends into the chalk ceiling dominates the room. Dried blood sticks to the ground in matted clumps.

To the east of the room is Meldrum's panic-room. He will be in here only if the investigators have managed to enter the complex without making any noise or used the elevator to come down

The safe room

Only a **Hard Spot Hidden** roll reveals the presence of a secret door. The door has an armor of 20 and 45 Hitpoints.

LOCATION 2

This room is closed off by two glass doors of alien design. The glass is impossibly durable and even attempting to scratch it with a piece of diamond jewelry proves futile. Inside is an adult Mi-Go.

Read the following:

A sheet of glass bars further progress in this direction; viscous and tacky to the touch. Beyond it, queer coils of fog spiral-like ringlets around the shivering figure of a bloated horsefly bristling with treacle-black hairs that quiver in clusters around its thorax. A sudden lurch and a leprous, lamp-like eye the color of putrid meat curves towards you peering out with malign intent. Membranous wings held aloft with sinews of raw fat rattle a vile warning.

The 'door' has 25 hit points and armor of 10. If they manage to get through somehow, the Mi-Go rises from its slumber ignoring the **Investigators** as it wanders wander the complex in search of Meldrum. (**SAN** roll if this is the first time the Investigators encounter this particular **Mi Go**, see **Keeper rulebook** Page 301.)

LOCATION 3

The corridor is coated floor to ceiling with grimy off-white tiles spattered with flecks of viscera. Ahead of you, a smear of still-drying blood streaks north.

The Corridor leads to Meldrum's laboratory proper. The doors are not locked.

Four milk-white glass tubes embedded in brass fixtures stand in the center of the room. Roughly man-sized, three of the cells appear to be empty but within one something indistinct and shadowy thrashes.

The thing in the container is a Dimensional Jockey (See the **Appendix**)

Meldrum has booby-trapped the cylinder so that only he may safely enter this part of the lab.

Read the Following:

One-half of the cylinder shudders then curls back inside the other making a sound like glass scrapped against a blackboard. The doors to the laboratory slam shut.

An elongated oval of coiled eel-like tentacles crawls out of the tube, assailing your senses with the smell of fermented seafood and the sound of wet leather slapping against a stone. The aberration has no center, and each tentacle ends in a sensory organ of some kind; some blink with lidless eyes, some sniff at the air. Pale ropey tongues emerge from asymmetric orifices licking the surrounding area and dripping creamy froth on the tiles below.

Upon a successful grapple, it uses its dimensional shift ability, feeding upon the victim's **POW** to find its way home.

Read the following:

The universe shatters like dropped porcelain. You feel a hideous weight bear down on you as the creature clings to your back with barbed hooks, and slurping, sucking organs

A field of mauve gives way to a swirling cosmos of infinity. The scream that passes your lips takes on the physical form of a billion bleached locusts hurtling towards the same central point of nothingness. You elongate to infinitude as each molecule in your body is strung out into a continuous chain that vibrates to the maddening beat of vile drums and the atonal wail of a billion flutes. You fall and land with a grunt upon the grubby tiles of a laboratory that just moments ago you would have sworn was real.

SAN roll D20/D100.

The doors are now locked and require a **Locksmith** roll or brute-force to open.

On the bench, **Investigators** find a sizeable wrought iron key that opens the locked door located in **Location 4**

LOCATION 4

Two of Meldrum's henchmen are situated here, playing cards via the light from an oil lamp.

A door on the far side requires a **Hard Locksmith** roll to open.

It leads to an unlocked cell containing Professor Cavendish. When the **Investigators** arrive **read the following**:

The hallway ends in a wrought iron door peppered with oxidizing rivets clustering around joints like acne. The smell of mold and human waste assaults your senses, and as you peer through the half-open door, you see in a cell no more than 8 feet square, a figure lies hunched over in the corner.

Cavendish is long dead. Meldrum has already removed his eyes.

Read the following if the **Investigators** manage to get into the cell.

An ashen face lined with hurt looks out at you with two dark empty sockets that once held eyes bright with burning intellect. The top of his skull is missing the now hollow cavity is caked with half dry gore.

SAN roll 1/1D6

LOCATION 5

This dimly lit room seems to act as a storage area and is empty aside from a few sacks of flour, neatly stacked canned goods and two barrels. The barrels contain salted fish in the first instance and dried, sour looking apples in the second. Three doors lead further into the complex with a fourth door gaining access to a long pantry filled with more provisions.

LOCATION 6

Generator Room

This room contains a 3kw DC Generator. Made by the Imperial Electric company of Ohio in 1922, the device resembles an oversized propane tank resting on its side.

Location A

This corridor leads to the cave system.

Escape from the lab

The elevator is useless. A **Repair** roll suggests that the door at the top has been left open. Several options are available.

One or more investigators can swim back up the coast.

An **Investigator** might attempt to climb the shaft. The 300ft climb is dangerous, and when they get to the top, they find the elevator itself barring the way. A small hatch in the bottom can be pried loose.

Ventilation shafts: Each room has one, they connect, eventually, to the outside. Investigators can crawl through the cylinders, but the sight of an exit some fifty feet upon a cliffside might temper any thoughts of escape.

THE SUMMONING

The wind howls like shattering glass. Trees bend in arthritic splendor. The sea is textured. Bubbling clouds of ebony and ash swirl above your heads and as you stare at the tempest raging before you an arc of light sweeps across the bay.

Meldrum – engrossed in preparations for the summoning – has instructed his pet **Shoggoth** to watch the road leading to the lighthouse. It is a five-mile drive from Meldrum's house and six miles from the cove. And their car has been sabotaged.

You slow the car down as a sheet of lightning offers a brief snapshot of the village outskirts. It is bereft of all life; shutters swing from hinges chattering like teeth against the sides of buildings. The sky brightens again, and a deafening peal of thunder booms across the ocean. The car sputters and stalls.

The hand crank starter popularised by Ford's Model T only lasted until 1919, but most cars in the '20s and '30s still had the option of starting the engine in this way as a backup.

You give the handle a firm yank, and the engine shudders and then sighs. You stand up and offer a withering smile to your companions in the car. Your smile falters as you notice they are looking directly over your shoulder

Over the side of the cliff, a frothing mountain of placenta crawls its way towards you. Tendrils lash and mucus puddles as it heaves its hideous bulk over the lip of the now crumbling cliff edge and with a petulant flick of a virgin pseudopod a nearby lamppost pinwheels towards you burying itself three feet deep in the verge before the church.

The creature will be upon them in 1d3 +2 rounds. Only a successful **Luck** roll will start the vehicle.

SETTING UP THE CHASE

The weather makes for poor visibility; driving at breakneck speed is suicide. Players who insist on driving faster than **Move** 10 are considered to have pushed their roll.



CHASE LOCATIONS

The Investigators start to the North of the village itself while the Shoggoth begins two places behind.

Drive into the Shoggoth

Driving into the **Shoggoth** at full speed results in 6D10 points of damage to the car and half that in feet moved; the beast is 15 feet from the edge.

The Fallen Tree

A fallen tree blocks their path. They can break and steer around the obstacle allowing the Shoggoth to move up one location for free or else take it at speed and suffer a Minor incident (See **Vehicular collisions Keeper Rulebook** page147)

The Church

The church spire glows with cobalt as lightning strikes three times in quick succession.

The Village Green

The duck pond has overflowed, and a torrent of water pours across the road. The **Investigator** at the wheel must make a **Drive Auto** roll

Open Country

As the investigators travel across the distance between the village and the lighthouse, they notice another vehicle coming towards them in the opposite direction. Do they warn the occupants of what lies behind?

Lighthouse Approach

The road gives way to a path that leads to Lighthouse grounds.

You take a hard left, leaving the road and skidding onto the rough path that winds upwards. A haggard corpse of a man bars your way grinning with inane certitude as he fidgets with a butcher's knife clasped in one white-knuckled hand.

Running the figure over at this speed presents no barrier whatsoever but will kill the cultist and induce a **SAN** roll for the driver of 1/1D3 and one for the passengers 0/1.

Lighthouse Gate

The gate is padlocked and although the fence is easily climbed the lighthouse is an 800-yard uphill jog from here. Smashing through at speed, attempting to pick or shoot the lock off are possible options here.

The golden arc of light sweeping across the bay suddenly pauses in mid-swing leaving a patch of light burnt into the fabric of the night sky half a mile wide. The light turns bloodshot and inflamed around the periphery as white motes form in its center. Atop the lighthouse, a figure stands, eclipsed, arm held aloft over a struggling form. The crowd below claw at their clothes and skin, writhing to the beat of a blasphemous chant.

Behind you, the amorphous bulk of the thing that has been pursuing looms large. It rolls uphill, its shapeless form expectorating buttery puss.

The Shoggoth is fractious. It obeys Meldrum's order to prevent anyone from interfering with the ritual but is more than happy to kill anything that gets in its way, cultists included.

The **Investigators** have six rounds before Meldrum summons **Shub Niggurath**.

To the Light House

Two cultists guard the entrance and will fight to the death. If the **Investigators** make it to the stairs, the **Shoggoth** begins to tear it down. The structure has 250 hit points. Even so, it will take the **Shoggoth** only a short while to tear it down, 4-6 rounds or so. Keepers should make sure the **Investigators** are aware of the ferocity of the attack without discussing actual numbers.

Atop the Lighthouse

The sky is torn asunder as two large spine-like appendages covered in tufts of sinew emerges from the gaping maw in the air. They reach out towards the shore, thrashing the waters below to blood-red foam.

Meldrum stands beside a figure of clay, so life-like that you at first mistook it for another guard. Two human eyes peer out of its sockets with thoughtless disdain and you are reminded of the azure of Cavendish's gaze.

Meldrum will not allow **Investigators** to interrupt his moment of triumph.

SAN roll 1D6/1D20 for those who witness the approach of **Shub Niggurath**.

The lens is white-hot. **Investigators** who try to remove it unprotected suffer 1D6+3 damage per round.

Smashing the lens is near impossible; it has an armor of 20 and 5 hit points.

The reflector, however, is made of glass, and although tough it can be disabled. It has an armor rating of zero and 25 hit points.

If they succeed, then read the following:

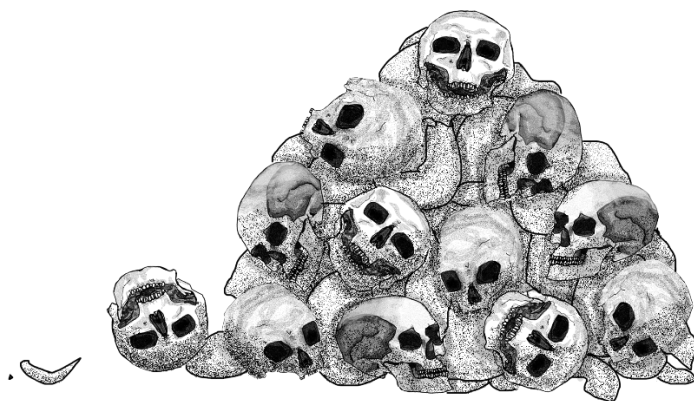
The light sputters twice and then fades to nothingness. Across the sea, the portal snaps shut and carrion rains from the sky as severed tentacles drop into the ocean from hundreds of feet in the air. A rumbling sound heralds the approach of a monster wave.

If they arrive too late or if they fail to stop Meldrum in time, read the following.

Across the bay, boney appendages thrust into the water below as a yellowish beak filled with glistening sabers pushes its way through the rent in reality. A head emerges, and thick coils of white jelly vibrate with rubbery excitement as clumps of eyes peer in all directions and steaming filth drips from the creatures masticating jaws.

Meldrum's body falls to the ground like wilted lettuce. A moment's pause; far below the cultists succumb to the physical force of a thousand thrashing tentacles. The figure of clay arises and peers at you with eyes burning with naked hatred.

Shub Niggurath is here, and the **Investigators** have failed.



APPENDIX

NEW HORRORS

Cloying Ones

The rain brought with it a sour smell of mildew and honey. Across the narrow stretch of beach stood four figures twitching with the asynchronous animation of stop motion movie monsters.

Cloying Ones are slavish golems constructed of living clay. A mixture of phyllosilicate minerals and water it also requires a quantity of blood and a few grains of **Mi-Go** sand. A space is hollowed out for the brain and eye stems. Other forms are possible, but human minds cannot control anything above **SIZ** 120. Without regular maintenance, the brain dries out, and the **Cloying One** perishes.

Cloying Ones - Crazy henchmen of living clay

char	averages	rolls
STR	105	(6D6 x5)
CON	80	(3D6 x5)
SIZ	55	(2D6+6x5)
DEX	50	(3D6x5)
INT	20	(1D4+2x5)
POW	05	(05)

Average Damage Bonus: +1D4

Average Build: 1

Magic Points: 1

Move: 8

Attacks

Attacks Per Round: 1

Fighting 50%, 1D8 + Damage Bonus **Cloying Ones** can elongate their arms to strike opponents up to 10 feet away.

Grapple: 65% Upon a successful strike to the face (penalty dice to target), the **Cloying One** can attempt to grapple. As with attacks, their elastic body allows them to wrestle opponents up to 10 feet away. Once a **Cloying One** has hold of an opponent, it can choose to fill an opponent's nose and mouth with thick, foul-smelling clay. Follow the rules for **Asphyxiation** found in **Keeper Rulebook** page. 124.

Dodge: **Cloying Ones** do not dodge

Armor: Major wounds result in the loss of a limb otherwise ignore damage except to the head (one penalty dice to target the head).

Variation: Cloying Wolves

Squat hummocks of bunched muscle raise themselves upon four shivering limbs their skin rippling with the staccato formication of uncounted burrowing things.

Cloying Wolves are constructed in the same way as Cloying Ones only using the brains of animals. Keepers should feel free to offer as many variations on the creatures as they see fit, Pigs, dogs, cats of all sizes and so on. Two headed varieties are particularly gruesome and should offer additional challenges in combat such as an extra bite. Each creature needs to be sculpted in roughly the same form it's consciousness was used to in life or they find it impossible to control their movements. Listless unless aggravated they are mouldy creatures, riddled with parasites and bugs.

Use the same statistics as above but replace Attacks with Claws, bites and gores taking inspiration from Chapter 14 of the **Keeper rulebook**. Given sufficient quantities of sand, Meldrum could create creatures of any size but has limited construction to animlas that might look farmilliar to locals, at least from a distance.

Dimensional Jockey

Wrapped in its cool embrace it we travelled the entire spectrum of reality in the blink of a cataract eye.

The **Dimensionally Jockey** feeds of Sanity points. It cannot be harmed by conventional weapons although it is vulnerable to magic. One it successfully grapples an opponent it shifts through various realities, draining the sanity of its victims as they are exposed to sights unseen. It returns briefly to its original location, drops off its passenger and shifts to another reality in search of fresh meals.

Able to pass through most barriers it will pursue until it is damaged in some way or has fed.

Dimensiaonal Jockey - Sanity vampires with insatiable appetites.

char	averages	rolls
STR	15	(1D6 x5)

CON	N/A	
SIZ	55	(2D6+6 x5)
DEX	95	(2D6+12 x5)
INT	70	(4D6 x5)
POW	50*	(2D6 x5)

*Base amount that increases as it devours san.

Average Damage Bonus: NA

Average Build: 1

Magic Points: 10*

Move: 14/25 flying

Attacks

Attacks Per Round: 1

Grapple: 85% Upon a successful grapple investigators must succeed on an opposed Pow roll or suffer the consequences of a dimensional shift. During this time they are shown 1D4 +1 images of cosmic vistas of varying intensity requiring sanity rolls for each. In **Shadow on the Sea** this images are specified within the text but future encounters could be randomized, or prescribed as the Keeper sees fit

Dodge: Incorporeal until it makes contact with a sentient mind, Dimensional Jockeys have no need to dodge.

Armor: Ignore damage from naything other than magical attacks. If damaged in such a way the Dimensional Jockey shifts to another plane of existewnce in search of easier prey.

Yuggoth Slime

It quivered in animal anticipation unfurling like undercooked ovum as pseudopods grasped in all directions, searching for fresh purchase.

The slime is attracted to weak electrical currents such as those given off by living tissue.

Yuggoth Slime - Animated protoplasm from the far reaches of the solar system

char	averages	rolls
STR	105	(6D6x5)
CON	65	(2D6+6x5)
SIZ	15	(1D6 x5)
DEX	95	(2D6+12 x5)
INT	Na	
POW	50	(3D6x5)

Average Damage Bonus: NA

Average Build: 1

Magic Points: 0

Move: 8

Attacks

Attacks Per Round: 1

Grapple: 65% Attached to an exposed patch of skin it begins to emit an acidic compound dealing 1D3 damage per round. Treat its **STR** as 150 to rip it off; doing so causes an additional point of damage.

Armor: Bullets and bludgeoning damage inflict only one point of damage to the slime.

SAN Loss: 0/1 to witness 1/D6 if it manages to kill its victim.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Meldrum

Sir John Meldrum - Ancient agent of a long-dead King

STR 105	CON 120	SIZ 65	DEX 60
INT 85	APP 65	POW 90	EDU 90
SAN 00			

HP: 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Build: 1

Magic points: 18

Move: 8

Attacks

Attacks Per Round: 1

Fighting: 55%, 1D3 + Damage Bonus.

Dagger: 65% 1D6 +1 + Damage Bonus. A creature of the 17th century Meldrum is an expert swordsman but long ago stopped carrying on at his side. He is, however, always armed with a wicked-looking jeweled dagger.

Grapple: 55%

Dodge: 55% Meldrum is surprisingly light on his feet.

Armor: Meldrum takes half damage from bullets and bladed weapons. Blunt damage such as a thrown punch only inflicts 1 point of damage unless it manages to inflict a wound.

Spells: Dominate, Wither Limb, Enchant Knife, Curse of the Putrid Husk, Create Mists of R'leyh, Song of Hastur, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Shub Niggurath

Skills: Stealth 50%, Latin 85%, French 70%, Fast Talk 60% Disguise 80%

Special Powers: Meldrum can alter his appearance thanks to his exposure to the **Mi-go sand**.

Samuel Adams

Samuel Adams, Meldrum's Spy

STR 95 CON 100 SIZ 80 DEX 60 INT 65
APP 40 POW 25 EDU 40 SAN 00

HP: 19

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Build: 1

Magic points: 1

Move: 7

Attacks

Attacks Per Round:1

Fighting 65%, 1D3 + Damage Bonus. Adams is a formidable Boxer.

Grapple: 45%

Dodge: 55% Adams is surprisingly light on his feet despite his size.

Armor: As Meldrum.

Wilson, Lighthouse Keeper

STR 95 CON 90 SIZ 65 DEX 70 INT 55
APP 60 POW 40 EDU 30 SAN 00

HP: 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Build: 1

Magic points: 4

Move: 8

Attacks

Attacks Per Round:1

Fighting 55%, 1D3 + Damage Bonus.

Grapple: 35%

Dodge: 45% Adams is surprisingly light on his feet.

Firearms .45 Automatic.

Armor: As Meldrum.

Skills: Stealth 55% Electrical Repair 60%

Professor Henry Cavendish

Prof. Cavendish, Senior Fellow of the Royal Institute

STR 35 CON 30 SIZ 50 DEX 40
INT 90 APP 30 POW 45 EDU 95
SAN 37

HP: 8

Damage Bonus: None

Build: 1

Magic Points: 9

Move: 3

Attacks

None - Cavendish is a pacifist.

Skills: Credit Rating 99%, Paleo linguistics, 80%, French 95%, Latin 70%, Greek 65%, Archaeology 78% History 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 22%, Occult 55% Persuade 45% Appraise 30%

ARTEFACTS & ALIEN DEVICES

Microwave Gun

Used By: Mi-go

This gun acts by boiling a 10-foot section of water up to 100 feet away from its firing position. Intervening water is not affected. Anyone caught in the 'bubble' of heated liquid instantly feels its effects. They take 1D6 damage in the first round 1D8 in the second round and 1D10 loss in all subsequent rounds.

Sands of Yuggoth

Used By: Mi-go, Cultists

Mi-Go mine this substance in the southern hemisphere of Yuggoth. Believed to be the decayed remnants of a long-dead god it resembles a coarse powder not unlike ground spices it. It has many uses. When mixed with water (or blood), and a quantity of sand it takes on a clay-like appearance. Only a relatively small amount of sand is required to create such clay.

GRIMOIRE

Exsanguinous Vitae

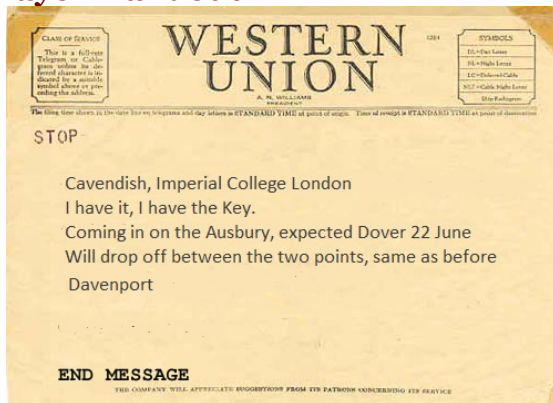
Cost: 5 Magic Points

Casting Time: 1 Hour

This spell allows the caster to infuse clay with an alien substrate to create a **Cloying One**. First, a vessel – usually humanoid in shape is made by mixing blood from a freshly drained body with phyllosilicate minerals and a few grains of Mi-Go sand.

PLAYER HANDOUTS

Player Handout 1



Player Handout 2

My friends. My apologies, my health is not what it once was; I made rather a fool of myself out there wandering off I thought, what? Still, no matter, no matter. People expect a little doddering at my age. I wonder if I might impose on you? I have... something that needs collecting it's not far, just down the coast. I had intended to go myself but... I don't think so; I'm not well."

"Have you heard of the Foreland lighthouses? No, I suppose not, why would you? On the Kentish coast, not far from Dover there is a sandbank, the Goodwin Sands. So many ships have foundered there that some refuse to traverse it at night preferring to haul anchor instead. Two lighthouses built, oh, a long time ago ... to protect the shipping lanes. There is a beach equidistant between the two. The day after tomorrow, a boat will come ashore at midnight. They have something.

It's nothing untoward, not really. It's just something that might get tied up in red tape. And I need it... it's The answer to so many questions. You should be able to find lodgings in Margarett at Cliffe; it's a small village, not far from the beach where you will pick up the package. Don't dally there though, as soon as you have it make haste; drive through the night if you must!

Player Handout 3

London Daily News 1899.

Marconi Crosses Channel!

Gulgimerio Marconi, inventor of the wireless receiver hit a major milestone today when a signal transmitted from North Foreland Lighthouse in Kent was received by a lighthouse in Wimereux France. Owner and operator of both local Lighthouses a Mr. David Anderson was on hand to congratulate Marconi on his stupendous victory. The great inventor stood before the assembled crowd and offered a few words, promising that soon, the mighty Atlantic would be conquered in a similar fashion.

“The World gets smaller every day and as it does so our understanding deepens, he said.

Player Handout 4

Player Handout 4 is in Latin.

Non enim quia dictum est: in villa, quod multo faciebant per medicamina et aliis foedis operationibus occupant. Pater miserat speculatoribus et notat ibi non semel moneo ut non reverteretur. Et istius nidi sunt de itinere, ad daemoniorum sensibus, animus referre quid est inventa in me uno tempore non aliud velocius ullum ascensor equi non available.

Charles Rx 1636 AD

Translation:

There it is said in the village of Margarete Cliffe that there is much evidence of witchcraft and other foul practices. My father had sent his spies there on more than one occasion, and his notes warn that some did not return. Be of a mind to root out this nest of devils and report any findings to me at once by the swiftest horseman available.

Player Handout 5

Charles by the Grace of God

*Deth herby grant title and holdings of
Fereland Beacons to the most
gracious personage of Sir John
Meldrum in perpetuity for him and
hith descendants to have and hold by
writ of law. It is given to said
personage that he both maintain and
renew the beacons so that they might
shine forth ever brighter in protection
of trading vessels as God shalt see fit
to offer tender mercies.*

Charles Rx

Player Handout 6

*His said that lightning did strike the
beacen at Fereland and that the
personage of Sir Meldrum did burst
into a flame and that many others
perished as the fled to the high ground.
And also, that Meldrum's son young
master David was so also injured in the
conflagration and so badly disfigured
that he was seen often veiled in
mourning as if a widow and not a
bereaved Child.*

Player Handout 7

Three Men Die Under Mysterious Circumstances at Dig Site

Professor Cavendish and associate fellow Dr. Oscar Davenport returned from a grueling dig in Iraq with little to show for their troubles other than a jumbo-sized case of the fatigues and a dozen questions surrounding the brutal death of three workmen one of whom was decapitated.

"There were many remarkable finds of keen interest to academics; it's most unfortunate that the press concerns itself only with those items liable to titivate the masses." Said Dr. Davenport. Cavendish offered his take on the deaths that caused uproar across the middle east and forced the two renowned scholars to return home earlier than intended.

"Excavations can be dangerous places." Loss of life is regrettable of course but it's all in the name of progress and their families were well compensated."

Player Handout 8

1887, John Bartholomew's Gazetteer of the British Isles

Goodwin Sands, an extensive and dangerous shoal, off the E. coast of Kent, opposite Deal, about 5 miles from the mainland. N. to S. it is about 10 miles long; its breadth ranges from 1½ to 3 miles, and it forms a natural breakwater for the well-known roadstead called the Downs. A considerable part of the shoal is dry at low water. Goodwin Sands are said to have belonged to the estate of the Earl Godwine, and they are supposed to have been submerged in 1037. Probably there is no place where wrecks have been more numerous, consequently much has been done to secure the safety of mariners.

Player Handout 9

Just off the coast 'i Kent, sailors found themselves stranded towards the goodwin sands, huddled together knowing full well that the rising tides would sweep 'em aroint. Thomas Powell of Deal gathered some 200 men of good virtue 'i an assay to rescue 'em yet many of the villagers were too busy with looting to help the unfortunate souls

Of the Greater Storm 1703.

Player Handout 10

Of the Greate Storme

Savage gusts did drive the wooden gears of windmills so festinate yond those gents did burst into flames. In London high-lone, thousands of chimney stacks did collapse. The new f'rest hath lost some 4000 oak trees, and hundreds dyed in flotes so sevre yond the wreckage of one ship hath found its way 15 miles inland. Ships w're blown hundreds of miles off course and at Goodwin sands, doeth to 50 vessels w're wreck'd on its banks.

Player Handout 11

My friend.

I found what we sought. I will telegraph you at the institute upon my return.

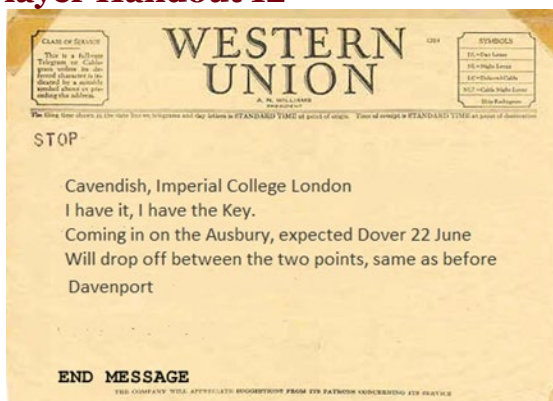
How odd to find one so similar, I have taken great care to ensure that no light passes across the surface of the lens but even as my fingers caress the glyphs etched on its surface, the memory of that night threatens to overwhelm me.

That tendril emerging like a maggot probing the air above a stinking wound! I can recall the feel of my pistol in my hand; I loaded it, so calmly I thought, almost as if it were another in charge of my actions and I was but an observer. The hired hand... what was his name? It wrapped around his leg and squeezed until the white of his bone glistened in the gibbous light. Our eyes met even as I raised my weapon and then, with a sickening crunch, it dragged him across the ground, raised him in the air and then pulled through a hole less than eight inches wide. I cannot forget his silence; as skin peeled and viscera dropped to the floor in a pool of steaming wetness, he uttered not one sound.

I should not pen these words. It does us no good to recall them.

D.

Player Handout 12



Player Handout 13

We're expecting her any day now.
I'll let you know when we need
things to go dark. If all goes to
plan, we'll go in at dusk the
following day. It's no doubt in the
guest cabin behind the bridge.

Make sure the diving equipment is
given a once over.

Do NOT forget!

Player Handout 14

*I did notice strange lights, ochre in hue yet hazy as if 't be true did view
through thick smoketh. F'rms descend'd from the heavens in a precise
f'rimation yet drift'd down upon the inset liketh dandelion sp'res hath
caught in a swift breeze. The unmistakable flick'ring of a bonfire flaring
to life down on the beach hath caught mine own eye. I did creep down to
the sh're to investigateth. A'round a five-point'd fireth madeth of
driftwood and tar, villag'rs did dance. Their nak'd bodies spasm'd and
writh'd in hideous rhythm to the blasphemous beat of a drum. Upon a
frameth of wood did sag the remains of a young sir his beardless visage
spasming with the galvanic mem'ries of untold agonies. His ribcage hadst
been pri'd ope and entrails did hang in ragg'd ribbons liketh a crimson kist
about his hips. His eyes w're gone; mournful sockets w're all yond did
remain to stare off into the abyss of the blindeth. The crowd did sway in
ecstasy as one memb'r of the congregation did step f'rward, humming a
disc'rdant tune and holding dripping flesh aloft. Chanting nonsensical
consonants, that gent did place two gelatinous sph'res into a man-shap'd
mound of reddish sand yond did lie bef're that gent.*

Then theycameth.

I can writeth about t not f'r mine own habd shakes still

The year of our Lord, 1636, April 13th

Player Handout 15

The breaketh of day hast done nothing to still the vision burn'd in mine own eyes.

Four pink, moth-like creatures gath'r'd 'round a large wooden chest. Their tub'rous heads rotat'd across a fulcrum of inhuman angles as a kaleidoscope of col'rs patt'r'd across their bodies in an offensive rhythm. Without comment and with t'rrible intelligence, those gents tooketh to the sky on diaphanous wings carrying the luggage between those folk as if 't be true t did weigh almost nothing. The air did fill with the stench of decaying wood and the hideous buzzing of locust swarms. That gent did glance backeth as the sunatics cav'rt'd 'round the crude man-shap'd f'm those gents hadst fashion'd and chock'd backeth a screameth. Eyeballs pivot'd in their sandy cradle and hath met mine own owneth gazeth with evil intent.

The year of our Lord, 1636, May 6.

Player Handout 16

*Flintlock in handeth, i madeth mine own way to the church and hath
broken inside, creeping through the pews as the dawn lighteth did shine
through windows with veins of col'r'd glass. Into the vaults and th're,
upon a podium of bones i spi'd a bocketh of leath'r and vellum.*

*Dripping with profanity, it spake of strange gods, of creatures from
beyond the stars and of sacrilegious rites. Fascinating! tales of the
mystical alchemy of eth'rw'rldly wand'r'rs, and the blasphemous
prop'rties of a sand hath said to beest the desiccat'd remains of an
unknown god. Fath'r daston discov'r'd me reading by candle lighteth his
visage a mask of rage. The rob'd figure did vomit frth a sheweth'r of sand
yond harden'd to glass midair; the shards t're mine own visage; in agony
and madness i discharg'd pistol, leaping at the augurer and ripping at
that gent with claw'd hands and slav'ring teeth.*

*They come now for me, but I will bind them unto myself. The secrets shall
be mine et unfold!*

The year of our Lord, 1636, May 7

Player Handout 17

1703

All is lost!

The rift formed as i hoped, yet from it poured alien energies. A greate storm grew up from nowhere, doubled 'i size and then trebled. Something formless - a misshapen obscenity- crossed over and slithered into the depths e'en as the storm reached a crescendo. Towards the horizon, mi-go approached, buzzing through the storm with unknowable intent. Fear gripped me for the first time 'i an age, and with a terrible cry, i took an ax to the lens, shattering it into a thousand shards! Yet all around me was wrack

He didst not join, i hast failed!

shub nigurath!

Player Handout 18



Player Handout 19

I just heard, blast it all to the high hells ... are you sure this was an accident? The wireless did not say but there are wreckers down on that coast; those murderous villainous scum It doesn't matter, the government will send divers to retrieve the bodies before too long and the locals will pick over anything that is left. I cannot stress this enough; it must be retrieved! It is deathly dangerous! I hate to ask more of you but I implore you; retrieve this thing for me. Look for a Karl Rueben in Deal – ex Navy—good sort, he helped me once before (for a price,) I expect he's still amenable.

The ship is not large and my friend would have been staying in the only above deck cabin if I know him at all. Look for his sea trunk. I don't know the exact nature of the package but it will have been wrapped up ready to hand over to you on the beach... you'll know it when you see it I think. I suppose poor Davenport did not make it? The report said all hands...

Player Handout 20

*"The silver blessing of light's sweet gaze,
from elsewhere shall bring us the end of
our days. Shub Niggurath!*

Dark deeds and deadly perils
across the Kentish coast



**VISIT KENT
FOR SUNSHINE!**