

FOR  
Call of  
Cthulhu

# TERROR AUSTRALIS

Cthulhu  
Down  
Under:  
Australian  
Background  
And  
Adventures



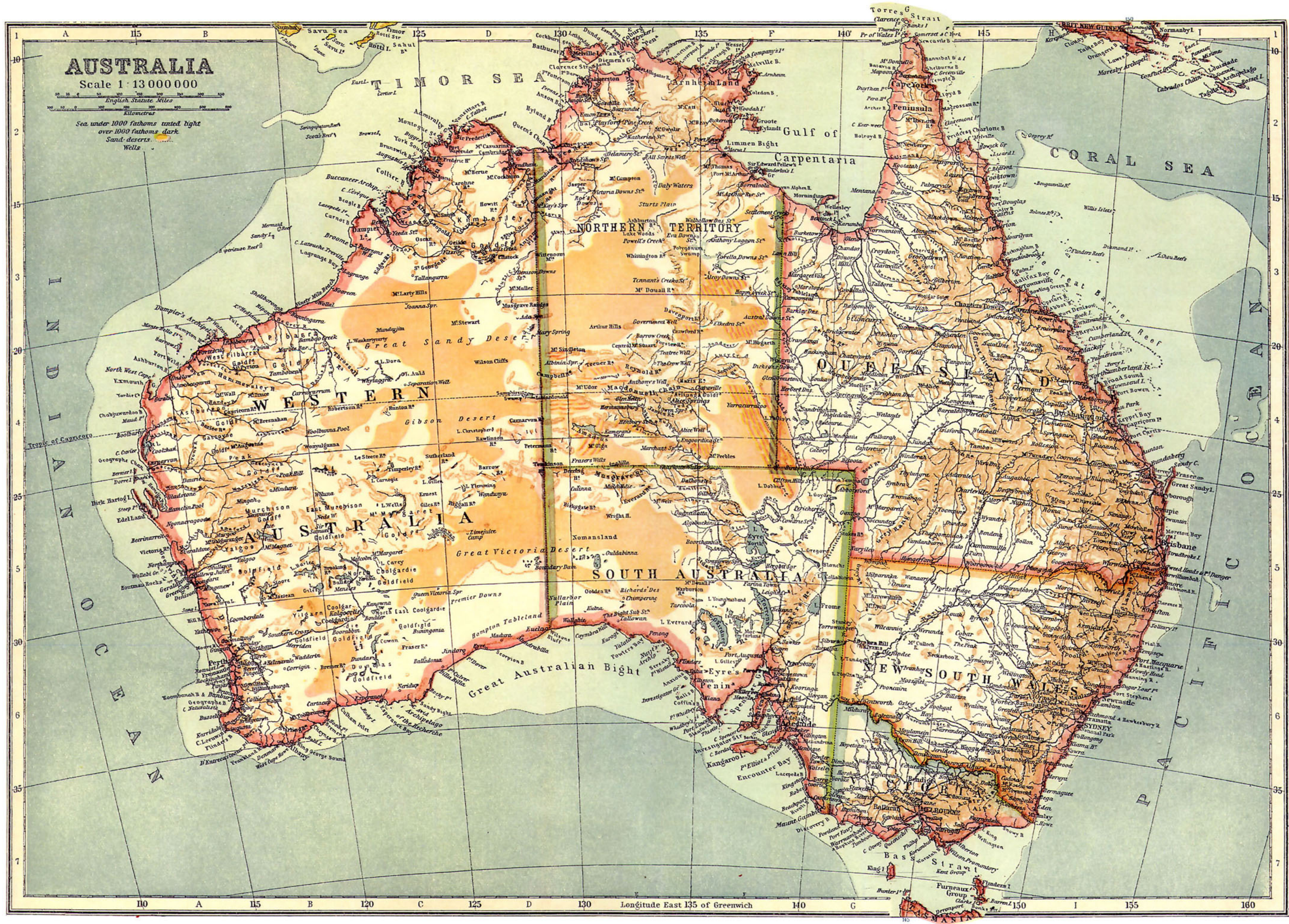
written by

Love • Morrison • Willis • DiTillio



CHAOSIUM INC.  
2319







**Terror Australis**



H.P. Lovecraft  
1890-1937



# TERROR AUSTRALIS

*Cthulhu Down Under: Background and Adventures*

**Penelope Love**

**Mark Morrison**

**Lynn Willis**

**Larry DiTillio**

**Sandy Petersen**

additional material, editorial Sandy Petersen

additional material, editorial, production Lynn Willis

cover painting, two illustrations Tom Sullivan

interior illustrations, maps Ron Leming

Yirrimburra maps Phillip and Marion Anderson



**Chaosium Inc.**

1987





TERROR AUSTRALIS is published by Chaosium Inc.

TERROR AUSTRALIS: Cthulhu Down Under is copyright ©1987 by Penelope Love and Mark Morrison; all rights reserved. "City Beneath The Sands" is copyright ©1987 by Larry DiTillio and Chaosium Inc. Additional material is copyright ©1987 by Chaosium Inc.; all rights reserved.

Photo of Ayers Rock courtesy of Northern Territories Division, Australian National Tourist Board.

Cave painting illustration in "Old Fellow That Bunyip" is freely adapted from Isaac's AUSTRALIAN DREAMING, Sydney, 1984.

Color map of Australia originally appeared in the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, eleventh edition, copyright © 1910, as did the Melbourne city map on page 77.

The appended "Period Data For Australia" is excerpted from Rand McNally, HANDY ATLAS OF THE WORLD, New York, 1921.

Playtesters for "Old Fellow That Bunyip" were Marion Anderson, Phil Anderson, Royd Burgoyne, Bernard Caleo, Terry Cooper, Ron Jones, Phil Keast, Mark Robins, Bill Routt, Dierdre Routt, and Richard Watts. Playtesters for "Pride Of Yirrimburra" were Marion Anderson, Phil Anderson, Anton Parker, Dean Scully, and Richard Watts.

Except in this publication and related advertising, all original artwork for TERROR AUSTRALIS remains the property of the artists; all rights reserved. Interior drawings of the Mimi and of the tracks of the flying polyp by Tom Sullivan. Reproduction of the material within this book for the purposes of personal or corporate profit, by photographic, electronic, or other methods of retrieval is strictly prohibited. TERROR AUSTRALIS is a roleplaying supplement, designed for use with CALL OF CTHULHU®. To direct questions or comments concerning this book or for a free catalog of Chaosium games and supplements, write to Chaosium Inc., P.O. Box 6302, Albany, California 94706-0302, U.S.A.

ISBN 0-933635-40-0

Printed in the United States of America.



# CONTENTS

A Map Of The Continent, 1910 .....	frontispiece	The State Library .....	78
H.P. Lovecraft, 1897-1937 [illus.].....	frontispiece	Jack Waterman .....	79
Introduction .....	6	The Death Of Pat King .....	79
The Nation (Penelope Love) .....	8	Bunyip [illus.] .....	80-81
Australia [map] .....	9	The Police .....	82
Australian Language (Penelope Love) .....	10	Florence Stansworth .....	82
Buckley's Chance [illus.] .....	13	Mrs. Enderby .....	83
The New Ghosts (Penelope Love) .....	14	The Two Asylums .....	83
Dead Men's Campfires [illus.] .....	17	George Seton .....	84
A Quiet Night in NSW [illus.] .....	18	Royal Botanic Gardens .....	86
1920s Timeline For Australia (Mark Morrison) .....	19	St. Kilda Police Station .....	86
The Aborigines (Penelope Love) .....	21	The Cave .....	87
An Emu [illus.] .....	23	The Painting in the Cave [illus.] .....	86-87
Aborigines With Weapons [illus.] .....	25	About Bunyip .....	87
Ayers Rock [illus. and map] .....	32-33	A Romp Upriver .....	88
Procoptodon [illus.] .....	33	The River Chase [schematic] .....	89
Alcheringa: For Roleplaying .....	35	Bunyips .....	90
(Penelope Love, Sandy Petersen, Lynn Willis)		Melbourne Cup Finish [illus.] .....	91
Wulgura And Trespasser .....	37	CITY BENEATH THE SANDS.....	92
Geryornis [illus.] .....	39	(Lynn Willis and Larry DiTillio)	
Thylacinus Cynocephalus [illus.] .....	40	Professor Anthony Cowles .....	93
Thylacoleo Carnifex [illus.] .....	40	Ports: Darwin, Sydney, Pt. Hedland .....	94ff
Tasmania Devil [illus.] .....	40	Cult of the Sand Bat .....	94
Creatures From The Dreamtime (Sandy Petersen) ...	41	Power Drain: A Spell .....	94
Diprotodon [illus.] .....	42	Randolph Shipping Co. [plan] .....	96
Kurpannga [illus.] .....	43	Inland To Cuncudgerie .....	97
Melania Prisca [illus.] .....	45	Area Map For The Adventure .....	98
Ninya [illus.] .....	45	Toward The Buried City .....	100
Meeting A Ngarang [illus.] .....	47	The Vicinity Of The City .....	101
A Quinkan [illus.] .....	48	Desert Encounters .....	102
Quinkania Fortirostrum [illus.] .....	49	The Death Camp .....	103
At the Border of Alcheringa [illus.] .....	50	The Ambush .....	103
PRIDE OF YIRRIMBURRA .....	52	Flying Polyp Track [illus.] .....	105
(Penelope Love and Mark Morrison)		The Entrance to the City .....	106
Melbourne And Suburbs [map] .....	53	Cultist Squads A-D .....	107
Yirrimburra And Environs [map] .....	54	Another Entrance .....	108
Keeper Information .....	55	A Cultist Searcher [illus.] .....	108
The Township .....	55	Binjudu's Tale of the Clan .....	109
Yirrimburra [town map] .....	56	City of the Great Race [schematic map] .....	110
The Townspeople .....	58	The Flying Polyp .....	111
MacKenzie's Mine [map] .....	62	Lines Of Light .....	111
The Mines .....	63-64	In the City of the Great Race [illus.] .....	112-113
The Clan That Was [illus.] .....	65	Cavern Of The Mimis .....	114
Documents Of Interest .....	65	A Mimi [illus.] .....	115
The Trial of 1885 .....	66	The Great Plazas .....	115
Yurragan Wrahijhi .....	67	Purple Dome Temple .....	115
Send Dreaming: A New Spell .....	67	Father Of All Bats .....	117
Yurragan's Walkabout .....	67	The Nursery .....	117
Into Alcheringa .....	68	The Titan Horror .....	117
The Bush Fire .....	68	Huston's Headquarters [and plan] .....	117-118
Alcheringa [illus.] .....	69	Robert Huston's Spells .....	121
OLD FELLOW THAT BUNYIP .....	71	New Excavations .....	121
(Penelope Love and Mark Morrison)		Kakakatak's Chamber .....	122
Beginning Play .....	72	The Transmogrifier Engaged .....	123
Melbourne In The 1920s .....	73	The New Pool .....	124
The National Museum .....	76	Period Data For Australia .....	125
Melbourne [map] .....	77	Selected Bibilography .....	126
		The Southern Constellations [drawing] .....	127
		Removable Handouts .....	129



# Introduction

Old World philosophers knew there must be a southern land to balance the weight of the northern continents. *Terra Incognita* they called it, or *Terra Australis* — the Unknown Land, the Great South Land. They believed it stretched across the southern latitudes, inhabited by monsters and laden with riches beyond wildest imagining.

As explorers traveled further and further south, they found only islands; thousands dotted the endless ocean. The Portuguese captain whose log records the earliest known European sighting of Australia believed he had seen just another island, and sailed onward, ignorant of his discovery. The first Europeans to land on the west coast saw a dry, desolate land peopled by naked savages. None of them realized that their ships had sailed over drowned Gondwanaland and submerged cities too ancient for the human mind to sanely comprehend. The philosophers' dream died 150 million years after it had ceased to be a reality.

Early explorers, Sturt and Kennedy, to name only two, went deep into the desert, believing that within the continent might lay an inland sea, surrounded by a beautiful and fertile country. They were right: there was an inland sea — 65 million years ago. Ludwig Leichhardt, a Prussian scientist, believed that he would find *Diprotodon* and giant kangaroos, "grazing on the lush banks of a yet unknown river," and disappeared into the interior for the last time in 1848, 13,000 years too late.

What vision drove those doomed expeditions? What led them with such persistence to starvation, thirst, exhaustion, and death in the dust and heat of Australia's heart?

Could the answer lie in *Alcheringa*? How much of *Alcheringa* is reality and how much myth and dream? Why do some tribes speak of the Dreamtime with a special language, containing no separate tenses for past and present? Is *Alcheringa* eternal because it lies outside time or because the same point in it can be entered from any point in time? Is time-travel involved, or is *Alcheringa* an echo resounding through the eons from its unthinkable ancient origin? The science of the Great Race casts strange shadows through all eternity and all continents, present, past and future. Their shadow lies deepest across what was once their homeland.

Time is the true mystery of Australia, and its most potent, unsettling force. Horror wakens with awareness of the great weight of time, what it obliterates and what it preserves, and in the insignificant fragment of life allotted to the human race.

Australia in the 1920s romanticizes the first settlers. Thronging the streets of the towns and ports are newcomers, or second- or third-generation city dwellers, who cannot realize that their bustling cities once were nothing. Likewise, few in such a happy age imagine that, one day, nothing will be there again.

*TERROR AUSTRALIS* supplements the award-winning *Call of Cthulhu* roleplaying game. It includes three separate adventures, each requiring several or many sessions to complete, as well as information about the continent and its physical (and metaphysical) residents.

The game derives from works of the internationally-famous horror author, H.P. Lovecraft. The intention of play may be fairly summarized: in matters where Lovecraft's writings appear to conflict with reality as we now understand it, Lovecraft's imagination always prevails. Further, as players we agree to limit our own knowledge to what we suppose we could have imagined a lifetime ago, when faced with remorseless darkness and ancient evil. Finally, we resolve to act with courage, and to forgive ourselves when that courage fails.

In toying with truth and fiction, we as authors have striven for accuracy in detail, even while cheerfully admitting to print many fictitious details. The towns of Yirrimburra and Cuncudgerie may never have existed, but they are true to their type. They are certainly no less true in play than is mighty Melbourne or isolated Port Hedland.



The first part of this book, *AUSTRALIA*, is factual — the historical summaries are true, the ghostly anecdotes occurred as recorded, the strange creatures of millennia past are as excavated. The *Alcheringa* chapter material was drawn from several sources, then regularized to make one set of consistent rules. Usually we talk of Australia in the 1920s, not the Australia of today, but not always: the anthropological, archaeological, and paleontological notes are from modern sources. The *Creatures* chapter immediately follows *Alcheringa*, giving versions of *Alcheringan* entities and creatures suitable for roleplaying.

The second part, *THE ADVENTURES*, is fictional in intent, but two of the authors, residing in the state of Victoria, have described a real place, Melbourne, in considerable detail. There are a few conflicts: is it the Metropolitan Asylum or the Kew Asylum beside the Yarra River in Melbourne? Authors and encyclopaedia agree that the asylum on the other bank is named the Yarra Bend.

Each adventure concerns dread powers which lay undiminished by time. Australia is the continent least changed by the eons; it is appropriate that the reservoir of ancient things and timeless dreams also be the backdrop for terrible perils beyond the count of calendars, beyond the reach of man.

The three adventures may be played singly, played in order of presentation by using the rationale at the front of "*City Beneath The Sands*," or in conjunction with other sets of adventures: in particular, with *Masks of Nyarlathotep*, another Chaosium publication.

Readers' attentions are directed to the two-page color map of Australia at the front of the book, circa 1910, as well as to the eight-page set of pullouts at the rear. The latter unit is perforated, for easy removal. For any who cannot abide this slight ruination of the book, Chaosium grants permission to photocopy the four "reading-side" pages.

We hope your visit to Australia is an exciting one.

— THE AUTHORS.

---

# Australia

---





# About The Nation

*Australia in the 1920s is a modern country built upon  
immemorial roots. Distances and travel times here  
are continental in scope.*

## The Land

Australia is the driest, flattest, and smallest continent. In the 1920s it is as big (2,966,200 square miles) as the continental United States, but has only a tiny fraction of that country's inhabitants — crossing the 6 million population mark in 1925.

Three-quarters of the land is *outback*, sweeping plains beyond the settled areas. A wild mountainous backbone, the Great Dividing Range, stretches from northern Queensland to Tasmania. In the north, the eastern slopes of the mountains are covered with dripping rain forest. Further south, west of Sydney, where the climate is more temperate, the forests are eucalyptus. Yet further south are the Australian Alps: here snow is common in winter. Many rivers run off to the east of the Great Divide, nourishing the fertile coastal strip.

On the western slopes, the streams flow out to the endless plains, eventually vanishing into the desert or salt lakes. Immediately beyond the mountains lie grassy plains and rolling downs, used for farming. Further inland is less-settled yet, and huge cattle and sheep stations are found, watered by bore holes from 50 to 5000 feet deep. Beyond the stations lies the arid heart or Center of Australia, where many surviving Aborigines live.

Australia is arid. There are exceptions — southwest from the Darling Plateau flows the important Swan-Avon river system, emptying into the Indian Ocean at Perth. In the north, the monsoon season (December to April) causes numerous rivers to gush into life, declining again until by next November, when they are but scattered pools.

The outback is a colorful and forbidding landscape of red sand, plains of gibber stones, rock ranges, and tracts of spinifex and mulga scrub. Inland lakes are dry and salt-encrusted.

The north and northwest hold mudflats and mangrove, forests making land travel impossible, while deadly reefs similarly hamper any sea approach. Many miles of the south and eastern coasts are barred by sheer cliffs. However, Australia also boasts many beautiful long beaches.

## Climate

About two-fifths of Australia lies in the tropical zone, with the rest more temperate. The north of Australia is like India or the Sudan in climate; the states of Victoria and New South Wales are more like California or Southern France.

Seasons are naturally the reverse of the Northern Hemisphere, with summer lasting from December to February, autumn (*not* referred to as fall) from March to May, winter from June to August, and spring from September to November.

## Getting There

No air service exists to or from Australia in the 1920s. The Pacific ocean is first crossed by plane in 1928, and the first direct Australia to United Kingdom flight is in 1936. Ships are the only possible way to reach the continent.

Australia was well-connected by cable telegraph with the world in the early 1870s. However, the first radio-telephone call is made between Australia and Britain by the Prime Ministers in 1930. Even then, for years U.S. phone calls needed to be routed through England to reach Australia.

Airmail between Australia and England is not regularized until 1934, and with the U.S. in 1937. Investigators must wait anxiously for their requested excerpts from the Necronomicon to arrive from Miskatonic University by sea mail — six weeks to three months transit.

## Internal Communications

Mail is mostly land-carried. Regular airmail service between the principal cities does not appear till the 1930s.

Telephones are uncommon. By 1929, half a million phones are installed, but many rural areas had no telephones for miles. Brisbane isn't connected with the other states till 1923, and Perth must wait till 1930.

Telegraphs, on the other hand, span the land, and a picture-graph system between Sydney and Melbourne opens in 1929.



Wireless comes in during the 1920s, with many radio stations from 1923 onwards. The new inland wireless system is a boon to remote settlements.

In the outback, word spreads at the speed it is carried. The Overland Telegraph runs down the middle of Northern Australia, forming a communications backbone. But messages relayed to a station along the line, along with mail delivered, must wait for the recipient to come and pick it up. The most reliable way to get word around in the outback is to carry it yourself.

## Trains

Rails are the most common form of interstate travel in the 1920s. Lines creep around the fringes of the country, mainly serving the south and east, where most of the population lies. The last major rail route opened in 1917, linking Perth with the eastern states. Not all the lesser lines were completed, however. It was not possible to take a through trip from Brisbane to Cairns till 1924, and the Northern Territory was reached from South Australia in 1929.

Steam trains are the fastest public transport available. Melbourne to Sydney takes 17 1/2 hours, and Brisbane to Sydney 23 hours. The biggest problem with the railways are the breaks in the gauges. The lines were originally

constructed by different State governments, and so used different gauges. Hence, one must transfer trains at each state border — an opportune time to escape (or be escaped by) cultists aboard one's train.

## Ships And Boats

One alternative to rail travel is steamship. Protectionist laws prohibit non-Australian steamers from carrying passengers between the capitals, so a variety of native companies operate. Journeys rarely take more than a few days. Passengers are taken on and off board at smaller coastal towns by light craft, while the steamer anchors.

Steamer is the only way to reach Tasmania, and ships leave from Launceston 3 times a week. Darwin also relies on the sea to reach the rest of Australia. Ships are also the best route to travel between Perth and the Kimberleys and (till 1924) Brisbane and Cairns.

River transport is unimportant. A few woodburning steamers transport goods along inland waters.

## Automobiles

Australians embraced the automobile with enthusiasm. By the end of the decade, half a million cars are registered (not bad for a population of barely six and a half million).



A few brands are custom-built in Australia, but most are imported or, with General Motors (as of 1926) and Ford (1925), overseas models assembled in Australia. Tourers are most common (sedans cost three times as much).

Roads are bad. In particular country roads are rough, pot-holed, and unsealed. Punctures and breakdowns are common, and service stations almost non-existent. This situation improves as the decade progresses and the Road Boards gradually upgrade the byways, but Mechanical Repair is a must for anyone considering a trip.

Gasoline is two shillings a gallon. A new car costs at least 200 pounds, and averages about 300 pounds. In the early 1900s, when all cars were imported, prices were higher — about 500 pounds.

Motor coaches are making headway, operating beyond the reach of the rail network. These powerful touring vehicles can cover 150 miles a day, pulling a two-wheeled trailer loaded with mail-bags and luggage.

## Other Methods Of Travel

Australia is a very air-minded nation in the 1920s, enthusiastically following the setting of new records. In 1922, 30 companies are available for charter; regular air services exist in central Queensland and the northwest. The Adelaide-Sydney route starts in 1925, and others follow slowly (Perth-Adelaide in 1929, for example). In general, investigators in a hurry must charter a plane.

Horse-drawn commercial passenger vehicles cease to be an enterprise in 1924, when the last Cobb & Co. coach closes down in Queensland. Private carts and buggies are

still common, especially in the country (cars won't get through when the river has risen). Horse, ox, and camel teams are still used for bulk transport, but are gradually being supplanted by the motor. Tractors are not yet widespread or affordable, so most farm work is done by animals.

## Travelers' Notes

Each capital has a public transport system with its own local quirks. All major towns have a tramway system, mostly electric, though a few cable trams exist. Ferries are in use, especially in Sydney, where they link the sides of the harbor.

Horse carts are a common sight: bakers' vans, breweries', milk carts, ice carts, etc., stay in use through the Depression. Among other advantages, horses are easier to move door to door — one doesn't have to stop and start them.

In the wilderness, roads are poor or non-existent. Horses are useful, but not always reliable, as they require steady supplies of grass and water. Camels (and Afghan handlers) were imported as an alternative. Camels can cover 5 1/2 miles in two hours.

Roads for automobiles are few outside of urban areas. The road from Darwin to Alice Springs (the closest the Northern Territory would come to a highway) is little more than a miserable track. Intrepid explorers in cars had better remember to take plenty of water, road-making tools and axes, many spare tires and tubes, plenty of patches, and a portable winch.

# Australian Language

*Wherein are revealed secrets of the lingo from Down Under,  
of slang and popular phrase, and including a handy guide to the accents.*

The following notes may help keepers in creating and portraying a stereotypical Australian accent, the most appropriate for roleplaying games. These notes do not universally apply to all Australians, although certain aspects hold true. The best way to imitate is to listen; watch *Crocodile Dundee* to hear Paul Hogan speaking in classic atypical Australian tones.

The Australian accent is best described as flat and nasal, with a slight upwards drift in tone towards the end of each sentence. Emphasis is always on the first syllable. Consonants are slurred and vowels are broad. The *ow*

sound becomes a short *a* — for example, *tomorrow* becomes *tommorra*. Many words of more than two syllables may be shortened: for instance, *afternoon* becomes *after* or *arvo*. Diminutives are much-used: *Chrissie* for Christmas, *prezzies* for presents, for example. Keeper sentences should be kept brief, pungent, and incisive.

The word 'me' should be substituted for 'my' at every opportunity, and the initial consonant of nouns dropped whenever possible, in a fashion similar to Cockney — *had* becoming *ad*, for instance. As an adjective, use the word



*bloody*, as frequently as possible when rougher sorts of characters speak, and tack the term *an' that* onto the end of every other sentence, or any sentence that doesn't get finished. Speed of delivery varies; city people tend to talk very fast, and country people as slow as possible. Well-brought-up people tend to have an English public-school accent, or at least a less-obvious Australian accent.

In the following listings of Australian slang, some expressions may either be anachronistic to the period, or no longer current in Australia nowadays. They have been chosen for humour, and not a few are the authors' personal favourites. Not all are originally Australian, but all have been cheerfully adopted and have seen wide use in the country.

## Selected Australian Slang

**Abo** — Aboriginal inhabitant of Australia. In the 1920s, *Abo* is not generally considered offensive, although *boong* is. Also in use is *blackfellow* or *blackfella*, often abbreviated to *black*.

**Apples** — *she's apples; she's jake; she'll be right*: Whatever the problem is, it's okay, everything is going fine.

**Arvo** — Afternoon. Also *after*.

**Aussie** — Australian.

**Barrack** — To heckle or jeer at someone or something, particularly in sport, by favoring one team over another. To *barrack* for a team is to support it.

**Bastard** — An extremely useful noun. It can be a friendly or affectionate greeting, introduction, or reference (*G'day ya old bastard*, or *This is me mate, Tom, 'e's a mad Pommy bastard*) or it can be used as an insult. The tone of voice in which the word is uttered is the best indicator.

**Battler** — An underdog who keeps on trying, or a person who is unlucky through no fault of his or her own.

**Beaut / Beauty** — beauty (pronounced *bewd-y*)  
Exclamation of approval.

**Billabong** — Small body of water.

**Billy** — Camp kettle, shaped like a paint tin. Useful for making tea / stew / soup / boiling rags. Billy tea tastes best if you boil the water in the billy first, then add the tea leaves. Put the lid on, and then swing the billy round vertically several times, relying on centrifugal force to keep your tea intact. This "settles the tea". Then drink, preferably with lots of sugar.

**Block** — Head. To *do your block* is to lose control, usually because of extreme anger, but perhaps for love, etc. Conversely, to *use your block* is to think rationally and logically and apply a neat solution to a sticky problem.

**Blake** — A male person.

**Bloody** — Known as "The Great Australian Adjective." It lives up to its name. Use this word as a qualifier whenever you can ("it's bloody hot," "bloody cold," etc). It can also be inserted into a word for emphasis, as in "Kanga-bloody-roos!"

**Bludge** — To have a bludge is to have a loaf, to stop work for a while. A bludger is someone who keeps asking you for a cigarette (or whatever), or someone who lives without working.

**Blue** — A fight or quarrel, whether physical or verbal.

**Bluey** — Probably the most common name for a dog in Australia, particularly cattle dogs, as many of the working dogs are Blue Heelers.

**Bonzer** — Great, worthy of praise.

**Bumby** — A wild horse. Brumbies are found on the New South Wales / Victoria border and in Queensland.

**Buckley's** — This is the short form of "We've got Buckley's chance/hope," *i.e.*, none at all.

**Bush** — Forest, or just anywhere outside the cities. To *go bush* means to head into the interior of the continent, or to generally make yourself scarce.

**Chook** — Chicken. You can hypnotize chooks by swinging them round your head a few times, or just staring into their eyes and swaying your head back and forth. Every Australian child knows this.

**Cobber** — Friend.

**Cooee** — An Aboriginal bush cry, adopted by later settlers. A loud, ringing "Cooee!" carries a long way. (The *coo* is a long, low call, and the *ee* is a sharp, rising punctuation.) To be within cooee of a place (or person) is to be within easy distance of it.

**Crook** — Sick. By implication, anything which is not the real McCoy.

**Cuppa** — If you feel off-color, tired, or just plain thirsty, it's time for a cuppa, meaning a cup of tea. Or coffee, if you're that kind of person.

**Dag** — A lump of dried excreta hanging from a sheep's rear end, which has to be removed or the animal becomes flyblown. A dag is also an obnoxious person, the Australian equivalent of a nerd.

**Damper** — To make damper, pound flour, water, and baking powder into a flat dough and cook in a mutton-fat-smeared frypan until brown on both sides (or cook in the coals of a campfire). Eat with jam, and drink lots of tea. Hold the baking powder and you have buckjumper. To *put a damper on* something is to discourage that activity.

**Digger** — Member (or ex-member) of the Australian Infantry Force (A.I.F.), sometimes abbreviated to *dig*. Taken from the term for a gold miner of the 1850s. Billy Hughes, Prime Minister through the Great War, was nicknamed "the Little Digger."

**Dingo** — Native Australian dog which somehow acquired a reputation for cowardice and treachery; human dingoes act similarly.

**Dinkum** — Adjective, indicating that the noun referred to is "the real thing," authentic, and with sterling and trustworthy qualities. Practically the best thing you can say about somebody is that he or she is *fair dinkum*. Can also act as an enquiry as to the veracity of a fact ("Fair dinkum?") or as a qualifier ("I'm gonna knock 'is block orf, fair dinkum I will").

## 12 — *Terror Australis*

**Dob In** — To rat on someone to the authorities (police, school, or spouse).

**Dodger** — Bread. Gutback, a poddy dodger, is a calf thief.

**Done** — To be *done* is to be swindled or overcharged. To threaten to do someone is to threaten physical mayhem.

**Dong** — To hit forcefully. ("Gerroua here or I'll dong ya!")

**Dud** — No good. Won't work.

**Dunny** — Lavatory. Also *shouse*, *toot*, *loo*, *dyke*, and numerous others.

**Fair Go** — A plea for a fair go is a request for all parties to show sweet reasonableness and sportsmanship.

**Galah** — Galahs are small inland parrots with the habit of going round in large flocks causing damage, screaming loudly, and raising their crests. Human galahs share those characteristics.

**Lair** — Show-off. A contemptuous term.

**Larrikin** — High-spirited person. Can also refer to a hood (they hang around in pushes).

**Lollies** — Colored boiled sweets. Lollywater is cordial or soft drink.

**Lurk** — An arrangement or scheme by which one profits with no effort.

**Mate** — Friend or companion, used among males. Can also be used as a general greeting to someone you do not know well ("G'day, mate").

**Mob** — A large number or group of anything, whether it be people, cattle, sheep, or chooks. Used in preference to herd.

**Nark** — A spoilsport. If someone is feeling narked they are feeling annoyed or cheated. Probably in the mood for a blue.

**Pommy** — Any person from England, or with a noticeable English accent. Likely to get teased (stirred), but better accepted than an American.

**Push** — A gang, often a street gang in a major city.

**Rathouse** — Lunatic asylum. Also known as a giggle house. In Melbourne if you've gone yarra, you've gone mad, referring to the Yarra Bend asylum.

**Sacked** — Australian workers do not get fired, they get sacked.

**Sheila** — A female person.

**Shickered** — Intoxicated, had too much grog.

**Shoot through** — To depart, often abruptly or surreptitiously. The full form of this is to shoot through like a Bondi tram.

**Skite** — To boast, show-off, utter deliberate untruths.

**Smoko** — A work break, ostensibly for a cigarette or pipe.

**Spell** — To take a spell is to take a rest from work. Spells are of ambiguous lengths of time.

**Station** — A large property in the outback; in America one would call it a ranch. Also a run, referring to a sheep or cattle run.

**Two-up** — A game of chance played in every state of Australia, and is illegal in all. It centers around spinning two coins and employs a terminology all its own.

**Tucker** — Food. A *tucker-bag* contains same.

**Yabber** — To talk your head off. Also to yak.

**Yakka** — Work, from the Aboriginal. Hard yakka is hard work.

**Yanks** — Americans. Most frequently referred to as "bloody Yanks." Many young Australian men had unhesitatingly volunteered to serve the 'Mother Country' (England) in the Great War (WWI), and America's failure to enter the war until 1917 was felt by many Australians to be a betrayal. Hence, there is a bit of an edge regarding Americans during the 1920s. However, people are willing to make exceptions.

**Zack** — A sixpence. To be not worth a zack (or, for that matter, not worth two bob) is to be a fairly worthless individual.

## Some Australian Phrases

**As miserable as a bandicoot on a burnt-out ridge.** — Desolate.

**Busy as a one-armed bill poster in a high wind.** — Rather busy.

**Dead and won't lie down.** — Dumb, stupid.

**Fair cow!** — Anything which perversely refuses to do what you want it to do, *i.e., anything unpredictable, stubborn, or exasperating can be cursed with this. And a lot of good it will probably do you. The phrase It was a fair cow* expresses sympathy for a victim of rotten bad luck.

**G'day.** — Good morning / afternoon / evening; hello. A general term of greeting.

**Give it a bash, have a bash.** — Give it a go, try something. A similar phrase is *give it a burl*.

**Go for your life.** — Permission (and blessing) to embark on a course of action as requested.

**Gone a million.** — In an utterly hopeless situation.

**Happy as a bastard on Father's Day.** — Not very happy at all.

**Happy as Larry.** — Quite happy.

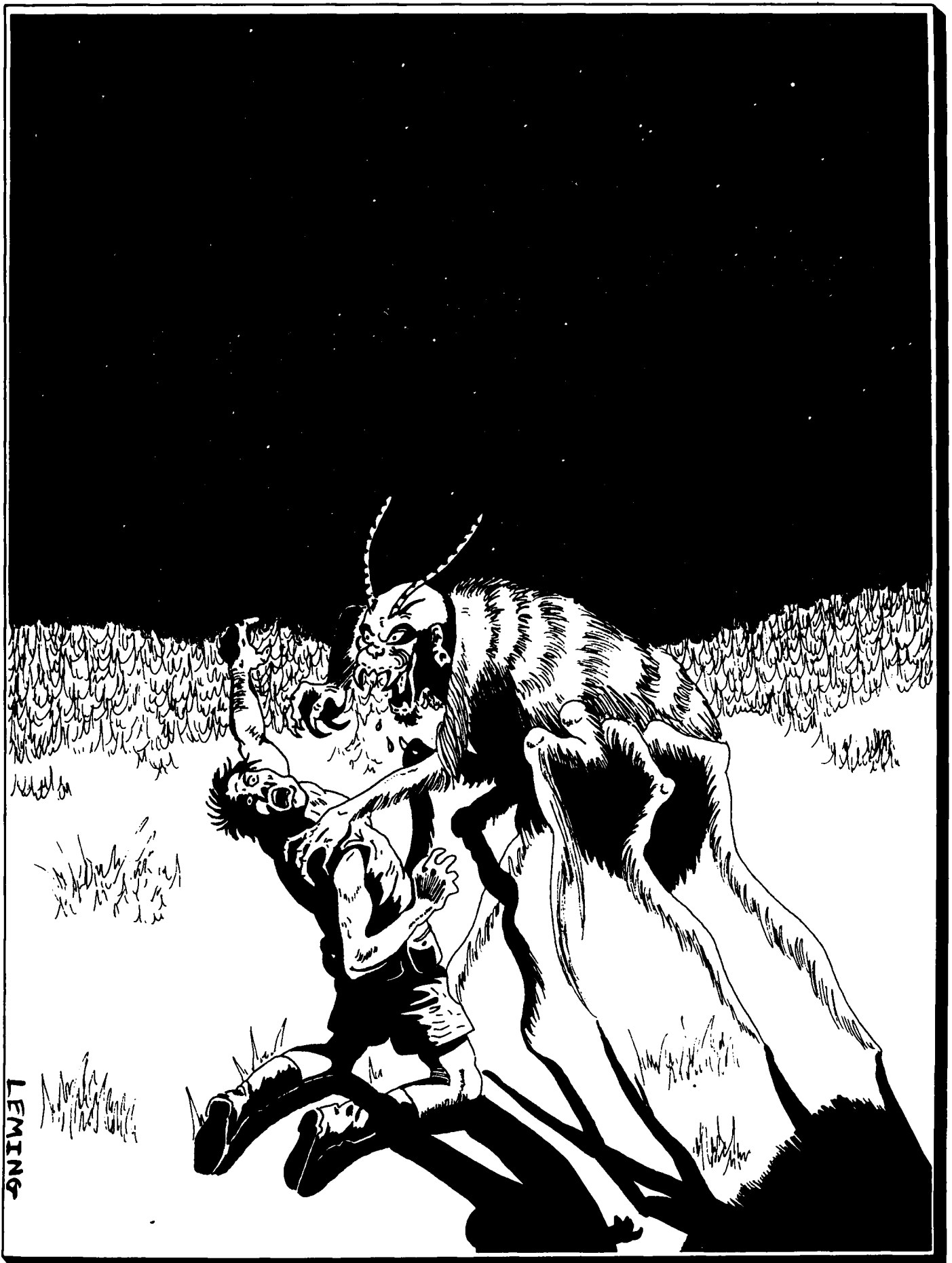
**He could sell boomerangs to the blacks.** — Someone who is a proficient fast-talker.

**He's got kangaroos in the top paddock. She's a few sandwiches short of a picnic. He's off his pannikin. She's got white ants in the attic. He's not the full quid.** — All of the individuals referred to are crazy, stark raving mad. Learn these phrases well; they'll be useful.

**If it was raining palaces, he'd get hit on the head by the dunny door.** — Acknowledgement that someone has a noted tendency to have bad luck.

**I'm easy, I couldn't care less, I don't mind.** — General term of agreement.





Buckley's Chance.

*I'm jack of this.* — I'm sick of this.

*Mad as a cut snake.* — Particularly vexed.

*Off like a bride's nightie.* — To leave suddenly. Similarly, *off like a chop in the desert.*

*Put in the boot.* — To (metaphorically) kick an opponent when they're down.

*See you later.* — You say this on parting with someone, even if you are 100% sure you'll never see him or her again.

*She got me dead.* — She caught me in the act.

*Stiffen the lizards, starve the lizards, stone the crows, strike me lucky.* — All express amazement.

*...This side of the black stump.* — This is a qualitative statement. If a dog is the meanest animal this side of the black stump, then its meanness is truly enormous. Other fictional landmarks are *back o' Bourke* and *Woop Woop*, used for anywhere remote.

*What do you think this is? Bush Week?* — What do you take me for? Stupid?

# The New Ghosts

*Herein are oddments, baffling tales, and strange occurrences  
related by Europeans who settled the land, and who became Australians  
partly by way of such experiences.*

Australia has a solid tradition of ghosts. Many early settlers emigrated from the British Isles, especially Ireland, and imported wholesale their supernatural beliefs and stories. A second, well-documented source of unquiet spirits is peculiar to Australia: the disturbance of Aboriginal sacred sites, which has produced some of the continent's most spectacular hauntings, though sometimes the Aboriginal element is mentioned only in passing. That Australian shades tend haunt scrub hills and desert, rather than the traditional castles and turreted hallways of Europe, is both appropriate and chilling.

Some of Australia's most famous ghosts are fairly mundane. Frederick Fisher was an ex-convict who farmed land together with a fellow ticket-of-leave man, Worrel, in the Cambelltown district of New South Wales in the 1820s. He disappeared in 1826, and Worrel told friends and neighbors that he had returned to England. In October of that year, Fisher's ghost was seen several times, sitting stoically on the railing of a bridge. An investigation (in daylight) discovered blood stains on the railings where the ghost had sat. A search of the river found his weighted corpse at the bottom. No mention of the ghost was made during the trial.

A similarly civilized ghost is that of Frederick Wilson, otherwise known as Federici, an opera singer who reputedly haunts Melbourne's Princess Theatre (Federici appears briefly in the adventure *Old Fella That Bunyip* in this book).

Native Aboriginal ghosts resulted in some grisly hauntings. The three following sets of uncanny incidents may all be connected with Aboriginal sites: the Bungaribee House Ghost, the Garth Ghosts, and the legend of the Dead Earth of Murdering Camp.

**BUNGARIBEE:** (New South Wales) was built in 1827 by Major John Campbell, at Doonside, about 23 miles west of Sydney. It was demolished in 1957. The name of the house is in Aboriginal dialect, and reportedly means "Last Resting Place of a Great Chief." The site was supposedly sacred to the local Aboriginals. Major Campbell never actually lived there, as both he and his wife died before its completion. Bungaribee was a spacious double-storied house, with wide verandas, a ballroom, a round convict-watching tower, cedar paneling, and extensive grounds. It even had servants' quarters; a rarity in those days.

One of the convict laborers was murdered in the grounds, and a doubled-up figure dragging leg-irons was frequently seen in later years at the foot of the convict-watching tower, or perched on one of the gateposts. A colonel met his death in the house in mysterious circumstances (how?), and in an upstairs room another army officer committed suicide (why?). His bloodstains reportedly remained on the floor for decades. That particular room acquired an evil reputation; more than one sleeper records being awakened by the touch of strangling, icy, spectral hands.



**GARTH:** (Tasmania) was built during the early 1800s on a rise above the South Esk river, about 50 miles south-east of Launceston. It was built by a young farmer who had emigrated seeking his fortune, leaving his fiancée in England. To quote one of the reports of this place;

"Yet those dark hills to the rear [of the house] seemed to frown upon his efforts.... They rise so steeply and black, and are furrowed by wooded ravines which seem to have no end.... The impression given by this ... may only be in the mind, but is strong enough to make one believe in the existence of some strange influence expressing resentment at the idea of [white] man invading its domain and retaliating."

Garth's builder returned to England to claim his bride after an absence of three years, to discover that she had married another. He returned to Tasmania and hanged himself in the courtyard of the unfinished building.

Later, a family lived there who had a little girl, Ann Peters. One day, apparently in an attempt to escape her ex-convict nursemaid's wild temper, she leapt into a well which stood in that same courtyard. The nurse also jumped in, attempting to rescue her charge. By the time help arrived, both had drowned.

In the 1850s the house was converted to a girls' school, but soon closed due to lack of pupils. After that the house remained untenanted by the living until its roof fell in 1956.

Though no ghosts were ever sighted, strange sounds like human screams and horses galloping were heard coming from the empty shell of the house at times, and none of the locals ever went there after dark.

**WATTLE FLAT:** (New South Wales) holds the Dead Earth of Murdering Camp. Here, a bare patch of ground, where neither tree nor grass can grow, lies on the summit of an otherwise thickly timbered hill. It is a bare, dead, desolate piece of ground, rather reminiscent of Lovecraft's blasted heath. The local story of its origin is romantic enough; a shepherd was murdered there by Aborigines, and the squatter who owned the run surprised and shot some Aborigines who were holding a corroboree at a later date in exactly the same place, in retaliation. Clearly the unfortunate shepherd's hut was built on the wrong stretch of ground. The shepherd's fiancée, so it was said, had jilted him when lied to by another suitor. When she discovered the truth, she followed him to Australia, only to find him dead. She killed herself at his grave, which was dug where he was murdered.

## A Greater Horror

The most gruesome ghost of Australia is the Ghost of the Glen, in the Kiania district of New South Wales. Ghost Glen is a heavily timbered scoop of land stretching from the Illawarra hills to the sea. In 1867, the old Irish farmers of the district could recite the following scrap of verse to an inquiring Sydney journalist who wrote under the byline of "The Inky Wayfarer."

*Over a pitfall, the moon dew is thawing,  
And with never a body, two shadows stand sawing  
The wraiths of two sawyers (step under and under),*

*Who did a foul murder and were blackened with thunder.*

*And whenever a storm-wind comes driven and driving*

*Through the blood-spattered timber you may see the saw striving —*

*You may see the saw heaving, and falling and heaving*

*Whenever the Sea Creek is chafing and grieving.*

Even without the ghost, the story is horrific enough; that of a "new-chum" apparently murdered by two sawyers in this remote region in the 1830s. It is best not to speculate on the exact nature and duration of his death, nor the fate of his huge brindled sheepdog. A few months after his disappearance, a stockman lost his way in the bush, and was forced to spend two nights camped in an isolated glen close to a narrow, tidal creek.

When a search party found him, on the fourth day, he was half-starved. They reported: "The delirium of hunger may have been the cause of the apparition by which he swore he was visited on the second and third nights of his stay in the bush, but burnt bones of a human being were found in the glen he described. This gave weight to his story, nor did he change it on repetition."

Succinctly put, the man claimed to have been awakened on his first night in the glen twice; the first time he was roused by the distant sound of a saw and a tap on the shoulder. Looking round, he saw a bloodied arm thrust through the grass by his neck. The apparition vanished as he watched, and he managed to convince himself that he had suffered a vivid nightmare. The second time that night, he was awakened by a grating noise and a cry of agony; he saw two faint blurred figures, the lower apparently standing in some sort of pit. The feet of one were over the head of the other.

The next night he was again awakened twice, in a violent gale, by thunder, hellish laughter, shouts, screams and curses. On each occasion, he witnessed a staring, dead, blood-gashed face within inches of his own. On its second and last appearance, the face spoke: "I did my best but Loney will never know it. They have slaughtered poor old Shep too. That cursed sawpit. Write to Sydney Loney."

No evidence indicates that the murderers were ever found, and local farmers swore to the Inky Wayfarer that the haunting witnessed by the stockman could still be seen in the vicinity. The story has a peculiarly suggestive sequel, apparently originating in the late 1830s, in which a surly and morose loner was haunted by the sound of a dog barking and howling, always to be heard above the wind.

## Inexplicable Occurrences

**THE WHITE BULL OF THE WASHPIN:** This happened in June and July, 1876, a year of bad drought. A vagrant by the name of Tom the Soldier (he claimed to have single-handedly turned the tide of battle at Waterloo when the English were on the verge of retreat) murdered a shepherd named McCarthy at Washpin, New South Wales. The shepherd's body was later exhumed by four police officers, who needed to reclaim the blanket he had been buried in as evidence.

As they started digging, a heavy cloud gathered overhead. When the spade knocked the bark slab which rested on the body, a terrific explosion occurred and the



ground apparently shuddered. Then a roar was heard from uphill, and before the stunned police could move, a "huge bull of immaculate whiteness" came rushing towards them. They scattered, drawing revolvers, but as soon as the animal reached the opened grave it stopped, pawed the earth, and collapsed, dead. The police, after assuring themselves that the animal was actually dead, finished their task and departed as quickly as possible. None knew of such an animal in the district, and the drought had killed all free-roaming cattle.

Two men who visited the grave a few days later found no trace of the bull. Tom the Soldier was reprieved from hanging on the grounds of insanity.

**THE HAUNTED HILLS:** (of Gippsland, Victoria). These hills lie between the central Gippsland towns of Yallourn and Morwell. Mobs of cattle and horses driven over these hills invariably began to panic on the western side. At least one stockman was killed in the ensuing stampedes. The drovers themselves often heard the sounds of a phantom mob coming to meet them. Two who rode out to investigate returned to their mates whitefaced, saying only that they'd heard strange noises. They indicated a desire to move on quickly. One theory about the hills is that they contain brown coal which has partially burnt out, producing peculiar echoes. This theory has not been put to test, and there is a notable lack of any animals grazing on the slopes of those sinister hills.

## Hauntings In The 1920s

Alienists, parapsychologists, and spiritualists could have field days with some of these contemporary cases.

**THE GUYRA POLTERGEIST:** The Guyra Poltergeist began activity on April 1st, 1921, in the small town of Guyra in the New England district of New South Wales. It was widely reported and extremely successful (if such a term can be used of a poltergeist) which plagued the

house of a local council worker nightly for at least a month. Rocks and pebbles were thrown, and the house rocked on its foundations.

The phenomena defied all attempts to prove human agency, including an eighty-strong cordon round the house for several all-night vigils, a "spirit-break" plowed around the house at such a distance that any stone thrower would have to cross it, and a variety of elaborate traps, including one set by the local doctor within the house without the knowledge of the family concerned.

The nervous locals managed to shoot a small girl (not seriously injured), a horse, a dog, wandering cattle, and numerous tree stumps. Other interesting occurrences during the haunt were messages from the dead, delivered to the family's twelve year old daughter, an unsuccessful spiritualist visit, and the nervous collapse of the Guyra sergeant of police. The poltergeist eventually faded from the newspapers, unsolved, though the disappearance of a local lady, 87-year-old Mrs. Doran, has been linked to the haunting.

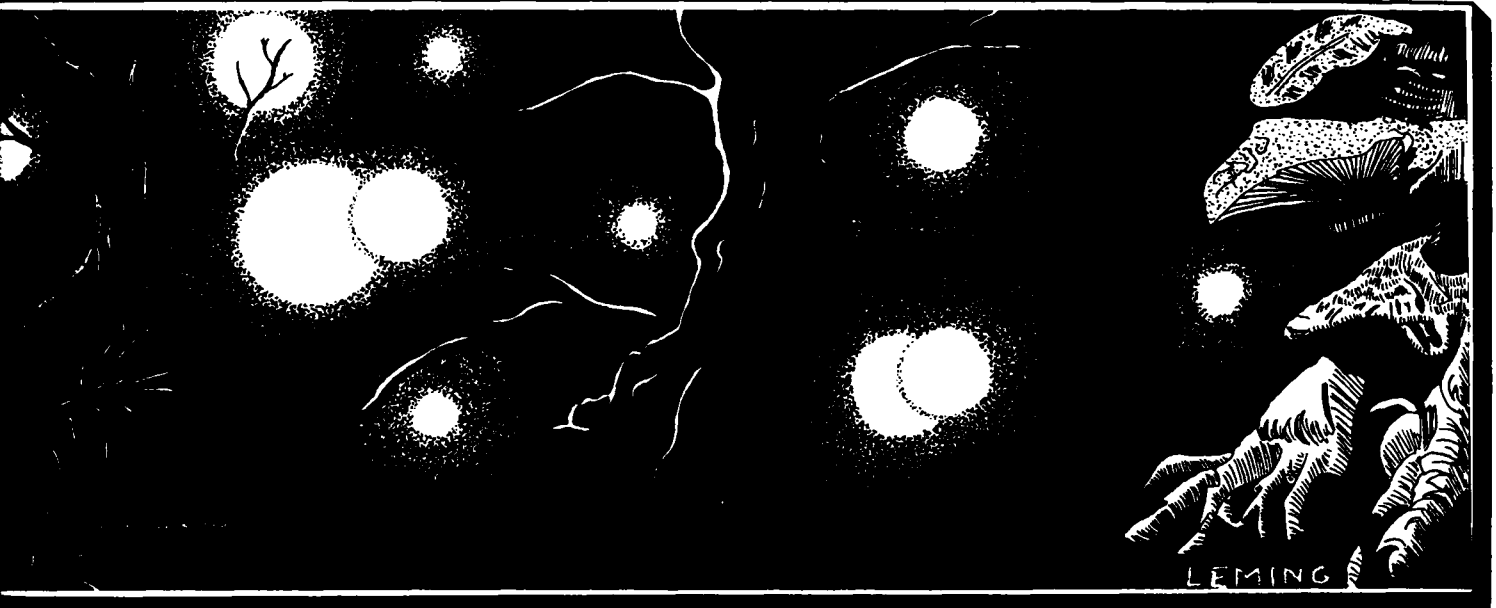
**BLACK WRAITH OF YARRALUMLA:** (Canberra). Although this story actually dates to the 1870s, it is accorded 1920s status because of an article appearing in the *Sydney Sun*, on 21 December, 1925.

Yarralumla, the residence of Australia's Governor-General in Canberra, is sometimes haunted by the dark ghost of an Aboriginal under a century-old deodar tree on the grounds.

In 1881, an odd, unsigned manuscript was found at the site which eventually became Yarralumla. Many texts present it. The manuscript is quoted below:

"In 1826, a large diamond was stolen from James Cobbity, on an obscure station in Queensland. The theft was traced to one of the convicts who had run away, probably to New South Wales. The convict was captured in 1858, but the diamond could not be traced; neither would the convict (name unknown) give any information, in spite of frequent floggings.





Min-Min Lights.

"During 1842 he left a statement to a groom, and a map of the hiding-place of the diamond.

"The groom, for a minor offense, was sent to Berrima Gaol. He was clever with horses, and one day, when left to his duties, plaited a rope of straw and then escaped by throwing it over the wall, where he caught an iron bar. Passing it over, he swung himself down and escaped. He and his family lived out west for several years, according to the Reverend James Hassall who, seeing him live honestly, did not think it necessary to inform against him. I have no reason to think he tried to sell the diamond. Probably the ownership of a thing so valuable would bring suspicion and lead to his re-arrest.

"After his death his son took possession of the jewel, and with a trusty blackfellow set off for Sydney. After leaving Cooma for Queanbeyan they met with, it was afterwards ascertained, a bush-ranging gang. The blackfellow and his companion became separated, and finally the former was captured and searched, to no avail, for he had swallowed the jewel.

"The gang, in anger, shot him. He was buried in a piece of land belonging to Colonel Gibbes, and later Mr. Campbell. [Here the writer is referring to Yarralumla itself.] I believe the diamond to be among his bones. It is of great value. My hand is enfeebled with age, or I should describe the trouble through which I have passed. My life has been wasted, my money expended, I die almost destitute, and in sight of my goal.

"I believe the grave to be under the large deodar-tree. Being buried by blacks, it would be in a round hole.

"Believe and receive a fortune. Scoff and leave the jewel in its hiding-place."

Apparently no one has believed; it must be assumed that the jewel still lies hidden somewhere on the grounds of Yarralumla. An old gardener told an inquirer in the 1950s that he believed the burial mound of the Aboriginal lay not near the tree, but in a plot of land near the private entrance to the house. This land was returned to make lawn in his time (post-1920s) and the mound covering the

bones and the diamond was covered over, its location lost. The gardener believed that the ghost no longer feared discovery of his secret, and had left Yarralumla forever.

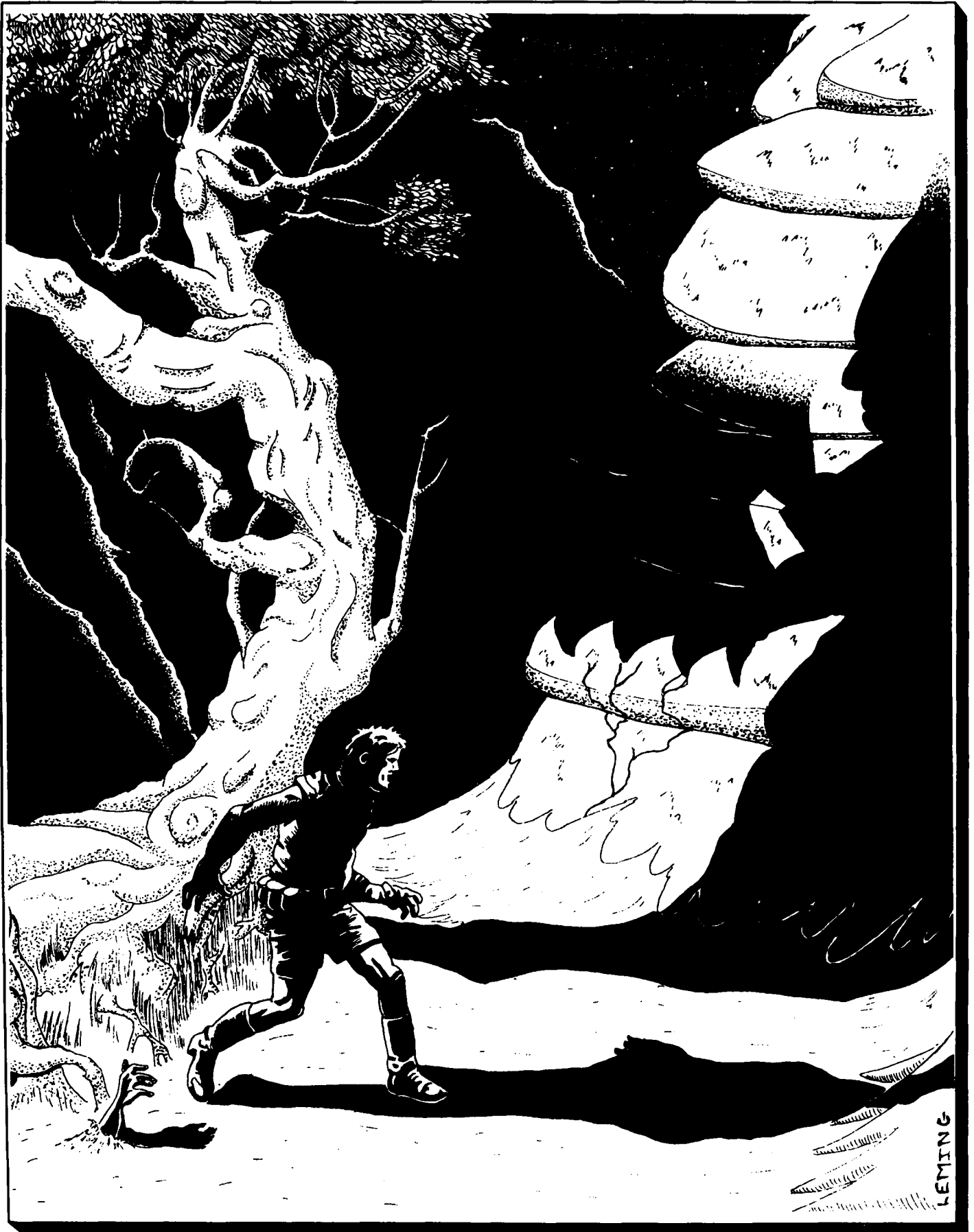
**"DEAD MEN'S CAMPFIRES:"** The elusive mystery lights occasionally seen in the outback deserve a mention: one is the *Min-min* light of Queensland, an airy, 'greeny-glary' ball of light which travels about five feet off the ground. It is probably the product of the mud springs which abound in the area.

**THE BLAIRMORE LIGHT:** It first appeared on Christmas Eve, 1920, after the death of the local mailman following a sulky accident during a fierce electrical storm. Because rigor mortis had not set in by the time the man was buried, the Burnett Aborigines declared that he was not dead, and would become a "debil-debil." The light glows rather like a lantern, floating about four feet off the ground. Numerous people have followed it in vain, but only one man has ever got close enough to see it properly. In the best story-tellers' tradition, he refuses to talk about what he saw.

## Night of the Hoodoo Ship

The *City of York* was a 1,218 ton iron-hulled bark traveling from Seattle to Fremantle (on the West Australian coast) with a load of timber in 1899. Alex Anderson, the ship's carpenter, chose a strange way to pass his time. He began to carve a small oblong box — a coffin — with a tiny corpse to go inside it. His fellow crewmen were convinced that such an uncanny artifact would bring a "hoodoo" on the ship, and disaster would strike.

They made a deputation of protest to Captain Phillip Jones, who meant to allay their fears by talking to Anderson, but forgot to do so. After all, the carpenter's off-duty activities were his own affair. There was little cause for worry in any case, as the *City of York* made



A Quiet Night in N.S.W.

excellent time in idyllic weather conditions, and she was heading for Fremantle, then the safest port on the Australian coast.

Meanwhile, the three-masted, 1,480 ton bark *Carlisle Castle* arrived at Fremantle on the morning of Wednesday, July 12th, with a cargo of iron pipes from Liverpool. She never sighted the Rottnest Island lighthouse at the mouth of the harbor. Sometime after dawn, she ran headlong onto jagged rock, and sank with horrifying rapidity. All 22 men on board were lost. The ship was eventually found because the tip of the mainsail just emerged from the sea. The ship, all sails still fully set, was lying on the reefbed below.

At dusk, the same day, the *City of York* sighted the lighthouse and signaled for a pilot. Both available pilots had already been despatched to assist other ships, so the lighthouse keeper lit a bonfire to tell the *York* to wait. Captain Jones misinterpreted this to mean "proceed ahead to pick up pilot." The darkness hid the impending calamity from the lighthouse keeper, and Captain Jones headed straight for the bonfire. The *York* broke her back on Horseshoe Reef, on the western shore of Rottnest Island.

The sailors, convinced the hoodoo had caught up with them, panicked. The first boat to be launched capsized; eleven men, including Jones, drowned. The second boat barely made it to shore. The ship's negro cook, Alex Burke, fished four men out of the water as the ship's stern and the seven men clinging to it was sucked into the rising sea.

The wreck was made doubly tragic by the previous disaster; bonfires lit on Rottnest to alert authorities to the wreck of the *York* were thought to concern the *Carlisle Castle* — it was inconceivable that two shipwrecks could occur on the same day, just outside such a busy, safe, harbor. The remaining crew were picked up at first light on the 13th of July, by a steam tug's dinghy, maneuvering through heavy seas attached to a cable.

Official investigators placed the blame for the disaster on Captain Jones, but old hands knew it was the hoodoo.

A few days after the wreck, a boy playing amidst the debris washed ashore on Rottnest beach found the gruesome little coffin carved by Anderson. The tiny corpse was still inside.

# Australian Timeline

*Interesting events and disasters  
in Australia for the years 1920 through 1929.*

## Events

**1920** First Royal Tour of Australia since 1901, by the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII); Australian Country Party formed, from parliamentarians representing rural districts; Communist Party of Australia forms after a split from the Australian Labor Party; Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Services (QANTAS) begins air taxi and parcel-carrying services; A. C. Howard's rotary hoe undergoes tests at Gilgandra, New South Wales.

**1921** The first direct wireless press message sent from England to Australia; the Commonwealth Government Line begins offering fast passage between Australia and Britain, using Bay-class ships; Ford Motor Company starts assembling cars in Australia; new laws in the USA restricting immigration, particularly from Southern Europe, brings about a rise in emigration from those countries to Australia; it is believed that the population of the Aborigines is at its lowest ever.

**1922** The Nationalists lose ground in the Federal Election, while Country Party numbers rise; in the Queensland Parliament, the incumbent Labor Party succeeds in abolishing the Legislative Council (the Upper House), making Queensland the only non-bicameral Parliament in Australia; police patrol cars in Victoria are the first to be fitted with radios.

**1923** William Hughes ("the little digger"), the Nationalist Prime Minister, is forced to resign as a condition of the new Nationalist/Country Party coalition Government, and Stanley Melbourne Bruce (the new Nationalist leader) becomes Prime Minister, with Dr. Earle Page (CP leader) as Treasurer; work commences in Canberra (chosen to be the Federal Capital in 1913) on the new Parliament House, and in Sydney on the North Shore (Sydney Harbour) Bridge, not completed until 1932; the Sydney to Brisbane telephone line is opened (Sydney-Melbourne was connected in 1907, and Melbourne-Adelaide in 1914); the first wireless station, 2SB in Sydney, commences broadcast; the first arrest for drug-trafficking made — Henry McEwan imprisoned for 6 months for opium dealing; police in Victoria go on strike, resulting in several nights of rioting; returned servicemen step in voluntarily until new constables are trained — none of the strikers are reinstated.

**1924** The first aerial circumnavigation of Australia undertaken by Wing Commander S. J. Goble and Flight Officer E. Macintyre, flying a Fairey IIID sea-plane (they receive the 1924 Britannia Trophy for their efforts); gramophone records first manufactured in Australia (the "Brunswick" label); General Motors enters into an agreement with Holden Brothers of Adelaide, whereby Holden fits their car bodies to imported GM chassis; an Act is passed to make voting compulsory in Federal elections; the motion picture business expanded with the



construction of grand new "picture palaces" (the Winter Garden Theatre in Adelaide is soon followed by the Capitol in Melbourne and the Prince Edward in Sydney); wireless stations split into A and B class stations, the former financed by listeners' fees, the latter by advertising; the world's first auto header (motorized harvester) built in Australia.

**1925** The US Navy fleet visits Australia; the first regular airmail run between Melbourne and Sydney commences; the Prickly Pear Board releases 30,000 eggs of the moth *Cactoblastis cactorum* to combat the former domestic plant which had overrun thousands of acres.

**1926** The population exceeds 6,000,000; Council for Scientific and Industrial Research (CSIR) formed; the shortlived Western Australian Secession League created to promote the idea of Western Australia as a separate dominion; pasteurized milk sold for the first time in Perth.

**1927** The Federal Parliament transferred from Melbourne to its new home in Canberra, the House opened by the Duke (later King George VI) and Duchess of York; the Government sells the Commonwealth Line to private enterprise; the Queensland Government declares open season on koalas for three months, the only time this happened since Federation — 600,000 are killed; gangland figures Squizzy Taylor and Snowy Cutmore shoot and mortally wound each other in the house of Cutmore's mother in Carlton, Melbourne.

**1928** Bert Hinkler fulfills his dream to be the first to fly solo from England to Australia (he had previously attempted the feat in 1920), taking 15 1/2 days; three months later Charles Kingsford Smith ("Smithy"), Charles Ulm, and two Americans, H. Lyon and J. Warner (navigator and wireless operator), fly their Fokker F VIIb-3m trimotor *Southern Cross* from Oakland, California to Brisbane, the first trans-Pacific flight; Rev. John Flynn of the Australian Inland Mission establishes the Flying Doctor Service at Cloncurry, Queensland, sending medical advice over the wireless or dispatching an aircraft with doctor to the scene; the first telegraph carrier system begins operating between Sydney and Melbourne; near Coniston, Northern Territory, bush Aborigines kill a dingo shooter after he took a woman without offering due payment, another group attacks and wounds a station holder, and in response 32 Aborigines are killed, an act which a court of inquiry finds to be justified.

**1929** John Scullin, heading the Labor Party, becomes Prime Minister after the October election, though the Coalition retains control of the Senate; a picturegram service begins between Sydney and Melbourne, sending photographs for the newspapers; Kingsford Smith and Ulm vanish over Northwest Australia on their way to London — they are found unharmed, but two of the searchers die, prompting an angry public to blame the tragedy on a publicity stunt; the Vagrancy (Amendment) Act is passed by the Government of New South Wales, making it illegal to consort with known criminals, a law succeeding in its objective of defeating the Sydney gangs; the Waterside Workers' Federation strike, begun in September 1928, lasts until December in Melbourne, and Italian migrants are employed as strike-breakers, leading to racial hatred, violence and bombings; in New South Wales a coal miner lock-out begins in February and lasts 16 months, reaching its peak in December when 2 miners are killed when the Government sends non-union labor in under police protection to work the Rothbury mine; the Queensland Protector of Aborigines, Bleakley, advises the Federal Government that Aborigines in contact with white society should be assimilated, but that tribal groups should have inviolable reserves designated for them.

## Disasters

**1920** A cyclone hits the Atherton Tablelands in NE Queensland, and coastal regions; NW Tasmania ravaged by an extremely severe bushfire [the worst since 1897]; the barquentine *Southern Cross* vanishes in Bass Strait with her crew of 11; a train at Hurstbridge, New South Wales, piles into the back of another, killing 5 people; a timber-carrying train crashes near Wokalup, Western Australia, claiming 9 lives.

**1921** A massive cyclone buffets Western Australia between the towns of Roebourne and Geraldton; a fire guts eleven buildings in Perth's centre; fires rake NE Tasmania; SS *Our Jack* goes down at the mouth of the Manning River, New South Wales — five are lost; the following day in the same locale 30 die when a gale hits SS *Fitzroy* and sinks her; on one of the first flights of West Australian Airways between Derby and Geraldton, the plane crashes, killing pilot and engineer; the colliery at Mt. Mulligan in Queensland explodes, taking 75 lives; in December, 6 miners die when a cage tumbles down the shaft at the Golden Horseshoe mine in Kalgoorlie, Western Australia.

**1922** Sir Ross Smith and Lt. J. M. Bennett die at Brooklands testing an aircraft for a round-the-world flight [the pair were part of a crew which successfully flew from the UK to Australia in 1919 in record time].

**1923** A cyclone sweeps the Torres Strait Islands, Cape York Peninsula and Groote Eylandt Mission, during which the SS *Douglas Mawson* is lost in the Gulf of Carpentaria. SS *City of Singapore* catches fire while docked in Port Adelaide — three firemen killed in a petrol explosion; in September, a mine explosion at the Bellbird colliery near Cessnock, NSW, kills 21 miners.

**1925** A cyclone hits the coast of Western Australia NE of Port Hedland; the Murrumbidgee River floods, the worst in her history, causing a million pounds damage around Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, alone; at Traveston, Queensland, 10 killed when a carriage from a derailed train topples off a bridge.

**1926** Bushfires burn for a month in New South Wales, ranging from Dubbo to Albury, claiming two lives; in Victoria, statewide bushfires leave 31 dead; it's a bad year for trains, with three people killed at Caulfield, Victoria; five die when a derailment causes a trestle bridge to collapse at Aberdeen, New South Wales; in New South Wales, at Murulla, a passenger train collides with goods wagons, killing 27; in January, an explosion in the Redhead colliery, NSW, kills five miners.

**1927** Cairns and surrounds damaged by cyclone winds; SE districts of Tasmania afflicted by fires; *Calava*, a steam collier, sinks off Terrigal, New South Wales, taking 7 with her; on November 3rd the Sydney ferry *Greycliffe* is sliced in half by the ocean liner *Tahiti*, with over 40 lives lost.

**1928** Floods caused by cyclone activity severely affect three river valleys in Queensland; J. Moncrieff and G. Hood, attempting to be the first to fly from Australia to New Zealand, vanish without trace; a flash flood in Tasmania leaves 4,500 homeless in Launceston, destroys a tin mine, and kills 14 when a dam near Derby bursts; many areas in New South Wales experience bushfires; pilots K. Anderson and R. Hitchcock, in the *Kookaburra*, die of thirst after being forced to land during the search for Kingsford Smith's plane *Southern Cross*.

**1929** A flash flood in Tasmania leaves 4500 homeless in Launceston, destroying a tin mine, and killing 14 when a dam near Derby bursts; many areas in New South Wales experience bushfires.

# The Aborigines

*These Australian peoples are a fragment from an earlier time of Man. Their ways and songs refresh our understanding of human vision and human wisdom.*

*As a race the aborigines are polite, proper in their behaviour, modest, unassuming, gay, fond of jokes and laughter, and skillful mimics. Even in rough horseplay they seldom lose their temper. Some possess a fund of humour. They are by nature frank, open and confiding, of a lively disposition and cheerful under all sorts of privation; sometimes they show great delicacy of feeling. In many things the aborigine is scrupulously honest; and his morality, according to his lights and teaching, is as high as among the generality of uneducated white people. Inter-tribal etiquette is punctilious, and breaches of it lead to fighting. Many aborigines show great courage.*

— William Ramsay Smith, M.A., D.Sc., M.D.  
The Australian Encyclopedia, 1925.

*Of a dark coffee-brown complexion, rather than actually black, the Australian stands not much short of the European in height; his body and arms are usually well developed, but his legs are very lean, and destitute of calves.... His head is long and narrow, with a low brow prominent just above the eyes, but receding thence in a very marked degree. The nose, proceeding from a narrow base, broadens outwardly to a squat end, the eyes on either side of its thin root appearing drawn together. The face bulges into high cheek bones. The mouth is big and uncouth, the jawbone contracted, the upper jaw projecting over the lower, with large white teeth; the chin cut away, the lips coarse and flexible. The whole head and face, and often the whole person, is covered in a profusion of hair, which, when freed of its usual enclogging oil and dirt, is soft and glossy — silky not woolly. His ears are rather pricked forward....*

— Chambers Encyclopedia, 1923.

## Archaeological Australia

The Aborigines have been in Australia a very long time. They probably came to the continent through the island chains of Indonesia, Timor, and Indochina. Two sites in the southeast of the continent have been reliably dated to at least 50,000 years old. It is doubtful that archeologists have yet found the earliest sites, which are probably in the north continent, a region difficult to reach. In any case, the very earliest evidence of human occupation would now be under the sea. Claims for evidence of humans occupation 150,000 to 120,000 years ago have been made; if these are substantiated, archeologists will have to radically rethink the history of mankind in Australia. Some scientists are even arguing that Homo

sapiens may have evolved in Australia, after the recent discovery of a shell midden 80,000 years old in Victoria, plus findings on Lake Mungo, a dry salt pan in South Australia.

The earliest human remains found on the continent are those of a thin-boned (*gracile*) female Homo sapiens. This young woman died 32,000 years ago, on the shores of Lake Mungo. At that time the lake teemed with fish and waterfowl, and was surrounded by fertile marsh and forest land of beeches, tree ferns, and mangroves. This rich environment allowed leisure for a thriving cultural life; her body was ritually ornamented and her bones burnt and broken — the earliest known cremation. Further exploration along the ancient shoreline yielded other skeletons, including a thick-boned (*robust*) skeleton approximately 28,000 years old. This is unusual; primitive robust types normally do not evolve from gracile-boned people (quite the reverse). One possible explanation is that the gracile people settled (or evolved in) the continent first, and the robust arrived later, presumably during one of the low sea periods of the Pleistocene or Ice Age, when the north coast of Australia could be reached over 50 kilometers of open sea, after a series of shorter voyages.

Worked tools 26,000 years old, and middens 32,000 and 80,000 years old have been found. Boomerangs and barbed spears found in Wylie Swamp (South Australia), dating from 10,000 years ago, were preserved while their surroundings turned slowly to peat; these represent the earliest examples of these weapons as yet found anywhere in the world. Ground axeblades (as opposed to chipped blades) from Arnhem Land are also the earliest examples known, dating back 23,000 years. Artifacts unearthed in Tasmania indicate that Aborigines hunted wallabies within sight of glaciers; they were the southernmost existing people at that time.

Dingoes and some new tools are first recorded 6,000 years ago. At this time a no-longer-extant continent the size of India, comprising modern-day Indonesia, Borneo and Java, was slowing transforming into the world's largest archipelago; the extensive trade network then existing with Asia suffered as rising seas drove people from their traditional lands and into conflict with tribes further inland. Doubtless some fled to Australia, bringing their dogs, their language, and their tools.

In the 1920s, those who fled were postulated to be the first the Aborigines. No real archeological work was done until 1929.

The ancestors of the Aborigines were the world's earliest mariners and the first known to cremate their dead. They adapted and survived when the end of the Ice Age turned colossal stretches of lakes, marshes and rain forest into desert and brine lakes. They discovered and settled the continent while the Americas were still devoid of human life. The last major crisis of their culture (prior to the arrival of European settlers) was the rising of the seas, which ceased 7,000 years ago. All facts gathered support the Aboriginal oral traditions, which say that they have inhabited the continent since before Time began.

## Three Pre-European Sites

**KOONALDA CAVE:** a limestone sinkhole in the Nullarbor Plain, a wide, flat, and, stony stretch of South Australia. Archeological exploration (circa 1971) confirmed that people mined flint from the cave between 24,000 and 14,000,000 years ago.

The first chamber is 100 yards from the entrance and 76 yards below the surface of the Nullarbor Plain. Hearths, quarrying and process residue were found here. The first cave is dimly lit, but the rest are in total darkness. The caves are the size of cathedrals, joined by narrow passages and steep, boulder-covered slopes. Some caves hold still, black lakes. In some places the wall surface is soft and friable, the color and texture of compacted talcum powder. In these places the walls are covered with randomly crisscrossing sets of parallel finger marks. In other places harder rock holds incised markings, including two sets of concentric circles eight inches in diameter, and one design where 74 diagonal incised markings are set in a row below 37 finger markings.

The designs may have had something to do with a religious or ritual activity which accompanied the mining. All the designs are in complete darkness; they would not have been done to while away the time.

**WILGIE MIA:** An ochre mine in the Murchison district of Western Australia. It continued production until 1939. Ochre is a pigmented rock prized in prehistoric Australia. Red ochre was the most valued pigment. Wilgie Mia was known as "the place of fabulous wealth" to all western tribes, and its fame may have extended as far as Queensland. When first discovered by white explorers, the mine had been in production at least a thousand years. Wilgie, a smaller hill nearby, had been mined for ochre before Wilgie Mia, which makes it even more ancient.

At Wilgie Mia, the northern side of the hill, Ngankurakura, was open-cut, 15-30 yards wide, and 20 yards deep. The cut leads into a cavern from which numerous small caves and galleries branch off, formed as the miners followed seams of red and yellow ochre. Miners battered at the rock with heavy stone mauls, prying out the ochre with fire-hardened wooden wedges. Scaffolding held workers at different heights. Lumps of stone were carried to the top of the northern slope, where they were broken up. Then the ochre was removed and

pulverized, dampened with water, and worked into balls for trade.

Aborigines say that the ochre was formed by the death of a giant kangaroo, who was speared by the spirit Mondong. The kangaroo leapt in his death agony to Wilgie Mia, where the red ochre represents his blood, the yellow his liver, and the green his gall. His last leap took the kangaroo to Little Wilgie, which marks his grave.

Aborigines regarded the mine with fear. Only elders who were its spiritual heirs could work safely there. Areas dangerous for the uninitiated to enter were marked with piles of stones, and no mining implements could be taken away. People left the site walking backwards and swept away their tracks, lest the spirit Mondong follow and kill them.

**STONE VILLAGE:** Eel traps built at Mt. William, recorded by George Augustus Robinson, an escaped convict, in 1841, consisted of a whole series of canals and earth emplacements dug between two swamps; artificial channels up to 400 yards long connected the two swamps 1.5 miles apart. These conserved water in drought, made eel catching easier, and supported stone villages which were inhabited each spring and autumn. The houses were U-shaped with yard-high low stone walls, and low ceilings of rushes, reeds, and sheets of bark supported on a timber frame. Most houses were around three yards in diameter and probably housed a single family. Over 700 people lived in one such village.

The Lake Coondah village was built on an isthmus between lakes full of waterfowl. Emus, plains turkeys, kangaroos, and plants all were available for food when the eels were scarce. Lake Coondah probably was lived in year-round. This complex of villages and canals was inhabited for at least two millennia. Within a few decades of white settlement of the region, the villages and eel traps fell into disrepair as the Aborigines were forced off the land. The villages were rediscovered in the 1970s.

## Way Of Life

Australia is roughly the size of North America, excluding Alaska. Naturally the people who dwell in this vast land possessed a wide variety of customs, beliefs, and artifacts. The following information is thus a broad generalization, with an occasional specific piece of information added where appropriate. To accurately indicate the vast cultural diversity among the Aborigines is far beyond the scope of this essay. At their peak, approximately 500 tribes existed, ranging from 100 to 1500 members each, with an average of around 500. The total population probably exceeded 250,000.

Though the entire tribe might gather for big occasions and ceremonies, normally it split into clans. In bad seasons they might further split up to the smallest social unit, spreading out by hearth group, which consisted of one man, his wife or wives, and their children.

The traditional life is that of the hunter-gatherer. No native species of Australian animal is suitable for domestication. The only animal domesticated prior to the European invasion was the dingo, a semi-wild dog which arrived less than 7,000 years ago. Australia's climate is



generally arid and capable of violent extremes unfavorable to agriculture, especially in the north, where existed the only contact with outside lands.

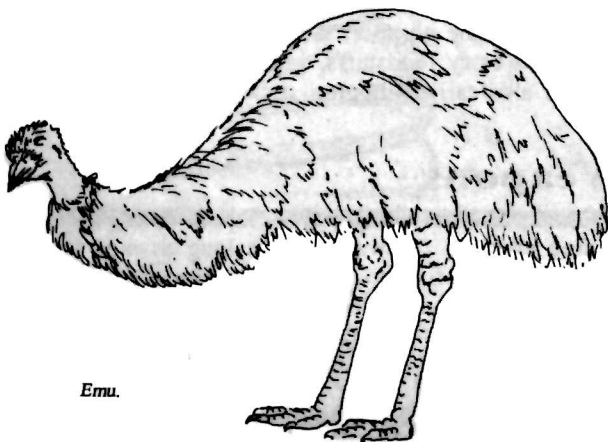
In the north, pottery and rice-growing were introduced by the Macassans whose *trepan* (sea-slug) harvesting expeditions continued from 1640 to 1903. Before them came the mysterious Bainu, who had sailing ships. Rice-growing never became common, since it restricted the grower to a single food source in a land where reliance on a wide variety of foodstuff was necessary — if one source of food failed, others could be utilized. Pottery, of course, is useless to nomads. Hence these innovations never reached the inland areas, where they might have been adopted. In any case, the land was rich in a diversity of animal and vegetable life, and Aborigines normally ate a better and more varied diet than many 18th and 19th century Europeans.

Labor was segregated by sex; men hunted the larger animals (kangaroos, wallabies and emus), while women gathered edible plants. Both sexes caught small animals for the pot — reptiles, possums, fish. The man's contribution was more spectacular but less reliable, though vital in bad seasons; the woman's contribution formed the bulk of the daily diet.

Likewise, religious ceremonies were segregated: women were not permitted in men's sacred rituals and vice versa, though secular corroborees existed which involved everybody alike. At times, European (male) anthropologists have assumed that only men had ceremonies of any importance, since the tribe deliberately excluded them from the female ceremonies.

## Food

Coast-dwellers ate fish, seals, shellfish, turtles, eels, seabirds, and (in the north) dugong. Inland, grass seed formed an important part of the diet. The seed was crushed with stones and cooked into small flatcakes. The pith of the grass tree, bracken fern stems, lily and yam tubers, bush tomatoes (a dull-colored, tangerine-sized fruit), "bananas" (the root of a vine), and various insects were also eaten. Antbed, the interior of the gigantic termite mounds of the Center, also was eaten, along with the insects which made it, and the echidnas (or spiny anteater) which ate them. Echidna and antbed were often eaten together, like fish and chips. Over 200 edible plants have been identified in Queensland alone.



Emu.

Emus, emu eggs, kangaroos, and other animals were roasted in a "native hearth." A hole was dug and lined with rocks, then a fire lit atop them till they were hot. The carcass was placed on the rocks and the whole covered with earth, to keep the heat in. After a few hours the feast was dug up and consumed.

Ceremonial foods fed large gatherings of people at certain times of the year. Bogong moths, for example, migrated to the eastern highlands to avoid the heat of summer; millions of these estivated in certain caves, where they could be scraped up, roasted, pulped into cakes, and eaten. The arrival of the moths signaled a big gathering and ceremony for the people of the highlands. In Arnhem Land and Cape York (and New Guinea), stromboli (the odd reproductive structure of the cycad *Macrozamia*) was eaten and used as ceremonial food. Stromboli have an extremely high protein content, are highly toxic and contain one of the most potent carcinogens known. The fruit, which looks rather like a large, brightly-colored pineapple, has to be either soaked in running water or stored until it is frothing with fermentation, to leach out the poison. The knowledge necessary to prepare stromboli was probably imported from New Guinea over 13,000 years ago.

Maximum utilization of the environment was characteristic of Aboriginal society. Their seasonal movement ensured that they did not over-exploit it. This movement also enabled them to take advantage of seasonal gluts of certain foods.

Careful burning extended the range of fruit plants, cycads, and yams, and made them all yield at around the same time. Burning also cleared old vegetation and encouraged the growth of new grass, making travel easier and encouraging the spread of game (for this reason Aborigines are often known as "firestick farmers"). Yams planted on offshore islands and prohibitions against hunting near sacred sites (except in dire emergency), also maintained some food reserves. Cycads could be stored underground, and wild grain harvested when green, and threshed later. Fruit seeds were spat out near camps; regular camps could often be found by the large number of nearby fruit plants. Normally, a few hours' work provided food for the day, leaving abundant time for the development of a rich social and religious life.

Hospitality was ingrained and automatic; the survival of every individual was dependent on the cooperation of the group. However, a stranger (one who could not speak the tribal dialect) was fair game, and probably was killed as a law-breaker: why else would he wander so far from home?

Each tribe kept to its own range. Ties to the land were founded on religious beliefs, which included a practical duty to ensure the constant renewal of animal, vegetable, and human life through complex ceremony. Naturally, no tribe knew another's territory as they did their own, which meant they could not eat or drink as well, and would constantly be afraid of unwittingly intruding into sacred sites, or of offending spirits and not knowing how to placate them. Different clans within a tribe normally stayed within their own part of the tribal area. Clans left their lands when food or water supplies failed, in case of

war, and for big corroborees and seasonal meetings. At these meetings, marriages, initiations, and trade and judicial arrangements were made.

Warfare was made in retaliation for insult (perceived or actual), or alleged sorcerous attacks. War to conquer territory was foreign to the Aboriginal way of thinking: what could one do with someone else's land? Any invaders could never have the Dreaming which was the core of the land and their lives. That Dreaming would always belong to the original inhabitants, and the intruders would have lost their own Dreaming, their own spirit home. Hence the confusion over the arrival of the Europeans; it was an attack from an entirely alien race.

Trade thrived. Little barter existed for food, but objects such as high-quality axe stone, spinifex gum, possum-skin cloaks, ochre, baler (mother-of-pearl) shell and quartz crystals were traded eagerly. Salt, honey, and similar delicacies also were sought. European axes, knives, and odds and ends such as porcelain insulators from the Kimberley telegraph lines were also in demand. Ochre, essential for some rituals, was the most valuable substance; expeditions were made from western Queensland to the Yarrakina mine in the Flinders Ranges, South Australia, for the iridescent red ochre mined there. Pituri (native tobacco) and, later, European tobacco were also traded all over the continent. Pituri grew in Queensland and Central Australia, and was psychotropic. It had to be mixed with wood ash to reduce the hallucinogenic effect.

Many of the trade routes remained in use even after fences cut them up; they often followed the Dreaming paths of great spirit beings, and were important for both religion and trade.

In the 1920s, the only Aboriginals following the traditional lifestyle were in the dry lands, where white settlers were scarce. Even so, they were often obliged to mingle life in whitefella's world with their normal ways. Traditional life has been obliterated from most of Victoria and New South Wales. Still, many Aboriginals lived in the outback — as late as the 1930s there were still tribes which had never encountered a white man.

## Artifacts And Tools

The most useful tool of the Australian nomads was fire. With it, they changed the vegetation and animal life of an entire continent. Fire could be a signal, indicate direction (plunged into successive clumps of spinifex), drive game into the hunters' nets or spears, keep off insects, make warmth, light the dark, keep open paths through dense scrub, and, through regular burnings, clear old growth — encouraging the growth of new grass which in turn attracted game. Traditionally, every part of tribal territory was burnt over every 3 to 4 years, except for those rare areas which produced valuable vegetable food but were vulnerable to fire. Such areas were protected with strong prohibitions and, more importantly, firebreaks.

In general, land not burned-over was regarded as a waste of the most valuable resource. European explorers noted the Aboriginals' casual use of fire; many marched with burning firesticks all day, setting brush alight with the slightest provocation and never putting out any fire

once lit. They could tell inhabited from uninhabited land by whether or not a smoke pall hung over it. Nevertheless, few serious accidents occurred, and these regular small blazes prevented the devastating bushfires which have raged across the continent since the traditional practices ceased.

Therefore, modern Australian flora and fauna is a man-made artifact. The arrival of the firestick heralded the end of the beech and tree-fern forests and encouraged the rise of the fire-resistant eucalypts, which now form the characteristic flora. The original vegetation survives in strips protected because they were useful for particular purposes. The end result of this continuous burning was a landscape of wide meadows and tall, open eucalyptus forests, interspersed with occasional belts of rainforest in the temperate zones. Once the traditional burning-off practices ceased, the broad meadows transformed into thick scrub which dries out in summer, forming enormous fire traps.

The firestick allowed fire to be carried from camp to camp, and provided light when traveling at night. At its simplest it is a flaming branch, with the staying power of the fire reliant upon the combustibility of the wood. The most effective firesticks aren't sticks at all, but soaked gum-tree bark (often in the form of one of the women's carrying dishes), lined with wet green leaves and filled with hot coals from yesterday's fire. The coals could be carried to the new camp, saving the trouble of lighting a new fire. To build a fire from scratch, the Aboriginals commonly drilled or sawed one stick against another, to create a fire by friction.

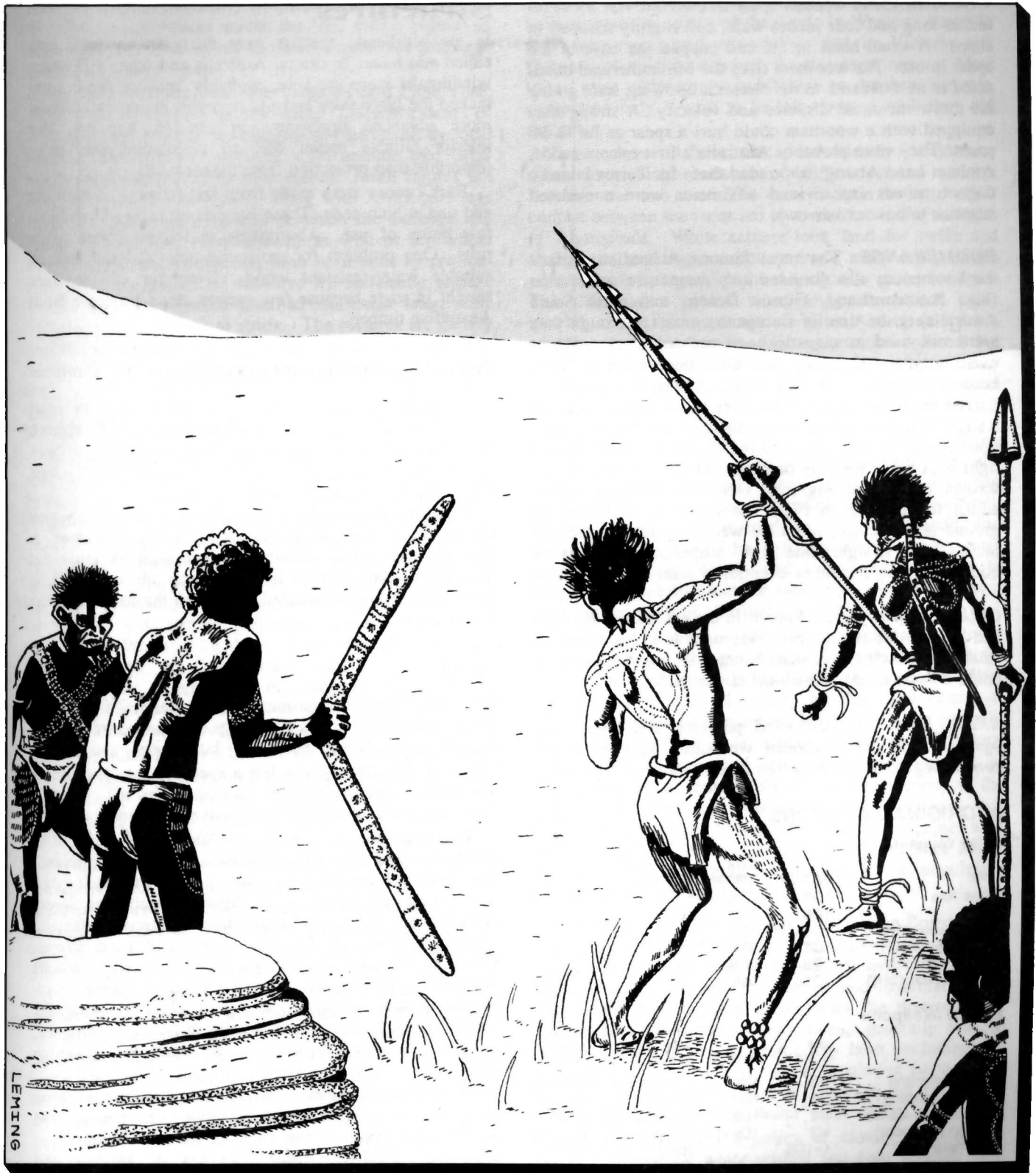
Ceremonial artifacts include carefully-guarded quartz crystals, australite (meteor fragments), and trees with ritual designs carved or burnt into them to mark graves or sacred areas. Bora rings were ceremonial grounds: an inner circle was stamped by the dancers' feet, an outer ring was used as a path. These rings were used for ceremonies (corroborees), initiations, and festivals. Flat stone circles and lines were also used in initiation ceremonies.

More conventional tools included a variety of stone and bone scrapers, blades, knives, and chisels. Bone-pronged spears, fishing lines and shell fishhooks, nets and (in Tasmania) a diving technique were used for fishing. Nets were also used to catch emus, bats, and birds. Such nets were made from native flax fiber, knitted with wooden needles. In the east, dilly bags were also made from flax; in the west a bark dish known as a coolaman served the same purpose. Such containers were used by women to carry foodstuffs, grinding stones, and babies. Women also carried digging sticks, and sometimes short spears.

## Weapons

**SPEARS:** The most important weapon, heavy spears for hunting emus or for war were as long as nine feet and weighed four to five pounds. The spears commonly used were lighter, with a barbed, fire-hardened tip. Such spears were usually carried in bundles.

Death spears consisted of several single-edged stone blades set in rows along a wooden haft with spinifex gum. Such a weapon caused great blood loss. Once it



*Aborigines, Showing Weapons.*

penetrated, the only way of removing the shaft from the victim's body without leaving the barbs in the flesh was to push the entire spear right through. Razor-sharp quartz flakes were used as spearheads before Europeans arrived, after which Aborigines learned to make another even deadlier weapon, the shovel-nosed spear. Spades were

stolen or gifted from outback stations and shaped into heavy but effective weapons, capable of killing bulls with a single blow. Another excellent spearhead material imported by white civilization are the porcelain insulators and copper caps on outback telegraph lines.



**WOOMERAS:** A wooden spear-thrower. It was 25 to 30 inches long and four inches wide, and slightly scooped in shape. A small hook in the end cupped the base of the spear in use. The woomera (like the Mesoamerican atlatl) acted as an extension to the hunter's throwing arm, giving him throw increased distance and velocity. A strong man equipped with a woomera could hurl a spear as far as 90 yards. They were probably Australia's first export goods; Arnhem Land Aborigines traded them for Torres Island's dugout canoes (spears and woomeras were considered superior to bow and arrow).

**BOOMERANGS:** The most famous Australian artifact, the boomerang was not used as a weapon in some areas (e.g., Arnhem Land, Gibson Desert, and north South Australia) at the time of European contact, although they were still used as clapsticks, or archeological evidence exists to show that they had once been used (such as boomerang stencils on rock walls). A boomerang is a flat, curved bar of hardwood from three to six feet long. It has a slight lengthwise twist which steadies it in flight. Proper boomerangs do not return to the thrower, though special light ones made for play or songbirds did. They could be thrown two ways; high, in which the thrower had to adjust for curving in flight; or low, hurled to hit the ground at a distance, when the weapon would bounce off in a fast, straight line. A properly-thrown heavy boomerang can cripple or even kill a man.

**CLUBS:** A heavy club, known in the east as a *rulla rulla* and in the west as a *waddie*, was used to kill a variety of small game such as goannas, bandicoots, and wallabies. It could also be used to finish off larger game.

**AXES:** Stone axes extracted possums and honey and were used to make wooden weapons. After European contact began, they were often made of iron.

## ABORIGINAL WEAPONS

### Melee Weapons

name	damage	base chance	hit points
Stone Axe	1D6+1	20%	12
Club	1D8	25%	20
Death Spear (2H)*†	1D8+1	10%	15
Heavy Spear (2H)*	1D8+1	10%	15
Light Spear (1H)*	1D6+1	10%	10
Shovel Spear (2H)*	1D10+1	10%	20

### Missile Weapons

name	rate of fire	damage	base chance	HP	range in yards
War Boomerang	1/2	1D8	Throw%	8	STR x3
Light Boomerang**	1/2	1D3	Throw%	3	STR x4
Thrown Hvy. Spear	1/2	1D8+1	Throw%	15	STR
Thrown Lt. Spear	1/2	1D6+1	Throw%	10	STR x2
Woomera	1+1D6		20%	8	x2

\* capable of impaling.

† If this weapon impales, in addition to normal impaling damage the victim continues to bleed, losing 1 hit point per round until all the barbs are removed (requiring a separate successful First Aid roll for each of the 1D6 barbs within the victim's flesh). Once it has impaled a victim, the spear becomes an ordinary heavy spear until it is repaired.

\*\* this boomerang returns to the thrower if it misses the target.

a woomera is used in conjunction with a thrown spear; the chance for successful use of the spear drops to that of the woomera. Woomeras increase range and damage, but decrease rate of fire.

## Structures

In the southeast, shelters were fairly sturdy bark huts called *mia mias*. In central Australia and other arid areas, windbreaks were the rule, probably because these areas lacked the large trees and undergrowth necessary to build more advanced structures. In addition, the hot, dry interior climate meant that air circulation was more important than protection from the elements.

Bark canoes were made from large sheets of bark cut and tied at both ends. These became waterlogged within a few hours of use. Aborigines in the northwest made rafts. One problem for early mariners was the lack of suitable water-resistant wood. Outrigger canoes were sought in trade because few canoes could be made from Australian timber.

## Musical Instruments

The didgeridoo (dijeridu) was the only instrument apart from voice and clapsticks. A didgeridoo is a hollow piece of wood four to five feet long with a mouthpiece of wax or hardened gum which, in the hands of an expert, emits a low, rhythmic, droning noise.

Another noise-maker (though it can hardly be considered a musical instrument) was the bullroarer, a flattened piece of wood which, when whirled about the head on a cord, emitted a hollow roar. It was used to warn women and uninitiated men from the males' sacred ceremonies.

## Art

Most Aboriginal ceremonies left no material trace, and those which did, such as bora rings and carved trees, have proved vulnerable to bushfires, bulldozers, and plows. However, the Aborigines left a spectacular collection of art, carved and painted in rock galleries all over the continent. This art is almost exclusively religious.

The great cultural diversity of Australia is mirrored in the diversity of art forms. Tasmanian Aborigines mainly practiced rock engravings, while those on the east coast of the mainland painted small, figurative paintings: lively red and white figures and engravings of animal tracks and circles. Symbolic marks, such as rows of short strokes whose significance is unknown, are also found. Variants occurred around the Sydney region, where rock engraving still flourished; approximately lifesize figures range in subject matter from whales to lyrebirds, dingoes, sailing ships, and what might be a woman in a crinoline dress.

In the Pilbarra region of Western Australia, concentric circles, tracts, lines, and geometric figures have weathered to the same color as the rock, a process which takes millennia. Realistic linear drawings of animals and humans are also found, as well as fantastic pictures: humanoid animals, animals with human heads, and the *Kunungera*. These last are enormous male figures, with forked hands instead of fingers, gigantic genitals, protruding muzzles, and long antenna waving from their heads. Most scientists believe that the *Kunungera* were made by women; they are always found next to water, and usually within a few yards of rock worn smooth from

seed grinding (traditionally women's work). They can be seen for long distances across the flat, sandy, plains, so are unlikely to be involved in ritual; ceremonial paintings were not made obvious.

In the Kimberleys, Northern Territory, and Cape York, visually splendid paintings are found. Lifesize dancers of red ochre and smaller dark figures are attributed by local tribes either to Mimi spirits or a Dreamtime bird (who could see things invisible to humans). Mimi figures are also found in Arnhem Land, along with X-ray paintings — formal, intricate paintings in which the skeleton and some internal organs are shown, as well as the whole figure. The Mimi figures may have been done by pre-Ice-Age folk, forced out of the area by increasing aridity. When their descendants returned millennia later, they attributed the paintings to spirits. The pictures are clearly ancient; one represents a thylacine, predators driven into extinction on the Australian mainland about 6,000 years ago. Another painting, in Victoria, shows a giant bird, seemingly not an emu. It could be the extinct *Dromornis*, considered the largest bird ever.

In Queensland and Cape York, life-size spirits, the Quinken, guard sacred caves, arms stretched wide. The larger-than-life Wandjina of the Flinders Ranges have huge staring eyes and no mouths; they have brightly-colored elaborate headdresses and clothes. As with many paintings, particularly those of snake deities, the paintings are believed to be places where the spirits "left themselves on rock" at the end of the Dreamtime. Man's work lies in continuing the sacred paintings, rather than being responsible for creating them. Only bark paintings and representations of Dreamtime myths are considered original work. Stencil art of weapons and hands is common everywhere. Paintings occur only in specific places; in one area new paintings may overlay old ones, while half a mile away a blank rock wall waits invitingly.

Other paintings were used in sorcery; some depict men and women, upside down, bitten by snakes, or hit by spears. One painting depicts a European clutching at the reins as he falls off his giant horse. Such sorcery paintings form only a small fraction of the total artwork.

Exposed rock paintings generally last only a few hundred years if not touched-up periodically. The Aboriginals believed that only the people whose ancestors painted the pictures could repaint them. This practice often ceased after contact with white settlers, so many exposed paintings are deteriorating rapidly. One exception to this are the paintings of the Wandjina, which, because of their importance, are still being repainted though all the descendants of the painters are dead. The last new Arnhem Land rock painting was done in 1963; the practice dies out as artists turn to bark painting and other, more durable, media.

## The Europeans Arrive

The First Fleet arrived at Botany Bay (New South Wales) in 1788. The British Government wished the Aboriginals well, but often the ex-convicts and soldiers on the spot decided policy toward the original Australians. Too often they saw their job as taking land and finding pasture for sheep, and eliminating those who resisted. The most

common Aboriginal reaction to the white men was to believe them the spirits of the dead. In Western Australia they were welcomed peacefully, and in Victoria and Queensland quickly attacked, for this same reason. Most tribes were surprisingly indifferent to the new arrivals, expressing only a wish to be left alone; a wish they did not get.

Even when relations started as friendly, conditions soon deteriorated because of differences in outlook between the two races. The pattern soon became clear: contact between the races led to a decline in the numbers of Aboriginals. White settlers took land for cattle and sheep, and in doing so shot or drove away many of the wild animals upon which the Aboriginals relied for food. The tribes soon turned to spearing sheep and cattle instead, and in return the settlers killed Aboriginals. Lack of guns, small numbers, and disorganization insured that the Aboriginals of Australia never posed a serious threat to white expansion (unlike the Maoris and American Indians).

This dismal story was repeated all over the continent; disease spread in advance of white settlement along the Aboriginal trade network, decimating tribes who had never seen a white face. Alcohol took its grim toll; hunting grounds were usurped; waterholes poisoned; and Aboriginals slaughtered by gun and sword. Sacred sites were violated accidentally and tribes denied access to them. This probably had the most disruptive effect, as it removed the basis of all tribal law and life.

By 1876, less than seventy-five years after the coming of white settlers, the pure-blood Tasmanian Aboriginal was extinct, and it was believed that the mainland tribes would soon follow. However, by the 1926 census it became clear that their numbers were stabilizing, partially because some effective legislation in Northern Territory and Central Australia had set aside suitable reserves of land. The 1926 census, though it underestimated the numbers of "wild and wandering tribes," showed that 54,296 pure-blooded Aboriginals remained, together with approximately 15,102 halfbreeds. In 1921, in New South Wales, 1597 Aboriginals remained of a population estimated as 4,500 individuals in 1788.

Until the 1930s, the Aboriginal Protection Board's acts sometimes left the Aboriginal population worse off than before, as it allowed them no control over where they could live, or what jobs they could hold in settled areas. The Board tried to keep them under the protection of Church and Government institutions, generally with a white manager. It passed prohibitory laws, including the forbidding of liquor to the native population (with much the same effect as Prohibition in America) and made it an offense for Aboriginals to "loiter" with whites.

Authorities pursued a policy of moving Aboriginals off land owned by white settlers and onto reserves and missions, where they could be protected. By the 1920s, they were almost completely successful in Victoria and New South Wales. In more remote areas, the Aboriginals managed to combine two ways of life, working in the whitefella's world as stockmen, station hands, and unskilled laborers while periodically "going bush" or "going walkabout" for ceremonial obligations and to get a bit of "bush tucker," as opposed to the flour and beef of

the white settlers. Aboriginals were paid less than whites, and often were given food and blankets in lieu of cash. Pay and work conditions varied according to the temperament of the owner.

In the 1920s, the attitudes of whites to Aboriginals was, at best, kind and paternalistic and, at worst, racist. For most of the decade they were neither included in the census, nor given suffrage. The Aboriginal Protection Board forcibly split up some families in the 1920s because it believed that half-caste children would do better removed from their natural parents and brought up to perform domestic service.

In 1928, citizenship was granted to Aboriginals, but they were still not permitted to drink in hotels or mix with the larger community. Massacres occasionally occurred; 28 Aboriginals were killed at Myall's Creek (New South Wales), in 1926. Eight of the eleven white men responsible were hanged.

## Languages

Of 260 languages spoken on the Australian continent prior to European invasion, around 150 remained by the 1920s. Because of this diversity, only clans of the same tribe and neighboring tribes could understand each other. Many Aboriginals spoke two or three languages, but even so the language barrier was enormous.

The respectable theory of the 1920s concerning the origin of Aboriginal languages was that they originally derived from one language, akin to the Dravidian languages of southern India. Whether there is actually a link between the two countries is undecided today. The Aboriginal languages bear enough resemblances to one another that they probably all descend from the same original Proto-Australian language, which may have been related to proto-Dravidian. The closest relative of the dingo is the pariah dog of India, and the oldest dingo remains found in Australia are 7,000 years old. Did the language arrive with the dingo, or are the few similarities coincidence?

Most Aboriginals in the 1920s spoke English only as a second or even a third language. The major exception was in some of the reserves on the east coast; there, Aboriginals' rations were confiscated if they spoke their native tongue, and children were often taken from their mothers too young to learn it. Aboriginal languages were poor in numerals and rich in terms for social and personal relationships. Their way of thinking also differed from that of Europeans: everything had to have a concrete, definable cause and function.

An Aboriginal-English pidgin sprang up in many areas. Its characteristics were the same as pidgin everywhere. Syntax and grammar were simple, designed for direct speech concerned with necessities. Large numbers were often estimates. Objects were personified in some areas; instead of saying "Here are three spears," a speaker of this pidgin would say "Three fella spear."

"Fella" meant "fellow," "bloke," "man." It was numeric and generic. There are three sorts of people in Australia; "blackfella," "whitefella," and "yellafella." The common title given to a white bloke was "boss," and to a white woman, "missus." Aboriginal women were referred

to as "gins" or "lubras." Aboriginal children were "piccaninnies."

Repetition was essential, especially if there was a difficult point to get across, and in any case, formal Aboriginal oratory seems to have had a lot of repetition and consolidation in it. Tribal words were often subsumed into the pidgin to describe objects, animals, and place names.

## The Dreamtime

The existence of *Alcheringa* (the Dreamtime or Dreaming, also called *Aranda*, *Alchera*, or *Pitantiatjara*) is the fundamental tenet of Aboriginal religion. During *Alcheringa*, the world was created from either a flat, featureless dark plain or a limitless ocean. *Kurkurpa* or *kurunba* (life essence), present at various points, was used by great transcendental deities or Spirit Ancestors to create the topographical features of the landscape, the animals which inhabit it, and the human beings who live in it.

*Alcheringa* is eternal. It exists side by side with the real world, but is invisible and dissociated from it. The two worlds meet at certain, spiritually important points where *kurkurpa* is found. These increase sites, imbued with *kurkurpa*, are the reason for the continued existence of humankind. The purpose of life is to manifest *Alcheringa* through sacred or secular ceremony and ritual (*corroborees*) at proper times and places. As long as *Alcheringa* continues, so will the cycle of animal and vegetable life.

Myths of *Alcheringa* form the oral history of the people; new events are either forgotten within a few generations or are incorporated into the song cycles and given Dreamtime status. Aboriginal legends refer to active volcanism (the last Australian eruption was about 7,000 years ago), the existence and disappearance of the Pleistocene megafauna, the rising of the oceans, the change from lush and fertile land to desert, and the trade with the Bainu and Macassans.

## The Spirit Ancestors

Actions of totemic *spirit ancestors* in the Dreaming formed the topography and natural landscape of the world. Aboriginal religion holds that no changes have occurred in the natural landscape since. These spirit beings lived normal lives: eating, sleeping, food-gathering, and fighting. At the end of *Alcheringa*, what once had been nothing was now the world. When the spirit ancestors died, they, along with various possessions, were transformed into rock. These rocks remain in the real world as vital sources of *kurkurpa*.

Secular Dreamtime myths taught children their duties and obligations, law, social customs, and sources of food and water. People could navigate through unknown territory, following the ancestral Dreaming Paths identifiable through topographical features given significance in the song cycles.

The epic travels of Kunjula and Malu, Euro and Kangaroo, form the main Dreaming Paths of the Centre (the center of the continent), while the track of the



Rainbow Serpent winds from the north to south across the continent. Different tribes along the Dreaming routes each know their own portions of the myth.

If a tribe's Dreaming sites are corrupted or defiled, the Dreaming also is corrupted; the species for which the sacred site contains kurkurpa ceases to breed, and the cycle of life is shattered, resulting in disaster. This belief is strong; an Aboriginal worker forced to bulldoze a sacred site ran amok with the bulldozer afterwards, trying to replace the earth he had moved. He died two days later, mad in the head. It rained from the time he touched the site till his death. Relatives attributed his death to the anger of the spirit ancestors of the site. Natural disasters, including Cyclone Tracy which reduced Darwin (Northern Territory) to a heap of rubble and corrugated iron in 1974, are still attributed by nearby tribes to the wrath of spirit ancestors at the destruction of their sites by mining companies.

A person moved from his tribal lands is someone who has lost his Dreaming. He has lost his hope for the future.

The spirit ancestors were the original source of tribal custom and law, hence custom and law were as old as the world. Social life was complex and conservative. Precedent for any action had to be found in the Dreaming, or to be inspired by the Creation Heroes. Invention did not belong to people but came from the spirit world.

The kinship group formed by totemic identity was the basis of justice and marriages; partners are promised by or negotiated for by individuals outside the totemic group who have specific relationships to those within (e.g., brother-in-law). Totems are of three sorts: paternal, maternal or conception, varying from area to area. *Paternal filiation* indicated that the child belonged to the father's totem, and *maternal filiation*, the mother's. *Conception filiation* occurred among tribes who believed that conception results from impregnation of the woman by spirits at specific Dreaming sites sacred to certain species. Among these tribes, the child gained his totem through a relative's detective work in backtracking the mother's movements to determine what area she passed through which could have resulted in the child.

A totem is a specific species of plant or animal, tied to the child through dream and ritual, particularly through various levels of initiation. The totem can be eaten or used but never abused or ridiculed. No separate priesthood existed, so that any male showing showed aptitude could, with age, become the custodian of a particular site and take responsibility for the ceremonies involved. This gave a man status and power in the community; decision-making begins in a circle of such elders, although final agreement generally is reached through group discussion and consensus.

Justice was centered within the kinship group, who would not support clear breaches of the norm; justice was harsh but egalitarian. The upkeep of sacred sites was the focus of community life, and punishment for illegal trespass (women were barred from men's sites, and men from women's) was death, even if unintentional. If the tribe did not act to punish the offender, the spirit ancestor would be offended and take matters into its own hands,

often punishing an entire tribe for the actions of a single person.

In the 1920s, tribes in contact with white civilization maintained an uneasy compromise between white man's law and their own; tribal law was strong only in remote regions.

## Transcendental Deities

Worship of these deities is different from the worship of the totemic spirit ancestors. Human beings never imitate them in corroboree, or invent song cycles of their deeds. They just are. Their worship ranged over vast areas of the continent. The Bora of Baiame is no longer celebrated in the high country, but his name was chanted for millennia, and some Aborigines and part-Aborigines of the high plains say they can feel him still, watching over them as of old. He is known and worshiped by many names up and down the south and east country; *Baiame*, *Bunjil*, *Nurrul*, and *Durrulmahn*, or under sundry aliases; the *Brun-bam-bult Brothers*, or other sky gods. The mountains are sacred to him, and many bora grounds — stamped circles of earth, and carved trees and ground — and art sites have been found in elevated, remote regions.

The *Rainbow Serpent* is still known, feared, and worshiped virtually continent-wide. Worship of a vast snake-creature may go back 20,000 years. She is a huge serpent, colored like the rainbow and dwelling either in the sky or underground in deep, cold, permanent water. Her arrival is heralded by lightning and earthquake and her jaws are death. As Earth Mother, she is enormously fertile. Her names include *Ngalyod*, *Gunwinggu*, *Borlung*, *Jingana*, *Lumuru*, *Imberombera*, and *Great Mother*. No lengthy songs celebrate her deeds, but she is revered and greatly feared. The destruction she causes is always fierce; one story of the orphan whose crying woke the Rainbow Serpent ends with the death of an entire tribe.

In all stories, the great serpent deity comes from the north. One theory advanced (by white men) is that she represents the vital yet destructive forces of water and weather, and that her worship started when the seas rose and the north coast started to follow the monsoonal weather cycle. At that time the sea and rain caused great havoc, as rising water levels covered tribal lands and drowned river valleys.

Some confusion exists as to whether the Rainbow Serpent is male or female, and she often has the sexual characteristics of both. Sorcerers and some cults worship her in another form, half human and half snake.

## Death

Aboriginal thinkers did not recognize natural causes as a factor in death, unless the deceased was very young or very old. Coincidence and accident were rarely considered: while a European thinker would consider a falling branch and a person walking underneath to meet only by coincidence, an Aboriginal would attribute their conjunction to sorcery, and look for an enemy to be held responsible, perhaps resorting to secret sorcery in retaliation himself. Other reasons for death were

accidental (or purposeful) breaches of taboo, unwitting damage to sacred sites or objects, or from the agency of creatures such as the Rainbow Serpent or Spirit Guardians — who could be lethal if their special areas were trespassed without due ceremony, or if tribal law was incorrectly taught.

Sorcery was by far the most common cause of death. Various techniques were used both to sing the victim to death and to find and enact revenge on the sorcerer.

Sorcery and retribution for sorcery often formed a cumulative and insidious spiral, eventually resulting in open warfare from which a new batch of grudges emerged, which in their turn required sorcerous retaliation.

Funeral services varied widely. Usually death rites were long and ceremonial, designed to drive the dead person's spirit to Alcheringa, where it dwelt briefly before being reincarnated. Variants included the belief that the spirit went to a tribal spirit home: an offshore island such as Karta, Island of the Dead, (known to Europeans as Kangaroo Island); to the sky; underground; or to a stream or pool.

The dead were conceived of as living much the same as in life, with their own camps (the Milky Way is thought by some tribes to be the many fires of the dead, on the shores of a vast, dark river). Funerary rites varied, including cremation, burial in bark coffins, exposure followed by ritual interment in a tribal death cave, mummification, and smoking and curing the body.

All spirits want to hang around their former body, but this is bad; they must go to their proper place. To achieve this, the body may be made unattractive. Limbs may be broken to prevent the reanimated body walking. The spirit must be driven off by, for example, not using the dead person's name, abandoning the camp, or treating the body with acrid smoke. Eventually, a sign signifies that the spirit has settled in its new home.

The Aboriginals generally have no notion of reward or punishment of the spirit for deeds committed during life, with the exception of a few tribes, especially near Cape York. These believe that a sorcerer inadvertently created death. Because death was created by men, it must judge them as men judge each other. They say this death, *Wulguru*, roams the bush looking for the man who created it.

The worst fate that can happen is death from particularly potent and evil magics, which make the body poisonous to touch. Since relations cannot carry out the death rites, the dead person's spirit is left to wander the boundary between the spirit and real world, unable to join either. They become *Mrart* (Victoria) or *debil-debil* and are responsible for the lonely, wandering lights seen in the high plains — spirit fires for dead folk, unable to find their way home.

## Sorcery

Sorcerers are called *wirrunen* or *wirruneen*, which loosely translates as "Clever Man." One performs religious duties with the knowledge and help of the spirit powers, to maintain the world. Sorcery is man's attempt to twist these same powers to his own use. Both sorcery and

religion are still a part of Aboriginal society. To *wirrunen* are attributed all the usual abilities: they can cause death, drought, rain, and (in coastal areas) flood. Love magic is a specialty of a few tribes, but most sorcery is malicious and destructive.

The source of magic is Alcheringa, out of which both world and mankind was born and to which a person's spirit eventually returns. These forces, once unleashed in the real world, can never be fully controlled by human beings. Only initiated men have the leisure time to become *wirrunen*; those judged to be of promising material are taken in their sleep to the *wirrunen*'s dreamworld (according to the people of Central Australia). The only things known by the uninitiated about this land is that it is a barren place populated by the malevolent dead, and that it contains a pool of blood hidden by a overhanging rock ledge and a tree whose leaves are all of green feathers.

If the dreamer remembers the dream, he is ready for further initiation and is given sorcerous control of his spirit. He can now send his spirit in the form of his totem anywhere he pleases in the three worlds of dream, spirit, and mundane. Men can only teach what they have learned from the spirit world. If someone wishes to learn more, he must approach one of the great, dangerous snake-spirit beings.

Sorcerous materials include mother-of-pearl and quartz (both associated with the Rainbow Serpent), australite (meteor fragments), feathers, and snake fat. Ochre is not used. Sorcerers can create and use magical objects, although not sacred ones. The most feared physical product of sorcery is the *kurdaitcha*; shoes made of feathers and blood. The person who wears them believes himself invisible and indestructible. *Kadaitcha* men (whose very touch is death to those they pursue) are only sent out to punish lawbreakers, or if someone has grossly offended the sorcerer.

The supernatural creatures of Aboriginal mythology live in a world apart from human affairs, immortal and indifferent; they are not amenable to summonings or bindings. Like the dead, the spirit world is supposed to stay in its own place, in the areas traditionally identified as its home. "Singin' 'em back" is thus the most potent defence against them. The *Ninya* of Mt. Connor, Central Australia, wander widely during summer, but are always sung back to their home. Sorcerous control of natural species is unheard of; it tampers with the natural (religious) order of things. To make up for this lack, past sorcerers have created their own monsters; as a result *Wulguru* now haunts the north tribes. *Kurpannga*, a malevolent devil-dingo, was created by the snake people in the Dreamtime.

Some spells of protection exist, traditionally used by one particular family, against one particular monster or bad-natured spirit. Custodians of a site generally know how to placate the totemic spirit ancestors of the site. A more puzzling spell, translated into English as "singing to sleep" is also common: this sends creatures to sleep or, perhaps, sends them back to Alcheringa.

The most gruesome portions of the sorcerers' armory are the death magics. *Pointing the bone* is still the most feared sorcery in the west, center and north; the *wirrunen*

points a magic stick, stone or bone, at the victim. A ritual stance is taken with his back to the moon, symbol of reincarnation and rebirth, and a chant is sung, incorporating the victim's name. The rapidity with which a victim dies once he knows he has been cursed is sufficient testimony to the potency of the belief in sorcery.

In some areas a sorcerer is supposed to be able to remove fat, blood, or some vital organ from a person without leaving an external mark, leaving the victim to wander back to camp apparently normal, only to die a few days later. Poison songs and chants can also be combined with painting or modeling the victim from grasses, then imitating on the representation the form of death required.

Evidence of sorcery includes the appearance of the sorcerer's totem in the dreams of a dying person. Sorcery is also suspected if the victim's totem was killed in another person's dream, in which case the dream killing is closely examined for clues to the sorcerer's identity. After death, the direction of exudations flowing from the corpse, or holes or drag lines over the grave can be signs of the direction of the sorcerer's hearth group. The dead person's spirit, moving like wind, can drop tokens narrowing down totems and kinship groups (moieties), helping the victim's friends to find out which enemy tribe sent the evil.

Sorcery is usually a weapon of last resort. Prior to the arrival of white men in Arnhem Land, sorcery paintings were rare. They increased dramatically in number after settlement, and often depict white settlers and their animals. As their traditional weapons failed them, Aborigines turned in despair to the most dangerous force they knew.

The Molonga cult arose at the turn of the century, in east central Australia. The climax of its existence came in five consecutive nights of dancing, sorcerous chanting, and a corroboree, in which *Ka'nini*, "Great Mother from the Water," who was believed to be visible only to wirrnen, was invoked to swallow the whites. *Ka'nini* evidently did not hear the songs sung to her; perhaps she was asleep. Perhaps she was dreaming.

## Theology And Philosophy

To Aboriginal thinkers, everything in the landscape has to have a purpose and a reason. Why it is in its present form, how it got there, and what it is doing now must be explained. The concept of an inert land is foreign to them. A large boulder was not a lump of rock, for example, but a poison sac dropped by a snake when it was forced underground by a Dreamtime Ancestor. A myth is known which explains how it got there, whether it was spiritually important, whether the spirits nearby were malevolent, benevolent or indifferent, whether food or water is found nearby, and so on. The importance of this living landscape is obvious; by tying all features of the landscape into myth, the Dreaming sites form a map which can be navigated easily even by those who have never been there before, but who know the stories. This "map" points to where food and water may be found, how to get to it, and tells its season.

The concept of purpose and cause extends into spiritual life; death is not the agency of impersonal nature but of some human agency. The converse is true; everything has a reason and purpose, so everything both natural and spiritual is tied together. Anything without recognizable purpose or reason must be integrated into the framework or it provokes very real fears for the collapse of the universe.

At the time the first white settlers crossed the Blue Mountains, news spread up and down the east coast and inland along the river valleys, that one of the great trees which supported the solid vault of the sky was rotting. It was the tree to the east, and gifts were sent to the old man of the High Plains, believed to be in charge of it, so that he would perform the ceremonies which would repair it. The sky would fall when the dying tree fell, and everyone would be killed. At this time, contact with white invaders was starting to destroy the fabric of Aboriginal society, and the only cause comprehensible was the destruction of the entire cosmic order. According to their way of thinking, the danger to be repaired was the prop of the sky, of which the social disruption of the tribes was only a symptom; the entire world must be in danger of collapse if the social order fell.

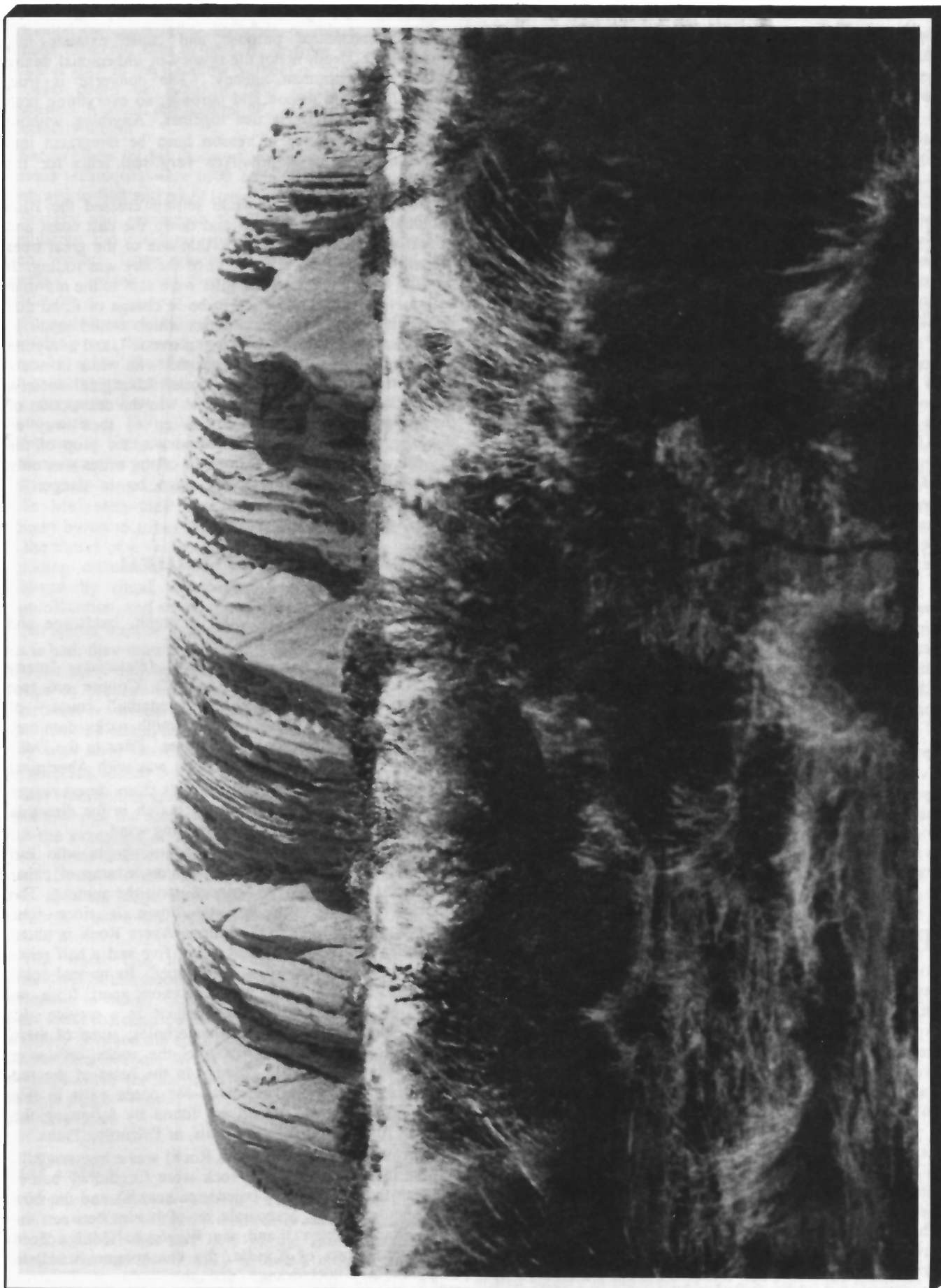
## The Origin Of Uluru (Ayers Rock)

This story illustrates the unity of myth, landscape and daily life in traditional society.

Roughly in line with the Olgas (*Katatjuta*, "many heads") rocks, Ayers Rock and Mt. Connor are two monoliths rising out of the flat, sandhill country of Central Australia. These two mammoth rocks dominate the Aboriginal mythology of the area. Prior to the 1940s the only reliable way to reach them was with Aboriginal guides and camels. The country holds stony desert ranges and parallel lines of dunes which march in the direction of their length, driven by the prevailing wind.

Before 1948, the number of white people who had climbed the rock fitted comfortably on a scrap of paper wound inside a bottle, and placed upon the summit. The Aborigines had been up and down it since time immemorial, and acted as guides. Ayers Rock is about two miles across at its widest point, five and a half miles in perimeter and somewhat kite-shaped. Its normal color is terracotta red, with no vegetation apart from an occasional fig tree grimly hanging on in a crevice. Its rugged surface contains many waterholes, some of them permanent, and the runoff from the rocks creates a narrow band of less-dry country in the heart of the red sand desert, attracting animals. No oases exist in this country, just "soaks" which are found by following the evening flight of birds, game trails, or Dreaming Paths.

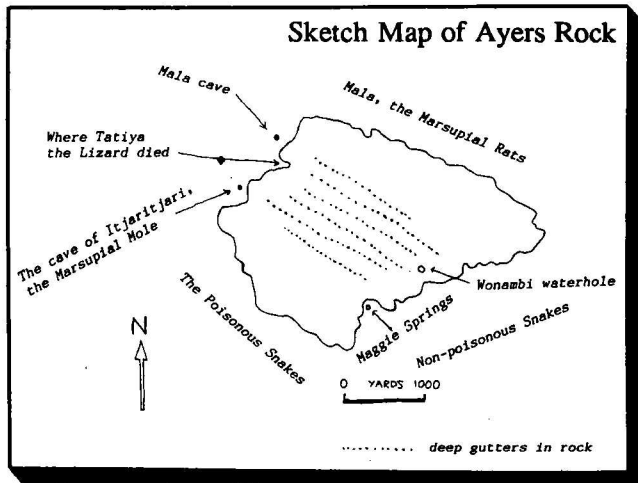
In Alcheringa, *Uluru* (Ayers Rock) was a low sandhill. The various features of the rock were formed by battles between the *Kuniya* (non-poisonous snakes) and the *Liru* (poisonous snakes); a separate set of battles between the *Mala* (hare-wallabies) and the *Winlayka* (Mulga Seed men); the efforts of *Kandju*, the blue-tongue lizard, to find his lost boomerang; and the body of *Tjinderi-Tjinderiba*, the Willy Wagtail woman and her children,



Ayers Rock is a single mass of sandstone, only a quarter of which is exposed. It is 1141 feet high and 5.6 miles around.



form various features of the rock. For instance, the long grooves across the top of the rock were formed by the Mala's flight from Kurpannga, a malevolent dingo spirit created by the Wintalyka after they were offended by the refusal of the Mala to attend a ceremony.



Other features on the rock are the dead bodies and debris left from the many battles which raged over it, although some are the remnants left by peaceful camps. A large boulder is the corpse of Tjinderi, speared by a Liru man. Smaller boulders nearby are her children, and the small cave which she guards contains four small stones, once infants. This cave contains an inexhaustible supply of spirit children, who become human children if they can find a human mother. The two battles between the Mala and the Wintalyka and the Kuniya and the Liru form the high drama; a Kuniya woman who was killed trying to protect her newborn child spat out *arukwita*, the essence of death and disease, which still lingers in the cave to which she was transformed when she died. Women used to go there believing Pulari would help them with easier childbirth, but the place was death for men.

The Kuniya were finally defeated and the survivors killed themselves. The Liru caused further havoc before being wiped out by the *Pungalunga* of the Olgas (Katatjuta). The route of the Liru from the Olgas to Ayers Rock is marked by rows of desert oaks, the metamorphosed bodies of the invaders, and their tracks were turned into deep figures on the southwest face. The spears thrown by both sides made indentations in the sand which are now potholes in the vertical cliff face. The track of a wounded Kuniya warrior whose death marked the turning point in the battle has become a watercourse, and the spot at which he died has become three waterholes, each containing water transformed from his blood. The bodies of the last members of the tribe are now boulders, the tenacious fig trees clinging to them,

their hair. These boulders are important increase sites for carpet snakes (non-venomous).

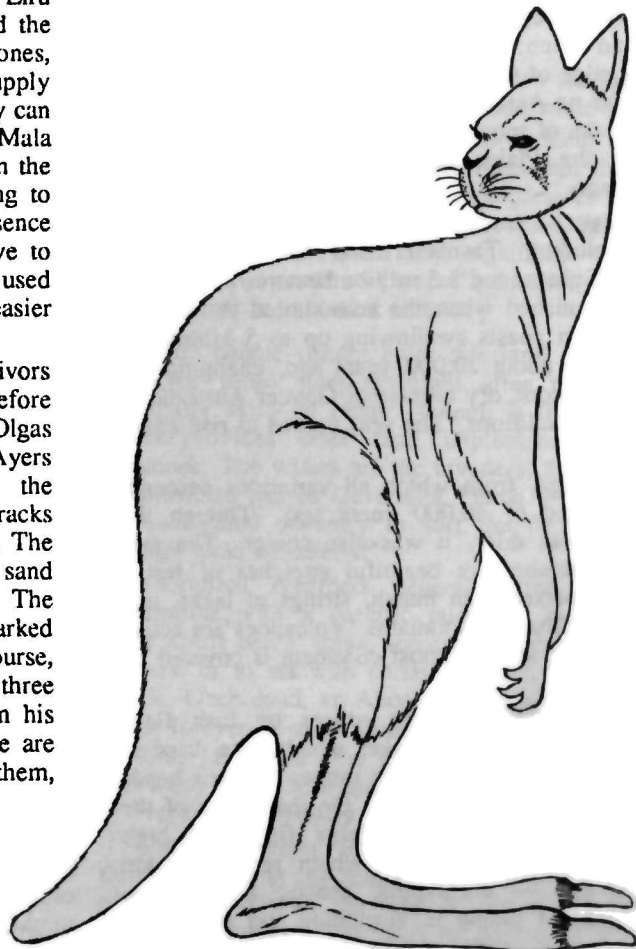
Poor old Kunja, the blue-tongued lizard, threw a boomerang from the Olgas to Ayers Rock and lost it; he was so upset by this loss that he dug spectacular potholes and crevices in the rock walls looking for it. Eventually he got so uptight that his stomach burst, intestines spilled out, and he died. He's still there, transformed to rock.

Other creatures dwell within both Ayers Rock and the Olgas, the remote and mysterious *Wonambi* snake spirits. Alone among the spirits who populated the rock and its surroundings in Alcheringa, the *Wonambi* made no contribution to its current form. They just exist, in the deep waterholes of Ayers Rock and Walpanya Gorge.

Associated legends about Olgas, a collection of 30 or more huge rounded rock domes, state that three are the transformed bodies of Euro, Kangaroo, and Owl. Most of the rest are the deserted camps of the *Pungalunga*, and the bones of the last *Pungalunga*. The remaining domes are the camps of the mice women, but their story has been lost with the tribe who told it.

The distance from Mount Connor to Ayers Rock is about sixty miles, and from Ayers Rock to the Olgas is about twenty miles.

*Procoptodon*



# Alcheringa

*Though written with reference to and respect for traditional Aboriginal beliefs, the form of Alcheringa herein is created for roleplaying.*

## Dreamtime

The Aboriginals are probably the most experienced dreamers in the world, the only race to incorporate their dreams into our world. They believe their spirits go to Alcheringa at death, thus as a race they elude death as only few Westerners can. Alcheringa is the dreamworld of the Australian continent. It obeys some of the same laws as Lovecraft's Dreamworld for Earth; only good dreamers or, failing that, those who possessing certain Dreaming artifacts can visit it. Weapons and technology remain those of the traditional Aboriginal tribes.

Human beings first entered Australia between 80,000 and 40,000 years ago, and Alcheringa retains the old shape it had then; its boundaries extend to the geographical edge of Greater Australia, and send tenuous shadows as far as Asia, across islands which were once the highest peaks of mountain ranges, drowned when the sea engulfed the Plains of Arafura and Carpentaria, 20,000 years ago.

Greater Australia comprises all the current Australian landmass (including Tasmania and the Bass Strait islands), New Guinea, and 2.5 million hectares now under the ocean. It vanished when the seas started to rise (on the steep northern coasts swallowing up to 5 kilometers of land per year) about 20,000 years ago, changing the weather from the cool, dry climate of Greater Australia to current weather conditions. The seas ceased to rise about 7,000 years ago.

Basic Alcheringa, from which all variations descend, resembles the land of 40,000 years ago. Though the climate overall was drier, it was also cooler. The arid areas of the continent are beautiful stretches of fertile grassland, interspersed with marsh, strings of lakes, and thickly wooded hills and mountains. Volcanoes are active in the east, and the southernmost continent is covered by glaciers.

The fauna of the Ice Ages grazes on lush flats. Sluggish rivers string together lakes which have dried to arid plains in our world. Mountain ranges lift their heads that were long ago ground to dust. On the slopes of the hills southern beeches and tree-ferns fifty feet high struggle for light with the flora which replaced them 40,000 years ago — eucalyptus, acacia, and ti-trees. Amidst the deepest jungle is vegetation too strange to describe, flowerless murky shapes of a bygone epoch.

Volcanoes smoke and spout lurid lava. To the far south, great sheets of ice cover the mountain range which became an island 7,000 years ago.

White people are extremely recent intruders into Australia; they have been here in force a mere two centuries. Like advanced technology in Earth's Dreamlands, their reality has not "set" in Alcheringa. More than usually weird things should happen to white Dreamers.

Time in Alcheringa has no relation to the real world. Our world time runs forward, backward, and sidewise while the Dreamer is in Alcheringa. Alcheringa means "eternal Dreamtime," after all. Time is nonsense there.

The Sun is a woman looking for her lost son, firestick held aloft to light the world; she rarely pursues a straight course. The moon is often too busy making infant spirits to rise (southern New South Wales tribes). The sky might be an immense slab which could fall anytime (eastern tribes), or a great hole, filled with loneliness enough to suck in the world and still be empty (Central Australia).

Alcheringa is eternal but rooted in the far past; everything in it changes from the recent to the ancient, whether it be artifact or animal. The memorials of all ages reside here, the frightful and horrific as well as the beautiful. Cities are here, too, but few dreamers ever wish to visit those silent, massive remnants from a time unthinkable old. Behind Alcheringa, the shadowy past wherein things dwell to whom time is meaningless, lies Gondwanaland, the primeval supercontinent.

## Roleplaying In Alcheringa

Much of the material in this section also occurs in **H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands**, in somewhat different form and content. Even keepers familiar with that publication should carefully read this section.

A character can normally remain in Alcheringa for that number of earthly hours equal to his or her POW. Hallucinogens might or might not extend the earthly time spent dreaming by 1D6 hours, but narcotics such as hashish or opium do not. Drugs are dangerous, and not only in the waking world: a character in Alcheringa who might be shocked back into the waking world probably cannot if his or her body is drugged.

Either sleep or self-induced trance can bring the character into the realm of Alcheringa. Nominally, one hour of earthly sleep equals a 'week' of Alcheringa experience. Similarly, a character who dares to physically enter Alcheringa finds that one hour passes in the mundane world for each 'week' spent in Dreamtime. But there is no one rate, and years may pass like days. Time, like distance, is irregular and elastic. Keepers need to clearly establish in their minds that denoting events, such as "the sun sets" need not connote that time passes or exists.

Nonetheless, treat time as identical progressive incident so long as the party of investigators stay together. Differences should exist if circumstances pull the group apart. No firm rule exists about returning to the same events in a series of dreams. The action may pick up as though not a moment had intervened, or the incident may be firmly committed to timeless existence. In ruling about such matters, the keeper always should keep in mind the meaning of the incident to the story at hand — do not become a storyteller without bringing along the players as participants.

Returning to this world from Alcheringa, a character is naturally confused and bewildered, especially when trying to make sense of experience without progression. To simulate the brain's refusal to deal with literal non-sense, call for an idea roll after the character returns. If it succeeds, then the character remembers what happened while he or she was Alcheringa. If the roll fails, the Alcheringan experiences and discoveries are not clearly remembered. Confiscate any notes which a player kept on his character's findings, and deny investigators any experience checks gained during the episode, but retain any changes in Cthulhu Mythos or Dreaming skills.

A character may be awakened before his dreaming time is up, perhaps by a loud noise or other startlement in the waking world. To stay asleep in that case, the investigator must receive a successful idea roll. While a character may thereby be drawn from Alcheringa by events in the waking world, it is not possible for the character to will himself or herself awake, though certain events can force wakefulness.

A character regains SAN in Alcheringa at the normal **Call of Cthulhu** rate for defeating monsters or enemies.

Unfortunate incidents in Alcheringa have the same consequences as in Lovecraft's Dreamlands; SAN loss and gain results are the same, with modifications in accordance with Aboriginal experience (for instance, Aboriginals have no traditions of hair turning white over night, and no concept of locked rooms nor of corridors).

If a dreaming investigator dies in Alcheringa, he is shocked awake in his or her earthly bed, losing 1D20 SAN, and losing the power ever again to visit Alcheringa. As well, Aboriginal investigators will believe that their physical death is imminent.

Earth Dream Lore is useless here. Knowledge of Dreamworld creatures and places is valueless in Alcheringa, and vice-versa. Alcheringa Dream Lore acts as a substitute.

There is no skill comparable to that of Dreaming in **Dreamlands**. A new skill, Dream Song, does exist for Aboriginal characters.

Do not forget the existence of a sorcerer's spirit-dream world, which others cannot enter willingly, though malign powers can work through it, to drag others into it, or pursue them through Alcheringa.

## Entering Alcheringa

People experience a curious detachment, as though their bodies are floating a few feet off the ground (Morrington Island tribes) and they can see for miles across the country; this detached feeling vanishes the instant they become interested in anything, when the dreamers find themselves in the middle of whatever interested them, be it a fight, monster, herd of animals, or an active volcano. People clutching sacred artifacts are automatically assumed to have an interest in anything they sense. A successful Alcheringa Dream Lore roll is needed to avoid taking an interest in a potentially sticky situation.

As the dreamer progresses through the land, he is beset by increasing confusion. Things change with bewildering rapidity, growing more and more ancient. Volcanoes rise from the earth with terrifying speed. Green valleys transform themselves into gullied wastes. Oceans wash over vast stretches of land and then disappear again. Prehistoric monsters appear from nowhere and vanish as rapidly. The land resents the whites; the land rejects them; they do not belong here. Sometimes the Dream Lore skill can stabilize the land, at least for a time; sometimes a Dream Song skill roll can do the trick, depending on the situation. Only one skill roll need succeed for this happy result.

A successful Dream Song stabilizes the land; it does not change it. If the skill roll is made while the land is a dinosaur-infested jungle, the land remains a dinosaur-infested jungle until the keeper rules that the landscape has once more begun to shift. A successful Dream Song roll stabilizes the land for as long as the keeper desires or, if it is unimportant, until 1D6 significant encounters or sightings have occurred (keeper's decision as to whether an encounter is important or not).

White people cannot enter this land unaided. Tough luck for those sleeping night after night with their Dreaming skills at ready, though a 01 Dreaming roll result provides brief (and unpleasant) proof of its existence. The whites are the invaders, the intruders. The Dreamworld has its Cavern of Flame — Alcheringa has its own ritual of entry to sort the fit from the unfit. "Tough luck, whitefella!"

Aboriginal dreamers generally find their way to Dreamtime with a specific purpose: to converse with some spirit being about sorcery, prophecy, or religious matters; or to act with certain powers, e.g., a sorcerous attack. Once dead, an Aboriginal lives on in Alcheringa, either forever or as an interim before rebirth. Alcheringa is home; a person who dies away from his tribal lands dies away from the tribal dreaming, and loses any chance of ever finding his way to his spirit home.

Aboriginal entry into Alcheringa is made possible through training by elders (mostly after initiation at puberty), and with the help of his or her totem. An Aboriginal totem differs from an American Indian totem: to an Aboriginal, a specific animal or plant only

represents his or her personal totem, for both animal (or plant) and himself are descended from the same spirit ancestor, who lived in Dreamtime and lives on in Alcheringa. This man-animal/plant spirit is the real totem.

White people have no tribe, and thus have no totem and no instructions. A white person can be drawn into this world in two ways. The first is through the possession of a Dreaming artifact (which gives his or her POW as a chance to enter, and may also give other abilities). The second way is to enter through the agency of an Aboriginal wirrunen, or sorcerer. However, wirrunen are generally considered evil toward even other Aboriginals, and are unlikely to send a whitefella to the Dreamtime except for some malevolent purpose.

## The Entryways

Alcheringa intersects with our world at certain points (the sacred sites). Creation myths teach where these places are found, and religious duties make certain that this world continually gains power and reality from the dream-spirit world. When no one any longer remembers Alcheringa, what disasters will ensue?

One likely physical entry into Alcheringa is Mt. Connor, Ayers Rock, and the Olgas. The likeliest point is a waterhole, called Uluru (after the rock), atop Ayers Rock. Such entry is through a system of waterfilled, underground caverns which link the three, and dreamers would have to face or dodge the Wonambi which inhabit them, as well as other threats, especially at the Mt. Connor and Olgas entrances. It is impossible for any white man to travel physically to Alcheringa without guidance from Aboriginals.

Paraphernalia taken physically into Alcheringa are affected as per **Dreamlands** rules; modern artifacts transform into traditional tribal artifacts, and do not change back to their normal form on return to our world.

## Alcheringa Dream Lore

Percentiles of this skill represent a character's relative knowledge of Alcheringa. Alcheringa Dream Lore allows a character to know something about a specific Alcheringan location, understand an Alcheringan incident, recognize an Alcheringan being, and to identify particular entities as belonging to or not belonging to the Cthulhu Mythos. Alcheringa Dream Lore increases through experience checks, like any other skill.

Alcheringa Dream Lore is different than Earth Dream Lore, and neither the techniques nor percentiles of one are transferable to the other.

Unlike Earth Dream Lore, the Alcheringa skill is not significantly connected to the Cthulhu Mythos, and an increase in Cthulhu Mythos skill does not increase Alcheringa Dream Lore.

A new skill, Alcheringa Dream Lore has a base chance of zero. Few investigators will be able to convince tribal elders of their worthiness and pass through the various levels of initiation (taking up to 20 years). Other sources of Alcheringa Dream Lore include books on Aboriginal mythology (giving an idea of some of the monsters and hazards to be encountered within Alcheringa) and stories told to children. Points given on the basis of record-keeping and academic deduction should be scanty, however. Non-Aboriginals should never receive more than 1D10 points without guidance by tribal elders and lengthy initiation into the mysteries of Dreamtime.

## Dream Song

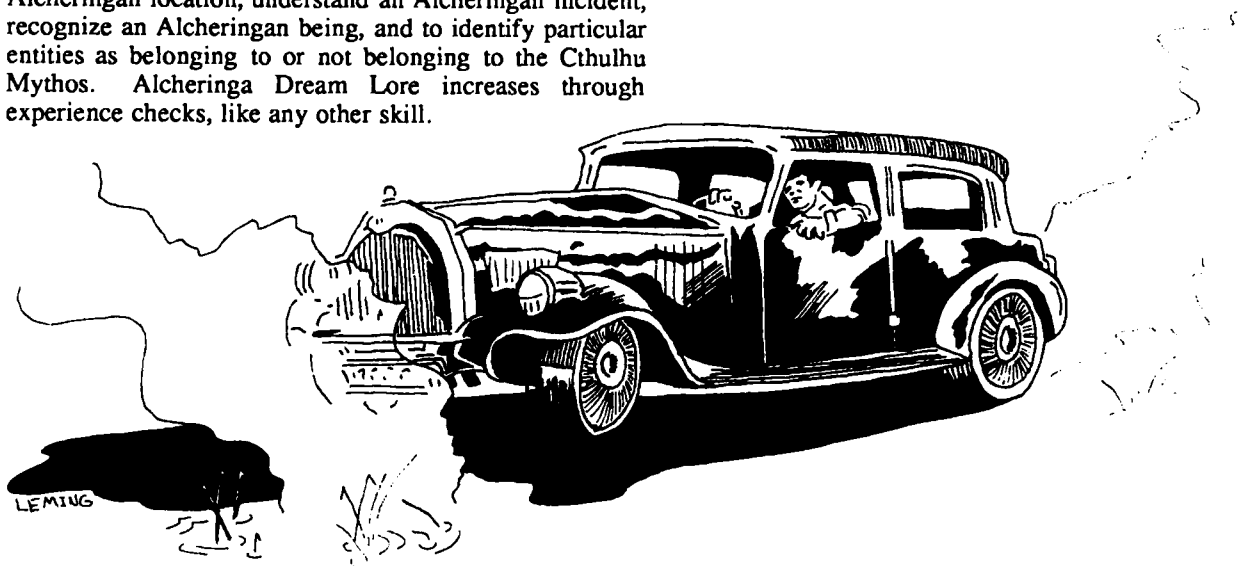
Aboriginals know songs with which they can persuade Dreamtime entities to go away or to believe what the songs tell them. Songs also exist which provide guidance to the singer, perceptually stabilizing the shifting landscapes of Alcheringa.

For Aboriginals, as a base chance grant a percentile amount equal to their individual POWs. This skill cannot be exercised until the character's Alcheringa Dream Lore is 30% or better. No white character ever starts with any Dream Song percentiles.

If the Dream Song roll succeeds, make a resistance roll of the singer's POW against the target's POW. The entity obeys the command if the singer wins. The POWs of several or many singers who have received successful Dream Song skill rolls may be combined against the same target.

In stabilizing the passing Alcheringan landscape, treat Alcheringa as having POW 15.

This skill is equally useful in Alcheringa or in contemporary Australia.





## A List Of Spirits

This list offers a sample of interesting creatures in Aboriginal mythology. None of these spirit creatures can die naturally, although they can be killed. The region where the creature is told of is mentioned in each entry.

**Arkaroo:** Malicious snake people who fight the Wandjina in the Dreamtime. They are powerful sorcerers. (South Australia)

**Bunyips:** See the "Old Fella That Bunyip" scenario for all information concerning this creature.

**The Dead:** Some people have been unable to properly die, for one reason or other, and wander the earth, often with malevolent inclinations (e.g., the *Mrart* of Victoria). The *Agula* of the Northern Territory looks exactly like a normal person, but its body vanishes if it is killed. The recently-dead want to hang around their own people, and must be driven off. Spells and ceremony are effective

against unquiet dead, but only heroes can kill them. (Continent-Wide)

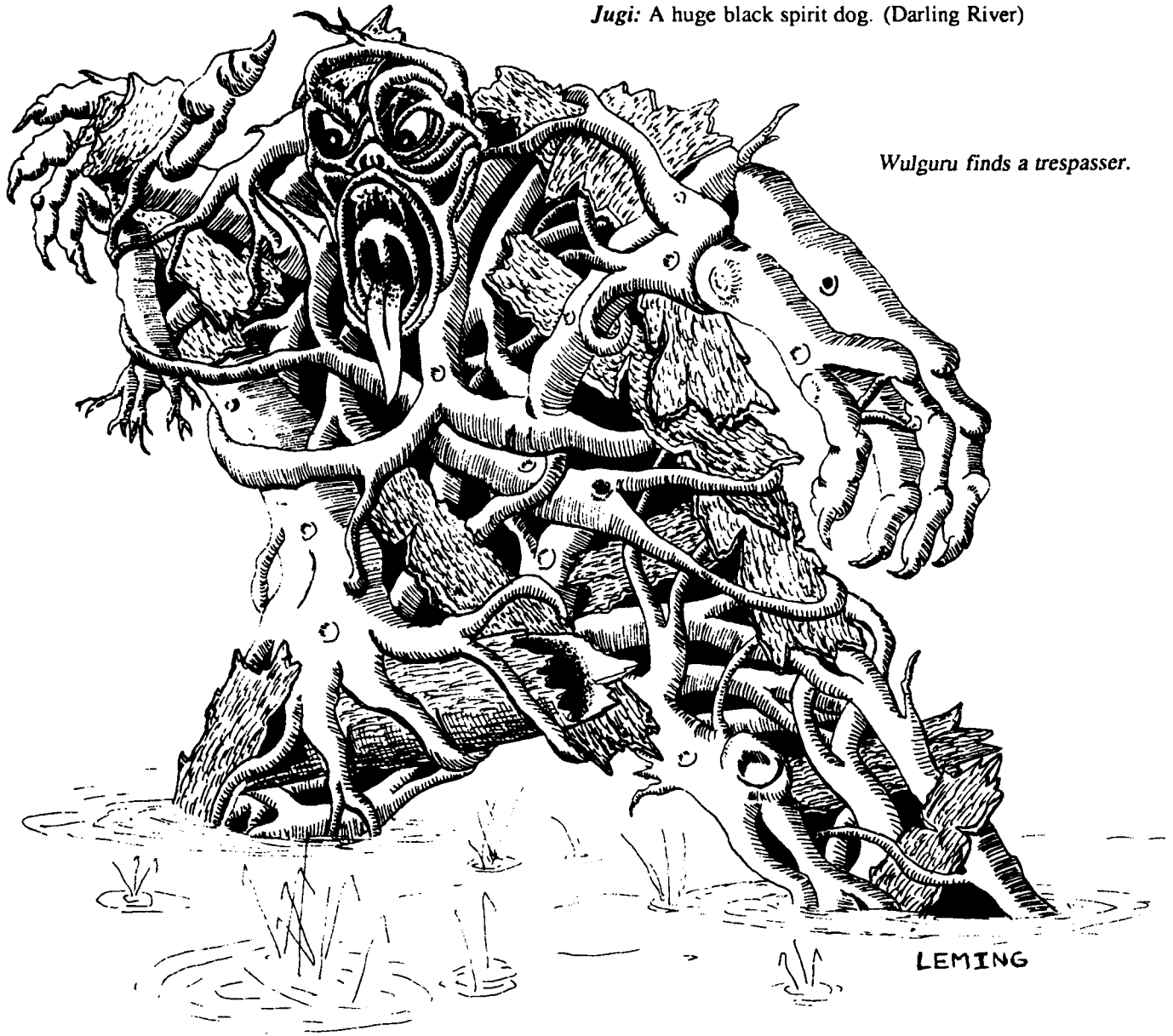
**Eleanba Wunda:** A mysterious spirit, known by that name in New South Wales. It leaves marks in the ground as though it had only two toes on each enormous foot.

**Female Maneaters:** Female spirits who attack men either to kill them or satisfy their lusts include *Abuba* (northeast), who turns men into beasts; *Netto-Gurk*, a horrible hag; and *Bagini*, who is beautiful but has clawed paws instead of hands. (Continent-Wide)

**Jambuwal:** Thunder Man, an example of an important non-totemic spirit being. He causes thunder by throwing his double-headed club, and when he walks in the sea he makes it rough. He created a sacred site for himself by splintering the face of a hill with his club. Traditional thinkers in the Northern Territory consider him responsible for Cyclone Tracy. (Northern Territory)

**Jannoks:** Emu-footed bird men who ride in willy willys (dust devils). (Central Australia, South Australia, and Western Australia)

**Jugi:** A huge black spirit dog. (Darling River)



Wulguru finds a trespasser.

**Kadimakara (Kadimerkera):** Strange monsters who live in the sky but who can travel between it and the earth by means of the enormous trees which supported the sky.

One day when they were on earth, the three trees they used to climb fell, trapping them. They died, one by one. The legend says that the canopy of trees which formed the sky land shaded the earth so that the land was lush and green, but with the trees gone, the shade was gone, and the land changed into its present arid state. After the destruction of the trees, the small holes where the forest canopy had pierced the skyland increased in size and number, until they touched each other. Then the skyland ceased to exist, and all the sky became one continuous hole, called *Puri Wilpanina*, "Great Hole." This legend is thought to be an explanation for the fossil bones of the prehistoric fauna, which can be found exposed along the dry creek beds and salt pans of the desert regions. (Central Australia and South Australia)

**Kurpannga:** A malevolent devil-dingo created in the Dreamtime. Kurpannga is entirely hairless except for a line of bristling fur along his spine and a tuft at the end of his tail. His teeth are very many, and very sharp, and the songs of the Mulga-Seed wirrunen fill his frame with malice enough to last all time. (Central Australia)

**Little People:** Belief in several small, mischievous, malign, or indifferent races of small people is widespread over the continent.

*Net-nets*, *Grimmach*, and *Gulgura* are three names for a small, hairy race with claws instead of fingernails. Net-nets make a practice of being annoying, stealing small game and deceiving hunters. Grimmacha (soft "ch") is only concerned if you camp in his country at night; he makes a big *yacki* (noise) in the rocks and, if you go to find out what is happening, he pelts you with stones. Gulgura is rather more sinister, a lurker in waterholes and shadows. You never see him, only where he has been — circles in the water where he dived under, a whirl of dust where he ran, or leaves quivering where he leapt behind a tree.

*Nyols* inhabit rock; they challenge intruders to wrestle and are impossible to beat.

*Turongs* are wispy, frail, tree dwellers.

*Wa-tha-guln-darl* of central and southern Australia are eighteen inches high and as tough as ironwood. They have no fires for fear of enemies, eat their meat raw, and pin trespassers onto their black bull-ant nests to die a horrible and protracted death.

**Mimi:** Exceptionally-skilled spirit hunters who are the original inhabitants of northern Australia. Mimi are tall and stick-thin, and do not venture out of their rocks if there is a wind, however slight, for fear of being blown away. They taught men how to use spears and hunt kangaroos. The oldest surviving Mimi paintings are probably 20,000 years old. (Northern Australia)

**Morkul Kua Luan:** The gentlest of the spirits of the Aboriginal mythology. He is the Spirit of the Long Grass, the wild sorghum which was the staple food of the inland tribes before the arrival of Europeans. He is supposed to be hideously ugly, and is not much remembered now. (Inland)

**Muldjelwangk:** Half-fish, half-man, these misshapen creatures are obviously antipodean Deep Ones. They grow to enormous size, are usually draped with seaweed, and are very powerful. They disguise themselves as large amounts of seaweed floating across the water. A story is told that a captain of a steamer once shot at two enormous hands holding onto one of the grain barges, stopping the steamer from moving. He lost the barge when it got pulled underwater, and he got weeping red blisters all over his body. It took him five or six months to die. Muldjelwangk steal children and young women, but can be controlled by wirrunen who sing them to sleep. (Southeast)

**Namaradoo:** Similar to Mimi. Their bodies are very thin, only flesh held together with sinew. They have thick hair and pointed jaws containing rows of interlocking teeth. Instead of fingers and toes they have long claws, and they fly through the night making whistling noises. If the sound of their progress is heard overhead, the only way to avoid notice is to stand very still; otherwise they shoot their long claws into you. (North)

**Narghun (Nargun):** Stone monsters as old as time. They cannot die but erode as does normal rock. Any piece broken off a Narghun becomes another, smaller Narghun; they vary in size from a huge boulder to a small pebble, and generally only move at night. They occasionally kill and eat men, among other animals. (Southeast)

**Ninya:** Ice Men of Mt. Connor. These spirits live under 2 salt lakes approximately 15 miles north of Mt. Connor, a 300-foot-high, flat-topped, practically-unclimbable mass of quartzite. They look like Aborigines except that their bodies are perpetually white with hoar frost, and their eyebrows are masses of icicles. Ninya are selfish, tyrannical, and greedy. They have blue eyes and white blood.

During summer, the Ninya dwell under their lakes in enormous caverns through which a freezing gale always howls. During winter they travel about through the rocks. People can tell when the Ninya get out because everyone gets cuts in their feet, believed to be caused by the ice the Ninya bring with them. When a certain morning mirage of the desert occurs, in which the landscape seems to detach itself and float upside down, the men assemble around the campfire and chant a song which has the power first of putting the trees back in place, and then of hunting the Ninya back to their underground home. Women and girls can do the opposite — briefly call out the Ninya during the hot summer days, for a cool breeze. (Central Australia)

**Namarrkon:** The Lightning Spirit. On his knees are stone axes, which he hurls to make lightning. When angered he is capable of making violent electrical storms. One of his sites, thirty miles east of the small town of Oenpelli, is the most feared and respected site in the area, owing to the terrible wrath of the Lightning Spirit if his camp is disturbed. (North)

**Ngarang:** These creatures live in the swellings found on the roots of huge, ancient gum trees. They have long flowing hair and beards and long skinny arms, jointed like the knobs of tree limbs. They pull people down into their homes and eat them. (Southeast)

**Pungalunga:** Cannibal giants of the Dreamtime. They can walk across the tops of the sand dunes faster than a bird could fly. Only one survives the Dreamtime; he dies when he tried to jump from the top of one of the Olgas monoliths to another, and fails. (Olgas, Central Australia)

**Quinkan (Quinken):** These spirits guard sacred caves and sites. They are generally depicted on rock as having enormous staring eyes and widely outstretched arms. They attack by flying through the air and hitting the victim on the back with the stone axes fixed to their elbows and knees. (Cape York)

**Serpents:** Besides the omnipresent Rainbow Serpent, there are many stories of huge and fearsome snake monsters. A few examples are *Tchooroo* (the Great Snake of the Nullarbor Plain), *Myndie* (Victoria), *Wonnarra* (Northern Territory), *Borlung* (Central Australia), *Wawi*, *Yero*, and *Ungud* (West), and *Lu*, *Lumer*, and *Lumeru* (Northwest).

These enormous pythons often live in water, and have sorcerous powers; they also have resort to the help of Rainbow Serpent when they are offended. Many are given composite features: serrate backs like crocodiles, for instance, or rudimentary limbs, or beards, and human genitalia (one or other or both sexes).

**Kurrea** are snake-creatures with serrated backs like crocodiles, and long red beards. They live at the ends of rainbows, and can only be found in dreams. They can teach wirrunen new ceremonies, if they choose not to kill the inquiring dreamer out of hand.

There are only three *Wonambi* (or *Wanambi*); one dwells in Uluru waterhole; another at Walpanya Gorge in the Olgas, and a third at the base of Mt. Connor. Walpanya Gorge is totally dark at night; the only constellation visible above is Scorpio. Walpa means "wind;" Walpanya means "always a wind," (i.e., the wind never ceases there). If the Wonambi who dwells within is angered, he can use immense winds to destroy intruders.

All three Wonambi have powers over water; they are believed to dwell in the deep, water-filled caverns which tunnel the three sets of monoliths, and can hide the water within them if offended. Wonambis hate fire and strangers. If they choose, they can rise in the air in the form of rainbows and destroy intruders by taking their souls. In appearance they are large snakes, with beards and many teeth, colored like the rainbow they sometimes represent. They differ from the other spirit creatures of the area, and from the other mythical serpents, in that they played no part in the creation of the world in the Dreamtime. They have just always been there. (supernatural)

**Wulguru:** The Aboriginals have a wide variety of Deaths, which the newly-dead spirit has to suffer or avoid to reach its spirit home. Wulguru is the most fearsome. He is roughly man-shaped, although many times bigger than a man, and made out of bark slabs and wood, with clumsy knotted joints. (Cape York)

**Yowie (Whowie):** Yowie is about 6 meters long (20 feet) and looks like a goanna, except he has six legs instead of four, and an enormous head like a frog. He is very slow and lives in a cave on the banks of the Murray. He attacks and eats any living thing. (Murray River, New South Wales)

## Animals Of Alcheringa

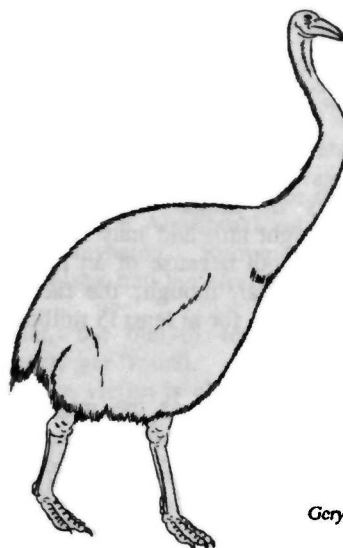
Animals of interest include all modern fauna. In addition several of the Pleistocene megafauna became the subject of myth after extinction, resulting in the addition of fanciful features. The versions given here are factual; to put these creatures in Dreamtime, merely change their descriptions to the present tense. Keepers also are referred to the "Creatures From The Dreamtime" chapter following this.

**Anthropornis nordenskoeldi (Nordenskoeld's Giant Penguin):** It deserves mention, if only for its obvious inclusion, modified for underground life, in Lovecraft's "The Mountains of Madness." These birds stood between 50 and 70 inches tall, hence its generic name, Anthropornis, "man-bird." It was undoubtedly extinct before the Aboriginals arrived.

**Diprotodon:** One representative of the group of four-footed, herbivorous marsupials which flourished from the late Miocene until about 20,000 years ago. They looked a little like rhinoceros-sized wombats (but were related to neither). One species, *Diprotodon optatum*, is the largest marsupial known: three meters long and standing two meters high at the shoulder. Some species may have had short trunks.

**Macropodids:** Literally "Big Feet." The giant kangaroos. Species singled out for special attention are *Procoptodon goliah*, the largest kangaroo ever, standing about 10 feet tall. *Procoptodon* has been described as a marsupial hominid, ourselves reflected in a marsupial mirror. Like *Homo sapiens*, *Procoptodon* had forward-pointing eyes, shortened faces, highly mobile arms, and bipedal movement. *Procoptodon* possessed tremendously powerful jaws and only a single huge clawed toe on each hind foot. *Procoptodon* survived until 10,000 years ago; the cause of their extinction is unknown.

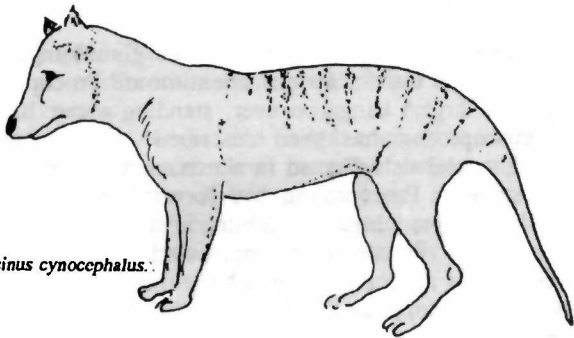
**Megalania prisca:** The "ancient giant butcher" was the largest terrestrial predator of Pleistocene Australia. These were gigantic goannas (monitor lizards), growing up to



*Geryornis.*

25 feet long and weighing up to 1300 lbs. Fossil records of it are confined to the Pleistocene; it probably ranged the inland districts. A Komodo dragon can bring down a cow by hamstringing it; presumably the much larger and stronger *Megalania* did the same with diprotodontids. This creature, along with a 6-10 foot long crocodile adapted for land life (*Quinkana fortirostrum*), is thought to have given rise to the legend of the Yowie or Whowie, (see above).

**Mihirung:** Named after an Aboriginal Dreamtime legend from Western Victoria referring to *mihirung paring-mal*, "giant birds," which, according to oral tradition, lived at the time when volcanoes were erupting in the Western District of Victoria. All were flightless. The Mihirung include *Geryornis*, a Moa-like bird with a foot-long beak, and *Dromornis stirtoni*, the world's most massive bird, surpassing even *Aepyornis*, the elephant bird of Madagascar. *Dromornis* reached 10 feet or more in height, and weighed at least half a ton. Mihirung were plant eaters, and spread all over the continent. At least some species survived until 7,000 years ago.



*Thylacinus cynocephalus.*

***Thylacinus cynocephalus:*** Australia's most famous carnivorous marsupial was the thylacine or marsupial tiger. Only two species ever existed, the Tasmanian tiger which survived until the 1930s (and may yet survive today in remote parts of Tasmania), and *Thylacinus potens*, the "powerful" Thylacine. This latter was as large as a modern wolf, and probably heavier. The Tasmanian tiger varied from gold-fawn to light brown in color, with a series of stripes running down its hindquarters (hence the name); presumably its ancient relatives looked similar. The thylacine hunts singly or in mated pairs, unlike the dingo which hunts in packs. The thylacine had a characteristically-straight tail, and may have been unable to turn on its own length because of an inflexible spine. This is purely conjectural, though; the fact is that they proved successful hunters for at least 15 million years.

***Thylacoleo carnifex:*** Known as the marsupial lion, or "killer possum." It was a flesh eater; a pair of three-inch foreteeth and a huge claw on each hind foot indicate that it probably stabbed prey with its hind legs and then strangled it, biting through the rib cage to gain access to internal organs, but leaving the rest of the skeleton

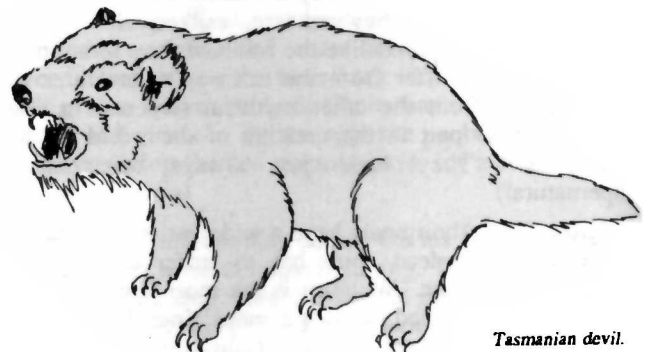
virtually intact (like a cheetah). *Thylacoleo* possessed a flexible spinal column and powerful, long limbs. It was obviously well-adapted for jumping, climbing, and medium-paced running. It became extinct with the giant marsupials.

*Thylacoleo carnifex.*



Wallabies the size of donkeys, wombats weighing half a ton, and giant tree kangaroos and echidnas also graced the Ice Age landscape.

It is not known why the megafauna died out. It seems likely that the Aboriginal method of hunting with firesticks, which radically changed the dominant flora of Australia by turning vast tracts of woodland into open grassland, brought about the gradual extinction of the megafauna. Doubtless the increasing aridity of the continent also took its toll. Many of the Diprotodontids became extinct at the same time as the kangaroos showed increasing diversity; possibly competition with kangaroos hastened their demise. The megafauna survived alongside Aboriginals for probably 50,000 years. Their extinction was neither sudden nor dramatic.



*Tasmanian devil.*



# Creatures From The Dreamtime

*Alcheringa has a wide variety of inhabitants.  
On rare occasions they can penetrate into the waking world.*

Most denizens of the Dreamtime have little connection with the Cthulhu Mythos. They inhabit the Dreamtime in the same way that non-Cthulhu Mythos entities inhabit Earth's Dreamlands (see the Chaosium supplement, *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands*). The descriptions of the creatures below are purely Chaosium's interpretations.

Several of the Pleistocene megafauna became the subject of myth after their extinction, resulting in fanciful features being added. These are noted in the animal descriptions.

## Arkaroo

*(Lesser Independent Race)*

The Arkaroo of the Australian Dreamtime are clearly Serpent People. Note that serpent people are definitely inhabitants of Earth's Dreamlands, and evidently have invaded the peculiar Australian Dreamlands as well.

## Bunyips

*(Greater Independent Race)*

**Description:** Bunyips are something like a crocodile and something like an enormous seal. Their eyes are like glowing coals, and their hide is an unwholesome and unnatural combination of fur, scale and feather. They swim with powerful flippers and on land walk on their hind legs, towering twelve or more feet tall. They are soundless except for their hunting cry, which can be as dire and desolate as death or a savage roaring paean of hate, rage and hunger. They have long claws, and hug their prey to death. They prefer eating women to men. They have control over bodies of water, and can suddenly raise or lower water levels to suit their whim. Proof of their supernatural nature is that they can never be successfully photographed.

**Notes:** Bunyips are huge monsters from the limit of human imagination. They are endowed with a dreadful, ancient intelligence, and cannot die naturally. They lurk soundlessly in lonely, murky billabongs, or dark, still stretches of water. They are full of cunning and twisted wisdom, waiting for people to come down to the water, so that they can pull them in and devour them. A billabong inhabited by a bunyip acquires a lonely look,

and the banks and ground nearby are crisscrossed underneath with dark and reedy tunnels, enabling the monster to travel a surprising distance underground away from the waterhole. Marshes around the billabong teem with wildlife, which the bunyip uses to trick people to a grisly death. Most bunyips are associated with one particular locality. Humans leave them alone. If angered by deliberate hunting bunyips can loose disease and death upon the offenders.

The Aboriginals believe that most bunyips were created in the Dreamtime. Those few bunyips born after the Dreamtime are the result of unnatural and destructive acts. For example, near the MacPherson Ranges on the border of New South Wales and Queensland, a kangaroo was chased into a billabong by the two finest hunting dogs ever known, Burrajahnee and Inneroogun. The two dogs were killed and eaten instead of the lost kangaroo by people who not only had other food, but who knew that the dogs were the only company that their owner, an old man, had. As a result, the kangaroo was supernaturally transformed into a bunyip, say the Aboriginals.

Every tribe living near marshes or swamps knew of bunyips, but gave them different names, such as *Mu-ru-bul* and *Tu-ru-dun*. The Western Murray tribes called it Bunyip.

Few effective defenses exist against bunyips — they are far too powerful. White people who have met them have survived by running away quickly or by being very passive and very lucky. The Aboriginals knew some sorcery which kept them at bay, but this knowledge was mostly lost when the Aboriginal culture collapsed in the face of white invasion. Bunyips dislike bright light, sudden loud noises, and the aforementioned sorcery.

In combat, the bunyip receives one bite and one Grapple attack per round. A Grapple attack does no damage, but the victim is clutched in the bunyip's claws and takes 5D6 damage automatically on the following round (and subsequent rounds, assuming the 5D6 damage is not instantly fatal). The only escape is to overcome the bunyip's STR with one's own. If the bunyip is somehow driven off just after it grabs a foe, the victim might be dropped before being mauled.

**BUNYIPS**

characteristic	roll	average
STR	10D6+10	45
CON	4D6+12	26
SIZ	10D6+10	45
INT	2D6+12	19
POW	10D6	35
DEX	3D6+6	16-17
HP		36

Move 10/16 swimming

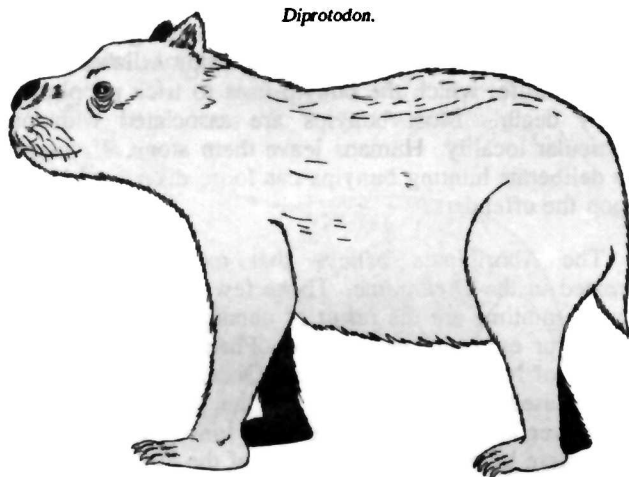
**Weapons:** Bite 65%, 1D10+5D6 damage  
Claw 65%, on second round of attack give victim 5D6 damage

**Armor:** 10-point hide of fur, scale, and feather.

**Spells:** a bunyip can raise and lower the water level of its pool or billabong at will.

**Skills:** Sense Life 95%, Swim Quietly 95%.

**SAN Cost:** seeing a bunyip costs 1/1D10.  
Hearing it howl costs 1/1D3.



*Diprotodon.*

**Diprotodons**

(Animal)

**Description:** Diprotodonts looked a bit like rhinoceros-sized wombats. The species described here is the largest marsupial known: *Diprotodon optatum*, 10 feet long and 6 feet high at the shoulder. It may have had a short trunk.

**Notes:** Diprotodonts were a group of four-footed, herbivorous marsupials flourishing from the late Miocene until about 20,000 years ago. They can be encountered in the Dreamtime, where they can be hunted. Diprotodon's bite damage bonus is equal to half the creature's normal damage bonus.

**DIPROTODONS**

characteristic	roll	average
STR	4D6+12	26
CON	3D6+6	16-17
SIZ	4D6+24	38
POW	2D6	7
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		28

Move 8

**Weapons:** Bite 25%, 1D3+3D3 damage

**Armor:** 5-point hide.

**Skills:** Smell Intruder 45%.

**SAN Cost:** none.

**Jannoks**

(Lesser Independent Race)

**Description:** bird-like human hybrid-things. Their heads, backs, and the edges of their arms bristle with feathers, and their scaly legs end in three-toed claws. Their heads are a repulsive combination of broad horny beak and human skulls.

**Notes:** These creatures are known from central, south, and western Australia. They can whistle up willy willies (dust devils) by expending a magic point and making an appropriate swirling gesture. They can ride in these willy willies and, when inside, a jannok is invisible, though not intangible.

Jannoks can also use willy willies to engulf and attack foes with the whirling grit and dust. A willy willy can be disrupted by the target, if the target succeeds at an attack roll with an appropriate weapon. Weapons capable of impaling and all firearms do no damage to a willy willy. But a club or boomerang which can be swept through it, breaking the swirling air, does appropriate damage. Even a fist or kick can help break it up. A willy willy has 1D10 hit points for every magic point the jannok expended to create it. The little whirlwind is considered to have a DEX of 25.

**JANNOKS**

characteristic	roll	average
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	3D6	10-11
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	5D6	17-18
DEX	3D6+6	16-17
HP		36

Move 13

**Weapons:** Throwing Spear 40%, 1D6+1 damage  
Boomerang 40%, 1D8 damage  
Willy Willy (automatic), 1D3 damage

**Armor:** 1-point feathers. When invisible inside a willy willy, chances to hit a Jannok are halved.

**Spells:** all jannocks know at least 1D8 spells.

All jannoks can summon willy willies by spending magic points.

**Skills:** Ride Willy Willy 90%.

**SAN Cost:** 0/1D6.

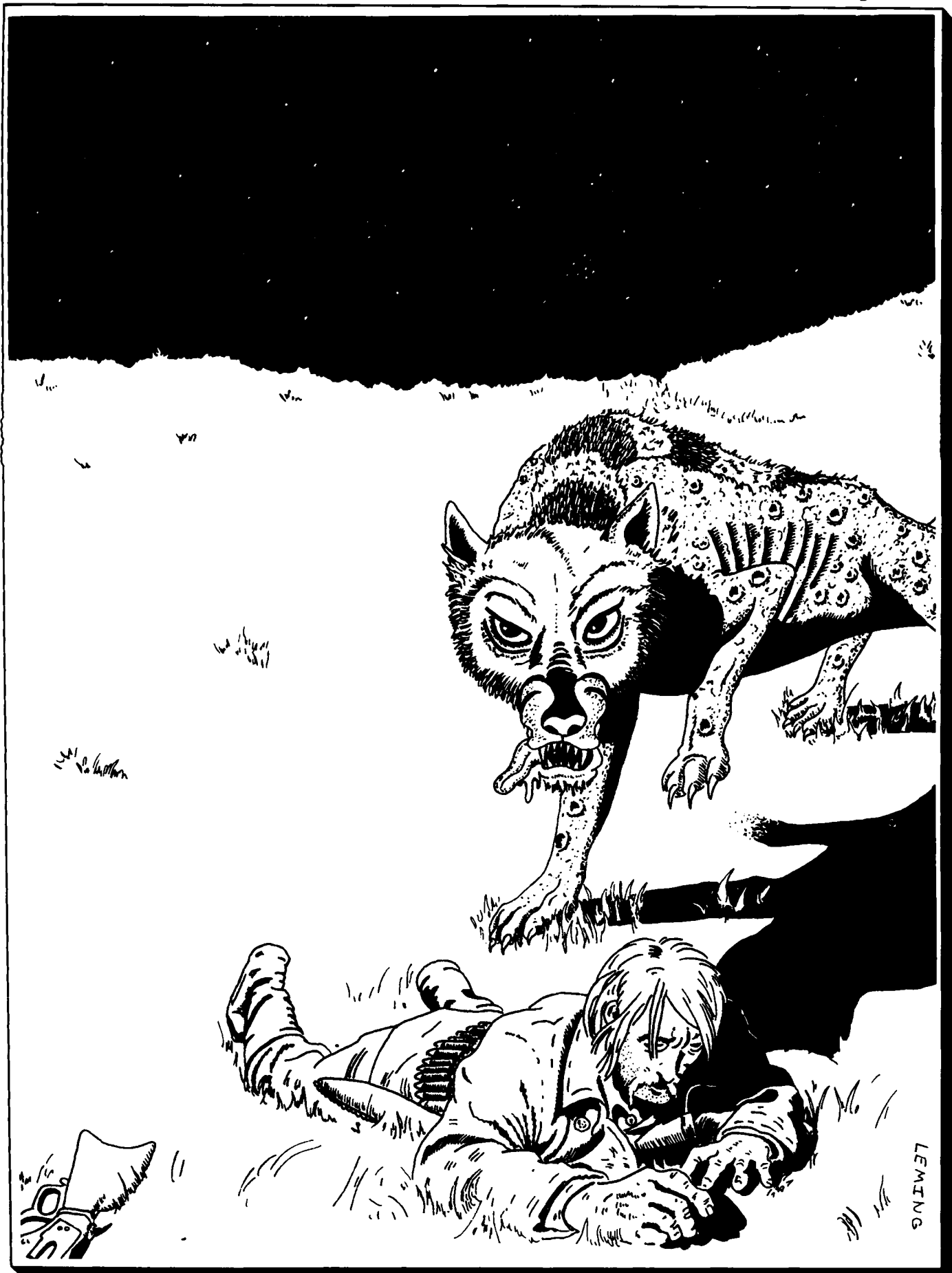
**Jugis**

(Lesser Independent Race)

**Description:** known from the Darling River area, this is a giant black spirit dog. It has disproportionately huge, bulging eyes. When one gets close enough to see the creature clearly, it becomes obvious that, despite a superficial resemblance in overall outline, the thing is not a dog at all.

**Notes:** spirit dogs like this are reported from many places besides Australia. England, for example, is rife with stories of black spirit dogs. No doubt all these creatures have a similar origin, which may be the Dreamlands or some more sinister source.

A jugi has the ability to demoralize foes by simply staring on them with its immense eyes. If the victim fails to resist the jugi's magic points with his own, the victim



is filled with terror, and must attempt to flee. If cornered or otherwise forced to fight, all the victim's attack skills are halved, though parry and dodge remain unaltered. A successful idea roll permits a demoralized victim to stand and fight even if not cornered, though the attacks are still halved. The jugi can make no attack of its own in a round that it uses the demoralizing stare.

If a jugi is struck by any physical weapon, the striker takes 1D8 damage directly to his or her hit points. The jugi is also damaged, of course. These beings can dissolve into mist at will or if killed, returning whence they came.

#### JUGIS

characteristic	roll	average
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	3D6+6	16-17
INT	2D6	7
POW	2D6+8	15
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		14

Move 15

**Weapons:** Bite 50%, 1D8+1D6 damage  
Stare (automatic), fear is damage.

**Armor:** 3-point hide, plus attacker takes 1D8 damage

**Spells:** demoralizing stare. A jugi of INT 12 or more knows 1D4 spells.

**Skills:** Sneak 75%.

**SAN Cost:** 0/1D4. The creature's stare costs an additional 1D4 SAN.

## Kurpannga

(Great Old One)

**Description:** a malevolent devil-dingo found in Central Australia. Kurpannga is entirely hairless, except for a line of bristling fur along his spine and a tuft at the end of his tail. His teeth are shockingly numerous, and extremely sharp, more resembling the teeth of a crocodile or carnivorous dinosaur than a dingo.

**Cult:** the legendary Mulga-Seed wirrunen created Kurpannga in the Dreamtime, and filled his frame with malice enough to last forever. Kurpannga has no cult. He is an agent of destruction, not worship.

**Notes:** being within ten yards of Kurpannga costs everyone present a point of CON each round. Instead of biting, he can bark, howl, or whine in a round, and all within earshot must resist his magic points on the resistance table or lose 1D6 magic points of their own. If Kurpannga is reduced to 0 hit points, he is forced back to the Dreamtime. He cannot be killed by mortals.

#### KURPANNGA

characteristics	
STR	65
CON	52
SIZ	28
INT	12
POW	28
DEX	20
HP	40

Move 30

**Weapons:** Bite 90%, 6D6 damage  
Presence (automatic), 1 point of CON.  
Bark (automatic), resist or lose 1D6 magic points.

**Armor:** 8-point hide.

**Spells:** Kurpannga has the ability to blight land by walking over it. All the ground within ten yards of his track becomes poisoned for the next growing season. All plants growing on it are twisted and deformed, and any animal eating such vegetation sickens and dies.

**SAN Cost:** 1/1D10.

## Marsupial Lions

(*Thylacoleo carnifex*; animal)

**Description:** Also known as the "killer possum," it was a flesh eater. It looked fairly catlike, but had a rather rodent-like dentition. This animal had very long incisors, and a huge claw on each hindfoot. It possessed a flexible spinal column and powerful long limbs, well-suited for jumping, climbing, and medium-paced running.

Each round it attacks with a bite and two foreclaws. If both foreclaws hit, it rips with the hindclaws as well.

#### MARSUPIAL LION

characteristic	roll	average
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	3D6+6	16-17
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6+6	16-17
HP		14

Move 10

**Weapons:** Bite 30%, 1D8+1D6 damage  
Foreclaw 40%, 1D6+1D6  
Rearclaw 80%, 2D8+1D6

**Armor:** 1-point hide.

**SAN Cost:** none.

## Megalania Prisca

(Animal)

**Description:** these gigantic goannas (monitor lizards), grew up to 25 feet long and weighed up to 1300 pounds. They were the largest terrestrial predators of Pleistocene Australia, probably ranging the inland districts. A Komodo dragon can bring down a cow by hamstringing it; presumably the much larger and stronger Megalania did the same with diprotodonts. It can attack twice a round, once with bite and once with a claw.

#### MEGALANIA PRISCA

characteristic	roll	average
STR	6D6+18	39
CON	3D6+9	19-20
SIZ	6D6+18	39
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		30

Move 7

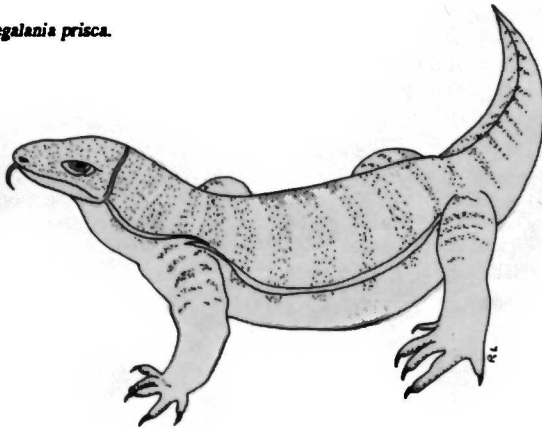
**Weapons:** Bite 60%, 1D8+3D6 damage  
Claw 40%, 1D6+3D6

**Armor:** 9-point hide.

**SAN Cost:** none.



*Megalania prisca.*



## Mihirungs

(Animal)

**Description:** Mihirung are giant flightless birds. The term here is used to include *Geryornis*, a Moa-like bird with a foot-long beak, and *Dromornis stirtoni*, the world's most massive bird, surpassing even *Aepyornis*, the elephant bird of Madagascar. *Dromornis* reached 10 feet or more in height, and weighed half a ton.

**Notes:** We have used the name of an Aboriginal Dreamtime legend from Western Victoria, referring to *mihirung paringmal*, "giant birds," which, according to oral tradition, lived at the time when volcanoes were erupting in the Western District of Victoria. Mihirung were plant eaters, and spread all over the continent. At least some species survived until 7,000 years ago.

The peck does damage equal to twice the bird's damage bonus. Like many large birds, the mihirung is dangerous if cornered or surprised. It can both peck and kick once each round.

## MIHIRUNGS

characteristic	roll	average
STR	4D6+9	23
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	4D6+15	29
POW	1D6+6	9-10
DEX	4D6	14
HP		23
Move	18	

**Weapons:** Peck 40%, 2D6 damage  
Kick 60%, 1D8+2D6

**Armor:** 4-point feathers.

**SAN Cost:** none.

## Mimis

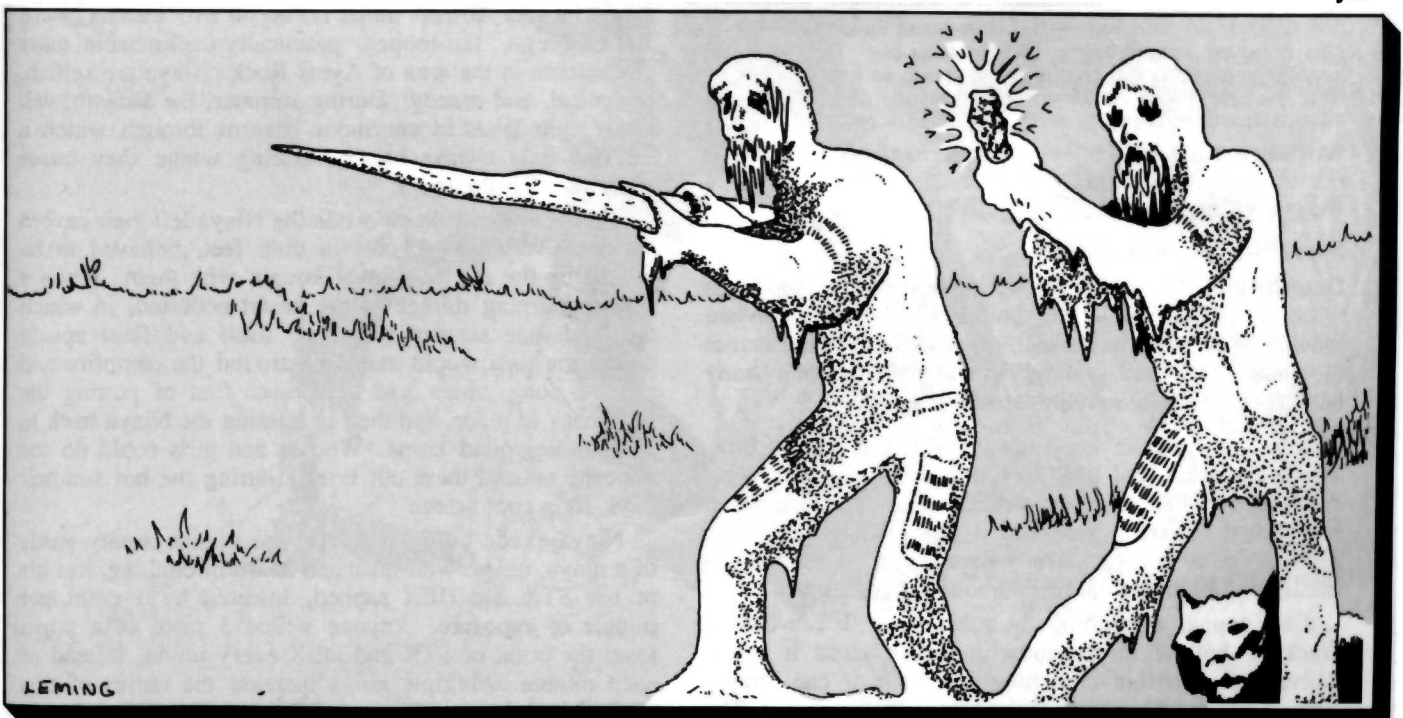
(Lesser Independent Race)

**Description:** exceptionally-skilled spirit hunters who were the original inhabitants of northern Australia. A mimi is a spirit-creature who looks like a living stick-figure, is taller than a human, and is as light as straw.

**Notes:** the Mimis taught men how to use spears and hunt kangaroos. The oldest surviving Mimi paintings are probably 20,000 years old. Mimis can split rocks with a finger and step inside to hide, sealing up the rock behind them in the same manner. These weird creatures do not venture out of their rocks if there is a wind, however slight, for fear of being blown away and breaking their scrawny necks.

If an investigator bargains with a Mimi (a gift of yams or perhaps candy would be perfect), he or she is understood and responded to, but in a curious way: drawing incredibly fast, the mimi paints his answers on nearby rocks. These spirit-creatures can split rocks with a finger and step inside to hide.

Ninya.



Mimis are dangerous. Anyone who eats mimi food transforms into a mimi after 1D3 hours. Mimi women are not quite as elongate as the men, and have lovely breasts. Anyone having sex with a mimi transforms into a mimi after 1D3 hours. This transformation is irreversible, and an investigator suffering such a fate becomes a creature of the Dreamtime — he or she can no longer be played. Sometimes, when angry at a human, instead of killing him, they eat all the flesh from the face of the human, leaving the victim alive but horrendously disfigured.

Anyone struck by a mimi's enchanted spear must match his remaining hit points against the damage done by the spear on the resistance table. If the damage overcomes his remaining hit points, the victim dies. Otherwise, he lives.

Mimis can jump and skip through the air like minnows in a stream. They can both attack and use their Dodge each round against all attacks targeted against them. They can even Dodge bullets. The only attacks they cannot avoid in this way are area-affect assaults, such as explosives or windstorms.

### MIMIS

characteristic	roll	average
STR	7D6	24-25
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	2D6+12	19
INT	4D6	14
POW	4D6+6	20
DEX	10D6	35
HP		12

Move 12

**Weapons:** Spear 80%, 1D6+3D6 + special

**Armor:** none.

**Spells:** many special abilities, such as the power to hide within rocks. All Mimis know at least 1D4 spells.

**Skills:** Dodge 100%: the Mimi Dodge skill is temporarily decreased by 1 percentile for each extra attack the Mimi must dodge in a single round. Hence, if an attacker emptied a Thompson submachinegun in the direction of a Mimi, and 12 shots hit the creature, the Mimi would have to attempt 12 successive dodges, with a 100% chance of success versus the first shot, then 99%, and so forth till at the twelfth shot the Mimi would have only an 89% chance of success.

**SAN Cost:** 0/1D6.

## Narghun

(Major Independent Race)

**Description:** the narghun are reported from southeast Australia. They look like boulders and rocks. When moving, a narghun might roll, or slowly drag itself across the sand. They can gratingly move parts of their stony body, but when not moving, are solid as rock.

**Notes:** The narghun are stone monsters as old as time. They cannot die, but they do erode as normal rock does. Any piece broken off a narghun becomes another, smaller narghun; they vary in size from a huge boulder to a small pebble, and generally only move at night. They occasionally kill and eat men, among other animals.

Each round, a narghun can attack once. It can open a crack or hollow in its body and then close it again, delivering a terrible crunching bite. Or it can simply move over or fall upon a victim to crush him or her. The

bite attack does damage equal to twice the narghun's damage bonus, or a minimum of 1D3 points of damage. The crush attack does damage equal to the creature's damage bonus, and can attack a number of targets at once, so long as they are all within an area no larger across than one yard for every 10 full SIZ points of the narghun.

### NARGHUN

characteristic	roll	average
STR	2 to 40D6	2-140
CON	10D6+12	35
SIZ	1 20D6	1-70
INT	2D6	7
POW	4D6	14
DEX	1D6	3-4
HP		18-53
Move 1D6 per round		

**Weapons:** Bite 50%, 1D3 to 24D6

Roll 75%, 0 to 12D6

**Armor:** none, but immune to all attacks incapable of damaging rock. Axes and firearms, for instance, are useless. Explosive can only harm the narghun if wedged within a crack. A narghun which is thus broken is not killed but becomes an appropriate number of smaller narghuns, with a total STR, CON, and SIZ adding up to the total of the original creature. The pieces must be reduced to powder or dissolved in acid to be truly dead.

**Spells:** normally none.

**SAN Cost:** 0/1D6 to see a narghun in action, but nothing to see one sitting there.

## Ninya

(Lesser Independent Race)

**Description:** creatures of central Australia, Ninya look like Aborigines except that their bodies are perpetually white with hoar frost, and that their eyebrows are masses of icicles. They have blue eyes and white blood.

**Notes:** these spirits live beneath two salt lakes approximately fifteen miles' north of Mt. Connor — a 300-foot-high, flat-topped, practically-unclimbable mass of quartzite in the area of Ayers Rock. Ninya are selfish, tyrannical, and greedy. During summer, the Ninya dwell under their lakes in enormous caverns through which a freezing gale always howls. During winter they travel about through the rocks.

The Aborigines knew when the Ninya left their cavern because everyone got cuts in their feet, believed to be caused by the ice the Ninya brought with them. When a certain morning mirage of the desert occurred, in which the landscape seemed to detach itself and float upside down, the men would assemble around the campfire and chant a song which had the power first of putting the trees back in place, and then of hunting the Ninya back to their underground home. Women and girls could do the opposite — call them out briefly during the hot summer days, for a cool breeze.

Ninya exude bitter cold. Anyone within twenty yards of a ninya, unless well-insulated in warm clothing, has his or her STR and DEX sapped, lowered by 1 point per minute of exposure. Anyone within 3 yards of a ninya loses the point of STR and DEX every round, instead of each minute. Multiple ninya increase the radius of this effect, though the STR and DEX loss remain constant.



Meeting a ngarang.

For example, a band of 12 ninya would cost 1 statistic point per minute out to a distance of 240 yards, and 1 statistic point per round out to 36 yards. Each hour of rest and warmth restores a point of STR and DEX lost to this effect. If STR or DEX are reduced to 0, the victim freezes to death.

The ninya fight with weapons made of ice. In addition to normal damage, the target loses 1D4 points each of STR and DEX when struck, recoverable as above.

#### NINYA

characteristic	roll	average
STR	4D6	14
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	4D6	14
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		14

Move 10

**Weapons:** Icicle 50%, 1D8+1+1D4+ 1D4 points each STR and DEX.

Freeze (automatic), 1 point each STR and DEX.

**Armor:** only weapons that are very hot can harm Ninya, such as burning spears, torches, or red-hot knifeblades. Such weapons do normal damage.

**Spells:** roll 1D100 for each Ninya. If the result is less than or equal to the Ninya's POW, it knows that many spells.

**Skills:** Sense Life 95%, Swim Quietly 95%.

**SAN Cost:** 0/1D4.

## Ngarang

(*Lesser Independent Race*)

**Description:** inhabitants of southeast Australia. These tree-creatures have long flowing hair and beards and long skinny arms, jointed like the knobs of tree limbs.

**Notes:** the Ngarang live in the swellings found on the roots of huge, ancient gum trees. They are man-eaters, and pull people down into their homes to eat them. The Ngarang almost never leave the Dreamtime. When a Ngarang's tree is harmed or killed, the creature seeks bloody vengeance. It must be quick about it, for it loses a point of POW permanently each day after its tree's death, until it, too, dies. Cutting down a tree's trunk does not kill the roots. In such a case the Ngarang would certainly seek revenge for the disfigurement of its home, but would not lose any POW.

#### NGARANG

characteristic	roll	average
STR	8D6	28
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	3D6+6	16-17
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	4D6	14
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		16

Move 6

**Weapons:** Fist 50%, 1D6+2D6 damage  
Grapple 50%, special

**Armor:** 10-point bark-like skin. A Ngarang can vanish back into its tree at will, where it cannot be harmed at all, though the tree can be destroyed.

**Spells:** a Ngarang of INT 14 or more knows 1D6 spells.

**SAN Cost:** 0/1D6.

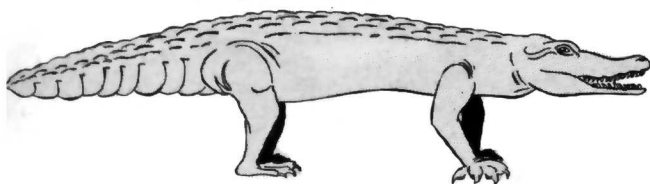


## Quinkania Fortirostrums

(Animal)

**Description:** six- to ten-foot-long crocodiles adapted for land life. They have shorter snouts and tails and longer legs than ordinary crocodilians.

**Notes:** these creatures, along with Megalania, preyed on the herbivores of ancient Australian. They still roam the Dreamtime glades. A quinkania can hit simultaneously with the bite and tail lash, but not against the same opponent.



*Quinkania fortirostrum*

### QUIKANIA FORTIROSTRUMS

characteristic	roll	average
STR	2D6+12	19
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	2D6+12	19
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+3	10
HP		16
Move	6	

**Weapons:** Bite 40%, 1D10+1D6 damage  
Tail Lash 40%, 1D6+1D6

**Armor:** 6-point hide.

**SAN Cost:** none.

## Quinkans (Quinkens)

(Lesser Servitor Race)

**Description:** known especially from Cape York. Quinkans are spirit guardians of sacred caves and sites. Rock paintings depict them with enormous staring eyes and widely outstretched arms. They attack by flying through the air and hitting the victim on the back with the stone axes fixed to their elbows and knees.

**Notes:** quinkans are summoned by wirrunen (sorcerers) or greater creatures to protect important places. Quinkans are normally non-material. Except when the creature solidifies its form, it can neither be harmed by physical attacks nor can it harm physical beings.

Its usual attack technique is to remain immaterial and fly right through its target, preferably approaching from the rear, so the target cannot dodge. The stone axes affixed to the quinkan are not immaterial, and strike the target briskly. On each swoop, the quinkan gets four attacks, one for each axe. When a quinkan solidifies, it loses its ability to fly and can no longer use the axes effectively. In this state, it attacks three times a round, using both claws and a bite.

The bite of a quinkan injects a psychic poison, causing the victim to lose, at the quinkan's choice, 1D6 points from a chosen characteristic (i.e., STR, CON, EDU), 2D6 off a chosen statistic (magic points, hit points, or Sanity points), or 3D6 points from a chosen skill. In every case,

the quinken decides what ability is affected. This loss is not immediate: the victim loses the points at the rate of one point a day until the entire loss rolled has been deducted.

### QUINKANS

characteristic	roll	average
STR	6D6	21
CON	3D6+15	25-26
SIZ	3D6	10-11
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6+12	22-23
DEX	2D6+12	19
HP		18
Move	12/40 flying	

**Weapons:** Bite 65%, 1D8+1D4 + magic poison  
Claw 75%, 1D6+1D4 damage  
Axe 50%, 1D6+1+1D4

**Armor:** none, but invulnerable to all weapons when in non-material form. Magic spells affect it.

**Spells:** normally knows at least 1D3 spells.

**Skills:** Sense Life 95%, Swim Quietly 95%.

**SAN Cost:** 0/1D8.

## Wa-Tha-Guln-Darls

(Lesser Independent Race)

**Description:** little people of central and southern Australia. The Wa-tha-guln-darl stand a mere eighteen inches high, but are tough as ironwood. Their skin is hard and covered with knots, and their faces are weird and half-insectoid.

**Notes:** these tiny folk are extremely paranoid. They have no fires for fear of powerful spirit enemies, eat their meat raw, and pin trespassers onto their black bull ant nests to die a horrible and protracted death. They are best to avoid, though if a person managed to warn them of some danger, they may be grateful enough to grant him some minor boon, such as permission to traverse their territory without incurring a penalty.

### WA-THA-GULN-DARLS

characteristic	roll	average
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	10D6	35
SIZ	1	1
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	3D6+3	13-14
HP		18
Move	7	

**Weapons:** Spear 50%, 1D3 damage  
Grapple 50%, special damage

**Armor:** 6-point hide.

**Spells:** a wa-tha-guln-darl of INT 17 or more knows 1D6 spells.

**Skills:** Hide 90%, Sneak 75%.

**SAN Cost:** 0/1D6.

## Whowie (Yowie)

(Greater Independent Race)

**Description:** this lizard-like horror, reported from the Murray River area of New South Wales, is at least twenty feet long. It has six clawed legs, and a disproportionate head like a squat tyrannosaurus.





At the border of Alcheringa.

**Notes:** whowies are amphibious creatures which live in riverbank caves. Solitary hunters, they attack and eat any living thing. Though they are slow, they are extremely persistent. Once a whowie starts tracking a victim, it never stops until it has caught him or her, or until the victim has escaped out of Dreamtime. If the whowie has somehow gotten to the mundane world, the victim is in trouble indeed.

A whowie acts as a center of magic power which has a radius equal to the whowie's POW in yards. Any spells within this zone are twisted and distorted to the benefit of the whowie. A spell cast in an attempt to harm the whowie adds its magic points and/or POW to the whowie's own (only temporarily, however — extra magic points or POW dissipate after a day or two). Creatures placed under a binding spell are freed from the spell. Creatures brought via a Summon spell are dispelled back whence they came unless they can roll equal to or less

than their POW on 1D100. Other magic effects are similarly maimed and perverted, at the keeper's discretion.

#### WHOWIES

<i>characteristic</i>	<i>roll</i>	<i>average</i>
STR	4D8+48	62
CON	2D6+16	23
SIZ	4D6+24	38
POW	13D6+6	16-17
DEX	2D6	7
HP		61

Move 4

**Weapons:** Bite 90%, 1D10+5D6 damage  
Claw 90%, 1D6+5D6

**Armor:** 10-point hide.

**Spells:** none, but see text above.

**Skills:** Track 100%.

**SAN Cost:** 1/1D10.




---

# The Adventures

---

# Pride Of Yirrimburra

*A simple family visit transforms into dangerous business, as the investigators match wits with a town and with the unknowable to bring justice from a tragedy of racism and vengeance.*

*Yirrimburra is a fiction, a blend of aspects of Australian country towns, both real and romanticized. It lies somewhere near Traralgon, in eastern Victoria.*

## The Beginning

The Hills of the Snake, they were called, before white settlers took them over: the Hills of the Snake, for Gunjal, the serpent who made the twists and turns of Smith's Creek before it had either name or water. Long before in the Dreamtime, Gunjal fled the spears of Baiami, the All Father, and was turned to stone at the place where the Gippsland hills shrug upwards from the plains. The Wotjobaluk lived there and hunted hill wallabies, emus, and swift gray kangaroos. Women gathered daisy yams, goannas, and the salt seeds of the ti tree scrub.

The Law said that a man's life paid for a life. The Law said that if all men forgot the Law, then it would die, and life die with it. The People said that those who obeyed the Law left Earth at death. Their spirits traveled, not in Dreaming but in reality to the roof of the sky, Baiami's camp. That was the good country that people visited in their dreams; there was always good hunting and water there. That was what the Law said.

The white settlers came with horses, cattle and sheep. They brought rifles which killed faster than a spear. The kangaroos left, the wallabies left, the goannas were hunted out to feed hungry children. The People began to spear cattle and sheep for food. A white youth, Bill Poul, became their friend, and told them many things about the whites.

When the disease came, half the People died. While recovering from the illness, one man had a dream. He dreamed that many white men stood in the sacred gully from whence the serpent Gunjal sprang. The whitefellas stared unblinking at the quartz, the sacred gold-veined quartz that Baiami had given in trust to the Wotjobaluk. Then the currawong fled, and the serpent Gunjal was dead, speared through the heart in his deep resting place. The dreamer cried out, then set off for the gully with his dingos. There he saw a white man sleeping, and speared him through the thigh. Then he ran back and told the rest what he had done. They moved camp the next day, moving east.

The next day the horsemen gathered, stockhands and landowners from roundabout, determined to end the nuisance. Frederick MacKenzie, Ted Keelor, Jack Ramsey, Peter MacGuire, and Jim Trent, all came, MacKenzie still hurting from his leg wound. They caught Bill Poul and made him lead them to the natives. First they only shot the dingos. But when the Aboriginals threw spears, they retaliated with gunfire. They believed they were doing the right thing.

MacKenzie, Keelor, Ramsey, MacGuire, and Trent were tried for manslaughter in July, 1885. The defense had a strong case, resting primarily on the lack of any Aboriginal corpses. The prosecution's case rested on the testimony of Bill Poul, who refused to give evidence at the trial. A local jury returned a unanimous, and quite proper, verdict of "Not Guilty." No doubt the Aboriginals had gone walkabout. Perhaps they would be back one day, perhaps not.

Fred MacKenzie found the gold-veined quartz there in the gully and opened up a gold mine in the hillside. Now he is a rich man. Whatever happens to the mine, he has his profits, his home, and his town.

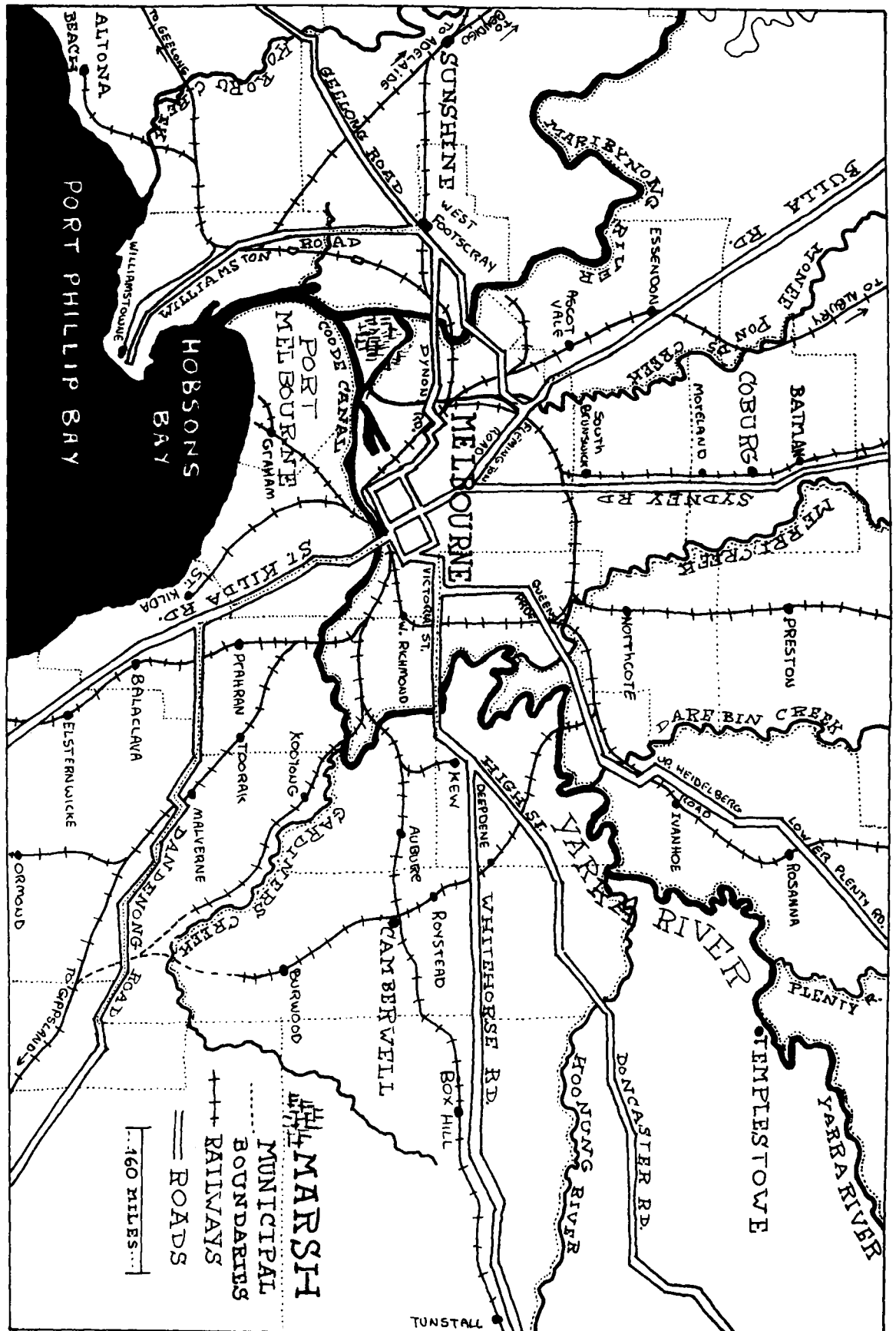
Now the miners tunnel under the hill where the short battle was fought, digging underneath the mass grave containing the bones of seventeen people and four dogs. But at night the eighteenth victim creeps out from the shelter of the hills, and stands looking down on the town of Yirrimburra, waiting for the moon to die.

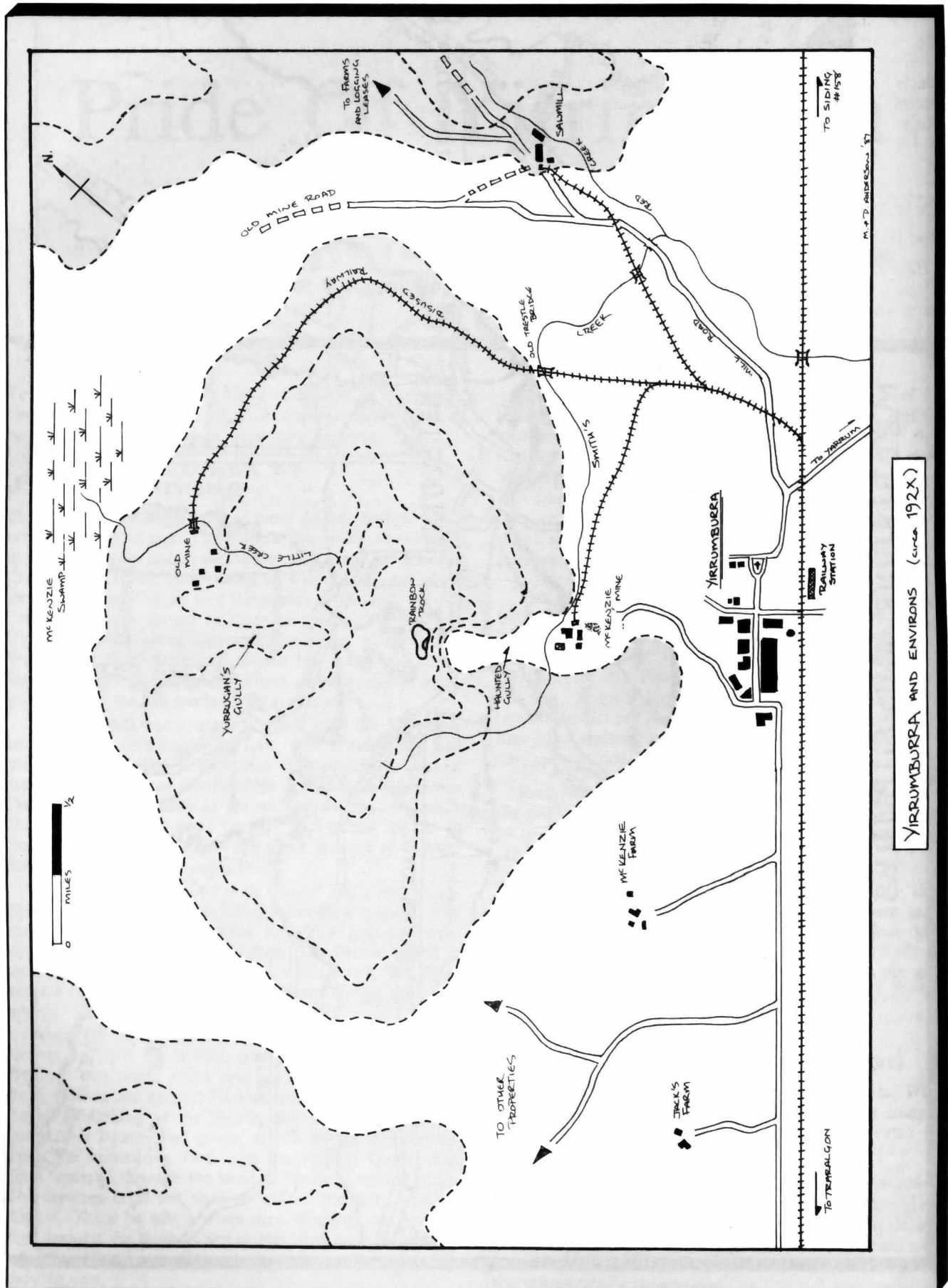
## Investigator Introduction

One of the investigators has an uncle in Australia. When the investigator's mother learns that he or she is going to Australia, the parent begs the investigator to visit her brother Jack.

Jack was a black sheep. He's had an inordinate amount of good and bad luck. His story is in the player handout nearby, titled "Uncle Jack. Give a copy of it to the investigator whom you have decided is to be his niece or nephew. You may alter details in the handout to suit the investigator's background.

# MELBOURNE AND SUBURBS







Yirrimburra is reachable by train from Melbourne. If the investigators contact their uncle by letter, he'll telephone their hotel, using Fred MacKenzie's phone. Uncle Jack has a friendly voice, and retains his American accent. He sounds tired, and yawns over the phone. He suggests they come down on tomorrow evening's train, and he will pick them up at the station.

## Keeper Information

Two plots intertwine in this adventure.

**THE FIRST PLOT:** The Trent boys, Phil and Ray, were illegally taking gold one night from the Yirrimburra gold mine when the foreman, Peter MacGuire, saw their lights (popularly attributed to ghosts). When the Trent brothers were surprised, they made a run for it. MacGuire shot at them, missing. They fired back, and a portion of the shaft caved in on him. MacGuire died. The Trents are guilty of manslaughter and theft at best, and murder at worst. This is a hanging offense, so they are particularly anxious that none find out.

**THE SECOND PLOT:** Death is striking the town's prominent citizens. In order of their deaths, so far: Jim Trent, father of Phil and Ray; Ted Keelor, manager of the mine; and Jack Ramsey, the investigator's uncle (who dies just before the investigators arrive). All the deceased are male, old settlers, and in late middle age. All died in their sleep, and each death happened a month apart. Peter MacGuire might have died in this way also, but his nasty accident got him first.

### Handout #1

#### UNCLE JACK

Jack Ramsey is your mother's elder brother. He has had a checkered history, and only your mother maintains contact with him.

Jack was born in 1863. A reckless and headstrong boy, his capacity for quick action earned him his little sister's (your mother's) devotion, but brought him into frequent rows with his father (your grandfather). When Jack became 21, he astounded the family by claiming his inheritance and sailing to Australia. This radical move became even more shocking when, one week after his departure, a pregnant girl turned up representing herself as his fiancée.

He wrote your mother every six months or so, and they have kept in touch. On his arrival in Melbourne, Jack met a young property owner in a pub. The man, Fred MacKenzie, was impressed with Jack's energy, even though he was a Yank, and offered him a job as a shearer. Jack went with Fred to Yirrimburra, in Victoria. Shortly after, a vein of gold was discovered on Fred's property, and Jack made his fortune. In 1889, he married an Australian girl, Christine Wilson (your aunt), and in 1892 they had a son, Ralph (your cousin). By then, Jack had bought a farm.

Things went well until 1914, when Ralph was called up to military service. In 1915 he sailed to Gallipoli with the Anzac invasion force and was killed. Aunt Christine was shattered, and, her health ruined, died of the flu in 1917. Since then Uncle Jack, who is now a hale and hearty sexagenarian, has sold off portions of his farm until it has been reduced to a size he now can manage by himself.

Your mother pleads with you to visit her brother while in Australia, as she hasn't seen him for forty years.

Yurragan Wrahijhi, sole survivor of the 1885 massacre, is responsible for the murders in the second plot. Yurragan, his soul twisted and warped by justified hatred, uses sorcery to catapult his sleeping targets into Alcheringa, where terrible monsters hunt them. This goes on night after night, until the monsters catch their new victim, and the man has a heart attack. Yurragan starts a new victim on each dark of the moon. He plans to kill them all this way, all but MacKenzie. It was he who fired the first shot, who led the horsemen, who stole the sacred quartz and now trades it for whitefella money: MacKenzie and all his works must die by fire.

## Running The Scenario

The facts of the case are presented here. It is up to the keeper to determine the course of the scenario, keeping in mind the players' personalities and the investigators' talents. Be familiar with the details — most townsfolk know all the relevant facts, and can impart them to the investigators.

Two events occur regardless of the investigators' actions: (1) they arrive at the farm to find Uncle Jack dead; (2) Yurragan detects their presence and visits their dreams with Alcheringa, hoping the experience will kill them or frighten them off. Hold off Yurragan's attack until the time is right, preferably after the investigators become noticeable in town, as they sort through the information and eliminate the obvious red herrings. Probably Yurragan needn't act until the investigators connect the recent deaths in town with the original massacre.

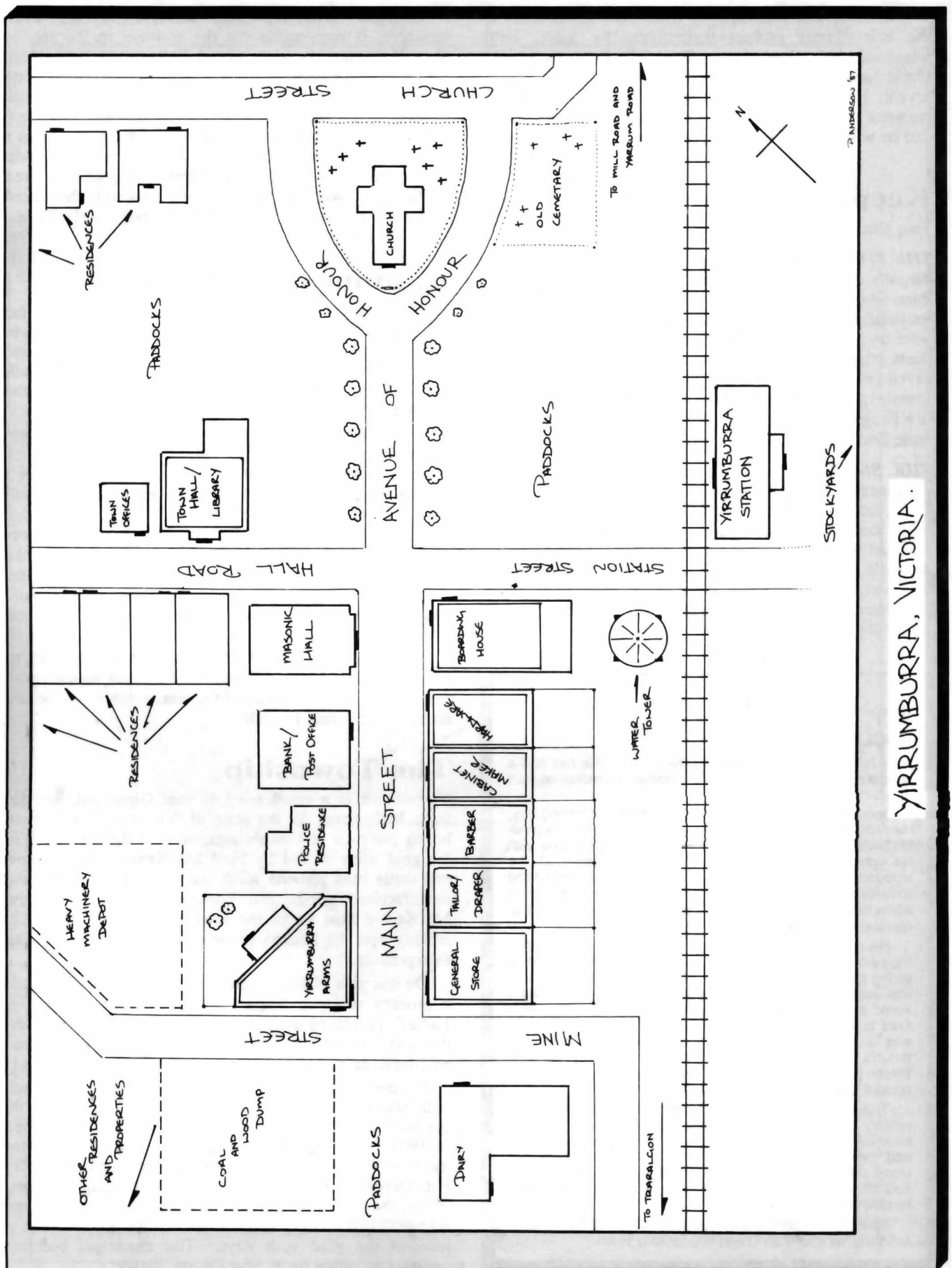
Yurragan's plan climaxes with a bushfire, set to destroy all that MacKenzie gained from the massacre — the gold mine, his wealth, the entire town — before destroying the man himself.

## The Township

Yirrimburra is a small town in east Gippsland, not far from Melbourne, in the state of Victoria. Yirrimburra boasts just over 200 inhabitants; most of the men work in the gold mine owned by Fred MacKenzie. Local farms and cattle runs provide food; excess is shipped out and manufactured goods and luxuries come in via train. MacKenzie also owns the town's single general store, making him the leading property owner and the leading entrepreneur.

On one side of the imaginatively-named Main Street is a grocery store, a drapers' ("Latest Fashions for Our Ladies" proclaims a dusty sign propped against a few dresses), a tailor, a wood and coal dealership (also owned by MacKenzie), and the sole hotel, the Yirrimburra Arms.

On the other side of the street is the Anglican church hall, also used for town meetings, dances, and so forth; the local office for the Freemasons Association, founded in 1908 by Mr. MacKenzie, and generously funded for the benefit of the workers ("A Good Man Rewarded By His Deeds"); a gray stone building holding the post office, the police station and the telephone exchange; and the municipal offices, which include a land claim office, a relic of the gold rush days. The municipal building includes an office for F. MacKenzie, Mayor.



YIRUMBURRA, VICTORIA.

Mine Street leads from the town around the hill up to the mine. With similar logic, Station Road leads to the small railway siding, Church Street leads to the Anglican Church, and the Mill Road leads to the now-defunct sawmill.

Farms and scrub dot the surrounding countryside. Overgrown train tracks lead from the railway station into the bush terminate at the original mine, which is on the other side of the hill from the present site.

**HISTORY:** Yirrimburra was founded as a farming community; it boomed, along with the rest of Victoria, with the 1850s gold rush. The rush has come and gone, and those who came seeking easy money have left, but steady work still obtains in the town's mine of gold-bearing quartz, owned by local grazier (cattleman) Fred MacKenzie. MacKenzie has said publicly that he plans to dig till the quartz runs out, but experts state that long before that the mine will be unworkable, as it is subject to severe flooding. Work in the mine's lowest level runs parallel to an underground creek bed, and flooding in 1915 killed two miners. The new mine itself was constructed after the old mine was flooded out in 1892. On the old mine's last day of operation, the load train (the "Lincoln") derailed and tumbled into Smith's Creek, killing both driver and engineer.

Until recently the town had another main employer — the sawmill, providing jobs for half the male population. However, the company has just shut down this remote outpost. The logging workers have been shifted elsewhere or sacked; the only wood-work currently available is the melancholy job of dismantling the ex-workers' houses and the mill, to shift the timber elsewhere.

**LOCAL GOSSIP:** Yirrimburra residents enjoy the usual brand of gossip. "Have you noticed that Dan Fairweather has been doing a lot of work at Melanie Parkinson's place since her husband died?" But a few current snippets may interest visiting investigators.

The town has several associated ghost stories. One story (told by an oldtimer in the Yirrimburra Arms for maximum effect) is of the "Lincoln," the engine which pulled the ore cars from the old mine to the main shunt. Two engineers, who ran it on alternate weeks, maintained a race — one week on, one week off — to see who could go fastest to the head of the main railway, which at the time was in the town proper. When the mine was flooded, the driver who took down the last load down broke all the records; Lincoln Ted they called him, he was that fond of his engine. He perished in Smith's Creek when the game little locomotive failed to take the last bridge in the line before Yirrimburra. It's said that those who are soon to die hear the old train's whistle blow, the oldtimer concludes, with a hopeful eye to his empty beer glass. If they want to read about it, the Traralgon newspapers printed it all.

A yarn about two dead miners, continuing to work the seam they died on, is another old chestnut. The details and dramatics change with the teller, but several townsfolk avow, seemingly truthfully, they've seen ghostly lights up at the mine.

Another good story is based on Fred MacKenzie's dog, Jibba, a Blue Heeler. Jibba was actually MacKenzie's son's dog; Mike MacKenzie came back from the war but died of the influenza the following year. Every night at sunset the old hound trots up the hill to the churchyard and stretches out on his master's grave.

Death is a prevalent topic in Yirrimburra; the discovery of Peter MacGuire's body was enough of a shock (perhaps he shouldn't have tried to check out the mine's ghosts), but two of the town's old stalwarts have just passed away, Ted Keelor last month, and Jim Trent the month before. And the disheartened whisper that the town itself is dying; with the closure of the sawmill, things look bad. But surely Fred MacKenzie will keep the place going. He always does.

It is a bad time for Yirrimburra. The cows' milk has gone off. Dogs whine at night. Babies cry incessantly. Sheep cringe and run from farmers with more than usual terror. Folk don't sleep well and, when one gets up in the middle of the night to get a cuppa, one can't help peering up at the dark hills and remembering that once the space the town occupies was as empty and lonely as those hills.

## Arriving In Yirrimburra

The investigators leave Flinders Street Station at 2pm, and arrive in Yirrimburra at 10pm.

The investigators find the train journey wearisome. There is no view out the window, as it is night and no moonlight brightens the fields. The train stops at every single dingy siding. After an eternity, they step off at Yirrimburra, the only passengers to disembark. The night air is warm and a little humid; summer lightning flashes on the distant hills. There is no sign of Uncle Jack.

Nor does he turn up. They must find their own way out to the farm. They can explain their predicament to the station master, who is locking up, or they can wander down the street to the Yirrimburra Arms, still (illegally) open at 10pm. Someone offers to give them a lift out to Jack's place. The local of your choice drives a battered Ford truck and can introduce the investigators to a bit of Yirrimburra's ways and gossip. He drives to Jack's gate and, seeing a light on up at the farmhouse, tips his hat, sends his regards to Jack, and leaves them there, heading home to tell his missus about the foreigners staying at Jack's place.

The investigators stand before a stout iron gate which they must clamber over. The dirt track is dry, and dim shapes move and rumble in the paddock on either side: cows. Ghost gums are crazily etched by sporadic lightning flashes.

As the investigators enter the yard, two chained dogs set up a furious barking. The land has a farmhouse, a haystack, and three sheds. One shed holds a cart, the second is a stable with two horses, while the third houses equipment. Though lights blaze in the house, no one answers the party's knocking (nor the dogs' barking, for that matter). The front door is locked. The back door is barricaded.

By now, the investigators should be getting paranoid. The spot is lonely and the shadows are deep. Are they

sure the dim shapes in the paddock are only cows? Why is the house so impregnable? Why doesn't Uncle Jack come out?

A combined STR of 40 pushes open the back door, sending heaped-up furniture clattering over the floor. The front door can be picked open via a Mechanical Repair, or broken through with a total STR of 40, but any opener may be wise to peek through the window to the side first. A successful Spot Hidden lets the viewer see a shotgun set up in the hall, its single barrel pointing hungrily to the door, a string looping from the door around the walls to the trigger. Anyone opening the door takes 2D6 damage. Everyone else in the line of fire is peppered for 1D6 each. Now the investigators should be really worried. The dogs go into an absolute frenzy of yapping and howling.

Inside everything is neat and orderly. The light is a brightly-burning kerosene lamp in the kitchen. On the table is an envelope with the niece or nephew investigator's name on it. Inside is a note.

*Handout #2*

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE WON'T MEET, AFTER ALL. I THINK IT WILL END TONIGHT; IT NEARLY HAD ME LAST NIGHT. THE FARM IS YOURS. I AM SORRY THAT THIS IS NOT A PROPER LEGAL PAPER, BUT THERE IS NOT TIME, BESIDES THERE'S NOBODY WHO WILL FIGHT YOU FOR IT. A MAN'S WORD SHOULD BE HONORED. PLEASE SEND MY LOVE TO MY DARLING SISTER. GOD BLESS HER, SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE I MISSED, AND I MISSED HER SO MUCH. I WAS ABOUT TO SEE HER CHILD, MY KIN, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS; IT SEEMS A LONG TIME WASN'T QUITE LONG ENOUGH. THE PAST HAS COME BACK TO US. I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WOULD, BUT I HOPED WE'D BURIED IT DEEP ENOUGH, IT'S BEEN A WHILE. IT SEEMS THAT TIME NEVER REALLY MATTERED AFTER ALL. FORGIVE ME FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED.

— Jack Ramsey.

Taking the lantern and searching the house, the investigators find a comfortable living room with photographs of Jack, Christine, and Ralph. In the bedroom, they find Jack, fully clad, on the bed where he had gone to take a nap.

They can recognize him from the photos, but only just. His body is twisted unnaturally in his clothes. Rigor mortis has locked him in a weird position. His lined face is drawn tight in a horrific grimace. There is not a mark on his body. Seeing this costs 0/1D4 SAN, 1/1D6 SAN for Jack's niece/nephew.

The players must now decide on a course of action. Should someone take the cart back to town? Who will stay in the quiet farmhouse with that terrible corpse?

When they raise help, Fred MacKenzie is one of the first on the scene, and he introduces himself. A successful Psychology roll reveals that though he is outwardly calm, a real "take charge" man, in fact he is profoundly shocked. Constable Wise is also on the scene, taking notes and following Fred's lead.

The next few days pass slowly and sadly, with funeral arrangements, etc. The coroner at Traralgon finds the

cause of death to be heart attack. Fred's solicitor sees to it that Jack's 'will' is honored (if the players provide it). Nobody seems to know what the last few lines mean; obviously his mind was slipping with the pain.

During this time the investigators familiarize themselves with Yirrimburra. When Jack is at rest in the churchyard (or perhaps before then) they must make decisions: will they keep the farm on? Will they look into the old man's death? If yes, then proceed with the scenario, with reference to the information on the town and its people. By now they should have learned that this has not been the only death recently.

## The Townspeople

**FRED MacKENZIE:** Local mayor, landowner, mine-owner, and grazier (and everything else of any importance), MacKenzie is a robust septuagenarian who mows down any opposition through sheer force of character. He limps slightly, from "a fall off a horse onto a fence post when I was a young larrikin." Actually, his limp is from the spear wound he received in 1885.

The town has flourished through MacKenzie's initiative and money. With his shrewd eye for a good deal (whether land, animals, machinery, or men) he has built up his assets. The townsfolk regard him as an honest, good-natured benefactor; everybody likes him but the curmudgeons Ken Stackford and Bill Poul (see below). MacKenzie warmly welcomes the investigators to Yirrimburra, and offers them assistance, inviting them for meals, offering them the use of his horses.

Fred MacKenzie lives in a solid bluestone farmhouse, with cool verandas all round. He has a wife, Jean (see below), and two timid daughters, aged 29 and 33, of whom the younger lives at home. He is accompanied everywhere during the day by his late son's dog, Jibba. ("If ya want Fred, just look fer the dog.")

MacKenzie suspects that someone is thieving from his gold mine, and he is willing to offer a well-mannered investigator up to 50 pounds if he can secure a conviction. This keeps his hands clean of the matter, especially if the investigator accuses an innocent person. However, MacKenzie won't appreciate anyone poking into his personal affairs.

For him, the incident of 1885 is lost and forgotten. On the rare occasions he thinks of it, he believes he did what any other godfearing man would have done, given the situation. His attempts to keep it quiet have been almost completely successful; people have forgotten the trial, are too young to have heard of it, know the real facts and guard them suspiciously (reporting back to MacKenzie), or defend Fred by saying that the case was a load of claptrap. However, though MacKenzie is not superstitious he is no fool, and he views with alarm the uncanny way in which his mates in that venture have been dying. Recently he hasn't been sleeping so well.

If MacKenzie finds out what is going on, or finds that the investigators are getting interested in the events of 1885, he'll move to prevent it. He has everything at stake, and though he has never directly harmed any white man, he might be driven to that if necessary to protect himself and his family. Probably he would do so through

someone else. Acts possible for him are sabotage, arson, setting Jibba on them and "trying" to pull the hound off (he is likely to do that as a warning), or stirring up the town with a tall tale of Jack being poisoned for the inheritance. If Bill Poul looks like he might spill the beans, Fred kills him as promised in 1885. If MacKenzie finds out about Yurragan, he immediately sets out to hunt the beggar down.

A powerful man, MacKenzie is used to getting his own way. When he doesn't, things turn nasty, and Yirrimburra stands firmly behind him.

#### FRED MacKENZIE

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 10  
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 44 HP 15

**Weapons:** .30-06 Rifle 75%, 2D6+3 damage  
12-Gauge Shotgun 60%, 4D6/2D6/1D6 damage

**Skills:** Accounting 70%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 90%, Debate 60%, Drive 55%, Law 50%, Ride 75%, Spot Hidden 70%, Track 55%.

#### JIBBA, Blue-Heeler Dog

STR 9 CON 15 SIZ 6 DEX 15 POW 5  
HP 11

**Weapon:** Bite 30%, 1D8 damage

**Skill:** Obey MacKenzie 80%.

**JEAN MacKENZIE:** Jean has been married to Fred for forty years, and never questions anything he does. She is placid and used to being left alone. She makes good company for the sick: she never makes a sudden movement nor a thoughtless statement unless severely provoked. She has cool hands and wide green eyes. One of their daughters, Jessica (29) still lives at home, while Kate (33) is married with a family in Yallourn. A son died in 1919 at the age of 23.

Jean knows her husband was in the vigilante gang that sought the Aborigines decades ago, but never thinks on it.

**RAY AND PHIL TRENT:** Sons of Jim Trent (recently deceased), mine workers and gold thieves, Ray and Phil live alone in a tumble-down house on the fringe of town. They are handsome brothers in their mid-20s. They lived with their father till he passed away two months back. Their mother's identity is a local mystery; Ray and Phil have lost track of the number of black eyes they've had to deal out because of this.

They are philosophical about the loss of their Paw; the old bastard had good innings, and going in your sleep is better than most ways of kicking it (not that he'd been getting much sleep recently, tossing and turning like a stuck pig).

The pair are high-spirited, even occasionally helpful in a larrikin manner. Both work at the mine and used to spend a lot of spare time panning the creeks for the occasional trace of color or a rare nugget; they also trap and sell skins and meat, especially rabbit. They know the hills better than many stockmen.

One day at work, Jim discovered a rich line of nuggets embedded in the amalgam of a mine area long-unworked. Ray pilfered a key to the mine site, and no one has changed the locks since (no obvious breach of security has occurred). They sneak back to work the pocket at

night, when every almost every other man in town is getting roaring drunk. That's how MacGuire found them. The rest of their promised riches are lost beneath the rock which buried MacGuire. They have nearly two pounds of gold nuggets hidden beneath a squeaky floorboard in the kitchen of their home.

Ray and Phil are worried about the way things turned out. Ray fired the shot, but he had the gun only because they'd just got back from hunting. He fired in fright when MacGuire fired at them. Ray aimed to miss — he didn't foresee the cave-in. The Trent boys can't very well confess, so they plan to lie low until they get the last of their gold out, and then live clean and honest lives for good. They want to remove the riches as soon as possible, before MacKenzie changes the locks.

They've always got a few bob for a beer or three in the pub, and a quid or two for the horses, and perhaps display a bit more cash than their circumstances warrant, but their mates certainly won't rat on them. The local constabulary (all one of him) is suspicious of this affluence, but suspects something more along the line of horse-stealing rather than gold-poaching.

Ray and Phil are free agents, and may help or hinder the investigators. They want to protect themselves, but if the investigators get too close on their trail, they'll run into the hills. If cornered and forced to fight, they'll surrender if they can't escape. On the other hand, if the investigators get them on their side, they are valuable allies. With their knowledge of the country, they might track down Yurragan. They'll help in any way against MacKenzie, not because they dislike him but, if he goes, the mine shuts down and they reckon they're off the hook after that. Remember that the investigators' motives and plans take a weak second place to the Trents' own worries.

#### RAY TRENT

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 16  
DEX 16 APP 13 EDU 10 SAN 80 HP 14

**Weapons:** 20-Gauge Shotgun 60%, 2D6/1D6/1D3 damage

**Skills:** Camouflage 40%, Dodge 55%, Hide 45%, Listen 55%, Set Snare 75%, Sneak 60%, Throw 50%, Track 70%.

#### PHIL TRENT

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 11  
DEX 15 APP 13 EDU 10 SAN 55 HP 15

**Weapons:** .22 Rifle 80%, 1D6+2 damage

**Skills:** Climb 75%, Dodge 50%, Hide 55%, Spot Hidden 70%.

**J.K.L. WISE:** Officer John Kingston Laurence Wise is a youngish policeman, about 35 years old. He is polite and helpful to those who are polite to him, and mindful of his high and important office. He has a fussy disposition. He has no patience with arrogant investigators, and deals sternly with even minor offenders. He practically worships MacKenzie, and does nothing of importance without letting the older man know. The two are firm friends; Wise goes fox hunting every other Saturday on MacKenzie's property, and he and his wife often visit the MacKenzies for tea.



Wise has some files of possible interest to the investigators, but the players need clever application of successful Law and Debate rolls (or MacKenzie's verbal permission) to see them. They include a file on the MacGuire case and coroner's reports on Jim Trent and Ted Keelor. These are detailed below under Documents of Interest. Wise knows nothing of the 1885 trial. It was before his time.

His wife, Mary, runs the post office. MacKenzie introduced them, and was best man at the finest wedding Yirrimburra had seen for some time.

#### **J.K.L WISE, Constable**

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 12  
DEX 10 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 60 HP 13

**Weapons:** .30-06 Rifle, 2D6+3 damage

**Skills:** Debate 40%, Drive Automobile 55%, First Aid 45%, Law 70%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**MOLLY MacGUIRE:** The widow of Peter MacGuire, Molly is a plump 50-year-old matron. If approached tactfully, she willingly shows off her eight children and talks about her husband.

He had been a bit of a trial just before his death, and wasn't sleeping well, especially after two friends, Jim Trent and Ted Keelor, died. He'd been out hunting foxes on the night of his death, and returned to the house in terrible excitement. He said he'd seen lights in the mineshaft, and paused only to grab fresh shotgun shells before running off again. She believes the mine is haunted by the ghosts of the two dead miners, who lured her husband to his death.

She accepts small remunerations thankfully, "not that we need that much extra money anyway, dear Mr. MacKenzie has provided such a generous pension." In a month or two, Molly plans to pack up and leave, going back to her folks in Moe.

**MICK KEELOR:** Son of Ted Keelor (deceased) and acting mine manager. Mick has taken over his dad's job until another man can be found for the post. Fred has hinted that he may keep Mick on. Mick is in his mid-30s, and is an easygoing character, with a red beard and a big laugh. He can be found at the mine, or after hours at his house (clean enough outside, a pigsty within), talking to MacKenzie, or propping up the bar at the Arms.

He was sorry to see his old man pass on, and still misses him. Still, his father'd been tired and irritable after his old mate Jim Trent died. In his last few days Ted Keelor wasted away before Mick's eyes; Ted's at rest now. Mick has no time for superstitious claptrap, and gets angry at anyone trying pry into his father's death, but he's interested in helping anyone looking into Pete MacGuire's death (another good friend of his dad's). He'll help out Fred MacKenzie in any way if asked.

**FLORRIE TENNISON:** Florrie is the fortyish barmaid at the Yirrimburra Arms. The hotel provides beer, counter teas (steak and three vegetables), beer, rooms, and more beer. Unlike city pubs, it illegally stays open until 10pm to cater to the staggered trade from mineworkers, thanks to a wink and a nod from Constable Wise. The pub is big, warm, and friendly, and so is hardworking Florrie.

At the Arms most of the time, she is cheerful and talkative. In no way is she averse to the odd drink from a friendly, good-looking, male investigator. Florrie has much information on town life and townspeople. If she's pitched a question she can't answer, she'll sing out over the bar to somebody else who might.

Hanging over the bar is a dented, well-polished brass locomotive plate, engraved "Lincoln." If the investigators ask about it, Florrie asks one of the regulars to tell the story of Lincoln Ted and the last run of 1892.

**KEN STACKFORD:** Sawmill manager Ken Stackford is a colorless man in his forties, hardened by years of scrabbling for a living. Managing the sawmill is the best job he ever landed. Now, two years after he finally got the job, the mill is closing. Bitter about this, if Ken thinks he is talking in confidence, he'll lay the blame squarely on Fred MacKenzie. The official story is that the parent company has closed down the mill because of poor returns. Ken reckons that wasn't true, and suggests it was through some sweet deal with MacKenzie. He's sure some of the men at the mill prepared resignations before they could have known about the mill closing down — men now in well-paid positions at the mine.

As it happens, MacKenzie is completely innocent and knows nothing about Stackford's dark suspicions. Stackford wants to blame someone for the failure of the mill. Careful inspection of the mill's books combined with an Accounting roll, reveals that, though the mill was turning a profit, its margin was creeping closer and closer to the bone as available timber decreased in the area.

Stackford is a big, tough guy, likely to pick fights when drunk. If he thinks the investigators are toadies of MacKenzie's, he'll run them off his land and his mill. Ken will only be in town another fortnight or so, as the dismantling of the mill is nearly finished.

#### **KEN STACKFORD**

STR 17 CON 12 SIZ 18 INT 12 POW 10  
DEX 9 APP 10 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 15

**Skills:** Accounting 65%, Mechanical Repair 60%.

**OTHER TOWNSPEOPLE:** Further characters can be added as the keeper wishes, or may be called for if the investigators take interest in a location not on this list, such as the church, the school, etc.

Yirrimburra is a close-knit community where everybody knows everybody else's business. The townsfolk are polite and friendly to outsiders, so long as outsiders don't act too strange, and they're especially friendly to Jack's relative. However, Yirrimburra close ranks against troublemakers, especially outsiders making noises about Fred. They dislike change, and there's been too much of that recently.

**BILL POUL:** The rabbit trapper and outcast Bill Poul is the notable exception, the one local not readily tucked under Yirrimburra's wing. Only Florrie, the Trents, and the Vicar like him. Fred MacKenzie never tires of saying what a lazy bludger Bill is, and he leads the townsfolk in their dislike. If MacKenzie hears that the investigators have been talking with Bill, he warns them off.

Bill is in his sixties, but still gets about. He has sparse white hair, and watery blue eyes. He wears battered, grubby suits: cast-offs from the Vicar. He has a camp at the top of the gully behind the mine, with a very solid lean-to. He traps for skins in the bush, and trades them for flour, sugar, tea, and beer. The investigators might see him shuffling about on one of his infrequent shopping expeditions. A shy man, Bill will be touched if the investigators sincerely try to befriend him; he is also very nervous. He would have left the area long ago, but loves the hills, and has nowhere else to go.

In his teens, Bill befriended the local Aborigines, and came to know and love the bush. One terrible day Fred MacKenzie (bleeding from a great gash in his leg) and some others came with guns and forced him to find the tribe for them. He tried them to lead them astray, but they weren't fooled. Then there were spears flashing and children yelling, and Fred and his men shot them all down. Bill was dragged off screaming, and Fred promised he'd kill Bill too, if Bill ever told anyone.

Fred did more than that; he's seen to it that Bill has never had a job. Ever. After all these years Bill knows Fred's a man of his word, so is suspicious of any strange questions. If the investigators try to get Bill to talk about Fred, Bill is terrified. He'll start lying, mumbling, and telling them to go away. He'd love to talk, but he simply can't. However, he is likely to let slip enough information for the investigators to go on. He might make cryptic statements about the killings such as "They're all dyin', they're all dead." Or "It's done with, stop botherin' me, go an' read about it somewheres." Or "You wanna know somethin', come back 'ere in the early mornin', and see what ya hear." He also stares into the fire and mutters things from his Aboriginal teachings, about "the Law" and "No one left to believe in the old ways now, they'll all die." Bill is the best source of facts the investigators can find, but he won't give out information willingly. He'll slip out new clues every so often, when the investigators are bogging down.

Bill has no idea that Yurragan is alive, let alone returned. But he does know that someone or something has been getting at those men. He is dreads the day that it will come for him. One way to get Bill on your side is to buy him drinks at the Arms. However, Bill will try to drink himself into a stupor, so that he doesn't have to answer tricky questions.

#### BILL POUL

STR 8 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW 15  
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 11 SAN 42 HP 12

Skills: Botany 85%, Bushcraft 80%, Geology 30%, Hide 55%, Listen 65%, Set Snare 60%, Track 50%, Zoology 80%.

## Interesting Places

Several other points around Yirrimburra contain useful information. The new mine and the old mine are discussed under their own sections.

**THE CHURCHYARD:** The investigators may take a stroll here, for, apart from historical interest, reading tombstones is a good way to discover who died when

without asking embarrassing questions. The earliest tombstones date from the 1850s. The following list gives the names of deceased of potential interest, along with an identifying note. The adventure assumes, for no good reason, that the time is early November, 1925. If your campaign takes place at some other time, as is likely, alter those dates marked with an asterisk.

- "Lincoln" Ted Goldsmith, 12 January, 1892 (train driver)
- Harry Carter, 12 January, 1892 (train driver)
- Stan Taylor, 15 August, 1915 (miner)
- Arthur Windsor, 15 August, 1915 (miner)
- Michael Ramsey, 16 September, 1915 (Jack Ramsey's son)
- Christine Ramsey, 2 January, 1917 (Jack Ramsey's wife)
- Mike MacKenzie, 22 October, 1919 (Fred MacKenzie's son)
- Jim Trent, 12 September, 1925 \* (Phil & Ray's dad, stockman)
- Ted Keelor, 14 October, 1925 \* (Mick's dad, mine manager)
- Peter MacGuire, 2 November, 1925 \* (Molly's husband, mine foreman)
- Jack Ramsey, 1925 \* (date of the investigator's arrival)

The Vicar is likely to spot the investigators as they are moving around and say g'day. He again offers his sympathy to the bereaved niece/nephew, and invites everyone to Sunday's service.

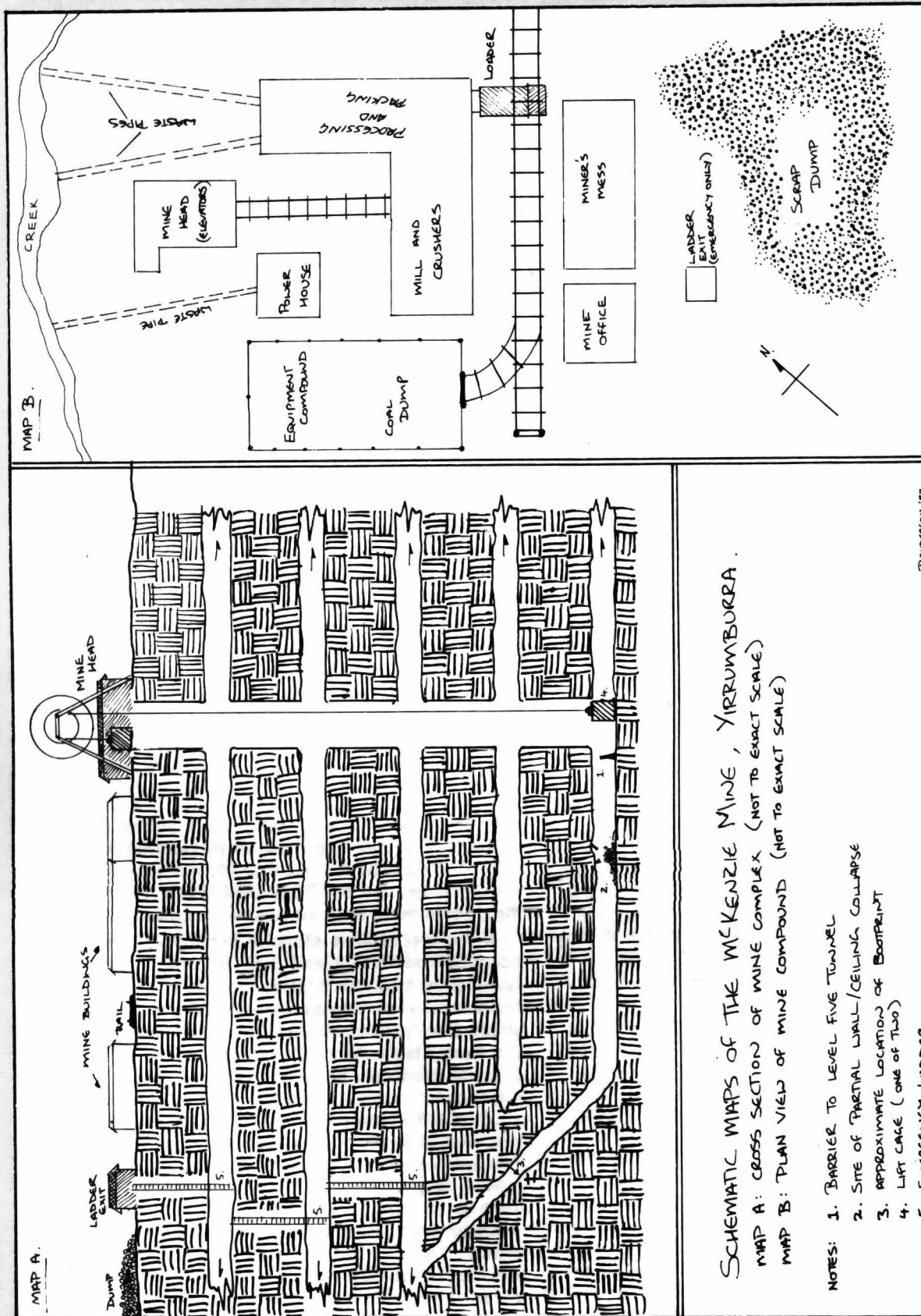
If the investigators come after dark, Jibba the dog is also here, laying on Mike's grave. He growls and bares his teeth at them.

**THE HAUNTED GULLY:** This is not a locally-recognized landmark. Only by stumbling on it or learning of it from Bill can the investigators hear of its existence. It is behind the mine, filled with rocks, bracken, rabbits, and eucalyptus.

The long gully opens onto the broad slope on which the mine sits. Toward the far end, the gully rises upwards, crowned by a rocky shelf jutting thirty feet skyward. This cliff face is rock, streaked with differently-colored strata. The locals call it The Rainbow Rock. Bill calls it Gunjal, but won't say why. Bill's lean-to is about thirty yards away from the foot of the cliff.

If the investigators climb to the top of the cliff (ten minute's scramble, less if a Climb roll succeeds), they find that the shelf juts a bit on this side too, though only a few feet. On this side are the ashes of a fire, and red and yellow lines painted on the rock. Looking out from here, the viewer has a breathtaking panorama of Yirrimburra. If lit, the fire would be invisible from the town.

The 1885 massacre occurred in the gully, and the dead were buried at the bottom end in a shallow mass grave. This grave is now within the mine enclosure, covered by junked heavy machinery, which Fred MacKenzie left there on purpose. He has added to it over the years until it has become quite a scrapheap, a home for rust and tiger snakes. Anyone in the gully at four o'clock in the morning is startled by a gunshot; they'll probably dive for cover. More gunshots are heard, then running footsteps and crashes. A baby starts crying. Then BANG, the noise stops. All the sounds had a peculiar echoing quality. During the noise, there is an occasional flash, like a rifle



# SCHEMATIC MAPS OF THE MCKENZIE MINE, YIRUMBURRA.

MAP A: CROSS SECTION OF MINE COMPLEX (NOT TO EXACT SCALE)

MAP B: PLAN VIEW OF MINE COMPOUND (NOT TO EXACT SCALE)

- NOTES:
1. BARRIER TO LEVEL FIVE TUNNEL
  2. SITE OF PARTIAL WALL/CEILING COLLAPSE
  3. APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF BOOTPRINT
  4. LIFT CAGE (ONE OF TWO)
  5. EMERGENCY LADDER

PANDERSON '87.

Mackenzie's Mine

shot or possibly distant lightning; once or twice the moon glints momentarily on something like a running body, or maybe a fox.

All present lose 0/1 SAN. If they come back for another night, the same thing happens, at the same time.

Bill is awakened by the haunting every morning; he looks upon it as his personal atonement.

## The New Mine

The investigators are bound to want to explore the mine: two miners died here long ago and Peter MacGuire died down here only a week or two ago. No doubt the players already have half-formed suspicions of burrowing horrors worming beneath the surface. If they can persuade Mick Keelor in any reasonable manner, he'll show them around during the day, perhaps even let them go down to Level One. If Fred MacKenzie has contracted with them to look into MacGuire's death, he suggests (if they haven't already asked) that they check out the site (Level Five). This must be done after the last shift, which ends at 10pm. Mick Keelor stays behind to operate the lift for the investigators.

The mine yard is enclosed by a high fence, and the gate is securely locked after hours.

The investigators may ask to see the mine office, a small locked wooden shed. It contains a chair, a bookshelf, last year's calendar, and a desk. The desk drawers are stuffed with ledgers, deeds, profit-and-loss records for other enterprises of MacKenzie's (such as the hotel), and maps of the mine. A close examination of these records combined with a successful Accounting roll reveals that, though MacKenzie's other operations show reasonable profit, the mine's yield has steadily declined. Despite the success of other business ventures, the mine generates 75% of MacKenzie's income. No mine official allows the investigators to go over these financial records, however.

Before the investigators descend into the mine, Mick insists that all don heavy work boots, overalls, and hardhats with carbide lamps. He stays up top to operate the elevator — the investigators can shout up the shaft to him when they want to go up or down a level.

Though there're no spooks here, the mine is a dangerous, dark, cramped, and spooky place. Because of the flooding, pumps work all day long. At night, the pumps operate one hour on, one hour off. The sudden roar and slushing thump of the pumps starting up may cause nervous investigators to jump or drop things. It is easy to be convinced that the mine is haunted.

The mine has five levels. Levels Three, Two, and One are connected by ladder as well as elevator. The ladder from Level One to the surface comes out at a trapdoor forty yards from the main entrance. The tunnels are muddy, cramped, and dripping. Carts on metal tracks and switchbacks are laid out in the most heavily-dug areas. The mine is full of unexplained creaking, knocking, and plopping sounds. The underground stream emits a hollow groaning and provokes earth shiftings on the lowest level. The lowest level has puddles of water and dripping walls.

The elevators are covered with a fine spray of mist; it drizzles gently all the time. As the machine squeals into operation, a persistent shower of oil begins. The elevator is a reinforced wire cage surrounded by pipes, cables, and thick wires descending into the depths. The elevator is equipped with a big red-boxed hooter mechanism; if this device is started, an alarm sounds until someone shuts it off. This alarm summons every able-bodied man in the vicinity.

Down on Level Five is the place where MacGuire died, a shaft off the main tunnel, now roped off and bearing a DANGER KEEP OUT! sign. This shaft is where the miners died in 1915. It holds piles of rubble everywhere, and is unsound and treacherous. If the investigators go down here, each must roll 1D100. If an investigator rolls his SIZ or less, he triggers a shower of rocks, giving himself and everyone within six feet 1D6 damage. If he rolled 01, a major cave-in is set off, killing that investigator and those within six feet, and trapping the rest behind a wall of rock until the townspeople can dig them out. Any investigator succeeding at Geology knows both the danger of the cave-in and where to put his own feet, so that he, at least, need make no SIZ roll. Even if no cave-in occurs, an ominous pebble or two and a mud shower cascade down periodically. This is a dangerous place.

Four clues are here, distinguished by the kind of successful roll required to find each.

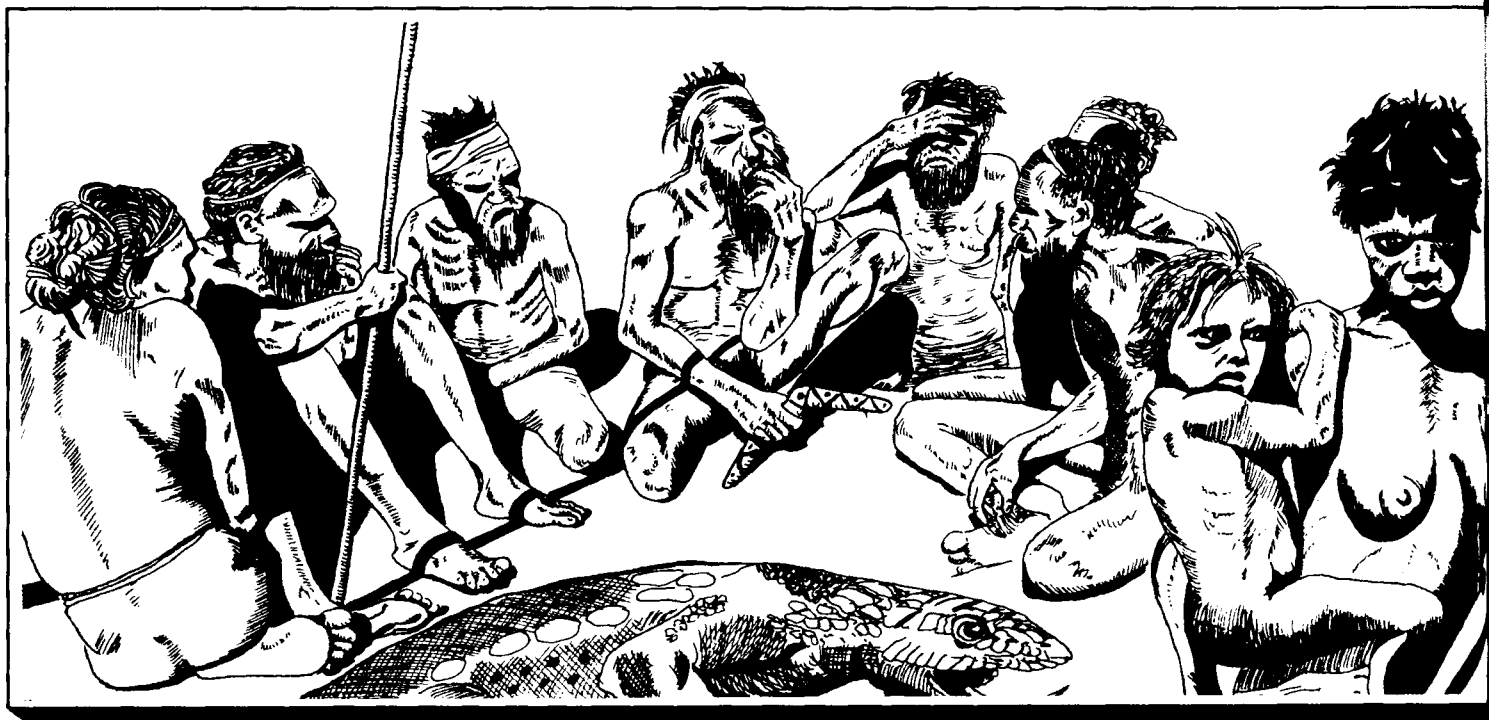
**SPOT HIDDEN ROLL:** peering closely at the walls reveals a peculiar mottling. After wiping away the sheen of mud and moisture, embedded shotgun pellets can be found.

**LUCK ROLL:** while walking down the shaft, everyone should attempt a luck roll. The character who rolls the lowest steps on something sharp (assuming that the roll succeeds) — a shotgun cartridge. This lies ten yards from where MacGuire was found. (The shell was Ray's.)

**GEOLOGY ROLL:** the investigators notice signs of recent work: pick marks, spots where quartz was recently pried free from its matrix, and so forth. Any investigators who have ever worked in a mine notice these spots as well.

**CAMOUFLAGE or a second SPOT HIDDEN:** At the end of the area is a camouflaged entrance to a small dark tunnel going up at a 45° slant. A Spot Hidden is needed to find the tunnel mouth. The slope is slippery and muddy, and trickles of water worm down it. Halfway up is a beautiful footprint, museum quality, suitable for plaster casting. It is not a workboot (like those the investigators wear) but smaller and narrower, with a square toe. It has a crinkled sole, with a noticeable chip or notch in the heel. It is a left boot print. From here on, the investigators may try to peer at the bottoms of everyone's shoes, so have fun describing them. The print matches Phil's left boot.

Going up the crawlway, each investigator must attempt a Climb roll or slide back to the bottom, obliterating the footprint. Arriving at the top, they find a similar concealed entrance. Creeping around, they discover that they have emerged on Level Three. From here, clever investigators realize, it is possible to get out of the mine (via the ladders) without using the lift shaft.



If you wish, the Trent brothers may be in the mine when the investigators come down. Hearing the elevator in operation, they immediately scramble up their tunnel and flee. Since they can't open the gate without Mick seeing them, Phil sneaks up and carefully knocks him on the back of the head, flooring him. The pair then make good their escape.

If Mick is knocked out, when next the investigators shout up to Mick to operate the lift up or down, the only answer they get is an echo. The investigators are stuck at the bottom of a deep dark hole with a history of killing people. They must wait it out, climb the shaft, or hit the alarm. When they reach the top, they find Mick stretched out. They may think he's dead at first (so does he!), but he's back on the job tomorrow with a bandage and a headache. He doesn't know what hit him, but it hit him hard.

The investigators must choose which if any of this information to present to Fred. If they tell him about the boot-print, he puts the word out, Phil gets wind of it, and throws away the incriminating boots before he's caught wearing them.

## The Old Mine

As with any dank musty hole, the investigators probably take an undue amount of interest in this place. The old mine can be reached in a pleasant afternoon's walk. "Foller the tracks" is the only direction needed. They walk along a steep and rugged hillside with a spectacular view of the Gippsland plains. The railway sleepers have been left to rot, and in some places young trees have displaced them. The investigators note how dry and still the Australian bush is, and spend much of their time slapping away the ever-present flies. They startle half a dozen wallabies, who quickly bounce off into the scrub.

The old mine is on the opposite side of the hill from the new mine. It is a series of three holes in a cliff face, fronting onto a once-cleared area. Stacks of timber, a shunt, and a few mine carts lie about, slowly falling apart. In the trees, magpies sit and squawk at the investigators; if the humans come too close, one swoops aggressively at these potential nest-raiders. Each tunnel is filled with water, although the middle tunnel goes back forty yards before reaching the water level. At the mouth of this cave are the still-warm ashes of a campfire.

If the investigators explore the general area, they risk falling into abandoned mine shafts, hastily dug and left to grow over when the gold gave out. Of the investigators receiving failed luck rolls, the character failing by the most falls into a hole, taking 1D6 damage. If all luck rolls succeed, then the pit is spotted before anyone tumbles.

After the accident, the investigators are more careful, and Spot Hidden can detect the abrupt, unfenced, overgrown holes. Each pit is 1D10 yards deep, and damage is 1D6 per three full yards — a successful Jump roll reduces this by 1D6 damage. If DEX x3 or less can be rolled, the investigator grabbed a partially-rotten support and was saved.

Townfolk are very sympathetic towards a pitfall victim, should he or she die, and they turn up at the funeral in their best clothes.

When an investigator does vanish into a pit, his companions experience the instant impression that their friend was never there at all, for this is not his Land. 0/1 SAN is lost by all. The crash and cry as victim hits bottom breaks the brief spell.

If the investigators spend too much time around the old mine, their return trip must be made either at dusk, or stumbling along the rail tiers in darkness. Once night falls, every investigator walking the rails has an eerie experience. Behind them sounds distantly the long,





The Clan That Was.

lonesome whistle of a locomotive. The tracks start to hum and vibrate. Then it ends. Nothing more is heard and nothing is ever seen.

No explanation is apparent. Maybe it was a bird, or a train down in the valley. It wouldn't be the first time the Haunted Hills of Gippsland have fooled people with their echoes. The vibrations may have been a tremor, or even the investigators' knees and teeth knocking together. But just possibly it was the Lincoln coming home.

## Documents Of Interest

Here follow sources of written information, with notes on how and where to find them.

**POLICE REPORT ON THE DEATH OF PETER MacGUIRE:** Kept by J.K.L. Wise in the police station (round the back of the government offices). Successful Law and Debate rolls, or Fred MacKenzie's request on the investigators' behalf, is needed to see it. It contains a statement from Mrs MacGuire (identical information to that she gives in person). The Traralgon coroner's report states that the cause of death was "suffocation when rib cage crushed lungs," and that other abrasions and bruises are consistent with that sustained during a rock fall. The verdict is Death By Misadventure. Some scribbled notes from Wise are also here, but they amount to nothing. The case is still open, but only because Wise hasn't finished up the necessary paperwork.

**CORONER'S REPORTS:** concerning Jim Trent, Ted Keelor, and Jack Ramsey are held at the police station; the same procedures described above apply. The coroner in each case found that the old men had suffered heart attacks. Each document notes the strange postures in which the bodies were found and remarks, although the deceaseds' pains were sufficient to curl them into these

positions, that they were unable to raise help by crying out or knocking something over. Keelor's son was in the house at the time; Trent's sons were out hunting. Finally, in each case the coroner remarks on the advanced rigor mortis in the men, which may explain their twisted postures. Wise has neither read nor compared the reports, just filed them away neatly.

**TOWN RECORDS:** are held at the municipal office. To see them, the investigators need successful Law and Credit rating rolls, successfully bribe the clerk (cumulative 1% chance of success for every shilling he's offered), or have MacKenzie's permission. No matter how they get to see the records, MacKenzie learns when next he comes in that the investigators were here. Once in, the investigators may search for the information they want themselves (a Library Use is needed for each chunk of information) thus keeping their goals secret, or they can ask the clerk to help them.

Details of births, deaths, and marriages are all available. Most of these are of little import to the scenario, and we leave them to, you, the keeper, to supply as appropriate.

Studying the title deeds indicates that Fred MacKenzie literally owns most of Yirrimburra. The only really big slice he doesn't have is the sawmill's land, which borders on the mine's property.

Finally, there are land claims dating back to the gold rush. The claim for the old mine was by a Henderson and Withers, in 1869. The claim for the new mine was by MacKenzie, in 1885.

**NEWSPAPERS:** Yirrimburra has no newspaper of her own, though a Traralgon paper comes in every week. Nor does she have a library, so there are no archives of papers in town. If the investigators want to look up back issues,

they must go to Traralgon, a few hours' drive. A successful Library Use is needed for each bit of information. The information should be found in the following order.

In 1915, reports appear concerning the tragic deaths of Stanley Taylor (53) and Arthur Windsor (49), at the Yirrimburra gold mine on Monday, 16 August. The miners were on the bottom level when an underground stream flooded the mine. Mine owner Fred MacKenzie expressed his personal grief, and pledged a handsome pension for the families of the two men.

In 1892 a report is made on the terrible train accident which took the lives of Theodore Goldsmith (47) and Harold Carter (39), at Yirrimburra on 12 January of this year. The train was carrying the last load of ore from the closing mine, owned by Messrs. R. Henderson and P. Withers.

In 1885, a few articles describe the trial of Trent, Keelor, MacGuire, Ramsey and MacKenzie, over the disappearance and alleged murder of blacks in the area of Yirrimburra. The two most important articles are reprinted nearby.

## The Trial Of 1885

Ex-Prosecutor David King is not hard to find. The firm of King and O'Haraghan is still listed as a Traralgon law firm, though Kings are no longer in it. O'Haraghan Jr. is pleased to present Mr. King's address to any polite enquirer with a successful Credit Rating.

Crown Prosecutor in the MacKenzie case, Mr. King is now retired, a silver-haired gentleman, and a hearty 89 years old. He is courteous and well-spoken, and is glad to talk with the investigators.

He feels bitterness about the Yirrimburra case. In his view, the trial was a farce, though he admits he is alone in his belief. The few significant witnesses were denied a chance to give evidence and the whole matter was brushed over quickly. A youth named Bill Poul was willing to testify, but MacKenzie obviously threatened him. King was not able to get Poul to admit this, so he couldn't have MacKenzie charged. Poul told Mr. King in an unsworn statement that at least a dozen Aborigines were killed. King resigned immediately after the trial, disgusted by its outcome and embarrassed by his colossal failure.

One final incident occurred after his resignation, but King won't mention it on his own accord; he's not completely sure it happened himself. But if the investigators ask why he briefly tried to open the case again five months later, fetching the police to his home, he'll tell them what happened. They are the first people to hear this story. He speaks in a low, quavering voice,

"At the trial, I was convinced of the accused's guilt. However, something occurred five months later to remove all doubt. Looking back now, I cannot be sure that it was not a dream or hallucination. That day, I heard a knock at my door, when I opened it, I saw a young Aborigine, maybe twenty years old. He reeled and seemed unsteady, which was unsurprising, since half of his lower jaw was shot away — the most horrific scar I

Handout #3

## TOWNSMEN NOT GUILTY

**Jury Denies Manslaughter Charge.**

**Joyful Scene Outside Courtroom.**

**Crown Prosecutor Resigns.**

Yesterday, the trial of Trent, Keelor, MacGuire, Ramsey and MacKenzie was brought to its triumphant conclusion. Before a packed courthouse, a jury of twelve men found the defendants not guilty of manslaughter regarding the still-unexplained disappearance of certain aborigines from the area of Yirrimburra.

Despite the best efforts of David King, Prosecutor for the Crown, the State was unable to make its accusation stick. The most serious loss on the part of the prosecution occurred when their key witness, William Poul, confessed that he had fabricated his evidence in the hope of gaining a reward. He has been charged with contempt of court.

It is criminal when the migratory nature of tribal blackfellows is used to level accusations at innocent townsfolk. With Mr. Poul's confession, the prosecution's case rested entirely on circumstantial evidence. The defendants were released to the cheers of waiting families and friends.

Not so jubilant was David King, who has since announced his intention to retire from the law. Said Fred MacKenzie, the main defendant: "If Mr. King is so fond of his blackfellas, why doesn't he head off and join them?"

Typically blunt, Mr. MacKenzie, but though Mr King now has time to spare, we doubt that he will give up the comforts of white civilization for the bush!

## NEW YIRRIMBURRAN MYSTERY

**Ex-Prosecutor Promise New Evidence;  
Changes His Mind.**

**No Comment from the Acquitted.**

Yesterday police were called to the home of Mr. David King of Traralgon. Mr. King, a retired lawyer, told police that he had important new evidence concerning the Yirrimburra case, in which five local men were found innocent of having harmed missing aborigines. However, when Mr. King returned to his home in the company of police, he became reticent and apologized for wasting their time. Police Sergeant Ray Aston said, "he seemed to be looking for someone."

Five months ago Mr. King resigned from his profession after prosecuting for the Crown in the aforesaid case. Evidently he believed he had secured a new witness in the case. Unfortunately, this new witness seems to have proven as unreliable as the last, William Poul, presently serving time for Contempt of Court.

We contacted Mr. Fred MacKenzie, the young grazier who led the accused in their defense, but he stated: "I have nothing to say. Mr. King's mind may be going in his idleness, but I have concerns of my own."

have ever seen. He must have lived with the wound for almost a year. He pointed a single shaky finger at me and said in a garbled whisper: "The Law is broken. Many dead. Bad thing. Bad thing coming. All die." I still wake up sometimes with those words on my lips.

"I gave the boy some food, then raced off to get the police. When we returned, the youth was gone, leaving no trace. My housekeeper, who was upstairs the whole time, hadn't heard a thing. I sent the police away without

telling them, aware of the ridicule I would receive if this became known. If the Aborigine really did exist, then by now he would be long dead; it was a wonder he was alive then."

David King is an old man now, but outrage burns within him. He helps in any way he can, to see justice done before he dies.

## Yurragan Wrahihi

Yurragan camps behind the haunted gully, on the other side of the Rainbow Stone. Standing on the rock ledge, he has a commanding view of the surrounding hills and the town. Around him the darkness towers — serene, silent, attentive.

Any meeting with Yurragan is sudden, and by his choosing. Investigators might turn or brush aside a branch and find him watching silently. In one hand he holds a bundle of slim spears and a throwing stick. A few leaf-wrapped packages and a stone axe dangle from his fiber belt. He seems totally relaxed. He is a tough old man, more than 60 years old. Part of his lower jaw is missing, and the skin around it is terribly scarred. An investigator succeeding at First Aid (or anyone who served in the Great War) can tell it is a rifle wound. The first time he is seen, all viewers lose 0/1D4 SAN.

He can speak and understand English, but won't demonstrate his ability unnecessarily. He is neither stupid nor foolhardy. He treats the investigators with dignity and peace. If accosted persistently he says only that he is the last member of his tribe, the local People, and that he wishes only to be left alone to follow the tribal ways.

### SEND DREAMING, A New Spell

The spell may be started only at the dark of the moon. The caster sacrifices a point of POW into a fire. The fire burns first yellow, then white, then blue as the night wears on. The caster then puts himself into a trance (using Alcheringa Dream Lore to do so) and sends his dreams to the victim, plunging the target into the Dreamtime. Once a target has been chosen and the channel opened with the point of POW, a dream can be sent to the target on succeeding nights (costing 3 magic points each time) until the caster's purpose is fulfilled.

If the dream is malignant, the target can attempt to wake up by receiving a successful INT x1 at the beginning of the dream, or a successful POW x1 roll at the end of each hour of the dream thereafter. Such a dream costs caster and victim alike 1D6 SAN each night, and lasts for six hours.

Once the dream is underway, the target cannot be awakened by outside means.

Multiple versions of the same dream can be sent in one night for the equivalent cost. Example: Yurragan loses one point of POW for each investigator when he visits them with Alcheringa. If he sent them such dreams the second night, it would cost 3 magic points for each investigator.

He really does only want to be left alone; he has no fear and little use for his life anymore. Through the decades, revenge against his chosen targets has consumed him until now he has nothing left. He is an intelligent man, and knows that this lust for vengeance has affected him. But that does not lessen the effect. Allowed to complete his mission, he will lie down on the rock ledge and die.

Wrahihi uses his Send Dreaming ability to curse his foes. The victims receive terrible nightmares, of giant ferns like trees, of weird vegetation, of a country that they know well but is puzzlingly unfamiliar, of hills smoking and spewing fire, of bizarre animals, and of being hunted and desperately pursued. Those who are lucky manage to shock themselves awake before being caught. Each hour they spend in Alcheringa, they stand a significant chance of being caught and killed by their pursuers, in which case the victim never wakes.

After meeting the investigators, Wrahihi sends them a special dream; not necessarily to kill them (though that is acceptable), but to teach them.

Yurragan's need for vengeance demands the destruction of his tribe's slayers. However, even the white man's justice will do; the investigators might possibly persuade him to leave off the spells, if they can prove MacKenzie and the rest will be punished.

### YURRAGAN WRAHIHI

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 15\*  
DEX 13 APP 2 EDU 24 SAN 0 HP 12

**Weapons:** Throwing Spear 78%, 1D6+1+1D2 damage  
(with throwing stick Attack 78%, 2D6+1+1D2 damage)

\* Yurragan's POW was originally 20.

**Skills:** Alcheringa Dream Lore 95%, Astronomy 75%, Botany 95%, Bushcraft 100%, Camouflage 70%, Climb 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 80%, First Aid 70%, Hide 90%, Jump 60%, Listen 85%, Sneak 90%, Speak English 25%, Spot Hidden 80%, Swim 65%, Track 85%, Treat Disease 60%, Treat Poison 70%, Zoology 90%.

**Spells:** Send Dreaming, Send Holy Fire.

## Yurragan's Walkabout

For many long years, Yurragan Wrahihi sought a place he had heard about — a forbidden place where he hoped to bargain for power. He went west, over the desolate reaches of the Nullarbor, a long walk and far away from his tribal lands. Only his terrible thirst for vengeance allowed him to find the spot, a cave old as Dreamtime, a place of dread and fear where no local, not even the rationalist whitefellas, ever ventured near. He went alone into red heat and nightmare. He found what he sought.

Now he has might with which to retaliate, the power to scour the white murderers from the earth as his people had been destroyed. Years he spent down that dark hole. He saw eternities of time and terror beyond human comprehension. He met entities whose mindless malignancy dwarfed even the ultimate catastrophe: a blasted and desolate earth stilled in space, dwarfed by the monstrous bulk of its frozen and bloated black sun.

His spirit changed. He became a sorcerer-thing, left only with his need for revenge and the power to fulfill it. He left the cave mouth and walked under the sun again. He walked until his feet found a familiar ridge, which he followed until the blue steel hills shrugged upwards cloaked by bush, and the currawong swooped down to greet him. He followed the ridge, sometimes resting, sometimes not, until it descended down into the valley, and from far off he heard the monotonous *thump-thump-thump* of the pumps, drawing water out of the mine, and he sat, knowing he was home.

## Into Alcheringa

One night Yurragan brings Alcheringa to the investigators. They might be watching the mine or just in bed. Strange things start to happen. One by one things change: a house becomes a lean-to, a gun becomes a spear, a torch a firestick. When an investigator blinks or says "Huh?" the items temporarily change back again.

The illusions get worse. The dream is continuous, but intermittent and jerky. All the senses of the investigators are affected: sight, touch, taste, hearing, and smell. Burst of emotions criss-cross their minds, like dark, clouded nights lit shockingly and glaringly by lightning.

Worst of all are the people. Any white people an investigator looks at begin to change into horrendous monsters. Choose them from the Alcheringa chapter of this book, or make them up. Investigators should not know if they are awake or dreaming, alive or dead, safe or endangered, alien or aboriginal.

As this goes on, the dream of Alcheringa becomes stronger, and takes hold. Allow all the investigators to know that they are together (as their familiar selves) in an extraordinary place. Cycads dominate a landscape in which the familiar gum tree of the present-day skyline is rare. The hills seem vaster, the land smaller. The sky seems less like an infinite space than a solid roof, ever-threatening to fall and crush everything. Usually the investigators float three feet off the ground, except when it occurs to them that they are doing so, in which case they walk. A stream flows through a wide boggy valley fringed with ferns and strange trees — beeches and casuarinas. Animals graze and huge flocks of birds wheel above the marsh grasses. The strange animals include diprotodons, giant kangaroos, and other extinct fauna.

After a while, the investigators notice behind the soft grunts and bleats of the animals a vast stillness. Once detected, this silence swells to engulf all sound. It brings with it despair and a sense of deep loss. At its peak, the feeling abruptly fails and then distinctly flees, retreating in a specific direction. A successful Dreaming roll is needed to avoid following the feeling automatically. The feeling leads the investigators to a point where the stream flows down from the low hills; at this junction, a black mass can be made out. Closer inspection reveals seventeen human figures and four dingos. They stand stock-still, crammed together in a small space, the smallest space in which such a number could be expected to stand. All are black — men, women, children, and an infant. All stand, even the one too young to walk. They are larger-than-life, about half again as tall as a natural human. The dogs share their masters' unusual size. The men are smeared with ochre, and carry broken spears.

The area has a mystifying, haunting familiarity to the investigators. A successful idea roll establishes that it is the area around Yirrimburra, but the town is gone and the land is somehow flattened. A successful Geology or Archeology roll puts the problem better: the land is younger, so that gullies have not yet eroded the persistent rocky stubs of the hills. The land itself is higher than sea level, and the climate is cooler and drier.

The seventeen figures ignore the white men, but stare straight ahead with dark mournful eyes. Their bodies

appear solid, but if pushed, give in a peculiarly horrible fashion, permitting a person to squirm through them (costing 0/1D3 SAN to see). These are the spirits of the dead, tied to their grave and unable to escape until the Law has been satisfied and their murderers destroyed.

The calm is shattered as a huge six-legged reptile, a giant goanna, a whowie, heaves its bulk over the hill and charges at the investigators. An initial roll of INT x1 or less on 1D100 permits an investigator to wake and escape the dream.

The investigators must fight or run, as their sleeping bodies convulse and writhe. To run away from the whowie, the investigators need only state that they are doing so. However, the creature tries to run them down. It is slow but, for each hour it chases them, each investigator must receive a successful roll of CON x5 or less. Failure forces that investigator to collapse, exhausted. The whowie, carefully licking its way along their trail, comes upon him or her. All the investigators must fight or abandon their comrade. The dream continues for six hours. In any case, at the end of each hour all investigators may receive rolls attempting POW x1 or less. Success permits that investigator to awaken, to find with frustration that his or her friends cannot be roused. In the dream, waking investigators simply disappear, to the consternation of those remaining in Alcheringa.

When the dream is over, all wake up. Anyone killed by the whowie is dead, stiffened in a terrible posture which mocks movement. Anyone sleeping when others are up cannot be awakened by any means until they have succeeded at their own POW x1 roll, or until the dream is over.

When everyone has either awakened or been killed, a sudden flash of light in the hills attracts all the investigators' attention. Looking up, they see that the broad back of a colossal snake protrudes from the top of a hill, and that the myriad colors striped across the scales are flowing off and into the sky. Alcheringa comes back strongly for a moment, then fades. The grasslands, or bush, or jungle recedes and town lights shine through, the stream slips into the ground and is replaced by a newer flow, the earth folds and ages, but the colors remain, streaming into the sky. It stops and, no matter where the investigators were when this last bit of Alcheringa arrived, they find themselves standing outside, staring up at the high gully where the Rainbow Stone lies — where blue flame licks at its edges.

Now the investigators can also pinpoint the place where the blacks stood: it is within the mine enclosure, under the scrapheap.

Just as the world seems totally normal, the roof of the sky explodes into the void of space. All lose 1D6 SAN. Then, truly, things are back to normal and all who are living wake shrieking, in their beds or wherever they were when the dreaming began.

## The Bush Fire

Brushfire is a feared menace in rural Australia. You can cut firebreaks, you can drill an emergency service, you





can dig yourself a water supply, but as long as you leave your mark on nature, she reserves the right to take it away.

When all (including Bill Poul, for Yurragan ignores coercion) the murderers of his people are dead, Yurragan takes his final vengeance. When the wind is behind him, smoke starts to curl upwards from the hills again and again as he sprints through the bush with his firestick, setting everything he touches to bright flame. He finishes at the Rainbow Stone and stands there, his eyes watering with the smoke. He watches through tears of pain, anguish, and hate as the flames race away from him downhill, and Yirrimburra begins to die.

The townspeople panic. An alarm sounds at the mine, church bells ring, the telephone exchange is jammed with the rush of calls. But there is no need, for everyone for miles sees the urgent message rising into the air. Some bundle themselves and their families into cars and carts and flee. Some douse their buildings with water, get the kids to safety, prepare wet blankets, drench their hats for luck, and stand ready to defend their homes and lives. Some rush to the appointed place — Fred MacKenzie's — to man a water truck and ride horses: the volunteer brigade is ready for duty. Fire trucks in Traralgon, Mirboo North, and Thorpdale load up with brave men and race towards the fire.

The fire roars and leaps from tree-top to tree-top thirty feet in the air. It arches over Smith's Creek, over roads, down the slopes towards the paddocks and drives the animals before it like a seasoned drover, singing and dancing, devouring everything in its path.

The keeper must decide exactly what happens. Put the map of the town before the players and describe the course of the flames. They must make decisions, and quickly: do they join the volunteers? Flee? Rush back to save Uncle Jack's farm? Who fights beside them?

Make the fire exciting. It changes course with the wind, doubles back, roars towards some buildings but blithely skips by others. Depending on their cleverness or clumsiness, the investigators may be showered with sparks (1D2 damage) or clubbed by a burning porchtop (1D6 if not Dodged, plus clothes aflame for 1D4 per round until put out). STR rolls are needed to keep beating at the flames, DEX roll to successfully race between closing corridors of flame, CON rolls to keep from succumbing to smoke inhalation (which is how most people die in fires), INT rolls to predict where the fire goes next, and SAN rolls when your friend's hair catches fire. You can sweat out a point of SIZ in the heat. An excellent way to be a fool is to jump into a water tank and boil alive.

The mine equipment burns, first in line when the fire roars down the gully. The sawmill goes too, because only Ken Stackford is out protecting it. Fred MacKenzie's home, farm, stock, and family all burn, because this is his fire. Anything else is up to you.

Aid arrives and forces gather: firefighters, medical people, relief teams, sandwich-makers. Together the people rise up, work like Billy-O, and beat it back — at what cost is up to the keeper, the investigators, Yurragan, the fire, the land, and the Law.

## Conclusion

In this adventure people are ruined by their own misdeeds. Fred MacKenzie and his friends committed a terrible crime in their youth. But Fred was speared by an Aboriginal before he led an attack on them. The attack was forty years ago — surely the good deeds MacKenzie and the rest have done is sufficient to erase any stigma of evil. The townsfolk agree that MacKenzie has been a good man. He isn't perfect, of course, and his wealth has made him over-sure of himself, and sometimes brusque. But he is generous and has helped Yirrimburra.

And what about Yurragan? Any claims to clemency for Fred MacKenzie are frail compared to the mighty loss Yurragan suffered — all his people killed, to the children and infants. What can excuse that? Yurragan has become consumed with the fires of revenge. Can anyone blame him? Even the white man's law cannot excuse MacKenzie's crimes: he'll hang if convicted.

The fire should channel everybody's thoughts from the mystery into pure survival, but afterward it is up to the investigators to wrap up the situation, and up to the keeper to establish who is alive to witness it.

The investigators must decide whether they stand by the now-ruined MacKenzie, take him to law, or leave him to Yurragan. They must decide whether to go after Yurragan for his crimes against the town. They may let the Trent boys go free, or have them convicted.

Even after the fire, locating the grave is easy, but digging away the molten slag on top is hard; it takes a while to cool. A bit of lab work establishes beyond reasonable doubt the identity of the remains and of what they died — plenty of evidence to prompt the reopening of the case of 1885.

Give the investigators SAN rewards, depending on how much of the truth they discover, how they decided for themselves who was right and who was wrong, and how successful they were in achieving their own objectives. A reasonable award is 2D6 each, if they gathered up all the loose ends. They deserve 3D6 if they manage to save one of the targeted victims (such as Bill Poul), or show heroism in the fire.

The aftermath of the fire brings about a resurgence of community spirit of the most tiresome sort. The investigators had better settle down on the farm and help rebuild, or leave it to Time to sort out.

A final note: even if Yurragan is killed or captured (he'd much prefer death to captivity), the bushfire comes at the appointed time, started by a lightning bolt and rushing through town. At the moment the lightning bolt strikes, anyone watching can see an enormous version of the Aboriginal's scarred face flashing in the gloom above. If imprisoned, his jailers discover that he died just before the lightning struck and started the fire. Vengeance, for Yurragan, is stronger than life.

# Old Fellow That Bunyip

*Wherein the investigators visit the cultured and up-to-date city  
of Melbourne. A terror grips the place: the River Ripper  
is on the prowl.*

## Prolog And Explanation

Bunyip down deep in the dark water, under the hill's weight. Bunyip dreaming remembers. Remembers and Is, sliding through the murky tides of the rivermouth. Bunyip remembers the small thin animals coming down to drink, their spears and bright laughter splashing off the surface of the moonlit water. Bunyip rises to the brightness like a lure.

Before that, the old ones waited with their great wisdom. Knowledge great beyond darkness and time. Knowledge that made Bunyip.

Bunyip's eyes are crystal and Bunyip's heart is fire, burning against the dark and weight of binding. Webs of sorcery stretch a bulwark against movement, and iridescent threads gleam and glisten around the dreamer. Bunyip's bright bulk shrinking catches fire from a remembered light. Bunyip's form coalescing and cooling; fur and muscle hardening and shrinking to rock, old rock, its only dream being and remembering, weighted with skeins of silver.

Above, Bunyip slices through the shadow-shrouded water, combing the long sand spits for prey; for the small thin animals coming down to fish at the water's edge.

Scale and claw and fang harden and shrink; eyes dim. The trickle of water flows into that immensity of depth and the colossal city crouching at the tide's mouth, its immensity untroubled by the encroaching sea. Land becomes island and island seabed: Bunyip glides through strange, baleful openings, a soundless grotesque bulk, slithering over once bone-dry floors. Bunyip's eyes watch enduring, patient, while the stone ledges crumble and the slime comes down the tide to drift with the tumbled boulders. What has risen will sink, what is sunken will rise.

Bunyip remembering, shrinks smaller, almost all rock now; only a heart breathing fire, and eyes remembering.

Bunyip's shadow races over the sea bottom and the marsh birds cry out a name lost in time to the huge blocks sinking into the mud. Bunyip crouches over the last block like a tired child, great flukes rippling the water surface of it, not touching, not crushing, but waiting.

The moonlit water shimmers and darkens, and a noise sounds somewhere. Bunyips dreaming shudders with it. Again the noise howls and whines, then throbs — a steady rasping thump.

The pump works well.

Then the earth shifts around, upheaving and trickling; the cool damp dark feels warmth for the first time in centuries. The hot sun is beating down on mud, no longer shielded by water, and the mud is drying, hardening, cracking, and a rock is moving.

The pump keeps working.

The time-weathered sorceries are cracking with the earth and mud, and their bindings fray.

Bunyip's cry hunts down the ages and awakens. Like rock remembering, the misshapen flukes shift, cocooned in the unstable bog; the sorcery binding Bunyip is gone; the animals binding Bunyip have gone. Bunyip rises to air like a diver through water. Bunyip sees the stars, and they are not the old stars; senses the city, and it is not the old city; scents the water but not the man standing despairingly in the way. Bunyip tries to remember and cannot; the dream is broken and gone with it the moonbright water and the beloved city, and the beings which woke it out of the ether.

The man cries, and Bunyip roars in response, flukes and body striking for the water. Bunyip has no remembering, grieves and cannot understand, cannot forget, and slides into the water. The man's body, head broken, lies half in, half out of the moon-silvered hollow.

And the small, tall animals still come down to walk by the water.

## Keeper's Information

The city of Melbourne, capital of Victoria, lives in dread. The "River Ripper" is at work, leaving mangled corpses, baffling the police, and terrifying the populace.

The River Ripper is in fact far more fearsome than anyone imagines; it is an ancient creature, the Bunyip, disturbed from its resting place in the West Melbourne Marsh by recent excavation work. One person realized this, Pat King, an Aborigine. He knew he could not stop the work at Bunyip's sleeping place, so he wrote for help, but the help arrived too late. Pat ran out of time, tried to stall Bunyip's waking, and was killed in the attempt. Help has now come, in the form of one elder from a South Australian tribe, and four young Museum men from Victorian reservations. They left their areas without leave, their fellows pooling their scanty wages to provide fares to Melbourne.

When they arrived and found Pat dead, they were aghast. Desperate for a plan, on the night of October 27th they broke into the State Museum to retrieve useful tribal artifacts. On the night of the 31st they will perform a ceremony of sorts in the hope of driving the creature upriver from the city — just as they realize their failure, the police arrive, and the rapidly-approaching bunyip slides back into the water. The men are then at a loss. They cannot even get out of jail without intervention from the investigators. They provide the real key to the mystery.

Meanwhile, two horrors continue. Bunyip strikes again and again, tearing males in rage and frustration, and taking females for food. George Seton, a demented war veteran, has glimpsed Bunyip and his madness has taken a dangerous new twist; he prowls the riverbank at night, seeking people to "baptize."

Nominally set in October and November, 1925, the scenario culminates with the running of the Melbourne Cup (always the first Tuesday in November). The scenario is set against this backdrop purely for color; if the keeper prefers, he or she can change it to another date.

---

Sunday   Monday   Tuesday   Wednesday   Thursday   Friday   Saturday

25 26 27 28 29 30 31  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

---

## Beginning Play

This scenario does not have a set introduction for the players. We encourage you, as the keeper, to devise one that suits them. Since the scenario is set in Australia, it is preposterous to suppose that the investigators would be called into the case unless they happen to be in the country; hence we suggest that the events unfold while they are in Melbourne for some other purpose.

- One plausible reason to be in Melbourne is to visit Dr. Richards, Director of Prehistory at the State Museum of Victoria. The investigators may be referred to him while

working on another case (perhaps from *Masks Of Nyarlathotep*, or the *City Beneath The Sands* adventure also in this book). He is a well-known figure in the infant field of Australian prehistory, and also has an interest in ancient myth-cycles. When the investigators arrive in Melbourne, Dr. Richards is upset because of a break-in at the Museum, and welcomes any investigation; from there on, other events should attract the characters' attention.

- Stories of the "River Ripper" hit the front pages of all major Australian newspapers, so the investigators are sure to hear of it. The tales and rumors may well be enough to involve them; curiosity kills even more investigators than it does cats.

- The running of the Melbourne Cup provides an excellent excuse for the investigators to be in Melbourne anyway, especially for dilettantes. This is Australia's most prestigious horse race, the exciting climax of the Spring Racing Carnival. If the investigators are low on cash, perhaps an occultist friend gives them a hot tip about the outcome of the race.

- If the investigators are unwilling to involve themselves, let one of them make an acquaintance with a charming and friendly member of the opposite sex. This person spends time with the chosen investigator, indulges in conversation, helps teach the character about Melbourne and Australia, and no doubt gives the investigator a Cup tip. The last time the two meet, the acquaintance mentions on departure that he or she is on her way to a frightfully boring picnic for mother's friends, on the banks of the Yarra River. The acquaintance regrets being unable to extend an invitation to the picnic.

The acquaintance is reported missing in the following morning's papers (which include *The Argus*, *The Age*, and *The Sun News-Pictorial*) and is found drowned by the time the afternoon paper (*The Herald*) hits the streets, almost certainly another victim of the River Ripper. The acquaintance's relatives at the picnic lost track of him or her in the late afternoon. School children found the floating body four miles downriver. This should incense the investigators sufficiently to enter the scenario.

However you decide to involve the investigators, they actively enter the scenario in Melbourne on Thursday morning, October 29th, a day already promising to be hot and windy.

## Running The Scenario

An unchanging set of background events exists for this scenario: the investigators arrive on the 29th and should have the current news stories brought to their attention. If they wish to visit Dr. Richards, they can do so in the course of the day. The next few days are probably spent looking into the stories listed below. Some stories appear after the 29th, so it is important to keep track of the days. On November 1st, they'll read in the paper that the Museum thieves have been apprehended, or possibly Dr. Richards can so inform them.

Remember that both Bunyip and George Seton continue to take victims. Bunyip leaves a butchered male victim about once a week, while females vanish at an alarming rate. Seton continues to drown people as he

## Melbourne In The 1920s

From "three weather-boarded, two slab, and eight turf huts" in 1836, Melbourne in 1925 sprawls over 250 square miles and is home to 912,130 people. Originally settled with the intention of opening up the interior grazing country — now, with its busy port and new industries, it has ceased to be a regional centre serving a rural hinterland and has become a city in its own right. In fact, half of the population of 1925 Victoria live in Melbourne.

Melbourne wraps around Port Phillip Bay, and is a major port. It is also well-connected by railways. Transport within the city is via suburban trains (most of the line was electrified by 1925) and electric and cable trams rattle down the middle of most major streets. The automobile has made its impact, but horses and horse-drawn wagons are common, particularly as delivery wagons (the butcher, grocer, milkman, "bottle" and "rabbit").

Melbourne has a central business district, from whence streets and railways radiate outwards. The city is the center for business, shopping, and pleasure; a pleasant Saturday morning custom is to "walk the Block" in town and greet one's friends. Major buildings favor neo-Classical and Italian Renaissance styles, whereas churches favor Gothic or Romanesque. Melbourne boasts a national museum, art gallery, library, five hospitals, three asylums, a botanical and zoological garden, half a dozen theaters, a university, a branch of the royal mint, law-courts, and the permanent government and treasury offices. Melbourne will be the seat of national government until 1927, when the government moves to Canberra. The Melbourne skyline is quite low, although a few buildings rise to a dizzying eight to twelve stories. The streets are wide (99 feet), often tree-lined, and the sidewalks have blue-gray paving slabs.

Melbourne has always been proud of its public gardens, many of which are in the inner city. They combine a colorful range of botanical specimens with lakes and islands, fountains, sculpture, and statuary. Conan Doyle described them collectively as "the most beautiful place I have ever seen."

Melbourne's sprawl results from every homeowner's desire for at least a small yard or garden. This avoided much of the overcrowding of the world's older cities. However, slums certainly exist, in parts of Brunswick and Hawthorn. Industry is heaviest in Collingwood, South Melbourne, Brunswick, Footscray, and Williamstown. Inner suburbs are mostly terrace or row housing; the colors are invariably gamboge and burnt umber or chocolate. Wealthy mansions exist too, in South Yarra, Kew, Malvern and especially Toorak. However, less than a hundred houses have a retinue of five or more servants.

Farther out, the bush is strongly present in the vacant lots and in the unoccupied land behind the suburban fringe. Orchards, market gardens and poultry farms fight for space with the neat houses. The California Bungalow is the staple home. Often people keep a cow in a lot nearby, and even more frequently keep a few chooks (chickens) in the back yard.

Less than one in nine Melbournians own telephones. Melbourne's streets were not lit electrically until 1923. With the new power coming from the coal-fueled station in Yallourn in Gippsland (1924), electrification of the suburbs, industry, and transport proceeded rapidly.

For those who want a break from the city, daytripping is popular, and it takes little effort to get out into the bush; favorite vacation spots are the blue Dandenong ranges (rising 683 meters from sea-level), the Mornington Peninsula, Western Port, the river at Warburton and Warrandyte, Mount Macedon, and the Yau Yangs (a range between Melbourne and Geelong). Closer to home, the pastimes of cricket, Australian-rules football, and tennis (depending on the season) are popular, as are bicycling and going to the beach. Cinemas are booming, and the magnificent ten-story Capitol Picture-Palace opens in 1924, soon followed by others.

Through the city flows the Yarra River, emerging from the Baw-Baw ranges in the east and winding gently to the sea. It is a placid river, now polluted by tanneries and slaughterhouses. It is misnamed: "yarra yarra" means "flowing flowing" in an Aboriginal dialect, and was taken to be the name of the river by early settlers; the original name was Birrarung.

finds them; although people venturing near the river at night are becoming rare apart from policemen (whom Seton does not attack) and investigators.

## Current News

The following stories are on the radio, in the papers, and on people's lips as the investigators arrive in Melbourne, and should be provided as background detail.

- The country is dry and unusually hot for this time of year. The effects of the drought which started in Western Australia in 1922 are starting to be felt in Victoria.
- An early bushfire is burning in the Mallee region of eastern Victoria, resulting in spectacularly-flaming sunsets.
- Everyone is talking about a horse race (the Melbourne Cup). The football season is over, so speculation is starting about cricket.
- Detectives of the Melbourne Constabulary are still baffled by the grisly "River Ripper" murders.
- Thieves have broken into the State Museum, slightly damaging an Egyptian mummy, but fortunately stealing nothing of value.

- A blaze in an abandoned building in Melbourne's little Chinatown was extinguished without loss of life, though the property was totally destroyed.

For other newsworthy items, refer to the Australian timeline of events and disasters.

If the players express interest in the Museum break-in, supply them with the nearby article, "Vandalism At Museum."

## Recent News

If the investigators scan recent newspapers, a wealth of information comes to light. A successful Library Use roll is necessary to spot each of the following items of interest.

**DISTURBANCE AT ASYLUMS  
DEATHS BY DROWNING  
RIVER RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN  
UNDERWATER CAR REPORTED IN RIVER  
TWO SAVAGE MURDERS  
MARSH MURDERS**

All of these clippings are reprinted nearby.

Handout #1

**VANDALISM AT MUSEUM****Watchman Uncovers Second Break-In;  
Human Remains Disturbed.****Mysterious Theft of Aboriginal Relics;  
Method of Entrance Unknown.**

Dr. C.P. Richards, Director of Prehistory at The State Museum of Victoria, is a bewildered man today. Vandals forced entry into the Museum at approximately one o'clock this morning and damaged a newly-acquired Egyptian mummy which was being prepared for display. The felons evidently used a crowbar to force the inner doors of the storage and research vaults. Evidently entry was effected through a Museum basement window, which was found open.

The Museum's Directors have vouched for the nightwatchman's character. This man, Mr. J. Waterman, an employee for over twenty years, foiled an attempted theft from the Museum six weeks ago. He confesses himself stunned at the criminals' daring. He claims to have heard the vandals as they left, upon which he sounded the alarm and gave chase, but found no trace of the villains.

The intruders attacked a mummy in the Museum's vault. A blunt instrument was repeatedly smashed across the lower body of the remains, and the body was covered with dirt. Fragments of rock were found close by. Several Aboriginal items are missing, believed stolen or destroyed.

"I am at a loss," said one of the curators. "The hoodlums plainly had no idea of the collection's value, as many valuable and important artifacts were ignored. The damage to the mummy is not irreparable, but certainly postpones its display. I feel that this mindless assault is the work of untutored youths, and I hope and believe that they will be speedily brought to justice."

— Wednesday, October 28th.

Investigators bright enough to check the Missings Persons list (players too slow to think of this can attempt Idea rolls for their characters) deduce some chilling information. The number of women reported missing since October 16 has increased radically. Cross-checking reveals that the fourteen missing women dwelt in suburbs through which the placid Yarra flows. The number of missing males has not changed. Finally, observant investigators notice that all the mutilated bodies found have been male.

Handout #2

**MARSH MURDER****Murder of Blackfellow  
At West Melbourne Marsh.****Work on Warehouses Delayed.****Coroner's Inquest to Follow.**

Men arriving for work on the West Melbourne Marsh site yesterday found a corpse in residence. The decedent, later identified as Pat King, a local aborigine, was found lying half-submerged in a small pool being drained on the site. Preliminary examination indicates death was caused by a single massive blow to the head. Tyre marks were observed leading to the body.

— Thursday, October 15th

Handout #2

**SAVAGE MURDERS**

Two transients, camping on Coode Island in the Yarra River, were murdered and their bodies slashed on the night of the 14th. The perpetrator has already been nicknamed the "River Ripper," by police, in reference to the brutality of the crimes. Readers will remember that an aborigine, Pat King, was killed on the other side of the river on the 13th. The police state unequivocally that the earlier killing was unconnected.

— Friday, October 16th

Handout #2

**What Next?****Underwater Car Reported In River**

Last night, Florence Stansworth, a cleaner at the Princess Theatre, noticed "automobile lights" under Princess Bridge, Swanston Street, City. Police were initially alarmed that a car may have plunged into the river, but no vehicle was found. Evidently reflections from nearby streetlights caused the illusion which so disturbed Mrs. Stansworth.

— Sunday, October 18th

Handout #1

**RIVER RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN**

A transient, known only as Slow Jim, was found gruesomely murdered this morning. He had been camping under the railway bridge in Richmond. Police state that the killing is certainly another attack by the River Ripper and urge anyone who lives nearby or saw Slow Jim that evening to contact them with any information they might possess. The Police also stated that the nature of the victim's wounds seem to indicate that the killer may use a sharpened garden rake to stun his victims.

— Friday, October 23rd

Handout #2

**DISTURBANCE AT ASYLUMS****Kew Asylum and Yarra Bend  
Asylum Patients Overrun Grounds.****Staff of Both Institutions Mystified.****Idiot Browns.**

Staff at Kew and Yarra Bend Asylums were today recovering from an incident last night, when patients of both institutions simultaneously rioted.

Staff were forced to employ hoses, batons, and other desperate measures to avoid a rampage. The hysteria occurred just after the evening meal, when patients began to form a mob at the point where the two asylums face one another across the river.

Accusations, screams, and shouts were heard by staff, who hurried to investigate. Shortly thereafter, mass panic broke out. However, staff say that the situation quickly defused once patients were forced inside the buildings. No cause for the sudden disturbance is known.

One man, Peter Graemes, 56, a long-term patient of Yarra Bend who was severely retarded, is reported missing and presumed drowned.

Vivid hallucinations and delusions have been reported by patients regarding the event, leading doctors to ponder the cause. Our correspondent was informed that the phenomenon, indicating "a common mob-mind" and a "mythic subconscious cycle," lent evidence to support Jungian, rather than Freudian, alienist treatment.

— Tuesday, October 27th.



Handout #1

## DEATHS BY DROWNING

Three People Drown in Yarra.

Bizarre Twist to Ripper Case,  
Say Senior Detectives.

Gallant Rescuer Fails  
In Bid to Revive Drowned Woman.

Reward of 5000 Pounds Offered.

In what police are calling a new twist to the series of Ripper murders, three bodies were fished out of the water last night. While these corpses are free of the mutilations associated with the River Ripper, police believe that the same person is implicated. The drownings lend support to the belief that the River Ripper drowns his victims before disfiguring them.

"It is unlikely that two such madmen stalk the city," stated Detective-Constable Calley today, dismissing the possibility that the new killings are the work of another man.

Drowned were Alfred Bingham, 35, of Glen Iris; Melissa Young, 45, of Collingwood; and Nancy Howe, 23, of Kew. Police are looking for connections between the drownings, but have not ruled out the possibility that the triple tragedies are a bizarre coincidence.

Police today reissued their warning about venturing near the banks of the Yarra alone or after dark. They urge those who have seen victims or noted anything unusual in the vicinity of the river last night to come forward, and this newspaper supports this appeal to the community. A reward of 5000 pounds has been posted for information leading to the arrest of the River Ripper.

Nancy Howe's death was possibly the most tragic of the three, because help was close at hand. George Seton, 32, also of Kew, heard the girl's cries for help and attempted a rescue. By the time help had arrived with lanterns, he had brought her to the bank and was attempting resuscitation. Sadly, all efforts at reviving her failed.

When commended for his bravery, Mr. Seton replied "I have always been a strong swimmer. I had to try to save her." Our correspondent has discovered that such courage is second nature to Mr. Seton, who served with distinction in Turkey and France during the war, and was invalided out of service during the 3rd Ypres Offensive in November, 1917.

We hope that while the horror of the River murders goes on, the bravery of such stalwart individuals as Mr. Seton does not go unnoticed by the Government.

— Sunday, October 25th

## Future News

The investigators may next read about themselves! The arrival of wealthy American tourists is very much a news item; such investigators who attend any social events of the Melbourne upper class are likely to find themselves in the "Pictorial News Events" section. Journalists commonly board ocean liners via the pilot's ship to get news as quickly as possible.

In any case, as the investigators are drawn into the case, they may well be associated with it by the sharp-eyed and imaginative reporters. This will happen particularly if they discover any bodies; the press will at least want to know why they were in the area. If a famous investigator is perceived to be on the case, front-page coverage with pictures may be mandatory. There they are, for everyone to see. This may worry the players some. Such fame naturally leads to the investigators being accosted by anyone who wants to hear the latest theories and leads.

Several articles appear after the investigation begins and you, the keeper, should disseminate them appropriately. Remember to add new victims to the news as well. The titles of the articles appear below.

(ACQUAINTANCE) MURDERED!  
SUBMARINE IN OUR YARRA  
THIEVES CAUGHT  
RIVER RIPPER TAKES ANOTHER VICTIM

## (ACQUAINTANCE) MURDERED!

On this day appears the report on the disappearance and death of the investigator's acquaintance (if this happens).

— Thursday, October 29th

Handout #3

## Submarine in Our Yarra?

A certain Mrs. Enderby, of Kew, noticed a strange shiny oblong object floating in the river at dusk last evening. She patriotically called the police to investigate, but no signs of the object were found. An overturned rowboat has since been blamed. Alas for romance.

— Friday, October 30th

Handout #3

## THIEVES CAUGHT

Blackfellows Create Uproar in Gardens.

Drunk and Disorderly Arrest  
Uncovers Museum Thieves.

Victorian Protectorate Dismayed.

Five aborigines arrested last night for being drunk and disorderly have had charges of theft, vandalism, and breaking and entering laid against them. Police report that the men were seen by a gardener, Arthur Stokes, at about 11:30 pm last night in the Royal Botanical Gardens. Mr. Stokes said that the men were singing and dancing and in varying stages of undress.

When police arrived on the scene, no sign of intoxicating liquor remained, but the men's behavior argued the presence of strong spirits, and some resisted arrest. A search revealed items stolen from the State Museum on the 27th of October.

The aborigines are held at the St. Kilda Police Station, to face the Magistrate within a few days. No plea has been entered on their behalf, and bail is set at 10 pounds each. Under the terms of the Aboriginal Protection Act, the men face a maximum gaol sentence of six years. The Victoria Protector of Aborigines has declared in their defence that four of the men, youths from the Victorian Reservation, were apparently led astray by the insinuations of the fifth, an older man from South Australia.

— Sunday, November 1st

Handout #3

## RIVER RIPPER TAKES ANOTHER VICTIM

The "River Ripper" has struck again, killing Mr. Parker Tewkesbury, J.D., of the law firm of Smythe, Tewkesbury, and Smythe. His body was found, badly mauled and tangled in algae, on the riverbank near Flinders Park, City. Evidently he was killed around before dawn, when walking home near the river after working all night at his office.

— Sunday, November 1st

Flinders Park is only a short distance upstream from the Botanical Gardens. However, lest the investigators suspect the Aborigines, Mr. Tewkesbury was clearly killed after they were taken into custody.

Further rumors, news articles, and victims are up to the keeper.

The investigators should want to inspect the grounds or interview the sources for these newspaper articles firsthand, to learn more details than reported.

## The National Museum

The National Museum of Victoria adjoins the State Library. The buildings lie in the central city area, and trams run right past them.

If the investigators have come to Melbourne to see Dr. Richards, they should have already made an appointment. If not, they need an excuse, flimsy or otherwise, to see him. His office and the burgled section of the Museum are not in the public domain. An appropriate Credit Rating, Fast Talk, or Oratory roll should indicate whether the investigators can wangle their way past the Museum staff to Dr. Richards. If they succeed, Dr. Richards is contacted via the internal telephone, and he sends an assistant to escort the investigators to him.

They are led out of the main building and into an extension riddled with low-ceilinged brick tunnels. Wooden doors with glass inserts screen mysterious stores of knowledge. After several twists, turns, and stairwells, they are ushered through a reinforced door into the Anthropology section.

Dr. Richards' office overlooks a vast storage room stuffed with artifacts, the accumulation of decades of unsystematic collection from many different primitive cultures. Southeast Asian, Philippine, Fijian, Papuan, and Australasian cultures are jumbled together. The artifacts being prepared for exhibition, under repair, to be catalogued, or not on display due to lack of space. Dr. Richards is nowhere in sight.

The room holds death masks and mortuary posts, ceremonial and workaday tools, primitive weapons, and children's toys; all are elaborately carved and often painted. Long cupboards filled with drawers line the walls. Boxes and crates bulge suggestively, with postmarks from strange and exotic locales. Shelves sag under the weight of their contents. Some items are suspended from the roof, or rest on overhead rods. Along the walls leer statues of wood and stone. Weird and broken objects of no imaginable purpose lie about. Some artifacts are carefully labeled, catalogued, and stored away, but most overflow in glorious squalor. The keeper may be amused by giving the investigators glimpses of possible Mythos items.

Everywhere, lifeless eyes stare at the investigators — eyes of stone, wood, marble, bark, and paint. Then they see a huge and toothy New Guinea devil-mask, with veined, pupiled living eyes peering at them ... and out from behind it steps Dr. Cedric Peter Russell Richards.

**DR. RICHARDS:** He is a prim, scholarly man in his 60s, with a dry wit. He stands about 5' 6" tall, and is thin and slightly stooped. The ruling passion of his life is research,

and the strongest emotion he ever displays is scholarly enthusiasm. He is always precise in his action and speech, making his chaotic surroundings even more absurd. He is a busy man, abrupt with bores and timewasters, but if one of the investigators shows interest in his field, he becomes talkative.

Richards was worried by the break-in, and it is often on his mind — the intruders could have done immense damage. Luckily, the only actual damage done was to the Egyptian mummy, and this was no great loss. A successful Psychology roll here discerns a note of glee in the Doctor's tone. He despises the present fad for all things Egyptian (to the exclusion of other, worthier cultures) which has prevailed since Carter's Tutankhamen find, and is far from displeased that an Egyptian relic should be damaged when so many of his own treasures were left untouched.

If the investigators ask about the missing pieces, he admits that they were of no great worth. Two were identical flat, circular stones bearing carved circles. The third was a lump of quartz embedded in a ball of fiber. He does not know their ceremonial purpose. They were sold to the Museum about twenty years ago by a dog trapper, who found them in the Flinders Ranges. He expresses a politely-embarrassed opinion that it is not inconceivable that the items may simply have been "mislocated."

If he is asked about the mummy, he shows it to the investigators. It lies in a packing crate, swathed in bandages. The wrappings around the legs are clearly dented and split. The mummy has a curious reddish tinge to it. If Richards is asked about it, he leans into the box and blows some of the stain off, explaining that the stain was the dirt scattered over the mummy — red ochre taken from a nearby bin. A store of the pigment is kept for display with Aboriginal bark paintings, to show school children what the painters used. Dr. Richards observes that red ochre is used in many different Aboriginal ceremonies. At this point the conversation is straying to his field of interest, and with a bit more conversation and show of interest, Richards really opens up.

Dr. Richards' office is little more than a glass booth, but the investigators are nevertheless invited in to share tea and biscuits. His desk and surrounds are littered with chunks of manuscript, which he hurriedly sweeps out of sight if any of the investigators have displayed pretensions to knowledge in his field. However, if the investigators convince him that their interest in his work is purely theoretical, and not due to academic rivalry, he may discuss his manuscript. They must convince him of their integrity; he is extremely sensitive to ridicule.

He is presently writing a monograph tentatively titled "Snake Totems in Australasian, Asian and American Beliefs." This paper examines widespread worship of a snake deity. He speculates that a common source to these myths exists, centered at Papua, or possibly India. The myth presumably moved south down the island chains of Indonesia and Timor to Australia. He is at a loss how the snake-cult reached America. Of course, he confesses that his theories on the original pattern of migration is pure speculation, but he has nevertheless found two common threads running through this body of myth: one theme is



that of huge mythical serpents, such as the Australian Rainbow Serpent; Quetzalcoatl, the Aztecs' feathered serpent; Tiamat, the Babylonian embodiment of chaos; and Jormungard of the Vikings.

All of these huge serpents controlled the destructive forces of wind and water. The second theme, which is less common, is that of a half-human, half-snake deity, such as Borung, Ngalod, Kunapipi, or the Hindu Najas. He pumps the investigators for their knowledge of the American snake mythos. If they reveal any darker myths they may have learned of (possibly deriving from a Cthulhu Mythos roll) he is equally fascinated. He does not intend publishing his manuscript yet; his conclusions are far too tenuous, based on supposition and legend.

As Dr. Richards warms to his monologue, he tilts back in his chair, eyes the Investigators and starts to tell them pedantically about an Aboriginal myth which has come to fruition. "One important Aboriginal spirit is Myndie, who lives in an area called the Mallee. Myndie was a huge and fearsome serpent and, at the behest of Baiame (an important god), it set upon lawbreakers to kill them. However, it was believed that any attempt to settle in Myndie's land was doomed because of the serpent's malignance. Now, one of the plans of our Government was to settle returned servicemen in the country, including the Mallee. But it isn't working, mostly because they have no skill at farming. A drought's just ended, but now there's a bad fire up there. Makes you think, eh? Sounds a bit like Myndie's biting back, eh?" This could start off an interesting discussion.

By now, if the investigators have demonstrated intellectual kinship and are not educationally bankrupt, they have a friend for life. He is unlikely to play an active physical role in this adventure, but he represents a sound back-up for research, respectability, and ideas which the keeper wishes to advance.

#### DR. CEDRIC P.R. RICHARDS

STR 8 CON 9 SIZ 9 INT 17 POW 13  
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 19 SAN 65 HP 9

**Skills:** Anthropology 90%, Archaeology 40%, Debate 70%, Geology 35%, History 65%, Library Use 85%, Linguist 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

## The State Library

The Library adjoins the Museum, and Dr. Richards would be happy to help them get acquainted with it. The Library is a famous Melbourne landmark, due to the striking concrete dome atop the reading room; at the time of its construction (in 1912), it was the largest of its kind in the world.

However, research proves frustrating, because most of the answers the investigators seek aren't written down, or even remembered. The potential areas have been anticipated below, and the investigators need a separate Library Use for each gem of information.

**THE ARTIFACTS:** their exact nature is unknown, though they learn that the round stones are used to mark religious sites. No mention of the quartz crystal is made.

**VICTORIAN TRIBES:** the tribe living in the area prior to Melbourne's settlement was the Kurun. They often visited the new town, and are described as a quiet, easy-going race. The whites were friendly in return, but the Kurun apparently succumbed to the diseases and bad habits of the whites, especially alcoholism. The Kurun were nearly extinct by 1849, only 15 years after the founding of Melbourne.

**SACRED SITES:** no doubt the investigators will search diligently for records of such in or near the present site of the West Melbourne Marsh; they find none. An Idea roll reveals to the frustrated researcher that this does not mean that no such site exists, but perhaps that no Aboriginal ever saw fit to tell a white man of it.

At some stage in their investigation, the word *bunyip* may occur or be given to the players, which may send them charging back into the library. Bunyips are widely written of in newspapers and books, and a simple request to a librarian quickly supplies the information titled "Bunyips," in a nearby box.

#### BUNYIPS

For much of the nineteenth century many people (including scientists) believed in their existence. Stories of bunyips came from many different native tribes, all of whom describe huge dark creatures living in swamps and billabongs. The monsters are given different names and appearances, but the tales are linked by consistent details: glowing, baleful eyes; and a bellowing roar. They are always described as large, are claimed to eat people, especially women.

Numerous whites have recorded sightings as well; descriptions range from "like an old blackfellow," to seals, dogs, horse-alligators, and "bigger than an elephant, in shape like a poley bullock, with eyes like live coals and tusks like a walrus." However, belief in Bunyips died out in the latter part of the century.

Three interesting references to bunyips can be found, each by means of a successful Library Use roll.

E. Lloyd, *A Visit to the Antipodes, with some Reminiscences of a Sojourn in Australia* (London, 1846). The author describes a legend told by the blacks of Port Phillip, of Noocoonah, an enormous manlike being. The author links this legend with the bunyip, and goes on to quote a report from a newspaper of the time in which scientists had discovered a curious fossil: the head of a tibia (lower joint of the knee), ten inches across, which was not petrified. Local blacks identified it as a bunyip bone.

John Morgan, *The Life and Adventures of William Buckley*, (Hobart, 1852). Buckley was an escaped convict who lived for 32 years among the blacks of the Geelong district. Several times Buckley hunted a creature the size of a full-grown calf, which had a dusky-gray, feather-covered back. The back is all he ever saw of it; he never managed to hit one with his spear. He further relates the story of how a woman was taken by a bunyip; she was catching so many eels her husband had to carry some back to the hut; when he returned she was gone. Abundance of eels in a lagoon indicates presence of a bunyip, and a tribe soon leaves such a place.

*The Argus* (a newspaper), 23rd June, 1894. An item relates: "The hollow boom so often heard on the margins of reedy swamps — more hollow and louder by night than by day, is the mythical bunyip, the actual bittern." The brown bittern, known as the Boomer or Bull Bird to bushmen, is a marsh bird; the male produces a booming note during breeding-season.

## Jack Waterman

Jack Waterman is the museum watchman on night shift. If investigators wish to talk to him they must do it during his shift, as he sleeps during the day. To get permission to interview him during his shift, the investigators must be on good terms with Dr. Richards or some other member of the Museum staff. Failing that, a Credit Rating roll enables them to look respectable enough to pass muster.

Because of the recent break-in, two policemen stand duty outside the Museum, and Jack patrols the inside, *walking his lonely beat*. It takes him a half-hour to complete his circuit. Between circuits, he sits in the tea room with the door open and drinks enormous amounts of hot, sweet tea. Jack is 55 years old, hale, with thin gray hair. He is friendly, but wary of nosy foreigners such as the investigators; is he under suspicion? There also may be a bit of a communication barrier between him and non-Australians (see the quotes below for examples). The keeper will find a nearby box, "Jack Waterman's Vocabulary."

Investigators who wish to talk to him at length must accompany him on his rounds and drink tea for as long as it takes to get answers; he becomes noticeably reticent if either of these two duties are failed. In truth, though, he is glad of the company, and a successful Psychology roll notes this.

When asked about the break-in, he says that he heard the intruders just as they were leaving; he was surprised, since he hadn't heard anything earlier. "But if they were blackfellas, and I reckon so, well, it makes sense, yunno? Them bastards can move so quiet a 'roo can't hear 'em till 'e gets a spear up 'is backside. Anyway, by the time I'd dashed off an' give the bell a clout, they was gone."

If asked about the earlier break-in, "Not at all loik this one; 'appened about a month 'n a half ago. Fair cow it was! 'Alf a dozen bloody dagoes,' with knives as long as yer arm. Strewth! I scarpered, bloody hell I did, belted the bell like buggery. Brought the cops in. Didn't fancy a blue with a mob of Ities with pig stickers! Still, they must've hared off as quick as I did, 'cause when the cops made it here there was nothin' but me an' a busted window. Naw, they were just a push or somethin' I reckon. Out for a lair."

A successful Psychology roll reveals that Jack is holding back something. A Psychoanalysis or Fast Talk, if a helpful and friendly tone is used, is necessary to get the last of his story out of him. It is a bit strange: "Well, there was one other thing. I did run after the buggers, but I saw somethin' and stopped. One of the blackfellows, bloody big bastard, had somethin' in his hands. It glowed red like fury. Tossed me stick at 'im, and the buggers vanished, lightnin' fast. Gave me the creeps. Don't tell

the boss about that, will 'ya, or I'll be rooted. They'll think I'm daft. I didn't even tell th' missus. But it glowed right fierce alright. Even Blind Freddy could've seen it. Enough of that — fancy another cuppa?"

### JACK WATERMAN'S VOCABULARY

*Blackfella*: Aborigine.

*Blind Freddy*: mythical Australian character, possibly a Sydney street vendor in the twenties. Blind Freddy is used to highlight anything which is obvious. The use here may be a bit anachronistic.

*Blue*: a fight, brawl or argument.

*Bugger*: alternative for bastard.

*Cuppa*: cup of tea.

*Dagoes*: persons of (southern) European extraction.

*Fair cow*: a 'cow' is anybody or thing in disfavor; a 'fair cow' is a damned nuisance.

*Hared*: ran away quickly.

*Ities*: persons of Italian origin.

*Lair*: show-off; by implication, having a lark and taking a dare

*Push*: gang.

*Roo*: kangaroo.

*Rooted*: (in this context) in trouble; there's no hope for me.

*Scarpered*: ran away quickly.

*Strewth*: abbreviation of 'God's Truth'. Exclamation of disbelief.

*Yunno*: you know.

## The Death Of Pat King

A few unusual points appear in the newspaper report. His is the only death which occurs at a distance from the river. The single blow to the head differs from the gruesome mutilations of the other victims. It is the first of the murders. And he is the only non-white killed. The investigators cannot find anyone who knew him. They can, however, visit the scene of his lonely death.

The West Melbourne Marsh construction site lies at the end of a road which is being gradually tarred over. Around it spreads a bare, bleak, marsh. A sense of desertion and despair lingers over the blank ground. The wind wails and occasional seagulls screech overhead.

If the investigators arrive during work hours, business is in full swing. Trucks are being loaded with soil. A pump is at work on the side of a half-excavated low hill at the site's center, spewing water from a rapidly diminishing pool. Around it are untidy piles of pipes and pumping equipment. Further pipes in boggy ditches head for the mouth of the Yarra and the sea, a short walk beyond a set of low hills.

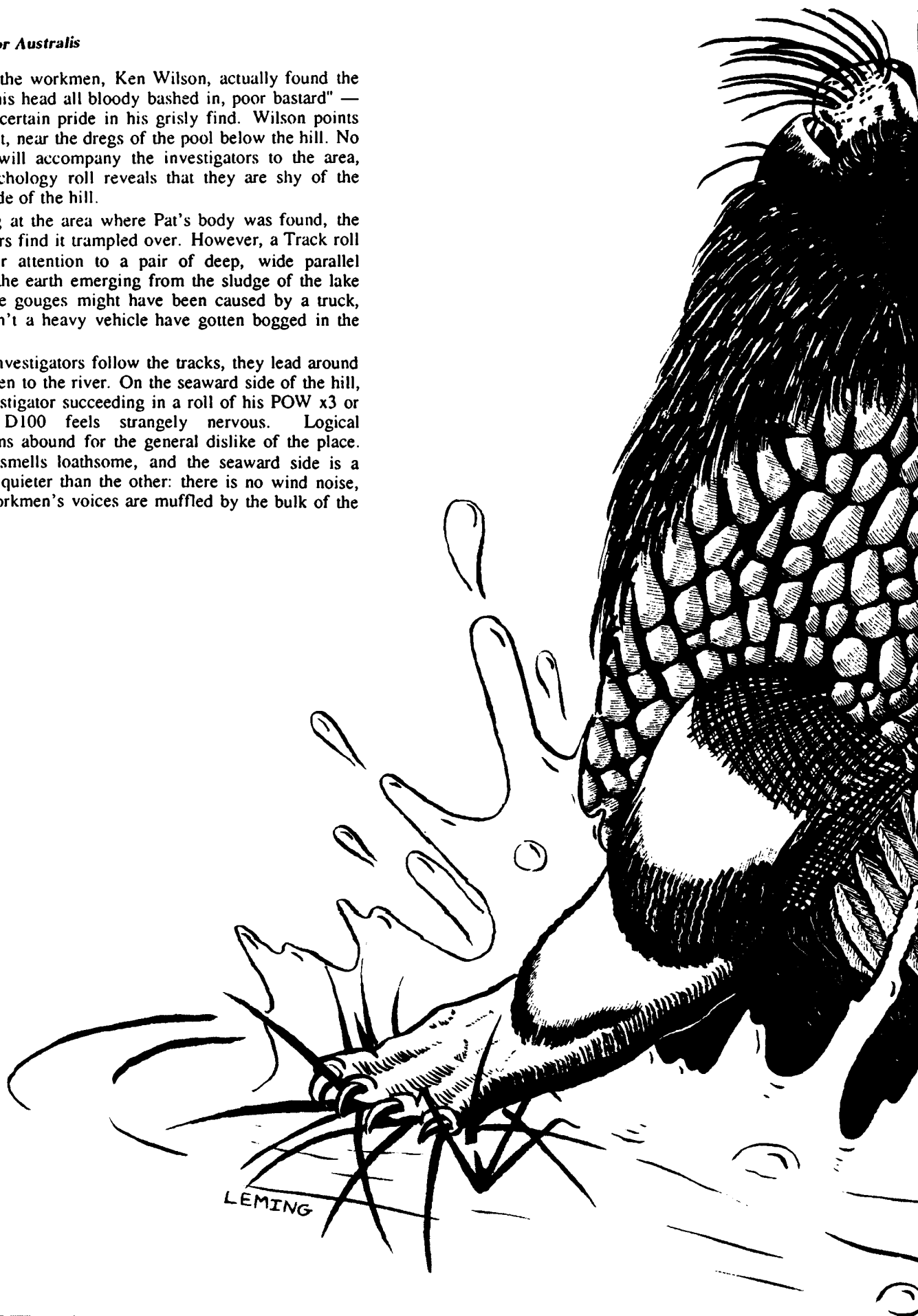
The foreman greets interested visitors cheerfully, provided they do not get in the way, as work is behind schedule. He'll even offer the investigators a short tour of the site, pointing out the docks to one side and the nearest group of warehouses on the other. The current job is to drain and level this piece of marshground, using dirt from the hill. When the land is prepared, warehouses will be constructed. If he is asked about Pat King's murder, he suddenly finds himself too busy to accompany them any further.



One of the workmen, Ken Wilson, actually found the body — "his head all bloody bashed in, poor bastard" — and has a certain pride in his grisly find. Wilson points out the spot, near the dregs of the pool below the hill. No workman will accompany the investigators to the area, and a Psychology roll reveals that they are shy of the seaward side of the hill.

Looking at the area where Pat's body was found, the investigators find it trampled over. However, a Track roll draws their attention to a pair of deep, wide parallel gashes in the earth emerging from the sludge of the lake bed. These gouges might have been caused by a truck, but wouldn't a heavy vehicle have gotten bogged in the soft mud?

If the investigators follow the tracks, they lead around the hill, then to the river. On the seaward side of the hill, every investigator succeeding in a roll of his POW x3 or less on D100 feels strangely nervous. Logical explanations abound for the general dislike of the place. The mud smells loathsome, and the seaward side is a good deal quieter than the other: there is no wind noise, and the workmen's voices are muffled by the bulk of the

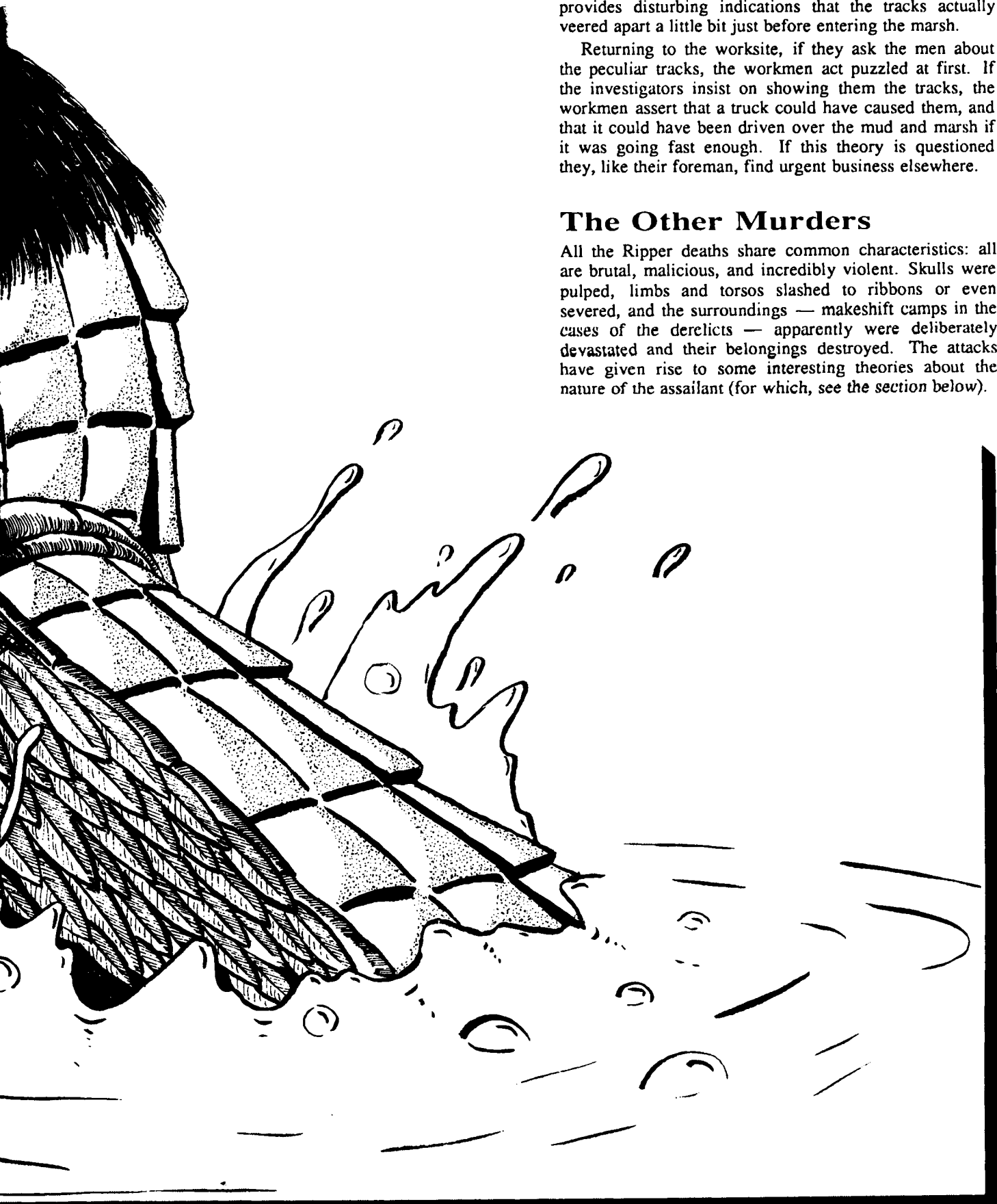


hill. Following the twin gouges toward the river, they lose them in the marsh. A successful Spot Hidden provides disturbing indications that the tracks actually veered apart a little bit just before entering the marsh.

Returning to the worksite, if they ask the men about the peculiar tracks, the workmen act puzzled at first. If the investigators insist on showing them the tracks, the workmen assert that a truck could have caused them, and that it could have been driven over the mud and marsh if it was going fast enough. If this theory is questioned they, like their foreman, find urgent business elsewhere.

## **The Other Murders**

All the Ripper deaths share common characteristics: all are brutal, malicious, and incredibly violent. Skulls were pulped, limbs and torsos slashed to ribbons or even severed, and the surroundings — makeshift camps in the cases of the derelicts — apparently were deliberately devastated and their belongings destroyed. The attacks have given rise to some interesting theories about the nature of the assailant (for which, see the section below).



## The Police

The police have no leads. They hope to catch the murderer at his work, and continue to comb the riversides in pairs every night. Melbourne troopers do not normally go armed but, in order to deal with the emergency, the searchers have been issued revolvers and rifles. They are spread all along the river. They are understandably nervous.

If the investigators try to obtain help from the police, they must Credit Rating, Debate, or Fast Talk their way up the chain of command to the detectives in charge; any attempt to tell some cock-and-bull story to ordinary officers meets with derision and ridicule. However, persistent and lucky investigators eventually reach the people who sift, sort, and follow up the information. If the investigators can then present a logical, coherent, and well-researched story, they'll find a surprisingly good reception.

The detectives are trying to follow every lead given to them by forensic science and their own detective abilities. As a result, they are seeking an unusually strong, tall man, possibly with filed teeth, probably wearing a thick fur coat (though the weather is unseasonably hot — obviously a maniac), possibly a good swimmer, who has yet to be seen near the scene of the murders, or leave foot-, hand-, or fingerprint.

Theories for murder weapons include a sword, possibly a scimitar, possibly an ivory scimitar (an antique?); a spade or mattock; an axe; a saw; or even a garden roller (which would both cause the crushing injuries and the devastation of the camps). Some murders occur in spots an auto or truck could not possibly reach, leading one wag to suggest an armored tank as a likely murder weapon. Other last-ditch possibilities include the notion that some wild animal caused the deaths. However, no escapes from zoos, circuses, or private collections have been reported, and no native Australian animal could be responsible.

A favorite tea-break activity among the detectives is to concoct bizarre theories; these have included a murderous great ape in the company of an elephant from the Ringwood circus; a shark which has become accustomed to freshwater and is capable of leaping short distances from the water; the emigration of the now-geriatric but still demoniacal Jack the Ripper; an elaborate scheme involving kidnaping and dismembering victims and then dropping them from great heights; and so on. In other words, the police are baffled.

Investigators trying to tout their own theories and findings must walk a fine line between respect and ridicule. The police have had plenty of cranks. The investigators' success with the police should be judged both by the players' loquacity and the success of Debate and Oratory skill rolls. In any event, police and investigators are unlikely to form open alliance. If the investigators are apprehended behaving mysteriously by the riverbank after dark, the police will be less likely to arrest investigators whom they already know.

## Florence Stansworth

If the investigators contact the management of the Princess Theater seeking Florence Stansworth, they are told that she cleans the auditorium after each night's performance. Hence, if they are in attendance after the show, they can speak to her. The management then suggests that there could be no finer way of waiting than enjoying this evening's performance by the renowned Austrian violinist Fritz Kreisler. (Kreisler toured Australia in 1925, and in his day was the most famous violinist in the world.)

If they attend, the investigators are forced to concur that Kreisler's reputation is not exaggerated. Whether or not the investigators attend the performance, they are asked to wait in the emptying theater till Mrs Stansworth arrives.

The theater is a cavernous space fronting an empty stage; two tiers of seats stretch upwards and around in the half light. Blue velvet hangings trimmed with gold tassels stretch across the stage, and the wallpaper is a smooth blue felt. The seats match the color scheme and have a smooth plush surface. No hard angles or bare walls are visible anywhere except backstage. The combined effect, once the other patrons have gone, is to muffle noise. The house lights are soon dimmed. Only a few remain glowing, near the exits.

After the last attendee leaves, the waiting investigators notice that they are not alone; a gentleman in evening dress sits still and silent in the center of the dress circle.

Whether or not the investigators try to attract the man's attention, he neither speaks or moves. If they succumb to curiosity and take the stairs up to the dress circle, they can see that he is immaculately dressed, broad-shouldered, and tall. He has gray hair, and a clean profile. The most distinctive thing about his dress are his shirt buttons, which glitter in the dimness. He takes no notice of their arrival but sits quietly, staring ahead at the empty stage. If anyone approaches within ten feet, he vanishes into thin air. Every viewer must succeed in a SAN roll or lose 1D4 SAN.

The investigators have just encountered the ghost of Frederick Baker, better-known by his stage name of F. Federici, and since referred to as "The Devil in Evening Dress." Federici has haunted the theater since his tragic death in 1888. He took the part of Mephistopheles in Gounod's opera "Faust." On the first night of the performance he died during his final scene; he was descending through a trapdoor, taking Faust to Hell, when he slumped forwards onto a backstage man's shoulder, and never spoke again. He died an hour later. But people still see him in the old theater after hours, watching an empty stage in the dim light.

When they have recovered from their fright, a sudden loud clanging and banging splits the air as Flo arrives with her cleaning paraphernalia. Floe is large, blowsy, and blonde. She responds best to investigators who are glib and flirtatious, but still makes it clear that she is a respectable married matron. She knows what she saw, is adamant about it, and is sick of people disbelieving her. She saw what she thought were two car headlights reflected in the water; only they were redder and dimmer

than normal. Then she realized the lights were coming from under the water. "I came over all funny, and scarpered off to get the police," she says. "But we found nothin' when we come back." That is all she knows.

If the investigators ask her about the ghost, Floe knows the whole Federici story, and tells it at length.

## Mrs. Enderby

This nice lady lives in Kew, a suburb of Melbourne. Kew is a lush retreat of stately houses and wide gardens. Even in the unusual late spring warmth it is still cool and shady. The river circles it like a snake basking in the sun.

Mrs. Enderby is prim and unassuming. Her address is available in the slim Melbourne Directory for telephones. She answers all telephone and casual callers by stating that she made a mistake and wishes the press would go away. However, if an investigator talks to her gently, *convinces her of his purely scientific interest*, insists that he is no way connected with the press, and succeeds in an Credit Rating or an Oratory roll, she admits that she does not rightly know what she saw.

If her husband is home, he refuses to acknowledge that anything out of the ordinary occurred. If the investigators can get her alone (which shouldn't be too difficult), and if Mrs. Enderby is charmed by the characters, she'll take them out into her back yard, sloping greenly down to the river. A small boat is tied at the water's edge. She points out the reedy bend upstream where she saw the "wretched thing" (the strongest language she uses).

"If it was anything at all," Mrs. Enderby says, "perhaps it looked like a dolphin or seal, that's what — it heading upriver when I saw it." If the investigators wish to get closer to the spot, perhaps to take photographs, a bridle path meanders along the bank. Around the bend is a small island, a favorite picnic spot.

Mrs. Enderby returns to her home. If the investigators have been especially polite and charming, she'll invite them to have a cup of tea with her when they have done their exploring.

If the investigators stroll upriver, they can see the small island. It is artistically shorn of scrub. A few graceful river gum trees shade a stretch of mown grass. The island is a small hillock, and only this side is visible from the bank. Access is only possible by boat or by swimming. Most of the houses have private rowboats, and a park with boats for hire is a little way upriver. If the investigators wish, they may gain permission to use the Enderbys' craft.

If the investigators cross over to the island they hear, above the shrill ululations of the cicadas, a steady, equally shrill whistle. The whistle comes from the opposite side of the island. As they row, you, the keeper, should emphasize the uneven nature of their locomotion, the craft's fragility, the gentle swirling current, the fact that nothing is underneath them, the gurgling of the water. When they reach the other side of the isle, they see see that they are not the first to visit today: a small boat is moored among the rushes. They can trace the noise to its source: a prettily set out picnic, complete with a small fire heating a kettle, which is whistling so shrilly on and on and on. It is almost boiled dry. Where are the picnickers?

A successful Spot Hidden reveals ripped and trampled vegetation. A successful Track points out the marks of boot heel dragged to the water's edge.

The investigators have stumbled upon the scene of the most recent disappearance. They should report it. If you made them a bit nervous on the journey to the island, then they should be absolutely paranoid rowing back. If the investigators raise a hue and cry, then neighbors, police, and journalists swarm onto the scene. When Mrs. Enderby hears of it, she swoons. The investigators lose the rest of that day making statements to the police and answering inane questions from the press. The police dredge the riverbed alongside the island. After several hours, they find a woman's hand, severed at the wrist. And that is all.

This upsetting experience costs each investigator 0/1D3 SAN. It may also scare the living daylights out of them. Clearly they were within a hairs-breadth of meeting the Ripper itself.

## The Two Asylums

The grounds of Kew and Yarra Bend asylums border the river; inmates in both rioted on the night of the 27th. Kew has money and the wealthy patients; its cure rate is 45%. Yarra Bend is larger, and its many patients are poor or working class; the staff have the will but not the means, so its cure rate is only 20%.

Staff at both institutions are racing against each other to be the first to publish a formal paper on the incident. Consequently, investigators encounter an undue amount of hostility and suspicion when making inquiries. They must prove with a successful Debate roll that they are not embarked upon a paper of their own. Even if they succeed, the staff warns them, if such a report appears, that they'll do all in their power to ruin the reputations of any of the investigators bearing reputable academic credentials. Having done with threats, the staff are ready to discuss the events.

All witnesses to the disturbance which started the riot are quite insane, so staff have been led a merry chase trying to unravel conflicting statements. In the end, it has boiled down to something unpleasant in the water, briefly seen, which each patient interpreted as the manifestation of his or her deepest and darkest fears. This has delighted the doctors, as it has been a real breakthrough in diagnosing quite a few cases.

At Yarra Bend, the doctors believe they have traced the initial source: one patient who began to scream abuse before breaking down totally. This man went mad after his fiancée was run down by a speeding car at night. Doctors believe that lights from a passing boat triggered his memory of the event. They theorize that the outburst from this normally placid fellow startled and disoriented the other patients, till they too believed the worst possible thing was happening to them. Somehow this was picked up by the inmates across the river.

At Kew, the most interesting case is a man who saw the matron of the ward (who reminds him of his mother) rise out of the waves to force medicine on him. Most other inmates only recall vague confusion and someone throwing stones in the water.

But the madmen are close to the truth of the matter. A shock can open the gates of the unbalanced mind. What they saw that night, in the shining water, was lonely bunyip, surfacing to gaze upwards at the moon and howl its loss and despair.

## George Seton

Insanity is not always confined to institutions.

The investigators may seek to talk to George Seton. Perhaps he saw something in the water when he pulled out that girl. Maybe he could be enlisted to aid them. They can get his address from the newspaper in which the article about him appeared. The reporter, Mr. Trevor Waverley, was impressed by the man's quiet modesty, and took down his address to ensure that any ensuing reward could find him.

At the address, a tenement at the Hawthorn end of Kew, the investigators learn from neighbors that Mr. Seton has not been in for a week. He is described as tall and clean-shaven, with neat brown hair. If the investigators break in to his room or Fast Talk the landlady into letting them in, it is apparent that this is the home of an indigent single male and that it has not been used for about a week. At the bottom of a wardrobe is a battered trunk marked "2nd Lt. Seton." It contains a uniform, a medal, and a battered leather-bound diary, a record of Seton's war service starting in 1915 at Gallipoli, from whence he was transferred to France. The last entry in the diary is October 31st, 1917, during the attack on Passchendaele (which he misspells "Passendale") at Ypres.

### EXCERPT FROM GEORGE SETON'S DIARY

Handout #4

We are getting a bad time of it, although not as bad as the Canadians who are being shot to hell. Torrents of rain, freezing sleet. Saw 4 cases of trench foot today among my men. Never thought to look before — yesterday was shown a soldier of the 16th Aust. whose left leg is blue-green from just below the knee. The flesh has a peculiar shine to it. He says he has seen worse. He reports no sensation. The mud is so bad that several men have drowned in it, shells are useless and only make ground not passable, machine guns and rifles are clogged with the stuff so we never know when they might jam. Even tanks get bogged. No planes. We can never get warm, or dry, and mustard gas is always a threat. Cannot dig trenches deep enough to adequately shelter me for fear of mud slides, and because we are fighting over old ground.

Forded a small stream today, mostly choked with ice and mud. Looked down when my foot slipped and saw the dead lying just below the surface of the water the dead lying just below the surface of the water the dead lying just below the surface of the water the dead lying just below the dead

Seton is not home because he is sleeping on park benches and under river bridges, and walking exhaltedly through the night.

In the Great War, Seton saw men exploded and shot and bayoneted. He saw suicide charges. He saw the rats, and upon what they fed. He saw rotted feet and hands on yet living men. He heard the sounds frozen corpses make,

creaking in the night. He once put his right foot through a man six weeks dead. He was spattered with his best friend at Ypres.

George Seton turned his back on the war and walked down a long cold tunnel into his own mind. He kept walking, walking, then stumbling, then staggering and weeping and crawling, and all the time people kept telling him how well he looked. Until after a formless time he saw lights; great burning lights like eyes, and he awoke, up to his neck in muddy Yarra water. George Seton knows that he has seen God. Not the God to whom he prayed in his youth and who made men to make war, but the God of the burning eyes and the water, who called him out of the dark and lit his footsteps when he could not see the way. Seton has always been a strong swimmer. He came out of the water awakened. He is going to save the world.

To be saved, everyone must be baptized. Seton baptized three people that night, though the lights and the searchers found him. But he was clever; he made himself a hero in their eyes, and still was able to saved her as he brought her to the shore. After a few days, the fuss died down, and he started looking for more people to save. George knows that only the people of the left bank need to be saved; they are the sinners and despised of God. But the people of the right bank are beloved of God, and face no torment, no hellfire, and no bombs splintering into a thousand soggy fragments that which had been a friend.

George wanders after dark in deserted stretches of the left bank of the river. He is thin and fine-boned; his hands and cheekbones seem too big for his body, and his short bristling hair barely conceals his tight skull. His smile is shy. He speaks in the soft measured tones of the converted, and once he gets a grip on someone he has a fanatic's strength.

The keeper may use Seton as desired. Seton certainly confuses matters — his method of killing is quite different from Bunyip's. If the investigators entered the case because of a murdered friend, Seton was the friend's killer.

In deciding Seton's fate, here are some ideas. He might be glimpsed wandering around, and in fact strikes at the Botanic Gardens while the investigators are there. If the investigators catch up to him and speak with him, they find him to be quiet, shy, and helpful. If an investigator succeeds at a Psychology roll, he sees that George's eyes betray a feverish commitment to something (a brief conversation reveals that George has a good deal of religious fervor, but nothing more). George can be met after dark near the river or looking over a bridge. The investigators may enlist him to join their party, as he is receptive to almost any story, and he may give the impression that he, too, knows what is going on (in a manner of speaking, he does).

If George joins the investigators, he'll wait till a particularly hectic moment during the final stages of the adventure, and then move to drown somebody. Imagine the horror when an investigator is overboard and in trouble, and expecting rescue, feels friendly strong arms fold around him and a pale face underwater staring into his. "Hello, I've come to save you."

Of course, the investigators may miss George entirely. They might even make him an ally, but fail to give him a chance to act against them, in which case they'll probably consider him a valuable friend. In this case, he'll keep drowning people after Bunyip has been dealt with, causing the investigators to believe that they have failed.

#### GEORGE SETON

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 9  
DEX 17 APP 13 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 15

**Weapons:** Grapple 60%, special damage

**Skills:** Dive 75%, Grapple 60%, Hide 65%, Sneak 55%, Swim 85%.

**NOTES** — Strength increases to 20 when experiencing religious fervor (i.e., grappling and drowning someone).

## Choices

If the investigators have befriended Dr. Richards, he contacts them on Saturday morning to tell them that the Museum thieves have been caught. He has been down to interview them, but they have told him nothing. Still, he's recovered the missing relics, and is also pleased that there will not be another break-in. If the investigators do not know Dr. Richards, they can read about the arrest in the afternoon paper.

They now have two new options: to visit the scene of the capture, and to visit the criminals. As Aboriginals, perhaps they know what happened to Pat King, and what has been happening since.

## The Royal Botanic Gardens

The Gardens are just across the river from the city. It is a popular spot for families, friends, and couples. Paths meander through brilliant flowerbeds and leafy groves, and plenty of long sweeping lawns extend invitingly. A number of pools cluster around a large central lake. Gardeners move about quietly and purposefully.

If the investigators seek out Arthur Stokes, he proves to be a cheerful, weatherbeaten character. He gladly shows them the spot where he caught the Aboriginals. It is a small pond at the end of a dark overgrown path. Arthur points out helpfully, "She sure ain't the biggest pond, but she's the deepest." He then heads off on other business. If the investigators go down the path to the pool, you should highlight the isolation of the spot. Willows grasp from overhead and ferns intertwine their fingers above, catching and barring the sunlight. As they peer at the pool a loud splashing outburst explodes as waterfowl take flight.

The investigators can see that two feet under the water a metal grate stretches across the pool. A successful Spot Hidden shows that the grate is warped, with a suggestive upwards bulge in its middle. Around the pond is a sparse patch of grass, though brush surrounds the pool itself. Bootprints, footprints, and damaged plants are obvious around the perimeter.

At once, the investigators detect an approaching squeaking grinding sound, and then an unnatural form is silhouetted at the mouth of the path: Jacko the gardener, pushing a wheelbarrow. He moves among the plants,

pruning damaged limbs and voicing heartbroken mutterings: "Aw, jeez. Not me leptospermum! Poor little fella. Them bastards!."

Another visitor is visible at the path, gazing at the water. He wears a hat and a long trenchcoat. This is George Seton; see his description for further details. He appears normal and calm at the moment; he knows that the metal grate keeps prospective disciples from the beautiful deep water. He leaves just as the gardener starts to involve the investigators in a discussion about the Melbourne Cup. Jacko unintentionally stalls them while Seton leaves.

Soon after, another gardener comes racing down the path: "You better come, Jacko — trouble."

If the investigators follow, they see a small crowd gathered by another pond. A brightly-colored ball bobs in the rippling water. In the midst of the mob a beefy man shouts at Arthur Stokes and gestures wildly. Arthur wags his finger in the man's face, but speaks more quietly and reasonably. A white-faced woman clutches a dripping screaming child.

The beefy man claims that the Gardens are unsafe, since little children are liable to fall into the water. His daughter was chasing her ball around the other side of the hedge from where the family sat, and fell into the water. Arthur points out that child supervision is the parents' responsibility and also explains about hedges, landscaping, and natural harmony. If anybody bothers to ask the little girl, she insists, "Didden fall! Bad man push me!" Her mother hushes her, telling her not to lie. The other gardeners disperse the crowd.

If the investigators ask at the gates about trench-coated figures leaving, a gardener recalls a happy smiling young man who strolled out the gate and along the river path.

## St. Kilda Police Station

After their ill-fated attempt to sing Bunyip out of the city, the Aboriginals repose in the St. Kilda lock-up, guests of the King. The South Australian elder is Johnny Jervis, and the young Victorian men are Tommy Goodenough, Bill Hunter, Butcher, and Two-Bob. Right now, the Aboriginals are wary and sullen, disinclined to trust outsiders, but also desperate for help.

The policemen are sick of them. The bail of ten pounds each was set as a figure comfortably out of reach of the Aboriginals, but now the police regret their act. Still, justice must be done. The St. Kilda constabulary look upon the Aboriginals as freeloaders and layabouts, and are trying to shunt them elsewhere as soon as possible.

Despite numerous threats, the Aboriginals have remained tenaciously silent on the museum break-in. Once however, when a particularly officious constable was warning them how much worse they were making it for themselves, Two-Bob burst out, "You don't know how worse you're making it by keeping us here, man!" Nor will they admit what they were up to in the Gardens.

If the investigators roll up and ask to speak to the Aboriginals, the police have no objections: "If you blokes can get any bloody sense out of 'em, you're doin' better than we." The investigators are put into a bare room with



a few chairs and Johnny Jervis is brought in. Johnny's old brown face is heavy, lined with worry. He sits down and casts his eyes downwards, concealing them under this thick black brows. Most questions he ignores, staring at the floor; some he might grunt a few words to.

Why'd you break into the Museum? "Needed stuff." What happened to Pat? "Died, right?" What were you doing in the Gardens? "Singin'."

He is a tough nut. The investigators need to prove their concern and their desire to help. The more desperate they appear, the likelier Johnny is to talk. Sincere Oratory may help. Threats and Fast Talk get the investigators nowhere.

Once the investigators have unequivocally demonstrated their worthiness to Johnny, he looks straight into their eyes: "You get us out of here. I show you what killed Pat." Those are his terms; no further details are forthcoming.

The investigators must pay the Aboriginals' bail, and this request raises a few constabulary eyebrows. However, the police have neither the desire nor the legal right to prevent it, so the relevant forms are produced and filled in at once, and the ten pounds for each changes hands. The policeman on duty sternly points out that the Aboriginals' appearance at trial is now the responsibility of the investigators.

Out in the street, Johnny looks about, blinks, and says "Better get goin'. It's a long way."

## The Cave

Johnny, true to his word, takes the investigators to a cave three hours drive from downtown Melbourne (presumably the investigators have access to a car).

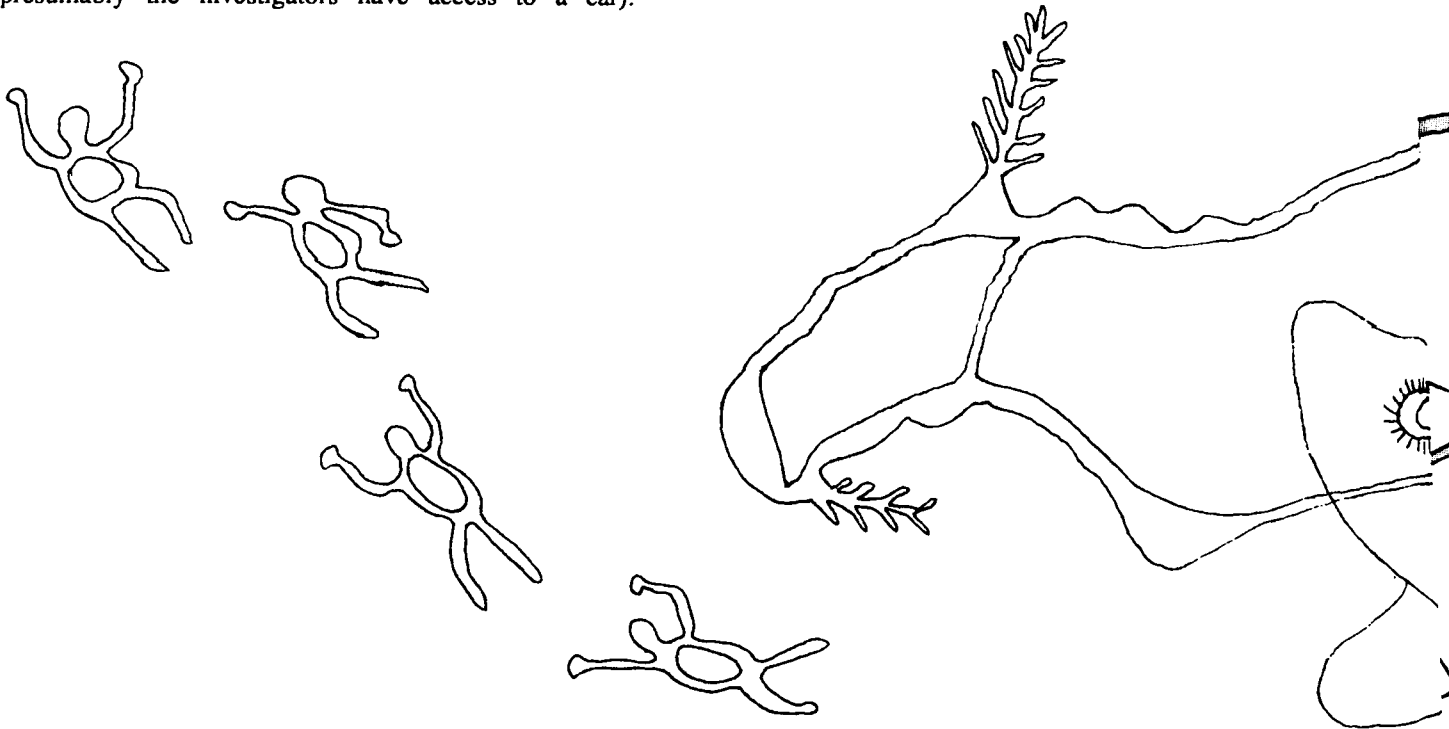
During the journey all the Aboriginals remain silent. The route follows the Yarra River to the outer suburbs, when Johnny indicates that the driver should follow a tributary stream. As they drive towards the hills, another turnoff is made to follow yet a smaller branch of the stream.

Their destination is on a farm. The car is parked beneath some overhanging she-oaks and the Aboriginals get out and climb through the barbed-wire fence with skill born of long practice. Soon the party strikes out across a field. The creek winds through the encroaching hills; a quiet billabong (waterhole) lies at the base of one hill, protected by a cliff overhang. A trickle of water worms its way over the cliff, and a crack in the rock wall is visible. On inspection the crack proves large enough for a man to squeeze through sideways. Scrub and trees surround the cool water, leaves hanging listlessly in the heat.

Johnny indicates that the group must travel through the rock crack. If any female investigators are present, he turns to them and says, "Sorry missus, but you can't come in here. This is a man thing." He and the other Aboriginals are adamant about this, and their attitude makes it clear that the investigators lose their help if they don't comply.

The crawlspace opens out a bit once inside. It is pitch black; if the investigators have no light source, Johnny makes a firestick.

Within, red painted stick-figures dance exuberantly across the walls; running, throwing spears, throwing boomerangs. They are very thin and old. Overlaying them is a less vigorous painting: a huge picture of a white figure on a horse. The figure clutches its head as it falls.



*The Paintings In The Cave.*

Even it is so old that the paint is fading. If the investigators ask about the pictures, Johnny says that the red stick figures were painted by a bird, who could see things invisible to humans; the other painting is "clever man business." He appears uninterested and urges laggards forward. The crevice slopes sharply down, necessitating scrambling down precipitous tumbled rocks; perhaps once an old creek bed. The trail ends finally in a roughly-rectangular, icy-cold cavern.

Water dripping resounds throughout the place. Stalactites crowd the roof above a still, dark pool. Lights do not penetrate the pool's black surface. Johnny aims his light across the water. "That's him. Pat died alonga him." Stretched across the opposite wall are two representations. One requires a Spot Hidden to make out, for it was carved so long ago that it is now the same color as the rock; the other is painted and looks newer. All around the cave dance the thin, red figures; they grow smaller as they approach the other paintings, and larger away.

Now that the investigators have seen the image, Johnny is ready to give them the story of Bunyip.

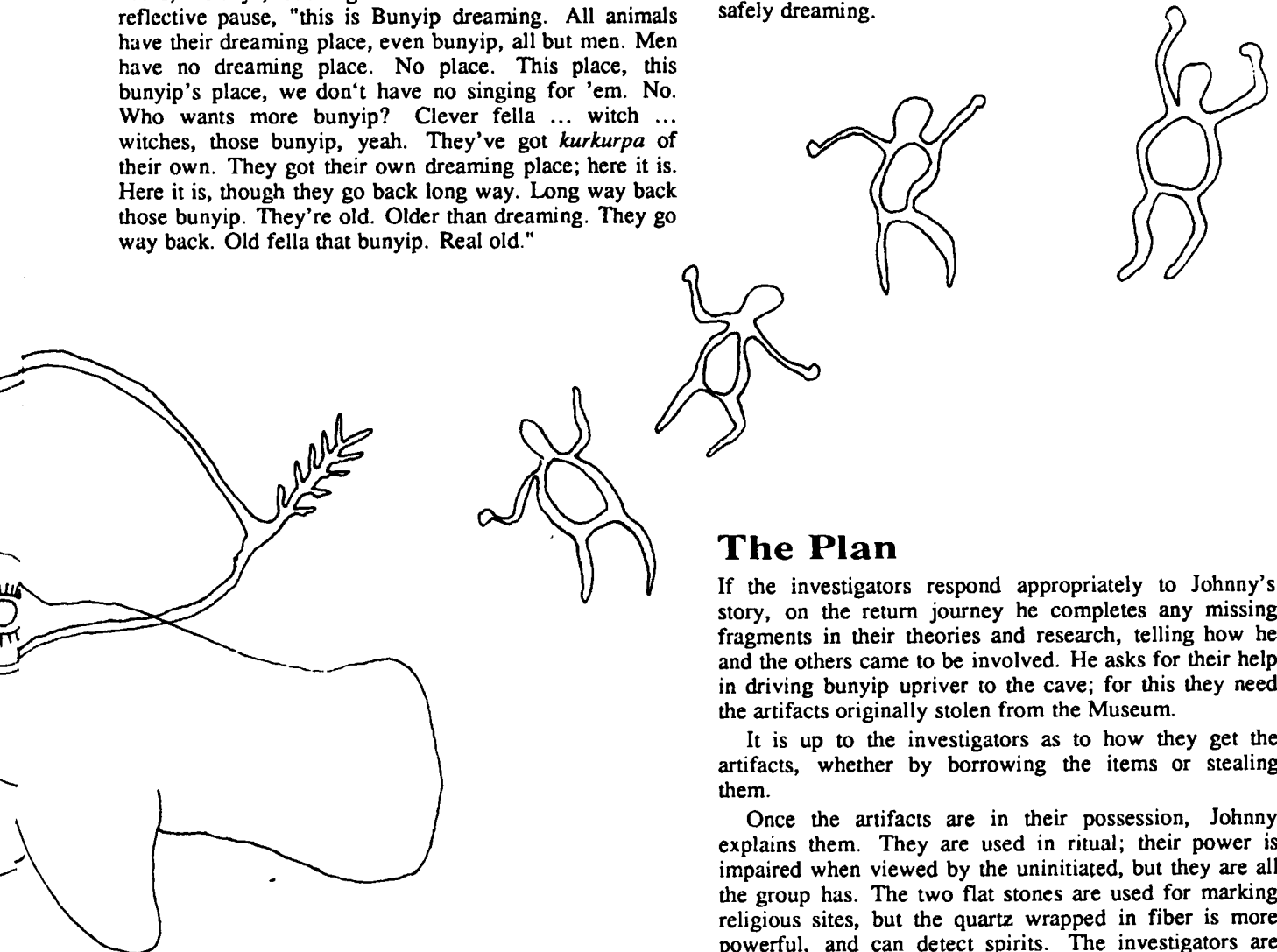
## About Bunyip

"This," he says, touching the rock with a careful hand and reflective pause, "this is Bunyip dreaming. All animals have their dreaming place, even bunyip, all but men. Men have no dreaming place. No place. This place, this bunyip's place, we don't have no singing for 'em. No. Who wants more bunyip? Clever fella ... witch ... witches, those bunyip, yeah. They've got *kurkurpa* of their own. They got their own dreaming place; here it is. Here it is, though they go back long way. Long way back those bunyip. They're old. Older than dreaming. They go way back. Old fella that bunyip. Real old."

"Story says that clever man Bunjal, he's the eagle ya see sometimes. He came down here with his two wives, wanting to fish, looking for fish in the billabong. An' the old bunyip there, he gets one of the women, she's gone alright. Bunjal he gets pretty angry at it sittin' there. He throws his spear high and gets it, right here" [indicating side of face]. "Gets it right there and that bunyip goes diving down into the water. Bunjal he jumps up singin' and puts a feather in his mouth. Jumps in after it, swimming down down. Finds it down bottom and kills it. There's his wife dead! Puts her on an ant nest, pretty soon she's twitchin' some and back she comes. She only looked dead. Since then, there's been no bunyip here, but there was one, is one in the Dreamtime. Here's where it left itself on rock. Here's where we come to remember it. Where there aren't no bunyip."

He shakes his head. "Now we got this other fella, Pat's — the Bunyip. They dug his home out. Like a yam. Well, this's dreaming up here, he might stay here. He might turn away for the old ways."

In less poetic terms, what Johnny says is that this cave is an old bunyip place, full of dreaming. The bunyip that lived here was killed in the Dreamtime, but its place and its pool remains. Perhaps the other, the Bunyip, the one that white men call the River Ripper, could be kept here safely dreaming.



## The Plan

If the investigators respond appropriately to Johnny's story, on the return journey he completes any missing fragments in their theories and research, telling how he and the others came to be involved. He asks for their help in driving bunyip upriver to the cave; for this they need the artifacts originally stolen from the Museum.

It is up to the investigators as to how they get the artifacts, whether by borrowing the items or stealing them.

Once the artifacts are in their possession, Johnny explains them. They are used in ritual; their power is impaired when viewed by the uninitiated, but they are all the group has. The two flat stones are used for marking religious sites, but the quartz wrapped in fiber is more powerful, and can detect spirits. The investigators are

warned against unraveling the fiber. The bundle must be hand-held to function properly. When close to any supernatural being, the holder of the cord bundle gets an unpleasant feeling, as though the bones of his hand were resonating, to a half-felt dissonance. The first time this occurs, the sensation is so weird that the investigator loses 0/1 SAN.

Any being whose presence is felt by the artifact is likewise aware of the artifact's presence. The investigators are warned to refrain from trying to find out the causes of lesser resonances than that produced by Bunyip; creatures of the night resent intrusion.

Any person falling asleep while in possession of the artifact has a strange dream. In it, the dreamer's self is high in a tree. The branches are creaking in the wind, a wind sending the long grass beneath bowing in waves like the sea. Strange peaceful animals graze or move through the billowing grass like galleons; they are the size of small rhinos, with long fur and amiable stupid expressions. For no reason the dreamer feels simply very happy. The wind moans through the branches with a sad sound like crying and the dreamer abruptly remembers that the trees are the bodies of people, transformed after they inadvertently left an old woman and eight children to die of thirst. With equal suddenness, the dreamer starts awake.

This is a vision of Alcheringa, the Dreamtime. It troubles the investigator, costing 0/1 SAN. If an investigator is bold enough to attempt the experiment again, the dream may either not return, or the keeper may wish to create another Dreamtime experience.

Johnny explains, whether or not the investigators seem to understand, that Bunyip has been taking the people and that, as you can't kill Bunyip, they must lead Bunyip to the cave in the hills, in the hope that the being will resume its dreaming there. Johnny knows a singing for Bunyip to show how good the cave is, but it takes five men, and must be done at the cave; so the investigators are needed to start Bunyip on the way, and to ensure the creature completes the journey. The quartz artifact can find Bunyip for them, after which the creature must be harried upriver — Bunyip is unlikely to cooperate.

The Aborigines have an idea that might keep it from attacking the investigators — strike the water with the flat of the hand, or with bark or timber, and at the same time yelling "*Eleanba Wunda!*" Johnny knows that South Australian bunyips cannot endure the sound of this name, and hopes the same goes for this one. Caution must be exercised; this phrase reputedly is the name of a spirit worse than Bunyip, who is summoned if its name is chanted too often. Nobody has ever seen *Eleanba Wunda*, but it has two toes (leaving a triangular indentation in the ground whenever one of its massive feet hits it) and is many times the size of a man. "Be careful, boss. Anyone Bunyip run from is one bad fella spirit."

The problem is that Bunyip must be close enough to hear the investigators shout the fearsome name, and there is no guarantee which way the creature will flee; thus a barrier must be placed across the water, in contact with the surface. The barrier must span from bank to bank,

and (obviously) be downriver of Bunyip. Possible options include planks, ladders, boats roped together, felled trees, etc.

One problem is the two junctions where Bunyip must turn from the main stream down a side tributary. Johnny will cast the round ceremony stones into the water at the junction to show Bunyip the right path home.

The investigators may wish to do more research before this undertaking; this is fine, but each death that occurs after they have spoken to Johnny costs each 1 SAN. This includes Seton's victims, unless the investigators have already theorized two separate killers, therefore demonstrating remarkable powers of deduction and observation. Well done!

## A Romp Upriver

This should not be easy. In fact, it should be one of the most dangerous things any of the investigators have undertaken.

On the afternoon before the appointed night, the Aborigines ask to be driven to the bunyip dreaming place far upriver. On the way, Johnny has the car stop at each river junction and tosses one of the flat stones into the water. Then they shake hands and tell the investigators, "Good luck, and go like blurry hell."

Now the investigators must find Bunyip.

One good plan is to drive a car on a course paralleling the river from the mouth of the Yarra to the cave. Somewhere along the way the quartz bundle will indicate Bunyip's presence. When this occurs, the investigators can stop, back up, and head downstream. They then must go down to the water's edge to slap it loudly and yell *Eleanba Wunda*, hoping to drive Bunyip further inland.

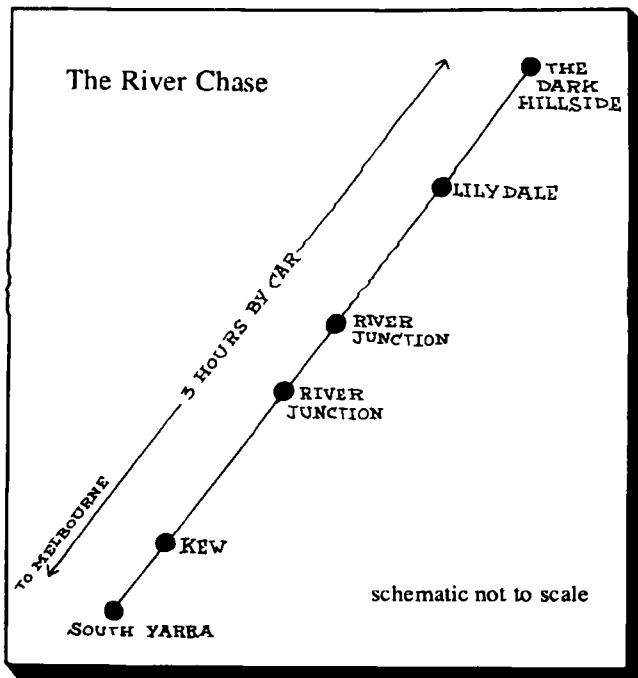
The presence of Bunyip is unmistakable to the crystal's holder; all the bones in his or her arm simultaneously attempt to leave their body.

Smaller twinges are felt from time to time — other spirits. Make the artifact-wielder nervous with occasional glimpses of *shining eyes peering out from rocks, trees, bushes, etc.* At one place, a hairy head surfaces in the road up ahead, like a swimmer breaking the surface of a lake; grinning at the artifact's holder, it pops back into the earth. These little manifestations cost the wielder 0/1 SAN each, and are visible only to him.

Each time the investigators catch up with Bunyip, they must blockade the river somehow and strike up their chant. The chant must be within hearing of Bunyip and magic points must be expended. When the chant is begun, 7 magic points are expended, divided as evenly as possible among the investigators and taken from the individuals with the highest POW first. For each round of chanting after this, there is a 1% (cumulative) chance of repelling Bunyip. A minute or two of chanting should always be successful. Once the chant takes effect, Bunyip flees upriver at great speed. When the creature is several miles off, it stops, and the investigators must seek it out and start the chant over again.

The investigators first detect Bunyip in South Yarra. A steep bank rises on one side to darkened shopfronts and houses; on the other bank, a lawn slopes up to the new

Scotch College Boys' School. The river is too wide here to be bridged straight across. However, a small island just upriver can be used to prop up some sort of limited barricade. When they first find Bunyip, the creature is caught by surprise by the sound of the feared name (*Eleanba Wunda!*), and surges off upriver, without surfacing to give his pursuers a sight. Even if the investigators are not able to set up a barricade, the creature heads upriver at this place.



A luck roll (check only for the luckiest investigator) must be attempted here, or local people come out to see what is going on. A pair of policemen might even check out the activity. If the investigators claim to be hunting the River Ripper, the police will be eager to help out, and the investigators might have some difficulty in ridding themselves of the unwelcome assistance.

The second time they catch Bunyip is in Kew, a wealthy suburb. Graceful houses dot the east bank, and boats and private jetties are frequent. On the west bank, uncleared timber and scrub grows down the steep bank right to the river, and blackberries are profuse. Beyond this screen lies the inner suburb of Collingwood. Bunyip is again confused by the sound of the chant, as he believed that he had fled it. Once more the investigators see only a wide ripple traveling upstream, if they were careful to make a token bar across the river.

Such a barricade should not be difficult to build here — a few logs tied together with supple blackberry vines (whips) would do the trick. Of course, to set this up, the investigators will need to borrow a nearby boat or else pilot the logs by straddling them (letting their feet dangle in Bunyip-infested water). If they fail to set up the blockade, the Bunyip flees either upriver or downstream (50- 50 chance of either). If he flees downstream, the investigators must go after him and try to scare him back upstream again. In any case, another successful luck roll is needed at Kew to keep away nosy strangers.

Something ominous happens at Kew. Just before Bunyip turns to flee, while the investigators are cheerfully chanting their secret name, an icy wind suddenly springs up from nowhere. Then, as Bunyip races upriver, the investigators stop chanting. The instant they cease their chant, the wind stops, too. This is an opportune moment to remember Johnny's warning, "Be careful, boss. Anyone Bunyip run from is one bad fella spirit." What are they ignorantly whistling up as they try to get rid of Bunyip? At least it has gone away for the moment.

After this, Bunyip is not detected for some time, until well after the investigators have left Melbourne behind. As they arrive at each of the river forks where they must turn towards the cave, the artifact's holder (only) sees a throbbing red glow deep underwater, illuminating the correct stream. These are the ceremony stones, and this eerie sight costs 0/1 SAN.

The third encounter takes place in the Shire of Lilydale, in farmland. The road is a few hundred yards from the river here, but Bunyip's presence is felt as strongly as ever by the crystal holder. They must leave their car and cross fields to get to the river. Huge shapes move in the darkness: cows. Now the investigators are only two miles from their hoped-for destination; once more wild blackberry, dead timber, and scrub blanket the shores. Here the stream is narrow and clear. It is also later at night, and away from city lights, so it is dark.

Frogs, mosquitoes, leeches, and cicadas (whose loud shrill ululations can drown out speech at times) abound along the river, especially as the investigators travel further upstream. Effective use can be made of the cicada chorus occasionally stopping short, announcing Bunyip's arrival.

As the investigators approach, Bunyip suddenly bellows out a roar to the fading stars; a cry of loneliness, pain, hunger, and infinite age. It is the most terrible and woeful sound the investigators have ever heard. All in earshot lose 1/1D3 SAN.

Bunyip has figured out what is happening by this time, and resents the coercion. As the party draws near the river, he lurches up to blot out the stars, giving the party their first clear view of him. Then he attacks. Bunyip is fearsome, and may well drive the investigators off a few times before they can lay a trap for him or set up their chant properly.

However, others are now listening, too (remember the cold wind at Kew?). As Bunyip roars and pounds towards the investigators, who are presumably desparating chanting and slapping water, the wind springs up from nowhere and whips the trees into a frenzy of motion. Twisted clouds race across the sky, and a peculiar burnt smell, faint at first, fills the air. *Eleanba Wunda* is near. Its potent menace should be made clear. At the least, the fearsome stigmata of its presence should make the investigators stop and think during this desperate midnight battle. Do they stop their chant and let Bunyip go for now, or do they continue, dreadfully aware now that others are listening?

However, because of that ever-nearing presence, Bunyip actually takes less time to flee than before. So long as at least one investigator keeps up the chant, there

## BUNYIPS (Greater Independent Race)

Bunyips are huge monsters from the limit of human imagination. They are endowed with a dreadful, ancient intelligence, and cannot die naturally. They lurk soundlessly in lonely, murky billabongs or in dark, still stretches of water. Full of cunning and twisted wisdom, they wait for people to come down to the water, so that they can pull them in and devour them. A billabong inhabited by a bunyip acquires a lonely look, and the banks and ground nearby are crisscrossed underneath with dark and reedy tunnels, enabling the monster to travel a surprising distance underground away from the waterhole.

The marshes around the billabong teem with wildlife, which the bunyip uses to trick people to a grisly death. Most bunyips are associated with a particular locality and are left severely alone. If angered by deliberate hunting, they can loose disease and death upon the offenders.

The Aboriginals believe that most bunyips were created in the Dreamtime. Those few bunyips born after the Dreamtime result from unnatural and destructive acts. For example, near the Macpherson Ranges on the border of New South Wales and Queensland, a kangaroo was chased into a billabong by the two finest hunting dogs ever known, Burrajahnee and Inneroogun. The two dogs were killed and eaten instead of the lost kangaroo by people who not only had other food, but who knew that the dogs were the only company that their owner, an old man, had. As a result, the kangaroo was supernaturally transformed into a bunyip, say the Aboriginals.

Every tribe living near marshes or swamps knew of bunyips, but gave them different names: some such names are *Mu-ru-bul* and *Tu-ru-dun*. The western Murray tribes called them bunyips.

Bunyips are something like a crocodile and something like an enormous seal. Their eyes are like glowing coals, and their hide is an unwholesome and unnatural combination of fur, scale, and feather. They swim with powerful flippers and on land walk on their hind legs, towering twelve or more feet tall. They are soundless except for their hunting cry, which can be as dire and desolate as death or a savage, roaring paean of hate, rage, and hunger. They have long claws, and hug their prey to death. They prefer eating women to men. They have control over bodies of water, and can suddenly

raise or lower water levels to suit their whim. Proof of their supernatural nature is that they can never be successfully photographed.

Few effective defences exist against bunyips — they are far too powerful. White people who meet them survive by running away quickly or by being very passive and very lucky. The Aboriginals knew sorcery which kept them at bay, but this knowledge was mostly lost when the Aboriginal culture collapsed in the face of white invasion. Bunyips dislike bright light, sudden loud noises, and the aforementioned sorcery.

In combat, the bunyip receives one Bite and one Grapple attack per round. A Grapple attack does no damage, but the victim is clutched in the bunyip's claws and takes 5D6 damage automatically on the following round (and subsequent rounds, assuming the 5D6 damage is not instantly fatal). The only escape is to overcome the bunyip's STR with one's own. If the bunyip is somehow driven off just after it grabs a foe, the victim may be dropped before seriously mauling occurs.

### BUNYIPS

characteristic	roll	average
STR	10D6+10	45
CON	4D6+12	26
SIZ	10D6+10	45
INT	2D6+12	19
POW	10D6	35
DEX	3D6+6	16-17
Move	10/16 swimming	
Hit Points	36	

**Weapons:** Bite 65%, 1D10+5D6 damage  
Claw 65%, damage: none, on second round give victim 5D6 damage

**Armor:** 10 point hide of fur, scale, and feather.

**Skills:** Sense Life 95%, Swim Quietly 95%.

**Spells:** a bunyip can raise and lower the water level of its pool or billabong at will.

**Sanity:** seeing a bunyip costs 1/1D10. Hearing it howl costs 1/1D3.

is a 5% cumulative chance per round that Bunyip suddenly turns to flee in the middle of the fight. Of course, if the river barricade isn't set up, Bunyip may well flee back downstream.

## The Dreaming

If they succeed in driving Bunyip upriver for the third time, the investigators will probably follow to the dark hillside. Approaching, they see three red eyes burning: the Aboriginals have lit fires, one on each bank and one on top of the cliff. The Aboriginals are there, smeared with ochre, dancing and singing. Then the investigators become aware of a rapidly-moving, indistinct bulk, dimly lit by the firelight. The dancers show no fear as the thing approaches them. Finally it slips into the waiting water towards the underground billabong. Just before it vanishes forever, it turns its lonely head sidelong and gazes with one terrible red eye back at the investigators. The person holding the crystal automatically catches the Bunyip's gaze as does any other person succeeding in a roll of POW x2 or less on D100.

The eye is the size of a man's head, and is as inhuman as that of a squid, great and sad and timeless. In that instant when their eyes meet, the targeted investigators

have a vision which seems to last for hours.

**THE VISION:** Nothing can be seen. Nothing matters but that burning red eye. Then they are drawn into it, through it, and they see the city of Melbourne on the banks of the Yarra, lights shining gaily. *The lights blink out.* The buildings collapse. Now the river is the Birrarrung, flowing, flowing quietly. The bush stretches as far as can be seen. Insignificant brown figures come down to the water to drink and hunt. Then the vegetation begins to twist and change, and the lines of the land warp and fold. Huge and terrible shapes roam among the coniferous forest. Then it too shrinks and withers and passes into barren nothingness under the pitiless light of a fiery red sun, burning till the watchers see nothing but a flaming orb.

Then it vanishes, the eye shuts, Bunyip dives down to its new dreaming, and the visioning investigators fall senseless, 1/1D8 SAN poorer.

## Conclusion

As Bunyip sinks from sight, the Aboriginals sing a bit longer, then stop and look at each other, white grins in dark faces. Johnny yells down at the investigators: "Hey, boss! Got any beer?"

The investigators may be more immediately concerned with stricken comrades, victims of the vision. All such characters can be easily brought out of their swoon with successful First Aid rolls. If one of the swooning investigators has succumbed to insanity (it's been a rough night), it manifests itself in a lifelong fear of time: of watches, clocks, calendars, questions about time, words involving temporal concepts, and eventually even verb tenses. The innocent query "Have you got the time?" may bring him or her into a cold sweat.

A couple of loose ends must now be considered: the Aborigines and the artifacts. Obviously, the Aborigines do not wish to go back to jail, but if they don't the investigators may get into trouble. Johnny wants to keep the quartz crystal: after all, it belonged to his tribe first. This could be embarrassing if the investigators borrowed it from Dr. Richards. And if the investigators want the ceremony stones back, they'll need to dive for them.

Once these matters are cleared up, the investigators can head back to Melbourne, (or flee the area, fearing legal retribution for letting the Aborigines jump bail). In any case, they gain the exhilaration of *pacifying the River Ripper*, worth 1D10 SAN to each.

If George Seton is still on the loose, and continues taking victims, the investigators should be shocked by the next murder. They'll first have to ascertain that Bunyip really is secured, and then successfully track down George. If they do this, each gains an additional 1D6 SAN for Seton. In any case, Seton, when stopped, takes official blame for the murders, confessing to them all, and the case is closed.

## Epilog

One thing remains: the Melbourne Cup! This is recommended as an opportunity to cheer up frayed and nervous investigators. Provide them with colorful descriptions of the day, a statewide picnic.

The Melbourne Cup is run at Flemington racecourse, and it is a public holiday in Victoria. The day at the course includes a number of races, fashions on the field, and a general carnival atmosphere. In 1925, 150,000 attended the race, and many others headed off to their favorite retreats to enjoy the fine day. Even Parliament stops its proceedings for the few magic moments while the Cup is run.

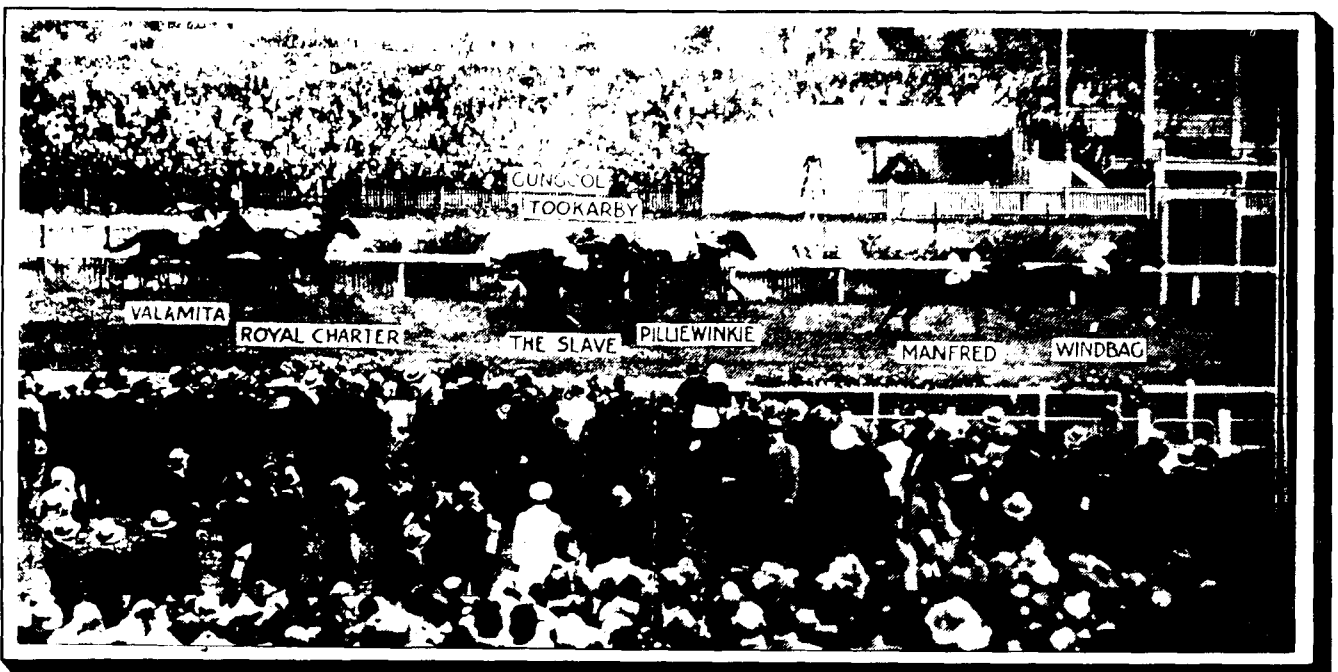
In the face of all this, investigators may wish to place a few little bets. If you wish for historical accuracy, here is the field for the 1925 Cup, run on Tuesday, November 4th, as well as starting odds for each horse.

### THE MELBOURNE CUP, 1925

Manfred (7 to 4)	Pilliewinkie (5 to 1)
Windbag (5 to 1)	Frances Tressady (16 to 1)
Tookarby (16 to 1)	Stand By (20 to 1)
Belgamba (33 to 1)	Raith (33 to 1)
The Slave (33 to 1)	Spearfelt (33 to 1)
Stralia (33 to 1)	Baldwin (50 to 1)
Bard of Avon (50 to 1)	Friarsdale (50 to 1)
Lemina (50 to 1)	Royal Charter (50 to 1)
Gungool (66 to 1)	Our Prince (66 to 1)
Virgin Gold (66 to 1)	Accarak (100 to 1)
King's Pardon (100 to 1)	Royal Roue (100 to 1)
Solidify (100 to 1)	Susie Pye (100 to 1)
Wallarak (100 to 1)	Mirthmaker (200 to 1)
Valamita (250 to 1)	Pukka (500 to 1)

Naturally, by now the investigators have received a thousand and one Cup tips from just about everybody! The actual race was won by Windbag, with Manfred second and Pilliewinkie third. If you feel mischievous, you may wish to add a fictitious horse, The Bunyip, starting at 5 to 1, but scratched at the last minute. Of course, the day need not be all sweetness and light. In that seething throng of people, some may hide dark designs behind smiling faces. Nowhere is it easier to cloak foul deeds than in a huge crowd.

Cup details from the (Melbourne) *Argus*, November 5th, 1925.



The Winner.



# City Beneath The Sands

*Wherein the investigators learn of strange ruins deep in the Australian desert. Their expedition is fraught with perils, not least of all from their own choices.*

"City Beneath The Sands" is a lengthy adventure intended for 4-8 seasoned **Call of Cthulhu**® investigators. Keepers are strongly urged to read or re-read H.P. Lovecraft's story, "The Shadow Out Of Time" (upon which this scenario is based), before presenting this adventure to players.

"City Beneath The Sands" may be used as part of an Australian campaign revolving around Melbourne, with an excursion to Port Hedland. Alternately, this adventure may be played independently, or in conjunction with adventures in the Chaosium publication **Masks of Nyarlathotep**. See a nearby box for connections to that publication.

One or two non-player-characters may accompany the investigators for part or all of the adventure. These characters may be assigned to players, or even become true investigators in their own right, replacing retired or deceased investigators, if keepers wish: statistics for Anthony Cowles, David Dodge, and Eva Cowles are printed further on in the text.

For investigators starting this adventure separately in the United States, keepers might use the following rationale.

## MacWhirr's Photographs

Professor Anthony Cowles of the University of Sydney is at present Locksley Fellow of Polynesian Esoterica at Miskatonic University, Arkham, Massachusetts. Last week the Professor received four photographs and a diary, sent to him by the executor of the estate of Mrs. Emma MacWhirr of Port Hedland, Western Australia.

The photos, taken in 1921 by Mrs. MacWhirr's geologist husband (also now deceased), show endless sand dunes against which carved pillars and dressed stone blocks can be seen. The location, 22°3'14" South by 125°0'39" East, is deep in the Great Sandy Desert of Western Australia.

The executor is a distant cousin of Professor Cowles. The executor, also of Port Hedland, states that Arthur MacWhirr had planned to return to the site with a survey

expedition, but that when he died of influenza in the same year, the idea for the expedition languished and was forgotten.

Thrilled by the pictures, Professor Cowles has decided to attempt a joint Sydney/Arkham expedition into the Great Sandy Desert. But funding is not arranged overnight, and not without good reason. Before he can publish anything, Cowles has to lead a small survey team to the site and bring back convincing evidence. Not till then would Arkham scholars be willing to abandon classes and other projects to sail to Australia.

Cowles is no stranger to the mysterious and the inexplicable; he knows of the investigators' exploits and thinks them just right for his exciting job. He shows the investigators ominous entries from MacWhirr's diary, which indicate a need for special precautions. He offers to pay each investigator \$300 a month and expenses to accompany him from Arkham to the Great Sandy Desert and back — a trip of five or six months. He will furnish or arrange for proper gear and guides; he wants the investigators to act as guards both against malevolent Aborigines and against whatever strange entity MacWhirr's diary actually describes. He suspects that the investigators' special knowledge may come in handy.

Cowles cannot afford more than he offers. Investigators might be inveigled into the trip by pleas for help from Cowles' daughter, Ewa, a beautiful Anglo-Hawaiian. Or Cowles could offer to let the investigators to separately publish their sensational experiences in (as he will say) "disreputable non-academic journals which pay amazing sums of money" for true tales of the bizarre.

Additionally, he can tutor investigators in the Occult and Make Maps skills. Investigators can gain 1D10 percentiles in one or both of those skills if the skill or skills to be raised are starting at less than 20%.

The route from Arkham is via the Panama Canal, Honolulu, Auckland, and Sydney (where they will assemble gear and several more assistants), then go by coastal steamer to Perth and finally to Port Hedland. Keeper's option whether or not beautiful Ewa makes the trip.

## Professor Anthony Cowles

If they have not previously met Prof. Cowles, when the investigators arrive in Australia, they see a poster advertising a lecture by Professor Cowles that very evening: the lecture's title is "The Cult of Darkness in Polynesia and the Southwest Pacific."

From bystanders they learn that Cowles listens with great enthusiasm to and collects tales about strange doings, habits which have more than once gotten him into trouble with University officials, who think he keeps bad company. Cowles believes sorcery exists and has an open mind about things like monsters and underground cities, though he always wants proof. He is a large, eccentric man with a brilliant red beard.

During an interview, during the "Cult of Darkness" lecture, or during the time they sailed with him, Prof. Cowles imparts the following data.

- Once a bat cult existed among the Aborigines. Uniquely, it was known in many different part of Australia, and the god always was referred to as Father of All Bats. Adherents believed that by making human sacrifices to their god, that they would gain enough power to be worthy of the manifestation of their god. If they could persuade or entice the god to appear, he would be the conqueror of all men.

Sacrifices were run through a gauntlet of worshipers who struck the victims with clubs embedded with the sharp teeth of bats. The teeth were coated with a substance derived from rabid bats; the poison was quick-acting, but victims apparently went mad before they died. Leaders of the cult reputedly could take the forms of bat-winged snakes, enabling them to steal sacrifices from across the land.

Cowles is very surprised upon learning that this cult still exists. He can make no connection between this cult and other cults of Nyarlathotep; in fact, he has never heard of Nyarlathotep.

- Cowles shows the investigators a peculiar tale he recently collected near the Arafura Sea; it is the tale reprinted nearby, "Rainbow Snake Saves The People." Cowles is intrigued that the story should so carefully characterize and set in opposition Sand Bat and Rainbow Snake.

- An Aboriginal song cycle mentions a place where enormous beings gathered, somewhere in the west of Australia. The song says that these gods, who were not at all like men, built great sleeping walls and dug great caves, and that living winds blew down the gods and overthrew them, destroying their camp.

- If directly asked about R'lyeh or Cthulhu, the Professor tells the investigators that he has heard of both. Some Polynesian legends discuss them, though the names are different. He has also read *The Ponape Scriptures*, "a most disturbing and disgusting tome." He no longer has the copy: it passed around the University some years ago.

Queries by telegram, letter, etc., show that the volume was not deposited in the University of Sydney library, but was instead loaned to a John Scott of Boston, Massachusetts, and was never returned. If the

[handout #2]

### ARTHUR MacWHIRR'S DIARY

**MARCH 7** — Jock Kuburaga says that Aborigines are following us. Most unusual if true. Primitives have every reason to fear guns and our bush ranger's predilection for using them. In the past, I have always known them to head the other way as soon as they sight us.

**MARCH 21** — We are about equally distant from Joanna Spring and Separation Well, east of an awful line of dry lakes. The heat is terrible, and our hopes are low — there is nothing here, certainly not quartz reefs. L's notations must be in systematic error. I've always said he was a complete duffer as a surveyer. Also, today we sighted several enormous birds flying lazily above us. How did they get here, and where can they be going?

**MARCH 22** — At about noon today we found Jock, partly buried in a gully. His body was scoured and covered with hundreds of small punctures, as though somebody had sand-blasted him. We buried him, of course. I shall miss his counsel, and he was an excellent hand with the camels.

**MARCH 23** — We have discovered what appears to be the tip of an ancient city, mostly buried in the sands! I believe I have secured several good photographs of this amazing find, though the heat has ruined all but six plates. By the pitting of the stone, the blocks and pillars appear to be more than 10,000 years old, as incredible as that seems.

**MARCH 24** — Four camels killed in the attack last night. I saw at least two Aborigines, and there must have been more. Pretty sure I hit one. That ends this trip — we'll have to head back to Cuncudgerie and report this.

More than Aborigines were out there last night. I saw shapes much bigger than men during the attack; my real evidence is the body of Old Sam the camel, punctured and — 'scraped' is the best word I can think of — just like poor Jock. Since the attack lasted only a couple of minutes, it's hard for me to believe that anything human could have done so much damage so quickly, but I have no other explanation.

investigators have undergone the rigors of **Shadows of Yog-Sothoth**, they will recognize the name John Scott from the Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight.

The statistics below include Cowles' daughter, Ewa, and Cowles' University of Sydney associate, David Dodge. Ewa, as the statistics show, is a graceful, beautiful, and exceptionally well-educated young woman. Professor Dodge is 37 years old — a tall, out-going man who has amazingly freckled forearms.

### LEADS FROM MASKS OF NYARLATHOTEP

The best clue is information which Jack Brady has gathered, locating Huston as somewhere in the deserts of Western Australia. Sharp-eyed investigators in Nyarlathotep's Egyptian sanctum noticed that the third point of the triangle marking the angles of the great gate was in western Australia, though they could not understand just where. Shipping addresses which the investigators may have found at Ho Fong's or Ahja Singh's could lead to the Randolph Shipping Co. at Darwin and Port Hedland, and from there to Wycroft at Cuncudgerie.

There are no other connections.

**PROFESSOR ANTHONY COWLES**

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 14  
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 18 SAN 78 HP 11

**Weapons:** Fist 35%, 1D3 damage  
20-Gauge Pump Shotgun, 2D6/1D6/1D3 damage

**Skills:** Anthropology 50%, Archaeology 35%, Aboriginal Lore 65%, Bargain 25%, Credit Rating 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 03%, Debate 50%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 50%, History 35%, Law 30%, Library Use 80%, Listen 50%, Occult 15%, Oratory 60%, Polynesian Cultures 35%, Psychology 45%, R/W Latin 20%, R/W Greek 35%, Ride 25%, Spot Hidden 30%, Swim 30%, Zoology 25%.

**PROFESSOR DAVID DODGE**

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 17 INT 17 POW 11  
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 18 SAN 70 HP 17

**Weapons:** Fist 65%, 1D3+1D6 damage  
.45 Revolver 60%, 1D10+2 damage  
Grapple 60%, special damage

**Skills:** Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 65%, Aboriginal Lore 70%, Bargain 40%, Climb 35%, Credit Rating 45%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 40%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 40%, History 55%, Jump 40%, Listen 60%, Library Use 50%, Psychology 50%, R/W Arabic 40%, R/W Greek 30%, Sneak 50%, Speak Pidgin 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 45%.

**MISS EWA COWLES**

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 14  
DEX 15 APP 18 EDU 18 SAN 80 HP 12

**Weapons:** Fist 35%, 1D3 damage  
.45 Revolver 40%, 1D10+2 damage

**Skills:** Anthropology 55%, Archaeology 25%, Astronomy 40%, Bargain 25%, Climb 50%, Dodge 45%, Drive Automobile 35%, Geology 25%, Library Use 30%, Listen 45%, Make Maps 25%, Photography 25%, Polynesian Cultures 70%, R/W Arabic 20%, Ride 15%, Speak Pidgin 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Treat Poison 10%.

**PORTS: Darwin**

The investigators are likely to visit Darwin only if they encounter this adventure as part of the *Masks of Nyarlathotep* adventure. With a few changes of detail, however, the Darwin information can be added to the Port Hedland section, including the Randolph Shipping Company. In that case, make Billy Burraglong an acolyte of the Sand Bat, with a Cult Club of 40%, a Psychology of 20%, and the spells Contact Nyarlathotep (Sand Bat aspect), Power Drain, and either Shrivelling or Voorish Sign. Decrease his SAN to zero.

Located on a narrow peninsula, this town of a few thousand is the biggest Australian city for more than a thousand miles. Proximity to Asia and a gold rush 50 years before gives Darwin a racial diversity rare in Australia. Keepers may have fun treating this respectable town as a sweltering tropical shantytown, full of brawls, shady adventurers, and fast money.

As befits the latter sort of place, rumors abound. It does not much matter whether the following data comes from constables, shopkeepers, bartenders, stockmen, sailors, etc. Since pubs are easy to find, center the investigation there. For every rumor the investigators get, though, charge them an Australian pound (almost identical to the value of a British pound) to buy drinks for

**CULT OF THE SAND BAT  
(Australia)**

Dr. Huston has reorganized and racially integrated the cult of the Sand Bat, an aspect of Nyarlathotep long-feared by the Aborigines of Australia. The cult of Sand Bat had all but died out among them; Huston's investigations brought the knowledge to resurrect the cult.

The cult symbol is an open spiral. As a regular part of cult ritual, members meditate upon and are hypnotized by representations of the spiral rotated by the acolyte leading the ritual. There is also a recognition sign: both hands are open, held palms out, and the thumbs are crossed and arched, representing wings and fangs.

Sand Bat is a horror out of Dreamtime, one of Rainbow Snake's foes. The Bat is said to come like a sandstorm from a great cave in the sky; among the Gadudjara, in whose original range the City of the Great Ones exists, the black shape is known as Dark Wing. Further east, the Bindubi know the entity as Face Eater.

For the most part, Huston recruits his cultists from the slums of Sydney and Melbourne; drawing on Thorndike's earlier work, he has created a subtle personality test which, administered by trusted aides, every recruit must pass. Huston also rules one small Aboriginal clan which spies out interlopers nearing the City of the Great Ones, and seizes for sacrifices innocent Aborigines chased from the Pilbarra goldfields to the west. In total, several hundred Sand Bat cultists infest Australia.

Cult murders are performed with the cult club, a polished length of eucalyptus studded with sharpened nails. The Aborigines carry clubs embedded with thorns and with bat teeth and claws.

Huston, a megalomaniac, is the only priest. He has created demi-priests (acolytes) who each have a few magic spells; acolytes administer the psychological screenings of recruits. To create an acolyte, add 1D6 POW and 1D6 INT to the average cultist, and an extra 20 percentiles each in Cult Club and in Psychology. Give the acolyte 1D6 spells from the following: Contact Nyarlathotep (Sand Bat aspect), Enchant Item, Power Drain (see adjacent box) Shrivelling, Summon Hunting Horror, or Voorish Sign. At any particular time, there are 1D3 acolytes each in Sydney and Melbourne, and one each in Perth, Port Hedland, and Darwin.

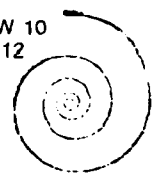
The average cultist statistic below is of a recruited slum-dweller; the members of the Aboriginal clan are given individually just before the City of the Great Ones section.

**AVERAGE WHITE CULTIST OF SAND BAT**

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 8 POW 10  
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 12

**Weapons:** Fist 55%, 1D3 damage  
.45 Revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage  
Grapple 40%, special damage  
Cult Club 25%, 1D10 damage

**Skills:** Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**POWER DRAIN**

By overcoming the target's magic points with his own on the resistance table, the caster causes the target to transfer 1D6 magic points to the caster. These magic points are available to the caster for a full day only, after which they dissipate. Casting the spell costs 1D8 SAN. If the caster fails to overcome the target, the caster loses 6 points and there is no other effect. Magic points transferred from the target are regenerated normally by the target. The chant takes 2 rounds to perform, and can be targeted at anyone within sight of the caster.

the house. If they don't have the cash, call for a successful Credit Rating, Fast Talk, Listen, or Oratory roll for each of the following.

- A few Aborigines in the Great Sandy Desert are worshipping a bat-god, apparently quite a nasty one. Corpses have been found by caravans and drovers. The victims were diseased and covered with hundreds of tiny puncture wounds.
- A master of a regular camel caravan is said to have actually seen the bat-god, which sight he proclaimed to be the worse thing he'd ever seen. Unfortunately, the camelmaster is making his rounds, and won't be back for months.
- A white madman is said to lead the bat cult, though scoffers say that "white" just means "half-breed."
- A new Aboriginal tale says that in the Great Sandy Desert there is a wonderful city. Buddai, a great old man who sleeps with his head in his arm, snores beneath it.

#### AUSTRALIA, 1925

At this time, Australia is an independent dominion within the British Commonwealth. Internally, it is a federation. There is, for instance, no meaningful central taxation until 1942, nor one standard rail gauge, reflecting days not long past when only ships connected the separate colonies.

The Australian continent — especially the western two-thirds — is a very old and geologically stable tableland, notable for strikingly-eroded terrain, including single rocks the size of small mountains.

Though the Australian continent is vast, nearly all of the people live in the narrow, fertile bands along the east, southeast, and southwest coasts. The greater part of the continent is semi-arid or desert where scattered Aboriginal clans wander traditional ranges. Along the north coast, monsoon rains occur and the land becomes tropical. Across the vast majority of the continent, daytime temperatures can climb to well over 100°, and nighttime temperatures can fall to freezing.

In the past 30 years, major gold strikes in the west (the Pilbarra, Kimberly, and Coolgardie fields) have opened portions of the interior, and stockmen searching for new pasturage and markets have traversed much more. Still, large areas of Western and Central Australia above the Tropic of Capricorn were little examined until after World War II.

Where the whites settled along the coasts, the Aboriginal clans were exterminated, and little is known of them; since the European voyage of discovery by Cook, the Aboriginal population has been halved to about 170,000. Though some Asian laborers were imported, the rigid exclusionary laws of 1901 have since limited non-white entry to negligible numbers. Total white and Aboriginal population is about 4 million.

Australia in the 1920s is a rugged land; scholars and the like are rare. Australian tall tales may hold good clues for investigators, as may the more mundane stories told in pubs where the countrymen drink astonishing amounts of excellent lagers and stouts.

Keepers should be guided by English common law and common sense in Australia. Rifles, shotguns, and pistols should not be carried or discharged in settled areas without good (and provable) reason. Australian authorities have no notion that a cult practicing human sacrifice exists in Australia. Within reason, authorities will act promptly upon evidence supplied to them.

#### Handout #1

#### RAINBOW SNAKE SAVES THE PEOPLE

When the people came to the land, they found water. "How delicious it is!" they exclaimed, for before then they had only sand to drink. Rainbow Snake, the essence of water, was glad to see people sip of himself, and he became as proud of these tailless creations of the Great Mother as he was of white grubs and wallabies and the rest of life, for he gave of himself to all.

But Sand Bat, lord of lifelessness, grew angry as people forsook his grit for the refreshing liquid of Rainbow Snake. Stretching his wings everywhere, Sand Bat filled the new wells and streams with sand, and left the land parched.

Since they had learned to love water and now were without it, the people began to die.

Troubled by their plight, Rainbow Snake looked high and low for Sand Bat. When he came to a place where endless waves of sand rippled endlessly, there he found Sand Bat in a black cave stuck right into the sky. Hanging there with him was all of Sand Bat's clan.

"Sand Bat, why are you so cruel? The people cannot drink sand," Rainbow Snake said. "It is the stuff of me that flows in their veins and it is the stuff of me that babies suck from their mothers. The people need water, not sand."

"That is no concern of mine," Sand Bat laughed. "The people insult me. They must return to my ways to be noticed by me."

In the dryness of Sand Bat's home, Rainbow Snake felt dizzy and uncomfortable. But he had an idea. "Oh mighty Sand Bat," he said, "why do you choose to live in such a bad place as this? This little desert cannot bring you much strength."

"Little desert?" gasped Sand Bat, "Why, this great desert is the sandiest place in all the world! I lead my clan because I hold so much sand."

"I know of a much sandier home," Rainbow Snake swore. "That is why I am surprised to see that you live here, in such a sandless place."

"Rainbow Snake, if there is a sandier place, I and all my clan shall move there and make it our home," Sand Bat vowed.

Rainbow Snake pointed the way, and Sand Bat's clan eagerly flew there. Rainbow Snake had told the truth, but the sandiest place was at the bottom of the sea — in water so deep that only Sand Bat was strong enough to struggle free of it. The rest of Sand Bat's clan was trapped on the sea floor far beneath the waves.

"Rainbow Snake, you have tricked me!" Sand Bat shouted. "I am going above the sky to live, far away from water." And he left in great anger.

With Sand Bat gone, Rainbow Snake could flow everywhere, but even he was not big enough to be everywhere. So he told the people that he would come to them at certain times of the year. In case he forgot to come or was late, he whispered words of power in the ears of the wisest men, so that they could call to remind him.

After a storm, when the people see of the coils of Rainbow Snake stretching across the land, they know all is well.

One day Buddai will rise and devour the world. This tale is attributed to an Aboriginal, Johnny Bigbush, who works in Darwin at the Randolph Shipping Co.

**TODDY RANDOLPH:** The shipping company is dockside, not far away. The owner, Toddy Randolph, is a fat, brutal man who is surly unless talking to other drunkards. The warehouse holds a variety of goods, 10%

of it smuggled or otherwise illegal, which could cost the shipper at least a fine and perhaps a prison sentence. Randolph sleeps in the warehouse, on a moldy cot in one corner. Next to it is his rolltop desk.

Randolph says only that Johnny Bigbush was a troublemaker, and so he fired him. He thinks that Johnny went back to his clan somewhere toward the Daly river, a hundred miles south. Randolph knows nothing about Aboriginal legends, and has no other information.

As the investigators talk to Randolph, a successful Spot Hidden shows that a crate addressed to the Penhew Foundation, London, and marked with an open spiral rests unsteadily on other crates at the edge of the warehouse loading dock. If the investigators know the meaning of the Penhew Foundation, a successful DEX x3 roll lets an investigator surreptitiously knock the crate down into the mud. If the investigators do not know about the Penhew Foundation, a successful POW x3 roll causes an investigator to clumsily back into the stack, with the same result.

Looking down, everyone sees that the weak softwood crate has splintered, revealing the contents, a grotesque wooden idol about three feet high. It is Aboriginal, covered with white painted geometric lines. The idol is humanoid, without hair, and with strange round, thick whiskers like tentacles. The creature's hands and feet end in flipper-like appendages. The eyes are round, with jagged facets, and a cruel expression. For someone who could never have seen that visage, this is an excellent representation of Cthulhu.

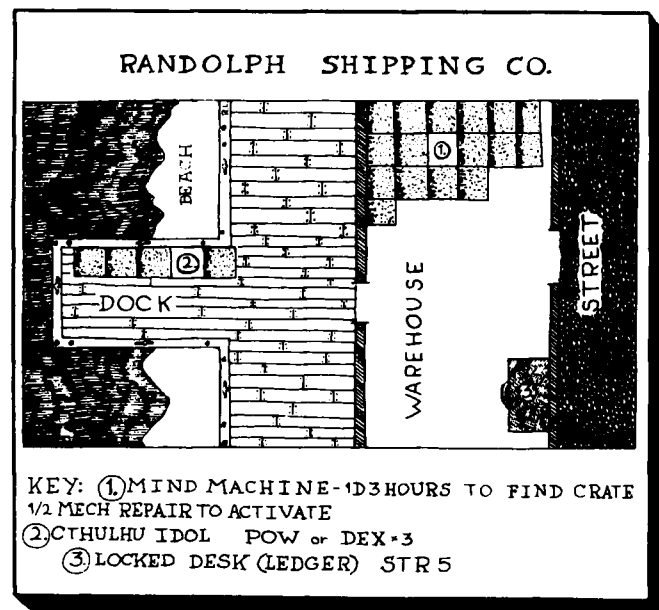
Randolph of course curses at the clumsy investigators and orders them off his property.

If they decide to return later to search for clues, the investigators find that Toddy Randolph and his remaining helper, Billy Burralong, are down the street at a pub, and will be there for hours. A successful Mechanical Repair roll picks the lock, or the investigators can quickly break in through the STR 10 door.

The only item of interest in the warehouse is in Randolph's locked (STR 5) rolltop desk. It is his account book for 1925, the sole ledger in the warehouse. It shows that several shipments to Mortimer Wycroft in Cuncudgerie are marked with the symbol of an open spiral. Those shipments went by coastal packet to Port Hedland, then inland by rail to Cuncudgerie. Also marked with a spiral are shipments to Fong Imports in Shanghai, and the scheduled shipment of the Cthulhu idol to the Penhew Foundation in London, but in the latter entry two crates are marked as to be shipped.

The spirals in the account book mimic the signs on crates bearing cult items. The cult pays Randolph double for such shipments; no wonder he is upset when the statue falls to the ground.

It takes 1D3 hours to find the second crate, during which time several drunks wander noisily by the warehouse. Unless keepers think it's time for a little action, none are Randolph. If it is Randolph, try to avoid a gunfight. There's too much to be done to lose half the party in Darwin. In the second crate is an odd device composed of rods, wheels, mirrors, and an eye tube. The thing is about two feet high and one foot wide and deep.



It is one of the devices used by the Great Race of Yith to contact minds. Robert Huston, the cultist who recovered the artifact from the City of the Great Race, refers to it in a separate letter as "a mind-mover, a kind of short-term survey device employed by the Yithians." A successful halved Mechanical Repair roll enables an investigator to activate the self-powered device.

In doing so, any successful idea roll establishes that experiments are more successfully performed in laboratories than in warehouses, and that the investigators should wait until another time to find out what the device does. However, if anyone looks down the eye tube, he or she falls into an instant coma, his or her mind transferred far up the stream of time to when the City of the Great Ones thrived, and the mind of a member of the Great Race transferred into the victim's body. The victim is trapped for 1D4 weeks, losing 1D4 SAN each week.

The Great Race inhabitant of the victim's body is unable to cause it to speak or to otherwise communicate, and astonishing grimaces and distortions pass across the investigator's former body. Lacking any care, the body dies in 1D3+1 days, the Great Race intelligence reclaims its original body, and the investigator's mentality is extinguished — or perhaps bottled.

If no one watches the patient for long periods of time, then the victim rises and cautiously inspects the entire building, avidly reading newspapers, books, and magazines, then returning to bed and shamming unconsciousness. The Great Race transferee is simply scouting the time, to decide if a full-term (five year) transfer is useful to him. It will not be, though it takes the occupier 1D4 weeks to determine that.

When the Great Race observer transfers back to its original body, the victim wakes. He or she is subject to the same flashes of recall noticed by the victim in "The Shadow Out Of Time" and, like him, quickly recovers previous memories if taken to the city. These memories, returning to the victim in terms of successful POW x1 rolls, could be quite useful to keepers as narrative hooks and ploys with which to keep the action moving.

**TODDY RANDOLPH**

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 10  
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 6 SAN 24 HP 13

**Weapons:** Fist 65%, 1D3+1D4 damage  
.38 Revolver 50%, 1D10 damage  
Grapple 50%, special damage

**Skills:** Accounting 35%, Bargain 50%, Credit Rating 20%, Debate 11%, Dodge 30%, Hide 15%, Law 20%, Pick Pocket 15%.

**BILLY BURRAGLONG**

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 9 POW 10  
DEX 17 APP 9 EDU 0 SAN 25 HP 13

**Weapons:** Dagger\* 70%, 1D4+2+1D4 damage  
Grapple 20%, special damage

\* Carries 3 daggers; prefers to throw them.

**Skills:** Aboriginal Lore 30%, Climb 40%, Drive Automobile 10%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 70%, Track 40%.

**PORTS: Perth**

If the investigators come here, let them run around the town for a while. There are simply no clues here, though the keeper might in some fashion offer them a trip to Darwin, Melbourne, Sydney, or to Port Hedland.

**PORTS: Sydney**

This thriving metropolis offers many resources for research, if the investigators have reason for any investigation.

**THE AUSTRALIA MUSEUM:** At College and Williams streets. Among its Aboriginal holdings are depictions of a great entity with bat-like wings and a three-lobed red eye. An investigator recalls, with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, that Nyarlathotep has just such a form, called either the Haunter of the Dark or the Fly-The-Light, and used (in our solar system) primarily on Yuggoth.

Secondly, in the Polynesia collections are three ancient stone blocks with odd carvings. If the investigators have seen other artifacts from R'lyeh or a Deep One city, a successful Idea roll connects them. Officials say that the blocks supposedly come from a sunken city in which a god sleeps — a notion common through the South Seas.

**THE STATE LIBRARY:** At Shakespeare Place. A successful Oratory or Debate roll, or a letter of reference from Prof. Cowles gives the investigators the right to search through the older books in the library. A successful Library Use roll yields the information that throughout the earliest legends of Australia are songs about a city beneath the Great Sandy Desert of Western Australia, a city built by gods who were vanquished by the wind.

**THE NATIONAL ART GALLERY:** At Shakespeare Place. Among the gallery's Aboriginal collection is a bark painting depicting a dying man, his body bloated and black. Figures holding small jagged clubs surround him. The curator of the museum says that the piece represents a ritual sacrifice by a cult of bat-worshippers. He believes that the piece is very old, but there is no way to know just how ancient.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY:** On George Street. Administrators unanimously refer the investigators to Prof. Anthony Cowles. If the investigators do not already have his company or his information, go to the section headed "Prof. Cowles," above.

If Cowles has invited the investigators on the expedition to corroborate MacWhirr's photos, the party stops in Sydney to pick up Cowles' assistant, David Dodge.

**PORTS: Port Hedland**

Little more than a village, Port Hedland is the terminus and port facility for a small railroad which winds back into the Pilbarra country. Rich deposits of gold have been found among the low, flat-topped hills of the interior. Currently, the richest mines are found at the railhead, Cuncudgerie, 150 miles southeast of the sea town. If the investigators are accompanied by Prof. Cowles, they'll stay at the home of the Professor's cousin. He tells them that Arthur MacWhirr has a brother, Profundus, living in Port Hedland.

Profundus MacWhirr handles Randolph Shipping Co. items. "Aye," says Profundus, "and I'm agent for 17 more." He points to all the placards and letters on his office wall. He'll gladly open his records to the investigators if they explain what it is they want, but there is nothing of interest in them. However, Profundus does say that his brother Arthur was absolutely convinced of his desert discovery, and that Arthur was a respectable and upright citizen. A successful Psychology roll shows that Profundus has no doubt about what he says.

Curiously, MacWhirr continues, an American came to see him several years ago, also asking about Arthur's photographs, notes, etc. After Profundus lent him nearly all of Arthur's material, the fellow disappeared. Damned inconsiderate! If the investigators have a photo of Robert Huston, MacWhirr easily identifies him as the thief. The four plates are all that remained after the theft.

If they tell him they are going into the bush, MacWhirr offers to arrange by telegraph vehicles and supplies for them at Cuncudgerie. Or David Dodge can handle matters if keepers decide that the investigators need not be responsible for such details.

**Inland To Cuncudgerie**

The narrow-gauge railway to Cuncudgerie has one train daily, a freight train. The investigators can ride up for free on a flatcar, or in a clean boxcar for five shillings. If they ride on the flat car, a few Aboriginals sit at the other end and look curiously at them. The trip to Cuncudgerie takes eight hours, and the day is scorching. The land is dry, the watercourses empty. There are low trees in some of the ravines, but nothing like forests or even copses. There are no farms. In fact, during the journey nothing moves except three very large birds, winging lazily far in the distance: given the rocking of the train, use of a telescope or binoculars for better identification is impossible.

A mining town, Cuncudgerie bustles even in the heat of the day. Besides the established mines and miners, the



place caters to a large number of prospectors, thousands of horses, camels, and mules, many trucks, and a few ladies of easy virtue looking nowhere near as romantic as storybooks claim.

Wandering around town, the investigators can pick up quite a few rumors and tall tales without much effort. As usual, each item costs an Australian pound in drinks, or a successful Credit Rating, Fast Talk, Listen, or Oratory roll.

- Gold-bearing reefs (exposed lines of mineral deposits) occur eastward for hundreds, maybe thousands of miles. But the fellow declaring this is clearly trying to impress his mate.

- Deadly snakes exist in the deep desert. (True enough, there are deadly snakes all over Australia.)

- There was a big mining disaster far to the east, but the company responsible paid off the politicians and the whole thing was hushed up. Some 25 men were killed, among 'em Derby Dave the Welshman, who did some work for Mortimer Wycroft. This was a while ago.

- A crazy American bloke took a crew of two dozen men into the bush, had 'em dig a shaft thirty feet deep, then told 'em to stop, gave 'em a bonus, and sent every man jack to Darwin to collect his pay. This was a while ago. (This is a distortion of the time when Huston hired miners in Cuncudgerie; unfortunately, the actual ending is much less happy.)

- Some drovers who brought in beef over the Canning stock route swore that things the size of bears stole some of their livestock. That was "about a year ago." The attacks were alleged to have taken place somewhere east of the Percival Lakes.

- An American gentleman named John Carver (who bears a strong resemblance to *Masks of Nyarlathotep's* Dr. Robert Huston if the investigators have a photo), conducted surveys and exploratory diggings along the Canning stock route, which flanks the eastern side of the Great Sandy Desert.

- Three huge birds were seen in the area about two weeks ago. The teller swears they must have been twenty feet at the wing. He took several shots at them, to try to bag one, but they were well out of range.

- The American fellow who dug the mine shaft in the sand and the American John Carver are one and the same. His outfitting was done by Mortimer Wycroft, right here in town.

- A weird, sinister tribe of incredibly-tall and emaciated Aborigines has been encountered far to the east of here.

- Five or six years ago a bloke claimed that he found big squared-off blocks of stone out in the desert. Wasn't Aboriginal work, he said. And he bought the whole pub a round to prove he was telling the truth. If the questioner gets a successful luck roll, the storyteller remembers that the fellow's name was MacWhirr.

- There is an underground city somewhere in the desert. Ways exist in and out of it, but the sand shifts constantly, burying and unburying the entrances. Evil things live in the city.

**MORTIMER WYCROFT:** The Aborigines call Wycroft the Deadfella Man, because his skin is as white as a lizard's belly. His eyes are sunken, and his frame skeletal. His outfitting business is slow, but Wycroft doesn't seem to mind. Three Aborigines help him. They don't speak English, but Wycroft speaks their tongue. He often closes shop and heads east with a load of equipment, and is sometimes gone for two weeks. But for the most part he and his men stay in the building day after day. He sleeps upstairs; his men sleep in the shop. The shop fills the lower story of a dilapidated building on the outskirts of Cuncudgerie.

The store is dingy, but the shelves behind the U-shaped counter are filled with coveralls, books, rope, chain, miners' lamps and hats, arc lights, flashlights, batteries, truck parts, blocks and tackle, tinned food, picks, assay kits, and much more. In a shed along side are shoring timbers, iron rails, etc.

The three Aborigines lounging outside the store don't seem to understand English, but they do understand gestures and the words "Mortimer Wycroft." They'll soon fetch that gentleman from the back. A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals that the tallest one bears tattoos of a spiral and of a bat on his left bicep.

Mortimer Wycroft has no interest in answering questions. If asked about Derby Dave the Welshman, he knows nothing except that the man was a bad mechanic, and got what he deserved. If asked about John Carver, he'll claim never to have heard of him, though a successful Psychology roll shows him to be lying. If he remembers (50% chance), he'll mention being questioned the next time he visits Robert Huston.

He is more cult agent than cultist. He supports Sand Bat because of his unhealthy love for the City of the Great Ones. An initiate of the cult but not tattooed, he uses the greasepaint under his bed to draw the bat symbol on his body.

It's hardly necessary to ask a Psychology roll to check Wycroft's sanity. He is thoroughly mind-blown, and hardly knows he still exists. He would sooner hide from a fight than participate, unless his precious book is threatened. His whole life centers on his trips to the city where the Great Race once lived. His fondest dream involves changing minds with a member of the Great Race, but Wycroft is too sorry a specimen to interest them.

Wycroft's "boys" are all cultists. They carry small knives, and usually their boomerangs are in reach. They prefer to use their cult clubs, but they have none of the disease potion. When traveling to the buried city, all of their listed weapons are in reach. They may decide to attack the investigators without telling Wycroft. These attacks could take place in Cuncudgerie. If Wycroft notices that the investigators follow his two trucks to the buried city, he'll direct them to attack the investigators, usually with boomerangs and spears. The three guard Wycroft at the command of the cult, but they would just as simply kill him should the cult demand it.



# Area Map For The Adventure

There is nothing of interest in the store or shed, unless the investigators also are thieves. Upstairs, Wycroft's home is little more than a bed, a stove, a dresser, a wardrobe, an icebox, and a hat rack. He keeps no records. He hides his money in a cookie jar; there is currently 1D6 x10 Australian pounds in it. He keeps a shotgun behind the counter of his store and takes it up to his room at night, keeping it propped close to him.

Under his bed rests a jar of black greasepaint and a book in English, *Wondrous Intelligences*, by a 17th century Englishman, James Woodville (+3 percentiles to the reader's Cthulhu Mythos skill, no spells, -1D4 SAN). A first edition, though well-thumbed by Wycroft, this rarity is worth 500 Australian pounds to well-heeled bibliophiles. Along with the author's tedious self-congratulations and dogged explications of his singular sexual practices, Woodville describes the Great Race of Yith; the keeper's data in *Call of Cthulhu* is a fair summary of the contents. This Mythos tome contains a chilling evocation of a war with deadly beings who whistled down dark caverns and dwelt within windowless basalt towers. Wycroft will obsessively pursue and attempt to kill anyone who steals his precious book.

Nothing else of interest exists in or around the building.

Whether or not the investigators learn about Wycroft, have him depart soon for the buried city, so that his small force can be on hand if fighting breaks out. He can be a mobile reserve, useful or not depending on how well the investigators do.

#### MORTIMER WYCROFT

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 5  
DEX 11 APP 9 EDU 10 SAN 2 HP 11

**Weapons:** 12-Gauge Shotgun 45%, 2D6/1D6/1D3 damage

**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Climb 20%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Drive Automobile 30%, Electrical Repair 15%, Hide 20%, Jump 25%, Listen 40%, Operate Heavy Machine 20%, Speak Kariera 45%, Speak Pidgin 30%, Spot Hidden 40%.

#### LYNN, ABORIGINAL 1

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 6 POW 12  
DEX 16 APP 7 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 11

**Weapons:** War Boomerang 65%, 1D8 damage  
Grapple 40%, special damage  
Cult Club 70%, 1D10 damage  
Dagger 35%, 1D4+2 damage

**Skills:** Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 20%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Speak Kariera 40%, Speak English 20%, Speak Pidgin 35%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 65%, Track 65%.

#### CHARLIE, ABORIGINAL 2

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 8 POW 10  
DEX 10 APP 7 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 12

**Weapons:** War Boomerang 45%, 1D8+1D4 damage  
Grapple 45%, special damage  
Cult Club 65%, 1D10+1D4 damage  
Dagger 55%, 1D4+2+1D4 damage

**Skills:** Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 40%, Hide 70%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 90%, Speak English 10%, Speak Kariera 45%, Speak Pidgin 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 45%, Track 35%.

#### BILL, ABORIGINAL 3

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 9 FOW 9  
DEX 7 APP 5 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 10

**Weapons:** War Boomerang 45%, 1D8 damage  
Grapple 20%, special damage  
Cult Club 50%, 1D10 damage  
Dagger 55%, 1D4+2 damage

**Skills:** Climb 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 50%, Hide 50%, Jump 65%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Speak English 15%, Speak Kariera 50%, Speak Pidgin 35%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 45%, Track 20%.

## Toward The Buried City

Profundus MacWhirr may have arranged things, or perhaps David Dodge (who grew up in the Robinson Ranges and knows the Outback) did, or perhaps the investigators themselves handled the outfitting. Regardless, they have two excellent Daimler light trucks, and enough supplies for a month. Their water must be replenished by visits to the wells along the Canning stock route — a way through the desert used for cattle drives from the Kimberley to Wiluna and Kalgoorlie in the south.

The trip to the buried city takes four days; make four rolls on the encounter table at the end of this section.

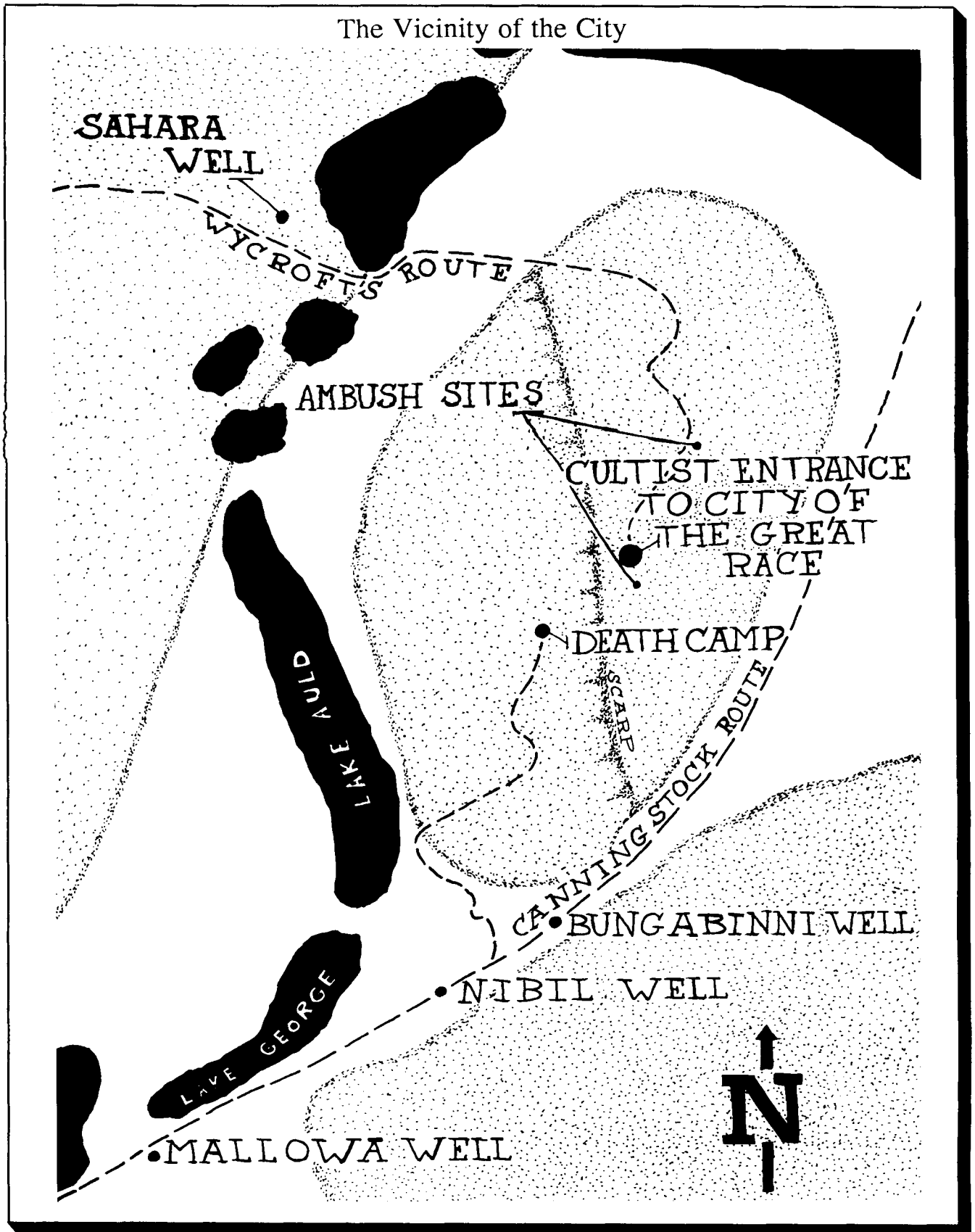
For hundreds of miles, the landscape slowly becomes more desolate. The heat and dust seem unending, but at night the temperature drops precipitously. In their none-too-thick bedrolls, the investigators stare up at unfamiliar skies, dominated by a brilliant constellation, the Southern Cross. When the heat vanishes, the air is very clear, and the mornings and evenings are poignantly beautiful.

#### DESERT SURVIVAL

An average-sized human needs at least a gallon of water and extra salt daily to keep going under desert temperatures. Sunburn and sunstroke are the worst enemies. A foot-traveler travels most securely at night, in the early morning, and the later afternoon; by moving when it is coldest and resting when it is hottest, the traveler conserves body heat and water. If he or she is only a few days from the destination, food can be foregone if water is present. For longer travels, the traveler must forage for food, considerably slowing his or her pace.

There is little to see but scrub, dust, and rock. A rise a few hundred feet high is tall enough to be noted on large-scale survey maps, and perhaps even be given a name. No running stream exists. Every few miles the party crosses burro or camel tracks, or perhaps the ruts of a car or truck. David Dodge says that there is no telling when vehicle tracks were made — the desert is so dry that tracks in certain areas may stay visible for years.

Surprisingly, they see the smoke from distant fires two or three times a day. Dodge explains that Aborigines use fire to trap game as well as to cook, and use smoke plumes as navigation aids when traveling at distance across the flat, nearly featureless land.



Once they top a rise and find the long rear slope eroded into strange cone shapes capped by smooth flat rocks. Another time they find an enormous red sandstone

boulder smoothed by the wind, with a billowy hole blasted through it. The piece stands part way down another slope, sighted beautifully against the rising sun.

## Desert Encounters

While traveling in the Outback, the party has a 50% chance of an encounter each day. If an encounter occurs, roll 1D6. Do not repeat an encounter. For more control, ignore the rolls and select the encounters.

result	encounter
1	death adder or tiger snake
2	a Mimi
3	a prospector
4	1D3 Aboriginal hunters
5	a bush fire
6	a sandstorm

**SNAKES** — These snakes are common in the region. A Treat Poison may prove useful. A snakebite kit adds 10% to that skill's chance of successful use. For more horror, have several or many snakes be attracted by the warmth of the evening campfires, or of sleeping bodies, or of cozy boots.

A tiger snake is five to six feet in length, aggressive, with brown striping and deadly poison, potency 2D6+10. If the poison overwhelms the victim's CON, death follows in 1D4+2 hours; if the attack fails, reduce the target's hit points by half and leave him or her confined to bed for 1d4 days. Stats: STR 2D6+6, CON 2D6, SIZ 1D6, POW 1D6, DEX 3D6, Bite attack 35%; Hide 90%, Sneak 85%.

A death adder is two to three feet long, gray-brown and dark-banded, it hides itself in sand and strikes backward like a steel spring. Its poison has 1D8+6 potency. If the poison overwhelms the victim's CON, death follows in 1D10+5 minutes; if the victim survives, he or she is too ill to travel for 1D6 days. Reduce the victim's hit points by three-quarters. Stats: STR 2D6, CON 1D6, SIZ 1D4, POW 1D3, DEX 3D6+4, Bite attack 45%; Hide 98%, Sneak 95%.

**MIMI** — The Mimi are spirit-creatures of the Australian Dreamtime. They are taller than humans, and as light as straw. They are described in the Spirit Creatures of Australia section. They are old foes of the flying polyps, as is only natural for creatures so vulnerable to wind. They need not appear in this scenario at all, but if they do take action, they can take the investigators directly to the inside of the underground city, passing by the guards without. In any case, the Mimi care only for their own goals.

Because of Huston's cult and the renewed activities in the City of the Great Ones, the Mimi have come through from the Dreamtime in force. The Mimi's main goal is to close the city, or at least eliminate some of the flying polyps, but they cannot do this themselves — a single polyp could devastate a whole squad of Mimi.

But perhaps humans could help. The Mimi watch the investigators traveling through their desert. If more than half the investigators are obviously armed (with a long gun or large-caliber pistol), and more than half the investigators are male (the Mimi are less confident of females' fighting ability), then at a convenient moment, a Mimi steps from behind a rock to confront the investigators, giving them a 0/1D6 SAN loss. He makes no hostile action.

Hostility of any sort causes the Mimi to flee. If the investigators bargain with the Mimi (a gift of yams or perhaps

candy would be perfect), they are understood and responded to, but in a curious way: drawing incredibly fast, the Mimi paints his answers on nearby rocks. Via picture, the Mimi invites them home. If they accept, the Mimi splits open a boulder with its finger and steps through. Investigators who wish to go with the Mimi must enter by the third time that the keeper asks whether or not they want to go. The Mimi accepts only the complete party. If even one member of the party refuses to go, the Mimi refuses all of them.

If the investigators follow, they feel very, very odd, and see things as if they are moving high above the ground. Glowing colors are everywhere, and there is a moment of complete disorientation, costing 0/1D4 SAN. Then they suddenly find themselves in a cave filled with other Mimi. For further information, go to the section below titled "The Cavern of the Mimi."

**PROSPECTOR** — This desert-weary fellow is astride his camel. He says he is leaving the area to the east because strange things are happening. Sometimes the ground shakes. There are bat swarms in the desert. Aboriginals are vanishing. He says he's going to go to Meekatharra, where it's civilized, and to hell with this place.

**ABORIGINALS** — These men try to avoid meeting the party. They have been shot at in the past, and don't want it to happen again. If the party can reassure them, then sign-talk and Pidgin reveals that they have heard of the bat cult, and know that the area to which the investigators want to travel is dangerous, and to be avoided. The Aboriginals say that they have heard that the bat — *Ngunung-Ngunnut* — has returned in the form of a white man. Gifts of food and tobacco brings more information: the people draw sand-pictures of a strange track (of a flying polyp; see the illustration for its shape) and the spiral symbol of the Sand Bat cult which is tattooed on the bodies of all devout cultists.

**BUSH FIRE** — A bush fire threatens to overtake them. In the distance, everyone can see that the flames reach thirty feet into the air. The investigators can choose to try to outrun the flames and reach a nearby dry lake bed or decide to turn around and crash through the wall of flame. If they try to outrun the flames, each driver must succeed in a Drive roll. A failed roll means that the truck blows a tire. Anyone rolling more than double his or her normal Drive skill (or 96-00 in any case) bumps over a huge rock and breaks an axle from the increased speed. In case of either disaster, the vehicle still reaches the lakebed before the flames can engulf it, but the party must travel on foot henceforth or fix a blown tire (a broken axle is unfixable). If they try to crash through the flames, each driver must again attempt a Drive roll and an idea roll to pick the narrowest part of the flames. If either roll fails, that truck catches on fire. Again, the truck makes it through the flames before it explodes, but the investigators must bail out quickly and lose any gear they can't carry in their hands.

**SANDSTORM** — A sandstorm or dust storm approaches. The storm forces a halt to movement and lasts for three hours. After it is gone, the carburetors of both trucks are clogged and must be disassembled and cleaned. The storm costs an entire day, and completely obliterates any tracks that the party followed.

Though plagued by flat tires, split radiator hoses, and other minor automotive problems, Dodge leads the party expertly. On the third day they unexpectedly cross what appears to be a well-used route. Many vehicles have passed up and down it — it is Wycroft's route to the City of the Great Ones. Wycroft takes various routes to and

from Cuncudgerie, but this far out he has established a single way through the dunes and lake beds, and follows it (he feels) with impunity. Huston's Aboriginals patrol the track and are prepared to ambush a small party.

If the party follows that track, it veers north directly into the Great Sandy Desert. If they continue to follow it,

of course it turns east for about 70 miles, to end at Huston's shaft to the buried city.

As the routemaster, David Dodge wants to turn south, to reach Nimbera Well before sunset. Prof. Cowles supports him. If Dodge prevails in the discussion, read on. If the investigators follow the north-turning track, bring them quickly to "The Ambush" section below, have Cowles and Dodge go south, and then keep Cowles and Dodge off-stage until reinforcements are appropriate.

Nimbera Well is a small brackish pond, with green scum at the edges. Quite a bit of wildlife, including extremely poisonous snakes, creep down to it between dusk and dawn, so the party camps some distance away. Several members of the party are kept busy boiling water into the evening. At this well, the investigators' route intersects with the Canning stock route, and signs of the passage of cattle are easy to find. In the morning, the party plans to drive northeast along the stock route, then turn due north into the dunes to locate the position indicated by MacWhirr.

## The Death Camp

Between Mallowa and Nibil Wells, everyone notices the tracks of many vehicles leading from the stock trails into the sandy hills to the north. This road, as good a road as one is likely to find in this part of Australia, apparently runs directly toward the location pinpointed by Arthur MacWhirr.

If the investigators agree with Dodge that this road is a stroke of luck too good to pass up, then the powerful Daimlers go bouncing off into desert even more trackless. If not, then the party continues on to Bungabinni Well, and then turns north to make its own trail, skipping the Death Camp episode.

The road apparently has not been used in some time: drifting sand frequently obliterates the way. In a few places investigators notice that scrubby grass has grown up into wheel prints. Travel is steady, without serious detour. The party sees no sign of the cyclopean blocks shown in MacWhirr's photos, though the terrain seems similar to that shown in the prints. In two hours, the party proceeds about forty miles due north. Then the road ends.

Huddled beside a 20-foot-high rocky outcrop are a dozen or more shells of tents, several head-high stacks of crates, various long tubes and bits, a tiny shack marked *Explosives*, and an undamaged small building with mechanical gear on top of it. An old Ford truck lays at the end of the row of tents, squashed and broken as though a giant had stepped on it. Any successful Geology, idea, or know roll tells the investigators that this has been a mining camp of some sort. There is still no sign of the strange curvilinear blocks.

When they get out of the vehicles, they see human bones amidst the sand and rubble. Several of the skeletons are more or less whole, but with broken bones.

A successful Spot Hidden roll near the wooden structure uncovers a club about thirty inches long half-buried in the sand. Embedded in the striking end are many small, sharp teeth. A successful Zoology roll identifies the teeth as probably those of large bats.

**THE MINESHAFT:** The wooden building protects the top of a deep shaft, and acts as the mount for the small open elevator poised at the top of the shaft. The light from flashlights or the sound from objects thrown down the shaft merely reveal that the shaft is very deep. A successful Mechanical Repair roll turns on the gasoline engine which powers the elevator. A second successful Mechanical Repair says that the cables, winch, car, etc., are in good working order and perfectly safe. The car is operated internally.

If the investigators repair the winch engine and send the car down, it is stopped at the 200-foot level by rubble. A successful Geology roll shows that a cave-in has occurred, and suggests that the upper shaft shoring may not be as safe as it appears. The only way out is up.

**THE EXPLOSIVES SHACK:** The lock on the door has been broken, and the inside of the tiny building is bare except for two stout, empty wooden boxes — dynamite crates detailing the specifications of the the powerful mining dynamite which once filled them. Each box held 48 sticks. Inspection shows that several other empty dynamite boxes are outside the shack: they are weathered and half-filled with sand.

**THE INTACT TENT:** Unlike the others, this tent was torn savagely, but then was carefully sewn together again. Inside are bits of clothing, fresh matches, tinned food (and empty cans of the same), several lanterns, kerosene, and other household items. Contrasting with the rest of the camp, this tent appears to be freshly lived-in.

**THE SPRING:** A successful Spot Hidden or Geology roll reveals one other point of interest about the camp. On the rocky wall behind the tents, a dark spot on the red rocks can be seen. Closer inspection shows that in the center of the dark spot is a tiny spring, jetting out in a pencil-thick stream from the rock, falling in a short arc to a white enamel wash basin wedged in the rocks below.

Overflow from the water runs into a crevice in the rocks and disappears. The water is cool, sweet, and clear. If any of the investigators have skill in the physical sciences, they are baffled by the spring's presence near the top of the rock, where no aquifer or conduit possibly could be. In fact, if someone dislodges the rocks from whence the spring pours, the water halts at once, without a semblance of material cause. No sign of its origin is visible.

This spring is a gift from Power Boy, about whom more is written later in this adventure.

**JEREMY GROGAN:** After the party has explored the site and satisfied themselves that nothing else of interest is there, they hear animal yelps from the other side of camp, and shortly thereafter make out a half-dozen dogs, who study the party from the lip of a near-by dune. Then a human whistles, and the dogs retreat down the dune and out of sight.

If the investigators pursue, they must ascend the low, sandy hillock. There they find dog prints. A short way down the other side, the dog prints join human shoe prints. The makers of so many tracks are not hard to follow. In a few minutes the investigators come upon a swarm of reddish-brown dogs surrounding a man naked



but for oxford-style shoes. The man stands within a circle of five wooden staffs bearing crudely-painted geometric designs.

"Get ye back, Satan's spawn! Begone! Beware!" the man (Jeremy Grogan) screams. "My dingo friends shall rend you!" Sure enough, the dingoes spread out, and begin to creep to either side of the party, preparatory to the attack.

A successful roll with Credit Rating, Debate, Fast Talk, Oratory, or Psychology convinces the man that the party poses no immediate threat. With a little patience on the part of the investigators, he tells his story.

If he is not so convinced, the dingoes sense his mood and attack, their teeth glinting like long spikes. If one investigator is killed, Grogan calls back his dogs, to wait for the rest of the investigators to leave. If they stay, he sics the animals on them again and again, each time killing another investigator.

No magical attack can penetrate the circle of staffs to harm him. If the investigators shoot him, the dingoes go berserk and fight until either they or the party are all dead.

#### JEREMY GROGAN

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 7  
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 9 SAN 3 HP 12

**Weapons:** .30-06 Rifle 45%, 2D6+3 damage  
Grapple 30%, special damage

**Skills:** Camouflage 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Explosives 30%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 50%, Geology 30%, Hide 75%, Listen 60%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Operate Heavy Machinery 50%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 20%.

#### MAGICAL DINGOES

dingo	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
ONE	8	13	6	15	12	8
TWO	9	14	5	17	12	8
THREE	11	17	7	12	12	8
FOUR	10	15	4	14	12	8
FIVE	8	13	5	13	12	8
SIX	11	17	6	17	12	8
SEVEN	10	14	4	11	12	8
Move 12						

**weapon**      **attack**      **damage**  
Bite            90%      1D8

**Skills:** Spot Hidden 85%, Track by Scent 95%.

Grogan is nearly insane. He talks in bursts, separated by seconds or minutes of silence. He is a sly man; a Psychology roll shows that ordinarily he could not be trusted, but that in important matters the truth struggles from him. Repeated questioning only pressures him; investigators willing to sit with him for a long time eventually get the entire story.

A nearby box contains his statement. It may be read aloud to the players. Grogan's statement is not repeated in the detachable handouts at the end of this book.

Grogan does not know for what he waits. With the help of the child, his life at the camp is secure. If the investigators offer to take him along, he refuses vehemently and runs away or retreats within his circle of sticks. Answering other possible questions, he thinks that Carver took the other truck, the remaining dynamite, and

#### JEREMY GROGAN'S STATEMENT

"I don't know how long it's been. Years, I think. I was down on my luck in Cuncudgerie when I met a Yank who claimed he had a map to a wonderful gold strike a long way east. Well, he seemed a shifty sort, like all bosses, but he was willing to pay a sign-up bonus on the spot, so I took the work, mining work it was.

"He hired a lot of men, twenty and more, and all of us agreed that the fellow was daft, and that we'd work until the loony's cash ran out, and then come back to town. That's what a workin' man does, you see — one job, and then another.

"The bloke's name was John Carver. He led us out here where it's impossible for gold to be, leastwise gold-bearing quartz, and set us a-digging at an exact spot. 'My researches are infallible,' he said again and again, and Lord how we used to laugh about that! We made sure we got paid right to the day, because this fellow was going to take a tumble. So we worked through the sand, and then sediments, and then rock. And then the man's money ran out. No work, no pay, we agreed, and like we promised sat down to wait for the supply trucks from Cuncudgerie the following week. They would take us back.

"Meanwhile the Yank began to act strange, walking into the desert, pretending to talk with invisible beings, making gestures, and the like. Then he disappeared for an entire day and part of another, and when he came back, his eyes were wild and evil-like. 'There is a way,' he said, 'there is another way, and God has shown it. Leave if you wish; you are of no use to me now.' One of the men said something about wanting wages for the days spent waiting for the trucks, and several more used very rude language to the Yank's face, for this camp wasn't exactly no rest home. Carver jumped a foot at this, and he swore foully at us. He got a most cruel look on his face. 'If that is how you feel,' he said, 'then I shall endeavor to speed you on your way — all of you.' Well, that didn't sound too good, but what could he do with one of him and two dozen of us?

"He walked away, into the desert. That night, a couple of the fellows caught me cheatin' at cards, and they run me way into the bush before I lost them. When I was sneakin' back to camp I saw Carver appear on the wall of rock, gesticulate, and point, and then a great winged thing with talons like ropes descended from the sky, destroyed the camp, and killed every man-jack there.

"When the men knew that guns would not stop it, they squealed like trapped animals. Lord!

"Goin' into the desert seemed a better way to die, so I wandered off. Anything would be better than meeting such a devil-man or his demon. I found some shade the next day and lay down to die. For some reason that made my mind easy and clear. I took a nap. While I slept, I dreamt about an Abo kid of nine or ten years old. The child had very round eyes, and they gleamed like they understood everything. That was Power Boy I dreamed about. You might not believe it, but everything I dreamed was true when I woke.

"I don't know the kid's real name. I just call him Power Boy, 'cause he had so much strength or magic or whatever you want to call it. He couldn't speak English or even Pidgin, so he lectured me inside my head. He told me I had to wait around the camp, that it was my destiny to wait, that I had been waiting all my life for this. And I suddenly knew he was right, that that was why nothing had ever seemed very important to me."

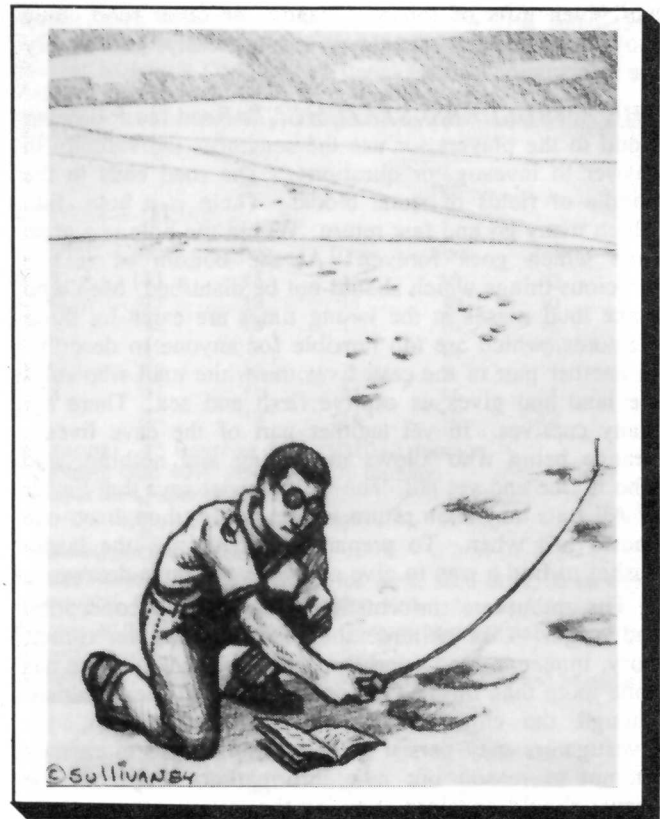
The child gave him five painted sticks, and showed Grogan how he could use them to be safe against things which came from stars. The child told Grogan where a spring had begun, and where foodstuffs could be found. Finally, he called seven dingoes to Grogan's side.

"They are my friends," Grogan says of the dingoes. "But they are not real. They are magic, I think, because they stay slippery in my mind, and I forget which is which, and because they never eat."

other supplies, but he does not know to where he went. The dingoes and the sticks have protected Grogan several times against a small band of Aborigines who seemed bent on murder. These cruel people carried clubs inset with tiny teeth. Since the dingoes ate two of their number, those Aborigines now take pains not to approach Grogan.

Returning to the camp, any investigator receiving a successful Spot Hidden roll notices a strange set of tracks which start and end abruptly, as though the maker had flown down, walked a while, then flown away. A successful Track roll establishes that the signs are fresh. Each track seems to have five toes, but the tracks themselves are enormous, about six feet long. Grogan says he has never seen such marks before. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests that they may be traces of a flying polyp.

If the party tries to go from the camp toward the location indicated by MacWhirr's diary, they find that soft sand and a long scarp block vehicle movement. If, however, they go either north or south for about two hours, and then turn east, they find fairly smooth going. Going in either direction, they eventually cross old vehicle tracks which lead exactly toward 22°3'14" S. by 125°0'39" E. On either route, the same danger of an ambush exists.



Tracks of a Flying Polyp

## The Ambush

Approaching the entrance to the City of the Great Ones either from the west or the south leads the party into a ravine where an ambush waits.

The ambush is set by the Aborigines whom Huston uses as scouts and guards. Sighting a motor vehicle, they roll several large boulders to block the road, then (after the truck or car has stopped or slowed) they'll roll more boulders to attempt either to destroy the vehicle and its occupants, or to block its retreat. Which tactic they attempt depends on how strong they perceive the party to be. Since there are many (presumably armed) individuals in the investigator party, the Aborigines attempt to crush the vehicles with boulders.

Roll one boulder per vehicle. Each boulder has a 30% chance of striking a truck, demolishing it and dealing each rider in it 2D6 damage. If anyone in the vehicle receives a successful Spot Hidden, and if the driver of the vehicle receives a successful Drive Automobile roll, the boulder can be evaded.

Once the boulders have been rolled, the Aborigines wait for investigators to get out of the trucks, then attack the survivors with war boomerangs and spears. Unless the players specifically state that their characters are preparing their weapons, allow all the Aborigines a free shot at the investigators when the party dismounts. Investigators with prepared weapons may fire in the first combat round at their DEX. The rest must wait till the second combat round, when all may attack in DEX order. Remember that the Aborigines can throw spear or boomerang only every second round.

### ABORIGINAL AMBUSHERS

cultist	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
ONE	16	14	14	18	10	14
TWO	14	16	14	17	9	15
THREE	13	12	12	16	11	12
FOUR	17	13	11	15	13	12
FIVE	11	11	13	14	16	12
SIX	12	14	16	13	9	15
SEVEN	13	16	16	12	11	16
EIGHT	11	13	13	11	14	13
weapon		attack	damage			
1H Spear		65%	1D6+1+1D4			
War Boomerang		70%	1D8+1D4			
Cult Club		55%	1D10+1D4			

**Skills:** Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dodge 45%, Hide 40%, Listen 65%, Sneak 55%, Speak Gadudjara 45%, Speak Pidgin 15%, Spot Hidden 70%, Track 65%.

**NOTES** — each ambusher carries 1 war boomerang, three 1H spears, and 1 cult club.

When three or more ambushers have been killed or seriously wounded, or when they have no more spears and boomerangs, they attempt to break off the fighting and disappear into the desert. Each investigator who has a Track skill can follow and continue to engage an ambusher. Additional investigators can go with the lead trackers, of course. Wounded or otherwise cornered ambushers will surrender and tell all they know. If there are more fleeing ambushers than investigator-trackers, then some get away to alert Huston of impending danger.

Captured ambushers try persistently to escape, making nuisances of themselves, but they are unguarded in their speech and try to answer almost any question. If flattered

and given gifts of tobacco, candy, or other food, they grow boastful and expansive, talk endlessly, and supply the information below.

**THE AMBUSHERS' STATEMENT:** Read the following aloud to the players, or use the sentences individually in answer to investigator questions. "The road ends in the middle of fields of stone blocks. There is a hole, into which many go and few return. Within the hole is a great cave which goes forever. At the bottom of it live ferocious things which should not be disturbed. Men who make loud noises at the wrong times are eaten by those creatures, which are too horrible for anyone to describe. In another part of the cave lives the white man who rules the land and gives us captive flesh and sex. There are many captives. In yet another part of the cave lives a strange being who knows everything and nothing, and who is free and yet not. The white leader says that Father of All Bats may soon return to this world, though no one knows just when. To prepare for that time, the leader wishes to find a way to give everyone the same dreams."

The ambushers' information is childlike in conception and origin. Like children they must depend on rumor, story, innuendo, and overheard conversation. No one has done more than inflame the gross desires of these cultists. Though the cultists have no more information, the investigators may persist in questioning. The more they attempt to reason out new information, the more the keeper should consider allowing the investigators to hear what they want (or don't want).

It may be interesting to have the ambushers grow apprehensive at the thought of punishment, and to finally refuse to answer except with "no" (in reply to questions that end in vowels), "yes" (in reply to questions that end in consonants), and "maybe" in reply to questions ending in the letter Y). If done carefully, this manner of reply insures that the investigators hear what they want to hear, or what they don't want to hear. Neither desire has much to do with truth.

The dunes strewn with cyclopean blocks begin only a few miles further.

## The Entrance to the City

Whether or not the investigators have encountered Mortimer Wycroft, ambushers may have alerted Huston that strangers (and angry ones at that) approach.

The scene is much like that in MacWhirr's photos, except that the sand has been packed down by foot and tire, and that a good deal of early 20th century garbage has been strewn about. If Wycroft has arrived, and he probably will have been more prompt than the investigators, then in the center of the area are several light trucks, parked and mostly emptied. Some goods have been put under tarpaulin beside a small unwallled shed.

The shed covers a low, sandbagged mound. This mound is a surrounding lip which protects an electrical generator and wooden stairs within descending into the earth. The generator is in operation, and its *PUT!-put!-PUT!-put!* can be heard far into the desert. As far as Huston or any of the cultists know, this is the only way into the City of the Great Ones. A single guard usually is

on watch here at all times. When Wycroft comes, the guard is pressed into service as a porter, leaving the entrance unwatched for minutes or hours at a time.

If the Aborigines have reported to Huston that the investigators are approaching, then the entrance is well-guarded by a half-dozen cultists armed with rifles. The sandbags make excellent cover, though the trucks seriously block the lines of fire. To guard against that, one cultist each would lay beneath the two trucks.

Enough stone blocks stick out of the sand to provide excellent concealment for investigators creeping up toward the entrance, but the last fifty yards or so are across bare sand.

If the investigators are stymied at the excavated entrance and unable to easily enter the buried city, a flaming truck loaded with dynamite cleans out the cultists and leaves a way into the city open for the investigators. The information given by the ambushers should argue against this tactic. In any case, this approach requires that the truck be driven; the driver must have either Drive Automobile or Operate Heavy Machinery; and for success in the tactic the driver must receive either a successful Drive Automobile / Operate Heavy Machinery roll or a successful POW x2 roll.

The driver suffers 2D6 damage jumping out of the truck and from the subsequent explosion, plus the damage from any bullets (quarter the riflemen's chances of hitting the driver) which hit the mark. If no one volunteers for the job, the investigators may wish to seek another entrance; see the next section.

The force of the explosion greatly annoys the flying polyps, who are but a few miles distant. If the investigators do not get underground in the next hour, a polyp flies overhead and randomly attacks any two investigators.

The stairs are nearly 300 feet long. Nyarlathotep indeed revealed to Huston a quick way in, but a lot of work had to be done to make the way regularly accessible. Electric lights, hung sparsely but regularly, illuminate the steps after the first fifty feet or so. At the bottom of the stairs is a back-up electrical generator matching the one at the top of the stairs. Several 50-gallon gasoline drums nearby argue that the way to the outside could be shut off without harm for a considerable time.

The first impression is of coolness. The earth at this depth maintains a constant temperature of 57°F. The second awareness is of silence and a stillness beyond life and death. No tomb has ever existed for so long, nor had such treasures in it. Beyond are great halls and thick dust, and the gleam of tiny light bulbs leading off into unfathomable darkness. The most lasting impression is of the eternal darkness.

As a by-product, the cavern has attracted bats from across the continent. The lower stairs drip with their excrement. They line the ceilings. Any loud noise or explosion sends millions of bats pouring through the entrance. They leave the city daily just before sunset.

It is possible to go in any direction, but the lights are irresistible beacons. Everyone notices that a trail has been pounded through the thick dust along the line of electric lights, and that elsewhere the inches-thick dust is

undisturbed. In the darkness, the investigators see almost nothing of the extent of the city.

Most of the cultists live not far from the bottom of the long stairs, in an area they have come to call The Bunkhouse. It is far enough from the second generator that its noise does not keep them awake. The place is a series of four rooms, each about thirty feet square and each holding 1D10+2 cultists at any time.

The advantage of The Bunkhouse is that from there a good draft carries away the smoke from the heating and cooking fires up the stairway to the surface.

The rooms hold filthy bedding, obscene artifacts, bones, and lurid art. Cultists who own guns or knives always carry them, or return to find their guns, knives, coins, etc., stolen by their fellows. In one of the rooms, however, two written orders from Huston lay crumpled on the floor. The investigators need two successful luck rolls to find them in the foul-smelling jumble. The orders are reprinted nearby. They can be read aloud; they are not repeated in the detachable handouts unit at the end of this book.

### MEMOS FROM THE SORCERER

TO: All Acolytes  
SUBJECT: Spell-Learning  
DATE: — — 1925

MESSAGE: Acolytes are reminded that their duty to their god includes the prompt and persistent practice of necromantical gestures and intonations necessary to spell-casting. A test of your Shrivelling abilities takes place two weeks from today.  
— R.H.

TO: All Acolytes  
SUBJECT: Our Recent Hunt  
DATE: — — 1925

MESSAGE: We still have not found our last "2-legged deer." There is utterly no excuse for not being able to find an unarmed human who has neither food, nor water, nor magic. Remind the line-walkers to be alert.  
— R.H.

Lights and noise almost always come from this place, and no one ever stands guard. Below are statistics for twenty of the inmates. Each set contains an acolyte who can cast spells. If Huston learns of the presence of the investigators, he'll send out such five-man groups as teams to hunt down the investigators.

### CULTIST A-SQUAD

	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	12	13	14	12	12
CON	14	11	10	10	12
SIZ	10	11	8	12	10
INT	13	9	11	10	9
POW	14	9	4	9	10
DEX	12	12	12	12	12
HP	12	13	9	11	11

**Weapons:** .45 Revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage  
\*Lightning Gun 40%, 8D6/4D6/1D6 damage  
Grapple 40%, special damage  
Cult Club 25%, 1D10 damage

\* Lightning gun for Number Three only.

**Skills:** Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**Magic:** NUMBER ONE ONLY: Contact Nyarlathotep (Sand Bat Aspect), Enchant Item, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign.

**NOTES** — Number One also gets 20 points more Cult Club and 20 points of Psychology.

### CULTIST B-SQUAD

	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	11	13	11	13	12
CON	11	13	11	9	10
SIZ	15	13	17	15	14
INT	12	9	11	10	9
POW	12	12	9	8	11
DEX	11	11	11	11	11
HP	13	13	14	12	12

**Weapons:** .45 Revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage

\*Lightning Gun 40%, 8D6/4D6/1D6 damage

Grapple 40%, special damage

Cult Club 25%, 1D10+1D4 damage

\* Lightning gun for Number Two only.

**Skills:** Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**Magic:** NUMBER ONE ONLY: Contact Nyarlathotep (Sand Bat Aspect).

**NOTES** — Number One also gets 20 points more Cult Club and 20 points of Psychology.

### CULTIST C-SQUAD

	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	15	17	15	18	13
CON	15	15	15	16	17
SIZ	11	11	11	12	13
INT	11	9	10	11	8
POW	11	10	8	10	9
DEX	10	10	10	10	10
HP	13	13	13	13	15

**Weapons:** .45 Revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage

\*Lightning Gun 40%, 8D6/4D6/1D6 damage

Grapple 40%, special damage

Cult Club 25%, 1D10+1D4 damage

\* Lightning gun for Number Five only.

**Skills:** Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**Magic:** NUMBER ONE ONLY: Contact Nyarlathotep (Sand Bat Aspect), Enchant Item, Shrivelling.

**NOTES** — Number One also gets 20 points more Cult Club and 20 points of Psychology.

### CULTIST D-SQUAD

	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	10	11	12	11	10
CON	10	11	10	11	10
SIZ	12	13	12	11	10
INT	11	11	10	10	10
POW	10	12	8	7	11
DEX	9	9	9	9	9
HP	11	12	11	11	10

**Weapons:** .45 Revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage

\*Lightning Gun 40%, 8D6/4D6/1D6 damage

Grapple 40%, special damage

Cult Club 25%, 1D10+1D4 damage

\* Lightning gun for Number Two only.

**Skills:** Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**Magic:** NUMBER ONE ONLY: Contact Nyarlathotep (Sand Bat Aspect), Enchant Item, Power Drain, Shrivelling, Summon Hunting Horror, Voorish Sign.

**NOTES** — Number One also gets 20 points more Cult Club and 20 points of Psychology.

Here are several other points to keep in mind about the city:

- The investigators cannot read any of the Great Race documents in the city; even the nominal instructions on some of the machines are too alien to decipher.
- Everything designed for Great Race use is awkward for any human to hold or use.
- Geology rolls show the buried city to be extremely old.
- The city is solidly built; explosives are the only way to destroy structures. Explosives, however, are sure to draw one or more flying polyps. For *Masks of Nyarlathotep* players, warding the city with the Eye of Light and Darkness stymies the opening of the gate but has no effect on the Transmogrifier.
- Keepers should add encounters as desired with the flying polyps: their numbers can be a function of how many lightning guns the investigators find, and just how often they are willing to trust themselves to such devices.

## Another Entrance

The nearest shelter is about 700 yards from the entrance which Huston (alias Carver) has opened. Behind this hillock is a good spot from which to watch the cultists and make plans. It is also a convenient place to meet Power Boy and his clan. It is possible that he can come to the investigators in their dreams, but a portion of the clan might amble up peacefully.

If the investigators want to open fire, suggest that they examine the target with binoculars first. If they do open fire, the Aborigines will retreat out of sight, and not bother the investigators further.

There are two men, three women, and two children — about a third of the remaining clan, plainly not a warlike party. Leading them is a child with very wide, round eyes. If the investigators have talked with Jeremy Grogan, they recognize the child as Power Boy.

If they have not met Grogan, then Power Boy approaches the last distance alone. Like the rest of his clan, he is naked. In his right hand he carries a carved and painted staff four feet tall, about his own height. The phallic associations of the staff's design are plain; if Cowles or Dodge is present, they say it is a *rangga*, a ceremonial staff used in important rituals. Power Boy sits comfortably on the hot sands and shoves the end of the rangga into the earth with both hands. Then he pulls out the staff and from the hole left by the staff a spring bursts. He drinks from the fountain of water, then offers some to the investigators. Those who drink find it as sweet and cool as the water from the rock near where Grogan lives. Once everyone is finished, Power Boy puts the rangga back into the hole and the spring stops.

Then one of the men steps forward and sits beside Power Boy. Alone of the clan, he speaks some Pidgin. His name is Binjudu, with the accent on the first syllable. Through him, Power Boy offers quick entrance to the city below, saying that he will swim through the sands to find the nearest place. He wants nothing in return, he says, for his mother has instructed him to help the investigators.



LEMING

If the investigators accept, Power Boy smiles and motions at the Moon, just rising in the east, and then points overhead. After the Moon has traveled to overhead, Binjudu says, they will return to show the whitefellas where to go. If the investigators decline, then Power Boy looks sad and all leave quietly. If the investigators ask questions, keepers should attempt to answer them within the framework of their knowledge, but mostly the Aborigines have knowledge of little that the investigators want to know. Power Boy refuses to answer questions about his magics and intentions. Binjudu can speak about why the clan is here: read or hand out copies of his "Tale of the Clan" below.

The Aborigines depart soon after. As they walk away, any investigator with binoculars or receiving a successful Spot Hidden notices that Power Boy's body seems to shimmer slightly, and that in a moment the child has slipped completely into the sand, disappearing as smoothly as a fish into the sea.

Six hours later, when the Moon is high overhead and the air is clear and cold, Power Boy and Binjudu appear, beckon, and lead the investigators into the desert to the east. If time is of some concern, Binjudu suggests that the investigators take them all in their metal wallabies (trucks). The distance is about 4 miles.

A wide cave has opened in the sand, leaving a vertical way downward nearly fifty feet across. The air which blows outward from the obviously new entrance has a staleness and a damp antiquity raising the hackles of everyone present. Around the opening in the sand are large, fresh tracks, each about six feet long. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the depressions as the marks of flying polyps. In any case, Power Boy says that the creatures who made these signs are strong, and that the way is dangerous. If the investigators can close the box in which those things live, he says, then they will be safer.

## Inside The City

The accompanying map is a schematic diagram of points in the city which pertain to this adventure: the city is continuous for dozens if not hundreds of miles. Later sections of this adventure are mostly keyed to the items on this map. Because of its utter alienness and the threat of the flying polyps, assess each investigator 1 point of Sanity for each day spent wandering below the surface; if they're locked up in single rooms or otherwise detained, ignore the SAN point.

The City of the Great Ones was not built underground, though many of the important thoroughfares were internal and not exposed to the sky at all. Its upper levels were destroyed, perhaps by the flying polyps and certainly by the passing eons. Gradually the dusts and sands of the ages covered all. But the lower levels remain, despite collapses and infiltrating sands, mostly intact. When Huston failed to tunnel down directly to the most useful portion of the city, Nyarlathotep led Huston to an easier entrance nearby. "Nearby" is a relative term: Huston's current excavations are miles from the entrance Nyarlathotep revealed.

Great ramps connect the buildings and structures of the city, ramps inlaid with octagonal stones. These ramps are very wide. Bordering them, walls and fallen earth create corridors where there were none before. The ramps incline strangely, but of those across which the lights lead only two incline drastically.

Inside the buildings, heavy doors (each requiring STR 25 to open) lead to mazes of rooms. The rooms are empty of life, though strange and gigantic furniture, artifacts, and art testify to the previous inhabitants, ten-foot-high and -wide cylinders with elongated, mobile heads, two arms, and elaborate floral-like feeding organs on a fourth, symmetrically-placed appendage.

Distances and sizes are more gigantic than anything the investigators have seen, except perhaps R'lyeh itself.

### Handout #3

## Binjudu's Tale Of The Clan

"Power Boy was always different. He knew all the secrets of the clan before he was told any. He said he died three times and was born three times even before he came from his mother. He said he had two mothers, one of whom told him of our ways and one of whom told him secrets. He could call down the rains when the eldest of us could not.

"Our neighbor clans said that as helper to the Great Mother, Power Boy would forget about us, and that in the end he would cause the death of all his clan, and all the neighbor clans as well.

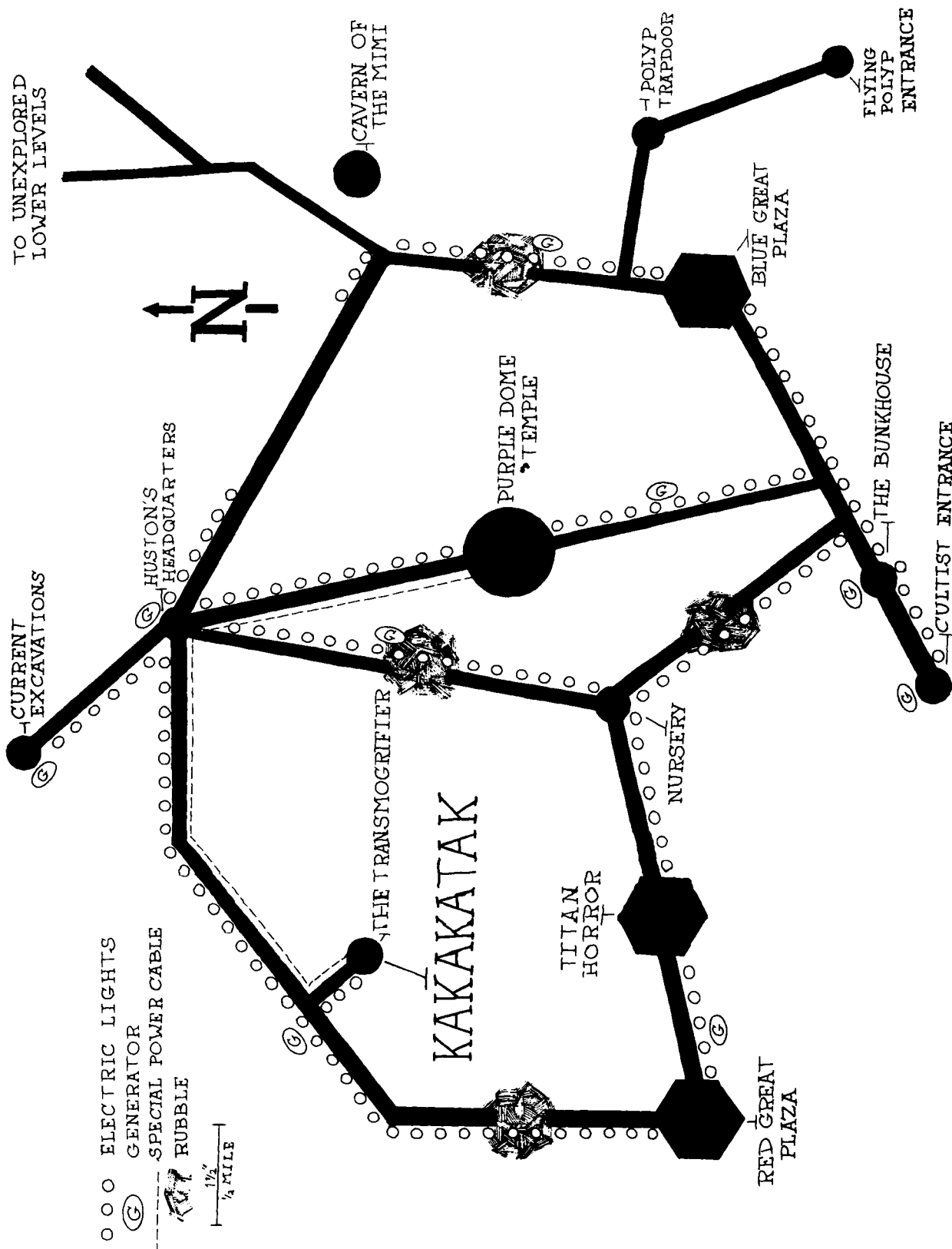
"To prevent war, we left the marshes and the sea, and we walked with the sun on our right shoulders into this great barren place. We do not know why we have come here. Only Power Boy knows that. Sometimes we ate well, but the

journey was hard. We were afraid, and some died.

"When we failed the hunt, which was often, and when the women found little where we walked, which was less often, then Power Boy would make cries like emus or wallabies and, if such a creature was near, he would call one into our camp. He would ask it if we might eat of its flesh, and promise that the Great Mother would think highly of that emu or wallaby if it made that sacrifice. Sometimes the creature would quiver and refuse, and Power Boy would thank it and say that it could go. Sometimes it would lower its neck that we might easily make its blood flow, and Power Boy would praise its beauty and courage.

"Such wonders we think of as natural to Power Boy, who does many great feats. Now Power Boy says that he must die soon, and we are greatly saddened, for we do not know if we can find our way back to our land. He says that somewhere here is the pond where the souls of our new children wait, but we do not know if we can find it if he dies. We fear that our neighbors were right, and that all our clan shall die."





Schematic Map: A Portion of the City of the Great Race

Curvilinear symbols are carved into most of the structures. At certain points rubble blocks the way. The rubble (as marked on the city schematic map) must be climbed over carefully. Hurried motion requires a successful luck roll or 1D3 points of damage is done to the climber.

Remember that the darkness and silence seem to have no end, and that a pervasive alienness exists here. Who knows what once happened here? Who knows what still might be living here?

## The Flying Polyp

It is possible to roll or stumble down the steep sandy sides of the hole to reach a more level area about fifty feet down, but it is impossible to climb back up the crumbling sand sides. If the investigators want to return, they'll have to fix ropes to some of the nearby stone blocks. Power Boy says that the investigators want to travel in a direction a little west of north. Any investigator receiving a successful idea roll takes a compass reading from the angle of Power Boy's arm, 25° west of north.

Refer to the section above, "Inside The City," for general initial descriptions. There is no electricity here, however, and this is not a part of the city to which any of the cultists have traveled. The way is for the most part clear and free of rubble. The dust on the floors is very thick, except for points where those disturbing tracks suddenly begin. Footsteps are muffled, and fine dust begins to accumulate to the clothes, hands, and faces of the investigators.

It is miles underground to the nearest point at which the cultists have strung electric lights; as they near the lights, the investigators can hear the engine noise of one of the gasoline-powered generators which the cultists have installed. For nearly all the way, there are no difficulties in keeping to Power Boy's compass heading. There is one obstacle, an open trap door to the domain of the flying polyps.

The keeper's material in *Call of Cthulhu* includes nearly two pages of material on these powerful creatures; keepers are urged to review that data carefully. Polyps use tentacle and wind attacks, may possess spells, and cost 1D3/1D20 SAN when encountered.

**THE CHASM:** At a crucial point in their progress, the investigators come to a deep shaft about fifteen feet square which completely blocks their path. Lights show no apparent bottom to the shaft. There is no way around it, although now-broken ramps and collapsed corridors once offered many ways. The chasm is square and regular along its sides, plainly created for a purpose.

On the investigators' side of the shaft is a great shallow box, approximately the size of the shaft's mouth. A few minutes of inspection of the massive hinges along the shaft side and the elaborate alien latches along its far side make plain that the box is actually a lockable lid to be swung over the chasm and latched, to make a bridge. A combined STR of 60 is needed to move the lid.

Dropping the lid into place has a 75% chance of drawing a flying polyp up from the depths; unless the

door is latched shut, the polyp blasts right through it. Latching it shut takes 1D3 minutes; the latches are heavy, bulky, and made for other than human hands and minds. The polyp arrives in 1D20 minutes. Investigators successfully latching the door hear hideous bashes and sucking noises emanating from the shaft.

When the investigators near the trap door, there is a 15% chance that a polyp is there. (This chance raises 5% every time that the players make clear to the keeper that they haven't the slightest idea of what to do!) Loud noises in the area up the initial chance to 25%, as does very bright light (such as from flashbulbs). Finally, there is a 35% chance that investigators hear the strange whistling sound that characterizes a polyp while in the immediate area of the chasm. The sound seems far in the distance, and far below them.

### AVERAGE FLYING POLYPS

	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	48	51	47	47	43
CON	24	25	27	22	30
SIZ	52	51	55	48	56
INT	11	14	12	10	15
POW	15	17	16	12	19
DEX	13	14	12	14	13
HP	38	38	41	35	43

Move 8/12 flying

**Weapons:** 2D6 Tentacles 85%, 1D10 damage each  
Wind, special, 5D6 damage

**Armor:** 4 points, plus invisibility, plus alien nature allows polyp to always take only minimum damage from physical weapons. Enchanted weapons, and forces such as heat and electricity do normal damage.

**Spells:** none.

**SAN:** 1D3/1D20 loss.

**NOTES** —the polyp's wind attack is too complex to be conveniently summarized. See the full flying polyp write-up in the keeper's material in *CALL OF CTHULHU*.

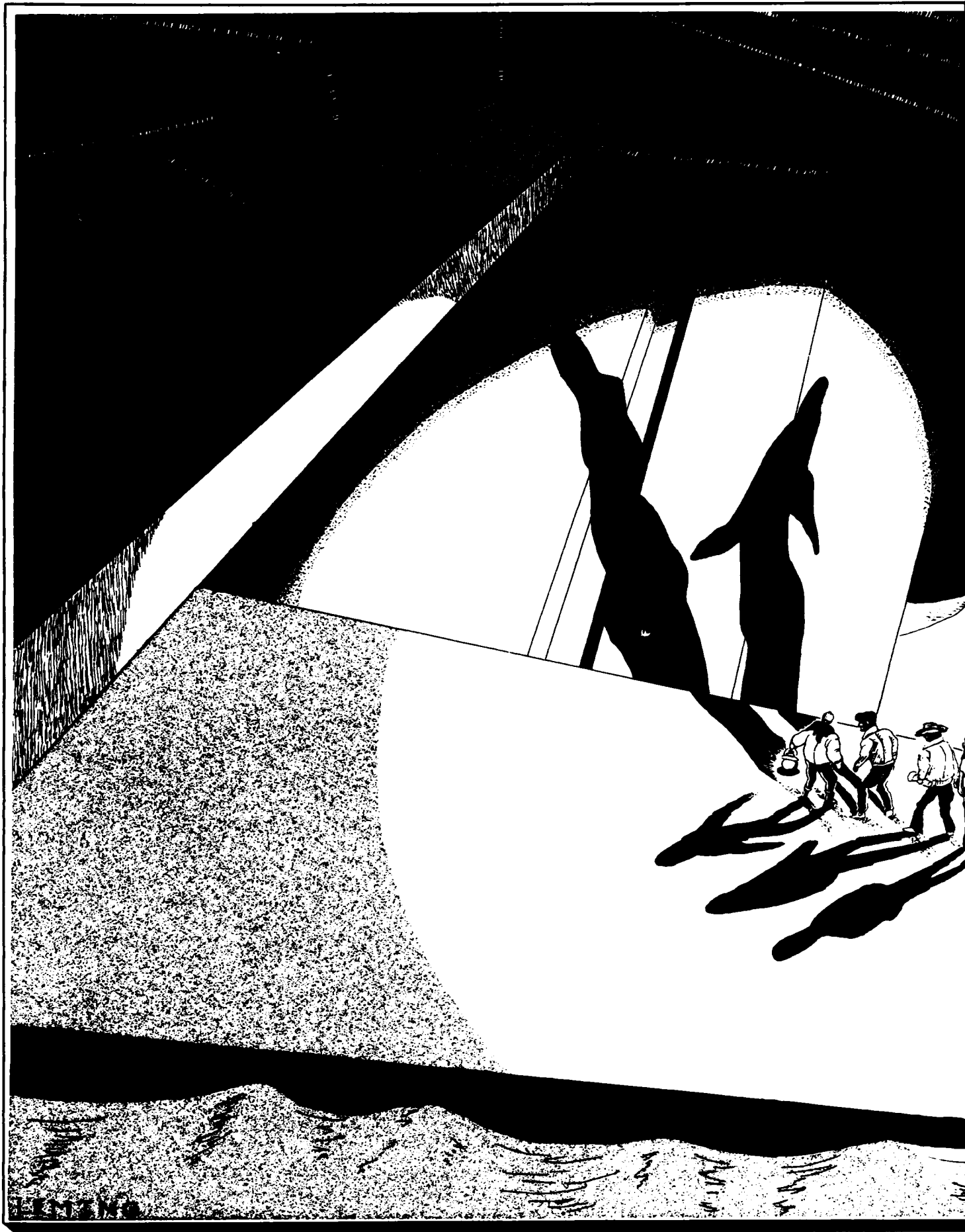
Beyond the chasm, the way descends noticeably for most of a mile. As the investigators proceed, a glimmer can be seen in the distance — a single lightbulb. As they get closer yet, the sound of a distant gasoline engine can be heard, another electrical generator at work, sustaining the dozens of miles of electric lights which the cultists have installed.

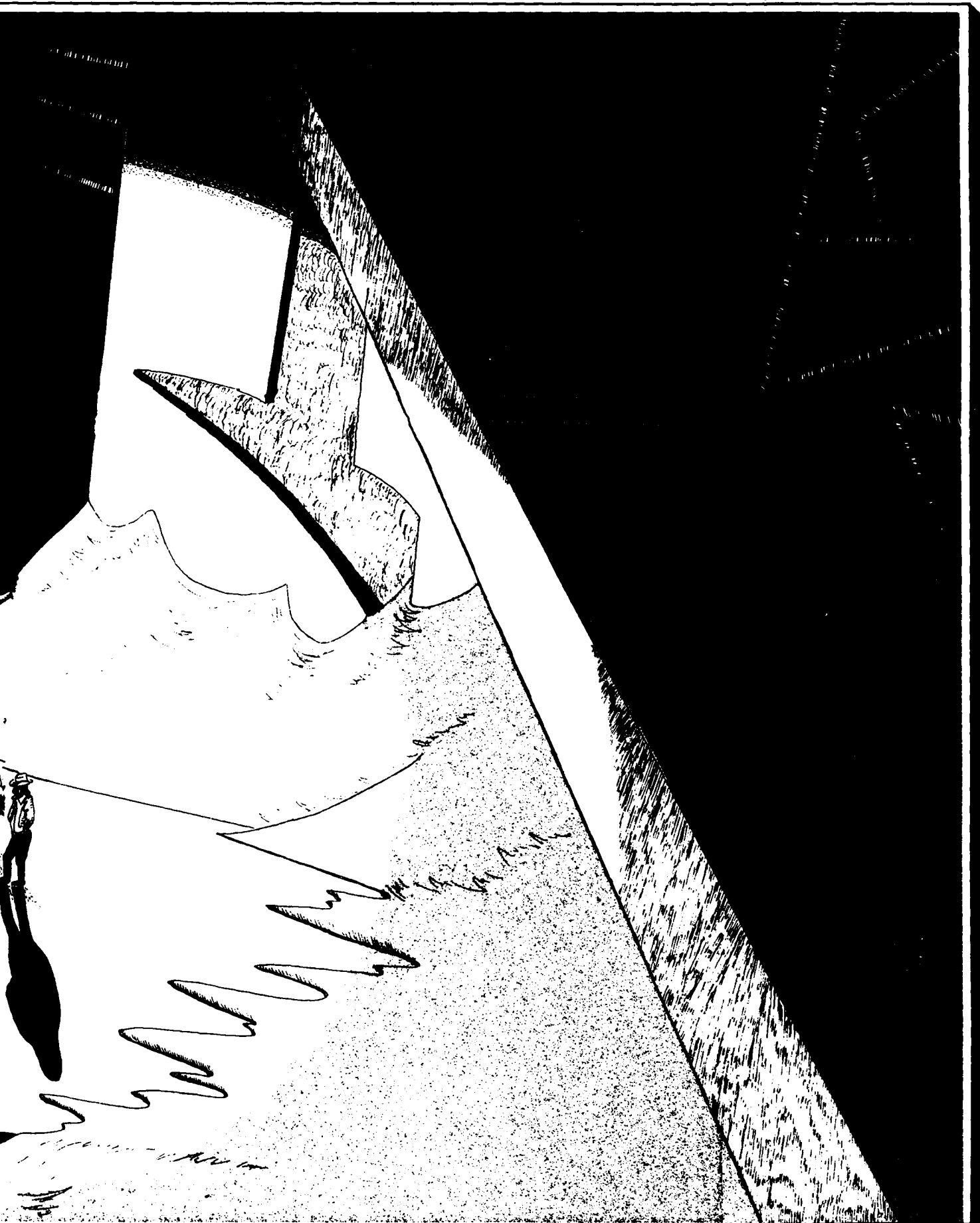
When the investigators reach a line of shining electric lights, they may ignore it to wander about in the Stygian darkness. Let them. If their wanderings get too tedious, bring them up against a flying polyp chasm and open trap door. That should be risky enough to discourage further wanderings. Importantly, keep the investigators following the electrical lines, in order to make this maze of a city understandable.

## Lines Of Light

Use this section as a guide for all of the wired lines of communication between the important points of the buried city.

The electric power lines have grown so long that Huston assigns two cultists to their upkeep. A number of





independent generators feed the lines. Those generators are marked on the city map by small circles containing the letter G.

Besides the vastness, the cool stone, and the unfathomable purposes of the city, the investigators notice that many human feet have passed to and fro where the lights are strung, and that rarely if ever do the prints stray from the islands of light to enter the unending blackness. Four types of encounters regularly occur on these routes. The investigators can almost always avoid an encounter by ducking into the blackness.

**LINE WALKER:** Every 12 hours every inch of lighting in the city is inspected by a cultist. Ordinarily he or she merely replaces burnt-out bulbs and refills the gas tanks of the electrical generators. Each day one of the seven underground generators is stopped several hours for servicing and adjustment; the generators are otherwise kept running until they break down. The line walker is not trained for fighting, but he has an excellent knowledge of the portions of the city which Huston uses.

The line walker carries an unusual weapon, the lightning gun, one of the countless remaining artifacts of the Great Race. It is this weapon (and its mates) as well as a certain discretion in their activities that has left the cultists mostly free of flying polyp interference so long as the cultists do not make extraordinary noise.

#### THE LIGHTNING GUN: Model B

As the Great Race material in *Call of Cthulhu* notes, there are many versions of the lightning gun. This version, which can be termed Model B, is used throughout this adventure.

A successful idea roll establishes that this device is a weapon. There is no way, other than experimentation, to determine which way the tubular construction fires. Guessing wrong, an investigator takes 8D6 damage. About the size of a submachine gun, the weapon has a base range of 100 yards and has 1D20+3 charges in it. Charges are integral to the weapon, and not treated like ammunition for a human rifle. It takes two hands to fire a lightning gun, though the procedure is not too difficult to understand. It can fire one lightning bolt per round, and possesses 14 hit points. Base chance to use it is 35%. Like a shotgun, the damage it does depends upon range: damage 8D6/4D6/1D6 at 50/100/200 yards respectively. It does not impale. The keeper should individually number the lightning guns occurring in this adventure, and roll up the actual number of shots each contains. There is no way to recharge this model of lightning gun, though there is no reason to tell the players that.

**WORK PARTY:** A gang of 10 mindblasted workers and 2 cultists pass daily between the headquarters site and the work site, where Huston has ordered excavations in order to attempt to locate certain Great Race devices. The workers plod along dully, and cannot be roused or made curious, though they will respond to firmly-voiced instructions. The cultists are not armed, though they carry wire whips to mete out penalties when they wish.

**RUBBLE:** At four points the map indicates major rubble on the routes. These areas are difficult and dangerous to pass over; investigators failing Climb rolls sustain 1D3 points of damage from falls, sprains, bruises, etc. Most importantly, people taking damage make noise.

**GENERATORS:** A generator is an engine which rotates a magnet and thereby creates an electrical field. Nearby are a few boxes of parts and tools. Further away are stacks of five-gallon gasoline tins. Most of them are full. The gasoline fumes can be detected for up to half a mile in the dead air. Stopping a generator, incidentally, is the surest way to bring a line walker quickly. He or she carries flashlight and wears a miner's hat with a carbide lamp.

## Cavern Of The Mimis

The investigators can get to this spot only if they previously have had a previous encounter with a Mimi.

The cavern is about fifty feet in diameter, and has no exits. The walls and ceiling glow softly. The only way in or out is by the grace of a Mimi, or by pick, shovel, and dynamite. The fifteen Mimis in the cavern watch the investigators intently. They wait until the investigators speak, then a spokesman replies by writing on the floor or wall.

They wish the investigators to kill the Living Winds (by which they mean the flying polyps). Mimis are susceptible to wind. They are uninterested in cultists, members of the Great Race, or even Nyarlathotep. They offer no information or reward, though there is no apparent way out of their cavern.

If the investigators agree, a Mimi walks to a wall, splits it with his finger, and leads them (with the same disorientation and coloring of objects as occurred when the Mimi took the investigators to this cavern) to the flying polyp hatch near the cultists' entrance. A polyp rises up through the open trap door in 1D10+1 minutes. The investigators are on their own: unless they want to try to close the trap door, fleeing is their best bet. The Mimis make no motion to avenge themselves, but will hunt down and try to murder the investigators should the investigators manage to enter Dreamtime (or even the Dreamlands).

If the investigators refuse, the Mimis offer food and drink. Those who accept turn into Mimis in 1D3 hours; the process is irreversible. Those who refuse food and drink are offered sex (Mimi women are somewhat less elongate than the men, and have nice bosoms). Those who accept turn into Mimis in 1D3 hours; the process is irreversible. Those who become Mimis are out of the campaign; collect or discard their investigator sheets.

Those who refuse all inducement are abandoned in the cavern by the Mimis, who simply split open cracks in the walls with their fingers, step through, and close the cracks again behind them. If any of the investigators try knocking on one of the walls, they find a section which sounds hollow. It takes 1D20 man-hours to break through the wall (thrice as long if none of them have any tools suitable for the job, such as a crowbar or hammer), which opens into the basement of one of the city buildings. It takes the group another 1D10+2 hours of stumbling around in the dark to find a line of electric lights. That occurs at the intersection of the easternmost light line and the route past the Mimi cavern which leads to lower, unexcavated levels.

If the investigators attack the Mimis, they find that the Mimis easily dodge their attacks and that magic spells are



The Mimi Beckons.

mostly deflected by the Mimis' high Powers. The Mimis subdue them and then eat the flesh from the face of a random investigator while letting him or her live. That investigator loses 1D100 SAN, his or her APP drops to 1, leaving him or her a figure of horror who must wear a full-face mask or bandages in polite company. Other investigators witnessing this gruesome sight lose 1/1D8 SAN.

#### SAMPLE MIMI

STR 50 CON n/a SIZ 19 DEX 20 POW 30  
HP n/a Move 20

weapon	attack	damage
Enchanted Spear	125%	special

**Armor:** invulnerable to physical weapons.

**NOTES** — Mimis fear strong winds, such as those flying polyps create, because such winds snap their scrawny necks. • When a Mimi spear hits, it makes a POW against POW attack (using the Mimi's POW). If it succeeds, the target dies immediately. If it fails, the victim is comatose for 1D6 months. • All Mimis, male and female, have identical statistics, though the females appear much more human than do the elongated males.

## The Great Plazas

In the small portion of the City of the Great Ones explored by the cultists and shown on the schematic map, two "great plazas" exist. Two of four self-powered areas shown on the map, the plazas are enormous octagonal halls, with featureless walls and ceilings, but with floors that radiate light. The floor of the eastern plaza is a soft, glowing blue; the floor of the western plaza is a soft, glowing red. The purposes of the plazas are unknown. Each plaza is nearly half a mile across.

Since these points are self-illuminated, the cultists have not strung light bulbs across the floors.

## Purple Dome Temple

This marvel is 2000 feet across and is mostly intact even after a hundred million years. Though mostly buried and not visible from the outside, from the inside the building of the Purple Dome is a perfect hemisphere, entered by means of many equally-spaced archways. Within, at the bottom of the hemisphere is a gray stone floor. In the center of the floor is a second hemisphere, pulsating and glowing with a strong purple light, five hundred feet in diameter. Occasionally it seems to move in a way which makes it seem alive.

The function of the purple hemisphere is obscure. Huston believes it to be a profound energy source tapping alien dimensions as well as our own, and has installed lines leading from it to his Transmogrifier machine, about which more is written both in the "Huston's Headquarters" and the "Kakakatak's Chamber" sections.

At the archway through which the investigators first enter, sand has entered the dome. Sticking out of the sand is a gnawed-on human femur and a portion of a human skull.

On one side of the smaller hemisphere is a three-foot-high stone block which plainly has been dragged in recently from outside the building. Dark stains mar its surface and cover the floor nearby. Ashes and charcoal



mark the site of a fire which was lit on the floor. Behind the sacrificial stone is a 25-foot-high statue of Nyarlathotep in his black, bat-winged aspect, and flanking him and curving slightly around the purple hemisphere are lesser statues of other gods, including Cthulhu, Azathoth, Yog-Sothoth the Gate, Zoth-Ommog, Cthugha, and Shub-Niggurath.

As a whole, the assemblage is sufficiently horrible to demand a loss of 1/1D10 Sanity points. Each statue is a conduit of life-force. When any living being touches one of the statues, he loses 1D3 Power. A resistance roll of POW vs. POW is possible; each statue has a POW of 1D20+10 on its own. The POW drained is sent on to the appropriate deity for unimaginable uses, but use of the Nyarlathotep statue must activate the rest. If Nyarlathotep's statue is not used first, the other statues simply drain POW, and do not feed it to their assigned deity. Nyarlathotep is the Messenger.

All the statues are made of stone, and each weighs well over a ton.

**THE THREE GUARDIANS:** Flanking the statue of Nyarlathotep to the rear and both sides are three smaller bat-things. They are black in color, shaped like a cross between a toad and a bat, equipped with loose, curiously crumpled wings and eyeless and mouthless heads.

During ceremonies, these are Nyarlathotep's bouncers for the sanctum, making sure that he receives his disproportionate share of the sacrifices.

When the temple is not in use, they serve as guardians of the space. They begin to activate whenever anyone enters the great dome, a process which takes 1D20+5 minutes for each individually. They can be deactivated at any point by addressing any suitably servile greeting to Nyarlathotep, such as "Hail Nyarlathotep!" or "Nyarlathotep Rules!" and so on. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll tells the investigator what to say, but he or she has to come up with idea of saying it on his or her own. If the investigators leave the temple before at least one guardian is activated, then the guardians deactivate.

#### GUARDIANS OF THE SAND BAT

	ONE	TWO	THREE
STR	32	35	38
CON	44	36	40
SIZ	24	24	24
INT	3	4	2
POW	10	12	14
DEX	12	8	10
HP	34	30	32
Move 6/12 flying (can carry a person with a SIZ of 1/4 or less the monster's STR).			
weapon	attack		damage
Grapple	40%		special
Drain	100%1D3 + attribute drain		

**SAN Cost:** 1/1D6

**NOTES** — these agents of evil are not very intelligent, but they are persistent. Once they've succeeded in grappling a victim, they'll either press their target against the Nyarlathotep statue or wrap him in their huge, shaggy wings and drain him themselves. • In the Drain attack, the wings extrude countless small needle-like projections, which enter the body of the victim and systematically drain him or her of body fluid, doing 1D3 damage plus lowering the victim's highest statistic (STR, CON, etc.) by 1 point.

If the investigators enter when the temple is not in use and someone touches a statue other than Nyarlathotep's, he or she loses 1D3 POW to the statue, but the guardians activate immediately, seize the unfortunate, and press him or her against Nyarlathotep until, drained of Power, the victim dies. If the victim touches Nyarlathotep first, then he or she loses 1D3 POW but may go on his or her way.

If the investigators do not touch any of the statues, but stay long enough that one or more guardians rouse to life, then the guardians attempt to capture one investigator each, and press him or her against Nyarlathotep's statue until each victim dies. If other investigators linger, then the guardians grab new victims. There is room for three guardians with three victims around the statue. The guardians will not pursue the investigators beyond the walls of the temple.

The Guardians are gifts from Nyarlathotep to a prized worshiper. They have been useful in raiding Aboriginal camps for sacrifices. For some time Huston has tried using them for aerial surveillance, with indifferent results — the things are too stupid to be able to understand the significance of much of what they see. Huston has decided to see if they could carry small cultists aloft. If the keeper likes, the investigators could witness such a test while at Jeremy Grogan's camp or while waiting at night for Power Boy.

**CULT RITUALS:** As the local temple, the purple dome is the hot-spot for cult activities. The rituals divide roughly into weekly and quarterly celebrations of the dark powers.

- In the weekly rituals, the cultists build a small fire on the floor of the temple near the altar (the sacrificial stone). As they chant and circle around the fire, thousands of bats wheel overhead. No more than 1D3 victims will be sacrificed, each by being run through a gauntlet of naked cultists each of whom is armed with the cult club and a flail. Each flail drips with a sticky brown goo which has been fresh-brewed.

The stuff has a potency of 17, which is matched against the CON of the target. It causes the victim to begin to bloat and blacken almost immediately, and death occurs in 1D4 days. Anti-rabies serum has a 50% chance to save the victim. The victim usually survives the gauntlet of whips, and is then bound to the statue of Nyarlathotep and left to be drained of Power while writhing in excruciating torment from the rabies-like potion which has entered his or her body through the cuts and welts left by the flails.

The weekly ceremony usually is presided over by an acolyte, though occasionally Huston himself strolls over for the show. Attendance is 1D10+20 cultists. Sanity cost for viewing the ceremony is 0/1D3.

- In the quarterly rituals, the Sand Bat itself is invoked and appears. Huston conducts this ceremony in utter darkness, to protect this aspect of Nyarlathotep. However, the Bat's psychic force, stimulated by the ritual torments and chanting cultists, causes all those viewing the ritual to

be able to see clearly, despite the total lack of light. This weird sensation — the bizarre sight-which-is-not-sight — costs the investigators 1/1D6 SAN.

Up to 1D10+9 men are sacrificed to the statues, and at least one victim is bound to each statue; the gauntlet is used in each case, as per the weekly ceremony. In addition, a matching number of female victims are despicably assaulted by first the Guardians and then the cultists. Any children which are born prove to be monstrous hybrids, dangerous even to Huston, and they have been locked away in The Nursery, another point on the map. These horrific proceedings have understandably driven most of the female victims mad and, in many cases, the births are so difficult that the mother does not survive. Sanity cost for viewing this ceremony is 1D3/2D6.

### FATHER OF ALL BATS

**Description:** In this form Nyarlathotep somewhat resembles a gigantic bat. Its only facial feature is a single three-lobed burning eye. Thin, writhing tentacles trail beneath its tattered wings as it soars through the sky, trailing a smoky wind of frothing protoplasmic bubbles. This writhing, living spoor thins out as the horror flies on, but lasts for at least a minute. The bat-form of Nyarlathotep is only semi-material, and can fly through solid objects at need, though it can also manipulate such objects.

**Notes:** This form of Nyarlathotep is also called the Fly-The-Light or Haunter of the Dark and is well-known to the Fungi from Yuggoth. It can only endure extremely dim light, such as starshine, and is clearly better suited to outer space than the Earth. Brightness from arc lights or welding torches damage the horror — a strong flashlight beam kept trained on the beast does 1D6 points of damage. Even a large candle simply held aloft does a point of damage each round the Bat comes within its radius of light. A torch does 1D6 damage, car headlights or streetlamps 3D6, and so forth, based on the keeper's perception of the light's intensity. Full daylight does 10D6 points of damage per round (the light of the full moon does 2D6). Steady light actually dissolves the horror, causing it to disintegrate into nothingness until the next summoning. However, very brief (even if powerful) light sources such as lightning and flashbulbs do no harm.

Its psychic force is such that ordinary humans within its zone of influence receive a monstrous ability to see in the dark, the infamous sight-which-is-not-sight. This ability, though sometimes useful, costs all sane humans 1/1D6 SAN, as it gives them a glimpse into an alien perception of the universe. The ability is granted even to blind humans, for it does not work through the eyeballs.

In an attack, Father Of All Bats might swoop low and make a grab with one or more of its tendrils. Each target within its 50-foot wingspan can be attacked by one tendril. Anyone hit receives a fearful shock (electrical?) or burn, taking 4D6 damage, ignoring any potential armor. If the victim survives, he loses 1D3 points from his highest characteristic (STR, CON, and so on) anyway. Also, anyone caught in the semi-living trail of alien froth formed as it flies takes 1D10 damage for each turn he remains therein.

STR 70 CON 45 SIZ 60 INT 86 POW 100  
DEX 19 Move 30 HP 53

**Weapons:** Tendrils 60%, 4D6 shock  
Protoplasmic Wind 100%, 1D10 damage\*

**Armor:** 5 point skin. Impaling attacks do no extra damage. Attacks using heat, cold, electricity, or radiation do no damage, unless light is involved in their production.

**SAN Cost:** 1D10/1D100.

## The Nursery

In a wide level area, the electric lights make a circle around a dark pit perhaps sixty feet deep and two hundred feet wide. There is no railing at the edge of the pit. From the hole comes nauseating and mind-numbing smells and terrible moans, cries, and growls. One cry is a human baby's. Without using additional light, though, nothing but ripples and vague movements can be made out at the bottom of the hole. Sanity cost to come near this pit is 0/1D4.

The price goes up considerably if an investigator employs a flashlight. He or she then see aberrant, appendaged, blasphemous, bulbous, depraved, festering, hideous, insane, etc., forms sprawling, hopping, and oozing cross the floor below. Though most often the shapes resemble the Guardians themselves, the Guardians are themselves simulacra of Nyarlathotep, and many of his foul forms are present in miniature. The keeper is advised to go into as much detail as the investigators wish, but to make a Sanity-point charge for each new monstrosity they ask to see. The price of the pit as a whole is 1D4/1D10+1 SAN; the price for each new monster is 1/1D4 SAN. There are 66 monsters in the pit.

If a flashlight or other additional light source is used, the noise in the pit becomes deafening. The detainees think they are being fed.

This is where Huston stashes the results of his breeding program for which he can find no use. So far, he has had no successes, but all these horrors are (indirectly) the progeny of his god, and so they are sacred.

## The Titan Horror

At first the investigators may think that this is just another great plaza, rather less well-lit than the others. But as they approach it, they can see that it is only a huge stone ring atop a huge living organism, whose substance protrudes through the ring, forming a very slight dome. The rest of the creature's body must be under the city — it is impossible to tell its vast extent. Everyone looking at the vastness of this creature, with its throbbing veins and flaccid swellings, loses 1/1D20 SAN. The creature is inert. Nothing the investigators can do can seriously discommode it, and it does not react to their activities. They can even climb over it. It is not flammable.

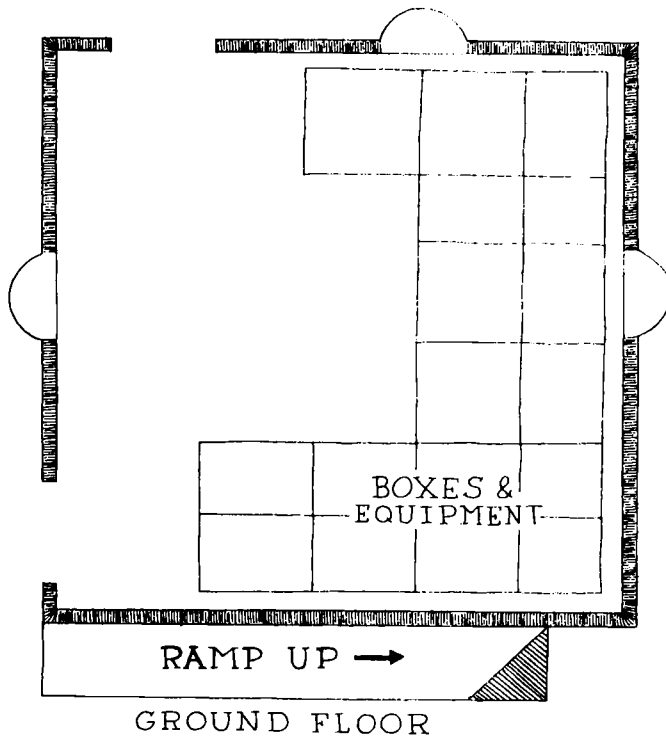
## Huston's Headquarters

The lights lead to an area with three accessible floors. From the outside, each floor is visibly lit.

**THE 'GROUND' LEVEL:** Here are stocked mining equipment, including arc lights, shovels, picks, ropes, lumber, block and tackle gear, pumps, gasoline drums, more generators, wheelbarrows, drills, and several heavy electric carts for carrying equipment. With the grace of a successful Spot Hidden, the investigators find 48 sticks of dynamite, complete with fuses, blasting caps, and a manufacturer's manual.

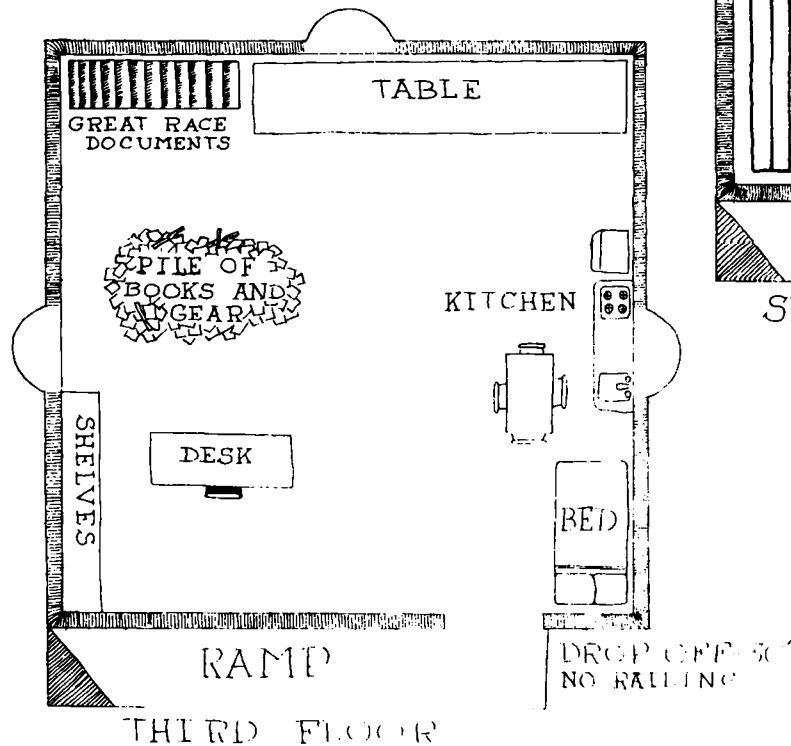
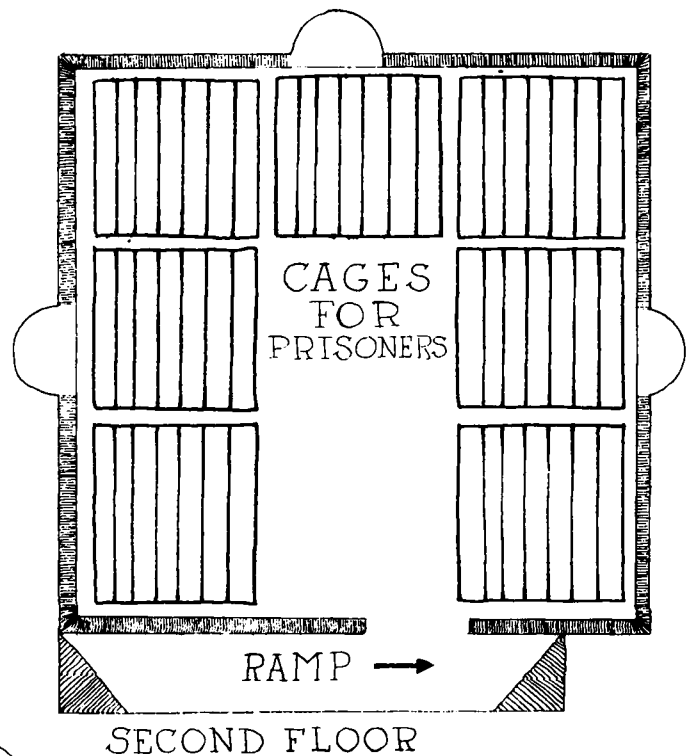
If a systematic search is made, the investigators find 3 lightning guns in a crate. The keeper should individually

# HUSTON'S HEADQUARTERS



— WINDOWS

CEILINGS ARE 15' HIGH



number the lightning guns and roll up the actual number of shots each contains. Remember, when the lightning gun has no charges, it is useless thereafter except as a 14-hit-point club.

The line walker may already have explained how lightning guns work. Or, if the investigators can capture one of the overseers of the work gang, that worthy may explain one of them (with a little persuasion). An idea roll establishes the tubular thing as a weapon, and shows how it might operate, but which way it fires remains a 50-50 chance. A wrong guess does 8D6 points of electrical damage to the user. The investigators need one hour to perform a satisfactorily safe experiment. Lightning guns are further discussed in the "Lines Of Light" section above.

There is a 50% chance that 10 mindblasted miners are sleeping in this area. Kidnaped long ago in another of Huston's endless schemes, they are victims of a mind-control device possessed by Huston, and functionally are living zombies. They are the work party mentioned in the section titled "Lines Of Light."

Two cultists oversee them. Their statistics occur below. The miners respond to whomever gives them an order, and they do as the order instructs them. In case of conflict, the miners respond to the order given by the person with the higher personal Power. The miners are not much good with ranged weapons (as evidenced by their DEXs), but their melee effectiveness is considerable.

#### WHITE CULTIST THUG ONE

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 8 POW 10  
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 10

**Weapons:** Fist 55%, 1D3 damage  
Grapple 40%, special damage  
Cult Club 20%, 1D10 damage

**Skills:** Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

#### WHITE CULTIST THUG TWO

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 8 POW 13  
DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 4 SAN 0 HP 12

**Weapons:** Fist 65%, 1D3 damage  
Grapple 50%, special damage  
Whip 65%, 1D3 damage  
Cult Club 25%, 1D10 damage

**Skills:** Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Hide 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

#### MINDBLASTED MINERS

	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	12	15	15	14	17
CON	14	12	13	14	15
SIZ	14	10	13	12	13
INT	5	4	5	6	4
POW	3	3	3	3	3
DEX	7	7	7	7	7
HP	14	11	13	13	14

<i>weapon</i>	<i>attack</i>	<i>damage</i>
Fist	60%	1D3+1D4
Grapple	40%	special

**Armor:** the miners do not feel pain or shock.

**NOTES** — the miners grapple only to get a purchase to choke. Their grip causes 1D3+1D4 damage per round. The grip may be broken STR against STR on the resistance table in any round.

#### MORE MINDBLASTED MINERS

	Six	Seven	Eight	Nine	Ten
STR	16	17	17	18	18
CON	16	18	17	16	18
SIZ	18	16	17	16	18
INT	5	4	5	6	4
POW	3	3	3	3	3
DEX	7	7	7	7	7
HP	17	17	17	16	18

<i>weapon</i>	<i>attack</i>	<i>damage</i>
Fist	65%	1D3+1D6
Grapple	60%	special

**Armor:** the miners do not feel pain or shock.

**NOTES** — the miners grapple only to get a purchase to choke. Their grip causes 1D3+1D6 damage per round. The grip may be broken STR against STR on the resistance table in any round.

The miners make no reaction to the presence of the investigators. If they have adequately spied out the situation, the investigators can attack the two cultists and easily command the entire squad.

**THE NEXT FLOOR UPWARD:** The large ascending ramp leads to the two floors above. This next floor upward holds nothing but seven large cubical cages made of dirty, rusted steel rails. The locks of the open cages are magnetic, opened by a small rectangular device which Huston keeps in a pocket. The resistance factor of the locks is 75, and of the bars 85.

Locked in the cages are many prisoners, many of them Aborigines who set up a great moaning when the investigators enter. The uproar has a 25% chance of drawing Huston's attention if he is upstairs. Reroll the chance every 15 minutes, or when the investigators are unable to come to a decision about how to quiet these people.

One of the cages contains only pregnant women, victims of the quarterly breeding ceremonies. A 10% chance exists that one is giving birth: assuming that the investigators stay around, the sight of the green, wart-covered reptilian thing which she bears cost 1/1D4 SAN to each investigator.

Each cage is foul-smelling from obvious causes. Each cage also contains a mound of yams and other roots for food, and a small barrel of stale water.

Every captured investigator goes in one of these cages.

**THE TOP FLOOR:** Unless a quarterly cult ritual is taking place, there is a 75% chance that Huston is here.

This is a large room, informally divided into sections for living, scientific experiment, and relaxed study. From one wall extends a large, firm bed. Not far away is a primitive electric kitchen. There are several large, long tables, and assorted desks and shelves. Against another wall are piled hundreds of Great Race documents. Most are plans and formulae, all too alien to decipher without a good knowledge of the tongue.

If Huston is here, his visitors surprise him, but he graciously rises from his desk to greet them. The desk faces the doorway to his floor, closed only by heavy drapery. Huston is a moderate-sized blond-haired man, neat in his khaki bush gear, and rather pale from the years he has spent underground. He asks after the investigators'

health and offers them tea or coffee, then politely inquires after the purpose for their visit. Huston is, after all, busily engaged on vital researches.

A successful Spot Hidden establishes that the bulge underneath some papers is about the right size for a .45 revolver. Neither in the investigators' favor is the presence of a lightning gun on the desk. Also on the desk is a copperish bowl etched with Mythos runes.

Though normal-acting, nonetheless Huston is insane, as a successful Psychology roll shows. Though he thinks of himself as a realist, he is a megalomaniac who cannot resist telling others how he intends to conquer the world. This bird is a good psychologist with a distaste for humanity and a loathing for their problems. At the same time, he flatters himself that his scientific mind and his Jungian background give a knowledge of symbolic and physical relationships which he alone is able to understand. To Huston, the gods of madness combine the ultimate symbol and final reality. To protect his self-image and his genuinely powerful relation with Nyarlathotep, Huston kills without compunction, though first he'll talk the investigators to death with his theories on humanity, the unconscious, and the "Great Bank of Memory," as he calls it.

In brief, Huston looks forward to and longs for the coming day when a gate through space and time can be opened, and a cloud of extraterrestrial horrors can return to permanent residence upon Earth. But as faithful to Nyarlathotep as he is, Huston knows that his own intelligence, dedication, and insight are without peer upon the Earth. No matter how well he carries out his part in the ceremony, he knows that other and lesser cultists will fail to do their part, and that the gate will not open.

To that end, he has devised a scheme which he imagines to be in every way more worthy. His researches into consciousness, mind, dream, and the time-traveling science of the Great Race have led him to construct a machine which he believes can turn every human on the planet into a base worshiper of the Great Old Ones. He calls the machine the Transmogriifier. With the help of his captive, Kakakatak, the scheme is mostly a reality. If he captures an investigator, Huston finds it a delightful opportunity to try out the machine on a control subject — someone from the outside who has not a shred of interest in worshipping an Outer God.

As Huston is happy to explain, every human needs to sleep, and when a human sleeps, he or she must dream. Dreams link one both with one's own history and with the entire human species. Linking all humanity is the collective unconscious, the emotional unifier of the human race. By means of the device which he and Kakakatak have built, Huston plans to distort the pool of unconsciousness into which every human must retreat daily, challenging the very essence of humanity by changing its innate nature into the corrupt and debased gibbering of Huston's own insanity.

If the investigators have not yet encountered the Titan Horror, Huston tells them of it. This wondrous beast was drawn to the city long after the time of the Great Race. Perhaps the flying polyps drew it here. Or one of the many intelligent races that thrived between the city's destruction and mankind's rise. The Aborigines know

vague legends of this creature, calling it Buddai, the old man who shall one day eat the world. It sleeps, and will sleep for eons yet. Huston has neither the knowledge nor the desire to awaken it. But he can use it. He has set 20-foot-long electrodes into its body so that he can tap its might and its intellect to activate his magnum opus, the Transmogriifier.

His Transmogriifier will link this creature's mind to the collective unconsciousness of all humanity. Every man, woman, and child on the planet will be assaulted nightly with the horror's own dreams, modified by Huston's will. Humanity's fundamental instincts of warmth, tenderness, charity, and love would be replaced by Huston's reptilian opportunism, treachery, and lust, and by the unimaginable emotions of the Titan Horror. In less than a month, the doctor believes, every person on the planet will have gone insane, and most should convert to the worship of Nyarlathotep.

If the investigators pose a serious threat to Huston's project, he rushes to the Transmogriifier and attempts to activate planet-wide broadcast immediately, without further testing. If so, see the section "The Transmogriifier Engaged" for the results.

The last part of the device is being constructed by Kakakatak. The Transmogriifier itself is in an adjoining room; see the "Kakakatak's Chamber" section for further information.

**THE MIND CONTROLLER:** If Huston can be dealt with, two other items of interest exist in his room. The mind controller is in a corner, looking like a dunce cap with three protruding wires. At the end of the wires are small triangular pads which are placed on the head of a victim, touching particular areas of the scalp. With a successful INT against INT roll on the resistance table, the operator activates the device and puts mental blocks in the mind of the target. If the INT roll fails, the procedure does not work; another attempt can be made the following day, after the mind of the victim has calmed. The Great Race device originally blocked memories of possession from humans brought mentally up-Time to the era of the Great Race.

With the mind controller, Huston completely wipes out the memories of victims (such as the ten miners) and implants instructions which must be obeyed. The Great Race equivalent of a can opener, the function of the device can be determined in less than a day. A target loses 1D6 SAN each time he or she is subjected to the controller.

Kakakatak, if the investigators happen to tell him that they're interested, can show how to reverse the zombification caused by the mind controller.

**A HAND-WRITTEN MANUSCRIPT:** In a desk drawer are the neat pages of a lengthy document. The six hundred pages of manuscript is titled *Gods Of Reality*. Huston has been writing this journal and extended essay ever since he came to the buried city. It begins, "Madness is the mark of gods, the whisper of ancient secrets, and the unseen hand that turns the world in its disordered course. With it, I have seen beyond mere dream and pattern, beyond childhood decision and adult grief,

beyond the analysis which any man is capable. Accepting madness, I accept the gods and rule well with their gifts thereby." The complete manuscript takes four hours to read, and costs 1D3/1D8 Sanity because of what it conveys about human perception and the nature of reality. Things are, Huston establishes, much more relative than any sane human cares to imagine, and there is a lot which human beings have taught themselves not to see.

If this adventure is connected with *Masks of Nyarlathotep*, it mentions such points as Gray Dragon island and the Mountain of the Black Wind, and describes in detail what Huston must do on Jan. 14, 1926, at particular moments of Greenwich time. More importantly, perhaps, for this adventure it tells about the mind controller and how it works, about lightning guns (though not that they have a limited number of lightning bolts and cannot be recharged), about how lightning guns can control or even kill flying polyps, of pulling Kakakatak forward in time by the grace of Nyarlathotep, and lengthy explications of the Transmogrifier and Huston's *dream* of distorting the collective *unconsciousness* of the race.

As a handbook to Huston's intentions and capabilities, the manuscript is invaluable.

#### DR. ROBERT HUSTON

STR 10 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 35  
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 14

**Weapons:** Fist 30%, 1D3 damage  
.45 Revolver 55%, 1D10+2 damage  
Lightning Gun 40%, 8D6/4D6/1D6 damage  
Cult Club 25%, 1D10 damage

**Skills:** Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 25%, Astronomy 15%, Bargain 30%, Chemistry 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Debate 30%, Drive Automobile 30%, Electrical Repair 50%, Fast Talk 40%, First Aid 35%, Geology 25%, Library Use 60%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Psychoanalysis 35%, Psychology 50%, Read Great Race 40%, Sneak 30%, Speak Pidgin 45%, Spot Hidden 50%, Treat Disease 25%.

**Spells:** Call Yog-Sothoth, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Flying Polyp, Contact Nyarlathotep, Dominate, Mindblast, Send Dreams, Summon Hunting Horror, Time Trap.

## New Excavations

The miners work here when not resting at Huston's headquarters. Huston stands a 10% chance of being here while the miners are working. The *zombified* miners are attempting to create a tunnel through a cliff of sand and

## Robert Huston's Spells

Four spells known by Huston do not occur in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

### DOMINATE

Requires 1 magic point and 1 SAN point. The effect is instantaneous. Pit the caster's POW against the target's POW (not magic points): upon a successful roll, the target obeys the commands of the caster for the duration of the next round. Dominate affects only one target at a time, and has a maximum range of 10 yards. This spell can be cast and recast as many times as the caster finds possible, allowing the target to be uninterruptedly controlled for several minutes. Each recasting requires a POW against POW resistance table roll and the loss of 1 SAN and 1 magic point. Recasting takes only an instant, and commands may be given in the same round. Dominate can be cast only once per round.

The commands must be intelligible to the target and they must not violate the basic nature of the target (a command to kill a friend or to commit suicide will not work, for instance), or the spell is broken — in which case the spell must be successfully recast for further effect.

### MINDBLAST

Costs the caster 1D3 SAN and 10 magic points. He must overcome the target's magic points with his own on the resistance table. The target must be visible to the caster and within 30 yards. A victim of this spell loses 1D4 SAN and goes insane as if he had suffered a terrible shock (lose 5+ SAN and succeed on an idea roll). The target is affected for a number of hours equal to 20 minus his INT, after which he recovers.

### SEND DREAMS

Costs 1D3 SAN and an indefinite amount of magic points. The caster must use a special bowl made of "the copper from above," an alien metal. Such a bowl is etched with certain runes and filled with specified herbs and a dram of the caster's blood. The herbs are set afire. As weird greenish smoke rises, the caster concentrates and casts magic points into the spell. The magic points energizing the

spell are matched against the magic points of the target and a resistance table roll determines the winner. The spell lasts two minutes for every magic point put into it.

The target must be asleep and within 20 miles of the caster. The dreams may be anything the caster desires, but one use of the spell is to send visions of Mythos entities to lower the Sanity of the target: SAN loss from these visions is one-tenth normal (fractions rounded up). A dream-vision of Azathoth, for instance, costs 1 SAN if the Sanity roll succeeds, and 1D10 SAN if it fails. The caster cannot send a vision of any god he has not himself witnessed. The spell cannot transmit orders or wishes, nor hypnotize the dreamer, who knows only that he or she is having strange dreams.

Any good herbalist can supply the herb mixture, but the bowl made of "copper from above" is different — this unearthly alloy is rare.

### TIME TRAP

Costs 100 magic points, 1D6 points of Power, and 1D8 Sanity points to cast. The ritual involves two hours of uninterrupted meditation and a large quantity of human blood. To cast the spell, the caster must be able to visualize the target being in its normal setting. For creatures of the past or future, this requires that the caster have access to a device for seeing into the future or the past before this spell can be cast. The spell is one-way; trapped creatures cannot be returned to their rightful times. The caster himself cannot move in time.

When the spell is finished, make a roll on the resistance table of the caster's POW against the target's POW. If the roll succeeds, the snared creature appears anywhere within five miles of the caster, but always on the surface of the earth and in a location which does not harm the target. At that point the target is free and functions normally, though it is trapped in time; creatures requiring alien atmospheres or other conditions may well die before they can be recovered. Only one creature per casting can be so trapped.

The spell only works through time, not through dimensions other than time. Gods or god-like beings may resent the summons and fry the caster on the spot, though that is beyond the purview of this summary.



cyclopean rubble. Patient excavation has nearly cleared the way. With a flash light and a successful Spot Hidden, those risking the shored-up tunnel can see through a head-sized hole to the other side, where a vast laboratory filled with strange artifacts beckons, dust-covered and disturbed, but mostly intact.

## Kakakatak's Chamber

The electric lines lead into a series of gray stone-lined rooms, each decorated with a few indecipherable Great Race symbols. Only the last three rooms in the building are currently used.

**THE FIRST ROOM:** The long string of electric lights leads to a room which is thoroughly lit. It is about twenty feet square. In it the investigators see a jumble of crates and parts. A successful Electrical Repair roll shows that much of the gear is either of very advanced earthly manufacture, or of alien design and construction. Much of the latter, of course, has been scrounged from the buried city; much of the former has been made in Germany and Great Britain, and imported here at impressive cost. But almost everything seems inexplicable except transformers, various gauges of electrical cable, junction and fuse boxes, and unorthodox vacuum tubes.

**THE SECOND ROOM:** The first room opens upon a second area nearly forty feet across in which are erected an enormous and fashionably black control board covered with knobs, dials, gauges, handles, displays, and impressive sets of relays and junctions, and flanked by powerful transformers. The board is not active except for a few monitor lights and gauges. (Keepers who want to equip the place with spark gaps and a cloud chamber or two will meet no opposition, but they should be able to explain whatever it is that they add.) One portion of the control board is open, and conduits and connections simply dangle from the open panel: plainly, a portion of the device is not in place.

Incongruously, the long control panel is at one point interrupted by a comfortable leather daybed (the sort of couch associated with Freudian psychologists) built into it. An elaborate chromium headset and a series of hand-held controls connected to the control board and resting on the couch suggest that the couch's purpose is central to the device.

Nearby is an operating table equipped with hand, foot, and body restraints. A version of the chromium headset rests there, and cables lead into the control board at a point close to that of the other headset.

In summary, this is Huston's Transmogripher, with which he intends to change the world. Any captured investigator will be taken here, strapped to the table while Huston lolls on the couch, and be left to experience a test run or two of the device as he or she experiences Huston's dreams first-hand. The nightmare shapes and deeds, and the sense of foulness and degradation in Huston's dreams cost the target 1D10 SAN each night spent here, as well as leaving him or her sleepless. When Huston turns on the full Transmogripher, the powerful signals go directly into the collective unconsciousness, there attempting to debase and devalue all that is best about humanity.

**KAKAKATAK'S ROOM:** An archway opens into the third room. The room is dimly-lit, circular, about fifty feet across. It is mostly empty, though a long, high bench holds many alien artifacts and instruments. A successful know roll identifies one large section as probably the missing panel section from the Transmogripher.

Across the doorway to this room (in fact, through the walls, floor, and ceiling as well) is an invisible electrical force field, activated when anything steps into the archway. Sensor holes can be seen on either side of the archway. The field does 3D10 damage. A human could crawl under the bottom sensor, but only with a successful DEX x4 roll.

The force field can be turned off by proper coding of a large fuse box to the right side of the doorway. Though mostly an ordinary-looking box, it can be operated only by entering the proper four-digit code. A successful Mathematics roll does the trick; a successful Electrical Repair roll also turns off the field, but a failed Electrical Repair sends a charge of 1D10 damage through the unlucky electrician.

In the shadows just to the left of the doorway rests a dark, motionless shape — Kakakatak, member of the Great Race. If someone steps into the force field, the lights in Kakakatak's chamber snap on, and the great intelligence awakens. Sanity cost for seeing Kakakatak is 0/1D6.

If the investigators start shooting, Kakakatak protects himself as best he can.

**KAKAKATAK'S MOTIVES:** When the entity wakes, either from activation of the force field or because of a commotion in the Transmogripher room, it picks up a blocky metal device in one claw. This device permits it to communicate telepathically with lesser, mammalian minds (the investigators). Kakakatak picks the largest investigator first — if that one proves unsuitable, it'll keep trying, in order of lessening SIZ. The chosen investigator feels the telepathic intrusion clearly as a weird thrust at the edge of his or her mind. The investigator can resist by stating that he or she wishes to *do so and resisting the Yithian's magic points with his own* on the resistance table. Failure to successfully resist means that contact from Kakakatak cannot be resisted at any time in the future by that investigator. If the target does not resist, or his attempt to do so is a failure, the target loses 1 magic point and 1 SAN from the intrusion. This happens each time Kakakatak communicates mentally, no matter how long the communication lasts. The communication is in English, though Kakakatak does not understand all the concepts of English as a human would.

Kakakatak's message is a request to turn off the imprisoning force field, and he can provide enough instructions that the person unlocking the field runs no risk of electrical damage.

Huston has brought Kakakatak down-Time and trapped him here, forcing the Great Race representative to work on the Transmogripher. Already knowing the future, Kakakatak has found the project amusing but not important, and has been invaluable to the cultists. He has been trying to time-meditate himself back to the era of the

Great Race, or at least to contact another member of his species, but so far he has been unsuccessful. If he can gain access to certain libraries perhaps left undestroyed, he thinks he can find the solution — in essence, a reverse version of the Time Trap spell which Huston originated.

The Great Race member can bargain with the investigators in good faith, but he is not much concerned with the problem of the Gate (if the adventure is focused on *Masks of Nyarlathotep*) or on the Transmogrifier. If the investigators open the force field which imprisons Kakakatak without first asking for something in return, Kakakatak thanks them and glides majestically away, ending any participation in this adventure. He can, on the other hand, tell them about the Transmogrifier and the proper tactic to deal with it, or he could tell them how to find Power Boy again, or how to re-wire the mind controller so that the miners can be returned to life, or about cultist connections to Ho Fong, Ahja Singh, and the Penhew Foundation, or other matters of interest. (He makes it a practice to read Huston's mind daily, scanning it as a human would the morning paper.)

Traveling with Kakakatak has benefits and disadvantages. As a benefit, the first thing he does when freed is to glide down several untrodden ramps and into an unexplored building, where he finds several more lightning guns. He takes one and explains the use of the others to the investigators. The investigator to whom he speaks telepathically understands that Kakakatak does not care to meet a flying polyp without the proper armaments; and he understands that Kakakatak truly fears the wind attack of the polyp. A second benefit is that Kakakatak knows the city and knows how to get where he wants to (though he is reluctant to share much information with the minimal intelligences who have freed him).

The major disadvantage is that Kakakatak cannot climb rubble, and that rubble-strewn ways must be cleared for him. Kakakatak needs several weeks in order to locate and get to the archives he desires: his immediate goal is to keep the investigators with him throughout that period, for better-motivated slaves will be hard to find.

#### KAKAKATAK, OF THE GREAT RACE

STR 40 CON 22 SIZ 60 INT 26 POW 13  
DEX 13 HP 41  
Move 7

**Weapons:** Pincer 40%, 1D6+5D6 damage  
Lightning Gun 45%, 8D6/4D6/1D6 damage

**Armor:** 8 point hide.

**Skills:** Astronomy 90%, Chemistry 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Electrical Repair 95%, Geology 50%, History 90%, Mechanical Repair 95%, Zoology 80%.

**SAN Cost:** 0/1D6.

## The Transmogrifier Engaged

This mighty device is Huston's ultimate solution, to which he turns when and if the investigators pose a serious threat to the cultists. If the keeper wishes Huston to continue to be a center of opposition, have him take crucial components from the Transmogrifier and flee into the desert. If the keeper wants to eliminate the fellow once and for all, read on.

Kakakatak, though faithfully cooperating with Huston even while biding his time, knows that the device is doomed to failure because Huston has radically underestimated the strength of the human collective unconscious. The calculation, Kakakatak might lecture, is simple once the hearer accepts characteristic Power as fundamental to human nature. Huston has not so interpreted the data.

In 1925, approximately 1.9 billion humans exist, each of whom averages 10.5 points of Power. That creates a collective unconscious pool with approximately 19,950,000,000 points of POW, quite enough force to deny the assault even of a sophisticated device like the Transmogrifier.

So far, Huston has used the device only on individuals, with expected results. But those experiments have been by wire, not by general broadcast. Kakakatak knows that it would be well to be at some distance from the Transmogrifier when Huston makes a general delta-wave assault, for a profound reaction is likely.

Even the Titan Horror cannot stand the backlash of all humanity's unconscious. The cover painting for this book shows a little of the cataclysmic upheaval when the monster arises in agony. Once the device is activated, a great trembling and screaming echoes everywhere. The city's buildings begin to collapse, and huge pulsating tentacles crash through soil, rock, and metal alike, seeking to strike and erase the Titan Horror's pain.

The Transmogrifier may have slain the Titan Horror — the huge thrashing may be only death throes. This is up to the keeper. Whether or not the Titan Horror is slain, after its spasms and convulsions, it ceases activity. It withdraws deep under the city, either to die or heal. In any case, it is out of this adventure.

Though the picture shows only tentacles at the surface, underground an attack of gaping and swallowing maws is as likely. This quarter of the city, perhaps as much as one-twentieth of the entire city, will be utterly destroyed, along with the Transmogrifier, the cultists, and whomever else is in the area.

Sleepers everywhere awake with hideous nightmares clutching at their brains. Then those dreams pass. A feeling of calm descends everywhere, and the episode ends as abruptly as it began. Witnessing this event costs everyone 1D6 SAN.

At the buried city, an enormous cloud of choking dust billows far into the air, as though a titanic explosion has occurred. The dust hangs in the air for most of the day, and that evening the sunset is blood-red. The next morning the air is cool, fresh, and clear, and the dust is gone, though a gray cloud hangs in the air only a few miles distant.

The site of the upheaval is within a circle of about five miles from Huston's headquarters underground. That includes all cultist activity underground, as well as the trucks and supplies at the cultist entrance above ground.

There is a good chance that the investigators, or at least some of them, are captives of Huston right to the end, and must watch the proceedings from one or more of the cages on the second floor of Huston's headquarters.

That's really too bad, but unless they've been brave and inventive they are lost with the rest of the inhabitants, willing or not. If there is a particularly good reason, let Power Boy surface in the room and show everyone how to swim through sand and rock. The swim is dark and bewildering, but little different than a swim through water except for the dull red eyes which occasionally can be seen. The cover painting of this book shows investigators at the surface, fleeing from the cataclysm. Anyone who is still sane, investigator or other captive, who receives a successful POW x2 roll learns the trick and escapes. The rest are really stuck; there's no more help.

## The New Pool

An unusual cloud hangs unmoving a few miles away. If the investigators drive toward it, they see something unprecedented when they arrive.

A lake of water perhaps a half-mile wide ripples between the dunes. Perhaps the cataclysm has tapped a deep aquifer dormant almost since the beginning of time; perhaps there is another reason. In the morning air, mist collects between the new lake and the cloud overhead, and the sun catches the moisture and bends a rainbow out of it. If the keeper wishes, the investigators can be shown the illustration of Rainbow Snake as a vision.

A successful Spot Hidden or idea roll leads the party half-way around the lake, where Power Boy and the rest of the Aboriginals sit.

Binjudu says that this is the pond of life which Power Boy promised, and that those who drink of it and wash of it feel very fine, very lively indeed. He laughs, and points to where the women giggle and loll. A little further on sits Power Boy, looking thoughtful and tired. Through Binjudu, Power Boy explains that the Great Mother found evil in the caves below, and ended it. Nothing he did, he says, had much use. He wonders why he was sent here by her, and why his clan members had to die to get him here, and how he knows he must soon wade into the pond, and drown there. Life, this wise child says, is very mysterious. Nothing is as it seems, and nothing we know is as we think we know it. He hopes the investigators travel safely back to their land. The pond will be here for — Binjudu shakes his head at the translation problem —

for, oh, a year and day. The investigators are welcome to stay even after the clan begins the long trek into the sun.

The next day, or the day after, Power Boy finds he has nothing left to do and nothing left to say. Perhaps at sunset or sunrise, he wades further and further into the water, takes a final step, and disappears beneath the surface. His body rises a long time later. There is nothing striking or unusual about his corpse. It decays, as all bodies do. Power Boy is gone.

## Conclusion

At this point the investigators are probably stranded in the desert, hundreds of miles from the nearest town. If they've maintained good relations with Power Boy's clan, the investigators can wait by the new pool until a stock drive comes from the north, and then trudge with the drovers down to Wiluna. Much faster, of course, would be a prospecting or survey party headed directly back to Cuncudgerie. Or perhaps the investigators decide to head north to Darwin, and then on to points in the western Pacific.

If the investigators have done their job, Huston has been eliminated, Kakakatak freed, the miners de-zombified, and the cultists crushed. Jeremy Grogan refuses to leave his camp. Power Boy's mysterious mission is completed.

If the investigators eliminated Huston, grant each 1D8 SAN. Huston was a serious threat to the world. If Huston died without the help of the investigators, give them no Sanity points for him. If the cultists have been broken up or eliminated, grant the investigators an addition 1D4 SAN. If Kakakatak was dealt with fairly, grant 1D3 points for him. If the investigators attempted to save any of the zombified miners, allow the investigators another point of SAN for that.

Though it sounds heartless, probably it is better that Cowles and Dodge die or go mad during this adventure, allowing further exploration to lapse until the middle thirties, when the events described by H.P. Lovecraft can occur as he recorded. This conveniently strands the investigators in Australia, perhaps, and may make their return travels much more interesting.



# Period Data For Australia

**Historical.**—Existence of continent known in the 16th century. Visited by Dutch, 1606. New South Wales visited and named by Captain Cook, 1770; British penal colony established at Sydney, 1788; at Brisbane, Queensland, 1825. First occupation of Western Australia, 1826; settlement made at Portland, Victoria, 1834; at Adelaide, South Australia, 1836. Tremendous influx of population with discovery of gold near Bathurst, 1851. Commonwealth of Australia created, January 1, 1901, by federation of States of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania. Northern Territory, consisting of part of South Australia, created January 1, 1911. On same date also created Federal Territory (for capital), former part of New South Wales. Government vested in Federal Parliament comprising Governor-General, appointed by and representing Crown, a Senate, and an elected House of Representatives. States each under a Governor, with Parliament of two Houses. Area, 2,974,581 sq. m.; population excluding 75,000 to 100,000 aborigines, 1919, about 5,100,000. During Great War, Australia mobilized 416,609 volunteers; casualties were 317,953 (58,961 dead). **Physical features.**—Eastern portion mountainous; Great Dividing Chain, extending north and south, culminates in Australian Alps (Mt. Kosciusko, 7,336 ft.). Interior mainly level or rolling plains. Western portion vast sandy desert, mountainous toward coast. Forest area, about 102,000,000 acres. Chief rivers rise on western slope of Alps; Murray most important, navigable for 2,000 miles. Largest fresh-water lake, Alexandrina; numerous salt lakes occur. **Climate** generally warm, dry, and healthful; south temperate, north tropical. Interior subject to prolonged drought and heat. Rainfall abundant only on portions of north, northeast, and southeast coasts. Seasons reverse of those of Northern hemisphere. **Crops:** Wheat, 1920, 46,210,380 bu.; oats, 1918\*, 9,850,000 bu.; sugar, 327,589 tons, chiefly cane; wool clip, 1919\*, 652,920,171 lbs., sheep, 1918\*, 84,963,012. **Mineral output:** Gold, 1919\*, 1,069,677 oz., \$22,112,186; silver, 6,930,770 oz., \$7,768,492; copper, 1918\*, 87,591,000 lbs.; tin, 1919\*, 4,408 sh. tons, about \$7,100,000. Transcontinental Railway gives through connection between Brisbane on east coast and Fremantle on west coast. Rubber, iron, and steel industries expanded during Great War; and new industries were created, electrical equipment, hardware, chemicals, confectionery, chocolate, coal-tar products, etc. Imports, 1919\*, \$426,306,254; from United States, \$95,085,059 chiefly textiles, clothing, metal goods, and machinery. Exports, \$479,288,565; to United States, \$58,157,718 (\$45,982,498 in 1920), chiefly wool, wheat, and flour, hides, leather, meat, butter, tallow, lead, copper, silver. **Railway** mileage, 22,422. Capital site in preparation at *Canberra*; present seat at *Melbourne*, Victoria. **Norfolk Island** (135 sq. m.; pop. 985), directly east of Australia; administered by Commonwealth. **Territories of Australia**, New Guinea (or Papua), Bismarck Archipelago, and former German Solomon Islands. See under "Oceania."

**NEW SOUTH WALES.**—Oldest Australian State. Explored and named by Captain Cook, 1770. First settlement—penal—made at Botany Bay, 1788. Responsible government established, 1855. **Federal Territory** (for Capital), 912 acres, transferred to Commonwealth, 1911; increased to 940 acres, 1917. Area, 310,372 sq. m., including Federal Territory. **Forests** cover one-fourth of surface;

State timber reserves, 5,043,800 acres. Cultivated area, 1918\*, 4,462,916 acres; leading crops, cereals, tobacco, hay, and potatoes. Yield: Wheat, 1919\*, 17,832,910 bu.; maize, 1918\*, 3,499,900; oats, 1,455,111. Principal fruit culture is the orange. In 1918, 25,444 acres under citrus fruit. **Pastoral and agricultural pursuits**, 1918\*, engaged 139,453 persons. **Stock** raising and production of wool, chief industries; wool produced, 1919\*, 306,209,901 lbs.; sheep kept, 38,621,196. **Manufactures** principally provisions, meat packing, machinery, textiles, clothing, etc. Imports, 1919\*, \$196,094,297; from United States, \$64,972,529. Exports, \$219,765,318; to United States, \$43,729,072. **Chief exports**, metals, coal, wool, animal products, wheat, flour, timber, hides and skins, leather, cocoanut oil, pearl shell. **Mineral resources** valuable and extensive; gold deposits widely distributed (output, 1919\*, 65,838 oz.); silver, 1919\*, 6,304,818 oz., \$7,066,881; silver-lead ore and metal, 295,045 tons, \$23,500,000; copper, 6,510 tons, \$3,480,000; tin, 1,890 tons, \$2,740,000; coal, 9,063,176 tons, \$24,600,000; zinc, crude, 87,019 tons, \$1,470,000; lead, 21,922 tons, \$3,000,000. **Population** 1919\*, 1,960,597; of Federal Territory, 1,714. *Sydney*, capital and chief port of State; pop., 792,700. *Broken Hill* (24,850), silver-mining center. *New Castle* (60,850), second seaport. **Railway**, gov-

ernment, 4,824 3/4 miles. **Elementary education** compulsory; age 7-14; free to poor. Government schools, 1918\*, 3,424; besides University of Sydney, Technical College, 698 private schools. All religions tolerated; Church of England predominates. About two-thirds of the people Protestants.

**VICTORIA.**—Originally a part of New South Wales; erected into a separate colony 1851. Responsible government granted, 1855. Most densely populated of Australian States. Area, 87,884 sq. m. **Forests** extensive and valuable; abound in beautiful and durable woods suitable for shipbuilding, carriage, cabinet work, etc.; red gum most valuable; State forests cover an area (1919) of 4,149,035 acres. **Agricultural products** include cereals, hay, potatoes, hops, tobacco, fiber plants, sugar beets, vine and olives. Wheat crop, 1919\*, 25,240,000 bu.; oats, 5,275,000; barley, 2,029,000; wine, 1,349,309 gal. **Live stock**, Horses, 523,788; cattle, 1,596,544; sheep, 15,773,902; pigs, 267,819. Wool clip, 136,998,141 lbs. **Dairying** advancing; butter produced, 1918\*, 66,240,403 lbs. **Manufactures** almost entirely for home consumption. Imports, 1919\*, about \$174,000,000; exports, \$139,000,000, chiefly gold, wool, animals and products, and cereals. **Mineral wealth** great; gold output, 1919\*, 135,427 oz.; silver, 8,000 oz.; coal, 1918\*, 367,000 tons; tin, antimony, gypsum, phosphates, wolfram, etc. Pop., 1919\*, 1,430,758 (urban, 928,360). *Melbourne*, capital and chief seaport; pop., 723,500. *Ballarat* (39,970), second city. **Railways** (government), 1919\*, 4,197 miles. **Primary education** free and compulsory; age 6-14 years; State schools, 1918\*, 2,373; enrollment, 254,461. University of Victoria established 1855. No State religion; 75 per cent of population Protestant, 22 per cent Catholic.

**QUEENSLAND.**—Eastern shore discovered by Cook, 1770; first explorations made, 1823; settlements established, 1825; became a separate colony with responsible government, 1859. Area, 670,500 sq. m. **Forests** cover about one-half the total surface; reserves, 1919\*, 3,793,000 acres; cedar, eucalyptus, pine, most useful timbers. **Agriculture** flourishes on eastern seaboard; area cultivated 1918\*, 982,066 acres (418,467 acres permanent artificial pasture). Leading grain crop, maize, 4,105,974 bu.; wheat, 104,509 bu. (1,000,000 bu. in 1919). Sugar cane occupied 111,572 acres; sugar product, 189,978 tons; cotton, tobacco, tropical and semi-tropical fruits successfully cultivated. **Live stock**, 1918\*, 759,726 horses, 5,786,744 cattle, 18,220,985 sheep, 140,966 pigs. Wool clip, 1919\*, 101,060,738 lbs.; staple production of State. **Manufactures** principally sugar, preserved and frozen meats, meat extracts, etc. Imports, 1919\*, about \$31,900,000; exports, excluding specie, \$62,200,000. Leading exports, gold and other metals, coal, animal products, wool, and sugar. **Minerals**, chief source of wealth; total value of output, 1918\*, \$18,600,000. **Production of gold**, 1919\*, 121,030 oz.; silver, 92,048 oz.; copper, 1918\*, 18,980 tons; tin, 1,311 tons, \$1,250,000; lead, tungsten, molybdenite, bismuth, manganese, arsenic, etc. also produced; coal, 983,193 tons. **Population**, 1919\*, 712,827. *Brisbane*, capital, leading city and chief port; pop., est., 1918\*, 181,199. **Railways** (government) open 1918\*, 5,295 miles. **Primary education** free; public elementary schools, 1918\*, 1,571; average daily attendance, 91,341 pupils. All religions equal; no State church; 75 per cent of population Protestant, 18 per cent Catholic.

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA.**—Proclaimed a British Province, 1836; constitution proclaimed, 1856; the Northern Territory was transferred to the Commonwealth, 1911. Area, 380,070 sq. m. **Climate** compares favorably with that of Southern France and Italy. Total area cultivated, 1919\*, about 5,000,000 acres. Wheat chief agricultural crop, 1919\*, 22,936,925 bu.; barley, 2,497,743; oats, 1,609,467; wine, 6,554,125 gal. Fruit culture extensive, grapes, currants, apples, apricots, peaches, plums, cherries, pears, berries, olives, almonds, oranges, lemons. **Live stock**, 1918\*, 262,840 horses; 313,045 cattle; 6,228,519 sheep; 110,365 pigs. Wool clip, 1919\*, 54,530,490 lbs. **Manufactories** chiefly brass and iron, farming implement factories, flour mills. Imports, 1919\*, about \$31,643,388; exports, \$56,307,702, chiefly wool, wheat, flour, copper and other minerals, animal products, fruits, wine. **Chief minerals**, copper, silver, gold; iron, lead, salt, phosphate, gypsum, manganese, also obtained. Gold output, 1919\*, 3,224 oz.; silver, 561 oz.; copper, 1918\*, \$4,125,000. **Railway** mileage, 3,400. **Population**, exclusive of about 20,000 aborigines, 1919\*, 448,075. *Adelaide*, capital and commercial center; pop., 1918\*, 235,751. University of Adelaide established, 1874. All religions equal; about four-fifths of people Protestant.

**WESTERN AUSTRALIA.**—Largest Australian State. Became a British settlement, 1829. Responsible government granted, 1890. Area, 975,920 sq. m. Large areas around edge of State contain mountains of medium altitude (highest Mt. Bruce, 4,024 ft.). Interior a great desert tableland of sand dunes and clayey soil. Virgin forest area 3,000,000 acres; eucalyptus (jarrah and karri), noted for its durability, covers vast tracts; timber especially valuable for bridge building and harbor work; sandalwood, abundant in southwest, long an article of export. Probably three-fourths of total area suitable for grazing; and 60,000 sq. m., for cultivation. Agriculture advancing; area under crop, 1919,\* 1,605,088 acres. Cereals, wheat (8,845,387 bu.), oats (1,499,689), barley (81,451); fruits grow luxuriantly; culture of vine extending. Live stock, 180,094 horses, 943,847 cattle, 7,183,747 sheep, 85,863 pigs, 35,821 goats, 5,722 camels, 6,413 mules and asses. Wool clip, 42,109,081 lbs. Pearl fisheries important. Minerals leading source of wealth; chief gold-producing State; gold first discovered, 1886; rush to Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie, 1892-93; output, 1919,\* 724,053 oz.; copper, lead, silver, tin (416 tons, 1918\*), tungsten, arsenic, and coal (337,039 tons, 1918\*), produced. Imports, 1919,\* about \$39,850,000; exports, \$29,600,000, chiefly gold, timber, wool, pearls and shell, hides, silver, sandalwood, wheat, flour, fruit. Population, 1919,\* exclusive of aborigines, 329,046. Perth, capital and trade center; pop., 133,000, including Fremantle (ab. 20,000), chief port. Railways open, 1919,\* 3,989 miles. All religions equal; Protestants about 70 per cent of population; Catholics, 20 per cent.

**TASMANIA.**—Discovered by Tasman, 1642, and named Van Diemen's Land; British penal colony established 1804; transportation of criminals ceased 1853. Responsible

government granted 1856. Area, including Macquarie (170), 26,215 sq. m. Surface in general mountainous (Cradle Mountain, 5,069 ft.). Derwent most important river. Climate mild and delightful. Extensive forests, abounding in beautiful cabinet woods and other valuable timbers, exist; blue gum most valuable tree. Agriculture, acreage under crop, 1918,\* 238,199; permanent artificial pasture, 650,000 acres. Crops, wheat, 1919,\* 278,839 bu.; oats, 1918,\* 570,015. Live stock, 1918,\* 42,396 horses, 197,936 cattle, 1,711,116 sheep, 54,653 pigs; wool clip, 1919,\* 12,011,820 lbs. Fruit-preserving a leading industry; on smelting works, breweries, tanneries, etc. Minerals include gold (7,686 oz. in 1919\*); silver (525,343 oz.) silver-lead ore, 1918,\* 7,241 tons; copper, 5,559 tons blister copper ore, 444 tons; tin ore, 2,256 tons (richest tin mine in world); zinc, 3,822 tons; osmiridium, 1,607 oz.; coal 60,163 tons; tungsten also obtained. Imports, 1918,\* excluding specie, \$2,400,000; exports, \$4,700,000, chiefly gold, silver, tin, timber, fruits, hops, grain, hides, bark. Population, 1919,\* 210,881. Hobart, capital; pop., 1918,\* 40,352; Launceston, 24,981. All religions equal, Anglicans predominating; Roman Catholics about 15 per cent of population.

**NORTHERN TERRITORY,** transferred to Commonwealth by South Australia, Jan. 1, 1911. Area, 523,620 sq. m.; pop., 1919,\* 4,921. Principal harbor, Port Darwin. Interior a tableland, rising gradually toward south to 1,700 ft. Excellent pasturage, but sandy at south, where the generally tropical climate goes to extremes. Stock-raising, chief industry. Minerals abundant, but little developed; gold output, 1919,\* 500 oz.; tin, \$205,000 in 1918;\* copper, silver, lead, etc., also obtained.

\*Latest official figures available.

# Selected Bibliography

## Aboriginal Australia

Abbie, A.A., *The Original Australians*.

Blainey, G., *Triumph of the Nomads: A History of Ancient Australia*. Macmillan, 1975.

Flood, J., *Archaeology of the Dreamtime*.

Fox, L., *The Aborigines*. Thomas Nelson (Aus.) Ltd., 1978.

Isaacs, J. (ed.), *Australian Dreaming: 40,000 Years of Aboriginal History*. Lansdowne Press, 1980.

Langloh Parker, K., and Drake-Brockman, H., *Australian Legendary Tales*. Angus & Robertson, 1953.

Maddock, K., *the Australian Aborigines: A Portrait of Their Society*.

Mountford, C.P., *Brown Men and Red Sand*. Angus & Robertson, 1945.

Pepper, P., and De Araugo, T., *The Kurnai of Gippsland*.

Reed, A.W., *Aboriginal Legends: Animal Tales*. A.H. & A.W. Reed Pty. Ltd., 1978.

Books by Patricia Wrightson are recommended for everyone intending to run Australian campaigns. She writes of the Aboriginal mythology with great knowledge, wit, and affection, using and referring to many more spirit creatures, as well as providing terrific ideas for play: *The Nargun and the Stars* • *A Little Fear* • *An Older Kind of Magic* • *The Rocks of Honey* • *The Ice Is Coming* • *The Dark Bright Water* • *Behind The Wind*.

## General Sources

Angus & Robertson's *Encyclopedia*. Angus & Robertson, Melbourne, 1926.

*The (Melbourne) Argus*. Newspaper.

Carlyon, R., *A Guide to the Gods*. Heinemann Ltd., 1981.

Cusack, F. (ed.), *Australian Ghosts: Authentic Tales of Australia's Supernatural*. Angus & Robertson, 1967.

Fearn-Wannan, W. (Bill Wannan), *Australian Folklore: A Dictionary of Lore, Legends, and Popular Allusions*. Lansdowne Press Ltd., 1970.

Hepburn, A., *Strange Tales of Australia*. Rigby Ltd., 1982.

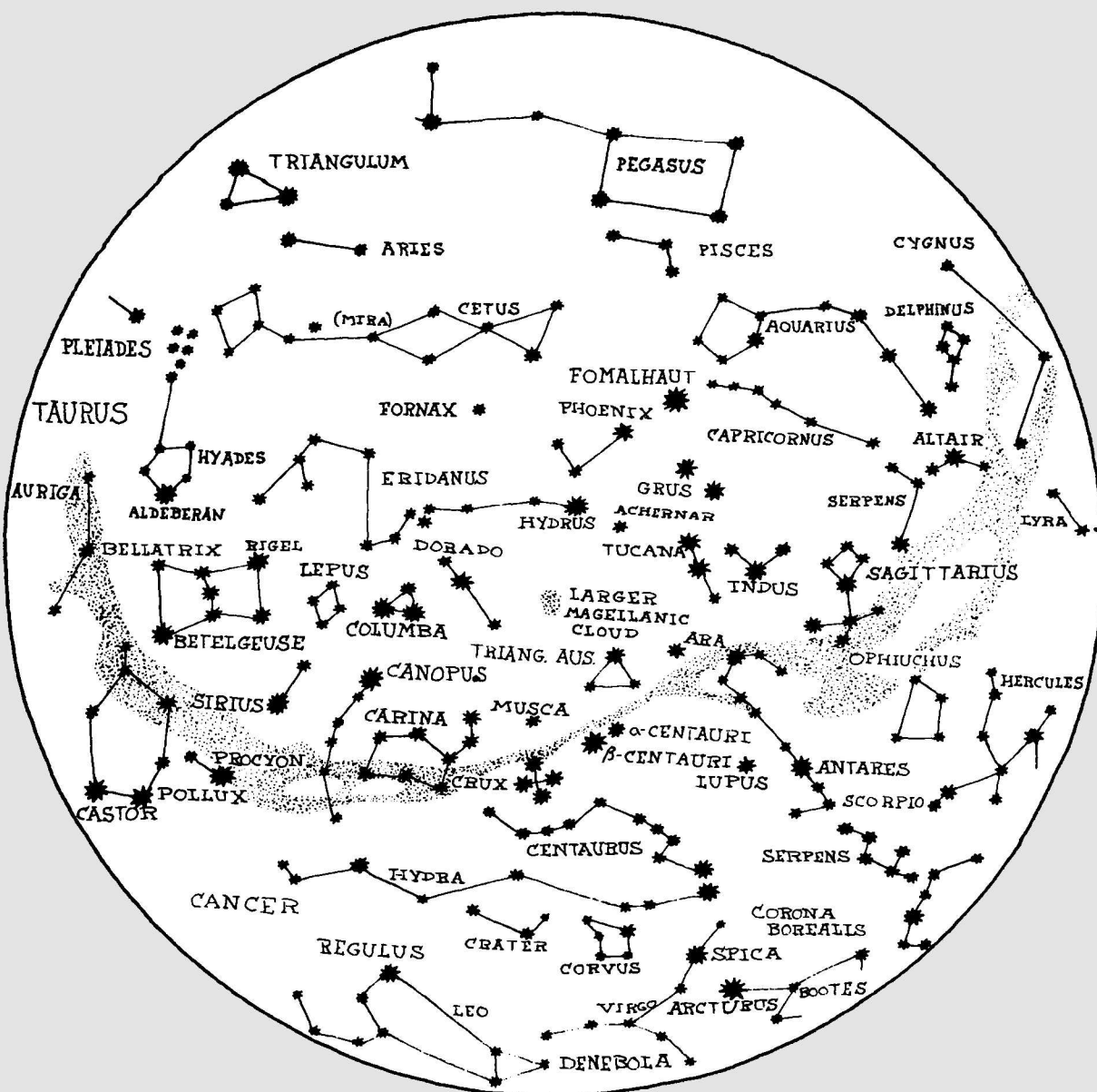
Murray, R. *The Confident Years*. Allen Lane, Melbourne, 1978.

Newnham, W.H., *Melbourne, Biography of a City*. Hill of Content, Melbourne, 1985.

Priestley, S. *Making Their Mark*. Fairfax, Syme, & Syme Associates, Melbourne, 1984.

Quirk, S., and Archer, A. (eds.), *Prehistoric Animals of Australia*. The Australian Museum, 1983.

Rich, P.V., van Tets, G.V., and Knight, F. (eds.), *Kadimakara: Extinct Vertebrates of Australia*. Pioneer Design Studio, 1985.



# The Southern Sky



The following pages, 129-136, can be pulled out from the book and be cut apart, to be given to the players as appropriate during the adventures in this book. Notice that each handout, when cut out, is identified and numbered on its reverse. Though care should be exercised in tearing or cutting along the perforations, the sturdiness of *Terror Australis* will not be affected if the perforations are followed.

# HANDOUTS:

## Pride Of Yirrimburra

Handout #1

### UNCLE JACK

Jack Ramsey is your mother's elder brother. He has had a checkered history, and only your mother maintains contact with him.

Jack was born in 1863. A reckless and headstrong boy, his capacity for quick action earned him his little sister's (your mother's) devotion, but brought him into frequent rows with his father (your grandfather). When Jack became 21, he astounded the family by claiming his inheritance and sailing to Australia. This radical move became even more shocking when, one week after his departure, a pregnant girl turned up representing herself as his fiancée.

He wrote your mother every six months or so, and they have kept in touch. On his arrival in Melbourne, Jack met a young property owner in a pub. The man, Fred MacKenzie, was impressed with Jack's energy, even though he was a Yank, and offered him a job as a shearer. Jack went with Fred to Yirrimburra, in Victoria. Shortly after, a vein of gold was discovered on Fred's property, and Jack made his fortune. In 1889, he married an Australian girl, Christine Wilson (your aunt), and in 1892 they had a son, Ralph (your cousin). By then, Jack had bought a farm.

Things went well until 1914, when Ralph was called up to military service. In 1915 he sailed to Gallipoli with the ANZAC invasion force and was killed. Aunt Christine was shattered, and, her health ruined, died of the flu in 1917. Since then Uncle Jack, who is now a hale and hearty sexagenarian, has sold off portions of his farm until it has been reduced to a size he now can manage by himself.

Your mother pleads with you to visit her brother while in Australia, as she hasn't seen him for forty years.

Handout #2

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE WON'T MEET, AFTER ALL. I THINK IT WILL END TONIGHT; IT NEARLY HAD ME LAST NIGHT. THE FARM IS YOURS. I AM SORRY THAT THIS IS NOT A PROPER LEGAL PAPER, BUT THERE IS NOT TIME, BESIDES THERE'S NOBODY WHO WILL FIGHT YOU FOR IT. A MAN'S WORD SHOULD BE HONORED. PLEASE SEND MY LOVE TO MY DARLING SISTER. GOD BLESS HER, SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE I MISSED, AND I MISSED HER SO MUCH. I WAS ABOUT TO SEE HER CHILD, MY KIN, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS; IT SEEMS A LONG TIME WASN'T QUITE LONG ENOUGH. THE PAST HAS COME BACK TO US. I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WOULD, BUT I HOPED WE'D BURIED IT DEEP ENOUGH, IT'S BEEN A WHILE. IT SEEMS THAT TIME NEVER REALLY MATTERED AFTER ALL. FORGIVE ME FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED.

— Jack Ramsey.

Handout #3

### TOWNSMEN NOT GUILTY

Jury Denies Manslaughter Charge.

Joyful Scene Outside Courtroom.

Crown Prosecutor Resigns.

Yesterday, the trial of Trent, Keelor, MacGuire, Ramsey, and MacKenzie was brought to its triumphant conclusion. Before a packed courthouse, a jury of twelve men found the defendants not guilty of manslaughter regarding the still-unexplained disappearance of certain aborigines from the area of Yirrimburra.

Despite the best efforts of David King, Prosecutor for the Crown, the State was unable to make its accusation stick. The most serious loss on the part of the prosecution occurred when their key witness, William Poul, confessed that he had fabricated his evidence in the hope of gaining a reward. He has been charged with contempt of court.

It is criminal when the migratory nature of tribal blackfellows is used to level accusations at innocent townfolk. With Mr. Poul's confession, the prosecution's case rested entirely on circumstantial evidence. The defendants were released to the cheers of waiting families and friends.

Not so jubilant was David King, who has since announced his intention to retire from the law. Said Fred MacKenzie, the main defendant: "If Mr. King is so fond of his blackfellas, why doesn't he head off and join them?"

Typically blunt, Mr. MacKenzie, but though Mr. King now has time to spare, we doubt that he will give up the comforts of white civilization for the bush!

### NEW YIRRIMBURRAN MYSTERY

Ex-Prosecutor Promise New Evidence;  
Changes His Mind.

No Comment From The Acquitted.

Yesterday police were called to the home of Mr. David King of Traralgon. Mr. King, a retired lawyer, told police that he had important new evidence concerning the Yirrimburra case, in which five local men were found innocent of having harmed missing aborigines. However, when Mr. King returned to his home in the company of police, he became reticent and apologized for wasting their time. Police Sergeant Ray Aston said, "he seemed to be looking for someone."

Five months ago Mr. King resigned from his profession after prosecuting for the Crown in the aforesaid case. Evidently he believed he had secured a new witness in the case. Unfortunately, this new witness seems to have proven as unreliable as the last, William Poul, presently serving time for Contempt of Court.

We contacted Mr. Fred MacKenzie, the young grazier who led the accused in their defense, but he stated: "I have nothing to say. Mr. King's mind may be going in his idleness, but I have concerns of my own."

Permission granted to photocopy this page only.

*Pride of Yirrimburra, Handout #3.*

*Pride Of Yirrimburra, Handout #1.*

*Pride of Yirrimburra, Handout #3.*

*Pride of Yirrimburra, Handout #2.*

# **HANDOUTS:**

## *Old Fellow That Bunyip*

*Handout #1*

### **DEATHS BY DROWNING**

**Three People Drown in Yarra.**

**Bizarre Twist to Ripper Case,  
Say Senior Detectives.**

**Gallant Rescuer Fails  
In Bid to Revive Drowned Woman.**

**Reward of 5000 Pounds Offered.**

In what police are calling a new twist to the series of Ripper murders, three bodies were fished out of the water last night. While these corpses are free of the mutilations associated with the River Ripper, police believe that the same person is implicated. The drownings lend support to the belief that the River Ripper drowns his victims before disfiguring them.

"It is unlikely that two such madmen stalk the city," stated Detective-Constable Calley today, dismissing the possibility that the new killings are the work of another man.

Drowned were Alfred Bingham, 35, of Glen Iris; Melissa Young, 45, of Collingwood; and Nancy Hewe, 23, of Kew. Police are looking for connections between the drownings, but have not ruled out the possibility that the triple tragedies are a bizarre coincidence.

Police today reissued their warning about venturing near the banks of the Yarra alone or after dark. They urge those who have seen victims or noted anything unusual in the vicinity of the river last night to come forward, and this newspaper supports this appeal to the community. A reward of 5000 pounds has been posted for information leading to the arrest of the River Ripper.

Nancy Hewe's death was possibly the most tragic of the three, because help was close at hand. George Seton, 32, also of Kew, heard the girl's cries for help and attempted a rescue. By the time help had arrived with lanterns, he had brought her to the bank and was attempting resuscitation. Sadly, all efforts at reviving her failed.

When commended for his bravery, Mr. Seton replied "I have always been a strong swimmer. I had to try to save her." Our correspondent has discovered that such courage is second nature to Mr. Seton, who served with distinction in Turkey and France during the war, and was invalided out of service during the 3rd Ypres Offensive in November, 1917.

We hope that while the horror of the River murders goes on, the bravery of such stalwart individuals as Mr. Seton does not go unnoticed by the Government.

— Sunday, October 25th

### **RIVER RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN**

A transient, known only as Slow Jim, was found gruesomely murdered this morning. He had been camping under the railway bridge in Richmond. Police state that the killing is certainly another attack by the River Ripper and urge anyone who lives nearby or saw Slow Jim that evening to contact them with any information they might possess. The Police also stated that the nature of the victim's wounds seem to indicate that the killer may use a sharpened garden rake to stun his victims.

— Friday, October 23rd

### **VANDALISM AT MUSEUM**

**Watchman Uncovers Second Break-In;  
Human Remains Disturbed.**

**Mysterious Theft of Aboriginal Relics;  
Method of Entrance Unknown.**

Dr. C.P.R. Richards, Director of Prehistory at The State Museum of Victoria, is a bewildered man today. Vandals forced entry into the Museum at approximately one o'clock this morning and damaged a newly-acquired Egyptian mummy which was being prepared for display. The felons evidently used a crowbar to force the inner doors of the storage and research vaults. Evidently entry was effected through a Museum basement window, which was found open.

The Museum's Directors have vouched for the nightwatchman's character. This man, Mr. J. Waterman, an employee for over twenty years, foiled an attempted theft from the Museum six weeks ago. He confesses himself stunned at the criminals' daring. He claims to have heard the vandals as they left, upon which he sounded the alarm and gave chase, but found no trace of the villains.

The intruders attacked a mummy in the Museum's vault. A blunt instrument was repeatedly smashed across the lower body of the remains, and the body was covered with dirt. Fragments of rock were found close by. Several Aboriginal items are missing, believed stolen or destroyed.

"I am at a loss," said one of the curators. "The hoodlums plainly had no idea of the collection's value, as many valuable and important artifacts were ignored. The damage to the mummy is not irreparable, but certainly postpones its display. I feel that this mindless assault is the work of untutored youths, and I hope and believe that they will be speedily brought to justice."

— Wednesday, October 28th.

*Handout #2*

### **DISTURBANCE AT ASYLUMS**

**Kew Asylum and Yarra Bend  
Asylum Patients Overrun Grounds.**

**Staff of Both Institutions Mystified.**

**Idiot Drowns.**

Staff at Kew and Yarra Bend Asylums were today recovering from an incident last night, when patients of both institutions simultaneously rioted.

Staff were forced to employ hoses, batons, and other desperate measures to avoid a rampage. The hysteria occurred just after the evening meal, when patients began to form a mob at the point where the two asylums face one another across the river.

Accusations, screams, and shouts were heard by staff, who hurried to investigate. Shortly thereafter, mass panic broke out. However, staff say that the situation quickly defused once patients were forced inside the buildings. No cause for the sudden disturbance is known.

One man, Peter Graemes, 56, a long-term patient of Yarra Bend who was severely retarded, is reported missing and presumed drowned.

Vivid hallucinations and delusions have been reported by patients regarding the event, leading doctors to ponder the cause. Our correspondent was informed that the phenomenon, indicating "a common mob-mind" and a "mythic subconscious cycle," lent evidence to support Jungian, rather than Freudian, alienist treatment.

— Tuesday, October 27th.

Permission granted to photocopy this page only.

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #1*

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #1*

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #2*

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #1*

Handout #2 continued

*What Next?***Underwater Car Reported In River**

Last night, Florence Stansworth, a cleaner at the Princess Theatre, noticed "automobile lights" under Princess Bridge, Swanston Street, City. Police were initially alarmed that a car may have plunged into the river, but no vehicle was found. Evidently reflections from nearby streetlights caused the illusion which so disturbed Mrs. Stansworth.

— Sunday, October 18th

**TWO SAVAGE MURDERS**

Two transients, camping on Coode Island in the Yarra River, were murdered and their bodies slashed on the night of the 14th. The perpetrator has already been nicknamed the "River Ripper," by police, in reference to the brutality of the crimes. Readers will remember that an aborigine, Pat King, was killed on the other side of the river on the 13th. The police state unequivocally that the earlier killing was unconnected.

— Friday, October 16th

**MARSH MURDER**

**Murder of Blackfellow  
At West Melbourne Marsh.**

**Work on Warehouses Delayed.**

**Coroner's Inquest to Follow.**

Men arriving for work on the West Melbourne Marsh site yesterday found a corpse in residence. The decedent, later identified as Pat King, a local aboriginal, was found lying half-submerged in a small pool being drained on the site. Preliminary examination indicates death was caused by a single massive blow to the head. Tyre marks were observed leading to the body.

— Thursday, October 15th

Handout #3

**Submarine in Our Yarra?**

A certain Mrs. Enderby, of Kew, noticed a strange shiny oblong object floating in the river at dusk last evening. She patriotically called the police to investigate, but no signs of the object were found. An overturned rowboat has since been blamed. Alas for romance.

— Friday, October 30th

**RIVER RIPPER TAKES ANOTHER VICTIM**

The "River Ripper" has struck again, killing Mr. Parker Tewkesbury, J.D., of the law firm of Smythe, Tewkesbury, and Smythe. His body was found, badly mauled and tangled in algae, on the riverbank near Flinders Park, City. Evidently he was killed around before dawn, when walking home near the river after working all night at his office.

— Sunday, November 1st

**THIEVES CAUGHT**

**Blackfellows Create Uproar in Gardens.**

**Drunk and Disorderly Arrest  
Uncovers Museum Thieves.**

**Victorian Protectorate Dismayed.**

Five aborigines arrested last night for being drunk and disorderly have had charges of theft, vandalism, and breaking and entering laid against them. Police report that the men were seen by a gardener, Arthur Stokes, at about 11:30 pm last night in the Royal Botanical Gardens. Mr. Stokes said that the men were singing and dancing and in varying stages of undress.

When police arrived on the scene, no sign of intoxicating liquor remained, but the men's behavior argued the presence of strong spirits, and some resisted arrest. A search revealed items stolen from the State Museum on the 27th of October.

The aborigines are held at the St. Kilda Police Station, to face the Magistrate within a few days. No plea has been entered on their behalf, and bail is set at 10 pounds each. Under the terms of the Aboriginal Protection Act, the men face a maximum gaol sentence of six years. The Victoria Protector of Aborigines has declared in their defence that four of the men, youths from the Victorian Reservation, were apparently led astray by the insinuations of the fifth, an older man from South Australia.

— Sunday, November 1st

Handout #4

**EXCERPT FROM GEORGE SETON'S DIARY**

We are getting a bad time of it, although not as bad as the Canadians who are being shot to hell. Torrents of rain, freezing sleet. Saw 4 cases of trench foot today among my men. Never thought to look before — yesterday was shown a soldier of the 16th Aust. whose left leg is blue-green from just below the knee. The flesh has a peculiar shine to it. He says he has seen worse. He reports no sensation. The mud is so bad that several men have drowned in it, shells are useless and only make ground not passable, machine guns and rifles are clogged with the stuff so we never know when they might jam. Even tanks get bogged. No planes. We can never get warm, or dry, and mustard gas is always a threat. Cannot dig trenches deep enough to adequately shelter me for fear of mud slides, and because we are fighting over old ground.

Forded a small stream today, mostly choked with ice and mud. Looked down when my foot slipped and saw the dead lying just below the surface of the water the dead lying just below the surface of the water the dead lying just below the surface of the water the dead lying just below the dead....



*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #2*

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #3*

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #2*

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #2*

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #4*

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #3*

*Old Fella That Bunyip, Handout #3*

# HANDOUTS:

## City Beneath The Sands

Handout #1

### RAINBOW SNAKE SAVES THE PEOPLE

When the people came to the land, they found water. "How delicious it is!" they exclaimed, for before then they had only sand to drink. Rainbow Snake, the essence of water, was glad to see people sip of himself, and he became as proud of these tailless creations of the Great Mother as he was of white grubs and wallabies and the rest of life, for he gave of himself to all.

But Sand Bat, lord of lifelessness, grew angry as people forsook his grit for the refreshing liquid of Rainbow Snake. Stretching his wings everywhere, Sand Bat filled the new wells and streams with sand, and left the land parched.

Since they had learned to love water and now were without it, the people began to die.

Troubled by their plight, Rainbow Snake looked high and low for Sand Bat. When he came to a place where endless waves of sand rippled endlessly, there he found Sand Bat in a black cave stuck right into the sky. Hanging there with him was all of Sand Bat's clan.

"Sand Bat, why are you so cruel? The people cannot drink sand," Rainbow Snake said. "It is the stuff of me that flows in their veins and it is the stuff of me that babies suck from their mothers. The people need water, not sand."

"That is no concern of mine," Sand Bat laughed. "The people insult me. They must return to my ways to be noticed by me."

In the dryness of Sand Bat's home, Rainbow Snake felt dizzy and uncomfortable. But he had an idea. "Oh mighty Sand Bat," he said, "why do you choose to live in such a bad place as this? This little desert cannot bring you much strength."

"Little desert?" gasped Sand Bat, "Why, this great desert is the sandiest place in all the world! I lead my clan because I hold so much sand."

"I know of a much sandier home," Rainbow Snake swore. "That is why I am surprised to see that you live here, in such a sandless place."

"Rainbow Snake, if there is a sandier place, I and all my clan shall move there and make it our home," Sand Bat vowed.

Rainbow Snake pointed the way, and Sand Bat's clan eagerly flew there. Rainbow Snake had told the truth, but the sandiest place was at the bottom of the sea — in water so deep that only Sand Bat was strong enough to struggle free of it. The rest of Sand Bat's clan was trapped on the sea floor far beneath the waves.

"Rainbow Snake, you have tricked me!" Sand Bat shouted. "I am going above the sky to live, far away from water." And he left in great anger.

With Sand Bat gone, Rainbow Snake could flow everywhere, but even he was not big enough to be everywhere. So he told the people that he would come to them at certain times of the year. In case he forgot to come or was late, he whispered words of power in the ears of the wisest men, so that they could call to remind him.

After a storm, when the people see of the coils of Rainbow Snake stretching across the land, they know all is well.

Handout #2

### ARTHUR MacWHIRR'S DIARY

**MARCH 7** — Jock Kuburaga says that Aborigines are following us. Most unusual if true. Primitives have every reason to fear guns and our bush ranger's predilection for using them. In the past, I have always known them to head the other way as soon as they sight us.

**MARCH 21** — We are about equally distant from Joanna Spring and Separation Well, east of an awful line of dry lakes. The heat is terrible, and our hopes are low — there is nothing here, certainly not quartz reefs. L's notations must be in systematic error. I've always said he was a complete duffer as a surveyor. Also, today we sighted several enormous birds flying lazily above us. How did they get here, and where can they be going?

**MARCH 22** — At about noon today we found Jock, partly buried in a gully. His body was scoured and covered with hundreds of small punctures, as though somebody had sand-blasted him. We buried him, of course. I shall miss his counsel, and he was an excellent hand with the camels.

**MARCH 23** — We have discovered what appears to be the tip of an ancient city, mostly buried in the sands! I believe I have secured several good photographs of this amazing find, though the heat has ruined all but six plates. By the pitting of the stone, the blocks and pillars appear to be more than 10,000 years old, as incredible as that seems.

**MARCH 24** — Four camels killed in the attack last night. I saw at least two Aborigines, and there must have been more. Pretty sure I hit one. That ends this trip — we'll have to head back to Cuncudgerie and report this.

More than Aborigines were out there last night. I saw shapes much bigger than men during the attack; my real evidence is the body of Old Sam the camel, punctured and — 'scraped' is the best word I can think of — just like poor Jock. Since the attack lasted only a couple of minutes, it's hard for me to believe that anything human could have done so much damage so quickly, but I have no other explanation.

Handout #3

### BINJUDU'S TALE OF THE CLAN

"Power Boy was always different. He knew all the secrets of the clan before he was told any. He said he died three times and was born three times even before he came from his mother. He said he had two mothers, one of whom told him of our ways and one of whom told him secrets. He could call down the rains when the eldest of us could not."

"Our neighbor clans said that as helper to the Great Mother, Power Boy would forget about us, and that in the end he would cause the death of all his clan, and all the neighbor clans as well."

"To prevent war, we left the marshes and the sea, and we walked with the sun on our right shoulders into this great barren place. We do not know why we have come here. Only Power Boy knows that. Sometimes we ate well, but the journey was hard. We were afraid, and some died."

"When we failed the hunt, which was often, and when the women found little where we walked, which was less often, then Power Boy would make cries like emus or wallabies and, if such a creature was near, he would call one into our camp. He would ask it if we might eat of its flesh, and promise that the Great Mother would think highly of that emu or wallaby if it made that sacrifice. Sometimes the creature would quiver and refuse, and Power Boy would thank it and say that it could go. Sometimes it would lower its neck that we might easily make its blood flow, and Power Boy would praise its beauty and courage."

"Such wonders we think of as natural to Power Boy, who does many great feats. Now Power Boy says that he must die soon, and we are greatly saddened, for we do not know if we can find our way back to our land. He says that somewhere here is the pond where the souls of our new children wait, but we do not know if we can find it if he dies. We fear that our neighbors were right, and that all our clan shall die."

Permission granted to photocopy this page only.

*City Beneath The Sands, Handout #2*

*City Beneath The Sands, Handout #1*

*City Beneath The Sands, Handout #3*

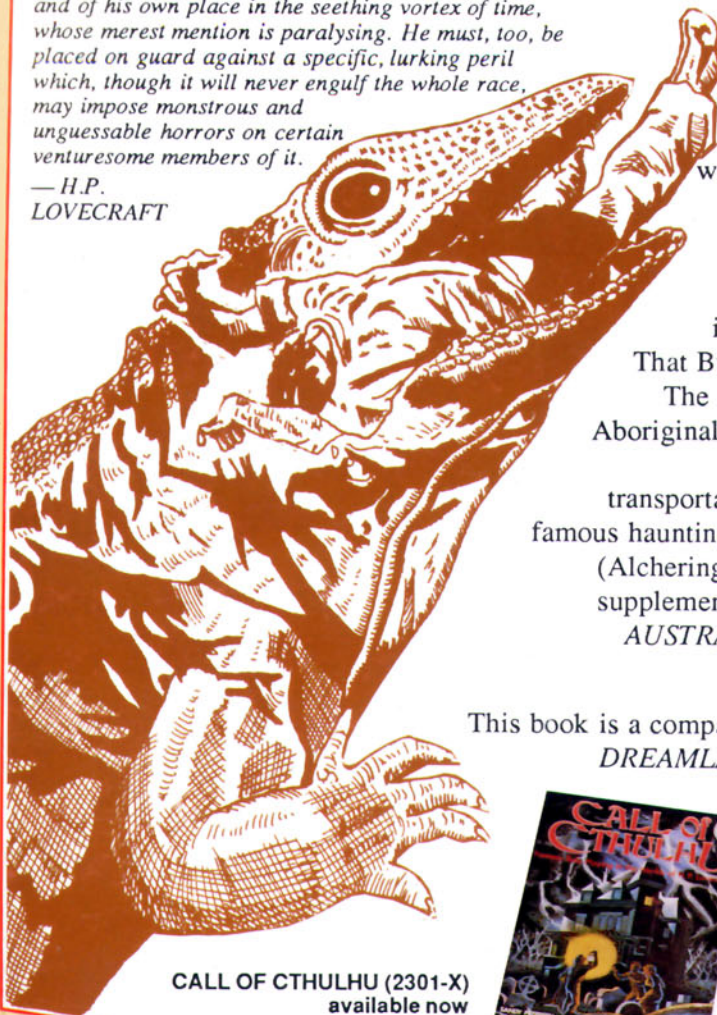
**Cthulhu  
Down Under:  
Australian  
Background  
And Adventures**

# TERROR AUSTRALIS

**"Welcome  
to the land of wonder  
— the land Down Under!"**

*...Man must be prepared to accept notions of the cosmos,  
and of his own place in the seething vortex of time,  
whose merest mention is paralyzing. He must, too, be  
placed on guard against a specific, lurking peril  
which, though it will never engulf the whole race,  
may impose monstrous and  
unguessable horrors on certain  
venturesome members of it.*

— H.P.  
LOVECRAFT



CALL OF CTHULHU (2301-X)  
available now



AUSTRALIA  
is a new-settled land, full of opportunity.  
But it is also an ancient land, filled with the  
dreamings of the Aborigines, hunters and  
gatherers who came first. And, as famous horror  
writer H.P. Lovecraft wrote, long before the humans  
came shocking and awesome entities, whose  
purposes are unguessable.

**TERROR AUSTRALIS**  
includes three roleplaying adventures, "Old Fellow  
That Bunyip," "Pride Of Yirrimburra," and "City Beneath  
The Sands," as well as extensive information about the  
Aboriginal inhabitants, their mystical concept of Dreamtime,  
inhabitants of the Dreamtime, Australian history,  
transportation in the 1920s, contemporary Australian slang,  
famous hauntings, and a special chapter analyzing the Dreamtime  
(Alcheringa) in roleplaying terms. Intended as a roleplaying  
supplement and useful for any roleplaying system, **TERROR  
AUSTRALIS** also contains many pages of illustrations and  
maps to intrigue any Australia buff.

This book is a companion to publications such as *H.P. LOVECRAFT'S  
DREAMLANDS* and *GASLIGHT*, which also situate Cthulhu  
players in other times and places.

*Call of Cthulhu* is a roleplaying game based on the  
works of H.P. Lovecraft, in which ordinary people are  
confronted with the demonic plots of the Elder Gods  
and their minions. In *Call of Cthulhu*, players portray  
investigators of things unknown and unspeakable,  
decent men and women of the 1920s who  
unexpectedly have learned dreadful secrets. *Terror  
Australis* supplements *Cthulhu*, presenting new  
adventures set in Australia as well as factual material  
about 1920s Australia useful in presenting the  
adventures.

*Call of Cthulhu®*  
is the registered trademark  
of Chaosium Inc.



0 12515 02319 1  
TERROR AUSTRALIS  
ISBN 0-933635-40-0  
\$17.95



For a free catalog of Chaosium  
books and games, write to  
Chaosium Inc., Box  
6302-0302, Albany CA 94706.

for  
CALL  
OF  
CTHULHU