

CALL of CTHULHU®

Alone Against  
**THE FROST**

Solitaire Adventure in Canada's Wilds



**Glenn Rahman**  
**with Gavin Inglis**





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*Alone Against the Frost* is best used with the *Call of Cthulhu* (7th Edition) roleplaying game, available separately.

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# INTRODUCTION

*Alone Against the Frost* is a *Call of Cthulhu* adventure designed to be played by a single person, where you are both the Keeper and player. In it, you assume the identity of L. C. Nadelmann, PhD, an anthropologist tenured at Miskatonic University in the 1920s. You have traveled to survey the North Hanninah, an unknown region in Canada's Northwest Territories.

The North Hanninah holds many dangers, and your first expedition may not end in scientific or academic glory. Thankfully, you can try this adventure as many times as you like. The Big Woods are unpredictable, and they hold many different adventures and possible outcomes. Each time you begin anew, you may reallocate Dr. Nadelmann's skill points. Your knowledge of the hazards ahead will improve your chances, but mere knowledge and skills are not always enough against the forces of darkness!




## PREPARING TO START

1. Make sure you have a copy of the *Call of Cthulhu: Keeper Rulebook* or *Starter Set* (7th Edition) at hand.
  2. Copy or print out **Dr. Nadelmann's** investigator sheet (page 110). You may also wish to copy or print out the investigator sheets for Dr. Nadelmann's traveling companions: **Bernard Ebstein**, **Sylvia Davidson**, **Norman Falkner**, and **Charlie Foxtail** (pages 112–120).
  3. Read the **Getting Started** section on page 6, and then fill in the additional material on Dr. Nadelmann's investigator sheet.
  4. Once that's done, you are ready to take on the challenges of *Alone Against the Frost* (starting on page 8). Don't forget to wrap up nice and warm!
- 



## A CHANGE OF NAME

When *Alone Against the Wendigo* was published in the 1980s, writers and game companies were not as sensitive to the wholesale adoption of creatures from indigenous mythologies as they are today. With this in mind, with its rerelease, Chaosium decided to update and rename the book (*Alone Against the Frost*) to avoid the misuse of a culturally significant term. The creature at its core has also been reworked and renamed to better underline its Mythos ties to the Great Old One, Ithaqua, the Great Wind-Walker itself.





# FOREWORD TO THE NEW EDITION

It was 1985 and I was in high school. Our small group played *D&D* from the *basic set*. On the cover, a writhing green serpent emerged from a festering pool to menace adventurers. I used to cycle to games with a polythene bag dangling from my handlebars, but it got caught in the spokes of the front wheel and the rulebook cover was shredded.

I became intrigued by this other game, *Call of Cthulhu*. On the cover, a writhing green tentacle snaked through a graveyard to menace adventurers. I saved up money from a paper round and bought the boxed set. I pored over the chapter on the Cthulhu Mythos, with evocative silhouettes of deep ones and dark young. The trouble was, I had no idea how to translate my *D&D* experience into a game of investigation and horror.

A few more weeks of paper rounds, and I bought Glenn Rahman's *Alone Against the Wendigo*. My Dr. Nadelmann lost several groups of promising graduate students, but finally, out there in the Big Woods, I understood how *Call of Cthulhu* worked. I never looked back.

A third of a century later, I was elated when Mike Mason asked me to revise the book for a new edition. Editing a large solo adventure requires a certain, perhaps perverse, fascination with the structure of interactive narrative. When I showed him the resulting diagram, Mike suggested I put it on a T-shirt, but honestly, I doubt it would be readable even on XXXL. It might be non-Euclidean...

We have moved on culturally in that third of a century, and Mike and I discussed certain changes to the original text. Glenn's first edition was ahead of its time in providing two character sheets, for male and female versions of Dr. Nadelmann. We also wanted to balance the genders of the supporting cast, so somebody had to become a woman. In perhaps a bold move, we decided to flip Charlie Foxtail, the Native guide. I also fleshed out the backstories of the graduate students—frankly, I wanted it to hurt more if you lost one. I'm sure that won't happen to your Nadelmann Expedition, though!

Veterans of the original edition may notice some other changes. Random dice rolls for navigation have been eliminated, the treatment of the Native communities is hopefully more sensitive, and it is no longer necessary to keep a tally of Hanninah Mythos. But your expedition is still full of hazards and incredible discoveries, and the spirit of the original text remains intact.

So, whether you are an experienced anthropologist or new to the North Hanninah, your academic career is about to take a fascinating turn. Just beware—on one of those long nights camped beneath the stars, you may feel an icy touch on the back of your neck, or hear a voice from the woods calling your name...

—Gavin Inglis, March 2019



# GETTING STARTED

**Y**ou'll need a pencil, scratch paper, dice, and the *Call of Cthulhu Rulebook* or *Starter Set* (7th Edition).

Don't read this book through from beginning to end! Each entry is numbered, and at its end can be found instructions for where to go and what to read next. You may have to make a choice or attempt a skill roll to see what happens. Occasionally, you may be asked to record a keyword to mark a significant incident in your adventure. Do not carry these keywords over to subsequent playthroughs.

Your character may have to deal with physical or mental trauma. Although these need not end your adventure, they will interrupt what you are doing. If you sustain a major wound and fall unconscious, make a note of your current entry number, ignore the current text and immediately go to **191**. In the event of temporary insanity, go to **39**; for indefinite insanity, go to **364**; for permanent insanity, go to **550**. These references are included on your character sheet.

## DR. NADELMANN

You may play Dr. Nadelmann as a man or a woman. Decide this before you begin your expedition.

You are the youngest PhD to be tenured at Miskatonic University, in Arkham, Massachusetts. You are a rising star in the new field of cultural anthropology; even your European counterparts are impressed by your cascade of learned articles. Your theories are exciting, your classes are always full, and your students idolize you. Previous expeditions on your résumé have been just sensational enough to draw the favorable attention of the press to the university in general, and to the department of anthropology in particular. Rumors abound about large private endowments for your specialty. Your department head and collegiate administrators often invite you to dinner.

Dr. Nadelmann's investigator sheet can be found on page 110. You may allocate 360 points among Nadelmann's professional skills—these are: Anthropology, History, Library Use, Natural World, Other Language, Own Language (English), Psychology, and Persuade. Your character *must* have at least 75% in Anthropology.

Nadelmann also has 180 points of personal interest skill points to spend. Allocate these as you like, but for fieldwork, you might want to consider Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun), Navigate, Pilot (Boat), and Survival (Woodland).



Lauren Nadelmann



## PLAYER COMPANIONS

The Nadelmann Expedition is a party of five. You have the help of Charlie Foxtail—a local guide—along with Bernard Ebstein, Sylvia Davidson, and Norman Falkner, your graduate students from the university. Their investigator sheets can be found on pages 112–120.

If you need to make a skill roll, and one of your companions is present and awake, you may choose to have them make the roll instead. For example, Charlie has an excellent score in Listen; as long as Charlie is able to help, you may roll on her skill instead of Nadelmann's. You may only attempt the skill roll once, however.

Should combat arise, your companions may help you. Allot damage on your side as evenly as possible. Dr. Nadelmann may elect to take extra damage to protect the students. A companion's hit points must not be reduced below zero in combat unless the text allows for the possibility of their death. Should a companion be reduced to zero hit points, they fall unconscious and revive if Nadelmann survives the fight.

You may wish to note if a companion disappears or dies.

## Using Luck Points

It is recommended that you use the optional Spending Luck rule. This rule allows you to spend your Luck points to alter the result of skill or characteristic rolls. You may alter a roll on a 1-for-1 basis (e.g. to adjust a roll of 49 to make the result equal to your skill of 45, you would spend 4 points of Luck), with any spent Luck then deducted from your current Luck total. Remember! You cannot spend Luck points to alter Damage rolls, Luck rolls, Sanity rolls, or rolls to determine the amount of Sanity points lost.

You may spend Dr. Nadelmann's personal Luck points to succeed at a failed skill check; however, there will be very few opportunities to recover Luck out in the woods, and you are likely to need some Luck along the way, so do this at your peril.

## Combat

When in combat, your opponent's fighting skill will be noted in the following format: "50% (25/10)." 50% is the Regular attack roll, while the numbers in parenthesis (25/10) denote the half (Hard) and one-fifth (Extreme) success levels for determining who won the combat round (i.e. who got the best level of success). Within the entry, any damage suffered from being hit is shown (roll the damage die indicated to determine how many hit points Dr. Nadelmann or a companion loses). Should Dr. Nadelmann suffer enough damage to cause a major wound and/or fall unconscious, consult the entry below—this entry number is also noted on Dr. Nadelmann's character sheet.

- **Unconscious with a major wound:** go to 191.

## Insanity

Apart from the threat of injury and death, your sanity may be assaulted by strange and incomprehensible things while on the expedition. Keep a record of Dr. Nadelmann's Sanity points and apply Sanity losses as normal. In some cases, the results of insanity are directed in the entry text; otherwise, at any other point, should you reach the threshold for temporary, indefinite, or permanent insanity, consult the following entries as necessary and continue from that point—these entry numbers are also noted on Dr. Nadelmann's character sheet. You do not need to keep a track of your companion's Sanity points. Note that phobias and manias are not utilized in this scenario.

- **Temporary insanity:** go to 39.
- **Indefinite insanity:** go to 364.
- **Permanent insanity:** go to 550.

## A NOTE ABOUT THE ENTRIES

The entries are numbered consecutively from 1 to 654. All entries present information in the same way.

1. The entry number is in large bold numerals.
2. Details describe the scene or briefly comment on a situation.
3. After that, the entry might instruct you to go to a certain entry or ask you to choose an action or to roll a die, which have different outcomes.
4. The parenthesized number or numbers at the end of each entry are "trace numbers," showing the entries which you may have come from in order to have arrived at the present entry (allowing you to backtrack if necessary).
5. Occasionally you will encounter the phrase "THE END." This signifies that your investigator is doomed and the adventure is over. Sometimes it means you have won, of course. But not very often. If you failed in this attempt, try again.





# ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

**Y**ou, Dr. L. C. Nadelmann, have long been fascinated by the prehistory of North America, particularly the Big Woods of the North. The Canadian wilderness remains as unexplored as the Amazon Basin, and hunters, trappers, and gold-seekers tell hair-raising stories of the peoples in the area. Of course, they also tell tales of terrifying demons and other exotic fantasies. The time is right to bring a rigorous academic perspective to the Big Woods. The truth hidden there is doubtless more fascinating than any travelers' yarn.

For over a year you have petitioned your department to finance a modest summer exploratory trip into Canada's Northwest Territories. Now, at last, your funding has been approved and you make your preparations to leave at the end of the spring semester. Many of your graduate students are eager to go, but you can take only three.

You have chosen to explore the valley of the North Hanninah; in the local dialect, "Hanninah" means "the river of magic power." The yarn-spinners have worked overtime on the legends of the North Hanninah. It is said to be haunted by invisible presences and bloodthirsty headhunters; a part of the valley where a party of prospectors was found beheaded is still known as "Headsman's Glen."

Your small expedition takes the train into north-central Canada and then boards a chartered launch to Great Slave Lake and down the Mackenzie to Fort McDonald, where an outpost of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police represents the sole power of civilization amidst many thousands of square miles of mountains, lakes, taiga, and swamp.

Fort McDonald is a trading post for trappers and Natives. The best route into the valley of the North Hanninah is upstream by canoe, following the West Branch of the Mackenzie, to the mouth of the tributary you seek. A single bark canoe of excellent make has been reserved for you, as well as all the basic gear that your summer trip requires.

Officials tell you that guides are reluctant to venture into the North Hanninah—the local peoples have always shunned the region and most of the white men who dared to trespass upon the "river of magic power" never returned. Still, you locate a tough professional guide named Charlie Foxtail. She narrows her eyes upon hearing of your destination but is persuaded by the high wages you are offering.

Finally, all is ready to go.

*To begin your adventure, go to 1.*



*Lawrence Nadelmann*



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

1

After a few days on the West Branch of the Mackenzie, the stuffy corridors of Miskatonic University seem very far away. Sun stipples the water, from the glare of midday to the gentle burn of sunset. Caribou gaze at you from the shore; ahead, a heron drags an unfortunate stickleback from the shallows. It would feel like a vacation, were it not for the relentless demand of the paddle.

Each day makes the students more adept at keeping time with you and Charlie. Your supply of gasoline is limited, so you run the outboard motor as seldom as possible. Sun and wind grant Bernard the outdoor complexion he desires.

You locate the tributary one evening, just as the light begins to fail. Next day, you launch into the North Hanninah. The Ram Mountains loom in the distance, through a heat haze. At this latitude, the summer nights are so short that darkness gives the waterways no time to cool. Norman wipes sweat from the back of his head.

The North Hanninah is a rougher river than the West Branch. Its floodplain is obstructed by sandbars, hills of driftwood, shingle islands, and forests of dead trees rooted in the mud. The current points all of them downstream, like arrows warning you to turn back.

Sylvia turns to your guide. "*Charlie? Does your people live in this area?*"

Charlie grunts and watches the water. For a moment it seems she will not answer. Then, she looks at Sylvia. "*At one time. Now, only outcasts. We will avoid them.*"

Sylvia frowns. "*Why are they...?*"

But Charlie raises a hand. From ahead, slowly building, you hear the roar of rushing water. "*This is the place of the splitting water,*" she says. "*Here, the river is alive. Each day it makes itself new.*"

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 2; if you fail, go to 3. (Beginning)*

2

The expedition spends the day working through a baffling network of waterways. Sometimes you are forced to back down impassable channels to find an easier way; sometimes you blunder across the heads of powerful chutes and are swept along with them. At certain points, your party has to wade in waist-deep water, inching the craft along by hand.

You pass labyrinths of wooded islands, fast water, and drift. Finally, you select a peaceful backwater in which to moor and make camp for the night.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 4; if the result is odd, go to 5. (1, 6, 25)*

3

The river batters your craft from every side. No matter which way you turn, it gets worse. The canoe bucks like a saddled buffalo, bounding over sets of snagging rapids. You eye peaks and teeth that could tear out the belly of your craft.

*Make a Pilot (Boat) roll: if you succeed, go to 6; if you fail, go to 7. (1)*

4

You take first watch that night, while the others sleep after an exhausting day. The brief darkness is disturbed by the splash of beavers in the stream, the trilling of insects, and the hoot of a great gray owl.

*Make a Listen roll: if you succeed, go to 9; if you fail, go to 8. (2)*

5

Your first night along the North Hanninah passes without mishap. You must now decide whether to press on hard to penetrate deep into the region or set a more leisurely pace, exploring as you go.

*To press on, go to 10. To take your time, go to 11. (2)*

6

Your skill and your party's earnest support saves the trip from an early disaster. Your group manages to maneuver the canoe out of the boil and cross over into another channel, where the passage proves much easier.

*Go to 2. (3)*

7

The river strikes your fragile vessel with a titanic uppercut, upending it and hurling your party into the surging boil.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 12; if you fail, go to 412. (3)*



8

You hear nothing to disturb your watch. At midnight, you yawn and cross the tiny circle of firelight to where Bernard Ebstein sleeps, whispering to wake him up. When the student makes no sound, you probe the shadows with the toe of your boot. You feel only sandy soil beneath the empty blankets.

Concerned, you repeat Bernard's name, louder. The other members of your party scramble out of their bedrolls, bleary and asking questions.

"Be silent!" barks Charlie. She takes a brand from the campfire and holds it aloft, passing it over the ground surrounding Bernard's blankets. She pauses. The brand trembles in her brown, leathery fist.

Even your amateur eye can spot the marks impressed into the earth. You ask Charlie if they are the tracks of a raccoon.

"Not a raccoon," the guide whispers in an odd tone. She says no more. Can you convince her to open up?

*Make a Persuade roll: if you succeed, go to 14; if you fail, go to 15.*  
(4)



Bernard Ebstein

9

As you listen, you hear a peculiar scurrying in the undergrowth. Just beyond the glow of the campfire, something is moving. The sound stops near the spot where your graduate assistant, Bernard Ebstein, is snoring faintly.

You pick up a weapon and pad through the silence. A heavy sky blocks the moon and stars. It is only by a sudden flaring of the fire that you see the intruders—tiny figures walking upright! You have only an instant to decide what to do.

*If you shoot at the intruders, make a Hard Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) roll because of the conditions. If you hit your target, go to 16. If you miss or do not shoot, go to 17.*

(4)

10

At dawn, you set off again. The day turns into a scorcher; rocks in the stream are hot to the touch. There is beauty under the shimmering heat, too. The wet sands by the water's edge are hidden under a vibrating carpet of blue—a host of small azure butterflies basking in the warmth.

Pausing a moment from your canoeing, you scan the shores for any sign of life. You catch a flash of someone standing by the river shore, half-hidden by a bushy juniper. Before you can adjust your binoculars, the stranger is out of sight.

*To paddle to shore to investigate, go to 18. To continue on until camping time, go to 20.*

(5, 35, 492)

11

A little back from the shore, the faint stench of sulfur wafts out of the mouth of a narrow canyon. You have read about possible hot springs in the Hanninah region. It is very tempting to formally discover them.

*To stop and explore, go to 19. To continue on, go to 20.*

(5, 492)

12

Your four companions manage to hold onto the battered canoe. The current carries them to a drift-strewn sandbar. Charlie gets the students to safety as you fight the rushing water. Thick with debris, it tosses you around.



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Make a **Swim** roll. If you succeed, go to 13. If you fail, take 1D6 damage, then go to 13. If you fumble the roll, you are swept to your death in the churning waters of the North Hanninah. The Nadelmann Expedition is over. **THE END.**

(7)

### 13

You struggle to shore. Your students cheer, but in their faces you can see it strike home: the difference between a field trip and a warm lecture room.

Your group has lost many of its supplies and some of its weapons to the river. Norman takes stock. All your knives are safe, but the hatchets and rifles were packed separately. You search for the lost items.

If you took damage in the river, you may attempt a **First Aid** roll. If you succeed, recover 1D3 damage. Lose 1D3 of your hatchets. You have 1D3+1 rifles left. Choose how to distribute them between the members of the party. Now make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 25; if you fail, go to 22.

(12)

### 14

Your gentle persistence breaks down Charlie's reserve. "Puk-woogies," she murmurs. "*The Little Ones of the Night. They do bad magic, turn invisible, walk through stone. Once, my father saw a puk-woogie—the night a child vanished from our village. Around the cabin were tracks like these.*"

Charlie tails off, staring into the past. It seems best to call for action. You instruct the party to fetch weapons, stay together, and begin a search for Bernard. Charlie snaps back to the present.

Make a **Track** roll for Charlie: if she succeeds, go to 23; if she fails, go to 24.

(8)

### 15

"*I know nothing! Nothing!*" Charlie bellows, deeply agitated. You calm her with some difficulty. Once she subsides, you turn to Norman and ask him to arrange a search for Bernard.

You glance back at the sullen Charlie. You could really use her woodcraft skills. But can you depend on her?

Make a **Psychology** roll: if you succeed, go to 27; if you fail, go to 29.

(8)

### 16

Your rifle cracks and you hear a high-pitched squeal like that of a frightened piglet. Your companions struggle from their bedrolls, all shouting at once. You explain that you shot something next to Bernard.

Charlie plucks a flaming brand from the fire and approaches the bewildered student. With a frown, she pauses over something in the bracken. She gasps and staggers back, shielding her face. You come up beside her, to see what you have hit.

It is a strange, diminutive figure, almost human, but with exaggerated, sculpted features. In the flickering light from the brand, its skin seems colorless, gray. It has very long fingers and odd feet, almost like hands.

"*A puk-woogie!*" Charlie grabs you. "*This is an evil Little One of the Night! If there is one, there will be more! Professor, we must leave this valley!*"

The figure is fascinating. But Charlie does not seem like a woman who is easily scared. The students look to you for a decision.

To argue with Charlie, go to 30. To agree with her, bury the little figure, and return downriver, go to 165.

(9)



Charlie Foxtail



17

Startled, the apparitions vanish into the brush. You yell to wake your comrades. They spring from their bedrolls, rifles in hand. "What is it, Doc?" gasps Ebstein. You explain that you saw strange little beings standing over him as he slept.

Charlie gasps. "We cannot stay here now. We must leave the North Hanninah!"

You ask her to explain, but she only shakes her head. Charlie does not seem like a woman who is easily frightened.

To draw her out, make a **Persuade** roll: if you succeed, go to 35; if you fail, go to 26.

(9)

18

When you turn the canoe toward shore, Charlie grabs your arm. "Professor. My people avoid this valley. It is under a curse. Do not chase the devils who inhabit it."

It is not the first time you have heard such superstition from a guide. But there is an urgency to Charlie's words that unsettles you.

To follow her advice, go to 20. To enter the valley, roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 36; if the result is odd, go to 499.

(10)



Norman Falkner

19

You tie the canoe to the bank and lead your party up the canyon. A warm stream runs along its floor, and the rocks along the edges are heavily caked with precipitated minerals of white, gray, and yellow hues.

The farther you advance between its narrow banks, the more desolate the scene. The vegetation struggles in youth and goes to an early death. Gray dust coats the brittle sticks of strangled saplings. You kneel over a stone furred with yellow-and-white crystals and scrape a sample of the deposits into a small glass vial with your hunting knife. You suppose that they are nothing remarkable, though this is not your area of expertise. Finally, you snap a few photos of the scene with your box camera.

To explore further up the canyon, go to 64. To return to your canoe and continue upriver, go to 20.

(11)

20

Paddling is a familiar rhythm now, and you permit periods of rest using the outboard motor. Your determined group proceeds mile after mile toward your primary goal—Headsman's Glen.

The valley is crowded in by steep hills, small mountains, and rough stands of jack pines, black spruces, and balsam firs. Following Charlie's advice, your party sets up a semi-permanent camp, giving access to fish and game as well as some refuge should the local peoples prove hostile. In the days that follow, your party makes periodic excursions, seeking evidence of human inhabitants. It begins to look like you will be disappointed.

If any of your party require healing, you may restore 1 hit point each. Then, go to 21.

(10, 11, 18, 19, 37, 434, 459, 497, 532, 556)

21

Following another day of fruitless exploration along the floor of the valley, your party fixes a hearty supper of stone-baked biscuits, jerky, and beans. Gnats and mosquitoes swarm close, but the smoke from your fire drives the worst of the pests away. While you eat, you notice Charlie has withdrawn from the group. You attempt to include her by asking if she has any campfire songs or hair-raising stories.

"It is bad luck to speak of such things," she grunts. "The woods do not like to be mocked."

She gets to her feet and scans the perimeter of the camp, sniffing the air. You raise an eyebrow.



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

"Moose," she says, before you can frame your question. *"It is nothing. It is time we went to bed."*

You draw in a deep breath, scenting nothing but the food, the smoke, and the fresh odor of the river. Nonetheless, Charlie's manner has affected your party's mood and they are ready to call it a day.

*To take the first watch yourself, go to 40. To trust it to Bernard, go to 46.*  
(20)

### 22

A thorough search of the river fails to turn up your missing supplies. The canoe is beyond repair without a workshop—something you are unlikely to find in the wilderness.

The weather turns against you; the thunderheads unleash lightning and stinging torrents of cold rain. Charlie returns from a survey, rain streaming from her braids. *"A cave, Professor. A hundred paces in that direction."*

Your party is already soaked through by the time you reach the cave, but its walls provide some respite from the lash of the storm. With the canoe gone, the expedition is in jeopardy. It took a long time to raise the resources for this one, and you have already come so far.

*Record the keyword BAREFOOT. To continue the expedition, go to 31. To build a raft and float back down the river to the West Branch, go to 51.*  
(13)

### 23

Following subtle signs, Charlie leads your party along muddy ravines, over stony moraine ridges, and through silent stands of red pine. The air is damp and musty with the smell of decaying wood. The coiled new leaves of lady ferns thrust up in thickets along your route, opening like fingers from unclenching fists.

Charlie sees it first and freezes. Sylvia gives a shrill scream.

Bernard dangles between two small aspens, to which his wrists are tied. His head is nowhere to be seen. It has been cleaved off at the shoulders.

*"The stories about this river," Norman hisses, "They're true."*

*"We must get out of this valley," Charlie declares. "We must go, or we will die like him!"*

*To insist on seeking Bernard's killers, go to 137. To retreat from the valley, go to 32.*  
(14, 28)

### 24

Either Bernard's abductors have concealed their trail, or Charlie is deliberately failing to track them. You ought to continue, but the Big Woods feel vast and overwhelming.

*To leave the valley in defeat, go to 32. To continue the search, go to 52.*  
(14, 28)

### 25

By a miracle, you find the lost packs not far away, caught in a drift pile. Charlie nods. You look at your graduate students and, for the first time, wonder if they are ready for this.

*Restore all the weapons you lost. To press ahead with the expedition, go to 2. To turn back, go to 513.*  
(13)



Sylvia Davidson



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

26

The argumentative style that serves you so well at Miskatonic University does not wash with your Native guide. Charlie nods at your words but makes no response, and you become weary of trying. Eventually, you let her deal with it in her own way.

*"I do not feel like sleep tonight, Professor," she says. "I will take the next watch."*

*Something about her tone disturbs you. Make a **Psychology** roll: if you succeed, go to 410; if you fail, go to 409.*

(17)

27

Your interpretation of Charlie Foxtail's behavior convinces you she intends to desert during the night. Perhaps you can argue her into a more rational state.

*Make a **Psychoanalysis** roll: if you succeed, go to 28; if you fail, go to 29.*

(15)

28

Once engaged, Charlie watches your eyes as if hypnotized. After a long talk, she shrugs, pained. *"You speak the truth, Professor. Sometimes the legends of my people are just stories. I am... rational, like you."* She stands up and begins to look for the missing student.

*Make a **Track** roll for Charlie: if it succeeds, go to 23; if it fails, go to 24.*

(27)

29

*"No!"* shouts the distraught Charlie. *"You do not understand! We must leave this valley at once! It is madness to stay!"*

*To accept defeat and go home, go to 32. To let the superstitious guide sulk in camp while you lead the others in a search, go to 52.*

(15, 27)

30

You turn in for the night, your thoughts racing with the discovery of a new species. Perhaps you should have taken your

guide's distress more seriously. In the morning Charlie and the small cadaver are gone—and with them the canoe. She has, however, left your group its share of the weapons and supplies.

*Record the keyword **BAREFOOT**. To continue your explorations without a canoe or guide, go to 604. To follow the river bank back down to the West Branch and civilization, go to 158.*

(16, 499)

31

Once the rain stops, you gather the students in the cave mouth and make a short inspirational speech to raise their spirits. Your party offers suggestions about the best way to proceed. Charlie and Bernard emphasize the advantages of the sheltered cave as a base to explore the local environment; Sylvia and Norman would like to keep moving.

*If any of your party require healing, you may restore 1 hit point each. To explore the cave's depths, go to 50. To look for interesting features in the vicinity, go to 98. To pack up and move on, go to 434.*

(22)

32

Charlie works the motor and the rest of your group pitch in with paddles. You spend a peaceful first day returning downriver. The next day out, a downpour turns the water savage, whisking you around a cliff-bound bend and down a mile-long sequence of rapids.

*Make a **Pilot (Boat)** roll: if you succeed, go to 411; if you fail, go to 412.*

(23, 24, 29, 42, 44, 71, 73, 74, 155, 459, 523, 526)

33

Although your expedition has failed to produce any hard evidence, your reputation is such that Miskatonic University does not hold it against you. However, as the Great Depression sets in, you find it more difficult to fund new projects. The bizarre stories you have to tell of the North Hanninah are greeted with enthusiasm by the sensationalist press, but skepticism by your colleagues. As things go, your career manages to survive your Hanninah experience.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. **THE END**.*

(418, 430)



34

Your party makes good progress, but then more trouble strikes as the craft rakes a sharp, submerged object. The river spurts through a gash in the bottom. Your party manages to get the supplies and the wreck to shore.

You take the opportunity to chow down on squirrel stew. Suddenly, you hear a rattle among the iron utensils. You and the others stare at the vessels shuddering, spinning around on the flat boulder on which they sit, tipping and bouncing to the ground.

"An earthquake?" Norman ventures. You shake your head. The water is untroubled in the stream and the trees are still. On a hunch, you take the compass out of your pocket. The needle is gyrating so wildly you fear it will break.

"A magnetic disturbance?" Sylvia suggests.

"*Ithakwanni!*" Charlie's fingers grip the earth. "*The Great Wind-Walker is near!*" She looks ready to desert you.

Make a **Psychoanalysis** roll: if you succeed, go to 62; if you fail, go to 61.  
(411)

35

You manage to calm down the distraught guide. "*You speak the truth, Professor,*" she says. "*My people tell these stories to our children. But I am... rational, like you.*" After a few moments, she draws closer and lowers her voice. "*The tracks are like some I saw when I was a girl. The night before, a child of our village had vanished.*" A hint of fear returns to her eyes. "*They say that when someone is taken by the Little Ones—the puk-woogies—they do not come back. Or worse, they do come back. But they are not the same.*"

Although skeptical, you listen to Charlie's stories with patience. Talking it out has helped your guide, and she is fit to go on.

Go to 10.  
(17)

36

A white man in a checkered coat is sprawled under a bush. Blood spills from his mouth. He looks like he is at the point of death.

Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 37; if the result is odd, go to 497.  
(18)

37

As you kneel beside the dying man, his hand shoots up and grips your jacket collar. "*Beware,*" he rasps. "*Little Indians... Gray men. Up there... They got Jake... Oh, God...*"

His fingers loosen and his arm drops to the ground. He has stopped breathing.

To follow his blood trail, go to 498. To turn back, go to 20.  
(36)

38

Grim-faced over the loss of Sylvia, you and Norman confer and agree you must pursue this astonishing opportunity. You head into the heart of the hidden valley.

Go to 63.  
(277, 483, 528)

39

When you come to, you are lying on a hard bed of pebbles beside a small, deeply incised stream. Suddenly, your head is filled with visions of the terrors you have encountered. You sit bolt upright, scanning the dense, skeletal stands of aspen and paper birch on either side of the ravine. As far as you can tell, you are alone and in no immediate danger.

You check your weapons and find nothing but your hunting knife, still in its sheath. You decide to stay where you are until morning, in the faint hope that someone will find you. By the time the mists are burned off by the morning sun, you give up that hope. You are on your own.

Go to 67.  
(72, 264)





## 40

Your watch passes without incident. But later, you shiver in your sleep. The chill is brought home to you when Charlie reaches into your small tent and shakes you awake.

"Professor, come quickly," the guide snaps. You throw on your jacket and follow her. Outside, you stare at the grass, the stones, the needles of the conifers: all are gray with a frosty rime. This seems impossible. It is still summer.

"Look," Charlie croaks, pointing to the spot where Bernard sat down to begin his watch.

The graduate student lies half-hidden behind a stump, curled up. You gasp. Ebstein has been reduced to a shrunken, flabby, drooling thing. His bloodless forehead is caved in like a deflated basketball. How he can still be alive in that condition is beyond your ken.

Sylvia brings a blanket, and you wrap Bernard in the heavy wool. As you do so, you notice a somewhat repugnant odor in the cold air. When you grasp the young man's jacket, your fingers slip from a grayish grease that coats him.

*To confront this mystery and perhaps seek revenge, go to 41. To flee the valley in terror, go to 43.*

(21)

## 41

You and Charlie search the area for clues. She finds some very strange tracks leaving the camp. They follow a straight line as if made by a one-legged hopper. The prints are round and convex. Each gives off a faint bluish vapor and is glazed with ice. You scratch around one track with your knife, to find out how deeply the ice extends. Frustrated, you dig with the blade, only to find a rock-hard column of ice and sand that seems to have no end.

The warmth of the morning sun evaporates the rime surrounding the camp but does not melt the ice in the tracks. You feel an increasing headache, a complaint echoed by all three of your otherwise sound companions.

Following the round tracks out of camp adds to the mystery. Where they cross streams, they leave icy circlets at the bottom that the running water has not worn down.

The prints show that where the intruder's feet touched solid matter, they annihilated it. In one place, where a track steps on Bernard's hatchet, a circle of steel has vanished, blinked cleanly out of existence. What in God's name are you up against?

Charlie tags after you and babbles legends about the killer who comes with cold. "You do not want to find what you seek," she says. "I will leave this place! You and the young people must return with me to Fort McDonald—or I will go alone."

*To let Charlie go while you search alone for the cold-killer, go to 69; to listen to her urgings, go to 42.*

(40)

## 42

This time you realize Charlie is talking sense. You go with Norman to Bernard's tent to move the wretch to the canoe. When you throw open the flap, you discover Bernard is gone. His tracks lead down to the Hanninah and vanish at the riverbank. Your hasty search turns up nothing. It seems he wandered away in his delirium and drowned.

Your group hurriedly packs the canoe.

*Go to 32.*

(41)

## 43

You and the others gather your gear in haste and place it in the canoe with Bernard. Charlie revs up the motor, burning an extravagant amount of fuel in her eagerness to get away from the haunted shore. With all eyes fixed on the forbidding banks of Headsman's Glen, no one sees Bernard's body quicken—until it is too late.

Norman yells as the stricken youth springs at him, clawing with his nails, snapping with his teeth, howling like an animal. His lunatic struggle threatens to capsizes the canoe!

You, Charlie, and Sylvia grab at Bernard together.

*Make DEX rolls for Charlie, Sylvia, and yourself. Total the STR scores of everybody who succeeds. Use that total to make an opposed skill roll against Bernard's insane strength of 93. If you overcome Bernard, go to 44; if not, go to 45.*

(40)

## 44

Your party manages to wrestle Ebstein away from Norman. He topples over the side of the canoe. As the splash drenches your group, Bernard sinks into the swift current. For an instant you glimpse him, swimming with strange strokes near the dark bottom, and then nothing. Norman is scratched and shaken by the attack, but otherwise unharmed.

*Go to 32.*

(43)



## 45

The canoe lists to the right, flinging all of you into the cold waters of the North Hanninah. Charlie swims to Bernard, who still clings to Norman, and wraps a choke-hold around the berserk student's neck. Bernard lets Norman go, clawing at the guide's eyes. Before any of your floundering party can help, Charlie and Bernard vanish beneath the surface. They do not rise again.

You crawl out of the water with Norman and Sylvia. The canoe is quickly swept away, but some of your supplies wash up on the nearby shore.

*Record the keyword BAREFOOT. Consider rifles, knives, and hatchets in turn, and roll 1D3 to see how many your party has left. Go to 324.*

(43)

## 46

Leaving Bernard Ebstein on watch, your party turns in, each to their own small tent. You throw your eiderdown roll over a mat of branches and cover it with a sheet. Yawning, you take a last look outside; the camp is bedded down and everything is in its place.

That night you dream of walking naked across a snowfield. Your shivering becomes more pronounced with every step you take. When you wake in your sleeping roll, you realize the temperature, at least, is no dream. Frigid branches crack outside, tossed by frosty gusts. But you hear something else: a breathy, chilling voice on the wind. It whispers two clear syllables, like ancient wilderness given speech: "*Eb-stein.*"

You tell yourself it is only one of your companions calling the graduate student. But it comes again, and you know it is no earthly sound: "*Eb-stein!*"

You rise, throw on your jacket, and seize your weapons. As you lift the tent flap, you see Bernard at the camp's edge, staring into the woods. He gives an unintelligible shout and darts into the blackness of the encroaching trees.

*To run after your student, go to 47; to rouse the rest of the party first, go to 71.*

(21)



*Bernard attacks Norman in a monstrous rage*



## 47

If you let Bernard run, you may lose him forever in the dark maze of trees and sloughs. You dash after him, yelling his name. Ahead you hear running steps, snapping brittle brush and frosted grass. You cannot explain this unseasonable cold snap, but you can spare no time to think on it.

Now, you hear a second runner join the first. The ground shudders with footfalls that could come from no creature smaller than a moose. Abruptly, the sounds of running cease. Under faint moonlight, you break into an empty clearing.

A piteous cry rings forth from the sky overhead: "*Oh! The height! My feet! My burning feet!*"

*To look up toward the shout, go to 72. To cover your ears, shut your eyes, and wait until the plaintive appeal is gone, attempt a POW roll; if you succeed, go to 49; if you fail, go to 48.*

(46)

## 48

The woods warm up as night recedes, but as dawn breaks, you realize that you are lost in the Canadian wilds. You stay where you are for the remainder of the day, dining on blueberries. The fall of darkness and the arrival of a second dawn make your isolation clear.

*Go to 67.*

(47, 109)

## 49

Despite the hasty pursuit, you readily find your way back to camp. The temperature has returned to normal, and your anxious comrades bombard you with questions. What you tell them about Bernard shocks them deeply. Charlie, in particular, is affected.

"My people know this as the Great Wind-Walker, Ithakwanni—a mighty spirit. Sometimes it takes a man, changes him..." The guide is unwilling to say more.

*To encourage her to tell the whole story, make a Persuade roll: if you succeed, go to 73; if you fail, go to 74.*

(47)

## 50

Charlie volunteers to explore the rear passages of the cave and asks Bernard to go with her. Meanwhile, you, Norman, and Sylvia put together a rustic camp in the forward section of the cavern.

Building a shelter helps the students relax, and you look up in pleasure when you hear Norman laugh at some joke made by Sylvia. Their lighthearted banter is cut short when howls of terror echo from deep within the caves.

With weapons ready and torches in hand, the three of you follow a route carefully marked by Charlie. The rocks underfoot turn slick and you discover a permanently frozen ice cavern, the ice resembling flowstones and stalactites. Within, you see a litter of wild caribou bones glittering with crystal hoarfrost. Dozens of animals perished here. The idea is unsettling.

Beyond the bones lies a terrible sight. Bernard Ebstein sprawls across a pile of bones, a small dart protruding from his shoulder. A quick inspection shows that he is dead. You remove the dart. It ends in a small flint arrowhead, like the kind used to hunt birds back in the day. It is so small, and the wound so shallow, it couldn't have killed him unless it was poisoned. There is no sign of Charlie.

Norman and Sylvia are speechless with shock. It feels like defeat to turn back, but can you risk the lives of your remaining students?

*To continue the expedition, go to 75. To return to civilization, go to 324.*

(31)

## 51

Two days of work, using improvised tools and methods, produces a raft fit to dare the rough waters of the lower Hanninah. Your party loads its meager possessions and poles out into the hazardous channel.

In the days that follow, you struggle down canyons and rapids, but the raft holds. Perhaps you become overconfident, for in a particularly formidable patch of whitewater, the raft bounces on a surge and then plunges bow-first.

*Go to 165.*

(22, 155, 160, 460)



52

After a fruitless search through the twilight bush, you and your students return to camp, to find that the canoe has disappeared. Charlie is gone, and she has taken some of the supplies.

The students exchange a look. You struggle to hide your own dismay. You must be strong for their sake.

*Record the keyword BAREFOOT. Go to 53.*  
(24, 29)

53

You realize how ill-prepared you were for the menaces of the North Hanninah. Your only hope is to escape it as soon as possible.

*Go to 324.*  
(52, 247)

54

The forage so far has been adequate to sustain the three of you, but it is no small undertaking to march over more than a hundred miles of virgin wilderness. Sometimes, the banks of the North Hanninah are too swampy or too sheer to follow. Your party must cross canyons and deep woods without losing its bearing.

*Go to 324.*  
(57, 58, 94, 110, 124, 132, 140, 147, 156, 651)

55

The legendary mists of the North Hanninah press in. By day, you cannot see the sun, and by night the stars are obscured. Some magnetic anomaly also affects your compass. Whether it is the proximity to the pole or some other reason, you cannot say, but your party has gotten itself lost and you have no idea in which direction the river lies.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 413; if you fail, go to 132.*  
(600, 601)

56

Your party packs and falls in behind you. The peaks of the Ram Mountains loom ahead. You advance beneath the staring eyes of frost-carved hoodoos, under the temples, buttresses, and steeples of the weathered peaks. The strange majesty of their shapes reduces your companions to a silent reverence. If these ancient mountains are a temple to forgotten gods, you can only hope that they do not judge your trespass as a blasphemy.

*If any of your party requires healing, they may restore 1 hit point. Make a Listen roll: if you succeed, go to 84; if you fail, go to 85.*  
(158, 164, 604)

57

The shots throw the sasquatches into a panic. They respond with piercing shrieks and then duck out of sight. Your party scrambles past and leaves the valley of prehistoric survivals.

*Go to 54.*  
(539)

58

You are not quite the woodsperson you thought you were. You lose the threads of Bernard's trail and are unable to pick them up again. You may have to accept the situation: you have lost your guide, your canoe, and one of your young charges. You still have the option of trying to accomplish something toward your original mission.

*To search for Bernard at random, go to 59. To continue the expedition, go to 75. To return to civilization, go to 54.*  
(87)

59

You pick up the trail of tiny footprints. They look very fresh.

*Make a Stealth roll for the party member with the lowest skill: if successful, go to 86; if failed, go to 85.*  
(58)



# 60

The North Hanninah runs through sheer chasms and uncrossable sloughs. Your party is forced inland several times, and you risk losing the river. On the second evening, your march stops at a well-drained knoll, where you pitch camp and take Bernard off to hunt.

While stalking a snowshoe hare under a mossy rock shelf, you hear a growl above and to your left. Foam oozing from its jaws, a wolverine leaps straight for your companion.

*If any of your party require healing, you may restore 1 hit point each. Make a **Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun)** roll: if you hit, go to 88; if you miss, go to 94.*

(158, 604)

# 61

"No!" Charlie screams. "*The Great Wind-Walker comes!*" She grabs her rifle and levels it at you and the graduate students. Eyes wild, she backs toward the river.

"*White men never understand,*" she spits. "*Go, then. Go with the Wind-Walker!*" She runs to the ruined canoe, takes her personal pack, and dashes into the forest.

You shout after her, appealing to her professionalism. But she does not return.

*To do your best to calm the frightened students, go to 95.*  
(34)

# 62

"I... I am sorry, Professor," Charlie mutters, her dark eyes downcast. "*Perhaps I am a fool. But it is hard to be wiser than the wisest of my people.*"

With that difficulty resolved, you take the first watch, choosing a small rise behind the tents as your sentry post. The night turns unusually cool, causing your teeth to chatter but ending the attacks of the large local mosquitoes. The wind picks up. Suddenly, a sound like you've never heard before drifts out of the darkness. It is like a moan, an animal cry—like all the distant animals of the Big Woods calling out at once. You fidget with the polished stock of your rifle.

The sound is echoed by one from Charlie's little lean-to. Her gasp of fear is followed by a low sobbing. You get up, descend to the guide's tent, and listen.

She seems to be having a nightmare. You wonder whether you should shake her out of it. Just then, you catch a new scent on the wafting breeze. It makes you think of moss—a heavy, oppressive blanket of moss. The odor is followed by a whining call: "*Char-lie... Char-lie...*"

A cold flake melts on your nose. You touch it. Snow in summer? Impossible, even in the Northwest Territories.

A dark shape bolts past you at a crouch. Charlie! She is barefoot, running at an amazing clip. In an instant, she will be swallowed up by the trees.

*To pursue her, go to 107. To first wake up your students, go to 109.*  
(34, 527)

# 63

It does not take much time to confirm your hypothesis that thousands of species survive unchanged in this gigantic box canyon. There are weird shrubs and flowers, and beasts whose outer-world ancestors live only in Africa or Asia—camels, rhinos, and elephants.

You can hardly believe it. Your Miskatonic colleagues will certainly not believe it without conclusive physical evidence.

*Make a **Natural World** roll: if you succeed, go to 112; if you fail, go to 213.*  
(38, 312, 535)

# 64

"Come on." You usher your companions forward. Up ahead, the mineral deposits along the stream are no longer unspoiled. The rocks appear to be stripped of their brimstone and artful vermiculations.

*Make a **Listen** roll: if you succeed, go to 65; if you fail, go to 104.*  
(19, 98)

# 65

As the wind turns, you catch the sound of humming, as if from a motor—an unlikely prospect, considering where you are. You order your party to hold position and work your way up the ravine, cautiously peering around the bend.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you succeed, go to 114; if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity and go to 70.*  
(64)



## 66

Norman howls with fear and starts scrambling backward, away from the scene of ritual murder. You glance at the small men and see them grab spears, bows, and quivers. Sylvia cries out. You turn your head and see Norman's back disappear between the trees.

Sylvia lies huddled in a nest of leaves. You turn her over. With a gasp, you see a hunting knife buried in her breast. "It was Norman," she whispers, staring at the knife. "I... tried to calm him down..." A thread of blood descends from the corner of her mouth.

There is no hope for Sylvia. You must save yourself.

Go to **116**.  
(201)

## 67

Despondent over the prospect of a trek through the wildest stretch of the Northwest Territories, you ram your way through the bush with bitter violence. Thunder rumbles in the western mountains like the echo of distant drums. The peaks fade into a lowering canopy of clouds.

You wade a small river and then cross a pine ridge. The scenery blurs together as you go. In the days that follow, you try to fish with your bare hands, eat whatever you can kill, and take the berries that grow along the way. You are undergoing a test that would daunt a seasoned frontiersman.

*If you require healing, you may restore 1 hit point. Make a **Survival (Woodland)** roll: if you succeed, go to **513**; if you fail, you have several options:*

*To establish a camp to think, go to **496**.*

*To strike deep into the forest, go to **501**.*

*To hug the tree line, go to **494**.*

*To explore rocky environs, go to **427**.*

*To stick to the river, make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to **126**; if you fail, go to **119**.*

(39, 48, 111, 191, 223, 251, 284, 295, 302, 319, 327, 336, 337, 365, 377, 408, 415, 442, 473, 489, 491)

## 68

You lie in place for many hours, watching the sky turn dark and then light again. Pain like hot nails courses through your bowels. Your swollen tongue protrudes from your mouth. Dimly you remember starvation and then a desperate feast on a strange wild fruit. The poison took you shortly after that.

Images of your departed companions' faces flash through your feverish mind. For a few moments, you linger on the academic triumph that might have been, the acclaim of your colleagues after you return to Miskatonic University. The thought fades as your eyes darken with death.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(120)

## 69

You order Norman and Sylvia to wait at the camp and stay alert. You have no right to endanger the lives of your remaining students. Armed to the teeth, you set out alone on the trail of the cold-killer.

The peculiar trail of the creature, the monotonous pattern of circular ice-patches, makes it easy to track. The tracks scar rock as distinctly as the soil.

Later, well past supper time, the air takes on a deep, penetrating chill which pierces your hunting jacket. The moss and pine needles around you whiten with hoarfrost.

On the other side of a wooded knoll, you catch the sound of a moving machine. With a bullet ready in the chamber, you prepare to face your foe.

*To climb the hill and see what is on the other side, go to **121**; to lose your nerve and retreat the way you came, go to **122**.*

(41, 462)

## 70

Hideous! Unbelievable! Man-sized pink lobster-like things crawling over the stones! You hear an insane shriek—and a moment passes before you realize the scream was yours.

You dash back to your comrades yelling: "Let's get out of here!" They race after you.

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. Go to **143**.*  
(65)

## 71

You rouse Charlie, Norman, and Sylvia. As they yawn and blink, you tell them what happened and demand their help.

"No!" Charlie grabs you. "We must not seek the boy! He has heard the call of the Great Wind-Walker. He is lost to you. We must flee!"

*To insist upon pursuing Bernard, go to **521**. To take Charlie's advice, go to **32**.*

(46)



72

Your eyes behold an immense shape high above the trees. Through the sky it runs, treading the empty air. Moonlight picks out elongated, twisted leg bones and long, grasping fingers like young branches.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you succeed, lose 1D10 Sanity and go to 39; if you fail, lose 1D100 Sanity. If you somehow avoid insanity, go to 264.* (47, 107)

73

*"The boy was taken by the Great Wind-Walker." Charlie raises a trembling hand. "When it pleases Ithakwanni, or when a shaman summons its power, the spirit steals you away; forces you to run with it across the sky so fast that your feet burn off! Then, the Great Wind-Walker gives you feet like its own. You become a creature who eats human flesh.*

*"If the boy comes back, he will be... different. Changed. His heart will be ice. He will not die unless that heart is first melted."*

Charlie's tale echoes something you heard long ago. The story is fantastic—yet from her fervid eyes, it is plain she utterly believes it.

*Gain 2 points of Cthulhu Mythos. To accept Bernard is lost, go to 32. To demand that Charlie help you search, go to 521.* (49)

74

*"No!" Charlie bares her teeth. "The white man never understands! To speak of the Great Wind-Walker is to summon it near! We must flee the North Hanninah!"*

*To leave Bernard and this mystery, go to 32. To demand that Charlie forget her superstitions and help the rest of you search, go to 521.* (49)

75

Norman and Sylvia follow you in silence. You suspect they think you obsessive, for continuing after the loss of Bernard and Charlie. You do not try to explain yourself.

Along your trek, you come upon a gorge and elect to follow it. A mile or so upstream, you find a crevice in the mountainside, the source of the stream. Since the creek runs rapidly here, it will be hazardous to attempt to wade through in order to explore the valley beyond.

*If any of your party require healing, you may restore 1 hit point each. To pitch camp and rest before retracing your course, go to 124. To try to wade into the hidden valley, go to 125.* (50, 58, 94, 181, 425, 600)

76

The shock convinces you that the sane thing to do is to get out of the wilderness as quickly as possible.

*Make a **Navigate** roll: if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 324.* (181)

77

You and the others make your beds in the decrepit shell of the old cabin. The sagging walls afford some shelter from the chilly wind, though the condition of the roof makes you hope it doesn't rain.

The frogs are noisy outside, but you think you hear something. You ask for silence and listen. There—the rustle of unsteady feet walking through the dead matting of the forest floor. You tell the students to arm themselves before stepping outside.

Your rifle wavers.

You see a white man. His beard is wild and greasy. He is naked except for rags wrapped around his feet and an animal hide tied about his waist. The crazed expression on his face worries you, but he carries no weapons.

*To shoot the intruder, go to 78. To put aside your gun and help the wretch to the fire, go to 175.* (176, 413, 601, 654)

78

You have the students to think of. You fire point-blank into the man's chest.

*Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 81; if you fail, go to 79.* (77)

79

The stranger stumbles backward under the bullet's impact and collapses with a thunderstruck grimace. You hurry to him. A brief examination confirms the worst. You have killed—murdered—an innocent man, probably a lost woodsman or prospector. You glance back at the horrified students.



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

If you get back to civilization, Sylvia and Norman will be obliged to recount what happened. Even if circumstances allow a manslaughter plea, how many years will that mean in prison?

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 97.*  
(78)

80

The man is exhausted. But your clumsy attempt could wake the dead.

*Roll 1D6: if the result is 1–4, go to 219; if the result is 5–6, go to 180.*  
(178)

81

The stranger staggers backward under the impact of your bullet and then straightens up, completely unhurt.

*Go to 127.*  
(78)

82

You and Norman bed down near the fire while Sylvia stands watch. You study each of your companions for a few minutes. Norman, a man in his forties, trembles beneath his sheet. Sylvia scans the camp perimeter obsessively, gripping her rifle. The loss of Bernard and Charlie have affected both students. You hope that you can get them back to civilization before fear and hardship drives one or both over the edge.

Norman shakes you awake, staring out to the trees. “*There was a noise!*” he hisses. “*Sylvia’s gone!*”

You spring to your feet, throw on your jacket, and pick up your rifle from the ground. Despite the small hours of the morning, the subarctic dawn is breaking.

A search of the surrounding ground turns up the tracks of Sylvia’s abductors. They are not quite what you expect—oversized, bare feet.

*To follow the tracks, go to 128. To give Sylvia up for lost and try to save Norman, go to 279.*  
(124, 470)

83

The verdict of the Canadian authorities counts in your favor, but the parents of your students rise up in arms and force a thorough review of your case. They impute that you are an incompetent crank willing to risk innocent lives to pursue off-the-wall theories. Your standing in the scientific community is imperiled.

*You stand on your record. Make an **Anthropology** roll: if you succeed, go to 418; if you fail, go to 214.*  
(430)

84

Some old field instinct leads you to whisper a warning to the students, who dart into the undergrowth. To your surprise, a tiny man treads lightly out of the woody growth. He is barely three feet tall and thin of limb. His features seem exaggerated, and if you were not so close you might think he was wearing a wooden mask. His skin is a strange pale gray. Is he the anthropological discovery your expedition seeks?

*To hide until it is all clear, go to 129. To stand up and make contact, go to 130.*  
(56, 163, 498)



Puk-woogie



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

85

Bernard yelps in alarm. You turn toward the shout and see him in the grip of imp-like men whose figures are but shadows under the big trees. One of them flashes a blade.

*To abandon Bernard and flee with Norman and Sylvia, go to 113. To shoot at the tiny men, go to 135. (56, 59, 89, 230, 231, 300)*

86

Your party advances silently, and you see movement ahead. When shapes emerge from the evergreens, you see that one of them is Bernard, carried upon the shoulders of three short gray figures.

*To follow the bearers and their captive, go to 133. To shout to scare them off, go to 134. To shoot at the bearers, go to 135. (59)*

87

The vast woodland confronts you. Can you read what it conceals?

*Make a **Track** roll: if you succeed, go to 136; if you fail, go to 58. (137)*

88

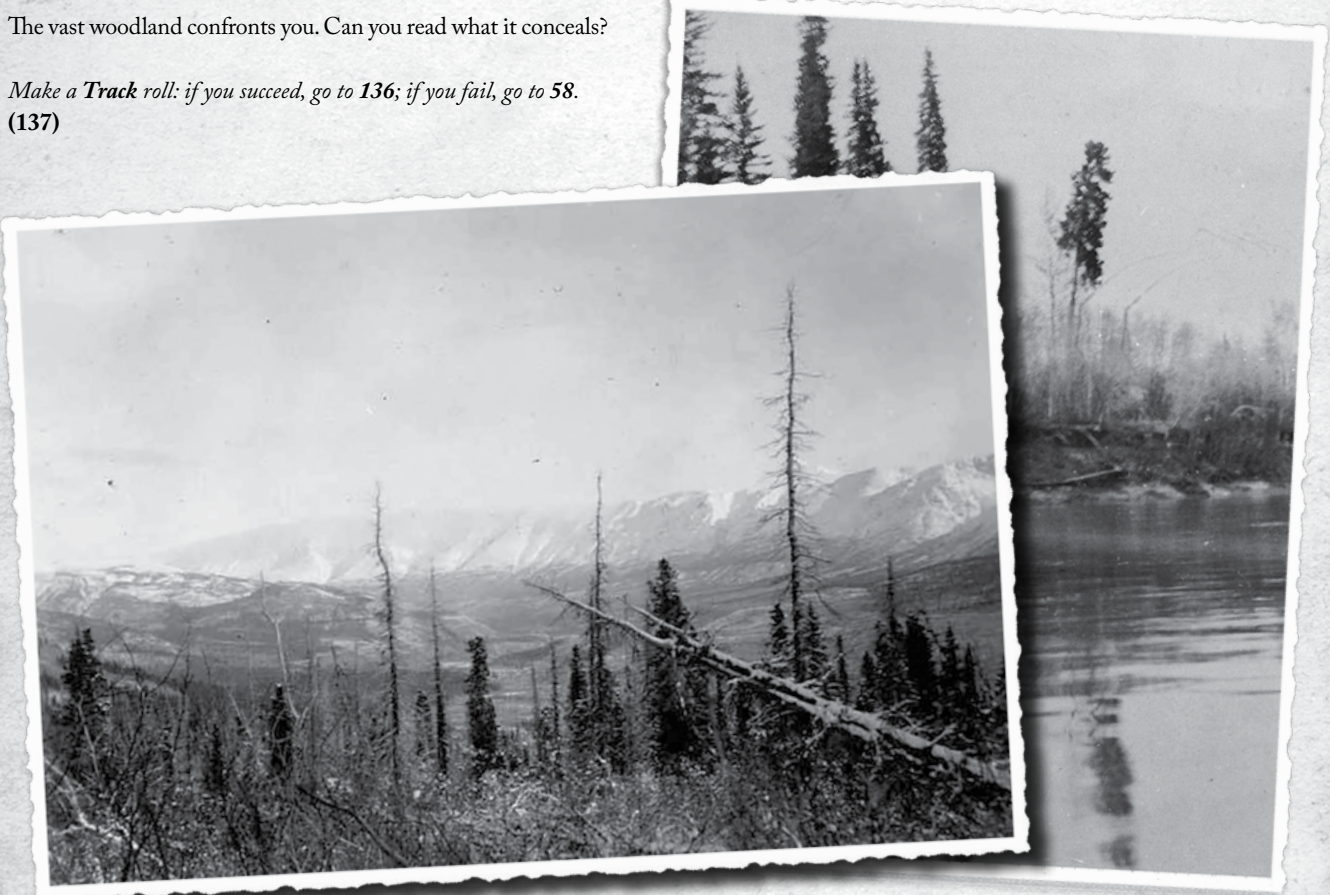
The wolverine squeals as your bullet rips through its side. Missing Bernard by inches, the beast lands hard and squirms in the litter of brown pine needles. You draw the student away. Has this near-tragedy made you rethink your strategy?

*To head back to civilization, go to 232. To push ahead, go to 604. (60)*

89

Your students grumble. There is some talk about turning back. You sit down with them and talk about the harsh realities of the field and how no significant discovery was ever made by an expedition that lacked courage. In time, they agree to continue.

*If any of your party require healing, you may restore 1 hit point each. Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 90; if you fail, go to 85. (299, 300, 424, 498)*



The vast woodland



90

After a long walk, you discover the canyon ends at a rock wall. However, a stream pours from a fissure in the wall. Once you draw close, you glimpse a large valley beyond. The current is rather swift, but it may be possible to wade through to the other side.

*To attempt to pass through the fissure, go to 91. To head back toward Fort McDonald, go to 158.*  
(89, 604)

91

You secure your gear and inch your way along a submerged ledge, fighting against the rushing, knee-deep water. It narrows at the fissure, and there the hazard is greatest.

*Make a DEX roll for Bernard: if he succeeds, go to 642; if he fails, go to 643.*  
(90)

92

The exhausted student clings to a rock until Norman can inch back over the ledge and pull him out of the merciless current. Soaked through, Bernard pushes himself against the rock wall and takes a few deep breaths.

That was a narrow escape. You must seriously consider if you should risk further danger. You could be minutes from an important discovery, but you are ill-equipped to traverse the waterway.

*To continue to explore the fissure, go to 605. To start for home, go to 158.*  
(643)

93

You hear Sylvia gasp behind you, and turn to see her swept off the ledge, into the center of the churning stream. You have only a moment to make a life-or-death decision.

*To plunge in and attempt rescue, make a combined STR and Swim roll. If you succeed at both skills, go to 533. If you fail at either, go to 536. To remain on the ledge instead, go to 534.*  
(125)

94

The wolverine's claws and teeth rip into Bernard's body. His anguished cry tears at your heart. As man and beast wrestle on the earth, you put a slug into the animal's lumpish body. But the damage is done.

Dragging the beast away from Bernard's neck, you see blood spilling from multiple wounds. You call Norman and Sylvia and work together into the twilight. But your concerted efforts are not enough to stop the bleeding. Bernard lingers all night, incoherent and semi-conscious, but at dawn's first ray he gives up the ghost.

You must decide whether to honor Bernard by continuing the expedition—or to turn back because of this tragedy. The other students look to you for leadership.

*To continue, go to 75. If you are discouraged, go to 54.*  
(60)

95

Norman finally speaks. "What will we do now, Professor?" Sylvia, her face lit by flickering flames, looks at you like a hopeful orphan.

Charlie is gone. But of course, you cannot abandon Bernard whilst there is a chance of finding him alive. At that moment, a clear cry rings from above. You look to the sky.

"My feet! My flaming feet! My heart!" The plaintive call cuts off abruptly and you hear something heavy crashing down through the treetops, breaking branches as it plummets.

You tell the others to get their guns. You stand over the fire, a nervous finger on your trigger. Hours pass. Finally, a twig snaps. Then another. Unhurried, something steps from the bush.

*To shoot at the first sight of the figure, go to 138. To let it come closer, go to 101.*  
(61, 123, 461, 524)

96

The figure yelps and falls. You light a match and, gun still at the ready, approach the wounded stranger.

The match falls from your fingers. You have shot down Bernard Ebstein.

Images flash through your mind: Bernard's first day in the department, shaking hands, grinning at everybody; him introducing his parents to you on graduation day; and his sweetheart Catherine, choosing her wedding dress, waiting for her fiancé to return from his adventure in the wilds.

*Make a Sanity roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Go to 97.*  
(100)



97

Somehow, you hold yourself together. Two students depend on you to get them home safely. Once that is done, you can face the consequences of your actions.

You get an ashen-faced Norman and Sylvia to carry the body to the fire. You examine it, particularly the feet. They are almost destroyed by exposure: purple-tinged, bleeding, and—burnt? It is beyond you how he could have walked on them.

Go to 105.  
(79, 96)

98

Your party decides that the nearby cave makes a good base for further exploration. You work your way through a rough stretch shaded by fragrant black spruces and balsam firs. At the foot of a stream-dug ravine, you catch the whiff of sulfur. You dip your hand in the water and feel a pleasant warmth. It must drain almost directly from a hot spring.

Your group follows the waterway upstream. You notice mineral deposits on the stones around the creek. The farther you go, the heavier they become.

Go to 64.  
(31)

99

The figure stumbles backward. You are certain you hit him, but he sits up. You light a match and stare in disbelief.

It's Bernard Ebstein! Thank the Lord you missed him—that is, you must have missed him!

Go to 101.  
(100)

100

Your rifle roars.

Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 96; if the result is odd, go to 99.  
(138)

101

You drop the gun, overwhelmed by how close you came to utter disaster. Bernard takes a couple of oddly balanced steps forward. Something about his stride is weird. Is he limping? You glance down at his feet. They are hidden beneath a shapeless wrapping of rags from his shirt and jacket. Nagged by irrational doubts, but trying to be logical, you urge him over to the fire.

"Bernard... is that really you?" Sylvia's voice quavers. The figure chortles, his voice broken.

Something inside you cringes as he walks up to the fire. His skin is sallow; his features hang slack on his skull. For a moment, you imagine something bestial is peering out through the holes of a human mask. Intellectually, you want to accept this person as Bernard. Emotionally, you are not so sure.

Make an *Anthropology* roll: if you succeed, go to 102; if you fail, go to 139.  
(95, 99, 138)

102

No matter what it looks like, this thing cannot be Bernard Ebstein. Whether it is his mortal shell, possessed, you do not know. But you now remember what you heard about those chosen by Ithakwanni. Such a thing must be destroyed.

But you, a rational academic, cannot think such thoughts. Surely you are unhinged even to consider them.

Go to 177.  
(101)

103

You draw a stiff, burning brand from the campfire and then steal up behind the supposed "monster." As he starts to turn his head, you stab for his heart, your hands strengthened by a rush of adrenaline. He lets out an anguished shriek, clutches at the brand, and then slumps.

In examining the body, you realize you have made a terrible mistake. Carried away by wild imaginings, you have murdered a perfectly ordinary person.

Make a *Sanity* roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 *Sanity*. Then, go to 105.  
(177)



## 104

Your party rounds a bend and comes face-to-face with horror.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 468.*  
(64)

## 105

After many days and hardships, your party returns to Fort McDonald. There you confess your guilt, and the Canadian authorities subject you to psychiatric tests. Whatever happens, you will not be returning to your position at Miskatonic University.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you succeed, you are judged to have suffered from temporary insanity—which means deportation and disgrace; if you fail, you are considered a psychotic criminal. By the time you are freed, no one remembers your name nor your claims. The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(97, 103)

## 106

You draw a stiff, burning brand from the campfire and then creep up behind the supposed “monster.” When he begins to turn his head, you strike.

*The wind-walker’s **DEX** is 15. Make an opposed **DEX** roll to determine the outcome of your attack. If you win the roll, go to 140. If you lose, go to 141.*  
(177)

## 107

You dart after the fleeing guide. Within a minute you are out of sight of the camp. Even under the shadows of the fir and spruce, you can tell by the pallid ground that snow has fallen.

You yell Charlie’s name at the top of your lungs, startled by the raucous echo that answers you. Feeling helpless before the vastness of the dark woods, you are ready to retreat when a wail comes from high above.

“My feet! They burn!”

*To look up in the sky, go to 72. To cover your face and ears until the impossible cry ceases, go to 109.*  
(62)

## 108

The prehistoric woods give way to a span of meadowland upon which herd animals graze—supposedly extinct herd animals. At the edges of the meadows, wolfish creatures and saber-toothed cats stalk in hope of prey. In fact, some of their kind are already enjoying good hunting. A young camelid is half-devoured, while condors wheel above, anticipating the scraps.

You fire a couple of rounds over the animals’ heads, careful not to wound any of them. The predators lope off, and together you and Norman claim the half-eaten corpse. The head should be enough to convince your Miskatonic colleagues. Now to get it back to Arkham.

*Record the keyword **BACKWATER**. Go to 361.*  
(213)

## 109

At last, all is quiet. You know it is foolish to try to navigate the Big Woods after dark, so you sit down on a log and wait out the last hour of the short subarctic night.

*Make a **Navigate** roll; if you succeed, go to 142; if you fail, go to 48.*  
(62, 107)

## 110

Your party struggles back the way they came, to reach Bernard. As you watch him flail, the current tosses him backward and his head is thrown against a pointed crag. You hear the sickening crack of impact and see the tiny blossom of blood in the water. He goes under, eyes wide, mouth hanging slack. As he sinks, the body is carried away. Norman urges pursuit, but Sylvia meets your eyes and you both acknowledge the truth. It takes a moment for her to convince Norman.

*To press on and enter the fissure, go to 125. To turn toward home, go to 54.*  
(643)

## 111

Hidden behind an ancient glacial moraine, you watch the group of gray men hurry past. Once they are long gone, you withdraw through the underwood at a tangent to their route.

*Make a **Luck** roll; if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 67.*  
(116, 494)



112

Not too far from the fissure, you find a broad-leaved plant that you recognize as identical to an archaic species of beech described by a Miskatonic colleague, Ivan Kurtov. You gather samples of leaves, stems, seeds, and roots. This could be the proof you require.

Record the keyword **BACKWATER**. Go to **361**.  
(63)

113

You shout a warning to your companions and push them ahead of you. Within seconds you are all running as quickly as you can, ignoring the way the thickets tear at your clothes and scratch your flesh. With your longer legs, you can surely outdistance the aggressive little men, if you can just get out of range.

Make a **DEX** roll: if you succeed, go to **147**; if you fail, go to **146**.  
(85, 218, 238, 648)

114

The sight is incredible. Several human-sized, pinkish crustaceans are working mechanical equipment, sweeping the rocks of the stream. The creatures must be intelligent, though they look ugly even for seafood. Fungoid growths bedeck their bodies. Their buzzing is audible over the hum of the mineral-gathering machines. You came to this place looking for unknown races and have been rewarded beyond your wildest dreams!

You watch them until your companions get restive. You must decide what to do next.

Gain 2 points of *Cthulhu Mythos*. To stand up and greet the alien things, go to **252**. If you want to avoid contact, make a **Stealth** roll; if you succeed, go to **159**; if you fail, go to **115**.  
(65)



Aliens mining in the riverbed



115

Your foot slips on a rock, and you plummet face-first into thigh-deep water. A sudden silence from the mineral-gathering machines warns you that you have been spotted. You scramble out of the stream and dash back to your comrades, shouting, "Run for it!"

Go to **143**.  
(114)

116

The shrieking war party pursues you. You are already tired. Your only hope lies in getting sufficiently far ahead to hide.

Make a **Stealth** roll; if you succeed, go to **111**; if you fail, go to **117**.  
(66, 118, 240, 495)

117

You hear a whirring sound. Something bangs into your shins and yanks your feet from beneath you. A bolas! You hit the ground face-first. The little men seize you, bind you, and carry you away.

Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to **263**; if the result is odd, go to **265**.  
(116)

118

Both students simultaneously shriek their horror to the forest, which catches and throws it around in eerie echoes. They flee in different directions. You glance down at the diminutive people. They grab their weapons. It's pointless to chase the students; you must save yourself.

Go to **116**.  
(201)

119

Day by day, the specter of starvation shadows your trek. You fail to find sufficient food and are wracked with hunger spasms and become weakened and lethargic. As you trudge along the shores of the North Hanninah, no game in sight, you suddenly feel a psychic change.

Something presses down upon you, something oppressive and stifling. It forces you to your knees in the pebbly sand. Is this real or some creation of your imagination?

*This attack has a POW of 80. Make an opposed roll with your own POW. If you win, go to **120**. If you lose, go to **162**.*  
(67, 126, 597)

120

You dig for reserves of will and find a primitive survival instinct. Abruptly, the pressure falls away and you are able to get to your feet.

You still face death by hunger.

Make a **Hard POW** roll: if you succeed, go to **161**; if you fail, go to **68**.  
(119)

121

Gritting your teeth and steeling your heart, you sink to your hands and knees, and crawl to the top of the rise like a forest lynx. You peer over the top and see the thing that has attacked Bernard.

Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to **166**.  
(69)

122

It's no use; your fear has gotten the better of you. You are not thinking about Bernard when, with a faint whimper, you slide down the rise, your eyes burning with tears, hoping against hope that the thing on the other side will let you get away.

Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to **171**; if failed, go to **172**.  
(69)

123

Charlie grabs her rifle and points it at your heart. "You don't know what you do!" she cries. "I will not tempt the power of Ithakwanni!" She backs away, keeping you covered, before turning and running. You follow at a safe distance, only to find that she has taken the canoe, a share of the supplies—and vanished.

Record the keyword **BAREFOOT**. Go to **95**.  
(521, 525)



124

Sylvia takes first watch while you and Norman turn in. You hope for an uneventful night.

*Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 54; if you fail, go to 82.*  
(75)

125

With a touch of dread, you study the submerged ledge that runs through the fissure. But daring the rushing water is the only way to reach the canyon beyond.

*Make a **Luck** roll. If you succeed, go to 174. If you fail, go to 93.*  
(75, 110)

126

The shore seems devoid of berries, game, or anything else to eat. Your concentration and reflexes noticeably impaired, you are reduced to wandering the shoals of the riverside, attempting to spear fish with a sharpened pole.

Around one bend, however, you find an abandoned canoe.

*To use the canoe to dare the rough water ahead, go to 242. To leave it behind, go to 119.*  
(67, 597)

127

The face before you deforms into that of a fiend incarnate. Three times it belches out a raucous shriek and at each, the figure grows and changes. With the third cry, it is a human no longer, but a demonic giant of ice and tatters.

*To attempt to fight the creature, go to 184. To attempt to flee, go to 187.*  
(81, 141, 206, 207, 209, 219, 220, 222)

128

You sense Norman's reluctance, but he grips his rifle and falls into step behind you. Together you do your best to follow the trail of Sylvia's abductor.

*Attempt a **Track** roll: if you succeed, go to 188; if you fail, go to 190.*  
(82, 233, 565)

129

Something about the little man's face discourages you from making contact. You remain crouched in the undergrowth.

*Make a **Stealth** roll for each party member: if at least one fails, go to 416; otherwise, go to 195.*  
(84)

130

This is a rare opportunity in a lifetime dedicated to anthropology. Heart pounding, you stand up before this representative of an unknown race, your hands spread in a peaceful gesture. The little man lurches in surprise and then darts off, trilling an alarmed cry.

*To follow the frightened primitive, go to 196. To clear out of the area before he returns with friends, go to 131.*  
(84)

131

You try to contain your disappointment as your group swiftly relocates, trying to leave as little of a trail as possible.

*Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 195; if you fail, go to 648.*  
(130, 200, 202, 416)

132

The worst fear of the northern wayfarer has befallen your group—hunger. You do your best to forage for food, but the pickings are scant when it comes to filling three bellies.

*Make a **Survival (Woodland)** roll: if you succeed, go to 54; if you fail, go to 197.*  
(55, 324)

133

Keeping low amongst the thickets, you follow the scant trail left by the little men. At last, you spy a flicker of light ahead and draw near to it. Bernard is kneeling between two young trees, tied to them by his wrists. The light is not a campfire, but an uncanny blue-white glow. It seeps from a swirling cloudy mass. You blink, uncertain of what you are seeing.



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

One of the diminutive men now steps toward Bernard, lifting a moon-shaped sickle. His two comrades crouch and keep up a trill.

*To remain silent and watch, go to 199. To take action and shoot, go to 135.*

(86)

### 134

You leap from cover and scream like a demented banshee. The men whirl, their strange mouths dropping open in surprise.

*Make a Hard POW roll: if you succeed, go to 200; if you fail, go to 201.*

(86)

### 135

The night erupts with gunfire.

*Each of your party who has a rifle may fire at normal range, using the appropriate Firearms skill. Everybody may attempt a DEX roll and, if successful, may make a second shot. If your party scores two hits, go to 202. If they score less, go to 201.*

(85, 86, 133)

### 136

The rage you feel has awakened something primitive in you, for you track as you never have before. You follow the trail until you see a soft glow breaking through the young trees ahead.

Your party crawls forward, rifles carried in the crooks of your arms, until you overlook the source of the glow.

*Make a Sanity roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 203.*

(87)

### 137

Without warning, Charlie raises her rifle and trains it on you. "You do not listen! Your kind never listens! Die, if you must. I will take no part of it." She runs to the canoe, throws in some supplies, and shoves off.

*Record the keyword BAREFOOT. To track Bernard's killers, go to 87. To give up and try to take your remaining charges out of this evergreen wasteland on foot, go to 324.*

(23)

### 138

You open fire on the advancing figure.

*Make a Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) roll: if your attack succeeds, go to 100; if it fails, go to 101.*

(95)

### 139

You calm Norman and Sylvia, trying to suppress the quaver in your own voice. You explain that time alone in the wilderness can change a man and the three of you will have to be patient with Bernard.

Sylvia ladles up a bowl of soup and offers it to the prodigal. His face twists in horror and he bats the warm broth away, spilling it on the gray-green lichen.

"It's... too cold to have hunger," Bernard mumbles. "I will sleep."

You ask Norman to fetch some bedding.

"No," Bernard rumbles, "I will rest there." He points to a dark corner away from the fire. You say nothing and let him stretch out on the chill moss.

Perturbed by Bernard's behavior, you keep an eye on him while you stand watch. The bandages on his feet bother you. It is a long way back to Fort McDonald and you should have changed them.

*To creep up on the sleeping student and examine his bandages, go to 204. To leave him to rest in peace, finish your watch and go to 179.*

(101)

### 140

The impaled creature gurgles and goes stiff. As you watch in amazement, his body shrinks and collapses in upon itself. Soon nothing is left but the bones; as though he had no real flesh to him.

You, Norman, and Sylvia must begin the long retreat back to Fort McDonald.

*Gain 1D6 Sanity for triumphing over the wind-walker. Go to 54.*

(106, 205)



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

141

The wind-walker is too fast for you. It swats away your smoldering weapon and stands up. Those eyes freeze your blood.

Go to 127.

(106, 205, 212)

142

By the time you get back to camp, Norman and Sylvia are frantic. You explain as best you can what happened, but even to your ears, the story sounds confused. Sylvia and Norman stare at you doubtfully. You shake your head and swallow a mouthful of steaming coffee.

*To remain in the area a day longer, looking for some trace of Charlie Foxtail, go to 144. To give up on your guide and resume your journey, go to 324.*

(109)

143

A streak of cold stabs past you, leaving a frosty mist in the air like a flashlight beam through fog. Even the near miss leaves a rime of frosty needles on your cheek and hair. You throw a quick glance over your shoulder and see the pink creatures with objects of twisted metal in their claws, evidently weapons. Norman and Sylvia have made the safety of the bend ahead. That leaves you, Bernard, and Charlie to get clear. But the track is wide open and you are too far behind.

*Make a Dodge roll: if you fail, go to 332; if you succeed, make a Dodge roll for Charlie and Bernard. If both fail, go to 150. If only Charlie fails, go to 148. If only Bernard fails, go to 149. If everybody succeeds, repeat the process. Someone is certain to get hit. The only question is who.*

(70, 115, 252, 468)

144

As you stand watch, the wind comes up. Its icy blast makes you shiver in your light jacket. A metallic jangling and rattling disturb the camp. Following the sound, you halt in amazement.

Tools, utensils, and metal implements of all types bounce around where they sit or hang. You blink, but the phenomenon continues. You are close to the North Pole; is this some kind of magnetic disturbance?

An eerie shout from overhead interrupts your thoughts. "Oh, this fiery height! This hell-blazed trail!" You hear a falling weight breaking through needled boughs. Somewhere out there, it impacts with a thump. Immediately, the metal tools cease to move.

You find your hand is shaking badly. As you peer toward the disturbance, something large moves in the shadows.

*To shoot at the emerging figure, go to 206. To let it approach, go to 207. (142)*

145

The diminutive men carry you, Norman, and Sylvia into their camp. You deduce this is a temporary encampment. The shelters are crude lean-tos.

A strange upright rock in the camp clearing draws your eyes. In the bad light, you cannot tell if it has been chiseled by hand or if it is a natural hoodoo, but it resembles a giant. Symbols cut into its foot remind you of a tracing of a frieze you once saw in Professor Armitage's office at Miskatonic. With an effort, you focus on the immediate question: what do these people intend to do with your surviving party members?

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 210; if the result is odd, go to 211.*

(146, 229)

146

Something bangs into your shins and you fall face-first into a layer of decaying pine needles. Your legs are snared by a kind of bolas. A glance shows you that Sylvia and Norman are similarly trapped.

Go to 145.

(113, 243, 247)

147

Your heedless flight through the dark woods has shaken off your pursuers. Now only Sylvia and Norman remain with you. You look at their exhausted faces and vow to find a way out of this accursed valley.

Go to 54.

(113, 151, 574, 585)



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

### 148

An anguished cry warns you that Charlie has been hit. You glance over your shoulder, only to see her stagger a few more steps on stiff legs and then fall. Behind her, the creatures swarm.

*To stop and help Charlie, go to 332. To race on with Bernard, go to 157.*

(143)

### 149

A gasp from the rear tells you that Bernard has been hit. You glance over your shoulder, to see him stagger on stiff legs and then fall. The creatures scramble toward him.

*To stop and help Bernard, go to 332. To race on with Charlie, go to 153.*

(143)

### 150

Twin cries from the rear let you know that both Bernard and Charlie have been hit. You throw a quick glance over your shoulder. Bernard is down, and Charlie manages only a couple of steps more before collapsing. Behind them, the creatures swarm.

*To turn back to help them, go to 332. To race on alone, go to 151.*

(143)



*The dark woods*



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

151

You catch up with Norman and Sylvia and cut into the woods. Finally, the three of you pause for breath. Norman stares at you as he leans against a tree. *"What were those things, Professor? What happened to Bernard? And Charlie?"*

*To circle back and try to find out what happened to your missing comrades, go to 152. To put as much distance between you and the creatures as possible, go to 147.*

(150)

152

You lead your companions back toward the bizarre miners. Your route is blocked by a strange procession snaking its way through the jack pines and raspberries. To your astonishment, you see a band of tiny, gray-skinned men, led by a Caucasian crone dressed in an old deerskin robe.

The procession forms a circle and commences a shuffling dance. It begins to chant. One of the pink tentacled miners emerges from the woods carrying—Bernard's severed head! The old woman takes it, lifts it high, and cackles an invocation to the gods. Now more of the pink fungoid creatures come sailing out of the sky!

You whisper to your companions to close their eyes—but it's too late for you.

*Gain 2 points of Cthulhu Mythos. Make a **Sanity** roll: if you succeed, go to 173; if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity and go to 238.*

(151, 154)

153

The four of you hurl yourselves into the woods. *"Wait!"* you cry. *"We've got to find out what happened to Bernard!"*

Charlie rounds on you. *"You speak madness! My people tell stories of the Fishers-From-Afar and their terrible magic. They punish those who spy upon them."*

*To insist upon circling back to help Bernard, go to 154. To agree with Charlie, go to 155.*

(149)

154

Charlie levers a bullet into the chamber of her rifle. With cold eyes, she backs away. *"Go then, Professor, if you must. Go to them and die."* It seems wise not to follow her. It is clear that you will have to manage without your canoe and your guide.

But you cannot think of that now. Bernard needs your help.

*Record the keyword BAREFOOT. Go to 152.*

(153)

155

Norman and Sylvia watch you, aghast at the thought of abandoning their classmate. But you cannot afford to be sentimental. You are responsible for their well-being, too.

*If you have the keyword BAREFOOT, go to 51. If not, go to 32.*

(153)

156

The craft strikes a whirlpool without warning. Charlie is pitched over the side! She strikes her head on a jagged rock and is carried away like a rag doll in a flood. You and the others hold on a few moments longer until a boulder hits the vessel amidships and breaks it into pieces.

You cling to the floating wreckage with Norman and Sylvia. The rapids batter you from both sides. When you are deposited on a peninsula of driftwood, the three of you lie there and breathe, grateful for something solid beneath you.

There are only three of you now and you have lost many supplies. Discouraged, the three of you decide to leave the valley as soon as possible.

*Consider hatchets, knives, and rifles in turn and roll 1D3–1 to see how many you still retain. Then, go to 54.*

(165)







## 157

You and your students outdistance the alien miners. Fortunately, they do not seem to be very swift across the ground. You slip into a small clearing and discuss your next course of action. *"We have to go back for Charlie!"* Bernard insists.

You and Norman exchange knowing, guilty glances. It is clear your prime responsibility is to your students, and you cannot endanger them further. Sylvia takes Bernard aside for a quiet conversation. When they return, he cannot meet your eyes.

*If you have the keyword BAREFOOT, go to 158. If not, go to 163.*  
(148)

## 158

You and your students contemplate your trek back to Fort McDonald. There are many possible routes.

*If any of your party require healing, you may restore 1 hit point each. To follow the river, go to 60. To gain elevation where you can, go to 552. To use the mountains as a landmark, go to 56. To hug the tree line, go to 233. To explore the deep woods, go to 461.*

(30, 90, 92, 157, 195, 231, 232, 299, 300, 409, 424, 442, 498, 594, 603, 604, 606, 607, 613)

## 159

The five of you run a great distance through mud, moss, and lichens. At last, you sense that you are not being followed and pause in the deep forest to catch your breath. Your latest experience has convinced Charlie that the North Hanninah is no place for her. She insists on going home.

*To argue to stay and continue your explorations, go to 164. To agree to end the expedition, go to 160.*

(114)

## 160

You are reluctant to turn back. But it is not safe to continue without a local guide.

*If you have the keyword BAREFOOT, go to 51. If not, go to 165.*  
(159)

## 161

When your senses clear, you find yourself wrapped in heavy pelts, confined, surrounded by dark presences. You cry out, but strong hands steady you. A deep voice speaks: *"We found you wandering in the woods. Rest. Soon we shall reach the fort. You'll be safe there."*

Your rescuers are Tsuut'ina hunters. You lie in the bottom of a canoe while they paddle downstream. You rest quietly, too weak to ask questions.

As they promise, you eventually reach Fort McDonald. The Mounties give you warm clothes and a hot meal before asking what happened to your companions.

*Go to 433.*  
(120, 505)

## 162

You seem physically unhurt, but your thoughts are hard to focus. The images that do come are bizarre and startling, as though your own mind has become a stranger to you. There are new cravings, instincts, and drives you cannot yet sort out. But you know a hunger, an all-consuming need to gorge yourself on... *something*.

Beneath your feet, you see a thick carpet of moss. You kneel, tear up a huge clout, and stuff it into your mouth. It takes the edge off your torment, but you crave different food. You stalk off into the cool, beckoning woods.

*Go to 215.*  
(119, 234)

## 163

To your dismay, your canoe has been chopped to pieces. It is beyond repair. You and your students study the vandalism. The only clues are tiny, hand-like tracks on the ground around the wreckage.

They are fresh. The perpetrators cannot be far.

*Go to 84.*  
(157, 532)



## 164

"You are mad!" your guide cries. She raises her weapon, watching you with dangerous eyes. *"Stay then! And die."*

She backs off toward the river. You give her a few minutes and then follow. If you still had a serviceable canoe, it has gone with her.

*If you have not already, record the keyword BAREFOOT. Go to 56.*  
(159, 410)

## 165

On so treacherous a river, your party cannot afford many mistakes. You must work together.

*Make a Pilot (Boat) roll for each party member: if at least three rolls succeed, go to 513; otherwise, go to 156.*  
(16, 51, 160, 499)

## 166

You gaze down upon alien horror—a monster belched by cosmic accident from a dimension of nightmare. Somehow your sanity holds and you are able to study it.

The side of your body that faces it feels cold, as if the creature drains heat energy from its environment. Perhaps for nourishment? Starfish-like legs radiate from one malignant eye at the center of its body. It looks something like an upright set of spokes with no wheel.

*Gain 2 points of Cthulhu Mythos. To fire at the creature, go to 167. To lay face down and hide until it goes away, make a Stealth roll: if you succeed, go to 171; if you fail, go to 169.*  
(121)

## 167

Feeling like an avenging Ahab who has found his white whale, you lift your rifle to your shoulder and fire into the central eye of the cold-killer.

*The creature is within your rifle's base range. If you miss, go to 170. If you hit, go to 168.*  
(166)

## 168

The creature trembles under the impact of the bullet! However, you see no trace of a wound. Perhaps you were rash to believe that an entity whose touch annihilates matter could be harmed by a lead projectile. Nonetheless, you seem to have startled it, and it rolls away into the woods.

*Gain 1D6 Sanity and go to 171.*  
(167)

## 169

The creature rolls directly toward you with startling velocity, its legs scarring the ground with ice. You scramble up and try to run, but within a few steps, you are bathed in an intense wave of cold. You stagger a little farther, limbs stiffening, and then collapse to the ground, unable to move.

The cold-killer comes to a halt beside you. Its single central eye glints, studying you for a few frozen seconds. You experience an intense pressure around your forehead. Then, all goes dark.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(166, 170, 172)

## 170

The bullet misses the eye but strikes one of the thing's knobby limbs. It leaves no sign of a wound.

*Go to 169.*  
(167)

## 171

Glad to have escaped the cold-killer, you rejoin your comrades in camp.

*Go to 649.*  
(122, 166, 168)

## 172

You hear something stir behind you, like an eruption in the snow. You turn and catch a flash of a one-eyed, wheel-like, revolving entity following you. It pauses at the top of the rise.

*Go to 169.*  
(122)



## 173

The abominable ritual below holds a strange fascination. But you do not feel entirely in control of yourself.

*To keep watching, go to 253. To flee from here while you still can, go to 250.*

(152)

## 174

The three of you make it through the fissure safely. At your first breath of the interior air, you pause in wonder. Only in the tropics have you smelled air like this. The air is humid, thick with the odor of rapid decay. It takes no more than a few yards' walk to see that the foliage around you is lush and utterly different from the growth of the taiga.

You have heard theories—crank, you thought—that there existed a boxed-in valley that trapped the warm Chinook winds, a valley irrigated and heated by volcanic waters. Under such special conditions, the climate might be held stable for millennia. That would account for the strange prehistoric flora. Could mammals from before the Ice Age also survive here?

*Record the keyword INCHCAPE. To leave the valley in hopes of raising a serious expedition, go to 216. To gather some specimens now, go to 225.*

(125)

## 175

You urge Sylvia to bring hot soup for the stranger. While you stand looking at him, unease builds in your stomach. His face is repulsive and oddly proportioned.

*Make an **Anthropology** roll: if you succeed, go to 176, if you fail, go to 179.*

(77)

## 176

In a flash, you remember the legends of the wind-walker—those who go mad in the Northland and become possessed by cannibal demons of the wild. You shake your head; you must be going woods-happy to consider such nonsense.

At that moment Sylvia returns from the campfire, carrying a bowl of broth for the stranger. He glances into the steaming bowl with a look of disgust and pushes it away, spilling some of the hot stuff on your student's leg.

The wind-walker is a creature of ice, you remember. It dares not drink anything so hot as the broth.

*To slay the stranger immediately, go to 177. If you need more proof that he is a wind-walker, go to 178.*

(77, 175)

## 177

The students will not understand your action. But you are the expedition leader, and their survival is your responsibility.

*Roll 1D6: if the result is 1–4, go to 106; if the result is 5–6, go to 103.*

(102, 176)

## 178

Legend says that the wind-walker has strange feet. You let the suspect sleep. When you think he is deep in slumber, you creep toward him. To get the proof you need, you must merely open the bandages and examine his feet, without waking him.

*Make a **Sleight of Hand** roll: if you succeed, go to 204; if you fail, go to 80.*

(176)

## 179

Something about the wretch chills you, but you put this subtle unease down to the effects of his long privation. You take the first watch while the students roll up in their blankets. As you sit on a rock, the first hour of the watch passes quietly.

*Roll 1D6: if the result is 1–4, go to 194; if the result is 5–6, go to 193.*

(139, 175)

## 180

Peering beneath the bandages, you are moved to pity by the bruised, cut, and infected condition of the sleeping man's feet. You clean his wounds and change the bandages.

*Go to 181.*

(80, 204)



181

Despite efforts to help, the sufferer's infection spreads from his foot wounds; his legs turn gangrenous. Soon his wasted body gives up the ghost and you lay him in a forest grave.

*To go home, go to 76. To continue your exploration, go to 75.*  
(180, 193)

182

Your medical knowledge helps the stranger to rally for a time. He tells you his name—Jacob McCarthy—and some of his story. He was prospecting in the valley, but was set upon by “midget Indians.” He fled, but got lost and began to starve. He still carries the map of his gold discovery.

He knows these are his final hours and gives you the map out of gratitude. After you bury him, you are even more anxious to get home.

*Record the keyword RESONATE. Go to 513.*  
(193)

183

The following spring, you embark on another expedition, following your map. You make the biggest Canadian gold strike of the decade. A Sudbury-based mining company buys out your share of the claim for an extraordinary fee. Thereafter, you are able to devote your life to privately financed research.

However, the Hanninah never truly becomes developed. Trouble plagues the mining company. Increased human penetration of the area does not dispel the stories of menace but actually increases them. In the second year, a ghastly incident shadows the enterprise, when the bodies of 12 miners are discovered, murdered by decapitation. The heads are never found.

The mine closes at the onset of the Great Depression and does not reopen.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(545, 546)

184

You swing your rifle barrel around and squeeze off a shot at the thing's heart.

*Make a Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) roll: if you succeed, go to 185; if you fail, go to 186.*  
(127)

185

The hot bullet pierces the wind-walker's heart. It doubles over and staggers away, brushing trees from its path. You remember from the area's myths that the wind-walker will die if its icy heart is melted. Your lucky shot must have placed the creature in fear of its unnatural life.

Norman and Sylvia approach, blinking back sleep. You snap an order to strike the camp. You must evacuate the area as quickly as possible.

*Gain 1D6 Sanity. Go to 224.*  
(184)

186

A monstrous paw knocks the rifle from your grasp. You leap back. The wind-walker roars, shaking the earth beneath your boots. It lunges at you.

*Equip a melee weapon. If you have nothing, you may improvise a club from a fallen branch. The wind-walker strikes first. Its attack is 40% (20/8) and it deals 1D8+1D6 damage. It has 17 hit points. Physical damage cannot kill this monster, but if it is reduced to fewer than 3 hit points, it will flee.*

*After two combat rounds, make a Sanity roll each for Norman and Sylvia. If either fails the roll, they faint at the sight of the wind-walker. If either succeeds, the student can help you fight.*

*If you defeat or banish the wind-walker, gain 1D6 Sanity and then go to 224. If the beast overcomes you, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(184)



## 187

You urge your thunderstruck students to flee. But it is too late for them. As you run, you shiver at their cries. Throwing a glance over your shoulder, you see bloodied snow and the wind-walker ripping at their bodies.

Your only hope is that the creature will be sated and not pursue you.

*Make a **Luck** roll: if it succeeds, go to 336; if it fails, go to 304. (127)*

## 188

The trail occasionally fades over rock and scree, or disappears entirely when the abductor wades through sloughs and ponds. Yet your tracking skill is up to every obstacle. The manner of creature that you follow fills you with wonder. Its feet are huge. From heel to toe the track measures 15 inches. You remember legends of a gigantic ape-man haunting the Northland.

Whatever else the giant may be, it is a tireless marcher. Twice you have to sleep along the trail. Only an occasional rag of clothing or a scratched word in the sand keeps you from losing hope.

At long last, you and Norman come to a stream-cut canyon enclosed by the Ram Mountains. The tracks parallel the creek and seem very fresh. You follow them eagerly but are disappointed to come to a fissure in a rock wall, through which the stream spurts and the tracks vanish.

It will be hard to wade safely through the fast water to enter the hidden valley beyond the cliffside, but if you hope to rescue Sylvia, you must try.

*To turn back, go to 279. To continue on, attempt a **DEX** roll: if you succeed, go to 226; if you fail, go to 189. (128)*

## 189

Your strength fails and an eddy sweeps you off into the fastest part of the stream. You are battered on the rocks and plunged into deep water. Your vision becomes murky.

*You are underwater for 1D6 rounds. Each round, make a **CON** roll to hold your breath; if you fail, you begin to drown—on that and every subsequent round you suffer 1D3 damage. If you are still alive when you surface, attempt a **Swim** roll. If you succeed with the Swim roll, go to 191. If you fail the Swim roll, try to hold your breath with a **CON** roll; if you fail, you suffer 1D3 damage and are drowning—you have one last chance to escape watery death with a combined **Swim** and **CON** roll, but if either fails, you are dead. THE END. (188, 217, 227, 540)*



## 190

When the tracks climb a slope of jagged talus, the trail vanishes. You search for the remainder of the day but fail to reacquire it. Finally, you and Norman sit together in silence. Neither of you wants to admit that Sylvia is just as lost as Bernard. But you are out of options and must attempt to return to civilization.

*Go to 279.*  
(128)

## 191

It is later, on a riverbank. You are face down. You don't know how much time has passed. You stir and then moan with pain. Everything hurts. Can you find the strength to continue?

*Make a CON roll: if you succeed, go to 67; if you fail, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(189, 376)

## 192

You and Norman follow the original trail left by the ape-man. It leads you to a hollow in the mountain thickets. The pervasive odor, the tracks, and litter indicate to you that the ape-men—the sasquatches—had camped here but an hour ago.

"Look!" Norman cries, pointing to a figure across the hollow. "It's Sylvia!" You run to her.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 395; if the result is odd, go to 357.*  
(481)

## 193

Lost in thought, you jump as Sylvia touches your elbow to relieve you. You check on the sleeper before turning in. His condition seems to be deteriorating by the hour.

*Make a First Aid roll: if you succeed, go to 182; if you fail, go to 181.*  
(179)

## 194

As you sit in the dark thinking, you become aware that the woods are unnaturally quiet.

*Make a Listen roll: if you succeed, go to 220; if you fail, go to 221.*  
(179)

## 195

Your party is stealthy enough to remain unnoticed by the small gray figures.

*To head back toward civilization, go to 158. To press forward, go to 604.*  
(129, 131)

## 196

Insisting that your students remain where they are, you dash off on the track of the fleeing primitive. You cry after him as best you can in the regional tongue, insisting you mean no harm. His legs are shorter than yours, but he knows the terrain and its quirks.

*Make a DEX roll: if you succeed, go to 228; if you fail, go to 230.*  
(130, 416)

## 197

Starvation sets in. Day after day, the two students stagger after you like wan ghosts. The hungry, inactive nights are the worst of all. As the three of you lie in misery on beds of cut boughs, you begin to believe there is a presence in camp—a thing of spirit that cannot be seen or touched.

The temperature drops precipitously, frosting the needles of the tamaracks around you.

*Make a POW roll for each member of your party: first yourself, then Norman, then Sylvia. If your roll fails, go to 234. If Norman's roll fails, go to 235. If Sylvia's roll fails, go to 237. If all three rolls succeed, go to 198.*  
(132, 471)

## 198

The oppressive feeling lifts, but your hunger remains. The next day, Sylvia becomes too weak to proceed; you can only try to keep her comfortable. With fluttering fingers, she beckons you close and whispers a few words to be relayed to her mother if you ever make it home. An hour later, she is gone.

You and Norman have no choice but to go on your weary way alone.

*Go to 297.*  
(197)



## 199

Few researchers have had to make such a desperate decision. It is natural that you hesitate. Alas, while you do, the man with the blade swings it with surprising strength. Bernard barely makes a sound. His head drops to the moss carpet beneath his body and rolls aside.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you succeed, go to 239; if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity and go to 238.*  
(133)

## 200

Each of the terrified little men leaps a foot off the ground and dashes off into the brush without a backward glance. You and the others rush from cover and cut Bernard free.

*Go to 131.*  
(134)

## 201

Although startled, the blade-wielder has the presence of mind to complete his deadly work before running. Before the doomed boy understands what is happening, the sickle flashes and Bernard's head drops free.

*Make a **Sanity** roll for each remaining party member. If you fail yours, lose 1D6 Sanity. If both students succeed in their rolls, go to 246. If both students fail, go to 118. If Norman fails his, go to 66. If Sylvia misses hers, go to 241.*  
(134, 135)

## 202

You hurry from cover and put the last, mortally wounded man out of his misery. The others cut Bernard free.

*Go to 131.*  
(135)

## 203

The light is no fire. In a small clearing, glowing gas swirls low to the ground, holding its shape without a container. Your eyes struggle to comprehend the scene. Things dance around the fire—diminutive, gray-skinned humans and five-foot crustaceans, larger than any species you have ever heard of. The crustaceans have a

mass of short tentacles for a head and large, membranous wings folded upon their backs. Fungoid growths mar their pink shells.

You wave to the students to stay back. Transfixed, you watch the ceremony. One of the little dancers kneels before a fungus-crustacean and offers something to the creature's groping tentacles. You jam your hand into your mouth to stay silent as the creature receives what you now recognize as the severed head of Bernard Ebstein. While your thoughts race, the creature performs some sort of subtle manipulation.

*Gain 3 points of Cthulhu Mythos. To fire down at Bernard's murderers, go to 240. To hide until it is safe, make a **Stealth** roll for each party member: if all succeed, go to 248; if anybody fails, go to 254.*  
(136)

## 204

You part the bandages without waking the sleeper.

*Roll 1D6: if the result is 1–4, go to 205; if the result is 5–6, go to 180.*  
(139, 178)

## 205

He has no feet, only blackened, bestial hooves! He is no longer human, but a horror masquerading in a human body. He must be destroyed before he consumes the rest of you.

You remember the legends that you have heard about the wind-walker. To kill such a beast, its icy heart must be melted. You steal back to the fire, grab a stiff, burning brand, and creep back to the monster.

*Make a **Stealth** roll: if you succeed, go to 140; if you fail, go to 141.*  
(204)

## 206

You squeeze off a shot by reflex. The figure bucks under the impact and falls. With a shock, you realize it is Charlie Foxtail, your missing guide. Your horror deepens as you notice her feet. They are not human feet, but corroded black stumps!

On the river, Charlie talked about legends of the area—the wind-walker, who raced on malformed hooves above the treetops in the train of their monstrous master. Now, something in the wilderness has transformed her into that which she feared.

Charlie gets up. Her look is crazed and dangerous.

*Go to 127.*  
(144)



## 207

Your hesitation is wise. The figure is Charlie Foxtail, your missing guide. But something holds you back from celebration. She returns your stare with an emptiness that chills your blood. Yet you sense confusion, not malice, in the woman.

*You speak in soft, reassuring tones. Make a Hard POW roll, but with a bonus die: if you succeed, go to 208; if you fail, go to 127.*

(144)

## 208

Charlie drops her eyes, as she sometimes did when you challenged her superstitions. She speaks with a breathy overtone, something no human throat could produce. *"You are always so certain of your science, Professor. But I have been with the Great Wind-Walker. Look."* She points to her feet.

You glance down and nearly drop your rifle. Her lower legs are blackened, corroded stumps with glowing cracks, and repulsive hooves instead of feet.

*Attempt a Sanity roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 209.*

(207)

## 209

*"Now you know,"* Charlie Foxtail murmurs. *"You see my burning feet. Act before the rest of me changes, too."*

With a dry throat, you ask her how. She seems to fight down the rage.

*"I cannot tell! The demon is too strong. He hungers!"*

*Make a Psychology roll: if you succeed, go to 212; if you fail, go to 127.*

(208)

## 210

A full-sized figure in a deerskin cowl hobbles into the clearing. It pauses before you and casts off its hood. Beneath is an old Caucasian woman, her eyes intense amid saggy slate-colored skin. You are startled to hear her speak in English.

*"We are the Keywanema. Others call us the 'Little Ones,' or the Mamagweeso, or the puk-woogies. Our ancestors were tall like yourself, and they ruled this continent before the age of ice. But we practiced too long the elder magic, and slowly it changed us. We grew smaller, weaker. Less... handsome."*

*"Why do you call yourself a Keywanema?"* you ask.

She cackles. *"You see a woman of your own kind, but millennia ago I was mother-queen of the Keywanema! As the power of our stock diminished, we decided that one of us should pass their soul into the body of a woman untainted by the old magic."* Her eyes gleam. *"Since then, I have taken many bodies. Each I use till it is corrupted by sorcery, then I take another."* A wizened finger explores the wrinkles of her face. *"This body is almost used up. I require another."*

*If Dr. Nadelmann is female, go to 255. If Dr. Nadelmann is male, go to 260.*

(145, 568)

## 211

The men force Norman and Sylvia, in turn, to kneel between two small trees, and affix one wrist per tree. Then they dance in grotesque glee. The light at the focus of their ritual shifts between colors. The movements continue until you notice a dwarf who holds a crescent blade on a handle. When the dance ends and the participants begin to leap and shriek, the blade wielder approaches Norman.

You shriek as the blade is swung and Norman's head is struck off. Sylvia turns white and faints. Her head is severed while she is still unconscious.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 263; if the result is odd, go to 265.*

(145)

## 212

The answer is as you fear. Charlie is asking for her death. She herself told you that one who becomes a wind-walker has a heart of ice—and melting that heart slays the monster.

Charlie trembles, tottering on her charred stumps of feet. She is battling with the demon in her soul, giving you time to act. But the humanity in her face is fading. Her eyes shine with a cold light. Still unsure, you lift a stiff, blazing brand from the fire.

*Make an opposed roll, matching your DEX against Charlie's DEX. If you win, go to 651. If not, go to 141.*

(209)



## 213

Unable to recognize any plants, you go in search of an animal specimen.

*Make a **Luck** roll: if you achieve a Hard success, go to 108; if you achieve a Regular success, go to 315; if you fail, go to 314. (63, 641)*

## 214

Your academic standing is weighed. A rumor circulates, suggesting that you gained your position at Miskatonic by falsifying records of your experience and qualifications. Since you have already embarrassed the institution enough, no formal investigation is made. You are politely asked to tender your resignation and are left with no choice but to comply.

Needless to say, the scandal ends your serious scientific career. For a while, you try to develop your theory in books and magazines, but the best journals ignore you. Writing for a popular, sensationalist market encourages sloppy work and exaggeration. It becomes harder and harder to take up your pen.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END. (83)*

## 215

You look up and behold an awesome shape. It is "He" whom you know is your master. You hear his name in your mind the Great Wind-Walker, Ithaqua! He is immense. He fills the heavens, your god.

You hear his dark call in your soul and run toward him. Ithaqua races ahead, across the snowy ground. For an anguished moment you fear you will lose him, but his aura fills you with strength and quickens your legs. As he bounds in ever-greater arcs, so do you. Finally, Ithaqua takes a bound so great that he does not come down. You spring into the air and join him, racing free on the stream of ether left behind.

The friction of your journey through the sky is tremendous. Your old feet begin to burn and peel away. An icy weight forms in your breast and you cry out.

Suddenly, Great Wind-Walker's presence is gone. You plummet out of the sky, through the layers of ether, breaking through branches of spruce, fir, and tamarack. You strike the earth hard, but rise unhurt.

You peer at your feet. They have been transformed. What was human about them has been burned away, leaving only corroded, black, stump-like hooves. Ithaqua has blessed you with feet better suited to follow him above the treetops. You

know this is only the beginning and that, each time you fly with the Great Wind-Walker, more of your human form will mutate. Finally, no portion of the old you will remain.

Oblivious to time and distance, you wander through the forest that is now your home, the forest that fills every particle of you with its ancient spirit. Your craving returns, a hunger that leads you along like a famished beast on a leash.

You see a campfire burning ahead. Only now do you fully realize the hideous repast you crave. Some small part of you, which is still human, revolts against your new hunger.

*Attempt a Hard **POW** roll: if you succeed, go to 266; if you fail, go to 267. (162, 264, 550)*

## 216

Your monumental discoveries within the lost valley of the Ram Mountains will have to wait until you have better equipment and trained personnel to investigate it properly.

*To return via the waterlogged fissure, go to 217. To search for a less dangerous exit, make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 293; if you fail, go to 483. (174, 275)*

## 217

To exit the valley, the three of you must dare the dangerous waterway that brought you here. You lead the way, followed by Sylvia and then Norman.

*Make a **DEX** roll for each member of your party: if everyone succeeds, go to 324; if you fail, go to 189; if both Norman and Sylvia miss it, go to 473; if Norman alone misses it, go to 223; if Sylvia alone misses it, go to 540. (216, 269, 291)*

## 218

One lazy morning, you range along a birch-shaded brook with Norman and Sylvia, spear-fishing. Something twangs into the papery bark beside your head. You glance at it and see that it is a small dart of some kind. Immediately a shrill series of whoops rings from the foliage. You are under attack by people—people only three feet tall!

*Go to 113. (324, 600, 601)*



219

Your inept finger-work wakes the sleeper, but not before you have seen the grotesque blackened hooves beneath the rags, where his feet should be.

Go to 127.  
(80)

220

You hear movement across the dry lichen that carpets the campsite. You turn and lift your rifle.

Go to 127.  
(194)

221

Your hearing is dulled by exhaustion, so you have no warning before powerful hands grab you from behind. As you drop your rifle and seize the hands that hold you, you are astonished by their icy surface. Suddenly, you remember the wind-walker legend.

*The attacker has you physically restrained. You must break free. Each turn you may use your **Fighting (Brawl)** skill to attempt an opposed skill roll against their **Fighting (Brawl)** skill of 90% (45/18). If you fail, take 1D6 damage. If you break the attacker's grip before you die, go to 222. If not, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(194)

222

By applying precise force against the attacker's hulking grasp, you slip out of the death grip and stumble away. You turn to confront the man who came out of the forest... but he has changed.

Go to 127.  
(221)

223

Norman can't hold on and begins to slip. Sylvia grabs him, and she too is pulled into the water. You see them tossed by the turbulence and thrown against rocks. Without your help, both will surely die.

*To attempt a hazardous rescue, go to 227. To remain on the bank, go to 67.*  
(217)

224

After so narrow an escape, you and the students are anxious, even desperate, to get home. The going becomes easier and you progress without incident. Perhaps you have paid your debt to the gods of the forest.

Go to 513.  
(185, 186, 250, 257)

225

You quickly confirm your discovery of a redoubt of unprecedented prehistoric survival. Animal tracks attributable to no modern beast of the North abound in the sand and bubbly mud; however, your specialty is anthropology—your paleontological studies have been limited.

*Make a **Natural World** roll: if you succeed, go to 269; if you fail, go to 275.*  
(174, 395)

226

Determined to rescue Sylvia from her abductor, you and Norman draw on reserves of additional strength to force your way through the torrent. Afterward, weary from the ordeal, you crawl from the stream and rest upon the black sand around it.

When you catch your breath, you notice that the atmosphere is more like Florida than Canada. The flora is completely strange. Gone are the bearberries, the firs, the subarctic shrubs. Tales come back to you, yarns of an enclave warmed by hot springs and the Chinook winds. Could the legend be true? But for now, Sylvia's rescue is paramount.

*Make a **Track** roll: if you succeed, go to 276; if you fail, go to 277.*  
(188)



227

It is your duty to attempt to rescue your graduate students. You throw yourself into the rushing water.

*Make a Hard Swim roll: if you succeed, go to 251; if you fail, go to 189.*

(223, 319)

228

Your longer legs decisively outstrip the tiny man. You reach out, clench him firmly around the arm, and yank him off his feet.

The man's distress drops in an instant. He snarls and comes at you in a rage. Professional ethics require you to take him alive.

*Your opponent's Fighting (Brawl) skill is 50% (25/10) and he simply tries to pummel you into unconsciousness. He acts first and his blows deal 1D3 damage. You may attempt to Dodge against his attacks.*

*On your turn in the combat, make a combat maneuver to incapacitate him. If you succeed, his blows deal only 1 damage for the remainder of the fight. If you then succeed in another maneuver on your next action, go to 281. If you suffer the loss of half or more of your hit points, you are knocked unconscious, go to 229.*

(196)

229

You come to, your legs aching and bruised. The brush teems with tiny men. Bernard is nowhere to be seen and the others have been captured. Your thirst for academic glory may have imperiled all your lives.

*Go to 145.*

(228)

230

You become entangled in the undergrowth while the gray figure speeds nimbly on to freedom. When he reaches his people, they may hide from your expedition. But they also may form a vengeful war party.

*To press on and search them out, go to 85. To flee their territory, go to 231.*

(196)

231

It seems unwise to provoke an indigenous group. You lead your party in the opposite direction.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 158; if you fail, go to 85.*

(230)

232

The way home is much more taxing without a guide or a canoe.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 158.*

(88)

233

You subsist on the scant provender which you can shoot or pick up from the forest. Each day's walk grows harder than the one before.

One night, on Bernard's watch, Norman shakes you awake. His eyes are wide and fearful. "Professor! Sylvia's gone! And... Bernard..."

Your stomach sinks. Bernard Ebstein's corpse sprawls by the fire. His skull has been shattered; the likely murder weapon, a heavy piece of wood, lies discarded beside him. Large tracks in the moist earth lead into the darkness.

*To follow the tracks, go to 128. To give Sylvia up for lost and try to save Norman, go to 279.*

(158)

234

You awaken alone. You are not at the campsite. Norman and Sylvia are nowhere to be seen. Have you wandered away in delirium? Such questions have little meaning now. You feel altered. Your hunger is still with you, but it has become a darker craving.

*Go to 162.*

(197)



235

Norman convulses! He cries out, his hands beating at the air, as if trying to drive away an invisible attacker. You and Sylvia battle to calm him. Under your combined strength, the young man goes limp and slips into unconsciousness.

All your efforts fail to awaken him. Weak as she is, Sylvia helps you make a dry bed for him and builds up the fire. You see that she is close to desperation and offer a few words of commendation on her performance in the field. She blinks back tears.

*Go to 236.*  
(197)

236

Through your watch, Norman lies quiet as a mannikin. You finally wake Sylvia and turn in. Sometime before dawn, a cry breaks your sleep. You raise your bleary head and peer across the campsite.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 282.*  
(235)

237

Sylvia falls into convulsions. She cries out, her hands beating at the air, as if trying to drive away an invisible attacker. You and Norman battle to subdue her. As you struggle, the young woman goes limp and slips into unconsciousness.

All your efforts fail to awaken her. Weak as he is, Norman helps you make a dry bed for her and builds up the fire. He seems volatile, and you spend some time with him, drawing out everyday campus stories from his time as a custodian. The process seems to settle him.

*Go to 283.*  
(197, 245)

238

Your scream of horror gives away your presence to the little men, who grab for their weapons.

*Go to 113.*  
(152, 199)

239

In numb silence you watch Bernard's headless trunk bleed into the earth.

*To fire down upon the murderers, go to 240. To remain in hiding, go to 248.*  
(199)

240

You open fire on the depraved celebrants. As they rout into the bush, you relish the sight of those who writhe wounded on the mossy ground. "Professor!" Sylvia tugs at your sleeve. "They're coming around behind us!" You shove her hand away and empty your magazine toward the sounds approaching through the thickets. Suddenly, you notice that your companions have fled. Not wanting to become separated, you dart after them, but chattering noises in your path force you to veer down a ravine.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 284; if the result is odd, go to 116.*  
(203, 239)

241

Sylvia lets out a high-pitched yowl and dashes off into the vegetation.

*To let her go and escape with Norman before the tiny people rally, go to 279. To pursue her, go to 243.*  
(201)

242

You climb aboard the canoe and set out downriver. At your next rest spot, fish and game abound. A good meal does wonders to restore you. At last, you come to the treacherous segment of the river that Charlie Foxtail called "the place of splitting water."

*Make a **Pilot (Boat)** roll: if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 514.*  
(126)



243

You cannot abandon Sylvia in a moment of terror. You hurry after her.

*Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 244; if you fail, go to 146.*  
(241)

244

Running blindly through the wild raspberry whips, Sylvia becomes snared. You are able to catch and subdue her. Norman comes up behind you.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 324; if the result is odd, go to 245.*  
(243)

245

You pick Sylvia up off the ground. Her eyes stare through you, vacant. Norman sets up camp, attempting to create a familiar environment. After a few hours in her bedroll, Sylvia seems to come out of it.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 324; if the result is odd, go to 237.*  
(244)

246

Both Norman and Sylvia are able to hold onto their wits while gazing down on the scene of mayhem. Some distant part of you is proud of them.

With a hollow voice, you explain that you cannot stop to bury Bernard because the murderous little people will soon return. You see them weigh your words and accept the truth there. You are a long way from Miskatonic's lecture rooms.

*Go to 247.*  
(201)

247

With the hunting cries of the little people audible in the distance, the three of you run through endless stands of virgin timber. You must disguise your trail to avoid capture.

*Make a **Stealth** roll: if you succeed, go to 53; if you fail, go to 146.*  
(246, 250, 254)

248

While you hug the earth, more undersized gray men enter the glen—and so does another figure, a tall, spindly shape cloaked in deerskin. The gray ones form a circle and commence a slow, shuffling dance around the light. The one who performed the sacrifice picks up the fallen head and offers it, with reverence, to the cowed figure. The latter lets her wrap fall away. She stands revealed as an old Caucasian woman of frightful, imposing aspect.

The woman accepts the head from the shaman and intones a wavering chant. She lifts the bleeding trophy above her head and accepts its blood, a hideous libation upon her hoary locks.

You hear a rhythmic crinkling sound mixed with buzzing in the air overhead.

*To look up, go to 249. To close your eyes and crawl away, go to 250.*  
(203, 239)

249

They flit through the air, grotesque winged silhouettes. You catch abhorrent details in the glow from the clearing: faces of fungus, bodies that wiggle and writhe.

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 253.*  
(248)

250

The area is thick with horrors.

*Make a **Stealth** roll for each member of your party: if everybody succeeds, go to 224; if anybody fails, go to 247.*  
(173, 248, 253)

251

Sylvia has already been swept out of reach. Swimming strongly, you manage to reach Norman. You grab him by the collar of his leather jacket and drag him to shore.

*Norman has lost 2D8 hit points from drowning. If he is still alive, you may make a **First Aid** roll: if you succeed, restore 1D3 of his hit points. If Norman is dead, go to 67. If he survives, you start for Fort McDonald; go to 279.*  
(227)



## 252

You stand up and lift your arms in a posture most cultures find non-aggressive. The miners switch off their mineral sweepers, drop them, and lift curious twisted Y-shaped devices.

*"Do you understand me?"* you ask.

A sheet of cold flares forth from one of the Y-shaped tools. The bolt passes close to your head. Some ridiculous impulse compels you to stand in place and touch your right ear. It is completely numb. The other miners move toward you, raising their tools.

Finally, the spell is broken. You duck around the bend and rush back to your companions, yelling, *"Monsters!"*

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. Go to 143.*

(114)

## 253

Inside, your reason frays. But you manage a harsh whisper, ordering the students not to look.

The flying horrors settle into the glen. Folding their membranous wings, they rear up on their hindmost pair of limbs and begin to dance around the light with the little gray people. One fungoid creature and the old woman separate themselves from the dance and the former produces a box. It takes the head from the woman and puts it into the receptacle. After a brief manipulation, the alien steps aside. Bernard's head shows through the aperture—his eyes are blinking! His lips, his jaws are moving. It is as if Bernard is aware, trying to scream, but lacks the lungs and vocal cords to give himself voice.

These monstrosities have stolen even the peace of death from Bernard.

*Gain 2 points of Cthulhu Mythos. Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 250.*

(173, 249)

## 254

Changing position, a member of your party shakes the bush next to you. The dance below stops. One of the little people points directly at your hiding place. He shouts something that causes the flying crustaceans to scuttle off into the woods. The other dancers grab for their weapons. You drag the students into flight.

*Go to 247.*

(203)





255

The crone leans close, gazing deep into your eyes. *"You are a suitable shell for my essence. Prepare her, my children."*

The little gray warriors bind your wrists and ankles to stakes in the earth. One of them forces you to drink from a clay beaker. The liquor makes you feel light, entranced. You are unconcerned about the people around you, holding crude tapers, chattering, and chanting.

Grunting with the effort, the old woman kneels behind your head. She places her claw-like fingers on your temples and prays loudly. *"Iā Nyarlathotep! Iā Rebathoth! Iā Ithaqua! N'ehye n'grkudlu'lb!"*

Suddenly your carefree mood evaporates. The priestess's psyche feels like a foul, clawing thing inside your skull. It intends to infiltrate and replace you.

*The woman's POW is 90. Use your POW to make an opposed skill roll: if you win, go to 256; if the Keywanema queen wins, go to 259. (210)*



The transformed Keywanema priestess

256

Abruptly, the attack upon your will ceases. You hear the hag gasp, and she collapses on the earth behind you. The chanting stops. A hush spreads through the camp. They break from the ring and gather over the old woman.

In some distress, the Keywanema confer. After a few minutes, they gather up their unconscious queen and carry her away. They leave you and the students still bound.

*Go to 257. (255)*

257

There is no hope of rescue. One of your party must escape your bonds.

*Attempt a Hard DEX roll for each party member. If anyone succeeds, your party is released; go to 224. If everybody fails, go to 258. (256, 261)*

258

Long into the hours of darkness, your hapless party struggles against the cunning knots of the Keywanema. About midnight, as the moon stares down like an eye behind a misty cataract, the beasts of the forest draw close. You remind the students that wild animal attacks upon humans are rarely reported.

No one will hear of this attack either.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END. (257, 563)*

259

Abruptly, there is no more struggle, only unity. You turn your head as far as you can. The crone lies lifeless on the ground behind you. You sneer. She was weak, ugly. But you are young, vibrant, full of power.

*"Ipsdrib-tpofmaut!"* you hiss. The words of power turn your thoughts to ash and you stand up. The Keywanema in the glen stand attentively. They bow in reverence, putting their foreheads in the dust. You glance back at the bound Norman and Sylvia, who gape at you with waxing horror.

Your thoughts are confused for a moment. Images of academic glory and New England social engagements mix with scenes of pagan frenzy and gods walking the endless forests. You straighten your shoulders. The bargain must be kept. The



Keywanema owe obligations to others greater and much older than even you, their immortal queen-priestess.

Slowly and deliberately, you remove your clothing, then wrap yourself up in the deerskin formerly worn by your now-deceased predecessor. You point to the student-captives but address the Keywanema. "*Cugla mulo zungi*," you order. It means, "Cut off their heads."

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(255)

## 260

The crone extends a talon-like finger toward Sylvia. "*The body of that girl shall be the receptacle for my soul*," the crone gloats. "*Prepare her!*" The Keywanema drag Sylvia to a spot where four stakes have been driven into the ground. She is bound, spread-eagled between the stakes. You struggle, but it is hopeless.

The Keywanema force Sylvia to drink from a clay beaker, a draught that seems to put her into a drugged trance. The little gray people gather around her, chattering a cadence, holding crude tapers of animal fat in their tiny fists. The queen-priestess kneels behind Sylvia and grips the girl's temples, praying. "*Iä Nyarlathotep! Iä Rebathoth! Iä Ithaqua! N'ehye n'grkudlu'lb!*" As the old woman kneels, tremors shake her body. An expression of terror stretches Sylvia's face. Some kind of psychic struggle is taking place between the ancient witch and the young woman.

*The Keywanema queen's POW is 90. Use Sylvia's POW to make an opposed skill roll. If Sylvia wins the struggle, go to 261. If she loses, go to 262.*

(210)

## 261

Abruptly, the contest ends. The hag collapses to the ground. As the Keywanema cease their chanting, one of them hurries to the old woman's aid. She lies inert. You cannot even tell if she is breathing.

The Keywanema cluster around their hideous queen and pick her up. They hurry away with her, leaving the three of you in the glen, still bound, but alone and unguarded.

*Go to 257.*  
(260)

## 262

Abruptly, the contest between Sylvia and the old woman concludes. When the hag sags to the ground, you think for a moment that Sylvia has won.

But then she speaks a bizarre phrase, "*Ipsdrib-tpofmaut!*" A blaze of unearthly flame chars her bonds to powder. She stands up. Outwardly, she appears unchanged. But Sylvia's characteristic seriousness has been seared away. Her movements are utterly unlike those of the Sylvia you have known for many months. The witch's spell has taken possession of her. She slowly and deliberately removes her clothing, then wraps herself up in the deerskin formerly worn by her now-deceased predecessor.

The tiny men grovel on the ground before the girl's naked feet. She accepts their homage, then turns a withering stare toward you and Norman. She gives an order in an unknown tongue.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 263; if the result is odd, go to 265.*

(260)

## 263

The diminutive people carry you out of the glen to a lonely spot. Here a hound-tooth rock stands under the gnarled evergreens, marked with carvings and painted symbols. They tie you to the rock and begin to circle around you, their bone adornments clicking an unwelcome rhythm. Several yell over what seems to be an old firepit. A glowing vapor curls from it, swirling into a tight, dazzling mass.

As the hunters cavort, they launch ecstatic shouts to heaven. You glance up. The mists have parted, and with an odd clarity, you see the Hyades in the head of Taurus. Cold wind massages your face. As you shiver, you get the impression that the sky—a terrifying void just a moment ago—is now rushing down upon you.

Inexplicably, they cut your bonds and flee. You fall to your knees beneath the stone.

*Go to 264.*  
(117, 211, 262)



## 264

*Na-del-mann! Na-del-mann!* The raw wind whispers in your ears. With the sound comes a compulsion to run toward its source, to somehow touch the wintry sky. You desperately want to reach—to merge—with whatever is up there. In the summons is an offer: existence wilder than life, death that conquers death, change that transcends immortality.

*The summons has a POW of 4D6+60. To resist it, make an opposed POW roll: if you succeed, go to 39; if you fail, or if you do not want to resist it, go to 215.*

(72, 263, 455)

## 265

The diminutive gray warriors seize you and drag you away. They force you to kneel between a pair of young birches and tie one wrist to each. Dread builds in your stomach as one approaches, carrying a moon-shaped blade on a pole. The start of a chant causes you to look around. Out of the corner of your eye, you see the pole-blade flash. An icy pain sears your throat. Then, blackness comes.

*Go to 417.*

(117, 211, 262)

## 266

An exercise of incredible willpower has leashed the demon in you for a few precious moments. You know what you must do. You stride into the camp, making no attempt to hide your monstrous feet. The men in the camp—the hunters—reach for their rifles. The abhorrent cast of your features and the deformed stumps beneath you freeze them in superstitious awe. All you can manage are a few peals of bitter laughter. You must restrain yourself long enough to allow the hunters to gather their wits.

*Attempt a Hard POW roll: if you succeed, go to 285; if you fail, go to 267.*

(215)

## 267

This encounter means death. The human core of you longs for your own extinction, but the drive that Ithaqua has bestowed on you is stronger and it yearns for the death of others.

You rush into the heart of the camp like a bobcat springing into a covey of quail. The hunters howl with terror and flee in all directions. Only one has the courage to stand for a few seconds and fire a round at you. The force of it knocks you off your feet. You can feel a painless gouge, ripped clear through your belly, but, unharmed, you rise again. The heroic hunter joins his fellows in flight.

*Go to 268.*

(215, 266)

## 268

The hunters, bleating with terror, scatter through the forests. The memory of your human life blinks out forever. You crave human flesh—and Ithaqua endows you with the power to obtain it! You cry at the stars. You start to walk and your pace quickens into a run. You sense the warm, flowing blood of the fleeing men, and you follow it.

Soon, you reach the edge of a ravine and hear breathing below. One hunter has fallen and broken his ankle. Desperate, he throws a rock at you. You easily glide through the air to the bottom and float toward him. He cries out as your ice-claws close about his throat and as your frigid breath turns his face black. Your freezing fangs sink into his warm flesh. Soon you will eat again and continue your metamorphosis. Such is the curse of Ithaqua, the way of a wind-walker.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(267, 285)

## 269

While exploring a prehistoric glade, you chance upon a stand of plants of the very species recently described in detail by your Miskatonic colleague, the paleobotanist Ivan Kurtov. The species was thought extinct before the Pleistocene glaciations. Yet, here it is, all around you, still flourishing. You can easily take leaves, roots, cuttings, and seeds to convince Miskatonic's geology and botany departments to sponsor a major expedition.

Excited, you pack the specimens and lead your companions without mishap back to the outer valley of the North Hanninah.

*Record the keyword BACKWATER. Go to 217.*

(225)



270

The stricken wolf falls away from Norman and you turn swiftly toward Sylvia. But, it is too late for her. In a rage, you attack the beast and drive it from its kill.

*A successful **First Aid** roll can restore 1D3 hit points to Norman or yourself. Go to 278.*

(271)

271

Sylvia is on the ground, her neck torn open. She is beyond help. Norman struggles with a brute of a wolf. His hands and chest are covered in blood. If you have a rifle, you may fire at the wolf attacking Norman, or you may join Norman and fight hand-to-hand combat.

*Norman has already lost 6 hit points. The wolf has an attack of 30% (15/6), deals 1D8+1D4 damage, and has 12 hit points left out of 15.*

*If using a firearm, apply a penalty die to your attack roll; if you fumble the roll, you hit Norman. If joining the brawl against the wolf attacking Norman, you gain a bonus die to your attacks against the wolf, as together with Norman you outnumber the beast.*

*If the wolf dies before Norman does, go to 270. Otherwise, if Norman dies, your rage drives off the diminished wolf pack and you may bury the hapless students. Then, go to 365.*

(307)

272

Satisfied that they can depend upon your observations, Miskatonic University sends out a new expedition under Ivan Kurtov. Public engagements make it necessary for you to rendezvous with the expedition at Fort McDonald, instead of accompanying it from Arkham.

When you arrive, braced for a return to the North Hanninah, you find that the ambitious, overzealous Kurtov has started without you.

The Kurtov Expedition vanishes without a trace. You return home alone and argue for a second effort; however, the Great Depression makes such a project out of the question.

Your books and articles about the lost land attract a cult following, but the existence of "Nadelmann's Lost Land" is not proven in your lifetime.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(274)

273

An animal specimen would be a more convincing piece of evidence for the existence of the prehistoric valley than plants. You decide to try to trap something.

While you and your students stalk the bushy fringes of a large meadow, the woods reverberate with the wavering call of hunting beasts. The howls chill something primitive in you. But you are armed, and at such moments, reputations may be made.

*To prepare to shoot a specimen from where you stand, go to 286. To run for a tall tree, go to 288.*

(551)

274

The physical evidence you produce convinces all but your most biased opponents. The university brings the topic under serious discussion. Journalists from radio and newspapers clamor to interview you.

*Go to 272.*

(431)

275

Plants of every shape and size grow all around you. You fail to recognize any as unquestionably prehistoric. You recall how long it took to secure funding for this expedition; some physical proof might be required to mount another.

*To return to Arkham empty-handed, go to 216. To explore further, go to 551.*

(225)

276

By wading along a shallow stream, the creature nearly shakes you off its trail, but you are too experienced to be foiled by such a trick. The pursuit takes you and Norman up into the high ground.

The prints become fresher as you climb.

*Make a **Stealth** roll: if you succeed, go to 290; if you fail, go to 289.*

(226, 484)



277

By accident or cunning, the creature's trail leads into a stream. Try as you might, you cannot pick up the spoor. Frustrated, Norman kicks the bank.

*To strike out at random in search of Sylvia, go to 292. To abandon your efforts and return to civilization, go to 278. To give up the search, but explore this lost valley, go to 38.*

(226, 484)

278

Guilt-ridden over the loss of Sylvia and your own inability to save her, you and Norman edge along the submerged ledge that leads to the outside world.

*Go to 279.*

(270, 277, 323, 406, 483, 520, 528, 542, 609, 652)

279

The journey before you and Norman promises to be long and hard.

*If either of you require healing, you may restore 1 hit point each. To strike as direct a route as possible, go to 295. To hold parallel to the river's course, go to 280. To search for existing trails, go to 297. To explore rocky terrain, go to 595. To camp first and regain a little strength, make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 296; if you fail, go to 298.*

(82, 188, 190, 233, 241, 251, 278, 361, 442, 466, 467, 534, 565, 594, 596)

280

While trying to keep a parallel course to the North Hanninah, you and Norman are forced to cross through hot springs and ravines. Around a bend, you hear a bizarre humming sound.

*To go forward and investigate, go to 474. To retreat into a nearby cave to hide, go to 333.*

(279)

281

Following the sounds of struggle, Bernard crashes out of the brush. He helps you bind the diminutive man with leather shoelaces.

Later, in camp, you examine the man thoroughly. The pigment in his face seems unnaturally monochromatic, as if his blood did not run red. His arms are proportionally longer than a normal man's, with claw-like fingers. He wears a few small items of jewelry constructed from what you hope are animal bones.

Every attempt to communicate with the little man fails. He is withdrawn, almost entranced.

*To start back for home with the little man as a captive specimen, go to 299. To release him, go to 300.*

(228)

282

Sylvia sprawls lifeless in Norman's arms. He looks like a beast startled whilst feeding. And the observation is apt, for the girl is drenched in blood from terrible, bite-sized wounds.

*Go to 328.*

(236)

283

"Professor!" Norman's alarmed voice drags you from sleep. "Look!"

Sylvia is no longer comatose. She squats on her blanket, her face hideously twisted.

*Make a Hard **POW** roll for Sylvia: if she succeeds, go to 305; if she fails, go to 306.*

(237)

284

You outdistance the tiny hunters, but when you finally pause for breath, you are quite alone. You do not know whether Norman and Sylvia also got away, or where they ended up. Can you locate the lost students?

*Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 316; if you fail, go to 67.*

(240)



## 285

Your silent taunt impressed at least some of the hunters. A group holds you, while one brings a vat of boiling fat from the cookfire. If forced to drink that, your icy heart will surely melt and you will die. It will be agonizing.

Your dark survival instinct resurges. You struggle against your captors.

*Three hunters hold you. Each has a STR of 60. Make an opposed STR roll against each—you gain a bonus die for your unearthly powers, while the hunters take a penalty die due to fear. If you win all three opposed rolls, go to 268. If not, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(266)

## 286

You warn Sylvia and Norman to get ready. Your party takes position behind a bush heavy with orchid-like blossoms and waits for the yelping beasts.

Moments later, they burst into view—incredible canines which resemble reconstructed museum specimens of dire wolves. You hear a sudden intake of breath from both students. Have you put them in mortal danger? It's too late to run.

*There are 2D6 wolves. Each member of your party with a rifle may fire twice before the wolves are upon you. Do not calculate damage; any successful hit drops one of the pack.*

*If your party has hit at least half the wolves, the pack retreats; go to 287. Otherwise, note how many wolves remain, and then go to 307.*

(273)

## 287

You emerge with your students to survey the slaughter. Although heavy, a dire wolf's head would be convincing proof of your discoveries. Sylvia prepares it for transport back to civilization.

*Record the keyword BACKWATER. Go to 652.*

(286)

## 288

The baying does sound like there are rather a lot of predators, and you are vulnerable in the meadow. The three of you sprint for a large tree standing alone in its center.

Behind you, a pack of oversized wolves bursts into view. Without missing a step, the pack shifts as one to pursue your fleeing party. Your head start should allow you to reach the tree. But will you be able to ascend into the branches in time?

*Make a Climb roll for yourself, Norman, and Sylvia. You cooperate effectively and may have a bonus die on each roll. If all three rolls succeed, go to 308. If anybody fails, go to 307.*

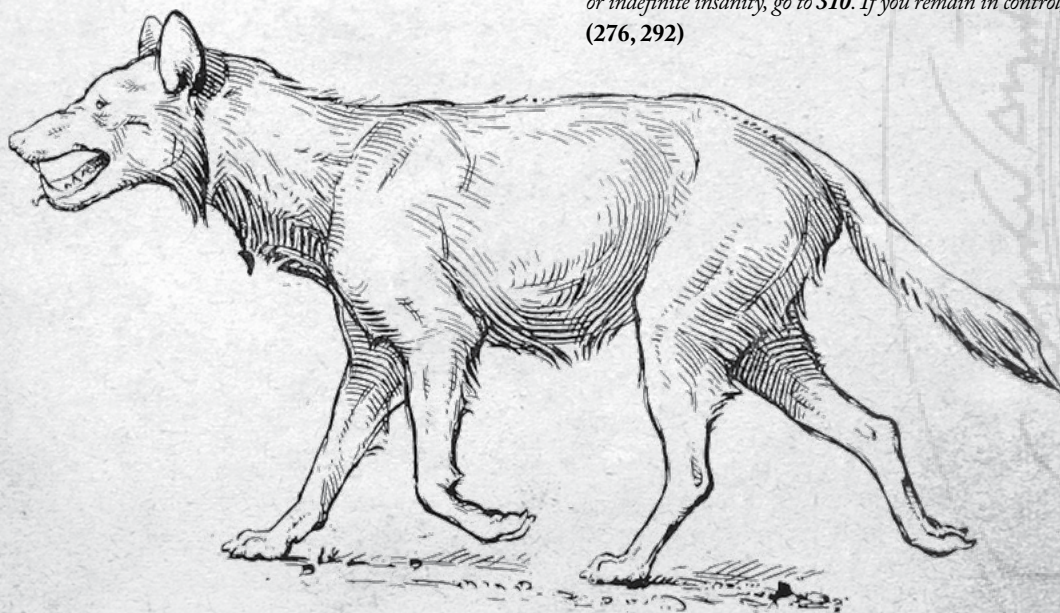
(273, 317)

## 289

You follow a gully up into oak-covered slopes. You notice an odd hircine odor. When you look up, you see that both rims are occupied.

*Make a Sanity roll: if you fail it, lose 1D6 Sanity. If you suffer temporary or indefinite insanity, go to 310. If you remain in control, go to 309.*

(276, 292)



A dire wolf



290

You silently guide Norman through the prehistoric landscape. Suddenly you hear the bushes crackle, and pull him down into a crouch. Something—something big—is moving through the undergrowth. It comes into view.

*Make a **Sanity** roll for both you and Norman; failure results in the loss of 1D6 Sanity. If you suffer temporary or indefinite insanity, go to 310. If Norman misses his roll, go to 312. Otherwise, go to 311.*  
(276, 292)

291

You look for the submerged ledge that will lead you from the lost valley. Norman watches the skies, concerned by gathering clouds.

*Roll 1D6: if the result is 1, go to 217; if the result is 2, go to 293; if the result is 3, go to 294; if the result is 4, go to 317; if the result is 5, go to 370; if the result is 6, go to 371.*  
(395, 396, 400, 614, 627, 628, 635)

292

You and Norman search for signs that Sylvia has gone this way. But while your attention is on the tracks, you may be noticed.

*Make a combined **Track** and **Luck** roll: if you roll under or equal to both, go to 290; if you fail both, go to 315; if you only succeed with Track, go to 289; if you only succeed with Luck, go to 314.*  
(277)

293

You, Norman, and Sylvia elude the menaces of the prehistoric landscape. A scree slope offers you a less hazardous descent from the valley.

*Go to 324.*  
(216, 291, 344, 406)





## 294

The sky darkens with building thunderheads. A roar splits the heavens, promising a heavy storm. You see a flash, and almost immediately, an almighty crack that jolts the eardrums. "Wow!" says Sylvia. "That must have hit somewhere nearby!"

It did. Smoke rises from the dry brush up the hill.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 402; if the result is odd, go to 403.*

(291)

## 295

The two of you walk, hungry, for many days. One morning you wake to find Norman gone. You search for the entire day but fail to turn up a single trace of him. In the end, you have to admit you are alone.

*Go to 67.*

(279)

## 296

The threatening chorus of howls out in the pine forest has Norman jumpy. You decide to halt at a cave for the night and take advantage of its protection against predators.

The two of you build a fire in the entrance and settle down inside your ragged blankets. As you drift toward sleep, you become conscious of something breathing at the back of the cave, something huge. You alert Norman. Then, you hear it stir. Its odor rises to press upon you, a sickening stench you can hardly bear.

*To shoot at the unseen creature, go to 325. To wait and see what happens, go to 326.*

(279)

## 297

The game trails are empty. The berries, so abundant earlier, have withered and dropped off the branches. The threat of starvation is real.

*Make a Survival (Woodland) roll: if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 331.*

(198, 279)

## 298

As night draws in, the baying of wolves becomes incessant. You catch Norman's eye and see his nerves are worn to the snapping point. When you chance upon a cave, it seems wise to stop there for the night.

Your luck seems to turn, as you are able to kill a snowshoe hare for supper. As the two of you chew its stringy meat, the woods fall silent. The owls, the crickets, even the wolves cease their calling. Some unseen menace pervades the twilight. Perhaps Norman's mood is rubbing off on you.

*To douse the flames and conceal yourselves, go to 333. To stoke them higher, go to 329.*

(279)

## 299

The little man refuses to walk, so your party carries him. By noon he appears to have fallen unconscious. You set up camp and try once more to feed your captive. He refuses; he seems to be actually willing himself to die.

By morning he is dead; his corpse rots rapidly. Carrying it becomes a repugnant prospect. Even the bones fall apart and crumble to gray dust in only a few days. So much for your specimen.

*To continue your homeward march, go to 158. To reverse course and explore the North Hanninah Valley, go to 89.*

(281)

## 300

"If we release him, he'll return with his people." Bernard may be right. But you are the expedition leader and will be held responsible for your actions toward other cultures.

You unbind the little man and stand back. With surprising speed, he dashes away through the trees. You urge your party in the opposite direction.

*Make a Luck roll: if you fail, go to 85; if you succeed and want to continue exploring, go to 89; alternatively, if you want to head for home, go to 158.*

(281)

## 301

You grab your rifle and fire point-blank into the chest of the monster that was once your research assistant.

*If you hit, go to 302. If you miss, go to 339.*

(303, 305)



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

### 302

It's a hit! Your former student howls with fear and clutches at their heart. You remember something in the legends about a wind-walker's heart being the most vulnerable organ. You aim for the same target and fire again, but the creature has had enough and bolts from the camp.

Now you must face the forest—alone.

*Gain 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 67.*  
(301)

### 303

You stagger as the truth hits home: Norman has been possessed by the cannibal spirit of the North. He is a wind-walker!

*Make a **Sanity** roll. If you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. To dash off into the woods, go to 304. To fight the creature, go to 301.*  
(328)

### 304

You race for the cover of the deep woods. The monster follows, and it is catching up. The Big Woods are home to its kind. Your only hope is to bury yourself beneath the canopy.

*Make a **Stealth** roll: if you succeed, go to 336; if not, go to 337.*  
(187, 303, 306)

### 305

"No!" Sylvia rasps. Her face is the misshapen echo of a girl from long ago, analyzing a thorny paper in a Miskatonic tutorial room. But her voice is that of a demon. "Come no closer. It is in me and I will take you. Run! I... crave..."

You glance at Norman. To your surprise, he speeds away in blind terror. If you hesitate, you may never find him again.

*To try to talk Sylvia out of her madness, go to 306. To try to shoot her, go to 301. To pursue Norman, go to 338.*  
(283)

### 306

Sylvia gives a terrible cry of triumph. As she shouts, she seems to change. Patches of dark ice break out on her flesh.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity; if you retain control, go to 304.*  
(283, 305)

### 307

The wolf pack hits your group and scatters it. They are too close for your rifle; you must make a desperate stand with melee weapons. The pack splits to overwhelm you.

*Unless you have already reduced their number, there are 2D6 dire wolves. One-third of them attack each of you. If the number does not divide cleanly, the first leftover wolf targets Sylvia, and the second targets Norman.*

*If there are fewer than three wolves, you may help a student fight theirs: go to 271. Or you may flee to save yourself: go to 340. Otherwise, ignore the students' battles and fight the wolves that have targeted you. The dire wolves have attacks of 30% (15/6), deal 1D8+1D4 damage, and have 15 hit points each. If you win the fight without a wound, go to 340. If you survive but have taken damage, go to 347. If you fall unconscious or die, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(286, 288)

### 308

You help your students up into the tree limbs. Once they are clear, you scramble after them. You wrap your arms around a solid branch, but something drags at you. The lead wolf has leapt and sunk its teeth into your boot! Sylvia and Norman grab under your shoulders, hauling you up. But the wolf could drag all three of you from the tree.

You must decide whether to whip your foot free from the wolf's slaving mouth or to dash its head against the tree trunk.

*Make a **DEX** or a **Fighting (Brawl)** roll. Whichever you choose, if you succeed, go to 344, while if you fail, go to 345.*  
(288)

### 309

Huge, ape-like figures—at least a score of them! They appear excited, waving clubs and rocks in their huge paws. Hemmed in the gully, you feel very vulnerable.

*To fire a shot to scare them off, go to 346. To remain calm, go to 348.*  
(289)



## 310

Colossal drooling ape-men! You're trapped! Doomed! Your legs buckle and you faint dead away.

*If you suffered temporary insanity, go to 350. If you have gone into indefinite insanity, go to 364.*  
(289, 290)

## 311

Somehow both you and Norman remain silent at the sight of the huge, ape-like figure that lumbers out of the bushes. You have heard of this creature, the sasquatch, and you had doubted its existence before this trip.

It stands over seven feet tall and is completely covered by a short coat of dark brown hair, flecked with white—or maybe flakes of mud. Heavily built, particularly in the legs, the sasquatch's limbs are both proportionally longer and thicker than a human's. It displays a sagittal crest, like a male gorilla. Such a feature, you know from your anthropological studies, virtually disqualifies it as a close relative of Man. The male, as you now think of it, moves with a peculiar shuffle, letting his great arms dangle. Threads of drool hang from his lips.

When it passes on, you suggest to Norman that you follow the sasquatch. He swallows but finally nods in agreement.

The lay of the land suits continued surveillance. The sasquatch travels directly to a primitive camp where more sasquatches, of both sexes and all ages, mill about. Their campsite is filthy. You see no fire, no huts, no sign of tools.

Suddenly you pick out a small figure in khaki, a girl walking with nervous steps between towering sasquatches. Sylvia!

*To fire into the camp to frighten the ape-men away, go to 353. To wait till darkness and steal into the camp for a quiet rescue, go to 359. To accept the odds are against you and give Sylvia up for lost, go to 360.*  
(290)

## 312

Norman gives a short, shrill yelp. You only get a glimpse of the thing in the bushes: a giant ape—or ape-man. It must be a creature similar to the one that carried off Sylvia!

*To follow the creature's tracks, go to 362. To accept Sylvia is gone and leave the lost valley, go to 360. To swallow your grief for Sylvia, but keep exploring the area, go to 63.*  
(290)

## 313

You and Norman wander through the lost valley, staring at each new marvel. It is easy to forget about the potential hazards.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 314; if the result is odd, go to 315.*  
(360)

## 314

You cross an open meadow full of grazing beasts. In quiet wonder, you study early species of horse, elephants, camels, antelope, and other such animals.

A shadow glides over the flowering grass ahead of you. The animals let out frightened trumpets and bleats. Whatever the flying thing is, it terrifies them!

*To look up into the sky, go to 318. To get out of the open, go to 363.*  
(213, 292, 313)

## 315

Unlike the mammal and plant life, the bird population contains species quite familiar to you—terns, curlews, and geese. As you cross a slough heavily grown with sedge, rushes, and reeds, you reflect that "Nadelmann's Lost Land" may not add many new species to the science of ornithology.

But, you are mistaken. A powerful, harsh caw startles the two of you. A head stabs out from the swamp growth. It is some form of bird, as tall as an ostrich, but with a heavier neck and breast muscles. Its talons are long and curved, its beak similar to an eagle's. A giant carnivorous bird! It looks like it could kill and eat a buffalo.

*To have your party shoot at the bird, go to 366. To run from it, go to 369.*  
(213, 292, 313)





## 316

A swift stream cuts across your path. You guess that if Norman and Sylvia ran this way, they would be forced to remain this side of such a barrier—perhaps even follow its course. You walk parallel to the waterway and soon you see the bootprints of your missing students in the moist soil.

You step up your pace and suddenly hear your companions' frightened shouts. Running toward the source, you see Sylvia on the edge of a steep ravine. Norman has fallen over the edge and only Sylvia's strength prevents him from plummeting into the roaring waters! Can you reach them in time?

*Make an opposed roll for Sylvia's STR against Norman's SIZ: if Sylvia wins, go to 322; if Norman "wins," go to 319.*  
(284)

## 317

You carefully retrace the route you took to enter the lost land and sense you are getting close to the rock wall exit. As you cross a large meadow, an ominous howling arises from the tall grass.

*Go to 288.*  
(291)

## 318

Your jaw drops open.

*Make a Sanity roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. If you manage to avoid temporary or indefinite insanity, go to 320. Otherwise, the animals of the range flatten you in an almighty stampede, crushing your body. The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(314)

## 319

Too late! Sylvia slides over the edge! As you reach the brink, both the students are being battered by the turbulence.

*To leap in and attempt a hazardous rescue, go to 227. Otherwise, you must watch them drown; then, go to 67.*  
(316, 469)



The steep ravine



## 320

Your blood runs cold as you spot the fungoid abomination gliding through the air overhead. Around you, the beasts panic and begin to move.

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. Go to 321.*  
(318)

## 321

You and Norman take to your heels. The panicked herds crash through the grass behind you, gaining fast. You will never make it to the woods.

*Make an INT roll: if you succeed, go to 323; if you fail, the stampede rolls over both of you, inflicting 4D6 damage to each of you. If you somehow survive, go to 347. Otherwise, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(320)

## 322

You grab Sylvia's feet just as she begins to slide down after Norman. You battle for a few seconds until you have both of them safely up on the cliff beside you. Your party can spare little time to celebrate its preservation. The odds are still against returning safely home.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 324.*  
(316, 469)

## 323

Off to one side, you spot a small geological formation. You drag Norman down behind it. The bleating, bawling stampede passes over and around you, several pairs of feet missing your heads by inches.

*Go to 278.*  
(321)

## 324

You and the two students travel over trackless woods on short rations. From day to day, the air cools as the short summer declines into the rugged subarctic autumn.

*If any of your party require healing, you may restore 1 hit point each. To follow the river, go to 470. To scale a ridge, go to 469. To thread*

*through light woodland, go to 218. To penetrate deeper into the forest, go to 557. To concentrate on finding supplies, make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 654; if you fail, go to 132.*

*(45, 50, 53, 54, 76, 137, 142, 217, 244, 245, 293, 322, 404, 425, 442, 465, 533, 594, 599, 650)*

## 325

You fire at the source of the breathing. The muzzle flash paints the walls of the cave.

*Attempt a Hard Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) roll with your rifle. If you inflict 8 points of damage or more, go to 373. If you miss or score less damage, go to 376.*  
(296, 493)

## 326

Holding your trigger finger steady, you allow the reeking hulk in the rear of the cave to shuffle out into the light of your night fire. It is a gigantic biped with the face of an ape.

*Make a Sanity roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 493.*  
(296)

## 327

A hundred yards from camp, you spot a Canada goose. Steadying your shaky hand for a moment, you take the shot. You dare not aim for the head and miss, so you put a bullet in its gut. The agonized beast leads you on a fretful chase through the woods before keeling over.

You return to Norman elated. A good meal is exactly what he needs.

*Make a Hard CON roll for Norman: if he succeeds, go to 543; if he fails, you arrive too late, go to 67.*  
(331)

## 328

Norman, whom you thought moments from death, suddenly sits up. You look into his face, then drop your eyes. He has changed somehow; he is like a rabid wolf hiding behind the mask of a man.

*Go to 303.*  
(282, 331)



329

Instead of repelling the creatures out there, the fire serves as a beacon to bring them in. The mat of twigs and brown pine needles rustles with their strange tread. Odd shadows slip along the cave walls.

*Go to 335.*  
(298)

330

Flushed from the cave, intent upon survival, you dive for the thickets to escape the weird attackers.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 336; if you fail, go to 516.*  
(335, 515)

331

As the pair of you starve, Norman's strength gives out first. You wrap him in a ragged blanket and, discouraged, make one more attempt to find food.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 327; if the result is odd, go to 328.*  
(297)

332

You run right into a blast of cosmic cold. You collapse to the ground, too stiff to shiver. From the position where you lie, you see the many legged creatures with their weird weapons scuttling like giant spiders from the bush. Then darkness.

*Go to 417.*  
(143, 148, 149, 150, 476, 478, 511, 516)

333

Huddled in dank darkness, the two of you hide from the creatures outside. You hear many pairs of strange feet scuttling, close by.

*Make a Stealth roll for Norman and yourself: if you both succeed, go to 334; if either of you fails, go to 335.*  
(280, 298)

334

After minutes that feel like eternities, the steps depart. The owl hoots once more, the cicadas buzz. Even so, you do not relight the fire for the rest of the night.

*Go to 513.*  
(333)

335

You hear an unearthly crackle. A blast of cold sweeps through the darkness and numbs one side of your face. Norman scrambles away into the depths of the cave.

*To fight it out with the bizarre intruders, go to 380. To bolt from the cave and abandon Norman, go to 330.*  
(329, 333)

336

You run until you fall, utterly spent. When you look back, you hear and see nothing. You are safe for the moment. But, now, you must face the Big Woods alone.

*Go to 67.*  
(187, 304, 330, 338, 339, 476, 485, 510)

337

You cannot run any farther, but you feel the cold breath of the wind-walker on your back. It reaches out. You feel its grasp. It has you!

You must fight for your life.

*The wind-walker has 3D6+6 hit points. Its icy attack has a 40% (20/8) chance to hit and deals 1D8+1D6 damage. Your own attacks suffer a penalty die due to exhaustion. If the wind-walker overcomes you, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

*If you defeat the wind-walker, gain 1D6 Sanity. You can attempt a First Aid roll to restore 1D3 hit points of damage taken in the fight. Then, go to 67.*  
(304, 338, 339)

338

Something crashes through the woods behind you. It does not sound like the Sylvia you knew.



*Make a Hard CON roll for Norman. Then, make a Regular CON roll for yourself. If you both succeed, go to 513. If you fail, go to 337. If you succeed, but Norman fails, go to 336.*  
(305)

## 339

Your shaking arm spoils your shot. The wind-walker springs at you, knocking the rifle far out of reach. Then, with a blood-chilling shout, it attacks. You turn and flee.

*Make a Hard CON roll: if you succeed, go to 336; if you fail, go to 337.*  
(301)

## 340

You break free of the pack, which tears at the bodies of your hapless students. That grisly diversion allows you to get a good head start before a few of the predators break off to give chase. Can you keep going until they lose interest?

*Make a CON roll. If you have fewer than half your original hit points, you must take a penalty die. If you succeed, go to 356. If you fail, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(307)

## 341

You bury Norman's body, all too aware that you persuaded him to follow you on this expedition.

Putting aside that thought, you return to the dead ape-man in the cave. It is an incredible specimen.

*You may attempt a First Aid roll: if you succeed, you may regain 1D3 hit points lost in the last encounter. If you wish to take the creature's head, record the keyword STOCKHOUSE. Then, go to 377.*  
(376)

## 342

Your wounds swell and discolor. Your entire body flames with fever. You lapse into longer and longer periods of delirium. When the end comes, you are completely unaware of it.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(347, 392)

## 343

You spy a moldy fruit on a tree near your sickbed. With a great effort, you crawl over and drag it from the branch. It tastes appalling, but you choke it down and then pass out.

There must have been something beneficial in the fruit, for when you wake, your head is clearer and you have new energy.

*Gain 1D3 hit points and go to 365.*  
(347, 392)

## 344

You scramble higher into the tree. Just in time! The beasts leap, growl, and snarl, but your perch is secure. At last, they trek off across the meadow. Your narrow escape emphasizes that you are ill-equipped to explore this land.

*Go to 293.*  
(308, 616)

## 345

The wolf drags you and your boot back to earth. Your leg twists awkwardly and you go down. The pack converges on you, snarling with bloodlust, jostling each other for a bigger share of your flesh.

Gunfire splits the air, as the students above try vainly to save you. But the wolves are lost in their frenzy. After a few seconds, your body already torn beyond repair, you get a glimpse up into the tree branches. A tearful Sylvia points her rifle directly at your head. "Sorry, Professor," she says and squeezes the trigger.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(308)

## 346

You fire at the ape-men.

*Roll 1D6: on a result of 1-4, go to 519; on a result of 5-6, go to 481.*  
(309, 362)

## 347

You awaken in pain. It hurts even to turn your head. Norman's body decomposes beside you. You are covered in dried blood.

*Make a CON roll: if you succeed, go to 343; if you fail, go to 342.*  
(307, 321, 355, 363, 371, 391, 406, 519, 616)



## 348

Despite superficial appearances, these creatures are closer to humans than apes. You use your anthropological training to mollify them and avert potential hostility.

*Attempt an **Anthropology** roll: if you succeed, go to 349; if you fail, go to 376.*

(309, 362)

## 349

A few of the largest sasquatches tentatively descend from the ridges. You use what you hope are universally acknowledged gestures of submission. The creatures advance by stages. Suddenly one reaches out and tucks you under his arm.

*Go to 350.*

(348)

## 350

The ape-men carry you and Norman like rolled-up carpets. It is not far to their encampment. "Professor!" Norman points. You follow his gesture. Sylvia!

*Make Sylvia's **Sanity** roll: if she succeeds, go to 352; if she fails, go to 351.*

(310, 349, 390)

## 351

By the vacant look in her staring eyes, by the white streaks in her once-auburn hair, you realize that Sylvia has gone quite mad from her ordeal. The sasquatches move her around camp like a life-sized doll, placing her beside you under a rock overhang. She ignores your attempts at communication.

*Go to 389.*

(350)

## 352

"Professor!" She rushes to your arms. Even Norman, not known for demonstrative gestures, rises to embrace her. Sylvia is haggard from the physical and psychological ordeal of her abduction but has proven tough enough to survive. She explains that she has been fed by the sasquatches and not harmed. For a time, she was not allowed to leave the rock overhang, but by showing kindness and consideration to the young sasquatches, she was permitted to roam around the vague limits of the encampment. She thinks that it would be possible to escape, but before you came, she feared to be alone in the lost valley and the Big Woods around it.

The three of you plot your escape.

*Make an **INT** roll: if you succeed, go to 387; if you fail go to 389.*

(350)

## 353

The shrill, piercing screams of the sasquatches bounce off the rocks as you rapidly fire several rounds above their heads.

*Attempt a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 500; if you fail, go to 354.*

(311)

## 354

On hearing the gunfire, the creatures run—but they run directly at you and around your flanks. They gain momentum like speeding trucks. You cannot hope to drop them all with rifle fire. As one, you and Norman turn and flee.

*Norman's movement rate is 7. Yours is 8, and the movement rate of the sasquatches is 7. Make a **CON** roll for yourself and a **CON** roll for Norman. On an Extreme success, you may add 1 to that character's movement rate. On a failure, you must subtract 1.*

*If the sasquatches equal or exceed your movement rate, go to 355. If they equal or exceed Norman's, but you get away, go to 356. Otherwise, if you both outstrip the ape-men, go to 358.*

(353)

## 355

Powerful hairy hands clamp on your shoulders, snatching you from your feet. Foul-smelling hulking bodies close in, biting and clubbing with fists and pieces of wood.

*Take 1D10 damage. If you survive the assault, go to 347.*

(354)



## 356

You hear a ghastly wail of fear from Norman and feel a wave of shame that a man so dedicated to his own education should come to this on your field trip.

Wracked and helpless, you race on.

*Go to 365.*

(340, 354, 367, 616)

## 357

You look into Sylvia's waxen face. An emptiness has replaced the vitality in her eyes. Her dark auburn hair is streaked with white. She looks at the pair of you without recognition. Her ordeal has destroyed her mind.

You lead her away from the sasquatch camp. She follows with passive, mechanical steps. When, the next day, you reach the swift-flowing stream that leads through the fissure to the other world, she falls into the churning rapids. Not even attempting to swim, she is swept along like a wooden doll.

*Go to 542.*

(192, 398, 500)

## 358

For a great distance, the two of you hear the ape-men in the rocks and woods behind you, smashing through the undergrowth. At last, all is quiet to the rear.

You and Norman exchange glances. Ashamed, the two of you agree that rescuing Sylvia is beyond your power. With no heart to explore the valley under such a burden of guilt, you decide to leave as soon as possible.

*Go to 361.*

(354)

## 359

You and Norman sneak into the encampment, fully aware that the sasquatches may be nocturnal and have sharper senses than you.

*Make a **Stealth** roll for you and Norman: if you both succeed, go to 393; otherwise, go to 390.*

(311)

## 360

Having avoided so many dangers on your way into the lost valley, now you and Norman must attempt to bypass them all again on your way out.

*Make a **Hard Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 361; if you fail, go to 313.*

(311, 312)

## 361

The lost valley seems under a spell. You and Norman make it back to the watery fissure unmolested. The current gives you some nervous moments, but you cross in safety.

*Go to 279.*

(108, 112, 358, 360, 363, 369, 399, 641)

## 362

Pursuing the alerted sasquatch was a serious mistake. It leads you into a tight clearing, where you are surrounded by a horde of large and angry ape-men.

*To fire at the creatures to frighten them off, go to 346. To avoid aggressive movements, go to 348.*

(312)

## 363

Your swift exit from the meadow proves a wise decision. The terrified animals begin to stampede.

*Make a **CON** roll to outdistance the stampede—your rapid response gives you a bonus die. If you succeed, go to 361. If not, the animals catch you, causing 2D10 damage. If you survive, go to 347. Otherwise, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. **THE END.***

(314)

## 364

You lose your grip on reality.

*If you have not yet suffered indefinite insanity, you now gain insane insight—add 5 points to your Cthulhu Mythos skill. If you have previously suffered indefinite insanity, add only 1 point.*

*Roll 1D6: if the result is 1–4, go to 550; if the result is 5–6, go to 549.*

(310, 371, 622, 630)



## 365

You cross the landscape of the lost world, little thinking of the hollow fame that will be yours if you can report it to civilization. Grief is your constant companion and the regret of your failure as a leader. You finally find the way out of the lost valley and leave it behind.

*Go to 67.*

(271, 343, 356, 368, 384, 392, 397, 646)

## 366

You blaze away at this new species.

*Each of you may get off one shot per rifle at normal range. If the shooter succeeds with a **DEX** roll, they may fire again at point-blank range (granting a bonus die). If together you inflict 10 or more points of damage, go to 399. If not, go to 367.*

(315)

## 367

With a spring, the bird-monster leaps between you and Norman. You duck its cruel beak and the two of you flee in opposite directions. Your only chance is if the creature decides to chase Norman.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 356; if the result is odd, go to 368.*  
(366, 369)

## 368

Norman disappears into the woods. The bird is after you. In the swampy ground you can't achieve full speed, but neither can it.

*Make a Hard **CON** roll: if you succeed, the bird loses interest, go to 365; if not, it catches up, and that is the end of the Nadelmann Expedition. THE END.*

(367)

## 369

Your shins drag through the mud of the slough. The bird is also slowed, but the chase wears you down.

*Make a **CON** roll for both of you: if both succeed, your party outruns the bird, go to 361; if either one fails, go to 367.*

(315)

## 370

As you and the two students cross a meadow, thunderheads build above the Ram Mountains. You head toward a tall, wide-spreading tree for shelter, past many supposedly extinct species of herd animals feeding on the long, flowering grasses.

Suddenly, there is a blast like a cannon shot and a blinding flash. A bolt of lightning has struck the tree that was your destination. It cracks in half. Fire flashes in the shattered trunk.

This seems like a near escape, until the bleating, neighs, and trumpeting of the fabulous animals around you warn you of danger. The terrified beasts are about to stampede!

You lead your party toward the woods as fast as they can sprint.

*Go to 616.*

(291)

## 371

At last, you approach the fissure by which you entered the lost valley. Your reverie is interrupted by a large rock that plummets from the sky and crashes on a boulder a few yards from your feet. You look up and are stunned to see a host of hideous apemen on the ledges overhead, tossing crude granite missiles down at you.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. If this results in temporary insanity, you stand in the open and are hit by a rock; take 1D10 damage, and go to 347. If you avoid insanity, go to 400.*

(291)

## 372

Upon examination, the Canadian authorities are convinced that the skull of the sasquatch was indeed an animal, not a deformed human being. You and your specimen are released. Your return to Miskatonic University—considering the circumstances—is hailed as an important triumph and a professional vindication.

A second Miskatonic expedition is prepared for the next summer, under Ivan Kurtov. After your harrowing experience, you decline to return so soon to the North Hanninah. The Kurtov Expedition heads north and, eventually, vanishes without a trace.

You continue to enjoy popular support for a while, but jealous scientists publish various “debunking” articles against your specimen. The lack of new, hard evidence allows armchair scoffers to keep the existence of the American ape-man a controversy for the remainder of your life.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(374)



## 373

With a scream, the immense creature staggers and collapses upon the flowstone at the cave's rear.

*Gain 1D6 Sanity. Go to 379.*  
(325, 423)

## 374

The Mounted Police will require that a coroner examine the head to determine whether or not a murder has been committed. After all, the head might just be that of a particularly ugly or deformed human, not the monkey-man you claim it to be.

*To consider another discovery first, go back to 529. To reveal the sasquatch head, make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 372; if you fail, go to 375.*  
(529)

## 375

The medical examiners claim that you have shot a human being! They suggest it was an unfortunate local who, because of his deformities, was cast out from his community. Your evidence that the skull is, in fact, from a completely different species than *Homo sapiens* is discounted.

Your case comes to trial and attracts great notoriety. The scientific community is badly divided; both sides of the case have their pick of learned academics willing to swear to absolutely incompatible positions.

You are judged guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to a Canadian penitentiary. It will be a year before you are eligible for parole.

While you languish there, the obtuse provincial authorities bury the head in a graveyard. A week later it is stolen by graverobbers. Several specimens purported to be the "Sasquatch Head of Dr. Nadelmann" circulate through the USA and Europe as part of traveling shows.

While in prison, you write extensively about your trip and your theories. When you are able to return to the United States, you eke out a marginal living as a popular science writer. In particular, you argue the evidence for the existence of the sasquatch.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(374)

## 376

The creature shrieks with rage and then charges like a locomotive. It is too close for gunfire. You and Norman must take up melee weapons.

*The beast's attack is 30% (15/6), and its powerful arms deal 2D6 damage. It has 18 hit points—which you may already have reduced.*

*If both you and Norman survive the fight, go to 378. If Norman is killed and you have taken a major wound, go to 191. If you have not taken a major wound, go to 341.*  
(325, 348, 423, 493)

## 377

Alone, you seek to return to civilization.

*Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 67.*  
(341)

## 378

Norman exerts his usual steadying influence, and together you shake off the worst effects of the fight. You fetch out the first aid kit and then turn your attention to the dead creature.

*You may attempt a **First Aid** roll to restore 1D3 hit points to yourself and Norman (if you lost that many). Afterward, go to 379.*  
(376)

## 379

You raise a torch to illuminate the body on the floor of the cave. It is a man-ape of incredible musculature. Your examination satisfies you that this must be what northern legend calls a sasquatch. You have the physical evidence here to prove your discovery.

*If you take the sasquatch head as a specimen, record the keyword STOCKHOUSE. Then, go to 513.*  
(373, 378)



## 380

Your party exchanges salvos with the strange entities. It seems they must come quite close to use the full effect of their cold-beam projectors.

*Each of you with a rifle may fire 3 times at normal range before you become too numb from the indirect fire of the alien weapons. If you score 3 hits between the two of you, go to 381. If you do not, you are rendered unconscious; go to 417.*  
(335, 475, 478, 479)

## 381

Finally, the fight is over. You go out to check the bodies and find them to be pink, fungoid crustaceans of great size. From the way they fought, they must have been intelligent indeed. Your scientific excitement rises. What specimens they will make!

Unfortunately, a strange deterioration sets into the bodies. By midday, there is nothing left of them but slime.

*Gain 1D6 Sanity. Go to 513.*  
(380, 479)

## 382

The sasquatches force you to walk with them up a high trail. You peer down from a tight bend and see a lake far below, its surface glimmering with sunlight. The climb continues. But what awaits at its end?

*To jump from the parapet and dive for the lake, go to 383. To continue climbing with your captors, go to 386.*  
(389)

## 383

Before you can think too hard about your elevation, you throw yourself out into empty air.

*Attempt a combined **Jump** and **Swim** roll: if both succeed, go to 384; if you fail either, go to 385.*  
(382)

## 384

You knife into the water like an Olympic star and feel your hands touch bottom. The water is cool. Heart hammering, you surface and make mighty strokes to the bank. The sasquatches above hoot and scream in frustration. But it would take them an hour to pursue you down the cliff.

*Go to 365.*  
(383)

## 385

You hit the water at a bad angle and swallow a mouthful of it. Everything becomes murky. You cannot be sure which direction is up.

*Take 1D8 in damage. Then, attempt a **Hard Swim** roll to reach the shore—you may try multiple times, but each time you fail, you suffer 1D3 damage. If you survive, go to 397. If you drown, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. **THE END.***  
(383)

## 386

With weary legs, you accompany the ape-men to the top of the cliff. You sit waiting for several hours. It occurs to you that you have climbed out of the lost valley and that the forest nearby is part of the Big Woods that you crossed before. Do you dare try to escape?

*To make a run for it, go to 485. To trust that the sasquatches are essentially gentle creatures not intent upon harm, go to 488.*  
(382)

## 387

Sylvia points out that the brush around the sasquatch camp is very dry. You form a plan. She will take the matches from your coat pocket, cross the camp and duck into the thickets, where she will start a diversionary blaze. It ought to be a good trick since it seems the sasquatches have no knowledge of fire.

*Make a **Luck** roll for Sylvia: if it succeeds, go to 401; if it fails, go to 388.*  
(352, 644)



## 388

No sooner is Sylvia out of sight than you hear annoyed sasquatch cries. A large male returns her to the overhang. She is like a helpless teddy bear in his arms.

*Go to 389.*

(387)

## 389

The three of you remain under the overhang all night. At dawn, the sasquatches come and seize you by the arms. They drag you, and you alone, from camp. "Professor?" Norman sounds nervous. You warn him against impulsive moves, wishing you felt as confident as you sound.

*Go to 382.*

(351, 352, 388, 544, 644, 653)

## 390

A high-pitched scream splits the shadowed camp, echoed by sasquatches on every side. There is nowhere to run.

*To assume a submissive posture and allow yourself to be seized, go to 350. To make a fight of it, go to 391.*

(359, 396, 398, 420, 421)

## 391

Two sasquatches move to block your retreat. There is no time to look over your shoulder. They grunt and swipe at you.

*Both of the sasquatch have an attack of 30% (15/6), deal 2D6 damage, and begin with 18 hit points. If you have a rifle, you may fire once at point-blank range (gaining a bonus die), but thereafter you must depend on whatever melee weapons you have. You may surrender at any time during the fight.*

*If you can inflict at least 9 points of damage on each sasquatch, you may choose to dart around them and escape alone; go to 392. If you surrender, go to 544 if Sylvia is with you, or 347 if she is not. (390, 653)*





## 392

You run like a lunatic until you think you are safe and then slump to the ground, exhausted.

*If you took damage in the fight, there is a chance of infection. Make a CON roll: if you succeed, go to 343; if you fail, go to 342. If you avoided any damage, go to 365.*

(391)

## 393

The camp seems relatively empty of the creatures. Perhaps the bulk of them are foraging. You creep to the spot where you last saw Sylvia and whisper her name.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 394; if the result is odd, go to 420.*

(359)

## 394

"P-Professor?" The voice is unmistakably Sylvia's. You calm her with a whisper and she hugs you, overcome. She seems in good shape, considering. You explain that you must sneak away from camp at once.

*Make a Stealth roll for Norman, Sylvia, and yourself: if all three succeed, go to 395; if any of you fail, go to 653.*

(393, 422)

## 395

You, Norman, and Sylvia can finally breathe sighs of relief. Only now, when the first brilliant rays of the dawning sun break over the Ram Mountains, are you able to appreciate the wonders of the lost valley.

*Record the keyword INCHCAPE. To embark on an exploration of the lost valley, go to 225. To try to leave the valley and start for home, go to 291.*

(192, 394, 402)

## 396

"She's here!" Norman hisses from the shadows. You creep over to him and look down at the pale shape he has found.

Sylvia's eyes are open, but they do not focus. She gives no sign of recognizing you. When you pull on her arm, she gets up without resisting and stands there, slack. You exchange glances with Norman. He looks conflicted.

"Can we make it back out of camp with her in this state?" he asks. "Can we make it all the way back home?" If Sylvia's sanity is gone, perhaps it would be kindest to leave her here.

*To take Sylvia along with you, go to 398. To leave her behind, make a Stealth roll for Norman and yourself: if you both succeed, go to 291; if either of you fails, go to 390.*

(422)

## 397

You crawl up on the beach, your body aching from the punishing high dive. It takes you a long time to catch your breath. Surely your captors must think you have been killed by the terrifying leap.

*You may attempt a First Aid roll; if you succeed, restore 1D3 hit points. Then, go to 365.*

(385)

## 398

You think of Sylvia's keen intellect, her loyalty, and her persistence despite the doom that has seemed to dog this expedition. While life remains within her, you cannot abandon her to these creatures. You lead her by hand through the camp of sleeping sasquatches.

*Make a Stealth roll for every party member. Sylvia's Stealth is currently 15%. If everyone succeeds, go to 357. If anyone misses, go to 390.*

(396)

## 399

"Rawwkh!" The bird-monster squawks and topples into the mire, spasmodically kicking as it dies. The head of this long-thought-extinct carnivore could provide evidence of your discovery, if you are lucky enough to return to civilization. Norman graciously offers to sever it.

You have done everything you can in the lost valley with your limited resources, so you start back.

*Record the keyword BACKWATER. Go to 361.*

(366)



## 400

Rocks strike around you, embedding themselves in the earth. The ape-men—sasquatches—are so high above you that their missiles impact with fearsome velocity.

*To try to rush through the hail of rocks, go to 406. To hold your position and try to frighten off the sasquatch with gunfire, go to 539. To retreat into the valley and only return once the ape-men have gone, go to 291.*  
(371)

## 401

While you watch from your guarded spot, you observe the flicker of Sylvia's fires. After a moment, they surge into red forks of flame.

Guards around the encampment scream an alarm. In seconds all is pandemonium, with smoke billowing and sasquatches running in every direction. The beasts near you succumb to panic, allowing you and Norman to scramble out. Sylvia runs to join you.

*To sprint for freedom, make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 402; if you fail, go to 403.*  
(387)

## 402

The fire is short-lived. When the brief night is over, nothing remains of it except a fading haze of smoke on the hilltop.

*Go to 395.*  
(294, 401)

## 403

The wind picks up, fanning the flames into an inferno, which sweeps down through the scrub of the hillside and into the forest. Sylvia and Norman cough as branches around you crackle and the conflagration spreads. You race through the smoke, half blind.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 404; if you fail, go to 405.*  
(294, 401)

## 404

Your party chances upon a cave deep enough to shelter you from the smoke and heat on the surface. For over a day, the fire traps you underground.

When you finally emerge, you see a charred, devastated landscape. The probable damage to the valley's unique flora and fauna sickens you. Over a carpet of smoldering embers and ash, through endless stands of whitened spikes and blackened logs, you make your way to the fissure by which you now leave the lost land.

*Go to 324.*  
(403)

## 405

A flaming tree topples toward you. You dive, avoiding its trajectory by inches. It crashes onto your companions. Fearing the worst, you scramble over.

Sylvia's skull is crushed. Her sightless eyes tell you everything you need to know.

Norman is still alive on the other side. You try to reach him, but the flames drive you back. Through the heat haze, you see his legs are trapped beneath the blazing trunk and a branch has skewered his shoulder to the ground. There is no hope for him.

His agonized eyes find yours. "Do you arward... posthumous... degrees, Professor?" Norman splutters and coughs up a mouthful of blood. "I'd like... a distinction..." His head lolls back and the flames take his body.

Wiping away tears, you flee from the inferno.

*Make a Luck roll: if successful go to 408; if failed, go to 407.*  
(403)

## 406

Your party scatters, sprinting through the hail of rocks.

*Make a Dodge roll for each member of your party: if you fail, lose 2D6 hit points and go to 347; if you succeed but both Norman and Sylvia fail, go to 491; if only Sylvia fails, go to 278; if only Norman fails, go to 490; if everyone succeeds, go to 293.*  
(400)



407

The loss of your companions torments you even as the smoke swirls in. Do you truly want to survive?

*To keep going through the fire, you must succeed with three Hard CON rolls. You may try as many times as you wish, but the first time you fail, and on every fail thereafter, you suffer 1D3 damage from smoke inhalation.*

*If you succeed three times without dying, go to 408. If not, the Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(405)

408

When you see the mouth of a cave, you can scarcely believe your eyes. You plunge inside and discover that the cave is deep enough to save you from the smoke and heat.

The next day you emerge into a devastated wasteland, a catastrophe. Your personal grief overwhelms you and your scientific curiosity is exhausted. Your only desire is to leave the smoldering landscape and you make your way to the outer world via the stream-cut fissure.

*Go to 67.*

(405, 407)

409

Charlie insists she is not sleepy and simply needs a chance to think. In the morning you find her gone, along with the canoe and her share of the supplies.

Sylvia and Norman frown as you break the news. But Bernard's jaw drops. You can tell he is thinking about all the distance you have covered and his upcoming wedding.

*Record the keyword BAREFOOT. To try to return home on foot, go to 158. To continue your explorations without a guide, go to 604.*

(26)

410

Your observation of Charlie Foxtail's behavior convinces you that she plans to desert in the night. You try to argue her into a more rational state.

*Make a Psychoanalysis roll: if you succeed, go to 492; if you fail, go to 164.*

(26)

411

Your party's boating skills pull you through without mishap.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 34.*

(32)

412

The screams of your floundering companions are the last things you hear before water fills your ears. The turbulence pummels your body like a heavyweight boxer.

*You must make three successful Swim rolls to get to shore. If you fail one, you begin to drown—you must now make a combined Swim and CON roll each round; for every failed CON roll, you suffer 1D6 drowning damage. If you make three Swim rolls and survive, you make it to shore, go to 415. Otherwise, you have drowned. The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(7, 32, 471)

413

By a stroke of luck, your party stumbles upon an abandoned cabin stocked with rusty but edible tins of food. This happy discovery solves your food problem for the time being. There is no trace of the person who built the cabin—probably a prospector or hunter who fell victim to the hazards of the valley.

*This lucky find means you can recuperate a little. Gain 1D10 Luck points. Then, roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 77; if the result is odd, go to 470.*

(55)

414

You press yourself into the shadows, listening hard and keeping your breaths shallow. Somewhere nearby, leaves rustle. Is that a buzzing in the distance?

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 518; if the result is odd, go to 515.*

(507)



415

You lie alone on the shore, the last survivor of your party.

*If you took drowning damage, you may make a **First Aid** roll. If you succeed, add 1D3 hit points. Then, go to 67.*

(412)

416

One of your party sneezes and the startled man immediately streaks off, his shrill cries loud enough to arouse the whole forest.

*To pursue him, go to 196. To flee the area, go to 131.*

(129)

417

A faint light bathes your closed eyelids. You hear garbled sounds. Your whole body seems prickled with discomfort.

It takes an effort to open your eyes. For an instant, what you see makes no sense: diseased-looking fungoid-things, pinkish creatures with tentacles and claws extending from their thoraxes. Several of them scuttle around the field of your vision.

Terror shapes a scream in your mouth, but it makes no sound. You cannot even feel air moving in and out of your lungs. Abruptly, you realize that you don't have any lungs—nor any body, just phantom pains. You can see your body, discarded on the ground nearby. It has no head. You are its head.

You are clamped in a box, with tubes running into your neck. The alien monsters want to preserve your living brain!

Plunging into madness, you try to scream again. One of the creatures shuts the lid of the box that contains you, blocking out all light.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(265, 332, 380, 517)

418

The board of inquiry dismisses the charges against you. You settle back into the academic community.

*Go to 33.*

(83)

419

The hairy creature takes the piece of food you offer from your hands and then moves its brows, indicating fascination. As you stare at it, you realize that such a specimen would make your scientific reputation, but can you actually shoot this peaceful-seeming creature? Is it too close to humanity?

*To fire your rifle in the name of science, go to 423. Otherwise, you let the creature step around you and shuffle off into the forest; go to 513.*

(493)

420

Sylvia does not answer. Is she here? Is she asleep? You feel very exposed.

*To abandon the search, go to 421. Otherwise, make a **Stealth** roll: if you succeed, go to 422; if you fail, go to 390.*

(393)



The alien brain-case



421

It's useless to continue risking your life and Norman's. The odds are heavily against rescuing Sylvia. Carrying your private burdens of regret, you and Norman try to withdraw from the camp the same way you entered it.

*Make a **Stealth** roll for Norman and yourself: if both of you succeed, go to 528; if either of you fail, go to 390.*  
(420)

422

You thread through the camp, continuing to whisper Sylvia's name. You are conscious of Norman, off to your side, doing the same.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 394; if the result is odd, go to 396.*  
(420)

423

You raise the rifle at its brow ridge and fire. Your shot is point-blank.

*Make your attack roll: if it succeeds and your shot inflicts 9 or more points of damage, go to 373; if you miss or inflicts less damage, go to 376.*  
(419)

424

You pause at the riverside. Can you justify pressing on into the wilderness without Charlie Foxtail?

*To continue, go to 89. To turn back, go to 158.*  
(532)

425

Every field trip is a rare opportunity that must be fought for. Miskatonic is a wonderful institution, but the discoveries that change the known world are made here, on its fringes, through painstaking and dangerous exploration. You cannot give up yet.

*If the expedition still has all its personnel, go to 602. If only two students remain, go to 600. If Charlie alone has been lost, go to 604. If Bernard alone has been lost, go to 598.*  
(513)

426

Oversized, ape-like faces stare at you from the darkness. Your fevered mind races. Sasquatches! The legendary haunters of the Canadian wild! If you could communicate—but you do not need advanced anthropological training to read their sudden hostility to this intruder in their den.

You spin and run.

*Go to 485.*  
(496)

427

After each day of lonely travel, you spread your tattered sleeping blanket on an anonymous rock, concerned only that it be dry. This one seems like any other.

*Make a **Science (Geology)** roll: if you succeed, go to 428; if you fail, go to 513.*  
(67, 597)

428

As your glance passes over the ledge of quartz pegmatite where you spent the night, you spot something that glitters. You take your knife and scratch out a bit of the mineral deposited in the vein. It seems to be gold!

You scratch out the best map you can before moving on.

*Record the keyword **CHARCOAL**. Go to 513.*  
(427)

429

Your map does not really coincide with official cartography of the area. The authorities admit many gaps in their knowledge of the region, but the discrepancy is unsettling.

You have no trouble assembling a grubstake and a party of eager partners. The season is getting late, however, and the weeks you spend seeking your "lost ledge of gold" prove fruitless. When one prospector vanishes and another is found beheaded, your partners call off the hunt.

*Delete the keywords **RESONATE** and **CHARCOAL** if you have them. Then, go to 529.*  
(545, 546)



## 430

Even before arriving back in Arkham, you know your lack of hard evidence will undermine your credibility.

*If your party has lost any of the graduate students, go to 83. If not, go to 33.*

(529)

## 431

The existence of the lost valley and its prehistoric survivals will shake the scientific world and make your name—if your account is taken seriously.

*To consider another discovery first, go back to 529. To announce this discovery, if you have the keyword BACKWATER, go to 274. If you do not have the keyword, go to 432.*

(529)

## 432

Your story of a lost land earns you the epithet “Woods-Happy Nadelmann.” You become an embarrassment to the university, and the department subtly pressures you to resign.

After two frustrating years, you quit the university in order to fundraise for a private expedition. Your timing is poor. The Great Depression impoverishes your sponsors and the effort dies. You retain a small cadre of supporters, but enemies in the scientific community place the indelible label of “crank” upon you.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(431)

## 433

After so many days on the river and nights in the woods, it feels strange to sit in a stifling room and answer questions about your conduct.

*If you have lost any members of your party or have confirmed their death, multiply the number of such losses by 15. This is your **Liability Score**. Roll 1D100: if the result is greater than your liability score, go to 530; if the result is equal or less to your liability score, go to 531. (161, 429, 589, 593)*

## 434

The five of you climb up a ridge and into the valley on the other side. Across its wide expanse, thin blue vapor clouds drift from the nearby hot springs. Through the haze, the mountains beyond appear dreamlike and unreal. The springs bustle with waterfowl—mallard and butterball mostly, with the odd goldeneye. You can be assured of a hearty supper for the next few days.

Suddenly a butterball wobbles in the air and then drops like a stone. A moment later, the same thing happens to a mallard in the same spot. You heard no shot. The range makes an arrow kill unlikely. What is happening down there?

*Record the keyword TANGENT. To investigate, go to 435. Otherwise, you may ignore it: if you have the keyword BAREFOOT, go to 458; if not, go to 20.*

(31, 497)

## 435

As you cross hill and ravine toward the phenomenon, an eerie atmosphere builds that cannot wholly be accounted for by the silence of the woods. A broad vale opens, removed from all the rush and turmoil of fast water, sheltered by dark, old trees with long, gray-green streamers of moss. The moss sways in a faint breeze.

Your companions sense the uncanniness, too—you can see it in their faces. Like you, they do not speak. You begin to feel a weird disorientation, a touch of vertigo. Was it something like this that took the birds out of the air? If so, what causes it?

Your dizziness is pronounced by the time you master a small rise and look down upon the arrangement of stones below.

*Make a **Luck** roll: succeed and go to 448; fail and go to 436.*

(434)

## 436

Charlie screams suddenly and falls to her knees, attempting to fight off an invisible attacker. Her arms tear open with inexplicable wounds. Immediately, she is streaming with blood. You stand there in terror; you can think of nothing to stop this unseen assault.

“Ten’a-ranide! Ten’a-ranide!” your tormented guide cries. You recognize the word as local dialect for an invisible, vengeful demon summoned by sorcerers. The Navajo had the same idea and called their demon the *chindi*. “Run!” Charlie cries.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you succeed, lose 1 Sanity point; if you fail, lose 1D3 Sanity. To abandon Charlie to her death, go to 437. To stand by her, go to 443.*

(435, 554)



437

Your terrified party races away from the scene of the grisly attack. Can distance save you from the invisible tormentor?

*Attempt an Extreme POW roll for Bernard: if he succeeds, go to 442; if he fails, go to 438.*  
(436, 444, 456, 547, 555)

438

Bernard shrieks in agony and falls to the ground in a mist of blood. You sprint away, your feet ripping through the underbrush.

*Attempt a Hard POW roll for Sylvia: if she succeeds, go to 442; if she fails, go to 439.*  
(437)

439

Sylvia screams, her eyes wide, as deep wounds open in her hands and neck. By the time she falls, it seems like a mercy. Desperate, you run on, gasping for air.

*Attempt a Regular POW roll for Norman: if he succeeds, go to 442; if he fails, go to 440.*  
(438)

440

Norman's gruff cry becomes high-pitched as wounds rip open his face and scalp. He goes down in a bloody haze. You are the only one left, and your strength is failing.

*Attempt a Regular POW roll with a bonus die: if you succeed, go to 442; if you fail, go to 441.*  
(439)

441

As you race away, hoping against hope to outdistance the invisible murderer, an electric streak of agony tears from your shoulder to your waist. A hot well of blood fountains down your back.

Your legs finally give out and you crash to the earth. As bitter cold surrounds you, your flesh parts in a merciless series of wounds. You make a last attempt to touch the invisible spirit, to somehow understand; clawing your hands through empty air until blood loss and shock saps your final reserves of strength.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(440)

442

You run, propelled by mortal terror, until your strength gives out. You collapse against a tree, gulping air. But the bloodletting is over. Perhaps the invisible killer is somehow tied to the stone formation where you encountered it. However, you have run deep into the woods and cannot find your way back to camp.

*If all of your students survived, go to 158. If you lost one, go to 324. If you lost two, go to 279. If they are all dead, go to 67.*  
(437, 438, 439, 440, 446, 447)

443

Just when you expect Charlie to collapse dead from her wounds, she stops struggling and raises herself to her knees. She cannot stand, for one of her legs has been torn off at mid-shin. For an instant, you suppose the blood-frenzied entity has departed, but then you look back up at Charlie's face.

She has no eyes, only vacant holes in her head, windows through a mask, behind which swirls something red and incandescent. As she kneels there, a mutilated ragdoll, wisps of vapor curl from her eye sockets.

*Make a Sanity roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 444.*  
(436)



## 444

You are under considerable stress, but there is no denying the evidence before you. It seems incredible, but Charlie may be possessed by an otherworldly entity.

*To try and communicate with the entity, and perhaps learn the secrets of the valley, go to 445. To flee from this eerie vision, go to 437.*

(443)

## 445

"What are you?" you demand. "Tell me your nature!"

The thing that was Charlie rasps, "You cannot compel me to speak!" Her voice sounds like a sledge dragged over stones.

*To force her to speak, attempt a POW roll with a penalty die: if you succeed, go to 447; if you fail, go to 446.*

(444)

## 446

The possessed ruin of Charlie gives an inhuman scream and grabs her hatchet. With the speed of a rabid puma, she springs at your frightened party.

*Make a Psychology roll for each member of your party. Anybody who succeeds may snap off a shot at point-blank range (granting a bonus die). Afterward, you must fight Charlie with any other weapons on hand.*

*Charlie attacks with 35% (17/7) skill, dealing 2D6+1 damage. She targets Bernard first, and then you. Her possessed body continues to fight beyond mortal limits—treat her as having 28 hit points.*

*If you destroy the body of your doomed guide, the survivors must get away as fast as possible, before the entity selects a new victim. Go to 442.*

(445)

## 447

The horror that was Charlie shudders. Her torn lips move as if forced to speak against her will. "If you would know what the Ten'a-ranide know, go where the Ten'a-ranide go! Speak the word that protects! Hallapjora-syojatar."

With that strange utterance, Charlie's mangled corpse falls over and lies inert. All is still within the formation of stones.

*To hurry from the megalithic site, go to 442. To go into the temple of the wheel formation, saying, "Hallapjora-syojatar," go to 450.*

(445)

## 448

Astonishing! Who would have expected to see such a thing in this primitive land? It is a gigantic circle, over 200 feet in circumference, made of boulders and huge slabs of limestone, placed with great engineering skill to form a wheel. From the center of the wheel, 28 stone spokes radiate in precision to a well-defined perimeter. At the center of the structure is what appears to be a small ceremonial building, shaped like a beehive.

Your dizziness increases as you slide down the slope and cross the outer ring of stones. You begin to hear ringing in your ears and a roll like the crash of distant waves, like the strike of mighty thunderbolts upon echoing mountainsides.

Sylvia grips your arm. "Professor," she says, "don't go in there." She looks like she might vomit.

*To leave your fainthearted party behind and go inside the little building, go to 449. To head back the way you came, make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 457; if you fail, go to 554.*

(435, 553)

## 449

Fascinated, you shake off Sylvia and approach the little building. Three of its sides feature a narrow, arched door. You step inside.

Your head swims from the aura of the place. You feel an incredible mental surge, as a tide of towering perceptions penetrates the tiny confines of your skull.

*Make both a Sanity and a POW roll: if you fail the Sanity roll, lose 1D6 Sanity; if you fail the POW roll, lose 1D3 POW. Now, go to 450.*

(448)





450

The phenomenon is incredible! It is as if you stand in a high window, from which you see the crashing waves of past, present, and future all breaking upon one another.

Below all the chaos, there are streams of sense, of real information. As you stand reeling, you try to attune yourself to these streams and let the knowledge fill your tormented mind. Then, you see...

*Ancient days. This place. A race of tall, lean, gray-skinned, cruel-faced men. They are not of the First Peoples. They are older, terribly old. They have a name. Keywanema. Their spirit is upon the land. They rule from antiquity. This continent is theirs. They defend it*

*with mighty magic, awesome powers. The ships of Atlantis burn; the hosts of Mu can gain no foothold. The world has three powers, and the Keywanema are not the least. O evil! Dark is the night of the sway of the Keywanema. They have gods; they sacrifice to awful gods. Rebathoth! Yog-Sothoth! Zathog! Shub-Niggurath! Names from nightmare. To each is built a temple. In the great heart of their domain, a temple like a wheel of stone. A temple of the Great Wind-Walker! Iâ Ithaqua! Eh-ya-ya-ya- e'ya... ngh'aaa ngh'aaa... h'yuh...*

Gain 5 points of Cthulhu Mythos. To leave the temple and return to your group, go to 532. If you wish to stay and learn more, make a **Sanity** roll and then a **POW** roll with a penalty die: if you fail the Sanity roll, lose 1D6 Sanity; if you fail the POW roll, lose 1D3 POW. Then, go to 451.

(447, 449)

451

As you stand before the roaring currents of time and space, your mind drinks in greater and more terrible truths.

*The Keywanema! Like fiends, they are seen. Unbearable holocausts of evil! Souls are but sparks to feed their roaring gods and cunning sorcerers! Bodies blasted! Souls torn! Breathtaking curses laid on generations! Fury, fury against those who stand upon their continents as tall as Keywanemeia is tall. Men must die. Civilizations must die! The rocks they stand upon will shatter! Hatred without end! The temples fill with blood. Souls hurtle screaming through the gateways to the Elder Ones. Offerings without end. The Keywanema prosper. The gods are pleased. Their power surges forth. Headlands break! Continents crash into the sea! Every element turns upon Atlantis, upon Mu. Though the Keywanema's curse takes an eon to work, its progress is relentless. Mu and Atlantis are no more. There is only Keywanemeia! Keywanemeia and its thirsting gods!*

Gain 6 points of Cthulhu Mythos. If you now stagger from the temple back to your group, go to 532. If you wish to stay and learn more, make a **Sanity** roll and then a **Hard POW** roll: if you fail the Sanity roll, lose 1D6 Sanity; if you fail the POW roll, lose 1D3 POW; if you fail both, go to 456; otherwise, go to 452.

(450)



The Great Wind-Walker



## 452

Knowledge of ancient events floods your fragile mind.

*Glee! Glee in Keywanemeia! Keywanemeia alone stands! Their enemies are destroyed. Though Keywanemeia is impoverished by the efforts, though the Keywanema themselves are stunted by the spells, their foes are lifeless, buried beneath the heartless sea. Magic ceaseless! Every Keywanema a sorcerer! Magic that corrupts! Magic that blackens, withers! The cold. The ice. Unrelenting. A sick, stunted people cannot withstand the spread of the glaciers nor the people the ice brings... the Inutos. Sterility. Glaciers. Cities ground to dust! Weakness without end. Cold. Death. Now, new people come from the south. Slaughter! Ithaqua demands! Ithaqua makes his summons! Wind-Walker! Hearts of ice! Runners on the wind! Y'kaa baa bho-ii!*

Gain 7 points of Cthulhu Mythos. If you tear yourself away and rejoin your group; go to 532. If you do not fear to learn more, make a **Sanity** roll and then an Extreme **POW** roll: if you fail the Sanity roll, lose 1D6 Sanity; if you fail the POW roll, lose 1D3 POW; if you fail both, go to 455; otherwise, go to 453.

(451)

## 453

Darker impressions now rush through your fevered senses.

*The Earth immersed in seething currents of foulness. They crowd upon the world. So close. So short to reach! They walk unseen and foul in lonely places; the wind gibbers with Their voices. The earth mutters with Their consciousness. The sphere meets at the veil! They once ruled where humankind rules now. And They shall rule again. Azathoth! Tsathoggua! Cthugha! Ghatanothoa! Abhoth! Ubbo-Satbla!*

*You can bear no more.*

Gain 10 points of Cthulhu Mythos. Make a **POW** roll: with an Extreme success, go to 532; with a Hard success, go to 456; with a Regular success, go to 455; if you fail entirely, go to 454.

(452)

## 454

A burst of darkness and you are sucked into the howling, crashing vortex. The earth and sky dance in hungry chaos. Everywhere whirls the roaring tides of Otherwhen. You have been sucked through the veil to the depths where They swim. They come. They come! No, no—not that! Not that!

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(453)

## 455

A hurricane blasts you from the temple of Ithaqua. It continues outside, roaring through the arch with a cold fury.

You see your students, holding hats to heads and scrabbling for purchase. The winds tear at them with a malignant scream. Sylvia is the first to leave the ground, hair whipping around her face as she flails. Norman tries to fall prone, but his legs lift as his fingers try to grip the earth. Bernard is last, staring into your eyes as he levitates. Their figures swirl into the sky like dry leaves in a dust devil. The sky darkens and fills with a crushing, oppressive presence. A god from Beyond!

*Go to 264.*

(452, 453)

## 456

The veil to the dimension beyond slams shut! But you are not alone; things emerged from the rift before it closed. You sense them in the prickling of your skin. You know them as the vermin of Otherwhen. You saw their shadows, heard their name in the currents of chaos: *Ten'a-ranide!*

An ice-lipped wound rips open on your body. A cascade of blood soaks your clothes.

You dash from the temple and shriek, "*Get away from here!*" Your companions have learned that such warnings should not be taken lightly in the North Hanninah. They wheel and dash back the way you came.

*Take 1D6 damage. If your party still has five members, go to 547. If you have lost one, go to 437.*

(451)

## 457

Giving in to a primitive fear, you turn and dash from the rock wheel, exhorting your party to follow. Already edgy, they ask no questions as they run along beside you.

*If your party still has five members, go to 556. If you have lost one, go to 513.*

(448)



## 458

Perhaps you have been too cautious, but the results of the expedition have been disappointing so far. The morale of your party drops day by day. You will have to do something decisive soon.

*Make a Persuade roll: if you succeed, go to 459; if you fail, go to 460. (434, 532, 556)*

## 459

You spend individual time with each party member, sharing experiences from other field trips. Your personal touch is enough to keep spirits up for a few more days. One foggy morning, Bernard and Norman call you down to the river to share an incredible find: a large, strong canoe in need of a few minor repairs. There is no sign of its owner. Now you must make an important decision.

*To return downriver, go to 32. To proceed deeper into Hanninah country, go to 20. (458)*

## 460

Your party's misgivings are contagious, and your inspirational talk falls on discouraged ears. You call an expedition meeting, and it decides the best thing to do is to build a raft and drift back downriver to civilization.

*Go to 51. (458)*

## 461

Your party turns in, each to their own small tent. Bernard takes the first watch. Over a mat of branches, you throw your eiderdown roll. Upon this, you spread a sheet. You take your customary final look around before turning in; the camp is settled and everything is in place.

That night you wake to a cry in the darkness: "*Eb-stein! Eb-stein!*" No one in your party could speak in such a chill, brittle timbre. You rise, throw on your jacket, and seize your rifle. You are just in time to see Bernard answering his caller with an unintelligible shout and darting into the black forest.

Norman and Sylvia join you, jabbering questions.

*Go to 95. (158, 604)*

## 462

That night you shiver in your sleep. Sylvia shakes you awake, her breath misting in the air. "*Dr. Nadelmann!*" she says urgently. "*It's Bernie! He's been hurt!*"

You scramble out of your blankets and follow her. Norman is on his knees, drawn back from Bernard's curled-up form.

Bernard lies behind a stump. He has been reduced to a shrunken, flabby thing. His forehead is caved in like a deflated basketball. How he can be alive in that condition is beyond your ken.

A set of round tracks approaches Bernard and goes on past him. They follow one another in a straight line—and each is convex, coated with a glaze of ice that gives off a blue vapor. Something is in the woods.

*To seek it out, go to 69. To flee this haunted wood, go to 463. (552)*

## 463

It is impossible for Bernard to walk in his condition. Since life somehow lingers in his ruined body, you will have to carry him. You and Norman trim saplings into poles to make a litter.

*Make a Listen roll: if you succeed, go to 464; if you fail, go to 467. (462, 649)*

## 464

You hear a tiny yelp of alarm, quickly cut off. It is so brief that you can almost convince yourself that it is an animal call. But instinct speeds you back to camp.

Twenty minutes ago, Bernard lay almost comatose. Now he stands erect in the middle of the camp, hands locked around Sylvia's neck.

You strike him in the kidneys. He doesn't even turn his head. He seems to have no feeling at all. Norman rushes to your aid.

*Bernard has inflicted 1D6 damage on Sylvia already. To rip him away, you must win an opposed STR roll against his STR of 110—Norman's assistance grants you a bonus die. You may try repeatedly, but each time you fail, Sylvia suffers another 1D6 damage. If you can save her in time, go to 465. If not, go to 466. (463)*



## 465

You break Bernard's grip and throw him to the ground while Norman sees to Sylvia. You brace for a renewed attack, but instead, the mutilated student leaps to his feet and, with startling haste, dashes for the river.

You hesitate, torn between firing at him, following him, or checking on Sylvia. At the water's edge, Bernard jumps in headfirst and does not emerge.

You go to Sylvia and Norman. Her lips are blue.

*Attempt a **First Aid** roll: if you succeed, you may restore 1D3 hit points to Sylvia. Then, go to 324.*  
(464)

## 466

You break Bernard's grip and throw him to the ground while Norman sees to Sylvia. You brace for a renewed attack, but instead, Bernard leaps to his feet and, with startling haste, dashes for the river.

"Professor!" yells Norman. "Sylvia—I think she's dead!"

You check for any signs of a pulse or breathing. It's true. As you stare at one murdered graduate student, you hear her attacker throw himself into the river. He does not emerge.

You bury Sylvia among the sand dunes. After you and Norman say a few words over her grave, you hurry away along the North Hanninah River. Neither of you speaks again until evening.

*Go to 279.*  
(464)

## 467

About 20 minutes later, you and Norman return to camp with the completed poles for the stretcher. An odd shape lies stretched out near the firepit. As you draw close, you see it is Sylvia.

You run to her side, kneel down, and turn her over. Her eyes bulge wide-open, and her face is discolored. Purple marks ring her throat.

Bernard is not on his bedding. You see tracks in the sand. From the scuffle marks around Sylvia's body, bare feet lead down to the riverside. The last tracks sink deep into the wet bank. He went into the river and did not come out.

You bury Sylvia among the sand dunes. After you and Norman say a few words over her grave, you hurry away along the North Hanninah River. Neither of you speaks again until evening.

*Go to 279.*  
(463)

## 468

Five-foot-long crustacean things! With pincers and claws, they clutch mechanical devices. Their activities stop as the startled creatures turn off their machines—and reach for other devices near at hand.

The screams of terror from your party form a chorus behind you. They don't need your leadership to know what to do—they flee from the alien conclave as swiftly as their legs will carry them.

*Gain 2 points of Cthulhu Mythos. Go to 143.*  
(104)

## 469

There is a tang of autumn in the air. This suggests that it will be an early fall—which worries you, as it means early snow in the Northland. As you ponder this, a narrow but deep ravine cuts across your way, and the rushing stream within seems too rapid to cross safely.

"Look," says Norman, pointing at a tree that has fallen across the ravine. "We can use that for a bridge."

Sylvia pokes at it with her stick and shakes her head. "It's rotten. It might not hold our weight, even one at a time." Norman seems petulant, but you support Sylvia. You make camp in the vicinity.

As you open your eyes to the morning light, you hear a great cracking sound. It is immediately followed by Norman's baritone cry and Sylvia's running feet.

Groggy, you race toward the sound and spot the students. Norman hangs over the edge of the ravine, prevented from falling by no more than Sylvia's arm. The idiot! Despite your warning, he tested the strength of the tree-bridge, and it collapsed. Whether you can prevent tragedy depends on how long Sylvia can hold on.

*Make an opposed roll for Sylvia's STR against Norman's SIZ: if Sylvia wins, go to 322; if Norman "wins," go to 319.*  
(324, 600, 601)

## 470

You trek on through the wilderness. It feels like you have lived here for years.

*If you have the keyword INCHCAPE, go to 471. If not, go to 82.*  
(324, 413, 601)



471

For a few days, you see little game, and the fish become elusive. If you go on in this way, you face starvation. You need a change of luck.

As your party of three hikes, sore-footed, along the flank of the North Hanninah, Sylvia pokes you in the ribs and exclaims, "Look, Professor! A canoe! Somebody must be around here!"

However, a search satisfies you that the owner is nowhere near. You hesitate to take the boat, but your party is hungry and a canoe will speed you downriver much more swiftly than you can walk. Are you good enough boaters to pass the rapids?

To continue on foot, go to 197. To dare the river, make a **Pilot (Boat)** roll: if you succeed, go to 472; if you fail, go to 412. (470)

472

The canoe is the answer to your problems. After you pass a series of rapids, the game and wild fruits become much more common. You continue on swiftly day by day, until a rock holes the canoe's bottom, forcing you to abandon it. However, you have already reached frequently traveled trails.

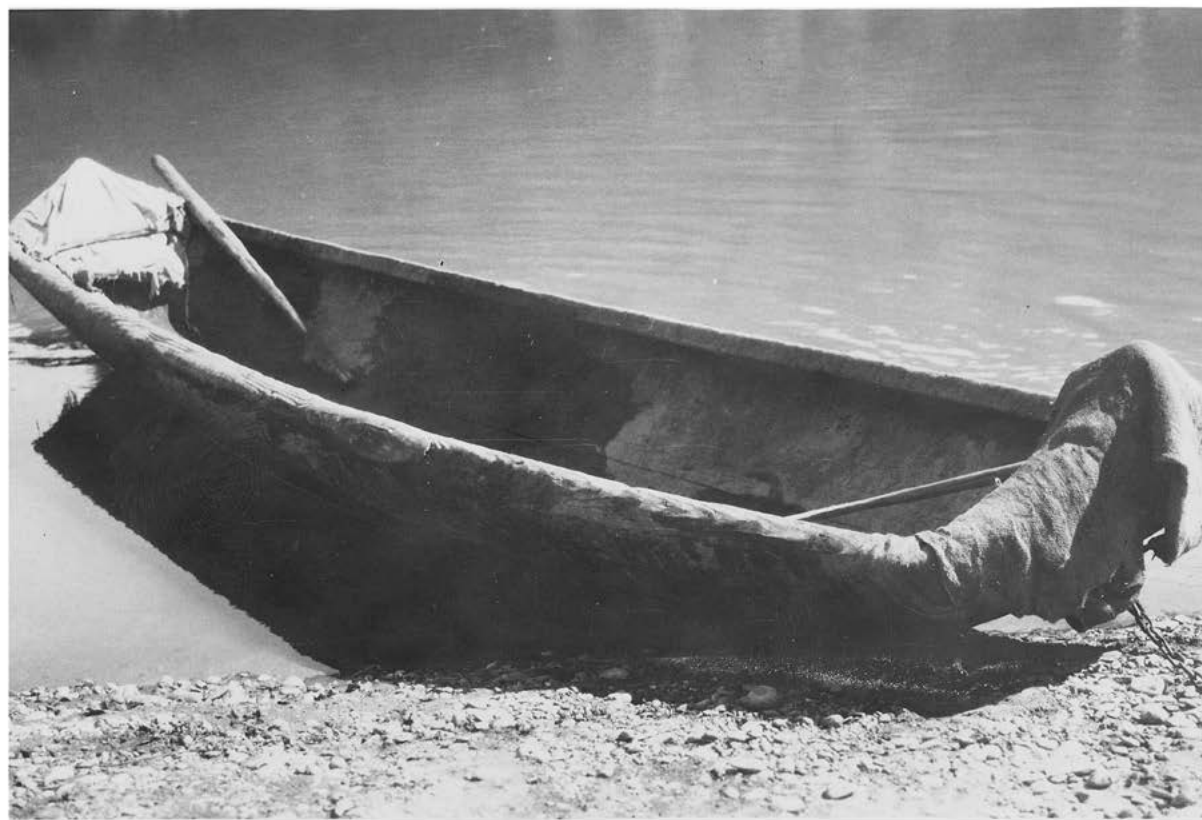
Go to 513.  
(471)

473

First Sylvia, and then Norman are swept off the ledge and flushed down the wild stream. You struggle back to solid ground and run along the narrow canyon, trying to keep them in sight. They hit whitewater and disappear over a ridge.

You linger in the area for a day or two, searching, hoping that either or both of them got out by themselves. You find no tracks.

Go to 67.  
(217)



The canoe



## 474

What you see is not what you expect.

*Make a **Sanity** roll for yourself and Norman: if either of you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity and go to 475; if neither of you fail, go to 477.*

(280)

## 475

The sight of hideous, gigantic, fungoid, lobster-things laboring like rockhounds along the streambed wrenches an exclamation of terror from your party. The creatures drop their mineral gathering tools and reach for twisted silvery objects, which just might be weapons.

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. To flee, go to 476. To shoot it out with these horrors, go to 380.*

(474)

## 476

As you turn and run, a sheet of cold lances over your shoulder. It is close enough to numb your ear and cheek. You feel tiny, razor-sharp ice crystals on your jawline.

*Make a **Dodge** roll for yourself and Norman: if you both succeed, go to 513; if you both fail, go to 332; if Norman fails, but you succeed, go to 336.*

(475, 478, 480)

## 477

Neither of you cry out; perhaps you're too astonished to do so. A short distance up ahead, a band of bizarre creatures toil, using machines held in delicate claws to suck up mineral deposits precipitated on the rocks. These entities resemble pink, five-foot-high crustaceans infested with fungoid growths. They surely could not have originated on this planet.

*Gain 2 points of Cthulhu Mythos. To stand up and greet them in a friendly manner, go to 478. To try to sneak away unobserved, go to 480. To open fire upon them, go to 479.*

(474)

## 478

As you raise your hand in a peaceful gesture, the aliens grab for twisted metal devices. Their buzzing rises to a pitch that makes your skin crawl. Should you follow through on your peaceful intentions?

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. To trust your anthropological training and step out from behind your rock, go to 332. To flee, go to 476. To open fire instead, go to 380.*

(477)

## 479

Each of you with a rifle starts firing at the alien creatures. One of them grabs a twisted silvery device and points it at you. A beam strikes the rock you crouch behind!

Ice crystals form before your eyes, coating the surface of the rock. Fragments shatter off with a loud crack.

You hit that alien in its midriff, and it falls.

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. Roll for rifle attacks. If you and Norman can hit twice more in the next four shots, you may drive off the other aliens before they can get to their weapons. If so, go to 381. If not, go to 380.*

(477)

## 480

With careful steps, you withdraw from the alien creatures. Every instinct urges you to run.

*Make a **Stealth** roll for yourself and Norman. If you both succeed, you get clear; go to 513. If either of you fail, you do the smart thing and sprint; go to 476.*

(477)

## 481

The ape-men must never have heard gunfire before because they cease their barrage at the first blast. In a muddle of fear and confusion, they disappear into the woods.

*Go to 192.*

(346, 539)



482

Norman stumbles over some deadwood masked by the tall grass. The motley herd of prehistoric beasts thunders directly behind him. Sylvia hesitates and then turns back to help her friend.

You bellow a warning over the bawling and bleating of the terrified animals. Before your horrified eyes, a mastodon knocks down and tramples the hapless pair. One glance is enough to tell you there is no hope for them. Wracked with remorse, you run into the woods. When it is safe, you trudge to the valley exit.

Go to **491**.  
(616)

483

Your party takes a break and Sylvia steps out of sight for a few minutes. After a time, you become concerned and call her name. There is no answer.

You search the bushes thoroughly, but find nothing except her tracks commingled with those of... a giant. Norman examines them and shakes his head. When he stands up, you see a weariness that you recognize in yourself. Could you really be thinking of abandoning Sylvia?

To follow the tracks, go to **484**. To ignore them and leave the valley, go to **278**. To ignore them and head into the valley, go to **38**.  
(216, 551)

484

Hoisting the supplies to your shoulders, you follow the trail of Sylvia's abductor.

Make a **Track** roll: if you succeed, go to **276**; if you fail, go to **277**.  
(483, 609)

485

Your sudden burst of speed catches the sasquatches by surprise. You are faster than them, but your short legs will tire before theirs.

Make a **CON** roll to outdistance the creatures before you have to rest. If you succeed, go to **336**. If not, you feel a hairy grip upon your shoulders—roll **1D10**: if the result is even, go to **486**; if the result is odd, go to **487**.  
(386, 426)

486

The sasquatches toss you from one to the other. Suddenly you understand that they are not angry, but that they are playing with you. Finally, they let you fall, exhausted, to the ground.

Their roughhousing has caused you **1D6** damage. Go to **489**.  
(485)

487

The ape-men stir. One points with his great palm outward against the sky. Out there are several black specks—flying things. They steadily grow larger.

You cannot believe your eyes. Flying crustaceanoids, with tentacles as their forward parts. The sasquatches release you and cower and shriek in submission. You turn and flee in terror.

Gain 1 point of *Cthulhu Mythos*. Go to **510**.  
(485, 488)

488

You study the sasquatches, trying to discern their intentions.

Roll **1D6**: if the result is 1–4, go to **487**; if the result is 5–6, go to **489**.  
(386)

489

At last, the sasquatches become restless and cease to pay attention to you. You remain motionless as the band shuffles off. You are alone—truly alone.

Go to **67**.  
(486, 488)

490

A gasp warns you that Norman has been hit—crushed beneath a twenty-pound rock. Sylvia turns back to help him. You cry out, urging her to keep going, but it is not in Sylvia's nature to abandon a companion.

You can only watch as a fragment of basalt, hurled from the cliff, strikes Sylvia's head. Her skull bursts like a melon.

Go to **491**.  
(406)



491

The deaths of your companions recur vividly in your imagination. Not caring whether or not the torrent carries you off, you dash through the fissure and out of the valley of prehistoric survivals, alone.

Go to 67.  
(406, 482, 490)

492

You see the conflict in Charlie's face. *"You speak with great learning, Professor. Perhaps I was foolish to believe the stories the elders tell of the Little Ones."* She clenches her fists. *"I am rational, like you."*

Charlie resumes her duties and your party moves on.

Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 10; if the result is odd, go to 11.  
(410)

493

A gigantic hairy shape shuffles out before you. At first, you mistake it for a gorilla—but at second glance, your anthropologist's eye marks it as a species never before described scientifically. The appropriate action here is to offer it food as a gesture of friendship.

Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 419; if you fail, go to 325.  
(326)

494

As you wander the banks of the North Hanninah alone, you hear the crackle of walkers in the woods ahead. At first, your heart leaps at finding other people, but then you remember the cruel lessons of the Big Woods. They may not be friendly.

You hide and wait for them. A moment later a party of men appears—undersized men, with unnaturally gray skin. One holds the severed head of a woodsman.

You duck your head, hoping they will not see you. Make a **Stealth** roll: if you succeed, go to 111; if you fail, go to 495.  
(67, 597)

495

After the physical and mental ordeals of the last week, you are in terrible shape. Your tension causes an involuntary spasm, and your leg jerks in the dry leaves. The murderous men call out shrilly and point your way. You must run for it.

Go to 116.  
(494)

496

As you wander alone along the bank of the river, a thin drizzle chills you. You notice a cave opening and duck into it for shelter.

You stop short one pace in. The stench coming out of the cave is overpowering. You sense heavy breathing in the darkness. Suddenly the inhabitants step into the gray light.

Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 426.  
(67)

497

You shudder as the wretch turns his face toward you. His eyes roll wildly. *"The stone wheel... The temple of Ithakwanni... over the ridge... Don't go..."*

A spasm wracks his body and his speech deteriorates. *"The wind gibbers with Their voices. The earth mutters with Their consciousness... As a foulness ye shall know them..."* A further convulsion stills his rasping. His heart has failed.

He said that a stone wheel, whatever that is, and a temple lay just over the ridge. Delirium, perhaps.

To investigate, go to 434. To return to the canoe, go to 20.  
(36)





## 498

"No, Professor!" Charlie approaches you, frantic. "My people tell stories about the Little Ones. My father has seen their tracks. It is death to see them. Worse than death."

Just when the expedition finally makes a discovery, you encounter superstition. It always seems to be the way. "Get the rest of the packs from the canoe," you tell her, not unkindly.

Charlie goes to the vessel, muttering in anger. You look where the dying man indicated and plan your approach.

It takes a second to recognize the slap of the paddle against water. Your mouth drops open as you see your disgruntled, superstitious guide heading away down the river in your canoe.

*To carry on with your investigation of the "gray men," go to 84. To leave it, but proceed forward on foot, go to 89. To head for home, go to 158.*

(37)

## 499

Beside a bush, a tiny man lies wounded, with a hole in him the size of a shotgun slug. He is, incredibly, still alive. When you approach, he tries to crawl away. You try a simple phrase in the dialect of the closest known nation, but the little creature only hisses. He is an amazing specimen—strange gray skin, exaggerated features, odd proportions in his hands and prehensile feet. If he is not unique, his race departs more from the statistical norm than any that you have ever studied. His species may not even be human.

You lay blankets over him and try to spoon him broth. He refuses to eat, lapses into unconsciousness and—by dawn—dies. All through this, Charlie acts like an agitated tigress.

"It was a puk-woogie," she mutters when you press her, "an evil Little One of the Night. If there is one, there will be more. We must leave this valley!"

*To argue with Charlie, go to 30. To bury the dead man in accordance with her wishes and return downriver, go to 165.*

(18)

## 500

As the sasquatches scatter into the rocks and brush, you and Norman dash down into the encampment to rescue Sylvia.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 395; if the result is odd, go to 357.*

(353)

## 501

You trudge on alone. Weary, hungry, footsore, you are blind to the bleak splendors of the lonely, remote forests through which you pass. You sense your insignificance against the merciless, tangled wilderness.

*Make a Listen roll: if you succeed, go to 502; if you fail, go to 506. (67, 597)*

## 502

You hear a buzz from a hollow beneath the bank where you stand. Hopeful that you have found others, but wary of the strange sound, you creep to the edge of the bank and peer through a fringe of scraggly junipers.

*Make a Sanity roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Then, go to 503. (501)*

## 503

Pink, lobster-like creatures, five feet long, crawl through the forest litter below. The buzzing continues. Suddenly, a human cry slices through the noise. You see a man in a hunting jacket being dragged down a ravine into the hollow behind two of the abominable things. When they drop him, he tries to crawl away. One of the creatures plays a Y-shaped object over him and a streak of blue mist coats the escaping man. He becomes silent and falls on his face. Even from this distance, you can see him shiver. Ice crystals cover his jacket and trousers, as well as his hair and beard.

The creatures' buzzing takes on a different tone as they fall in behind one another and scuttle around the human victim, as if engaged in a strange dance.

One rears up over the man and holds out a tube, like a dark drinking straw. Before you can react, a red beam shines as precisely as a pencil line and bloodlessly separates the man's head from his body. You jam a fist against your mouth to keep quiet.

The dance ceases and another creature passes a large capsule to the surgeon, who gathers the head up with its forward limbs. It manipulates the head and then holds the now-encapsulated prize up for its fellows to behold.

So far you have suppressed your horror. But when the severed head's eyes change their expression—when the jaws move—it is too much to endure.

*Gain 3 points of Cthulhu Mythos. Make a Sanity roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Go to 504.*

(502)



## 504

Trembling, you crawl away from this vantage point to Hell.

*Make a **Stealth** roll: if you succeed, go to 505; if you fail, go to 506.*  
(503)

## 505

Sickened by what you saw, you flee into the heavy undergrowth and keep going until you are far, far away from the cursed hollow. When your strength fails, you lie down and stare into the sky.

There can be only one explanation. Your experiences within this valley have been creations of your imagination. Perhaps you have breathed in some strange spore, or a natural hallucinogen has leached into the water supply. The thought brings you an odd peace, and you surrender to oblivion.

*Go to 161.*  
(504)

## 506

As you go noisily through the thickets, a vast shadow passes overhead. You look up.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity. Go to 507.*  
(501, 504)

## 507

A ghastly pink fungoid-thing! It sees you! The flyer seems clumsy; it wobbles away while you dash into the deep forests. Can it track you through the canopy?

Suddenly you come upon a cave entrance. Its moss-felted rocks yawn open like a mouth and green teeth. You slip inside and huddle near the opening.

Peering outside you see, to your terror, a fungoid-thing wavering through the bushes through which you ran. Did it see you?

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. If you have a rifle, you may shoot at the alien; go to 508. If not, or if you prefer to remain quiet and motionless, go to 414.*  
(506)

## 508

Your rifle kicks as you fire at the alien horror.

*Make your attack roll. If you hit and score at least 12 points of damage against the creature, you may finish it off while it lies stunned; go to 509. If you inflict less damage, it drops out of sight and you must take to your heels again; go to 510.*  
(507)

## 509

Fearing to touch the repulsive carcass, you use a dead branch to lever it into a ditch. You cut some shrubs to cover it and then return to the cave. By morning it appears safe to continue on your way.

*Gain 1D6 Sanity for dispatching the creature. Go to 513.*  
(508)

## 510

Your every instinct tells you that the woods are alive with alien senses, that they are closing in on you.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 511; if the result is odd, go to 336.*  
(487, 508)

## 511

A streak of misty vapor stabs past you and you feel the sting of frostbite. The fungoid monsters! On three sides of you! You are penned against the river. Your only hope is to try to swim it, even though the water flows rapidly and swirls with treacherous eddies.

*Make a **Dodge** roll: if you succeed, go to 512; if you fail, go to 332.*  
(510, 516)



## 512

You dive into the water. The current seizes you immediately and carries you away from the fungoid creatures.

*You must make three successful **Swim** rolls to get to shore. If you fail one, you begin to drown—you must now make a combined **Swim** and **CON** roll each round; for every failed **CON** roll, you suffer 1D6 drowning damage. If you make three **Swim** rolls and survive, you make it to shore and may make a **First Aid** roll to recover 1D3 hit points; go to 513. Otherwise, you have drowned. The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(511)

## 513

It is time to decide the course of your expedition. Fort McDonald lies within your reach, and you may go there to end your experience in the North Hanninah. If you still have an appetite for exploration, you may take a short side trip or even strike back out into the depths of the valley.

*To return to Fort McDonald, go to 593. To take a side trip, go to 594. If your party still has at least three members, you may return to the wilds; go to 425.*

(25, 67, 76, 111, 165, 182, 224, 232, 242, 297, 322, 334, 338, 377, 379, 381, 411, 419, 427, 428, 457, 472, 476, 480, 509, 512, 514, 517, 518, 543, 564, 567, 572, 577, 580, 587, 589, 591, 595, 596)

## 514

The whirlpools take charge of the canoe and pull it across a snag, tearing the craft open and throwing you into the boil.

*You must make three successful **Swim** rolls to get to shore. If you fail one, you begin to drown; you must now make a combined **Swim** and **CON** roll each round—for every failed **CON** roll, you suffer 1D6 drowning damage. If you make three **Swim** rolls and survive, you make it to shore; go to 513. Otherwise, you have drowned. The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*

(242)

## 515

A bolt of freezing energy streaks over your head. The dank stone wall behind you shatters and chunks of ice-covered rock rain down. You feel the temperature of your hiding place fall 20 degrees. You peer outside. Several of the pink creatures waddle through the undergrowth toward you. Another raises its weapon and fires. Your face and fingers begin to freeze.

In a few minutes, the cave will be impossibly cold.

*If you are armed, you may try to drive off the aliens with gunfire: go to 517. To make a run for it, go to 330.*

(414)

## 516

You dart from dark corner to dark corner and break out from the cave. But you can see no escape route through the shadowy intruders.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 511; if the result is odd, go to 332.*

(330)

## 517

The fungoid creatures seem content to kill you by indirect fire; however, the close-set trees require them to draw near, where they are vulnerable. You have a good covered position. But your fingers become numb with the cold, and ice creeps into your eyes.

*Roll 1D4+1. The result is the number of successful hits you must make with your rifle to drive away your attackers. After each shot, you must make a **CON** roll to remain conscious—on the first two **CON** rolls, gain a bonus die; the second two **CON** rolls are at Regular difficulty. Thereafter, you must take a penalty die. If you fail any **CON** roll, you lose consciousness go to 417. If you drive off the creatures, go to 513.*

(515)

## 518

Undisturbed, you hide in the cave all night. Toward dawn, you doze a little. In the morning you continue your journey.

*Go to 513.*

(414)



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

519

Far from being intimidated, the ape-men respond with angry whistles and an avalanche of thrown stones. You pass out from the blows, and the rocks keep coming down.

*Take 2D6 damage. Go to 347.*  
(346, 539)

520

The pounding hooves give you no option for teamwork. You hear an anguished cry of “Professor!” and throw a glance back at Sylvia. She has fallen way behind. There is nothing you can do. In an instant, she is bowled over by a woolly rhinoceros. Her body is tossed in the air and goes under. Stunned, but operating on instinct, you and Norman reach the low-hanging limbs of the wood’s edge and clamber up.

The bleating horde rushes harmlessly below you. By the time you climb down, the two of you are too heartsick to do anything but set your feet for home.

*Go to 278.*  
(616)

521

Charlie’s fevered eyes bore into yours. Bernard’s disappearance has awakened a powerful terror within her. How can you get through to your superstitious guide?

*Attempt a Regular **Persuade** or Hard **Psychoanalysis** roll (your choice). If you succeed, go to 522; fail, and go to 123.*  
(71, 73, 74)

522

“OK, Professor.” Charlie glares at you. “We who live all our life in this land can never know its ways so well as those from other countries. We will search for the boy.” You and the others fall in behind your sullen hunting guide.

*Make a Hard roll against Charlie’s **Track**: if she succeeds, go to 525; if not, go to 523.*  
(521)



*The stampede of prehistoric animals*



## 523

Come midday, Charlie claims to have lost the trail. Somehow you are not surprised.

*To send Charlie back to camp and attempt to track Bernard yourself, go to 524. To accept him as lost, and your expedition as a failure, go to 32.*

(522)

## 524

You attempt to pick up Bernard's trail until twilight, but your efforts are fruitless. You suspect that Charlie led you so far from the boy's tracks that you will never find them again. You return to camp ready to let your guide know exactly what you think of her.

Charlie is gone, and so is the canoe. One quarter of the supplies are missing.

*Record the keyword BAREFOOT. Go to 95.*

(523)

## 525

Charlie follows Bernard's route for about 20 minutes. His tracks are soon joined by those of some large animal—or what you suppose is an animal. It has hooves of a kind, large round crescents showing an irregular edge, but no split. The farther your party goes, the more agitated Charlie becomes. Eventually, the strides made by your student and the creature extend to an unbelievable length and then vanish completely.

In the receding dusting of snow, it seems that Bernard's final prints alter in shape. At the end, they are nothing but round impressions—identical to those of the "animal."

"Ayiiie!" Charlie cries, no longer able to contain her welling fear.

You explain that the melting snow has distorted and erased the tracks and that this has nothing to do with the wind-walker legend.

Charlie looks at you, eyes wide.

*Make a Hard Psychoanalysis roll: if you succeed, go to 526; if not, go to 123.*

(522)

## 526

With considerable difficulty, you quell Charlie's fears and return to camp. Now you must decide the future of your expedition.

*To remain in the immediate area, hoping to solve the mystery, go to 527. To abandon the expedition, go to 32.*

(525)

## 527

For three days, you and the students spend every daylight hour looking for Bernard. Charlie guards the camp, watching the sky with fearful eyes. On the fourth day, you have to accept that your grad student may be gone for good.

To your surprise, Charlie takes responsibility for the tragedy. She approaches you to apologize.

*Go to 62.*

(526)

## 528

You and Norman silently depart the camp of sleeping sasquatches.

*To explore this strange lost valley, go to 38. To leave it, go to 278.*

(421)

## 529

You must decide what to announce as the primary result of your explorations in the valley of the North Hanninah. The other discoveries can wait.

*If you have either the keyword CHARCOAL or the keyword RESONATE, or both, go to 545. If you have the keyword INCHCAPE, go to 431. If you have more than one of these keywords, you have the opportunity to review each option before making your choice. If you have none of these keywords, go to 430.*

(429, 530)



## 530

When your report of your party's misfortunes is analyzed by the Canadian authorities, they absolve you of any wrongdoing or neglect.

*Go to 529.*  
(433)

## 531

When your report of your party's misfortunes is analyzed by the Canadian authorities, they take you into custody and bring formal charges against you. They seem uninterested in any evidence of your discoveries.

*Go to 538.*  
(433)

## 532

Your party hurries from the megalithic wheel and hastens back to the riverside.

*If you have the keyword BAREFOOT, go to 458 if your party still has five members, or 424 if you have lost someone. If you do not have that keyword, go to 20 if your party still has five members, or 163 if you have lost someone.*  
(450, 451, 452, 453)

## 533

Together, you and Sylvia struggle to the shore. Safe on dry land, you disengage and lie staring into the sky, gasping for breath and waiting for Norman to join you.

Your academic commitment fades. For what purpose have you been risking your lives? To enter what is probably an empty box canyon? The expedition is in a shambles. It's time you ended it.

*If required, you may attempt First Aid rolls: if you succeed, you may restore 1D3 hit points to Sylvia and yourself. Go to 324.*  
(93)

## 534

You and Norman follow the turbulent stream for a great distance and finally discover Sylvia's body on the bank, pale and drowned.

After you bury your young student, Norman gives you some time alone. When he finally returns, he looks you in the eyes. *"She would want us to press on, Professor. She wouldn't want her death to be the reason we turned back."*

Norman is speaking the truth. But as the expedition leader, you feel the heavy weight of responsibility.

*To press ahead, go to 535. To turn for home, go to 279.*  
(93, 537)

## 535

You and Norman again dare the swift stream that obstructs entry into the hidden valley. You are no sooner through when you become aware of a strange tropical scent to the air. The conifer forest of the outer world is gone. This landscape resembles something from the early Cenozoic.

You remember wild tales you have heard—of a lost Canadian valley warmed by Chinook winds and hot springs, a valley where prehistoric animals still exist. Could this be it?

*Record the keyword INCHCAPE. Go to 63.*  
(534)

## 536

Turbulence batters you, tearing Sylvia from your grasp. The current drags your head beneath the surface.

*You must make three successful Swim rolls to get to shore. If you fail one, you begin to drown—you must now make a combined Swim and CON roll each round; for every failed CON roll, you suffer 1D6 drowning damage. If you make three Swim rolls and survive, you make it to shore; go to 537. Otherwise, you have drowned. The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(93)

## 537

As you grope for a handhold on the bank, Norman seizes you and pulls you to land.

*Either of you may make a First Aid roll. If you succeed, you regain 1D3 hit points lost in the last entry. Go to 534.*  
(536)



## 538

Your trial lasts weeks, during which every field decision you made is questioned. It is almost a relief when you are convicted of gross negligence and contributory manslaughter. You are incarcerated in a Canadian penitentiary, where you become withdrawn and isolated, staring from your cell at distant woodland.

A year later, you become eligible for parole and the committee looks favorably on your conduct. Once you are free to leave Canada, you return to a ruined career in the USA.

You have lost your position at Miskatonic University. The evidence you brought back from your expedition has been neglected during your confinement. All the most important pieces have been lost or ruined. Nevertheless, you attempt to publish your findings.

Your article only draws sensational press attacks, characterizing you as a moral cretin willing to sacrifice human life for scientific glory. You vanish from public notice with the dawning of the Great Depression.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(531)

## 539

You sight and squeeze off a few rounds at the sasquatches.

*Roll 1D6: if the result is 1–2, go to 481; if the result is 3–4, go to 519; if the result is 5–6, go to 57.*  
(400)

## 540

With a single misstep, Sylvia loses her footing and slides off the submerged ledge into the fastest part of the stream. She thrashes in the deadly current, tossed against the rocks.

*To remain on the bank, go to 542. To leap into the water, make a combined STR and Swim roll. If both succeed, go to 541. If you fail either, go to 189.*  
(217)

## 541

Sylvia is unconscious and drifting. You seize her by the hair and drag her to the rocky bank, where Norman helps you get her ashore. You camp in the ravine until Sylvia is fit to travel.

*Go to 54.*  
(540)

## 542

You follow Sylvia as she is swept down the raging stream. Beyond the mouth of the ravine, she washes up on a sandbar. Her hair is plastered over sightless eyes. You bury her nearby.

Norman offers a few words of comfort, but they ring hollow. You are responsible for Sylvia's death. Can you manage to get your remaining student back to civilization?

*Go to 278.*  
(357, 540)

## 543

With the improved food, Norman rallies. A few hours later, he climbs to his feet and squints at you. *"It was a mistake to choose anthropology, Professor. You should have been in the restaurant business."*

You laugh together for several minutes more than his weak joke deserved. You have been out here in the woods for a long time.

*Go to 513.*  
(327)

## 544

The ape-men put you all away for the night under a guarded overhang. Both Norman and Sylvia are badly injured. You do what you can for them—and for yourself.

*You may make a First Aid roll. If you succeed, you regain 1D3 hit points, and so do your companions. Then, go to 389.*  
(391)

## 545

You examine your map to the gold deposit. It has no scientific value. But a fortune in gold could finance as many expeditions as you wish.

*To consider another discovery first, go back to 529. If you have the keyword RESONATE, go to 546. If you have the keyword CHARCOAL, make a Navigate roll: if you succeed, go to 183; if you fail, go to 429.*  
(529)



## 546

Only by using the map can you find out if its maker knew what he was doing.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 183; if you fail, go to 429.*  
(545)

## 547

You expect any second to feel another sear of pain. But it is Charlie who cries out. You see the guide roll to the ground, bleeding profusely. You cannot fight such a thing; your only hope lies in flight.

*Go to 437.*  
(456)

## 548

You scream maniacally and rush for the deep woods. As a crazed, berserk creature, you roam the valley alone for days—or perhaps for weeks or years. Feeding on carrion, digging roots with your fingernails, your physical aspect would horrify anyone who saw you.

The sight of any large animal brings back hideous fears. One day such a flight causes you to run over the edge of a canyon, into the rapids below. Your wretched existence ends in drowning.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(550)

## 549

When you are next yourself, years have passed. An inmate in a Winnipeg asylum, you have lived there since being found by a missionary, living with a remote community of people as a sacred Mad One.

With the recovery of your memory, you rapidly recuperate. You return to Arkham and try to pick up the threads of your life. As you were long presumed dead, your position at Miskatonic University has been filled. Your estate has been apportioned among your heirs; only litigation restores a portion of what was yours.

With time, the night fears diminish, but you can secure only second-rate teaching jobs and your lectures become notorious for occasional interruptions where you tail off, staring into space. You publish your account of the North Hanninah trip but, without documentation or physical evidence, and with your history of insanity, you convince no one except an eccentric occult fringe group.

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(364)

## 550

The result of your madness is very unfortunate.

*Roll 1D6: if the result is 1–4, go to 548; if the result is 5–6, go to 215.*  
(364)

## 551

You seek unusual animal life. You are successful.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 273; if the result is odd, go to 483.*  
(275, 614, 627, 628, 635)

## 552

You pause to get your bearings.

*If you have the keyword TANGENT, go to 462; if not, go to 553.*  
(158, 604)

## 553

Forced uphill by the sloughs along the riverside, the four of you laboriously hack through brambles and thicket. As your group passes close to the lip of a slope, Bernard catches your elbow. "Look there, Professor!" he says.

From your lofty perspective, you gaze down and gasp.

*Record the keyword TANGENT. Go to 448.*  
(552)



## 554

You have a sudden sensation of being watched.

*If your party still has five members, go to 436. If you have lost somebody, go to 555.*

(448)

## 555

Only a few steps along the slope, Bernard moans and falls to the earth. You hurry to help.

*"Something hit me," the youth begins, dazed. "It—yiih!"*

He touches a hand to his cheek. Hot blood flows out between his fingers. *"Quick, let's get out of here!"* you exclaim, helping Bernard to his feet. It is hardly scientific, but in this place, it feels like the right thing to do.

*Go to 437.*

(554)

## 556

Your party makes it to the river.

*If you have the keyword BAREFOOT, go to 458. Otherwise, go to 20.*

(457)

## 557

To avoid a riverside marsh, you weave through a forest of mature larch. The uneven terrain makes you wish that Charlie was still with your party.

*Attempt a Track roll: if you succeed, go to 558; if you fail, go to 569. (324, 600, 601)*

## 558

You notice light tracks through the woods. On closer examination, you think they were left by moccasin-clad humans. You guess that the travelers are Indigenous people—probably one that has had little contact with traders.

*To follow the tracks, go to 559. To attempt to avoid the travelers, go to 572.*

(557)

## 559

You follow the trail for almost a mile and finally hear a mutter of voices. Crawling up to a mass of bearberry bushes, you part them enough to see the other side.

There, in the shadow of the larches, you observe several Native people. Anthropologically, you recognize indicators of the Tsuut'ina, apparently a very isolated group. Their skin shirts, leggings, and woodland-style moccasins indicate minimal contact with the outside. You see several 19th-century rifles—some only single-shot weapons—among them. Charlie said something about outcasts—could this be the group she mentioned?

*To stand up and greet the Tsuut'ina, go to 560. To stay where you are and watch a while longer, make a Stealth roll: if you succeed, go to 576; if you fail, go to 573.*

(558)

## 560

At the first sight of you, the men raise their weapons and advance.

*To make a gesture signifying peace and stand your ground, go to 561. To run, go to 574.*

(559, 576, 588)

## 561

You urge Norman and Sylvia to make no aggressive moves. The hunters press in around you and take the rifle from your hand and the knife from your belt. The students get the same treatment.

You tell the hunters you mean no harm, keeping your voice even.

One of the hunters speaks in his tribal tongue. You have enough of his language to interpret it as *"Silence!"* or some variation. Your captors take the three of you down to the spot where you first sighted them.

*Go to 562.*

(560, 573, 575, 584, 591)



## 562

When you arrive there, you find you are not the only prisoners of this particular band. A girl, perhaps of the same community, rests behind a tree trunk, bound hand and foot.

The leader of the hunters fires gruff instructions to his men. His words are too rapid for your slim knowledge of the dialect, but the subsequent actions are clear.

The girl is quickly freed from her bonds. Rubbing her wrists to restore the circulation, she is wordlessly accepted back into the clan's ranks.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 571; if the result is odd, go to 566.*

(561, 570)

## 563

The hunters seem most interested in young Sylvia Davidson. They seize and bind her. You bark a curse and try to throw off those holding you. One slams the back of his fist into your face. As you stagger, blood begins to run from your nose. Beside you, Norman struggles and meets the same reaction.

The others place Sylvia up against a tree and tie her there, like some sort of offering to the forest. "Professor!" she cries, but you can do nothing. The hunters shove you and Norman out of the clearing as they gather their gear and leave the spot. You and Norman are pushed ahead of them down the trail, as Sylvia's sobs fade with the distance.

Once you are well away from the spot, the hunters seem to lose interest in you. They tie both of you up and vanish into the twilight forest. Surprisingly, they leave your weapons nearby.

You and Norman struggle with your rawhide bindings. Can you get back to Sylvia before who-knows-what befalls her in the darkness?

*Lose 1 hit point. You may attempt to break the bindings or wriggle free. Choose either STR or DEX, and then make a Hard roll on that characteristic. If you fail, Norman may make an attempt. If one of you succeeds, go to 564. If you both fail, you each may try one more time. If you succeed on the second attempt, go to 565. If you both fail twice, go to 258.*

(571)

## 564

One of you quickly slips out of his bonds and frees the other. You are just able to retrace your path before the failing light makes backtracking impossible.

You find the bound form of Sylvia. Norman cuts her bonds and she falls into your arms, trembling. She is quiet for a few

minutes before she draws herself up, and you can almost see her summon the determination that built her family's fortunes.

Once she is ready to walk, you hurry your group away. There might be some anthropological value in studying a place of sacrifice, but this is not the time for it. You take a brief rest before dawn.

*To continue exploring the region, go to 600. To retreat toward civilization, go to 513.*

(563)

## 565

It takes a long time to get free of your bindings. When you finally do, full night is upon the forest and the wolves are baying a threatening chorus. Norman finds a natural shelter in a rock formation and you make the agonized decision to wait for first light.

With the dawn, you can follow your trail back to the place where you left Sylvia.

The rawhide cords are broken, snapped by a strength far greater than hers. The tracks that lead away from the tree are considerably larger than yours.

*To follow the tracks, go to 128. To give Sylvia up for lost, go to 279.*

(563)

## 566

The hunters produce enough cords to bind all three of you and then place you each against a tree and lash you to the trunk. Their mysterious work done, the outcasts pack up their simple gear and abandon the spot. You wait for a few minutes before beginning to struggle against your bonds.

A part of you finds this professionally fascinating. But you will have to get free if you wish to publish your findings.

*Make an Extreme DEX roll for everybody present. If any of you succeed, go to 567. If not, go to 568.*

(562, 571)

## 567

One of you works a wrist out of the bindings and is able to free the others. It seems inadvisable to linger. The three of you decide your next course of action.

*To continue exploring the region, go to 600. To head home, go to 513.*

(566)



## 568

The clever knots of the hunters foil your party's best attempts. You have no choice but to wait where you are as a long, cold night begins.

Slumped against your tree in the half-light of dawn, you open your eyes to see a group of tiny figures watching you. They stand only as tall as your thigh. You wonder if you are dreaming.

The group has pale gray skin and over-defined, almost sculpted features. Their lack of color makes them seem inhuman. They carry bows and cords with wooden balls attached—some sort of bolas? They wear grotesque, angular ornamentation, made from what you hope are animal bones.

They cut you free from the tree, but immobilize you for transport. Half-carrying, half-dragging, the little wild men bustle your party away. You are chafed and bruised when they finally pause in a clearing.

*Go to 210.*  
(566)

## 569

Your party makes progress through the larch forest.

*Attempt a Listen roll: if you succeed, go to 581; if you fail, go to 570.*  
(557, 572)

## 570

A gruff voice snaps, "Drop guns!" You hear the click of rifle levers and look up to see several hunters on either side of you, with weapons leveled. Resistance would be exceptionally foolish. You instruct the students to disarm and take a look at your captors.

You recognize indicators of the Tsuut'ina, apparently a very isolated group, since their old-fashioned skin shirts, leggings, and woodland-style moccasins indicate minimal contact with the outside. Their rifles are from the 19th century; some are single-shot. Charlie said something about outcasts—could this be the group she mentioned?

You keep your voice even and address the man who spoke. "We mean no harm."

"Be silent!" the leader grunts and nudges you with a rifle barrel. Taking the hint, you follow your captors to a secluded spot.

*Go to 562.*  
(569, 586)

## 571

The situation does not look promising.

*If you have the keyword INCHCAPE, go to 566. If not, go to 563.*  
(562)

## 572

Charlie seemed unenthusiastic about meeting the outcasts. You withdraw from the bushes and attempt to retrace your steps.

*Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 569.*  
(558)

## 573

Acting on an uncontrollable urge to cough gives away your hiding place. You get up and run, but the snarled bushes delay you until the hunters are all around, rifles held steady on you. This is not the first contact you would have chosen.

*Go to 561.*  
(559)

## 574

You spin and run, cursing yourself for your carelessness. Norman and Sylvia, waiting a few yards away, do not need to be told to follow the leader. The men are more familiar with the local terrain, but they have walked far already.

*Make a CON roll for the member of your party with the lowest CON. If successful, go to 147. If failed, go to 575.*  
(560)

## 575

Shots ring out behind you. As slugs thump into the mossy earth ahead, one of you stumbles. In an instant, the hunters are on every side.

*Go to 561.*  
(574, 585)



## 576

Silently, you motion Norman and Sylvia to stay back and get under cover. You observe the group for a moment, assessing their behavior.

One goes behind a nearby tree and yanks a girl to her feet. She looks like she belongs to their community, but her hands are bound. Puzzled by this rough treatment of one of their own, you watch the Tsuut'ina lash her to a tree trunk with rawhide thongs. When they are done, they gather their gear and depart from the hollow.

*To shout after them, go to 560. To let them move off before you approach the girl, go to 577.*

(559)

## 577

You slide down the slope into the hollow where the girl is tied. She watches you come, her jaw set with fear and suspicion.

At a respectful distance, you ask, "*Why have they done this to you? Will you let us help you?*"

She gives you a sullen stare and answers with a halting mixture of native and English words. "*My people fear the strange ones of the forest. Each year at this time, one of us is given to them so they will not bewitch all the people. Go.*"

She seems resigned to her fate.

*To cut her loose and force her to come away from this dangerous spot, go to 578. To leave her where she is, go to 513.*

(576, 583)

## 578

You slice away her bonds and compel the young woman to go with your party. Sylvia takes her aside and speaks to her in low tones.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 579; if the result is odd, go to 580.*

(577)





## 579

Once you have covered a few miles, the woman's eyes clear and she no longer wishes to be taken by the mysterious demons of the forest. Grateful for her rescue, she speaks easily and you gain many stories and myths of the North Hanninah Valley.

She is very curious about the towns of the white men and seems to have great knowledge of the landscape.

*If you want to end your journey, accompany her to 593. If you want to explore more, she will find her own way to Fort McDonald; go to 600.*

(578)

## 580

The woman remains sullen and angry. Norman suggests tying her up for her own safety. Sylvia silences him with a glare and offers the woman some of your food.

You are shaken awake in the small hours during Norman's watch. "I'm sorry, Professor. The girl's gone. I checked on her not five minutes ago. She must have been absolutely silent."

You are not going to intercept a stealthy local in the woods at night. And it's unlikely you could find that clearing again. You shrug and go back to sleep.

*Go to 513.*

(578)

## 581

Your party heeds the warning and ducks behind a large fallen tree. Several men emerge from the trees to the west. You recognize Native hunters—probably of the Tsuut'ina; however, their rifles are antique and their gear less sophisticated than the Tsuut'ina you have met before. Charlie said something about an outcast group—could these be the hunters she mentioned?

*To stride out of cover and greet them, go to 560. To stay hidden, make a **Stealth** roll for the least-stealthy member of the party: if successful, go to 582; if failed, go to 584.*

(569)

## 582

The hunters pass you by. Their demeanor is grim.

*To follow the hunters secretly, go to 586. To backtrack and see where they have been, go to 583.*

(581)

## 583

It is straightforward to follow the fresh tracks left by the group. They lead you back to a nearby hollow. Looking down into it, you see a pathetic sight—a woman tied to a tree, as if staked out for the wolves.

This seems wildly out of character for the Tsuut'ina. What can she have done?

*Go to 577.*

(582)

## 584

A bee darts up and bounces off the face of a party member, who instinctively swats at it, making a noise that the passing warriors cannot fail to notice. Your stealthy approach has failed.

*If you step out to greet the group peacefully, go to 561. If you try to run for it, go to 585. If you still have rifles and wish to display them as a warning, go to 590.*

(581)

## 585

You shove Norman and Sylvia to their feet. The three of you sprint for the deep woods. Fear drives you through the undergrowth, lending you enough extra speed to counter your pursuers' knowledge of the landscape.

*Make a **Luck** roll: if you succeed, go to 147; if you fail, go to 575.*

(584)

## 586

Your party moves carefully along the trail of the departing Tsuut'ina outcasts. To track these practiced woodsmen will not be easy.

*Make a **Stealth** roll for the least-stealthy member of your party: if successful, go to 587; if not, go to 570.*

(582)

## 587

After walking several miles, the hunters make camp. Some of them go off into the woods with their rifles, probably to shoot something for supper. The others rest around the fire.



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

You have successfully tracked them, but your next step is unclear.

*To approach the hunters, go to 588. To give this up, go to 513.*  
(586)

### 588

The hunters look up in surprise as you and your party come out into the open. You raise a hand in peace.

*Make an **Anthropology** roll: if you succeed, go to 589; if you fail, go to 560.*  
(587)

### 589

One man, who seems to be the hunt leader, returns your greeting, his eyes wary. A brief exchange of questions gains you the information that this group is part of a hunting party, as you guessed. Their speech is a mixture of their native dialect peppered with English words for your benefit. They shun contact with the white authorities and never go to the fort. They do, however, admire your rifle.

If you wish to leave the wilderness, the group will guide you to within sight of Fort McDonald in exchange for your firearm.

*To make the trade, go to 433. To thank them but decline and continue on your way, go to 513.*  
(588, 592)

### 590

In the face of your firearms, the hunting party hesitates.

*Roll 1D6: if the result is 1–4, go to 591; if the result is 5–6, go to 592.*  
(584)

### 591

One warrior lifts his rifle to his shoulder and fires. The others follow suit.

*A total of 1D6+2 riflemen attack you. They each have 20% (10/4) skill with their obsolete rifles, which deal 2D6 damage and can impale on an Extreme success. Your group may exchange shots with them until at least half the hunters have been successfully hit, or until wounds or good sense force your party to surrender. If half or*

*more of the hunters are hit, they flee. Your party may attempt to heal by using **First Aid** to gain 1D3 hit points; then, go to 513. If you surrender (at any point), go to 561.*  
(590)

### 592

The men exchange glances. One of them lowers the muzzle of his old-time rifle to the moss underfoot. Wary, you stand up and hail the hunting party with an upraised hand.

*Go to 589.*  
(590)

### 593

You pass the “place of splitting water” with no particular difficulty and reach the calmer waterways of the West Branch. The foraging is ample now, and you recover strength as you draw near to Fort McDonald.

*Go to 433.*  
(513, 579, 598, 599, 602, 603)

### 594

Of course, you must return to Fort McDonald. But there is time for one last side trip, in hopes of learning a little more about the North Hanninah Valley.

*If you still have all your companions, go to 602.  
If you have all three graduate students with you, but not Charlie, go to 158.  
If you have Norman, Sylvia, and Charlie with you, go to 598.  
If you have two companions, go to 324.  
If you have one companion, go to 279.  
If you are alone, go to 597.*  
(513)

### 595

After a hard day's trek, alert for the dangers and oddities of the valley, you and Norman withdraw for the night under a granite overhang and light a fire of twigs and pine needles.

*Make a **Science (Geology)** roll: if you succeed, go to 596; if you fail, go to 513.*  
(279)



## 596

Despite the gloom, your geological training registers a glitter in the seams of rock behind your back. A six-inch vein of large quartz crystals wavers along the rock face. Within the vein are patches of darker color and different texture. You call Norman over to confirm your identification. It's gold.

If you can get back to Fort McDonald alive, you and Norman will be set up for life! You scratch together the best map you can and continue toward civilization.

*Record the keyword CHARCOAL. Make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 513; if you fail, go to 279.*  
(595)

## 597

Despite the risks and your weakened condition, you diverge from the direct route to Fort McDonald, determined to explore as much of the valley as possible before you quit.

*To strike deep into the forest, go to 501. To hug the tree line, go to 494. To explore rocky environs, go to 427. To stick to the river, make a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to 126; if you fail, go to 119.*  
(594)

## 598

When you announce your intent to divert the party, Charlie stares at you like you have lost your mind.

*"It is madness to return to that evil place. I will not do so."*

*To give up the idea and return to civilization, go to 593. To remind Charlie who pays her when the trip is over, go to 599.*  
(594, 425)

## 599

Your threat impressed Charlie. Rather than end up with nothing for her efforts, she sneaks off that night during her watch, taking the canoe and a share of the supplies as payment. Norman and Sylvia cannot meet your eyes for a few hours.

*To start back upriver with your students, go to 600. To take a circuitous route back toward the fort, keeping an eye out for new discoveries, go to 324. To head directly to the fort, go to 593.*  
(598)

## 600

You press on through the interminable landscape of the North Hanninah.

*If you have the keyword INCHCAPE, go to 601. To scale a ridge, go to 469. To stick close to the river, go to 75. To hold a parallel course, go to 55. To thread through light woodland, go to 218. To penetrate deeper into the forest, go to 557.*  
(425, 564, 567, 579, 599, 650)

## 601

You lead your two graduate students upriver. The expedition needs something to boost its morale.

*To thread through light woodland, go to 218. To penetrate deeper into the forest, go to 557. To scale a ridge, go to 469. To follow the river, go to 470. To search for shelter, make a Navigate roll: if you succeed, go to 77; if you fail, go to 55.*  
(600)

## 602

When you announce your plan, Charlie looks at you like you have lost your mind. She draws herself up.

*"It is foolish to return to that evil place. I will not go!"*

*To give up the idea and return to civilization, go to 593. To remind Charlie who pays her when the trip is over, go to 603.*  
(594, 425)

## 603

Your threat obviously impressed Charlie. Rather than end up with nothing for this trip, she sneaks off during her watch at night, taking the canoe and a share of the supplies as settlement for her efforts. You can see from the eyes of your students that they are also uncertain about your plan.

*To strike out upriver with no guide, go to 604. To take a circuitous route back to the fort, keeping an eye peeled for new discoveries, go to 158. To accept the situation and return directly to the fort, go to 593.*  
(602)



## 604

You contemplate possible routes with your students.

*If you have the keyword INCHCAPE, go to 158. To explore a nearby canyon, go to 90. To follow the river, go to 60. To use the mountains as a landmark, go to 56. To gain elevation where you can, go to 552. To explore the deep woods, go to 461.*

(30, 88, 195, 409, 425, 603)

## 605

Undaunted by his hairsbreadth escape, Bernard urges you to press on into the hidden canyon.

You sigh in relief as the last of your party steps onto solid ground. The students spread out, staring at the scenery. As you catch up with them, you are equally staggered to realize just how immense this newly discovered valley actually is. Excited, your group commences a preliminary survey.

It does not take long to confirm that you have discovered a redoubt of unprecedented prehistoric survival. Animal tracks that fit no modern beast of the North abound in the sand and mud. You wish now that you had studied more paleontology.

*Record the keyword INCHCAPE. Attempt either a Hard INT roll or a Regular Science (Botany) roll: if you succeed, go to 606; if you fail, go to 607.*

(92, 642)

## 606

Exploring a prehistoric glade, you chance upon a stand of plants of the very species recently described in detail by your Miskatonic colleague, the paleobotanist Ivan Kurtov. The species was supposed extinct before the Pleistocene glaciation. Yet here it is, all around you, still flourishing. You can easily gather leaves, roots, cuttings, and seeds—everything you need to convince Miskatonic's geology and biology departments to finance a major expedition.

With this evidence, you are able to leave this dangerous territory. You pack the specimens and lead your three companions without mishap back to the outer valley of the North Hanninah.

*Record the keyword BACKWATER. Go to 158.*

(605)

## 607

Although many varieties of plants grow near at hand, your knowledge of paleobotany is too meager to allow you to select samples as proof of discovery.

A trophy of a supposedly extinct animal would offer reliable proof to your colleagues at home. But you might subject your students to grave hazard if you remain in this fantastic valley.

*To leave the valley without physical proof of your visit, go to 158.*

*To seek evidence, go to 608.*

(605)

## 608

You and the others advance up the lost valley and into the verdant meadowland at its heart.

*Make a combined Natural World and Luck roll: if both succeed, go to 620; if both fail, go to 617; if you succeed only at Natural World, go to 610; if you succeed only with the Luck roll, go to 630.*

(607, 636)

## 609

The heat of the valley tires Sylvia. You let her rest and ask Bernard to keep her company while you and Norman continue scouting.

About two hours later, the pair of you return to an appalling sight. Bernard lies dead in the grove where you left him, his head broken by a blunt object. A bloodied piece of wood lies beside the body. Frantically you search for Sylvia, but she is not to be found. Instead, you find some footprints—those of a giant.

*To lead Norman out of the valley, go to 278. To follow the tracks in hopes of finding Sylvia, go to 484.*

(645)

## 610

The sounds and smells of your group defeat any attempt to stalk game, but you find prints in the clay that suggest a large feline predator. You leave Norman and Sylvia at the foot of a rocky hill and take Bernard on the hunt. You can tell he is suppressing a boyish excitement.

*You track your prey for an hour, hoping for a major kill. Make a Listen roll: if you succeed, go to 611; if you fail, go to 615.*

(608)



## 611

You hear the soft lope of padded feet and whirl your rifle around. A monstrous lion with saber-toothed fangs springs to the top of a rock chimney above you and leaps, jaws wide.

*Take one shot at the saber-toothed cat. Bernard may also take a shot if he is armed. If either of you succeeds with a Hard DEX roll, you may squeeze off a second shot.*

*If you inflict at least 12 points of damage to the cat, you kill it and may take its head for a trophy. Record the keyword BACKWATER and go to 613. If you did fewer than 12 damage, go to 612.*

(610)

## 612

You duck by reflex and the cat passes over your head. Its huge claws bury themselves in Bernard's chest. It lunges for another strike.

*Bernard suffers 1D10 points of damage. You may fire once more at the cat. If you have now inflicted 12 points of cumulative damage, you kill it and may take its head for a trophy; record the keyword BACKWATER. Otherwise, the cat slaughters Bernard and bounds away.*

*If Bernard survived, you may attempt First Aid to grant him 1D3 hit points. Then, go to 613. If Bernard dies, go to 614.*

(611, 615)

## 613

It is time for the four of you to leave the valley—while you still can.

*Go to 158.*

(611, 612, 618, 620, 625, 633, 636)

## 614

You grieve over Bernard's death. But for now, you must decide whether to continue exploring the valley or to take your two surviving students out.

*To explore further, go to 551. To leave the valley, go to 291.*

(612)

## 615

You do not hear the saber-toothed cat until it springs.

*Go to 612.*

(610)

## 616

The thundering beasts gain on you. But the pack is thinning out.

*Make a CON roll for Norman, Sylvia, and yourself. Due to your long head start, you may each have a bonus die. If everyone succeeds, go to 344. If you fail, take 2D10 points of damage; if you somehow survive, go to 347. If you succeed but both Norman and Sylvia fail the roll, go to 356. If Norman alone fails it, go to 482. If Sylvia alone fails it, go to 520.*

(370, 619)

## 617

The valley opens into grassy meadows, upon which numerous herds of hoofed mammals graze—while predators skulk nearby, hoping to isolate one who is old, young, or sick.

Despite your limited background in paleontology, the sight of these creatures astonishes you. It does not require expertise to recognize that early varieties of horse, camel, and bison—as well as elephant, rhinoceros, and beasts with no close modern relative—exist here, now, as they did in earlier epochs.

A shape bounds out of the high grass in front of Bernard. You glimpse a humpless camel about the size of a large deer, doubtless flushed from the meadow by a carnivore. Impulsively, Bernard lifts his rifle and fires. The beast gives a squeal of pain and lurches away. Rather than lose his kill and the trophy you require, Bernard bounds after it.

He does not realize that his shot has fallen like a thunderclap among the animals of the plain. Their frightened cries echo through the air and they begin to stampede. Too late, Bernard realizes that he stands in the path of a charging herd of long-horned bison. He spins and races back the way he came.

Despite his danger, you cannot pause to help him. You are all in peril. Only the nearby woods afford refuge from the tide of horns, antlers, and hooves. The rest of you run for the trees, feeling something like an earthquake beneath your soles.

*Make a DEX roll for Bernard: if he succeeds, go to 618; if he fails, go to 619.*

(608)



## 618

Terror lends the New Yorker fleetness of foot. As you scramble into the low-hanging boughs of an oak, Norman leans down. He grabs Bernard's arm and swings him up into the branches. The stampede rushes around the sturdy bole, leaving the group of you somehow unharmed.

After all that, it seems unnecessary to admonish Bernard for his recklessness.

*To give up exploring this dangerous place, go to 613. To remain for a while, go to 645.*

(617)

## 619

Bernard's scream rips out behind you for less than a second before it is cut off. You glance to the rear and see him no longer.

*Go to 616.*

(617)

## 620

The meadowland in the heart of the valley is the home of many supposedly extinct grazing beasts. Using your rifle might provoke a stampede. If you are going to take a trophy, you will need to be cunning.

You deploy your group amongst the trees and take up a position overlooking a patch of meadow.

Toward evening, the animals have lost some of their wariness of the unusual human scent. Finally, your patience pays off. A prongbuck with black and white markings, obviously not present elsewhere in North America, races into the space near you. Hyenas nip at its legs. When a pair of strong jaws snaps shut on the creature's heel, it goes down. The rest of the pack pounce, tearing and ripping.

A few careful shots drive off the hyenas. The noise sends other, more distant grazers running, but it does not develop into a full stampede.

You and the others climb down from the trees and claim the trophy. Here is all you need to interest your colleagues back home.

*Record the keyword BACKWATER. Go to 613.*

(608, 645)

## 621

In search of physical evidence of your discovery, your party leaves the floor of the valley and climbs into a series of rocky, wooded hills.

Suddenly something moves along the game trail you have been following. You take a gulp of air. It's a hoofed beast, a tawny animal more like an antelope than anything else you've ever seen. But it has six Y-shaped horns sprouting along the sides of its head. If you brought this head back to civilization, no one could doubt the importance of your discovery.

At the first whiff of your unfamiliar scent, the hexacorn spins and breaks along the trail. Your group races in pursuit. Within seconds, Bernard trips over a dead branch and suffers a bad spill.

Seeing the chase is futile, the rest of you stop and help Bernard to rise. His ankle is sprained; nothing too serious if he takes it easy. But he may not be able to.

"Professor! Look!" Norman points up the ridge. You stare with astonishment: gigantic, hairy ape-men.

*Make a Sanity roll: if you succeed, go to 623; if you fail, go to 622.*

(645)

## 622

You have been under a lot of pressure on this trip. You cannot say what it is about the giant ape-men that shakes you so deeply.

*Lose 1D6 Sanity. If you remain sane, go to 623. If you suffer temporary insanity, go to 646. If you suffer indefinite insanity, go to 364.*

(621)

## 623

With an effort of will, you hold yourself together. Bernard does not. Terrorized, he hobbles away on his injured ankle.

*To follow him, go to 624. To stand firm with Norman and Sylvia and greet the creatures as if they were primitive men, go to 626.*

(621, 622)



## 624

The three of you bound after Bernard. Since he is hobbled, you quickly get ahead of him. The ape-men behind are incited by your scent of fear and run after you. Despite their size and bulk, they move swiftly. You will have to use the terrain against them.

*Make a **Spot Hidden** roll: if you succeed, go to 625; if you fail, go to 628. (623)*

## 625

You spy a narrow ledge that rounds a rocky outcrop. With help, Bernard is able to navigate it. The ape-men, however, are a little too bulky. Grunting in frustration, they fall back. Your party traces a route back to the meadowland at the foot of the hill.

*To give up on the valley, go to 613. To continue exploring, go to 645. (624)*

## 626

The beast-men advance down the slopes, wary. They are fully upright, human-like despite their muscular bulk and apish crests. When they get close, you start to cough. Their stench is overwhelming.

Your years of training suggest techniques to pacify and mollify the sasquatches.

*Make an **Anthropology** roll: if you succeed, go to 627; if you fail, go to 629. (623)*

## 627

The sasquatches approach without overt threatening gestures. Holding your breath against their odor, you allow them to peer like curious children into your face and to touch your garments with clumsy fingers. They wear puzzled expressions, perhaps unable to decide if the cloth is a strange kind of colorful skin. After a few minutes of this, the creatures lose interest and shuffle away.

Sylvia and Norman stare at each other, amazement in their eyes. This is the field experience they had hoped for, a true example of theory into practice. You only hope you can get them back to Miskatonic University and see its effect on their studies.

After a moment, you remember the search for Bernard. The lost valley seems to have swallowed him up.

*To explore further without him, go to 551. To leave the valley, go to 291. (626)*

## 628

"Yaaaah!" cries Bernard. The beasts drag him backward and throw him to the ground. They pummel him with rough clubs and large stones. He is clearly doomed.

Sylvia seems about to go back to help. You and Norman pull her away. While the ape-men are occupied, you flee to safety in the meadowland below.

Heavyhearted over Bernard's gruesome demise, you have a decision to make.

*To explore the valley without Bernard, go to 551. To leave, go to 291. (624)*

## 629

Whatever you do, it incites the sasquatches. They seize you, Sylvia, and Norman, and drag you all away into the hills.

Before long, you reach their encampment. They seem ignorant of any art or craft, including fire. There are traces of skins and feathers, the remains of former meals, but otherwise, it could be a rest stop for a family of gorillas.

Your captors shove you under a rock overhang and post a couple of large males outside as guards. As you assess the situation, you begin to wish you had taken to your heels with Bernard.

*Go to 644. (626)*

## 630

Walking through the meadowland with an eye for a trophy to take back home, your group is startled by a vast shadow that glides across the grass around you. You glance up, imagining from its vast wingspan that it might be a surviving giant condor. It is not a condor.

*Make a **Sanity** roll: if you fail, lose 1D6 Sanity; if you retain control, go to 631. If you suffer temporary insanity, go to 646. If you suffer indefinite insanity, go to 364. (608)*



631

The creature above you is a fungoid crustacean as long as a man! Dozens of writhing limbs perturb its undersurface.

It appears to notice you, and wheels, grasping a strange device. A sheet of cold stabs the ground close to your feet. The grass turns white from frost. You are under attack!

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. To run for cover, go to 637. To stand and fight, go to 632.*  
(630)

632

You are too exposed here. Your only hope is to return fire.

*Those of your companions armed with rifles may attempt a **Sanity** roll: if successful, they may fire; if not, they can only gape at the flying creature.*

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. After all your shooters have fired once, if two or more shots hit the creature, go to 633. If not, go to 634.*  
(631)

633

The mortally wounded flyer makes a rapid corkscrew spiral and crashes into the meadow grass. Your party approaches and examines its uncanny, mangled form. You sever a few parts to serve as trophies and hurry to leave the valley. Before you reach the exit, however, you discover that the creature's limbs have deteriorated to a slimy ichor in your packs.

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. Each party member gains 1D6 Sanity. To leave the valley, go to 613. To search more, go to 645.*  
(632)

634

The creature makes a shallow dive and blasts Bernard with the full force of its weapon before gliding away.

You rush to Bernard, where he lies on the ground. His eyes are wide and caked with ice.

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. Make a Hard **CON** roll for Bernard: if he succeeds, go to 636; if he fails, go to 635.*  
(632)

635

You, Norman, and Sylvia carry Bernard to the shelter of the glade and try to warm him up. It does no good. He enters a coma and dies at dusk.

You get very little sleep that night. Your remaining companions turn, restless in their bedrolls. At first light, you bury Bernard in the glade.

*To continue exploring the valley, go to 551. To leave it, go to 291.*  
(634, 640)

636

The cold blast did not hurt Bernard as badly as you feared. Helped to the shelter of a nearby glade, he warms up and recovers his strength. You can explore further. But can you risk the return of the mysterious flying being?

*To explore the valley, go to 645. To leave it, go to 613.*  
(634, 639)

637

As the four of you run, the creature seems to zero in on Bernard.

*Gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. Make a **Dodge** roll for Bernard: if he succeeds, go to 639; if he fails, go to 638.*  
(631)

638

A blast from the creature's device strikes Bernard squarely in the back. He gives a stifled cry and falls on his face. The flyer wheels and turns its attention to Sylvia.

*Make a **Dodge** roll for Sylvia: if she succeeds, go to 640; if she fails, go to 641.*  
(637)

639

The creature's last blast just grazes Bernard. He falls flat. But something makes the flyer cease its assault. It glides off, over the treetops.

*Go to 636.*  
(637)



640

The attacker changes its mind at the last minute and pulls up. You watch it sail over the treetops, and then your group rushes to Bernard's aid.

*Go to 635.*  
(638)

641

Without a sound, Sylvia goes down under the freezing energy of the creature's ray. You and Norman reach the cover of the trees and head for a clump where the canopy is thickest.

Once the flyer seems to be gone, you creep back to the wood's edge. The bodies of Sylvia and Bernard have vanished.

*To explore the valley with Norman, go to 213. To leave it, go to 361.*  
(638)

642

Bernard missteps! For a nail-biting moment, he goes down into the rushing water. You prepare to lunge—but the student finds an underwater grip on the ledge and hauls himself to his feet, sodden, but unharmed.

*Go to 605.*  
(91)

643

The current suddenly sweeps Bernard off his feet! His cry is lost as he disappears beneath a surge.

*Make a Swim roll for Bernard: if he succeeds, go to 92; if he fails, go to 110.*  
(91)

644

You notice that the sasquatches regard Sylvia differently from you and Norman. They let her out of the overhang and allow her to wander around the camp. You encourage her to go. The sasquatch cubs approach her, shy or playful.

When Sylvia returns to you and Norman, you wonder if this state of affairs can be turned to your advantage.

*Make an INT roll: if you succeed, go to 387; if you fail, go to 389.*  
(629)

645

After such a close call, you know you must lead the students from this valley. But for the expedition's sake, you will make one more attempt to find physical proof.

*To head into the hills, go to 621. To persist with the beasts of the meadowland, go to 620. To scout in pairs, go to 609.*  
(633, 636)

646

You must have fainted. You cannot quite remember why. It is twilight. Worse, your party is nowhere to be seen. You shout the students' names, but no voice sounds in answer. Instead, you hear the frightful calls of prehistoric nightstalkers.

When morning comes and you are still alone, you lose hope.

*Go to 365.*  
(622, 630)

647

A man in his late 30s emerges from the ruin. His weather-beaten suit and straggly beard suggest several months in the woods, but his eyes are sharp. He takes a long look at Bernard, Sylvia, and Norman. Grinning, he steps up to you for a vigorous handshake.

*"Dr. Nadelmann, I presume. You did it, Professor. You made it here. My name... is Jackson Elias."*

*The Nadelmann Expedition is over. THE END.*  
(655)



648

Suddenly tiny men are in the bushes all around you. A flurry of darts rain in on your party. You yell as you return fire, trying to marshal the students into an organized retreat.

Bernard cries out, clutching a dart lodged in his breast. He falls and you rush to his aid. His limbs stiffen and his fingers splay. The darts must be poisoned. You cannot stay and you cannot carry him.

*Go to 113.*  
(131)

649

Norman and Sylvia run toward you. You are relieved to see them still fit and upright—and your stomach sinks when you realize how your expectations have changed.

*Roll 1D10: if the result is even, go to 650; if the result is odd, go to 463.*  
(171)

650

*"One minute Bernard was lying by the fire, unconscious, like you left him. The next minute he was gone,"* Norman says. *"We followed his tracks to the river. As far as we can tell, they go in and don't come out."* A search of the area confirms his report. You can do nothing further.

*To head back to the fort, go to 324. To continue exploring, despite this, go to 600.*  
(649)

651

Charlie's face twists in a sudden blaze of alien fury. On instinct, you ram the blazing brand into her cursed heart.

The impaled wind-walker gurgles, staggers, and falls. As you watch, her body shrinks, collapsing in upon itself. Soon nothing is left but bones.

Norman and Sylvia approach, awakened by the disturbance. They stare at the bones on the ground. You decide to spare them the full story. In the morning, you will begin the long trek back to Fort McDonald.

*Restore 1D6 Sanity for triumphing over the wind-walker. Go to 54.*  
(212)

652

By the time you near the watery ledge that is the exit from this place, the adrenaline rush of combat has faded to a deep weariness and you have to drag your feet to keep them in motion. Perhaps that is why you do not sense the wolf that has stalked you all this way.

Leading the party, you have already stepped past its hiding place when it launches, snarling as it springs. Norman tumbles backward, but the huge brute knocks Sylvia off her feet and tears out her neck.

You and Norman recover quickly and leap to the attack. Together, you dispatch the wolf. But it is too late for Sylvia.

You bury her within sight of the valley entrance.

*Go to 278.*  
(287)

653

A high-pitched scream erupts in the shadowy camp. Huge, hairy shapes arise on every side. There is no place to run.

*To fight your way out, go to 391. To assume a submissive posture and allow yourself to be seized, go to 389.*  
(394)

654

By a stroke of luck, your party stumbles upon an abandoned cabin stocked with rusty but edible tins of food. This happy discovery solves your food problem for the time being. There is no trace of the person who built the cabin—probably a prospector or hunter who fell victim to the hazards of the valley.

*You may make an improvement check for your Luck score to gain 1D10 Luck points. Go to 77.*  
(324)





# AFTERWORD

Having been invited by Chaosium to prepare a piece for the release of its new edition of *Alone Against the Frost*, I accepted gladly, but with my fingers crossed. I foresaw a possible problem, in that I had crafted this game in 1984. That was 35 years ago! To bring back to life memories and feelings from the olden days has needed some mental preparation.

I've been working on other projects, both in fiction and in board gaming, but it has been a long time since I turned my attentions to Lovecraftian themes. But as a writer, I have somewhat deep roots in Lovecraftian fiction and gaming. My late brother, Philip John Rahman, and I have been credited with a couple of the foundational contributions to H. P. L. gaming, having produced the first published, modern-style fantasy roleplaying game related to the Cthulhu Mythos. We did this early work in two articles ("The Lovecraft Variant" and "The Monsters of the Cthulhu Mythos"), published in 1980 and 1981 in Flying Buffalo's *Sorcerer's Apprentice* magazine. I was the "expert" on gaming, and Philip was the H. P. Lovecraft scholar.

We had pushed a boulder and it kept on rolling. To our amazement, when Sandy Petersen published his *Call of Cthulhu* design notes (*Different Worlds*, issue #19, February 1982) he stated that "The Lovecraft Variant" article had helped him in handling the emotional impact of Lovecraftian-style encounters. He adapted our "Emotional Stability" idea into the Chaosium game system, changing its label to "Sanity." People have told us that this concept was one of the milestones in fantasy roleplaying. Indeed, Chaosium gratefully acknowledged Phil's and my contributions, and Greg Stafford put us on the list to receive free copies of all of its *Call of Cthulhu* releases for the next several years. These were all skillfully done expansions and supplements and very well appreciated.

After that, I went on to contribute to *Call of Cthulhu* itself. Work of mine appeared in the *Cthulhu Companion* (Chaosium, 1983), which featured my introduction of two evocative but neglected gods into *Call of Cthulhu* gaming. One was the god Ghatanothoa (whose activity seemed to be most apparent in Polynesia), and the other was a lost race prominent in Britain, created by Colin Wilson: the Lloigor. The entire *Companion* was subsequently incorporated into the next version of the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook.

By the last part of 1984, I found myself between jobs in Minneapolis, MN, but was scheduled to report for work at the U.S. Post Office in early January 1985. Released from job-hunting pressures, I used the free time left to me to embark on a new creative project. This would be a solo adventure for *Call of Cthulhu*, then entitled *Alone Against the Wendigo* (now *Alone Against the Frost*).

One may ask: How did you choose your subject for this particular *Call of Cthulhu* game? The fact was that H. P. Lovecraft's disciple, August Derleth, had created a Mythos god called Ithaqua (first appearance, 1933). As I saw it, Ithaqua, one of the Great Old Ones, could infect people who strayed into his places of power with his evil energy. They then degenerated into deformed, supernaturally powered cannibals—a rather terrifying prospect!

But why did I want to put a Lovecraftian story in such an unusual place as the north of Canada? In conceiving a setting for a solo adventure, I had wanted to get away from the typical localities where so many earlier Mythos tales had taken place. Being from Minnesota, I had an inborn fondness for the Big Woods (though I have, in fact, seen very little of them. I have never been deep into Canada, and the conifer forests of Minnesota were taken out more than a hundred years ago by the logging bonanza). I used my reading and



## ALONE AGAINST THE FROST

my imagination to envision a claustrophobic tale of a scientific expedition into the northern forests. Quickly, I drew in another legend of the North, the legends of the South Nahanni Valley.

Regarding the latter, I had encountered these spine-tingling tales for the first time during my college days, in a couple of the “strange fact” books that were popular around that time. They spoke of a real place in the Northwest Territories, a wild river valley with some grisly legends attached to it. The most chilling of these tales involved visitors to the wild location being found beheaded—or not being found at all.

My brother Philip, who shared so many flights of imagination with me, became even more intrigued by these legends than even I was. After that, he talked occasionally about going to visit the valley personally, and in the 1980s, he finally did, only to discover that the feared Nahanni was, in fact, a Canadian National Park Reserve. Bummer! That didn’t sound too spooky. I wanted to write about a place where almost nothing was known, where people were afraid to go. Hence, for my story, I had to fictionalize the South Nahanni, keeping all the evil anecdotes about it, but transposing it into a wild and shunned region. I changed the name from South Nahanni to North Hanninah. Be assured, my lost and wicked North Hanninah is definitely not a national park!

As for the rest of it: Let’s just say that I have packed into the adventure almost everything that I thought would fit. Anyone for lost valleys? I like lost valleys. Keen on Big Foot? I like Big Foot. Now that you’ve played through it, it won’t be a major spoiler to mention the mysterious Keywanema. These humanoids were a joint idea put together by Philip and me, either when we were

in college or shortly after. We were exercising our imaginations because, as Americans, we were disappointed that Lovecraft had so little to say about ancient North America. Lovecraft had gifted Australia with “the Great Race,” and Antarctica with “the Elder Things.” But what about the New World? Philip and I remedied the deficiency by crafting an ancient race of humanoids called the Keywanema, contemporaries of the lost continents of Mu and Atlantis, who survived the demise of both of their rivals through their evil sorcery.

And so, this solo adventure was published by Chaosium in 1985. I was looking forward to doing more such adventures in support of *Call of Cthulhu*, but it was not to be. Shortly after its publication, Chaosium informed its contributors that it had decided not to expand its solo adventure line. But, lately, the earth has moved under our feet. Chaosium under its current management has opted to renew and revitalize said line. We look forward to it.

Only lately, this writer has been gratified to discover that the memory of this adventure has not totally faded from the mind of gaming culture. Just on a hunch, as I was working myself into the mood for writing this afterword, I did a search of YouTube to see if the title would come up on the site. It did. Two videos were there to be found, one of them running a 39-minute adventure set in the wilds of Canada. Hopefully, this new Chaosium edition will awaken more fond memories among people who first played it so long ago—and also create new memories for the generation of young people today.

—Glenn Rahman, March 2019





# 1920S ERA INVESTIGATOR

Name Dr. L. C. Nadelmann  
 Player \_\_\_\_\_  
 Occupation Anthropologist, MU  
 Age 29 Sex \_\_\_\_\_  
 Residence Arkham, MA  
 Birthplace \_\_\_\_\_

## CHARACTERISTICS

STR **65** <sup>32</sup>/<sub>13</sub> DEX **70** <sup>35</sup>/<sub>14</sub> INT **90** <sup>45</sup>/<sub>18</sub>  
 CON **85** <sup>42</sup>/<sub>17</sub> APP **70** <sup>35</sup>/<sub>14</sub> POW **80** <sup>40</sup>/<sub>16</sub>  
 SIZ **70** <sup>35</sup>/<sub>14</sub> EDU **90** <sup>45</sup>/<sub>18</sub> Know Move Rate **8** <sup>+1</sup>/<sub>-1</sub>



Major Wound **15**  
 Dying **00** 01 02  
 Unconscious 03 04 05  
 HIT POINTS 06 07 08 09 10  
 11 12 13 14 **15**  
 16 17 18 19 20

Temp. Insane \_\_\_\_\_ Indef. Insane \_\_\_\_\_ **80** Max  
 Insane 01 02 03 04 05 06 07  
 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30  
 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53  
 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76  
 77 78 79 **80** 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99  
 SANITY

## CALL of CTHULHU

Out of Luck 01 02 03 04 05 06 07  
 LUCK 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30  
 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53  
 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76  
 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 **85** 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

**16**  
 00 01 02 03 04  
 05 06 07 08 09  
 10 11 12 13 14  
 15 **16** 17 18 19  
 20 21 22 23 24  
 MAGIC POINTS

## INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Hatchet	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Art / Craft (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival (10%) (Woodland)
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)
Credit Rating (00%) <b>64</b> <sup>32</sup> / <sub>12</sub>	<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Op. Hv. Machine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other) (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%) (Boat)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU) <b>90</b> <sup>45</sup> / <sub>18</sub> English	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/>

## WEAPONS

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attacks	Ammo	Malif.
Unarmed				1d3 + db	-	1	-	-
Hatchet				1d6+1+db	-	1	-	-
Knife (Medium)				1d4+2+db	-	1	-	-
.30-06 Bolt-action Rifle				2d6+4	110 yds	1	5	100

## COMBAT

Damage Bonus **+1D4**  
 Build **+1**  
 Dodge ☐



# BACKSTORY



**Personal Description** Dr. Nadelmann is of multiracial heritage (African American and German American).

They are in their early 30s with black hair, an angular face with high cheekbones, and they wear glasses.

**Ideology/Beliefs**

**Traits**

**Injuries & Scars**

**Significant People**

**Phobias & Manias**

**Meaningful Locations**

**Arcane Tomes, Spells & Artifacts**

**Treasured Possessions**

**Encounters with Strange Entities**

## GEAR & POSSESSIONS

## CASH & ASSETS

## QUICK REFERENCE RULES

### Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success: 

Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ¼ skill	Critical 01
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Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

### Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

**Major Wound** = loss of  $\geq \frac{1}{2}$  max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

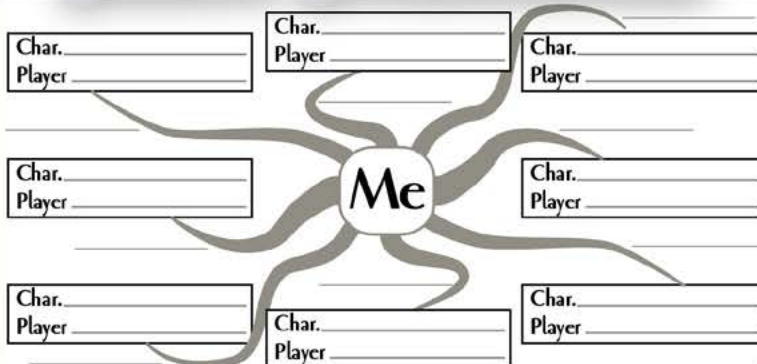
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

**Dying**: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

**Natural Heal rate** (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

**Natural Heal rate** (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

## FELLOW INVESTIGATORS









# BACKSTORY



**Personal Description** A Caucasian woman with dark auburn hair pulled into a bun; she has a condescending expression and wears glasses.

**Traits** Determined and conscientious, if a little too serious.

**Ideology/Beliefs**

**Injuries & Scars**

**Significant People**

**Phobias & Manias**

**Meaningful Locations**

**Arcane Tomes, Spells & Artifacts**

**Treasured Possessions**

**Encounters with Strange Entities**

## GEAR & POSSESSIONS

## CASH & ASSETS

## QUICK REFERENCE RULES

### Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success: 

Fumble	Fail	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Critical
100/96+	> skill	≤ skill	1/2 skill	1/3 skill	01

Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

### Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

**Major Wound** = loss of  $\geq \frac{1}{2}$  max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

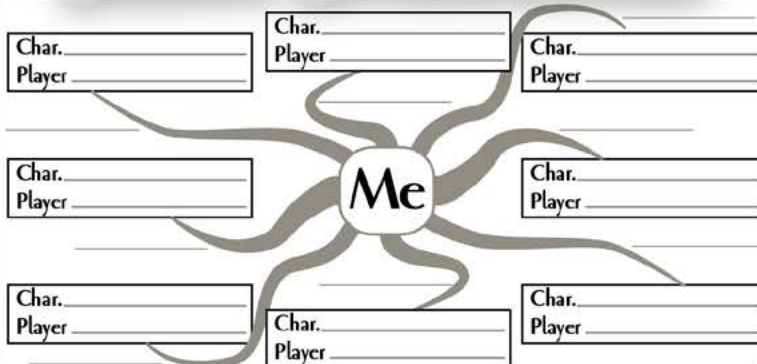
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

**Dying**: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

**Natural Heal rate** (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

**Natural Heal rate** (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

## FELLOW INVESTIGATORS





# 1920S ERA INVESTIGATOR

Name Norman Falkner  
 Player n/a  
 Occupation Graduate Student  
 Age 41 Sex M  
 Residence Arkham, MA  
 Birthplace Arkham, MA

## CHARACTERISTICS

STR **60** <sup>30</sup>/<sub>12</sub> DEX **70** <sup>35</sup>/<sub>14</sub> INT **65** <sup>32</sup>/<sub>13</sub>  
 CON **80** <sup>40</sup>/<sub>16</sub> APP **45** <sup>22</sup>/<sub>9</sub> POW **75** <sup>37</sup>/<sub>15</sub>  
 SIZ **60** <sup>30</sup>/<sub>12</sub> EDU **74** <sup>37</sup>/<sub>14</sub> Know Move Rate **7** <sup>+1</sup>/<sub>-1</sub>



Major Wound	<b>14</b>		
HIT POINTS	Dying <b>00</b>	01	02
	Unconscious	03	04
		05	06
		07	08
		09	10
		11	12
		13	<b>14</b>
		15	16
		17	18
		19	20

Temp. Insane		Indef. Insane		<b>75</b>	Max	Insane	01	02	03	04	05	06	07
	08	09	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30			
	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53			
	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	<b>75</b>	76			
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89
	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99			

## CALL of CTHULHU

LUCK	Out of Luck	01	02	03	04	05	06	07
	08	09	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39
	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47
	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	<b>55</b>
	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63
	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71
	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79
	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95
	96	97	98	99				

Magic Points	<b>15</b>			
	00	01	02	03
	04	05	06	07
	08	09	10	11
	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23
	24			

## INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)		<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)		<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)		<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%) Geology	<b>20</b>	<b>10</b>
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	<b>30</b>	<b>15</b>	<input type="checkbox"/> Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	<b>55</b>	<b>27</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Hatchet	<b>55</b>	<b>27</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)			<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Art / Craft (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)	<b>10</b>	<b>5</b>
<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	<b>50</b>	<b>25</b>	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)		
<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)	<b>40</b>	<b>20</b>
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)			<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	<b>35</b>	<b>17</b>	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival (10%) Woodland	<b>20</b>	<b>10</b>
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	<b>45</b>	<b>22</b>	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)	<b>40</b>	<b>20</b>
Credit Rating (00%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)		
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)	<b>15</b>	<b>7</b>
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other) (01%)			<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	<b>35</b>	<b>17</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec Repair (10%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU) English	<b>74</b>	<b>37</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
						<input type="checkbox"/> Librarian (20%)		
						<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	<b>30</b>	<b>15</b>
						<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)		
						<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)		
						<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)		
						<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)		
						<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	<b>10</b>	<b>5</b>
						<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)		
						<input type="checkbox"/> Op. Hv. Machine (01%)		
						<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)		
						<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%) Boat	<b>40</b>	<b>20</b>
						<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	<b>25</b>	<b>12</b>
						<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>
						<input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05%)		

## WEAPONS

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attacks	Ammo	Malif.
Unarmed	55	27	11	1d3 + db	-	1	-	-
Hatchet	55	27	11	1d6 + 1 + db				
Knife (Medium)	55	27	11	1d4 + 2 + db				
.30-06 Bolt-action Rifle	50	25	10	2d6 + 4	110 yds	1	5	100

## COMBAT

Damage Bonus **none**  
 Build **0**  
 Dodge **35** <sup>17</sup>/<sub>7</sub>



# BACKSTORY

**Personal Description** An Asian man with short black hair, a square jaw, and a serious demeanor.

**Traits** Never the quickest to pick up a subtle point, Norman compensates with a dogged persistence, which is a quality you value highly in the field.



**Ideology/Beliefs**

**Injuries & Scars**

**Significant People**

**Phobias & Manias**

**Meaningful Locations**

**Arcane Tomes, Spells & Artifacts**

**Treasured Possessions**

**Encounters with Strange Entities**

## GEAR & POSSESSIONS

## CASH & ASSETS

## QUICK REFERENCE RULES

### Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success:	Fumble	Fail	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Critical
	100/96+	> skill	≤ skill	1/2 skill	1/3 skill	01

Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

### Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

**Major Wound** = loss of  $\geq \frac{1}{2}$  max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

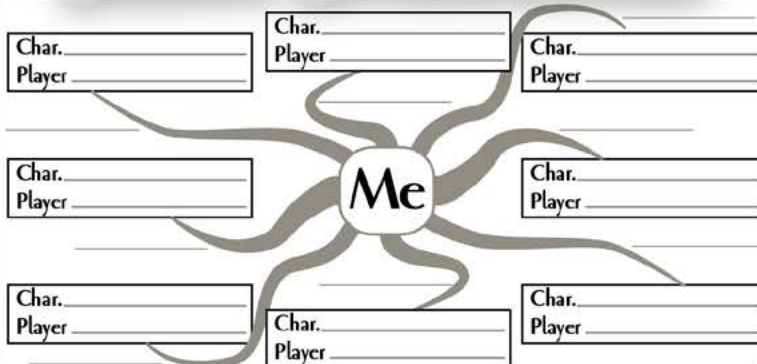
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

**Dying**: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

**Natural Heal rate** (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

**Natural Heal rate** (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

## FELLOW INVESTIGATORS





# 1920S ERA INVESTIGATOR

Name Charlie Foxtail  
 Player n/a  
 Occupation Wilderness Guide  
 Age 35 Sex F  
 Residence Fort McDonald, NWT  
 Birthplace Alberta, Canada

# CHARACTERISTICS

STR **65**  $\frac{32}{13}$  DEX **55**  $\frac{27}{11}$  INT **50**  $\frac{25}{10}$   
 CON **85**  $\frac{42}{17}$  APP **60**  $\frac{30}{12}$  POW **55**  $\frac{27}{11}$   
 SIZ **55**  $\frac{27}{11}$  EDU **43**  $\frac{21}{8}$  Move Rate **8**  $\frac{+1}{-1}$



Major Wound	14 MP			
Dying	00	01	02	
Unconscious	03	04	05	
06	07	08	09	10
11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20

Temp. Insane		Indef. Insane		55		Max																	
								Insane	01	02	03	04	05	06	07								
08	09	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	
54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	
77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	

# CALL of CTHULHU

											Out of Luck				01	02	03	04	05	06	07		
LUCK	08	09	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53
	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

Magic Points	11 MP			
00	01	02	03	04
05	06	07	08	09
10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24

# INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)		<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)		<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)		<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%) Geology	1	0
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	1	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	50	25	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)		
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Axe	50	25	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	70	35
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)		
<input type="checkbox"/> Art / Craft (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	70	35	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)		
<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)		
<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)		
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)			<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	50	25	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	70	35
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	80	40	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)		
Credit Rating (00%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Op. Hv. Machine (01%)		
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)		
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other) (01%) English	43	21	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%) Boat	60	30
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	27	13	<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	25	12
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	1	0
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec Repair (10%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU) Tsuut'ina	65	32	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05%)		

# WEAPONS

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attacks	Ammo	Malif.
Unarmed	50	25	10	1d3 + db	-	1	-	-
Axe	50	25	10	1d6+1+db				
.30-06 Bolt-action Rifle	70	35	14	2d6+4	110 yds	1	5	100

# COMBAT

Damage Bonus	none	
Build	0	
Dodge	27	13 5



# BACKSTORY



**Personal Description** A First Nations woman with black hair, high cheekbones, and angular facial features.

**Traits** Cautious; Charlie seems skeptical about your intentions for the expedition, but you quickly see she is a woman you can work with.

**Ideology/Beliefs**

**Injuries & Scars**

**Significant People**

**Phobias & Manias**

**Meaningful Locations**

**Arcane Tomes, Spells & Artifacts**

**Treasured Possessions**

**Encounters with Strange Entities**

## GEAR & POSSESSIONS

## CASH & ASSETS

## QUICK REFERENCE RULES

### Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success: 

Fumble	Fail	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Critical
100/96+	> skill	≤ skill	1/2 skill	1/3 skill	01

Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

### Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

**Major Wound** = loss of  $\geq \frac{1}{2}$  max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

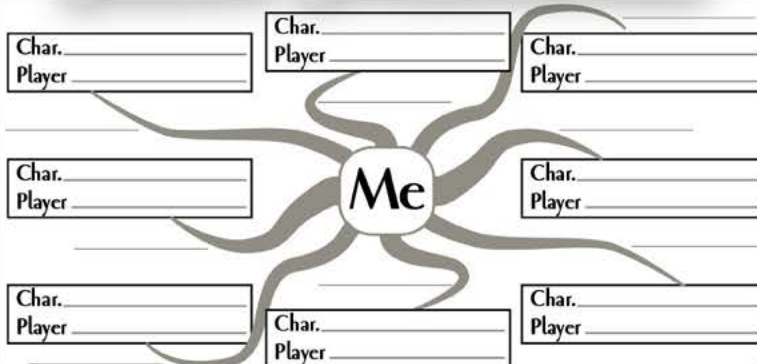
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

**Dying**: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

**Natural Heal rate** (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

**Natural Heal rate** (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

## FELLOW INVESTIGATORS





Name Bernard Ebstein  
 Player n/a  
 Occupation Graduate Student  
 Age 22 Sex M  
 Residence Arkham, MA  
 Birthplace New York City

STR	55	27 11	DEX	60	30 12	INT	55	27 11
						Idea		
CON	70	35 14	APP	75	37 15	POW	70	35 14
SIZ	65	32 13	EDU	82	41 16	Move	7	+1 -1
			Know			Rate		



Major Wound ☐ **13**

**HIT POINTS**

Dying	00	01	02
Unconscious	03	04	05
06	07	08	09
10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17
18	19	20	

Temp. Insane	Indef. Insane		70		Max		Insane		01	02	03	04	05	06	07							
08	09	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53
54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

[illegible]

00	01	02	03	04
05	06	07	08	09
10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24

**Magic Points**

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%) (Geology)	15	7 3
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	40	20 8	<input type="checkbox"/> Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	25	12 5	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Hatchet	25	12 5	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	35	17 7	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)			<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)	10	5 2
<input type="checkbox"/> Art / Craft (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)		
<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	25	12 5	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)	35	17 7
<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Survival (10%) (Woodland)	10	5 2
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)			<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	30	15 6	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	65	32 13	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)	40	20 8
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	60	30 12	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)		
Credit Rating (00%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Op. Hv. Machine (01%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)	10	5 2
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)			<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other) (01%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%) Boat	30	15 6	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	30	15 6	<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	10	5 2	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)			<input type="checkbox"/>			<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	1	0 0	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec Repair (10%)			<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU) English	82	41 16	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05%)			<input type="checkbox"/>		

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attacks	Ammo	Malf.
Unarmed	25	12	5	1d3 + db	-	1	-	-
Hatchet	25	12	5	1d6+1	-	1	-	-
Knife (Medium)	25	12	5	1d4+2	-	1	-	-
.30-06 Bolt-action Rifle	25	12	5	2d6+4	110 yds	1	5	100

Damage Bonus	none	
Build	0	
Dodge	30	15 6



# BACKSTORY



**Personal Description** A Caucasian man with curly light brown hair, a round face with full cheeks, and a coy smile.

**Traits** Unswervingly positive and generous with his time.

**Ideology/Beliefs**

**Injuries & Scars**

**Significant People**

**Phobias & Manias**

**Meaningful Locations**

**Arcane Tomes, Spells & Artifacts**

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## GEAR & POSSESSIONS

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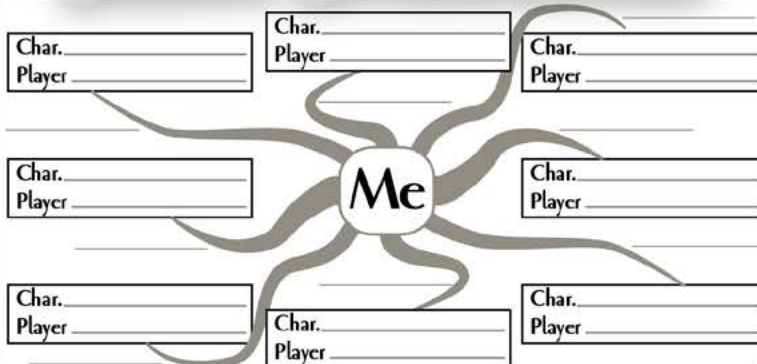
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

**Dying**: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine


**Natural Heal rate** (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

**Natural Heal rate** (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

## FELLOW INVESTIGATORS







## CHARACTER BACKSTORIES

***Dr. L. C. Nadelmann***

You are the youngest PhD to be tenured at Miskatonic University, in Arkham, Massachusetts. You are a rising star in the new field of cultural anthropology; even your European counterparts are impressed by your cascade of learned articles. Your theories are exciting, your classes are always full, and your students idolize you. Previous expeditions on your résumé have been just sensational enough to draw the favorable attention of the press to the university in general, and to the department of anthropology in particular. Rumors fly about large private endowments for your specialty. Your department head and collegiate administrators often invite you to dinner.

***Sylvia Davidson***

The latest arrival in a prominent line of Boston Brahmins, Sylvia is the first to take her studies to the postgraduate level and her boots into the wilds. Thanks to her academic acumen, you have already conferred with the department head about tapping her for a junior position on the faculty. If she has a fault, it is an invariable seriousness, which you hope may slip a little in the field.

Of course Sylvia signed up for the Nadelmann Expedition. It was the next logical step in her pursuit of academic excellence.

***Norman Falkner***

Norman is an atypical character around the department. A mature student, he worked for 16 years as a custodian whilst taking advantage of the long night shifts to educate himself from the library's books and save for this period of study.

You persuaded Norman to come on the expedition, hoping his reliable, calm disposition would make him a steady companion to the younger students.

***Charlie Foxtail***

It surprises most people to discover that Fort McDonald's best tracker is a woman from the Tsuut'ina Nation—known by some as the Sarcee Indians. But those who ridicule her often regret it, and the bruises can last for weeks. Charlie defied her elders' wishes to leave the village and work as a guide. She is saving up money to send her bedridden husband to Winnipeg for an expensive operation.

***Bernard Ebstein***

An earnest fellow from the Upper West Side, Bernard is popular among his classmates. His extracurricular conversation of late has centered on his upcoming wedding to his sweetheart, Catherine. This is sure to be a dazzling event, and as his favorite professor, your invitation has already arrived.

Bernard certainly possesses an aptitude for anthropology and a desire to test his knowledge in the field. But you suspect he signed up for the expedition to defy his image as a city boy and prove his outdoorsman credentials to his bride-to-be.





# CALL of CTHULHU®

## Alone Against THE FROST Solitaire Adventure in Canada's Wilds

*Alone Against the Frost* is a solo horror adventure for one player, set during a research expedition to Canada's Northwest Territories during the 1920s. Here, you choose your own path as you navigate through the story—your choices will determine whether you find success or failure!

You take on the role of Dr. L. C. Nadelmann, an anthropologist from the renowned Miskatonic University in Arkham, MA. Accompanied by three of your most gifted and practical graduate students, as well as an experienced local guide, you set off into the fabled valley of the North Hanninah in search of the anthropological discovery that will make your career and bring you fame. Or, so you hope.

Your expedition members are:

- **Dr. L. C. Nadelmann**, an academic obsessed by early North American prehistory, myths, and legends, particularly in the Big Woods region.
- **Bernard Ebstein**, a cherubic-looking native New Yorker, eager to experience life in the wilds before his upcoming marriage to his sweetheart, Catherine.
- **Sylvia Davidson**, the latest in a long line of Boston Brahmins, destined for academic greatness thanks to her dedication and determination.
- **Norman Falkner**, a mature, largely self-taught student whose calm nature acts as a steadying influence on those around him.
- **Charlie Foxtail**, a cautious Tsuut'ina professional wilderness guide, hired to lead the expedition safely through the North Hanninah.

But such a journey is fraught with difficulties, from dangerous white water to the superstitious beliefs of the region's inhabitants—not to mention the wildlife!

Will you manage to survive every challenge this hostile environment throws at you? Will your companions? Can you return with your reputation—and your sanity—intact? Only time will tell.

Armed with a pencil, some roleplaying dice, and a copy of the *Call of Cthulhu: Keeper Rulebook* or the *Call of Cthulhu Starter Set*, you are ready to brave the remote wilderness as one of MU's youngest ever professors. Dare you take on the challenge? If the answer is yes, then don't forget to wrap up warm. It can get mighty cold out there...

Originally released over 30 years ago, this new edition of *Alone Against the Frost* has been completely revised and updated for *Call of Cthulhu* 7<sup>th</sup> edition—over 650 entries, complete with new illustrations and an afterword by the original author.

**WILL YOU SURVIVE, ALONE AGAINST THE FROST?**

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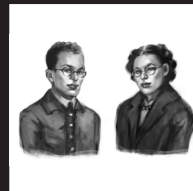


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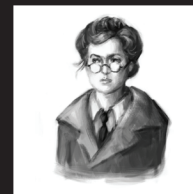
**Doctor  
L. C.  
Nadelmann**  
— an academic  
obsessed with  
the Big Woods



**Bernard  
Ebstein**  
— eager to  
experience life



**Sylvia  
Davidson**  
— destined for  
academic greatness



**Norman  
Falkner**  
— the calm and  
collected self-taught  
student



**Charlie  
Foxtail**  
— the cautious  
wilderness guide

