

Alone On HALLOWEEN



for Call of Cthulhu™
a solo scenario against the children of the night

Pagan Publishing

Time Table



1990's 	Investigator Name _____ Chris Grant Occupation _____ Student Colleges, Degrees _____ Mikateonic, B.J. Birthplace _____ Arlham, MA Mental Disorders _____ _____ _____ _____											
	Sex _____ Age <u>22</u>											

Characteristics & Rolls											
STR	DEX	INT	IDEA								
CON	APP	POW	LUCK								
SIZ	SAN	EDU	KNOW								
99-Chulhu Mythos _____ Damage Bonus _____											

Sanity Points																
Insanity	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

Magic Points											
Unconscious 0 1 2											
3 4 5 6 7 8 9											
10 11 12 13 14 15 16											
17 18 19 20 21 22 23											
24 25 26 27 28 29 30											
31 32 33 34 35 36 37											

Hill Points											
Dead -2 -1 0 +1 +2											
3 4 5 6 7 8 9											
10 11 12 13 14 15 16											
17 18 19 20 21 22 23											
24 25 26 27 28 29 30											
31 32 33 34 35 36 37											

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Investigator Name	Cory Adams												
Occupation	Student	Sex											
Colleges/Degrees	Miskatonic												
Birthplace	Arlham, MA												
Mental Disorders													

Sanity Points																
Insanity	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47
	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81
	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97
	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113

Investigator	Player's Name
Accounting (10%)	Listen (25%)
Anthropology (00)	Locksmith (00)
Art (05%)	Martial Arts (00)
	Mechanical Repairs (00)
	Medicine (05%)
	Natural History (10)
	Navigate (10%)
	Occult (05%)
	10
	Astronomy (00)
	Bargain (05%)
	Biology (00)
	Chemistry (00)
	Climb (40%)
	Computer Use (00)
	Conceal (15%)
	Credit Rating (15%)
	Chubhu Mythos (00)
	Dodge (DEX x2)
	26
	30
	Drive Auto (20%)
	Electrical Repair (10%)
	Electronics (00)
	Fast Talk (05%)
	First Aid (30%)
	25
	45
	Geology (00)
	Hide (10%)
	20
	History (20%)
	Jump (25%)
	30
	Law (05%)
	Library Use (25%)
	00
	Own Language (00)
	Persuade (15%)
	Pharmacy (00)
	Photography (10%)
	Physics (00)
	Pilot (00%)
	00
	Psychology (05%)
	Psychoanalysis (00)
	Ride (05%)
	00
	Sneak (10%)

Hand-To-Hand Weapons				Current Skill	Hit Points
Attack or Weapon	Current Skill	Attack Damage	Attacks /Round	Points	Freakin'
☐ Fist/Punch (50%)	1D3+11D4				
☐ Head Butt (10%)	2D4				
☐ Kick (25%)	1D6+11D4				
☐ Grapple (25%)					
☐ Bat	4 5 1D8+11D4			20	
☐					
☐					
☐					

Characteristics & Rolls									
STR	15	DEX	8	INT	17	Idea	85		
CON	11	APP	18	POW	13	Luck	65		
SIZ	15	SAN	65	EDU	14	Know	70		
99-Other/Mythos							Damage Bonus	+1D4	

Magic Points		Hit Points	
Unconscious 0 1 2		INDESTRUCTIBLE	
3	4	Dead	-2 -1 0 +1 +2
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36
37			

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Alone On Halloween

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Alone On Halloween

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by Scott David Aniolowski with John Tynes
A long solo scenario opposing the children of the night. 666 numbered entries guide you on your descent into insanity. Headless horsemen, mad scientists, haunts and spirits of every type, and...something worse. A darkling nightmare from beyond the stars rises, this Halloween night.

The Old Dark House

60

by C. L. Werner
The old man died with his secrets. Now, his inheritance is up for grabs in this adventure toolkit. Floor plans and descriptions of an English manor house—along with many scenario ideas, NPCs, and monsters—allow each Keeper to create a unique and chilling journey into the macabre.

credits

Editing & Layout John Tynes	Art Direction Jeff Barber
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Introduction

John Tynes

*Click, click, click... Death is prancing;
Death, at midnight, goes a-dancing,
Tapping on a tomb with talon thin,
Click, click, click goes the grisly violin.*

"...Equality, Fraternity" stanza one
Henri Cazalis (Jean Lehors)
trans. by Bertram Gailbraith

Welcome, gentle reader. Possess you the skill to avoid prancing death? What shall you do at midnight, when the talon taps? Is the tomb your own?

It is in the nature of adventure to question; conversely, questions lead to adventure, as these questions lead to yours. Within these pages you shall quest into darkened chambers and forbidden secrets, and seek out adventure to answer the questions posed. In doing so you shall find yourself *Alone On Halloween*.

Solo adventures like this one pit you, the player, very directly against the author. Specifically, the author's ingenuity and deviousness at leading you down false trails and wrong turns. Unlike the card game Solitaire, where your opponents are statistics and chance, solo adventures like this one are much more interactive. The author has planned carefully to provide you with a wide range of options. There are numerous ways to die within these pages; no doubt, if the author's intentions are fulfilled, you will discover many of them.

Be forewarned: this is not your typical Call of Cthulhu adventure. Visualize it as an earnest 99¢ rental from the video store—thrills, chills, monsters, mad scientists, and lots of spooky weirdness. Rest assured as well, however, that all is not as it seems; disturbing and haunting dreams may well point the way to a final fright not to be found in the rows of gaudy video horrors.

If you're a Keeper, you'll find that you're in for a special delight, because this book was created especially for you. Go trick-or-treating through these pages, and have the kind of fun normally the province of your players. When

you're done, check page 60 for a special reward: "The Old Dark House," an adventure toolkit for you to make of as you will. Many elements of the solo scenario can be used in the same way, as well.

If you're not a Keeper, and don't plan on running "The Old Dark House," keep your eyes askance and pass the book along to another soul. Until then, play your heart out, relishing that you can go at it again, no matter how many times your character is rendered into a bloody pulp.

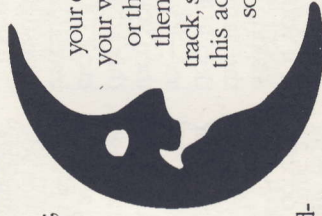
For both Keeper and player, it must be admitted that solo scenarios allow (and to some extent, inherently encourage) cheating, much like the Solitaire card game. A good solo scenario is a good story, and your desire to see how the story unfolds may overcome your willingness to accept the cruel dictates of the dice, or the happenstance chance of the tale's twists. If so, then browse onward: explore different routes, backtrack, seek out all the juicy parts. Their number is legion; this adventure will well reward multiple attempts at solving the mysteries it holds.

H.P. Lovecraft said that the oldest and greatest of human emotions is fear, and of that the oldest and greatest fear is fear of the unknown. In these pages await six hundred and sixty-six entries full of the unknown, full of fear. Give them your full attention, gentle reader, and they shall reward you with a bouquet of delightful fright.

One final thing: whether you play this in the back of the car on summer vacation, or in the dull hours the day before Christmas when relatives jostle about, our parting wish is the same, whatever the season: Happy Halloween!

*From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye,
And the spirit that stands by the naked man
In the Book of Moons, defend ye!*

"Tom o'Bedlam" stanza one
author unknown



Alone On Halloween

Scott David Aniolowski WITH John Tynes

Alone On Halloween is an adventure for one player, in which you assume the identity of Chris Grant, a top journalism student at Miskatonic University. Certain accidental events that occur while en route from Arkham to Salem lead you into supernatural terror and will bring you face to face with many horrors of both Cthulhu Mythos and non-Cthulhu Mythos origin, and possibly into the clutches of a mind-numbing alien god! You, as an award-winning and always vigilant journalist attempt to make good use of your occult experiences that you know will produce your best work yet—a work that will win you much deserved recognition among the top parapsychologists and occult writers of your day, if you are brave enough and sane enough to survive *Alone On Halloween*!

Prepare Yourself

Before you begin you will need certain items; pencils, scratch paper, and the dice normally used in *Call of Cthulhu*. You will also need a copy of the game rules. Prior to play you may wish to review certain areas of the rules. These page numbers are from the fifth edition rules for *Call of Cthulhu*:

D100 Rolls, p. 29
Resistance Table rolls, p. 29
Resistance Table (chart), p. 30
Physical Injury, p. 31
Spot Rules for Injuries, p. 32
Combat, p. 33
Spot Rules for Combat, p. 34
Spot Rules for Firearms, p. 36
Using SAN, p. 46
Temporary Insanity, p. 48
Indefinite Insanity, pp. 49-50
Books of the Cthulhu Mythos, pp. 58-59
Magic Points, p. 62
Learning Spells, p. 62
Casting Spells, pp. 62-63

therefore should do what you can to insure his survival, and in fact the scenario weighs very heavily on your companion and his fate. Your particular level of success in the completion of this adventure will be influenced by this.

A fully completed investigator sheet is provided for your companion. This may never change, no matter how many times you begin anew—Corey Adams' statistics and skills will always remain the same.

Optional Investigators

If you wish, you may use an investigator of your own making instead of Chris Grant, however you must still use the same companion. In all fairness also, you should decide if you are honestly willing to risk a favorite character—if you are not willing to "kill off" your own investigator then you should not allow him/her to take anything out of this adventure (skill checks, Mythos tomes, new spells, etc.). Of course, this scenario could be a true test for your investigator and if he/she fairly survives then of course that investigator should reap the benefits of the adventure.

If your investigator has any unusual or powerful items, weapons, or spells you should use them with great care and discretion to preserve the spirit of the game.

Weapons

There are no weapons listed on the character sheet provided except for fist/punch, head butt, kick and grapple. It is assumed that you will take some sort of weapon along but it is strongly suggested that a bit of logic, common sense and care be used in your choice of weapon—explosives, field guns, machine guns and other ridiculously devastating items should not be allowed. The author strongly suggests a handgun such as a .38 or a .45 if you want something that will pack a good punch, or if you are trying to remain truly sensible with the character a small gun like a .22 or a small knife or a bat/club may be chosen.

Investigator Sheets

Chris Grant may be male or female, as you please (Christopher/Christine). You will probably wish to photocopy the player investigator sheet as it is rather likely that you will have to/want to stalk through this haunting, mist-shrouded adventure more than once. Failing that, a piece of scratch paper will do for marking off hit point losses and the like.

A portion of the investigator sheet (on the inside front cover) has already been filled out for you (name, occupation, age, nationality, residence, INT, Idea, EDU, Know, Schools, and Degrees), the rest is left up to you—you may place these pre-generated statistics as you like among your STR, DEX, CON, APP, POW, and SIZ: 8, 12, 13, 14, 16, 18. Your POWx5 will determine your Luck as well as your initial SAN. Your POWx1 is your Magic Points, the average of your SIZ and CON determines your Hit Points, and the total of your STR+SIZ will determine your Damage Bonus, if any (see page 21 of the fifth edition rulebook). Once you have completed that you may distribute your Skill Points. You will notice several skills marked with an asterisk (*) on the investigator sheet—you must divide 340 Skill Points among these marked skills. You also have an additional 160 Skill Points that you may distribute as you wish. You may not start with any Cthulhu Mythos knowledge. Every time you begin this adventure anew you may re-distribute the statistic scores and the Skill Points, although you must always stay within the above guidelines.

Player Companion

For *Alone on Halloween* you are provided a player companion: young Corey Adams, fellow student and close friend. This companion (whose investigator sheet is next to yours) will both help and hinder your progress through the adventure; unless otherwise noted or if he is not present, you may substitute your companion's skill roll for one required of Chris Grant, and in certain instances both you and your companion may attempt certain rolls. On the other hand, you are responsible for your companion and

Opponents

In most cases when some sort of creature is encountered its characteristics will not be given, but instead the sentence might read: "Find the characteristics for a Dhole and then return to this paragraph..." In such a case you will have to look up the creature in the rules. Once the particular beastly is located you may use the characteristics listed for an average member of that race, or you may roll up the characteristics as described. It is suggested that you randomly generate the creature, thus ensuring that each encounter is slightly different. After you have done this the paragraph you encountered the nasty critter in will most likely tell you what to do next—try to fight, try to run, etc. Oh, by the way—do not despair—there are no Dholes in this adventure. I bet you were worried for a minute!

Healing

You may at any time, except during some action such as fighting or running, attempt to First Aid yourself or your companion as per the rules on First Aid. If you are First Aiding while on the Time Table, you must mark off half a space for each attempt, successful or not.

Insanity

Even if you avoid the cold clutches of death, the chances are high that you will go temporarily or perhaps even permanently insane during the course of play. There are no provisions made for indefinite insanity, so unless otherwise stated by the paragraph treat such insanity as temporary. There is also no provision for phobias—if you plan to continue to use Chris Grant or Corey Adams after the completion of this adventure, or you bring in one of your own investigators, and you lose enough sanity to gain a phobia, it is suggested that you consult the Phobia/Fetish Table in the rules (p. 50) and choose those that would most logically apply (example: if you went insane because of Mi-Go or the Insects from Shaggai, Entomophobia would be a proper choice, etc.).

If you should go temporarily insane you must go to -19-. Paragraphs in which there is a possibility of going permanently insane will explain what to do and where to go. Always do as a paragraph says—in certain areas you may go temporarily insane, however the paragraph may tell you to go somewhere else instead of -19-. Always read the paragraph carefully and follow the instructions to the letter.

Equipment

You are thought to start the adventure with only your personal items, which will include a camera, your note pad/tape recorder (used to record the paranormal events that you will write about in your next paper) and whatever personal weapon(s) you chose. The only other item other than the clothes on your back is a car which gets you into the scenario in the first place. You may also assume to have some basic first aid supplies. That is the full extent of your equipment list. You may find a few items in the course of the adventure that will be of possible assistance to you, and anything that you are allowed to take will be indicated in the paragraph (ie: "If you wish, you may take the strange amulet..."). Not all such items will be of use and much will depend upon your encounters.

Date

While it is never specifically stated, it is the opinion of the author that this is a modern-day adventure. There is no set era, however, and if you wish to set *Alone On Halloween* in the 1920s or elsewhere in the 20th century you may certainly do so; the only constant must, of course, be that the date is October 31—Halloween.

Time Table

While your character may not realize it, there is a schedule to be kept, and no matter what occurs certain events will take place at pre-designated times. There is a Time Table to be kept, although this does not start until part-way through the scenario. At the appropriate time the paragraph will indicate how and when to begin the Time Table (which appears on the inside front cover), and where to go once the time has been used up.

Magic and Spells

In the course of play there is the chance to acquire certain Mythos tomes and learn some spells. Once you have found such a book you may try to make the appropriate Read Language roll. If successful, attempt to make your INTxSpell Multiplier roll. If successful again, you have learned the spells right then and there. This may be rushing things a bit, but some spells may be of use in the scenario and so you will not have months in which to study to learn them.

Whenever you learn spells in the adventure or bring in an investigator with magic you must follow certain guidelines: first of all, find the spell in the rules and make sure you understand its working and use. When the time comes that you want to use a spell, unless the paragraph explains to

you what to do with a magical encounter at that point you should do the following: find the statistics for the creature you are using magic on and then attempt to cast. If you successfully cast a spell, next make the appropriate resistance roll or whatever is called for in the spell description. If the spell is successful, mark off the appropriate POW/Magic Point/SAN loss from your sheet and inflict your magical wrath upon the object of your attack.

Take note that some spells will automatically not work—especially some Summon/Contact/Call spells. The season is the fall, and unless it is otherwise stated it is a cold, rainy, foggy night, so many spells simply don't work.

With this provision for spell use in the scenario comes what might be considered a disadvantage by the player—if you can use spells, so can they! When you determine the characteristics of a creature also determine what, if any, spells it has by rolling on the spells chart in the rules. In combat, to determine if a creature will use a spell or physically attack check the following table:

Creature Type	Creature Spell Use
Lesser Independent Creature	Chance of Using Magic 5%+INT
Lesser Servitor Creature	10%+INT
Greater Independent Creature	20%+INT
Greater Servitor Creature	25%+INT
God	50%+INT

From the above chart we can see that, for instance, if a ghoul is encountered there is an 18% chance that it will attack with magic if the Ghoul has an INT of 13 (5+13=18%), since Ghouls are Lesser Independent Creatures. Of course, if the creature has no spells or has none which can be used at the time, it will attack normally.

In the course of play you may encounter certain beings that will lean towards using magic and this will be stated as such. Always read the paragraph carefully and do as it says.

Because of the seeming complexity of spell use in a solo scenario, you may opt not to use magic for you or the creatures, which is fine. However, if a paragraph states that a certain spell is being cast then the spell is being cast, whether you are using magic in play or not.

Journalist Points

As you progress through the shrouded paragraphs of this scenario you will be collecting Journalist Points (JP). These points indicate how interesting/fantastic/horrific a particular event will be in regard to the great paranormal story you will get out of your Halloween night. Each paragraph will

carry a number of JPs from 0 up to 30. As you complete a paragraph be sure to write down on your scratch paper the number of JPs that paragraph was worth. Your total of points at the end of the adventure will indicate your level of success. Some paragraphs also contain variable numbers of Cthulhu Mythos points (CM). You must add these points to your Cthulhu Mythos and subtract an equal number from your SAN. It is obvious that paragraphs with high CMs will have a higher JP value but beware—it is conceivable that you could gain quite a high Cthulhu Mythos knowledge and thusly a rather low SAN.

Journalist Points have another function that can prove very useful in the course of the adventure—you may decrease a SAN loss by spending JPs. When you should suffer a SAN loss you may sacrifice 10 JPs per 1 point of SAN you wish to decrease your loss by. For example—you confront a Being from Xidtol and fail your SAN roll. These aliens have a 0/1D6 SAN value. Let's say your loss is 6 points, enough to make you temporarily insane and thus out of the game. You decide to sacrifice 30 of your JPs to reduce your SAN loss to only 3 points and thus remain sane and in the game. This is the price you must pay for sanity. Note that you may not buy off any more than 5 SAN points at any one time, and any buying off must be done at once—you cannot suffer several small SAN losses and then later buy them all off when you have the needed Journalist Points. If you don't buy off the SAN loss as soon as it occurs you can't do it at all. The one exception to this rule is with Mythos tomes—you can not buy down the SAN loss from reading a Cthulhu Mythos book, you must take the full SAN loss. Take care not to overdo this, or you may very well end the game very sane but without any Journalist Points!

Object of the Game

In *Alone On Halloween* you must strive to collect as many Journalist Points (JP) as you can as well as making sure that both yourself and your companion end the game safely and sanely—a most difficult thing to do. The game purposely is written so as to make the survival of Corey a very difficult matter, but your success will be properly rewarded. With the collected JP you will write a paper on your paranormal experiences on this Halloween night, and so the more points you have the more you have witnessed and thus the better your paper will be, which will mean more recognition from your fellow journalists and parapsychologists.

When You're Done

Should you die during the adventure, divide your accumulated JP by 5, rounding any fractions up. This will represent the chance of your notes being found and brought to light before your colleagues. If you end the game (alive or dead) without your companion—if he is killed, lost, etc.—then subtract 100 JP from your final total. If you end the game alive with your companion, even if he is insane, you may add 100 JP to your final total.

Final JP	Success Level	Meaning
50 or less JP		failure
51-100 JP		limited success
101-150 JP		modest success
151-300 JP		substantial success
301+ JP		stunning success

Notes for Play

The single most important thing is that you read each paragraph carefully and follow the instructions given. Also be sure to keep track of how many JP you have at all times—adding and subtracting as they are gained and lost.

Be cautious—do not always trust your eyes and ears and never expect anything to be as you think it will. No matter how many times you go through this adventure it will always be different than the time before. This scenario is designed to take place in a "haunted house," however it has been designed in such a way that each room and encounter should be slightly different each time. The house will never be the same twice; what you find in one room this time might be totally different from the next time; a creature found in one place this time might be somewhere else or not even encountered the next time, etc.

Unless otherwise noted you may attempt only one skill roll at each paragraph. Make a thorough investigation but don't waste time—you will be on a Time Table once you begin the search for your missing companion.

Be cautious with characters that you encounter. Some will be hostile and some will be helpful, although next time that may be reversed.

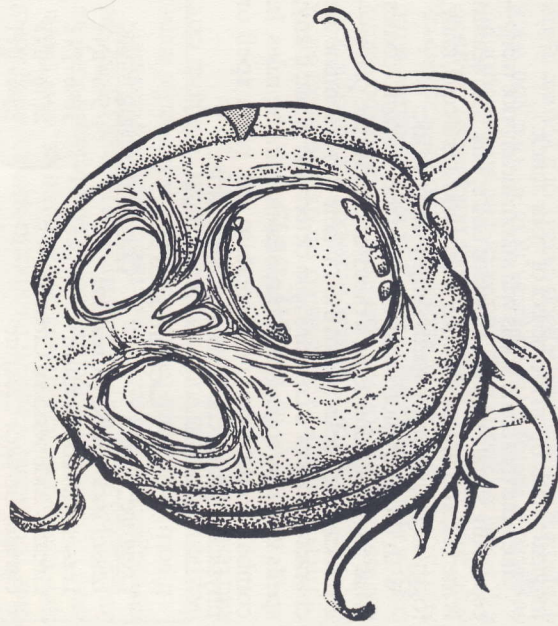
Not every location and paragraph will have information of use. There are false clues, wild goose chases and red herrings—expect them but try not to get caught up in them.

Sanity will be your most precious possession, so guard it well, but don't use up all of your JP buying off SAN losses. Take great care in the distribution of your Skill Points in

the creation of your investigator. While the author has strived to utilize as many skills as possible some are just of no use in this scenario. Credit Rating, Law, Pilot Aircraft and some others won't be needed. Choose a foreign language with care. Those that may be of help are Arabic, Chinese, French, German, Russian, and Spanish.

Lastly, this adventure has been designed with classic horror themes in mind—black magic, weird cults, alien monsters, mad scientists, things from beyond the grave, possession and various things that go bump in the night—so the encounters promise to be many, varied, and possibly deadly. Running away may sometimes be the right choice! The characters and critters encountered should prove varied and interesting and some have full characteristics given, so an inventive Keeper may actually pull elements out of this solo for use in regular group sessions.

Have fun and please remember that this is a game of atmosphere, so why not dim the lights, get out a few candles and settle in for a night of terror as you find yourself *Alone On Halloween*...



To Begin

You, as Chris Grant, are a student of journalism at the old and respected Miskatonic University. You are at the top of your class and have won many honors and awards for your top-notch papers, articles, and research works in the field of the occult and the paranormal, which is your special field of interest. You are working now toward a grant that will not only pay for your graduate studies but also allow you to seriously research the phenomena of ghosts and spectres and other such hauntings. You know that a spectacular thesis on the paranormal should be just what you need to win that grant.

It is October 31, Halloween night, and you have been chosen to cover a sabbath of a witch coven in legend-shrouded Salem—a very important task as it is the first time outsiders have been invited to witness such a meeting in Salem. You were picked to cover the event because of your impeccable record, and you feel that this could be the break that you have been waiting for. Accompanying you to the sabbath is underclassman and good friend Corey Adams, who shares your interests in the unusual.

You are in high spirits, as is your friend, although the night's driving wind and icy rain makes you worry that there won't be much to see at the coven meeting, which you desperately hope will go on as planned. As you head out of Arkham you laugh and joke with your companion and discuss various topics. You are driving. You leave the shimmering yellow and white lights of Arkham behind you as you turn off of Church Street onto Sentinel Street and head out of town toward Salem. Before long civilization gives way to wilderness and you find yourself on a long, dark, barren road that twists through a desolate forest of now-leafless trees. Go to -1- to begin your adventure.

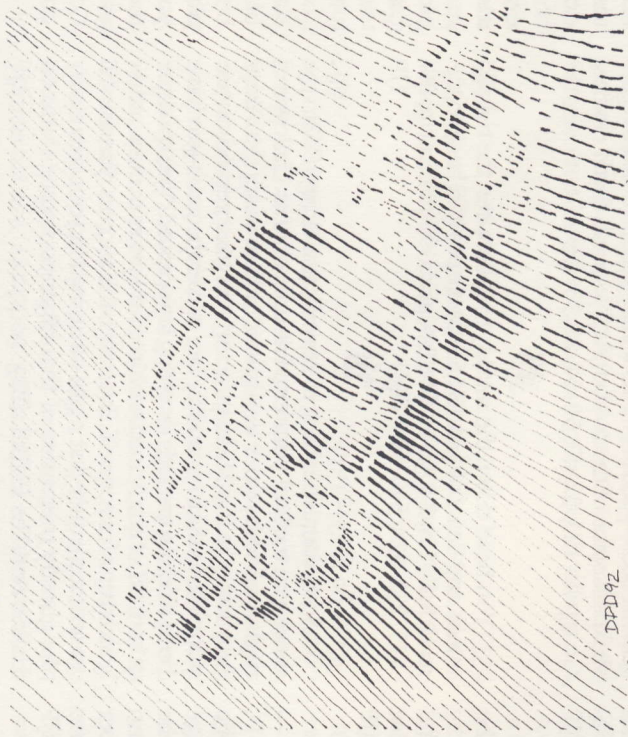
1

The rain and wind assault your car as you speed along the dark road. An occasional brilliant flash of jagged lightning illuminates the haunting sky and hellish woods on either side of you. After some distance you spot lights from an old brooding mansion set back away from the road on a hill as you pass by quickly. Although you got only a fast glimpse of the immense house you get an uneasy yet excited feeling as you think of those haunted house movies you've seen and loved. Make a Listen roll; succeed and go to -12-, fail and go to -7-.

0JP

2

Your car goes madly screaming off of the road, spinning and digging up great clouts of mud. A sudden, hard impact stops your spinning and plants your car on its side at the base of a tree. The tremendous jolt you and Corey received on impact threw you both roughly against the dashboard—each of you sustains 1D3 points of damage. Battered and badly shaken you manage to pull yourself out of the wreckage of your car. You count your blessings as you walk away from what could have been a real tragedy; it is obvious that this car will no longer be of use to you this evening. You are miles from the nearest town. If you want



DPP

to wait here for help, go to -26-; if you want to try to walk back to that mansion you passed, go to -41-; if you want to try to walk back to town go to -51-. To check the blown-out tire go to -38-. (7, 12)

3

Somehow you manage to elude your ghostly hunter. All night you have remained motionless in the rotting trunk of a fallen tree—all night you listened to the mighty claps of thunder, felt the earth shake as it was torn asunder by vicious bolts of lightning. Finally, the golden glow of the sun fills your view and with a heavy sigh you stagger off towards the nearest town. It has been a night you will never be able to forget, for it will haunt even you, a lover of the

5

supernatural, in your nightmares. But, you have survived and this is the END.... (31)

4

"I notice that you have a distinctive British accent with a slightly different twist—New Zealand, perhaps?" you ask O'Brien. "And her accent seems strongly Irish!" you tell him as you gesture to the maid. The butler looks at you for a moment and then grins. "You are quite perceptive for one so young. You are correct—we were brought to this country to do things for the Baron and his beautiful wife that their busy lives prevent them from doing. We were hired when they moved from the old country." "Old country?" you question. "Yes, the Baron and Baroness are from one of the very oldest German families—one of the oldest families in all of Europe." O'Brien explains. Go to -74-. (92)

5

As you look closer at the tire you notice a small metal object. Examining the object shows it to be a bullet! It seems that your tire has been deliberately shot out, although there is no sign of anyone else out here. To wait here go to -26-; to walk back to the mansion you passed go to -41-, or to walk to the nearest town go to -51-. (38)

6

You notice that the furniture in this room seems to be authentic 17th and 18th century German. Go to -78-. (74)

7

With a sudden jolt your car begins to spin and go out of control—you seem to have had a back tire blow out. Make a successful Drive Automobile roll and go to -20-, fail and go to -2-. (1)

8

You take Corey aside, telling him what you have learned and your suspicions. Roll a die—even go to -50-, odd go to -71-. (23)

9

The rotting figure swings at you; roll 1D100—35 or less go to -36-, 36 or more go to -63-. (24, 458)

2JP

10

Bleeding and badly shaken you dive out of the other side of your bed as the undead horror prepares for another attack. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -22-, fail and go to -25-. (34) 1JP

11

Heavy hooves crash down directly behind you—you feel your skin crawl as the icy breath of the horseman's spectral mount envelopes you. With your heart cold with terror you glance over your shoulder just in time to see the lumbering black horse rear up and bring its front hooves thundering savagely down on you. With a final scream you fall to the ground as your back splinters under the awesome weight of the blow. This, of course, is the END.... (31, 61) 0JP

12

A gun shot rings out just as your back tire on the driver's side of the car blows out. The car begins to madly spin and go out of control. You must make a successful Drive Automobile roll—succeed and go to -20-, otherwise go to -2-. (1) 5JP

13

The jack-o-lantern rushes heavily towards you—attempt to Dodge out of the way. Succeed and go to -61-, fail and the grinning, evil face of the carved, warty pumpkin is the last thing you see; with a sickening crack the orange sphere connects with your head, snapping your neck. If he is still with you, Corey runs screaming away and is found the next day suffering from amnesia brought about by your horrific attack, but for you there are no such problems because it is the END.... (51) 4JP

14

You find nothing unusual, although you can also find no reason for the tire to have suddenly burst. To wait here for assistance go to -26-; to walk back to the mansion you passed go to -41-; to walk to the nearest town go to -51-. (38) 1JP

15

You have had enough of this place, and whether Corey is leaving or not you are bound and determined to go. You make your way out of the ballroom to the foyer, slip on your still-wet coat and exit through the towering front door. If Corey is leaving with you he does as you do.

Outside the rain is still pouring down, blown along by the sharp, chill wind. Go to -17-. (32, 47, 50, 71, 93) 1JP

16

You continue to make small talk for a few minutes with the talkative Baron, although his wife says nothing except when a question or comment is directed at her, which she then answers very curtly. Shortly the maid returns with two heavy mugs filled with some beautifully aromatic beverage. The warmed liquid smells like apple cider yet there is something else—the scent of brandy? You cautiously sip the drink and to your delight find it very warm and pleasing. Corey quickly finishes off his mug, thanking your hosts. You follow and find the warm liquid to be just what you needed—you feel more at ease and have managed to shake off some of the cold chill of your still-damp clothes. Go to -42-. (23, 32, 47, 50, 64, 81, 93, 99) 1JP

17

You head down the muddy trail, between the twisted trunks and limbs of gnarled, leafless trees and back to the road. Roll 1D6: 1-2, go to -51-; 3-4, go to -97-; 5-6, go to -29-. (15, 232, 424, 540, 594, 664) 1JP

18

Soon your life is back to normal, as is Corey's. With the notes you took of your experiences on that Halloween night you write your thesis—your best work yet. Your instructors at the Miskatonic are very impressed, as are your fellow-students and by late winter the grant you have been working towards receiving is approved. You continue your field of study and within a few years make a rather good name for yourself. Even with this success, you are still sometimes haunted at night—haunted in your dreams by the ghostly memories of that night you were alone on Halloween! The END.... (21) 1JP

19

You wake up in a hospital bed. The nurse at your side tells you that you were found three days ago wandering aimlessly in the woods near Salem. The authorities question you as to the whereabouts of Corey Adams, but you do not know—your memory of that Halloween night is foggy and you can not remember exactly what happened, although you somehow know your friend is dead. Because of your partial lack of memory, you must subtract a quarter of your total Journalist Points (JP)—this is your final total. You remain a patient for many weeks, after which you are still haunted by terrible nightmares of the chilling, rainy night—

that night—the night you spent alone on Halloween. The END.... (28, 51, 57, 59, 66, 68, 72, 90, 101, 125, 131, 140, 146, 151, 154, 206, 209, 225, 249, 251, 269, 274, 294, 301, 304, 312, 325, 338, 340, 360, 429, 436, 450, 471, 492, 498, 502, 517, 530, 536, 540, 542, 545, 547, 549, 555, 568, 579, 601, 606, 612, 613, 619, 622, 625, 628, 638, 652, 658) 0JP

20

You manage to bring your car to a stop, although you find that in your mad spin you were thrown off the road and into a muddy ditch. You and your companion are both unharmed but it is obvious that your car will be of no use to you any longer this evening. The rain continues to pour down unmercifully and all around you is heard the cracking and snapping of mighty tree limbs breaking under the torment of the gale. You are miles from the nearest town—do you want to remain in your car and wait to see if someone comes by, walk back to the nearest town, or walk down the road to the mansion house you passed? You may also check your blown out tire. To wait in the car for assistance go to -26-; to walk back to the mansion go to -41-; to try to walk to the nearest town go to -51-. To check the blown-out tire go to -38-. (7, 12) 1JP

21

You manage to somehow out-distance the howling, slavering wolf-creatures and shimmy up a warped and blackened tree. If he is with you, Corey follows right behind. For what seems like an eternity the large beasts claw and circle your tree, snapping and snarling. Finally your wolfen tormentors vanish into the murky blackness of the woods, and with the angelic rays of dawn you lower yourself down out of the leafless tree and head home. If Corey is with you go to -18-; if your friend is not with you, go to -28-. (94) 3JP

22

In your desperate flight to safety you somehow found something to use as a club against your attacker. Your make-shift weapon does 1D8 damage (plus your damage bonus, if any). Your base chance for successful use of this is 25% and you may attack twice per round. You always attack before the undead monster does and each time you successfully hit, subtract 2 points of damage from the total you inflict due to its leathery skin. This horror from beyond the grave has 15 hit points, a 35% chance of hitting you, may try to attack but once a round, and does 2D8+1D6 points of damage each time it successfully attacks. If you succeed in destroying the creature, give yourself 1D8 SAN and go

to -27-; if not, then this is most obviously the END.... (10, 63) 3JP

23

Now you know what is bothering you about the Baron's story—he mentioned that he is descended from the Szekelys. The Szekelys are not originally from Germany as the Baron seems to want you to think. They are from the region of Romania known as Transylvania! You are beginning to become rather uneasy again. To stay, go to -16-; to leave go to -8-. (99) 3JP

24

You feel a strangled scream welling in your throat as the undead figure approaches. You gag at the foul stench that fills your lungs. Before you stands what was once your best friend—flesh moldy and rotting, great holes and savage rips in it exposing what is left of the pulpy internal organs, some of which trail behind the walking corpse. "You left me," sneers the figure, "left me to die." Go to -9-. (28) 4JP

25

Your desperate flight to safety has ended futilely as you find yourself trapped in a corner by the zombie. With a hollow sneer the thing that was once Corey Adams launches at you, tearing you to shreds. For you, this is the END.... (10, 63) 0JP

26

You wait for only a few minutes when you notice a man with long white hair, wearing a black overcoat cross out of the dark woods on the opposite side of the road and rush over to your car. The small man introduces himself quickly as O'Brien, saying that he works at the VonReisicht estate down the road and that he was on his way from the garage to the house when he heard a loud noise and came to investigate. He asks after your health and urges you to come with him back to the manor house to call for assistance. Cold and wet, you finally agree to follow O'Brien back up to the house. Go to -33-. (2, 5, 14, 20) 1JP

27

Tears fill your eyes and you fall into a fit of hysteria at the sight of the decomposed figure motionless on your floor. The mental strain has been great and you feel yourself on the verge of a breakdown. Your family suggests that you see a psychiatrist and reluctantly you agree. You

take some time off from your hectic schedule and fail to write the paper you needed to win that grant this year. All is not lost, however, since you may try for the grant again next year. Subtract a quarter of your JP from your final total—that is what you end the game with. The END.... (22) 0JP

28

You wake up in your bed—you do not know what day it is or what time it is, nor do you know how long you have been in bed. The last thing you remember is walking down the road towards Salem and then everything went blank. Your room is dark and cold and you suddenly notice a strange odor—a rotting smell. Suddenly, you are startled by a voice, a familiar voice, coming from the dark corner of the room. "Hello, Chris." You are filled with disbelief when you realize that the voice is Corey's. You spring up, expecting to find your friend before you alive and well—thinking that it had all been a horrible dream. But then the nightmarish apparition steps out of the shadows—make a SAN roll! If you miss the SAN roll you lose 1D8 points, or none if you make the roll. There, limping stiffly towards you is the mangled, rotting corpse of your once close friend Corey Adams! If you lost 5 or more points of SAN go to -19-; if not go to -24-. (21) 6JP

29

You wander for a while in the icy, pouring rain. Make a Listen roll—succeed and go to -59-, fail and go to -80-. (17, 627) 1JP

30

There, in the sky above you, is a monstrous creature with huge flapping wings, toothed beak and sharp, taloned claws—some alien combination of bird and insect. This thing spawned in the cold, black void is descending quickly towards you. You may prepare your weapon for the attack, or if you have no weapons you may find a suitable branch for use as a club by successfully making both a Luck and a DEXx5 roll (such a club would do 1D8 damage and has a base chance of successful use of 25%). If Corey is with you he may also prepare his weapon or try to find a make-shift club. If you and your companion (if present) are both unarmed and can't find a club, go to -37-; if you or your companion is now armed or has a club, go to -43-. (59) 1CM

3JP

31

You push yourself screaming through the thickets of twisted trees and tangle of underbrush trying desperately to escape the apparition so bent on your destruction, but the creature of the night still pursues, black hell-spawned horse thundering through the leafless growths right behind you. Your last hope is to hide from the relentless hunter. Succeed in a Hide roll and go to -3-; if you fail the first time, you may continue to attempt to make a Hide roll for your Luck/10 (round fractions down—if your Luck is 65, you have 6 chances to make the Hide roll). If you succeed, go to -3-; fail and go to -11-. (61) 2JP

32

O'Brien tells you that the phone lines have been knocked down by the raging storm, but if you insist he will escort you to the phone where you do, indeed, find the line very much dead. To stay, go to -16-; to leave the manor house, go to -15-. (81, 95) 1JP

33

You follow your guide as he darts between gnarled trees and moss-incrusted rocks, following a muddy trail that winds up and around the hill atop which rests the manor house. Now that you approach nearer you see that the house is huge and brooding with steep, peaked roofs, high arching windows and a tower that stretches into the black, boiling sky. The soft, warm glow of interior lighting reassures you as you near and then following O'Brien, enter the old house. Go to -35-. (26) 2JP

34

With a gurgling growl, the once-very-handsome young man rips into you with stiff, claw-like hands. You suffer 2D8+1D6 points of damage. If you are still alive go to -10-; if not then this, of course, is the END.... (36) 2JP

35

O'Brien has peeled off his soaked overcoat even as he opens the tall, splintered door of the house. Beneath his coat the small man wears a black coat with tails. "I am the butler," he explains as he enters the house in front of you. You see now that he is somewhat hunch-backed. Go to -98-. (33) 1JP

36

The undead thing hits you. You may try to avoid this by succeeding in a Dodge roll. Succeed and go to -63-, fail 1JP and go to -34-. (9)

37

The alien terror swoops down on you, clawing and hissing. You try to resist, but the thing hangs on fiercely, cruel beak and talons rending your skin. You suffer 2D6 points of damage. If you survive this attack, find the statistics for a Byakhee in the rulebook (this one has 12 hit points) and try to destroy the creature, rewarding yourself with 1D6 SAN if successful and going to -73-. If you are overcome by the alien beast, Corey manages to escape but is found the next day suffering from amnesia brought on by the shocking sight of your horrific demise. Corey is safe, although he remembers nothing of the night. For you, however... well... it's the END.... (30, 43) 3JP

38

You are examining the remains of the rear tire on the driver's side. Make a Spot Hidden and go to -5-, fail and go to -14-. (2, 20) 1JP

39

Within moments a half-dozen flapping things appear in the mist nearby; you remain quiet against the planks of the boat, as you progress further, and see that the flapping monstrosities are traveling like scavengers in the wake of a massive entity, a creature that you only begin to see part of as you cower on the rowboat. Jump overboard and go to -192-; remain and go to -237-. (144) 4JP

40

The amulets are of a design totally foreign to you—nothing about them looks at all familiar. You may attempt an Occult roll if you like. Succeed and go to -88-, fail and go to -78-. (96) 1JP

41

You cautiously approach the old, haunting house, huge and rambling with steep peaked roofs and high arching windows. A dark, brooding tower stretches up into the black, boiling sky. In a yellow flash of jagged lightning you get your first clear view of the decayed grounds surrounding the castle-like building. You see that tall grotesque trees, their limbs twisted and buckled and devoid of foliage surround the eerie place, contained

within a rusty and crooked iron fence, the bars of which are topped with cruel-looking iron spikes. You are cold and wet and long for the warm comfort of a house, so putting aside your feelings of uneasiness you grab the tarnished doorknocker and rap on the towering, splintery door. After a moment the door creaks open loudly and a slightly hunch-backed man with long white hair and a black coat with tails peers out at you. You quickly introduce yourselves and explain what has happened. The odd man looks blankly at you for a moment and then with a cold smile asks you in, introducing himself as O'Brien, the butler. Go to -98-. (2, 5, 14, 20) 1JP

42

After a few moments you notice that sounds seem to be weirdly echoing. Suddenly you become warm and dizzy—your head begins to spin and your vision blurs. You gaze over at Corey only to find that your friend has passed out in a chair. As everything begins to go dark, match your POW against a 20 on the Resistance Table. Win the POW struggle and go to -218-, fail and go to -79-. (16) 1JP

43

If either or both of you is armed and ready for the attack you may do so when the creature is in range. You may attack first, but you must subtract 2 points of damage done from each successful attack you do on the creature due to its tough skin and thick fur. If you manage to do 12 or more points of damage to the creature, you successfully kill it and gain 1D6 points of SAN. If you have killed the beast go to -73-; if not go to -37-. (30) 2JP

44

You maintain control of the car. Corey is screaming hysterically for you to stop. If you stop the car as he asks, go to -121-; if you don't, go to -158-. (223)

45

Make a Luck roll. Succeed and go to -151-, fail and go to -636-. (639) 0JP

46

The hoofbeats grow louder, and pass right by you in the cobblestone street. You are whipped by wind and catch the briefest whiff of horse-scent, and then lose it. The sound stops cold, and there is a deadly sudden silence all about. Attempt a Spot Hidden roll: succeed and go to -179-; fail and go to -212-. (194) 2JP

47

You may stay by going to -16- or leave by going to -15- 0JP (65)

48

With a mind-numbing shriek the bloated and scaled form of the Great Old One begins to shimmer and fade. The Baron and Baroness scream out in anger and terror as their alien god grasps them in fluid, twitching tentacles, crushing them to oozing pulps. The fishy demon-wind whips up again and with a thundering scream the vile alien blasphemy shoots up into the cold night sky—banished back to its own hellish planet. With cackling screeches the winged creatures fly up and out of sight into the frigid night sky, and with their leaders gone the VonReischts' followers quickly depart into the darkness to seek out new places to haunt. The last thing you see of the manor house as you hastily depart from this unhallowed ground is the stone crumbling to dust as the old castle literally disintegrates, dispersing all of its haunting evil on the chill wind.

Well now—good job! Reward yourself with 1D100 SAN for defeating the Great Old One and its foul minions, gather up yourself and your friend and go to -399-. (574, 30JP)

49

You press against the trapdoor, but it's hard to put your weight against it in this cramped space. The flames grow closer, sweat runs off your brow, and as you give it everything you've got you realize it's not going to be enough—the trapdoor won't budge. Your only chance is to make it through the flames! You bundle your shirt over your face and take off running down the stairs. In moments you're in the heat, and it's just like the chamber all over again. Flaming timbers give way at the bottom of the stairs and you plunge through the floor, sparks and flaming wood accompanying your descent into more of the same. You get to your feet as several more timbers fall and strike you, knocking the wind out of you, and as your scalp burns from your flaming hair you know that once again, you just don't have what it takes. It takes you far, far too long to die. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -218-. (125) 3JP

50

Corey looks at you as you explain your feelings. From the look on your friend's face you can tell that he is surprised that you are feeling this way and that he thinks you are being silly, which he tells you. Corey says that he

is enjoying himself and even though he does, yes, find the Baron and his guests a bit odd he also finds them very interesting and does not want to leave to walk back to town in the pouring rain. Corey tries to talk you into staying. To listen to Corey and stay, go to -16-; to ask for the phone, go to -95-; or to give up and leave without Corey, go to -15-.

1JP

51

You wander for a while in the gale, thunder shaking the muddy ground, blue-white lightning illuminating twisted trees in bizarre ways as it sporadically flashes around you. Suddenly, as you round a bend in the water-buried road you hear the unmistakable sound of hoof-beats. There, in the center of the road is a frightful apparition: a huge black horse, its eyes glowing blood-red, rearing to charge with a headless rider on its back. The ghostly, headless man grips an evilly-carved jack-o-lantern in one hand, hellish flame illuminating the grisly form from within the carved pumpkin. The sight of this horrifying spectral figure costs you 0/1D8 SAN. If you lose 5 or more points of SAN here, go to -19-; otherwise, continue on with this paragraph. As you watch you are filled with horror as the phantom rider urges his hellish steed onward towards you, misty smoke and crimson sparks spewing forth from the horse's slaving mouth. The black-clad horseman, cape billowing behind him, raises the coldly-grinning jack-o-lantern over his stump of a neck and hurls it at you. If Corey is with you, roll 1D6: 1-3, go to -13-; 4-6, go to -66-. If Corey is not with you, go to -13-. (2, 5, 14, 17, 20)

52

It takes you about half an hour to find the house, but you do so. Go to -176-. (138)

1JP

53

You steel yourself as best you can while you run, and glance back over your shoulder. Behind you, you see a figure in tattered rags, soiled and dismal. It's boiling down the stairs after you, you can't see it's legs or feet, it just seems to tumble down behind. But in that one glance you take it all in, and when you look ahead once more your mind registers fully what it saw: the thing had your face. The tickling tease of cloth on the back of your neck turns into a buffeting, and a hoarse cry comes from behind you as the thing engulfs you, as you engulf you, and all goes black. Go to -105-. (162)

2JP

54

The rowboat emerges from the mist, which is no longer mist. Rather—clouds! You are floating high above the strange black lake, which appears to be water once more. Somehow you passed through the mist-lake and re-emerged in the dim sky! The massive palace you glimpsed from the shore is nearby, and now seems well within your reach. On the far shore of the black lake away from the palace you see the outlines of some monstrous city. What is this strange place? Suddenly, hands are against your back—the tall man is pushing you overboard! His mask has slipped, and you see that it is O'Brien, the butler from the house. Make a STR resistance roll vs. O'Brien's STR of 13. Succeed and go to -141-; fail and go to -192-. (177)

4JP

55

To travel through the forward passage, go to -203-; to travel through the route behind you, go to -181-; to travel to the right, go to -106-; to travel to the left, go to -133-.

0JP

56

The gloomy silence is broken by the ominous hoot of an owl. The wind blows cold and the ground fog swirls hauntingly around your legs. You may attempt a Spot Hidden roll here. Succeed and roll 1D6: 1-2, go to -640-; 3-4, go to -530-; 5-6, go to -492-. Fail, and either go to -587- to search more of the grounds or return to the manor house (ground floor near -271-). (633)

1JP

57

The orrery floats above the strange city, adjacent to which is a black lake, stretching to the horizon. Yet you can also see something beyond: a wondrous, monstrous palace, whose spires seem to rise behind the moon. "That's where we're headed," says Ambrose. "Masquerade ball. Not that I'm dressed for it," he chuckles. As the orrery drifts over the lake, there is a sudden wrenching sound, and one of the bellows stops pumping. "Bullets!" curses Ambrose. "Lend a hand, friend, and keep that bellows pumping!" Ambrose wrestles with the controls furiously, and you begin working the tremendous lever. Attempt a CONx5 roll; succeed and go to -89-; fail and go to -101-. (129)

2JP

58

The sand swallows you up; in a succession of moments you have flashes of your life... among others. You start to drown in the strange sand, and your eyes hurt terribly from

the abrasive grains you are engulfed in. A distant voice drones something unintelligible. Go to -221-. (86, 195)

59

In the cold, dark sky above you you hear what sounds like the flapping of large wings. You look up into the black, boiling sky and spot something horrible! Make a SAN roll—the SAN loss is 1/1D6. If you lose 5 or more points, go to -19-. Otherwise, go to -30-. (29)

1CM

3JP

60

Somehow the masked figure seems to speak inside your head. You are unable to tear yourself away as the words impact like nails in your skull. "Threat. You are threatened. You do not belong." The pain mounts, your vision dims. Go to -218-. (204)

1JP

61

The large carved pumpkin shoots past your head, smashing to the wet ground with a shower of musty yellow pulp. Without looking back you run, the thundering sound of hooves close behind you, spectral demonic laughter echoing in the murky woods all around you. If Corey is with you, you hear his strangled scream somewhere behind you but you don't look back. You know the horseman is close on your heels—you can feel the icy breath of his hell-spawned mount on your back. If you can make it to the cover of the trees you might be safe—if you can find somewhere to hide. Match your CON against your foe's CON of 4D6 on the Resistance Table. If you win the resistance struggle or have a CON of 18, go to -31-; lose and go to -11-. (13)

4JP

62

You can not seem to exactly place their accents, but they both seem to be somewhat British. Go to -74-. (98)

1JP

63

You somehow manage to avoid the cruel swipe of the undead monster. In desperation you dive out of the other side of your bed. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -22-; fail, and go to -25-. (9, 36)

1JP

64

"Well, please feel at home—join our celebration of the holiday, won't you?" says the Baron in a rather smooth, almost hypnotic voice. "It is on holidays such as these that I long for our home land—how I miss mother Germany and her beautiful countryside. Ah, but no matter. This is a celebration, not a time for such musings." To inquire more about the Baron's home and how he came to be in the United States, go to -99-; to let it pass and make small talk, go to -16-. (70, 76, 78) 1JP

65

"We have no phone," Miss Quinn hisses. Make a Psychology roll—succeed and go to -81-, fail and go to -47-. (95) 1JP

66

You watch in horror as the headless specter launches his gruesome pumpkin-head at your friend. Corey tries desperately to dodge out of the way of the on-rushing projectile but stumbles on a protruding tree root. With a sickening crack the jack-o-lantern connects with the young man's head, snapping his neck. This bloody sight costs you an automatic 1D6 points of SAN—no SAN roll allowed. If you lose 5 or more points of SAN go to -19-, otherwise you go screaming into the musty darkness, panting, heart pounding madly within your chest as you run wildly through the forest. You are found the following day, suffering from mental and physical exhaustion. Your close friend has not survived the nightmarish encounters with the denizens of the dark on that wretched Halloween night. You have been luckier, however, and while you will never sleep well again you manage to complete your thesis which brings you the recognition which you sought. The grant is yours, and you are on your way to the top of your field. Still... on dark and stormy fall nights you are haunted... haunted by the sound of approaching hooves... and this is the END.... (51) 6JP

67

The car surges right at you, anticipating your dodge, and a mass of fleshy tendrils emerge from the bumper to catch you. You are lifted up, and are aware of the air rushing past you as the hood opens and the thing draws you into the engine. There you feel your flesh melt away and your fluids pumped out, and you scream but don't live to hear it. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -238-. (233) 3JP

68

You scramble up a cracked and buckled tree. From below, Corey screams out in agony as the wolf-things pounce on him, tearing his throat out savagely. The sight of this costs you an automatic 1D6 SAN—no SAN roll allowed. If you lose 5 or more points of SAN go to -19-, otherwise go to -87-. (94) 4JP

69

Stepping through a doorway, you are greeted with a long hall, off of which are many doors. Wooden, carpeted stairs lead down. From the stairwell comes the sound of a



typewriter clacking. To head downstairs go to -197-; to try a door, go to -159-. (179, 212) 1JP

70

Suddenly it comes to you—what has been bothering you about your hosts' accents. They are certainly not German. They are Rumanian. This you find strange since you were under the impression that they were from Germany. Why would they lie to you? Go to -64-. (76) 1JP

71

Corey looks at you as you are explaining your feelings. From the look on his face you can tell that he is feeling the same way, which he tells you. Your friend says that he is very uneasy and that he wants very much to leave this place. You may ask for the phone by going to -95-, or you and Corey may leave by going to -15-. (8) 1JP

72

A large winged figure screeches as it swoops by you. The thing is a blasphemous creature that seems part bird and part insect with great leathery wings and sharp taloned claws. The sight of this terrible thing costs you 1/1D6 SAN; if you lose 5 or more points of SAN, go to -19-; if not, continue this paragraph. The alien monster turns for a second attack. If you have a weapon and if Corey is with you and has a weapon, either or both of you may prepare to strike and will each get one attack. For each successful hit on the creature, subtract 2 points from the damage done due to the thing's tough skin and thick fur. If you manage to do 12 points of damage to the monster, you have killed it. Reward yourself with 1D6 SAN and go to -73-. If you do not kill the creature, go to -37-. (75, 80) 3JP

73

You wander down the long, spooky road for what seems like hours. Finally, your tired feet bring you to Salem where you call friends in Arkham to pick you up. You are exhausted, as is Corey if he is with you, and you find yourself stricken with a bad cold for several weeks after your hours of lonely wandering in the cold rain. Even though you are sick you still manage to write your thesis, which brings you great recognition and the grant you have been working towards. Your life eventually gets back to normal but even so, you still refuse to drive past that manor house at night... the END.... (37, 43, 72) 0JP

74

The maid struts up to you very cat-like, her dark eyes piercing right through. "Miss Quinn, won't you get our guests something to warm themselves?" says O'Brien. "Follow me," purrs the brooding maid as she leads you towards a set of double doors. From beyond the doors you hear the sounds of many voices. "We don't want to intrude," you say to the butler. "You have arrived on a very

special night," he explains. "Our employers are celebrating the holiday in all the splendor of old Germany, but do not concern yourselves, for the Baron and the Baroness will love to have you and would not hear of you going back out into that dreadful weather." At that, Miss Quinn throws back the double doors; beyond is a ballroom furnished completely in very old and obviously very valuable furniture. Within the chamber are eleven people of varying races, all dressed in black. All attention seems to be centered on a very regal-looking gentleman with a monocle and the very elegant and beautiful woman at his side. O'Brien leads you into the chamber, all eyes turning to you as, still dripping from the rain, you follow behind the hunch-backed butler, somewhat embarrassed. As you enter the room you may make any one of the following skill rolls: Spot Hidden (succeed and go to -96-), Listen (succeed and go to -91-), or History (succeed and go to -6-). If you fail the skill roll of your choice, no matter what it was, go to -78-. (4, 62, 92) 2JP

75

You suddenly feel something very sharp tear into your back. You have suffered 2D6 hit points of damage. If you are still alive, go to -72-. (80) 3JP

76

You realize that the Baron and his wife do not speak with German accents, even though they would have you think that they are from Germany. To identify their accents make a successful Know roll and go to -70-. If you fail the roll, go to -64-. (78) 1JP

77

You climb the ornate stairs to the balcony, and pause for a moment to gaze over the crowd below. Seen from here, the throng takes on the aspect of a multicolored swirl, fronds and feathers dancing about while jewels and silky fabrics catch the torchlight of the hall. Drinking in the sights for a moment, you feel more relaxed. Turning, you walk down a hall towards the source of the music, a grand chamber which many people pass in and out of. Entering, you find yourself in a grand ballroom. The music seems to swell in volume as you cross the threshold, and your ears are treated to the sounds of a grand orchestra—yet one that contains many unfamiliar instruments, for the sounds are curiously odd. The music itself is epic in sweep, yet wistful—almost mournful—in tone. In places it sounds like a dirge, in others a martial triumph. And to this strange music dance a roomful of dancers, all masked or costumed

in the finest apparel, swaying to and fro in intricate dances involving more than a hundred people, yet within which are small groups of six, four, or even just a couple who execute their own moves, intrinsically part of a magnificent whole. Others stand about on the sides, observing the slow grace of the dancers. At the front of the hall, you espy what appears to be a royal court of some sort. A woman dressed in the finest of clothes, bedecked with a crown, jewels, and an obsidian staff sits on a strange sort of ornate divan. About her are a ring of attendants, male and female, whom she has intermittent conversations with. Sitting on the floor nearby her is a curious robed figure, wearing a pallid mask. The figure watches the company, the occasional turning of his head the only sign of movement. Glancing about the guests, you are startled to see two familiar faces—the Baron and Baroness VonReischt! They are here costumed as vampires, dressed in formal evening wear with protruding pointed teeth. They slip about the edges of the assembly, taking in the sights.

To speak with the VonReischts, go to -209-; to seek out Ambrose, go to -132-; to get a better look at the royal court, go to -204-. (110, 123, 153, 183, 213) 1JP 3CM

78

O'Brien leads you to the center of the ballroom where the monocled man and elegant woman are speaking with three men. "My Lord," O'Brien says to the monocled man, bowing slightly. "May I introduce some unexpected guests? They have had an accident with their vehicle and are in need of something to warm themselves, and a phone to call for assistance." The man peers at you for a moment and then with a cool smile introduces himself as Baron Birlad Tecuci VonReischt. Extending a gloved hand first to Corey and then to you, the Baron gives you a very firm hand shake. With a majestic wave of his hand the Baron introduces his wife, Baroness Deva Oradea VonReischt; she welcomes you but does not smile, remaining rather cold and somber-looking. Both the Baroness and the Baron speak with accents, yet there is something about them that does not seem right to you. Make an Idea roll and go to -76-, fail and go to -64-. (6, 40, 74, 84, 88, 91, 96) 1JP

79

Run! Something's coming after you. There are steps under your feet, use them! Get lower, go down, run, run, run or else it's going to get you! Your feet move below you, one then the other then one then the other. The wind is rushing by your ears, you're running down these stairs so

fast. They begin to spiral around a central column, and you angle yourself into the spiral. Your head is pounding, you're getting dizzy, and if you let up from your descent you'll stumble and fall and it's going to get you! Make a DEXx5 roll, and you better not fail it. Succeed and go to -162-; fail and go to -147-. (67) 2JP

80

Roll 1D100: 1-35, go to -75-; 36-100, go to -72-. (29) 0JP

81

She is lying! If you confront her about it she simply hisses and stalks away. You may ask the Baron for the phone by going to -93-; you may ask O'Brien for the phone by going to -32-; or you may simply return to the conversation by going to -16-. (95) 1JP

82

The last thing that you see are yellow fangs and glowing eyes as the creatures swarm over you, knocking you to the ground. One of the lumbering wolf-things grabs vice-like onto your throat with razor-sharp fangs. With a last desperate cry your throat is torn out in a shower of red gore. Corey clings to the tree all night, under the watchful eyes of your slayers. The ravenous wolves flee from the first rays of dawn's sun, and with the comfort of the light of day Corey climbs down out of the tree and drags himself into Salem. Corey's sleep is forever haunted by memories of that Halloween night that he somehow survived. You were not so lucky, and for you this is the END.... (94) 0JP

83

At some point the woman sitting on the divan notices this and claps her hands together sharply. You look away from the masked figure at the woman, who regards you with a slight smile. "Do not look long into the mask of the phantom of truth, young dreamer. He is a most vexing and entrancing individual." You glance back at the 'phantom,' who silently regards the crowd in the ballroom. "What is your name?" asks the woman. "Chris," you reply. "Mine is Camilla. How did you come to be here?" You briefly recount your meeting with the VonReischts, and with Ambrose. "I fear I am ill-acquainted with those you speak of, but I do hope you enjoy the masquerade. Our friend the phantom has hinted of a most special entertainment." With that, the woman looks away, and the conversation is clearly over. Return to -77- and pick another option. (204) 3JP 1CM

84

The few words and phrases you overheard do not seem at all familiar to you. In fact, you can not find the slightest bit of this language that sounds like anything you have ever heard or heard of. Go to -78-. (91) 3JP

85

Corey stares at you as you explain why you're going ahead. "I tried to stop you. Remember that," he says in a strange husky voice. Suddenly the whites of Corey's eyes turn cloudy red; he cries out, and a moment later his eyes burst open, splattering you with white fluid and red blood. A mass of slim golden snakes burst from Corey's ruined sockets, landing on the seat and on you. More erupt from Corey's ears, nose and mouth, and there are soon dozens of them, writhing on the seat and on you. Corey spasms and shakes as the eruption continues, his scream choked off by the mass of serpents boiling forth from his mouth. You try to stop the car, as the snakes run over your body, and the first of them slides down your throat. You cry out and don't finish the noise, as the serpents strangle you from within, slither through your nose, pierce your eardrums and slide into your head, and push around the edge of your eyeballs. Your hands fly to your face to pull the things off, even as you know it's hopeless, and your head is full of snakes, and the car runs off the road and shortly runs up a boulder and flips over, and the metal of the car crushes you, but you're already dead. Lose 1D4 SAN and go to -238-. (121) 4JP

86

As you approach the crest of the sand dune, the entire mass suddenly flows outward—it's coming at you! Attempt a Dodge roll: succeed and go to -130-, fail and go to -58-. (190) 2JP

87

You spend what seems like days in that old tree, watching in horror as your close friend is ripped to pieces and devoured by the wolf-creatures. The things keep a watchful eye on you for a long while. You are surprised when they suddenly turn and run off into the woods. During the rest of the night you cling in terror to the tree, fearing that they will return but they never do. In the morning, with the warm protection of the sun's rays, you weakly climb down out of the tree and drag yourself into Salem where you call friends in Arkham for a ride. Corey's death, while a mystery to the authorities who refuse to

believe your story, is officially classified as an auto accident. You take the following semester off from the Miskatonic while you get your life and mind back together. You have lost the grant but have survived the ordeal of that Halloween night you spent alone. The END.... (68) 2JP

88

The amulet design suddenly rings familiar, in a way. The design appears to be a very old symbol relating to some mystical air elemental or spirit, although you have never seen such designs and can't really figure out just what occult creature the amulet relates to. Go to -78-. (40) 2JP

89

You take hold and pull on the lever, bringing it to the ground, and then raising it again. The bronze infant head spews steam into the night air. You do it again, and again, and soon have the bellows pumping. "Good show!" cries Ambrose. He returns to his instruments. "Just keep it up!" Make a CONx4 roll; succeed and go to -171-; fail and go to -101-. (57) 1JP

90

You hear a click behind your head. You spin around, to find you are looking down the barrel of a rifle just behind you. It's held by a stooped man in a black coat with white hair—O'Brien! You open your mouth to say something, and there is a noise as big as God. A terrific pain strikes your head and you stagger back, glimpsing O'Brien's grin in the moonlight, and then all goes black. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -238-. (118) 1JP

91

You overhear a few of the guests speaking and they are not speaking English. To try to identify the language they speak, make a Know roll and go to -84-; fail, and go to -78-. (74) 2JP

92

You recognize the butler's accent as being of New Zealand, and the maid's to be Irish. To comment on this go to -4-. To let it pass go to -74-. (98) 1JP

93

"A phone?" says the Baron. "Why of course, you may use the telephone. Please, follow me." The Baron escorts you out of the ballroom and back out into the foyer to a phone. You feel relieved at the sight of the telephone but relief soon gives way to uneasiness again when you pick

up the phone and find it very much dead. "The storm must have knocked down the lines. Perhaps you will stay longer—just until the storm clears," suggests the Baron. To stay go to -16-; to leave, go to -15-. (81,95) 1JP

94

You turn around and are shocked to see a pack of very large, ravenous wolves behind you. The creatures are obviously dangerous—their cruel sneers and growls show off huge, sharp fangs that glint in the cool light of the moon. The wolves' eyes glow evilly with an almost intelligent hatred, making your blood run cold. One of the animals growls sounding almost like a devious human laugh, and then the pack begins to creep towards you. Your only hope is to out-run the creatures just long enough to reach the safe haven of a towering tree. There are 1D10+3 of these creatures. Add up your STR+DEX+CON+POW. If the total is 61 or more, then you have a 75% chance of making it. If the total is anything less, then you must roll that total or less on 1D100 to make it safely. Corey, if he is with you, has a 50% chance of making it. If you make it but Corey does not, go to -68-. If you and Corey both make it, or you are alone and make it go to -21-. If Corey makes it and you don't, go to -82-. If neither of you make it or you are alone and do not make it, then the last thing you see is a pair of wolfen eyes glaring into your own, and then there is a sharp pain in your throat and a deafening howl that echoes through the cold night air. You, and Corey if he is with you, are ripped to shreds by the awesome cruel strength and savagery of the wolves, and so this is, sadly, the END.... (97) 4JP

95

Looking about the room you see no sign of a telephone, so you decide to ask someone. To ask the Baron go to -93-; to ask O'Brien go to -32-; to ask Miss Quinn go to -65-. (50, 71) 1JP

96

As you pass a few of the guests you notice that they are all wearing odd amulets around their necks. To try to identify the symbols and design of the amulets you must make a Spot Hidden roll at half and then make a History or Occult roll. If you succeed at the rolls go to -40-; fail any of them and go to -78-. (74) 1JP

97

You wander for a short time in the pouring rain, blue cracks of lightning weirdly illuminating the leafless trees on either side of you. You have gone some distance from the

house when you suddenly hear a low, savage growl from behind you. Go to -94-. (17) 2JP

98

You rush in behind hunch-backed O'Brien, finding yourself in a cavernous foyer. The butler takes your coats, hanging them still-dripping in a closet. As you look around the foyer you are impressed by the many obvious antiques you see: tall, high-backed chairs of hard wood, lumbering tables and a large grandfather clock adorn this area. Several paintings hang dustily on the walls and everything has a light covering of dust and cobwebs, making it seem rather like no one actually lives here! Suddenly there is a cackle from above you. Looking up in the direction from which the sound came you see a red-haired woman in a maid's uniform descending the creaking stairs. "Visitors?" asks the woman. "These two young people have had a problem with their vehicle," explains the butler. "They have come to escape the storm for a time, and to see about assistance." You notice now that both the maid and the butler speak with accents. To try to identify their accents make a successful Know roll and go to -92-; fail and go to -62-. (35, 41) 1JP

99

The Baron looks at you for a moment as you begin to dig into his past with questions of his homeland, but then smiles and answers you: "The VonReicht family is one of the oldest and most respected families in all of Germany, and I am a direct descendant of nobility, as my title indicates. I, too, am a noble, at least in my country. My family is descended of the Szekelys; the blood of Attila the Hun courses through my veins—a dubious honor, indeed, would you not agree?" he laughs. "The old country is most dear to me and even the very soil of the ground is like gold to me—this is how greatly I love the land of my birth. But, alas, I was forced to leave my homeland with my ever-beautiful wife. You see, in this ever-changing and growingly technological world that we reside in certain comforts must be abandoned for the betterment of business. Simply put, I am an industrialist and the benefits of living in your country unfortunately outweigh that love of home. I must keep up with the times, you know! I find the supply of certain raw materials which are crucial to me to be more abundant here and easier to come by." Something that the Baron has said does not sound quite right to you—something about his family. Succeed with an Anthropology roll and go to -23-, fail and go to -16-. (64) 1JP

100

After a time, you feel yourself grow tired. On the black lake, a mist begins to steal in across the surface, coating the water with a blanket of fog. As the fog moves onward, so to does sleep steal over your tired body. Finally, you lie down. As you close your eyes, you realize that there is no water; the lake is now entirely comprised of mist. Go to -218-. (114, 167) 2JP

101

You let go of the lever and tumble to the floor, exhausted. You can't keep the massive lever going. "Brass!" curses Ambrose. The orrery lists a bit to one side, and the other heads begin to falter, too. "Double brass!" curses Ambrose as he plummets over the side of the craft. You cry out, and he's gone. The orrery plummets toward the streets of the city below, and the air rushing through the empty bellows produces a high-pitched squeal from the giant infant heads. You hold on to the guardrail, your screams mingling with those of the heads, as the craft tips to one side and slams into a building. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -218-. (57, 89) 4JP

102

You feel something bump the back of your head; for a split second you wonder what it is, and then there is a tremendous explosion and all goes black. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -238-. (118) 1JP

103

The bottle proves intractable. No open of pulling, pushing, or twisting will open it. In fact, the bottle is impervious to your best efforts! It can't be scratched, smashed or cracked. It seems all the bottles here are like this—strange, to be sure. Go to -139-. (159) 2JP

104

Corey moans softly as you approach with the flashlight. Nearing him, you see blood on the road around him; he cradles his head in his hands, gasping and crying. You place your hand on his shoulder to steady him as you try to get a better look at his injury, and the flesh of his shoulder gives way to your touch. You jerk your hand back, and the clothes and flesh come away sticking to your hand in goopy strands. Corey begins to soften and melt onto the road, moaning as it happens. You see his hands grasping his head, beginning to press inwards, as the flesh gives way

to the pressure. You cry out, flinging your hand about to get the flesh-goop off, as Corey begins to cave in and dissolve. The rain hisses when it strikes his body, and gives off little wisps of smoke. You take a step back, crying "Corey!" as your friend melts before your eyes. Suddenly the mass of flesh spurts forward, covering you in the goop. You go blind as the mass coats your face and sticks to it, and you feel your flesh being dissolved by the stuff. You try to scream, and Corey's flesh runs down your throat, strangling you. At once the goo encompasses your body, and you stagger back and fall onto the pavement. When you fall, you are fleetingly conscious of your own body giving way when it strikes the ground, and then you are no longer Chris Grant. Take 1D3 SAN and go to -238-. (158) 3JP

105

You awaken, groggy, to the sound of hoofbeats on stone. You open your eyes, and find you are lying on cool cobblestones on some street. It is night, and you are dimly aware of buildings around you. Suddenly you realize that the hoofbeats are almost on top of you! Panicking, you roll to one side and scramble away from—nothing. Yet the hoofbeats remain, approaching you on this strangely antiquated thoroughfare. Go to -194-. (53) 2JP

106

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. A crucifix has been left in one niche, alongside a bottle. A short piece of paper lies next to the crucifix, containing a handwritten copy of the Lord's Prayer. Roll 1D6: odd, -235-; even, -55- 1JP

107

As the tall man moves the small craft through the water, you notice a slow fog stealing across the lake. All is not well; there is something profoundly threatening about the mist that soon blankets the surface of the lake with a white cloud. Shortly, the sound of the oars passing through the water ceases; yet the tall man rows on! You realize that the water of the lake is gone, replaced entirely by this strange mist. "Dream time, lean time, high time, scream time," drones the tall man in a low voice. The boat tips downwards and plunges into the fog. Attempt a POWx3 roll; succeed and go to -221-; fail and go to -136-. (188) 3JP

108

As the craft passes over the lake, Ambrose sighs in relief, as do you. The palace begins to recede, along with your memories of what happened there. They soon come to take on the aspect of a book you read, or a play you watched, rather than something you lived through. You sit idly, lost in thought, when you notice something odd: a figure borne on two winged beasts, flying away from the palace, in your general direction. You point at it, and Ambrose nods. "The king is departing." "What king?" "The last king, the King in Yellow." Attempt a POW resistance roll vs. 20; succeed and go to -143; fail, and go to -137-.

1CM

2JP

109

Sunstram's stats are at -665-; refer to them and then come back here to fight it out. If he kills you, take 1D6 SAN. If you lose 5 or more points, go to -19-; otherwise, go to -221-. If you kill him—and he will not surrender or back down unless you do—flee up the stairs and go to -159-.

1JP

(120)

110

You come into the grand entrance hall of the palace. Livered servants stand by the doors in medieval costume, holding forth great burning brands. The fire makes you shiver, briefly, as you recall your strange and terrible immersion in the crimson flames not long before—or was that a dream? For a moment a voice of alarm calls out to you—where's the house? where's Corey? what is this?—but the voice is stilled and you pass the guards, a party guest. Ambrose pulls you aside. "There is someone here I must seek out—enjoy yourself, and we shall meet at the masquerade upstairs." He sidles off through the crowd. The crowd! The entrance hall is full of people, excited, milling people of every color and appearance. The costumes range from the fanciful, to the sensual, to the humorous. Many of the fabrics glow with an unnatural lustre, while brilliant feathers of great and unknown birds decorate the costumes. By and large, the guests here seem intent on eyeing the newcomers and gossiping, and you spot great banquet tables in a hall beyond brimming with exotic food and drink. To either end of the grand hall gilt and velvet staircases curve gracefully to another floor, on which a balcony runs over the hall. From somewhere above you hear the strains of wonderful and distant music. To wander on into the banquet hall, go to -226-. To head upstairs and

find the masquerade, go to -77-. To mingle here in the grand hall, go to -123-. (140, 207)

4JP

111

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. In the center of the floor someone has inscribed a pentagram with ash. Many lines of the pentagram have been disrupted, from someone stepping on or kicking the ash. Roll 1D6: odd, -112-; even, -55-.

2JP

112

To travel through the forward passage, go to -106-; to travel through the route behind you, go to -164-; to travel to the right, go to -154-; to travel to the left, go to -229-.

0JP

113

You watch the tenth planet as it makes its slow movement around the edge of the orrery. It's a giant copper globe, carved with strange indentations and markings. Some of the carving appears to resemble a gigantic eye, opening along the equator of the planet. You spot an ornate nameplate on the arm that supports the planet. "Nemesis," it reads. Go to -115-. (145)

2CM

3JP

114

Frightened, you flee down the strange shore, hoping to see some sort of landmark, something solid, that would offer hope of escape—or at least comprehension—of what is happening to you. Instead, your pounding feet only lead you to further vistas of the grey sand beach, and the implacable black lake nearby. Attempt a Luck roll: succeed and go to -100-; fail and go to -167-. (130, 190)

1JP

115

The outside of the platform is, if anything, just as bizarre as the inside. At five points, equally spaced around the edge of the platform, are mounted five gigantic bronze heads, facing outwards. Each head is about fifteen feet tall, and they possess the unique countenances of babies with mouths wide open. Mounted on the back of each head is a tremendous leather bellows with a handle to pump it. "Impressive, is it not?" calls a voice. Behind you stands an older, stocky man in a coarse brown robe. His hair and beard is peppery grey, but he looks cheerful. "Ambrose," he says, shaking your hand. He gestures broadly. "And this is my craft. Come, we must not tarry!" To ask Ambrose

about this strange assembly, go to -191-; to simply watch what he does go to -129-. (113, 117)

2JP

116

As the hoofbeats approach, a dim glow appears, moving down the street. The glow resolves itself into the skeleton of a horse and rider. In moments, the skeletons grow blood vessels, tissue, organs, nerves, and then—at the split second that the pair is directly in front of you—flesh. Immediately the flesh retreats, followed by the organs, tissues, and the skeleton itself, so that in the space of a few short seconds the horse and rider are once more gone. Wait, the rider—that was Corey! To pursue the hoofbeats, go to -219-. Otherwise, attempt a Spot Hidden roll: succeed and go to -179-; fail and go to -212-. (194)

3JP

117

Clambering through the trapdoor, you look up just in time to see a massive copper globe swinging at you. You dodge to one side as it races past, but it's not alone! You spot a guardrail, beyond which is some sort of platform. Timing your jump, you slip past the swinging globes and over the guardrail to safety. Standing up and getting your bearings, you're only more confused. You're standing on a circular platform, about forty feet in diameter. The safe part of the platform is about ten feet wide; the rest is a strange sight. In the center part of the disc is a massive assembly of gears, cranks, pistons, and 11 copper globes of varying size. The globes are mounted on sturdy arms that swing them about in rough ovals about a central point. In a moment the purpose becomes clear: this is an amazing orrery, a mechanical marvel that replicates the paths of the planets of the solar system. Sure enough, you pick them out: Mercury, Venus, Earth... but there's a tenth one there, too. To examine the tenth planet more closely, go to -113-; to check out the rest of the platform, go to -115-. (145)

4JP

118

You jump into the woods by the side of the road as the car-thing charges past you. There, you find a relatively safe haven. The car drives by a couple times, evidently looking for you, then sidles off into the night, not to return. Attempt a Listen roll: succeed and go to -90-; fail and go to -102-.

(233)

1JP

You scream in blind panic as your unminding legs carry you straight into the crimson flames. All sense of place is lost as the flames alight your clothes. Your hair catches fire, and the heat scalds your eyes as it singes the hairs from your flesh. Your shoes heat up as they burn, and your feet begin to smolder. The flesh on your hands sweats then crackles as it, too, catches alight, and then you are burning all over, you are being consumed in these terrible crimson flames. Your head is a burning torch as the strands of flaming hair dance across your scalp. Desperately you flail your arms, trying for relief, but your arms are great burning brands, carving swaths of flame through the air. Your clothes are consumed, and you feel sweat and melting fat from your flesh both running in rivulets all over your body. Your eyes swell and tears run down your cheeks as your skull begins to crack from the heat and your brain is boiled in its own juices, and mercifully everything goes black. Go to -125-. (173, 186) 3JP

120

You wrestle your hand free and back off from the man, who does not follow. He grins. "Now ya can't go interrupting the flow of communication, friend." On his forehead some of the typestroke marks darken with blood, spelling out "HATE YOU HATE YOU HATE YOU." Beside him, the typewriter begins clacking the same words out. You continue backing towards the stairs. Blood wells up from his flesh all over his body, filling in the typestrokes on his skin, spelling out "KILL YOU KILL YOU DIE" and he rushes at you. To take him on, go to -109-; to flee up the stairs, go to -159-. (187) 2JP

121

You pull to the side of the road and stop, then try to calm the frantic Corey. "There's a house, Chris, and we go there, and they try to kill me! I saw myself die, a dozen different ways! Please, Chris, turn around, let's go back, forget the story. Please!" If you turn around and abandon your story, go to -131-. If you want to press ahead, comfort Corey and go to -85-. (44) 1JP

122

From not far off there comes the cry of some gigantic beast, large enough to send a chill through your bones. You know you are in the presence of something huge, which you cannot even hope to overcome. To stop the tall

man, go to -206-; to continue, go to -39-; to jump overboard, go to -192-. (144) 2JP

123

You wander about through the throng, catching wisps of conversation as you do. "They haven't a clue what he wants—he says he's a messenger." "Oh it is a fine party, Klepac should have been here." "Hah! It'll take another century to fill up that land—look how long it's taken to settle as far as the Mississippi." And on and on. If you'd like to check out the banquet hall, go to -226-; to head upstairs, go to -77-. (123) 1JP



124

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. One niche in this chamber is without a bottle; strangely, a jester's mask has been left in its place. Roll 1D6: odd, -139-; even, -169-. 1JP

125

The heat is tremendous—but it isn't too close to you. You're standing in a building, a building that is burning. You're partway up a narrow stairwell, the foot of which is consumed by flames. The flames are advancing up the

steps, as the old wood crackles and spits. Directly above you is a trapdoor in the ceiling. To get the trapdoor open, you need to make a STR resistance roll against the trapdoor's STR of 16: succeed, and go to -145-; fail, and go to -49-. (119) 1JP

126

Turning, you stomp off through the sand, heading steadily upward. As you near the top, make a Spot Hidden roll: succeed and go to -190-; fail and go to -86-. (156) 0JP

127

As the car plows on through the night, you become aware of a strange rhythmic sound. You listen closely, and the sound resolves itself into a chant. It seems to be coming from all around. "Do you hear that?" asks Corey. On the dashboard, the temperature gauge suddenly slides all the way to the red. To stop the car and get out, go to -233-; to keep on driving, go to -150-. (238) 2JP

128

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. A bottle here has been opened and left on the floor. The bottle is empty; the nameplate reads "Randolph Carter." Roll 1D6: odd, -169-; even, -139-. 1JP

129

"Come now, it is time we are aloft. I've collected as much heat as I can from this noble edifice, and further delays may prove perilous." As if to punctuate Ambrose's words tongues of flame lick up through the open trapdoor. Ambrose turns and walks to a baroque panel of switches and knobs. He grandly flings a lever, and the massive bellows begin to pump. From the mouths of the giant heads pours steam in pulsing breaths, and after a moment there is a lurch and the whole assembly begins to rise! Roll 1D6: 1-2, -166-; 3-4, -198-; 5-6, -57-. (115, 191) 3JP

130

With a gasp and a cry you fling yourself away from the shifting sand. But the same thing is happening all around you! To flee down the beach, go to -114-; to run to the tall man, go to -210-. (86, 195) 2JP

131

Corey is visibly relieved as you turn the car around and head back to Arkham. "I'm sorry, Chris. I can't explain it. I just know I'll die if we went ahead—maybe you would have, too! It's safe back this way." You shake your head, wondering if you're doing the right thing. What's up with Corey, anyway? You look at your friend, who is clearly shaken and still upset. As you glance back at the road, you see a stooped man in a dark coat standing ahead of you in the road. He's pointing a rifle at you, and he fires! Attempt a Drive roll: succeed and go to -202-; fail and go to -196- (121) 1JP

132

You hunt about a bit and finally spot Ambrose, who is speaking with a tall young man on a balcony window. As you begin to cross the room, the young man shakes Ambrose's hand then turns and hops over the edge of the balcony into the night air below. As you approach, Ambrose is looking over the side. There you see the young man's crumpled body lying on the ground in a slowly-spreading pool of blood, near where you walked in. "Poor jaycy. He'll be back," states Ambrose. "But what of you? Is the party to your liking?" To answer yes, go to -163-; to answer no, go to -157-. (77) 1JP

133

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. There is a strange mist in this room, that flows about in shifting eddies. The mist smells of honeysuckle. Roll 1D6: odd, -112-; even, -169-. 1JP

134

As the craft passes over the lake, Ambrose sighs in relief, as do you. The palace begins to recede, along with your memories of what happened there. They soon come to take on the aspect of a book you read, or a play you watched, rather than something you lived through. You sit idly, lost in thought, when you notice something odd: the lake is turning to mist. The waves and crests remain, but they are now an insubstantial haze, rather than the water they were a few minutes ago. You glance about, and see Ambrose sitting against the instrument panel, dozing. You feel tired, and shortly go to sleep. Go to -218-. (155) 2JP

135

You scramble to a stop there at the entrance, not certain about continuing. You feel you are no longer being followed. The two men within the chamber regard you impassively, then one speaks. "There are better worlds than this, friend. If it were in our power, you would know this." They look to each other sadly, then turn back to you. As a question rises in your panting throat, there is a noise like a freight train from behind you and you are engulfed. Go to -238-. (227) 2JP

136

The boat plunges downwards, as you stifle a scream—but all seems to be well. The boat is completely enclosed by the strange mist, yet it seems solid—solid enough for the tall man to row through, at least. You are moving at a definite angle, downwards through the mist. What if the mist should return to water once more? You should surely drown! If you want to stop the tall man from drawing you further down, go to -206-; if you want to continue the voyage as it is, go to -144-. (107) 2JP

137

You feel your life pass out of you like spare change. Some part of you is swallowed up, and lost forever. You stagger, and feel faint. You can't keep your eyes open, but you know this sleep is not a sleep—or of reason. You are dimly aware of Ambrose calling out, but you can't be bothered to respond. All is lost in a pallid, amber haze of soft suffering, and for you this is the END.... (108) 1JP

138

You and Corey climb out of the car and head back up the road. The house wasn't far, you're pretty sure. As you suspected, after a couple of turns you spot the big old place, on a hill about a mile through the woods. Digging out the flashlight you pulled from the car, you click it on and head into the woods. Make a Spot Hidden roll and go to -199-; fail and go to -52-. (200) 1JP

139

To travel through the forward passage, go to -203-; to travel through the route behind you, go to -111-; to travel to the right, go to -220-; to travel to the left, go to -149-. 0JP

140

As the two of you step down off the platform, you spot a discoloration on the ground. Pausing, you see it is a blood stain in the soil. It seemed to be no more than a few inches across when you first noticed it, but now it is almost a foot. Before your eyes, it spreads slowly, almost as if it were welling to the surface from something beneath the earth. Yet the soil is clearly intact. A shiver passes over you briefly, and you hurry on towards the welcoming torches at the entrance to the strange palace. Go to -110-. (207) 1JP

141

You manage to slide out of the way of the marauding O'Brien. Something unworldly glints in his eyes for a moment as he raises the oar again; "Here or there, your death is your pick!" he cries. You can jump out of the boat and away from the danger by going to -192-; to remain and fight, go to -170-. (54, 206) 1JP

142

You duck as your assailant fires the shot, and you take off running for the comparative safety of the car. When you reach the car, you jump in and fumble for some weapon. Corey is sitting in the back seat, blood and brains spattered on his face around the awful wound. "You left me alone!" he cries as his hands fly about your neck. You gurgled out a response, and shortly all goes black. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -221-. (214) 3JP

143

The strange tatterdemalion passes by silently. Masked beneath his pallid rags, nevertheless the king seems to stare right through you before he passes on. Something chills you to your spine. "Through him is Hastur," Ambrose says. "Beware his servants, in this world and yours." Ambrose stares into your eyes, as if to emphasize this message. Go to -221-. (108) 3CM 4JP

144

The tall man continues to pass the oar through the thick mist, the "dream time" as he called it. Make a Listen roll and go to -122-; fail and go to -39-. (136) 1JP

145

You give it all you've got and the shackle holding the trapdoor in place bursts. Cool air greets your face as you leap through the opening. Attempt a Dodge roll: succeed

146

Unnerved by Corey's desperate actions, you wrestle for control of the steering wheel frantically. The headlights illuminate a sharp turn, and the brush beyond. Unable to steer away, you plunge into the growth on the edge of the turn. Corey is screaming, his hands all over you as he tries to stop the car. You apply the brakes, but it's too late: the car shoots over the edge of a precipice and falls. Ten feet, twenty feet, thirty feet, your screams join those of Corey's as you plummet toward the rocks below. For a brief moment the headlights pick out the ground just ahead in perfect, blinding clarity and then the front of the car slams into the rock and rolls over. You are briefly, horribly aware of metal and glass piercing your face, your chest, your legs, as Corey is thrown against you, and then all goes black. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -238-. (223) 2JP

147

You waver for one awful, critical moment. Your sense of balance is shot from the run, and this moment of carelessness is all it takes. One foot goes astray; the other shoots out in front of you and both come down awkwardly, several steps apart, just on the edge of the steps and you slip again. You drop to one knee as you fall and feel it scrape on the stone, pain shoots up your leg, and then you see your hands go in front of your face as you tumble down. Behind you there is a terrific roar, like a train rushing towards you. You catch frenzied glimpses of walls, steps, your feet, your hands, and sharp pains as your head strikes a step and all goes black. Go to -215-. (79) 1JP

148

Ambrose goes down with a moan. His last, fitful breaths are suddenly matched in perfect synchrony by the bronze heads, which also begin to blow steam irregularly. You look back from Ambrose to the heads, and feel the orrery start to list to one side. Ambrose stops breathing, and the heads do as well; the craft drops about fifty yards and then Ambrose catches another breath and the heads exhale, stabilizing you for a moment. Then Ambrose dies. The orrery plummets toward the streets of the city below, and the air rushing through the empty bellows produces a high-pitched squeal from the giant infant heads. You hold on to the guardrail, your screams mingling with those of the heads, as the craft tips to one side and slams into a building. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -218-. (166) 3JP

149

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. A lamp lies on the floor. The lamp appears rather old, although no dust has collected in the atmosphere of this strange cavern labyrinth. No oil is in the lamp. You may take it if you wish. Roll 1D6: odd, -112-; even, -55-. 1JP

150

You strain your hearing to try and comprehend the voices you are hearing, as you drive on through the wet night. Suddenly you realize your hands are stuck to the steering wheel. The surface of the wheel swells and bubbles in places, and the mass of it begins to flow over your hands. You cry out, and Corey yells something. You are briefly aware of the door of the car stretching out tendrils to engulf your friend, as the bulk of the steering column turns gelid and shoots forward, crushing your head against the back of the seat. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -238-. (127) 4JP

151

Mark off half a space on the Time Table. Both you and Corey reach the surface. Roll 1D10: odd, go to -17-; even, go to -399-. (45, 639, 662) 1JP

152

The nightflyers each peel off into the mist of the Dream-Time and pass away from sight. The small boat continues to glide through the mist. Make a POW resistance roll vs. a POW of 20. Succeed and go to -177-; fail and go to -218-. (237) 1JP

153

You spot a man dressed in a dark cloak and jester's mask pull a curved dagger from the folds of his robe. He holds it under his other arm, and then walks right up to one of the mirrored walls—and passes through! To try and follow him, go to -213-; to move along upstairs, go to -77-. (226) 3JP

154

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. There are cracks in the stone floor here, between which grow short plants. The plants are the color of wheat, and consist of a narrow central stem with largish spade-shaped leaves jutting out on short stems. At the top dangles a cluster of

155

The two of you hurry from the ballroom, and pass on down the stairs. As you hurry along, you think you hear screams coming from some of the rooms. The noise of the crowd in the main hall sounds less joyful, more threatening. The masqueraders seem less pleasant and happy; their costumes seem less humorous, more dark and unwholesome. From the banquet hall you hear the sound of a lamb bleating, the sound cut off by a wet crunch, accompanied by cheers. On the floor of the hall, two men duel with swords, both dripping blood from several small wounds. Ambrose takes you by the arm and the two of you run for the entrance. The noise of the crowd sounds like the bleating of the sheep, and the torches seem to be fading. Some of the guests are only partially clothed, others now brandish whips and leather. You step over a corpse on your way to the gates, a curved dagger protruding from his throat. At the gates, the guards are absent. Outside, you spot them with a group of other revelers, holding a woman down who cries out for help. Several of them look your way and grin, brandishing swords, clubs, or daggers. Ambrose pulls you onward. "Go—they're feeding!" And the two of you race for the orrery. You clamber aboard and Ambrose works the instruments, and in moments the bellows are pumping, steam pours from the great bronze infant heads, and the craft lifts off into a saner sky. Roll 1D6: even, go to -134-; odd, go to -108-. (157, 163) 8JP

156

The shore of the lake you stand by feels familiar; perhaps you have been here before, in another life, another time. So much seems to run together in your mind—Miskatonic, Salem, Corey, the car—and yet recedes from prominence as a passing thought, tangential and transitory. You are not at all surprised to see a figure walking along the beach in your general direction. The figure wears a dark robe, and carries a staff that, nevertheless, he does not seem to need in walking. He certainly seems to be approaching you; perhaps this meeting is best avoided? To remain, go to -182-; to head up the beach towards the crest of the dunes go to -126-. (215) 3JP

157

Ambrose looks saddened, but nods his head. "It is not, perhaps, suited to your temperament. This play—place, I mean—has a particular and select appeal. Let us depart."

Go to -155-. (132)

158

Corey stares at you, in uncomprehending horror. Then he flings his door open and leaps out in the rainy night. You screech to a stop, and climb out to find Corey. The rain pelts your forehead, and you attempt to shield your eyes. "Corey!" you call, the night too dark to see your friend. Receiving no answer, you grab a flashlight from the glove compartment and illuminate the night. Roll 1D6: even, go to -104-; odd, go to -172-. (44)

159

You enter a very strange room; it seems to be a chamber in a cave, in fact! The walls are roughly-hewn rock, and three rough passages lead out in different directions, besides the one you entered through. In the walls are perhaps a dozen carved-out niches. Each niche, curiously enough, contains a bottle. Each bottle is different; some are glass, some bronze, some short, some tall, some ornate, some plain. But all share one thing in common—they all have a brass plate attached with two sliver screws, on which is inscribed a name. The names are all different, and none of them are familiar. Some of them are in English, some in the Cyrillic alphabet of Russian, and some are in characters and languages which are altogether unfamiliar. To try and open a bottle, go to -103-; to travel onward, go to -139-. (69, 120, 174, 197, 205, 219)

160

Roll 1D6: 1-3, -208-; 4-6, -240-.

161

As the strange tall man rows onwards, you perceive a dim glow ahead, much before the reflection of the palace in the far distance. Something luminescent is rising from the depths of the lake! Despite your cautions, the tall man rows along, and within moments some thing rises directly below you. You are briefly conscious of something enormous, in both size and in evil, nearby; then there is dark, and the dim stars above are mercifully blotted out. Go to -221-. (188)

162

Loose step, crumbling mortar, you're not sure what it was—but you don't care. You're still running down these steps, into dimmer and dimmer light. What is it? What's behind you? You're sure you can't look back. If you do, who knows what you might see? Want a look? If you look,

go to -53-; if you don't look, go to -227-. (79)

163

Ambrose beams. "I'm so glad." He glances across the room, at where the masked figure in robes sits. The figure looks at Ambrose, then stands. The royal court and attendants react with surprise and speak among themselves. Ambrose leads you away from the window. As you pass, you spot something coming through the night sky—a figure in tattered, dangling robes, borne aloft by two strange winged creatures. At the front of the room, the woman on the divan stands and calls out something. The musicians stop playing, and all the guests turn towards the front of the room. A pale fear steals over you; something is wrong. You start to question Ambrose but he silences you, and whispers "hush... it's the last act."

"Honored guests," calls the woman. "As some of you may be aware, the court of Ythill has lately entertained a special individual—" "Cease your braying, Lady Camilla," the masked figure says. "Words are useless. You have abused them much during my stay, but now my king, the last king, is come."

His words are punctuated with the sound of flapping wings, and through the window comes the apparition you glimpsed moments before. The figure is superficially similar to the strange man who just spoke, but this person—this king—is much more than he. The king is old, unguessably old, a hunched figure in endless pallid yellow rags that loop about his person. The loose rag-cloak hangs down over his face, which seems to be obscured by a mask altogether different from the other, but it's hard to see exactly—it never quite catches the light. An odor of dusty, aged dandelions slips off the king's tatters. Ambrose draws a breath and pulls you back a step—"Speak not," he hisses. There is silence in the ballroom, and then Camilla asks "Who are you, king, that would come to Ythill?" The king speaks, his voice sliding out of his robes as much as from his mask. "Ythill? What is Ythill?" Camilla blanches. "Ythill? Why this is the land you have come to, king. Ythill is this land, the great city across the water, the home of this palace, of this royal family." The king takes a step forward. "Once, there was a place known as Ythill. But it is long since gone. The city is not the city you knew." Camilla strides forward next to the king, and gestures to the balcony. "Nonsense—" and she turns pale. "What is that?" "Carcosa," responds the king.

Ambrose pulls you aside. "Time we leave." Go to -155-. (132)

5CM

1JP

164

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. As you enter, your scalp begins to itch. It stops when you leave. Roll 1D6: odd, -235-; even, -193-. 1JP

165

No one answers, but on inspection the door proves to be unlocked. You open it and step inside. Go to -230-. (176) 1JP

166

The orrery floats above the strange city, adjacent to which is a black lake, stretching to the horizon. Yet you can also see something beyond: a wondrous, monstrous palace, whose spires seem to rise behind the moon. As you're drinking all of this in, you hear Ambrose cursing. You see he is looking over his instruments, a worried look on his face. He looks up at you. "It's a pity, but I hadn't planned on company for this trip. There simply isn't enough fuel for the both of us. You'll have to leave now." You glance apprehensively over the edge of the guardrail at the streets of the city, far below. Ambrose regards you wistfully as he strides towards you. "Must be kismet," he declares. Go to -666- for Ambrose's stats, then come back here. He will try to push you over the edge. Each round, you can either attack him or make a Dodge roll. If you fail the Dodge roll, or Ambrose survives your attack, you must make a STR resistance roll vs. his STR of 14 or be pushed over the edge. Do this each round, until either you kill him or he pushes you off. If you best him, go to -148-; if he pushes you over the side, go to -178-. (129) 3JP

167

Something screeches in the night sky above you. Looking up, you can make out a dim shape overhead—it's swooping at you! Turn to -664- for the nightflyer's stats, and then come back here to fight it. If you win, go to -100-. If you lose the battle, subtract 1D6 SAN. If you take 5 or more points, go to -19-, otherwise go to -218-. (114) 1CM 2JP

168

The pair lead you out of the ballroom and down a short hallway into another room. There, the Baron suddenly pulls your arms behind your back with unnatural strength. "This doesn't really count," he says, smiling with his pointed teeth, "but it's more fun that I can resist." With that,

10JP

both the Baron and his wife draw against you and, holding your head still, plunge their all-too-real teeth into the flesh of your throat. You scream, and your cries are drowned out by the music in the next room and the revelrous laughter of the partygoers. You feel the awful pain of your flesh and muscles tearing as the couple worry away at your throat, and lick up the blood that rolls down your skin in thick red trails. You struggle fiercely, but to no avail against the power of the Baron. You begin to grow faint, and as your vision dims your last thoughts are of the beautiful, haunting music of the palace. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -221-. (209) 3JP

169

To travel through the forward passage, go to -111-; to travel through the route behind you, go to -124-; to travel to the right, go to -164-; to travel to the left, go to -220-. 0JP

170

Get O'Brien's stats from -580-. His attacks are made with the oar (30%, 1D3+1D4 damage). If you inflict more than half of O'Brien's hit points, he tumbles overboard; go to -221-. If he defeats you, subtract 1D6 SAN. If you lose 5 or more points, go to -19-; otherwise, go to -218-. (225) 1JP

171

It's hard work, but you keep the bellows going a bit longer while Ambrose fiddles with the instruments. Suddenly the lever flies out of your tired hands and the pumping begins again, as steam billows forth from the mouth of the bronze infant head. The craft levels off and Ambrose steps back from the instruments. "All's well," he sighs. "As well as can be expected." Go to -207-. (89) 2JP

172

Corey is not where you expect him to be. There is a bloody spot on the road there, but no sign of your friend. You look about, casting the light of the flashlight across the woods at the side of the road, and you spot a figure moving through the trees, with something large slung across his back. He's got Corey! To call out to the figure, go to -189-; to run after him and stop him, go to -224-. (158) 1JP

173

The hoary sages open their arms towards you with looks of sadness on their faces; you keep running, and start to slow down when you realize you can't: your legs are still

moving against your will. With terror, you realize you're running straight towards the crimson flame. If your SAN and Cthulhu Mythos (if any) total 75 or more, go to -186-; 1JP otherwise, go to -119-. (227)

174

His pants pocket contains a wallet. Within, cards identify him as Charles Gahan Sunstram of New Orleans. A business card says he is City Editor of the New Orleans Daily Gazette. His birthdate is in 1882! The money in his wallet is all from the early 1920s. Head up the stairs and go to -159-. (205) 3JP

175

Ambrose yelps a warning, and you turn around just as a terrible flying monstrosity hooks you with a claw; lose 1D3+1D6 hit points. You scream as the thing hoists you up briefly, the talon digging into your flesh and lifting you by the wound. Then your muscle and flesh tear and you drop off, landing on the platform of the orrery in horrible pain. You hear the squawk of the creature and the cursing of Ambrose, and then all goes black. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -221-. (198) 3JP

176

You arrive at the front door of the big old house. Hesitantly you raise the knocker and knock. The sound booms throughout the house. Attempt a Luck roll: succeed and go to -165-; fail and go to -185-. (52, 199) 1JP

177

The strange creatures are lost to sight as the enormity of the aldeberan whale slides by, close enough to touch. You count your blessings and take your bearings. The mist seems to be thinning, and a strange glow emanates from below, the direction you are heading. If you want to stop the tall man from rowing you further, go to -206-; to continue on this strange and uncertain journey go to -54-. (152) 3JP

178

With a shove Ambrose pushes you over the guardrail. You grab at empty air as, above, you glimpse Ambrose giving you a hearty wave. The wind rushes by you and the dim streets of the city suddenly grow very close, closer, and finally SPLAT! Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -218-. (166) 1JP

179

Standing on this odd street, you survey your surroundings further, and get a shock—what you see once looks different the next time! Everything here seems to be constantly shifting, but only when you aren't looking at it. You can concentrate on one area and it remains unchanging, but when you look elsewhere you find windows that weren't there before, and doorways that are now taller, or wider, or non-existent! The effect is everywhere: the dim skyline beyond changes too, as buildings rise and shrink, always when you aren't looking at them. As you turn your head details shift, new avenues open up and old ones close, out of sight. How can you find your way through this terribly uncertain place? Lose 1D3 SAN points. If you want to head down the street, go to -184-; to explore a nearby building, go to -69-. (46, 116) 6JP 2CM

180

For a split second you are aware of something huge swinging towards you, and then the impact comes and you are carried aloft into the air. Your head spins and your ribs crack from the blow. You feel the object swing out and draw back, but you don't go with it. Instead, you are left hanging in the air for a split second as your consciousness takes in what's happening, and then you are falling. For a moment all is cool, but then as you fall past the tall building you pass by the flames licking from the windows and once again everything is heat and light and pain. You plummet too fast to catch alight, but this is small comfort when you strike the cobblestone street below, fifteen stories down. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -218-. (145) 2JP

181

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. From somewhere to your right, you hear a tinkling of bells. Roll 1D6: odd, -139-; even, -55-. 1JP

182

The figure comes near, and you see now that beneath the cowl of the robe is a mask, a mask of a laughing jester. As he walks, swirls of sand cascade about the folds of his robe. Nearing, a whispery voice seems to seep out from behind the mask, droning: "Transit, land's it, sand it, brand it." He comes to a stop next to you, standing a good foot taller. From this vantage point he looks down at you. "Wayfarer, paid carrier, berobed ferryer, journey wavier."

Make a resistance roll of your POW vs. the tall man's POW of 20. Succeed and go to -222-; fail and go to -201-. (156) 2JP

183

You take your time, sampling a few choice bits from different tables, until suddenly you feel a sharp pain in your side—take 1D3 hit points! You cry out, as do several people around you, who look from you to the mirrored wall nearby. For there, you see yourself just as you are, but standing next to you in the mirror is a man in a dark cloak and jester's mask, brandishing a dagger—yet he is not here next to you, only in the mirror! As you look on in horror he brings it down again. In the mirror, he draws it out, red with your blood. In the hall, another sharp pain strikes you, for 2D3 damage. The guests nearby you watch in horror and back away, for fear that the man in the mirror will attack them, too. To save yourself, you must flee this hall and get away from the mirrors before he kills you. Make three DEXx5 rolls. Anytime you miss one, the man catches up and stabs you again for 1D3 hit points. Keep rolling until you've made three successful rolls (not necessarily in sequence) or until you are dead. If you survive, catch your breath and go to -77-. If the terrible phantom slays you, lose 1D3 SAN 4JP and go to -221-. (226)

184

You walk along some distance, marveling at the strange environs you've found yourself in. From time to time you glance back, and see that the way behind you is not at all what you remember—disturbing, to be sure, but what can you do? Soon, a slithery mist creeps in across the street. You feel yourself growing oddly tired. The mist suggests strange shapes in its eddies and currents. Your eyes start to close as you plod along. Go to -221-. (179, 212, 219) 2JP

185

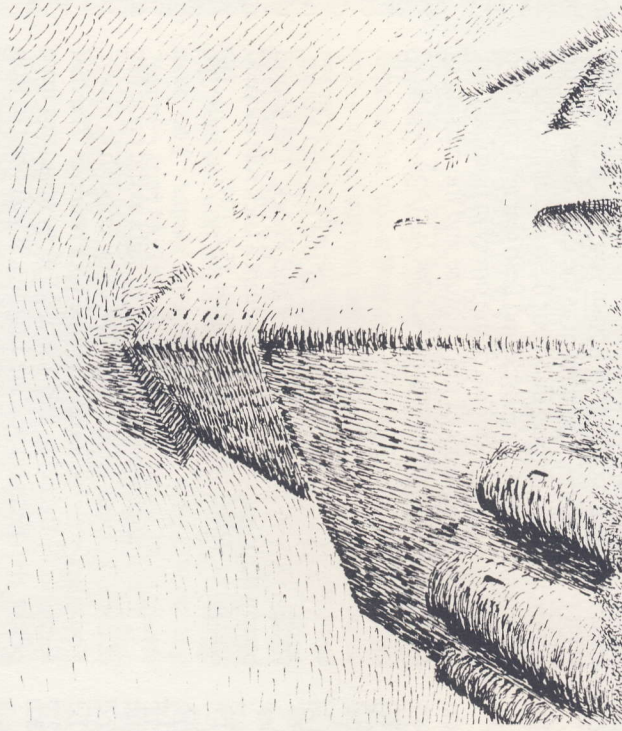
The door opens. Inside stands the maid, Miss Quinn. "Ah! Please come in," she purrs. "Some heat for cold travelers this awful night." Go to -230-. (176) 1JP

186

As you pass the sages they call, in unison, "fare well, dreamer." Or was it "fairwell?" Go to -119-. (173) 1JP

187

The man squints at you. "You're not Petey—hell, sorry 'bout that." He stands and shakes your hand. "Name's Sunstram, Charlie Sunstram." Glancing at his hand, you realize that his skin is covered with the light indentations of typestrokes without ink. "I'm a newspaper man," he says, as the letters begin to flow from his flesh onto yours. To break free of him, attempt a STR resistance roll vs. his STR of 10: succeed and go to -120-; fail, and go to -216-. (197) 3JP



188

The tall man pushes the boat off the shore with his oar, and you slip off into the black lake. "Hali," the man whispers. Roll 1D10: 1-2, -107-; 3-9, -217-; 10, -161-. (210, 231) 2JP

189

The man pays you no heed, but you think you hear Corey moan. Go to -224- to stop him. (172) 1JP

190

The sand dune you are approaching seems to shift slightly in the dim light. To flee down the beach, go to -114-; to return to the apparition, go to -231-; to press ahead, go to -86-. (126) 1JP

191

"What is this?" you ask. "This? This is my orrery, my means of transport and learning, all rolled up into one. I can study the movements of the heavenly bodies of our—your—solar system, and travel across the width and breadth of the city, all at the same time! Efficient, is it not?" Go to -129-. (115) 4JP

192

You plunge over the side of the boat. The atmosphere possesses a strange solidity that slows your descent. You tumble for several moments, babbling for help incoherently, and then strike a solid surface—crushing pain shoots through your body. Subtract 1D6 SAN. If you lose 5 or more points, go to -19-; otherwise, go to -218-. (39, 54, 122, 141, 225) 1JP

193

To travel through the forward passage, go to -149-; to travel through the route behind you, go to -128-; to travel to the right, go to -154-; to travel to the left, go to -229-. 0JP

194

You are standing on a street in a dim city. The night sky above is a hushed grey, pierced by what can only be stars—stars, nevertheless, that are pinpoints of black, scattered like pepper across the grey. The buildings around you are uniformly dark and shadowed, the architecture is old and somewhat gothic. There is something very disturbing about this place. The sound of hoofbeats snaps you back to attention; the sound is still approaching, and in fact seems scant yards away—yet there is no horse in sight, no one at all for that matter. Attempt a POW resistance roll vs. 20: if you succeed, go to -46-; if you fail, go to -116-. (105) 2CM 4JP

195

The sand starts to open up beneath your feet! Sinkhole or trap, you have no idea, but unless you make a Dodge roll you'll find out: succeed and go to -130-; fail and go to -58-

196

1JP

There is a sudden force exerted on your head, as you are slammed back against the seat, and you are briefly aware of a horrible pain in your head. You've been shot in the face. You dumbly regard your hands on the steering wheel, and you hear Corey cry your name. You wonder what he's yelling about. The forest looks very peaceful. You always wondered how you were going to die. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -238-. (131)

197

Heading downstairs, you find yourself in a smallish room. At a small table, a tired-looking man with thinning hair types on an old-fashioned manual typewriter. He looks up at your approach, but keeps on typing. "Damn you're late! Well come on, check this copy will ya?" He yanks the sheet of paper out of the typewriter and holds it out to you. The paper is solid black and brittle; every square inch has been covered with repeated keystrokes, over and over, until the surface is nothing but ink. "It's a big story—the Fowler case," he says, sighing with evident relief, "but it's almost done. I've just got a little more to write." As you scan over the illegible paper, the man wipes his brow. "It's about time, though. I'm itchin' ta get back to the Big Easy, ya know?" He yanks the paper back. "Just lemme finish up." He resumes typing. If you want to question the man, go to -187-. To go back up the stairs, go to -159-. (69) 4JP

198

The orrery floats above the strange city, adjacent to which is a black lake, stretching to the horizon. Yet you can also see something beyond: a wondrous, monstrous palace, whose spires seem to rise behind the moon. "That's where we're headed," says Ambrose. "Masquerade ball. Not that I'm dressed for it," he chuckles. As the orrery drifts over the lake, make a Spot Hidden roll. Succeed and go to -211-; fail and go to -175-. (129) 1CM

199

3JP

You keep a good eye on the house, and are there in no time. Go to -176-. (138) 0JP

200

With a sudden jolt your car begins to spin and go out of control—you seem to have had a back tire blow out. You wrestle the steering wheel for control of the car (why'd you

have to settle for manual steering?) and bring the vehicle to a stop on the side of the road safely. You and Corey climb out. There's no spare in back, but you do remember seeing a house back up the road a short bit. To go to the house, go to -138-; to walk on towards Salem and hope for someone to come along, go to -214-. (238) 1JP

201

You stand in rapt attention, unable to move, as the man twirls the staff back and forth over the sand. As the grains scatter in the staff's path, something begins to rise from the ground. Roll 1D6: even, -231-; odd, -195-. (182) 1JP

202

You swerve to the side and avoid the gunshot, swerving back, you run right into the man, who is slammed against the front bumper. You catch a brief glimpse of the contorted face as he screams, the white hair blowing in the wind, and then the man explodes from within and a mass of tentacles smash through the windshield from the man's body. The tentacles grab your head and hands, and the car goes plunging off the side of the road. You slam into a tree and smash your head against the steering wheel, as everything goes black. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -238-. (131) 3JP

203

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. On one wall here is written a cryptic and near-illiterate message, apparently with the flame of a candle: "I waz heer, now I'm gone, lost my naym and caryed on, you who new me new me well, fel I've gone rite to hel." There is no name or date accompanying the message. Roll 1D6: odd, -235-; even, -112-. 1JP

204

You make your way through the crowd, curious what royalty this is. As you near, the masked figure in robes turns his head towards and seems to regard you silently from behind the pallid mask. You see now that his wrists are shackled with great iron bands. You find yourself staring into the mask for a moment, as the music seems to die down, and for what feels like an eternity you simply look at the figure, who looks at you also. Attempt a POW resistance roll vs. 15: succeed, and go to -83-; fail and go to -60-. (77) 1CM

3JP

205

Sunstram falls to the floor. The typewriter clacks away without paper or operator. It types faster and faster, and smoke begins to rise from the machine. You see it is spelling out "BODY AND SOUL BODY AND SOUL BODY AND SOUL." To flee up the stairs, go to -159-; to search Sunstram's pockets, go to -174-. (109) 3JP

206

You come to your feet, unsteady, and grab the tall man by his shoulder and head. "Stop!" you cry, as the dim roar of some nearby fog-creature chills you to the bone. The tall man looks back at you through the ceramic glaze of the jester mask. The mask seems to slip away; beneath it lies the mocking face of the butler, O'Brien! "All is not what ye think!" he bellows, as he raises the oar to strike you. Attempt a Dodge roll: succeed and go to -141-; fail and go to -225-. (122, 136, 177) 2JP

207

The flight across the great black lake passes as in a dream; you remember only that it occurred, as if you read about it in a book. Somewhere, somehow, you suddenly realize that for the first time the monstrous far palace is actually getting closer. Ambrose gazes at it in admiration. "Haunting, isn't it? The palace of Yhill... or Carcosa, depending on when you ask. There is a great masquerade going on there—never ends, you know. Not for them." You press Ambrose with questions but he shrugs them off. "I can't provide you with any answers that you don't suspect already."

Nearing the Palace, you stare in awe at the gothic grandeur of its curving spires and magnificent ornamentation. Every shade of stone seems to be represented; colors flow from one to the next without seam. Earth tones dominate. Brighter colors appear only in highlights, on the undersides of tower chambers, as a fire burning at the base of a tree. Lights bum in many windows of the palace, and in a few you spot figures standing or walking, silhouetted in the openings. Their stances seem to draw a mournful wistfulness out of you, as if their posture recalls someone in a painting you saw long ago as a child. Looking up, the tallest spires of the palace almost vanish into the night sky, far higher than you have flown in Ambrose's strange craft. The dim moons, you notice, have not moved a whit.

Ambrose sets the craft down on the rocky soil outside the entrance, perhaps a dozen yards from the shore of the

lake. Gazing back, the lake seems to stretch forever, and there is no sign of the city you were in on the far side. Attempt a Spot Hidden roll: succeed and go to -140-; fail and go to -110-. (171, 211) 2CM 6JP

208

You scream maniacally and rush from the house and overgrown yard, fleeing across the wet ground, leathery weeds tearing and pulling at your legs—gnarled and twisted tree roots grabbing at your feet. All around you is madness—the leafless trees reach out for you and howl evilly, burning eyes winking open in cracked and splintered bark. At the base of one of the hellish trees three warty jack-o-lanterns glare at you and then shriek in tormented glee. You finally reach the rusted iron fence and manage to just hurl yourself over as the bars begin to twitch and become serpentine tentacles. You stumble in the cold mud once, skidding down the hill on your chest and coming to rest in the ditch beside the road. You pick yourself up and try to fight back the tears of terror that are welling in your eyes. You look to the night sky for assurance, but find that where once a full moon hung now hangs a blazing skeletal face. With a numbing scream you catch movement out of the corner of your eye. Turning your head you see that the manor house has become some utterly alien, animated horror and that it is coming for you, slowly creeping towards you to devour your very soul. Wood creaks and splinters and glass shatters as the ravening maw snaps open with an other-worldly wailing. With a final scream you bolt like a wild animal across the ditch and onto the road right into the path of an on-coming vehicle which savagely slams into you, sending you toppling back into the watery ditch. The police and ambulance are alerted, but arrive too late for, alas, this is the END.... (160) 0JP

209

As you approach the couple, the Baroness spots you and whispers something to her husband. He turns to you and smiles broadly, showing off the vampire teeth that complete his costume. "Ah, our honored guest—so glad you could join us. This is the party to end them all, is it not?" "Quite the celebration," chimes in the Baroness. "But what is this place?" you demand. "How did I get here?" The two look at each other, smiling. "The sleep of reason produces monsters, young friend. As you can see—my wife and I have become sinister creatures of the night!" He laughs heartily. "But you are quite right in asking; in answer, I suggest we depart and explain when we are once more

safe at home." To accompany them, go to -168-; otherwise, return to -77- and make a different choice. (77) 1JP

210

The tall man is standing in a smallish boat, holding a long oar in place of the staff. You frantically climb aboard. Go to -188-. (130) 0JP

211

In the dim sky above the orrery, you spot a half-dozen creatures swooping and diving through the night. Two of them break off and dive at the orrery! You call out to Ambrose, who curses heartily. Turn to -664- for the creatures' stats; one is on you and one is on Ambrose. Ambrose can take care of himself, but you need to reduce the creature attacking you to half hit points to drive it off. If you succeed, go to -207-; if the creature kills you, lose 1D3 SAN and go to -221-. (198) 2JP

212

Something profoundly unsettles you about this place, but you don't feel like sticking around. To head down the street, go to -184-; to explore a nearby building, go to -69-. (46, 116) 1JP

213

You move up to the wall, and hesitantly press against the mirror. Your hands pass right through, followed by the rest of you, and you are somehow beyond the wall. As soon as you step through, the sounds around you change. The conversation has a strange, garbled quality and you can no longer understand what people are saying. Those you see here are just as they appeared on the other side, but looking back the way you came you see that they do things in reverse—left hand instead of right, for instance—as everything here is a mirror image. You spot the cloaked man staring at you. "Ye've tarried long enough!" he cries, and the voice strikes a familiar chord—O'Brien, the butler from the manor house! He rushes at you with the knife. Turn to -580- for O'Brien's stats and return here to fight it out. Note that here in the mirror-world his knife does normal damage. If the madman kills you, lose 1D3 SAN and go to -221-. If you beat him, return to the normal world and go to -77-. (153) 3JP

214

After a few minutes of trudging along through the rain and the dark, a light appears in the forest and comes bobbing along down towards you. The two of you stop

and you call out, "hello!" The light nears, and then stops about thirty feet from the edge of the woods. "Hello?" you call out again. Your hail is answered by a gunshot. Corey yelps and falls back to the ground. You scramble over with the flashlight and are met with the sight of Corey, a bloody wound on his forehead. He stares up at the night sky, rain pelting his eyes, and shudders as he gasps his last breaths. "Corey!" you cry. Another shot rings out. Attempt a Dodge roll: succeed and go to -142-; fail and go to -102-. (200) 1JP

215

You awaken, groggy, to the feel of fine sand against your cheek and the sound of waves. You rise on one arm and open your eyes. It is night; you are lying on a strange grey beach. Before you a vast expanse of water stretches into the dark. Above the water, on the horizon, you see a terrifying sight: the night sky is full of stars, but like no stars you've ever seen. Here they are hollow dim points of darkness, dotting the sky. On some impossibly far shore you see a massive palace, spires rising into the darkness. A pale moon floats banefully in the distance; it seems almost as if the spires of the palace rise behind the moon—but that is impossible, of course. Go to -156-. (147) 1CM 4JP

216

Sunstram holds you even tighter, and you scream as you feel the clacking of thousands of typestrokes all over your body. It feels like you're being stung by a multitude of insects, pounding letters into your flesh. The worst pain is on your eyes, where your vision is distorted by the impacts. "Freedom of the press!" he shouts. Blood wells up into some of the typestrokes on his flesh, the letters spelling out "MINE MINE MINE." In moments you feel the typestrokes impacting on your brain, as flashes of light dance across your vision. The pain is terrific, and you pass out. "Body and soul," whispers Sunstram. Lose 1D6 SAN. If you take 5 or more points, go to -19-; otherwise, Go to -221-. (187) 3JP

217

The strange tall man rows on, his oars pulling you along through the black lake of Hali. The dim stars above glare down balefully; you are in a place where you should not be. It is a real place, despite the dream-like way you feel. Swish, swish... the oar and the oarsman plow onward, towards the strange palace, which never grows nearer yet never feels quite so far. All seems to be within the realm of

possibility. Anything could happen in this environment; anything at all. Roll 1D10: even, -107-, odd, -167-. (188) 2JP

218

You wake up, your head sore and groggy. Go to -221- 0JP

219

You chase the sound down the street, passing strange misshapen buildings and alleys. Suddenly, the hoofbeats veer a sharp right—passing directly through the wall of a building! To enter the building through a doorway farther on, go to -159-; to head on down the street to see what else this odd place holds, go to -184-. (116) 1JP

220

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names. But here one of the niches is empty; the bottle it apparently held is lying on the floor, the stopper nearby. On examination, the bottle is completely empty. The name on the plate reads "Corey Adams!" Roll 1D6: odd, -55-; even, -193-. 1JP

221

You bolt up, looking around; you seem to still be in the ball room of the manor house but you are very much alone. A very eerie feeling slithers down your spine and you shiver. Checking your watch you see that you have been asleep only for about an hour. Any hit point loss you suffered in your strange dream has vanished, but SAN losses remain. Go to -236-. 1JP

222

A shiver passes over you, and fades. The tall man turns to the lake and gestures broadly. "Lips unknissed, uncured fist, dreamtime mist, unchecked list." He rolls the staff back and forth on the palms of his hands, stirring up the sand at the tip, and something begins to rise from the ground. Stick around, and go to -231-; leave this strange apparition and go to -126-. (182) 2JP

223

Corey turns to you suddenly, a look of blind panic on his face. "Stop!" he screams. "Stop! They're going to kill me! Stop, Chris!" He grabs for the steering wheel, and the car swerves on the slick road. Attempt a Drive roll: succeed and go to -44-; fail and go to -146-. (238) 0JP

224

You rush up, crying "Stop!" The man turns to you just as you reach him, and you give a yell. The flesh of the man's neck is distended, flowing back and into Corey's body—the two are one. Corey opens his eyes; you notice the tremendous wound on his head from his jump from the car. His mouth opens and blood drools out. The man hisses, and the flesh of his chest erupts from his shirt and slams into your head. The mass adheres immediately, and he draws you against his body, where his skin flows out and melds with yours. You are no longer Chris Grant. Lose 1D3 SAN. Go to -238-. (172, 89) 3JP

225

O'Brien strikes you solidly with the oar; take 1D3 damage. You cry out, rolling away from the blow. You are extremely vulnerable, squirming around on the deck of the small craft: jump out and go to -192-; to remain and fight, go to -170-. (206) 0JP

226

The banquet hall is long and mirrored, giving it a quality of infinite width. Down the long stretch are two rows of tables, set end to end. The tables alternate with different types of food and drink. Glancing about, you spot roast pig, cheeses of every sort, wines and other, fancifully-colored liquids in ornate crystal flasks. Costumed revelers partake of the many offerings, often as not resulting in drunken staggering about from table to table. Attempt a Spot Hidden roll: succeed and go to -153-; fail and go to -183-. (110, 123) 2JP

227

You don't know how much longer you can go on. Your heart is pounding, cold sweat is running down your forehead, and your legs feel like they're tubes of gelatin. And behind you, whatever it is that's chasing you is coming closer. There's a dull roar in your ears that dampens the whistling of the wind and you're not sure if the sound comes from within or without. Then, as you tire and fear stumbling, the stairs open into a chamber. The cavernous room is illuminated by a crimson flame, near which stand two aged-looking men in robes. They stand before you, on either side of the crimson flame. To keep running into the chamber, go to -173-; to stop and not enter, go to -135-. (162) 1CM

228

Searching the manor house: The VonReischt Manor consists of three floors plus the cellar and a tower, shown on the map on the inside back cover. You are now in the ball room. You may search the rooms and chambers in any order you like, although you should keep to some sort of order and not jump from floor to floor to floor. You are now on a time table—each room you search will take ten minutes; one spot on the time table. The time table appears on the inside front cover. Moving from one floor to another and along halls costs no time and moving from floor to floor may be done via the stairs or the elevators that are found around the manor house. If an elevator or stair case open into a room and not a hall, you must go to the appropriate room paragraph and read it just as though you had picked that room to investigate, marking off the time on the table, etc. Doors are unlocked unless otherwise noted. The appropriate paragraphs for each room are indicated by the number in each room on the house floor plan map. In certain instances there will be a number in a section of hall—when you pass by this area go to the paragraph noted. Once you have checked off the last spot on the Time Table go to -647-, unless you are involved in combat—if so go to that paragraph as soon as combat is completed (unless, of course, you are Killed). You may, at any time, decide to abandon your search and flee the house, in which case go directly to -232-. In most cases there are no trace numbers for the manor house rooms so you must keep track yourself of where you have been and what chambers you wish to explore. Items that you find in rooms that are meant for you to take or use will be identified as such. You may now begin your desperate search for your friend and companion. You are at -228- on the map. (234, 239) 0JP

229

You enter a chamber much like the previous one, with another set of bottles and unknown names—save one! There is a bottle here with your name on it. Opening it, a vaguely familiar voice whispers "I will take you, body and soul." A vaporous fog pours out of the opening. Go to -218- 1JP

230

You step inside, and you aren't in the house. You are standing on the shore of a monstrous black lake, someplace...else. You stare about you in shock. The ground is a fine grey sand that leads down to the gentle

waves. You and Corey look at each other, confused. On the lake, something breaks the surface of the water, and a mass of tissue and welts and eyes and blisters arises from the darkness. It extends its mind toward you, and your eyes snap shut. Lose 1D3 SAN and go to -221-. (165, 185) 3JP

231

From the sandy beach there rises a smallish boat. The sand pours out of it like some sort of animated water, until the boat rests there, empty. The tall figure hoists the staff, now an oar, and pushes the boat towards the dim, lapping water. Reaching the edge, he looks off at the far distant image of the palace, impossibly far away, and turns to you, beckoning. To get in the boat, go to -188-; to refuse, go to -195-. (190, 201, 222) 2JP

232

You collect yourself up—finding your coat, you bundle up and bolt out the door into the cold, dreary night and away from this evil abode. Go to -17-. (228, 234, 239) 0JP

233

You slow down, pull off, and shut the engine off, then you and Corey pile out of the car. "What's going on?" he asks. Worried, you open the hood and take a look inside. The metal and mechanisms of the engine have been replaced with a quivering, steaming mass of flesh. Robust arteries pump blood and other fluids to different places; fleshy valves slow their pumping. Spinning flaps of skin in place of the fans and belts come to a halt. The car seems to moan and quiver; you notice that the surface of the car looks like it has pores. Corey takes all this in as well and cries out. "Jesus!" he shouts. "Look at that!" The headlights split and open, revealing baleful eyes beneath. The fleshy engine sputter to life, and the hood closes suddenly. "Get back!" you yell, but it's too late: the car surges forward and catches Corey on the fender with fleshy tendrils. He screams out as the mass engulfs him; the car rolls down the road as you run to one side. It screeches to a halt. There is a shudder across the body as the features change, and suddenly the front end emerges from the back, and vice versa. The reversal complete, the car charges at you. Attempt a Dodge roll: succeed and go to -118-; fail and go to -67-. (127) 4JP

234

You see no sign of your friend. To search the manor house for Corey go to -228-, to abandon him and leave the spooky house go to -232-. (236) 1JP

235

To travel through the forward passage, go to -181-; to travel through the route behind you, go to -124-; to travel to the right, go to -128-; to travel to the left, go to -133-. 0JP

236

You pull yourself to your feet, head still spinning, and frantically search the ballroom for a sign—any sign—of Corey. Attempt a Spot Hidden roll—success takes you to -239- while failure takes you to -234-. (221) 1JP

237

Roll 1D3: that many Nightflyers are swooping out of the troubled wake of the massive Aldeberan whale to attack you. They seem to ignore the tall man. Go to -664- for their stats, then return here to fight them. If you manage to drive them off, go to -152-; otherwise, go to -218-. (39) 1JP

238

The rain and wind assault your car as you speed along the dark road. An occasional brilliant flash of jagged lightning illuminates the haunting sky and hellish woods on either side of you. After some distance you spot lights from an old brooding mansion set back away from the road on a hill as you pass by quickly. Although you got only a fast glimpse of the immense house you get an uneasy yet excited feeling as you think of those haunted house movies you've seen and loved. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -223-; 3-4, 127; 5-6, 200. (67, 90, 102, 135, 150, 196) 0JP

239

Beneath a dusty chair you find Corey's watch, the crystal front shattered. There obviously was a struggle but what became of your friend? To search the manor house go to -228-, to leave without your companion go to -232-. (236) 2JP

240

You flee madly through the manor house like a cyclone, mindlessly searching for somewhere to hide from what has terrified you so. Your only thought is of escape—to evade the horror that has sent you flying. In your insane flight to freedom you find yourself in a room at the very top of the house. You crouch in a corner, cowering, but the horror is still with you—you have not escaped—there is no escape. You can hear it—smell it—see it—all around

you—everywhere. It is coming for you—your only hope is to flee the house. With a mad cackle you dart from your corner and through a window, sending a shower of broken glass into the cold night air. You scream once as you plummet to the wet ground several stories below. You impact with the cold ground with a gruesome crack as your neck snaps, giving you the freedom you insanely sought with your own demise. Farewell—rest in peace! The END.... (160) 0JP

241

As you open the door to this chamber you can't help but notice how damp and humid the air is, with an almost salty smell. As you ease yourself in you discover the source of the dampness—a huge, slime-covered pool fills the room. Thick, black and bilious algae and sea weeds float on the stagnant water and the once delicate and beautifully tiled floor is buckled and cracked. Foul-scented water trickles from the walls and ceiling. You may attempt either a Listen roll or a Spot Hidden roll in this room. Succeed with the Listen and go to -278-, fail and go to -251-. Succeed with the Spot Hidden and go to -273-, fail and go to -251-. 1JP

242

You have found a book filled with star charts and information on various aspects of astronomy. You notice pages of text and maps of the constellation of Taurus and the star Aldebaran have been marked. Part of the text notes that the best times to clearly view Aldebaran are from October to March. Reading this book will give you a +5% in Astrology Return to the map. (374) 5JP

243

You discover that the bust is made from fine Italian marble. (331) 1JP

244

A secret door! To enter the secret passage go to -258-. Otherwise, return to the map. (271) 5JP

245

You have found a dog-eared copy of Bram Stoker's Dracula. You notice that a page is folded over and on that particular page you find references—as the character of Dracula is speaking—to the vampire's ancestral bloodline, which he claims includes Attila the Hun. Reading this book gives you a +5% in Occult. (374) 5JP

You don't spot anything unusual. Return to the map. 0JP

247

As you softly pad across the dust-caked floor you hear a sorrowful moaning emanating from some unseen source in the room. The ghostly occurrence happens again, sending a shiver clawing coldly down your spine. Attempt a SAN roll and lose 0/1D4 points. You are sure that you are not alone in this room, however you can see no one else. Quickly you exit the chamber as a third, louder wail starts. Return to the map. (308) 4JP

248

You have found a tome entitled Witch-Cult in Western Europe. Reading this moldering tome you will discover that it is a book of the obscure and terrible Cthulhu Myth Cycle. This volume has the following stats: English, +4% Cthulhu Mythos Knowledge, x1 Spell Multiplier and -1D3 SAN. The book seems to contain some sort of magic spells; roll 1D10: 1-5, -261-; 6-8, -316-; 9-10, -311- (374) 5JP

249

As you peer deeply into the semi-reflective face of the clock you suddenly notice a congeries of glowing, iridescent spheres or bubbles which split, ooze together and constantly change size and shape—shifting, flowing together and bursting. Your heart skips a beat as you realize that you are viewing some living entity through some sort of inter-dimensional portal or gate. Attempt a SAN roll or lose 1/1D10 points. As you watch, the being froths and foams out towards you, reaching for you. To avoid the awesome touch of Yog-Sothoth, the All in One, you must successfully roll your POWx3; succeed and you manage to step away from the clock and may continue your investigation, unless your SAN loss was 5 or more points, in which case go to -19-. If you fail the POW roll you suddenly find yourself transported into some other abyssal dimension from which you may never return, meaning, my friend, that this is the END... (317) 15JP 10CM

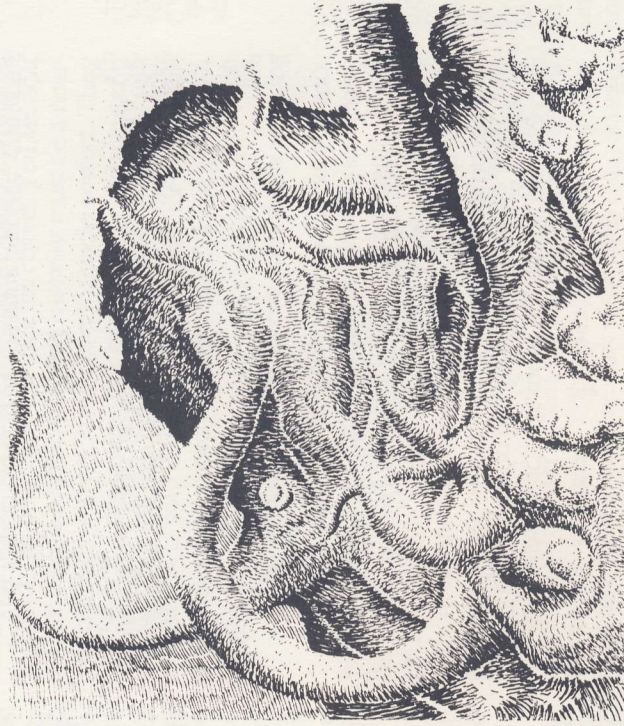
250

You instantly recognize this room as the kitchen. Dirt and long curtains of dust shroud everything and delicately drape like fine lace between pieces of furniture. You may

try either an Idea roll or a Spot Hidden roll in this room. Success with the Idea means you go to -315-, success with the Spot Hidden takes you to -246-. 1JP

251

Cautiously but curiously you edge closer to the thick, disease-infested water. All is still and quiet, then suddenly a scaled, bloated, tentacled horror rises with a hiss from the dark water. Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D8 points—lose 5 or more SAN and go to -19-, otherwise continue this paragraph. The octopoidal monstrosity lashes out at you with a rubbery tentacle and has a 40% chance of hitting. You may attempt to dodge out of the way of the creature.



If you are struck by a tentacle go to -322-. If the beast misses, you may escape it by fleeing the room and counting yourself lucky—return to the map. (241, 273, 278) 1CM 5JP

252

The haunt hovers there before you, as startled to see you as you are to see it. After a moment the spirit smiles at you and says that it may be able to help you with your search; the spectral figure will tell you what is in any one room of the manor house. Decide upon a room, find the appropriate number on the maps then go to that particular paragraph and read it. If there are other paragraphs leading

off from that one you may read them as long as they do not involve combat or interaction in some way with a creature or person (ie: you read a paragraph which describes a room and says that you may make either a Listen or Spot Hidden roll—you may automatically go to both paragraphs as if you had successfully made the rolls. If one of the paragraphs states that you hear some creature and then goes on to say that it is attacking, you may read no further since you obviously are not there to combat it, etc.). You may record the JPs for the paragraphs the ghost gives you but may not take any items mentioned unless you want to go to that room and get it. If you do go to the room later you do not need to make any rolls asked for since you already know what you will find there. In this way you may avoid monsters or traps by knowing that they are there. After finishing telling you all about the room of your choice, the ghost vanishes. You needn't mark off a space on the Time Table for what the ghost told you, as you did not actually go there and so considerably less time was required to discover the room's contents. You may learn of a room from the spirit only once—even if you return to this room and encounter the ghost you may not ask again. (338) 5JP

253

You are taken by surprise and are unable to move quickly enough to avoid the crushing blow of the heavy bookcase, which sends you painfully toppling to the floor beneath the awesome weight. You sustain 1D10 points of damage. Return to the map. (259, 347, 378) 2JP

254

Examining the plant life so vigorously growing in this room you notice that you can not identify even one of the unusual specimens except for a darkly beautiful black orchid. All of the other plants are totally alien to you. Return to the map. (289) 3JP

255

Opening the door you see that you have found the conservatory. The air is still and heavy with dust and as you walk along the moth-eaten carpet small clouds of dirt and dust billow up. You may attempt either a Listen roll or a Spot Hidden roll in this room. Succeed with the Listen and go to -350-, with the Spot Hidden and go to -371-. Fail and return to the map. 1JP

256

The double doors to this room wearily groan open to reveal a spacious living room, complete with dust-shrouded furnishings. This room, once opulent, now stands in ruin—a victim of time and neglect. You may attempt either a Listen roll (succeed and go to -350-) or a Spot Hidden roll (succeed and go to -372-). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

257

As you open the small chest cool air seeps out. Peering cautiously into the chest you see that it holds large jars of thick reddish-brown fluid. You may try to identify the liquid with any one of the following rolls: Chemistry (succeed and go to -376-), Know (succeed and go to -348-), Pharmacy (succeed and go to -376-), or Zoology (succeed and go to -376-). Fail and return to the map. (284) 3JP

258

You step into the dark passage. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -262-; 3-4, -343-; 5-6, -331-. (244) 1JP

259

You are just able to make out the sound of wood creaking as a heavy bookcase comes crashing down at you. Attempt a Dodge roll—succeed and go to -282-, fail and go to -253-. (378) 2JP

260

You don't hear anything unusual. Return to the map. 0JP

261

Witch-Cult in Western Europe has the following spells, which you can use: Call/Dismiss Hastur and the Elder Sign. Carefully read the full descriptions of these spells in the rulebook. Go to -291-. (248) 1JP

262

After wandering a short distance you discover a door leading out of the secret passage. Go to -255-. (258, 302, 355) 1JP

263

The symbols seem to represent some very ancient and obscure deity, possibly a type of air elemental, although you can't be sure. You may take the amulet or leave it as you desire. Return to the map. (277) 2JP

264

You recognize the hideous stone figures as gargoyles. Return to the map. (271) 1JP

265

As you dart through the black opening you suddenly feel strange—somehow weaker. You have suffered the loss of 14 Magic Points. If you have 1 or more Magic Points left after the loss of 14 go to -356-, if not then you have died, although you unfortunately never knew how or why. If you have died, you end the game with 0JP as you are no longer on Earth and the chances are almost zero that any human will find your corpse or notes here. Sad. The END.... (309) 0JP

266

As you approach this room you clearly make out the sounds of a piano being played on the other side of the door. You may pass this room by for another on the map without opening the door to investigate (in which case you do not mark off a space on the Time Table for the room), or may look into this chamber and find the source of the beautifully melodic music at -326-. 1JP

267

As you poke through the various items in this room roll 1D6: 1-2, -328-; 3-4, -325-, 5-6, -353-. (287) 0JP

268

With an ear-splitting shriek the person vanishes. Make a SAN roll and suffer the loss of 0/1D4 points. Return to the map. (293) 3JP

269

You wander closer to the towering fireplace, examining the stonework. Without warning a fire bursts to life from cold ashes within the long-dormant fireplace. As you back away, you catch a glimpse of movement from the corner of your eye—above you one of the stone gargoyles stiffly begins to move! With a rumbling crack one of the winged statues breaks itself free from the stonework, tumbling to the floor not far from your feet! Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D8 SAN. If 5 or more points are lost go to -19-, otherwise continue this paragraph. To your terrified surprise the living statue begins to lumber towards you.

The gargoyle has a 35% chance to hit and once it has successfully struck it will hang on, doing 1D8 damage each round. The creature has 2D8+4 hit points and 3 points of

armor against sharp-edged cutting and impaling-type weapons (none against blunt weapons). If you wish to flee the room you must successfully make a Dodge roll. If you fail the roll or intend to battle the animated stone figure then note that the gargoyle always attacks last and has 3D6 POW. No SAN or INT-affecting spells will work against this thing, nor will any that work against living tissue. If you have no weapon a Luck roll will allow you to find a makeshift club which does 1D6 damage (25% chance of successful use). If you manage to destroy the magical creature give yourself 1D8 SAN and return to the map. If not, this is the END.... (271) 4JP

270

Roll 1D10: even, -329-; odd, -323-. (294) 0JP

271

You slowly crack open the door and peer in. This is a billiards room, obvious from the huge billiard table that stands heavily in the center of the floor. An ornate fireplace decorates one wall—the stonework is adorned with fiercely snarling and ugly faces and creatures. You may attempt any one of the following: Occult (-264- if successful), POWx5 (-269- if successful), or Spot Hidden (-244- if successful). If you fail, return to the map. 2JP

272

You have found a book on the culture and growing requirements of rare black orchids. Several pages dealing with the hallucinogenic and/or dream-inducing properties of certain black orchids have been marked and obviously read many, many times. Reading this book will give you a +5% in Botany. Return to the map. (374) 5JP

273

Your heart skips a beat as you notice the thick, foul water nipple and you spot something dark move just under the surface. To investigate go to -251-, or make a quick retreat from the room and shut whatever is in the pool behind you by returning to the map. (241) 3JP

274

As you gently creep across the floor, stirring up clouds of grey dust, a figure appears before you. The figure of a handsome young man clad only in baggy sleeping trousers hovers over the bed. Looking at the spectral figure you see with a start that it is Corey, or at least an image of him! Time for a SAN roll and the loss of 1/1D6 points (go to -19- if you lose 5 or more SAN) With an eerie boyish laugh the haunt

fades away, leaving you with crawling skin! Return to the map. (308) 5JP

275

This chamber—a study—is cluttered with sheet-covered once-comfortable chairs as well as a warped and cracked desk and cases of books. You may attempt either a Listen roll (go to -350- if successful), or a Spot Hidden roll (go to -372- if successful). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

276

All is still and quiet except for the crackle of the fire. Return to the map. (279) 0JP

277

Pawing over the ornate fireplace you are lucky enough to dislodge a loose stone. Peering curiously into the dark recess beyond you find a small black chest. Pulling the box out you open it, finding a strange amulet within. You may try to identify the amulet and its bizarre glyphs with either an Occult roll (go to -263- if successful) or a Cthulhu Mythos roll (go to -290- if successful). Fail and return to the map. (308) 3JP

278

You go numb with fear as you hear a muffled gurgling, slurping sound from the pool! You may take a closer look by going to -251-, or you may leave the chamber, shutting the weird noise and its source behind you and return to the map. (241) 3JP

279

As you walk into the den you notice that there is a roaring fire burning in a large fireplace. The yellowish flames throw odd shadows over the many stuffed and mounted animal heads that adorn this room. The taxidermied heads of lions, tigers, various types of deer, and buffalo as well as large birds of prey, sharks and swordfish, etc. are hung on the walls, glass eyes glaring down at you as you look about the room. These trophies are withered and rotted with age, clinging threads of dust stretched between ears and antlers and horns. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -276-, 3-4, -361-, 5-6, -337-. 2JP

280

As you poke about in this room you spot some sort of movement from the yard. To leave the house and investigate go to -587-. Otherwise, return to the map. (289) 1JP

281

This is a bathroom (or water closet) and there is nothing of interest here—do not mark off a space on the Time Table, this is a free one. Return to the map. 0JP

282

You manage to hurl yourself out of the path of the falling bookcase as it crashes loudly to the floor with a splintering thud. Return to the map. (259, 347) 2JP

283

You find yourself walking towards the bed, pulled by some overpowering urge. The person smiles lustfully as you reach the bed, throwing back the covers. You see that your seducer is scantily clad and has what must be a near-perfect body—every curve, every muscle perfect. They reach out to you, urging you nearer—you try to restrain yourself, but you have never before seen someone like this, except in your dreams. You crawl into the bed. Make a POWx3 roll—succeed and go to -402-, fail and go to -407-. (288) 2JP

284

In one corner beneath a pile of empty sacks you spot what would appear to be a small icebox. You may investigate further at -257-, or you may continue your search of the manor house and return to the map. (341) 1JP

285

Gasping for air and coughing up stagnant water, you reach the surface of the pool and manage to pull yourself out of the oily water before the tentacled monstrosity is able to grab you again. You run to the door, turning once just in time to see part of the bulk of the slimy thing floating on top of the pool, tentacles bobbing limply on the water's surface. The beast stares at you with its many red eyes for a moment and then slips back beneath the foul water with a slurping noise. Shaken and wet you hurry out of the room. Return to the map. (309, 318) 4JP

286

The doors swing easily open to reveal a studio complete with many paint-smeared canvases, easels, assorted brushes, paints, etc. You can tell that this room is frequently used, unlike most of the rest of the house, and in fact one of the paintings is still wet with fresh paint. The assorted works of art stacked messily around the floor and against the walls all depict various dark and gruesome scenes—

executions, strange people and horrible monsters, alien landscapes, and unspeakable things and acts. The collection is so weird and depressingly horrible that a SAN roll is needed or the loss of 0/1D4 points occurs. You may either attempt a Listen (go to -312- if successful) or a Spot Hidden roll (go to -372-). Fail and return to the map. 2JP

287

You find yourself in what appears to have been a nursery. Within the room rest three antique cribs as well as a large assortment of very old toys. You may attempt any one of the following: History (go to -295-), POWx3 (go to -267-) or Listen (go to -260-). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

288

"Who are you?" you ask the person. The only response you get is a seductive wink and a smile. Match your POW against the person's 2D6+6 POW on the Resistance Table. If you win the POW struggle go to -293-, fail and go to -283-. (319, 377) 1JP

289

Peering through the glass doors of this room you see that it is a once-opulent greenhouse room. The doors squeak and groan as you swing them in and enter the chamber. Rain pours in through the many broken and missing panes of glass in the roof. A set of double doors lead from this room out into the back yard. Many twisted and odd forms of vegetation grow within the soil of the floor or hang creepily from cracked hanging pots and baskets that dangle precariously from the ceiling. The plants are the most unusual you've ever seen—many with strange foliage and colors. Plants with yellow thorny vines and grey flowers twist and creep along the broken bricks of the floor, while stiff, sharp red sword-like leaves with pink warts sprout up out of the floor. An odd black-foliaged growth is thriving hanging from the roof, its green fibrous roots dug right into the glass. The whole room is a bizarre sight. You may attempt either a Botany roll (go to -254-) or a Spot Hidden roll (go to -280). 2JP

290

Looking over the amulet you realize with fright that the symbols and glyphs on it refer to the horrible Great Old One Hasturi! You may leave the amulet here or you may take it with you if you so desire. Return to the map. (277) 2JP

291

It is left to the discretion of the player as to if/when to use spells, and such provisions may not be made in the specific paragraph in which you may care to use magic; you must be sure that you have the proper components and POW/Magic Points to use spells, as well as it being the right time. If a spell is used in combat successfully and your foe is defeated or driven away, continue on as if you had otherwise won the combat, going to the next appropriate paragraph, etc. Calling, Contacting or Summoning a god or creature must take into account the appropriate sacrifice of POW, SAN, and the time involved, warding off a god or creature with an Elder Sign must take into account the loss of POW just as Shrivelling involves loss of Magic Points, etc. An Elder Sign used to ward off creatures (Mythos horrors only—an Elder Sign is useless against vampires, ghosts, human cultists, etc.) is the same as a successful combat. For spells which require a POW struggle, and the statistics are not given for the creature in question, you may either take the average score given or roll the appropriate dice to determine the POW as given in the Cthulhu Rulebook. Return to the map. (261, 311, 316) 0JP

292

As you push open the door you see that you have discovered a small dining room. A small table rests within the center of the room complete with two settings and two chairs. You may attempt either a Spot Hidden (go to -246-) or a Listen roll (go to -260-). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

293

The person gazes seductively into your eyes and then shrieks angrily as you resist the hypnotic gaze. Roll 1D10: even, go to -268-; odd, go to -327-. (288) 1JP

294

You race from the room, slamming the door behind you and leaning against it with all your weight to keep the fanged blasphemy inside. You find yourself screaming and Corey's muffled cry echoes horribly in your ears. You automatically lose 1D6 SAN—no SAN roll. The loss of 5 or more points takes you to -19-, otherwise continue. You fall into tears, weeping uncontrollably at the thought of leaving your friend behind, cursing your own cowardice. Suddenly you are overcome with a surge of anger that brings with it strength and courage. With a muffled curse you throw open the door. Go to -270-. 1JP

295

The toys are all German in origin. Return to the map. (287) 1JP

296

To your shocked and confused surprise you see that the room beyond is completely empty—devoid of any furniture, least of all a piano! Stepping into the room roll 1D10: odd, go to -358-; even, go to -418-. (326) 2JP

297

Roll a 1D10: even, go to -360-; odd, go to -388-. (387) 0JP

298

The room is devoid of life—no Corey and no fanged creature, although you do find a drop of still-warm blood on the bed sheet. Return to the map. (323) 1JP

299

You rush at the fanged monster to attack. Go to -388-. (387) 1JP

300

You speed to the door but accidentally stumble over some unseen object, toppling to the floor limply. You turn, your blood running icy as the fanged figure rushes towards you. If you have no weapon with which to defend yourself attempt to make a Luck roll; success brings you a makeshift club (1D8 damage, 25% base chance of use). This, obviously, is a vampire—the creature of the night is quicker than you and so always attacks first in a round, has a 50% chance to successfully bite you (bite does 1D4 damage, plus drains 1D6 points of STR [blood]), has no armor and 2D6 hit points. If the creature successfully bites you it will hang on and continue to drain your STR until you are dead. If you can manage to inflict 7 or more points of damage to the vampire go to -330-, otherwise this is the END ... (321) 4JP

301

As you peer deeply into the semi-reflective glass face of the clock you suddenly notice a hideously awesome shape which seems to fill all of space; you find yourself looking through some inter-dimensional porthole or gate at an elephantine horror with webbed ears and a trunk that ends in a great flaring dish. Massive crystalline tusks sprout malignantly from the corners of the being's mouth and

intertwine serpent-like, interlocking at the ends. As you watch the silently floating image, the creature turns its skeletal head, leveling an empty eye-socket at you. Attempt a SAN roll: fail, and lose 2D10, succeed and lose only 1D4.

If your loss was 5 or more points go to -19-, otherwise continue. As the bloated Buddha-like monstrosity slowly reaches out to you, you feel your heart begin to pound madly. You must succeed in a CONx5 roll to escape the awesome evil of Chaugnar Faugn, the Horror from the Hills. If you are successful, you manage to look away and continue your investigation, if not then you feel your heart beat faster and faster, pounding furiously until it explodes in your chest, bringing your existence to an awful END ... (317) 10CM

302

You step into the dark passage. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -262-; 3-4, -331-; 5-6, -271-. (332) 1JP

303

You have found a book concerning the artifacts and culture of a very obscure race of people known as Tchotchos who inhabit parts of the Orient and certain lands near Burma. The book mentions the worship of a strange cycle of gods by the Tchotcho people, and their connection to possible cannibal and vampiric cults. Reading this book gives you a +5% in Archaeology. (374) 1CM

304

As you peer deeply into the semi-reflective glass face of the clock you suddenly notice a bizarre and complex shape: an object made up of metallic hemispheres and flat grey rods sprouting from a central cylinder. As you watch, you notice the object fluctuate and change—rods expanding and contracting, hemispheres growing and shrinking—the whole bizarre construct blinking in and out, changing size and shape, spinning, twitching and ever-moving. Your eyes suddenly widen as you realize that you are not looking at an object but some living entity viewed from some inter-dimensional porthole or gate. Attempt a SAN roll: succeed and lose 1D3 SAN, fail and lose 1D10

If your SAN loss is 5 or more points go to -19-, otherwise continue. As the geometric obscenity spins and twitches you feel yourself somehow entranced. You must successfully roll your POWx5 to break free of Daoloth, the Render of the Veils' chilling grip on your mind. Success means you have managed to look away—you may continue

on with your investigation. If you fail the POW roll you are weirdly held in the god's insane grip and will automatically lose 1D10 SAN every round until your SAN falls to 3, at which time go directly to -160-. (317) 15JP 10CM

305

You have found a book concerning the detailed function of blood in mammals, including the various reasons thought for certain mammalian vampires such as vampire bats, etc. Reading this gives you +5% to your Zoology skill. (374) 5JP

306

If you are playing your own character and have some sort of spell or magic that may be able to take you back to Earth, and have the components and/or POW/Magic Points, as well as any SAN required, then you may attempt to do such an act now. Otherwise Hastur the Unspeakable stretches a long, warty appendage out to you. The instant you are touched by the leprous slime-coated tentacle your body is blackened and crushed into a twitching mass of brainless pulp. Since you have died in Lake Hali, so far from Earth your notes are never found, just as you are never heard from again. Thus you have ended the game sadly with 0 JP—a total failure. Try again. The END.... (336) 0JP

307

You have found a book detailing the lineage of the Tepes family, later to become the VonReischt family after the death of Vlad Tepes in 1476

You find one bit of interesting reading—the last noted VonReischt was born in 1587 in Romania. There is little details of this final heir to the VonReischt name except that he was born Baron Birlad Tecuci Tepes-VonReischt. Attempt either a History or Occult roll. Succeed with either and go to -324-. Fail and return to the map. Reading this book gives you a +5% to your History roll. (374) 5JP

308

As you enter this chamber you are overcome with the unnerving feeling of death—cold, skeletal fingers seem to clutch at the back of your neck. There, before you, is the once-lavish master bedroom. A seemingly-giant bed rests wearily against a wall, surrounded by dressers, dressing tables, faded and moth-eaten chairs and a tremendous fireplace. You are in total awe of the sheer cold elegance and stillness of the room, yet a shiver slithers down your

spine for some unseen reason. Above the fireplace hang two paintings—one of a woman and one of a man. As you begin to cross the room the soft tinkle of cut crystal breaks the silence as the ornate and dust-shrouded crystal chandelier gently begins to sway! You may attempt any one of the following: Idea roll (succeed and go to -363-), Listen roll (succeed and go to -247-), POWx3 roll (succeed and go to -274-) or a Spot Hidden roll (-277- if successful). 1JP Fail and return to the map.

309

In your desperate flight to safety you spot what appears to be a tunnel or pipe near the bottom of the pool. The opening is obviously too small for the alien horror to pass through, although you should have little trouble squeezing through. The creature is close behind you, and you know you have only one chance to escape. Do you swim for the opening (go to -265-) or swim for the surface of the pool (go to -285-)? (318) 2JP

310

The haunt speaks, its voice hollow and eerie: "Beware, child, for at the witching hour they call the Unspeakable." Return to the map. (339) 1JP

311

Witch-Cult in Western Europe has the following spells: Call/Dismiss Hastur and Contact Nodens. Carefully read the full descriptions of the spells in the rulebook. Go to -291-. (248) 1JP

312

While looking over some of the horrible collection you hear a very odd slurping or gurgling sound. You turn your head trying to place the direction of the unsettling sound. Finally you are drawn to the freshly painted scene on the easel; this painting depicts an alien horizon of distant angled mountains that edge a black, still lake that takes up the whole of the foreground. As you watch the paint appears to begin to shift and move, the water begins to ripple and then a large red eye breaks the surface of the water! The eye is soon followed by several boneless, fluid tentacles that float to the surface. Make a SAN roll or lose 1D8, going to -19- at a loss of 5 or more points. To continue watching the bizarre scene in the odd painting go to -340-. Otherwise, return to the map. (286) 5JP

313

The double doors of the dining room creak open slowly as you peek into the gloomy, grimy chamber. A large, spiderweb-shrouded table rests in the center of the room, thirteen place settings around the table with a like number of chairs. A once elegant candelabrum holds up the tent of spider webs from the center of the table. You may attempt either of the following: Spot Hidden (succeed and go to -246-) or a Listen roll (succeed and go to -260-). 1JP Fail and return to the map.

314

A room that was once a bedroom—a man's from the look of the furniture and decor. Like the others, this room seems to have been long unused. You may attempt any one of the following: Idea roll (succeed and go to -333-), Luck roll (succeed and go to -358-, fail the Luck roll and go to -320-) or a Spot Hidden roll (succeed and go to -351-). 1JP Fail Idea or Spot Hidden and return to the map.

315

Other than the dust you get the idea that nothing is unusual about this room. 0JP

316

Witch-Cult in Western Europe has the following spells: Call/Dismiss Hastur and Shrivelling. Carefully read the full descriptions of the spells in the rulebook. Go to -291-. (248) 1JP

317

Roll 1D6: 1-2, -304-; 3-4, -301-, 5-6, -249-. (381) 0JP

318

Somehow you manage to pull yourself away from the creature and you hastily swim for your life. Make a Spot Hidden roll. Succeed and go to -309-, fail and go to -285-. (322) 5JP

319

Someone calls you softly by name. You turn towards the source of the voice and see a very handsome young man sitting seductively in the large canopied bed. Go to -288-. (411) 1JP

320

As you walk across the floor the boards creak and suddenly splinter and crack, sending you plunging through the floor. You suffer 1D6 points of damage and find yourself in room -331-. Even if you have already investigated this room mark off a space on the time table. (314) 2JP

321

You turn to run from the room. Attempt your Luck roll: succeed and go to -294-, fail and go to -300-. (387) 1JP

322

You find, to your horror, that you have been dragged into the murky pool by the octopoidal, scaled thing. You struggle fiercely to escape, taking in great gulps of the slimy black water. To break away from the tentacled abomination match your STR against its STR. If you win go to -318-, fail and you are engulfed in the rubbery, sack-like body cavity of the monster and swallowed alive, bringing your life, most obviously, to an END... Statistics for the Spawn of Hastur are below:

Spawn Of Hastur

(Lesser Servitor Race)

Characteristics Average

STR 6D6+20 41

CON 3D6+10 20-21

SIZ 6D6+10 31

INT 3D6+3 13-14

POW 5D6 17-18

DEX 3D6 10-11

Hit Points 51-52

Move 6/8 in water/20 flying

Weapon Attk% Damage

Tentacle 75% 1D6+3D6 or hold to Engulf

Engulf auto death (must be held fist)

Armor: Thick rubbery flesh and scales worth 10 points

Spells: If INT or less is rolled on 1D100 the creature will know that many spells.



323

Make a Spot Hidden roll. Succeed and go to -298-, fail and go to -329-. (270) 0JP

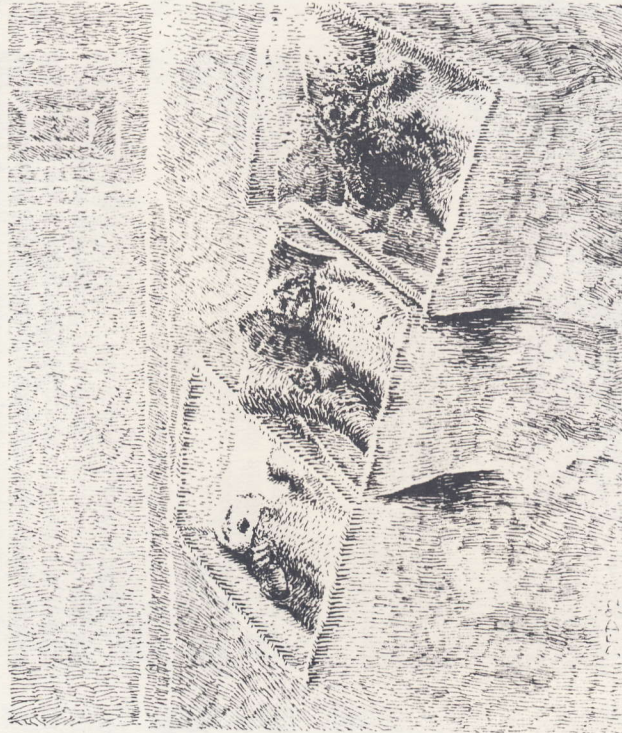
324

Vlad Tepes, or Vlad the Impaler, was the original Dracula and while not known to be a true vampire he was the inspiration of Bram Stoker's vampire Count Dracula.

Return to the map. (307)

325

The anguished cries of babies suddenly pierce your ears. You jump back, hands trembling and you spot movement from each of the three cribs. Mustering up nerve you step up to the cribs, throwing back the hoods only to find three babies. You stoop down to comfort one of the infants but reel back with a gasp as it changes to a hideously rotted corpse. Each crib holds one of these horrific things. The gruesome transformation is too much—SAN roll time. Failure means the loss of 1D8 points—none if you make the roll. Go to -19- if your loss is 5 or more



points. You rush from the room, your nose filled with the stench of decaying flesh. You must make a CONx3 roll now. If you fail you become ill and must mark off one extra space on the Time Table while you regain your composure and clear your head. Return to the map. (267) 5JP

326

Slowly, cautiously, you crack open the door and peer in. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -296-; 3-4, -405-; 5-6, -342-. (266) 0JP

327

You blink and rub your eyes as you see that the figure in the bed is Corey! He looks at you with watery eyes, extends a hand searchingly and cries out "help me, please."

3JP

You stand dumb-struck for a moment, not knowing whether to believe what you see and hear or not. Corey calls to you again, pleading for your help; he struggles and bucks and you finally see that he is manacled to the dust-shrouded bed. You ease nearer, not trusting your eyes or ears when Corey suddenly screams out in agony and you see a black-robed figure appear from a mass of vapor beside the bed. Make a Spot Hidden and go to -357-, miss and go to -387-. (293, 402) 3JP

328

To your shock one of the antique toy tops, paint peeled and cracked, begins to spin on its own. SAN roll required—fail and subtract 1D4 points. Return to the map. (267) 2JP

329

The room is devoid of life—there is no sign of Corey or of the fanged creature. Return to the map. (270, 323) 1JP

330

With an evil hiss the vampire shrinks away from you in a cloud of mist which seeps out a window and is gone. Reward yourself with 1D6 SAN. Roll 1D10: even go to -359-, odd go to -395-. (300, 388) 4JP

331

Slowly the once-ornate, age-worn doors slide open allowing a clear view of the den from where you stand. The most outstanding sight in the room is a large stone bust of an unnamed, unidentifiable man perched on a high pedestal. You may attempt either a Geology roll (succeed and go to -243-) or a Spot Hidden roll (succeed and go to -334-). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

332

A secret door! To enter the passage go to -302-. Otherwise, return to the map. (343) 5JP

333

There is nothing unusual about any of the items in this room. Return to the map.

334

Rotating the bust reveals a secret door! To enter the secret passage go to -355-. Otherwise, return to the map. (331) 5JP

335

Examining the paintings closer you suddenly realize that you have seen those faces before—they are O'Brien and Miss Quinn. The paintings were signed by the artists in 1783! Return to the map. (343) 5JP

336

You paddle around the icy water for a while, easing towards the distant rocky shore. Suddenly you become aware of another presence—a malignantly powerful one which presses into your mind. Without warning a huge form begins to rise up out of the lake not far from you: a rugose, scaly spheroid of flesh covered with many blunt tentacles of varying lengths. This abomination has a formless, puckered mouth, pulsating and twitching worm-like tentacles sprouting along the quivering crevice. As you look on in horror red, hateful eyes blink open at random spots around the octopoidal sack and the boneless and fluid tentacles expand and contract, almost blindly reaching out—searching for prey for a god to feast on. At this time you must, of course, attempt a SAN roll and lose 1D10/1D100 SAN. No matter what your SAN loss is go directly to -306-. (352, 356) 20JP 10CM

337

A panther head on the wall suddenly growls and a spectral panther leaps to the floor, its eyes blank and staring. The shadowy animal growls weirdly, sounding other-worldly and hollow and you break into a clammy sweat. Slowly you back away from the phantasmal beast but before you know it the shadow is upon you. Make a CONx5 roll: succeed and the beast instantly vanishes—now make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D4 points. If you fail the CON roll you feel a tearing pain rip through your chest. With a gasp you slump to the floor—you are suffering a massive heart attack! Within moments you are dead, the vision of the black panther burned into your mind—your final thought as this is the END.... (279) 8JP

338

As you peer deeply into the semi-reflective glass face of the clock you suddenly notice a ghostly face peering back at you! The spectral figure floats out of the old timekeeper to stand directly in front of you. The haunt is that of a very beautiful woman dressed in funeral garb. Make a SAN roll and suffer a 0/1D8 SAN loss going to -19- should you lose 5 or more points, otherwise roll 1D10:

even, go to -370-, odd go to -252-. (381) 6JP

339

With a wave of a hand the ghostly pianist acknowledges your presence in the room and then speaks to you before turning back to the business of playing the piano. Do you speak German? If so go to -310-, if not then you do not understand what the spirit says; return to the map. (342) 8JP

340

Curiously you continue to gaze upon this weird scene, much to your regret as the odd figure in the water rises up out of the deep to reveal more of its horrible form—that of a scaled and bloated sack covered with leoprous tentacles that seemingly sprout at random spots around the cancerous octopoidal body. A myriad of red eyes blink open all over the wanted form while a yawning, irregular mouth twitches and drools. The SAN loss for the alien thing is 1D10/1D100—attempt a SAN roll. If you go temporarily insane go to -19- and if you go permanently insane go to -160-. If you have been fortunate enough to keep most of your sanity you manage to pull yourself away from the cruel painting with a strangled scream as your quickly-numbing mind tries to comprehend what it has experienced. You fall near-weeping to your knees where you remain for what seems like forever, expecting the appendaged blasphemy to reach out of the canvas and destroy you. Eventually you pick yourself up, and boldly shoot a quick glance over your shoulder at the painting. To your shock you see that the canvas is now blank—attempt another SAN roll and lose 0/1D2 points. (312) 3CM 8JP

341

The door creaks loudly open to reveal the kitchen pantry. Shelves lined with assorted canned and boxed goods take up most of the space in this large closet. You may attempt either a Pharmacy roll (succeed and go to -333-) or a Spot Hidden roll (succeed and go to -284-). Fail and return to the map. (344) 1JP

342

The room is filled with magnificent old musical instruments—harps, violins, etc. all centered around a beautifully old grand piano. The marvelous piano is decorated with elegant gold leaf and scroll work, and yellowed sheet music stands at the ready awaiting a musician to transform the blurred black spots into masterful,

heavenly music. You step into the chamber and start to move toward the piano, when before your eyes a figure of a man in a ruffled shirt, silk coat with tails and white wig appears seated at the piano. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -369-; 3-4, -362-; 5-6, -339-. (326) 5JP

343

The door groans slowly open to reveal a lounge complete with over-stuffed furniture and faded, moth-eaten carpet. On the walls hang several very old paintings of people, the paint faded and cracked with age. You may attempt either an Idea roll or a Spot Hidden roll (succeed with the Idea roll and go to -335-, the Spot Hidden and go to -332-). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

344

The door is locked—you must succeed with a Mechanical Repair roll or match your STR against the door's STR of 1D6+6 to gain entry to the room beyond. Succeed and go to -341-; fail, and return to the map. 1JP

345

The beautiful sounds of a masterfully played piano once again are heard, and as you watch you see the keys of the grand piano depress as if being played by someone, although you are alone in the room. Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D4 points. Return to the map. (405) 3JP

346

With a weak moan the door opens into the parlor. Once-beautiful furniture rests peacefully against the walls, an old grandfather clock stands silently at attention, the hands frozen in time forever. You may attempt either a History or a Spot Hidden roll in this room (succeed with History and go to -367-, succeed at a Spot Hidden and go to -381-). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

347

From out of the corner of your eye you catch a glimpse of quick movement. The next instant a heavy bookcase is crashing down towards you! Attempt a Dodge roll—success takes you to -282- and failure takes you to -253-. (378) 2JP

348

The substance seems to be blood, although there is no way of knowing what kind unless you can make any one of the following skill rolls: Chemistry, Pharmacy or Zoology. If you succeed at any one of the rolls go to -376-. Otherwise, return to the map. (257) 3JP

349

From behind you comes the unmistakable sound of growling. You slowly turn, your heart thumping madly, only to find yourself facing a crouching wolf. The beast is large and totally black with glowing red eyes, sharp rending fangs gleaming as foam oozes from the animal's snarling maw. You slowly back away from the creature as it lowers itself to pounce. If you care to go into combat with the creature it has 1D10+10 hit points and attacks with a bite—30% for 1D8 damage. The wolf always attacks first in a round and has 1 point of armor. If you reduce the creature's hit points to half it howls and runs off. You may also attempt to escape to a nearby room by successfully rolling both a Dodge and a DEXx3 roll. Failure at either of the required rolls means that you have fallen and that the wolf gets one attempt to bite you at a 60% chance of success. Success at both skill rolls means that you have reached the safety of one of the other rooms (return to the map). (379) 4JP

350

You do not hear anything. Return to the map. 0JP

351

You discover a secret door. To enter the secret passage go to -380-. Otherwise, return to the map. (314) 5JP

352

Make a SAN roll and lose 1/1D10 points (stay here at this paragraph no matter what your SAN loss is). Above you in the sky are a myriad of stars, yet to your surprised horror not the stars that you should see from Earth. As the realization that you are no longer on Earth fills your quickly-numbing mind you feel a scream fill your lungs. Go to -336-. (356) 10JP

353

You feel your heart skip a beat as the ear-piercing cries of babies instantly fills the room. You leap to the cribs, throwing back the hoods and find each of them empty, yet the noise continues. SAN roll time—failure means the loss of 1D4 points. Return to the map. (267) 2JP

354

As you wander through the eerie, lonely hall make a Spot Hidden roll. Succeed and go to -384-, fail and return to the map. 1JP

355

You step into the dark passage, roll 1D6: 1-2, -262-; 3-4, -343-; 5-6, -271-. (334) 0JP

356

You emerge from the dark tunnel into another body of water, this one much colder than the one you recently left. You blindly swim to the surface, which you find is some distance above you. Finally, with a gulp and a cough, you bob to the surface. As you survey your surroundings you see that you are floating on the surface of an enormous dark and still lake. The distant shadowy shore is sooty, with black rocks and a few stunted, twisted trees. Tall barren mountains rise sharply in the distance and overhead the stars are pinpoints of black in a dim gray sky. You hear no noise except your own breathing, which echoes deafeningly in your ears. You may attempt an Astronomy roll if you desire—succeed and go to -352-, fail and go to -336-. (265) 5JP

357

As Corey turns to face the shrouded figure next to the bed you spot two puncture marks on his throat. Go to -387-. (327) 3JP

358

All is quiet and calm. If you are investigating the house continue on to the next room of your choice, and if you are investigating the yard go to -587- to continue your search of the grounds. 0JP

359

You turn your attention to the bed and are shocked to see that Corey is gone! Return to the map. (330) 2JP

360

The fanged figure bends over the struggling form of Corey, sinking sharp teeth into the young man's soft, fleshy throat. Corey screams once and then is silent. You automatically lose 1D6 SAN—no SAN roll. If you have lost 5 or more points go to -19-, otherwise go to -388-. (297) 3JP

361

Without warning the fire suddenly dies, leaving the room dark. You jump as you hear the doors slam shut, and hurrying over to them you find them tightly locked. You must successfully make a Mechanical Repair roll or match your STR against that of the door on the Resistance Table—the door's STR is 1D10+5

You must continue trying to escape the room until successful, marking off another space on the Time Table for each attempt at freedom. Note that if you attempt to break down the door by matching STR against STR and fail 3 times you will suffer 1D3 points of damage, and thereafter will suffer 1 point every time you unsuccessfully attempt to break in the doors. When you escape, return to the map. (279) 2JP

362

As you step lightly into the room the phantom figure sees you and with a moan it fades away, the door slamming behind you. SAN roll time—the loss is 0/1D6 points. Don't forget to go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more SAN. The door is not locked, by the way, and so you may simply walk out. Return to the map. (342) 3JP

363

Looking closer at the portraits you suddenly realize where you have seen those people before—it is the Baron and Baroness. You are shocked to discover that the artists painted the pictures in 1617! Return to the map. (308) 3JP

364

You have found a book on the race of people known as Szekelys. The Szekely race produced Attila the Hun and originated in Romania around the region known as Transylvania. Reading this book gives you +5% to your Anthropology score. Return to the map. (374) 5JP

You recognize the piece that the spirit musician is playing as one of the very obscure works of Mozart. Return to the map. (369) 1JP

You step into the dark passage—roll 1D6: 1-2, -331-; 3-4, -343-; 5-6, -271-. (371) 0JP

Your History roll tells you that some of the furniture in this room dates back to the 1700s and 1800s. Return to the map. (346) 1JP

From above comes the unmistakable sound of large wings flapping. Looking up, you see a large black raven swooping down from the balcony above. The bird alights on the ornate banister of the staircase and surveys you oddly. It is then that you notice the bird's glowing red eyes. Slowly you back away from the creature, which instantly takes to the air flying off down the hallway and out of sight. Return to the map. (379) 2JP

The ghostly pianist signals smoothly to you as it sees you standing there and then with a fluid gesture begins to play the piano, as the ornate candelabrum atop the piano spontaneously alights, casting a weird glow on the chamber. SAN roll time—the loss is 0/1D6—remember to go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points. If you like, you may attempt a know roll and go to -365- if successful, or return to the map. (342) 4JP

The apparition extends a wispy hand to you; match your POW against its POW of 4D6 on the Resistance Table. If the spirit overcomes your POW with its own it steals 1D3 points of POW from you, and if you overcome the spirit you get 1D3 points of its POW to add to your own. In either case the ghost will retreat back into the clock after its attack leaving you to go about your business. Return to the map. (338) 6JP

A secret door! To enter the secret passage go to -366-. Or, return to the map. (255) 5JP

You do not see anything unusual. Return to the map. 0JP

The door is locked. If you can succeed with a Mechanical Repair roll or overcome the door's STR of 3D6 with your own STR go to -383-. Otherwise, return to the map. 1JP

The warped and buckled double doors crack open loudly, stirring up a grey cloud of dust that spins cyclone-like off into a shadowy corner of the room. As you cautiously step into the room you discover that you have found the library; towering cases and countless shelves line the walls, all packed with books. A once-beautiful Oriental rug smothers the dull hard-wood floor and is held in place by majestic, bulky oak furniture. Stubs of candles tell of constant use by some unknown reader.

You may try any one of the following skill rolls, going to the noted paragraph if successful. Note that you may attempt any of the other skill rolls, but you must mark off a space on the Time Table for each attempt—successful or not. 1JP

Anthropology (go to -364-)
Archaeology (go to -303-)
Astronomy (go to -242-)
Botany (go to -272)
Cthulhu Mythos (go to -248-)
History (go to -307-)
Occult (go to -245-)
Zoology (go to -305-)

What you thought was an odd noise turns out to simply be your overactive imagination. You sigh in relief and continue your search. Return to the map. 1JP

Human blood! Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1 point of SAN. Return to the map. (257, 348) 5JP

Someone calls you softly by name. You turn to face the source of the voice and see a very beautiful young woman sitting seductively in the large canopied bed. Go to -288-. (411) 1JP

This room is a woman's bedroom. Everything is very old, as is the rest of the house, although unlike most of the other rooms, everything in here is draped with yellowed sheets. You may attempt either a Spot Hidden (go to -347- if successful) or a Listen roll (go to -259- if successful). If you miss the roll of your choice go to -253-. 1JP

As you enter this large open foyer roll 1D10: 1, -349-; 2-9, -375-; 10, -368-. 0JP

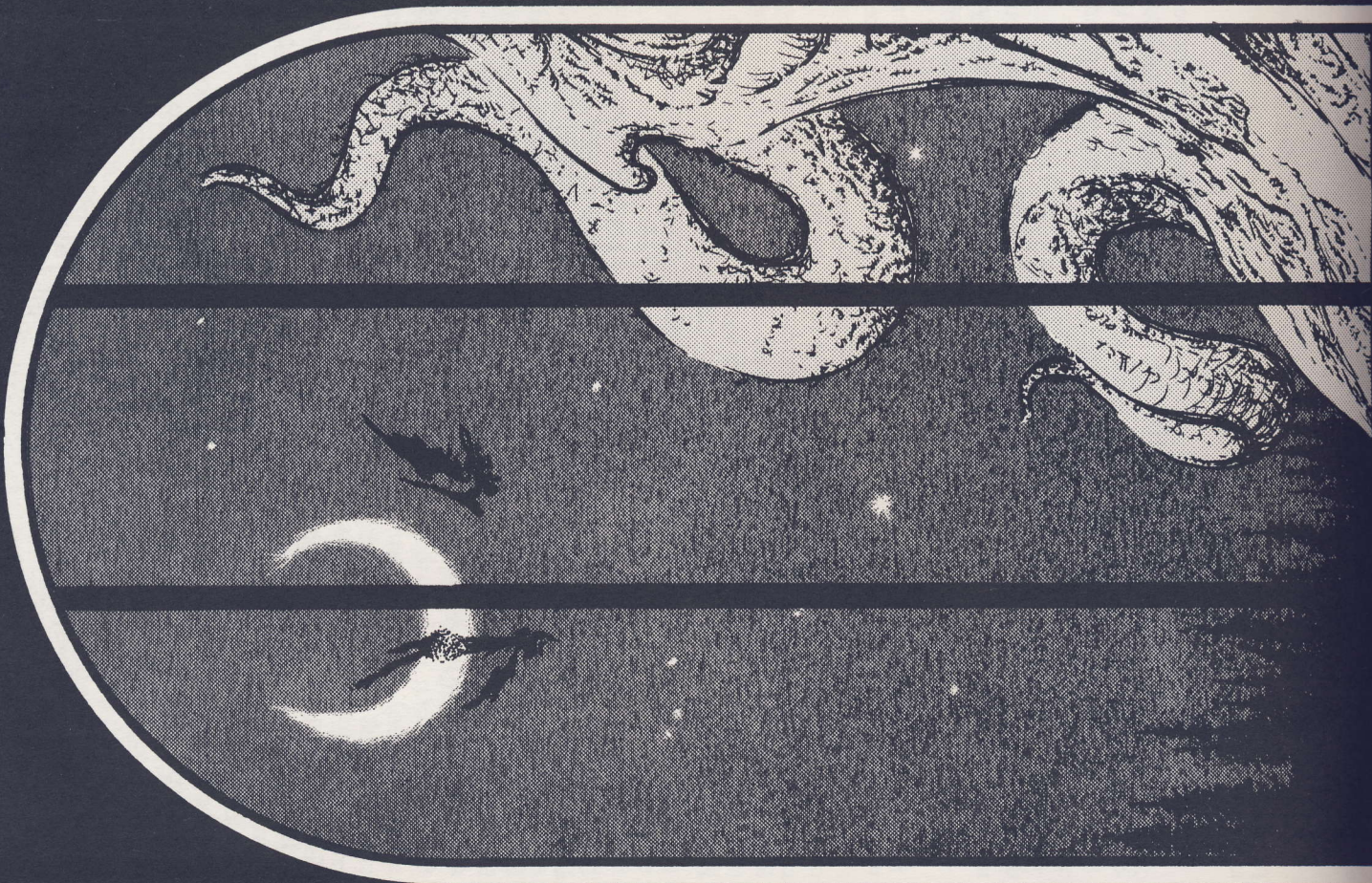
This is not actually a secret hallway, but a hidden set of stairs that go up to the next floor. If you follow them you find yourself at -443-; otherwise, return to the map. You need not mark off any space on the Time Table for using the stairs. (351) 4JP

As you look over the grand timepiece you spot some movement from within the large crystal-guarded face of the clock. Roll 1D10: 1-4, -317-, 5-10, -338-. (346) 3JP

A bedroom. The chamber is furnished normally for a bedroom and all seems to be in order. Roll 1D10: 1-8, -358-; 9-10, -411-. 1JP

The door swings smoothly open to reveal a room filled with blank canvases, tubes of paint, brushes and other art supplies. You may attempt either an Idea roll (go to -333- if successful) or a Spot Hidden roll (go to -372- if successful). Fail and return to the map. (373) 1JP

The glint of something metallic catches your eye as you pass by a small stand in the hall. Stooping down closer to examine the sparkle you find Corey's ring. This gives you new hope of finding your companion—to continue searching the house simply go on to your next room choice, or to leave the house and search the yard outside go to -587-. (354) 5JP





Reynolds

Blair



385

Soon life is back to normal—you and Corey find yourselves slipping back into the everyday activities of your lives. You complete your paper detailing some of your experiences in the realms of the supernatural, and your colleagues enthusiastically congratulate you on a job well done. Your adventures pay off and you find yourself in the foreground of parapsychological circles, a rising star in your own right. Not bad. The END.... (399) 0JP

386

"Please get me out of here. We're both in a lot of danger!" pleads Corey. To free him finally go to -456- and hesitate longer go to -389-. (419) 1JP

387

The cloaked figure pulls back its hood to reveal a pale and gaunt face with malignant red eyes, fiendishly pointed ears and cruel-looking fangs. Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D6 SAN, going to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points. The figure glares at you and then turns its attention to the young man shackled in the bed. You must act now—do you wish to run out of the room, wait and see what happens or move to try to keep the vampire from sinking its fangs into your companion's throat? To flee the room go to -321-, to wait go to -297-, and to attack the vampire go to -299-. (327, 357) 5JP

388

The vampire, blood dripping from its red lips, turns its attention to you. The creature always attacks first in a round, attacks only with a bite (50%) which does 1D4 damage plus drains 1D6 STR (blood), has no armor and 1D10+8 hit points. If the creature of the night succeeds with a bite it will hang on and continue to drain blood until you are dead unless you can kill it or drive it off. If you reduce the monster's hit points by half go to -330-, otherwise this is the END.... (297, 299, 360) 4JP

389

Your hesitation seems to have angered Corey and as you watch you are shocked as he screams out and then snaps the chains holding him like they were made of yam! Roll 1D10: 1-9, -440-; 10, -430-. (386, 419) 2JP

390

Roll 1D6: 1-2, -445-; 3-4, -403-; 5-6, -406-. (399) 0JP

391

Digging around in the nightmarish laboratory you feel your pulse quicken as you discover something in a bundle on the cold, grimy floor. You bend down and scoop up the crumpled cloth, carefully unfolding it with shaking hands. Corey's shirt! Your heart jumps as a glimmer of hope of finding your companion comes to you. The shirt is torn and slightly bloodied. Make a Listen roll: succeed and go to -477-; fail and return to the map. (443) 3JP

392

As you wander by this section of the hallway you feel yourself pushed by some unseen force. The wind is knocked out of you as you slam against the already-broken railing around the balcony; with a loud crack the worm-eaten wood splinters and gives way to your weight. Succeed in a Jump roll and go to -398-, fail and go to -416-. (420) 2JP

393

You cautiously look over the lumbering mechanical mass connected to the great slab that hangs above you. After a bit of thought you discover that the mechanism is used to lift and lower the slab up into the gleaming glass-domed roof. Make a successful Spot Hidden and go to -417-. Fail and return to the map. (443) 3JP

394

As you attempt to climb onto the hanging table you lose your grip on the cold metal and slip, falling to the dirty floor below with a painful thud. You suffer 1D6 points of damage per ten feet of the fall. Return to -413-. (413) 1JP

395

You turn your attention back to your friend who looks weak but is alive. "Quick, help me out of these chains," he pleads. To free Corey go to -456-, to hesitate go to -419-. (330) 1JP

396

How could Accounting help you here? Return to the map. (479) 0JP

397

With Corey free from his bonds the two of you ease yourselves quickly but cautiously down the cables and chains hanging from the raised table to the floor below. Go to -455-. (428) 3JP

398

You somehow manage to find a hand-grip as you teeter precariously on the edge of the balcony, the splintered portion of the railing crashing loudly to the dusty floor below. Slowly you ease yourself away from the edge of the ledge and continue on your way, shaken and harried. Return to the map. (392) 3JP

399

You wander down the cold, foggy road in the direction that you know Salem lies in. You are cold and wet and tired, but you eventually find yourself in Salem where you are able to call friends or family for assistance.

After what seems like days you are back in your room in Arkham for a well-deserved rest before beginning work on the thesis paper that you know will get you the recognition you so deserve. If Corey lived through that Halloween night go to -385-, if he died or you otherwise ended the game without him, go to -390-. (48, 151, 424, 540, 574, 594, 598, 612, 619, 647, 652, 658) 1JP

400

You know, through your knowledge of the occult, that many of the items you find in this cavernous room are used in various disgusting black magic rites for raising and animating the dead. Make a Listen roll—succeed and go to -477-. Fail and return to the map. (443) 3JP

401

You find an old, ornately decorated metal trunk that is thick with tarnish and grime. The trunk softly creaks open to reveal a small onyx statue of a savage-looking wolf devouring a woman. A note found in the bottom of the trunk beneath moldering cloth indicates that the ugly statue was a gift to the Baron VonReicht from Tsar Boris Godunov and is dated 1603. The note says that the statue is a gift in appreciation to the Baron for his thoughtful sympathy expressed at the Tsar's loss of his nephew Krof Kushat. The Tsar also writes that he regretted the Baron leaving so suddenly, and invites him to return once again to visit his family, who all seem to be very fond of the Baron. Return to the map. (415) 3JP

402

You let out a gasp and quickly climb out of the bed. Go to -327-. (283) 1JP

403

You are brought up on charges of murder and after a long and highly-publicized court battle you are found guilty of the murder of Corey Adams. You spend the better portion of your life in prison, your career, reputation and life ruined. Divide the number of Journalist Points you collected in half—this is what you end this tragic story with. The END.... (390) 0JP

404

Feverishly you toil to free your friend from his metallic bonds when suddenly he lets out a scream and simply fades away, calling out your name and pleading for help. Return to the map. (456) 3JP

405

The room is full of magnificent musical instruments—beautiful harps, violins, etc. all centered around an old grand piano. Sheet music stands at the ready for unseen musicians to read. Roll 1D10—odd go to -358, even go to -345-. (326) 1JP

406

You are brought up on charges of murder and after a long and highly publicized court battle you are found innocent of the murder of Corey Adams. Your career, reputation and life are put under question by many who feel you should have gone to prison, but after much hard work you eventually regain most of the prestige that the court case took away from you. Subtract 25% of your total Journalist Points from the final total—this is what you end the game with. The END.... (390) 0JP

407

During the heat of passion you scream out in horror as your perfect partner suddenly shows its true face—a pale, gaunt figure with burning red eyes, pointed ears and cruel fangs. You find yourself pinned by the awesome strength of the vampiric horror—you buck and struggle to escape but are no match for the force of the undead spawn of the night. You scream out as razor sharp fangs plunge into the soft flesh of your throat. Slowly, painfully, your blood is slurped away as the vampire completes its unholy feast. Your seduction has brought about your very END.... (283) 1JP

408

The doors are locked. To gain entry you must successfully make a Mechanical Repair roll or successfully match your STR against the door's STR of 2D6+6. If you are successful and overcome this obstacle go to -415-. Fail and return to the map. 1JP

409

You find a crate full of personal journals. Leafing through the books you see that they describe the daily life of the Baron and Baroness VonReischt. What you find startling is that you find books with entries dating back as far as the 1700s—the pages yellowed and brittle. You also find books dating as recently as the past few years. Yet the handwriting seems to be identical! (415) 3JP

410

While browsing among the various oddities of the room you come upon a pad of paper scribbled full of notes and chemical formulas. From what you know of chemistry the formulas appear to be for some type of sleep or dream-inducing drug that is derived from some organic—probably botanical—material. Make a successful Listen roll and go to -477-. Fail and return to the map. (443) 2JP

411

If you are playing a male character go to -377-; if you are playing a female character go to -319-. (382) 0JP

412

Nausea grips you when you discover that many of the body parts and organs floating in the cloudy, yellowed preserving fluids appear very much to be human. Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D4 SAN. Attempt to make a Listen roll, going to -477- if successful. Otherwise, return to -443-. (443) 2JP

413

You can not reach Corey from where you are, since the metal table hangs precariously 3D10 feet above you. You do have several options for rescuing your friend, and may attempt any of the following skill rolls, although you must mark off one space on the Time Table for each separate attempt—successful or not. (447) 2JP

Climb (succeed and go to -428-, fail and go to -394-) 2JP
Electrical Repair (succeed and go to -421-, fail and go to -457-) 2JP

Mechanical Repair (succeed and go to -434-, fail and

go to -437-)

Operate Heavy Machinery (succeed and go to -474-, fail and go to -467-)

414

Your curiosity peaked by this science fiction-like lab, you climb up a large wooden beam to a small platform that overlooks the entire room. You survey the room for a moment, taking in every bit of the weird furnishings and then your eyes widen in surprise and your heart skips a beat. Go to -447-. (443) 2JP

415

The door reluctantly squeaks open to reveal a musty storage room. Boxes and crates are stacked to the web-laced ceiling and assorted debris spills out onto the floor from over-stuffed and broken crates. It seems that a majority of the items in this room are in foreign languages. You may attempt any of the following, marking off a spot on the Time Table for each separate roll, successful or not: (408) 1JP

Read Arabic (succeed and go to -476-)

Read Chinese (succeed and go to -466-)

Read French (succeed and go to -469-)

Read German (succeed and go to -409-)

Read Russian (succeed and go to -401-)

Return to the map when done.

416

With a desperate gasp you plummet to the floor several feet below you, showered with splintered wood from the broken railing. You have suffered 1D6 points of damage and are now on the first floor near location -255-. As you collect yourself up and gather your composure, mark off one space on the Time Table. (392) 2JP

417

Your heart begins to race as you spot the figure of a body on the hanging slab. You can not clearly see it from your position and must move to get a better look. Go to -447-. (393, 442, 443, 454, 459, 464, 470, 477) 3JP

418

The sounds of a masterfully played piano are heard once again—they seem to be emanating from somewhere within this room, yet you are totally alone. SAN roll: failure means the loss of 1D4 points. Return to the map. (296) 3JP

419

Roll 1D10: even go to -389-, odd go to -386-. (395)
0JP

420

Roll 1D10: even go to -392-, odd go to -358-. 0JP

421

With an odd humming noise the table begins to slowly descend from above. Smoothly the metal slab comes to rest atop the raised platform. Now go to -462-. (413) 2JP

422

"You see, Peter owes his total existence to me, and as such is totally obedient," the little mad doctor explains. Curry points to you and orders his reanimated slave to destroy you! Go to -427- for Peter's statistics and then return to this paragraph to fight. If you manage to destroy the golem go to -439-, if not then this is, of course, the END.... (452) 2JP

423

Roll 1D10: even go to -424-, odd go to -436-. (425, 453, 455) 0JP

424

You rush through the frightening house to the front door, pulling on your coat as you flee the building and all of its supernatural inhabitants. Roll 1D10: even go to -17-, odd go to -399-. (423, 432, 436, 465, 504, 576) 1JP

425

The insane doctor slumps dead to the floor. Go to -423-. (463) 1JP

426

This dusty room is filled with boxes and trunks of various sizes and shapes. You may attempt either a Listen roll (go to -260-) or a Spot Hidden roll (go to -372-). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

427

Peter a golem	STR 18	CON 18
SIZ 16	DEX 5	
APP 15	SAN 0	
INT 3	POW 13	
EDU NA	HP 17	
Weapon	Attk%	Damage
maul	40%	2D8+1D6

Armor: this golem suffers only half damage from any impaling-type weapon (knives, guns, etc.), but does take full damage from blunt weapons and fire.

Spells: none

SAN: no loss—it appears to be normally human.

428

Sorely you manage to clamber up some chains and cables to the table suspended above you. As you climb onto the cold steel slab it swings dangerously for a moment before coming once again to rest. In order to free Corey from the steel manacles you must either succeed with a Mechanical Repair roll or you may match your STR with Corey's against the manacles' STR of 2D10+10. You must mark off a space on the Time Table for every attempt, successful or not, to free Corey. Go to -397- once he is free. (413) 2JP

429

You grab Corey by the arm as you lead him away from the table and out of the evil laboratory. Suddenly you notice that your friend's skin is cold and leathery: the person that was once your good friend Corey is now a reanimated golem! Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D8 SAN (go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more). Corey now has the abilities of a zombie and so always attacks last in combat. He still has 15 hit points but takes only half damage from impaling weapons, but full damage from blunt weapons and fire. He attacks with a 35% chance of hitting and his maul attack does 2D8+1D6 damage. If you manage to destroy this animated horror go to -432-, if not then this is obviously the END.... (455) 5JP

430

The person that was once your good friend Corey is now a vampire! Corey now has the abilities of a vampire and as such attacks first in combat. He still has 15 hit points

and no armor, although he does now have the sharp fangs and cruel touch of the vampire. Whenever Corey attacks roll 1D10: 1-5, touch attack; 6-13, bite attack. He has a 50% chance with either attack, his bite doing 1D4 damage plus draining 1D6 STR (once he has successfully bitten he will hang on and continue to drain blood until you are dead). His touch does 1D4 damage plus you must match your POW against his new POW of 2D6+10 (ignore his former POW of 13). If you manage to overcome Corey's POW he will lose 1D4 POW; if he overcomes your POW he will drain off 1D4 points of your POW. If you manage to reduce Corey to 0 hit points go to -576-, if not then this is probably the END.... (389, 460) 8JP

431

As you creep nearer the stone altar you see that what had appeared to be cracks in the stone is actually a figure carved out of the heavy block. The carved relief depicts an octopoidal monster—scaled and bloated, wormy tentacles and many eyes sprout from various places on the cancerous form. An irregular mouth is carved into a puckered yawn. The sight of this grisly image is repulsive in the extreme and calls for a SAN roll or a loss of 0/1D4 points. The object atop the great stone is a book. You may try to identify the altar carving with a Cthulhu Mythos roll (succeed and go to -444-) or you may look closer at the book (go to -446-). (441) ICM 4JP

432

The creature that was once your friend falls with a thud to the floor, free of his new unnatural life as an undead creature of the night. You automatically suffer the loss of 1D4 SAN at the terrible thought of Corey's awful fate. Go to -424-. (429) 2JP

433

You are puzzled to find a wide selection of chemicals which you know are used to hasten the regeneration of dead or diseased cells. Succeed in a Listen roll and go to -477-. Fail and return to the map. (443) 2JP

434

You manage to discover the working of the manual operation of the complex mechanical mass, and, with some bit of effort, use a heavy crank to lower the hanging table to the dusty floor. Go to -462-. (413) 1JP

The weirdly painted ceiling depicts the star Aldebaran when it is above the earth's horizon—a position the star is in at this moment. Return to the map. (441) 2JP

436

Corey suddenly screams out. When you turn to him you see the lumbering form of some hideous ape/insect creature appearing in the room from out of nowhere. The diabolical dimensional deviant shambles over to your friend and companion, arms outstretched. The monster has 3D6+6 hit points and 3 points of armor. Make a SAN roll and suffer 0/1D10 points of SAN loss (go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more) and then you have two rounds in which to kill the creature. If successful, reward yourself with 1D10 SAN and go to -424-. If you fail to destroy the monstrous shambler the thing grabs Corey in a crushing bear hug and then the two shimmer and vanish. Corey's terrified scream echos off as he fades away and is gone! If you want to now abandon your friend and your search, leaving the house and grounds, go to -424-; if you want to press on and try once again to find your friend return to the map. (423) 4JP 1CM

437

You have not quite figured out the mechanics of the bulky mechanical mass—trying a crank which you thought would lower the table to the floor you discover that it instead causes it to rise higher. The table now hangs 10 feet higher in the air than it did before. This crank does not turn the other way for some reason—perhaps there is a locking mechanism or some other such device to prevent it from being easily lowered without full understanding of its working. Return to -413-. (413) 1JP

438

Browsing through the assorted specimens in the lab you come upon a flower that you recognize as a very rare and unusual black orchid. Some sort of extract is being taken from the weirdly beautiful flower. Make a successful Listen roll and go to -477-. Fail and return to -443-. (443) 1JP

439

You instantly notice that Curry's lense-magnified eyes are glowing ominously. March your POW against his POW of 21 on the Resistance Table. If you are overcome go to -448-, if you resist go to -463-. (422) 3JP

The figure that you thought to be your good friend Corey shimmers and changes into a beautiful woman. With a hiss the woman shows her fangs and now you notice the slightly pointed ears—she is a vampire! The vampire has 1D8+10 hit points, no armor, attacks first each round and has two types of attack—touch and bite. Each time she attacks roll 1D100: 1-75, bite; 76-100, touch. Your vampire foe has a 50% chance with each attack—her bite does 1D4 points of damage plus drains 1D6 STR, and her touch does 1D4 points of damage (you must match your POW against hers on the Resistance Table. If you overcome her POW with your own she loses 1D4 POW and if she overcomes you she drains 1D4 points of your POW). If you have no weapon with which to defend yourself a successful Luck roll will find you a makeshift club of some sort that does 1D8 damage, with a base chance to hit of 25%. If you manage to do 8 or more points of damage to this beautiful but deadly creature of the night she will turn into smoke and escape through a window or door. If you manage to kill or drive the vampire off reward yourself with 1D6 SAN and return to the map, if not then this is probably the END.... (389, 460) 5JP

441

This chamber appears to be a shrine of some sort—a large stone altar rests against the wall, burning braziers on either side of the massive stone block. Incense clouds the air with thick and foul-smelling blue-grey smoke, giving the room an eerie and other-worldly appearance. Above you the ceiling is weirdly painted so as to depict a star field. Something rests atop the altar although you can not clearly see it through the hazy gloom of the chamber. You may either study the star chart on the ceiling (make an Astronomy roll—succeed and go to -435-) or you may approach the altar (go to -431-). (472) 2JP

442

As you sort through the various jars and urns you find in the room you happen upon a carefully covered jar of bluish-grey ash which you recognize as the corpse dust for the resurrection spell! Make a successful Spot Hidden and go to -417-. Fail and return to -443-. (443) 1CM 5JP

This cavernous room is thick with the cloying smell of chemicals. A quick survey of the chamber shows it to be a laboratory of some sort—jars and viles of assorted liquids, powders, dried plants, etc. adorn shelves and tables. Large glass jars hold preserved remains of various animals in yellowed fluid: rats, cats, frogs as well as a grisly assortment of larger mammalian organs such as hearts, eyes, brains, etc. Strange electronic equipment and panels of switches, levers, dials, meters, plugs and lights line the walls and in the very center of the room is a raised platform over which hangs a large metal slab rigged with swivels and winches. Directly above the platform the ceiling is constructed in a gleaming glass dome which allows the stars to effortlessly shine into the incredible, loathsome chamber.

Cages and tanks hold live rats, insects, fish, birds and other small life forms and are stacked about the room or hang from chains in the ceiling. A few sickly potted plants of gross and disfigured shape crowd a small corner table while a vintage microscope and pile of prepared slides nestle together on a splintered and sagging work table. You see other dubious and bizarre equipment cluttered around the room, the purpose of which can only be guessed at. You may attempt any one of the following skill rolls, going to the indicated paragraph if successful. If you wish you may attempt more than a single roll but you must mark off a space on the Time Table for each additional attempted roll.

Astronomy (-470-)
Botany (-438-)
Chemistry (-410-)
Climb (-414-)
Cthulhu Mythos (-442-)
Electrical Repair (-464-)
Idea (-459-)
Know (-454-)
Library use (-451-)
Luck (-391-)
Mechanical Repair (-393-)
Occult (-400-)
Pharmacy (-433-)
Spot Hidden (-417-)
Zoology (-412-)

444

The figure carved into the altar stone represents He Who is Not to be Named—Hastur the Unspeakable! Return to the map. (431)
2CM

4JP

445

You wake up one evening with a jolt. Sitting upright in your bed, covered in cold sweat, you feel yourself trembling. You must have been having another nightmare about that awful night—that Halloween eve of terror. You then notice a gross, sepulchral stench in the air. "Hello, my friend," comes a familiar voice from a dark corner. Go to -471- (390)
1JP

446

The book is an old and mouldering copy of The King in Yellow. Looking over the tome you see that it is actually the manuscript for a very long play. The contents of the play seem to deal with the seething, unutterable horror Hastur the Unspeakable. The King in Yellow is in English, contains +5% Cthulhu Mythos Knowledge and a 1D3/1D6+1 SAN loss. This copy has a spell inscribed, at a x1 multiplier: Call/Dismiss Hastur. (431)
4JP

447

There, atop the suspended slab lies Corey—shirtless and partially draped in a tom white sheet. His wrists are held painfully tight to the cold metal table with steel manacles. Go to -413-. (414, 417) 3JP

448

The next thing you know, you find yourself and Corey (if he is still alive) strapped down to a steel table. There are strange electrical devices attached to your forehead and chest by wires. "So, you finally awake? Good, I didn't want you to miss this!" Corey weirdly squeaks in his shrill voice as he nervously throws a lever on a bank of machinery. Instantly a hum starts to build and you feel the air become thick with static. "What you need is a little shock treatment!" the mad doctor coos. With a crackle and a blue flash, raw power surges through your body. You want to scream out in agony but find yourself unable as your mind begins to fry and your heart sizzle. The last thing you see is Curry's blue eyes magnified behind those thick lenses and then all is dark and peaceful. You will probably become one of the mad scientist's animated golem slaves but you

may as well consider this the END... shocked?! (439) 5JP

449

This windowless room is furnished only with a grimy mattress which lies on the filth-encrusted floor. Suddenly you notice that a dark figure is huddled in a corner. Roll 1D10: even -450-, odd, -614-. (473) 1JP

450

As you cautiously ease toward the figure you stop dead in your tracks when a low growling sound comes from that direction! You begin to ease back for the doorway when the figure springs to its feet; there before your eyes



stands a large wolf-like creature slobbering foam and driveling from its fierce maw. You feel a scream rise in your quickly-drying throat as the dreadful figure stands up jerkily on its hind legs and speaks to you in a deep, choppy voice and you realize that it is, in fact, a werewolf! SAN roll time: attempt the roll and lose 0/1D8 SAN, going to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points.

With a snarling laugh the lycanthrope lunges at you, fangs gleaming, mouth wide and hungry. Go to -526- for the creature's statistics and then return here to this paragraph. You may stand and fight or you may run. To try to escape the baneful monster you must attempt to make your Dodge roll—success means that you have managed to out-sprint the wolfen creature, shutting and locking the door behind

you. If you fail your Dodge roll you have fallen, giving the creature a +20% chance to hit you this round. If you manage to escape from or destroy the werewolf reward yourself with 1D8 SAN and return to the map. If, however, you are overcome then your fragile body will be ravaged and partially devoured in the creature's lustful feeding frenzy which means the END.... (449) 8JP

451

In your curious search you discover a book of notes on various experiments. Leafing through the water and chemical-stained pages you discover copious notes on horrifying experiments involving the re-animation of corpses! From your quick scanning of the pages whoever is responsible for the experiments seems to have been successful through the use of weird science and black magic—the dead have walked again! Make a Listen roll: succeed and go to -477-, fail and return to the map. (443) 6JP

452

"Welcome to my little shop of horrors!" coos a shrill voice from behind you. You turn to see two figures standing in the doorway—one is a small bald man wearing a stiff-collared lab coat and exceptionally thick glasses. The little man's lips are curled up in a puckered smile making his already pointed chin seem that much longer. The other figure is a tall muscular young man, rather pale and still. The tall youth is draped in a loose-fitting white robe.

"Allow me to introduce myself," the odd little man purrs, "I am Dr. Curry, and this is Peter," he gestures to the robed figure. "Do you find my laboratory interesting? In this place I dabble in the secrets of the mind—the powers of the untapped psychic energies. I also dabble in the secrets of creation—the mysteries of life and the mysteries of death. Peter is a prime example of the later—you see, Peter died in a most tragic auto accident just outside the castle grounds on that dark road below... but I have made him anew!" Go to -422-. (455) 7JP

453

The mad scientist staggers away from you, startled and enraged that you have done him actual harm. Before you can stop him he darts for the light switch, throwing the lab into an eerie silent darkness as lights and machines blink out. As you cautiously scramble for the switch you hear Curry's weird maniacal laughter fade away and when the lights come back on he is gone. Go to -423-. (463) 1JP

A cold chill creeps down your spine and you shiver when you realize that the equipment within this cavernous chamber is being used to attempt to breathe weird life into dead bodies! This is the laboratory of some mad re-animator. Make a successful Spot Hidden and go to -417-. Fail and return to the map. (443)

455

Roll 1D10: 1-4, -452-; 5-7, -423-; 8-10, -429-. (397, 462)
0JP

456

Roll 1D10: even, -404-; odd, -465-. (386, 395)

457

Something has gone very wrong! There is a humming sound and then a crackle and Corey screams in agony, his body painfully arching as a surge of electricity charges savagely through his body. He suffers 1D6 points of damage (he is at maximum hit points). You automatically suffer the loss of 1 SAN since your fiddling was the cause of this incident. Return to -413-. (413)

458

You choke on a scream as the spectral figure nears. The foul, rotting stench fills your lungs and you gag and almost vomit. Before you stands what was once your best friend—flesh moldy and rotting. "You did this to me," gurgles undead Corey. Go to -9-. (471)

459

This cold, cavernous room brings to mind the weird lab of the classic mad scientist in all of those old horror movies, complete with Frankenstein-esque corpse-animating equipment. An icy chill slithers down your spine as you look about at the contents of the room and realize that someone seems to be attempting to do just that—animate corpses! Make a successful Spot Hidden roll and go to -417-. Fail and return to -443-. (443)

460

You pull your hand away as you feel the cold, clammy hand of your companion. With a startled look you watch as your friend hisses and bares fangs! Roll 1D10: 1-9, -440-; 10, -430-. (465)

Dr. Curry
a mad scientist
STR 12 CON 16
SIZ 9 DEX 15
APP 8 SAN 0
INT 1 POW 21
EDU 25 HP 13
Weapon Attk% Damage
scalpel 50% 1D4

Spells: Call Hastur, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Mind Blast, Resurrection

Dr. Curry will use spells first before physical combat, and he will always attempt to use Mesmerize first (see -439-). Complete descriptions of his spells can be found in the Call of Cthulhu rulebook.

462

In order to free Corey from his bonds you must either succeed with a Mechanical Repair roll or you may combine your STR with half of Corey's (8) and match the results against the manacles' STR of 30 on the Resistance Table. When you succeed in freeing Corey go to -455-. For each try after the first mark off a space on the Time Table. (421, 434, 474)

463

The little bald man shrieks out in anger as you resist his psychic attack. Go to -461- for Dr. Curry's statistics and then return here. If you do 7 or more points of damage to Curry without killing him go to -453-, if you kill him go to -425-, and if neither of these situations occur then he has probably gotten the best of you, which means my friend that this is the END.... (439)

464

Looking over some of the odd electrical devices in the lab you suddenly realize that they have been constructed to channel the flow of a great deal of electricity into the large slab hanging above the raised platform. Succeed in a Spot Hidden and go to -417-. Fail and return to -443-. (443)

465

You loosen the last of the bonds and take Corey by the hand to lead him out of the room. Roll 1D10: even, -460-; odd, -424-. (456)

You find a letter scrawled on a yellowed piece of paper which reads as follows:

125 Zuotian Street
Qingdao, China
October 10, 1943

Baron Birlad Tecuci Tepes-VonReischt
366 Forest Hill Lane
Salem, MA
U.S.A.

Greetings, my most honorable brother;

It is with both sorrow and joy, like the death song of the night raven, that I tell of my arrival. Existence has become difficult here as the once-superstitious and obedient peasants have begun to look to the West for new technological strengths. With the leaving behind of the old ways I find myself hunted by those who once would have bowed at my feet. So as the dew becomes vapor, so must I journey to join you, brother, in the fertile New Land across the horizon. In preparation of my arrival I send one of my burial urns that shall comfort this venerable one in the harsh bloom of the sun.

your humble sister
Sleeping Dragon
You see no sign of the urn mentioned in the note. (415)
5JP

467

You have not quite mastered the mechanics of this equipment—in your attempt to bring the hanging slab to the floor you succeeded only in raising it even higher in the air. The slab is now ten feet higher than it was when you began! Return to -413-. (413)

468

This room is completely empty. You may try either a Spot Hidden roll (succeed and go to -372-) or a Listen roll (succeed and go to -375-). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

469

You find an old and crumbling letter that reads as follows:

J. Chanterelles
643 Morilles Street
Paris, France
3 August, 1881

Baron Birlad Tecuci Tepes-VonReischt
Transylvania, Romania

My dearest Baron;

It is with great pleasure that I inform you that the property and chateau you expressed such interest in has been prepared for your arrival, at which time you may pay the balance of the price and my modest fee, which you so eagerly agreed upon. I think you shall not be disappointed in your purchase, and if I could be of further assistance please contact me.

yours,

J. Chanterelles

Also with the letter are several old newspaper clippings in French dating from 1881 to just before the turn of the century. The clippings detail several mysterious deaths and gruesome murders, including the tragic death of a real estate agent by the name of Jean Chanterelles. (415) 5JP

470

Looking above you through the domed glass roof you recognize the star Aldebaran among the cluster of glittering points in space. Make a successful Spot Hidden roll and go to -417-. Fail and return to the map. (443) 2JP

471

You are filled with disbelief when you recognize the voice as Corey's and then the nightmarish apparition steps out of the shadows—make a SAN roll and suffer the loss of 0/1D8 SAN, going to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points. Go to -458-. (445) 2JP

472

This door is locked and will require either a successful Mechanical Repair roll or you may match your STR against the door's STR of 1D8+10 to try to break it down. If you succeed and gain entry go to -441-. Otherwise, return to the map. 1JP

473

Roll 1D10: even -479-, odd -449-. (475) 0JP

474

You manage to discover the secrets of the workings of this bizarre mass of electrical and mechanical equipment, bringing the suspended slab down to the ground with a heavy thud which stirs up a cloud of dust. Go to -462-. (413) 2JP

475

The door to this room is locked; to gain entry you must either pick the lock with a successful Mechanical Repair roll or break in the door by matching your STR against the door's 30 STR. If you gain entry go to -473-. Otherwise, return to the map. 1JP

476

You have found what appears to be an old scroll of some sort. Unrolling the crumpled paper you see that it is a partial translation of the Egyptian Book of the Dead—the Doctrine of Eternal Life. The line that particularly catches your interest reads as follows: "He hath eaten the knowledge of every god, his existence is for all eternity and to everlasting in his spirit..." In the same crate where you found the yellowed scroll you also find a small pottery jug with what appears to be dirt in it. Return to the map. (415) 3JP

477

You go pale as you hear the muffled moan of someone in the room. Go to -417-. (391, 400, 410, 412, 433, 438, 451) 2JP

478

You notice several long, deep marks in the wall. The marks look very much like claw marks. Return to the map. (479) 2JP

479

The windowless room is furnished only with a moth-eaten mattress which lies on the cold, filthy floor. You may make one of the following rolls: Idea (go to -480- if successful), Accounting (go to -396- if successful), or Spot Hidden (go to -478- if successful). Fail and return to the map. (473) 1JP

480

You suddenly notice the strong animal odor in this dingy room. Return to the map. (479) 1JP

481

This part of the cellar is totally empty except for the now-familiar spider webs and cloying dust. Don't bother to mark off any time on the Time Table for this area since it is obviously of no importance except to get to the rest of the cellar. Return to the map. 0JP

482

Bridget Westcot
a vampire

STR	28	CON	12
SIZ	11	DEX	11
APP	16	SAN	0
INT	12	POW	18
EDU	10	HP	12
Weapon	Attk%	Damage	
touch	50%	1D4+1D6	
Bite	50%	1D4	

+1D6 STR drain

Spells: Call Hastur, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror
Bridget Westcot is a beautiful blond woman who has not long been a vampire. This young nymph has a particular weakness for handsome young men and if you are playing a male character with an APP of 16 or better she gets an added +10% to each of her attacks. Also, if you are playing a male character with such a high APP you will have to reduce her to 4 or less hit points to drive her off, instead of the usual half. When she attacks roll 1D10: 1-4, touch attack; 5-9, bite attack; 10, Summon Hunting Horror.

483

Mark off half a space on the Time Table. You quietly creep up to the small age-worn structure. As you near the building you see that it was, indeed, a greenhouse although most of the windows are now but jagged shards of shattered glass. The few windows that remain intact are smoky with dust and grime. You carefully edge around to the side of the building where the door is, nervously jumping at any little sound. It takes a slight but firm tug to force the weather-warped door open. With a deep breath you step through the moldy door frame into the murky gloom beyond. Roll 1D10: even, -543-; odd, -358-. (587) 3JP

484

You have been struck by something—go to -517-. 1JP

(546)

Sol Traicionar
a vampire

STR	32	CON	9
SIZ	12	DEX	13
APP	15	SAN	0
INT	12	POW	17
EDU	4	HP	11
Weapon		Attk%	Damage
touch		40%	1D4+2D6
bite		25%	1D4+1D6
			STR drain

Spells: Call Hastur, Contact Fungi from Yuggoth

Sol Traicionar was a young man when he became a vampire, so he forever appears to be a young Spanish man in his late teens. If reduced to half of his original hit points this creature of the night will turn into a raven and fly off into the cold night sky. When he attacks roll 1D6: 1-3, touch attack; 4-5, bite attack.



Krof Kushat
a vampire

STR	36	CON	9
SIZ	18	DEX	12
APP	9	SAN	0
INT	8	POW	11
EDU	6	HP	14
Weapon		Attk%	Damage
touch		30%	1D4+2D6
bite		30%	1D4+1D6
			STR drain

spells: Call Hastur

Krof Kushat is a lumbering Russian—powerful and deadly yet slow and dim. This undead hulk always attacks last in a round and will continue to fight until destroyed—he can not be driven off, although a cross will keep him at bay. When he attacks roll 1D6: 1-4, touch attack; 5-6, bite attack.



486

You know that the telescope points towards the constellation of Taurus, which is some 320,000,000,000 miles away! Return to the map. (515) 2JP

487

You press on, cautiously creeping though the musty, mold-encrusted tunnel. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -489-; 3-4, -497-; 5-6, -493-. (513, 516, 519, 522, 577) 0JP

488

Peeking through the open archway you see that this part of the basement is used for a wine cellar—rows upon rows of tall wooden racks carefully supporting dust-encrusted bottles of vintage wines. Quickly glancing over the bottles you see that they come from all over the world—France, Germany, Italy, Spain, America, etc. You may attempt any one of the following: Know (go to -491- if successful), Accounting (go to -494- if successful), Listen (-358- if successful), or Spot Hidden (-525- if successful). Fail and return to the map. 1JP

489

You move quietly down the musty tunnel away from the manor house. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -519-; 3-4, -516-; 5-6, -513-; (487, 528) 1JP

As you slip along the passageway there is the sound of rock grinding on rock, and suddenly several large stones fall from the roof of the tunnel. Attempt a Dodge roll—succeed and you have managed to avoid the falling stones, fail and you have been struck by 1D3+1 rocks and suffer 1D2+1 points of damage per rock. Your way through the tunnel is not blocked, and when the dust settles you may again continue on your way by going to -522-. (487) 2JP

494

Looking over a few of the better bottles of wine you estimate the cash worth of some of them in the tens of thousands of dollars. Return to the map. (488) 1JP

495

The ugly symbols seem to be a prayer of some sort to some appalling entity. Go to -589-. (564) 3JP

496

With a grinding moan the heavy door swings open to reveal a small, cold chamber beyond. You are both surprised and relieved to find Corey huddled against a wall of the chamber. Roll 1D10: even, -504-; odd, -536-. (572) 2JP

497

Make a SAN roll. If you are successful you lose nothing—fail and lose 1D3 points of SAN. There before you in the tunnel lay 2D6 decomposed corpses! Because of the bodies' conditions there is really no way to tell what the cause of death may have been. The stench and sight of the rotting bodies causes you to become nauseous. You must successfully make a CONx4 roll or you become sick and vomit. If this happens mark off a space on the Time Table and then continue on. Go to -522-. (487) 2JP

498

The cold chamber beyond is empty. As you step through the doorway into the small room you shiver as a cold wind blows in through the three glassless windows. You suddenly become aware of some other presence with you in the tower room. Your flesh begins to crawl and your hair tingles and bristles as the spectral figure appears; there before you is the floating, wispy form of a tall faceless woman in long, billowing robes. Beneath the figure's robes something moves and you gasp in horror as the long black cloth pulls back to reveal the figures of three emaciated and battered children, with evil, mouthless faces! Make a

491

You realize that much of this wine should be spoiled because it is so incredibly old, however those few bottles that are still drinkable should be worth a great deal of money. A know roll at a quarter will allow you to find such a bottle, if you so desire. This bottle is worth 2D10x\$1,000. Return to the map. (488) 1JP

492

You suddenly realize that you are not alone in the graveyard! You glimpse a weird shadow through the fog—something or someone moving towards you. You see it—make a SAN roll and suffer the loss of 0/1D6 SAN (go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points). Go to -537- to determine what the figure is and then return here.

If you want to try to run from the figure attempt a DEXx3 roll—success means that you have escaped and are back in the manor house on the ground floor. If you failed this roll the creature is upon you. If you have decided to stand your ground or have failed your DEXx3 roll then fight it out as best as you can. If you manage to reduce the creature's hit points by half it flees into the foggy darkness of the cemetery—reward yourself with 1D6 SAN. You must now mark off a space on the Time Table and may either return to -587- for more exploration of the grounds or you may go back up to the manor house. Of course, if the creature proves to be too much for you then this, obviously, is the END.... (56) 5JP

SAN roll and lose 1/1D10 SAN (remember—you must go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points). You push away from the ghostly horror and try to run from the room but find the door closed and tightly locked. You claw at the door, trying to escape but succeed only in drawing blood from your clawing fingers. Turning you see that the three goblin-like children are gone although the faceless woman remains, dark robes billowing as if blown by some spectral wind. Match your POW against the spirit's 3D6+10 POW on the Resistance Table. If you overcome the ghost's POW with your own go to -560-, if your POW is overcome by the haunt's go to -532-. (572) 7JP

499

Baron VonReischt

STR	36	CON	14
SIZ	16	DEX	14
APP	16	SAN	0
INT	17	POW	21
EDU	28	HP	15
Weapon	Attk%		
.45 revolver	40%		
foil	60%		
touch	75%		
	1D4+2D6		
	+1D4 POW drain		
bite	85%		
	1D4+1D6 STR drain		

Spells: all, plus he has a hypnotic gaze (see below)

Baron VonReischt is a vampire. He has been an undead creature for almost 400 hundred years, moving from place to place with his wife in search of fresh victims to feed upon. During his many moves the Baron has accumulated a group of followers: victims who have become vampires themselves and who now look to him as their leader and High Priest of the Hastur cult which they are all now a part of. The Great Old One has some direct link to the Baron and Baroness's vampirism and eternal life. The vampires worship their foul god with abhorrent rituals and sacrifices, and through these twisted practices a high level of supernatural energy and entities have accumulated in the manor house.

In combat the Baron will first attempt to use his hypnotic gaze upon his victim; to do this he gazes into the victim's eyes and then matches his POW against theirs on the Resistance Table. If the Baron overcomes his victim's POW with his own they are lost, as they will be helpless against his attacks. If the victim resists the hypnotic gaze then it will not be attempted again in that combat. To avoid the gaze you must successfully roll your DEX or less on 1D100. The Baron will attack with either his touch (1-50) or



bite (51-100) first and will resort to gun, foil or spell only if he is held back by a cross or garlic and can not attack at close range. When this happens roll 1D100: 1-30- foil, 31-60 gun and 61-100 spell. If the Baron makes a successful fencing foil attack he will knock an object (cross, wreath of garlic, weapon, etc.) out of his target's hands unless they can roll their STRx3 or less on 1D100

If this occurs he will attack again with either his touch or bite if he can once again get close enough. When the use of magic is indicated roll 1D6: 1-2, Shrivel; 3-4, Wrack; 5-6, Wither Limb.

The Baron must be reduced to exactly 1 hit point to be driven off (in which case he will turn into 1D6: 1-2 mist; 3-4, wolf; 5, bat; 6, raven). If he is reduced to 0 or less hit points he will be rendered totally helpless and will be most vulnerable to a wooden stake through the heart (if he is reduced to 0 hit points it is assumed that this will automatically be done and that he is thus destroyed). If he is driven off reward yourself with 1D6 SAN. If you actually manage to destroy the Baron the rest of the vampires will flee into the cold night sky and the manor house will crumble into dust. If this happens reward yourself with 2D10 SAN.

500

Roll 1D10: even, -524-; odd, -643-. (582) 0JP

501

You see that the sachel contains 1D6+1 tiny, 1oz bottles of holy water! Holy water acts as follows: one bottle that strikes a ghost will drive it away. Werewolves, vampires, zombies and other non-Cthulhu supernatural creatures (except ghosts, spirits, phantoms, haunts, etc.—see ghost above) will suffer 1D6 points of non-regenerating damage from each 1oz bottle. Magically animated creatures such as golems, gargoyles and scarecrows take no damage from holy water. All creatures from the Cthulhu Mythos will suffer 1D8 points of damage from one 1oz bottle of holy water. To successfully attack with holy water you must make a successful Throw roll for each bottle used. Failure means that the bottle has missed its target and is thus wasted on the floor, wall or ground. A successful Throw indicates that the bottle both struck its target and broke, exposing the creature to the blessed water (in the case of ghosts and non-corporeal entities a successful Throw indicates that the water was splashed on the creature and that the bottle was not actually thrown, although all of the water has been used from that bottle). (586, 591) 3JP

502

You gasp when you suddenly realize that you are not alone in the greenhouse! From a dark corner a shadow moves into the blue moonlight that trickles in through broken glass panes. Make a SAN roll and suffer the loss of 0/1D6 SAN (remember to go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points). Go to -537- to determine what the figure is and then return here. You may try to run away if you like in which case you must succeed with a Dodge roll. Success means that you have managed to evade the figure and are back in the manor house (on the ground floor near -354-). If you fail the roll, the creature is upon you. If you decide to stand your ground or have been forced to by a failed Dodge roll then fight it out as best you can. If you manage to destroy or drive off the creature reward yourself with 1D6 SAN. You must now mark off another space on the Time Table and may continue your search—either return to the house or go to -587- to explore more of the yard. If the creature of the night was too powerful, however, then of course this is the END.... (543) 5JP

503

Aaron Dowell

a vampire

STR	24	CON	13
SIZ	10	DEX	11
APP	14	SAN	0
INT	13	POW	9
EDU	10	HP	12
Weapon	Attk%		
touch	50%		
bite	50%		
	1D4+1D6		
	1D4+1D6		
	STR drain		

Spells: Call Hastur, Create Gate

Aaron Dowell was originally from England before joining the legion of the undead. He is cruel, brutal and cunning, preferring to use his bite attack. When he attacks roll 1D6: 1-5, bite attack; 6, touch attack. If reduced to half of his hit points this creature will turn into a bat and fly off into the night sky.



504

You grab your friend by the arm, pulling him out of the small, damp chamber. Go to -424-. (496) 1JP

You see that the words on the walls and ceiling are Arabic, Chinese, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Latin and some other unidentifiable language. If you read any of these languages listed you may attempt to read the inscriptions on the crypt walls by making your language skill roll, and if successful go to -539-, or you may attempt to identify the odd language with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll (go to -566- if successful), otherwise go to -589-.

3JP

(564)

Peering through the open archway that leads into this part of the basement you see that it appears to be a storage area—piles of crates and boxes fill most of the space. You may attempt any one of the following: Spot hidden (succeed and go to -595-), POWx3 (succeed and go to -358-), Know (succeed and go to -333-), or a Luck roll (succeed and go to -534-). Fail and return to the map.

1JP

As you poke about in the dilapidated greenhouse you happen upon a clump of weirdly glowing toadstools growing in a pile of rotting material on the floor beneath a wooden bench. The little fungi range from 1 to 6 inches tall and are deathly pale and speckled with black blotches. The interesting growths give off a pale greenish-white glow and remind you disturbingly enough of the moon! To inspect the glowing fungi closer go to -510-, otherwise continue your search by going back up to the house or to -587- to investigate more of the yard. (543)

3JP

Baroness VonReisch

STR 24 CON 20
SIZ 14 DEX 18
APP 16 SAN 0
INT 16 POW 21
EDU 20 HP 17

Weapon

touch 60%

dagger 50%

bite 75%

1D4+1D6 STR drain

1D4+1D6 STR drain

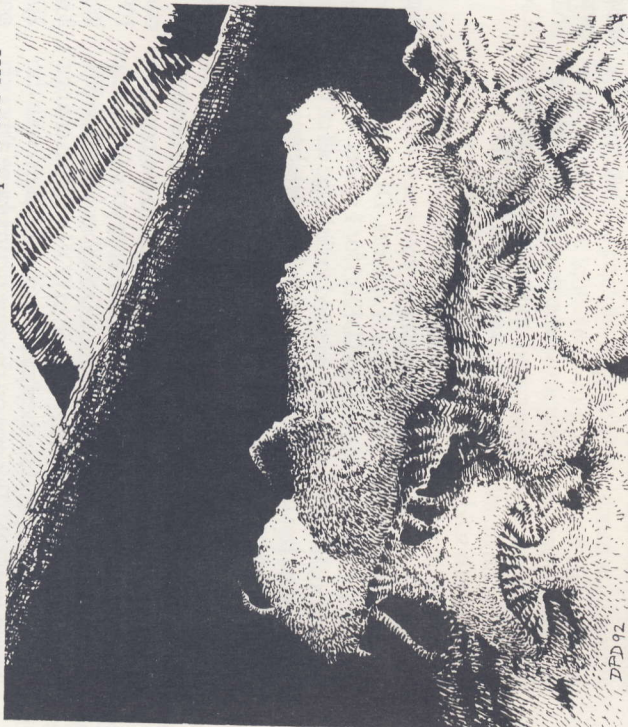
Spells: all plus a hypnotic gaze (see below)

Baroness VonReisch is a vampire—she has been a vampire



for nearly 400 years, moving with her husband from place to place in search of new victims to feed upon. During their many moves the VonReischs have accumulated a group of fellow-victims who have become vampires themselves, and who look upon the Baron and his wife as leaders and as the High Priest and Priestess of the Hastur cult which they are all now a part of. The foul Great Old One has some direct link to the Baron and Baroness' vampirism and eternal life. The undead creatures worship their alien god with abhorrent rituals and sacrifices, and through these twisted practices a high level of supernatural energy and entities have accumulated in the manor house.

In combat the Baroness will first attempt to use her



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hypnotic gaze to put her victim under her charm; to do this she must gaze into the victim's eyes and then match her POW against theirs on the Resistance Table. If the Baroness overcomes her victim's POW with her own they are lost as they will be totally helpless against her attacks. If the victim resists her gaze she will not attempt it again in that combat. To avoid her gaze you must successfully roll your DEX or less on 1D100. The Baroness will always attack with her touch (1-50) or bite (51-100) first, resorting to her dagger or magics only if she is held off by a cross or wreath of garlic and can not attack directly. In such a case roll 1D100: 1-50, dagger; 51-100, spell. When the use of magic is indicated roll 1D6: 1-2, Shriveli; 3-4, Wrack; 5-6, Wither Limb.

The Baroness must be reduced to exactly 1 hit point to

be driven off (in which case she will turn into a (1D6): 1-3, raven; 4, mist; 5, wolf; 6, bat). If she is reduced to 0 or fewer hit points, she will be rendered totally helpless and will be most vulnerable to a wooden stake through the heart (if she is reduced to 0 hit points it is assumed that this will automatically be done and that she is thus destroyed). If she is driven off, reward yourself with 1D6 SAN. If you actually manage to destroy the Baroness reward yourself with 2D6 SAN and then prepare yourself, because if he is still alive the now-widowed Baron will do all in his power to destroy the person(s) responsible for his wife's destruction—go to -499-.

Everything begins to blur as your head begins to ache and spin. The next thing you know you are no longer within the greenhouse—it seems you have mindlessly wandered off! You have no memory of what happened or how you got to where you now are; the last thing that you remember is entering the greenhouse—everything after that point is lost. Mark off 1D6 spaces on the Time Table (up to the last one—i.e.: if you have only 2 left on the Time Table you can mark off no more than 2). To discover where you are roll 1D10: 1, -572-; 2, -602-; 3, -646-; 4, -633-; 5, -308-; 6, -489-; 7, -655-; 8, -488-; 9, -251-; 10, -346-. If there is any time left you may continue your search of either the house or the grounds (go to -587- to continue searching the grounds). (510)

3JP

As you kneel next to the luminescent growths one of them sends a cloud of dusty spores into the air. To avoid contact with the spores you must make a successful Dodge roll: succeed and either return to the manor house or go to -587- to search more of the grounds. If you fail the Dodge roll you breathe in some of the fungal spores. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -533-; 3-4, -593-; 5-6, -509-. (507)

3JP

You continue your slow descent into the darkness, finally reaching the bottom. You take only a few steps when a horrible stench fills the air. You back slowly against a slimy wall and then there is a movement... a huge amorphous shape... a black mass... something oozing toward you... surrounding you... make a SAN roll and lose 1D6/1D20 (do not go to -19-, even if your loss was 5 or more points). If you are still sane you have only one

hope—one chance—if you have an Elder Sign or know the spell Call/Dismiss Nyogtha. If you successfully cast “Dismiss,” or present the Elder Sign boldly in front of you, you may attempt to escape by making a successful Climb roll. You may attempt to climb 1D2 times, success taking you to a tunnel in the side of the shaft wall: go to -528-. If you managed to escape The Thing That Should Not Be, reward yourself with 1D20 SAN. If, however, you went insane, missed the Climb roll(s) or failed at or did not have the Dismiss spell or an Elder Sign, the formless evil washes over you, engulfing you in a slimy goo of burning gelatinous flesh. You have only enough time for one quick scream before your head is engulfed within the frothing mass. The END.... (541, 563, 654)

8JP

2CM

512

You recognize the star in focus as Aldebaran. Return to the map. (515)

2JP

513

As you wander down the tomb-like tunnel you are startled by shadowy movement on the damp ground near your feet. Looking closer you see 1D3+1 black serpents twisting about on the ground. The snakes always attack first in a round and have a 20% chance each of successfully biting you. If you are bitten, you are injected with a poison of 1D10 potency. For each bite that you receive you must match your CON against the venom's potency on the Resistance Table. If your CON overcomes the venom, you suffer no effects from the bite; however, if the poison overcomes your CON, you suffer damage to your CON equal to the potency of the poison (ie: if a bite of 10 potency overcomes your CON, you must subtract 10 points from your CON, etc.). Such damage is cumulative and should your CON drop to 0 you die. This poison damage will regenerate eventually with proper medical care. You may attempt to use the Treat Poison skill on each bite wound, subtracting 2D6 levels of poison (up to the max of each separate bite) from each successfully treated wound. Any change in your CON will alter your hit points, and so you must re-calculate your hit points with the loss of any CON. You may escape the snakes by either killing all of them, or killing half of them and then successfully making a jump roll, which will take you out of the reach of the surviving serpents. Each snake has 2D4 hit points. If you survive this encounter go to -487-. If not, this is the END.... (489)

3JP

You hurry out of the chamber, shutting the heavy door—sealing the weird noise behind you in the small room. Return to the map. (546)

1JP

515

The small, cold room beyond holds only one thing—a rather ornate but old telescope. The tarnished gold-colored telescope points up out of one of the three glassed windows of the tower. Peering through the telescope you clearly see a star centered in the middle of the lens. You may attempt either an Astronomy roll (success takes you to -512-) or a Know roll (success takes you to -486-). Fail and return to the map. (572)

1JP

516

As you wander quietly down the damp tunnel you are startled to feel something crawl on your neck! Then you notice the huge, intricate spider web above you. The web swarms with spiders, many of which dangle near you on nearly-invisible webs. 1D4 of the little creatures have dropped on you—to remove them you must make a successful DEX roll: DEXx2 for 4 spiders, DEXx3 for 3 spiders, DEXx4 for 2 spiders and DEXx5 for 1 spider. If you succeed in the roll you have managed to dislodge all of the little critters, but if you fail the roll then they each bite you, their poison having a potency of 1D6.

For each bite match your CON against each bite's potency on the Resistance Table. If your CON overcomes the poison you take no damage; however, for each bite that overcomes your CON, you lose CON equal to the poison's potency (ie: if a bite of potency 6 overcame your CON you will subtract 6 points from your CON). Should your CON drop to 0 you will die. Any change in CON will also change your hit points, and so they must be re-calculated with the loss of any CON. This poison damage is cumulative although you may attempt a Treat Poison roll on each bite to reduce the poison 2D6 levels (up to the max for the individual bite).

You must continue to attempt the proper DEX roll to dislodge the spiders until you have rid yourself of them. Should you survive this encounter go to -487-. If not, then this is the END.... (489)

3JP

517

You suddenly feel a sharp ripping pain in your back and lose 3D6 hit points and 1D6 STR. If you are still alive after this invisible attack you see a large gelatinous form

take shape in mid-air: the thing is totally red and dripping with your blood. A twitching mass of scarlet tentacles and talons without face or eyes, the thing hovers in the air above you, ghoulishly chittering. Tiny ravenous mouths on the ends of tentacles snap and suck at you, your blood still dripping from them. Make a SAN roll and lose 1/1D10 SAN points. Go to -19- if you lose 5 or more points. Find the characteristics for a Star Vampire in the rulebook and then you may either try to fight it off or escape. To flee the room you must successfully make a Dodge roll. If you kill the creature reward yourself with 1D10 SAN, if you flee your only reward is your life.

If you destroy the star-spawned monster you may take the book within the pentagram—it contains the spells Summon/Bind Star Vampire and has been charged magically with 1D6+1 POW. If you have not killed or escaped the creature, then this is probably good-bye. The END.... (484, 546, 551)

2CM

6JP

518

The coffin is empty save for a layer of dirt in the bottom. Go to -589-. (564)

3JP

519

As you wander down the bleak and damp tunnel you are startled by some quick movement in the dark. As you ease forward to investigate, a black, furry horde scurries ravenously out of the murkiness toward you—you are being washed over by a wave of 1D3x10 rats! The gibbering, red-eyed rodents always attack last—they have a 5% cumulative chance per 10 rats of hitting (10 rats 5%, 20 rats 10%, 30 rats 15%) and do 1D3 points of damage per 10 rats. If you successfully hit one with a weapon you have killed it automatically. Killing 3 out of every 10 (3 for 10 rats, 6 for 20 and 9 for 30) will send the surviving members of the pack scurrying off into the gloom. If you drive off the rodent army you may turn back to the wine cellar, or you may continue on down the tunnel by going to -487-. If the rats make a meal of you then it is, of course, the END.... (489)

3JP

520

You cautiously ease the top off of the ancient-looking Chinese urn. Peering into the chipped and cracked pottery you find only dirt and ashes. Go to -589-. (564)

3JP

521

Vieux Magie
a vampire

STR 20 CON 14
SIZ 14 DEX 11
APP 17 SAN 0
INT 11 POW 18
EDU 7 HP 14
Weapon Atk% Damage
touch 35% 1D4+1D6
bite 50% 1D4+1D6

STR drain

Spells: Call Hastur, Call Nyogtha, Resurrection

Vieux Magie is a very handsome Frenchman—suave and stealthy. He has a voracious appetite, but is particularly afraid of crosses (simply showing him a cross causes him to become vaporous and vanish into the night air). When he attacks roll 1D6: 1-2, touch attack, 3-5, bite attack; 6, spell (will usually attempt to Call Nyogtha, a tunnel to whose lair does exist within the manor grounds.)

522

Mark off a space on the Time Table. You sneak farther on down the dusty, musty, claustrophobic passage—roll 1D6: 1-2, -528-; 3-4 -487-; 5-6, -531-. (493, 497) 0JP

523

To your delighted surprise you discover that the bag holds a protective Elder Sign! Note that the Elder Sign works only against creatures of the Mythos. This sign is inscribed upon a small, roughly circular stone. For full details see the rulebook. (591) 3JP

524

With an agonized groan the door swings stiffly aside. You cautiously ease into the dark, silent chamber beyond. Go to -618-. (500) 1JP

525

You have discovered a secret passage! Pulling aside one of the racks of dusty bottles you see a long and dark passageway leading away from the house. You may turn away from this dark tunnel and continue on your way, or you may go to -528- and enter into the darkness of the earthy, musty gloom beyond. (488) 4JP

526

Werewolf

STR 30 CON 7
SIZ 15 DEX 12
APP 1 SAN 0
INT 10 POW 7
EDU NA HP 11
Weapon Atk% Damage
bite 40% 1D8+1D4

Armor: 1 point

Note: werewolves can be damaged only by silver and fire.

527

With a gibbering snarl the group of creatures turn to face you. For a moment they stare at you, sharp teeth glinting in the moonlight, bits of decayed flesh and drool falling from their mouths. Suddenly, as your heart races, one of the corpse-eaters shrieks and they all scurry into a dark hole in the ground. To investigate the hole go to -624-. Otherwise you may return to the manor house, or you may go to -587- to explore more of the grounds. (530) 5JP

528

Roll 1D6: 1-3, -535-; 4-6, -489-. (511, 522, 525, 561, 648) 0JP

529

You find a .38 revolver with 1D10 silver bullets! These items are as per normal .38 revolvers (20% base chance and 1D10 damage) except if used against a werewolf; if a werewolf is struck with a silver bullet the damage rolled is matched against the creature's CON on the resistance table—if the damage overcomes the beast's CON the creature automatically dies. If the CON overcomes the damage then the lycanthrope takes half of the damage rolled. Silver bullets are effective only against lycanthropes and so do no special damage to undead, Mythos creatures, etc. (591) 3JP

530

As you inspect a particularly old headstone you notice some furtive movement through the thick fog. Make a SAN roll—there before you are 2D2 creatures with dog-like faces, dirt and mold-encrusted skin and yellowed claws and teeth. These night prowlers are stooped over an open grave gnawing on the shrunken remains of a well-aged

corpse! If you have made your SAN roll successfully there is no loss—failure means 1D6 SAN points are lost. Go to -19- should your losses be 5 or more points. If you have kept your sanity, roll 1D6: even, -527-; odd, -584-. (56) 1CM 3JP

531

The long, sickly-smelling passageway finally ends in a heavy stone door. The door is not locked but does not seem to want to move. To bodily persuade the door to open, you must successfully roll your STRx3 or less on 1D100. Each additional try after the initial one will cost you a space on the Time Table. If you can not open the door you must return to the wine cellar (-488-); mark off another space on the Time Table. If you succeed in forcing open the door go to -538-. (522) 1JP

532

You scream out when the monstrous children suddenly reappear clinging to you—clawing and digging at you. You try to pull the cancerous little figures off but find the task impossible. You feel your heart pounding madly: you become consumed by total, ultimate terror. With a sudden insane shriek you lunge for one of the windows, throwing yourself out. Roll your POW or less on 1D100: if you succeed go to -557-, if you fail you scream as your body plunges about 70 feet to the ground below, bringing about, of course, your most untimely demise. The END... (498) 3JP

533

Match your CON against the spores' poison potency of 1D10. Should you successfully resist the poison you suffer no ill-effects, (return to the house or go to -587- to search more of the grounds) but if the spores overcome you then you die within minutes as the burning fungal spores are sucked into your lungs and work their way through your body tissues, releasing their alien poison. The END... (510) 2JP

534

This must be your lucky day—you've found a penny on the ground! Return to the map. 0JP

535

As you cautiously creep down the long, damp tunnel make a Listen roll—succeed and go to -565-, fail and go to -556-. (528) 0JP

536

You move to grab your friend by the arm and take him out of this place, but jump back with a gasp as your hand passes through him! Match your POW against this haunt's POW of 4D6: if you are overcome it drains 1D3 of your POW—if you overcome it you drain 1D3 of its POW. Make a SAN roll—failure means the loss of 1D8 SAN (remember, go to -19- if your loss is 5 or more SAN). After this the ghostly haunt hovers up off the floor and with an eerie boyish laugh fades away into nothing! Return to the map. (496) 5JP

537

Roll 1D10: 1, -526-; 2, -610-; 3, -513-; 4, -490-; 5, -521-; 6, -485-; 7, -482-; 8, -503-; 9-10, -562-.

538

As the heavy doors swing back with a moan, you feel your heart race as you see that you have discovered a crypt. Go to -564-. (531) 2JP

539

It is an immoral prayer to some sacrilegious god referred to only as the Unspeakable. Go to -589-. (505) 2JP

540

Make a SAN roll! If you succeed you lose 1D3 points—if, sadly, you fail you lose 1D20 points (don't forget—you must go to -19- if your SAN loss was 5 or more points). There before you is a mind-numbing sight; a huge, lumbering black form composed of a myriad of writhing worm-like tentacles sprouting from a blistered and cancerous trunk that is dotted with ichor-dripping mouths. This whole obscene, thrashing monstrosity is carried along by heavy black hooved feet. This horror that you had at first mistaken for a sickly and twisted tree moves toward you with a voracious squishing sound. Your chances are slim but there is some hope: roll 1D100—if you roll 81-100 you have escaped the black beast. If you failed the roll you may still escape the monster if you have either an Elder Sign or holy water—either item will hold the horror off long enough for you to make good your escape (you will lose the item, however). If you haven't yet found your companion mark off a space on the Time Table and continue your search of the house or grounds. If you've found Corey and have managed to escape the Dark Young go to -17-. If you failed the 1D100 roll and possessed neither of the items but

have some other spell you feel will help then go for it—if it succeeds and allows your escape do as per above. If all has failed you are grabbed by a crushing worm-like tentacle and lifted up and into the stinking mass of trunks and mouths and tentacles. You scream one time and then feel the countless mouths bite into your flesh, sucking your blood and life force away. You remain conscious for several minutes, suffering in agony, but eventually all becomes dark and you are relieved that it is the END... (590, 625) 8JP 3CM

541

You slowly ease down into the pit a short distance and still you see no bottom. You may turn back and continue the search for your friend elsewhere, or you may go to -511- to descend deeper into the shadowy pit. (544) 2JP

542

Out of the musty, damp gloom scurry 1D3 Ghouls and 1D3 Rat People! You must make a SAN roll for both the Ghouls and the Rat Folk (SAN losses are 0/1D6 for Ghouls and 0/1D6 for the Rat Folk—remember to go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more SAN. Find the characteristics for Ghouls in the rulebook and go to -571- for the Rat People's characteristics, and then go to -577-. (558) 3CM 7JP

543

The chill wind moans through the creaky wood and glass building, sending clouds of dust and grime into the air, rattling dried leaves of the many long-dead plants in this decayed greenhouse. Shattered clay pots and assorted gardening tools are scattered about on the dirt floor. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -502-; 3-4, -507-; 5-6, -569-. (483) 2JP

544

Lifting the bulky wooden top off of the crate you see, to your surprise, that it is hiding a deep, black and odorous shaft into the earth. The depth of this shaft you can not even guess as the bottom appears to be far from sight. To go down into the blackness and investigate go to -541-, otherwise return to the map. (578) 2JP

545

Out of the gloom scurry 2D3 small, hairy creatures with long yellowed teeth and claws and rat-like tails: Rat People! Make a SAN roll or lose 0/1D6 points (go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more). Go to -571- for the Rat Folk's

characteristics and then go to -577-. (558) 1CM

546

You hear an odd tittering sound from somewhere within the room. Although you can see nothing, you are aware of another, very malign and alien presence in the room with you. You have two options—you may stay and investigate the odd noise, or you may leave the room. Should you decide to stay go to -517-, to leave make a successful Dodge roll and go to -514-. If you fail the Dodge roll go to -484-. (551) 4JP

547

As you are calming the woman your blood suddenly runs cold as something makes a low, growling sound. You spring to your feet and are confronted by a hairy beast—a tall, lean and hungry wolfcreature. The wolfen monster walks erect on its hind legs and is standing between you and the door. Make a SAN roll: succeed and lose no SAN; fail and lose 1D8 (remember—go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more SAN). Go to -526- for the werewolf's statistics and then return here. To escape you must confront the creature, and in your battle with the lycanthrope the young woman runs screaming from the room, leaving you alone with the half-human monster. If you can defeat the werewolf reward yourself with 1D8 SAN and return to the map, remembering to use First Aid on yourself should you need it! You never find the young woman again—it is as though she has just vanished from the house. If, sadly, the lycanthrope proves too powerful for you then this is probably the END... (614) 8JP

548

The crate is empty. Return to the map. (578) 1JP

549

Out of the darkness 2D3 rubbery, hooved creatures with claws and mold-encrusted skin stagger: Ghouls! Make a SAN roll and take a loss of 0/1D6 points. Remember, -19- awaits you should your SAN loss be 5 or more points! Find the characteristics for the ghouls in the rulebook and then go to -577-. (558) 1CM 4JP

550

With a strained grunt you manage to slide the elaborately painted sarcophogous lid aside, finding the mummy case empty save for some rotted and moldering

fragments of cloth and a layer of dirt in the bottom of the stone case. Go to -589-. (564) 4JP

551

The small, cold room beyond is illuminated weirdly by a ring of burning black candles in the center of which is a large pentagram carved into the cracked stone floor. In the center of the pentagram is an open book. The room is otherwise empty and has three large, glassless windows through which whistles cool wind. Make a Listen roll: succeed and go to -546-; fail and go to -517-. (572) 2JP

552

To pry the tremendously heavy stone lid of the sarcophogous off you must successfully roll your STR or less on 1D100. Succeed and go to -550-, otherwise go to -589-. (564) 0JP

553

You spot a pair of red eyes staring at you through one of the broken boards of the crate! To open the crate go to -578-. Otherwise, return to the map. (559) 3JP

554

You see the weird shadow nearing the stairs. Succeed with a Hide roll and go to -583-, fail and go to -613-. (589) 1JP

555

Slowly you ease up the cracked and age-worn stairs into the small mausoleum above. As you enter the tiled-floored room you see the cause of the noise—you are not alone in here! The figure(s) also sees you—make a SAN roll and suffer the loss of 0/1D6 SAN, going to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points. The figure(s) is out for blood! Go to -537- to determine what is present and then return here. You may try to run from the mausoleum by succeeding at a Dodge roll: success means that you have escaped back up to the manor house, failure means that you have fallen, which gives your foe(s) a doubled chance to hit you this round.

If you decide to stand your ground, then fight it out. If you manage to harm the creature for half or more of its hit points it flees the mausoleum (if there are multiple creatures you must either reduce all of them to half or fewer hit points or destroy one of them for them to flee): reward yourself with 1D6 SAN. You must now mark off a space on the Time Table and you can either return to the house or search more of the grounds (go to -587-). If the creature(s) proves too

much for you then this is, of course, the END.... (589) 4JP 556

You continue to wander through the dank and musty tunnel, heading away from the manor house. You can still turn back (go to -488-), or if you insist on adventuring farther go to -558-. (535, 565) 1JP

557

The cold air clears your head and with a desperate lunge you somehow manage to grab onto a ledge, leaving you suspended some 50 feet above the damp ground below. If you can successfully make a Climb roll or a Jump roll you will manage to bring yourself to the relative safety of the central portion of the tower via one of the glassless windows that line the tower walls. In such a case you are shaken and have lost 1D6 POW, but are miraculously still alive—return to the map. If you fail this attempt you plummet screaming to your death on the cold, wet ground below. The END.... (532) 3JP

558

The tunnel takes a sharp turn and then widens into a small chamber. The musty, damp chamber is littered with bones and bits of clothing. You are about to turn around and leave when you notice several pairs of glowing eyes watching you from dark corners! Before you can act the creatures show themselves—roll 1D6: 1-2, -549-; 3-4, -545-; 5-6, -542-. (556) 2JP

559

This cold, barren room contains only one thing—a very large crate. The crate is made of wood slats, a few of which are broken. Make a Spot Hidden roll, going to -553- if successful. Should you fail the roll but wish to pry open the crate go to -578-. 1JP

560

The gruesome figure begins to float towards you; you close your eyes awaiting the worst. After a moment you open your eyes again, finding yourself alone in the tower. You may add 1D3 points of POW to your current total. The door is unlocked! Return to the map. (498) 3JP

561

The shaft opens into a tunnel. You dust yourself off and head into the dank earth. Go to -528-. (563) 1JP

562

You see 1D3 human skeletons, clacking towards you, bony fingers outstretched. Find the creatures' statistics in the rulebook.

563

Mark off a space on the Time Table. You ease yourself into the black, earthy shaft, lowering yourself down and down. Roll 1D6: odd, -561-; even, -511-. (624) 1JP

564

You are startled to see this musty, cloyingly-dusty chamber. The floor is dirt and the large stone stairs to one side of the room lead upward through an open archway. In the center of the chamber is a raised dias atop which rests two very old but elaborate-looking coffins. Around the dias on the cold dirt floor rests an Egyptian sarcophogous, a large Oriental burial urn and five caskets of varying design and age. The walls and ceiling of the crumbling crypt are decorated with bizarre symbols and words in many languages. You may attempt any one of the following, going to the appropriate paragraph if successful:

Take a closer look at the coffins on the dias (-592-)

Open the Egyptian mummy case (-552-)

Open the Chinese burial urn (-520-)

Open any one of the coffins on the ground (-518-)

Cthulhu Mythos (-495-, fail and go to -589-)

Linguist (-505-, fail and go to -589-)

Occult (-596-, fail and go to -589-) (538, 657) 10JP

565

Somewhere in the darkness ahead of you, you hear scurrying about in the tunnels. You may turn back, away from the noise, in which case you will find yourself in the wine cellar (-488-) or you may continue your investigation of the tunnel by going to -556-. (535) 1JP

566

The strange language may be a derivative of that spoken on now-dead R'lyeh and other outposts of the Great Old Ones! Go to -589-. (505) 4JP

567

The rusty metal door hinges groan loudly as you enter this chamber. The dark room is filled with dust-covered coal. You may try either an Idea roll (success takes you to -315-) or a Know roll (success takes you to -595-). 1JP

568

Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D6 points (remember—go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points). There on the ground, at the foot of one of the horribly twisted trees is the mangled body of a woman. You edge a bit closer for a better look at your dismal find and see that the body seems to have been mauled by a pack of dogs. Attempt a CONx3 roll; succeed and nothing happens; fail, however, and you become ill at the sight and must mark off 1D3 spaces on the Time Table while you recover your composure! You may now return to the manor house or go to -587- to search more of the grounds. (590) 3JP

569

Make either a Listen roll or a Spot Hidden roll—succeed in your chosen roll and go to -656-, fail and go to -651-. (543) 0JP

570

You are happily surprised to see your friend Corey wandering slowly around the orchard. As you near him you see that he seems to be in a state of mental shock and is dazed, staring blankly into the cold darkness beyond. Roll 1D10: odd, -594-; even, -597-. (585) 2JP

571

Rat People
(Lesser Servitor Race)

Characteristics **Average**

STR 2D6 7
CON 2D6 7
SIZ 2D6 7
POW 3D6 10-11
DEX 3D6 10-11
HP 7
Move 10

Weapon **Att%** **Damage**

Bite* 40% 1D3

Claw* 25% 1D3

Armor: none

Spells: none

Skills: Hide 40%

SAN: 0/1D6

*The Rat Folk may attack with two claws and a bite each round. If the bite attack is successful the creature will hang on and continue to bite, automatically hitting with the bite each round thereafter until its victim or the creature itself dies. While the rodent creature hangs on both it and its

victim will receive a +2% bonus to hit each other. Note that others attempting to hit the monster that is hanging onto a victim must make a DEXx5 roll each time they hit or they will hit their friend instead.

572

Roll 1D6: 1-2, -515-; 3-4, -498-; 5, -551-; 6, -496-. (604) 0JP

573

Hadi Layla Mawt



a vampire

STR 30 CON 10

SIZ 12 DEX 12

APP 14 SAN 0

INT 14 POW 21

EDU 6 HP 11

Weapon **Att%** **Damage**

touch 70% 1D4+2D6

bite 85% 1D4

+1D6

STR drain

Spells: Call Hastur, Contact Nyarlathotep

Hadi Layla Mawt is an ancient Egyptian princess—regal, cunning and deadly. She has survived for centuries through

her vampiric practices and is always hungry for fresh blood. This vampire has long practiced the dark arts and is responsible for many blasphemous occurrences. Because of this long corruption she is particularly susceptible to the power of holy water and if struck by even a drop she will suffer 1D20 points of damage. If she survives such an encounter she will turn into a vaporous mist and vanish. When she attacks roll 1D6: 1-4 bite, 5-6 touch. She will not use her spells to attack with.

574

As you watch the bizarre pagan ritual continue, the VonReischts and followers chant while the ugly winged beasts noisily squawk from atop their monoliths. Suddenly a strange wind whips up, carrying with it a foul, fishy smell. Weirdly the cloudy sky begins to clear over the monoliths, allowing the moon and stars to shine coldly down onto the pillars which, for a moment, seem to glow. Finally, as the chanting reaches a fevered pitch you become aware of another, awesome presence. You clasp your hands over your ears as the winged horrors spring into a deafening wail and take to the icy night sky where they circle the group of stones like huge vultures awaiting a meal.

As you watch in terror Corey begins to scream out in wild agony and his body begins to convulse. The horrible transformation has begun. Before your eyes Corey's skin begins to bloat and take on a scaled, fishy look—his firm muscles seem to melt as he becomes soft and pale. Time for a SAN roll—succeed and you have lost no SAN; fail, however, and suffer the loss of 1D10 points. If you have lost 5 or more points do not go to -19- but instead you must remain here. In this case you may not act but must just stand and watch in horror as the scene before you continues to unfold. If you only lost 0 to 4 SAN then you may act—you may attempt any one of the following: run away (go to -399- and lose 1D6 automatically from your SAN for leaving your friend behind to suffer such a horrible fate), attempt to Dismiss Hastur (as per the spell Call/Dismiss Hastur), or use the Elder Sign against the powers of the Great Old One. If you found the odd amulet in the house and have it with you it will add +10% to your chances of Dismissing Hastur. To use the Elder Sign against the alien god you must touch it with the magic glyph (success with a Throw roll required). If you are successful in your attempt to dismiss the sacrilegious thing either through the Dismiss spell or the Elder Sign thrown, go to -48- (Corey will have been saved in time if you acted now).



If your attempts to save your friend and rid the earth of the Great Old One failed, then as you watch Corey continues to bloat and grow with disgusting popping and ripping sounds. Within moments Corey no longer exists—his body has been completely taken over by Hastur the Unspeakable who now sits before you in the foggy clearing. Huge and aquatic-looking, composed of a tremendous sack-like body from which sprout numerous fluid worm-like tentacles that twitch and blindly grope—He Who is Not to Be Named has arrived! A myriad of small red eyes dot the cancerous sack and a wrinkled and puckered rip opens in the side of the slimy thing to reveal the tentacle-ringed mouth. The whole vision is soft and bloated and covered in fishy scales, exuding the stench of something long dead. The sight of this abomination is too much for even the strongest human mind—you must make a SAN roll and lose 1D10/1D100 SAN. If you have lost 20 or more points of SAN go to -160- (even if you lost 5 or more points when the transformation first began and were instructed to remain motionless and watch the rest in horror), otherwise the cancerous blight extends a worm-like appendage to you, wrapping painfully around you. Everything goes black as you feel the slime-dripping tentacle crush you. The last thing you see as blood oozes from your mouth is the wrinkled and puckered mouth of Hastur the Unspeakable open as you are sucked in. The END.... (628) 8CM 16JP

575

Miss Quinn

the maid

STR	10	CON	15
SIZ	12	DEX	10
APP	14	SAN	0
INT	14	POW	18
EDU	7	HP	14

Weapon

Att%	Damage
.22 revolver	25% 1D6
knife	35% 1D4

Spells: Call Hastur, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror Miss Quinn is a servant of the VonReischts' and in return for her services (which include providing food, care of the house and grounds, protecting her masters' secrets, etc.) she has been made ageless through powerful magics. Miss Quinn is quick to rush to their aid should it be required. She is cunning and sneaky and very, very dangerous, and her importance does not fade from the minds of the VonReischts who would suffer a great deal from the loss of this woman.



576

The now-vampiric Corey falls to the floor and is very still. Quickly, almost without thinking, you find yourself a piece of wood to drive through his chest. With a mind-numbing scream Corey is freed of his new life as one of the ranks of the undead creatures of the night. Although you automatically lose 1D4 SAN at the thought of your poor lost friend's fate you manage to find strength in the thought that you freed him of his curse of vampirism. Go to -424-. (430) 5JP

577

The ravening congregation approaches—do you stand your ground and fight or do you run? To run away you must make a successful Dodge2 roll: success means that you race down the damp tunnels, almost blindly until you eventually find yourself in the wine cellar (go to -488-), failure means that you have fallen and must engage in combat for at least one round before attempting to flee again, this time at a Dodge1 chance. A second failure means that you are trapped and can not escape and so must stand and fight.

If you decided to, or had to, fight the creatures then do what you can against the beasts; if you manage to kill half or more of the creatures the rest will scurry off into the darkness of the tunnels leaving you alone (this might be a good time for first aid). If you wish to now leave the tunnels you must make a successful Track roll: success will lead you finally back to the manor house wine cellar (go to -488-). If you wish to explore further or failed the Track roll go to -487-. If however, on the other hand, the cavern-dwelling creatures prove too much for you then this is, of course, the grisly END.... (542, 545, 549) 6JP

578

Roll 1D10: even, -548-; odd, -544-. (553, 559) 0JP

579

As you attempt to calm and comfort the young woman you hear a low growl. With a shudder you spring to your feet, realizing that the sound came from the young woman, herself! Before your very eyes she begins to change into a hairy, humanoid beast—lean and hungry and evil: a werewolf! Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D8 SAN (remember—go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more SAN). You have two choices now—you may either flee the room or fight the creature of the night. To escape you must succeed in a Dodge2 roll; if you make the roll you manage to

escape the rending claws of the creature, locking it in the room as it howls eerily in anger. If you missed the roll you have stumbled, giving the lycanthrope a +20% chance with its attack this round. If you chose to stand and fight or failed to escape the beast go to -526- for the werewolf's statistics and then return here. If you manage to kill the beast reward yourself with 1D8 SAN and return to the map; if not then this, as you might have guessed, is the END.... (614) 8JP

580

O'Brien

the butler

STR	13	CON	16
SIZ	14	DEX	15
APP	12	SAN	0
INT	16	POW	18
EDU	7	HP	15

Weapon

Att%	Damage
.38 auto	25% 1D10
butcher knife	35% 1D6+1D4

Spells: Call Hastur, Call Nyogtha, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Contact Fungi from Yuggoth, Dread Curse of Azathoth

O'Brien is a servant of the VonReischts' and in return for his services (which include providing food, care of the house and grounds, protecting his masters' secrets, etc.) he has been made ageless through powerful magics. O'Brien is quick to rush to their aid should it be required. He is cunning and sneaky and very, very dangerous, and his importance does not fade from the minds of the VonReischts who would suffer a great deal from the loss of this man.

581

You find the black bag holds several garlic bulbs strung together and a very ornate silver cross. Both garlic and a cross will effectively ward off a vampire, much like an Elder Sign to Mythos races, keeping them at bay or sealing off passageways, windows, etc. There is enough garlic to seal off 1D4 windows, doors, tunnels, etc. The use of these items will enable you to keep vampires from attacking you, and treating any encounters as successful combat in your favor (ie: treating it as though you had done enough damage to drive the creature off). Note that a cross will only protect you from vampires that you boldly present it to and while holding a cross out in front of you may still be jumped from behind. Touching a vampire with a cross (treat as Fist/Punch attack%) will do 1D8 points of damage, and touching a vampire on the forehead with a



cross will instantly destroy the creature. (To do this you must attack at half of your DEX. Roll the attack normally and if it is less than half of your Fist/Punch attack% you have struck the vampire squarely between the eyes on the forehead, killing it. If the roll is greater than half of your attack but still equal to or less than your normal skill you have still struck the vampire and do the 1D8 points of damage. This specific attack may only be attempted once in a round.) These items will only affect vampires. (591) 3JP

582

Mark off a space on the Time Table. You nervously creep up to the dark, haunting stone structure, listening for any little odd noise. The crypt is old and dirt-encrusted; now-brown vines twist thickly around tall, cracked stone columns while a pair of hideous stone figures stare down at you from atop the peaked stone roof. The entrance to the mausoleum is guarded by a weighty barred door. You must make a successful Mechanical Repair roll to gain entry to the tomb (the door can not be broken down by mere human strength). Succeed and go to -500-, otherwise return to the manor house or go to -587- to explore more of the grounds. (597) 2JP

583

You are totally silent and still, fearful even to breathe. After a moment of silence you peer around the object behind which you are hiding to see that the shadow has gone and you are alone in the crypt. You must now mark off a space on the Time Table and can either return to the house map and continue your search there, or go to -587- to search more of the yard. (554) 2JP

584

With a snarl the group of weird creatures turns to face you. The menacing group stalks nearer, teeth and claws gleaming in the moon light. To escape this slavering horde you must make a DEXx3 roll; success takes you back to the manor house, failure indicates that the corpse-eaters have blocked your way. Look up the characteristics for Ghouls in the rulebook and then do your best to defeat these baneful monsters. If you manage to kill half of them the rest scurry off into the foggy darkness of the cemetery: reward yourself with 1D6 SAN, mark off a space on the Time Table and now either return to the house or go to -587- to explore more of the yard. If the creatures, however, overcome you then this, sadly, is your END.... (530) 5JP

585

Roll 1D6: 1-2, -358-; 3-4, -590-; 5-6, -570-. 0JP

586

You find that the bag contains 1D6+4 very sharp wooden stakes and a sturdy mallet. Also in the bag is an Elder Sign etched on a small oval stone (see rulebook for full details). You know that driving a stake through a vampire's heart is one sure way to destroy the creature (the vampire must have first been reduced to 0 hit points and thus be immobile). As you are about to drop the sack to the floor you hear something else within clatter together—go to -501-. (591) 3JP

587

The yard around the manor house is overgrown and unkempt; tall weeds, now dead at the cruel hand of fall, wave stiffly in the cold, damp October wind. Ancient, leafless trees, their bark thick and rough and their branches twisted and gnarled like cancerous clawed arms, stand hauntingly rigid. In the cold, blue lunar light of the partially cloud-shrouded full moon, the disfigured trees almost appear to have weird faces. A foreboding and crumbling mausoleum stands amidst a time-worn cemetery while at the other side of the yard stands a dark and brooding building that may at one time have been a small greenhouse or shed. A plot of land that appears to be a long-forgotten garden is behind the small building. The stone rim of an old well is clearly visible above the sea of tall grass and weeds and beyond the fringes of the yard is a thick, dark forest. To investigate any of these areas simply go to the indicated paragraph. You may abandon your search of the grounds and return to the house map at any time.

The mausoleum: go to -582-

The cemetery: go to -633-

The small building (greenhouse/shed?): go to -483-

The garden: go to -646-

The old well: go to -654-

The forest: go to -641-

(56, 280, 384, 492, 502, 507, 509, 510, 527, 533, 555, 568, 583, 584, 593, 601, 603, 607, 608, 613, 616, 618, 624, 634, 649, 650, 651, 654, 655, 656, 659) 3JP

588

Opening the creaky, dusty caskets you discover them to be empty except for a layer of soil in the bottom of each one. Go to -589-. (592) 4JP

589

You almost let out a scream when you hear a noise at the top of the crypt stairs. To go up and investigate go to -555-, to wait here to see what happens go to -554-. (450, 495, 505, 518, 520, 539, 550, 552, 566, 588, 592, 596) 1JP

590

As you enter the dismal orchard you suddenly notice a strong, rotting smell. You scan the area for a moment, wondering where the stench is coming from when suddenly you spot it: roll 1D10: even, -568-; odd, -540-. (585) 1JP

591

If you have been here already, you find nothing; return to the map. Otherwise, the squeaking and creaking of the rusted hinges echoes through the dingy, cold cellar and sends a shiver down your spine. Within the room is a towering pile of wood. As you peer into the room you spot something on the floor behind the wood; nearing you see that it is the body of an older gentleman—he is obviously very dead! Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D3 points. The scholarly-looking man is dressed in a long trench coat and there is a black sachel next to his body. Picking up the bag you see that there is something within—roll 1D6: 1-2, -586-; 3, -581-; 4, -523-; 5, -529-; 6, -501-. You may keep anything you find within the bag—mark down on your character sheet the item(s) and any important notes, etc. about the item(s). You may not return to this room again during this playing of the scenario. 2JP

592

You notice the small plaques on the very old yet well-kept coffins are inscribed with these names: Baron Birlad Tecuci Tepes-VonReischt 1587-1622 and the other says Baroness Deva Oradea Tepes-VonReischt 1598-1622. Do you care to open the almost-400-year-old caskets? If so go to -588-; otherwise, go to -589-. (564) 5JP

593

Match your POW against the spores' POW of 1D10 on the Resistance Table. If you successfully resist, you are not affected by the spores in any way—continue your search for your friend either in the house or go to -587- to search more of the yard. If, however, the spores overcome your POW they have taken root inside you and within minutes tiny glowing fungi begin to sprout from your flesh. You take an automatic 1D4 SAN loss. Your only hope is if you can make either a successful Treat Disease or Treat Poison

roll—you may attempt each once. If you are successful, mark off 1D6 spaces on the Time Table and subtract 1D4 points from your CON (this will eventually regenerate but not during the course of this scenario). The glowing growths will quickly wither and drop off as your treatment kills the infection. If you were not successful with either skill roll you are completely paralyzed within minutes as the fungus continues to sprout from your body. Your death will be slow and painful—unable to move, the alien growths continue to multiply, feeding off of you, slowly digesting your flesh. Your demise thankfully comes in about three days. The END.... (510) 4JP

594

You quickly grab your friend by the arm and firmly escort him away from the manor house and all of its spooky inhabitants. Corey will require some serious psychological help, although he will never quite remember everything that has happened on this darksome Halloween night! Roll 1D10: even, -17-; odd, -399-. (570, 597) 1JP

595

It appears that all is in order here. Return to the map. 0JP

596

The symbols and drawings on the crypt walls seem to be directly linked with vampirism. Go to -589-. (564) 2JP

597

As you approach your friend you see that his clothes are torn and he seems to be in bad shape. Gently you force Corey to sit while you look him over. Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D2 points! There on your friend's skin where the clothes have been torn are several open sores, oozing black and greasy pus! Corey is in very bad shape—he has lost 3D3 points of STR and has only 1D2+1 hit points left. He is both in physical and mental shock and it is quite obvious that if something is not done quickly he will die. If you can succeed with a First Aid roll you may restore 1D3 of his hit points (2D3 if you make a critical success, although on a roll of 96-00 you inflict 1D3 damage), which will bring your friend out of his physical shock, although he will still require psychiatric care (he has lost 1D20 SAN and is in a state of stupefaction). His STR will never regenerate. If you have succeeded with the First Aid roll go to -594-, if not then go to -625-. (570) 4JP

598

As you watch, the bizarre pagan ritual continues. The VonReichts and their followers chant weirdly, and the ugly alien beasts squawk noisily from atop the monoliths. Suddenly a strange wind whips up, carrying with it a foul, fishy stench. Before your eyes the cloudy night sky begins to clear—clouds swirl and finally part, allowing the moon to shine coldly down onto the stone pillars which appear to glow oddly for a moment. Finally, the chanting reaches a fevered pitch and you become aware of another presence—awesome and alien. Suddenly something takes form in the center of the monolithic pillars.

You clasp your trembling hands over your ears as the winged monstrosities spring into the icy night sky with a deafening wail. The beasts circle the group of stones like ravenous vultures waiting to gorge themselves on a cadaverous meal. On the foggy ground a horrible figure writhes: huge and aquatic-looking—a horror composed of tremendous sack-like body from which sprout numerous fluid worm-like tentacles that twitch and blindly grope. A myriad of small red eyes dot the cancerous sack and a wrinkled and puckered rip opens in the side of the slimy thing to reveal the tentacle-ringed mouth. The whole thing is bloated and covered in fishy scales and exudes the stench of some long-dead marine animal. The sight of this noisome, blasphemous beast is too much even for the strongest of human minds—make a SAN roll and lose 1D10/1D100 points. If you lose 20 or more SAN go to -160-, if you lost between 1 and 19 points of SAN you still have enough wits about you to act; you may do one of the following: run away (go to -399-, and lose another 1D6 SAN automatically for leaving your friend behind to suffer such a horrible fate), attempt to Dismiss Hastur, or use the Elder Sign against the Great Old One. If you found the strange amulet in the house and have it with you it will add +10% to your chances of Calling/Dismissing Hastur. To use the Elder Sign against the alien god you must touch it with the magic glyph (success at Throw required). If you successfully dismiss the bloated fiend either through the use of the Dismiss spell or the Elder Sign thrown go to -48-.

If you did not send the beast away, then as you watch the cancerous thing extends a worm-like appendage and grasps Corey, dragging him kicking and screaming up to the puckered mouth where, with a horrible scream and a sickening sucking noise, he is swallowed. He Who is Not to Be Named has taken the sacrifice. You turn in horror and begin to run from the monstrous god, asking yourself why you didn't run before. You suddenly find that you cannot

move, then the wind is knocked out of you and you feel like you are flying—the ground no longer at your feet. You feel something cold and slimy around your waist—looking down you are horrified as you see the worm-like thing wrapped around your body, and you realize that you are being pulled back into the monolithic clearing. You are wracked with pain as the tentacle constricts. The last thing you see as blood erupts from your mouth is the wrinkled and puckered mouth of Hastur the Unspeakable open and you hear a sickening sucking noise. The END.... (628) 16JP 8CM

599

You notice blood stains on the stone altar. (650) 3JP

600

You've one last chance: attempt to successfully Listen or Spot Hidden or Track—this time at -20%. If you fail you have become terribly lost in the dark and foggy forest; go to -631-. If, however, you finally were successful then go to -628-. (653) 1JP

601

Something dark moves onto the path ahead of you! The darksome figure skulks closer to you and for a moment you get a clear view of the thing as the cloud-shrouded moon shines coldly through the tangle of twisted branches. The foul form is large and wolf-like and walks erect; a werewolf! Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D8 SAN. Go directly to -19- for a loss of 5 or more points. You may now act in one of two ways—you may either try to escape the lycanthrope, or, if you have some sort of weapon that can be used against it, you may stand and fight the wolfen monster. If your choice was to run then you must make 1D10 DEXx5 rolls and if you succeed with all of them go to -587-, however, if you fail just one go to -631-. If, on the other hand, your choice was combative, then go to -526- for the creature's statistics and then return here. The werewolf will fight savagely to the death, but if you manage to destroy it mark off a space on the Time Table, reward yourself with 1D8 SAN and then either return to the yard (-659-) or continue on down the trail at -661-. Of course, if you are slain by the savage beast then this is your END.... (661) 8JP

602

Mark off a space on the Time Table. The travel-worn path twists into the eerie forest, the fog thickening as you delve deeper into the woods. Suddenly, you realize that

you have become lost! Attempt to make a Track roll: success will take you to -634-, failure to -659-. (637) 1JP

603

Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D4 points. As you watch the fallen scarecrow an eerie flame suddenly springs to life in the carved pumpkin head, and before your eyes the wooden and straw man climbs to its feet! The animated figure lumbers stiffly toward you, splintered wooden arms outstretched and reaching for you, with a cracked, evil smile on its orange, warty face. The creature moves slower than you, so escape should prove easy—simply succeed with a DEXx5

If you escape you may continue your search of the grounds (-587-) or you may return to the house. If you failed the DEX roll then you've fallen over a tangle of fog-cloaked roots and weeds. In this case you must make a DEXx2 roll in order to escape (as per above)—failure this time means that the scarecrow is upon you and you must confront it this round. You may continue to try to escape the creature by making a DEXx2 roll each round, however, in so doing you cannot fight back. Once you have successfully made the DEX roll you have escaped. The creature's statistics follow:

Scarecrow

animated nightmare

Characteristics Average

STR 3D6+12 22-23

CON same as POW

SIZ 2D6+10 17

INT 1D3 2

POW 3D10 16-17

DEX 1D4+1 3-4

Hit Points 16-17

Move 5

Weapon Atk% Damage

maul 35% 1D6+1D6

strangle 30% special*

*when a scarecrow successfully attacks with a strangle attack the victim must begin the drowning procedure (as per the rulebook), and once the victim has failed a CON roll he begins to suffocate. The scarecrow will hold onto its victim's throat until he is dead or the scarecrow is destroyed. To break free of this death-grip the investigator must successfully match his STR against that of the scarecrow on the Resistance Table (attempt each round until free or dead).

Armor: 1 point from hard wood. In addition the scarecrow is immune to impaling weapons such as guns or knives, but

takes normal damage from blunt weapons, fire, and any magic that drains POW or affects non-living material.

Spells: none

SAN: 0/1D4

If you manage to destroy the magically-animated horror give yourself 1D4 SAN, mark off a space on the Time Table and then continue your investigation—either in the yard (-587-) or back at the house. If the animated monster proves too much for you, however, then this is the END... (632, 663) 6JP

604

The winding stone steps of the tower spiral up and up as the tower stretches 30 feet beyond the roof of the manor house. At the top of the stairs is a heavy wooden door which is securely locked. To journey farther you must successfully do one of the following: Mechanical Repair, match your STR vs. the door's mighty STR of 35 (STR of 18 automatically succeeds) or, in desperation, you may shoot the lock off with a successful firearms attack. Note that each time after the first try at breaking down the door you will suffer 1 point of damage as you hurl yourself against the heavy wood door. If you gain entry go to -572-. 1JP

605

O'Brien's statistics are at -580- and Miss Quinn's are at -575-. Go to the appropriate paragraph and see what damage your successful shot has done. If you've killed either of them go to -658-, otherwise go to -612-. (628) 2JP

606

You suddenly feel a horrible pain in your back. You have lost 2D6 hit points. You may attempt to escape your unknown attacker by making a successful Dodge roll (go to -618- if successful). If you failed that roll or want to confront your attacker then turn to face your foe—make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D6 SAN (go to -19- for a loss of 5 or more SAN). Then go to -635-. (643) 2JP

607

You spot a trail leading off into the shadowed woods. To follow the trail go to -602-, otherwise either return to the house or go to -587- to investigate some other portion of the grounds. (641) 1JP

608

Suddenly, you catch a glimpse of some furtive movement from the orchard, although you can not clearly see what it is from here. To enter the orchard for a better look go to -585-, otherwise you may either go back up to the house or go back to -587- to look over some more of the yard. (623) 2JP

609

Roll 1D10: 1, 1; 2-6, 2; 7-9, 3; 10, 4.

610

Sleeping Dragon

a vampire

STR 28 CON 10

SIZ 10 DEX 13

APP 16 SAN 0

INT 18 POW 16

EDU 12 HP 10

Weapon Atk% Damage

touch 50% 1D4+1D6

fingernails 50% 1D4+1D2

STR drain



Spells: Call Hastur, Contact Ghoul

Sleeping Dragon is a beautiful Oriental woman whose lack of fangs hides her vampiric way of life. Oriental vampires have no fangs, and instead rely upon their long, sharp finger nails to slice into tender flesh and veins and draw blood to the surface, at which time they hungrily drink the red fluid as any other vampire, although they drain at a much slower rate. Sleeping Dragon adorns herself in very old but rich Oriental silks and wears long, sharp metallic fingernails. When she attacks roll 1D6: 1-2, touch attack; 3-6, fingernail attack. She does not use her magic to attack. If reduced to 2 hit points or fewer she will change into a mist and vanish.

611

The Baron's characteristics may be found at -499- and the Baroness' at -508-. As the blessed liquid hits its target an ear-splitting shriek echos through the chilly night air. Go to the appropriate paragraph and see how much damage you've done and then go to -612-. (628) 4JP

612

There is an instant of muffled silence. Eerily all of the cloaked figures turn and look right at you and in that moment of hushed confusion Corey manages to slip away

and join you. The Baron stares at you for a moment and then with a bloodcurdling shriek orders his followers to destroy you! Before they can act you grab Corey by the arm and race off into the foggy woods. Your heart nearly explodes within your chest as you see misty figures around you—figures that quickly become solid forms—the nightmarish servants and followers of the VonReischts'. SAN roll time—0/1D6 is the SAN value of this event and remember to go to -19- in the event that you lose 5 or more points. Now, go to -609- to see how many vampires are confronting you and then go to -637- to see who they are and then return here. If you manage to destroy or drive off the creatures of the night then reward yourself with 1D6 SAN and go to -399-, if not then this is probably your demise: the END.... (605, 611, 617, 626, 628, 629) 6JP

613

The dreadful crypt-thing has spotted you and quickly descends the tomb stairs to get you. Make a SAN roll and lose 0/1D6 points (-19- beckons you at a loss of 5 or more SAN!). Go to -537- to determine what the thing is and then return here. You may attempt to run from the creature by successfully making a Dodge roll twice; success puts you back in the manor house (mark off a space on the Time Table), failure means that you have fallen, giving your foe a +20% chance to hit you this round. You may try to run again, this time making three successful Dodge rolls—once again failure means that you have fallen or gotten yourself into a corner and gives the enemy a +20% chance to hit you this round. You may continue this, having to make three successful Dodge rolls in a row in order to succeed, failure bringing the same results, until you are successful or dead. If you decide to stand your ground then fight it out, and if you manage to reduce the creature to half of its hit points it will flee the crypt—reward yourself with 1D6 SAN. Now mark off a space on the Time Table and either return to the house or to -587- for more yard searching. If the monster should prove too much then this, of course, is the END.... (554) 4JP

614

As you creep toward the huddled figure you hear a voice. You stop dead in your tracks as the figure rises to its feet and you see that it is a young woman. She is crying and is obviously very upset. "Please, you must help me before it comes back," she pleads. She throws herself at your feet, desperately begging you to free her. You stoop down to calm her. Roll 1D10: even, -579-; odd, -547-. (449) 2JP

615

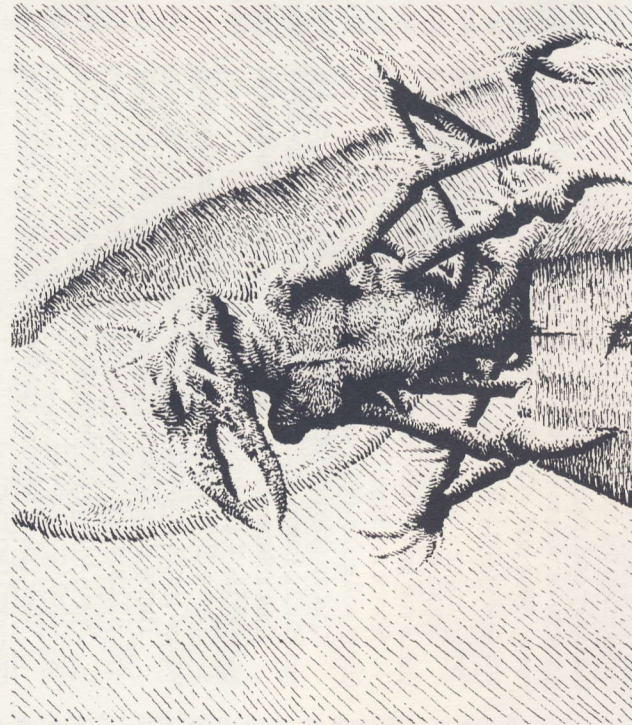
The stone monoliths are carved from some laquered, veined stone that is not of this earth. (650) 4JP

616

As you edge near the hole you see that it is, indeed, an open grave. A coffin rests in the bottom, its lid open revealing an empty interior! Go to -587- to abandon this place and search more of the yard or return to the house map. (640) 4JP

617

Nothing happens! Go to -612-. (628) 3JP



618

The mausoleum is cold and silent. Long-dead flowers stand in chipped and cracked vases while brittle wreaths hang stiffly on the tiled walls. Engraved slabs of stone identify the occupants of the tomb, although there is nothing seemingly unusual about any of it. An open archway in one of the walls leads down via a set of large stone steps into darkness, below the mausoleum. Care to step into the inky, cool darkness below? If so go to -657-, otherwise you may go back up to the house or back to -587-

to look over more of the yard. (524, 606, 635, 638) 2JP

619

At the sight of one of their leaders struck down, the rest of the robed figures change into large wolves and run off into the cold night, leaving only O'Brien, Miss Quinn and any remaining VonReischts (if they survive still) behind with you. This weird sight costs 0/1D6-SAN (5 or more points lost takes you to -19-). In the confusion Corey makes good his escape and joins you at your side. Grabbing your companion you take off through the murky woods but are confronted a short distance away by a cloud of mist that takes on the very solid form of the remaining VonReischts! There is now no doubt in your mind that you face a vampire who is most definitely out for blood—yours! Find the creature's characteristics (the Baron at -499- and the Baroness at -508-) and then do your best to destroy the undead creature of the night. Destruction of this deathless demon bestows 1D6 SAN upon you—now go to -399-. Your destruction, however, means, obviously, the END.... (626, 629) 5JP

620

You recognize the arrangement of the monoliths as being crucial in the worship of one of the dread Great Old Ones. Return to 650. (650) 4JP

621

You realize that these stone monoliths are probably centuries old, although no known culture from this area was known to construct such things. Return to 650. (650) 3JP

622

Make a SAN roll; as you step into the clearing with your cross all of the figures except O'Brien and Miss Quinn cower and hiss, showing their true vampiric nature. If you miss the SAN roll you lose 1D6 points (go to -19- if you lose 5 or more points). You are able to keep the vampires at bay but you still have the butler and the maid to deal with, and since they are human a cross won't do it! O'Brien's characteristics can be found at -580-, and Miss Quinn's at -575-. Corey will be able to escape their grip and may help you deal with them. If you manage to kill either of them go to -627-; if not then they will probably kill you, which means that this is the END.... (628) 5JP

623

The far-off howl of a dog sends cold chills down your spine. The cool air rustles the husks of dead foliage and shakes the black, spooky trees. Roll 1D6: 1-4, 660; 5-6, 608. (509, 646) 1JP

624

As you near the hole you see that it is actually a deep shaft of some sort that descends into the ground. You may explore the shaft by going to -563-, or you may go back to -587- to explore more of the grounds, or you may return to the manor house map (ground floor near -271-). (527, 640) 2JP

625

Before your eyes you watch your friend slip painfully into death's skeletal hand. Make a SAN roll; if you fail, you lose 1D6 points of SAN (go to -19- if your loss was 5 or more points). Even if you make your SAN roll the sight of your good friend dying costs you 1 point of SAN. Suddenly something large and dark moves in the orchard. Go to -540-. (597) 4JP

626

Baron VonReischt's statistics are at -499-, Baroness VonReischt's are at -508-. Go to the appropriate paragraph and see what damage your successful shot has done. If you have reduced either of them to 0 Hit Points go to -619-, otherwise go to -612-. (628) 7JP

627

With a shriek of anger the Baron points at you, and you see one of the winged horrors from atop the monoliths swoop down at you. Look up the characteristics for a Byakhee in the rulebook and then fight it out. If you manage to destroy the creature reward yourself with 1D6 SAN and with your cross still extended you may try to make good your escape; go to -29-. If you don't destroy the alien horror then it will surely destroy you, which means this is the END.... (622) 2CM

628

You manage to follow the line of figures through the foggy woods and into a large clearing. In the clearing stand 9 huge stone monoliths arranged in a "V" pattern. Between the two lines of stone pillars stands another heavy block of stone that appears to be an altar. The figure that you

thought was Corey is, indeed, your friend. You can count a total of 13 figures plus Corey in the clearing. As you watch you see Corey being dragged over to the altar stone while overhead 1D3 large, winged horrors flap down out of the night sky. You must make a SAN roll for viewing these creatures—if successful you lose 1 point of SAN, if unsuccessful you lose 1D6 points (go to -19- if you lose 5 or more points). As you look on you see the winged creatures each alight atop a monolith. The 13 figures begin a different chant, directed toward the cold night sky overhead. As they begin, they pull back the hoods of their robes and there you see the Baron, the Baroness, O'Brien and Miss Quinn, among others. The VonReischts are conducting the ritual and seem to be the cult leaders, while the butler and maid hold Corey down on the altar. You may act now or wait to see what happens. To wait roll 1D10: even, -598-; odd, -574-. If you care to act now you may do any one of the following: (600, 653) 4CM

8JP

Shoot at either the Baron or Baroness (successful Shoot roll go to -626-, unsuccessful go to -612-)

Shoot at either O'Brien or Miss Quinn (successful Shoot roll go to -605-, unsuccessful go to -612-)

Cast an offensive spell (Shrivelling, Mindblast, etc.) at the Baron, Baroness, O'Brien or Miss Quinn (go to -629-) Cast a Summon or Call spell (if the spell is successful go to -652-, if it failed go to -612-)

Throw Holy Water on the Baron or Baroness (succeed with a Throw roll and go to -611-, fail and go to -612-)

Throw Holy Water on O'Brien or Miss Quinn (succeed with a Throw roll and go to -617-, fail and go to -612-)

Walk boldly forward into the group with a cross extended (go to -622-)

Walk boldly forward into the group with an Elder Sign extended (go to -617-)

629

You will find Baron VonReischt's statistics at -499-, the Baroness VonReischt's statistics at -508-, O'Brien's at -580- and Miss Quinn's at -575-. Go to the appropriate paragraph, cast the spell and see what, if any, effects it has on your target. If you kill or render harmless either of the VonReischts go to -619-; if you kill or render harmless either O'Brien or Quinn go to -658-; if none of this applies or the spell had no effect go to -612-. (628) 4JP

630

You find some strange deposits on the sides of some of the monoliths which appear to be droppings left by some sort of animal; you don't have the slightest clue as to what it might be, although you can tell it would be rather large—human size or bigger! (650) 5JP

631

In your frenzied flight to safety you have sadly stumbled and fallen over a gnarled tree root, dropping anything you were carrying, including weapons. You desperately search the mass of roots and rotting vegetation for the weapon you lost when suddenly you notice how frighteningly silent the forest is. Frantically you look around, desperately searching for help. You watch your breath form a chill fog as it leaves your mouth and then mix with the swirling ground fog. You can hear your own heart madly beating and can feel eyes watching you. You pull yourself to your feet to run only to find yourself staring up into a pair of red wolfen eyes! With a savage howl the lycanthrope tears into you, blood and drool dripping from the long, sharp teeth. You scream once and then your throat is ripped to shreds by the hungry creature. You fall dazed to the forest floor, the last thing you see before everything goes black is the pair of red eyes glaring into yours. The END.... (600, 601, 659) 6JP

632

Your heart madly beating, you watch the stiff figure for a moment. The fallen scarecrow rests quietly on the damp, foggy ground. You ease up to it and with your foot turn it over. Roll 1D6: even, -358-; odd, -603-. (663) 1JP

633

Mark off half a space on the time table. A thick, cold ground fog hovers eerily on the cemetery, obscuring the damp ground. Many weather-worn tombstones rise up weirdly out of the fog, leaving odd shadows under the full moon. The marble and granite headstones have been age-worn to the point of leaving but dim imprints of the names once deeply engraved upon the stone. Some of the grave markers are tall obelisks, some are stone slabs topped with gargoyles and angels while others are the more common flat slabs. Rusted, spiked iron fences guard some of the graves and several tall, twisted monster-like trees decorate the graveyard. Roll 1D10: odd, -56-; even, -358-. (509, 587) 3JP

634

You have gotten yourself back on track—you may either now turn back and return to the yard at -587- or continue farther down the dirt trail by going to -661-. (602) 2JP

635

The horror is upon you. Find the characteristics for a Byakhee in the rulebook and then fight it out. If you destroy the beast reward yourself with 1D6 SAN and go to -618-. If not, then this must be the END.... (606, 638) 2CM 4JP

636

As you ascend the rope you suddenly hear a familiar voice. Looking up you see the Baron peering down into the well. "So, I see that you are still alive," he purrs. "Well, that is a shame. You should have never come here my dear friends—visitors are most unwelcome at VonReitsch Manor. Still, it is a pity that it must end this way—we had had other plans for your young companion. Good bye, my inquisitive friends," he laughs. Then, as you watch, the light from the full moon above is blocked out as something heavy moves over the well with a grinding noise. You and Corey have been sealed up in the well with a huge slab of stone! You will be unable to move the slab and so will die most slowly in the stuffy darkness of the well. Good bye, ha, ha, ha...the END.... (45) 2JP

637

Roll 1D10: 1-2, -610-; 3-4, -573-; 5-6, -490-; 7, -521-; 8, -485-; 9, -482-; 10, -503-. If you roll the same number again on later visits to this location, roll again until you get a number you haven't gone to before. 0JP

638

There is some movement from above you! Before you realize what has happened one of the hideous gargoyle-figures takes to the air on huge wings with an ear-piercing shriek. You realize now, to your horror, that the figures are not stone but actually living monsters! They are not birds or insects or rodents but some of all these things, with great taloned claws and sharp beaks. Make a SAN roll—succeed and lose 1 point, fail and lose 1D6. Go to -19- if you lose 5 or more points. The alien monster swoops down at you—to avoid the monster you may try to run into the mausoleum by making a successful Dodge roll. If you succeed with the roll you have made it to the safety of the building (go to -

618-) which the creatures will not follow you into. If you failed the roll go to -635-. (643) 2JP

639

You're surprised to find Corey, bound and gagged. Quickly you untie him and begin your climb back up the rope. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -151-; 3-4, -662-; 5-6, -45-. (642) 3JP

640

You spot what looks like an open grave. Roll 1D6: even, -616-; odd, -624-. (56) 1JP

641

Mark off half a space on the time table. You silently move across the fog-shrouded yard, through the sea of tall grass and weeds. The deathly pale full moon overhead weirdly illuminates everything with cold, blue-white light. The forest is dark and forboding. A chilling silence hangs over the leafless trees, branches stretching toward you, weird, grisly faces formed from the wet, grey bark. Attempt to make a Spot Hidden roll: succeed and go to -607-; fail and go to -358-. (587) 2JP

642

With a length of rope you descend to the bottom of the old well. Roll 1D10: 1-5, -358-; 6-10, -639-. (654) 1JP

643

As the rust-weary door swings open make either a Listen roll or a Spot Hidden roll. Succeed at either and go to -638-, fail and go to -606-. (500) 1JP

644

Slowly the warped door creaks open and an elderly woman peers out. Without saying a word the woman looks you over for a moment and then suddenly throws open the door, pulling you into the house and slamming the door behind you. You see now that the woman is dressed in long black robes and many strange amulets hang about her neck. A sleek black cat slinks about at the woman's feet. What you can see of the house from where you stand is a large room filled with occult paraphernalia—candles, pentagrams, incense, herbs, altars and braziers, etc. Before you can speak, the woman puts a long, wrinkled finger to your lips, demanding your silence, then she speaks in a croaking voice: "Long ago my grandmother were burned as a witch, and that she was, and many a fine witch were burned for working the craft, and that place don't be far

from this—that Salem. Them were times to be a fright lest you be bunt up like the rest of 'em. I been at this home for many a year, and them that live in that big ol' place yonder through them wood has come to me many a night and there be a thing or two I learnt 'em."

Suddenly all goes black.

Eventually you come to, finding yourself looking up at everything. As you groggily scan the room you see a sight that brings a scream to your throat, although a different, strange noise comes out—there, sitting in a chair next to the old crone is you! Frantically you search the room until you find what you were looking for: a shiny ceramic vase sitting on the floor. As you peer into the vase you understand many things—for there in the reflective surface you see a black cat staring back at you! With a cackle the old crone bends stiffly down and picks you up, petting your soft, black fur before putting you down at a saucer of milk! A mind-twisting, magical catastrophe has befallen you, and since your days will now be spent chasing mice, we may as well say that this is the END.... (655) 12JP

645

This arrangement of stones seems to be a focal point in the conjuring up of some elemental force. (650) 5JP

646

Mark off half a space on the time table. Cautiously you ease your way to the overgrown garden at the back of the yard, scanning eagerly for any movement. The plot of dirt is rocky and weed-infested and looks long-abandoned. An old scarecrow hangs stiffly on a post, its carved pumpkin head staring blankly out over the foggy ground. At the far end of the lot stands several barren, twisted fruit trees, their bark black and cracked, limbs gnarled and dry. Roll 1D10: even, -358-; odd, -623-. (587) 3JP

647

Suddenly you hear a strange chanting sound. Investigating you see several figures in hooded black robes heading out across the manor house grounds and into the dark, brooding forest beyond. The figures are all chanting some eerie, weird chorus as they wade through the swirling fog and into the woods. From what you know of the occult and from the many bizarre things you have seen here tonight you realize this does not look good. If Corey is with you or you know for a fact that he is dead (you must have actually seen his dead body—ghosts, illusions, etc. that appeared to be Corey do not count) then go to -399-, otherwise go to -653-. 4JP

648

The well ends and you find what looks like tunnels running off of the well. Cautiously you step into the maze of tunnels. Go to -528-. (654) 3JP

649

Slowly the warped door creaks open and an elderly woman peers out. Without saying a word the woman looks you over for a moment and then suddenly throws open the door, pulling you into the house and slamming the door behind you. You see now that the woman is dressed in long black robes and many strange amulets hang about her neck. A sleek black cat slinks about at the woman's feet. What you can see of the house from where you stand is a large room filled with occult paraphernalia—candles, pentagrams, incense, herbs, altars and braziers, etc. Before you can speak the woman puts a long, wrinkled finger to your lips, demanding your silence, then she speaks in a croaking voice: "Long ago my grandmother were burned as a witch, and that she were, but she weren't evil—none of 'em was evil like them that live in that big ol' place yonder through them wood. A great bad lurks yonder and its them that brings it forth. You must leave this place—its this Hallows Eve that they sing to it—coax it out of the abyss to sup with it. The great bad be a terrible devil. Leave—leave now and save your soul! Lord Pan protect us!" When she completes her screed the old crone shoves something into your hand and sends you on your way. The witch has given you a charm bag—a small pouch filled with assorted herbs, minerals, etc. You may either keep it or leave it here—in either case return now to -587-. (655) 8JP

650

The trail continues for a ways and then opens into a large clearing in the forest. In the center of the clearing stand 9 huge stone monoliths arranged in a "V" shape. A tenth large block of stone that appears to be an altar of some sort lies between the two rows on short stone pillars. You may try any one of the following skill rolls—additional attempts can be made at the cost of half a space on the time table per additional roll—and then return to -587-.

Archeology (go to -621- if you succeed)

Cthulhu Mythos (go to -620- if you succeed)

Geology (go to -615- if you succeed)

Occult (go to -645- if you succeed)

Spot Hidden (go to -599- if you succeed)

Zoology (go to -630- if you succeed)

(661)

10JP

651

Suddenly you are entangled with thorned vines and pulled backwards. Startled, you glance behind you where you are horrified to see a large pod-like growth open up, looking very much like a venus flytrap plant. The vines are pulling you to the waiting plant where you will be devoured by the weird alien growth. Make a SAN roll—failure means the loss of 1D4 points. You have one chance to escape and that is by matching your STR against the plant's STR of 2D10+3. If you win, you manage to break free and suffer only 1D4 hit points of damage. Go either back to the house map (ground floor near -354-) or back to -587- to explore more of the grounds. If you fail the roll you are dragged screaming into the hungry, oozing maw of the alien plant, which savagely snaps closed on you! Powerful acids melt your flesh as your brain dies screaming. This is the END.... (569) 5JP

652

You cast your spell and the appropriate being appears (find its characteristics in the rulebook). In the confusion of the new arrival Corey manages to escape and join you. If you Summoned/Called one of the Gods or a member of a greater race of the Mythos then your escape is ensured—go to -399-. If you summoned one of the lesser creatures of the Mythos roll 1D10: odd means there is enough confusion for you to easily escape (go to -399-); even means that the new arrival does not distract the VonReichts and followers long enough—you are being pursued through the forest. First go to -609- to see how many of them chase you, then go to -637- to see who they are and then return here. Upon seeing the figures that are chasing you, you must make a SAN roll: failure means the loss of 1D6 points. Remember to go to -19- should you lose 5 or more points. If you manage to drive off or destroy the figures reward yourself with 1D6 SAN and then go to -399-, otherwise this is the END.... (628) 3CM

653

As you watch the procession vanish into the gloom of the forest you suddenly catch a quick glimpse of what you think is Corey, although you can't be sure. The figure, whoever it is, is being dragged along by two of the larger robbed figures. You rush to follow the line of figures but they are already far ahead of you in the forest. To follow along you must make any one of the following skill rolls: Listen, Spot Hidden or Track. If you have already explored the

forest you may add +25% to the skill roll. If you are successful go to -628-; if you failed, go to -600-. (647) 4JP

654

Mark off half a space on the time table. You quietly move across the grounds to the well, listening intently for any sound. The old well is made of weather-worn stones that have begun to crack and crumble under the ruthless torment of time. Foul odors waft slowly up out of the cold gloom below. You drop a small stone into the well and are surprised to find that it is dry, the stone clattering against hard stone at the bottom. If you wish to explore the well roll 1D6: 1-2, -648-; 3-4, -511-; 5-6, -642-. Or if you want to go on to a different area either return to the house (ground floor near -354-) or go back to -587- to search more of the yard. (587) 2JP

655

You continue to follow the trail, which eventually leads you to a clearing in the forest in the center of which rests an old dilapidated house. You may knock on the door of the house or you may return to -587-. If you stay and knock on the door roll 1D6: 1-2, -649-; 3-4, -358-; 5-6, -644- (509, 661) 3JP

656

You suddenly notice some sort of movement; turning, your heart stops for a moment as you see what you had thought to be a mass of dead foliage spring to life! Make a SAN roll—failure means the loss of 1D4 points. Thorned, snake-like vines twist and slither toward you as a large pod-like growth springs open, looking very much like a huge venus flytrap plant. The alien plant is very obviously aware that you are there and is trying to entangle you in its grasping tendrils. The plant has one chance to try to grasp you before you can act, and has a 40% chance to successfully snare you in its vines. If the plant is successful you have only one chance to break free before you are pulled into the yawning trap—you must successfully match your STR against the plant's STR of 2D10+3. If you win the resistance struggle you have managed to break free of the vines and have suffered only 1D4 hit points of damage. If you fail the resistance struggle you are pulled screaming into the sappy maw of the alien plant, which savagely sucks you in and melts your flesh with scorching acids. If the plant misses you on its first try you may flee either to the house (ground floor near -354-) or to another part of the yard (-587-). If, however, you have been made a meal of by the mean green alien vegetable then this is the END.... (569) 5JP

You quietly descend the crumbling stone steps into the darkness, only to find another room below the mausoleum—a crypt! Go to -564-. (618) 3JP

As your victim falls limp to the ground there is a moment of chaos in which Corey makes good his escape. If you can roll your DEXx3 or less on 1D100 go to -399-: you have escaped the VonResichts and their horrible followers. If not, go to -609- to see how many of the followers you encounter in the forest, and then go to -637- to see how who they are and then return here. You must make a SAN roll upon seeing them or lose 1D6 points. Remember to go to -19- if you lose 5 or more points. If you manage to drive them off or destroy them reward yourself with 1D6 SAN and go to -399-, otherwise this is your END.... (605, 629) 4JP

You wander lost in the cold, spooky forest, weird noises and shapes surrounding you. Mark 1D3 spaces off the time table and then make a luck roll—succeed and return to -587-, fail and go to -631-. (602) 2JP

Make either a Listen or a Spot Hidden roll. Succeed with either and go to -663-, fail and go to -358-. (623) 0JP

Mark off half a space on the time table. Roll 1D6: 1-2, -601-; 3-4, -650-; 5-6, -655-. (601, 634) 0JP

As you climb the rope it suddenly snaps, sending you falling to the hard bottom of the well. Roll 1D6: 1-3, 1D6 damage from the fall; 4-5, 2D6 damage; 6, 3D6 damage. If you are still alive it will require a successful Climb roll at -10% to escape the well. If you are successful go to -151-. If not, then I'm afraid that this is the END.... (639) 3JP

There is some movement in the garden; slowly you scan the area until you focus your sense on the object of your search: the scarecrow! With a splintering crack the wood and straw figure falls to the ground. Roll 1D6: even, go to -632-; odd, go to -603-. (660) 2JP

The beast is a hideously decayed mass of tissue, with fleshy wings. Snapping jaws cover the surface of its body. Two great talons extend from one end, talons which attempt to claw you.

Nightflyer

lesser servitor race

Characteristic Average

STR 3D6+3 13-14

CON 3D6 10-11

SIZ 3D6+10 20-21

INT 2D6 7-8

POW 3D6 10-11

DEX 5D6 17-18

Hit Points 15-16

Move 12 flying

Weapon Attk% Damage

talons 30% 1D3+1D6

Armor: Chitinous skin worth 1 point.

SAN: 1/1D3

If the nightflyer is reduced to half hit points it flees.



Charlie Sunstram

newspaperman

STR 10 CON 14

SIZ 14 DEX 11

APP 9 SAN 0

EDU 17 HP 14

Weapon Attk% Damage

fist 45%

absorb auto

1D3 + grasp

death, if grasped

for a round.

STR vs. STR to break free.



Ambrose

an inhabitant of Carcosa

STR 14 CON 12

SIZ 13 DEX 11

APP 14 SAN 0

INT 16 POW 14

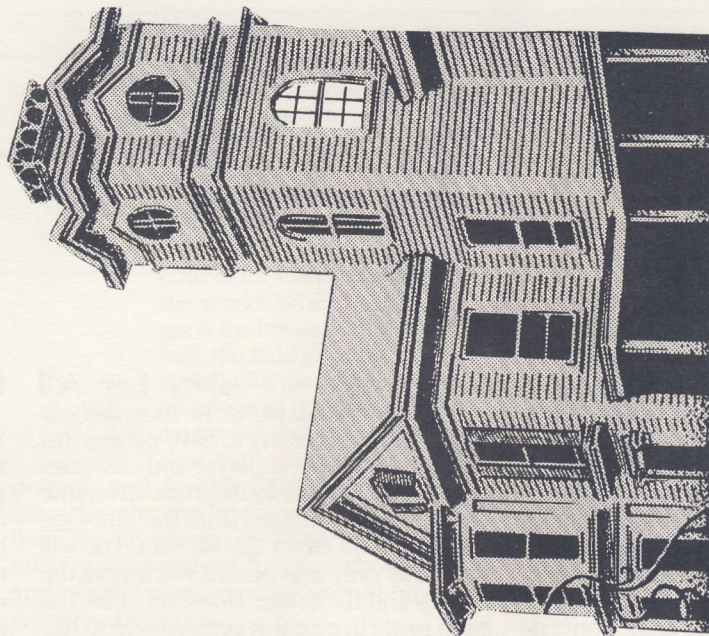
EDU 16 HP 13

Weapon Attk% Damage

Fist 35% 1D3

Ambrose is a stocky older man with a

peppery beard and lively eyes. He has lived here for as long as he can remember; his life before this is a dream.



The Old Dark House

C.L. Werner

"The Old Dark House" is a 1920s Call of Cthulhu scenario for use as a one-nighter. It is something of a "geo-morph," that is, it is a skeleton which the individual keeper will flesh out in whatever manner best suits him. Several possible scenarios have been included as well as complete descriptions of the (living) NPCs and a set of sample investigators. This adventure has been run several times with good reception, most prominently at Slandrak II, a local game convention. Please enjoy!

Let me begin by explaining the nature of this scenario. "The Old Dark House" is based upon the old haunted mansion films of the '20s, '30s, and '40s. Films like Arsenic and Old Lace, The Old Dark House, The Gorilla, and Curse of the Demon should come to mind as you read these scenarios. They all follow the same pretext: the players are all invited to attend the reading of a wealthy English citizen's will. The deceased, Vincent Laughton, may have in life been whatever sort of person you may wish. In some of the scenario ideas provided, he is (was) an investigator of the Mythos; in others, an occultist; in others, simply a rich old tightwad whose time came. Of course, fiendish developments come into play in most of these pieces.

The aim is to re-create the feel of numerous late-night black & white flicks, with broad characters and an ornate (yet theatrical) location. The principal aim is to have fun; of course, if this style of play (even as a one-off) doesn't work with your group, the components of this scenario can easily be cannibalized for use as the locale for something altogether different; the second round of the GenCON/Origins 1992 Chaosium Call of Cthulhu Masters' Tournament used the setting and NPCs from this scenario for an altogether different purpose.

scenarios for play

All of these scenarios are dependent on one basic principle: the player must remain on the estate for the entire weekend following the reading of the will of the late Vincent Laughton, or inherit nothing. This is further complicated by monsters and any number of murderous NPCs (the solicitor, the butler, and the chef are usually enough). Some scenarios instigate a treasure hunt, one causes a game of hot potato, and one pits everyone against everyone. Using this adventure with your normal Call of Cthulhu characters rather than with those provided presents an opportunity for old villains to pop up—perhaps they too are going to inherit something.

3

This scenario plays out the most diabolically and it is necessary to have players that distinguish between player and character knowledge in order to have this adventure work. The idea comes from the film One Too and plays much like the film. The will states that only one person will inherit the money and the estate. However, a list has been made in case this person were to die. The first person on the list inherits the money, but if he dies, the second one on the list is heir and so on. Unfortunately, no one knows who the first heir is, nor how the list is ordered. Both papers are at city hall and anyone who leaves the estate to get them is "dead" for purposes of the will. Have everyone's greed get the better of them. The chauffeur booby traps the autos to explode if they are entered, the chef poisons the entrees he prepares and so on. Your players should show their dark sides in this adventure as they kill NPCs and other players at the drop of a hat (even if they must drop it themselves) so as to move themselves up the list before the weekend is over. You'll need to work out the actual list, based on the characters played.

2

The Black Lake

This adventure pits the players against the legacy of Vincent Laughton, a worshipper of mighty Cthulhu. Deep beneath the house is a subterranean lake. This lake leads out to the sea via an underground river. Near the lake is a pagan church cut into a cavern. This cavern and the lake are infested by Deep Ones, who will stalk the house looking for appropriate sacrifices for mighty Cthulhu and Father Dagon, the latter of whom sometimes appears in the lake. Any number of the NPCs could be cultists of Cthulhu. All in all, if the players are to get their money, they must combat the Deep Ones and Dagon and destroy the church (effectively blocking off the lake from the rest of the house). This one should be handled carefully, beginning with water spots on the floors and slowly leading to actual encounters with the fish-men. The NPC cultist(s) will, of course, spy on the investigators.

One for All

1

Night of the Gorilla

This scenario was inspired by the Ritz Brothers' film The Gorilla. For this one, have one of the NPCs be a murderous and greedy type. He wants to remove the others from their chance at inheriting the fortune by putting them out of commission. Well, this fellow, while on safari in Africa, has captured an enormous bull gorilla. Need I continue? The ape lurks about the mansion, a strange and unknown assailant, maiming and mutilating anyone it can find. The element to this one is mood and menace. If things are too slow, have the ape's master get in on the homicide scene as well.

Gorgo the Gorilla

STR	34	POW	12
CON	13	DEX	20
SIZ	24	HP	19
INT	7	Armor	2 points
Bite	55%	1D6+3d6	
Hand	50%	1D6 (3d6)	

9

A Case of Insanity

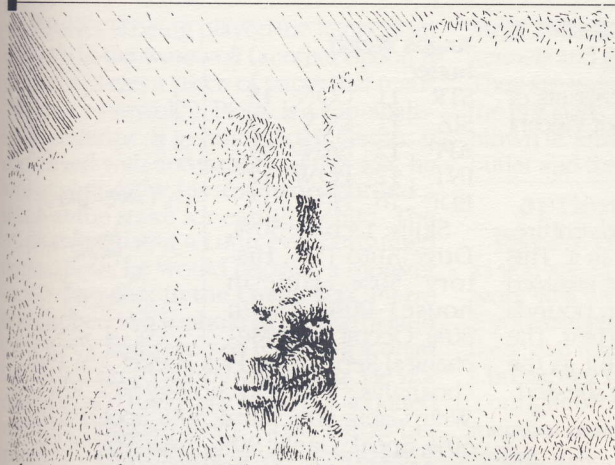
This one begins by handing one of the players a note: "You are a psychotic mad-dog killer, please conduct yourself in an appropriate manner." Things should progress rather nicely with your murderous player character from there. Alternately, an NPC can be used. The story is that a killer named Cain Adams escaped from a lunatic asylum. He then murdered one of the heirs en route to the estate and is now taking his place. As no one has seen this particular heir before, the switch won't be noticed...until bodies start popping up.

4

The Lord of the Maze

Again we have poor, dead Vincent Laughton up to his eyeballs in the occult. This time, Vincent got his money from a bag of old coins...Roman coins found upon





what is now his estate. The problem is, the gold was cursed. Shortly after retrieving the fortune, Mrs. Laughton gave birth, dying in the process. Her child was supposedly still-born, but was actually born half-man and half-beast, resembling a minotaur (sans horns). As ugly as it was, Vincent took it as his son. He then hid what portion of the treasure he had not yet been spent back in the Roman vault. Above the vault he built a fountain, and about the fountain was constructed a hedge maze. As Laughton's son grew, the monstrous youth spent almost all of its time in the maze, until now, he rarely ventures out. With Vincent's death, only the butler knows about the minotaur, and he is determined to save the estate for Laughton's true heir (whom he considers an adopted son), even if he must kill to do so. Complicate this with the solicitor, who has discovered the existence of the Roman treasure in Laughton's assets and will kill to save the fortune for himself. The minotaur itself is a kind creature who wishes to harm no-one, but as his appearance is frightening and someone is murdering people, the players may not realize that they should look for a more-human villain until it is too late.

The Minotaur

STR	34	POW	16
CON	20	DEX	15
SIZ	20	HP	20
INT	14	Armor	4 points
SAN 1/1D10			
Crush	80%	1D10+4D6	
Gore	25%	1D6	

This is the missing heir, Laughton's "still-born" son, a horrible manifestation of occult powers, a mythical minotaur. Despite his appearance, the Minotaur (his real name is known only to the butler) is not malignant; he will only attack those who are plotting to alter the will, kill someone, or steal the Roman treasure. As he prowls the estate, the Minotaur leaves large cloven hoofprints.

8 Midnight Kobold

The deceased, Vincent Laughton, made his wealth in an interesting fashion: he wished for it. While on holiday in Ireland, Vincent captured a leprechaun. But no ordinary leprechaun is this, for Vincent caught a Red Cap, a murderous brownie of folklore and story. This creature agreed to give

Vincent his wealth only if he would keep the Red Cap's hat bright and full of color. Unfortunately, Red Caps dye their hats in human blood to give them their red color. Vincent knew this, and put the condition that the Red Cap should first bring him a coin from every country in the world. While the players are at the house for the weekend, the little monster arrives looking for his payment. The elf sets cruel traps all over the estate while he carries the dead to the Celtic ruins on the

property and dyes his hat (the more blood the richer the shade, so our friend will be busy for the whole weekend). This is another scenario where the monster's deeds and not the monster itself should be encountered early on.

The Red Cap

STR	5	POW	17
CON	11	DEX	14
SIZ	5	HP	8
INT	17	Armor	None
Dagger	40%	1D6	

The Red Cap is a malicious little Irish pixie which dwells in the ruined Celtic tower deep in the woods on the estate. This murderous little fiend attacks anyone who dares enter the ruins using pit falls, falling stones, snares, hordes of rats, trip wires, and other traps. Once a person is incapacitated, this ugly gnome appears, slits their throat and dyes his hat in their blood.

7

Demon by Night

A personal favorite, inspired and based on the film *Curse of the Demon* (*Night of the Demon* to those of you from the magical isles of the UK). The adventure is sinister and may degenerate into a deadly game of hot potato before it ends. The solicitor is intent on being the only heir, and so on each of the heirs' copies of the will he inscribes ancient runes. These runes summon a demon to destroy whoever holds them. In order to save themselves, someone must locate Vincent Laughton's Gaelic magic book in the secret library and learn the way to survive, by passing the runes on to someone else without their knowing it. The demon will strike once an hour, so the players must act swiftly. The solicitor will keep himself locked in the mansion tower all night, and come down in the morning with a revolver to dispatch survivors.

The Demon

STR	18	POW	17
CON	10	DEX	14
SIZ	17	HP	16
INT	10	Armor	magic only
SAN 1D3/1D20			
Claw	35%	1D6+1D6	
Bite	35%	1D6+1D6	

The demon flits in and out of this dimension and the deepest pits of hell. It attacks only targets possessing the runic symbols, a rendition of which appears on each copy of the will, one of which is given to each heir.

6 Hereditary Problems

Vincent Laughton was a werewolf who was slain by an English investigator. But Vincent was not the only werewolf in the household. The French chef is a loup garou as a result of an ancient gypsy curse. He does not desire anyone to have the estate but himself. With the aid of a pack of wolves kept on the grounds, the chef seeks to destroy all mere humans that dare lay claim to his packmate's wealth. The wolves devour any that venture outdoors while the werewolf does his work from inside.

Some Wolves

	1	2	3	4
STR	11	11	10	14
CON	11	9	13	11
SIZ	11	13	12	6
POW	17	15	9	10
DEX	15	11	15	11
HP	11	11	13	8
	5	6	7	8
STR	18	13	11	11
CON	10	12	12	12
SIZ	14	10	11	8
POW	8	7	14	4
DEX	13	11	10	9
HP	12	11	12	10

all wolves:

Bite 30% 1D8

Pierre Lutin as werewolf

STR	18	POW	10
CON	15	DEX	15
SIZ	12	APP	1
INT	6	Armor	silver & magic only
SAN	1/1D6		
Bite	50%	1D8+1D4	
Hide in cover 50%, Track by smell 60%			

5

The Menagerie

Vincent Laughton was a grand enemy of the Mythos, but, like so many investigators, he became what he was fighting. Vincent collected monsters in his last unstable years of life and entombed them beneath the house. Shortly before his death, the insane Vincent thought how humorous it would be to have the monsters destroy those greedy scavengers who would spend the weekend



at his home. So, he arranged for the massive Elder Sign that covered the secret door leading to his monsters to be removed upon his death and used as his gravestone. The night after the funeral, Vincent's beasts attack.

Menagerie Monsters

Byakhee

STR 15	POW 11
CON 14	DEX 20
SIZ 18	HP 16
INT 10	Armor 2 points

SAN 1/1D6

Claw 35%

1D6+1D6

Bite 35%

1D6+1D6+blood drain

Deep One

STR 16	POW 7
CON 9	DEX 8
SIZ 19	HP 14
INT 10	Armor 1 point

SAN 0/1D6

Claw 25%

1D6+1D6

Dimensional Shambler

STR 21	POW 10
CON 13	DEX 11
SIZ 14	HP 14
INT 6	Armor 3 points

SAN 0/1D10

Claw 30%

1D6+1D4

Ghoul

STR 18	POW 14
CON 16	DEX 12
SIZ 13	HP 15
INT 13	Armor halves impaling weapons

SAN 0/1D6

Claw 30%

1D6+1D6

Bite 30%

1D6+1D4+worry

Mi-Go

STR 16	POW 14
CON 13	DEX 10
SIZ 9	HP 11
INT 17	Armor None

SAN 0/1D6

Nippers 30%

1D6

Sand-Dweller

STR 11	POW 6
CON 13	DEX 12
SIZ 13	HP 13
INT 13	Armor 3 points

SAN 0/1D6

Claw 30%

1D6+1D4

Child of the Sphinx

(Crocodile headed mummy)

STR 15	POW 16
CON 17	DEX 7
SIZ 10	HP 14
INT 11	SAN 0/1D8

SAN 0/1D8

Kick 25%

1D6

Bite 35%

1D10

When playing "The Menagerie," these creatures are all asleep in the secret church. Laughton has placed an Elder Symbol over the secret door leading to the subterranean regions. This stone is removed to serve as his gravestone upon the day of burial (which also happens to be the day of the reading of the will), freeing the monsters to stalk the heirs.

the cast

These are the principle malcontents of the adventure, including a bit about Vincent Laughton. Use them as you will.

Vincent Laughton the deceased

Although he is dead in this adventure, Vincent plays an important role in it. This doddering dabbler in the occult has amassed a fortune of some thirty million pounds which will be left to some lucky heir. The amusement of this fellow's spirit as the living kill one another should be stressed.

Turley Mings

attorney at law

STR 10	CON 10
SIZ 9	DEX 12
APP 15	SAN 45
INT 16	POW 10
EDU 22	HP 10

Skills: Accounting 50%, Bargain 40%, Camouflage 25%, Credit Rating 88%, Debate 60%, Fast Talk 75%, Hide 60%, History 80%, Law 80%, Library Use 60%, Listen 30%, Persuade 60%, Read/Write Latin 75%

Note: if playing "Demon by Night" alter Mings as follows: SAN 0, Occult 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Sneak 30%

Turley Mings is an intense gentleman of about 45 years of age. He has short gray hair, a clean-shaven face and smooth hands. Mings was one of Vincent's closest advisors. In any scenario, Mings is out for himself and will help no one. His greed, not bravery, will keep him at the estate for the weekend.

Nicolas Robbins

groundskeeper

STR 8	CON 7
SIZ 10	DEX 8
APP 9	SAN 15
INT 8	POW 4
EDU 7	HP 9

Skills: Botany 15%, Astronomy 15%, Chemistry 15%, Electrical repair 30%, First Aid 35%, Hide 50%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Sneak 50%, Track 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Rake 90%, Clean Grounds 80%, Be Vulgar 99%

Nicolas Robbins is a withered old codger who has been in the service of the Laughton manor for as long as any can remember. He dwells in a filthy wooden hovel behind the gardens in which he keeps his earthly possessions, mainly bits of junk. His chemistry knowledge is only that of concocting pesticides and herbicides. Robbins is decidedly unstable, and a raging pervert. The maids are careful not to go near him alone. Robbins, who seems to be sulking about everywhere, is amoral and vulgar and would not hesitate to use anything to his advantage. Robbins is not above kidnapping, rape, robbery, or murder.

Angus Welsh butler

STR 11	CON 15
SIZ 11	DEX 11
APP 12	SAN 55
INT 12	POW 12
EDU 16	HP 13

Skills: Debate 50%, Drive Auto 15%, History 50%, Hide(in house) 90%, Listen 60%, Occult 30%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Pick Pocket 70%, Psychoanalysis 15%, Psychology 50%, Read/Write Gaelic 90%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Speak Gaelic 90%, Treat Poison 5%, Do Mundane Duties 50%, Speak in monotone 100%

Angus Welsh is the head servant of the Laughton household. About 55 years old, the bald butler is the eyes and ears of the household and knows all of its secrets. Of Irish-Scottish descent, he would certainly recognize a Red Cap at work in the "Midnight Kobold" adventure and hence be of invaluable aid. More probable is that Angus is the main human heavy of any scenario. If so, alter him as follows:

Cthulhu Mythos 55%, SAN 0, Occult 70%

If the villain, Angus will set traps, lure players into the secret chambers of the monsters or out-and-out murder the heirs, framing someone else for the deed. Angus will stay on at the manor no matter what occurs, because to him it is home.

Abigail White

downstairs maid

STR 10	CON 10
SIZ 10	DEX 12
APP 10	SAN 40
INT 12	POW 10
EDU 15	HP 10

Skills: First Aid 30%, Hide 50%, History 40%, Listen 60%, Occult 50%, Speak French 50%, Spot Hidden 36%, Sneak 40%, Be Emotionless 90%

Ms. White is the alcoholic downstairs maid and spends most of her time sleeping or drinking. This elderly woman is offered simply as monster bait, unless of course, she were to "spike" the coffee and booze in the manor.

Pierre Lutin

chef

STR 12	CON 12
SIZ 12	DEX 9
APP 8	SAN 45
INT 10	POW 11
EDU 15	HP 12

Skills: Cook 90%, Listen 20%, Speak/Read/Write French 90%, Hide 20%, Sneak 5%, Occult 30%, Track 20%

Pierre Lutin was Laughton's most recently hired servant with the exception of Mindy Taylor, the upstairs maid. He is proud of his work and horribly sensitive about it ("I am zee master chef Monsieur, not zee cook!").

If the family curse scenario with the



werewolves is being played the keeper can use Lutin as the werewolf (another option is to hand a player a piece of paper that reads "You're a werewolf"). Pierre is a cannibalistic lycanthrope, a genuine Loup Garou. If confronted with accusations of this sort, he will explain how his ancestors burned a witch at the stake for eating a child. The witch swore that if a Lutin ever consumed human flesh, he would become a monster worse than she. In the Great War, Pierre was trapped in a foxhole in no-man's land for a week and resorted to eating a dead British soldier to keep from dying. He not only activated the family curse but acquired a taste for human flesh. Now, Pierre becomes a werewolf whenever he wishes.

Klaus Kobolde

chauffeur

STR 14 CON 15
SIZ 13 DEX 12
APP 12 SAN 65
INT 13 POW 13
EDU 11 HP 14

Skills: Drive Auto 80%, Climb 50%, Fast Talk 20%, Listen 60%, Track 20%, Read/Write/Speak German 99%, Sneak 30%, Sing 20%

Klaus is the chauffeur of the estate. Other than being monster bait, he serves very little purpose in any scenario. There is a great animosity between Klaus and Pierre, a leftover from the Great War.

Mindy Taylor

upstairs maid

STR 10 CON 13
SIZ 11 DEX 12
APP 16 SAN 45
INT 14 POW 9
EDU 15 HP 12

Skills: Anthropology 30%, Archaeology 30%, Botany 30%, Chemistry 20%, First Aid 30%, Hide 40%, History 60%, Library use 45%, Listen 60%, Make Maps 20%, Occult 35%, Pharmacy 15%, Physics 15%, Psychology 35%, Ride 60%, Sing 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Zoology 30%, Clean 50%

Weapon Attk% Damage
Knife 55% 1D6

Mindy has only been on staff a few short months. She seems to be a very ordinary working girl from York, but is a good deal brighter than she lets on. If Robbins the gardener attacks her, she may very well show him a thing or two with the aid of the little knife she keeps strapped in her garters.

The guard dogs

five Dobermans

	1	2	3	4	5
STR	10	10	9	12	11
CON	10	11	11	11	16
SIZ	6	7	5	5	6
POW	9	4	9	9	6
DEX	11	14	15	12	12
HP	8	9	8	8	11
Bite	30%	30%	25%	35%	35%
Damage	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6

These Dobermans prowl the grounds at

night, when they are released from the kennels and given free reign over the estate. They are trained to return to the kennels at the first sign of daylight, though a whistle is blown to remind them. They will obey the butler and the gardener, who feed them.

optional investigators

Keepers: Please feel free to alter the PCs as you see fit and give them histories that work well with the scenario you are using. If your campaign characters are being used, these can make grand NPCs.

Christopher Laughton

Younger brother and member of Parliament

British, male, 45
STR 12 CON 12
SIZ 15 DEX 11
APP 12 SAN 70
INT 15 POW 14
EDU 20 HP 14

Skills: Accounting 70%, Bargain 50%, Camouflage 25%, Climb 40%, Credit Rating 80%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 20%, History 50%, Jump 25%, Law 65%, Other Languages: French 50%, Other Languages: German 50%, Other Languages: Latin 70%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 70%, Ride 60%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 25%, Throw 30%, Rifle 40%, Handgun 40%

Weapon Attk% Damage
Sword Cane 40% 1D10

Nathaniel Laughton

Nephew and playboy

British, male, 27
STR 13 CON 9
SIZ 14 DEX 15
APP 12 SAN 60
INT 11 POW 12
EDU 16 HP 13

Skills: Art (Sing) 35%, Bargain 50%, Credit Rating 60%, Dodge 30%, Drive Auto 60%, Fast Talk 50%, Law 25%, Other Languages: French 50%, Pilot Aircraft 30%, Psychology 10%, Ride 40%, Swim 50% Flirt 75%

Horace Cushing

Vincent Laughton's

psychiatrist

British, male, 37

STR 13 CON 6
SIZ 9 DEX 9
APP 9 SAN 55
INT 16 POW 11
EDU 18 HP 7

Skills: Accounting 25%, Anthropology 40%, Bargain 30%, Credit Rating 75%, Diagnose Disease 45%, Drive Auto 20%, First Aid 30%, History 30%, Law 45%, Persuade 15%, Pharmacy 15%, Psychoanalysis 40%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 30%, Treat Disease 50%, Treat Poison 50%

Vinnie Capistro

American gangster and Vincent's Business partner

American, male, 48
STR 8 CON 9
SIZ 16 DEX 10
APP 15 SAN 65
INT 9 POW 13
EDU 11 HP 13

Skills: Accounting 60%, Bargain 30%, Camouflage 35%, Climb 40%, Credit Rating 60%, Drive Auto 60%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 30%, Hide 40%, Law 60%, Listen 25%, Pick Pocket 30%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 25%, Treat Poison 40%, Handgun 40%

Weapon Attk% Damage
.45 Revolver 40% 1D10+2

Violet Laughton

Niece and authoress

British, female, 30
STR 10 CON 10
SIZ 11 DEX 14
APP 9 SAN 50
INT 16 POW 10
EDU 12 HP 11

Skills: Anthropology 40%, Astronomy 20%, History 40%, Library use 60%, Other Languages: English 60%, Other Languages: Gaelic 30%, Other Languages: French 60%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 25%, Zoology 40%

things to remember

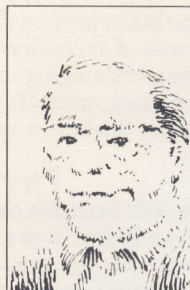
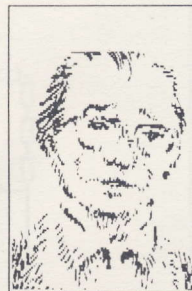
1: There are 2 shotguns, 3 rifles, and an elephant gun in the trophy room, but no ammunition. All of the ammo can be found in Laughton's private study, locked in the desk with a .45 revolver. There is as much ammo available as you wish the players to have.

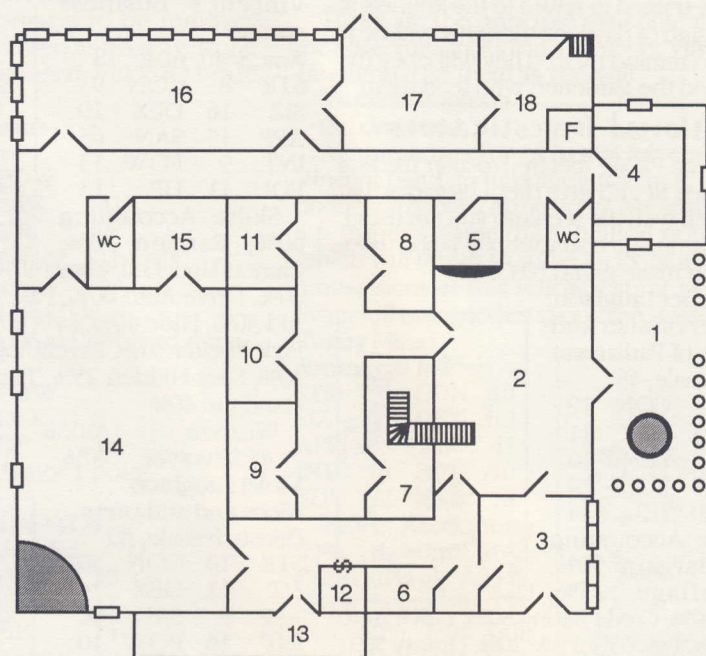
2: Always have the solicitor stipulate that the estate clergyman has no part in the will and that it was Laughton's wish that the priest depart as soon as his body was interred. This creates a sense of menace and foreboding from the very start of the adventure.

3: There are a number of "secret" areas of the manor, such as the black lake, the church, and the torture chamber, all located beneath the building. These are shown on the maps and referred to in some of the scenarios, but if they don't apply to the scenario you're running, ignore them, and ignore the various methods of reaching them (secret doors and the like).

4: I probably don't have to say this, but always describe a monster rather than rattle off its name, as this keeps the players guessing as to what it might be.

5: As this adventure takes place in Britain, American campaign characters will have difficulty getting their weapons into the country in time for the reading of the will.





First Floor

1 Front Garden

A small grassy area before the front door, this garden includes three trees, several bushes and an iron fountain. The garden is completely surrounded by doric columns.

2 Front Hall

This Gothic chamber is easily the largest room of the house with the exception of the ballroom. The hall is adorned with massive medieval tapestries and two suits of armor flank the massive doors. The armors each hold swords. A large fireplace dominates one of the walls while huge steps leading to the second floor dominate another.

Broadwords 20% 1D8 + STR bonus

3 Parlour

This is a comfortable chamber where the will is read. French doors open to the grounds while windows face the front of the house. A desk, some chairs and a couch form the furnishings.

4 The Library

A two-story room, the library has shelf-lined walls that are filled with histories and science works. The second floor is almost completely dominated by fiction and metaphysics. Foreign language tomes rest right alongside English ones, receiving no special treatment. A table and several chairs are on the lower floor for persons wishing to examine the books.

5 The Conservatory

The family has always felt that inferior attempts at playing the masters' works should not take place in the same room as

honest renditions. Hence this special room for instruction in music. A small piano and several other instruments are kept here, as well as several scores kept on a book shelf. The room is sound-proofed.

6 Closet

A large walk-in closet where the hats and coats of guests are kept.

7 Abigail's Chamber

The downstairs maid is a vain and jealous woman who was irate at the larger footage of the butler's chamber. Hence, a hole was knocked behind the stairs to increase the space. The maid keeps a tidy, if plain, room. It contains a wardrobe, a bed, a bureau and a writing desk. Several bottles of secreted brandy hint at possible alcoholism.

8 Angus' Chamber

The butler keeps a room to rival a hospital in terms of sanitarness. The room has no personal belongings other than clothing, a Swiss clock, and a family bible. The only furniture is a bed, a wardrobe and a table.

9 Pierre's Chamber

The Chef keeps a clean room. His pet cat (unless Pierre is a werewolf) lives in a woven basket next to the bed. A bookshelf filled with culinary volumes rests against the wall. A wardrobe filled with expensive clothes and a desk are the room's other furnishings. Several volumes on Lycanthropy rest under the bed in a mahogany box (notably *Les Lupines*, a treatise on werewolves by von Juntz: +8% Occult).

10 Mindy's Chamber

A fairly immaculate room is kept by the new maid. The room is furnished with bed,

wardrobe and bureau. A bookcase holds a large and literate selection of texts.

11 Klaus's Quarters

The chauffeur's room is a slovenly mess. The maids have even given up on it. Scattered all about are magazines and newspapers from all manner of places and lands. The furnishings include wardrobe, desk, bed and bookshelf. A .22 revolver is kept under the pillow ever since a bloody encounter while driving in Ireland. A box of twenty-five cartridges compliments the gun and is located in the bottom of the wardrobe.

12 Secret Stairs

Leading deep into the underground, these old hewn steps are hidden behind a false door made to look like the wall (Spot Hidden at -25% to notice).

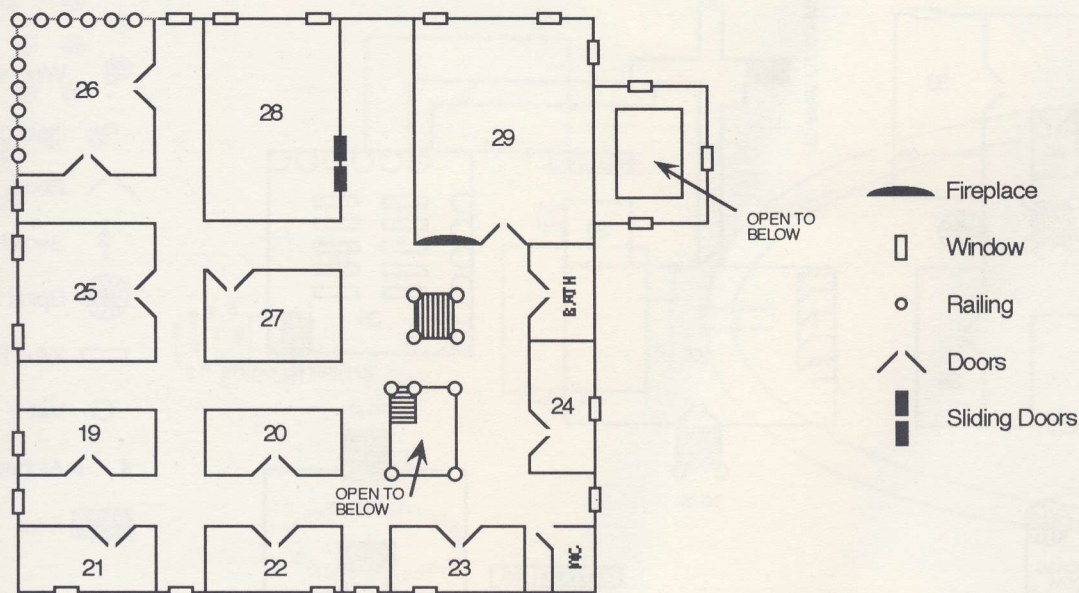
13 Greenhouse

This large glass enclosure contains a plethora of foreign flowers unable to survive the British climate. The room is several degrees warmer than the rest of the manor and may alarm less intelligent creatures.

14 The Ballroom

Once this was the meeting and banquet hall for the militia of the manor, today it is a lovely room with a teak floor and orchestra pit. A fireplace heats the room while windows open to the estate. The room is perfectly bare, as all the space has been set aside for dancing.

continued at right



Second Floor

19-24

Guest Rooms

These rooms are all identical, having fireplaces set into the walls. They are furnished with a bed, wardrobe, a basin, a desk and a bureau.

25

Music Room

Here, true renditions of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven are preformed. The room has some comfortable couches against the walls as well as both a harpsichord and a grand piano. A cabinet holds scores and compositions.

26

Open Terrace

Another garden, this one covered by

bushes. A few marble benches are present amidst the flora. The terrace is open to the elements and serves as a roost for several birds.

27

Studio

Music is not the only art present in the manor. This small studio has blank canvasses, paints and even a pedestal for posing subjects. Chisels and clay are also here for those wishing to engage in a bit of sculpting.

28

Study

The study is a large room with several desks and chairs. A suit of armor rests against one wall while bookshelves replete with basic works and reference volumes dominate the others.

Flail 20% 1D6+1+STR bonus

29

Trophy Room

The household has always liked the hunt. Here are kept several of the most dangerous of their trophies. A stuffed gorilla, lioness, panther and komodo monitor lizard are here in their entirety while the heads of rhino, Kodiak brown bear and leopard seal gaze from the wall. Spears and shields from such tribes as the Bogos, Zulus, Mau-maus, and Tcho-tchos also lace the walls with aboral villainy. Several firearms are kept in a locked cabinet. There is no ammunition.

2 12-gauge shotguns

3 .22 rifles

1 elephant gun

first floor continued

15

Billiards Room

A nice chamber with a pool set and a small bar. The cues could be used for weapons in a pinch and Molotov cocktails can easily be manufactured.

Cue stick 15% 1D3 + STR bonus

Molotov Cocktail Throw Skill 1D8+1D6

16

Dining Hall

This room is very long and the massive table is nearly as long as the room. The table can be used by up to eighteen at once. A fireplace warms the room and a boar-head

looks down from the wall. Servants bring the food via the south doors.

17

Kitchen

This is the Chef's kingdom, his empire, and he will be very cross with intruders. The kitchen has an oven, an electric stove, a boiling apparatus and a collection of knives and cleavers. No food is stored here.

Knife 25% 1D4 + STR bonus

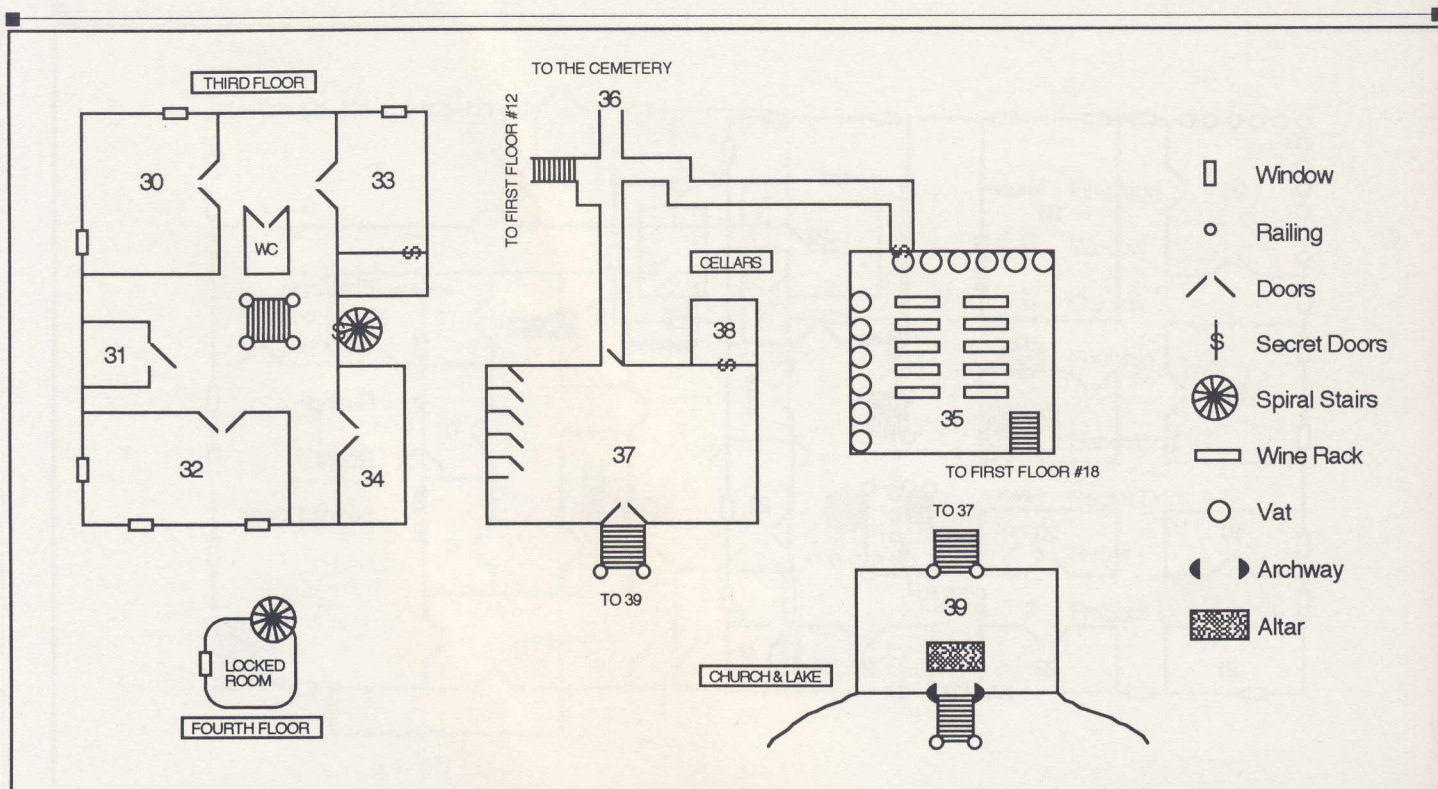
Cleaver 20% 1D6 + STR bonus

18

Pantry

All non-perishable and canned goods are

kept here. Filled in a complex system are spices, flour and other items. Perishables such as meats and cakes are kept in the freezer. Stairs lead down to the wine cellar.



Third Floor

30 Master Bedroom

This is the deceased's former domicile. It is a lavish chamber with a canopy bed, fireplace, a shelf full of little fetishes, a writing desk, table, comfy chair, and a massive wardrobe. A huge Medieval war axe is fastened to the wall above the bed along with a bronze-age shield.

Battle Axe 20% 1D8+2+STR bonus

31 Closet

This is where the lord of the manor keeps the majority of his attire. The closet is filled with the dead man's clothes, mainly suits and a few tuxedos for attending the opera. Some hunting clothes are also present.

32 Meeting Hall

This large room has a round oak table in the center and a score or so of ornate Restoration-era chairs. The room is very dark and exudes a sense of mystery and evil. Despite the three windows, it is still easily the dreariest room in the house.

33 Private Study

This is the manor lord's private repast. The room has a desk, two leather chairs and two book cases, one containing a set of encyclopedias and the other having (among others) a number of books about the family written by its members. In the bottom drawer is a loaded .38 revolver and a locked box, inside of which is ammunition for the guns in the trophy room. The Keeper should place only enough ammo for the players to stand a chance. They should always have to count their shots. A secret panel leads to a hidden library. Stock this room with what-

ever occult and Mythos tomes are appropriate to the scenario being played.

34 Bedroom

This unused chamber is where the lady of the manor would dwell. As the last lord was a widower, the room is unused. Cobwebs and dust cover the chamber.

Fourth Floor

The Locked Room

This room can only be reached via a hidden door. The keeper should put whatever he or she wishes in this chamber. A magician's workshop or a monster's lair are just two possibilities for the Locked Room.

The Cellars

35 Wine Cellar

A large room with rack after rack of wines. A vat is present, used in the old days to make home-brewed wine. A large wood pile sits against the wall, the wood serving as fuel for the furnace. Several beer kegs are also here. One is set apart from the others. This one is false and if a Listen roll is made when the keg is rapped on, it will be found to be hollow.

36 Charnel Passage

When the torture chamber was being used, this tunnel offered quick disposal of deceased subjects. The tunnel opens in a false grave. The heavy grave lid has a STR of 34 and must be forced to be opened.

37 Torture Chamber

This old chamber still echoes the screams of its victims. The gray stone is blood-spattered in many places. Five cells are

against the wall, bones resting in two of the small cubicles. A rotted rack is in the center of the room. Near the walls are a fire pit, a shelf with the rotted remains of whips and an iron maiden. Anyone locked in the maiden takes 1 HP damage each round until death occurs. Double doors with gargoyle sentries open to stairs that lead deeper into the earth.

38 The Vault

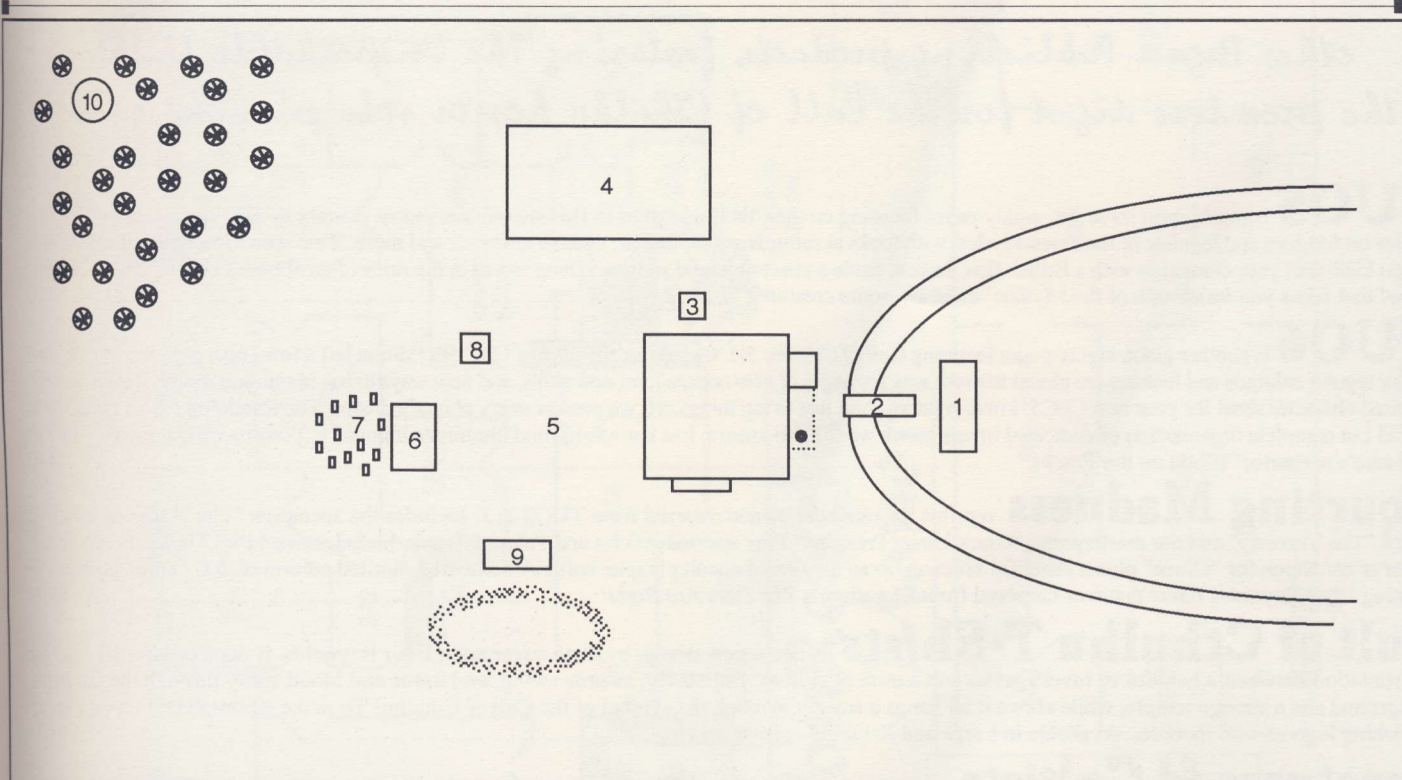
Hidden behind a secret door is the manor's old vault, where monies were kept long ago. Today, the wealth is gone but anyone that stays inside for more than two rounds will find that the door has shut and locked them in. The door cannot be opened from within and the walls are too thick for anyone to hear cries for help.

Beneath the House

39 The 'Church'

The church here is not to any god of things decent but a foul temple to whatever dark entity is appropriate. Monstrous statues and carvings decorate the large chamber. A blood stained altar is the only furnishing, manacles of iron draping from its corners. The church looks out on a subterranean lake and steps lead into the black waters. Any person going swimming will be pulled under by the current; use the Drowning rules. Survivors pull themselves back on shore; those who fail are never seen again. An old dagger and sorcerer's robe hang from a peg in the wall.

Dagger 25% 1D4+2+STR bonus. Note that this dagger is magical and can wound monsters hurt only by magic.



grounds descriptions

1 The Garage

A large three-car affair, this stone building will contain the vehicles which the players arrive in, as well as an all-new Packard bought by the deceased in his last year of life. Also contained in the garage is a small mechanic's shop, replete with all the tools needed to make minor repairs. The Chauffeur is untidy and this mechanic's shop is a filthy, cluttered chaos.

Big Nasty Wrench 30% 1D6 + STR bonus
Lead Pipe 20% 1D4 + STR bonus

2 The Gate House

This is simply a small building of stone that canopys the drive so that motorists caught in the rain do not get wet. A small room inside serves as a parlour to accommodate guests until the rain lets up or a servant with umbrella arrives to conduct them to the house proper.

3 The Kennels

A large common cage about thirty-five feet in perimeter, the kennels originally held hounds for the fox hunts. Now, however, it holds only the watch dogs that patrol the grounds at night. A wooden overhang shelters the canines in times of inclement weather. A large cast-iron trough holds water while wooden bowls scattered about the fenced enclosure are receptacles for food.

4 The Maze

This complex hedge labyrinth covers over an acre of the massive estate. The grass and hedges are well-tended. In the center is a marble fountain with a cherub spitting wa-

ter. Only the gardener (and the minotaur in the "Lord of the Maze" scenario) knows the correct path through the maze. Others may make an INT roll, at a multiplier equal to how many quarter-hours they have been exploring. That is, half an hour: INTx2. An hour, INTx4. Two hours, INTx8.

5 The Gardens

A large, gloriously tended botanical paradise. It has been said that the British are the world's greatest gardeners, and this garden does not contradict that statement. Roses, tulips and all manner of hybrids march in ranks between marble paths. The guard dogs have been trained not to go in the gardens, a fact that may save a player from their greedy jaws.

6 The Chapel

This is a small structure showing the marked spiritual decline of the family. Originally the chapel was much larger, but that structure was destroyed during the English Civil War by a particularly militant group of Cromwell's Roundheads (the church being Catholic at the time). The present structure is twenty feet high by forty feet long by twenty feet wide. The pews and holy adornment are of Restoration vintage. The chaplin usually is present but the will has forced his absence. Though he has taken all items that could harm evil beings of the supernatural, the church can still afford sanctuary from demonic beings. Note that demonic includes vampires and demons but not the fiends of the Mythos.

7 Cemetery

Generation after generation of the family has been buried here. Viking burial stones can even be found in some of the untended

regions of the churchyard. A grave digger from town does any of the work associated with the graveyard. His spade rests amidst the stones.

Spade 30% 1D6 + STR bonus

8 The Gardener's Shack

This slovenly cess-pit is the home of the lecherous gardener. While he keeps the maze and gardens pristine, his home is more slovenly than the chauffeur's quarters. Bits of soiled cloth, old newspapers, broken bits of tools and machinery all litter the shack. A miserable cot serves as bed and a wood-burning stove is the only heating unit. A box of French postcards rests under the simply constructed table, showing the rogue's favorite pastime.

Gardening Shears 25% 1D6 (can impale)
Hatchet 30% 1D4 + STR bonus

9 The Stables

This beautiful white-stone building is capable of housing five steeds. At present only two mares and a gelding racer are here. A dirt ring is outside for training the equestrians.

10 The Ruins

Old legacies of the Druids, the single stone tower is dank and dark. Perhaps the murderous Red Cap inhabits it, in which case miniature medieval peasant-style furniture will fill the upper level of the three-level tower. Small razor-blade traps are set all about the tower for catching rabbits (which are hard to fight if you're only a foot tall) and which inflict 1 HP and have a 50% chance of hamstringing a human that trips them (DEXx5 or less each 5 minutes of movement once a person is within 50' of the ruins).

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Would you like submission guidelines? (include SASE)

Ground Floor

Rooms and areas labeled: 271, 343, 255, 331, 344, 346, 354, 250, 289, 292, 313, 374, 256, 241, 228, 604.

Stairs: UP, DN.

Exits: E.

Third Floor

Room 426 is located on the left side of the floor plan. Room 468 is located in the center. Room 472 is located between rooms 468 and 475. Room 475 is located on the right side. Room 443 is located at the top. Room 604 is located at the bottom right, near the entrance. There are three elevators labeled 'E'. One elevator is located near room 426, another near room 468, and a third near room 604. The entrance to room 604 is labeled 'OPEN TO BELOW' with an arrow pointing down. The entrance to room 443 is labeled 'OPEN TO BELOW' with an arrow pointing down. The entrance to room 426 is labeled 'OPEN TO BELOW' with an arrow pointing down.

Second Floor

408

382

287

314

281

420

281

604

378

275

279

266

286

373

308

281

604

OPEN TO BELOW

UP

DN

E

To search the manor house, go to the paragraph number shown in the room or area you wish to enter. Always return here to search further. Mark off a box on the time table on the inside front cover for every room you explore. At midnight, go to -647-.

(228)

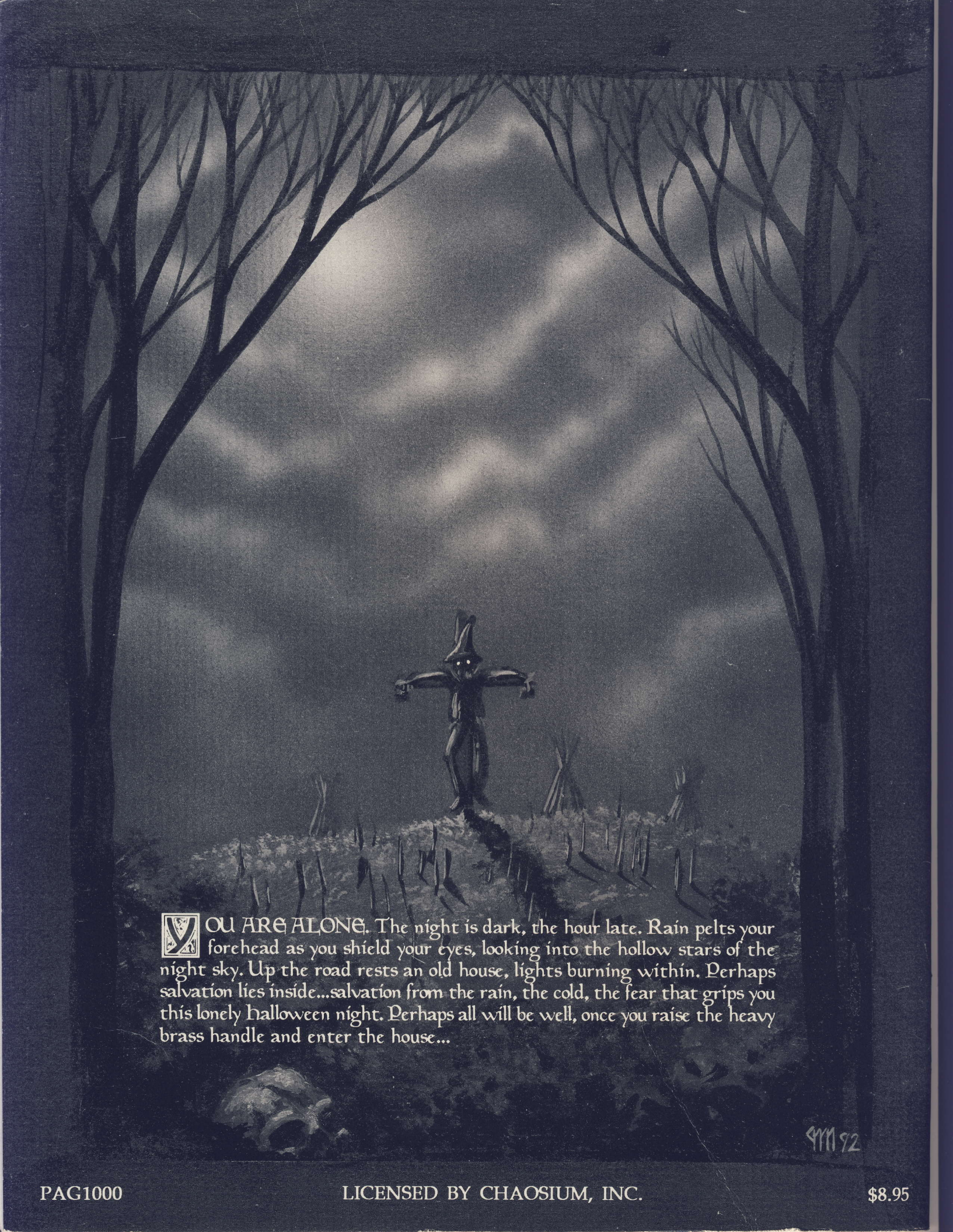
Winchester Manor

Basement

591, 506, 481, 567, 488, 559

UP, UP

E, E



YOU ARE ALONE. The night is dark, the hour late. Rain pelts your forehead as you shield your eyes, looking into the hollow stars of the night sky. Up the road rests an old house, lights burning within. Perhaps salvation lies inside...salvation from the rain, the cold, the fear that grips you this lonely halloween night. Perhaps all will be well, once you raise the heavy brass handle and enter the house...

SYM 92