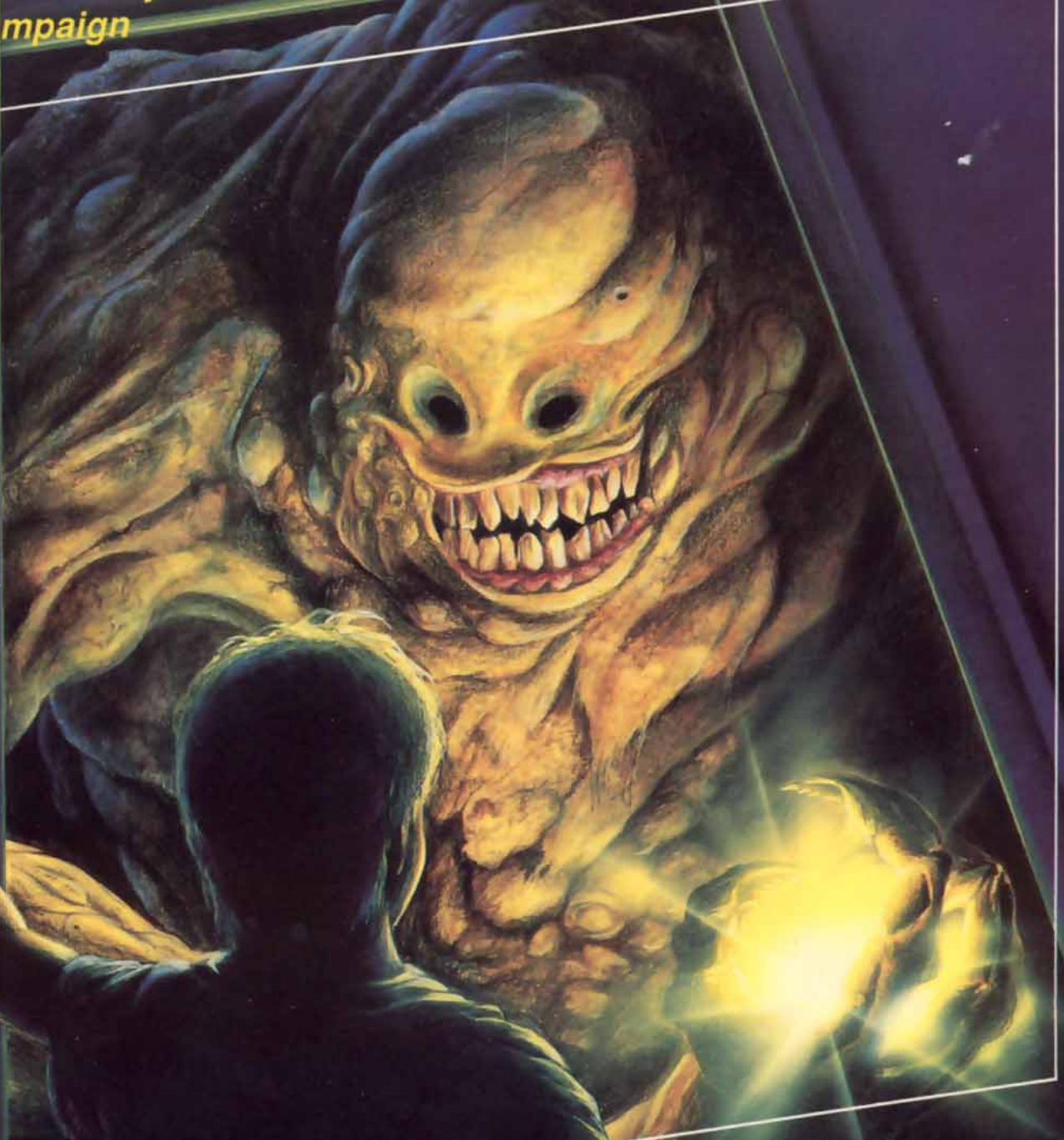


FOR  
**Call of  
Cthulhu**  
NOW

# AT YOUR DOOR

*A Modern-Day  
Campaign*



L.N. Isynwill, Herbert Hike  
Mark Morrison, Barbara Manui, Chris Adams  
Scott D. Aniolowski, Lee Gibbons, Earl Geier



## At Your Door

## A Campaign of Terror and Madness in the Days to Come



**Howard Phillips Lovecraft**  
**1890-1937**

**H.P. LOVECRAFT CENTENARY**  
**1890-1990**

# AT YOUR DOOR

by

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**Chaosium Inc.**

**1990**



# Contents

<b>Introduction.....</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>No Pain, No Gain .....</b>	<b>53</b>
		by Barbara Manui & Chris Adams, with L.N. Isinwyll	
<b>Full Wilderness.....</b>	<b>9</b>		
by L.N. Isinwyll, Mark Morrison, Herbert Hike			
<b>Landscapes.....</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>Where A God Shall Tread .....</b>	<b>86</b>
by Mark Morrison, additional text L.N. Isinwyll		Scott D. Aniolowski; additional text by L.N. Isinwyll and Herbert Hike	
<b>Dawn Biozyme.....</b>	<b>39</b>	<b>After The Big One.....</b>	<b>118</b>
by L.N. Isinwyll, with Herbert Hike		by L.N. Isinwyll; additional text by Herbert Hike	

# Expanded Contents

## INTRODUCTION

An Admonition.....	7
Sanity Charges .....	7
Players And	
Investigators.....	7
AYD By Chapter.....	7
Some Important	
Characters .....	8
Some Useful Keeper	
Characters .....	8

## FULL WILDERNESS

FW Letter of	
Inquiry (#1).....	10
Agents.....	10
Library Research.....	10
Samson Region (map) ...	11
Being There .....	12
Robert Jatik (illus) .....	13

A Little Secret for the	
Keeper .....	13
The Interview .....	14
Jatik Uncovers the	
Creature (illus) .....	14
Notes from	
Peter Tait (#2) .....	15
The Investigator's	
Tasks.....	15
Peter Allen Tait (illus) .....	16
Summary of Tait	
Data (#3) .....	16
The Investigators Take	
Control .....	16
Richard Slakes (illus) .....	16
Unexpected Attack .....	17
The Inevitable	
Happens .....	18
Metropolitan Samson	
(map) .....	18
The Bikers In Pursuit	

(illus) .....	19
Tattooed Clue (illus) .....	19
At Zymvotek.....	20
Homeless Rate Decline?	
(#4) .....	21
Tracking Down Tait .....	21
The Shipping Point .....	21
The Heat.....	21
The Police.....	21
Sergeant Bolling (illus) ...	21
The Daily Samson .....	22
Eddie Lowry (illus) .....	22
Seacliff.....	22
The Brother.....	23
The Evidence in the	
Envelope.....	23
Take To The Farm (#5) ..	24
A Loose Business Card	
(#6) .....	24
Tait's Journal (#7) .....	25
The Realtor .....	24

Telephoning 555-1962 ...	26
43 Miranda Way .....	26
Tait's Computer.....	27
Neighbors .....	27
Co-Workers .....	28
Conclusion .....	28
Statistics .....	28

## LANDSCAPES

578 Beach Road.....	30
Harold Gall.....	30
Harold Gall (illus) .....	30
The Animal Parts Thing	
(illus) .....	31
Back to Beach Road .....	31
Delilah.....	32
The Farm .....	32
Tait's Farm (map).....	33
The Farmhouse .....	34
The Greenhouse.....	34
The Laboratory .....	34

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A shorter version of "Landscapes" first appeared in *Dagon* magazine, issue 22/23. *Dagon* is a journal for Call of Cthulhu players and for readers of H.P. Lovecraft and the Cthulhu Mythos. United States subscriptions are \$20.00 (sea) or \$30.00 (air), cash only. For information or subscriptions, write to Carl T. Ford, 11 Warwick Road, Twickenham, Middlesex TW2 6SW England.

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Cover painting is by Lee Gibbons, copyright ©1990 Lee Gibbons; all rights reserved. Mr. Gibbons' work depicts the meeting of Mr. Shiny with Little Alex possible in "After The Big One".

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Mysterious Quotation .....	35
The Fields .....	35
The Scarecrow .....	35
The Dark Woods .....	35
Gall's Experiments .....	35
The Crucifixion (illus) .....	36
Vegetable Carnage .....	36
Plants That Kill .....	36
Harvest Time .....	37
The Gel-Creature Hides (illus) .....	37
Conclusion .....	38
Meeting the Animal Parts Thing .....	38
Statistics .....	38
Further Keeper Notes .....	38

## DAWN BIOZYME

About Biotechs .....	40
Dawn Biozyme Finances (#1) .....	40
DBZ Physical Plant & Security .....	40
A Secret (#2) .....	41
Dawn Biozyme (plan) .....	42
Iconophobia .....	43
The Tour .....	41
Bio-Hazard Symbol (illus) .....	41
Dr. Finley (illus) .....	43
The Computer System .....	44
Breaking And Entering .....	45
Howard Finley and What He Knows .....	46
The Third Room .....	47
The Calling Of Shub-Niggurath .....	47
Shub-Niggurath Appears (illus) .....	49
James Corazini's Townhouse .....	50
Dr. Finley's Estate .....	50
Excerpt From A Finley Letter (#3) .....	50
Madeline Finley (illus) .....	50
Creeping Loss, a new spell .....	51
The Serum Blob .....	52
Serum-Blob (illus) .....	52
Serum-Blob Description .....	52
Statistics .....	52

## NO PAIN, NO GAIN

Jennifer Armbruster's Old Address .....	53
Jenny Armbruster as she was (illus) .....	54
Bank of the Golden West .....	55
Thor's Gym .....	55
Bill Martinez .....	55
Bill Martinez (illus) .....	56
Dan Bonaventura (illus) .....	56
Dan Bonaventura .....	56
Random Inquiries at Thor's Gym .....	56
League of BodyBuilders International .....	58
Records Room .....	58
The Bodybuilding Library .....	58

About Bodybuilding (#1) .....	59
Mike Stolt's Statement (#2) .....	60
Mike Stolt Returns .....	60
Where is Noëlle? .....	60
Noëlle Rand (illus) .....	60
Bigfoot's BBQ? (#3) .....	61
In The Notebook (#4) .....	63
Endurance Chant, a new spell .....	63
Sasquatch Watch .....	63
Lt. Paul Jackson .....	63
The Sheriff Calls .....	63
Excerpt, De Vermiis Mysteriis .....	65
Renunciación .....	64
Chuck the Herpatologist .....	65
Chuck The Herpatologist (illus) .....	65
The Stone Altar .....	65
Around Jenny's House (map) .....	66
Armbruster's Retreat .....	66
The Garage .....	66
More About Gates .....	66
The House .....	66
Ground Floor .....	66
The Loft .....	67
Jenny's Videotape (illus) .....	68
Jenny's Cave (map) .....	69
The Basement .....	70
Armbruster's Cave .....	70
Armbruster Alerted .....	72
Jenny the Giantess (illus) .....	71
Domestic Bliss .....	72
Life with Jennifer A. .....	73
Willie's Playful Pounce (illus) .....	73
Hiding from Jenny .....	74
Other Ties to The Outside .....	75
Jennifer A.'s Cycle .....	75
Hazards Of Captivity .....	75
Hostage Psychology, a new insanity .....	76
Eddie the Ghoul (illus) .....	76
Qn, from Yuggoth (illus) .....	77
A Jennikin .....	77
Escape Possibilities .....	78
Conning Armbruster .....	79
Private Research .....	79
Stare, a new spell .....	80
Outsmarting Willie .....	80
Noëlle Rand .....	80
The Gate Room .....	80
Why Jennifer Needs Assistants (illus) .....	81
The Antenna Hole .....	82
Unblocking The Foyer Door .....	82
The Bottomless Chasm .....	82
Messages to The Outside .....	82
The Intercom .....	83
Rescue, And Other Conclusions .....	83
Statistics .....	83

## WHERE A GOD SHALL TREAD

About Canada and Toronto .....	86
About Rothmersholm Ltd (#1) .....	86
Investigator Information .....	87
Third Body Found (#2) .....	87
A Grisly Discovery .....	88
The Next Day .....	88
Downtown Toronto (illus) .....	89
About Mr. Shiny .....	90
Albert Shiny .....	90
Albert Shiny (illus) .....	90
Mind Control .....	91
Rothmersholm Ltd. .....	91
The Attacker (illus) .....	93
the Woman With Eyes (illus) .....	93
The Lifeform on the Ceiling (illus) .....	94
Making Sense of It .....	94
Mr. Shiny is Your Friend .....	95
Rapprochement .....	95
Toronto Libraries .....	97
Chauffer Missing (#3) .....	97
Rev. Lully Resting (#4) .....	97
Library Burglarized (#5) .....	97
Fakes at Museum (#6) .....	98
Museum Agrees to Close Exhibit (#7) .....	98
Black Dragon Restaurant .....	98
Plan Of the Black Dragon (illus) .....	98
Talking to the Verdant Sylph .....	99
Lurline Pardee (illus) .....	99
Three Tcho-Tchos in the Alley (illus) .....	100
Other Information .....	101
More Clues .....	102
Metro City Cab Company .....	102
The Suspicious Guests .....	102
Davidson And Todhill .....	102
Jeff Todhill (illus) .....	102
Scot Davidson (illus) .....	103
The Witches' Suite (plan) .....	103
Wicca .....	104
The Royal Ontario Museum .....	104
Rhan-Tegoth, Great Old One (illus) .....	106
Ssruthaa, Serpent Mage .....	105
Ssruthaa (illus) .....	105
A History of the Serpent People .....	105
About Serpent Race Writing .....	105
Ssruthaa-Lully .....	107
Salvation Citadel .....	107
The Basements .....	107
Reverend Lully Sermonizing (illus) .....	108
Ground Floor .....	109
Second Floor .....	109
Third and Fourth Floor .....	110
Fifth Floor .....	110
Sixth Floor .....	110
Seventh Floor .....	110

Eighth Floor .....	110
The Serpent Man's Suite .....	111
Video of Todhill and Davidson (#9) (illus) .....	112
Video of the Serpent Man (#10) (illus) .....	113
Conclusion .....	114
Statistics .....	114
Crystal Healing, a new skill .....	115
Bind Enemy, a new spell .....	115
Cast Circle, a new spell .....	115
Fang of Yig, a new spell .....	116
Find Serpent Folk, a new spell .....	116
Hibernate, a new spell .....	116
Quicken, A new spell .....	116
Rhan-Tegoth .....	117

## AFTER THE BIG ONE

Where Were You? .....	119
After The Big One (illus) .....	120-121
The Summons .....	122
The Hotel Morpheus .....	122
My Dear Friends: (#1) .....	124
The Following Day .....	123
The Message .....	124
The New Assignment .....	125
What Shiny Says About Chthonians (#3) .....	126
Reconstitution Of Order (#4) .....	127
Through the Back Door .....	127
The Brotherhood of Forks .....	129
Down In Trashtown .....	130
Rumors and Exhibits .....	130
The Philosophers .....	130
Rita Raincoat (illus) .....	131
Dean Stanley (illus) .....	132
The Royal Pant (illus) .....	132
The Sand Geyser .....	133
Summon Human, a new spell .....	133
Alex .....	134
Alex (illus) .....	134
Lurline, Tait, and the Brotherhood .....	135
The Brotherhood of Forks (illus) .....	136
A Call To Arms .....	137
The Coliseum .....	138
A Deadly Move .....	139
Samson Coliseum (plan) .....	139
The Meeting of the Board .....	140
Sha'ddu-Ka (illus) .....	141
A Dark Young (illus) .....	141
Conclusion .....	143
What Might Be Accomplished .....	143
The Shoggoth Behind The Man (illus) .....	144
Statistics .....	145

# Introduction

*Those expecting to be players in this campaign should stop now, and read no further; noble keeper, please read on.*

*At Your Door* has been designed as a campaign—a series of adventures pertaining to a theme or a particular problem, and requiring several sessions to play.

Though style and session length differ from group to group, keepers can assume at least ten evenings of play from this book, perhaps an average of fifteen.

Unlike most *Call of Cthulhu* campaigns, investigators herein do not suffer many constraints of communication or transport; this book is set in the 1990s, and physical obstacles are mostly overcome. Alas, they are also overcome for the forces of darkness, now horrifyingly widespread and bent on hoisting the curtain for the end of days.

Neither is finance of much importance in play; not only are the investigators hired at truly professional rates, but keepers can allow them to borrow cash in a 24-hour period of up to their Credit Ratings times 100, assuming that our heroes have credit cards. Naturally the investigators face at least one long imprisonment, which may entirely ruin their Credit Ratings.

If the keeper wishes, the chapters in this book can be presented independently, as discreet adventures; to do so, however, first carefully review the chapters with that idea in mind and be prepared to supply additional rationales and explanations. At least one chapter, “Full Wilderness”, does not properly have a plot or ending—it is a file of information presented in a logical order of possibility, but from which investigators may enter other chapters and to which to they return.

We hereafter assume a campaign presentation.

The adventures herein nominally occur in North America during a period of stability and comfort, in an unremarkable year of the 1990s. Keepers might introduce current national or international events occasionally, showing that the campaign is happening now, and that no one knows how it will turn out.

With the exceptions of two trips up the Samson valley and another to Toronto, Ontario, all events take place in and around Samson, California, a fictitious seacoast metropolis

combining aspects of San Francisco, San José, and San Diego.

Naturally the street and place names, notably the metropolis of Samson, the Samson River, the Samson Valley, the Sabiduria Estrellada (Starry Wisdom) fault line, Delilah, Piru, Loam, Renunci3n, and the redoubtable County of Squamish are wholly fictitious.

If a keeper postulates the requisite earthquake in “After The Big One,” Samson might be any major city in North America—Chicago, Charleston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Seattle are predicted to suffer extensive earthquake damage in the next century. In fact, few areas in the world do not suffer a major temblor every thousand years or so, though an earthquake as powerful as Samson’s is exceedingly rare.

Apart from whether it is wet or dry, climate and season play little role in coastal California. All of the adventures are written for early summer, when fog normally hugs the coast but rain rarely falls. The Samson area is experiencing unusual heat; whether the blistering temperatures continue to the end of the campaign as “earthquake weather”—the warm, humid stillness that in popular legend precedes a major quake—is for the keeper to decide.

- For research, the best local library is made up of the Billington and School libraries (4.3 million volumes) at the Samson campus of the University of California. UC-Samson is an major arena for scientific and technical instruction and research, especially in the medical arts and biological sciences.
- At least half a dozen more good to excellent universities exist in the area, named, located, and equipped as the keeper desires.
- Major computer- and biotech-related facilities exist throughout the area. Nuclear research centers at Teller Labs, southeast of Samson.
- Large communities representing themselves as having the heritage of Mexico, El Salvador, Guatemala, Panamá, Russia, Ireland, Vietnam, Italy, southern China, the Philippines, Japan, Korea, India, Lebanon, and Palestine have or are settling in the city and suburbs. These groups offer spectra of cultural, historical, and linguistic resources.

## An Admonition

Become familiar with this book before attempting to present it; more than usually, the investigators participating in *At Your Door* are encouraged to tackle adventures out of order, to return to earlier chapters to re-examine evidence, or to do something entirely unexpected.

Much investigation and relatively few encounters occur; keepers who do not have good ideas of the significance of the clues risk being hopelessly entangled.

Read this book first.

## Sanity Charges

Much more than death, insanity is the investigator's foe in this book. The keeper should not be unduly merciful, but he or she should stay aware from session to session of their charges' Sanity levels; if everyone goes insane, then he or she can be ready for it. Since chronologies and synchronous events have been stripped from the text, no special reasons exist that events cannot be suspended for a few weeks or months while investigators recover.

Nonetheless, investigators run roughly one chance in three of dying from direct attack, and somewhat more when including insanity-induced responses.

Insanity cases in this area are handled at the Humanitas Institute, a modern asylum whose characteristics are left undefined. Keepers may want to give the institute some thought if the investigators spend much time there. The place is above-board, but there must be differences, for instance, between the day shift, the evening shift, and the *gulp!* night shift.

## Players And Investigators

Some keepers assume undue burdens of continuity and responsibility in campaigns, fearing that the same players and investigators will not be present at the beginning of the campaign as at the end, and that very many changes will represent a failure.

But *At Your Door* is successfully concluded not nearly so much by accumulation of physical artifact, unravelled puzzle, or Sanity-wrecking cantrip as by the knowledge of what has occurred and the bravery to continue to learn. The play is literally the thing here; a magic tome, an illegal weapon or two, and perhaps some unbilled credit card charges are about as much as any investigator can hope to salvage from hapless Samson.

Consequently the campaign presumes any number of investigators of no particular skill or Mythos experience; keepers can reasonably allow novice investigators—as opposed to novice players, who will need some advice—to wander as they will. Consider suggesting that each player start the campaign with two investigators, in anticipation of near-certain disabilities to come.

May your investigators teeter on the brink of madness; may your players tremble when they roll the dice. Good hunting!

## At Your Door By Chapter

**Full Wilderness:** Robert Jatic, founder and president of Full Wilderness, a well-known and financially successful environmental group, suspects a local biotech firm, Dawn Biozyme, of illegal and dangerous genetic experiments. As proof he exhibits what the investigators may recognize as a baby dark young of Shub-Niggurath. The man who sent the evidence was Dr. Peter Tait, who has since disappeared. The investigators are to learn what is happening at Dawn Biozyme, and locate Dr. Tait.

**Landscapes:** in tracing Tait, we learn that the man recently bought a farm far from Samson; Harold Gall, the unpleasant former owner the farm, also has a tale to tell, but the truth of it is hard to learn. There's little trace of Tait at the farm, but the investigators discover a bizarre and dangerous life form created by Gall, a threatening sentient gel. If the investigators have no reason to suspect Dawn Biozyme before, they do after visiting the deserted farm.

**Dawn Biozyme:** Jatic arranges a tour of Dawn Biozyme. The mad Dr. Finley has been Calling Shub-Niggurath and milking the goddess of Milk vital to many experiments. Dawn Biozyme files contain links to the multi-national corporation, NWI, to Tait's former girlfriend, Jennifer Armbruster, and to the Toronto firm of Rothmersholm Ltd. If the investigators search Finley's home, they find more evidence, including relations with Tcho-Tcho immigrants.

**No Pain, No Gain:** investigators track down Armbruster through her interest in bodybuilding. With luck and persistence, they locate her home in the mountains; if they are at all careless, she captures and imprisons them for an extended time, during which many situations imperil them. Armbruster, fed on the milk of Shub-Niggurath, is now a horrible giantess who continues to grow and to research the Mythos.

**Where a God Shall Tread:** in Toronto, the investigators visit Rothmersholm Ltd. where Mr. Shiny, a shoggoth in human form, determines to slaughter them. A horrifying raid by Ssruthaa, a serpent mage in search of Shub-Niggurath milk, stays his hand and keeps him disguise. Ssruthaa is the Toronto Ripper, and the investigators spend much of the chapter learning about him and chasing him down, in his guise as a television evangelist.

**After The Big One:** returning to Samson, an enormous earthquake devastates the region. The investigators' immediate task is to locate a child named Alex; when they do, Shiny plans to eat Alex and them. Jatic secretly betrays the investigators and all of humanity by joining league with Shiny to force human abandonment of the region and re-es-



establish a Great Old One as master of what the public imagines will be a wilderness park. The investigators may be able to stifle this scheme during a confrontation in Samson Coliseum, but the prophecies are coming true—the Great Old Ones are returning.

## Some Important Characters

**Robert Jatic:** as head of Full Wilderness, Jatic heads his own ecology-movement empire. He hires the investigators to find out what's going on at Dawn Biozyme, whose employee Peter Tait has provided him with a bizarre creature (a dark young of infantile size). Jatic's plans are publicly mundane and merchandise-oriented; secretly he dreams of destroying most human life in order to save the planet from environmental disaster. By the end of this campaign Jatic's mind has been warped by dark powers and he allies himself with the Mythos.

**Peter Tait:** a former employee of Dawn Biozyme and a subscribing member of Full Wilderness, Tait warns Jatic that something is amiss at Dawn Biozyme. As the investigators arrive, Tait disappears, and is thought either to have committed suicide or to have been the victim of murder. In truth, he has been swayed to the bizarre philosophies of the Brotherhood of Forks. Tait is in Samson, living in secret, and is not to be encountered until the end of the adventure.

### Event Sequence for Peter Tait

#### days event

- 45 —Tait Reads Jatic's Books
- 25 —Tait Visits Jessica Dillon
- 15 —Tait Buys Farm
- 7 —Tait Contacts Jatic
- 6 —Tait Steals the Dark Young
- 5 —Tait Leaves Dawn Biozyme
- 5 —Tait Flees to the Farm
- 4 —Tait Flees from the Farm
- 4 —Tait Abandons His BMW
- 2 —Tait Finds the Brotherhood
- 0 — Investigators Meet Jatic for First Time
- +? —Tait Meets Lurline (weeks or months later)
- +? —Tait Meets Investigators (weeks or months later)

**Howard Finley:** Dr. Finley heads a secret Dawn Biozyme project. Combining scientific method and magical resources, Finley has been Calling Shub-Niggurath into a secured warehouse and milking from her a creamy serum of wide use. Finley has great influence over Jennifer Armbruster. His wife, Madeline, is the patron of two Tcho-Tcho restaurants.

**Jennifer Armbruster:** once employed at Dawn Biozyme and, at different times, the lover of Dr. Peter Tait and of Howard Finley. Shub-Niggurath's milk renewed and accelerated her growth; if the investigators meet her, she is about 15 feet tall—hidden away by Finley in the remote countryside. Her dog, Willie the Beagle, has kept pace in growth with her.

**Albert Shiny:** an unusually intelligent shoggoth who has for millennia helped human cultures toward high birth rates and higher populations, preparing the table for the eventual coming of the Great Old Ones. Shiny, who poses as a scientist and a friend of Full Wilderness, attempts to manipulate the investigators just as he does other humans, all the while anticipating them as delectable meals.

**Ssruthaa/Lully:** a serpent mage who has recently awakened from a very long sleep. He hopes, with the eventual aid of the Great Old One Rhan-Tegoth, to return the planet to the rule of the serpent race. Ssruthaa murderer and consumed the likeness of the Rev. Baxter Lully, a television evangelist. Ssruthaa possesses ferocious magical capability, unlike Shiny.

**Alex:** a ten-year-old boy who lives on the streets of Samson. Blessed with a 99 SAN, he is one of the few people anywhere who are able to see things as they are, including seeing through Mr. Shiny's disguise. The Brotherhood of Forks look upon him as a young messiah; the Brotherhood systematically deface automobiles and other possessions in a mostly vain effort to reveal the truth of things beneath the gloss. Mr. Shiny fears that capability spells trouble in future, and has decided to kill the boy now.

## Some Useful Keeper Characters

At least five Samson characters—Clariss Novescu, Richard Slakes, Sergeant Bolling, Lieutenant Jackson, and Eddie Lowry—have subordinate functions continuable throughout this book. They are ready-made functionaries mostly free of investigator influence, through whom the keeper can act effectively and hopefully believably.

**Richard Slakes:** Slakes is the investigators' contact at Full Wilderness. If he dies or resigns, his function devolves to Clariss Novescu. The investigators report to him for most of the campaign. It's steady, trustworthy Slakes who makes sure that the investigators are paid, that they can make bail promptly, that the proper ear bends favorably to the investigators. The tone of these communications should contrast favorably with Albert Shiny's, if he assumes command late in the campaign. See also the boxed commentary Keeping In Touch in the "Full Wilderness" chapter.

**Clariss Novescu:** Jatic's executive secretary. Not much is made of her in the adventure, but if Slakes dies or resigns from FW, she can assume his role with the investigators. But where Slakes is an innocent, she is an agent of the Mythos. No picture of her is in the book, but summary statistics occur at the end of "Full Wilderness." There is nothing remarkable about her except zero Sanity.

**Sergeant Bolling:** he represents the authorities at their most useful. The text in the latter part of "Full Wilderness" notes how he can help investigators in different ways, and briefly discusses why authorities may or may not be coop-



erative. In the final scenario, the keeper easily could bring Bolling back as a breveted captain in charge of a precinct, or even the Trashtown camp. Bolling is honest, responsible, and reliable.

**Lieutenant Jackson:** though they don't meet him until "No Pain, No Gain," Jackson may help or hinder—he's on the same force and in the same department as Bolling. Jackson is potentially corrupt; Shiny may suborn him at some point.

**Eddie Lowry:** a corrupt journalist from the *Daily Samson*. Lowry can help the investigators get particular information, perhaps otherwise difficult if relations with the police are bad. Lowry is trustworthy so long as the other side doesn't offer more money.

## Addresses

Mark Morrison suggests that since players get great satisfaction in writing down addresses, metropolitan Samson locations should have addresses. The keeper must site the suburbs—they're shown on no map.

**Armbruster, Jennifer** — (condo) 210 Coachella Circle, #12, Santa Leona 95139. Country home is c/o J.A. Armbruce, RFD Box 149, Renunci6n.

**Corazini, James** — 7 Greentree Close, Willow Heights, Lyndale 95132

**Daily Samson** — 3219 Montcalm, Samson 95103

**Dawn Biozyme** — 10 Torrance Loop, Seabreeze Acres 95146

**Fax'n'Forms** — 1143 Jefferson Road, Burdy 95155

**Finley, Howard & Madeline** — 37825 Hills Road, Borrego 95192

**Full Wilderness Inc.** — 99 Montcalm, Samson 95170

**Gall, Harold** — 578 Beach Road, Samson 95117

**Hall of Justice** — 250 Lex Street, Samson 95107

**Hike, Herbert** — 6060 Fulton Avenue, Samson 95114

**Hotel Crocker** — 1 Crocker Place, Samson 95106

**Hotel Morpheus** — 2309 Ellis Street, Samson 95119

**Humanitas Hospital** — 4531 Young St., Samson 95116

**Humanitas Institute** — 4518 Young St., Samson 95116

**LBBI** — 788 Lex Street Circle, Samson 95108

**North, Ateley P.** — 957 West Road, Eastborne Parque 95188

**Rand, Noelle** — 115 Anza Road, #32, Santa Leona 95139

**Samson Coliseum** — corner, Watts and Division, Samson 95128

**Seacliff Palisades Park** — along Seacliff Road, Samson

**Tait, Edward** — 441 Crestview, Lyndale 95132

**Tait, Peter** — 43 Miranda Way, Samson 95124. Country home is RFD 237, Delilah.

**Teller Laboratories** — 9 Vista Summit, Luttwak 95188

**Theodore, Edgar, Dillon, & Little** — 18 Precita Lane, Samson 95173

**Thornpayt, Neal** — 759 East Road, Dokwest 95133

**Thor's Gym** — 356 Barker Street, Samson 95107

**UC-Samson** — 14 Trog Road West, Picolette 95181

**Zymvotek** — Block 9, Ocean Acres Technology Park, Ocean Acres 95144

## NEW ADDRESSES

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# Full Wilderness

*Wherein the investigators receive an interesting and financially-gratifying proposal from a famous man, who asks them to protect the unusual evidence which prompted his summons.*

## Scenario Considerations

"Full Wilderness" is set entirely in the Samson metropolitan area, over the space of a few days. Most of the campaign occurs in and around Samson; the keeper may wish to orient the players to the area, since (amazingly) none of their investigators have ever visited that thriving city.

Note that the city map and the regional map accompanying "Full Wilderness" contain locations of importance to

the scenarios. Do not give that information to the players; sketch out the information by hand. If the players need conviction that the fictitious city of Samson has depth and substance, name streets or suburbs as desired, since there are no such references in the text beyond the street on which Full Wilderness has its offices.

The keeper also may want to note portions of this chapter left unexplored, to raise those possibilities again as the campaign evolves.

If no new investigators need to be rolled up, “Full Wilderness” might be finished in two evenings or less. The line of division between it and “Landscapes” or “Dawn Biozyme” will be invisible to the players in any case.

## Keeper's Information

The investigators are called to the important city of Samson, California, by an environmentalist group which has acquired some startling evidence, what those with Cthulhu Mythos may be able to identify as a small or infantile dark young of Shub-Niggurath. Unlike many environmental groups, Full Wilderness bulges with cash, and offers the investigators fat fees to find out what the creature is and from where it comes. Peter Tait, the scientist who sent the creature to Full Wilderness, has unfortunately disappeared—as, in fact, the creature itself is likely to do when an armed band tries to steal it.

Whether or not the investigators lose the baby dark young, there are lots of clues for them to follow. When they go to see Harold Gall, then leave “Full Wilderness” for “Landscapes.” If the investigators have not then examined all the clues available in this chapter, give them chances during or after “Landscapes.” As the campaign advances, though, the evidence in this chapter becomes less and less pertinent.

## Agents

Nowadays it makes sense for anyone who incidentally or purposely risks becoming famous to have an agent—especially such people as investigators, who deal in astonishing finds and macabre episodes. Agents can take care of everything from picking up the mail, to negotiating favorable book contracts, to choosing the right company, to producing the action figures based on the movie derived from the book.

Fame translates into money because manufacturers and representatives have become adept at identifying value with incident and confusing understanding with illusion. If the investigators have started to make headlines, the right agent can generate excellent income from their deeds—not incidentally freeing the investigators from mundane jobs—and line up cases not only satisfying to solve but advancing their careers.

Fame, of course, separates almost everybody from the equality that grants life its subtle flavors, imprisons all but the most cautious in self-deception, and especially marks investigators as opponents worthy of elimination.

The right agent might be a player-character who cannot make the grade as an investigator, but who has good Accounting, Bargain, Fast Talk, and Law skills, as well as good POW and INT to indicate a forceful, perceptive personality. Duties might include professional and financial negotiations, overseeing investigator bank accounts, properties, and insurance policies, coordinating separate simultaneous investigations, and acting as a clearinghouse for information.

## Investigator Information

Robert Jatic, council head for a well-known non-profit organization, Full Wilderness Inc., contacts the investigators. The actual method of contact may not be important, but if the investigators have much recent experience with the Mythos, then Jatic may have found them through their agent, a handy functionary explained in a nearby box.

If the investigators are unknown novices, Jatic may secretly be a superstitious man referred to the investigators by a relative or an astrologer or a chiromancer, or perhaps Jatic is an acquaintance of one investigator, or a man to whom an investigator has written appreciatively or disparagingly but perceptively, and so on.

Ms. Novescu is easy to reach by phone. Have the players choose a single negotiator to handle the call. Full Wilderness will pay up to another \$10,000 as a retainer, plus first-class airfare from anywhere in the world, plus a chauffeured car (or cars, if there are more than five in the group), plus hotel costs. Ms. Novescu is polite, not stupid. She does not volunteer such fees—the investigators or their agent must negotiate to get the maximum dollar. Have the investigators set the date they want; no matter how inept the negotiations, first-class tickets await them at the airport of their choice.

*FW Inc  
Bridgestone Building  
99 Montcalm  
Samson CA 95170*

*Telephone 408-555-5500 Fax 408-555-5596*

*Dear Investigators:*

*We at Full Wilderness have encountered an unusual and sensitive situation, one which may call for your skills.*

*It is essential and urgent that we speak face-to-face. I offer your usual retainer plus U.S. \$10,000 premium.*

*Please indicate your requirements to my secretary, Claris Novescu, so that we may meet at your earliest convenience.*

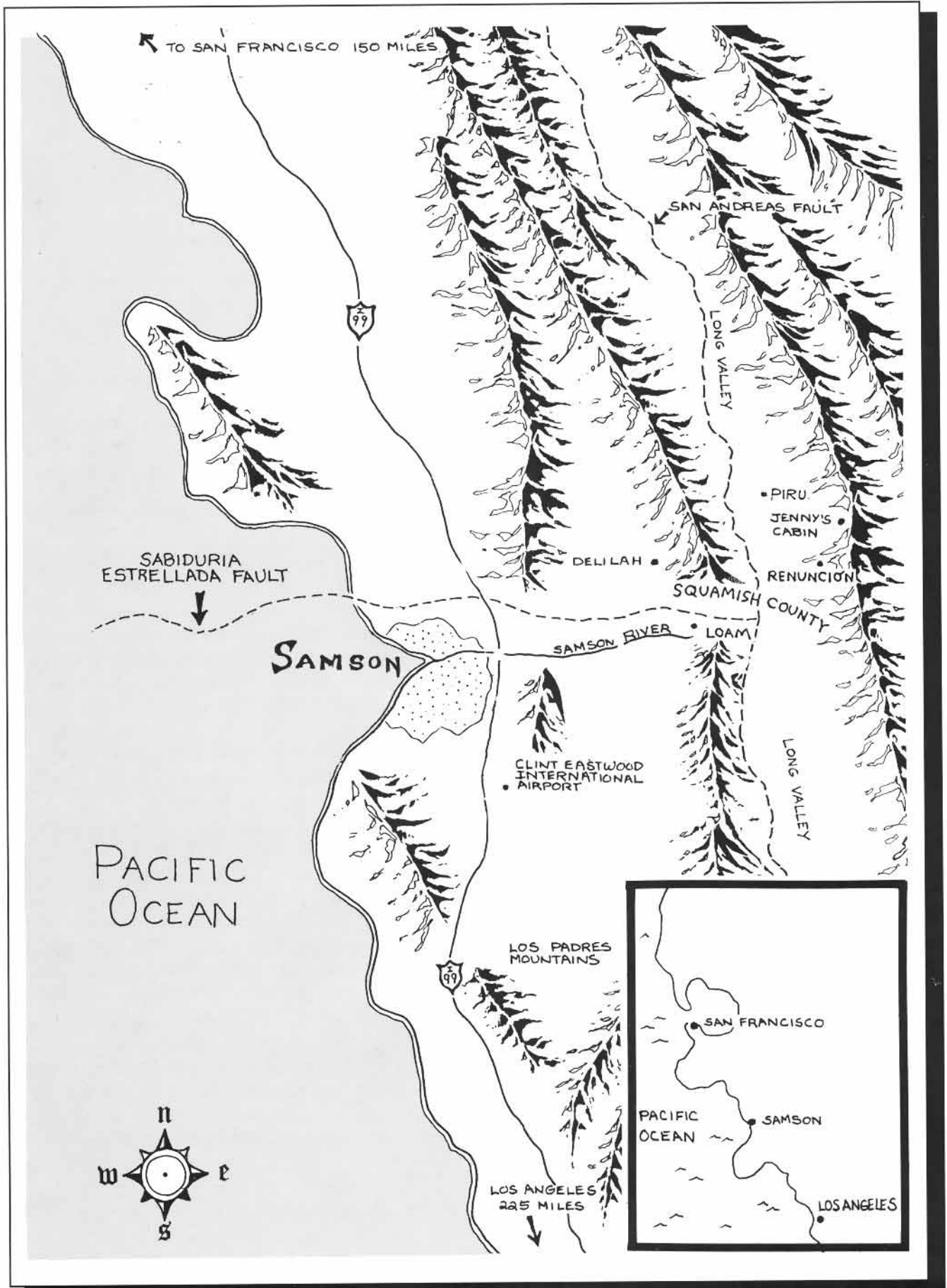
*Sincerely,  
Robert Jatic,  
Council Head*

*—investigator handout #1.*

## Library Research

The investigators can hit the books before or after they travel to Samson. They quickly learn the following.

Robert Jatic, ten years before a New York advertising executive earning in excess of a million per year in salary



and bonuses, cured himself of lung cancer by eschewing medical treatment and retreating to the simple life of a shepherd in the Cocoa Mountains of Nevada.

His cancer miraculously remitted and vanished, Jatic gave up sheep and became a pastoral hunter-gatherer, spending several years severed completely from human company. Returning to civilization “profoundly changed,” Jatic wrote the best-selling autobiographical polemics *A Task Received* and *Hard Lessons*, earning him large royalties, a popular film biography, endless speaking tours and appearances, and millions of uncritical fans.

In the wake of that personal success, he formed Full Wilderness, a name stemming from its advocacy of wilderness areas in which all human trespass—whether tourist, naturalist, or forester—is forbidden. The organization has grown as concern for the environment has grown. FW’s program is unremarkably preservationist, advocating world-wide rescue of and protection of ecosystems, and of the abolition of industrial poisons. It is well-known for the physical and artistic quality of its publications, the influence of its *One Wilderness!* magazine, and for its aggressive pursuit of large contributions from many people around the world.

Investigators who have time to read Jatic’s books (1D6+4 hours for each one) find that the first summarizes and views with alarm the state of the planetary environment; the second summarizes the greenhouse crisis and outlines several dozens of procedures and actions designed to buy time for humanity to successfully adapt to lessened industrialism and lowered population. Perhaps uniquely, Jatic’s books present the hypothesized crisis totally in positive terms: not only will planetary life survive and prevail, but the essence of human life will have improved when his program is carried out.

A successful Library Use roll uncovers other items of interest.

- Jatic’s title, *council head*, corresponds to president or chief executive officer. Jatic pretends that the Full Wilderness organization is a tribe, and that all decisions are communal. Functions across the FW year correspond to ceremonies one tribe or another of Native Americans have practiced. “Rituals are born at times of utmost fear and hope. Like schoolboys, Jatic and his group ape us without feeling what we have felt,” writes Jim Little River in *Native Gifts*. “Since our way began with the land, our experiences with the land gave us the meaning of ourselves. We laugh and cry when someone tries to recreate our way in an office, or when someone writes an essay about it. No one can imitate our way except by living it, for it begins and ends with the great hungers—for food, for warmth, and for the truth of existence. Those who begin by seeking to lose themselves in dreams are not men to be trusted. Blood truths are not truths which can be summarized; they cannot be found in books nor seen on television; our way tolerates no representatives; our way is not the way of Monday Night Football.”

- A *Harper’s* writer observes, “Jatic is likely to act peremptorily and to put his name on what others write and do; his rubber-stamp council never opposes his will. Unlike most executives, however, he pays well for the privilege. While environmental groups may mock Full Wilderness’s unusually high operating costs and preference for pleasing platitudes, everyone envies the organization’s salaries and benefits. Masked by that curtain of dollars, Jatic’s personal ruthlessness and unethical conduct gets excused or goes unnoticed.” The journalist is Raphael Haddad, who died in Lebanon the following year.

- A survey of Jatic’s writings appears in *Ecostracts*, a scientific journal concerned with the environment. It transfers the arguments in them into present-world terms, evaluating the suggested policies against today’s conditions—in some cases over a two-hundred-year range. According to the author, a Dr. Horst Mëllir of the University of Auckland, Jatic’s proposals ignore the crisis provoked by systematic, planet-wide application of public health measures, and treat famine and infrastructure investment alike as inconsequential. Jatic covertly proposes a catastrophic human de-population of the world, in its wake leaving a world-wide breeding population of a few hundred thousand men and women. Jatic responds that Mëllir’s necessary hypothesis of unchanging conditions makes his survey essay unworthy of serious rejoinder: “We direct the policies of FW toward achieving political consensus. Policies are not factorial propositions, and in themselves cannot be adequate to analysis.”

## Being There

After an uneventful flight, ground transportation awaits the investigators at Eastwood International. Once in town, they have a superb suite at the Crocker, a first-class hotel with sweeping views across the valley to the sea. The next morning their car arrives to take them to meet with Jatic at FW headquarters. The Bridgestone Building is packed with prosperous corporate and professional offices; it stands at the edge of Samson’s financial district.

Though it’s early in the day, the air is warm and close, and there’s a feeling of cool relief when the investigators move through the doors of the building’s main entrance. As they wait for an elevator, everyone hears a slight stirring sound, and then the floor shifts perceptibly. Overhead the lobby’s grand chandelier sways softly. There’s silence for a moment, then floor and chandelier stop moving, and the sound dies. Replacing the sound is nervous laughter and comment—that was a mild earthquake, the sort that residents have long grown used to. There’s no repetition. The elevator arrives, and the investigators are swept along by life into other concerns. That evening, if anyone thinks to look, the *Daily Samson* reports a richter 3.1 magnitude earthquake centered 14 miles east of town; there was no damage.

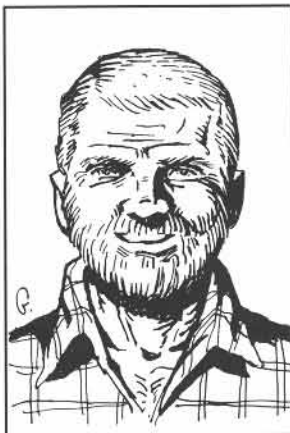
**Full Wilderness:** belying the humble pose of its non-profit corporation tax status, Full Wilderness occupies the whole of the thirteenth and fourteenth stories of the Bridgestone Building. Views, dramatic lighting, fine rugs, luminous



wood inlays, photo landscapes (always without human form or participation), and excellent sculptures of whales, grizzly bears, porpoises, and other wilderness creatures decorate a long, two-story-high reception hall.

The investigators are taken into Jatic's inner office, a large room with only narrow windows high up the wall. With the cool grays, buffs, and blacks of the furnishings, and only the sky visible, Jatic's office becomes a cave or a fort, perhaps a *kiva* perched on a canyon wall. The resulting privacy is partly welcome, partly intimidating as the morning light glints away from Jatic's silver hair and casts his halo into the surrounding air.

He is white-haired, blue-eyed, with a full trim beard and the deep tan and facial lines of an outdoorsman. He is about sixty, an intelligent man. A successful Psychology roll suggests a guarded individual who wishes the observer to see only what Jatic has trained himself to let be seen. More than that cannot be read. In keeping with his outdoorsman image he wears a wool plaid shirt open at the neck, along with well-cut dark linen trousers and expensive Italian shoes.



Robert Jatic

Before they sit down to talk, Jatic gives the investigators a quick tour of the offices.

As intended, the lavish reception area impresses every visitor. Jatic gives the investigators the grand tour, and calls the reception hall "our shared tribal space, where we sit around the camp fire." A stone fire ring actually exists, with stones of polished marble and quartz, and artfully asymmetric magnetite veins. The flame at the center of the fire ring burns blue from bottled propane hidden in the base of the sculpture. Recorded bird calls and the sounds of water rippling over rocks occasionally come from hidden speakers.

The FW staff, passing constantly across the tribal space, dresses well and stylishly in natural fibers and leather (though no furs). Gold watches, gold rings, gold bracelets, gold brooches, and fine-water diamonds flash persistently. Favored jewelry designs derive from Native American, Bengali, and Celtic originals. The article in *Harper's* is correct: those connected with Full Wilderness are doing as well financially as Jatic's books would have them doing spiritually.

The reception hall bisects the two floors of offices into four differing sections. Approaching the reception desk, the inner and outer executive offices and conference rooms, including Jatic's, are found to the left. To the right from the reception desk are rooms filled with computers, phone solicitors, and supplies, a day-care center, a gymnasium, and droves of scurrying support staff. Upstairs right are the

### A Little Secret for the Keeper

Never mentioned to the investigators is a long internal FW document, *Ending History* by Robert Jatic, known only to upper-echelon staff, but perhaps subscribed to emotionally by most at FW. Slip a recyclable-bindered copy of this 300-page document into the campaign as desired; its function is to help foreshadow Mr. Shiny and the aftermath of the Big Quake in the city of Samson, and to certify a link between Mr. Shiny and FW. The source of the book can be whoever the keeper desires, but the most likely source is a disaffected member of the Full Wilderness upper echelon, perhaps Richard Slakes if he lives that long.

The typescript manuscript declares that human civilization is a cancer upon the Earth, for humanity has over-foraged and ruined its natural ranges. The tribes of man are one with the beasts of the forests: all must be culled when their numbers grow too great. Nature has not yet culled humankind, for people have grown clever, but she will, for humanity is but part of wilderness. To be lastingly safe, humanity must regain its humble equality with the other denizens of nature.

Left to its predilections, humanity will unfortunately recapitulate its arrogant and disastrous growth again and again. The solution is simple: a few insightful humans of great determination must sponsor or precipitate a limited disaster in order to eliminate a greater disaster to come, the elimination of all life on Earth.

Jatic terms these determined men and women "gardeners," suggesting human flowers to be cut and human vegetables to be plucked. Gardeners serve a double purpose: having

prompted the fall of all civilization, they linger on as guardians to prevent man from regaining his Bad Old Ways. The means of enforcement normally would be by scientific methods, but by fire and force if necessary.

In Jatic's scheme, generations of these gardeners should not succeed each other, for each generation would inevitably modify its perceived mission and, perhaps from understandable sympathy, at last mistakenly recreate the conditions that the institution of gardeners sought to prevent. Only immortal gardeners who can survive for geological epochs can perform the necessary feat of *steadfast policy* while whole continents shift.

To this very long-range end, Full Wilderness quietly sponsors research into longevity and anti-agathic agents, payments summarized in annual reports as "Research Promoting Re-Establishment of Diverse Ecosystems." A portion of their contracts are with Dawn Biozyme Inc.

If ever shown this document, Jatic maintains plausible deniability. Yes, he wrote it, but he writes many memos and internal documents, many of which he reconsiders after a time. This one is fairly old, and the scientific presumptions upon which it was based have proved to be spurious and naive. Jatic shrugs his shoulders, but he does ask for the book back.

If the investigators give *Ending History* to him, he identifies its copy number by fluorescing the UV-inked number scrawled on the inside back page, identifying its source, and fires the executive listed as owner, as well as those who reasonably had access to it.

If the time is at the very end of the campaign, then Jatic may murder the source.



editorial, advertising, and design offices for FW's high-circulation magazine, *One Wilderness!* There are also dark-rooms, studios, photo labs, and digital composers and imagers for all of FW's publications. Upstairs left exist the editorial and design staff for FW's book, calendar, and subsidiary rights divisions.

The investigators are impressed not only by the physical setting but by the dedication of the staff and workers. Not once do they encounter anyone idly talking on the phone, playing a computer game, or staring out the window. Jatic asks, "Would a business run for profit show such morale?" He is clearly proud of the organization he founded. The staff shows unusual energy and dedication; conversation shows that most believe themselves on a mission of paramount importance.

### The Interview

Returning to Jatic's office, the council head outlines his peculiar problem.

Full Wilderness has for several years sponsored a variety of natural science researches, especially investigations into insect ecologies, energy budgets, and symbiotic rela-

tionships. Jatic explains, somewhat ponderously, that a symbiotic relationship is merely one between two species in which each benefits from the association—for instance, in the bottle-tailed squid some species of internal bacteria generate the luminescence for the squid's photophores, and in turn are fed by the creature. Beneficent human intestinal bacteria are another example.

The organization does this to contribute its share to the pool of scientific research needed to save the planet. "I do not know how well-acquainted you are with the ongoing crisis, but I can assure you that recent efforts to downplay the significance of a degrading environment stem from scientific misinterpretations and the grossest of economic motives. Every day lost cannot be regained, and may in the end prove our undoing."

He continues that some of the researches in symbiosis have been conducted jointly with Dawn Biozyme, a corporation headquartered in a Samson suburb. This last week Jatic received a personal call from a Dr. Peter Tait of DBZ, who swore that some of Full Wilderness's money "was being misused for the foulest purposes."



**Dear Mr. Jatic —**

*This situation is so upsetting to me that I am unable to work effectively. I really don't know how to reply to your questions. There are so many things to explain, and so many places I could start. Now that I have raised the issue, I need a few days to compose a methodical presentation which you can use to create a plan of action. Per the enclosed exhibit, please follow the instructions carefully. It has to do with work being done here. Enough of these things have died that I can fake the death of one more.*

*Peter Tait.*

**FEEDING INSTRUCTIONS:** *The specimen currently eats a diet of 6 parts raw hamburger, 4 parts freshly killed flies, and 1 part bone meal, in the total amount of 1kg per 10kg of body mass. It does not appear to ingest liquids directly, though a colleague believes that it does better in higher humidities. Since acquisition, it has grown slowly—weigh it weekly and increase feedings proportionately.*

—investigator handout #2

Jatic hypothesized that DBZ had gene-spliced novel bacteria or insects without satisfying formal procedures required by the state of California and by the federal government. Incautious injection of such creations into any ecosystem could have the most disastrous consequences for earthly life. Jatic adds (somewhat misleadingly) that various sorts of new life are under consideration for patent and trademark, an unnatural practice.

Tait proved to be a DBZ microbiologist, listed on Dawn Biozyme staff and phone rosters. About just what he was alarmed was not made clear. Fearing exposure and loss of employment, Tait sent a communication by private courier in support of his charges. Jatic exhibits two messages, both short dot-matrix notes without letterhead.

Jatic clears his throat and informs the investigators that Dr. Tait disappeared approximately a week ago. His dented and damaged car was found abandoned at Seacliff Palisades Park, in a quiet residential neighborhood.

Based on evidence found in the car, the police believe that Tait committed suicide. They make that guess mostly from the evidence of Tait's car. Jatic can supply the name of the detective in charge of the case, Sgt. Jack Bolling.

"Tait's disappearance," Jatic adds, "must be an important portion of your investigation. But the affair is even stranger than you may be guessing."

He utters a brief command into a phone, and two aides push in a short dolly. It bears a crate covered by a tarpaulin. Jatic dismisses the two men. As he sweeps back the covering, Jatic cannot refrain from a flourish, but his "Tah-dah"

is flat and ominous, as it might be: inside wriggles an 18-inch-high dark young of Shub-Niggurath.

The creature is in a travel container, a plexiglass cylinder about a yard wide and a yard high, walls an inch thick, closed at either end by stout hydraulic clamps, and double-latched. The container cannot open by accident. A few breathing holes may break the seal, but the thing does not seem to need to breathe. Its respiration (if any) and metabolism are a complete mystery.

Jatic shakes his head. "This arrived by messenger the day that Tait disappeared. What is it? Where could it have come from? What could it be for?"

Drool and pus seep from various mouths and orifices; a foul stench fills the air. As soon as the tarpaulin is lifted, the thing leaps across the container toward the investigators in a single lunge, squeaking fiercely, its tentacles gripping the sides of the cylinder in a fruitless effort to snag such toothsome food. Its multiple mouths open and shut with voracious clicks and disturbing slurps.

"It put one employee in the hospital. Tait somehow drugged the thing. It arrived here limp, in this cylinder. We thought it had died. No heartbeat. Then it suddenly jumped our resident zoologist and bit off her left thumb. The teeth are razor sharp. Now she's suing us because we wouldn't kill it to get her thumb back."

Be sure to show the illustration to the players. If any of the investigators have encountered a dark young, or if any of the investigators receive a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, then indicate to them the little which is generally known about dark young, noting only in addition that this may be a different species or perhaps an immature one.

If no one has encountered or can reasonably identify a dark young, then give the thing in the cylinder no name, and misleadingly describe it. For instance, it might not have tentacles but pseudopods; it has feet, unless anyone asks for a more exact description, and then it has two toes; you can't see that the thing has a front or a back, just meaningless knobs and bumps and hollows—and so on. If the thing has a chance to remain mysterious, it will be more fun while it survives.

After a few minutes, the thing begins to squeal incessantly. Putting the tarpaulin back over the container brings more piercing screams. Jatic sighs and calls in the aides, who remove dolly and contents.

More description, notes, and full statistics for the thing in the cage are found at the end of this chapter.

## The Investigators' Tasks

The existence of the monstrosity is more than enough reason for Full Wilderness to be concerned. He shudders at such a thing turned loose in a favorable environment. If it's a result of illegal genetic experimentation, he wants enough evidence to get those experiments stopped. He adds, if the

investigators ask, that if the experiments prove to be legal he still wants them stopped, and is prepared to pay handsomely to achieve that dubious end.

If at this time the investigators do not protest at being asked to perform illegal acts, Jatic hereafter assumes and insists that they will.

He calls in Ms. Novescu, a lofty and severe woman of about 35 years, to determine the investigatorial fees. To take on the case, in addition to the lump-sum payment they received to come to Samson, she offers each investigator *per diem* expenses, to an implied maximum of \$350.00 daily (if the investigators want more and the majority manage to receive successful Fast Talk rolls, that ceiling raises to \$500.00), plus salary of \$5,000 monthly per person *pro rata* until FW decides to conclude the investigation, one month salary guaranteed. Negotiate the investigators' actual fees; the keeper should be as thrifty as possible.

In addition, FW has tens of thousands of local and national contacts, including many scientists and staff members in DBZ itself—"We are as much a philosophical organization as one devoted to practical ends," Jatic says, "and consequently we have influence at every level of government. If you need the way smoothed, we can help."

Though many lines of investigation exist, Jatic gives them a summary of what is known about Tait.



Peter Allen Tait



Richard Slakes

and there's also work being done in Toronto, by Rothmersholm, another company. Staff will compose a report on DBZ's financial structure, organization, shareholders, and so on, perhaps in a few days. This last is a lie, of course; he seems to never supply that information. And, after the titanic quake devastates Samson, he obviously no longer has the resources.

Jatic first wants the investigators merely to escort Tait's creature across town to a presently-unused portion of Zymvotek biological laboratories, and introduce themselves there to a Dr. Morton Leem, who'll be handling the research and briefing them on what he learns. (If the investigators have already identified the creature as a small dark young, then they'll have much to tell the astounded Dr. Leem.)

After the deal has been struck and the investigators are ready to begin, Jatic introduces them to Richard Slakes, about 30, who is a member of the Full Wilderness guiding council and an aide to Jatic.

Slakes dresses well, with an expensive suit and fine shoes. He is a chubby man, with what sounds like a Brooklyn accent. He outlines the arrangements that have been made. Gradually investigator perception builds—perhaps with a successful Psychology roll—that something within Mr. Slakes is at odds with what he feels he can express.

Slakes asks the investigators if they're ready to go. The purpose of this question is to allow the investigators to make special preparations, such as picking up handguns; if they ignore the chance, don't emphasize it.

When the investigators are ready, they, Slakes, and creature take the freight elevator to the building's loading dock. There they cover the cylinder with another tarpaulin, then wheel dolly and creature into a white FW delivery van backed up to the dock. Load straps lock dolly and container into position in the rear cargo area. There are seats for the driver and for Slakes, who must guide the vehicle. The rest of the investigators must hold onto the sides or straps in the cargo area behind the seats. The van has no cargo-area side windows, though a fixed window occurs in each of the double rear doors.

The van is clumsy and high-ceilinged. It has an automatic transmission and a full tank of gas. Slakes asks which investigator will drive. "I don't drive," he says, explaining that he grew up in Manhattan, where maintaining a car and garage was prohibitively expensive. "I'll tell you which way to go, though," he smiles, as the investigator maneuvers into traffic, heading northeast. The driver-inves-

### Summary of Information about Peter Allen Tait

Age 34

Unmarried

43 Miranda Way, Samson, CA

Ht 5'11" Wt 170lbs

Hair brown Eyes brown Compl. medium

Education: Doctorate in Microbiology, UC-San Francisco, 1987.

Has written many articles in research journals.

Next of kin: Edward Tait, 441 Crestview, Samson, CA.

Employment: microbiologist at Dawn Biozyme, Samson.

Memberships: American Academy of Microbiology, American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Society for Biochemistry and Molecular Biology, Full Wilderness, Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine.

Investigator handout #3

## The Investigators Take Control

Jatic deflects other investigator suggestions, especially queries about DBZ research sponsored by Full Wilderness—



tigator notices that the vehicle is powerful enough, but that it is clumsy, top-heavy, and slow to respond.

Though Slakes has no idea which way the one-way streets run, he has a street map, and in 15 minutes or so the investigators find themselves rolling down a four-lane thoroughfare—two lanes each northeast and southwest—past dusty commercial offices and light industry.

Slakes chats as they go; if the investigators did not do their library research, Slakes can now give them the same information including the *Ecostracts* review, but presented as his own viewpoint. He's not more specific than that information, nor does he become unduly critical of Jatik, whom he professes to admire. Still, every investigator quickly understands that Richard Slakes is unhappy with many things about FW.

## Unexpected Attack

Some keepers may see in this sub-section a chance to use *Call of Cthulhu* 4th-edition auto-chase rules; if so, start the chase earlier, and use this sub-section as the end of the chase.

	<i>Invest. Van</i>	<i>Motorcycles</i>	<i>Pursuing Vans</i>
Move	8	14	10
HP	35	15	35
Handling	5	12	8
Accel/Decel	2X	5X	4X

As the investigators pass through a traffic light, ask for idea rolls. With a success, they notice that a convoy of two motorcycles and two black passenger vans have begun to follow them.

The investigators are driving in the right-hand of the two northbound lanes. The pursuers are the only nearby vehicles. The Harley-Davidson cycles suddenly thunder up, only a few feet away from the investigators. Each motorcycle is driven by a massive biker wearing leathers, a beard, sunglasses, dangling skull-and-crossbones earrings, Confederate flag patches, imitation Iron Crosses, handlebars that end in spiked mace heads, and so on. Riding behind each biker is a tough-looking young blonde woman dressed less remarkably. Each woman carries a medium-sized flat box with the butt end propped against her right thigh. Ask the players what might be found in a box about three inches

thick, two feet long, and ten inches wide; if any guess *weapon* or *sub-machine gun* or similar, then nod yes.

At a wave of a hand from the truck, the four vehicles maneuver to cut off the investigators, one black van in front and one behind the investigators. At the same time, the investigator-driver notices an alleyway coming up leading to the right.

**If the driver wants to stop:** the van can halt safely without a Drive roll. See the next section below, "The Inevitable Happens."

**If the driver wants to try to foil the trap allow him or her choice of the following options:** if the driver decides to ram the lead van, both vehicles crash to a stop, and thereafter treat the option as if the Drive roll had failed; to avoid the trap by making an emergency turn right into the alley, call for an unmodified Drive Automobile roll.

**IF THE DRIVE ROLL FAILS:** the van smashes to a halt against a utility pole at the corner of the alley, putting it out of operation. The two seated passengers are unharmed, since they undoubtedly put on their seat belts; standing investigators must receive luck rolls: those with successful luck rolls take 1D4 damage from the sudden halt; those who get failed rolls take 1D8 damage and are stunned for the round. If they take enough damage, they'll be unconsciousness. Then events proceed as in the next section below, "The Inevitable Happens."

**IF THE DRIVE ROLL SUCCEEDED:** the van turns into the alley and rumbles toward the next street west. The tossing van requires investigators not wearing seatbelts to receive successful STR x3 rolls or be sent sprawling on one another or land eyeball-to-tentacle with the thing in the cylinder.

In the narrow alley, neither bikes nor vans can pass the investigators. If the investigators turn into the alley but have no guns, the bikers close in on the fleeing van and shoot out the rear tires. When the investigators pull onto the next street, one of the black vans rams them and brings them to a halt. Matters then proceed as in the sub-section below, "The Inevitable Happens".

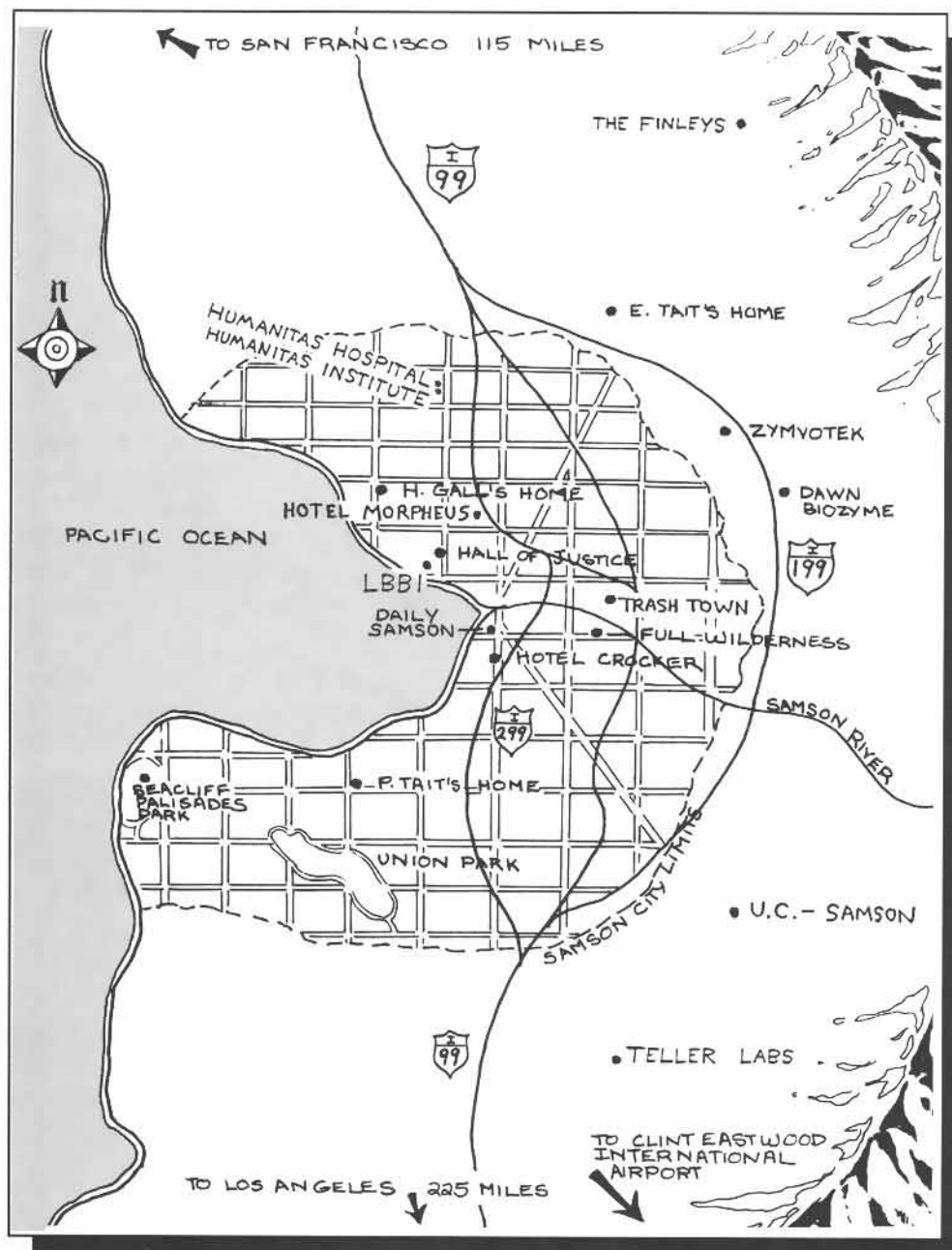
## Keeping In Touch

As agents of Full Wilderness, that organization insists that the investigators make full and frequent reports of what they've learned and what they suspect. Failure to do so effectively ends their usefulness to FW, and so they should not be surprised if, in consequence, FW's payments to them cease in return.

The simplest 'report' structure is to end each play session by having the players summarize what has been learned that evening. You may imagine the material being written up, or

perhaps being delivered by phone to Richard Slakes or Claris Novescu. If the latter mode, then the keeper has a useful persona by which to question or praise the general direction of investigation, to offer tidbits of information, or to create convincing descriptions of personalities in FW.

In broader context, regular and comprehensive reports serve as a sure foundation for the continuation of the campaign. If most or all of the current investigators decide to make friends with shoggoths or insist on inviting Shub-Niggurath to tea, at least their experiences are not lost, even though they may be.



Metropolitan Samson

If armed investigators turn into the alley, smash out the rear windows, and open fire, their fusillade causes the bikers to skid to a halt, in turn blocking the trailing vans, and allowing the investigators to escape whether or not they hit anything. Halve the chance to hit, but be sure to roll for hits and to announce if any bullet strikes the target. If none hit, say merely that the investigators are now too far away to detect damage. Such a success eliminates Lurline Pardee's tattoo as a clue, but her name and travel destination, Toronto, can be found in Dr. Finley's home. In any case, such cavalier weapons use should probably be quickly punished by the keeper.

Foiling the attack, they then drive on to Zymvotek without further incident. The inevitable does not happen. Be

sure to praise the investigators' decisiveness, boosting confidence and commitment to the ensuing campaign.

## The Inevitable Happens

The bikers jump free of their machines and level weapons at the van. They force out everyone (yes, those were MAC-10 sub-machine guns in the boxes which the women carried, wire stocks already in place) and call for hands up, while the dark-suited occupants of the pursuing vans rip open the rear doors and hustle dolly and contents into one of the pursuing vehicles. The black vans pull away and disappear around a corner in less than a minute. The bikers take the keys to the FW van, and hold guns against the investigators for a minute more, to give the critter-nappers more time to get away. Then they sneeringly mount up and rumble away. Their mockery should leave the investigators (and the players) angry; dangle the possibility of revenge as another way to keep the players motivated.

Presumably the investigators do not resist the assault. If they do, play out that action, but reluctantly, since it's a bit early to end the campaign with no survivors; as the shots strike home, strive to dramatize the enormous holes that each bullet chews through the van. By this time eight people are firing from every angle, and if the sub-machine guns come into play, there's not much chance to come out unscathed. If the keeper wishes, improvise a concussion grenade (damage 1D8 plus knockout) to end the blood.

Stats for the gang occur at the end of this chapter. Each biker woman has a MAC-10 sub-machine gun with full-auto capacity and three 30-round magazines. Each biker male has a .357 Magnum, holstered and strapped to his gas tank. There are three cultists in each van, a driver and two guards;



they each carry 9mm parabellum automatic pistols with 15-round magazines. Everyone wears sunglasses. The attackers aim for the driver first, then Slakes, then call for surrender from any survivors. If no one surrenders, they continue to fire, calling for surrender each time someone dies or is wounded seriously.

If somehow Slakes dies but the investigators fight off the attackers and keep control of the specimen, he tells them before he dies that the creature is to be delivered to a Dr. Morton Leem at Zymvotek—Jatik at FW is happy to supply the same information.

During the assault, call for Spot Hidden. Each success reveals something.

- None of the vehicles have license plates or (apart from the two Harley-Davidsons) any special identifying features, suggesting that this is a planned crime.
- One of the black-suited gunmen is a thin, small-nosed man with a sallow complexion. He happens to smile at some specially gory or dangerous moment. As he does, he flashes yellowish teeth that are plainly filed to wicked points.
- One biker-man's T-shirt reads *G-L-C*, perhaps for God's Lost Children, a notorious heavy-metal band often accused of fostering Satanic beliefs and attitudes.



*Tattooed Clue*

- One biker-woman's pants have a two-inch circle carefully cut in the seat, through which shows skin and a neatly-tattooed rosebud.

If shooting occurs, several police cars arrive at the scene in D6+2 minutes, and officers will try to learn what has happened. Though survivors and bystanders can offer some descriptions, the attackers get away cleanly.

Wounded investigators are taken to Lowlands General Hospital's excellent trauma unit, but those with Credit Ratings of less than 35 are refused treatment unless they each can post \$1000 in cash or credit card deposits.

Unwounded investigators who possess necessary City of Samson weapons permits and who tell the police the truth are on their way in half an hour.

In the case of the baby dark young, truth has relative efficiency. The police are happy if the investigators describe



the specimen as “something like an octopus” or “a new specimen from South America.” If the investigators describe the thing accurately and attempt to convey its significance, perhaps bringing in Shub-Niggurath and the panoply of the Mythos, the police are positive they are being lied to, and detain the investigators for hours at the Hall of Justice.

If the situation promises to be amusing, question each investigator separately. If they tell conflicting stories or if they were carrying firearms without permit, let the police detain them into the night—the authorities suspect a drug deal gone bad; even when releasing them, they warn the investigators not to leave town.

Allow FW influence as seems opportune; Jatic is not pleased to learn that Tait’s specimen has disappeared, but neither is he surprised. He admits that, given Tait’s disappearance, the case now seems much more dangerous than he imagined. If the investigators return to FW’s headquarters, the next day and thereafter they see large men with lumpy suit coats in the lobby and guarding the elevators and stairwells adjacent to FW.

If Slakes died in the assault, presume that Jatic has appointed another aide to fulfill the same job. Hereafter the scenario assumes that Slakes survives in good shape.

The investigators will correctly deduce that a spy exists in the Full Wilderness offices. But Jatic says that he’ll take care of the matter. He never does—and he’s working at such cross-purposes that he never allows the investigators the chance to find out that it is Claris Novescu (one clue is her ownership of a large amount of Larson Pharmaceutical stock). Keepers who wish might create an entertaining search of FW’s offices, but such rummaging would have to be done carefully, or the investigators learn entirely too early of their betrayal. At the end of this campaign, of course, the point is unimportant.

## At Zymvotek

The biotechnology firm Zymvotek is a five-minute drive away. If the investigators have lost the baby dark young, then logic, Slakes, or a successful idea roll says that there is no reason to go on, and they return instead to FW headquarters, and the keeper should skip to the next sub-section.

If the investigators still have the baby dark young, they pull into a new industrial park, one of those campus-like affairs with freshly-dyed grass and newly-purchased trees. They stop before a silver-and-black, block-long building with a 12-foot-high orange Z looming beside the main entrance.

Slakes goes inside for twenty minutes or so, then emerges and directs the van to a small loading dock far down the side of the building, where two men in white lab coats wait with visitor passes for everyone.

When they meet, Leem tells the investigators that he is accepting the specimen because he believes in the work of Full Wilderness and is greatly concerned for the future of the planet.

“We mostly study the commercial possibilities of bacteria—as food for humans, of course, and that’s how the company began, but also as oil-eaters, selenium-fixers, mineral-concentrators, that sort of thing. Until a few weeks ago we had a division devoted to cosmetics tests on animals. Everyone was glad to halt those tests, and the facilities are still intact; Corporate won’t know what to do with them until next year’s budget plan is complete. We can use this area for several months without interference; I’ve already gotten the space allocation.” They enter a large room, silent and empty except for lab benches, utility connections, and stacked rows of gleaming stainless-steel cages numbering in the hundreds.

Leem’s chatter ends abruptly when he removes the tarpaulin and actually sees the creature in the cylinder. His jaw drops in delight. “Jatic said it was something special, but who could have dreamed of this? This is no recombinant product, gentlemen!” He chuckles happily to himself, and begins to make plans.

The investigators must leave it at that. At some point in the next week a chastened Dr. Leem tells them that his team has learned little, and agree only that the thing is not of Earth, that it is not a carbon-based lifeform, and that its noxious outgassing includes an unhealthy amount of cyanide. A heated battle has developed between team members who want to continue to study the thing alive, and those to whom dissection is the only solution. “We’ll continue to study it, as we’ve agreed, but I wonder if anything can be found out. Maybe all we can decide is whether what you’ve brought is miracle or nightmare.”

Even later, the investigators learn that a portion of the specimen’s containment cylinder has been eaten through by powerful acid, as has been a single pane in a window to the outside. The baby dark young, perhaps aided by a sudden spurt in growth or capability, has escaped and disappeared without a trace into the metropolis of Samson. A few days later, the investigators notice the nearby story in the *Daily Samson*.

As the days pass, the decline in the numbers of homeless in Samson begins to contrast nationwide with every other metropolitan area in the country. The investigators may presume that the baby dark young is preying on such frequently-easy targets, and may eventually search for the creature, perhaps in the city sewers; what they find is for the keeper to decide (perhaps Harold Gall’s Apt from “Landscapes”). The baby dark young is as likely to have gone into the sea, or to have slipped transdimensionally onto some other plane of existence unimaginably removed from Earth. Whatever the keeper’s intention, repeated no-

### Homeless Rate Decline?

The estimated number of homeless in the Greater Samson Metropolitan Area has suddenly dropped, according to officials in the Mayor's homeless taskforce.

"In the last month, and especially in the last week, the average numbers at Samson shelters, meal stations, and rehabilitation programs have dropped some seven percent," said mayoral aide Christian de Vente. "These facts indicate that the Mayor's programs are succeeding."

Other officials refrained from celebrating, suggesting instead a statistical fluke. "We applaud the Mayor's efforts. Three or four months of decline will be evidence of its success," stated Laverne Jones of People Power. "but even then we shall not rest until everyone in our city has clothes to wear, a safe place to sleep, decent food, and a job."

—investigator handout #4

tice of the continuing decline in the number of homeless in Samson is another refrain preparing investigators for the climax of this campaign.

## Tracking Down Tait

Several evidence trails exist for investigating the man's disappearance; they can be followed in any order. The police have opened a missing person's file on Tait; they'll also have information such as Tait's home address and have interviewed his friends, relatives, and co-workers at DBZ.

### The Shipping Point

Having seen the weird creature sprawled inside, FW receiving department employees held onto the packing. The thing came in a reinforced cardboard box, unusually well-secured by many yards of strapping tape.

The stamped code on the box identified it as sent by UPS courier from a Samson suburb not far from Peter Tait's, from a storefront called Fax-n-Forms, equipped with a photocopier, private mailboxes, a tiny offset press, etc., and which accepts personal packages for shipment via United Parcel Service.

The clerk, Betty Rae Loulan, still remembers the package and the customer who sent it, because "the box had such a funny odor, kinda like a frog or something. I asked him what was in it, cause UPS is particular about chemicals and perishable stuff. You know what he said it was? — scratch-and-sniff labels!"

She provides a reasonably good description of Tait, if the investigators have no photo; if they have a photo, she identifies Tait as the man who sent the package.

It was the only time she had ever seen Tait. She has no other information.

### The Police

The Missing Persons Bureau at the Samson Hall of Justice is a busy place. Detective-Sergeant Jack Bolling, who occupies just one of many desks in the large room, is in charge of the case. Since by definition the authorities don't know what has happened to Tait, Sergeant Bolling is more interested in what the investigators can tell him. He'll trade information, though, if he thinks it appropriate.



Sgt. Bolling

Bolling is an energetic black man of considerable intelligence. He feels stifled and overworked in his present assignment, yet reasonably content with his decision to enter law enforcement as a career.

Bolling has notified the newspapers of the disappearance, and has asked for information from anyone knowing the whereabouts. Since he doesn't yet know much about the case (it is one of 224 for which he has current responsibility), his investigation is piecemeal and tentative. Maybe Tait committed suicide—these intellectuals, you know. Maybe Tait had gambling or drug debts—another good reason to leave town. Maybe Tait was murdered by somebody who had reason to kill him. But it's all speculation until there's evidence.

### The Heat

As this adventure unfolds, a heat wave begins and then drags on, and the thermometer slowly climbs. The City writhes in the humidity, while the bitumen hugs the warmth and retains it. Things go from uncomfortable to uneasy.

82°F (27°C) — people comment on how nice the warm spell is. Swimming is popular. No one feels harassed.

86°F (29°C) — old people start to grumble. Young people stay home from school and work; rudeness, petty theft, and bullying increase. The police are harassed.

90°F (30°C) — fires become frequent, and false alarms even more frequent. Thefts become armed robberies. Only the slave-driven now button their collars. Firemen are harassed.

94°F (31°C) — The temperature climbs, with no sign of retreat. People swoon. TV weather people cease joking about the weather. Robberies become assaults. Medical workers are harassed.

98°F (33°C) — garbage collectors strike; the air stinks and swarms with flies. After work, all the home air conditioners go on within a few minutes; the power grid flickers and the traffic lights dim and the whole system threatens to fail. Assaults become murders. Everyone is harassed.

100°F (35°C) — and climbing.



Before he'll say anything, Bolling must believe that the investigators have a legitimate interest in Tait. If he learns that they're working as hired investigators, he has every right to ask questions like "Hired by who?" and "Hired to do what?" Full Wilderness is a respectable organization, and the hint that Tait knew something bad about Dawn Biozyme gets his attention and cooperation once he has had time to call Slakes or Jatik and check out the story.

But let the players work their own story; then judge it coolly. Failing here, they can still get good information from Tait's brother, co-workers, and neighbors. If Bolling thinks the story they tell is satisfactory, the investigators learn the following.

Tait's empty car was first noticed by a Herb Hike of 6060 Fulton Avenue, Samson, who happened to observe Tait's wallet lying open on the front seat of Tait's car. Hike, a visiting researcher at UC-Samson, called police because he feared the locked vehicle would be broken into and the wallet stolen. The responding officers took more than casual notice of the vehicle because the viewpoint where it was discovered is little more than 50 yards from a high seacliff. Several suicides each year take place there, and the officers knew that people driven to suicide frequently leave behind wallet or purse as a memorial or marker.

The vehicle, a late-model BMW, was newly scraped and battered in amazing fashion. Because of the extensive body damage, the reporting officer suggested that the driver may have been drunkenly despondent when he reached the sea, and there climbed over the rail and fell to his death among the rocks and pounding surf a hundred feet below.

The suicide theory became more likely the following day, when Bolling—following up on the report and impounding the vehicle—found that no neighbors had seen Tait lately and, referred by them to Dawn Biozyme, learned that DBZ had not seen him or heard from him in two days.

Tait's brother Edward, though cooperative, was not close to the missing man, nor could he offer any reason for Peter Tait's disappearance. Lacking new evidence, there the investigation stands.

If any one investigator can receive a successful Bargain, Credit Rating, or Debate roll, he or she makes a friend of Sergeant Bolling, and can feel free to occasionally call upon the Sergeant. Implicitly, though, that investigator agrees to keep Bolling informed of every new development concerning Tait's disappearance, and should understand the terms of this alliance before entering into it. As this scenario advances, the keeper has opportunity to indicate to the investigators who and who has not already been interviewed by Bolling, and who and what, consequently, that Bolling should be told about. Bolling, for instance, has never learned about Harold Gall, though he did get word from the Sheriff of Squamish County that Peter Tait was not in residence at his farm.

The good sergeant knows a fair bit more than he's willing to tell the investigators, since he does not want to compromise what still might turn out to be a murder case. Just now he does not have enough evidence to provide cause for additional investigation; he hopes the investigators can turn up something to get the wheels of justice started.



Eddie Lowry

## The Daily Samson

If the investigators fail with Sergeant Bolling, they might succeed with Eddie Lowry of the *Daily Samson*, an old hand at writing the news from the Hall of Justice. The Reporters' Room at the Hall is off-limits to the public, but the investigators can easily learn from the newspapers which reporters cover that beat, and get an appointment with Lowry in the basement cafeteria a short time later.

Unfortunately Lowry, just like Bolling, wants new information more than he wants to give it, and reacts very much as Bolling has. Lowry has easy access to Bolling, though, who can summarize for him the police report on Tait.

Lowry is a venal, dyspeptic man, bellicose and alcoholic, admired by old police hands for past achievements and loathed by the young writers he delights in stepping on. Lowry does no favors without clear gain. His gain here is \$100 to ask Bolling what he has. Then he asks another \$250 to tell the investigators about it. If he gets the cash instead of getting roughed up (as he perhaps deserves), then he makes a precise and reliable report.

But, by paying Lowry \$350 for 25 minutes work, the investigators are suggesting to him that the innocuous story is much bigger than it seems—Eddie's not stupid. From now on, Eddie Lowry or an acquaintance stays on the lookout for the investigators and for developments in the case.

If the keeper needs a plausible villain or potential rescuer, keep Lowry in mind. He'll enjoy blackmailing the investigators, if he can, or try to take advantage of some or all of them in any way he can.

## Seacliff

Seacliff Palisades is a well-to-do neighborhood of large houses and expensive automobiles, justly proud of its fine views of the Pacific Ocean and technicolor sunsets. The view east toward the city center is also striking, overlooking hundreds of blocks of white and pastel residences which in turn lead the eye toward the towering office buildings clustered downtown. The verdant serpentine sweep of Union

Park, beginning in the middle distance, provides pleasing contrast.

Part of Seacliff Palisades Park is a narrow strip of land at the edge of the cliff, a favorite spot for lovers. This portion is mostly parking lot, with a few picnic tables and some public conveniences at the south end of the strip.

According to the report, Tait's car was parked in the last space north, the highest point in the park. Inspection of the area yields nothing, and a few suntanned, loutish young men drinking beer nearby know nothing. The pounding surf at the bottom of the cliff suggests that anyone who fell or jumped from here would be killed instantly and probably never will be recovered.

## The Brother

Peter Tait's only relative, Edward Tait, lives with a roommate in a prosperous suburb on the north edge of town, miles from Seacliff Palisades. Edward Tait is a successful corporate lawyer; his luxurious townhouse is easily worth more than a million dollars.

Like Sergeant Bolling, he's not interested in telling the investigators anything about Peter Tait until he understands why they want to know. If they hesitate, or lie clumsily, he ushers them out of the house.

If they make plain Full Wilderness's concerns about Dawn Biozyme, he lets them in, but is not forthcoming in his answers. With a successful Credit Rating, Debate, or Fast Talk roll, an investigator gets Edward to relax, and he then gives them as much information as he can.

Edward helped his mother raise Peter, and to Edward he was always his little brother; Edward was 12 when their father left, a few months before Peter was born. Their mother had enough put aside to help Edward through college, and he graduated in corporate law. In turn, he was able to pay for Peter's university education; consciously choosing a different path than his brother, Peter opted for the sciences. Made comfortable by her sons, their mother died five years ago. For family, the brothers have only each other now.

Edward explains that he had not seen Peter for a few months; he has been too busy with his own work. He blames himself for not keeping in touch. About Dawn Biozyme he knows little, save that Peter was pleased to get the job and enjoyed his work there.

He does not believe, will not believe, that Peter committed suicide, as the police seem to think. It is entirely unlike his brother to even contemplate such an act. He is upset over Peter's disappearance and is willing to help the investigators find out what has happened to him. A successful Psychology roll testifies that his concern is genuine.

Having explained all this over several drinks, he confesses that he feels he didn't look after his little brother as well as he should have. He is grateful that the investigators

are on the case, and at the keeper's option offers his own financial reward if they find Pete. He eagerly offers his personal assistance, starting with the effects that the police recovered from Peter's care. "William, where did you put that manila envelope?"

His roommate appears from the kitchen. "Ed, it's right in the safe. And you should show them Pete's car." The speaker is William, a trim young man decades younger than the elder Tait.

Edward agrees, and leads everyone into the garage. "We put Peter's car in here to keep the neighbors from complaining about it, for obvious reasons."

Beside Edward's black Mercedes sedan is his brother's dark blue BMW. The body of Peter's car has been systematically mutilated, fenders and roof bashed with hammer-like blows, the paint chipped and marred by deep lateral furrows and gashes. The distressed areas are obviously not the product of an automobile accident. At one point, the initials BOF have been scraped into the paint.

"I haven't told anyone what I noticed today," William explains, and pulls a fork from out of a pocket. "Our silver pattern is Revere Provençal. Look." He holds the fork against a set of marks. "See? It almost matches. A lot of these marks were made with different table forks, at different angles, three-tine and four-tine styles intermixed. Some are deep and some shallow. A lot of people got together to do this. That's why I don't think whatever happened to your brother was a suicide."

Failing William's deduction, of course, the keeper can allow an idea roll from the investigators to arrive at the same conclusion.

## The Evidence in the Envelope

Edward opens a large manila property envelope from the police department. It contains all the items of a personal nature found in Peter Tait's car.

**The Wallet:** it contains \$140 in new twenties, a Versateller withdrawal receipt for \$100 from BankAmerica's Sunset Heights branch dated and timed the day before Peter Tait's auto was reported to the police, a current California driver's license, a Versateller card, an American Express gold card, Visa and MasterCard charge cards, a Dawn Biozyme identification card, a Blue Cross health insurance card, Chevron and BP gasoline cards, several of Tait's Dawn Biozyme ("Because The Future Is Now") business cards, and receipts dated a few days earlier than the disappearance for 30 Super-VHS tapes from a home electronics store called The Good Guys, and from the cheese store Galaxus for a pound of brie.

If asked, Edward confirms that the listed address, 43 Miranda Way in Samson, was Peter's current address, and offers them the keys to the place.



**Two Sets Of Keys:** the automobile keys are on a ring with one set of house keys—the keys to the Miranda Way residence—but a second ring holds a different set of house keys, large and tarnished old-fashioned ones. Edward does not know what they unlock, though from what Sgt. Bolling has told him, he guesses they are for the farm near Delilah.

**A Note Pad:** the top page bears a list neatly printed in blue pencil. With a successful idea roll, the investigators wryly perceive that the list is one that any of them might have composed.

#### TAKE TO THE FARM

Wires  
Batteries  
3 3-Gallon Cans Gasoline  
8 Heavy Traps  
12-Gauge Shotgun  
2 Boxes Shells  
Bible  
Cross  
try F.W. Herman & Co.  
try Cooper's Seed & Tool.

—Investigator handout #5

The latter two entries prove to names of garden supply stores in Samson, as the phone book reveals. The rest of the pad is blank, though one page seems to have been torn out.

#### A Loose Business Card:

**Theodore, Edgar, Dillon, & Little**  
Realtors and Property Managers  
Specialists in Rural California



**Jessica Dillon**  
**18 Precita Lane**  
**Samson, Ca.**  
**95173**  
**999-826-4037**

—investigator handout #6

The card gives a Samson address and several phone numbers. To follow up on the lead, see the section “The Realtor,” further below.

**A Tarot Card:** the card is The Hanged Man. A successful Occult roll reveals the Tarot meaning of that card as hopelessness or futility of action.

**And Two Special Things:** Edward says that apart from ordinary things like an auto registration or a tire gauge in the glove box, the car was empty. If the investigators take the time to carefully inspect the automobile, however, they find (perhaps with an optional successful Spot Hidden roll) two clues.

**CLUE ONE:** a slip of paper stuck to the underside of the driver's floor mat. It matches the paper from the note pad. Scrawled in black on it are the numbers 555/962. If the investigators decide that this is a phone number and call it, see the sub-section “Telephoning 555-1962” further below.

**CLUE TWO:** Tait's journal. The journal is inside a slit in the driver's-side carpet, along the drive-shaft. If the driver's seat is scooted forward completely, the seat catches against the slit, making the opening easy to notice. Look for the relevant text from this thick book nearby, in the box “Tait's Journal.” If the keeper needs, a copy of this personal journal could also appear on Tait's hard disk, or the journal could be encountered instead at Tait's newly acquired farm. Either way, this is an important lead, since investigators need it to get to Jennifer Armbruster.

## The Realtor

Jessica Dillon remembers Peter Tait well, since the deal for Tait's farm closed only a few weeks before. If the investigators talk to her by phone, she willingly supplies the farm's address, since that's a matter of public record, but she won't say more unless she and the investigators meet face to face.

If they do meet, they meet at the agency. It turns out that Jessica Dillon is a bit of a slime who drones on and on about country property and investment opportunities in the Samson Valley, batting her eyes all the while, without much more to say about Peter Tait. She does have a blurry photograph of the main house to show, a nondescript clapboard bungalow near the bottom of a long slope. As she pulls it out of the file, a business card flutters free and lands on an investigator's lap. It reads *Ateley P. North, Properties*.

Dillon explains that Mr. North was the seller's representative. She describes North as a tall black man, courteous, deep voiced, and very well dressed. Keepers no doubt see in the name an anagram of *Nyarlathotep*.

There is a Samson address and phone number on the card, and Dillon photocopies it for the investigators, if they want to follow up on the lead. Neither address nor phone number ever have belonged to any Mr. North—the card is a dead end.

If the investigators ask, the farm near Delilah was sold to Tait by a Mr. Harold Gall, 578 Beach Road, Samson, California, whose phone is 555-1962.

## TAIT'S JOURNAL

This journal dates back almost two years, to the time that Tait was first employed at Dawn Biozyme (DBZ). The book is mostly of little interest. A few useful entries are quoted here.

**Date:** I got the job! They had an opening I could fill. Fortunately, old Bennett answered the phone when DBZ called for my reference. He gave them a good story for sure. I thanked him up one side and down the other.

**Date:** Finally got up the nerve to ask Jennifer Armbruster out for a date. I've been working next to her for weeks. What a sexy little gal. Practically drove me crazy. We go to dinner tonight.

**Date:** Jenny found something interesting in the back lab—the restricted area. The door was open when she walked by and she couldn't resist a peek. It looks like some kind of plasma or serum but I can't be sure; I'm going to run some tests on it, on the sly, and see what can be found out.

**Date:** The results are unclear. I can't seem to link this stuff up with anything I know. I'm sure it's organic but it's not hydrocarbons. Maybe Jenny has learned something.

**Date:** Jenny and I have called it off. Maybe I got tired of the drive downtown to Thor's Gym. Or maybe we make better friends than lovers. She's too headstrong for my tastes—this bodybuilding stuff is not my cup of tea, and she doesn't seem to like what she's learned of my private life.

**Date:** Jenny says she knows nothing, but she's lying to me. There's a rumor going around that she's going to be promoted to the P7 lab, and now I'm getting the cold shoulder.

**Date:** Jenny got the job. I tried to congratulate her but she seemed to snub me. Am I not sincere, or is she too good for me now that she's working for Dr. Finley? I hardly see her now.

**Date:** Just finished a book called *A Task Received*, written by R. Jatic, the head of Full Wilderness. Quite a remarkable piece—I read it in a single long evening. I've picked up a copy of his second book, *Hard Lessons*. Maybe look into joining FW. Maybe Ed and William would like to. I should have been a naturalist.

**Date:** Picked up Jenny today at Thor's. She claims that the serum's nothing exciting, but that she's not allowed to talk about anything they do in Project P7. Security reasons. But the names of these secret projects sound just like spy novels. She and Finley have been work-

ing late a lot—he's getting some, the bastard.

**Date:** Caught up with Jenny. Had to wait a half hour for her in the parking lot. I told her I'd like to get together for conversation, but she's having none of it. I can't get over her growth in the last few months—that kind of spurt has to be painful and dangerous, but she seems in perfect health. Probably not growth hormone at all, or steroids. Something new. Can't just be her workouts. She must be six inches taller than when we met, and she's no teenager. Is Finley at the bottom of it, or am I just feeling jealous?

**Date:** Snuck into P7 today with a tech who said he'd let me take a quick look around. They've got the best. Some marvelous bench gear I'd only read about. Strange library. A shelf of strange books. Alchemy? Looked up authors Prinn and von Juntz, but they meant nothing at the UC-Samson library.

**Date:** Jenny's fresh back from Naples. She won the competition but now she must be over six feet tall by now. She was about 5'2" when I met her. Finley is using her for a guinea pig, jacking her up on a new steroid.

**Date:** Jenny quit today. She must be seven and a half feet tall — can hardly get around the lab without breaking things. I hate to see her go. The rumor is that drug use disqualified her from her last competition. No surprise to me. Her personality's changed, too. It's hard to believe she's the woman I dated. I told her to stay in touch, but she won't.

**Date:** Argued with Finley today. Probably blew my chances to get promoted. I think I ought to start looking for another job—someplace that cares about its employees, judging by what happened to Jenny. I've been thinking about getting a place out of town, a farm where I could spend some time.

**Date:** Slipped into warehouse 2 today to look around. Finley was out to lunch with some salesman. I was surprised to find the place so empty. Most of the building is open floor, lit by fluorescent lights. There's the most godawful smell, even with the scrubbers going full blast! I don't know what Finley's up to but it stinks like hell. A back room was locked. Supplies? I'd like to find out.

**Date:** Another argument with Finley today. I think he found out that I'd been snooping around. On the bright side, Jessica Dillon called today and said she found a farm that was just what I was looking for. A long drive, but a good price.

**Date:** Drove up to Delilah over the weekend and looked at the place. I think it will do. Even as isolated as it is I would have thought they could have gotten at least twice the price. I asked Jessica about the

owner and she said that he—he wants to remain anonymous—wanted a quick sale. I guess I could learn who he is in the county records. The owner is selling it through an agent, a Mr. North.

**Date:** Closed today on the farm. The story going around is that the company's planning termination. Just when things were going right for me.

**Date:** It's over. I got my two-week notice today. I know that Finley set this up.

**Date:** I snuck into the back warehouse today and broke into Finley's locked room. I thought I might get my hands on some of his serum or even some notes. Selling it on the open market it might be worth a half-million or more. But I didn't find it. God, the things I did find.

**Date:** Finally managed to get through to Jatic at Full Wilderness and intimidated what's going on at DBZ. He didn't believe me at first but I bet he's interested now! I think I might be able to deliver one of the specimens right to his headquarters. If that doesn't convince him I can't imagine what will.

**Date:** I got the thing out of there, but just barely. I think they know I did something, but don't know what. Something terrible's going on at DBZ. I'm off to the farm, to live off Mom's money for a while. Nobody at work knows where the place is. I'll hide there and write up what I know for Jatic.

**Date:** I'll call Jatic in another day or so, when the presentation is done. Meanwhile I had a visitor, Mr. North, the tall black man who's the agent for the former owner. North said he stopped by to make sure everything was all right. I didn't know whether or not to trust him. I thought he might be one of Jatic's men, or even somebody from DBZ, although I would have remembered seeing such a striking man. Anyway, I decided he couldn't be trusted and got him out of the house as quickly as I could. As he left he asked to leave his card with me. I said yes and the guy handed me a card from a Tarot deck. Just handed me the card, grinned, and then left. The whole thing gives me the creeps. I'm sure he must be from DBZ.

**Date:** I should call Edward and let him know what's going on, but somehow I don't want him to be involved. Better that he doesn't know.

**Date:** My first night at the farm. It's peaceful out here. Hardly a sound to be heard. I should have moved here years ago. Maybe I should have been a farmer. Now a fresh morning and things seem better. That visitor seems like a dream now. My plans for the day: tour the property. There's still a lot of it I haven't seen.

## Telephoning 555-1962

If the investigators ring the number during the day, there is no answer. If they call at night, the phone is picked up after a half-a-dozen rings by a man with a harsh grating voice. This is Harold Gall—see the next chapter, “Landscapes”, for details about him. He is extremely rude, answering the phone with a cry of “What!?” He says nothing of use, nor will he supply his address if the investigators don’t have it. If they mention Peter Tait, he says “You’re wasting your time. He’s gone,” and hangs up.

The phone company will not supply an address for a phone number, and the reverse city directory, a handy listing of telephone numbers by street address, is no help. If the investigators have made friends with Sergeant Bolling, he quickly gives them the information, but they have to tell him its significance.

## 43 Miranda Way

Tait’s home in Samson is a modest two-story white stucco building with a red tile roof located in an unremarkable middle-class residential area.

A side entrance and deep garage open to the street on the ground floor; behind the garage lay a utility room and a smallish room with french doors—they open on a rear garden, weedy and ill-kept. The room with the french doors contains a small television, a cable box, a rowing machine, a Soloflex machine, and a telephone.

Upstairs, six rooms exist—smallish and almost anonymous living and dining rooms, an unimproved kitchen, and a spartan and old-fashioned bathroom. Little in these rooms is of interest. Quantities of wilting and molding vegetables and fruit in the refrigerator testify (as do the exercise machines downstairs) to Tait’s interest in physical fitness and health.

On a wall in the living room is a framed photo of Tait accepting a plaque from Dr. Finley of Dawn Biozyme for meritorious service. The plaque hangs beside the photo; it says that Tait deserves the award for “originating procedures which enhance the commercial possibilities of recombinant technology.” If the investigators fail to locate Tait’s cache concerning his secret life, this is the only photo of him in the house. The back of the photo identifies it as a print made to order by the *Daily Samson* from an news photo shot about a year before. The remaining two rooms are more pertinent.

**The Bedroom:** a large room with a double bed, otherwise crammed full of televisions, VCRs, a low-lux 8mm camera and tripod, editing and dubbing boxes, speakers, stereo amplifiers, CDs, cable hookups, a feed to an excellent rooftop satellite dish, and whatever else the keeper cares to add. Tait’s taste in music or television can correspond to what the keeper is comfortable with; the shelves are stuffed with

video tapes and music albums. A clothes closet is filled with unremarkable garments.

Stacks of dirty dishes confirm that Tait spent many waking hours here. If the investigators have already visited with his neighbors or co-workers, this mass of electronics explains how the reclusive Peter Tait spent much of his time.

A telephone answering machine winks in a corner. It contains one message, from a Judy, saying that she’s called. Sergeant Bolling has already written down several similar messages from other people. If the investigators find Tait’s scrapbooks, they could by tedious elimination associate all the callers with Tait’s private life. None of them have any meaning in this campaign.

With a successful Spot Hidden, the investigators note that what looks like a row of encyclopedias is actually a set of bound scrapbooks. They contain clippings from swingers’ newspapers and magazines dated over a number of years, as well as souvenir photos of Tait with a variety of equally compromised men and women. Systematic inspection turns up similar videotapes, and an appreciable amount of the correspondence on Tait’s hard disk concerns this hobby. Up to two full weeks will be necessary to track down all the leads but, when done, they add up to nothing. Tait enjoyed an active and varied sex life and was outgoing and loving of his partners (and liked and admired by them, if they’re asked), an aspect not otherwise shown in his life. Given this new information, a successful Psychology roll finds in Tait a much more stable man than he seemed before, certainly one even less likely to commit suicide.

**The Study:** slightly smaller than the bedroom, this room contains microbiology texts, abstracts, and journals, a late-model computer with a dedicated-line modem, a high-speed dot-matrix printer, and stacks of photocopied scientific articles. The only personal touches in the room are horror movie and monster-movie posters from the 1930s to the present.

**PROFESSIONAL PAPERS:** as it would be for any contemporary scientific specialty, the relevance and importance of the articles Tait collected is not clear to anyone untrained in microbiology and unfamiliar with current progress in gene-splicing.

If the investigators hire a specialist (UC-Samson is a likely location for consultants) to examine the papers, that worthy spends several days deciding merely that Tait was keeping systematic files across most of the realm of microbiology, and that the materials in his study contain or suggest nothing unusual except the ability to read and comprehend at lightning speed. For no clues, the consultant’s fee nonetheless totals \$900.

**PERSONAL PAPERS:** though he had no financial software, Tait kept clear financial records. A successful Accounting roll summarizes his accounts, balances, and current worth in



under an hour, and discovers that he had withdrawn money from four accounts in the past month in order to make a down payment on a farm near Delilah, California.

Failing the Accounting roll, the investigators take most of a day to be sure of the withdrawals, since Tait often shuffled money between accounts, and then they miss the connection to the farm since the cancelled check has not yet returned.

*OTHER BOOKS AND JOURNALS:* in one set of shelves are many books and journals concerned with environmental topics; on a successful idea roll, the investigators notice that all the editions and publications are newer than two years old, pointing to Tait's recent interest in the subject. Among the hardback books are Robert Jatik's *A Task Received* and *Hard Lessons*.

## Tait's Computer

Both a password and a simple encryption scheme protect it; without a successful Computer Use skill roll, the investigators can only read a screen that says *Password?* The password cannot be easily beaten, such as by booting with a system disk in the A-drive, and only Tait knows the password (he changes it every few months—it's currently "Godzilla").

With an assist from Sergeant Bolling (who clears the way with Pacific Bell) and a successful Computer Use skill roll, the investigators learn Tait's unlisted modem phone number and are able after several hours of effort to enter his computer from the rear, so to speak.

Certain files have been separately encrypted (their file contents strewn across most of the hard disk), but the annealing keys remain resident in the operating system; once the identity of the commercial encryption process has been learned (another successful Computer Use skill roll, please), then the keys can be hunted down.

In all, gaining access to Tait's files takes ten hours, and proves not to be worth the effort. There is a lot of correspondence, sexy and otherwise, which reveals Tait the man but offers few clues. No correspondent admits knowing his whereabouts.

If the investigators hunt long enough, or have the proper software, they do come across the files containing his letter to Jatik and the feeding instructions for the dark young. Though he stated that he was drawing up a full explanation of the situation at Dawn Biozyme, no such file seems to exist; leave the investigators in doubt as to whether or not it is on Tait's hard disk.

**Fruits of the Modem:** Tait has an speakerphone connected with his modem; he can choose to transfer data files or voice messages with it at a keystroke.

The modem files are of interest. Not only does Tait's autodialer contain the number 555-1962, but it names Har-

old Gall as the owner of the number, and gives his address as 578 Beach Road, a decaying part of Samson.

Further, there is an intriguing file called "password", which contains only the word *electrophoresis*. With first a successful idea roll and then another successful Computer Use roll, the investigator learns that it is the computer entry password for the Dawn Biozyme system, more of which is discussed in the "Dawn Biozyme" chapter of this book, in the sub-sections "The Computer System" and "Breaking And Entering."

If the investigators decide to break into the system via modem, the entrant must be calling from a phone number listed as safe on a list contained within the computer, as well as knowing the password with which to then open the system. Peter Tait's number continues to be listed on the DBZ system, but only for the first eight days after the investigators arrive in Samson—no access can be made thereafter. The password *electrophoresis* is found on his hard disk in the modem software, the only word in the file "Password", already batched into his autodial sequence for Dawn Biozyme, an action specifically forbidden for security reasons by the corporation.

But, from Tait's home computer, only the electronic mail portion of the Dawn Biozyme system is accessible. The only letter in Tait's file is a brief statement that two week's notice of termination of employment is hereby given, and that his e-mail account will be closed as of the eighth day after the investigators arrive in Samson. The only other file easily available is the mailbox list, showing everyone at DBZ-Samson with an e-mail account who can be sent messages. Without decryption, no way exists to inspect other e-mail files or to penetrate more deeply into the system. The mailbox list can be copied onto disk or printed out.

Finally, if the investigators look for it, they also find an entry in his autodialer for Theodore, Edgar, Dillon, & Little, Realtors. That entry includes a cross-reference to a direct line to Jessica Dillon of that firm, and gives her home phone number as well.

## Neighbors

Tait's neighbors are a conglomerate—first-generation Irish (illegal immigrants who hesitate to answer questions), a large Bengali family (only the children speak good English), an middle-aged Chinese gentleman (who has stock-piled a ton of fireworks in his garage without telling police, fire department, or anyone else), two white Yuppie couples whose visitors are mainly electronics repairmen, and a Salvadoréan family working day and night to make their new restaurant a success.

Most of them know Tait only because he cuts his own front lawn rather than hiring someone. One of the Yuppie women laughs and says he does it to show off his nice chest.



She feels that Tait was either a very busy man or an unsocial one, or both. None of the neighbors has seen him lately, nor seen anything unusual happening around his home. They're all surprised to learn that he's disappeared. None know where he might be.

## Co-Workers

Administrators at Dawn Biozyme immediately ask whether the investigators are police or other official representatives. If the investigators say they are, they're told that Sergeant Bolling knows all the facts in the case, and to see him. If the investigators say they're Tait's friends or are hired by Tait's friends, the administrators refuse all comment, citing corporate policy.

Investigators who stake out the bus stops nearest Dawn Biozyme are able in 1D3 days to interview by chance a couple of bench-techs in Tait's department, who they categorize as a kind man, but one obsessed with accuracy and not much else—the sort of scientist who is just a better bench technician, not one gifted with special insight or special luck. Tait's jokes often seemed like afterthoughts, made while the rest of his mind raced on to somewhere else. Where his mind was going, he never said.

## Conclusion

If the investigators alienate Sergeant Bolling, fail to befriend Edward Tait, and neglect to bribe Eddie Lowry, the keeper must supply a new line of evidence which leads to Harold Gall and the beginning of "Landscapes."

For instance, Tait's co-workers might mention that he had recently bought a farm. In rummaging through Tait's office desk—the investigators never get past the DBZ guards—that helpful co-worker finds Jessica Dillon's card, which leads to the realtor and the revelation of Tait's farm.

## Statistics

### The Thing in the Cage

Dark young may mate in order to reproduce, or bud from Shub-Niggurath, or may enter our existence in many different fashions. The chapter "Dawn Biozyme" tells how this one came to Earth. The new dark young at DBZ require physical food as well as absorption of STR, but this requirement is transitory in many cases, as is using its tentacles to attract prey. Larger dark young abandon tentacular attraction of prey in favor of ambushes and quick charges, and at that time may drain only STR from victims.

Bodies of victims drained of STR maintain general shape, but have gone inexplicably soft, so that muscles and bones are squishy and relatively insubstantial. Any human adult can easily force a hand completely through the head or chest cavity. Frequently even the adult dark young drains fluids and removes selected organs from a victim, insuring the target's immediate death. A victim drained only of STR lives for a few minutes, dying from general respiratory and pulmonary failure unless the keeper otherwise wishes. The victim characteristically has blackened skin, evidences sucker-like sores, and is coated with a gelatinous slime of unknown significance.

A baby dark young is a pale yellow-white, with darker mottles at the base of its tentacles and rising up from the cloven hoofs. The hoofs are black at the toes, fading back around each hoof to a pale milky-white buttress shot with green pulsing veins. The tentacles are more yellowish than the body, and the four main tentacles already show darkening at their bases.

Unlike the adult, a baby dark young has no fur on its legs, which are supple and smoothly octopoid with the same ability to make the octopus' astonishingly quick movements. Its four greater and varying number of lesser tentacles wave unceasingly, like the tentacles of an anemone aswirl in the sea. When the small creature stands still, the rippling arcs of tentacle movement have a hypnotic effect that can draw the unwary closer.

Eyeless and possibly earless, the thing nonetheless has unknown senses which accurately depict its surroundings.

### The Baby Dark Young

STR 17    CON 14    SIZ 2    INT 17    POW 15  
DEX 19    Move 8    HP 8\*

**Weapons:** Tentacle 45%, damage 1D2 + 1 STR drain per round\*\*  
Bite 50%, damage 1D6

**Spells:** none as yet.

**Skills:** Mesmerize Insect 15%, Pounce 45%.

**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D6+1 SAN (for this little one).

\* Of extra-terrene material and anatomy. A projectile does it no more than 1 point damage. If a projectile impales, it does 2 points damage. Shot-guns loaded with buckshot or birdshot do minimum damage possible to the gauge. Melee weapons such as club or knife do normal damage.

\*\* Though the tentacles are as yet too small to do much harm to larger prey, the ability of the beast to ingest STR is present. This specimen could easily drain all STR from a sleeping human and then physically ingest him or her over the following days and weeks. A human whose STR reaches zero lives for a few minutes, or as the keeper determines.

### JACK BOLLING, Detective, Age 36

STR 14    CON 13    SIZ 13    INT 15    POW 14  
DEX 12    APP 11    EDU 14    SAN 64    HP 13

**Damage Bonus** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4  
Nightstick 55%, damage 1D6+1D4  
9mm Parabellum 70%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Accounting 15%, Bargain 65%, Chemistry 5%, Chinese 10%, Climb 45%, Computer Use 15%, Credit Rating 45%, Debate 20%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 65%, Electronics 15%, English 75%, Fast Talk 50%, First Aid 45%, Jump 30%, Law 25%, Library Use 35%, Listen 40%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 60%.

### EDDIE LOWRY, Sleazy Journalist, Age 45

STR 10    CON 9    SIZ 15    INT 14    POW 14  
DEX 9    APP 10    EDU 11    SAN 38    HP 12

**Damage Bonus** +0

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Bargain 75%, Browbeat 40%, Bully 55%, Climb 15%, Computer Use 9%, Credit Rating 35%, Debate 10%, Drink Whiskey 70%, Drive Automobile 45%, English 80%, Fast Talk 55%, History 25%, Law 10%, Library Use 55%, Listen 55%, Make Maps 15%, Oratory 15%, Photography 25%, Psychology 45%, Shift Blame 49%, Spot Hidden 70%.

### RICHARD SLAKES, Jatic's Aide, Age 33

STR 12    CON 12    SIZ 12    INT 13    POW 13  
DEX 13    APP 13    EDU 16    SAN 51    HP 12

**Damage Bonus** +0

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3.  
Kick 45%, damage 1D6.

**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Anthropology 15%, Botany 15%, Chemistry 10%, Computer Use 25%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Debate 60%, Drive Automobile 1%, Fast Talk 15%, French 35%, Law 35%, Library Use 45%, Martial Arts 45%, Oratory 15%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 30%, Zoology 20%.

**ROBERT JATIK, Founder of FW, Age 60**

STR 11 CON 17 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 18  
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 18 SAN 30 HP 15

**Damage Bonus** +0

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Accidentally Forget to Give Credit 85%, Accounting 10%, Anthropology 25%, Bargain 60%, Bluff 70%, Botany 10%, Computer Use 2%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Debate 40%, Dreaming 10%, Fast Talk 35%, Find Flatterer 35%, Laugh Extra-Heartily 28%, History 15%, Library Use 30%, Lie 60%, Listen 15%, Occult 10%, Pharmacy 15%, Pilot Aircraft 20%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 35%, Throw 35%, Zoology 30%.

**CLARIS NOVESCU, Exec. Sec., Age 35**

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 14  
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 11

**Damage Bonus** +0

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Accounting 35%, Bargain 65%, Computer Use 30%, Credit Rating 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 19%, Debate 45%, Drive Automobile 40%, Electronics 5%, Fast Talk 24%, History 45%, Latin 27%, Law 20%, Library 50%, Oratory 15%, Psychology 61%, Rumanian 75%, Spot Hidden 70%.

**Two Biker Guys**

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Guy 1	16	15	17	11	11	16
Guy 2	16	16	18	12	10	17

**Damage Bonus** +1D6

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D6

Head Butt 45%, damage 1D4+1D6

Kick 70%, damage 1D6+1D6

.357 Magnum 55%, damage 1D8+1D6

Survival Knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+1D6

**Two Biker Gals**

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Gal 1	11	13	9	13	14	11
Gal 2	12	12	10	14	13	11

**Damage Bonus** +0

**Weapon:** MAC-10 Sub-Machine Gun 60%, damage 1D10

**Four Cultist Gunmen**

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Gunman 1	13	11	9	16	12	10
Gunman 2	12	12	10	15	13	11
Gunman 3	13	13	11	14	10	12
Gunman 4	10	12	12	12	11	12

**Weapon:** 9mm Parabellum 70%, damage 1D10

**Two Cultist Drivers**

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Driver 1	12	12	10	12	11	11
Driver 2	11	11	11	13	10	11

**Weapon:** 9mm Parabellum 45%, damage 1D10

# Landscapes

*Wherein the investigators drive about searching for clues regarding the missing Dr. Tait and uncover evidence more mobile than any sane person would bargain for.*

**Scenario Considerations**

“Landscapes” is set in the metropolis of Samson, California, and near the dingy hamlet of Delilah, some hundred miles east of Samson. Commissioned by Jatic to find out what happened to Peter Tait and what is going on at Dawn Biozyme, investigators have a chance to visit the farm recently purchased by Peter Tait, to speak with the former owner, Harold Gall, and to learn more about Dawn Biozyme’s activities.

Investigators persistent in combat encounters could take two sessions to complete “Landscapes”.

Additional notes concerning antecedents and tonal presentation of this scenario can be found at the end of this chapter.

**Keeper Information**

The scenario starts in Samson. The investigators have learned that Peter Tait bought a farm from one Harold Gall,

a singularly unpleasant individual who is in the middle of a bizarre experiment involving animal parts. The investigators can meet Gall before or after the trip to the farm; if afterward, they’ll have more motive for the interview.

Tait’s farm is an obvious place to look for Tait. Gall left behind there a previous experiment, a mobile plant. This sentient horror is capable of controlling any vegetation it infests. The investigators must destroy the thing and the farm before it can escape. Before this happens, however, and only if the investigators have not found it already, they discover Tait’s diary at the farm, further implicating Dawn Biozyme in a bizarre plot threatening the future of mankind.

**Strange Days Indeed**

While the investigators prowl, remember that the city is getting hotter, stickier, and more dangerous as the unusual heat wave, the result of strange weather patterns forming up in the Pacific since last mid-winter, continues.

Disturbingly, TV and newspapers report of muggings, killings and kidnappings, including a baby taken from his stroller while the mother's back was turned (this happened yesterday; no ransom demands yet).

If the investigators take a ride on SUT, Samson's subway, they swear they see a face outside the train as it flashes through a tunnel. Similarly they notice an upturned whiteness in a sewer grating—but this turns out to be a bundle of newspapers.

Stray animals, dumped and forgotten, ferret and fight among the uncollected garbage.

Ahead, on a street corner, a black musician takes out a sax and starts to play long, languid blue-notes—strangely, this causes a man walking in front of the investigators to turn about and hurry back toward them, fear in his eyes. If an investigator receives a successful know roll, he or she recognizes the musician as The Royal Pant, a horn-man who has overdubbed on a lot of big-selling rock albums. As the investigators near, The Royal Pant casually sways and bops around the corner; when the investigators round the corner, they see they were mistaken—the sax-man is old and stiff-fingered, and the beautiful round tones have hardened into squeezed, dry notes of charitable value.

## 578 Beach Road

The ponds, reaches, and marshes in front of Beach Road were long ago filled in by developers. Beach Road is now a quarter-mile inland—not the best of areas, run-down, a little scary. Some windows are boarded up. Weeds reach through cracked cement. Old stucco homes peel and sag. Bored youths banter listlessly and eye investigators of the opposite sex, muttering to each other and laughing as they lounge in front of a housing project. Angry children scream past. The screech of old women comes from an alleyway. The slow air throbs with the discordant rhythms of countless decks pumping out rap, rock, metal, thrash, crash, funk, and grind, driven up and distorted beyond recognition.

Anybody with a successful idea roll notices that although there is as much garbage in the street here as elsewhere, not one stray animal can be seen sniffing at it.

## Harold Gall

If the investigators knock at 578 Beach Road during the day, there is no answer. Gall is inside, asleep. It is a two-storied house, no yard, filthy cracked walls, rusting chicken-wire poking through crumbling stucco. The front door is above, up a flight of steps. People in the street lazily watch the investigators climb; any break-in attempt will be witnessed by dozens of people.

If they knock at night, however, after a pause the door crashes open, and the rumpled, smelly figure of Harold Gall peers disdainfully at them over his pink-tinted glasses: "Waddya want?!"



Harold Gall

Gall brings new depths to the word unpleasantness. He is rude, a recluse, a slob, a driven scientist of dubious ethics. He despises social skills. He sneers at, abuses, and disdains the investigators.

The tinted glasses never leave his face, making his eyes less unreadable (reduce the chance for a successful Psychology roll on him by 20 percentiles). A success detects obsessive madness

twitching beneath his foul exterior.

With mention of Tait, Finley, or Dawn Biozyme, Gall grudgingly admits them into the living room. If they attempt a ruse to wander around the house, he tells them to do it elsewhere. (*Investigator: "Can I have a glass of water?"* *Gall: "No!"*) He constantly repeats that he is a busy man. Asked why, he answers only, "A project."

Asked if he ever worked for Dawn Biozyme, he says that the relation was severed some time ago. He won't specify whether in months or in years. He pops open a beer. "To freedom and possibility," he toasts, neglecting to offer a drink to anyone else, and has nothing else to say about DBZ.

If asked about the farm, Gall says that he sold it because he'd finished there—finished what, he doesn't say.

Informed of Peter Tait's disappearance, he says he knows what happened to Tait, and is working to rectify the problem. If asked what problem, and what happened to Tait, Gall says in low earnest tones, "The Sewer People."

He'll go on at length about them—naked, hairless brutes, dwelling under the city. They have turned their backs on civilization. They blind their infants to give them natural advantage in the dark, relying on their other senses. They are a male tribe, stealing babies to perpetuate their number. But Gall's project will finish them.

Pathetically, if the investigators have not made fun of him, Gall has warmed to them. He invites them into the back, from whence a strong smell of ammonia wafts.

The hall past the kitchen leads into a large, cluttered study/bedroom—books, dirty clothes, and bits of food lie in tottering heaps. Beyond is a closed door, which he promptly opens.

Within is a surprisingly neat laboratory—bottles of chemicals, racks of instruments, etc. As the investigators go past, a successful Spot Hidden picks out a one-liter brown bottle with the word *Rothmersholm* printed on its label; if the investigators return at some later time, the bottle cannot be found.

In the center is a large dissecting table, upon which rests a bulky pile covered by a white sheet. Brown seepage from the mass is slowly staining the sheet. Next to this are some stinking steel bins.

Throwing back the sheet, Gall says, "I'm working with animal tissue this time." The thing is awful, a huge bundle of animal parts (dog, cat, pigeon, rat, rabbit, mouse) roughly stitched together in a fetid heap. Legs jut in all directions. The mass is larger than a person, wider than a doorway. Dozens of heads are frozen in mid-snarl. It is quite dead. The bins contain the offal and off-cuts. Investigators lose 0/1D4 SAN, and must receive D100 rolls of CON x5 or less to keep down their dinners.

Gall explains that he is sending this monstrosity into the drains to hunt down the Sewer People, but if investigators begin to vomit, or if he sees the open revulsion on the faces of the investigators, he kicks them out of the house—"Ignorant fools!" For all his scientific rationality, Gall is a madman, as any successful Psychology roll now reveals.

There is no need ever to meet the APT; it is probably much more effective to think about than to encounter.

Nonetheless, notes and statistics exist for it and for Harold Gall at the end of this chapter.

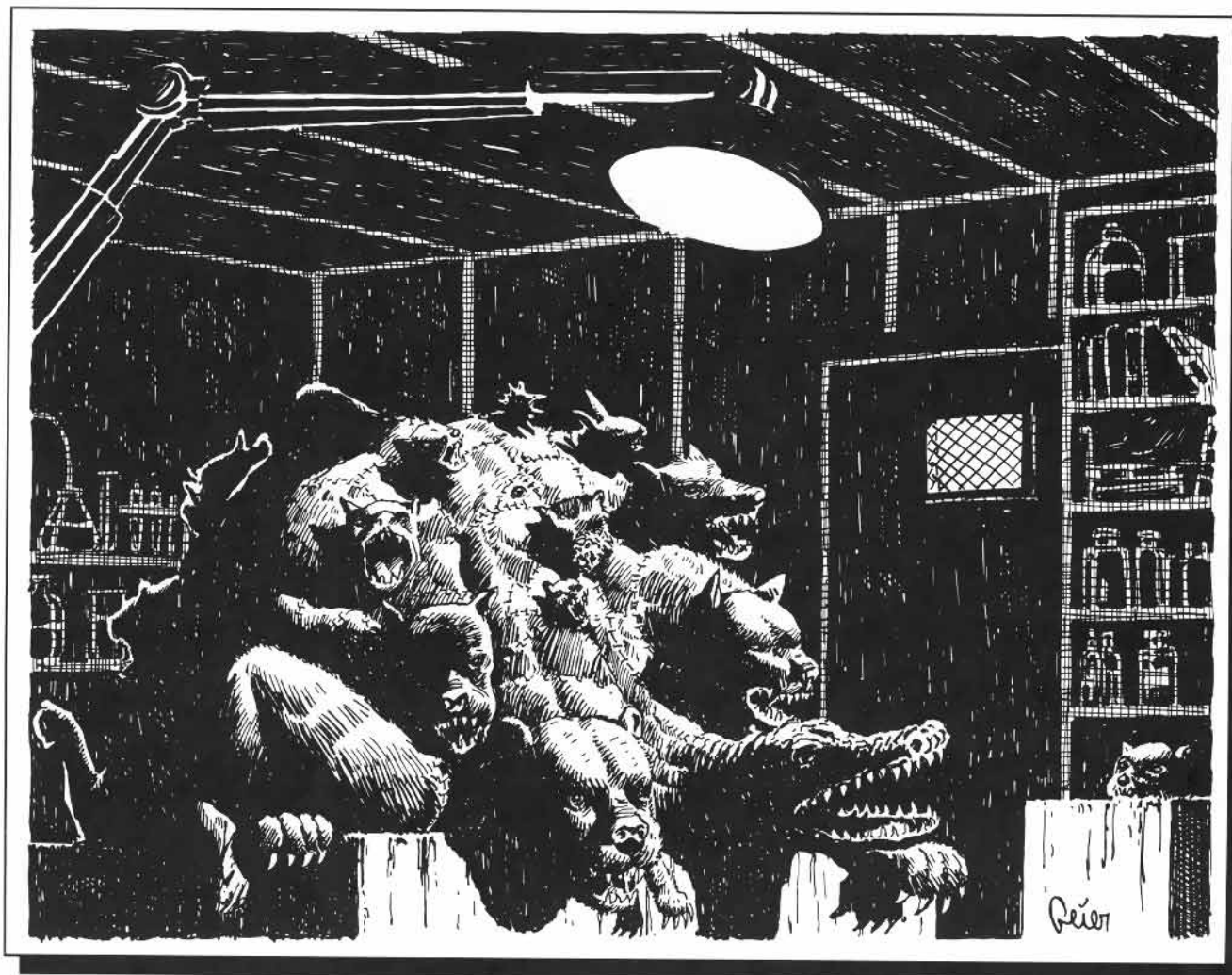
Attacks on Gall prompt his loud screams. If the investigators harm or kill him, the police probably arrest them for the crime: numerous witnesses saw them enter his house.

## Back To Beach Road

The investigators are bound to return to Gall after they visit the farm. They may alert the police and health authorities who, disgusted, charge Gall. Or they might creep back to burn down the place, or just to try to talk to him again.

The steel table is now bare. The bins are behind the house, chock-full of animal bits, but it should remain unclear as to whether or not Gall dismantled the hybrid cadaver. If asked what happened to it, he smiles, and his last words to them, as he slams the front door on them again (or, if they've had him arrested, as the police car door shuts), are "Taken a [clunk]".

Make Listen rolls for the investigators. Most of them think he said "part," *ie.*, taken apart. But one is sure he said "walk."





## Summary

The investigators may never know for sure about Gall's rough beast. As they leave Beach Road, the lounging youths scatter in fear before the investigators—if the investigators turn to look behind, nothing is there. Not now, anyway.

Similarly, the Sewer People: one man's demented ravings, or are they really down there? Did he have the facts right, or was that just a crazy theory he concocted? If they are real, they might be stalking the investigators even now from their subterranean lairs. If they are not real, make the investigators feel stalked, regardless.

An example: a shadow is cast across a wall behind them. As they turn around, they hear soft running footsteps, and a metallic clang. Looking around the corner, the street is empty, save for a slightly askew manhole cover. (The running person could have been a small boy, the clang was him knocking over a garbage can in his flight.)

And anyway, what happened to Peter Tait? —the Sewer People? —Dawn Biozyme? —or was it Harold Gall?

## Delilah

Though they may check out other clues first, sooner or later the investigators trade the claustrophobia of the city for the agoraphobia of the country. Tait obviously obtained some strange things for his farm—why? That, and the fact that Gall was the previous owner, is cause for concern. It's worth checking out. And the investigators have a set of keys which probably fit the Tait farm property. Smart investigators may prepare by duplicating Tait's list, unaware only that Tait wanted to buy the most virulent possible plant-killing spray.

It's 130 miles to the hamlet of Delilah, a devolutionary journey from freeway to highway to road, from city to suburb to crossroad.

The town is small and ugly, in a plain and boring way. When the investigators arrive, a convenience store, a service station, a post office, and a tavern are open.

An assortment of pickups and old autos are parked in front of the drinking establishment, locals come to down a few at the end of the day. Inside, older men and women sip their drinks and listen to Elvis croon in crackling tones from the dusty jukebox; the dead man's songs bring back memories of when they were younger and the world was bigger. Today's younger members show no such nostalgia. They shoot pool and watch the strangers with veiled interest.

It's a good place to pick up some news and information about the town, either actively (asking people), or passively (overhearing the people at the next table).

- Wednesday was a sad day, Jack and Maddie Laurel buried their daughter, Jeanette. Poor kid was playing on the roof of their barn, slipped and fell.
- It's been a bad year all round really. There's the sudden drought, and there was that bad frost in the Spring; some farmers might

be seeing their last summer. There's no predicting the weather these days.

- Frank Tagget's boy, Steven, still isn't back after running away. That makes seven times he's pulled the stunt now. Frank isn't too worried, even though it's been a few months; he reckons Steve'll be back when he's broke and hungry. You'd think a lad of sixteen would know better. He took Greg Yardleigh's dog with him. Greg reckons Frank owes him a dog.
- Dot's been carrying on about gold in the hills again; everyone's heard that one before. She's the only one who still believes it.
- All the usual talk about sports, politics, marriages, pregnancies, illnesses, etc.

The investigators might quiz the locals about specific things. The conventional wisdom follows.

**Harold Gall:** one mean man. Wouldn't give you the time of day. Nobody liked him. He kept to himself. The harvests from his land were always good, which made the renters happy, anyway. Gall used say that he couldn't care less—just gimme the check. Once in a while he'd order the tractors and threshers off his farm, whining that they were upsetting his experiments. Then he stopped renting the fields at all. He was a wacko. Never accomplished no good, and he lived up at that farm for years. Now he's gone, moved back to the city. Good riddance to the bastard.

**Peter Tait.** Tait's the new owner. He may be an improvement. Seems nice enough. He can hardly go wrong with land that yields like his farm does. Haven't seen him since he came in to buy groceries and he introduced himself. The town doesn't know that Tait has disappeared.

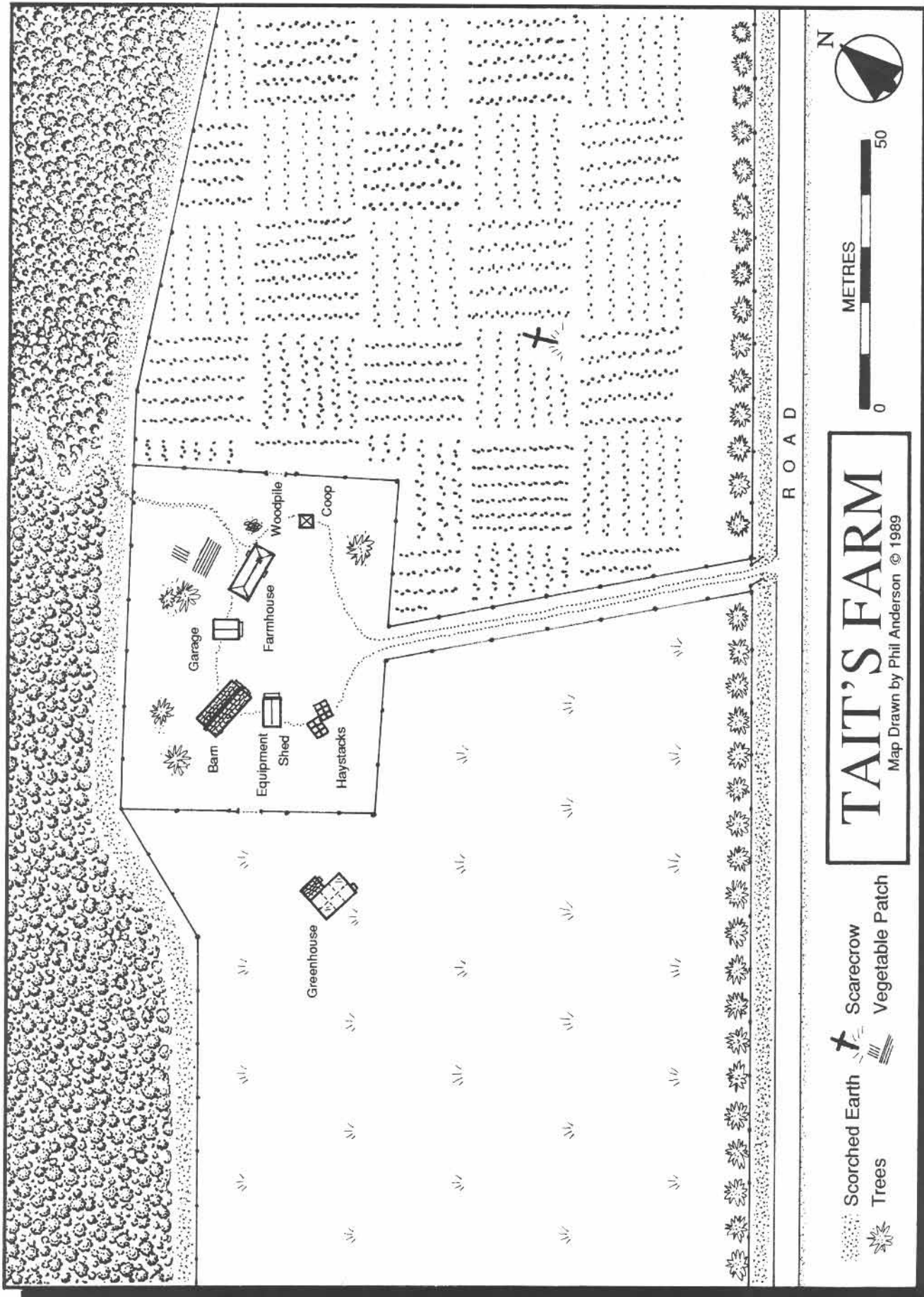
**The Farm.** The best for miles around. Gall knew his soils. It's out of the way, toward the mountains. All right, then, it's easy to find: follow Main Street, that's this one, take the left fork at the barn with the green roof, that'll take you over this side of the ridge, go down into the valley, cross the creek, turn right at that old cow skull—that's Laurel's place there, with the skull—makes it look real western, don't it?—climb a few miles past that along Miller's Lane and there you are.

Interested keepers can flesh out the town and its inhabitants; these people live blithely in the shadow of the woods. They have a reasonable sense of community, but their homes are scattered miles apart, and when the night comes down they are each so alone within their thin walls.

## The Farm

The route to the farm is as described above, and easy to follow by day; at night it's a little harder. The pavement turns to gravel in parts, and the road takes them far from other farms.

The last farm they pass (the one with the cow skull) is that of the Laurels. Jack Laurel might be walking along the



road, despondent, dressed in black. If it's night, in the darkness, his pale face looming in their headlights, he could seem sinister. If they stop to talk, he is polite but aloof. He was alone in the night before they pulled over, and wishes to restore that. Maddie is back at the house, doing her grieving with a bottle of Jack Daniels.

Further down the road is the turnoff to Tait's farm, recognizable by a galvanized mailbox with RR#3, 237, Tait's box number, painted on it. A long graveled road leads to the farm, sprawled across a narrow valley.

The investigators can explore the farm's different parts and secrets; their discoveries shape the scenario's climax—it could take days, weeks, or a single fear-filled night. The keeper could emphasize the darkness of the woods, the isolation of the place, and the unease of an unknown threat which may be watching, waiting anywhere.

A long driveway leads up to a gate and the farmyard. In the distant fields a solitary scarecrow stands sentinel. Around the yard are a farmhouse, barn, woodpile, equipment shed, chicken coop, garage, and a few small sheds. Out to the left of the yard is a greenhouse, attached to a wooden frame building, the laboratory. A fence surrounds the farm buildings and yard; to the outside of this perimeter fence is a fifteen-foot-wide band of scorched earth. Through a second gate a track leads uphill from the farm, to the forest which crowns the ridge beyond.

**The Gate:** off its hinges and lying by the side of the road, broken and bent. Glass twinkles around it in the dust. Someone (Tait?) rammed right through it on his way out, and a successful Track roll confirms that no one has driven through here since. The same roll traces the driver's erratic progress down the drive, veering off the road here and there. Far off to the side, the scarecrow watches the investigators calmly, unmovingly. They can drive up to the yard and park.

**The Yard:** the buildings are shut and silent; darkened windows mute to what has been seen through them. Wild swerve marks across the ground show the starting point of the automobile's flight. The chicken coop, barn, equipment shed, and farmhouse are described below. Other buildings facing onto the yard include an empty garage.

**The Chicken Coop:** one side of the coop has been torn open, the wiring ripped asunder. Loose feathers and broken eggs inside indicate recent occupation, but no birds or eggs are here now.

**The Barn:** it's cool and dark. High in the hayloft a successful Spot Hidden roll glimpses green eyes peering down: this is a cat. It hisses, yowls, and avoids them. It will not leave the barn.

**The Equipment Shed:** cluttered and dirty, filled with agricultural tools and implements. If the investigators enter the

shed, they notice several plastic drums of weed-killer. A gasoline-powered electrical generator supplying emergency power to the house is here; the investigators can fire it up with successful Mechanical Repair and Electrical Repair rolls if the regular power fails.

## The Farmhouse

The house is unlocked. Inside, all seems orderly. There are two bedrooms (one unfurnished), kitchen, living room, bathroom, and a utility room with big concrete tubs.

Here and there items and utensils have been knocked over, or left on a bench—a newspaper dated a few days before Tait's disappearance is open on the kitchen table. There are no handy books or incriminating letters unless Tait's diary has not been found—now it's here.

The investigators can be quite cozy here, for the duration. Odd moss grows in the sinks, over old food, on the newspaper, between the sheets of the bed. Each time a surface is scrubbed clean, the moss grows back in hours.

## The Greenhouse

Out in the fields stands a relatively new building, about five years old—a greenhouse. Through the glass walls can be seen a riot of vegetation. Adjoining the greenhouse is a newish wooden frame extension, the lab. This can be entered via the greenhouse, or by its own outside door. Both the greenhouse and the lab are locked.

To get in, they'll have to use the keys, pick the lock, or force the door (it has STR 15; if the forcer receives a 95-100 result, in his or her enthusiasm to break in, the glass shatters, inflicting a cut of 1D3 damage).

Once the door is unlocked, the insides spring out as a mass of billowing greenery—the first impression is of something bursting out. However, the fronds simply bounce and wave, and it is apparent that they simply outgrew the walls.

Inside is tangled overgrown chaos. The plants have seeded beyond their original beds, and have spread everywhere. A successful Botany roll detects in this cramped environment some distinctly odd plant growth with distorted leaf shapes and stunted bud and vine developments. The investigators have to push, break, and chop their way through here. There is nothing of significance, but it shouldn't be hard to leave the players paranoid. That fern over there, its trunk so round and shaggy—did it just move? Surely not.

## The Laboratory

If the greenhouse struck any botanists as odd, this place should leave them shaking. There are workbenches and shelves, covered with plants—except that they have grown far out of their own pots, reaching down to the floor and rooting in the earth there, mingling with each other in un-

holy biological matrimony. Looking closer, the actual species are weird—cross-breeds, bulbs of unnatural shape and size, flowers of unholy hue.

Those with skill in Botany must immediately receive Sanity rolls (lose 0/1D3 SAN), as their training gives no answers to the questions challenging their science here. Those failing the Sanity roll must receive a Listen roll; those failing it hear the gentle singing of the flowers, and lose a further 1D3 SAN.

The lab has obviously not been in use for some time. All tools have been removed, although some glass containers filled with seeds and samples remain.

With a successful Spot Hidden, they find among the plants a leather-bound book on the floor underneath a large broad leaf. Wiry vines have grown around and into the book, and the cover is spoiled. It must be cut loose to open.

When they open the book, it is riddled with six-inch long caterpillars, bloated yellow-green monsters. It takes a successful DEX x2 or less roll in order not to drop the book, bouncing the loathsome insects everywhere, including on their faces, hands, and clothing.

When the investigators calm down, they find that the book is totally ruined. They have no idea what it was titled, or what it was about. Only a sliver of paper remains unchewed, on which a few typeset words can be discerned.

*I watched, and at last I saw nothing but a substance as jelly. It is my creation, a product of my work, and malevolent. I believe it wants to k—*

—Investigator handout #1

All other pages are illegible.

## The Fields

The investigators might not think to search the fields, but a successful Botany or a Spot Hidden roll identifies an unusual shade of red in a fallow field uphill from the farm. As they walk toward the forest, they come to the crimson splash, a tiny plant, bright red like Fall maple, no more than a little shoot; it is growing out of the rib-cage of a decaying field mouse. It has no roots in the earth: flesh and innards are its sole nutrients.

That's just the start of it.

The investigators are on a lip of ground which slopes down a short way before rising again. When they look across the ground, armed with this knowledge, they see similar splashes of red everywhere. Some are shoots, some bushes, some are saplings, there's even a couple of small blood-red trees where the swale deepens into a draw.

If they investigate, they discover that each and every red plant springs from the remains of an animal—mice, birds,

rats, chickens, roosters, foxes, rabbits, dogs, pigs, even a horse. Sanity cost to realize this is 0/1D3 SAN.

## The Scarecrow

To get to the scarecrow they have to walk up and then around the curve of the hills, and probably discover the awful red plants along the way. The worst is yet to come.

This is no scarecrow of straw and burlap, it is the body of a youth lashed to a wooden crosspiece by living red creepers which sprout from his rotting body, his guts, his mouth, his eyes. Sanity loss is 1/1D8 SAN.

This was Steven Tagget. He is now The Hanged Man, the meaning behind the Tarot card found among Peter Tait's things. It was the sight of Steven that drove Tait screaming from the farm.

## The Dark Woods

A track leads out of the farm and uphill into the forest. Next to the trees, on the outskirts of the fields, is a five-yards-broad band of earth, which also has been laid bare, burned, and flattened. A successful Botany, Chemistry, or Pharmacy roll suggests that the earthen strip has also been poisoned with defoliants—recently, judging by the barren swathe. Did someone want to keep the woods out? No; Gall did this to keep the farm in.

Keepers should have a field day when the investigators explore the forest. There are strange sounds, deep shadows, secrets of nature. Scraggly oaks and junipers lead up to soaring sugar pines in the wilderness to the east—national forest land, too steep and too remote for exploitation or inhabitation. Up there anything could stay unseen for decades.

A false picture of Mi-Go activity could be built up for gullible players. Strange scratchings in the rocks and dirt—exploratory mining activity? (No, Dot's prospecting for gold.) Buzzing sound from afar—fungi on the wing? (No, Lauren's apiaries.) Flapping wings overhead—what was that? (Bats, birds, take your pick.) A glimpse of something pink in the bushes—what is it? (Blossoms.)

## Gall's Experiments

That concludes the state of things at the farm. Now for some history.

Gall ran the place for years. He planned to derive or create the perfect field crop, experimenting with fertilizers, phosphates, and other plant food. He looked into the nature and structure of plants, and what could be done to alter them. He exhausted modern science, then the lore of the herbalists, then the science of the middle ages: witchcraft. And then further back, to the black rites of that terrible fertility goddess who walked the wilds before humans came to wallow in her muck and bleat their obeisances. Somewhere in the lines between botany, biology, herb lore, mag-





The Crucifixion

ick, and the demented scratchings of Von Junzt and his ilk, Gall discovered and recreated an intelligent plant, capable of seeding and maintaining its own crop.

His part in the experiment ended, Gall scorched a ring around the farm to contain the gel-creature, put the place up for sale, and left for pressing work in the city, planning one day to return and observe the progress of his alien farmer.

It is still here. Concentrated evil. A lump of quivering plasmic gel, about the size of your fist, quicksilver fast, able to skim along like a fish, able to pour itself into the sap of any plant and to control that plant as a person controls his or her body. The red shrubs are its seedlings. Who knows what terrible trees they will grow into if left to reach their maturity? Mere dark young, or something far worse?

Cadavers of investigators killed here will soon sprout the horrible red life.

## Vegetable Carnage

If the investigators begin to chop, burn, poison or otherwise attack the lurid red crop, the gel-creature counter-attacks. Only during the day, though; plants are by nature dormant at night. The investigators, through years of bitter experience with nocturnal monsters, probably feel safer in daylight; not here. The gel-creature does not attack if the investigators take merely a single sample from the dozens and hundreds available.

In battle, it speeds from plant to plant, using one after another against them. It never tires and, although they can destroy each host plant it inhabits, they rarely get a shot at the gel-creature itself. It can only be seen when it is barreling along the ground from one plant to the next, but few things can damage its gelid form.

### The Gel-Creature

STR 01    CON 20    SIZ 02    INT 17    POW 19  
DEX 16    Move 24    HP 11

**Weapons:** attacks as host plant (choose one from below).

**Armor:** kinetic attacks pass straight through it, doing no harm; it simply reforms. Fire, weed killers, electricity, or magic can harm it.

**SAN cost:** 0/1D3.

## Plants That Kill

The variety of the thing's assaults are left to the keeper to envisage and enact: remember, any plant is a potential assailant, once inhabited by the sentient gel. Here are some ideas: grass and corn which grabs and entwines and smothers, trees which swing murderous smashing branches, nettles which whip and flail, bushes which thrash and scour. The roots of the plant limit movement; if the investigators can run clear, they are safe (in which case the gel-creature swaps to a new host). Being attacked by murderous vegetation requires a Sanity roll, costing 1/1D6 SAN.

Some plants don't have roots in the ground, but in putrefying meat—the red crop. The gel-creature, once in residence, can flex the roots and creepers growing in the

animal's body and thus animate them in a grotesque parody of normal movement. Stiff dead limbs creak and groan as they are made to move, the thrashing vines gradually tearing loose from the meat in the exertion—reanimated beasts only last 1D10 rounds before the red plant has uprooted itself from them in the strain. Sanity loss is 1/1D8 for a stumbling undead plant-riddled animal.

The worst sight is the strange and brief resurrection of Steven Tagget, whose foul corpse writhes and reels as it staggers towards them. Sanity cost is 2/1D8+1 SAN.

Sample stats for gel-inhabited plants and patches follow. Each attacks once per round. Unless the keeper wishes otherwise, the gel-creature needs one round to swap to a new plant.

### Tall Grass

STR 10 DEX 14 HP 1 each stalk (D100 stalks per patch)

**Weapon:** Entangle 70%, STR vs. STR roll to break free, otherwise it begins to suffocate victim next round as per rulesbook drowning damage. Tall Grass can simultaneously attack any number of investigators.

### Nettles

STR 10 DEX 13 HP 3 per nettle (1D10 nettles per patch)

**Weapon:** Whip 60%, damage 1D2 plus POT 2 stinging

### Bush

STR 14 SIZ 12 DEX 10 HP 24

**Weapon:** Scratch 50%, damage 1D4

### Large Tree

STR 20 SIZ 30 DEX 07 HP 10 per branch (1D6 branches) and 40 trunk

**Weapon:** Bash 35%, damage 3D6

### Dog-Thing

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 06 DEX 13 HP 09

**Weapon:** Bite 65%, damage 1D4

### Horse-Thing

STR 28 CON 13 SIZ 20 DEX 10 HP 17

**Weapons:** Kick 50%, damage 1D8+2D6

Trample 70%, damage 4D6

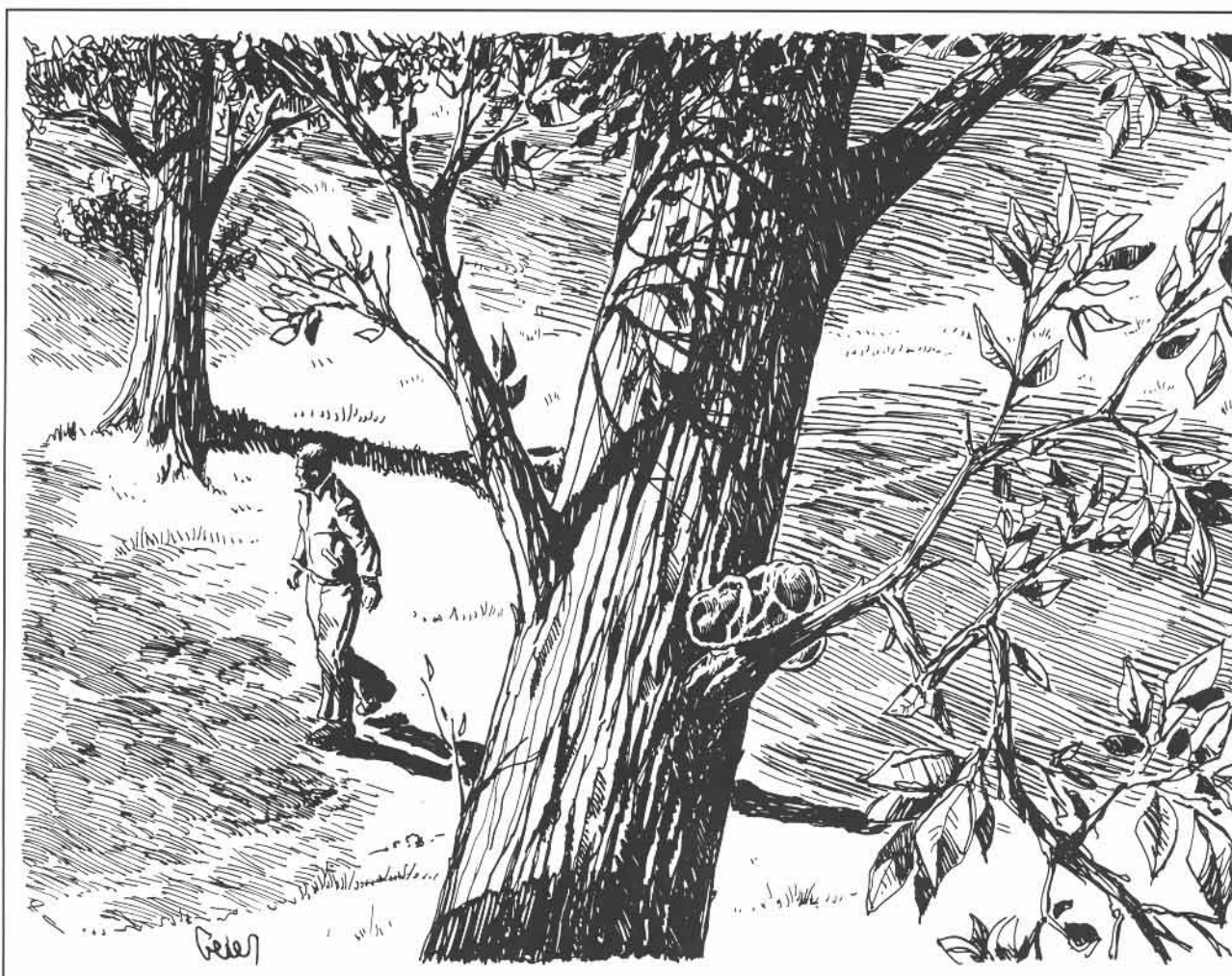
### Steven-Thing

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 DEX 11 HP 13

**Weapon:** Windmilling Limbs 55%, damage 1D6

### Harvest Time

Assuming they survive long enough to identify the problem, the investigators may devise a plan to destroy the thing. The best and safest way is to level the farm with fire



and chemicals at night-time. By day it is too strong, and its attacks too unrelenting. If they torch the place, volunteer firemen from Delilah arrive after while, along with some Forest Service crews, so the investigators had better depart promptly or have a good arson story ready.

When the gel-creature perceives that its crop cannot be protected further, it uses one of the red-seeded cadavers to stagger over the scorched earth line, then abandons the flesh and speeds off, slipping into the woods, into the world. The investigators never see it again, nor do they forget that it is out there somewhere, sowing seed.

## Conclusion

If the investigators get out of here alive, each survivor gains 2D8 SAN if they annihilated the gel-creature and its spawn. If they leveled the farm, but the gelid horror escaped, bestow 2D4 SAN each.

The investigators probably return to Samson, resuming the investigation into Tait and DBZ. They may well want a severe word with Harold Gall about his agricultural experiment. But he has vanished; no one knows where, and no one ever sees him again.

A successful Spot Hidden detects his spectacles, broken, lying in the gutter outside his vacant house, glittering sightlessly at an open sewer grate.

### Harold Gall

STR 10    CON 14    SIZ 10    INT 18    POW 14  
DEX 11    APP 8    EDU 25    SAN 0    HP 12

**Weapons:** a verbal bully. Gall immediately surrenders in any fight. He might then brood on some kind of revenge.

**Skills:** Biology 85%, Botany 90%, Chemistry 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Debate 55%, Dodge 30%, First Aid 70%, Occult 20%, Pharmacy 60%, Sneer 65%, Zoology 30%.

## Meeting The Animal Parts Thing

If the keeper sees Harold Gall as an insane genius who actually could animate the stack of animal parts in his lab, the investigators might meet the thing sometime. The keeper must decide the usefulness of such an optional encounter.

One day the investigators hear a loud clang, and notice that a nearby manhole cover has been pushed slightly aside. The apt occasionally surfaces to make sure that a cover actually represents the surface of the world, forbidden to it by its programming.

Harold Gall programmed the thing to eat what it finds in sewers, caves, drains, etc., intending that it destroy the sewer people. Gall constructed one apt, and the entity cannot reproduce.

The apt, a zombieified mass, is already dead and cannot be extinguished other than by fire, acid, or nuclear explosion. Strong EM radiation can scramble its interior guidance chip and leave it prowling aimlessly. Electrical pulses simply pass through, leaving a line of char internally, but not much affecting the totality of the thing. If cut apart, component pieces continue to function for 1D4 hours, then die.

The apt has three modes of existence. It needs one round to change between modes. In such a change round, the apt makes no attacks and no movement to or away from targets.

**TRAVEL**—to move at stalking or pursuing speed, the apt forms itself into a caterpillar-like arrangement and moves along on the dozens of stumped feet which Gall contributed. In this mode it can

climb a vertical surface of up to ten feet, or it can jump down the same vertical surface (without damage, of course). It refuses to jump down greater distances, even though such falls can cause no injury.

In the Travel mode, the apt has not enough coordination to Bite, though it can make a Cacophony attack or a Jump On attack.

In Travel mode, the apt can move through a minimum opening which is just too small for a SIZ 7 creature.

**RISEN**—this mode effectively blocks a sixty-square-foot opening, and is used to trap targets in narrow places. The apt cannot be knocked over in Risen mode. It can launch either Bite attacks or Cacophony attacks, but not both at the same time. The keeper may choose whether animal heads face in one direction or in both directions. While in Risen mode, the apt can move ahead or back at one foot per round.

**EXTENDED**—allows the protrusion into an opening of 1 head per point of SIZ of the opening, for up to ten feet. From these extended heads, only Bite attacks may be made. The remainder of the apt is in what amounts to Travel mode, but without the ability to move or to make attacks as the thing concentrates on the target beyond.

**ATTACK NOTES**—as long as it can reach them, the apt can Bite up to four separate targets in a round; the Cacophony sound attack affects everyone within 50 feet, no matter how many there are.

### The Apt (animal parts thing)

STR 24    CON 34    SIZ 24    POW 1    DEX 13  
HP 29    Move 9

**Damage Bonus** +0

**Weapons:** Bite 70%, damage 1D6 each Bite\*  
Cacophony 60%, damage 1D3\*\*

Jump On 30%, damage 2D6+2\*\*\*

\* roll 1D4 to determine how many Bites can reach a particular target in a round.

\*\* this sound attack is effective only in echoic sewers or in small rooms, and cannot be made in any round that the thing successfully Bites.

\*\*\* made on one target only.

**Skills:** Hide 30%, Listen 85%, Scent 90%, Sneak 35%, Track 45%.

## Further Keeper Notes

This scenario is based in part on the fiction of T.E.D. Klein, one of the finest weird authors at work today. His book *Dark Gods* collects four novellas, including “Black Man With A Horn,” a marvelous tribute to Lovecraft. He has also written a novel, *The Ceremonies*.

The scenario doesn’t lift events straight out of Klein’s fiction, but rather uses parallel themes and images. It also tries to emulate his style in storytelling, rather than everything being up-front and easily explained. Some things which the investigators come across are never developed, but remain half-glimpsed and lurking.

**Monsters:** there are three ‘monsters’ in the scenario: the first are the Sewer People (from Klein’s story “Children of the Kingdom”), who are strongly hinted at during the urban section of the scenario but who are never actually seen; the second is a frightful mass of sewn animal parts, seen once by the investigators and which then disappears—it is unknown whether it was disassembled or whether it shambled off; the third, the only horror which manifests itself, is a plant-controlling entity lurking on a lonely farm.



## Themes And Contrasts

*Klein's fiction is full of atmosphere. Events and images are foreshadowed before they actually occur, so that when they do, they seem familiar already, and inevitable. By choosing adjectives, turns of phrase, expressions, and images, keepers can also use this technique to hint at the horror to come. Here are three themes in the scenario, laid raw, and what they drive toward.*

**UNDERGROUND:** the earth does not stop at the point where we walk on it. It goes deep. There are places beneath the earth. We have no idea what or whom we unwittingly walk over. Certainly we know about sewer openings, and subway trains, and cellars, but these only burrow a fraction of the way into the yawning lightless caverns below us. The Sewer People.

**NATURE:** the steel and concrete city has squashed nature flat. Plants survive, but they are sickly, divorced from the earth, or dismembered and stuck in vases. Slashed fronds are useless decoration. But in vacant lots and backyards and where the sidewalks end, nature thrives and musters and waits to reclaim that which humans have crushed and dominated. In the city, plants are weak, feeble, dying; beyond, they are vital, powerful, strong. In its own free space, nature is master and, perhaps, planning revenge.

**THE DARK WOODS:** crucifixion. Christ on the cross, dead for our sins, is seen everywhere: crucifixes in wood, silver, neon, plastic. But still we sin against ourselves, against each other, against nature. Only nature takes note. Things are nailed up, nails through wood, things hang. There are crosses, crossroads, crossbars, crosspieces, cross people. An image seen repeatedly, an echo, a shadow. Scarecrow.

Start with minor throwaway observations, then irritations, and escalate as the heat in the city rises, or the night in the wilds grows darker.

*Two contrasts are often drawn in Klein's stories, and appear here as well, the city and the country. Communicate the differences.*

**URBAN:** we daydream. The manufactured landscape is now humankind's natural environment, one we have created. But our landmarks are shabby and cheap, listing under the weight of their own delusive grandeur, reflecting the inequalities among their inhabitants. The mirrored skyscrapers shine brightly; the sagging brick tenements fold in on themselves. The city contains different cultures and temperaments without attempting to bring them into harmony. It becomes an alien land once you step out of your niche, out of the extent of your own experience. The city is also dark, smothering its own light and air. What do those locked doors and drawn curtains hide? What is the person in the street thinking? What evil lurks in the hearts? The only shelters from the onslaught of the unknown are artificial constructions: homes, work, social circles, families—and all are too easily torn asunder.

**RURAL.** we nightmare. Look behind you, up to that ridge of trees green and black. Anything could be up there, looking down. People have turned their backs on nature. They no longer look into its secrets, just impose their own tiny routines and concerns on it. But it is still there. In the wild, no one hears your cries of pain and terror, there are no kindred souls, there are no medical supplies, no artificial stimulants, no police, no mother, and no background music to whisper what you should think or feel. Your lifeline, stretching back to dubious civilization, is fragile and ready to snap. Anytime.



# Dawn Biozyme

*Wherein our heroes learn about biotechnology and visit Dawn Biozyme, meet entrepreneurs and famous scientists, and conclude by risking much more than they anticipated.*

## Scenario Considerations

Sooner or later the investigators need to know something about Dawn Biozyme. Their interest may come before or after the trip to Peter Tait's newly-acquired farm. This scenario's placement after that chapter represents mere calculation; present it whenever appropriate.

"Dawn Biozyme" occurs mostly within that Samson facility, whenever the investigators turn their attention to it. This chapter may fill one to two evenings of play. Remember that play may suddenly move to another chapter without transition.

Two handouts appear only in the handouts chapter.

## Keeper's Information

At the surreptitious prompting of NW1, Dr. Howard Finley became head of research at DBZ in 1989, and in connivance developed the secret *Project P7* dedicated to the exploration of the powers of Shub-Niggurath and her Milk.

He now routinely summons Shub-Niggurath into a DBZ warehouse. From Shub-Niggurath he milks the enzymes his experiments require. In the process, Finley has lost every drop of sanity.

An attractive young lab technician, Jenny Armbruster, was Finley's first human guinea pig. By exploiting her interest in bodybuilding, he led her to feed directly from



## Dawn Biozyme Finances

Dawn Biozyme is a publicly-held corporation. Any accountant, lawyer, broker, or financial adviser can get a listing for it in a few moments. Larson Pharmaceuticals owns 60%, James Corazini owns 13%, and about 3000 other shareholders own the rest. Larson holds the majority vote on the board of directors. With one share worth \$23 on the day the investigators look it up, and two million shares outstanding, Dawn Biozyme is worth about \$46,000,000.

Dawn Biozyme was founded in 1985 by James Corazini. The firm employs 150 people and while conducting research in various fields of the industry, DBZ focuses most of its resources on the somewhat controversial area of genetically-engineered agricultural agents. After several financial crises, Corazini gained firm backing from Larson Pharmaceuticals, a subsidiary of New World Industries. As one would expect, Larson takes special interest in Dawn Biozyme's personnel and research directions.

Larson Pharmaceuticals is also publicly owned, 51% held by New World Industries, and the rest snapped up by various pension funds. Larson has a remarkable record of steady

growth and large dividends, with results always exceeding expectations. Larson is currently worth about 2.1 billion dollars.

New World Industries is a privately-held corporation chartered in the Commonwealth of the Bahamas. Little published information about it exists, but an article in *Barron's* deduces in passing that its total assets must be in excess of six billion dollars in the NATO countries. Major holdings are inferred in Taiwan, Brazil, Paraguay, South Africa, and Iraq. Thalassa Chandler, on the NWI board of directors, is reputedly one of the wealthiest women in the world.

NWI traces its roots back to the once immensely-successful New World Incorporated, a mega-corporation that collapsed in 1929, the result of the Crash and of the death of its charismatic chairman, Edward Chandler.

Though barely surviving the 1930s, WWII left the surviving fragments flush with easy money and open international markets, enabling great diversification. In the early 1950s, the corporation bought up outstanding public shares and reorganized privately as NWI Inc., thereafter profiting greatly from investments in business machines and information processing. A Bahamian charter was granted in the late 1970s, the event marking the end of public knowledge concerning the company.

—Investigator handout #1

Shub-Niggurath, her body responding to the unnatural food, growing, expanding, swelling.

Armbruster's growth soon forced her to quit Dawn Biozyme and retire from the eyes of the world. Simply consuming the raw milk of the Outer God would bring random and disfiguring results. Systematically collecting the Outer God's exudate, he centered Project P7 around that serum. Armbruster was pensioned to a cabin in the mountains, where Finley occasionally visited her to take measurements and specimens.

Shub-Niggurath often buds off one or several dark young while she appears in the warehouse. Finley keeps these things in the sealed-off Third Room of Warehouse 2. Though none have survived for long, Finley has been able to conduct useful experiments on their strange tissue.

## Investigator Information

The investigators can search the public record, which yields the handout "Dawn Biozyme Finances;" they can search their personal knowledge concerning NWI, perhaps yielding the handout "A Secret;" they can tour the DBZ-Samson facility as representatives of FW; they can attempt to break into the DBZ computer system from outside, via phone; they can attempt surreptitious entry of the facility to see what they can see. No doubt players will propose additional plans.

In the latter two cases, the investigators should understand that the courses of action are illegal. As always, be realistic in the assessment of their chances to avoid capture and prosecution. Friends such as Full Wilderness and Sergeant Bolling can help make jail stays short-term, but only if keepers wish.

## DBZ Physical Plant & Security

Located in an area of light industries on the northeast outskirts of Samson, not that far from Zymvotek, Dawn Biozyme occupies a large new mirror-windowed building and warehouses at the end of a short dead-end street.

A 12-foot-high brick wall surrounds the facility. Inconspicuous beneath the ivy topping is an additional two feet of projecting barbed wire, supporting arms, and various passive sensors to deter and detect intruders. The back of the facility opens on two hundred acres of short dry grass, not yet developed. To either side are equally well-protected offices and facilities of other companies.

## About Biotech

With the development of the gene probe technique, the biotechnology industry came into its own. In the U.S. alone, by 1990 over 600 new companies had been founded, an investment of nearly five billion dollars. Promising the end of world hunger, the obliteration of genetic disease, human correction and repair on a cellular level, patentable self-reproduction, and increased health and happiness for everyone in the world, biotech companies have attracted excited investors.

Some biotech firms still operate at a loss, but investor interest and recapitalization continues high despite Wall Street ups and downs. Likely near-term proceeds from biotech stocks almost exclusively rest on hopes of the cheap synthesis of naturally-occurring agents such as human growth hormone, which have proved impractical and fabulously expensive to extract. Over the next several decades, biotech revenues are expected to exceed a trillion 1990 dollars.

The main building is three stories high; the isolate production facility is one story topped by a maze of ventilators, scrubbers, alarms, and gaseous containment devices.

The two warehouses are externally identical concrete structures, both three stories tall, both with narrow fixed windows near the roof. An interior part of Warehouse 2, however, has been excavated, to provide an additional two stories of depth.

The three floors of the main building are connected by freight elevators and broad stairs wherever the keeper finds it useful to place them. Though the window areas are large, all the windows are of small, connected panes set in steel sashes. Most of the windows of the upper two floors are movable, large enough that an adult human could scoot in and out; all of the windows on the ground floor are fixed.

Outside doors are locked and have STR 20. Interior doors are also kept locked but have STR 14. The exterior doors are secured by burglar alarms.

All DBZ employees must wear laminated identification badges, which include a photo, name, employee number, supervisor, department, and shift (morning, evening, or night). Though it's commonplace for scientists to be present day or night, administrative staff and lab technicians usually observe shifts, and production workers must.

Visitors are received only between 8:30 A.M. and 5:30

### A Secret

To know the following, the investigator needs either to receive a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll or to have personal knowledge of the earlier corporation, perhaps as a descendant of one who fought against New World Industries.

During the 1920s, NWI was headed by the handsome, popular Edward Chandler, a prominent figure in the American press. Once bruited as a possible candidate for President, Chandler mysteriously disappeared in 1929, leaving the corporation leaderless against the great stock market crash.

Chandler, the product of a centuries-long breeding program, had given himself over to the spirit of the dark Egyptian priest Nophru-Ka. Carrying out the long-dead priest's will, Chandler had seemed prepared to hand over mankind to the Great Old Ones, though perhaps intending to reserve some portion of the race from immediate destruction. Vanished and declared dead, Chandler disappeared as a threat.

No one knows whether the shadowy and powerful reorganized NWI still contains within it seeds of Chandler's dark dreams.

—Investigator handout #2



Bio-Hazard Symbol

Security is round the clock, per shift five men armed with .45 revolvers, each with a 50% chance of wearing a kevlar vest stopping 6 points of bullet damage. The guards carry or have access to keys which open everything except the Project P7 area, Warehouse 2, and the Accounting department.

One man always occupies the guard hut at the corner of the main building,

checking auto stickers and passes, and electronically opening and closing the gate.

Two more men patrol the buildings and grounds as a team, adding a guard dog during the night shift (10 P.M. to 6 A.M.). The facility is small enough that they can easily examine every door and all the grounds in an hour.

The sergeant of the unit mans the security office and keeps in contact with the other guards.

The fifth position has responsibility for the reception area during the morning and afternoon shifts, and does paperwork in the security office during the night shift. He and the sergeant of the watch also act as backup.

To protect the company's secrets, security guards must contact and receive permission from DBZ's Chief of Security (a 16th man) before they may request help from the local police. Arrival of outside police therefore takes 15+1D10 minutes *after* any likely cause.

A janitorial crew of six men work from 2-10 P.M. weekdays, and occasionally on overtime on Saturdays.

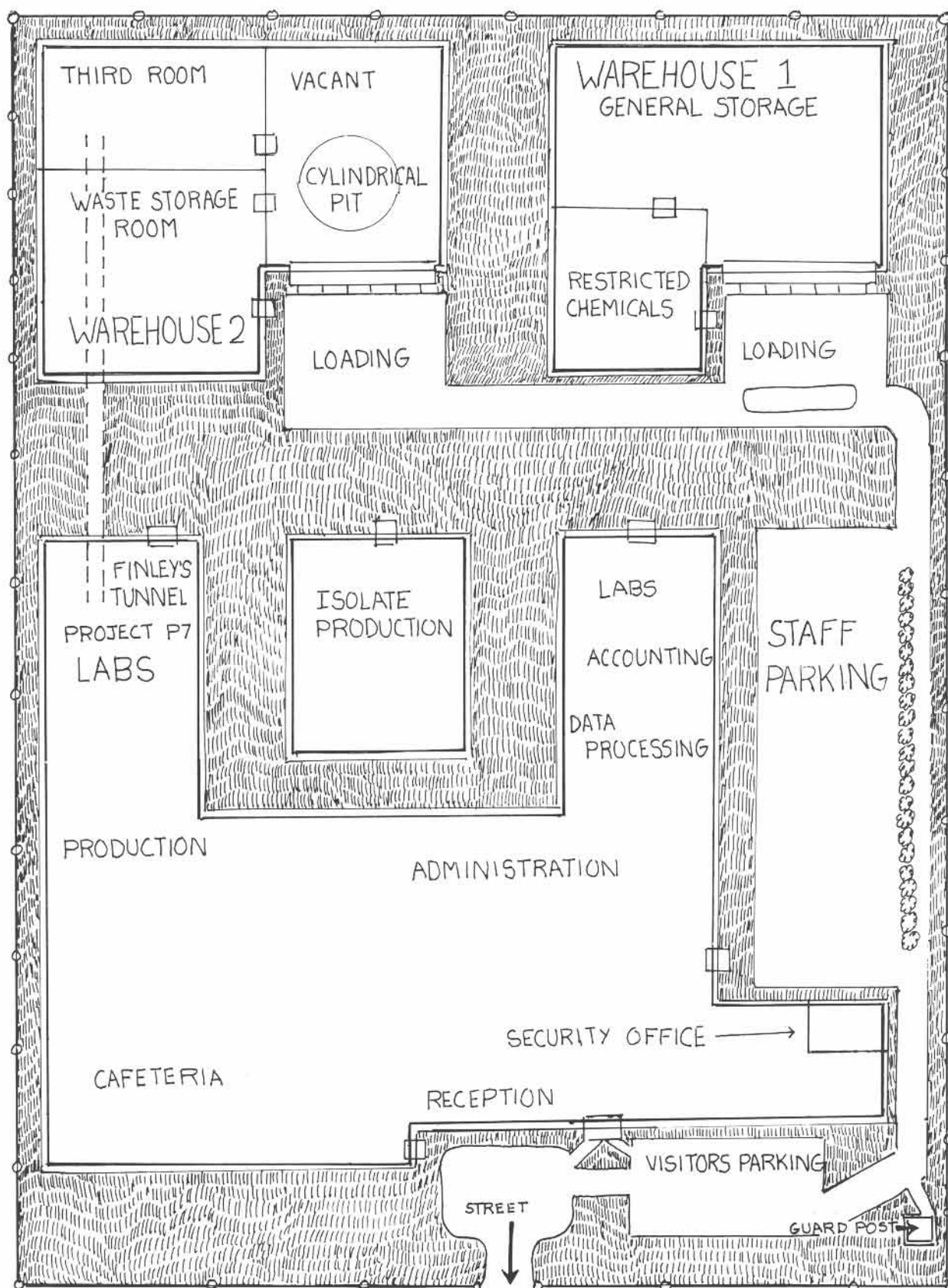
### The Tour

If the investigators have had Slakes arrange a tour of Dawn Biozyme, they park in the visitors lot and enter the spacious reception area through wide glass doors.

Two receptionists man a large curving desk situated at the center of the room. At an inconspicuous desk near the only entrance to the rest of the building sits a security guard. Before the reception desk are couches, low tables, and magazines. The investigators have an appointment for their tour; they must ask for Mr. Geary. In a few minutes he appears.

The young man is bright, young, and going places, but unfortunately a successful Psychology roll reveals a personality as shallow as his present function of tour guide. He's so unimportant the keeper needs no picture of him. The investigators are asked to sign a sheet on a clipboard and receive clip-on ID badges that read *VISITOR* in bright red letters.

P.M. on weekdays. The visitor must request to see a specific individual at DBZ, who then must physically visit or send a representative to the reception area, sign in for the visitor, and thereby become responsible for him or her. The visitor must wear a visitor's badge during the stay.



In the next two hours the investigators see everything from the first floor labs to the employee cafeteria. They have demonstrated for them an electron microscope, incubator/shakers, high performance liquid chromatographers, banks of tissue culture dishes, ovens, desiccators, refrigerators, autoclaves, spectrophotometers, and high-speed protein sequencers. They meet dozens of employees. They pass by hundreds of bio-hazard signs.



Dr. Finley

If the investigators think to do it, there are lots of opportunities to ask workers about Jennifer Armbruster or Peter Tait. Answers about Tait turn up nothing new, but several people say that Jenny Armbruster once trained rigorously as a bodybuilder at Thor's Gym, a well-known gymnasium in Samson, right around the corner from the Hall of Justice. As the keeper wishes, Armbruster's old address—in a suburb exactly between the Hall of Justice and Dawn Biozyme—

### Iconophobia

Fear of a Specific Symbol or Form. That shape reminds me of something, something awful which I must forget. Is it the shape of a monster? Watch out—where that symbol is, no sane person can exist!

In *At Your Door*, the symbol or symbols of affect can be a matter for the keeper, but the likeliest icon is the international bio-hazard sign which investigators encounter in biotech firms. The bio-hazard icon closely resembles the 'sign of the Dark Mother,' the tri-headed goat which is a sacred symbol of Shub-Niggurath—shown in the *Necronomicon*, *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, *Unausprechlichen Kulten*, and other Mythos tomes.

can be remembered, so that questions can be asked in that neighborhood.

Chromatography's Dr. Spencer demonstrates the company's research computer, linked both to the UC-Samson library and to the research library of Larson Pharmaceuticals, one of Dawn Biozyme's largest investors. "The amount of information we have at our fingertips is simply incredible," the scientist croons.

Dr. Lois Keating, an eminent microbiologist, after failing to successfully communicate the complexities of correctly inserting DNA fragments into double-stranded vectors, beams proudly when investigators *ooh* and *aah* over her chocolate fragrance pansies. She is searching for ways

to insert disease-resistant genes in a common winter wheat strain.

The investigators briefly meet Jim Corazini, founder and president of DBZ, 42 years old, prematurely silver-haired, strong, tanned, and capable. His friendly manner is genuine. Corazini has approved P7 and is happy with it because his financial backers are happy with it—other than reading false weekly progress reports, he knows nothing about P7. He spends his time trying to achieve DBZ's original goals; like most executives he is much less hands-on than he's willing to admit.

Were the investigators to show sufficient evidence to Corazini, he would become their reluctant ally. In the time they have before Warehouse 2 is destroyed, that prospect is unlikely.

They meet Dr. Howard Finley, director of research and development. Although, for reasons of security and health, the investigators cannot tour the restricted P7 section, Finley is happy to talk with the investigators. Seated in his spacious office, Finley explains the drift of research in the restricted section. "We're looking for a cure for a common genetic disorder in humans—I'm not at liberty to specify it, but a breakthrough seems imminent and the market for the cure is very wide. I hope Full Wilderness continues support." Finley does not mention that FW's specific interest is in finding the genetic clock responsible for aging. If the investigators pursue the point, Finley refers them to the specific reports he has sent to Robert Jatik.

Finley is 56, tall, thin, balding and wears glasses. The wall behind his desk is bloated with framed degrees and certificates. Anyone who studies the degrees notices one for advanced study from Miskatonic University. A successful Psychology roll emphasizes Finley's disdain for the layman and his love of himself as a high priest of science.

If the investigators want, Geary also shows off the two warehouses. Warehouse 1 has an open bay and a fork lift unloading bundles of paper towels. Warehouse 2 is closed and quiet, its exterior marked with numerous large bio-hazard signs.

"Warehouse 1 is our active unit," Geary explains. "At the moment, Warehouse 2 just stores hazardous waste until we can properly dispose of it."

Warehouse 1 contains small drums of chemicals, lab supplies, cleaning agents and filters, paper products, and other replaceable items for normal business use.

If the investigators insist on seeing Warehouse 2, Geary assents, unlocking the door.

**Waste Storage Room:** this dark and ominous room is filled with 55-gallon drums, ten-gallon black plastic carboys, and numerous jars and bottles sealed in thick plastic bags and strapped to pallets. Bio-hazard signs glare everywhere. A strange odor of rot pervades the air.



**The Vacant Room:** a door leads from the Waste Storage Room a large, empty room—the center of which is overlain by a tarpaulin—and encircled at the edges of the room by a locked chain-link fence. The same pungent odor of decay now grows much stronger. A successful idea roll identifies a half-dozen industrial-style television cameras placed inconspicuously around the upper perimeter of the room, all aimed toward the tarpaulin.

**BENEATH THE TARPAULIN:** if the investigators climb over the fence to inspect the area—something Geary emphatically asks them not to do—then they find that the tarpaulin is actually a swimming-pool-style cover (capable of sustaining 1-2 adult humans, but not half a dozen) over an empty, 20-foot-deep chamber (2D6 damage to fall to the bottom), with circular concrete walls and a firm concrete floor. This chamber reeks much more strongly of rotten meat, but is empty except for a steel ladder leading out.

If the investigators descend the ladder, they see that two of the rungs on the ladder have been strangely bent, and that the lowest stanchion supporting the ladder to the wall has been ripped free with unimaginable force.

In the center of the chamber, embedded in the concrete, is a large flat obsidian block, barely higher than the surrounding floor, irregular and featureless. With a successful Spot Hidden, investigators notice rust-colored powdery flakes embedded in the seam between the block and the surrounding concrete. Lab analysis identifies the powder as dried human blood from several people, since various blood types can be identified.

Spaced around the chamber at about the 15-foot level are four circular steel plates about a foot in diameter each.

A locked door, marked *No Admittance* and bearing both bio- and radioactivity-hazard symbols, opens off the large vacant room into a third room, one apparently of a size similar to the waste storage room.

Geary does not have a key for this door. He says the shielded room holds dangerous wastes that are approachable only in self-supporting contamination gear, and a large locker filled with heavy white plastic suits, boots, helmets, and air supplies supports the point. If the investigators force their way in, what they find is related in the section “The Third Room”, related below. Geary, if able, runs for the security guards, who arrive in 2+1D3 minutes. If instead the investigators merely nod and smile, then this is the last stop on the tour.

They leave impressed with the vigorous young company and its dedicated staff. Nothing about the company seems amiss—except that Tait claimed to have found his dark young here.

If the keeper believes his or her players to be unusually dense, consider calling for idea rolls: if any succeed, emphasize that the investigators have seen all but two areas of Dawn Biozyme, the Third Room in Warehouse 2 and the

area in the main building devoted to Project P7. That should prompt further snooping about.

## The Computer System

The keeper may adjust the difficulty of DBZ's computer security to fit the expectations of the players to keep the game moving, or make his or her life easier.

Dawn Biozyme is one of many international competitors which bear the potential for profits in the millions or billions of dollars. Patents, financing, experiments successful or not, personnel, and production techniques contained within the DBZ system represent assets of great value, which the owners and employees of Dawn Biozyme go to great lengths to protect. Consequently, the DBZ computer system, though accessible by modem as well as by terminal from within the main building, is not an easy nut to crack. Parts of it connect to INTERNET and to other national data systems, illegal entry into which may constitute a federal crime.

If the investigators decide to break into the system via modem, the entrant must call from a phone number listed within the computer and then know the password which then opens the system. Peter Tait's number continues to be listed on the DBZ system for only a few days after the investigators arrive in Samson: keeper's choice whether it still is or not.

The password, *electrophoresis*, is found on his hard disk in the modem software, the only word in the file “Password,” already batched into his autodial procedure for Dawn Biozyme—an action specifically forbidden for security reasons by the corporation.

From Tait's home computer only the electronic mail portion of the Dawn Biozyme system is accessible. The sole letter in Tait's file is a brief statement of termination. The only other file easily available is the mailbox list, showing everyone at DBZ-Samson with an e-mail account. This list may be printed out or placed on a floppy disk.

The great proportion of the Dawn Biozyme system is protected by the RSA encryption scheme, to which Peter Tait had no home access. In DBZ's version of the process, a circuit board of specific design bearing a chip configured with a specific 325-digit number is necessary for entrance into the inner sancta of the system. Only terminals physically within the Dawn Biozyme facility contain versions of this circuit board. Each must be built by hand; there are no spare boards.

As additional protection, lateral password and hardwired schemes isolate departments as accounts within the system—scientific researchers cannot get into accounting, accounting cannot get into personnel, and so on.

Only three super-user terminals—terminals able to access the entire computer network—exist: in the computer room of Data Processing, in President James Corazini's

office, and (unknown to Corazini) in Dr. Finley's office at Project P7.

## Breaking And Entering

Dawn Biozyme physical security is detailed above, in the section "DBZ Physical Plant & Security".

The investigators can use ordinary ladders to cross the security fence undetected with successful Electronics and Electrical Repair rolls. If one roll fails and if the keeper wishes, allow sirens to sound or lights to go on, to allow the investigators graceful withdrawal. If successfully entering, presumably the investigators can thereafter exit and enter without trace or sign.

More simply, investigators might stow away in or bribe the driver of a supply truck pulling up to Warehouse 1, and conceal themselves in the warehouse until the workers leave for the day. The investigators would still need to break into the buildings, but having done so they'd then face mostly locked doors, unburdened by alarms. Nonetheless, the keeper may fairly attach an alarm in any area of value.

The investigators might also penetrate DBZ by being hired in some capacity. If an investigator has high Accounting, Chemistry, Computer Use, Electronics, Law, or Pharmacy skills, he or she could be hired for a responsible job granting reasonable freedom to stay late at the facility and do some snooping. Janitorial, production, and service jobs such as warehouseman are also possibilities, but these jobs are carefully supervised and such workers stand little chance, for example, of being left alone for hours at a research computer terminal.

These sorts of activities are illegal, and represent grounds for dismissal, personal suit, or criminal prosecution. As always, allow the investigators to plan as they wish, but make clear that they can run afoul of the law.

They learn the following in physical searches of particular sections of Dawn Biozyme. The keeper can choose whether this information is on computer, in a file cabinet, clipped to the wall, or learned in casual gossip, and whether or not specific die rolls are needed to uncover it. Evaluate the investigators' chance by how persistent they are and how ingenious and methodical their plans seem.

**Accounting Department:** expenditures and balance sheets are clear; Dawn Biozyme will soon show a profit, salaries are high, and cash flow is carefully managed. Unusually, though, Larson Pharmaceuticals lately has earmarked several millions of dollars to something called Project P7, whose salary expenses and invoices prove to be *pro forma*, adequate perhaps for tax audit, but suspiciously bland and routine, and leaving large amounts casually accounted for under such categories as "miscellaneous" and "breakage."

Jennifer Armbruster, the woman mentioned in Peter Tait's journal, is still on the DBZ payroll. Her file shows a

substantial pay increase several months ago, from \$2850 to \$4,500 per month, her salary paid directly to her checking account in a Samson branch of the Bank of the Golden West. Her home address has changed from a Samson condo development to a rural box-number in the mountains.

Dr. Peter Tait was making \$6,000 per month when he was terminated.

**Personnel Department:** the Jennifer Armbruster file shows that she is still on the Dawn Biozyme payroll—as a consultant—and gives as her current address a rural box-number deep in the mountains. The file also gives several personal references for her, two of which have the same daytime phone numbers and addresses—Dave Martinez and Dan Bonaventura at what proves to be Thor's Gym, around the corner from the Samson Hall of Justice. Jennifer Armbruster's old address, in a condo mid-way between Dawn Biozyme and Thor's Gym, is still on file as well, so investigators can ask questions at her old address. The file was last updated nearly six months ago, with an address change.

All data for Dr. Peter Tait is missing, according to a notation four days ago. It is not company policy to delete such data.

**Super-User Terminal:** one known master terminal exists in the computer room, and another in President Corazini's office. Unknown to Corazini, Finley also has one in his Project P7 office with which to uplink to Larson and NWI.

An investigator needs at least 75% Computer Use even to identify one of these terminals. Since much of the plot for this book would be laid bare from full penetration of the links to NWI, the keeper should be chary of granting the investigators easy success here. Nonetheless, if they search for this sort of terminal it can be found with persistent effort, and the doorway to NWI uncovered.

The red-blinking screen bears the image of a sphinx imprinted with the letters N.W.I. and a message, *enter password or press Escape; security notified in 30 seconds*. The keeper may acknowledge a password deduced or discovered by the investigators and, if convinced by the investigators' plan of action to learn it, allow entry at this time or during a later try. A selection of passwords can be found in a notebook in Finley's P7 office desk, but the passwords are not identified as such.

With successful Computer Use and Electronics rolls, the investigators may over weeks or months find such interesting items as translated and transcribed portions of Mythos tomes, an account of FW's sponsorship of longevity research, recent letters between Dr. Codgehill and Dr. Finley guardedly discussing results of the tests with Jennifer Armbruster, and notes concerning his ongoing evocations of Shub-Niggurath. The range of files is vast and the

chance of detection increases by 10 percentiles with each unauthorized entry.

Much of the Project P7 experimentation exists in note form, never to be entered into computer files at all.

**Project P7:** the P7 area door is marked as restricted. One gains entrance by buzzing for the door to be opened or by using a pass-card which opens a simple magnetic lock (successful Electrical Repair roll to open).

Nothing inside appears unusual or abnormal. There are lots of benches, refrigerators, cultures, centrifuges, danger signs, microscopes, chalkboards, personal offices crammed with stacks of journals, and so forth.

**MAIN LAB AREA:** with a successful Spot Hidden, the investigators discover several small bottles marked *serum*. This thick, milky substance can be safely touched. If the handler receives a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, he or she recognizes it as the legendary “milk of the Dark Mother” (Shub-Niggurath). This fluid can be removed by the investigators and analyzed at a later date.

## Howard Finley, and What He Knows

In the late 1960s, Finley was a young biologist doing field research in pursuit of his doctorate. In Burma's Rongklang Mountains he stumbled across a primitive branch of the dread Tcho-Tcho people, a group which yet could produce astonishing yields from slash-and-burn agriculture. Showing unusual ruthlessness for his age, Finley passed certain ghastly tests and became privy to the tribe's ceremonies, watching as fresh ground was drenched in blood poured from wood bowls. In the following ceremony, Shub-Niggurath appeared. Finley kept his sanity as from her the tribe drew forth a white substance they called *milk of the Dark Mother*. When poured upon plants, this milk caused rapid growth, accelerated sexual maturity, and a variety of hideous sterile mutations.

The Tcho-Tchos had refused him the secret of her summoning. For the next few years, in addition to his studies in biochemistry and related fields, Finley searched myth and legend for an explanation of the great being he had seen. In 1967 he earned a degree from Miskatonic University while spending much of his time perusing the library's collection of rare and obscure works of magic and demonology. He also learned that druids had once worshiped a being similar to the one he had seen, and he found the formula they had supposedly used to call the thing they knew as Shub-Niggurath.

Finley searched the occult for the scientific principles underlying the ancient magicks, principles that he believed would allow him to call the being himself, without spilling blood or requiring a body of worshipers. In 1973, Finley took employ with an NWI subsidiary, and there followed up rumors and hints to uncover notes concerning secret researches made by a Dr. Heinrich Dieter. Among the papers was the design for a device that created a window opening “between spaces, allowing glimpses of other worlds and other beings.” The primitive electronics of the time had not been reliable enough for Dieter to build a successful demonstration model, but the experiments seemed methodical and sound.

In the back of the main lab is a concrete stairway leading down to a basement-level landing. A door here reads Emergency Only, with an alarm system attached to the door handle. A successful Electrical Repair roll establishes that the alarm is disconnected—the door opens easily to a well-lighted concrete tunnel leading underground to the north. Followed, this tunnel leads up into the Third Room at Warehouse 2.

**DR. FINLEY'S OFFICE:** in locked filing cabinets the investigators can find notes on the calling of Shub-Niggurath, the experiments with Jennifer Armbruster and with Shub-Niggurath's milk, photos of Armbruster's progressive growth, and lots of details of the attempts to nurture baby dark young.

Pieces and fragments of Mythos tomes are cited and quoted here. As the keeper wishes, Sanity could be lost reading some of these files.

Also noted are “filled carboys” shipped to Rothmersholm Ltd., in Toronto, on several dates; what was sent and how much is not stated.

Finley built a new model but, despite experiments with different power sources, it failed to work. Dieter's machine had been calibrated by an unknown crystal type. Finley guessed that the solution lay here.

Not long after, Finley was called upon by two well-dressed NWI security officers who took him to a secluded mansion, the home of a director of NWI. This executive, Thalassa Chandler, did not accuse Finley of trespass or espionage, but said that she was very interested in his experiments and wanted to aid Finley. Finley was soon promoted, granted his own research facilities, and quickly perfected his machine. Importantly, Chandler supplied him with several of Dieter's mysterious yellow crystals.

After more experiment, Finley was transferred to DBZ, and there learned how to focus the device to open a window between our world and Shub-Niggurath's without resorting to primitive chant (although he was forced to stoop to traditional means to baptize the stone altar in Warehouse 2). Using this window, Finley gets regular access to Shub-Niggurath and draws from her useful amounts of the potent mutagen serum known as the Dark Mother's milk.

Complex gravitational and electromagnetic forces can be in momentary harmony at various, irregular moments other than the dark of the moon; a complex program written by Finley samples conditions and activates the window; after she appears, automated machinery draws milk from the Outer God and pumps it to sterilized holding tanks.

Willful misperception of his data keeps his Mythos knowledge lower than it otherwise would be—Finley has never for a moment considered the thing he calls to the warehouse a god. To him Shub-Niggurath represents some powerful alien species, perhaps an unintelligent one. Even though he is now quite insane, Finley worships only at the altar of science.

If the keeper wishes to save Dr. Finley for later purposes, perhaps to reappear in “No Pain, No Gain” or in “After The Big One,” have him be absent during the calling of Shub-Niggurath witnessed by the investigators, or allow him to mysteriously escape during the ghastly events that follow.



Keys in a locked desk drawer open most of the P7 offices and all the doors of Warehouse 2.

A small notebook contains a list of code words useful to accessing the company computers, including the NWI Mythos book files, but the passwords are not identified as such.

## The Third Room

Warehouse 2 is as described before, Vacant Room, Waste Storage Room, and locked Third Room. A putrid, unidentifiable smell permeates the place.

Whether the investigators enter the Third Room via the tunnel from Project P7 or through the locked door from the Vacant Room, they discover the worst about DBZ. It is not an ultra-hazardous waste store but a small laboratory with expensive equipment. Anyone who has any Physics or Electronics skill notices that the room has been elaborately shielded against magnetic effects.

Along one wall are spaces for eight plexiglass cylinders, though only seven are present. They are identical to the container which held the creature at Full Wilderness. The first two are empty, but the last five hold baby dark young closely resembling the one seen in Jatic's office. If the baby dark young sent to Jatic was successfully stolen, it is here, identifiable by observing a characteristic scratch on the cylinder.

Judging by the dated tags on the cylinders, the creatures are in different states of health, since the older specimens exhibit a listlessness not apparent in the newer specimens. Sanity loss for seeing this bank of writhing creatures is 0/1D6 for those who have already seen the FW creature, and 2/2D6+2 SAN points lost for those who have not.

Depending on the time of day and the keeper's disposition, the lab may or may not be manned. If it is, staff it with Dr. Finley and the two cultist assistants; their stats occur at the end of this chapter. Whether or not the Third Room is manned, the investigators may have time to look around.

**Call for a Physics Roll:** a large machine of unknown purpose stands against the far wall. A successful Physics roll defines the machine as one capable of generating an extremely powerful shaped electromagnetic field, extending through the wall and into the Vacant Room.

Analyzing the equipment takes four consecutive successful Electronics rolls to correctly identify the principles and modularities of the generator; any failure leaves the investigator unable to reassemble what he has taken apart and makes the machine useless.

Finley's complex software, which measures varying electromagnetic fields, gravitations, and other factors, and adjusts the output of the generators to match these conditions, can be mastered with four successive Computer Use successes.

Two more successful Computer Use rolls let the investigators comprehend the sampling program that allows a Call Shub-Niggurath at times other than the dark of the moon.

The calibration crystals are unidentifiable by means of a Geology roll, but a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll shows them to be *yrmmrhh*, a crystal from the Mi-Go mines on Yuggoth. The present crystals in the generators are good for 1D4 more callings before they need replacements from NWI.

**Call for a Computer Use Roll:** the mini-computer has three terminals, uses Unix, and requires nothing more than a successful roll for analysis. For scenario purposes, the computer is merely an elaborate timer turning on the generator when it suits the keeper—at midnight, or at the next new moon, or maybe three minutes from now.

**Call for an Electronics Roll:** the investigators notice that all the equipment in the lab is carefully shielded and grounded.

**Other Things To See:** on a desk is a accordion-fold dot-matrix version of *De Vermiis Mysteriis*, off-loaded from the NWI files, identifiable by the file-record line automatically superscribed at the top of every page. Finley's spidery handwriting fills many of the margins. If the keeper wishes, *Unausprechlichen Kulten* may also be present.

As the time to Call Shub-Niggurath approaches, a bank of television monitors turns on, providing various angles of view of the round chamber in the floor of the Vacant Room; each camera is also linked to one of the 3/4" VCRs in wall mounts nearby.

Beneath the monitor bank is a set of four exo-gloves and controls; with them, workers here can guide flexible-hosed suction devices which are positioned behind the protective plates in the Vacant Room cylindrical chamber, and function something like milking machines.

When Shub-Niggurath appears, the hoses begin to pump exudate from the orifices which seem to be running most freely. The Milk of the Dark Mother is pumped into ten-gallon carboys at the Third Room end of the hoses.

## The Calling of Shub-Niggurath

If the investigators are unfortunate to be in Warehouse 2 at night, they can be exposed to the presence of the terrible Outer God. The sequence of the calling can take place whether or not Dr. Finley and his cultist assistants are present, if the keeper accepts that automatic machinery could perform the tasks.

A suitable hiding place for investigators would be the Waste Storage room or the locker containing the white-plastic protective suits. Those locations allow them to creep to the locked door of the Third Room to listen, and then to be



surprised by the mind-shattering appearance of the great Shub-Niggurath.

Keepers should study the nearby box explaining Finley's discovery of a new Call spell procedure for Shub-Niggurath. This power should not transfer to the investigators, certainly not without much research and effort on their part.

The first sign of trouble for the investigators is a soft mechanical clicking coming from the cabinet of the mysterious generator—relays softly closing. A low whine begins and the monitors engage. The fluorescent fixtures in the Vacant Room turn on.

As the pitch of the generator heightens, the lights dim slightly, their hue pinkening. The air thickens. Observers feel hairs stand on end. The chain-hung light fixtures, as though on strings, swing toward the center of the cylindrical chamber, straining against their light chains to illuminate the center of the floor. Intense vibrations rattle shelves and loose objects; a great cloud of darkness seeps into the Vacant Room, centered on the chamber.

Investigators gain nothing by trying to avert or close their eyes; as the god coalesces, their attention is inexorably drawn to it. Calculate their loss of Sanity by their proximity to the god: cost to be in the Vacant Room is a full 1D10/1D100 SAN.; in the Third Room 1D6/1D20 SAN is the cost; hiding in the Waste Storage Room costs only 1D4 SAN. As the vile stench of the monstrosity permeates Warehouse 2, investigators who are not catatonic or stupefied must receive a successful CON x5 roll or begin vomiting.

Filling the center of the warehouse with her mass, Shub-Niggurath seems to be controlled and contained by the same computer/generator system that summoned her. If the investigators do nothing and manage to not reveal themselves, the hoses drain her of what milk she will give, a set of ten-gallon carboys beginning to fill in the Third Room. Investigators who have remained sane notice that the being occasionally fades slightly, in coordination with changes in the pitch of the field generator. Many dark young bud across Shub-Niggurath's sprawling, ropy mass.

Whether or not the keeper presents the procedure as automatic, the Third Room turns into a hell. EM displays—ball lightning, electrostatic charges, strangely-colored auras—flicker and eddy across the room. There are no surges in the electrical supply, but strange odors and howling noises assail everyone in the building. Nonetheless, the shield equipment continues to function, and the monitors continue to show the ghastly shape forming.

**A Possible Disaster:** as the sensory assaults increase, investigators, under no immediate danger to their physical well-being, still may try to put a stop to things. Finley or the computer need to keep Shub-Niggurath present for some minutes: it is possible, with a successful Computer Use roll, to send Shub Niggurath back sooner. If the roll fails, or if

the investigators decide to interfere with the operators or damage the equipment, disaster ensues.

A humming resonance assaults the ears. A virulent orange light begins to leak in everywhere in the building, almost (but not quite) like a seeping, glowing liquid. Smoke curls from machinery. Before anything can be done, the machine which generates a shaped magnetic field begins to fail, and in a few seconds Shub-Niggurath is freed.

She lifts out of the chamber, hovering against the roof. A great tentacle flails across the room and smashes open the wall to the Third Room, circuits snapping as they break, monitor tubes exploding, the roof groaning and wobbling as steel girder supports snap.

A portion of an outer warehouse wall goes next, crumpled to a heap of concrete and corrugated steel by an incidental blow from the Outer God. Drifting slowly across the Vacant Room, she grabs a main interior pillar and effortlessly pulls it free. The ceiling sags more, and light fixtures smash to the cement floor. Investigators who now state that they are fleeing Warehouse 2 must receive successful DEX x3 rolls to run past an alarmingly free-willed Shub-Niggurath. Those who receiving failed rolls or who decide to stay around risk being struck by a Dark Mother hoof: those with failed luck rolls undergo a Trample attack at 75% with damage of 11D6 points. Extremely kindly keepers may allow a Dodge roll first.

Investigators attempting to hide within Warehouse 2 must receive rolls of POW x3 or less to escape with 1D3 points of damage; failing that, they take 2D6 points of damage each from falling debris, flying bolt heads, etc. Investigators who hid within the Waste Storage Room take additional damage of 2D10 points each from broken toxics canisters (but charge each investigator only 1-2 points of this damage weekly, to simulate progressive poisoning and stretch out the effects over the rest of the campaign).

Shub-Niggurath, now free, tramples the remainder of the warehouse, destroying it completely and incidentally releasing a host of highly-toxic agents with which the keeper may create nasty complications. She then winks out of this existence.

In consequence, whether or not Finley survives, and whether or not Dawn Biozyme itself continues to be a target for investigation, NWI covers its tracks quickly and escapes serious damage. As prosecution and penalties fly about, one of NWI's board members, 58-year-old David Melton, is found dead of his own hand. His suicide note confesses guilt in the funding and covert manipulation of DBZ, and records accompanying the note contain information falsely implicating Melton and James Corazini in a plot to fleece millions from DBZ, Larson, and NWI. The state of California prosecutes Corazini who, if he still lives, is imprisoned for the next eleven years. After years of litigation connected with the toxic waste spill, NWI agrees to a fine of \$50,000,



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which it pays from petty cash. Business as usual—case closed.

## James Corazini's Townhouse

Corazini, head of Dawn Biozyme, lives in a luxurious townhouse not far from Edward Tait. Apart from art and luxurious rugs and expensive furniture, there's nothing to see or learn here; Corazini knows nothing about the Mythos, about Armbruster, about Finley's secret experiments, or about NWI's actual motives. At this point he is mostly interested in perfecting specific recombinant technologies and then selling his share in them for an enormous sum.

## Dr. Finley's Estate

Finley lives with his equally mad wife Madeline on a fenced estate of several acres on a hilltop north of Samson. Along with Howard and Madeline, two guard/caretakers appear for about 12 hours each day; they do not stay overnight, and may change from day to day. They are some of the Tcho-Tcho cultist gunmen and drivers surviving from the "Full Wilderness" chapter, presented again at the end of this chapter. All survivors could be available after a few phone calls. If the keeper wishes, Finley could as well draw on two of the bikers from that episode.

The Finley home is a contemporary L-shaped mansion of steel and glass; the upper floor is mostly glass, the bottom floor is mostly steel. Opening from a circular foyer are two wings, each 80 feet long and 30 feet across; a large swimming pool nestles in the back, in the angle of the L.

The top floor consists of six very large rooms—living room, parlor-entertainment room, dining room, library, kitchen, and master suite, all communicating to a hall which runs along the inside of the L.

These rooms all have white walls, white rugs, and minimalist-style furniture, scaled either very large or very small. A few bland corporate-style paintings and sculptures decorate the spaces.

The bottom floor is of the same size, but is set into the hill, open only along the outside of the L. It contains garages, boxy utility rooms, storage rooms, Finley's private office, a small lab area which has not been used in some time, and two windowless rooms sealed by heavy doors.

Captured investigators will be held in these rooms, to await transshipment to Toronto, to Rothmersholm Ltd. for questioning. When the time comes for shipment, the investigators will be drugged and packed into coffins for the trip. A well-bribed mortician makes the arrangements.

The windowless holding rooms are ten foot cubes, lined with stainless steel, each featureless except for a dim light and the lens of a television camera. Light and lens are protected by inch-thick pyrex shields. The steel doors open outward; there are no handles or knobs on the inside; they

automatically lock. Television monitors on the outside wall beside each door show what's inside.

In each door is a 3x12" slot through which food and drink (luke-warm, from the local McDonald's, not a hard edge in the lot) can be passed; a two-inch hole in the floor allows for waste disposal.

When time for movement occurs, Finley drugs the captives' drinks and the cultists haul them out and strap them into coffins. Unless Finley has special reason, no interrogation occurs here.

The windowless holding rooms and lab were used for Finley's experiments before Warehouse 2 was modified. If he could find him, Finley would keep Peter Tait here before sending him on to Toronto.

**Howard Finley's Business:** the following clues and evidence can be gathered in a few hours of uninterrupted search.

In Finley's office is a large file of fax communications between his home telephone and a number of people at Rothmersholm Ltd., Toronto—especially an Albert Shiny. Some letters hint at possible Mythos connection, mentioning such items as "our special project" and "Project P7." One even asks "how can we be sure that the thing is unintelligent?"

A copy of a letter Finley sent to a Dr. Codgehill of Rothmersholm Ltd. bears the following sentences.



Madeline Finley

### Excerpt From A Finley Letter

We may be, my friend, near the end of ordinary times, when things could proceed placidly. The upshot of our work is that our former scientific knowledge was puny, partial, inconsequential, and deluded by uniformitarianist twaddle. We now know that great and *different* things lurk just beyond the doors we are opening!

—Investigator handout #3

Finley's office rolodex shows Jennifer Armbruster's current rural route address near Renunci6n, her phone number, and her modem number.

In Madeline's handwriting, a spindled note dated a week ago says merely "NWI says no fresh leads on Tait—presumably has fled Samson."

Two hours of search in the lab turns up a reference to a Harold Gall, with a rural route address of Box 237, Delilah,



and the one-word notation, “parts.” There’s no phone number. The notebook is on a high shelf, is covered with dust; the notebook mostly lists new lab glassware. With a successful Spot Hidden, the investigator notices that the words “Beach Road” have been lightly written in pencil at the bottom of the page. No entry other than the one for Harold Gall is significant.

**Madeline Finley’s Business:** whether or not Finley is around, his insane wife Madeline always is. She spends her days lounging around the pool smoking cigarettes, reviewing purchases made by her Tcho-Tchos, trying on clothes brought for approval by exclusive boutiques, and patronizing people on the telephone.

Madeline is about 50 years old, skinny, loud-voiced, dictatorial, with dyed-blond hair. Her statistics can be found at the end of this chapter.

For the past year, Madeline Finley’s main activity has been performing charity work among the Tcho-Tcho refugees who have fled Asia when it became too dangerous for the ghastly tribes to stay. The United States and Canada have absorbed the majority of these immigrants.

The investigators may know something about the dubious Tcho-Tchos. A successful Anthropology roll identifies them merely as an extended culture of the mountains of Southeast Asia, uprooted by wars, opium warlords, and nationalist movements. A successful Cthulhu Mythos indicates an ages-long enjoyment of cannibalism and of participation with the gods of the Mythos, which may not have been ended when many became immigrants.

Finley’s work with the Tcho-Tchos has taken two forms, a chain of restaurants and a cookbook, both based upon her appreciation and delight in Tcho-Tcho cuisine.

On a table by the pool, day or night, under a large steel paperweight formed like a nine-inch banana, is a stack of letters. Most concern a restaurant in Toronto. The place, the Black Dragon, has just opened and is doing well. Ominous references and circumlocutions like “special cuisine” and “our favored ingredients” dot the correspondence. Other letters in the stack show that another Black Dragon restaurant opens in Samson in the next few days.

While she watches the numbers, offers cash and encouragement, and has had a large part in planning the restaurant menus, Madeline is most active with her Tcho-Tcho cookbook, drafts of which can be found in the kitchen, at the pool, and in the master suite beside the spa.

A successful Spot Hidden roll notices that the kitchen version of the manuscript has an extra chapter, “Heart of the Cuisine,” in which the recipes are explicitly written for human ingredients of all sorts, from brains to knucklebones, and explaining how to use various skull portions as cookware. In the other versions, the chapter does not exist: some of the recipes are subsumed into the remaining chapters, mostly replacing human flesh with pork.

The book, *Foods of the Tcho-Tcho*, outlines the history and culture of the Tcho-Tchos, detailing their resistance first against the Red hordes and then against nationalist invaders which turned the Tcho-Tcho homelands into battlegrounds. She praises certain vocal U.S. senators and congressmen who intervened and sponsored the special bills necessary to bring 40,000 Tcho-Tchos to North America; several of these men attend Mr. Shiny’s fête at the end of the campaign.

The recipes themselves are tasty and easily prepared; some of the sauces demand preparations days in advance. Among the sauces in the kitchen version of the manuscript is one for *Bak Bon Dzshow*, or Human Ganglia Paste, which is spread over vegetables. The preparation of the sauce is actually a spell; each time the sauce is eaten, the eater loses 0/1D3 SAN.

If for some reason the investigators conduct a philosophical conversation with Madeline Finley, she observes at one point that her husband is a fool. She has continued to learn from the Tcho-Tchos, something that he should have

### Creeping Loss, a new spell.

Each time the sauce is prepared, the eater or eaters of it lose 0/1D3 Sanity points after waking the next morning. The sauce must be prepared at night from pounded human ganglia; other ingredients are diverse but ordinary. The caster must utter an unchanging mantra for 30 minutes, and cast 4 magic points into it, losing 2 SAN in the process. It tastes something like creamed artichokes, but with a hot, peppery aftertaste. Serves up to four people per preparation.

After ingestion, the eater experiences horrible cannibalistic dreams in which pointy-toothed savages gleefully consume human entrails. Upon waking, the dreamer must receive a successful Sanity roll or lose 1D3 SAN.

done but was too prejudiced by ‘scientific method’ to do. The Outer Gods are real, she says, and of power immeasurable; they have shown her what all humans must become.

If she captures an investigator or two, she’ll use them as ingredients as she continues to test her cookbook. Even though she may draw a hand or an arm or a slice from someone, she tries to keep him or her living as long as possible, since Tcho-Tcho cuisine is best with the freshest ingredients. Once an investigator dies, she stores the remainder in the walk-in kitchen freezer.

### The Serum-Blob

The investigators may not be finished with the residue of Shub-Niggurath. If they got a sample of Shub-Niggurath’s milk and subjected it to standard scientific analysis and tests, the researcher heats a sample in a test tube or furnace to record the products. The extra-cosmic enzyme begins a transformation into a plastic life-form utterly inimical to



humans. See the narrative description and statistics at the end of this chapter for particulars of the serum-blob attack and its consequences.

Perhaps heated in a reduction furnace (so-constructed to capture all the gasses produced) or merely in a beaker or test-tube, the stringy plastic blob scratches and thumps at the walls of its warm prison. The door opened or the way broken clear, it leaps squealing at the researcher's face, attempting to enter the body via the nose or mouth. In a test tube or retort, the thing's transformation shatters the glass, whereupon it makes the same attempt.

(If the victim is an independent researcher, the investigators return to find him or her crouched behind a lab table, gnawing on a fresh human brain, a specimen recently left at the lab—lose 0/1D3 SAN just to see it.)

See the statistics section for a complete evaluation of the serum-blob. If Shub-Niggurath destroys Warehouse 2, the keeper decides whether any incidental fires generate additional serum-blobs.

## Conclusion

Investigators who manage to survive the appearance of Shub-Niggurath receive 1D6 SAN each; investigators who eliminate a freed serum-blob receive an additional 1D4 SAN each.

If sufficient evidence does not now exist, perhaps Sergeant Bolling or Eddie Lowry can offer a lead to Jennifer Armbruster's former hangout at Thor's Gym.

If Shub-Niggurath destroys Warehouse 2, the patrolling pair of security guards are driven into indefinite insanity; the other guards and scientists at work see nothing and notice nothing until the building collapses and the Outer God dissipates.

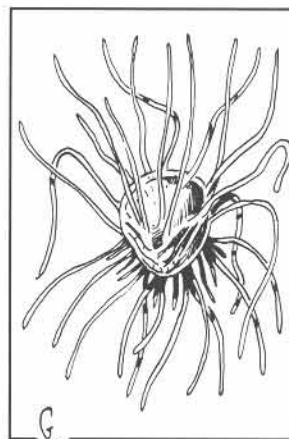
## Statistics

### The Serum-Blob

**Description:** a serum-blob is a tiny creature shaped something like a sea-urchin, with soft, flexible tendrils. Its color is a translucent white tinged with blue, much like skimmed milk. The thing has a quality of quivering malevolence which is immediately alarming.

A serum-blob is produced only from the milk of Shub-Niggurath, an entity who seems to drip perverse life wherever she goes. An important component of that exudate catalyzes into the inimical serum-blob when heated internally in excess of 400°F.

Approximately 1 SIZ point of milk yields a single serum-blob, an unintelligent creature with a profound taste for human brains. In larger samples of the milk, additional serum-blobs may be formed, if the keeper wishes, but only one serum-blob is sure to form.



*Serum Blob*

**Attack:** when it can, the thing leaps for the face of the nearest human. The target's player has three rounds in order to roll a successful STR against the sticky thing's adhesive STR 14, to rip it loose from the investigator's face. Succeeding, the investigator takes incidental damage of 1D4 points of damage to the nose, teeth, tongue, ears, etc., and must then receive a successful DEX roll to put

the serum-blob into a safe container. The resulting scar or deformity offers interesting roleplaying possibilities: subtract the damage rolled from the victim's APP.

If the STR rolls fail, the serum-blob folds its tendrils and thrusts through the nearest orifice into the victim's head, forcing the victim's immediate unconsciousness—and quick death, though that cannot be detected at the time. The serum-blob then eats or dissolves its way into the victim's skull, ingesting the brain, and growing and taking its place, preserving the autonomic functions. Surgery may save some portion of the target's brain, at the keeper's option, but almost certainly the once-vigorous person becomes a vegetable. Once it absorbs the brain of the original victim, the serum-blob becomes too large to move to another brain.

An hour later the victim wakes and acts normally. The creature has absorbed many of its victim's memories and can pass for normal for a time, though a successful Psychology shows something amiss. In a few days the serum-blob loses the all associations and procedures necessary for speech and rational thought, and thereafter its human shell behaves no differently than any animal.

By then the serum-blob lusts for fresh brains; launching sudden attacks to bite through faces (1D2 damage per round) in order to devour the brains beyond. If an attack succeeds, no fresh infusion of memories or intelligence occurs, but this does not keep the serum-blob from making new attacks.

Were the original victim subdued and his or her head x-rayed, within the skull would show not a brain but a free-moving life form within the skull cavity shaped like a many-pointed star.

No cure exists. The investigators can destroy the alien life with fire hotter than 2000°F, by an electrical charge exceeding 50,000 volts, by immersion in high-molar hydrochloric acid, or as the keeper sees fit.

### THE SERUM-BLOB

STR 8	CON 15	SIZ 1	INT 5	POW 11
DEX 17	HP 8	Move 10		

**Damage Bonus** -1D6**Weapons:** Adhere 99%, damage special\*

Attack Head 99%, damage special\*\*

**Armor:** extremely elastic; cannot be killed by physical blow, squeeze, or crush.**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D4+1*\*grips victim's face with force of STR 14.**\*\*eats victim's brain; absorbs its memories.***SHUB-NIGGURATH, Outer God**

STR 71 CON 172 SIZ 120 INT 21 POW 70

HP 145 Move 15

**Damage Bonus** +17D6**Weapons:** Tentacle 100%, damage Catch

Trample 75%, damage 11D6

**Armor:** immune to physical weapons; takes normal energy and magical damage; each magic point she spends for the purpose enables her to heal 2 points of damage.**Spells:** knows all spells pertaining to the Outer Gods, plus Create Gate, Curse of Azathoth, and Voorish Sign.**Sanity Loss:** 1D10/1D100 SAN.**HOWARD FINLEY, Microbiologist, Age 56**

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 15

DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 11

**Damage Bonus** +0**Weapons:** none.**Skills:** Accounting 15%, Bargain 55%, Biology 60%, Botany 15%, Chemistry 55%, Computer Use 30%, Credit Rating 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Debate 60%, Diagnose Disease 15%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 40%, Electrical Repair 20%, Electronics 40%, Fast Talk 15%, German 30%, Library Use 65%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Microbiology 85%, Occult 25%, Oratory 20%, Pharmacy 20%, Photography 10%, Psychology 30%, Russian 35%, Treat Poison 10%, Zoology 10%.**Finley's Insane Lab Assistants**

STR CON SIZ DEX POW HP

Assist. 1 12 13 13 13 12 13

Assist. 2 13 12 12 14 10 12

**Damage Bonus** +1D4**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4

Fighting Knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

**DBZ Security Guards**

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Guard 1	13	14	14	11	10	14
Guard 2	12	13	13	12	10	13
Guard 3	14	15	15	13	11	15
Guard 4	13	16	16	14	11	16
Guard 5	11	13	13	15	12	13

**Damage Bonus** +1D4**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Nightstick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4

.45 Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

**MADELINE FINLEY, Chef, Age 50**

STR 10 CON 15 SIZ 9 INT 15 POW 16

DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 12

**Damage Bonus** +0**Weapons:** .32 Revolver 40%, damage 1D8**Skills:** Accounting 45%, Bargain 75%, Bluff 65%, Botany 5%, Computer Use 10%, Cook 70%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 18%, Debate 60%, Fast Talk 35%, Library Use 35%, Psychology 60%, Tcho-Tcho 25%.**Four Cultist Gunmen**

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Gunman 1	13	11	9	16	12	10
Gunman 2	12	12	10	15	13	11
Gunman 3	13	13	11	14	10	12
Gunman 4	10	12	12	12	11	12

**Weapon:** 9mm Parabellum 70%, damage 1D10**Two Cultist Drivers**

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Driver 1	12	12	10	12	11	11
Driver 2	11	11	11	13	10	11

**Weapon:** 9mm Parabellum 45%, damage 1D10

# No Pain, No Gain

*Wherein our perspicacious heroes, methodically tracking down every clue, learn more about the experiment with Jennifer Armbruster and perhaps win a free, extended vacation.*

## Scenario Considerations

"No Pain, No Gain" is the most diversionary of the six adventures; it may also prove to be the funniest and the scenario most likely to send investigators into permanent

insanity. Like the rest of the scenarios it must be played before the conclusion, "After The Big One," but otherwise may be presented any time after "Full Wilderness"—whenever the investigators choose to follow the line of

evidence to Thor's Gym, to Jennifer Armbruster's old address, or to Jennifer Armbruster's new address.

Blessed with investigators of merit, the keeper has plenty of opportunity to bestow those references. Withholding the rural box-number insures that the front portion of this adventure is played through, and raises the play-length of this adventure to three or more nights.

If Dr. Howard Finley has not been killed, the keeper is offered the option of his reappearance at Jennifer Armbruster's mountain home.

If they have not met it before, the lack of dangerous encounters in the earlier portion of "No Pain, No Gain" offers the keeper the option of tempting the investigators into the sewers of Samson, to meet Harold Gall's animal parts thing from "Landscapes;" see the boxed discussion of it at the end of that chapter.

Follow up Dawn Biozyme and Project P7 in the previous chapter, "Dawn Biozyme.")

## Keeper's Information

Jennifer Armbruster has not been seen in Samson for some six months. Employed at Dawn Biozyme as a lab technician and now secretly on the DBZ payroll as a consultant, Armbruster was a professional body-builder who, with the aid of the Mythos, became a champion. Continued contact with Shub-Niggurath caused Armbruster to grow to abnormal size, and also drove her insane. She has moved to a cabin deep in the mountains east of Samson, there continuing her unholy studies.

Jennifer Armbruster was born in 1968 near Missoula, Montana. She majored in biochemistry at UC-Berkeley. When she began work in Samson, at Dawn Biozyme, a rising biotech firm, she had already developed bodybuilding interests; now she attempted to blend her scientific knowledge and DBZ's research facilities to develop a championship form.

Using steroids with moderation and expertise, she worked hard to finish first in amateur contests; when she went pro she placed high in the regionals. After a few years, though, she realized she had reached the maximum potential for her frame and genes, leaving her at a loss.

At this time Dr. Finley, head of research at DBZ, approached her, recognizing in her commitment to bodybuilding the motivation for a unique experiment. She was flattered by his persistent attention, and she also savored the increased salary promised by the promotion to his secret project. As Finley had foreseen, Armbruster quickly realized that the bizarre mutagens worked on in P7 might be of use in her quest for a body-building championship.

Finley introduced her to a new enzyme, the milk of the Dark Mother. Tests on lab animals, he said, had shown it to produce rapid growth and increased musculature. To his quiet satisfaction, Jennifer offered herself as a test subject.



*Jenny Armbruster As She Was*

She began to grow almost immediately, and begged Finley for more. When Finley felt she was ready, he invited her to Warehouse 2 one night, where she witnessed the calling of Shub-Niggurath.

Repeated exposure to the Outer God unhinged her mind. Finley regulated the amount of exudate she drank, so that he could keep accurate records, but she craved more. One night to

his astonishment she left the safety of the Third Room in Warehouse 2, climbed over the protective fence in the Vacant Room, crawled to the chamber-edge to writhe before the Dark Mother, and began to suck the milk directly from Shub-Niggurath herself.

Armbruster was now completely insane, but she kept her body-building ambitions. As her musculature grew, the body-building world took notice of her. Soon she won her first regional. Her picture appeared on the covers of bodybuilding magazines; she began to build a national reputation.

At the recent LBBI national championships, however, a Dr. Tanner discovered unnatural qualities about Jenny Armbruster's tissue. Although they could not be classified as steroidal, the anomalies were strange enough that the judges disqualified her from competition.

Her own tests told Armbruster that her flesh was virtually unkillable, sending her into a depression that Finley dispelled only after considerable effort.

In the next few months she topped 6'6", with shoulders that scraped the sides of doorways. Finley began to fear that her appearance was prompting too much attention; he gently convinced her to retire to a mountain retreat where she could "continue her unimpeded development."

And here she consecrated a new altar to the Dark Mother, calling on Shub-Niggurath at the dark of the moon. Lacking Finley's machinery, she called the Outer God in the old way, with blood sacrifice—usually cattle. When she grew so large that she could no longer could purchase cattle herself, she stole them instead, setting off a rash of baffling sasquatch sightings. Except for Finley, her last remaining contact with the world was her old friend and workout buddy, Noëlle ("Nolly") Rand.

Nolly Rand believed that Armbruster was using steroids, and that they were killing her friend. With great concern and patience, she stayed in contact with Jenny by phone, offering moral support and money (which Armbruster would accept when she was feeling low).

Last month, Rand made a surprise visit to Armbruster's mountain home after finding and using a copy of the endurance chant. Not having laid eyes on her friend in months, she was unprepared to see an 11-foot giantess filling the living room. Jennifer wanted to keep her from running out the door, but she tugged too hard and broke Nolly's neck. No matter; Armbruster has plans to bring Nolly back.

## Investigator Information

Depending on the fruits of earlier investigations, clues exist which lead to Armbruster's old address, to Project P7 at Dawn Biozyme, to her bank, to her "second home" (Thor's Gym), and to her new address.

Contacts with the police (and through them to the FBI) can help establish whether or not she currently has an automobile, phone number, or Postal Service box listed under her name, in California or any of the United States.

## Jennifer Armbruster's Old Address

Armbruster formerly lived in a large development mid-way between Dawn Biozyme and downtown Samson. The units are mostly owner-occupied condominiums, two-bedroom affairs stacked three high with adjoining walls.

The condo she owns (a gift from her parents) is now occupied by a Bill Matthews, who rented the place furnished about six months ago. He pays rent to an agent whose card he gives to the investigators: *Neal Thornpayt, Properties*. He has never met Armbruster, but he describes Thornpayt as a tall black man, courteous, deep-voiced, and very well dressed. The keeper no doubt recognizes in Thornpayt's name another anagram of *Nyarlatheotep*. If they check, neither the address nor the phone number on the card have ever belonged to a Mr. Thornpayt—the card is a dead end.

Matthews volunteers that the owner left the unit furnished, and apparently left in some hurry, since one closet was stuffed with clothes. With a successful Fast Talk or Debate, the investigators can examine the unremarkable dresses and suits, all appropriate for a young woman. A successful idea roll shows that the clothing sizes range from 6 to 16.

Two neighbors recall Jennifer Armbruster. Neither has seen her in months. One neighbor remembers hearing that she exercised or something at a downtown gym, near the Hall of Justice.

**Request a Spot Hidden Roll:** if the keeper desires a red herring, the successful investigator notices that a nearby manhole cover is ajar. The displacement was caused by some teenagers at play; nothing can be learned from prowling through the sewer below unless the investigators take this as a chance to meet Harold Gall's animal-parts creation, still stalking the Samson sewers. See the end of that adventure for statistics.

## Bank of the Golden West

Armbruster's branch is in a nearby mall. Without a court order, officials there refuse any information concerning depositors. There is no way to change the situation.

However, both Eddie Lowry and Sergeant Bolling have unofficial channels of information. If tapped, they report that Armbruster's checking account there gains monthly deposits of \$4500 from Dawn Biozyme.

If the investigators ask, they also report that most of the checks are now drafted in favor of stores in a small mountain town, Renunci6n, or in favor of various mail-order booksellers in the United States and England, with two of the bookseller checks for over a thousand dollars each.

## Thor's Gym

Located around the corner from Samson's main police station and criminal courts (the Hall of Justice) in a seedy neighborhood, Thor's is an older, smaller facility compared to modern, well-capitalized health & fitness multiplexes. The aerobics room handles little more than 100 people at a time; the gym has only one lap pool, two squash courts, and a single sauna—but the weight room is impressive.

If the investigators choose to conceal their interests, skip to the sub-section below, "Random Inquiries at Thor's Gym." If the investigators are persistent, they can then meet Bill Martinez and Dan Bonaventura.

The receptionist can answer general questions, and tell the investigators when Bill Martinez and Dan Bonaventura—two references in Armbruster's DBZ personnel file and former friends of hers—usually appear.

She adds that Jennifer's best friend, Noëlle Rand, would be the best one to talk to, but that Nolly hasn't been around lately. She volunteers Rand's phone number.

Calling that number, or examining newspaper files for Rand's name lead the investigators further along in the adventure. Visiting the house accomplishes nothing—Nolly Rand's never at home. Breaking into her house uncovers many clues.

## Bill Martinez

He's a tall, large young man, a bodybuilder of impressive aspect. When not doing repetitions, he's friendly and approachable. He gladly agrees to talk in the lounge. As he sips mineral water, Martinez asks them what's happened to Jenny, and why they're interested in her.

The investigators can give what explanations they wish, but one of them must receive a successful Bargain or Fast Talk roll to get him to open up.

He says that Jennifer Armbruster was a championship-level female bodybuilder who was banned from competition for the use of steroids. Not long after her elimination, she stopped coming to Thor's Gym, and Martinez lost track



of her. She certainly has not competed under her own name since then.

He knew Jenny as someone to pal around with at the gym. When she asked him to be a reference, he agreed. He shrugs, saying that's all he knows.

But a successful Psychology roll suggests that Martinez is upset about something to do with Jennifer Armbruster. Asked directly, he sighs and swears the investigators to secrecy.

His girlfriend, Noëlle Rand, had recently found a notebook belonging to Armbruster at the gym and attempted to follow some of the 'recipes' inside for bodybuilding. Martinez is unsure of what this involved, but he knows all too well Armbruster's startling growth and the difficulties it brought her.

"I'm pretty sure that Noëlle wouldn't take steroids," he says, "but the fact is that she's disappeared, and so I can't ask her, and I'm very upset about it."

The disappearance happened several weeks ago; Martinez notes bitterly that little has been learned about the vanished young woman except that her Honda hatchback is also missing. Martinez knows that Lt. Paul Jackson of the Samson police is in charge of her case.

If any investigator can receive a successful Sanity roll and thereby demonstrate calm self-possession, Martinez enlarges on his confession. A week or so after she found Armbruster's notebook, Rand challenged him to attempt the *endurance chant*—"some yoga or tantra thing she found in the book." To his astonishment, it worked: after an effortless five-mile jog, he and Noëlle spent the evening together like gods.

Martinez swears that the chant left him free from exertion and pain, and that it made everything seem possible. He doesn't remember the chant, having read it only once from a spiral-bound notebook. Although he's embarrassed to do it, he can mimic the sounds of the chant—*muggle fituggle buggle*, etc. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests that the rhythms mimic those of the dread Aklo tongue.

(If any of the investigators are female, Martinez doesn't mention the following, because he doesn't want to seem unmanly: as soon as he finished the chant he felt very frightened and nervous for a little while. And after their run and lovemaking, he felt strangely weakened for a while.)

## Dan Bonaventura

The second reference listed in Jenny Armbruster's personnel file is that of Dan Bonaventura, part-owner and full-time



Bill Martinez



Dan Bonaventura

manager of Thor's. He's in his fifties but still maintains the iron physique of his youth. Watch out, he insists on hearty handshakes all around.

Dan is a positive-thinking fellow with short blonde hair and bright blue eyes. His heyday was the sixties, and with few exceptions, (women's bodybuilding for one) he still thinks in those terms. "Those darn aerobics

classes we hold here. Piddly stuff. But what the heck, it pays the rent."

Dan knows quite a bit about Jenny but is reluctant to discuss the particulars of her career. Under no circumstances does he offer the information that she was disqualified from competition after failing blood tests.

Bonaventura says that he and Jenny were friends, and that she used to frequent Thor's. "She's a good girl, no doubt about that." Despite his approving words, a successful Psychology roll reveals that he feels guilty about her ejection from competition—he thinks he should have counseled Jennifer more firmly. If investigators press for details, he recommends they visit LBBi headquarters, only a few blocks distant. "They can supply more accurate facts than I can."

Dan also knows Noëlle Rand—she used to work as his secretary and taught a morning aerobics class. She did some bodybuilding, but she lacked Jenny's competitive desire. It's a shame about Nolly's disappearance. (Bonaventura offers the address and phone number of Noëlle Rand's parents—they're sure worried about her, but have nothing to contribute except testimonials to her good character.)

If asked who Rand was closest to, Dan says Jenny Armbruster. No doubt about that. Those two did everything together. Always up to something crazy.

## Random Inquiries at Thor's Gym

If the investigators choose to infiltrate the gym by working out, the day fee for non-members is \$15, granting access to all facilities. Non-members must have brought proper attire and a towel. The investigators need not exercise; a slender young woman named Renée Williamson, referred to them by the receptionist, can knowledgeably assist them if they want.

On television, people can have meaningful discussions while engaging in strenuous exercises such as tennis or sit-ups. Real-life bodybuilders need to concentrate on their repetitions and do not take kindly to being interrupted in the middle of a set. Since these people are human, however,

they react more positively if their interrogators are comely members of the opposite sex, known celebrities, or people likely to boost their careers.

For the most part they have heard of Jennifer Armbruster; a few actually knew her.

**Renée Williamson:** age 21, she is a pretty brunette who always knows exactly what color lipstick to wear with her leotard. She has worked at Thor's for three months. At first says she's never heard of Jennifer Armbruster, then she snaps her fingers. There was a picture of a Jenny on the bulletin board for a while. Renée helps them find it, a polaroid of an enormous woman with a mock snarl on her face holding upside down by his ankles a laughing man whom she identifies as Dan Bonaventura. It is captioned illiterately, *Your not raising my member fees!* Armbruster is taller than Bonaventura. If asked, Bonaventura does not remember when it was taken—sometime in the last year.

She knew Noëlle Rand only by sight.

**Theobald Hickson:** age 26, Theobald exercises raptly, with closed eyes. He does not keep conscious track of reps and sets. Instead, he fixes his mind on a specific subject, and free-associates about it while his body pumps the iron. This is dangerous, but Hickson has not yet been seriously hurt. Today his subject for meditation is the Chinese landscape painter Ma Yuan (ca. 1190-1230 A.D.), on whom he is preparing a dissertation for a college seminar. If an investigator asks him questions about Rand or Armbruster, Hickson responds with similar questions about the Chinese artist. If an investigator proves knowledgeable about Chinese classical landscapes (a successful roll of EDU x1), he or she wins Theo's friendship and possibly his company. Nonetheless, he knows nothing about either Jennifer Armbruster or Noëlle Rand.

**Consuelo Hernández:** age 32, she is a professional bodybuilder in the rapidly-expanding world of female bodybuilding. With a successful idea roll, an investigator notices that she looks like Cher; unfortunately, Connie has little patience with people who tell her she looks like Cher (add 20 percentiles to the results of any Credit Rating, Debate, Fast Talk, or Oratory rolls directed toward her thereafter). Without a successful such roll, she refuses to talk, correctly pointing out that she's busy.

She knew Noëlle Rand fairly well. Recently Rand had been quizzing Hernández about an aunt in Mezquital who knew about *brujeria* (witchcraft). Hernández knows nothing about the endurance chant. "Hey, she was everybody's friend. Too bad about her vanishing, huh?" She knows how close Noëlle was to Jenny: "I still think of them as a unit somehow." She thinks that Noëlle kept in touch with Armbruster after Armbruster was disqualified.

Hérmendez also recalls that Noëlle was such an ardent fan of Jenny's that she even begged to have Armbruster's old locker. This is how Rand obtained Armbruster's notebook. (The keeper might allow an idea roll to puzzle this out, if useful.)

Jennifer Armbruster is a familiar name. Connie has competed against her in the past. She doesn't know the facts behind Armbruster's disqualification and subsequent retirement, though she has heard the rumor of steroids. Although they were regulars at Thor's, she and Armbruster only exchanged shop talk; she knows nothing more.

**Teddy Banks:** age 24, Banks has an attitude not conducive to interviews. His abuse of steroids and other controlled substances have left him . . . intense. Although he remembers Armbruster's career and knew Noëlle Rand, he refuses to talk about them. "Sorry, man."

However, he has already overheard the investigators questions to other bodybuilders. If any investigators can receive successful luck rolls, select one and have him beckon. "You want to know about Noëlle Rand, huh? Meet me out back in half an hour. Don't bring her old man along."

Once out back, Ted informs the investigator that the information is worth at least \$500, up front in cash (since drugs are expensive). Bargain works him no lower than \$350 minimum. The investigators can ask for some time to gather this sum, and can arrange to meet with him later. As a parting shot, Ted says, "It'll blow your pants off, man. The woman is a *witch*."

A successful Psychology roll indicates that Banks thinks he tells the truth.

**IN THE ALLEY:** having counted the money twice and accepted it, Banks relates that last month Rand taunted him into an endurance contest. "She bet fifty bucks she could hold a battery longer than me. Thought I had her easy—even used the old Diehard I had in my trunk. She picked it up and started chanting over it, for chrissakes. Stood there for ten minutes, bare arms, straight out, big smile on her face. Man I timed it—the men's record is what? five, six minutes? Then she threw it at me. *Your turn*. Jesus, I did okay, but nowhere near ten minutes. She just laughed at me and took my money." Keepers may, if they find it useful, add a red herring: Noëlle could add, "*Beware, sucker—Jenny Armbruster is back in town.*" This statement merely applies to Rand's acquisition of a little of Armbruster's knowledge. Pressed at this point for information about Jenny, Ted says cryptically, "She got caught and had to fly. Thanks for the gumball." He departs.

## League of BodyBuilders International

In this adventure, the LBBi is the administrative body for all professional bodybuilding contests in the United States, as well as for many amateur events. The LBBi also works with foreign organizations to plan and promote world-class events. The LBBi does not exist; the nearest parallel real-life organization would be a combination of the International Federation of BodyBuilders and the N.P.C.

Calendars listing events and seminars are readily available in the lobby, but offer no aid to investigators. Keepers can proffer seminar titles like "Growth Hormones—How Much Is Enough?", "The Magic Behind the Posedown," and "Beyond Human Potential." All of these are occurring in and around Samson; all are benign. Nothing comes from these gatherings but a few useless anecdotes about Jenny Armbruster's career.

Inquiries about Jennifer Armbruster with the lobby secretary lead the investigators to Mike Stolt, women's historian, on the second floor. But Mr. Stolt has just left for a regional contest in Boston; he won't be in until next week. When he returns, he's happy to discuss Armbruster with the investigators—see the sub-section "Mike Stolt" below.

In the meantime, his secretary invites the investigators to peruse the bodybuilding library on the first floor, open to the public 1-4 P.M. weekdays. While the investigators wait for the elevator, a successful idea roll leads them to peruse the building registry and notice a Records Room on the fourth floor.

### Records Room

A small suite filled with filing cabinets and containing two computer terminals, the records room has only one occupant, Martha Shriver, whose primary function is order and preserve the documents useful to LBBi's existence. Dedicated to her work, she's immune to Debate, Oratory, and Fast Talk rolls concerning LBBi records.

With authorization from Stolt or from a member of the LBBi board of directors (Dan Bonaventura is one), she still hovers about, pointing out various privacy laws complications as the investigators browse. A successful Library Use roll gleams three points of interest.

**Noëlle Rand:** belongs to the LBBi, but has yet to compete. No active file exists for her.

**Jennifer Armbruster:** her file lists her career competitions, complete with dates and awards. Her last contest was the one in which she was disqualified after finishing first.

**The Report Disqualifying Armbruster:** is referred to in the file, but is not actually present—it's in the safe of the Secretary to the LBBi, readable only by those who can demon-

strate the legal need to know. It'll take another court order or Jennifer Armbruster's permission to obtain it legally; it'll take a complex and very illegal safecracking job to do it any other way.

The reporting physician, Dr. Halley Wharton Tanner, is listed in the Samson phone book, and represents another way to gain access to the results.

The report demonstrates the presence of unknown but steroidal-like agents and of growth hormone in Armbruster's blood, a result substantiated by tissue cultures done at the same time. In the tissue cultures, Tanner also finds "cellular disformity and densification consonant with chemical abuse for an extended period."

The report also notes that "the subject's blood structure is entirely anabolic and in no way catabolic. The samples taken have increased in size and number, even days after leaving the subject's bloodstream, and without apparent nutrient. Introduction of trace amounts of sucrose, fructose, iron, fiber, or even normally catabolic substances cause an explosion of growth, increasing blood count by 200%. Only a pH of 0.1 or less causes cellular breakdown."

If the investigators interview Tanner without reading his report, he refuses all statement, citing his duty as a physician. If they have read it first, he explains that the chemicals revealed in the tissue cultures would have added great strength to the user. With a successful Fast Talk roll, the investigators get him to admit that he'd never seen anything like the cultures he worked on, and that the specimens could not have been from a human. If the keeper wishes, these same views could be found in a file in Tanner's office records. Tanner will never make such opinions public.

### The Bodybuilding Library

The large reading room and additional stacks contain books, magazines, scrapbooks, trophies, photo collections, memorabilia of many sorts, even a video viewing-room. The esoteric collection is too topical and too specialized to be duplicated by any general-circulation library. While only LBBi members can sign out materials, anyone can register and use the library materials in the reading room. A photocopier is at hand. Keepers may allow the investigators any reasonable pace: if they need to go fast, the librarian is a paragon of efficiency; if the investigators should be slowed up, the librarian is an idiot, and its organization is a disaster.

At the keeper's option, the following articles on Jennifer Armbruster require one or more successful Library Use rolls to find; they are available only at the LBBi library. They appear in chronological order.

- Results from Southwestern LBBi regionals sometime ago show the lineup of the finalists. The magazine focuses on the tense decision of the judges whether Jennifer Armbruster (2nd place, heavyweight) or Michelle Maxwell (1st) had the better "line"



(appropriate appearance of body). None doubted that Jennifer had slightly superior size. (*All-American Muscle Magazine*)

- Article on the upcoming LBBi Naples Invitational, a small but legitimate qualifier for the International Finals to be held in Samson. A paragraph or two is devoted to the growing controversy about Armbruster's presentation at the event. She is quoted as saying, "This is the only way to get the Olympic committee to take notice of us. We have to start putting record above aesthetic." (*International Power Outlook Magazine*)
- In a lengthy feature article, Jennifer Armbruster commands the cover, flexing her big ripped biceps next to the banner: "ARM-bruster! Jenny Eats Naples Alive!" The writer praises Jenny's first place win in Naples, and urges her on to victory in Samson. It is replete with photos of her in Naples, clearly larger than her opponents, and with later shots of her posing in Thor's Gym—one with Dan Bonaventura. Jenny plugs Thor's in the article,

claiming it to be "the secret behind my success." (*Hugeosity Magazine*)

- The records of the Samson championship results make no mention of Jennifer Armbruster. In fact, she is never mentioned again in any bodybuilding publication.
- Earlier photos of Armbruster, scattered amongst line-ups in final and semi-final regionals, show her without the class or definition she possesses in later shots. She grew not only in muscle, but also in height—nearly a foot in less than a year.

A successful Library Use roll agrees that it is possible to gain height from bodybuilding, as much as two or three inches, but that a spurt of a foot is unprecedented.

If the keeper wishes, the information nearby in handout #1 can be obtained from the library or through conversation at Thor's Gym.

## ABOUT BODYBUILDING

### Principles Of Bodybuilding

- (1) Build mass—engage in diet and training that cause the muscle cells to enlarge.
- (2) Develop and keep the musculature balanced and responsive.
- (3) Take care of the details—develop an even, glossy tan and an effective posing routine in which one shows just how large and dynamic one's flesh is at every angle.
- (4) Get ripped—starve the body of carbohydrates and fats so that the maximum amount of muscle defines through the skin (this is done only just before a contest).

Recently significant prize money has been offered for championships—corporate sponsorships and widespread TV coverage (mostly on ESPN) have been a part of pro bodybuilding since the late 1980's. Nonetheless, nearly all bodybuilders must find employment outside of competition to pay living expenses, gym time, equipment, diet supplements, travel costs, and everything else the iron life entails. Builders come from all backgrounds and income levels, and have widely varying interests outside the gym.

### Bodybuilding, The Competitive Art

Unlike most other sports, bodybuilding success is based on judging the end result of months of training, rather than judging one particular performance, or the outcome of competing teams. Although a good posing routine is important, it merely serves to emphasize that the sport is based on how the human body can be made to look, more than how it can be made to perform.

This aesthetic emphasis separates the champion from the merely big: judges decide which contestant has the best "line", the most pleasing shape, the best definition, the largest musculature. Since aesthetic impression cannot be measured as weightlifting can be, for instance, bodybuilding is not an Olympic event.

Bodybuilding requires painful daily training. Cross-training is fine for general fitness, but bodybuilding demands that primary attention be paid to weights, different weights for every muscle in the body.

Nowhere has the debate over muscle aesthetic been more strident than in reference to women's bodybuilding. Since sport began in earnest in the early 1980's, officials, competitors, com-

mentators, and the general public have debated how muscular a woman can be and still look *feminine*. As the issue confronts the aesthetic premise of the sport, women's form is a volatile topic.

### Bodybuilding Hazards

The following information is everyday shop talk in all bodybuilding periodicals, and comes with graphic illustrations and photos.

Traditionally, the primary hazards of bodybuilding have been overtraining and muscle pulls. Overtraining—strenuous workouts coupled with extreme diets—can stress the body, increasing the likelihood of heart attack. Pulled muscles also come from overtraining, or from lifting a weight improperly. Since pain is part and parcel of bodybuilding, inexperienced builders can easily ignore an injury until a ligament is torn. Considering the amount of muscle tearing itself apart, the damage can be extensive, even to the point of ripping the living tendon off the bone.

A newer hazard in the sport comes from anabolic steroids, a male hormone related to cholesterol. Legally obtaining steroids varies by locality. Many steroids are commercially available in pill form, but the most effective steroids are injected, and are restricted to prescription use.

In 1989, the LBBi banned steroid use for all its members, and began routine testing before all U.S. contests.

While the muscle-building qualities of the hormone are undisputed, steroidal side effects exist, including uncontrollable aggression, high chance of tumorous liver cancer, and increased risk of prostate and kidney cancer. If enhanced muscle growth is too rapid, nerve bundles do not form properly, leaving the builder with enormous muscles that do not respond to the brain's command—inert slabs of flesh beyond the control of the wearer. Gynecomastia, the development of female breast tissue in men, results from the increased estrogen supplied by the body to balance the high levels of testosterone.

In women, symptoms of steroid use are deeper voice and thicker vocal cords, facial hair, clitoral hypertrophy (increased genital size), and an upset menstrual cycle. Physicians also surmise that the reproductive system is inhibited or damaged, though this is unsubstantiated.

Steroids can provoke premature baldness in both sexes.



## Mike Stolt's Statement

Well, there we were, all the judges on the Wednesday before the show. We figured we had weeded out everyone who hadn't passed the drug test the night before and we're crossing our fingers that no knucklehead was going to pump insulin or pull some cheap last-minute trick like that, because we planned a surprise test on Thursday—kind of a pre-pre-judging—and the program was already being printed.

Anyway, we get a call from Dr. Tanner—the outside physician doing the drug test—and he says, "Look, I think you better pull this Armbruster woman, there's something funny with her endocrine levels and metabolic rate." Well everybody else took it in stride, figuring, y'know, that Jenny's development had been way too good to be drug-free. But I went after this guy for half an hour on the phone while everybody started reassessing the event like Jenny didn't exist! That wasn't fair. Jenny was power incarnate! She could have had the heavyweight title just by sneezing through her posedown! I heard she could have had a movie deal. She would've changed the face of the sport, period.

Anyway, Tanner wouldn't give me straight answers. "Is it steroids?" "Well, sort of but not exactly, Mike." "Amphetamines?" "No, Mike." "So what the hell is it?" "I've never seen it before, but it's an abnormality. And there are a lot of weird endocrine functions."

*Abnormality!* She was as healthy as a Clydesdale. Besides, why didn't he tell us the night before? It didn't make sense.

So I run down to her room and asked her straight in the eye, "Jenny, are you doing *any* drugs?" She was genuinely puzzled. I broke the news to her and told her I couldn't get any straight answers. It took her a minute to recover, but then she flew upstairs and gave them the what-for. Demanded a second opinion, which was arranged, and sure enough, *no steroids*.

So it was up to us judges, we had to vote a decision. Jenny was in tears. I was on her side, but nobody else was. They offered to let her "guest pose." Talk about adding insult to injury, she was already in the program as a contestant. She left the hotel that minute.

I haven't judged since then. Jenny was an honest competitor and nobody gave her credit for it.

—investigator handout #2

## Mike Stolt Returns

If the investigators return to LBBi headquarters, Mike Stolt sees them. He is refreshingly unmuscular; his office is plastered with photos of female bodybuilders, including many of himself standing next to them as they flex. He has a small, rather unpleasant face, but is free with information, and will write a note to Martha Shriver to authorize investigators to search through the records room if any of the investigators can receive a successful Credit Rating roll or can demonstrate legitimate need—a practicing journalist, for instance, might wish to write an article on the LBBi; the other investigators would be research assistants, drivers, and photographers.

Presumably the investigators ask him about Noëlle Rand and Jennifer Armbruster. He does not know Rand; he makes a lengthy statement about Armbruster, all to be off the record and understood as his personal comments and not the comments of the LBBi.

Stolt will not help the investigators explore Jenny's medical file in the records room. He still likes her and respects her privacy. He does admit that her growth and increased musculature was astonishing, but "it was legal, and she got disqualified for nothing."

## Where Is Noëlle?

Noëlle Rand lived in the same condo development as Jennifer Armbruster, about six blocks distant from her.

Sergeant Bolling can supply the address and phone number of Rand's parents (in Sacramento, California), but Rand's case is being worked by Lt. Paul Jackson, an ambitious climber in Bolling's department, and the sergeant will not on his own admit the investigators to the house.



Noëlle Rand

As the investigators leave their car, they feel the earth move beneath them—it's only a small earthquake, but the jolt is stiff enough locally. They hear a low rumbling vibration approach and pass, and all is normal once again. There's not a crack formed or window broken.

The investigators either can gain the cooperation of Noëlle's parents, or they can break into the unit independently with a single successful Mechanical Repair roll or a crowbar.

**Noëlle's Parents:** if they decide to obtain permission, they'll have to drive or fly to Sacramento, offer a believable reason for entering the apartment (looking for clues to find Noëlle is the best one), receive a successful Credit Rating roll, and drive back. A letter from Robert Jatik automatically convinces the couple—Mrs. Olivia Rand is a fan of his.

The tanned and bland Rands have copies of Noëlle's keys and also provide an exhaustive description of Noëlle's missing Honda hatchback. Since the Rands watch a lot of television and never encounter odd people first-hand, they tend to believe in Lt. Jackson's theory of occult involvement—after all, they're also the sort of people who choose pretentious names for children. Noëlle in fact had recently acquired lots of occult books. The Rands agree with Jackson's suggestion that their daughter has been dragged off by a Satanist group.

## Bigfoot's BBQ?

A Squamish County man has solved the mystery of our missing cows—Bigfoot has led them away! Jared Wilcox of Piru, the crossroads hamlet in Long Valley, swears he saw "a big hairless Bigfoot" cross onto his property and take two of his fine heifers "without a struggle" last Thursday night.

"Bigfoots must get real hungry being so big," he speculated. "I would've stopped him but he looked mighty tough."

Asked whether he was contradicting Sasquatch lore portraying Bigfoot as a gentle vegetarian, Wilcox stated, "He looked like a meat-eater to me."

Wilcox has hung a sign on his fence that reads, "Bigfoot: please don't take any more of my cattle. I can't afford it."

—Squamish County Gazette.

## Bigfoot Embarrassment For Caltrans

Delilah(AP)—Sullivan Billings, Caltrans guard for that agency's Bakersfield Pass mountain depot, insisted that he was the victim of a violent Bigfoot attack last Monday night.

At a news conference in the Squamish County hospital, Billings admonished the assembled writers to "print the real story."

In his statement last week, Billings claimed a monster over ten feet tall tore down a section of the 10,000-volt electric fence guarding the depot, took a bullet from his pistol, then knocked him unconscious before presumably entering the main warehouse.

Billings blames the creature for the missing 50 pounds of explosives and detonation equipment reported taken from the Caltrans warehouse.

Deputy Commissioner of Highways Harold Romero stated today that "we feel confident that Caltrans property is well-guarded," and called Billings' account of the burglary "regrettable and embarrassing."

Doctors at Squamish General stated that they believe Billings' head injuries were apparently minor, but added that damage to his perception and memory could not be ruled out.

—Daily Samson

## Bigfoot Sighting Group Formed

Bigfoot-ologists, those who study the purported evidence of Bigfoot's existence, today announced formation of the Samson branch of the Sasquatch Watch, to seek out and catalog evidence proving the existence of Bigfoot.

Coordinator Markley Beausoirs claimed that the abrupt increase of evidence found in the headwaters of the Samson River demanded formal organization.

"We want your observations," Beausoirs states, saying that a phone number and box number for the Sasquatch Watch of Samson would be shortly forthcoming. He predicts the accumulation of irrefutable evidence within six months.

—Daily Samson

—investigator handout #3

of what she means herself, leaving investigators spooked and perhaps wary of Noëlle's apartment.

**Noëlle Rand's Kitchen:** on the refrigerator under a magnet is a prominent note: *Noëlle, honey, call us immediately. Hope you're all right. We miss you, baby—Mom & Dad.*

Rand's mother cleaned the refrigerator of perishable foods, but plenty of frozen diet dinners rest in the freezer section.

**The Living Room:** the decor

is functional; the furniture is inexpensive. There's a gallery poster of an opening and a bad lithograph of a Monet.

**THE PHONE MACHINE:** it bears a message from the Samson police, asking for information concerning Noëlle Rand's disappearance, and referring callers to Lt. Paul Jackson of the Samson police. Though the message light continues to blink, all of the subsequent callers have hung up without leaving messages.

**THE CASSETTE TAPES:** beside the CD player is an old cassette deck inherited from Noëlle's mother. Along with her cast-off '70s music are newer tapes by 10,000 Maniacs, Indigo Girls, and Steeleye Span; keepers should supply their own current titles as well. In addition, there is one titled *Early Genesis*. With a successful Spot Hidden, the investigators notice that the tape is broken-tabbed and subtitled in Noëlle's handwriting: *Jenny*. Looking, the investigators turn up other Jenny tapes, numbers 2, 3, and so on. Each contains phone conversations between Armbruster and Rand, recorded by Rand on her answering machine.

The tapes show that Noëlle found it increasingly difficult to help friend Jenny with some unnamed problem, ar-

Whether legally or illegally, the investigators find lots of interesting clues in the large one-bedroom apartment.

**Noëlle's Mailbox:** this is downstairs in the lobby, a simple rectangular box stuffed with circulars and statements. The police cleaned out the box once and examined the contents, but found nothing. The Rands have had the mail forwarded to their address, but nothing interesting has turned up there either. Occasionally, a substitute carrier mistakenly leaves mail here. Among messages currently in the mailbox is the current *Sasquatch Watch Bulletin*.

**Inquiry Among The Neighbors:** yields no information without a successful luck roll. A sere octogenarian widow, Mrs. Rollina Humphries, through a cloud of cigarette smoke slowly remembers that Noëlle mentioned having to "gas up for a long drive" shortly before she disappeared. Mrs. Humphries has not told the police. "I didn't want them around the place. What could they do? What do they ever do?" she mutters.

A successful Psychology roll reveals that she believes the authorities are powerless before some greater, invincible force. She refuses to elaborate, not having any true idea

guably an unspecified chemical addiction. Armbruster's voice deteriorates from a confident person with a melodious voice inviting Noëlle out to wild parties, to one mouthing disoriented ramblings without discernible purpose, as shown by the excerpts below.

The keeper should read these out loud. If he or she wants to dramatize the excerpts, remember to give Jenny's part of the last recording as a very deep bass.

**Noëlle:** *Hello.*

**Jenny:** *Yo, Nolly! Whaddaya say we go pan the beach for studs!*

**Noëlle:** *Whoa, Jenny, you're feeling happy all of a sudden.*

**Jenny:** *SHE will provide!*

**Noëlle:** *Oh God, you didn't!* (squeals of laughter)

**Jenny:** *And Jenny must have her meat!* (more laughter)

**Noëlle** (laughing): *Woman, you are TWEKKED.*

**Jenny** (laughing): *I just won't stop, no way! So, you ready to roll?*

The second excerpt begins abruptly in the middle of Jennifer Armbruster's harsh sobs.

**Jenny** (whispering): *No reason, no reason! I didn't want this change to keep me from my friends.*

**Noëlle:** *Jenny, I'm not deserting you—*

**Jenny** (whispering): *I just wanted to be competitive.*

**Noëlle:** *Oh, honey!*

**Jenny** (whispering): *Compehhhhhtitiiiiiiiiivve!*

A successful Listen roll allows the investigator to notice a dull rumble accompanying that last "competitive".

If the tape is taken to a sound lab or recording studio, analysis shows that the inhuman sub-bass rumble has been produced by the same voice doing the whispering. Analysis requires expensive acoustic digitalization equipment which is nonetheless readily available at many studios and colleges around Samson. The price and waiting period for the analysis is \$300 and 1D6-2 days, whether or not an investigator is qualified to perform the analysis.

**CALL FOR AN ACCOUNTING ROLL:** if any succeed, the investigator reading Rand's bank statement notices that for some seven or eight months she has been writing checks in favor of Jennifer Armbruster, all signed by Armbruster and deposited in her Bank of the Gold West (see that sub-section above) checking account. The amounts are for \$200-300 each.

**A SHELF OF BOOKS:** Noëlle's book collection is extensive, and heavily weighted toward occult/New Age paperbacks, aerobicise manuals, and works on traditional ritual magic. A successful idea roll is required to note each of the following, no more than one roll allowed per point.

- Examining a copy of *Real Magic* by P.E.I. Bonewitz, a successful idea roll suggests either that the Mythos works mentioned in Jenny's notebook might be nearby (they are not) or causes the investigator to scan the notebook looking for references to My-

thos tomes (such references exist). Written in the 1970s, *Real Magic* attempts to correlate magic with principles of science, arriving at no surprising conclusion. Reading the book adds nothing to Occult or to Cthulhu Mythos.

- Rand possesses seven different books on Bigfoot, two from a local library and now overdue. No books on other legendary monsters (the Loch Ness monster, ghosts, werewolves, etc.) are present.
- Rand owns four different paperback books all titled *The Necronomicon*. None are the real thing; three are abject cash-ins on the great work, without merit, wit, or insight. The fourth, by a Swiss artist of stature, captures the icy vision and elegant cruelty of Lovecraft at his best; nonetheless, it costs no Sanity to read.
- With a successful Spot Hidden roll, the investigators notice (between two thick kinesiology texts) three sheets of paper clipped together. On the sheets are pasted three newspaper clippings concerning Bigfoot sightings in the mountains east of Samson, dated several months ago. The three clippings make up handout #3, and exist boxed nearby.

**The Bedroom:** crystal stamens decorate her bedside table, quartz pendants are part of her jewelry collection. The closet contains mostly natural-fiber clothes. On the wall is a poster of Jennifer Armbruster (LBBI Prints, Litho USA), signed *To My Bestest Friend from Jenny*. Also present on her dresser are two New Age-style power crystal pendants in silver settings, and an unopened Crowley tarot deck.

Under her pillow is the notebook.

**THE NOTEBOOK:** an 8x10" spiral-bound book, with no name to identify the owner. Upon comparison, the handwriting is clearly not like available scraps of Noëlle's handwriting. The notebook contents are a hodgepodge of entries, shopping lists, and household notes. Lists of numbers abound which successful Mythos rolls cannot identify; anyone familiar with bodybuilding identifies these last as records of weightlifting sets.

Several specific items can be found in the notebook, reproduced nearby as investigator handout #4.

- An unidentified rendering of the endurance chant occurs about half-way through the notebook. The chant is translated into game terms in a separate nearby box. It can be understood only with a successful Aklo roll. The chant has no effect if read silently, but takes effect automatically if spoken aloud. The chant can be dangerous to the casual user.
- A short list.
- Two marginal sentences written along the vertical edge of a page.
- An Elizabethan-era quotation.
- A quote in contemporary English.

### Endurance Chant (a new spell)

Allows the caster to comfortably engage in great physical exertion for up six hours. Casting the spell costs 5 MP and 1D3+1 SAN per use, and requires 2 minutes to chant. Immediately after casting, the caster is afflicted with temporary paralysis, or uncontrollable shudders, or a sense of dread at having done something profoundly, cosmically wrong.

The spell raises the caster's CON and STR by 6 points each for the spell's duration. The caster may optionally choose to ignore all pain, thereby becoming immune to physical shock and physical (but not mental) causes for unconsciousness. When the spell concludes, the caster feels calm and invigorated but must receive a successful CON x4 roll or lose 1 CON point permanently. This spell cannot be cast upon another creature.

Knowledge of this chant adds does not affect Cthulhu Mythos.

### Sasquatch Watch

The local branch of Sasquatch Watch is available as a new listing from the telephone company. Eager, perhaps obnoxiously eager, Markley Beausoirs—a squeaky-voiced, chubby fellow—invites the investigators to the one-room office, hoping that the investigators are fellow spirits.

He and the other enthusiasts can go on for hours about new sightings in Peru and how terrible it is that Chinese Communists are shooting yeti in Tibet.

But they'll eagerly supply the investigators with information about local sightings. The keeper may make up

anything about other places—only the information below concerns this adventure.

- They provide directions for the investigators to find the mountain location, deep in the mountains, of the "Sasquatch Stone" where the best Bigfoot prints have been found. This is the Stone Altar, referred to in the sub-sections "Chuck The Herpetologist" and "The Stone Altar" below.
- They show the investigators three plaster casts of right footprints obtained at successive dates near the Sasquatch Stone. The prints are successively 18, 19, and 21 inches long, and very similar in general appearance. A successful Diagnose Disease or Anthropology roll tentatively suggests that the prints come from a human suffering extreme gigantism, but can offer no firm analysis.
- The Sasquatch Watch has detailed statements from both Wilcox (whose heifers were stolen) and from Billings (the guard at the Caltrans depot). Both men stick to their stories, but have no new information to add. Both have become heartily sick of the notoriety surrounding their stories, and swear they'll never report anything to anybody again.

### Lt. Paul Jackson

Having noticed the citation of a few occult items in the report concerning Rand's apartment, Jackson took over the case, suspecting (and hoping) that some link to Satanists exists. He knows, though he would not be so boorish as to plot such a course of action, that public officials never get better or wider press than when they bravely come out four-square against Satanists, child molesters, perverts, or drug lords. Charges linking two or more of those categories are progressively greater bonanzas. Jackson is little-known

### IN THE NOTEBOOK

#### A Short List

Friday—  
laundry  
Willie from vet  
copies from Bonewitz, Prinn, Von Junzt

#### Marginalia

Training yourself to stay with Her and not run is just another kind of training. I'm going to be a good girl.

#### Elizabethan Quotation

That of Her Generation is Mystery and Darknesse, but also of those things that walk beneath the Sonne; for although She haunts the places that are not lit by the Moone, so thus darkened are the quiet stilles of the Rocks and of the deepes of the Sea. And of these places is the generation of All. Her quiet broodeinge gaines not only in the haunts that we may perceive but also withinne things where the Eye may not See. Her Shadow falls without the need of Light to caste it. Her face is turned withinne. As a man may not see withinne a Mountain, yet knowes well that its granite has weather'd the Ages, so he may behold a Daemon

of Earth, or a rotting thyng, or his owne Hand, and knowe Her to be there, hid well withinne.

#### Contemporary Quotation

Her issue are mysterious and haunt the shadows, but also things that move freely in daylight; although she remains in dark places avoiding even moonlight, dark also are the crevices of rocks and the great ocean depths. All life is born in these places. Her maternal nature governs the rise and fall of life not only in visible places but also within the form itself where we cannot perceive it with our eyes. Her shadow falls without the need of light to cast it. Her face is turned inward. A man cannot see the interior of a mountain, yet knows it to be composed of enduring granite; so he may know her to be present, although concealed, within demons, decomposing forms, or the living flesh of his own hand.

#### English Transcription

Ash tabvvhelsh mooorgaleeshash bijgdhash moooglaglash ash tabvvhelsh mogrelsthash bijagdash moglaglashifash ahahahah ash tabveloshash magrelshishash bajamdaglashash moglagrimoshashash lā! lā! lā! ash tablash ash magrilshash ash bagjagvash ash mogljagrishash ash lā! lā! shoobarash!



now, but great things can happen. He does his duty, and remembers to position himself properly.

Personally, Jackson's quiet but firm, unresponsive to questions. He asks the investigators' names, their interest in the case, and why they're in town. Dropping Robert Jatic's name is an excellent way to get genuine cooperation. Jackson is inwardly delighted by any assertions of dread evil magic afoot—cracking such a case would be a dream come true.

He has toyed with the case until now; missing persons are not a high priority after a few weeks. He has pieced together enough about Jennifer Armbruster to keep him interested. He knows the information listed below, but only a successful Debate roll gets him to share it. If the investigators get information from him, he will want to know exactly what they know. Given cause, he can be very suspicious and very persistent.

Depending on how the investigators handle Jackson, he may begin fresh inquiries covering much of the ground as the investigators. He may represent a potential source of rescue, though his motives are loutish. Jackson's statistics are found at the end of this chapter.

- Jackson has correlated Rand's and Armbruster's bank records, noting that the withdrawals from the one indeed match deposits to the latter. He also knows Armbruster's Renunci3n rural route post office box, but has done nothing with the lead.
- Much more interestingly, he has received word this morning that Noëlle Rand's car has been found in the Coast Range, not far from Renunci3n. For more information see the sub-sections below, "The Sheriff Calls" and "Chuck The Herpetologist."

## The Sheriff Calls

The Sheriff's Department of Squamish County received a phone call from a Charles Cartwright, a man living alone in the mountains a few miles distant from the Altar Stone. Exploring a canyon between the Altar Stone and his cabin, Cartwright came across the crushed vehicle in a ravine a hundred feet below a dusty Forest Service road.

Cartwright supplied the unburnt vehicle's make, model, license number—readily identifying it as belonging to Noëlle Rand. He found no body, no blood, and no sign of the missing woman other than her wallet, an overnight bag, and a 120-column-width printout of a strange book in Latin (a version of *De Vermis Mysteriis*), all articles which he packed out from the wreck and took to his cabin.



Lt. Jackson

Locating the vehicle license as missing, the Sheriff's office contacted Lt. Jackson, whose ears pricked up immediately at the mention of "a book in Latin." He'll be driving to the fine town of Loam later in the day; if the investigators have impressed him or if any can read Latin, they can come along.

It's about 150 miles to Loam. If the investigators ride with Jackson, he signs out a squad car and drives the entire distance (lights flashing and siren blaring) in 85 minutes. As he shoves traffic aside, he sneers at those forced to obey the law; when he can, he's a man who enjoys showing off his ruthlessness.

A deputy exhibits Rand's belongings, unremarkable except for the book. The Sheriff suspects that foul play happened in his county, and so he won't give up any potential evidence—sorry, that magic tome is just out of reach. On the other hand, Jackson can study these belongings as long as he wants, and can arrange to have made any tests on them he likes.

The car site will be examined by deputies soon; Jackson and/or the investigators can go over the ground if they want (there's nothing to be learned), and the county'll winch out the ruined car when the Sheriff tells them to.

**De Vermis Mysteriis:** basically a dot-matrix copy of the Prinn text, this version is a foot-thick, accordion-fold print-out requires Latin to read, is +10% to Mythos knowledge, has x2 spell multiplier, and costs 1D10+1 SAN to read). At the top of each perforated sheet is superscript identifying the file as the property of NW1, and a date of about nine months ago.

The Latin version occurs in lines about 1.5" apart; beneath some Latin lines are interlined English translations, identified as by a Dr. Edward Westin at the front of the printout. If the investigators can combine any successful Latin roll with any successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, the comparison of source and translations shows that many of Westin's conclusions and translations are ridiculously wrong—Medieval Latin is a much murkier subject than Classical Latin, particularly concerning alchemy and magic, and is filled with allusions, comparisons, and terminologies unfathomable to the unlearned.

The nearby box, investigator handout #5, contains the only quote from the book of reasonable accuracy and relevance to this adventure.

## Renunci3n

Leaving Loam, the road enters low, hummocky foothills covered with dry grass. Small scrub oak trees shelter in draws and ravines, but the hills are mostly bare of brush and trees. After a while the canyons deepen, the hills sharpen, and boulders and rocky bluffs emerge along the highway. By the time the investigators reach the little town of

Renunci3n, they've ascended into open pine forest. The air is hazy with Samson's smog, blown far east. The day is hot and dry.

The town has a main street, real estate offices, two motels, three gas stations, a traditional business block rebuilt after the Quake of '89, a new convenience store, and two mini-malls. It's not quite big enough to contain a Safeway; most folks are satisfied with Barnwell's Grocery.

The Bakersfield Pass Caltrans depot reportedly raided by Bigfoot is twelve miles further east on the same highway.

## Chuck The Herpetologist

Charles Cartwright's small house-trailer is six miles northeast of Renunci3n; the Armbruster house is another five miles further northeast, on the same gravel road.

Everybody calls Cartwright "Chuck". He's studying the snakes of the region and working on a book destined to be a bestseller: it portrays the vivid beauties of the reptile kingdom in great detail. After publication, he'll become a town hero and return there frequently. In the meantime, he's on a research grant, grumbling that much of his time is spent writing reports justifying the money that supposedly allows him freedom to research his topic.

He's a friendly black man, medium height, courteous and very intelligent. If the investigators insist on confusing him with that avatar of Nyarlathotep, a successful Psychology roll should put them right. Chuck is voluble on the subject of snakes, recalling that his best friend in childhood was Ralph the garter snake, who lived under his family's porch.

Besides being able to show anyone the location of the wrecked car, Chuck also knows the stone altar in the woods and thinks that a specimen of a rare subspecies of Prairie rattler lurks in the area. He's noticed the Bigfoot tracks around the stone—"those fellas from the Sasquatch Watch took up most of a day"—but doesn't believe that they're anything but a joke.

## The Stone Altar

A long, deep cleft in a granitic hill was once a watercourse before successive earth shifts isolated it and left it dry. In the cleft sits a featureless granite slab, centered in the opening, flat like a table. Dark stains mar the slab. It is twelve feet long by five feet wide. Consecrated with the blood of cattle, deer, and other things, this spot stands ready to summon Shub-Niggurath at the dark of the moon. Thick trees on the ridge to either side create a canopy of darkness for most of each day. Animals avoid the glen; insects cluster there.

Armbruster can hold rites here at any time, though she has fallen into a pattern of one summoning every three or four new moons. She has become adept at summoning a shantak to feed her Goddess. Summoned into the gap between the rocks, the enormous creature is nearly physically

pinned to the altar, as well as being magically fixed. But shantaks have proven such noisy dinners as they are eaten that (before the ritual) Armbruster slices out the organ passing for a voice-box. This she pitches into the woods, there to be shunned by animals, birds, and insects alike. Shub-Niggurath does not stir from the altar to find these laryngeal dainties. The remains of two lozenge-shaped organs turn up with a search of the area and a successful Spot Hidden. They are flattened dried ovoids, brown-purple in color, of the size of watermelons.

A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the things. If placed in water they reanimate and begin shrieking for 1D3 hours, for a Sanity loss of 1D3 SAN per hearer.

If Chuck comes with the investigators to the altar, he begins to probe gently underneath the stone with a stick. "I bet one's under there," he says, speaking of his pet sub-species of Prairie rattler. "Anyone got fresh meat? Rattlers prefer it live, but they'll take it dead." If the investigators help Chuck jack up the rock, there's nothing under it but thousands of swarming giant crickets. "My goodness," says Chuck, peering around "might'a been something under here once, but it is sure gone now." It was, of course, old blood and gore from sacrifices to the Outer God.



*Chuck The Herpetologist*

## EXCERPT, De Vermiis Mysteriis

The Mother of the Woods is certainly the force within terrene life, for She is immanent in all earth yet absent from the sky; and from the void; Her altar is best situated in a crevice, not on a height or promontory; She is best invoked with blood, which She will devour, rather than absorb, as do the ones from without. She is more like to us than those others are, and I verily believe Her to be our primal Mother; I myself have beheld minute curiosities, by the use of lenses, which reminded me strikingly of her Greater Children's shape.

Is it possible to propitiate Her by sacrifice? The ancients seem to have succeeded in doing so. Throughout the world at that time it was customary to grant Her a small portion of the harvest, that She might know it to be good, and bring forth a greater harvest again. Greeks and Cretans venerated her, and were made strong thereby; it was not in ignorance of Her that men wrested life from the Nile and from the rivers of Mesopotamia. Hyperborea was made fecund with Her gifts, and Sarnath, ere its doom, was blessed more and more with Her bounty. She cares not on what she feeds, and if she feeds well She will feast Her host in return.

—investigator handout #5

# Armbruster's Retreat

## The Garage

Set upon a ridge miles from the next house, the property backs up on a national forest. Localized volcanic activity about 4,000 years ago left a jumble of black and red surface outcrops in the area. Jennifer Armbruster's house is the last of a handful along the dusty gravel road; the road ends abruptly at a locked Forest Service gate and cattleguard.

The house is a small, modern, two-story structure. The curtains are drawn closed, but a light can be seen burning upstairs. A two-car garage stands across the road. There is no lawn or garden, though the brush and grass have been cut back from around the house and garage to reduce the risk of fire.

That garage is locked, though a side door is of only STR 15. Inside is a Jeep ATV with its top down. The vehicle is covered with dust. A successful idea roll allows the investigators to notice that the registration sticker on the rear license plate has expired; a check of the vehicle shows it registered in the name of Dawn Biozyme. A successful Track roll shows that the deep dusty dents on the hood of the vehicle are in the approximate shape of a human hand, one of at least twice normal size.

On the north wall of the garage is pinned a black-and-white 3'x6' foot life-size poster of Jennifer Armitage as she was before encountering Dr. Finley and the Mythos. The poster was blown up specially from a snapshot; no printing occurs on it. She's in a skimpy bathing suit holding a bodybuilding pose—she's cute and has well-defined muscles, but there's nothing unusual about her.

The poster is fastened to the wall with two big pushpins at the top. If anyone looks under the poster, he or she sees

complex and disturbing patterns painted on the space covered by the poster. The lines seem to crawl across the wall whenever the viewer looks away, and do not hold quite still when looked at. This is a keyed Gate that opens in Jenny's cave, in the Gate Room at the marked point. To use the Gate, the user must mentally visualize Shub-Niggurath, and therefore must have actually seen that god. There is no way to deduce the correct procedure; the only clue is a symbol among the shifting patterns which a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies as representing Shub-Niggurath. See the nearby box for more discussion.

## More About Gates

Though the points are unofficial, this chapter distinguishes two kinds of Gates, *keyed* and *unkeyed*.

An unkeyed Gate allows entry by anyone, but one can use a keyed Gate only by visualizing a specific image or symbol, which may or may not be deduced by a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll made while studying the visible delineations of the Gate.

By touching or linking hands, more than one person can use a keyed Gate, even though only one person knows the key.

The player of a person who knows Gate can attempt an idea roll to determine the approximate distance of the Gate.

A Time Gate—as discussed in *Gaslight*—is always a keyed Gate.

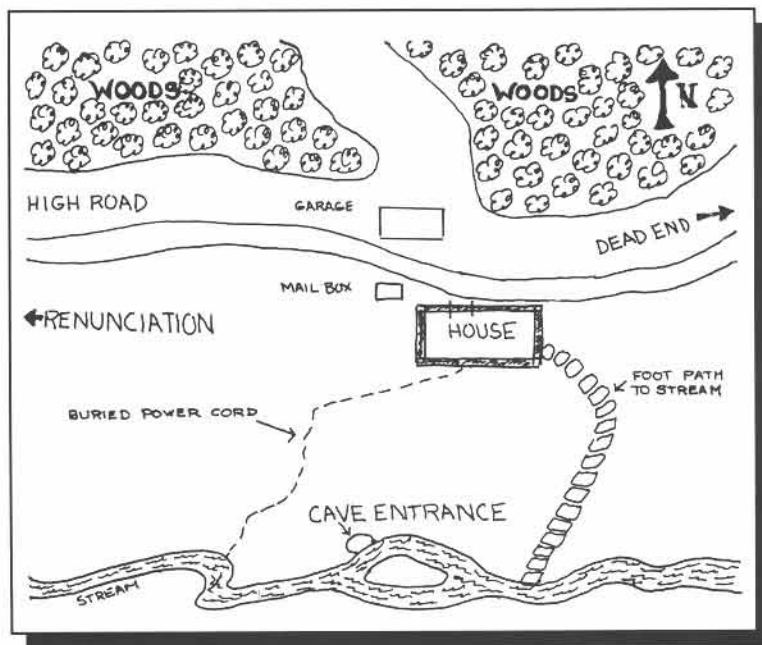
## The House

If the investigators approach the house in the daytime, they notice that the aluminum mail box (the name painted on it is *J.A. Armbruce*) has deep, regular scratches in it. A successful Zoology roll identifies the scratch pattern as the toothmarks of a very large dog, gauging by the separation of the teeth, the gap of jaw required to bite both sides of the mailbox at the same time, and the fact that the jaw of the biter was pointing down. The base of the mailbox is about 40 inches above the ground.

All windows and doors of the house are securely locked and curtained; see the sub-section below, "Ground Floor", for more information.

At the door of the house, the investigators see an intercom with a lighted doorbell. Jennifer Armbruster answers the bell from her cave.

When speaking to visitors, she keeps her voice to a whisper. She does not answer any questions until her visitors identify themselves and state their business; her aim always is to turn away visitors quickly. If investigators inquire about Noëlle, she makes no response for about ten seconds, then says, "Please tell me—have you seen her? I'm so worried about her!"



It's hard to read intentions over an intercom, but the investigators think she sounds sincere. A successful Psychology roll reveals nothing. Under no circumstances does she invite anyone in for a visit. If threatened, she orders the strangers off her property with a threatening, thundering whisper.

Police announcing they have search warrants are met with sudden silence.

## Ground Floor

Breaking into the house via the solid-core front or back doors is not easy. Each door has two deadbolts (each STR 18), two chain locks (STR 10 each), and a hefty sliding bolt (STR 15), for a total STR 71. The windows can be smashed readily.

The ground floor consists of a 15x25' space with the living room separated from the kitchen by a counter. Steep stairs lead to a sleeping loft and cramped bathroom, 12x12' total space. Gentler stairs lead down to a 15x25' basement containing bodybuilding weights and a washer-drier.

The place shows signs of vacancy and destruction. An apparently new couch has no cushions, and inspection shows crushed springs and a cracked frame. The kitchen contains a stove, but no refrigerator. If any investigator thinks to look, the space and circuitry available in the kitchen could support both a refrigerator and a chest-style freezer, all empty and unplugged.

Except as specifically noted, the drawers, cabinets, and walls in the house are devoid of personal effects.

**Broken Electronics:** pieces of a broken television are scattered about the living area. A VCR was thrown against a wall with some force, judging by the hole in the wallboard. (Plugged in, it functions; it contains a tape which will not eject.) With a successful Electronics roll, the tape can be removed and proves to be undamaged. The recording on the tape is of Armbruster's last communion with Shub-Niggurath, but it is ill-lit and difficult to understand. A few things can be made out clearly.

- A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll establishes that the ritual is intended to Call an Outer God.
- If the investigators have already visited the Stone Altar (and hence know its size independently), they can see that the naked, muscle-bound female dimly present in the video is over ten feet tall.
- After a lengthy period of gesticulations and utterings reach a climax, the faint images break into snow and do not return. A successful idea roll guesses that whatever that was being summoned came, and disturbed the electronics enough that the device could no longer record—but no good evidence exists to show that anything in particular happened.

**An Intact Computer:** linked by modem to the DBZ computer system, Armbruster's personal computer functions

very much like Peter Tait's. Armbruster's password to her mailbox is *Shub-Niggurath*. She has no other access to DBZ files. When she needs information or wants a Mythos tome in the NWI library, she sends an e-mail message to Finley, who arranges the transmission of the text back to her through her modem and printer. No copies of Mythos material remain on the hard disk. In fact, the only software on her hard disk is a word processor and the modem program.

Beside the computer is a 120-column printer and 11 boxes of printer paper.

**Television Monitor:** entering the ground floor, intruders are on camera and miked. The camcorder is in plain sight, sitting on its tripod in a corner of the living room. The light from the ceiling fixture of the loft gives plenty of light to see by, day or night. The camera can be swivelled by radio-control from Armbruster.

Signals to and from the camcorder are by cable. The lead drops directly into the floor, then runs between the floor joists and then down inside an outside wall to join the electric cable on its way to the cave. Tearing up the floor and wall to learn the direction takes two man-hours and requires carpentry tools.

If Armbruster has been alerted by the door bell, she monitors the investigators. If she has not been alerted, noise from or movement on the monitor has a 30% chance of catching her attention each hour—she habitually plays loud music, and often reads, studies, or performs other work without reference to the monitor.

Armbruster is not upset to see that her camera has been shut off or thrown out the window. If clever investigators tilt the camera so that it points at the floor, but without damaging it or shutting it off, she has the same chance to notice it, but takes no quick action. This happens occasionally; she needs a new mount. Turning off the mike escapes her notice entirely.

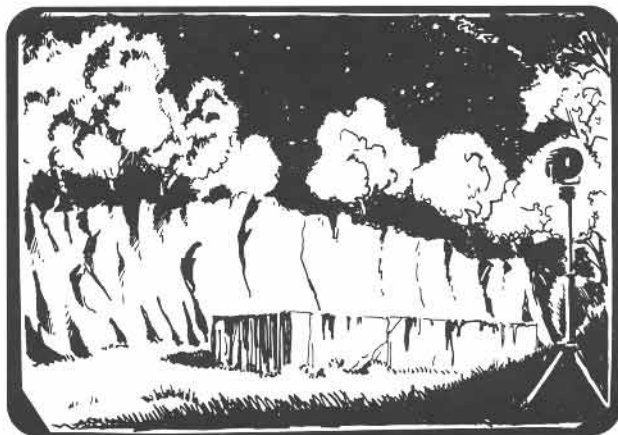
## The Loft

An open staircase leads up to a bedroom overlooking the living room. There is a bent and cracked frame for a king-size bed. Tossed into the center of the frame are a half-dozen pairs of women's shoes, ranging from a women's 11D to a 15EEE.

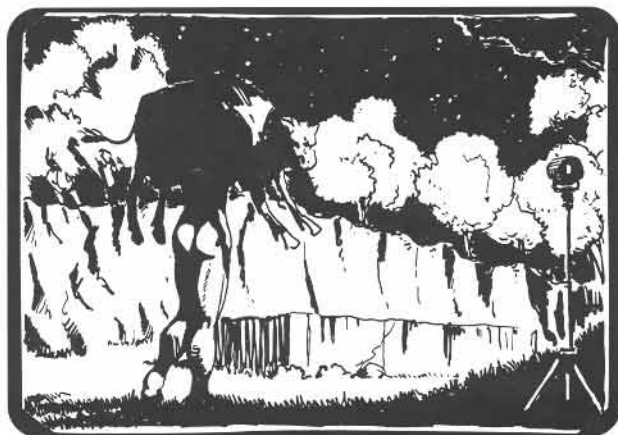
The light in the ceiling fixture is lit; if it is switched off and on, there is a 90% chance of it burning out, as it has been left on for months. That causes Jenny to visit the house sometime soon after dark. Other light sockets are empty of bulbs.

The bathroom has a sickly, musty odor, sweeter than sweat. Hidden behind a daisy-petal shower curtain, the shower stall and inside of the curtain are coated with grayish-translucent, viscous colonies which resemble thick lumps of mold. These cling to whatever skin they touch;





1



2



3



4



5



6

—investigator handout #6

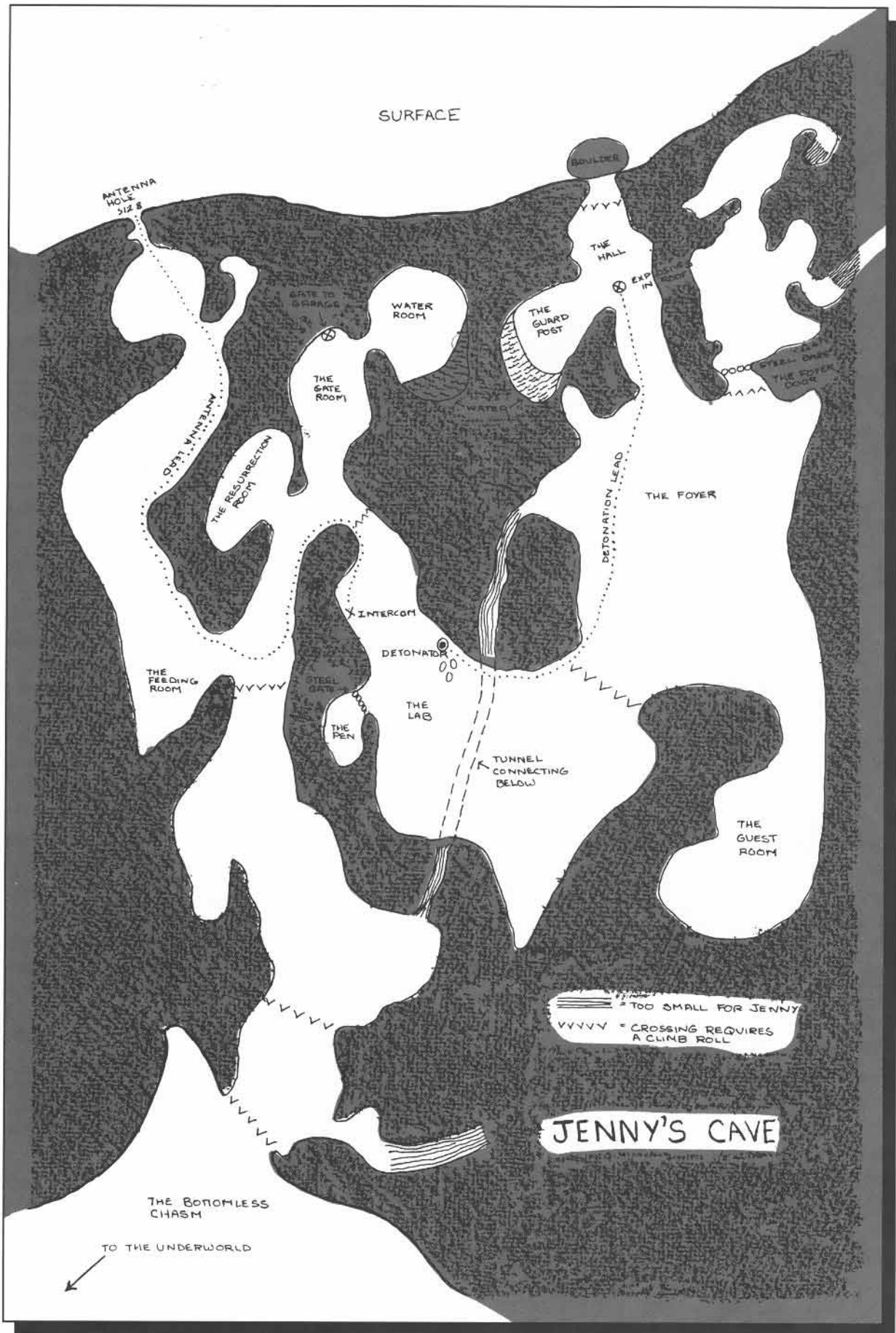
*Jenny's Videotape*

they are cell colonies which have flaked off Jenny and been allowed to grow as they will.

If an investigator opens the curtain with bare hands, he or she touches the stuff 85% of the time. Once touched, the cells quickly take root and attempt to spread over fingers, hand, wrist, and so on, up the arm and over the body. The skin beneath the colonies immediately becomes alarmingly

itchy, prompting a 0/1D2 SAN loss when the victim discovers that the colony cannot be rubbed off.

Apart from the itching and its eagerness to spread, these slimy colonies do no intrinsic harm. They can be scrubbed off under running water, though an adequate cleansing may take an hour or more. A successful Mythos roll tells nothing. A successful Chemistry, Pharmacy, or Diagnose Disease



roll, made under lab conditions, shows the stuff to be human skin whose cells have somehow become enlarged and self-sustaining.

## The Basement

No outside basement door exists; the two narrow windows are too small to crawl through. The long room contains a washer, dryer, and an array of bodybuilding equipment, all are covered with thick dust.

A consecutive successful idea, Electrical Repair, and Spot Hidden roll uncovers something interesting: three all-weather circuits leading from a second (hidden) circuit box down into the ground outside the house. Digging at that spot locates the camcorder cable and the electrical cables entering conduit laid about two feet beneath the ground. Where the conduit leads is discoverable, perhaps by excavating and thereby following the line (not too hard—holes every 20-30 feet do the job in a few hours), or by using line equipment to detect voltage changes, or by simply guessing that circuit must be going somewhere and noticing (with a successful Geology roll) that the steep lava-slag sides of the stream might shelter a lava tube.

Armbruster is instantly on guard if her electricity fails; she'll come out that night to learn what's going on.

A clever investigator might check the electric meter on the outside of the house. A successful Electrical Repair roll suggests to the investigator that much more power is being drawn than a single 100-watt light bulb and a doorbell-light warrant.

## Armbruster's Cave

The cave entrance is hidden by a large (SIZ 74) lava boulder with which Armbruster blocks the entrance. A successful Spot Hidden or Geology roll locates the entrance. So does a successful Listen roll, if an investigator volunteers that he or she is making a special effort to hear sounds—it's rock music coming faintly from far underground). Investigators cannot enter without removing the boulder.

Beside the tinkling stream can be found several or dozens of Armbruster's and Willie's footprints.

A search of the hillside above the boulder locates several small antennas, whose leads run into a SIZ 8 hole and disappear. Faint music can also be heard coming from this opening.

If they watch the Antenna Hole, the investigators have a 30% chance per day of witnessing droves of fat crickets scuttle down it. A successful Zoology shows nothing unusual about the crickets, but finds astonishing that they enter the hole in a single burst and never emerge.

Armbruster pushes the boulder aside to pick up mail or deliveries at the house after dark, and every good-weather day at dusk when she lets Willie loose for a romp.

The investigators can move the boulder aside with a couple of large rocks as fulcrum and a long pole as a lever. They could also tunnel underneath the boulder, although water quickly fills the excavation; nonetheless, a determined effort to get into the cave should easily succeed.

Entering the cave, music and a glimmer of light lead curious investigators to the Lab.

**The Hall:** an area containing nothing but the explosives which Armbruster has planted in the ceiling: damage 50D6 from the blast if in the Hall. More damage occurs from shock and concussion than from falling rock. The blast has an 80% chance of collapsing the roof, burying survivors and suffocating them to death. Those in adjacent rooms take 2D6 incidental blast damage.

Not even if the investigators expressly announce that they are searching the ceiling of the Hall do they have a chance of spotting the dynamite charge up in the shadows. The wire is inconspicuous, and high to keep it out of Willie's grasp.

**The Guard Post:** trespassers must pass the place where Willie spends 80% of his time. This friendly hyperdog romps out behind the investigators, grinning and slobbering, showing three rows of teeth, saying "Hullo! Hullo! You stay! You play! Yeah! Yeah!" and pouncing on the laggardly investigator with the lowest DEX. See Willie's statistics at the end of this adventure.

The doses of Shub-Niggurath's milk, given Willie to make him a better companion for a giantess, have also increased his intelligence. He can now carry on simple conversations. He is friendly, but sometimes finds difficulty in distinguishing people from food—food for Willie is that which is smaller than himself.

His Playful Pounce is not meant to be harmful, but is anyway. If a victim loses 3 hit points from a Pounce, make a successful idea roll for Willie or he takes a bite out of his new friend before remembering that he or she is not food. A vacant, bewildered understanding dawns, and his ponderous face goes slack while realizing that which bleeds is not always to be eaten. Blubbing "Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh," he bounds off to Armbruster, begging her to explain these hard concepts again, and forgetting his duty to guard the door.

Willie's bark or gunshots will alert Armbruster, but her rock n' roll drowns out other melee noise.

Attacked, Willie fights until killed.

If the investigators move on into the caverns, Willie barks and guards against their retreat by sitting in the Hall, refusing passage: "Nope, nope, nope, nope."

If he hears his mistress shout, he rushes to her aid.

**The Foyer:** it's another wide area, but Armbruster has no use for it. It does contain a barred passage which leads to an





Jenny The Giantess



enormous network of caverns. See the sub-section “Unblocking The Foyer Door”.

It also opens into the room available for the investigators to stay in once Armbruster trusts them.

**The Lab:** a sweet odor hangs in the air like pasteurized sweat—Armbruster’s skin-flake colonies also infest the cave. Following the light to the Lab, investigators there gain a clear view of Ms. Armbruster’s lifestyle.

A large table, handmade from lumber remnants, dominates the far end of the room; it is covered with basic lab equipment, books, and papers. Mounds of household objects and appliances rise in odd corners. Boxes and former living-room furniture are stacked in disarray. Table lamps, track lighting, and desk lamps illuminate the cavern. A stereo system blares out ancient ditties from The Who while a fourteen-foot-high Jennifer Armbruster dances happily about, thinking writing, mixing chemicals, and checking her print-out version of the *De Vermis Mysteriis*.

Her unclothed form is quite a sight. The Sanity loss to see her Outer God’s concept of the perfect physique is 0/1D4. Anyone succeeding in a know roll notices that her abdomen has too many individual muscles in it, and that her torso is abnormally long. A successful Spot Hidden rewards the keen-eyed investigator with the sight of two bulging membranes, one under each armpit. Through each membrane can be seen a tiny, musclebound arm. They move, but are not yet ready to break the skin. Sanity loss to notice this is an additional 1D2 SAN. Armbruster’s statistics appear at the end of this adventure.

## Armbruster Alerted

As defensive tactics, she shuts off all the lights except one by her bed-pile, then hides behind the rocks with her detonator in the Lab. She has stored there 20 throwing stones, her Great Big Iron Pipe, and the detonator for the explosives planted in the ceiling of the Hall. She utters the endurance chant and then waits a while for developments before her first sortie. If Willie is hurt, she charges immediately.

Willie has orders to stay near the Hall and prevent intruders from leaving. When Armbruster shouts the command (her ultra-deep voice easily penetrates to the Hall), Willie moves into the Foyer and covers eyes and ears with his enormous paws until the explosion has passed.

**Fighting Underground:** grenades have no structural effect. Major explosives have chances equal to their points of actual damage to bring down the roof in an area; those caught by a collapsing ceiling take the same actual damage rolled.

Armbruster has set her explosive as a precaution against discovery, and that may be the first thing she thinks of doing, effectively trapping everyone inside. After all, she can always dig a new exit when she needs. She’ll talk to any

surviving intruders, trying to reason them into putting down their weapons.

If the investigators take no overtly hostile actions, she’ll patiently try to talk them into surrender.

If the investigators exhaust her patience, or if Willie has been killed or injured, she sets off the charge and leaps into the midst of the investigators, (gaining a free round of attack due to surprise) and attempts to grapple the nearest character (match STR against STR on the resistance table), making it tricky to shoot her without risking the death of a friend.

If her Grapple succeeds, she threatens to tear off the head of the person in her grasp unless the others disarm themselves and lie spread-eagled on the floor. If the investigators resist, Jenny may attempt knock-out attacks if the resistance is feeble, but every shot fired adds 10-20 percentiles to the chance of her violent anger, when she looms over the investigators and indiscriminately bashes them to death. Again, Willie dead or wounded makes the onslaught much more likely.

Jenny is not foolish; she flees fusillades, and thereafter summons monsters to do her work. Once the investigators submit, however, she has interests other than injury, though she still can be quick and unthinking in her anger.

If Willie or investigators die, she places the bodies in plastic garbage bags and stores them in the Resurrection Room, to provide later substance for experiments with the Resurrection spell.

## Domestic Bliss

The rest of this adventure assumes that Armbruster overcomes and captures the investigators. She knocks out or binds those remaining conscious, sequesters their possessions, jewelry, weapons, books, etc., everything except clothing necessary to modesty, and puts them in the Pen. She constructed the Pen as a safe place to keep current Resurrection experiments. The chamber is of solid rock, with a lockable gate of steel bars opening into the Lab. If Willie survived, he thereafter guards the prison.

If investigators escape, Armbruster uses the Gate to the garage as a way to cut them off from their vehicle and recapture them. She usually lets out Willie for an evening run, moving the great boulder aside.

In the first day after she captures the investigators, Armbruster busily tidies up the caverns. She arranges old bed sheets into relatively modest clothing for herself. She sweeps up and organizes her deep dwelling into one more appropriate for family life. She appears content and determined as she transforms her haphazard environment into one of neatly ordered boxes, carefully placed lamps, and scrubbed tables; everything is cleaned and put in proper place.

Then she introduces herself and greets the captives. What she says depends on what has happened in play. The following is what she would like to be able to say.

"Well. Here we are. Look, I'm sorry to pen you up like this, but you kind of barged in on me, you know? I think you can understand my need for privacy." She laughs grotesquely, every tooth gleaming in the cavern of her mouth.

"I know you're going to take this hard, but you're going to have to stay here. Hey—don't worry. Really. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm not. I'm not one of those dangerous types who chop people up. Oh, that's the wrong thing to say. Sorry.

"It's pretty clear you guys know a lot about me, and how—y'know, how I got like this. We'll talk. But not now." She changes the subject. "So, what do you guys want for dinner? My friends always tell me I'm a pretty good cook."

Armbruster is mostly motivated by curiosity, even though she's insane. As yet, she's got no use for the investigators, though her emotions are stirred by their child-like relative size and necessary confinement. In a week or a month, one or more may be honored by perfectly calm requests for participation in hair-raising, disgusting, or deadly experiments. If the keeper introduces Dr. Finley into

the scene, he will certainly influence her toward less benign treatment.

In the meantime, Armbruster serves up microwave dinners, canned soups, and two-liter bottles of soft drinks or carbonated water. With cellular phone and credit card, she's able to order groceries from Renunci6n—the delivery person rings the bell and leave the food boxes on her porch the next afternoon. Along with the hot meal, she passes in a latrine bucket: all the comforts of home.

No longer intent on her bodybuilder regimen, Armbruster downs six entr6es of Chicken Kiev as they eat. She inquires pointedly if anyone else knows the investigators are here and, if so, who. She also asks them why they came here. She uses Psychology to sort out lies, and half-heartedly threatens to use them as fodder for experiments if they don't tell the truth (a successful Psychology roll reveals merely that she doesn't intend to butcher them immediately). She politely deflects questions.

### Life With Jennifer A.

Armbruster was once an intelligent, caring human being. She understands the feelings of loss and confinement the



investigators are experiencing, but her humanity and Sanity have been warped by her lonely minglings with Shub-Niggurath. The investigators' main advantage now is that their relative size irresistibly reminds her of children; as the days pass, a successful Psychology roll reveals in Jennifer Armbruster a maternal streak deep enough to smother a whale.

By both emphasizing their dependence and their desire to be independent, an investigator with a successful Oratory roll can get Jennifer to agree that "after awhile" she may trust them enough to let them help her around the cave. "How long this takes depends on your behavior," she informs them.

Investigators lose a total of 6 SAN each in getting used to Jenny and Willie, 1D6 for each per day, until the required amount has been lost.

Keepers need not and should not play out each day of captivity. After exhausting ideas and conversation, offer the passage of time punctuated by sunless days begun with pop-tarts and frozen waffles, bland human news in five-minute chunks, idiotic talk shows, unnervingly reactionary soap operas, and small talk with Willie ("I like plants! I like chewing plants!"). Tell the players that several weeks pass.

Once a day, always when Jenny has left the Lab, the penned investigators hear the nearby scrabbling of millions of tiny feet (Sanity loss 0/1 each day, from the ghastly, inescapable vision of insect tides sweeping near). The horrible sounds, like brittle silk and powdered glass, last a half an hour, then fade to silence. Willie explains it as "din-din"; Armbruster merely smiles. The Sanity loss continues until one or more investigators actually sees the avalanche of crickets and comes to understand what the insects signify.

Before she releases the investigators from the Pen, Armbruster takes some precautions.

- She puts in the garage her cellular phone, the remaining sticks of dynamite, the detonator from the Lab, and her Mythos tomes beyond the Gate. As she needs, it she retrieves an item.
- She resurrects Willie, if he was killed. ("Oh, funny feeling! Funny feeling!")
- She summons a byakhee to dispose of investigator weapons, ID, vehicles, and whatever else she thinks dangerous. These items are dumped into the Pacific Ocean, never to return. She confiscates notes, Mythos books, and whatever seems potentially valuable to her research.

When Armbruster decides that the investigators have been good enough boys and girls, she lets them range through parts of the cave. Of course, they must pull their weight around the house. Each investigator is assigned chores, including fetching water from the Pool, cleaning the dishes, emptying the latrine, doing the laundry and cooking, and so forth.

She busily studies the biochemistry of her own body, huddled over her microscope. She feels proud to have been chosen to be the first human to enter a wonderful new phase of existence, but mostly she tries to encourage the investigators to talk about themselves and their work. Her reactions to their battles against the Mythos reveal a fondness for certain ancient deities: "They are going to let us grow and develop to our full potential. We are going to be," and she draws a deep breath, "Some-Thing Else!" Just what, she is attempting to determine.

Armbruster learns the investigators' names and now speaks with them on a friendly, first-name basis. She shows them around the caves, starting with the Lab, pointing out the refrigerator and freezer as examples of her good will.

She forbids them to enter the Resurrection Room. She does not mention the Resurrection spell unless an investigator does first, nor does she mention that the body of Noëlle Rand, wrapped in trash bags and inside a crate, is stored there.

Armbruster must hear all about each investigator's life before she offers much of her own story. Creative keepers should have each player invent an ordinary non-Mythos event in their investigator's past that influenced them in some way. When they share this event with Jenny, she responds with sympathy and whispered understanding. "And now it's all this Cthulhu stuff dominating your life. I know, man. It's hard. But it's something you have to see your way through. It's a good thing you have friends."

Again and again she suggests that once the Mythos enters a person's life, there's no choice but to eventually Embrace The Truth Of It. With airy California confidence, she proposes that capability maintains no necessary connection with temptation, and that anyone can adopt Outer God worship as a path to personal betterment; after all, she's living proof.

The investigators live elbow to elbow with this affable monster for some time. Each week they fail to escape, they risk beginning to see things her way (see the box, "Hostage Psychology", below), as well as experiencing physical and mental shocks pertinent to their situation.

## Hiding From Jenny

The keeper will have noted special small areas on the Jenny's Cave map. Armbruster and Willie are too big to squeeze into these places. Especially the long tunnel underneath the others offers interesting tactical possibilities to the investigators.

Armbruster can legitimately decide to fill and mortar closed those areas, perhaps after some unpleasant experience with her captives.

Investigators who merely stay in the holes and refuse to come out are like children who hold their breaths to gain



attention; Armbruster treats them the same way, probably adding spankings for second and later attempts.

## Other Ties To The Outside

Besides the phone in the garage, Jenny also communicates via her computer modem and the U.S. mail. She can order almost anything—chemicals, information, food, necessities, new CD's, even postage stamps. UPS delivers oversized packages, merely needing her signature on notice cards to leave the parcel next day. Dawn Biozyme continues to pay her \$4500 monthly, plenty for a girl and her dog.

Barnwell's Grocery in Renunci3n accepts phone orders by credit card, and is the only other delivery service that comes regularly to the isolated house. The folks at Barnwell's are occasionally curious about the woman who needs 50 pounds of Puppy Chow and two cases of Kal-Kan every week.

If still alive, her boss Dr. Howard Finley comes to visit every few months.

## Jennifer A.'s Cycle

Stemming from her quarterly feeding ritual, Armbruster has developed a special cycle of behavior. Her cycle affects her attitudes toward the investigators. She is conscious of these phases, but thinks them unimportant. The keeper should keep track of the weeks and inform the investigators as she changes. The cycle has four phases.

**Normal Phase:** Armbruster is in the early days of this part of her cycle when the investigators arrive.

For the first five weeks after a ritual, she has boundless energy and attempts to treat the investigators as adults, even though they are so small, so unintelligent. She is level-headed and motivated in her researches. She encourages her captives to study and discuss Mythos magic; her Resurrections are most likely to be attempted now. Increasing friendliness toward male investigators marks the end of this phase; she begins (grotesquely) to wear makeup.

**Heated Phase:** for the next week, she is all over the men. She has control over her urges, and won't drag off an unwilling fellow into some secluded grotto. Her behavior is unmistakable, nevertheless: she insists upon giving (and receiving) back rubs, flings romantic glances from across the room, holds hands (since her spread hand is about 20" inches across from fingertip to fingertip, it's something like holding hands with a catcher's mitt), and launches spontaneous hugs that last much too long. A case of wine or champagne may arrive unexpectedly, to be sipped slowly while soft music plays. Armbruster is not even above hinting that many advantages belong to he who accepts her, and this is true until the current litter of jennikins are born, and the investigator loses all his newly-acquired status.

The male with the highest POW receives most of the attention; Sanity loss for him is 0/2 for the week. Any man who dares to take Jenny up on her offer loses 1D3/1D6 SAN during the unmentionable experience and fathers a new Mythos race, the jennikins (see the sub-section below, "Help Raise Jenny's Litter"), with lasting cost to his peace of mind.

Female investigators, on the other hand, receive icicle treatment from Armbruster, who happily administers corporal penalties to females with unsatisfactory comportment.

**Maternal Phase:** for the next six weeks, Armbruster increasingly treats the investigators as her children, to be nurtured and protected. She forces extra helpings of food on them, and (being a knowledgeable bodybuilder) makes sure they get plenty of good exercise. She orders extra vitamins from Renunci3n, and makes sure everyone takes them. Near the end of this phase she perceives her captives as infants, and is prone to physically punish transgressions: "Do as Mommy says, or you're asking for a spanking!" Spankings late in the phase are vicious enough to cost the spankee 1D3 hit points.

**Hungry Phase:** during the last week of the cycle, Jenny is at her worst: an addict of 650 pounds and more hankering for her next fix. Her spells often fail. Nothing the investigators do satisfies her—anyone deliberately provoking her gets one Fist/Punch from her for full damage (1D3+3D6). She snatches food from the investigators' plates. She puts the refrigerator and freezer off-limits. She begins to gurgle *lä!* at odd moments. She glowers and studies her captives in a way to suggest that she has tired of crickets and packaged meat—that she wants something fresh! Will the investigators be the next course? Physical abuse of the captives and even of Willie is at the keeper's discretion. Investigators who are eaten cannot be resurrected.

Keepers are urged to pen up the captives two days before the ritual, without food or comforts, leaving Willie to nervously race about, whining and sniffing at corners.

For several days Armbruster is heard, but not seen. Pounding sub-bass *läs* mingled with deep sobs shake the air and cave for days. (A successful Mythos roll associates the word with the Outer Gods, and translates *lä!* as "I hunger!")

There follows a dreadful silence in which the giantess leaves the cave to call her Goddess. After the ritual, Armbruster returns beaming and refreshed, apologizes for her behavior, and releases the starving captives from the Pen. The normal phase starts thereafter, as a new Armbruster cycle begins.

## Hazards Of Captivity

Apart from Armbruster's various phases, the investigators also face attrition of Sanity from various incidents, as dis-



cussed below. The longer they stay, the more likely is insanity. Psychoanalysis of an investigator makes no progress with Willie grinning and panting, Armbruster stroking someone's hair with a gigantic hand, ghastly experiments bubbling away in the semi-dark.

Hostage Psychology, defined nearby, is with Claustrophobia a likely form for insanity under these conditions.

Jenny has her own method of comforting the temporarily insane: she cradles the blubbering mad-person and whispers about gentle things. A voluntary secretion (Sedate Attack in her statistics) from her skin is a pacifying drug, rendering the victim quiet for 24 hours. It also removes a point of Sanity per application.

Investigators made permanently insane become her agents to the outside world, and make escape more difficult for the rest.

After two years, Armbruster reaches 25 feet tall. By that time all the investigators have gone insane, been eaten, or have perished in various cruel experiments. Armbruster has grown too huge for the caves, and human microscopes and books are too tiny to be used. For a while she haunts the few wastes left on earth, then encroaching humanity and her mounting hunger finally clash.

**Punishment:** an investigator caught doing the wrong thing is punished. A minor infraction like refusing to do the dishes results in being returned to the pen for 1D2 days. A major infraction, like breaking Jenny's lab equipment or burning her notes, results in being bound, gagged, and suspended on a rope above the Bottomless Chasm for a week, with a loss of 6 HP to exposure and 1D10 SAN from the experience of

### Hostage Psychology

This insanity occurs only to captives who have spent long weeks in close proximity to their captors. The ultimate form of peer pressure, Hostage Psychology causes the victim to take on the values of the captor so long as he or she is in proximity to the captor. This insanity is mentioned in the "Hazards Of Captivity" sub-section nearby.

The victim's mind transmutes the captor into an all-important figure of authority: for example, *Armbruster holds the power of life and death— obviously, I must trust her absolutely and encourage other captives to do the same. I always try to help Ms. Armbruster, since it's so nice to see her smile with those three-inch-long teeth.*

Investigators affected with Hostage Psychology still see their original companions as friends, but refuse direct action against Armbruster and take no steps toward escape. If zero Sanity is reached while Hostage Psychology is in effect, the former investigator serves Armbruster unswervingly and forever.

If freed, an investigator suffering Hostage Psychology resents his or her behavior while in bondage and becomes obsessed with guilt about that weakness. Extended psychoanalysis can alleviate the condition.

dangling over nothing (and for seeing the things which sometimes creep up from below).

Jenny's cycle will affect her reaction to misbehavior, and also the care she takes of the misbehaved, as the keeper sees fit. She might, for instance, forget to give water to a dangler over the Bottomless Chasm during Heat or Hunger week; four days without water means near-certain death.

**Seeing The Giantess Feed:** once they have the run of the caves, the investigators inevitably encounter the daily horde of crickets that scabble past from the Antenna Hole through the caves to the Feeding Room. These creatures cause the ghastly noises heard earlier by the investigators. Although a Zoology roll indicates that the crickets' behavior is wholly unnatural, they march determinedly into the blackness of the Feeding Room, and none come back.

Light cast within reveals Armbruster sprawled against the far wall, bugs swarming over her and fighting to enter her gaping mouth, Sanity loss 1/1D4 SAN. The glazed look in her eyes shifts as she acknowledges her guests' presence; without attempting to speak, she signals that everyone is invited to join in the repast, and happily shares this bounty of the Goddess, even if it is Armbruster's Hungry Phase.

**Meeting Interesting Guests:** most weeks (but not during Heated and Hungry phases) there is a 25% chance that one of two Mythos creatures arrives for an evening—Eddie Kaplan the Ghoul or Qn, a Mi-Go scientist and surgeon, interested in the Armbruster experiment.

**THE GHOUL:** he lugs up ancient dusty coffins (and their contents) to give Armbruster practice for her Resurrection. Eddie gets any incomplete reanimations. "Tastes like microwave," quips the old ghoul. These feasts are much resented by Willie, who always whines for a share.

Jenny has yet to enjoy a complete success and may be heard accusing Eddie of snacking on the way. At that point, Eddie gestures towards a random investigator. He and Jenny begin to observe this character, whispering in low

tones to each other, but they never get around to killing that investigator.

Eddie comes and goes without hindrance from the Bottomless Chasm. When Armbruster's back is turned, he invites investigators to join in the delights of ghouldom. See the sub-section below, "Escape" for more information.

**QN, THE MI-GO SURGEON:** interested in this Armbruster as a new manifestation of Shub-Niggurath, and pre-



Eddie

paring a body of work for what passes as publication on Yuggoth, on some occasions he brings a transparent container filled with gelatinous tissue to which Jenny adds some of her blood. Watching the tissue writhe and change under the influence of Jenny's blood costs 1/1D2 SAN. At least once, Qn's curiosity extends to the investigators, choosing one at random to drain away a pint of blood (Sanity loss 0/1). Only Qn knows what happens to it; he packs it away for a trip to Yuggoth.



Qn

In exchange for these experiments, Qn counsels Jenny on her own research, and provides her with rare minerals useful in preparing corpses for Resurrection. After the investigators witness two visits by the Mi-Go, Armbruster feels confident enough to raise Noëlle from the dead.

**Seeing The Giantess Grow:** between quarterly rituals, Armbruster can grow as much as six inches in height. Normally this is imperceptible, but occasionally she experiences momentary growth spurts of up to an inch. Keepers may, once a month, have investigators close to Armbruster hear a distinct stretching sound. Turning toward her, those investigators see Armbruster's neck elongating, or a hand or foot swell and enlarge (SAN loss is 0/1 to witness).

When Armbruster returns from some quarterly ritual, her extra set of smaller arms now fully function, and she shows them off proudly; they have a liquid quality to their movement which is disturbing—SAN 0/1D3 to see.

**Helping Raise Jenny's Litter:** if Armbruster succeeds in mating with an investigator, she becomes pregnant. She remains in a pleasant, motherly mood throughout that time, the phases of her cycle notwithstanding. She insists that the father feel her belly daily, to notice how the things within squirm and grow. If the keeper wishes, she might add a pair or two of new breasts, to better cope with the new babies. Pregnant or not, she does not miss a quarterly ritual.

As the time nears, she spends a lot of time worrying about the proper names for her children: for the first batch, she finally settles on names promoting good attitude: High Energy, Positive, Forthright, Candor, Theta-Wave, Openness, Crystal, Channel, and so on.

In three months, she has a litter of 1D6+2 jennikins; roll a D3 to learn their sexes (male, female, hermaphrodite). She insists that the investigators help with the delivery, and (if she must) insures that they do by chaining them in the room.



A Jennykin

The babies are four-armed and muscular, weigh fifteen pounds each, learn to walk in two days, and can speak at Willie's level in ten days. Witnessing the birth and surveying the grotesque litter costs 1/1D4+1 SAN. The father, who must be present, loses an additional 1D6 SAN automatically as he sees elements of himself reflected in these monsters.

As the scene closes, Jennifer may have her arms full of suckling babes and (considering the possible Sanity losses) be encircled as well by gibbering captives vying for attention. Was ever a woman blessed with such a happy family?

The jennikins present new terrors for the investigators, though in themselves they cost no additional Sanity.

Armbruster does not take them to rituals for nearly two years. They grow a SIZ a month anyway, until they reach SIZ 15, at which point they breed on their own. They live on crickets and mother's milk. They have an EDU of 6 within three months, at which time they're toilet-trained (before then the investigators get to change (and launder) increasingly large diapers. They reach EDU 8 in another three months, and absorb all sorts of knowledge at an alarming rate.

After giving birth, Armbruster ignores her captives, since they're so obviously inferior to her offspring. If a jennykin accidentally breaks an investigator while at play, she does not punish her child, but she does drastically punishes the reverse situation.

The sample statistic at the end of this adventure is for a six-month-old, but they change rapidly. In six weeks, give them the average capacity of a human 10-year-old; in six months, human adult capacity; in 15 months, they have the capacities and skills of Jennifer Armbruster at the time the investigators enter her caves.

As all children will be, the jennikins are tirelessly ingenious in making life pure torture for the investigators. Those who survive the brutal play, examinations, sudden hungers, accidents, cruel games, tantrums, and degradation into the status of pets will be lucky indeed to have retained useful sanity. Details of their childhood antics are left in the hands of the keeper, who must suit their behavior to his or her players. If the keeper wishes, he or she may present the children as contaminated at birth, and irredeemably evil, but conflicting goals are always more interesting than monomania—given the chance by the players, construct

personalities for at least the first litter, and let later litters be more anonymously cruel.

**Witnessing Resurrections:** probably no investigators can be present when Armbruster practices this spell, unless one of them knows the spell and collaborates with her in its execution. All the investigators may see the occasional results Eddie carries out, as his next meal. Seeing Eddie rip stringy flesh from a thing composed of one arm, one leg, and a heaving chest costs 1D2/1D4+1 SAN.

If an investigator is resurrected, assume Jenny succeeds, and charge the standard 1D20 SAN lost in coming back to life. Those struck with an indefinite insanity have Amnesia; if so, it costs him or her an additional 6 SAN to get used to Jennifer and Willie. Those resurrected are informed that Armbruster deems disintegration suitable punishment for ‘specially bad deeds’. (Watching a friend slowly turning to dust costs the other investigators 1D3/1D6 SAN each.) On the other hand, resurrectees are signs of her success and special virtue to Armbruster; they become like retarded jennikins to the giantess, and can count on much more latitude than the rest of the investigators, since they’re handicapped.

Jennifer tries to resurrect Noëlle Rand while she’s in normal phase. Jennifer’s guilt over Rand’s death is all-consuming. She believes, deep in her heart, that bringing back Rand absolves and justifies her deepening involvement in the Mythos and any incidental damage to investigators.

Anyone who stymies or undoes the resurrection of Noëlle Rand—helping Ed eat up the corpse, scattering Noëlle’s essential salts, etc.) is blamed with Noëlle’s murder: nothing worse could happen. Without hope of saving her friend, Jennifer tries to murder all the investigators and then reduce them to their essential salts. As she has no use for them now, the wicked keeper must devise their ultimate fate, perhaps to be given to Dr. Finley for repeated hideous experiments.

If no one tampers with Rand’s remains, the spell succeeds. The new Noëlle must cope, in rapid succession, with Sanity loss of 1D20 SAN for the spell and a 1D6 SAN loss for seeing a 15-foot, four-armed Jenny Armbruster and a gigantic Willie cheerfully looming over her. Subtract more for Armbruster’s Sedate Attack, and it’s likely that Noëlle loses the 12 points necessary to drive her indefinitely insane (Stupor is strongly suggested). In any case, she is unable to communicate with the investigators for at least 24 hours.

Armbruster celebrates Noëlle’s return with a party in the Lab. Nolly is dressed in old, over-sized clothes from Jennifer, and sits at the head of the table, where she stares unmoving throughout. Armbruster has used her new, small arms to fix Rand’s hair and make her up; the investigators see the preparations and notice that Armbruster’s new hands have (logically enough) grown eyes in their palms, for close-up fine manipulation. Keeper’s option whether or not the observation costs Sanity.

Jennifer bellows praises to Shub-Niggurath and Yog-Sothoth while serving popcorn and forcing everyone to swill large quantities of beer. Willie capers to the blaring music, his great jowls flapping over his head. If one investigator slips out during the party, Jenny won’t notice for twelve hours.

A sane Noëlle Rand can, for a time, be a powerful ally to the investigators. Properly manipulative investigators can quickly convince her, and through her Jennifer Armbruster, that they all should be freed. This can happen only before Dr. Finley arrives—Finley has so much influence that after then he easily convinces Armbruster to give the investigators to him.

**Dr. Finley Arriving:** investigators who have failed to take any of several opportunities to attempt escape may be spurred into action by the mad doctor’s approach. Finley may be believed perished in the destruction of Warehouse 2 at Dawn Biozyme, or that incident may not yet have happened. He can survive unless the investigators specifically destroyed this madman. Several months pass and Finley arrives for his periodic examination of Armbruster. Finley’s picture can be found in the chapter “Dawn Biozyme.”

He is very surprised to find the investigators prisoner in the caves, and demands of Armbruster to know why he was not informed of their presence. (Perhaps he asks that the investigators be locked in the Pen, and they overhear the conversation in the Lab.)

Armbruster sullenly replies that she didn’t think it important; a successful Psychology roll hints that she guessed Finley would intend their torture and death, and that a vestige of her self-respect has so far saved their lives. Nonetheless, hesitation is not the same as decision. When Finley confronts her and reminds her of her mission in life and of his importance to that mission, her humanity crumbles and she gives over the investigators without compunction. Finley goes too far, of course, if he tries the same tack concerning Noëlle.

Chained, stacked like cordwood in the back of his van, Finley drives the investigators back either to Dawn Biozyme (if Warehouse 2 still exists) or to his large home north of Samson. There, if the keeper wishes, they pass out of this campaign and are never heard from again—or the keeper may allow both cruel experiment and possible escape. Or they might be shipped to Toronto and re-enter the campaign by escaping there, though the keeper will have to sew together that possibility. See the sub-section “Dr. Finley’s Estate” in the Dawn Biozyme chapter for more information.

## Escape Possibilities

Unless the players enjoy watching investigator sheets disappear one by one over the keeper’s screen, their investiga-



tors should be seeking every avenue of escape. Physical attacks and uncoordinated flights to freedom almost certainly fail and cause Armbruster to put them back in the Pen. The investigators' best tactic is in establishing good relations with Armbruster, learning what they can, and attempting to free at least one among them. Many factors bear upon different kinds of escapes.

## Conning Armbruster

The easiest and most effective course for the investigators is to wheedle and whine, just as children do. They can plead for anything—to help her in her research, to see the sun again, to grow fresh vegetables outside (Jenny is uneasy about feeding them so much processed food, and they don't seem to want to eat crickets), to learn more about the wonders of the goddess Shub-Niggurath, or whatever they can devise.

A captive must succeed in an Oratory or Fast Talk roll and Armbruster must fail a Psychology roll before such a request is granted. Each investigator must achieve independently his or her wheedle, and may not change it thereafter. The prisoners get one wheedle attempt among them per week, beginning when Armbruster grants them the run of the caves.

**Assisting Armbruster's Research:** of dubious value, this privilege means exposure to experimental magicks ("Ooops, we put your hand on backwards!"), making drawings of quivering microscopic horrors, risking mistakes which may bring brutal punishment, sniffing bubbling alembics pouring off poisonous gases, and reading paragraphs which tempt the mind to disintegration—always done with the awareness that useful work furthers the ends of an insane giantess and her unspeakably foul goddess.

A lab assistant does the dull, the dirty, and the dangerous. Since Armbruster's intelligence has risen, only an INT 18 or better human of high education with some Cthulhu Mythos can make even nominal sense of her research directions.

If the assistant does well, however, he or she has an increasing chance of creating a new spell, Stare, related in a nearby box. The chance to define the spell starts at 5% the first month and increases by 10 percentiles each additional month.

Every 1D3+1 months, however, the lab-assistant investigator must also receive a 1D10 Cthulhu Mythos roll as his or her mind reluctantly but inescapably makes new and shocking deductions about the Mythos and its meaning, which may delay learning Stare for some time.

No Milk of the Dark Mother exists in the caves. Armbruster no longer needs an independent supply, since she is able to guzzle unrestrictedly every few months from the source. Her work is almost entirely concerned with

herself. She might, however, occasionally bring some Milk to Willie, to bring his growth up to hers.

The assistant also notices that Armbruster occasionally receives or sends short messages to a Dr. Codgehill, at Rothmersholm Ltd., Toronto.

**Soaking Up Some Sunshine:** Armbruster seriously considers this, since she devoutly believes naturally-produced vitamin D is better for anyone than taking tablets, but she can't find any way to bring out all the investigators and not have them escape. She rationalizes that only the requesting investigator really needs it. "It" turns out to be every sunny Sunday, when there's no chance of a mailman or deliveryman. She opens the boulder, then shoves it back in place, leaving Willie on guard inside the cave. She and the captive sprawl in the ravine. She usually holds the captive's hand. There's little chance of escape even if she does not, since she's faster and has (much) longer legs. This does give the captives left below some time to attempt escape or research Mythos information.

Quietly sharing a half-hour in the outdoors does cause her to trust the investigator more, though, which perhaps can be useful in other ways.

**Growing Fresh Vegetables:** this ploy doesn't work, since Armbruster merely augments her orders to Barnwell's Grocery. She transmutes the idea into Soaking Up Some Sunshine, just above, and to the same effect.

**Learning About The Goddess:** a very risky idea, since it pleases Armbruster so much that she forces the investigator to read from cover to cover her copy of the *Bridewell Nameless Cults*, (+9% Cthulhu Mythos, x3 spell multiplier, -2D8 SAN loss). If the investigator is still sane, she then drags him or her to her next evocation of Shub-Niggurath, and is chained there to endure another 1D10/1D100 SAN loss.

The investigator who keeps sane after meeting Shub-Niggurath becomes Armbruster's favorite until either he (if a he) refuses to father her jennikins, or until jennikins are bom.

## Private Research

Lab assistants and worshipers of Shub-Niggurath (but no one else) get occasional access to Armbruster's notes, records, and Mythos tomes for a few minutes or an hour. In these snatches of time, the captives can try to learn something which can help defeat the giantess. The only spell upon which reasonably quick progress can be made is Stare, as seen nearby, a spell which is unknown to Armbruster.

The lab assistant has an increasing chance of creating Stare. The chance to define the spell starts at 5% the first month and increases by 10 percentiles each additional month, with one roll per month possible.



### Stare, a new spell

Forces the target to gaze fixedly at some point for 3 hours. The spell takes up all of the target's attention, and he or she does nothing else during that time. The caster of this spell must lose 1 POW to learn it.

To cast, this spell requires a fragment from the target's body, such as a hair or a nail clipping. The caster must create a wax or clay effigy of the target, and then seal the body fragment within the effigy. The caster then allocates as many magic points as desired, a total which is matched against the target's INT on the resistance table. If successful, the spell takes effect; if failing, the magic points cast into the spell are lost.

Up to three people may participate in the spell by holding hands; only the caster needs to know the spell; at least one caster must be able to see the target and to have direct line of sight—mirrors, video cameras, photographs, crystal balls, etc., do not allow this spell to be cast. Each participant in the spell loses 1 SAN per cast. Repeated successful castings against the same target extend the duration of the spell.

Once under its sway, a target of INT 22 or less does not notice the effect of the spell, to the point of denying the effect even if discussing the behavior. A target of 23 or greater understands what is happening to it and, while still transfixed by the spell, can freely issue commands and cast retaliatory magic which does not demand movement of the eyes. Targets without eyes, or without eyes that can see, are unaffected by this spell, though caster MP and SAN are still lost.

### Outsmarting Willie

Despite the hyperdog's enhanced intelligence, he's easy to trick, and his usefulness to Armbruster as an ally is severely limited.

Willie's been told to keep the investigators out of the Resurrection room, away from Noëlle's body (Willie knows who it is from the scent, but Armbruster has convinced him not to worry about it), away from the ways out of the caverns, and to prevent their destroying anything.

Distracting the giant beagle is simple: one investigator plays ball or stick or hide with him while the rest stroll off unnoticed. This trick always works, even if Willie knows that someone has tricked him this way before. The only drawback with the scheme is that the beagle is an unpredictable player: every five minutes there's a 50% chance of a Playful Pounce directed at the entertaining playmate; when the battered playmate calls a halt, the hyperdog goes looking for the rest of the investigators.

With a successful Fast Talk, Willie can be made to do anything short of disobeying Armbruster's direct order. For instance, captives punished by being denied food can Fast Talk the hyperdog into fetching food. Of course, the box of crackers Willie fetches may be mangled and sodden when it arrives. There's no Sanity cost for eating beagle-slurp, but the investigators might reasonably suspect that something may be wrong with it.

Willie never sees anything wrong with captives reading, or even chanting from books—he likes stories.

### Noëlle Rand

Once resurrected, Armbruster does everything for Noëlle's welfare. If Nolly has hung onto her SAN or if she regains it, she has only to reach full consciousness for a few minutes before she realizes that her friend Jennifer is totally and bizarrely out of control, and must be escaped.

Rand immediately collaborates with the investigators, and uses her special relationship with Armbruster to ease the investigators' lives.

Armbruster wants to keep Nolly safe in the caves, but might be persuaded to let Nolly make a phone call or write a letter to her folks. Armbruster monitors these, but the very fact that Rand is proved alive re-energizes the efforts to find her, perhaps bringing a visit from a county deputy or a Samson policeman.

If sane, Rand does not, even now, want to see her Jenny killed, only brought to justice. A successful Debate roll leaves her admitting that Armbruster's horrifying condition is worse than death, however.

If Rand is indefinitely insane, she may mutter "unnatural insights" as per the rulesbook (if the players exhibit a dearth of ideas). Rand's insights come from deep knowledge of Jenny, and can be very specific and prescriptive.

### The Gate Room

The Gate Room is merely a barren chamber which contains a wall painted with bizarre shifting markings. The sane viewer of the patterns becomes unaccountably disturbed while looking at it. It's possible for the investigators to deface or destroy the design, forcing Armbruster to angrily re-establish it. This sort of deed is grounds for severe punishment, and should not be undertaken whimsically, as any successful Psychology roll makes clear.

The use of this Gate is not automatic (see the sub-section "The Garage" above.) If an investigator knows Gate, the only problem is to deduce the key; at some opportune moment or by means of an INT x1 or less roll result, the significance of the symbol for Shub-Niggurath can become apparent.

Most importantly, Gating into the garage allows an investigator to discover the Bridewell text of *Nameless Cults* and a copy of Prinn's *De Vermis Mysteriis*, as well as ten sticks of dynamite, fuses, and blasting caps, and the detonator which she kept in the Lab before the investigators arrived and were captured.

If an investigator already knows Gate, of course, he or she can escape at any time and then return, if that proves useful and if he or she is willing to make the significant sacrifice of a POW point to create the new Gate.

If no one knows Gate, it takes the investigators months to learn that Gate is possible, and more months to piece together some of the information necessary to the spell.

## Why Jennifer Armbruster Needs Your Assistance



This sort of long-range research is unlikely to succeed before the madness or destruction of all the investigators.

Armbruster can teach Gate, of course, but why would she? Leave it to the players to come up with a likely reason, perhaps a suitable bribe during Heated phase.

## The Antenna Hole

A person of SIZ 8 or less can squeeze through in 1D6 hours, minus 1 hour per SIZ point below 8, minimum 1 hour.

For the purpose of this adventure, a person of SIZ 12 or less can starve down to SIZ 8 after a month of fasting; keeping this secret from Jenny is another matter. Such forced deprivation permanently costs the investigator 2 CON. Note that Noëlle is naturally SIZ 8.

Investigators greater than SIZ 12 can never slim down enough to exit through the Antenna Hole.

Investigators attempting to stealthily enlarge the Antenna Hole are immediately confronted by Armbruster, whose ears easily pick up the sound.

## Unblocking The Foyer Door

A set of steel bars blocks the way into the greater caverns beyond the Foyer entrance. Though the bars are strong, their footings are not. Armbruster always notices the work if the investigators chip and pound. If they carefully grind and scrape through the relatively soft black volcanic rock, she does not notice unless she's in the Hall or the Foyer.

Grinding and scraping takes about 40 hours to loosen one end of one steel bar, enough to allow a person SIZ 10 or less to escape. Loosening an additional bar makes a gap big enough for a person of SIZ 15. Three bars must be loosened for anyone bigger to escape.

Though Armbruster stands little chance of noticing, Willie always does unless the investigators limit themselves to working only while he's out of the cave. "Waf! Waf! Digging in rock? Can I play?" Unless the investigators move the bars while he's there, Willie doesn't connect the foolishness of digging in rock (rather than in dirt) with the logical following step of removing the bars. If he sees the investigators tamper directly with the bars, he's off to Armbruster like a shot.

If the investigators give the beagle a chance to play, too, there's a 10% chance each time he does that he hurts a paw, and runs complaining to Armbruster.

On the other side of the bars, the caverns continue for a short way, then end in a 100-foot cliff; at the bottom of the cliff, new caves begin.

This cliff marks the end of the lava intrusion. Thereafter an old, narrow watercourse slopes steeply down for a half mile to open the way into a network of ancient limestone channels and rooms. These drop far underground. The network extends for 17 confusing, almost impassible miles. Neither Armbruster nor Willie can follow investigators

through these caves, though Jenny can summon byakhee pursuit if she wishes; her shantaks are too big to be able to pass from room to room.

Armed neither with rope nor long-lasting light, the investigators must bring or find sufficient provisions to survive at least 1D3+2 weeks underground before stumbling onto the route to the outside.

In the deepest level of the cavern a black river flows, filled with blind white fish and tiny pale sightless shrimp. A day's foraging here captures enough food to survive another day, but only 25% of the time do the investigators catch enough to let them spend the next day searching for a way out.

The unrelieved blackness prompts many falls and accidents, of course, and has catastrophic effect on investigators of feeble Sanity.

## The Bottomless Chasm

Ordinarily the only importance of Bottomless Chasm is as Armbruster's latrine, a practice about which Eddie the Ghoul frequently complains. Nonetheless, he continues to climb up, and perhaps his knowledge of what lies below entices the investigators.

He's friendly enough. In fact he'd like to convert occultish sorts to the ghoulish way of life. He may test them first on some failed experiment or other. If they down the raw flesh without vomiting (call for any sort of CON roll), he agrees that maybe the investigators "have the right stuff."

One test is not enough: the investigators must really want to become ghouls. If Eddie's continued Psychology rolls leave him unconvinced about their dedication to the ghoul ideal, he ditches the investigators who have survived a half-dozen Climb rolls (2D6 damage each) to reach the floor of the Underworld and at that point are entering the Dreamlands. There in the blackness, as huge, unseeable bholes (Sanity loss 1D4/1D20 SAN) begin to lurch toward them from all directions and the ground vibrates more and more, Eddie cackles and disappears beyond a boulder, never to be seen again.

Those investigators with successful luck rolls survive the first charge of the bholes, and might be allowed by kindly keepers to climb back up and rejoin Armbruster. Or the keeper might conduct survivors through an Underworld adventure or two; a companion volume *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands* contains information and scenarios.

## Messages To The Outside

Armbruster has trained Willie to fetch mail, packages, and groceries during his daily walks at dusk, and now that the investigators are here, she guards the cave entrance while Willie romps about. On any given day, investigators may have up to an hour by themselves in the caves if Willie finds a really, really, *really* interesting scent.

With successful luck rolls, envelopes can be opened and resealed without leaving evidence, and pleas for help can be included in separate notes or written on the backs of bills or checks. Whether the notes begging help are heeded when received is up to the keeper.

## The Intercom

Since Armbruster guards the cave entrance while Willie romps, she leaves the intercom unguarded. Alas, it's dusk, and no visitor may call then for months or years. Still, if the investigators turn up the music, she has no chance to hear the intercom buzzer while waiting in the Hall.

Just who has come to call is up to the keeper, naturally. Finley is the most likely choice, though Sgt. Bolling or Lt. Jackson are also possibilities.

## Rescue, And Other Conclusions

If the investigators did not state where they were going, no one knows where they are. Without special magical or telepathic abilities, no one is likely to find them. However, if Lt. Jackson or Sgt. Bolling know where they've gone, then eventually one or the other—or a dense Squamish County deputy—rings Armbruster's bell.

If she can, Armbruster tries to handle him by intercom. Failing that, she Gates into the garage and crawls out through the garage doors. She has a 70% chance to reach the person's vehicle before it picks up speed. She snatches it from the ground and turns it on its back, like a turtle. Then she squashes it, drags it a short distance, and hurls it into a nearby canyon.

After that she no longer responds to the intercom, and investigator diets are mostly of crickets. Nonetheless, though they don't worry much about missing investigators, authorities are jealous of their own, and come looking in force for the missing policeman.

Do not let this adventure develop into a siege; no session should end with all the players on the sideline while the keeper talks to himself.

If a siege develops, Armbruster does not hesitate to summon byakhee and worse to attack and unnerve the forces outside the cave. If explosives are used against her, she may Gate to a new location or she may retreat into the Bottomless Chasm, both beyond the purview of this adventure. She may free the investigators or she may eat them—which depends on the needs of her children, her previous relations with the investigators, and whether a way out still exists.

In a siege, Finley washes his hands of Armbruster and attempts to remove references to her at Dawn Biozyme.

**Destroying Jennifer Armbruster:** since she now regenerates after death at the rate of 2 hit points daily, only three ways exist to destroy the giantess: dissolve her with acid,

disintegrate her in a nuclear explosion, or sacrifice her to her Goddess.

**DISSOLUTION BY ACID:** it takes a vat of 1000 gallons of 18-molar (concentrated) sulfuric acid to dissolve Jenny at one go. For maximum effect, the acid should be boiling; if it is, the vat must be closable to protect bystanders against the fumes—an open vat at room temperature gives off fumes, but not enough to kill. Open or closed vats of sulfuric acid are found at chemical manufacturing plants, and access is extremely limited.

A better procedure is to cut up the body into about 20 moderate-sized parts (SAN loss 1/1D4 for participants and witnesses) and then immediately dissolve each in moderate-sized glass barrels or beakers brimming with acid. Container and acid together cost about \$1500; the acid must be renewed for each dissolution at a cost of \$1000. Exhausted acid should be disposed of respectfully and in conformance with environmental laws.

Carving her up in the expectation of later dissolution proves a bad idea. Even freezing does not halt the individual regeneration of each part, each at the 2HP per day rate. Pro-rate other characteristics to conform to the hit points. Only Jennifer's brain regenerates Jennifer; the rest of the pieces take on lives of their own, complete with ancillary legs and tentacles, in three days. Each has 6HP and is a harmless vegetarian. Each looks quite different and costs 1/1D4 SAN to see.

**DISINTEGRATION BY NUCLEAR EXPLOSION:** why in the world would any keeper allow investigators to get hold of such a thing? Presumably obtaining and exploding a nuclear device takes long enough that Armbruster returns to life in the meantime.

**SACRIFICE TO THE GODDESS:** if an investigator has learned the Stare spell, and has learned how to Call Shub-Niggurath, the Outer God can be induced to consume her disciple. The task is major. Armbruster must be kept under Stare for the entire process. She must somehow be brought out of the cave and moved to the Stone Altar—a helicopter would help—and then kept there until the goddess appears to collect her due.

It is just possible that Noëlle Rand or Dr. Finley could persuade Armbruster to give herself to the goddess, but the situation is not good roleplaying, and should be avoided. It's very unlikely that the investigators could ever wield such influence.

**Armbruster's Surrender And Triumph:** neither Noëlle nor Lt. Jackson want Armbruster killed, only brought to justice. The arrest and trial of a fifteen-foot, four-armed woman takes the world by storm.

Any investigator charges of kidnaping are mysteriously dropped by the authorities, at Jatik's instigation. If Noëlle is dead at the time of arrest, prosecutors are baffled when



Armbruster surreptitiously manages to resurrect her and bring her living, smiling friend Noëlle Rand into court.

Armbruster manages to act sane for a while, buoyed by acclaimed, notoriety, admiration, and fawning interviews. She has managed to grasp fame greater than she ever dreamed. Freed, she becomes the celebrity of the decade, the symbol of the Brave New World of biological research destined to transform our way of life. For a few days, she markets herself, negotiating contracts worth millions of dollars.

Before much actually happens, though, a violent earthquake of magnitude 8.9 occurs along the Sabiduria Estrellada fault; it catches (or is purported to catch) Jenny and Willie. Armbruster drops out of sight, though not out of memory, apparently one among tens of thousands who perish in the cataclysm to be detailed in the last adventure in this book, "After The Big One." If the keeper wishes, of course, Armbruster could return—perhaps influenced by Noëlle—on one side or the other at Samson Coliseum, but handling that believably would require the keeper's most serious effort.

The insane ideas that Armbruster aired—of the beneficence of Shub-Niggurath, of the necessity to become inhuman, of rapprochement with the Outer Gods, of the worthlessness of human religion and organization—curdles society. Something has been loosed, and cannot be recaptured; each year it seems to a few more people that social change is impossible, and that only personal adjustment is possible to make.

What actually happens to Jennifer Armbruster? It's up to the keeper, of course. She may have fallen before the blandishments of some incredibly powerful or well-funded federal agency, in whose vast compounds she and her children (surely there are *lots* of children now) live lives of incredible luxury. Certainly she has a lot to offer any military or intelligence agency: transdimensional travel and raising of the dead are not small capabilities. And who can imprison a being who could Gate to another planet if she wanted?

Humans can offer her attention. It seems fitting to her that, just as she worships Shub-Niggurath, so others ought to appreciate Jennifer Armbruster—after all, isn't there the same general disproportion in size? Perhaps in a later decade she decides to enforce her own worship.

In any case, it's not possible that Armbruster makes treaties or friends with anyone who hurts Willie, whose heart remains pure.

**Investigator Rewards And Demerits:** none, yet; wait for the end of the campaign. Nonetheless, keep the following in mind: restoring Noëlle to her parents, +1 SAN (only that much since the investigators know or guess that the resurrected Rand can be disintegrated at the snap of a finger); no

surviving jennikins 1D6 SAN; Armbruster permanently destroyed, 1D6+2 SAN.

## Statistics

### Bodybuilders

Keepers who desire pro heavyweight bodybuilders stats may use Mr. & Ms. Strong as examples. Amateur and lightweight builders may have STR and SIZ a point or two less, though not uniformly. Those who go on to championship level might compare with the Atlases. Try to adhere to the idea that in such special muscle-training regimens STR not be allowed to increase beyond SIZ by more than three points without risking permanent injury. The characteristic SIZ is even more relative than usual when dealing with mesomorphic (muscular) people: muscle weighs less than fat, but arguably adds more to a damage bonus. All have damage bonuses of 1D6.

#### Joe Strong

STR 19	CON 16	SIZ 18	INT 12	POW 12
DEX 12	APP 13	EDU 12	SAN 60	HP 17

#### Jane Strong

STR 18	CON 16	SIZ 17	INT 12	POW 12
DEX 13	APP 13	EDU 12	SAN 60	HP 17

#### Joe Atlas

STR 21	CON 17	SIZ 18	INT 12	POW 14
DEX 12	APP 14	EDU 12	SAN 60	HP 18

#### Jane Atlas

STR 20	CON 17	SIZ 17	INT 12	POW 14
DEX 13	APP 14	EDU 12	SAN 60	HP 17

#### Lt. PAUL JACKSON, Samson Police

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

#### Damage Bonus +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4  
.38 Special Revolver 60%, damage 1D10

M16A2 Assault Rifle 55%, damage 2D8 (fires either burst or 2 shots per round)

**Skills:** Accounting 30%, Climb 40%, Credit Rating 50%, Dodge 60%, Drive Automobile 71%, English 80%, Fast Talk 78%, First Aid 32%, Hide 21%, Law 27%, Listen 66%, Psychology 64%, Sneak 32%, Spanish 70%, Spot Hidden 63%.

#### JACK BOLLING, Detective, Age 36

STR 14	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 14
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 14	SAN 64	HP 13

#### Damage Bonus +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, 1D3+1D4

Nightstick 55%, 1D6+1D4

9mm Parabellum 70%, 1D10

**Skills:** Accounting 15%, Bargain 65%, Chemistry 5%, Chinese 10%, Climb 45%, Computer Use 15%, Credit Rating 45%, Debate 20%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 65%, Electronics 15%, English 75%, Fast Talk 50%, First Aid 45%, Jump 30%, Law 25%, Library Use 35%, Listen 40%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 60%.

**CHUCK The Herpetologist (C. Cartwright, ophiophile)**

STR 13 CON 16\* SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 11  
DEX 15 APP 13 EDU 20 SAN 75 HP 14

**Damage Bonus** +1D4**Weapons:** Hunting Knife 35%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

**Skills:** Bargain 60%, Climb 80%, Dodge 50%, Drive Automobile 50%, First Aid 85%, Herpetology 90%, Hide 60%, Jump 50%, Listen 30%, Occult 7%, Pharmacy 15%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 72%, Spot Hidden 80%, Track 35%, Treat Poison 50%, Zoology 52%.

\* Allow Mr. Cartwright CON 18 when resisting snake venoms.

**WILLIE the Hyperdog (former Beagle)**

At the keeper's option, Willie may continue to grow.

STR 22 CON 20 SIZ 24 INT 6 POW 3  
DEX 13 APP 5 EDU 1 SAN 0 HP 22

Move 10

**Damage Bonus** +2D6

**Weapons:** Bite 40%, damage 1D6+2D6  
Playful Pounce 80%, ID3 damage

**Armor:** 1 point hide

**Skills:** Hide 10%, Jump 90%, English 10%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track by Smell 80%.

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D2 SAN.**JENNIFER ARMBRUSTER****Jennifer Armbruster (At 15 Feet)**

STR 28 CON 28 SIZ 29 INT 22 POW 24  
DEX 13\* APP 3 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 29

DEX 17\*\*

\* general movement; larger arms. \*\* new, smaller arms.

Move 10

**Damage Bonus** +3D6

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+3D6  
Great Big Iron Pipe 60%, damage 2D6+3D6  
Big Rock (Thrown) 56%, damage 2D8  
Big Rock (Wielded) 50%, damage 1D10+3D6  
Great Big Boulder (heaved) 35%, damage 24D6  
Sedate Attack 99%, damage 1 SAN point loss daily\*  
\* tranquilizes the affected target for 24 hours

**Armor:** 1 point skin & muscle; regenerates 2 HP/day, even after "death" unless body is totally destroyed by acid; immune to electrical shock and extremes of heat and cold

**Spells:** Call Shub-Niggurath; Contact Ghoul; Create Gate; Endurance Chant; Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Crickets, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Summon/Bind Shantak.

**Skills:** Aklo 07%, Bargain 15%, Biochemistry 70%, Bodybuilding 75%, Botany 11%, Chemistry 35%, Climb 60%, Computer Use 30%, Credit Rating (35% by mail or phone, 0% in person), Cthulhu Mythos 23%, Debate 20%, Dodge 26%, Electrical Repair 13%, English 90%, Fast Talk 33%, First Aid 31%, Jump 30%, Latin 30%, Library Use 40%, Listen 47%, Mechanical Repair 15%, Occult 15%, Pharmacy 12%, Physics 15%, Psychology 30%, Ride Shantak 15%, See Infrared† 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Sumerian 14%, Throw 56%, Treat Poison 10%, Zoology 15%.

† As her eyes get larger, Armbruster can see well enough in darkness to be able to detect human bodies or other largish sources of heat.

**Sanity Loss:** 0/ID4 SAN (0/ID6 when her second arms open)**Armbruster's Current Growth (3 Months)**

STR +1 CON +1 SIZ +1 INT +.5 POW +.5

**Jennifer Armbruster (At 5'5")**

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 16  
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 16 SAN 70 HP 14

**EDDIE KAPLAN, ghoul and supplier**

STR 21 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 9  
DEX 13 (EDU 11) HP 14  
Move 9

**Damage Bonus** +1D6

**Weapons:** Claws 30%, damage 1D6+1D6  
Bite 30%, damage 1D6+1D6 plus 10% chance for infection

**Armor:** none, but guns do half damage.**Spells:** none.

**Skills:** Air Guitar 50%, Climb 85%, English 60%, Hide 60%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Meep 71%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 50%.

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D6 SAN.**QN, Yuggothian (Mi-Go) Academic**

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 18 POW 16  
DEX 18 HP 10

Move 7/9 flying

**Damage Bonus** +0**Weapons:** Nippers 30%, damage 1D6 plus grapple

Light Ray Gun 45%, damage 2D8

Heavy Ray Gun 40%, damage 3D8+2

**Armor:** none, but impaling-type weapons do minimum damage.

**Spells:** Shrivelling, others the keeper finds useful, still more beyond all human ken.

**Skills:** Bargain 60%, Chemistry 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Computer Use 99%, Debate 72%, Electronics 55%, (Buzz) English 67%, Exosurgery 99%, Human Biochemistry 79%, Listen 40%, Psychology (Human) 18%, Spot Hidden 75%.

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D6**NOËLLE RAND, a Friend Beyond Death\***

STR 10 CON 17 SIZ 8 INT 15 POW 14  
DEX 15 APP 17 EDU 16 SAN 60 HP 13

**Damage Bonus** +0**Weapons:** none.**Spell:** Endurance Chant.

**Skills:** Accounting 20%, Aerobics 89%, Bargain 30%, Bodybuilding 15%, Computer Use 15%, Credit Rating 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Debate 42%, Fast Talk 42%, Jump 70%, Library Use 15%, Listen 44%, Occult 09%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 41%.

\*resurrected by Armbruster.

**SHUB-NIGGURATH, Outer God**

STR 71 CON 172 SIZ 120 INT 21 POW 70  
HP 145 Move 15

**Damage Bonus** +17D6

**Weapons:** Tentacle 100%, damage Catch  
Trample 75%, damage 11D6

**Armor:** immune to physical weapons; takes normal energy and magical damage; each magic point she spends for the purpose enables her to heal 2 points of damage.

**Spells:** knows all spells pertaining to the Outer Gods, plus Create Gate, Curse of Azathoth, and Voorish Sign.

**Sanity Loss:** 1D10/1D100 SAN.**HOWARD FINLEY, Microbiologist, Age 56**

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 15  
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 11

**Damage Bonus** +0**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Accounting 15%, Bargain 55%, Biology 60%, Botany 15%, Chemistry 55%, Computer Use 30%, Credit Rating 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Debate 60%, Diagnose Disease 15%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 40%, Electrical Repair 20%, Electronics 40%, Fast Talk 15%, German 30%, Library Use 65%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Microbiology 85%, Occult 25%, Oratory 20%, Pharmacy 20%, Photography 10%, Psychology 30%, Russian 35%, Treat Poison 10%, Zoology 10%.

**SAMPLE JENNIKIN**

STR 16   CON 16   SIZ 14   INT 14   POW 16  
 DEX 13   APP 1   EDU 10   SAN 0   HP 15

**Damage Bonus** +1D4**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4\*\* allow two attacks each round, since it has four arms. ☐

# Where A God Shall Tread

*Wherein the valiant investigators cross one border and find two unusual states of mind; beneath the surfaces of both bubble blazing rage and the obscure dreams of ancient races.*

The character Mr. Shiny derives from an idea in Michael Shea's fine story "Fat-Face," as appearing in *Year's Best Horror #16*, Karl Edward Wagner editor.

## Scenario Considerations

This is the only adventure occurring away from the region around Samson, California. From Samson's Eastwood Airport, non-stop flights depart daily for Toronto. If the keeper wishes, this adventure could as well happen in Samson, in which case place names need to be changed. Expect this adventure to last at least two sessions, and perhaps as much as four.

One handout occurs only in the handouts chapter.

## Keeper's Information

Rothmersholm Ltd. of Toronto, Canada, is also indirectly controlled by NWI. The company specializes in biopsychiatric drugs which treat or alleviate distressing mental states. Rothmersholm Ltd. receives heavy financial support from Larson Pharmaceuticals, an NWI subsidiary.

At NWI direction, a group at Rothmersholm have been experimenting with the psychoactive properties of the Milk of the Dark Mother sent to them by Dr. Howard Finley of Dawn Biozyme. They have detected a range of mind-influencing molecules present in varying strengths. Some have been stabilized, and are available to Mr. Shiny in pill, aerosol, or injection form—those drugs are discussed in a box titled "Mind Control," further in this chapter.

Shortly after the investigators arrive in Toronto, Rothmersholm is sabotaged. Ssruthaa, an undying mage of the Serpent People, infected the staff in the containment site with a quick-acting mutagen to cover up his theft of the Milk extant at Rothmersholm.

The investigators are the first to discover the insane mutants still living after Ssruthaa's attack.

Investigators captured by Finley who have been sent to Toronto may turn out to be victims of the virus, costing the surviving investigators extra SAN to witness and dispatch, or may be found in special cells alive and unharmed—keeper's choice.

In tracking down Ssruthaa, the investigators are aided by clues from a web of murders being committed in Toronto. These murders are committed by Ssruthaa, in the likeness of the Rev. Baxter Lully, a popular television evangelist whose form he has consumed.

The serpent man wants to obtain the body of Rhan-Tegoth, a Great Old One, from the Royal Toronto Museum. The museum has possessed what they believe is a statue for years. Those authorities believe it to be a fake Aleut carving. Ssruthaa knows better. Using the milk of Shub-Niggurath, Ssruthaa hopes to resurrect the monster.

Two modern-day witches, practitioners of Wicca, are in Toronto on a holiday. Although they may at first be sus-

## About Rothmersholm Ltd.

All shares are privately held by the scientist-entrepreneur Lars Rothmersholm and by his silent partner, Larson Pharmaceuticals.

Rothmersholm Ltd. is known for production of antipsychotic and mood-stabilizing drugs, and for anxiolytic remedies similar to buspirone which relieve anxiety with little physical side-effect. The company had gross receipts of 68 million Canadian dollars in the previous year, an amount expected to grow by about 20% this year. Profits are unknown, but potentially substantial.

The financial connection with Larson Pharmaceuticals appears to be straight-forward, term notes in exchange for first-option development rights and lowered royalties on specified research products if successful.

—investigator handout #1

pects, the two may become investigator allies in the effort to foil the serpent man's plan.

Tcho-Tchos, mutants, and thuggish skinheads complicate the investigators' efforts.

## Investigators' Information

The investigators learn of Rothmersholm Ltd. from Richard Jatik, from Harold Gall's cryptic comment, from Finley's files at DBZ, from various messages and clues at Finley's home, from Armbruster's notes in her lab, and from such other references as the keeper may have planted.

If needed, Slakes can encourage them to learn the scope of bizarre goings-on.

Jatik, Slakes, Novescu, or anyone connected with Full Wilderness can summarize information concerning Rothmersholm Ltd., but NWI goes unmentioned in the summary.

## About Canada And Toronto

Canada, the Giant of the North, covers nearly 7% of the earth, in size second only to the USSR at its height. Its two million lakes comprise nearly 50% of the world's supply of fresh water. Temperatures can fall as low as -76°F. Permafrost zones cover half the land area; in some spots, frigid temperatures over millennia have frozen the ground to depths of more than 1,300 feet.

Mining and lumbering employ over 20% of the work force. Canadians enjoy the third-highest standard of living in the world. Three out of four Canadians live in a town or a city. Most of them live within 200 miles of the Canada/U.S. border.

Canada's population exceeds 26 million, approximately 47% of which descend from English-speakers. Another 27% speak French as a first language while the remainder are Germans, Ukrainians, Italians, Scandinavians, Poles, Koreans, Chinese, Greeks, Indians, and Eskimos. Unlike their 'melting pot' neighbors to the south, Canadians retain national heritages, customs, and languages to a great degree. In Quebec, friction between French- and English-speaking peoples remains a major problem.

Because of the close ties between Canada and the United States, customs regulations are quite liberal. Americans may bring boats, camping items, hunting and fishing equipment, and limited amounts of liquor, tobacco, and food without duty fees. Narcotics, handguns, and automatic weapons are prohibited. Plants and plant materials must be inspected and declared. Dogs and other pets may enter the country with proper health papers detailing inspection and vaccination by a veterinarian.

U.S. citizens do not need visas or passports to enter Canada. Stopping their automobile at the guard shack, or entering the customs booth at the airport, investigators will be asked "Where were you born?" If everyone answers "U.S.," further checks rarely are made, and the visitors are allowed into Canada. Investigators who claim foreign citizenship must show their papers—often causing long delay.

Large or unusual equipment being hauled in by the investigators will be questioned and more than likely the investigators will have to sign papers stating that they don't intend to sell the item or in any other way earn money while in the country. If they do earn income, they are responsible for taxes on these earnings. Suspicious-looking investigators may be asked to step

## Third Body Found

### Police Baffled by 'Toronto Ripper'

The mutilated body of Russell Simons, 25, was discovered early this morning in Toronto, on Dundas Street near Spadina.

The body had been badly slashed and partially disemboweled. This third brutal Chinatown murder has left baffled police without clues.

The previous victims of the Toronto Ripper, Nathaniel Moore and Brian Lombardo, also were found in the Chinatown area. Authorities speculate that the murderer frequents the area or may live there.

Police warn against walking the streets alone after dark, but they also assure residents and merchants in the area that auto and foot patrols in the area have been greatly increased. They state that there is cause for concern, but not for alarm.

Police urge anyone with pertinent information to please come forward.

—Investigator Handout #2

inside the customs office. Inside they are questioned, perhaps asked to remove their shoes and turn out their pockets or, in the extreme, are strip-searched. Meanwhile, Customs officials will be going over their vehicle and/or luggage looking for contraband. Although rare events, vehicles have been partly or even completely disassembled at border stations.

Smuggling prohibited substances and items into the country is grounds for stiff fines, duty fees, confiscation, deportation, and/or a lengthy stay in a Canadian prison.

Canadians use dollars. The value of the Canadian dollar fluctuates against U.S. currency. At the time of this scenario \$1 United States has the value of \$1.25 Canadian. U.S. dollars are acceptable in Canada, but not all stores give full exchange.

## Toronto

Toronto, located on the northwest shore of Lake Ontario, was first settled by the French in the 1730s. Today it is the largest Canadian city, about 3.5 million inhabitants. It has a cosmopolitan air and an international reputation, playing host to millions of tourists and vacationers. Attractions include a fine selection of theater productions, classical and rock concerts, large department stores, designer boutiques, museums of all sorts, Ontario Park, a zoo (the Metro) ranked among the top ten in the world, and Mosport speedway—the nearby site of the Canadian Grand Prix as well as many other racing events. Restaurants, night clubs, fine hotels, and art galleries round out the picture.

Toronto International airport is 17 miles west of city center.

Toronto weather tends to the cold side; winter highs temperatures range from 30-50°F, and summers in the 60-90°F range.

Visiting investigators should be prepared to spend at least \$200 a day for hotel, meals, and transportation.

The legal drinking age in Toronto is 19. Alcohol is served in licensed establishments from noon until 1 A.M. Monday through Saturday, and until 11 P.M. Sunday.

Business hours vary—10 A.M. until 5-6 P.M. Monday through Saturday for smaller retail shops, and until 9 P.M. at malls and larger stores. Banks and government offices are open Monday-Friday from 10 A.M. until 3-6 P.M..

Buses, taxis, and streetcars run around the clock but the subway is in operation only from 6 A.M. (9 A.M. on Sunday) until 1:30 A.M.



The flight is uneventful.

Arriving at Toronto International, they walk past shops and video arcades, and notice the blaring headline on today's edition of the *Toronto Star*. "Third Body Found—Police Baffled by Toronto Ripper" screams the type. If the investigators peruse the paper, give them Handout #2. If they ignore this clue, later opportunities allow them to gather the information. More clues about the Ripper can be found in the sub-section "Newspaper Stories."

Toronto is unseasonably hot. For some time—whatever seems effective in the keeper's game—daily temperatures have soared well past 90°F; keepers may wish to suggest that the heat seems to be continent-wide.

The stifling cab (no air-conditioning) into Toronto costs the price of a good dinner, plus tip.

In the city, room the group downtown in the excellent Sutton Place Hotel at 955 Bay Street. This hotel has 33 floors with 208 guest rooms, 72 luxury suites, a fitness center, beauty salon, gift and news shop, ballrooms, conference center, lounge, and an award-winning restaurant.

Once checked in, the investigators can phone or personally call at Rothmersholm. Just as at Dawn Biozyme, if they drop in unannounced, they find themselves without authorization to pass the receptionist. Names of scheduled visitors appear on an often-updated list kept at the desk. If the investigators insist, learn what story they offer, then have Martha Wyse, a young and pretty receptionist, call for authorization. If their story sounds good, she can schedule an appointment with the director, Dr. Rothmersholm, or with whomever seems to fit the requirements of the investigators' story. Dr. Bryce Codgehill (mentioned in Finley's correspondence) is the mad scientist in charge of Milk of the Dark Mother research at Rothmersholm. Direct investigators make an appointment with him.

Codgehill, learning of their Full Wilderness affiliation, grudgingly agrees over the phone to an inspection tour of the facility the next day. He'll send an assistant, Albert Shiny, to take them around. See the "Rothmersholm Ltd." sub-section below for description and details.

## A Grisly Discovery

That evening an investigator makes an unfortunate discovery. Returning to the hotel after dinner, or shopping, or any other evening activity, his or her attention swings to a sudden movement a hundred feet down a dark alley. A dim light glows weakly from beyond a dumpster, extinguishes as a car door slams, and then a dark figure dashes away down the alley. Behind the figure, a car horn begins to blow unceasingly.

The dark figure is Ssruthaa, out for an evening's hunt; if the investigators pursue him, he casts Quicken upon himself, and easily outruns them.

If they approach the auto from which the horn continues to sound, the investigators discover an idling Metro City taxicab with the body of its driver, horribly mutilated, rammed against the steering wheel. The man's throat has been slashed open, his vocal cords exposed. His ribs have been broken and bent back. Most of his internal organs lie in a steaming heap beneath the steering wheel. Anyone viewing this loses 1/1D6 SAN.

The driver is easily identified as Ken Steward, 34, from personal identification and from his photo on the display license, mounted so that riders can see it. The \$320 in the man's wallet lessen the likelihood of a robbery-killing.

A Spot Hidden roll discovers a bruise about the size of a human hand on the man's left upper arm. An idea roll suggests that the victim was grabbed by someone very strong, and that some moments passed between attack and actual death. Successful Cthulhu Mythos or Occult rolls assure the investigators that the murder is not typical of cult killings.

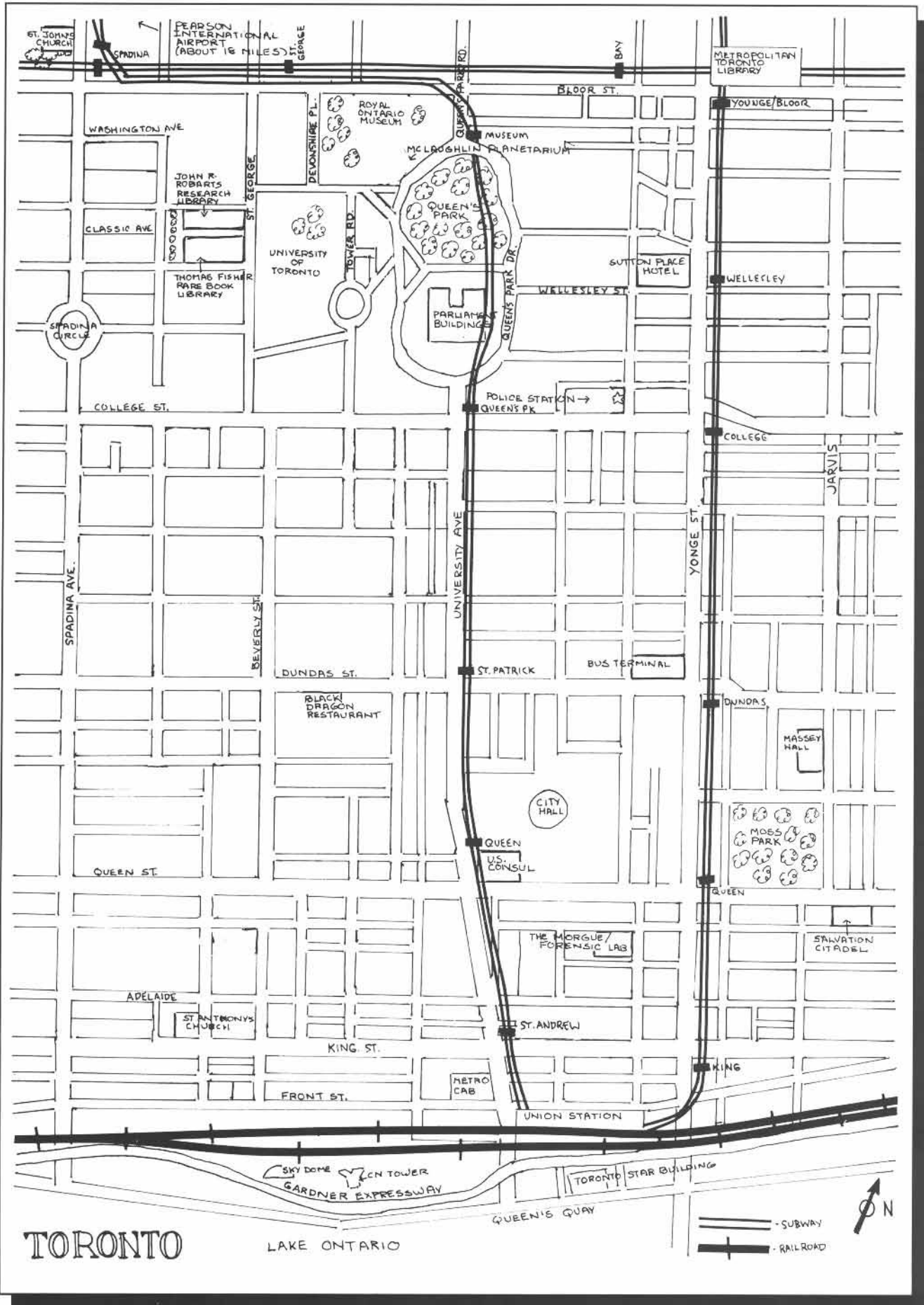
- If the investigators report the murder, they can offer the police no more information than they saw a large, darkly-dressed figure run from the murder scene. If they attempted to pursue the figure, they also know that the attacker ran supernaturally fast. The police detain the investigators for an hour as they tell their story several times to successively higher levels of authority. Each interrogator takes their names and addresses, and requests that they not leave Toronto in the next 48 hours without contacting police.
- If the investigators see the body and then attempt to leave without reporting the murder, a horde of Toronto City Police surround them in a few minutes, guns drawn and eyes blazing. A witness with them shouts, "Them be the ones, officers! I saw them open the door and then they stood there for a while." Whether the police truly suspect the investigators, and for how long, depends on the keeper. The investigators will be detained for questioning, as above.
- If the investigators ignore the scene, and keep on walking, a horde of Toronto City Police surround them in a few minutes, perhaps in their hotel. A witness with them shouts, "Them be the ones, officers! Walkin' fast at the alley, they was, and lookin' back with fear in their eyes!" As before, the police question the investigators at length.

## The Next Day

Television and newspapers trumpet the new murder. No information appears in the stories that the investigators did not learn from being at the scene of the crime, or learn from those who were there.

The stories do not give the investigators' names but a photo of the murder site in one edition clearly shows, in the background, all the investigators who were present at the scene. Ssruthaa takes note.

Two detectives and four uniformed officers awake the investigators at 6 A.M. the next morning. Detective Marcell ominously requests that everyone accompany him to the



## About Mr. Shiny

He is a shoggoth who controls his body shape to pass as a human. Doing this requires continuous mental effort, though he has POW enough for the job.

A few small, more intelligent shoggoths are abroad, disguised in various fashions as human. They find it amusing and nourishing to penetrate the human world, since only in humans do they find that delightful *horror of comprehension* that makes a thing really worth eating. Larger shoggoths cannot pass for human. They seem mostly to live in the seas, where gravity is not so annoying and where living fodder—especially near Antarctica—is more abundant.

Shoggoths care about satisfying themselves. More sophisticated than most predators, they are given to the same grandiose claims of territory, and to murderous squabbles among themselves. They are not social, they do not die natural deaths, nor do they breed (though redoubtable scholars such as Tamlan Treer assert otherwise). No one knows whether or not more shoggoths can be made; those living were made eons ago by the Elder Things, whom the shoggoths revolted against and mostly destroyed.

Shiny is more intelligent and more purposeful than most shoggoths; he has agreed with forces infinitely greater than himself to help prepare in a small way the Great Old Ones' return to power. He has been so-involved for the past four or five thousand years.

He aims specifically to create conditions for the increase of human population, and to that end has tried to help concoct empires, international trade, vaccines, religious organizations, the scientific method, better farming techniques, improved public health, missionary societies, newspapers, the acquisition of capital, growth hormone research, and so on—whatever seemed likely to move humanity away from static tribalism and thereby improve the quantity and condition of extant human biomass. Civilization is not much his product, but he has had his successes.

Now, as the population soars, as the skies thicken with acids and toxins, as competing animal life is expunged, as the climate shifts, and as radiation threatens to scorch the planet, Shiny calculates that harvest time is near.

Time has taught him most of what he needs to know. He is not highly intelligent, nor is he creative, nor has he specially accurate memory (as his deteriorating language skills suggest). He needed thousands of years to learn one spell. He is more patient than most shoggoths, but that is not saying much—some

people deserve eating. Like many powerful entities, Shiny glories in his impulses—they're what keep enthusiasm fresh.

At the beginning of this scenario he intends to quickly dispose of the investigators as soon as possible. But, after Rothmersholm is sabotaged by the serpent man, Shiny decides to enlist the investigators in the hunt for the serpent man and, hopefully, to take him out of the picture.

Shiny's been spurring Rothmersholm's researches into the necessary conditions of human sanity, with special regard for the chemical underpinnings for the human delight in new and shiny things. He adopted the name Shiny as a joke, playing on this interest.

The following statistics are repeated at the end of this and the final chapter of this book.



Mr. Shiny

### ALBERT SHINY, Local Shoggoth

STR 24 (18)*	CON 26 (14)*	SIZ 18
INT 13	POW 18	DEX 17
APP n/a (9)	EDU 20	SAN 0
HP 22 (16)*		
Move 10 (8)*		

**Damage Bonus:** +2D6 (+1D6)\*

**Weapons:** Crush 100%, damage 2D6

Rhino Fist 95%, damage 2D3+2D6 (+1D6)\*

**Spell:** Dominate.

**Skills:** Arabic 20%, Archaeology 10%, Bargain 15%, Biology 65%, Chemistry 25%, Choose Tasty Victim 90%, Climb 75%, Credit Rating (as human) 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Demotic Egyptian 10%, Elder Thing 65%, Electrical Repair 10%, Electronics 10%, English 60%, Hide 90%, History 35%, Law 10%, Library Use 35%, Listen 75%, Oratory 30%, Physics 20%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 70%, Spanish 30%, Sumerian 5%, Track 75%.

\* Parentheses illustrate how Shiny presents himself to humans, as long as he remains calm.

station for questioning. The investigators have but no choice but physical resistance; instead, presumably, they dress and cooperate. At the station, they're separated and questioned individually, until they feel in danger of missing their appointment at Rothmersholm.

A massive effort to catch the Toronto Ripper has begun. The homicide detail has been significantly increased. Conversation in the offices, halls, cafeterias, and rest rooms is mostly about the Ripper and his victims. Allow the investigators to feel enough under suspicion that their players carefully listen to the bulleted information later in this subsection.

The italicized information can be learned only from conversation; only the information in normal type has been

printed in the newspapers, though police reporters presumably know some or all of the rest. In no case does legwork by investigators turn up additional clues or more pertinent information until after their visit to Rothmersholm.

A successful Fast Talk or Listen roll is necessary to learn the italicized parts of the following. Missing information about a particular victim is not disastrous; the investigators might learn it tomorrow. Don't forget to remind the players of these clues later in the adventure.

- The first victim was Nathaniel Moore, 46, of North York, a laborer for the city of Toronto's water department. On the day of the murder, Moore had been working on a portion of leaking sewer at the Royal Ontario Museum. At 5 P.M. Moore called from the museum to his supervisor, indicated that the repairs were not totally complete but that he was leaving for the day.

## Mind Control

The Special Containment Site (SCS) staff at Rothmersholm have secretly isolated and perfected several psychoreactive drugs for humans from Shub-Niggurath's milk. Each narrows human attitudes and perceptions into robot-like routines. A few minutes of thought will suggest others to keepers.

If Shiny gains the investigators' confidence, he'll find it possible to selectively use these drugs on individual investigators; to do that, the keeper must study investigator character in the same way that Shiny would, for opportunity.

The effect of each is contingent on the success of a resistance table roll; each drug has a POT 14 or such potency as the keeper desires; roll the target's CON against that number on the resistance table. Overcoming the target, the drug takes effect in 1D10 minutes and the effect of the drug lasts 1D6 hours. With a successful Idea Roll, the target knows vaguely that something is wrong.

Administer the drugs by capsule, by injection, or by aerosol spray; a second or third dosage given at the same time does not increase the drug's potency or heighten its effect, but does extend the effect by another hour per additional dose. Shiny has 1D20+4 doses of each drug available, in whatever delivery mode or modes the keeper desires.

**COPY:** causes the victim to sit passively and attentively. Instructions, quotations, speeches, and other verbal communications delivered while the drug is in effect are remembered exactly and never forgotten. Used in conjunction with Push, below. For best effect, administer in a quiet place free of interruptions.

**DAZZLE:** while the drug is in effect, causes the victim to suspend long-term memory and rational faculties, living entirely in immediate time. Pleasures are unfathomably marvelous, and

tortures hopelessly horrible. Failing a POW x1 roll, the victim cooperates in interrogations without stint or deception. All states of mind seem eternal and unending. Emerging from the effects of the drug, the victim remembers only whether or not he or she enjoyed the time. Unpleasant experiences may cost Sanity points, not more than 1/1D6 SAN.

**PUSH:** useful in conjunction with Copy, the victim chooses or obeys a command to tackle a specific task unremittently while under the drug. If the victim would normally resist performing the task, allow a POW x2 or less roll each hour to suspend that activity for the particular hour; the next hour the compulsion to perform the task returns, until the effect of the drug ends. Unless the victim is already a murderer or at zero Sanity, he or she will not act on instructions to attack, kill, or to commit suicide, breaking down in tears instead.

**RAGE:** before administering this drug, make advance preparations, especially to determine a cooperative player who'll agree to enact its effects while the keeper sets the changing scene. The victim comes to hate all life. *Hour One:* movement, scent, sound of people, insects, flowers, etc., becomes intensely annoying; victim may hide in consequence. *Hour Two:* victim sullenly schemes vengeance in isolation, perhaps sneaking out momentarily to squash insects and small plants and animals. *Hour Three* and thereafter: victim now feels morally compelled to take on the world bare-handed, and emerges from hiding to launch attacks of opportunity. There is so much opportunity—from planters to police horses to human beings to automobiles—that the enraged character must fail in a luck roll to continue making the same attack or attacking the same target for a second round. Favored attacks are Fist/Punch, strangulation, club, or pushing and kicking.

That was the last Moore was heard from. *An unused book of matches from the Black Dragon Restaurant was found on Moore's body.*

- The second victim was Brian Lombardo, 17, of the city of Toronto, a high school student. Lombardo's mother stated that Brian left home at about 6:30 P.M., to attend a swim meet at the University of Toronto. He never arrived.
- The third victim was Russell Simons, 25, a student at the University of Toronto. He was last seen five days before his body was discovered at 8:30 P.M., at the University library. *A business card from the Black Dragon Restaurant was found among Simons' personal effects.*
- The fourth victim was Ken Stewart, 34, of the city of Toronto, driver for the Metro City Cab Company. *Stewart called in a pick-up on King Street in midtown, destined for Chinatown; he wasn't heard from again.*
- All of the victims were savagely slashed numerous times with a sharp object. *The victims were disemboweled. Kidneys and hearts of Moore, Simons, and Stewart were missing. No victim was robbed.*
- Areas proximate to the bodies showed no signs of blood or struggle. *In the first three murders, the bodies had been moved after death. Each body was neatly concealed behind a dumpster, in an alley, or (in Moore's case) in the sewer. Traces of blood were found only on and immediately around the bodies—the corpses were dumped from vehicles, not dragged or carried.*

- The police know that several potential witnesses exist, and hope that they come forward. *The person who discovered the body of Russell Simons, victim three, saw two young men in the area, one very tall, dressed in all black with a long black leather trench coat, and the other a shorter man dressed in jeans and a denim trench coat. Each wore some sort of silver amulet.*

The two young men are Scott Davidson and Jeff Todhill, Wiccan witches, who unknowingly passed by just before Simons' body was found.

That afternoon the police let the investigators go, just in time to make their appointment at Rothmersholm. They warn the investigators that they are important witnesses, and firmly request (perhaps with undertones of hostile suspicion) that the investigators will be watched and that leaving the immediate Toronto area may be grounds for arrest or incarceration as material witnesses. Beyond these restrictions, the investigators are free to proceed normally.

## Rothmersholm Ltd.

Located a few minutes from midtown, the company occupies a newish 2-story building. This portion of the firm is devoted to administration and research; another (harmless) facility on the outskirts of Toronto actually produces Rothmersholm's range of medications.

If the investigators have officially visited Dawn Biozyme, they find much the same procedures in effect



here—they wait in the reception area for Mr. Shiny to appear, who okays their presence and obtains their visitors' badges, and warns them that they must stay with him at all times.

Shiny (an Iraqi name, he says) is a clean, rotund man of middle age, very neat and precise in his manners and speech. His laughter is ominously flat and portentous.

He introduces himself as a scientist, though he's had no formal training. A Psychology roll reveals him to be unusually rigid in his thinking; the investigator guesses that Shiny's long past any creative work and that he's presently under stress.

This last is literally true: Shiny is not a human—he's a small shoggoth who maintains human-seeming head, hands, and general body shape by great and continuous mental effort. His dual statistics—actual capacity and how he tries to present himself—appear nearby and at the end of this adventure.

The shoggoth has been dimly aware of the investigators since the recovery or death of the baby dark young in the "Full Wilderness" chapter. Now that they have opportunely come to him, he plans to destroy them today in a safely restricted area of Rothmersholm. His plan badly misfires, as shall be shown.

**Taking The Tour:** Shiny guides them through the reception-area exhibit which explains the general purpose and expectations of the company (their slogan is "Science, Mind, Quality!"), then through corridors opening into cramped laboratories. Television shows spacious laboratories, with plenty of room between bench, table, and stand—so that bulky cameras have room to maneuver. Actual labs are crowded with equipment bolted down, with small desks overwhelmed by journals and reports, with shelving soaring to the ceiling stuffed with papers and printouts, with documents, supply catalogs, and things too good to throw away, with coffee pots, with lamps and fixtures whose illumination doesn't quite extend far enough, with storage refrigerators filled with employee lunches, with bulletin boards filled with safety admonitions, notices of better jobs, old Far-Side cartoons—and with sarcastic post-it notes stuck everywhere.

Occasionally Shiny asks someone to demonstrate some process which makes water froth, or which turns water into wine, so that the investigators know they've seen something, but much of the real activity in the labs is mental, completely invisible. Still, the investigators become impressed by the degree to which Rothmersholm staff believe that all mental states are physically based, and that an individual's perception and evaluation is largely a function of his or her body chemistry.

"Sanity Through Science!" Shiny exclaims approvingly more than once, quoting another company slogan. "Humans are such fragile creatures, so dependent upon the

proper balance of their chemical messengers," he confides, "that it's a wonder that anyone can add two plus two and get the same answer twice."

Shiny started off the tour quietly and deferentially, but as it progresses he becomes louder and more forceful; as the investigators near a sealed-off section—"physically isolated, ladies and gentlemen, sound-proof, air-scrubbed, internally shelled, armored, and spring-loaded! Why, we could survive a bomb in there!"—his voice takes on covert glee, as though he has some amazing surprise awaiting them, as indeed he does: in this containment facility are done all the experiments with the Milk of the Dark Mother received from Dawn Biozyme, and it is here that Shiny plans to murder the investigators.

**The Special Containment Site:** he enters the proper code on a keypad and unseals the outer airlock, then closes it behind them. Just enough space exists in the airlock for the entire group; everyone notices that Shiny is bigger than he seemed, and somehow more ominous, though no one can tell why. After a quick UV bath—"Everyone close your eyes" (peeking investigators see that Shiny doesn't bother to close his, since he has to constantly reform them anyway)—he unseals the inner door with another set of quick keystrokes and ushers in the group to what's known at Rothmersholm as the Special Containment Site, or SCS.

As with Finley's Project P7, NWI money has purchased a respectable and profitable corporate shell within which dire researches can be hidden as dangerous or important proprietary activity. And, as with Project P7, the staff within the area are now insane or slavishly suborned by status and money.

Security is close and a video camera, mounted over the door, records all movement through the reception area (see the Security Camera entry in "Making Sense Of It," below).

Poised for another triumph in an immortal life filled with fleshy success, Shiny looks around with annoyance—the secretary-guard who always is to be at the desk beside the airlock is nowhere to be found. He begins to lead them down the hall, into a special barren room where he can remove (and thereby keep free of disconcerting stains) his clothes before feeding on this succulent clutch of investigators, when everyone hears a low moan from behind the counter-desk.

It is Marta Berger, a cultist hand-picked by Shiny for the post. Then they see her, valiantly struggling to pull herself up from the floor. She is horribly emaciated, her clothing and pantyhose hanging in bags from her near-skeletal frame, her feet little more than bone and tendon. Her sallow gray skin has blackened in places, and gone pulpy in other spots; the investigators lose 0/1D4 SAN. "Sir," she croaks, barely able to speak, continuing rather needlessly, "sir, beware!"



The Attacker

Berger, once a vigorous woman, grasps the edge of the counter and tries to pull herself up, only to have her hands pull loose from her wrists with vile squishes and pops, and flop independently onto the floor. “Be—” She teeters there for a moment, desperately trying for control, then sighs almost sweetly, falls backward, and collapses. Those who peer over the counter see her hands still quivering and

twitching on the tile floor. She gurgles and whispers “Be . . . be-ware the wrong shadow!” Shiny does not understand this as a reference to the Consume Likeness spell, though investigators with successful Cthulhu Mythos rolls or experience with serpent folk mages may. Dying, she rapidly decomposes into stinking dust, ash, and bones. Witnesses to the decomposition lose 1/1D4 SAN.

Belatedly, red alarm lights and buzzers begin to wink and sound throughout Special Containment.

Shoggoths are hard to disconcert, but Mr. Shiny needs several seconds before he decides to abandon his plans for lunch and instead learn what has gone wrong in the SCS. The investigators, moments before irrevocably doomed, suddenly become his allies. Distaste ripples across his face; Shiny is very annoyed, but decides to maintain his cover personality, at least until he understands the turn of events.

“Something,” he says tightly, his eyes bulging with almost unquenchable rage, “something unusual has happened. Let us learn what.”

Any uncooperative, unhinged, insane investigators can be locked in the Barren Room where Mr. Shiny planned to feed. Shiny asks the rest of the group to help him inspect the Special Containment Site. He’ll encourage reluctant investigators by going first. All the rooms and offices open off a single central hall about 100 feet long.

**An Attack:** in the next few paragraphs, a succession of Sanity losses strike the investigators; the keeper may wish to adjust up or down the stated Sanity rolls.

They find three more bodies, decomposed similarly to Berger. Then a fourth victim, a man, bursts through the glass door of his lab, wheezing and gasping. He wears not a stitch. His skin has peeled loose from his body in big, hanging flaps, revealing glistening red wet muscles and yellow globs of fat beneath. He is violently insane.

When he sees the group, he throws his head back and bellows, spreading his arms wide—all eight of them—like a giant spider made of red meat. Eyes bulging, he charges the group, plainly intent on killing them all.

The shoggoth stands his ground. When the man is almost upon him, Shiny’s right hand and arm blur forward at incredible speed, explosively smashing the madman’s skull. Bone chips, skin, and brains splatter the area; the target—his face almost obliterated from the impact, bounces back, staggers, and collapses, dead before hitting the floor. Acrid fumes begin to rise from him as he, too, begins quick decomposition. Sanity cost to witness this encounter is 1/1D4 SAN.

The scientist-shoggoth hesitates as he considers how to relate to the investigators. He selects *misdirection*, steps back a pace, bows in a fashion intended to look Japanese, murmurs “Perhaps a worthy opponent,” and brushes skin flecks from his lab coat. Allow the players to digest the event. If the investigators ask questions, Shiny modestly admits to having some slight skill in Martial Arts. This is not true, of course, and extended questions about Martial Arts are likely to irritate him.

Three more victims of the short-lived mutagen are still alive, presented below. Present them or ignore them as desired; they provide spectacle, cost Sanity, and provoke general dismay, but the encounters do not increase understanding of the startling situation.

**The Scream:** following its source, in another room a female researcher lies on the floor, twitching and rolling. She has torn away most of her clothes, revealing a body covered with dozens of random eyes. All the eyes are human, complete with lashes but not eyebrows, staring and panic-stricken; they are windows forcing her into dozens of random, conflicting universes. Her brain has hopelessly scrambled, but her unceasing murmur of “Cthulhu fhtagn! Cthulhu fhtagn!” reveals her state of mind. Mist rising from her body signals the beginning of quick decomposition. Sanity cost to witness the eye-woman: 0/1D3 SAN.

**The Locked Door:** the door to the mens’ restroom, an individual facility, is locked. A labeled key for it hangs behind Marta Berger’s desk, or it can be forced open (STR 12). Opened, an overpowering stench blasts out from the seated remains within. Most of the melted flesh, the source of the foul odor, has formed a gooey black puddle around the shoes of the victim or has filled the toilet bowl to overflowing. The man’s tendonless skeleton—skull, ribs, clavicles, pelvis, etc.—has tumbled into the bowl and is mostly covered by the black goo. The researcher’s lower leg bones,



The Eye-Woman



The Amoeba Man

propped up by the goo in his shoes, lean against the commode. Sanity cost to witness: 1/1D4 SAN, plus receive successful CON x4 roll or less or vomit. (Mr. Shiny never vomits, of course, unless he's full and still wants to eat; he does that from what amount to his pores.)

**The Life Form:** at the back of the Special Containment Site is Dr. Codgehill's office. For the moment,

Codgehill's still alive, but totally mindless. Presently, using the mucous his body now produces in abundance, he slides slowly across the ceiling. His body, though reminiscent of a human, is more amoeba-like. His head, empty of brain, droops downward like an overripe, pulpy fruit, the tongue lolling from its mouth. The face, a horrifying parody, is still recognizable. If the investigators don't notice him up there, have him drip some goo on them. For a few minutes longer he continues to stickily slide up and down walls, mindlessly searching for nourishment, then he too decomposes into steaming lumps. Sanity cost to witness: 1/1D4 SAN.

## Making Sense Of It

Shiny has refused calls or messages out of the SCS, and has threatened to (or actually has) locked panicked investigators in the Barren Room. If all the investigators have fallen into that category, he locks them all in (gosh, he's strong, and remember—they can't get out of the SCS without knowing the keypad lock combination), inspects the area, then returns and declares the area safe. At that point, the encounters transpired as presented.

The large, round man then makes a phone call in which he describes what has happened, and confesses himself baffled as to cause. He spends much more time listening than talking. Finally he hangs up and turns to the investigators, apologizing for the tumult, and reminding them that they signed away all legal recourse in order to enter Rothmersholm.

- He says he believes that a fast-acting aerial mutagen was purposefully loosed in the lab. He does not know who did it, nor how the deed was accomplished.
- Shiny had left the Special Containment Site to come to meet the investigators: all the change and destruction has occurred in less than an hour. The mutagen, if present, had unprecedented effect.
- He admits that they all have been exposed, though he suspects that the mutagen has intentionally run its course and is not now dangerous, having self-destructed, probably after a prearranged

time. "After all, the murderer would have had then to enter the facility to get whatever he or she desired."

- He cannot understand what Berger meant when she spoke of the man with the *wrong shadow*, though the investigators may. As to what the murderer desired, Shiny says stiffly that they may never know.

**The Missing Dispensers:** nonetheless, while he waits surreptitiously to see if the investigators have been infected, he organizes them for a search of the SCS. Investigators with lab experience or scientific knowledge he specially praises and gets busy. The search doesn't take long. Ask all the investigators to make luck rolls. The one with the lowest roll, successful or not (it doesn't take much luck to notice this), opens the large central refrigerator and sees that its shelves contain row after row of hand-size metal carriers, each shaped like a small tool caddy with spaces for 12 small bottles. Every rack is empty—the refrigerator contains only metal shelves, metal carriers, and empty black-glass dispenser bottles—nothing needing refrigeration.

Shown the empty unit, Shiny is taken aback for the second time. At last he says that the refrigerator should have held more than sixty glass dispenser bottles, each of about four ounces—each contained a new liquid compound of great importance which he describes reluctantly as like natural latex in appearance, a cloudy white liquid, identical in appearance to Milk of the Dark Mother if they have seen it. Nothing resembling the exudate can be found in the facility. Liquid and bottles have been removed; the small tantrum which Mr. Shiny could commit when he learns the news, throwing beakers, books, and boxes around the facility, reinforces the apparent value of what was stolen. Nonetheless, inspection of the SCS continues for a while, until Shiny has learned everything he can.

**The Safe:** the investigators have come to Rothmersholm to follow up on clues. What better chance could they have than what Shiny has granted them? Alas, any interesting data has been kept systematically in a large safe inside the SCS, into which Shiny enters three digits, opens momentarily to inventory, then abruptly closes. The investigators have no way to know that the modern, STR 120 floor-mount system is booby-trapped; after an unsuccessful attempt to enter the correct three digits on the polymer touchpad, the entrant must wait ten minutes to try again. If he or she should not, a blast of 4D6 damage catches the person finally opening the door, and termite inside incinerates the contents. Only Shiny is supposed to open the safe.

Let the investigators come up with any reasonable plan to open the safe; the keeper's secret INT x2 roll against the Intelligence of the investigator who formulated the plan determines its success. The obvious brute-force method (try every set of three digits allowed by the ten-key pad) works, of course, but trips the booby-trap.



If the investigators succeed in examining the contents, they learn that this part of Rothmersholm is busily extracting specific drugs from the Milk of the Dark Mother, and that the drugs amount to human motivators and pacifiers that can be injected, or placed in water, or that can be propagated by air. The box titled “Mind Control,” above, discusses them.

The use of unwilling human test subjects is undisguised, and Mr. Shiny is shown to be gleefully participating at every level. A series of letters between Howard Finley and Dr. Codgehill show Shiny’s full awareness of and enthusiasm for the forces of the Cthulhu Mythos. Most ominously, perhaps, Finley always refers to Shiny by a title, *Lord Shiny*.

**The Invoice:** never fully methodical, Shiny has not locked away an invoice for a suspicious shipment. The innocuous pink carbon lays in a stack of invoices; require an Accounting or Library Use roll to find it.

Shiny has signed the form, which establishes arrival of a set of four ten-liter (about two gallons) carboys (heavy glass jars), each identified as containing “Milk.”

If Finley still lives, the invoice dates are recent, or as appropriate to the keeper’s campaign. If Finley is dead, and if Warehouse 2 has been destroyed, the invoice might be older or might come from Jennifer Armbruster’s Renunciación address, or from an agent abroad, such as Carl Stanford.

**The Security Camera:** Shiny will not mention it but a security camera pointed at the door exposes one frame every four seconds onto a laserdisk, which is changed every two weeks. Like much in the SCS, this is Shiny’s device, not Rothmersholm’s, and so Ssruthaa did not know of it or notice it when he entered.

If the investigators mention the camera to Shiny, he acknowledges its existence but insists upon viewing it privately before the investigators can see it. A day or more pass before Shiny telephones them and invites them to see the recording.

This video recording shows the onset of the mutagen, followed by a visit from E. Martin Peters, security chief at Rothmersholm. Peters carries a large suitcase. Ignoring the suffering receptionist, and seemingly unaffected by the mutagen, Peters cross the field of view and disappears. About fifty frames later he reappears, carrying an obviously heavier suitcase and departs through the airlock. A Spot Hidden roll allows an investigator to notice that the shadow of the security chief in one frame looks wrong. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll allows the investigator to identify the odd shadow as that of a serpent man.

## Mr. Shiny Is Your Friend

Having satisfied himself that the investigators are not going to disintegrate in some inconveniently public place and thereby draw attention to the situation, Shiny agrees to let

them leave the lab. Whether or not he guides them to the reception area or out a side door depends on the Sanity of his charges, especially how likely they are to cause a fuss. He records the investigators’ hotel; from now on, they’ll be followed day and night.

Whatever the investigators do thereafter, if they, Rothmersholm, city, or authorities of any sort enter the SCS, nothing is amiss. Blood has been scrubbed away, decomposed flesh scooped up and disposed of, and furniture and equipment straightened or replaced. Shiny tells no one of the disaster, nor does he ever, though he admits to “labor troubles” which caused him to replace staff. No word of the matter from him ever reaches newspapers, health officials, police, or even Director Rothmersholm.

Within a few days, Shiny has completely erased evidence of the disaster. In the next week, he brings over trustworthy people from the evening shift, and gathers new people from outside to start to pick up threads of the research. The search for new Milk, if a search is needed, begins.

With Rothmersholm’s chief of security having coincidentally disappeared, Shiny understands how the assault was performed, since that man had access to the company’s security procedures. The man’s motive remains opaque to him, and he has not guessed that the perpetrator is inhuman. The amazing mutagen alarms him, but he knows little of the serpent folk and their powers.

Shiny presents himself as the investigators’ friend; there are lots of difficult questions for him to answer, but gullible investigators may take the bait. The investigators have, in the tremendous blow that splintered the attacker’s head and in Shiny’s childish tantrum, evidence of the shoggoth’s nature. If the investigators also know about Shub-Niggurath’s Milk, even the most foolish among them have enough hints for caution.

If Shiny achieves friendship with the investigators, he attempts to enlist them in his schemes, perhaps asking for help in the search for what proves to be Shub-Niggurath’s milk, or perhaps getting them to track down the security chief. Once Jatic intervenes, this latter proves to be the investigators’ actual task in Toronto.

In this regard, Shiny finds it most convenient to move into the investigators’ hotel or home, since doing so removes most questions concerning his home, or friends, or other background. Keepers should consider such questions to be inevitable, but understand that Mr. Shiny will not be interested in (or prepared for) answering them. He’ll lie, perhaps clumsily, or say that his personal life is private. Let the topic remain mysterious, perhaps even annoying.

## Rapprochement

By this time, the investigators have cashed Jatic’s checks, used his name and that of Full Wilderness to advantage, and



should be impressed with the potency of the biologic constructs they have encountered so far. When Jatic originally hired them, he discussed with the investigators his concern for the fate of all life on earth. Depending on their observations at Rothmersholm, however, they may not be eager for partnership with Mr. Shiny.

The reverberations of the Rothmersholm mutagen attack did not stop with Shiny. Shock raced up the ladder of power and beyond, to the secret suzerains of the earth and stars. And delicate negotiations followed. On a day of the keeper's choice within the next week the investigators take a phone call from Robert Jatic, head of Full Wilderness.

Jatic tells them that he has been in direct contact with "authorities" at Rothmersholm, and that the mutagen attack at that company (which the investigators duly reported) is another example of dangerous biologic researches out of control. Jatic lies, saying that the attack was probably launched by a competing firm. "Such ruthless men must be brought to justice. Unhappily, responsible law enforcement agencies in Canada and the United States require new laws, or else refuse legal moves on the basis of uncertain evidence. We have begun the process of passing better laws. You must acquire the evidence we need."

Since the investigators have nothing else to do in Toronto yet cannot leave the city, presumably they undertake the work for Jatic, whether or not they believe it wise to associate with Shiny.

No provision has been made for the ongoing participation of Mr. Shiny in the investigators' activities. The matter must be attended to by the individual keeper, since the investigators are free to deny Shiny all active participation. If he does come along, leave him as much as possible in the status of observer, but one who is obviously drawing conclusions about matters which the investigators are ignorant. If he must fight, of course, he becomes a tiger, capable singlehandedly of dispatching the Tcho-Tcho thugs in the alley beside the Black Dragon restaurant.

The investigators get two clues concerning his nature from such physical encounters: with a successful Spot Hidden, an investigator seems to notice during the fight that Shiny has grown a third arm out of the middle of his chest; with a successful Sanity roll (to show that the investigator is able to think coolly) after the fight, the investigator notices that Shiny's suit bears several rents, as though knives had cut deeply into his body. Shiny says modestly that fortune was with him, and that he is unhurt.

The keeper may want to prepare a false investigator sheet for Shiny, to allow a player to operate him in a fight, but do not allow Shiny to take any damage as the fights progress—this inexplicable ability alone should be enough to maintain keeper integrity with the players.

Shiny is otherwise content to learn investigator information, supplying as little of his own knowledge as possi-

ble. As the situation evolves, investigators should come to understand that Shiny has recently acquired the trust of and intimate contact with Robert Jatic, and knows everything that the investigators tell Jatic. This happens in an unknown way, though Shiny says merely that he has long admired the great man and offers a Full Wilderness membership card as evidence.

The day before the Great Samson Earthquake, Shiny simply disappears from Toronto without trace, flying to Samson to effect the final conversion of Richard Jatic, and to be safely on hand for the great quake to come.

**A New Victim:** the central new clue is the discovery of the remains of E. Martin Peters, Rothmersholm security chief, news of which has not yet been released. Peters, who disappeared immediately after the mutagen attack and who had the best opportunity to launch the attack, was murdered by the Toronto Ripper. Death occurred in exactly the same fashion as the other victims (rib cage severed and spread back, organs apparently removed), except that the flesh of the victim was entirely removed and the bones gnawed clean.

Wife, family, and associates can add no clue to the cruel murder, nor do any clues exist in his home, auto, or Rothmersholm office.

Police believe the odd tooth marks were made by rat, dog, and bird scavengers, since the bones lay undiscovered for days. Shiny, informed that the mutagen used was an ancient serpent folk pesticide, now correctly suspects a serpent man of considerable potency and equipped with the spell Consume Likeness as perpetrator. NWI cultists hypothesize that serpent folk culture is now so fragmented and inaccessible that the serpent mage did not recognize the Milk as from Shub-Niggurath, or perhaps did not know how to call her. All Shiny tells the investigators, of course, is that Peters' remains have been found, and that he died at the hands of the Ripper, and that the mutagen attack seems to be associated with the Ripper.

**A Corroborating Clue:** as proof of his contention, Shiny says that the Toronto forensics lab has identified the identical potent neurotoxin as present in four recovered bodies. The poison resembles cobra venom, but comes from no known snake. "The murderer is not merely deranged—he or she commands incredible biotechnical skills and knowledge," Shiny says, advancing the same theme used by Jatic. Since the idea is true, though not true in the way that the investigators might deduce it to be, our heroes presumably turn to investigations of the Toronto Ripper. The presence of the neurotoxin also turns out to be correct, if they check it out. Investigators who did not find all the clues available at police headquarters during their first visit can add that evidence if they visit the forensics lab. See the sub-section above, "A Grisly Discovery."

**A Summary Of Investigation Directions:** the investigators have many angles to investigate. The most likely are noted below, then are followed up on in separate sub-sections further below.

**ROTHMERSHOLM LTD:** Shiny refuses follow-up visits or investigations at Rothmersholm, saying that so much proprietary information exists there that he must maintain complete control. He says that the matter, while under intensive investigation, has been hushed up. This is also true—nobody but Shiny and his cultists know that anything unusual has happened at Rothmersholm.

If the investigators press the matter with the director of the corporation, Lars Rothmersholm, Shiny disavows them, shows off his fully-functioning SCS, commiserates with Rothmersholm about the accidental drowning of Dr. Codgehill and three key members of his team, breaks contact with our heroes, and begins to plot their speedy demise—not, presumably, before the investigators return to Samson in the last chapter of this book.

Each of the following will be discussed at length under its own sub-section head.

**TORONTO LIBRARIES:** only stupid, short-lived investigators ever neglect going to the library. As usual, interesting stories await there.

**THE BLACK DRAGON RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE:** clues from the Howard Finley's home in the "Dawn Biozyme" chapter and evidence found on the murder victims invite a visit. The investigators might meet the witches there.

**THE METRO CITY CAB COMPANY:** driver-victim Ken Stewart may have said something interesting over the radio. The dispatcher could remember it.

**THE SUSPICIOUS GUESTS:** the investigators stand a daily-accumulating 15% chance to share their hotel elevator with Scott Davidson and Jeff Todhill, recognizable as the two young men at the scene of Russell Simons' death, sought for questioning by the police.

### Chauffeur Missing

The personal chauffeur of the provocative Reverend Baxter Lully was reported a missing person today. Jack Killion, 26, has been in the employ of Rev. Baxter Lully's Church of Redemption for three years.

According to Cynthia Teasdale, spokesperson for the Church of Redemption, Killion was last seen late yesterday. Neither he nor the Reverend's white stretched limousine have been seen since.

Representatives of the Church of Redemption declined to be quoted, but indicated that the young man may be having personal troubles.

The Reverend Lully could not be reached for comment.

—Investigator Handout #3

## Toronto Libraries

Three good ones, the Metropolitan Toronto Library, the Robarts Research Library, and the general holdings of the University of Toronto are within walking distance of the hotel. The investigators can pursue any topic: allow each investigator receipt of one Library Use roll per day. Each success turns up an article from the *Toronto Star*.

**COMMENTARY ON 'CHAUFFEUR MISSING:'** Reverend Baxter Lully and his chauffeur, Jack Killion, stumbled upon Ssruthaa gorging on a bag lady. The serpent man dispatched Killion with the Clutch of Nyogtha, then easily caught up with the flabby Lully, who had frozen at the sight and then fled clumsily on foot.

Ssruthaa easily recognized the obese, white-suited human as the television man who spouts salvation, took him prisoner, and Consumed Likeness. Using Lully's address book, he called in as Lully for the next few days, saying that he needed rest and would return soon.

Poor Killion went down a sewer and was never found.

The stretch limo was abandoned not far from the Royal

### Rev. Lully Resting

Television evangelist, the Rev. Baxter Lully, this morning canceled appearances for the next few days.

Church of Redemption spokesperson Cynthia Teasdale noted the Reverend's unceasing efforts toward the salvation of mankind and cited his personal concern at the disappearance of Mr. Killion, his chauffeur.

—Investigator Handout #4

Ontario Museum.

**COMMENTARY:** Ssruthaa needed this time to fully digest the

### Library Burglarized

A window was broken and at least one rare volume stolen at the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library on George Street this morning.

Responding to the alarm at 12:37 this morning, officers found signs of entry and notified the trustees. A police spokesman disclosed no other clues, but commented that professional thieves after specific volumes were suspected.

Trustee Malcolm Appley indicated that so far only one volume, the intriguingly-titled "Psychotic Manuscripts," hinge-bound in rare leathers, is missing, but that the catalog search would continue.

—Investigator Handout #5

Reverend and become comfortable in his shape.

## Fakes At Museum

"Frauds, Fakes, Forgeries, and Fictions," a new exhibit, opens today at the Royal Ontario Museum.

Museum curator Stephen J. Smythe has lovingly collected and has set up over 200 items in well-lighted displays.

Attendance has been large and enthusiastic, and staff already are talking of extending the exhibit's length of stay.

"This is an excellent show for the family, and should produce many discussions concerning truth, fiction, and the many ways in which humans have learned to lie," stated Smythe.

The exhibit, along with a fascinating display, "Bibles From Around The World," is sponsored by the education division of the Toronto-based Church of Redemption.

—Investigator Handout #6

**COMMENTARY:** Ssruthaa-Lully's handymen did the job. They stole the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* (the trustee spokesman misread the note from the library staff).

**COMMENTARY:** Ssruthaa-Lully has begun to contribute large

## Museum Agrees to Close Exhibit

Bowing to visitor complaints, the Royal Ontario Museum has agreed to withdraw from public view part of its popular new exhibit, "Frauds, Fakes, Forgeries, and Fictions."

The item is a large representation of a mythical beast called a Randegoth. "Too many people have been frightened by the thing," explained curator Stephen J. Smythe, director of the exhibit. "It's just not worth the problems it has caused."

The Randegoth, once believed carved from stone by Aleut Indians, has been owned by the museum since shortly after WWII but was stored after being proved a fake. It was originally purchased from an estate in London, England.

The fate of the Randegoth is undetermined but "Frauds, Fakes, Forgeries, and Fictions" continues its showing until the 30th of this month.

—Investigator Handout #7

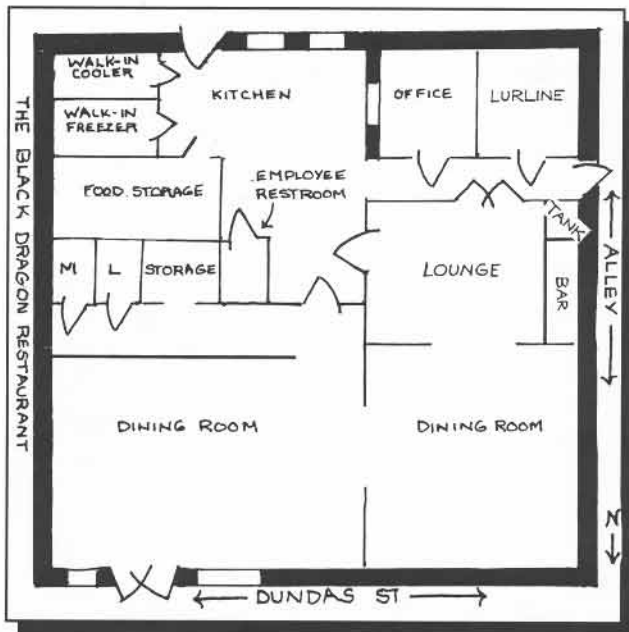
sums to the museum. Having prepared the way, he'll request the gift of Rhan-Tegoth, the god's stony tons trucked over legally and cleanly to the Salvation Citadel.

**COMMENTARY:** The specimen is the hibernating Rhan-Tegoth, a Great Old One. Although unreported, the Reverend Lully has generously offered to purchase the item and is already laying plans to transport the monster back to his Salvation Citadel. He hopes to revive Rhan-Tegoth with Shub-Niggurath's milk. Ssruthaa/Lully learned of the milk from reading the stolen *Pnakotic Manuscripts*. If and when he learns of the investigators' interest in the beast, he accelerates efforts to remove it to the Citadel.

## Black Dragon Restaurant

Toronto's Chinatown district is south of the investigators' hotel, bounded roughly by the thoroughfares of Dundas, Spadina, Queen, and College. Markets, restaurants, curio shops, newsstands, and other places of business dot the streets, decorating the area with colorful signs—mostly in Chinese. Those of Chinese descent throng the streets; live fish swim about in window-side tanks; orange- and red-fleshed barbecued duck and pork hang weirdly in restaurant and market windows; produce stands overflow with fresh vegetables and fragrant fruits.

Recently immigrants from Vietnam and other parts of Asia have begun to influence the area. And, Chinese or not, everyone is uneasy at the recent murders, and all have long traditions of caution with strangers. If the investigators ask about the Black Dragon Restaurant, they learn that the Tcho-Tcho owners and operators are viewed with suspicion and disdain, and that many residents believe (without evidence) that the Tcho-Tchos are behind the Toronto Ripper murders. Stories persist about Tcho-Tcho cannibalism.



The Black Dragon Restaurant

The newish Black Dragon Restaurant & Lounge is located in the heart of Chinatown, on Dundas Street. This large establishment features Tcho-Tcho cuisine, previously unfamiliar to gourmets in the area and something of a hit with those who take dining seriously.

Since "Tcho-Tcho" is advertised, players may expect that their investigators know something about this dubious people. A successful Anthropology roll identifies them as a little-studied extended culture of mountainous Southeast

Asia, uprooted by wars, warlords, opium lords, and nationalism. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll tells of a people shunned by later-comers, a cannibal people who worship the gods of the Mythos, activities unlikely to have ended by emigration to North America.

The restaurant exterior is painted a flamboyant gold and red; the green and black interior is decorated with dragon statues, lanterns, Tcho-Tcho throwing spears, oddly wriggling octopus-like creatures, and so on.

Whether the investigators arrive for dinner, to case the place, or to ask questions, they end up waiting in the lounge.

## Talking to the Verdant Sylph

The lounge features the widely-advertised Window of the Verdant Sylph, a circular glass window reminiscent of a porthole. It's two feet in diameter. Through it can be seen an apparently nude young blonde woman swimming or lolling underwater, regularly rising partly out of the window, apparently to breathe. The window is to the left of the bar, against the back wall, high enough above that everyone can see. A successful Listen roll detects the slosh of water on the other side of the wall.

The window or porthole is actually a circular lens, reducing the woman's apparent size to about 18 inches in length. Given that reduction and the tank's calculated back-lighting, the swimmer's intrinsic modesty or immodesty remains a point of contention among lounge regulars.

The investigators idly notice the swimmer. With either a successful Spot Hidden roll or a successful idea roll (the choice is up to the individual players), the investigator notices during a particularly close pass to the window that a dark patch can be seen on the woman's right buttock identical to the tattoo which he or she may have seen in the "Full Wilderness" chapter.

The bartender, whose filed teeth glint evilly, smiles if the investigators ask to talk to the young lady. He expects a \$20 tip to allow them the favor—this is not the first time he's had such a request, and Lurline (the young woman) apparently regularly receives unknown visitors. At the same time he has contempt for all concerned: Tcho-Tcho women do such things only for reasons of religion, never for money, and the difference to him is profound. But what he says is "She mosetuh swim a time, yeht—p'raps gentles drinkuh? P'raps gentles ituh in din-rom?" To get the fullest information from this location, the investigators should eat first.

Lurline can be visited every 40 minutes, or for up to an hour if it happens to be her lunch break. Her last swim is not until 12 midnight, so the investigators have plenty of time.

Between shows, she puts on a robe and lots of cream to keep her skin from drying out.

Lurline Pardee was one of the two women who stole, or attempted to steal, the baby dark young from the investigators at the beginning of this campaign. When they enter her



*Lurline Pardee*

tiny, dingy windowless room—not much more than a light fixture, a clothes tree, a day bed, and a stack of towels—her jaw drops and her face goes pale. Even if they can't be sure she was part of the gang, she has no doubts about who the investigators are, and of course at least one of them was present at the scene of that crime, or they would not have decided to talk to her.

Her hands shake a little as she lights a cigarette and says "What now?" Presumably the investigators want information. Lurline wanders around subjects, substituting eye contact for mental content. She has done too many drugs to be very interested in abstract thought, but she manages to convey that she and her biker companions were hired specially for the job by Howard Finley, and that Finley arranged for them to leave the country for a while. Tank, her boyfriend (boyfriend is the word she chooses for that 280-pound brute), died in a cycle accident last week, and she has intimations of mortality.

If the theft succeeded, the Tcho-Tchos in the vans took the thing in the cylinder, probably to Finley's house (she can give directions if the investigators haven't been there). Whether or not the theft succeeded, Finley paid the four bikers a total of \$4000 for a couple of hours' work; he also gave them one-way airline tickets to get them out of Samson for a while. That's all she knows.

Whether or not the investigators later decide to bring charges against her, if they're content with her information and don't threaten her or push her around, she has more to say.

"These guys here, the Tcho-Tchos, they're big trouble, big trouble. Watch out for 'em. Those stories the Chinese tell about Tcho-Tcho soups and things, those ain't just stories. And the Tcho-Tchos themselves, they're all crazy, except maybe some of the young kids. Really dif'rent!" She shakes her head, half in fear and half in wonder that ordinary life could turn out to be so strange.

Then she leans close. "You know you're being watched?" With her eyebrows she manages to gesture to a small, round black hole in an opposite wall. Then she leans back and slaps her knee, ignoring her modesty and laughing shrilly. "Tick-tick-tick!" she laughs, signaling that the investigators time may be running out. "Tick-tick-tick!"

Keepers who have other Tcho-Tcho stories can let Lurline relate them here. They can be as ominous and unbelievable as desired, since what waits beyond Lurline's door is worse.





Three Tcho-Tchos In The Alley

## The Fight in the Alley

When the investigators leave Lurline's room, or when Woot brings them into the hall, they suddenly find six Tcho-Tcho assassins blocking the way back into the lounge and into the kitchen, silently edging toward the investigators, slowly forcing them out the door and into the alley, where three try to come at them from each side.

The Tcho-Tchos are not well-trained, have no tradition of combat discipline, are relatively small, and have no body armor. They smile at the investigators, and each holds aloft a small irregular object—plant roots. Opening wide each needle-toothed mouth, each chews and ceremoniously swallows the one he held high. The objects are *shzor-shzong*, killer's meal, a psychoactive mushroom found in the mountains along the upper Irrawaddy River. Properties of the fungus defend the eater from physical shock, allowing him or her to lose any amount of hit points without unconsciousness or other apparent effect, until death occurs. To a Tcho-Tcho, eating *shzor-shzong* signifies that the eater means business, and that negotiations have reached the penultimate stage. For statistics, see Tcho-Tcho Waiters and Cooks at the end of this chapter.

The attack ensues. If the investigators win too easily, increase the number of attackers. The point of the encounter is to amplify investigator paranoia and insure that they show respectful caution at every stage of the adventure, not to destroy them out of hand.

To that end, remind the players that the investigators can choose to run as well as dodge or fight, and that the exits to the alley are only 60-70 yards distant. Watching friends get sliced to ribbons by swords or cleavers ought to prompt 1D6 or so of Sanity loss; perhaps that gets an investigator running. The Tcho-Tchos give chase for only another half-block or so, halting then to curse and to exclaim loudly and self-righteously (if not very understandably) that the racist investigators insulted the world-admired Tcho-Tcho homelands and mocked the Tcho-Tcho holy (Divine Circle Of Being) haircuts.

Investigators who do not run get no mercy, though the Tcho-Tcho aim at passionate self-expression in bludgeoning and cutting, not methodical murder. Carloads of Toronto police arrive after only six rounds of fighting. They're on the spot because this is Ripper territory.

When the police arrive, the Tcho-Tchos attempt to slink away down the alley or hide in the restaurant—keep in mind that any attacker who successfully cut an investigator now has blood on him and consequently is easy to identify for the next few minutes.

The Tcho-Tchos can be prosecuted, and should be, though their accusations of racist provocation and insult leave the investigators with a weaker perceived case than might have first seemed. If, as foreign nationals, the investigators brought firearms illegally into Canada, the weight

of Canadian law swings against them. They may be able to finish this Toronto adventure, but Canada may be unwilling to let them depart, or may deport them and bar re-entry.

## Other Information

**Eating in the Dining Room:** even though there are empty tables, the investigators are always led into the lounge first, and must wait a while there.

Their table ready, they experience an excellent meal, dishes mainly vegetarian or pork-based. Many ingredients are unfamiliar. Each investigator stands a 50% chance of consuming the ubiquitous *bak bon dzshow* (Human Ganglia Paste in Tcho-Tcho) which, in its enchanted form, is spread as a sauce over green vegetables. The enchanted form of the paste translates as Lose Sanity Sauce, and it can drain Sanity from anyone ingesting it.

Each investigator who eats the sauce that night experiences horrible nightmares of cannibalism in which pointy-toothed savages gloat over and consume human entrails. The cost of the dream is 0/1D3 SAN per investigator; see the sub-section "Dr. Finley's Estate" in the Dawn Biozyme chapter for details of preparation.

This is an excellent time to introduce Scott Davidson and Jeff Todhill. Perhaps they strike up a conversation with the investigators from an adjoining table. Perhaps a sharp-eyed investigator notices their silver pentagrams. Perhaps they are wearing the same clothes described by the person who discovered the body of Russell Simons. Perhaps they come to the aid of the investigators in the alley fight, or help break up the attack before the investigators are seriously wounded.

**Asking Questions:** the manager of the restaurant, a Mr. Woot Kwok Binh, gladly answers mundane questions about his establishment, volunteering that Mrs. Howard Finley of Samson, California, United States, has been their great patron and financier after the tribespeople had fled the ravaging armies of their Asian communist, nationalist, and opium-lord enemies, and that honored lady is today preparing a cook book presenting recipes and much information about the glorious and wonderful Tcho-Tcho cookery and way of life.

Neither Woot nor his staff know anything about humans connected with this campaign except for Madeline and Lurline, but if the investigators begin to mention Mythos entities, particularly Shub-Niggurath, his mood changes, and he gestures the investigators into the hall behind the bar, at the same time smiling and calling out something in Tcho-Tcho. Though he continues to smile, his Tcho-Tcho words actually mean something like "Stalwart cultists—these fools know too much; let's kill them where no one can see." Matters then progress as per the entry above, "The Fight In The Alley."

## More Clues

### The Metro City Cab Company

A taxi service of moderate size, it's located in the downtown area on Front Street. A few questions uncover that Al Wu was the dispatcher when Ken Stewart was murdered. Wu is present or on duty 35% of each day, and works a six-day shift.

Of average height and in his mid 30s, Wu is a fast-talking, humorous man. He's quick to size up the investigators, though he hesitates to say much about Stewart since the police told him he was a witness and to keep quiet. If any of the players can tell a genuinely funny joke or make a successful Fast Talk roll, Wu relaxes and trusts them enough to believe that they won't make trouble for him.

Wu lights his 43rd Camel cigarette of the day and says the night of Ken Stewart's murder was hot, but so muggy that business was slow. Wu hadn't heard from Stewart in an hour, since the driver had stopped for dinner. Stewart reported to Wu that he had been flagged down on King Street by a fat man in a dark coat and hat. Stewart said his passenger was going to Chinatown. "You won't believe who I just picked up," Stewart said, hinting that it was someone famous — someone on television. Wu couldn't guess. Or rather he rattled off a half-dozen anchorpersons and sportscasters, and then was about to guess Rev. Lully, when Stewart's radio went silent and Stewart was never heard from again.

Wu doesn't know that Lully actually was in the cab, but the pickup was not far from the Salvation Citadel, and Wu got the impression that Stewart's 'famous person' was famous locally, not nationally or internationally. Wu never told the police his idea, because it wasn't truth or something he'd seen. "I just have this idea," he shrugs. "We'll probably never know."

### The Suspicious Guests

Scott Davidson and Jeff Todhill are staying in suite 706 of the Sutton Place Hotel, in a room decorated with soft gold-colored furniture and antiques. The suite has a living room, bedroom, terrace, two walk-in closets, and two bathrooms.

The investigators learn of these two men through gossip at the police station or forensics lab, through the videotape in the Rev. Lully's office, perhaps as fellow diners at the Black Dragon, or (since the investigators are staying at the Sutton Place) by noticing them around the hotel lobby, bar, or swimming pool, and spotting the silver pentagrams they wear as amulets.

Scott Davidson and Jeff Todhill are vacationing Americans who have stumbled into Ssruthaa's plot. They are wild cards in the scenario, to be used as needed as lurking suspects, red herrings, or useful allies. If the investigators fail

to come across this pair, the keeper should decide where and when the investigators cross paths with them. Once convinced of the investigators' intentions the pair will eagerly assist, since Davidson and Todhill are following the same basic trail of clues as the investigators. Confusingly, however, they are Wiccans—modern witches—and though well-versed in the occult, they know nothing of the Cthulhu Mythos.

The investigators may wish to secretly follow the two Americans. If so, with a successful Spot Hidden, the investigator notices that the two are already being followed by a surly young white male wearing a black leather jacket and jeans. Davidson and Todhill remain unaware of either tail.

If someone follows the gleaming shaved head of Andrew Getz, he eventually gets a replacement and then makes a phone call to report. With a successful idea roll, the investigator thinks to pretend to use the adjoining phone, and is able to observe the number the young man punches up. If the investigator phones the number later, he gets a phone machine statement: "This is Lully—please report after the beep." The number is one assigned to the Salvation Citadel.

### Davidson And Todhill

The pair live in upstate New York, a few hours' drive from Toronto. Todhill is a college student and plays drums with a local rock band. Davidson is a businessman with wealth left to him by his late father. Davidson was a solitary practitioner of Wicca (taught to him by his grandmother) for several years until he met Todhill and began teaching the younger man the Wiccan ways. The pair now celebrate Wiccan holidays and practice magic together. They also like to work out—while at the Sutton Place they spend part of every other morning in the hotel's gym.

Davidson and Todhill spend a great deal of time exploring the city, visiting museums and restaurants, going to movies and plays and concerts, etc., so they are seldom in their suite. The pair are also discreet lovers.

Todhill is a quiet and shy 19-year-old with black hair and a disarming grin. This young man is new to Wicca and knows much less than Davidson. If losing significant Sanity or hit points, or if something serious happens to Davidson, Todhill runs off blindly. A successful Psychoanalysis roll can calm the young man, but otherwise he is terrified for some hours—more if something has happened to Davidson. David-



Jeff Todhill



son can calm the youth in half an hour. Todhill wears a silver pentagram on a chain around his neck. His full statistics occur at the end of this chapter.

Scott Davidson is a charismatic but serious 25-five-year old. He is well over 6' tall, blond, with inquisitive blue eyes. Though suspicious of strangers, he can be a loyal and powerful ally. Most of the time this tall young man dresses in black from head to toe, and, like his friend, always wears a silver pentagram as an amulet. Davidson was an early test subject at the Windthroe Institute for Dream Research, in Colorado; investigators who have visited there recall seeing Davidson's name in the files, or they may find a business card from the Institute should they search the men's hotel suite.

Davidson always protects Todhill. He becomes irrational at any threat to Todhill; should Todhill be seriously



Scott Davidson

injured or killed, Davidson suffers stupefaction. If need be, Davidson will sacrifice his own life for the safety of his lover.

The two keep a chauffeured limousine at their disposal. The limousine has a bar, telephone, TV, and so forth. The chauffeur is an Egyptian immigrant. A movie buff, he's taken as his American name *Joel Cairo*. Cairo knows nothing of the Mythos and very little of the occult, although he knows his employer practices witchcraft—he's areligious, and doesn't care.

Cairo has been in Davidson's employ for several years, is loyal and thinks highly of him, and willingly caters to Davidson's occasional eccentric whims.

Cairo also stays at the Sutton Place, in a single room on another floor.

**The Living Room:** has a desk and chair, a sofa, three chairs, coffee table, end tables, a cabinet, a television, and a telephone.

- A successful Spot Hidden roll notices words impressed into a pad on the desk: "Prince of Darkness—midnight." The words refer to a midnight showing of the John Carpenter film, *Prince of Darkness*.

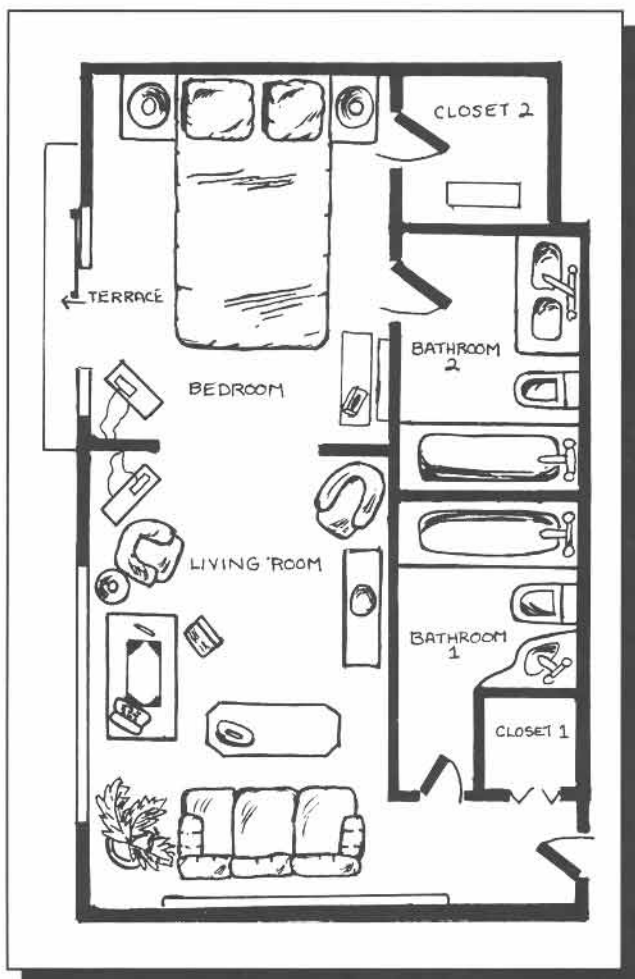
**The Bedroom:** contains a king bed, two night tables with lamps, double dresser, telephone, and television.

- A flier from the Royal Ontario Museum is atop the dresser, with the exhibit "Frauds, Fakes, Forgeries, and Fictions" circled in red felt-tip pen.
- In a dresser drawer is Davidson's *Book of Shadows* (in English, +15% to Occult, spell multiplier is at keeper's option, 0 SAN loss); the nearby box titled "Wicca" for details. Spells include Cast Circle and Bind Enemy; discussion of them accompanies Davidson's statistics at the end of this chapter.
- If investigators snoop here while Davidson and Todhill are working out in the hotel gym, they find the pair's wallets, one in each night table. Todhill's wallet holds about \$500 U.S., a lifetime membership to Full Wilderness (#8 in the player handouts), and a folded up flier for a musical group called the Puffins; Todhill can be seen in the photo of the band. Davidson's wallet holds about \$5,000 U.S. and several credit cards.
- The dresser holds neatly folded clothes, mostly of black fabrics.

**Closet 1:** among the coats hanging here are the leather and denim trench coats mentioned by the police. In a pocket of the leather trench coat is a post card from the Black Dragon Restaurant.

**Bathroom 1:** equipped normally, with the addition of a 5" TV and a telephone, it contains Todhill's personal items, some of which are monogrammed JT.

**Closet 2:** besides clothes, it contains two items which Davidson has brought with him.



The Witches' Suite



- A large polished cabinet, wheeled, with brass fittings. The cabinet is locked (STR 16). It holds a fully-stocked bar. Davidson has the key.
- On the floor is a flat wooden case, unlocked. Within it are hundreds of stones and crystals of all shapes, sizes, and colors, secured with fittings. A successful Geology roll identifies all the stones as natural to this planet, except for a small chunk of meteorite. The collection is systematic and of excellent quality, worth about \$6,000 U.S.

**Bathroom 2:** this bathroom is similar to the first, complete with telephone. Davidson's unmonogrammed bath items are here.

- A cut-glass bottle contains a light greenish-amber colored liquid with a small red-specked green stone at the bottom. A successful Geology roll identifies the stone as a blood stone. The oily fluid is tasteless, but with a sweet, musty scent—Davidson's massage oil.

## The Royal Ontario Museum

Located at 100 Queen's Park, the museum houses thousands of exhibits, including ancient Egyptian, Roman, Greek, Islamic, and Chinese pieces. The museum's dinosaur collection is extensive, and it boasts large collections of preserved animals, birds, and insects. There are three museum levels above ground and two more below street-level; the Royal Ontario requires many hours to fully explore its holdings. It is open most days from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and until 8 P.M. Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Just now, the exhibit drawing the largest attendance is "Frauds, Fakes, Forgeries, and Fictions," which features (among 200 other items) include a mechanical talking head (with a concealed voice tube) from the 18th century, a chess-playing 'machine' also from the 18th century in which a dwarf chessplayer hid, the once-famous Cardiff

Giant, spurious magazines and books such as the infamous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, the once-famous Piltdown Man, letters apparently in Abraham Lincoln's hand purporting to detail his abduction by saucer people, a monkey stitched to a fish tail, and a wonderful set of eight forged Van Gogh "Starry Nights" that manage to tell a lot about that artist.

Rhan-Tegoth is still on the floor but now blocked from public view by portable fabric screens and velvet guard ropes. These ropes can be easily circumvented. Peeking between the screens, the investigators can catch a glimpse of the Great Old One hibernating. Receiving a failed Sanity roll, the viewer lets out an audible gasp, attracting the attention of the nearby museum guard. Anyone making a Spot Hidden will notice broken glass on the floor where someone has apparently dropped a bottle. An idea roll allows an investigator to identify the fragments as similar to the empty dispenser bottles in the SCS at Rothmersholm. At the keeper's choice, materials and tools are here, ready to crate and ship the monster to the Salvation Citadel.

If the investigators are noticed by a museum guard, he or she merely asks them to stay behind the guide ropes, since that portion of the exhibit is closed to the public. If the investigators engage the guard in conversation, they learn that Reverend Lully has purchased the thing. "Lully was here until late last night, overseeing the preparations to move that thing."

Although normal SAN loss for viewing Rhan-Tegoth is 1D8/1D20, the keeper should reduce this amount to 1D2/1D4 SAN for a mere statue, so that only those investigators who know they are viewing a living entity suffer the usual loss (perhaps for a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll after viewing the thing).

## Wicca

The practice of Wicca predates modern religion. It may be traceable to early cave paintings. Wicca attempts to combine the powers of nature with the power of the human mind and spirit. According to the Wicca faith, witches dare not harm or take advantage of anyone or anything, since whatever they do returns to them three-fold.

Wiccan witches, despite popular belief, do not worship or cavort with demons or devils, and Satan is in no way connected with Wicca—he is a part of Christian belief.

Witches worship or pray to a variety of deities and spirits, depending upon the particular tradition of the witch: Earth Mother, the Horned God, Pan, Bast, Isis, etc. Traditions include Celtic, Egyptian, and others but all have a common bond and origin. Wicca tends to be a woman-oriented faith and, unlike the male-oriented religions of Christians, Jews, and Muslims, goddesses take the foremost roles.

Common Wiccan practices include herbal healing and magic, divination through tarot cards and crystals, meditations, various healings, natural farming, health foods, past-life regres-

sion, massage, and other forms of what has come to be called holistic behavior.

No tomes of Wiccan lore exist, since it is a faith most often verbally taught. These days a witch may keep a magical diary in which he or she writes about experiences with meditation, dreams, past life experiences, rituals, poems, thoughts, drawings, invocations, recipes for teas, potions, oils, incense, etc. Such a diary is termed a *Book of Shadows*—no two are alike. Several volumes purporting to be witch spell-books have been published, but most witches take little stock in them since learning the craft is intensely personal and the way different for each witch.

Investigators may wish to study Wiccan magic for use against the beings of the Mythos. It is not of much use. The investigator needs a witch willing to teach; the years spent in study and meditation are long and arduous. Even then, the investigator may lack the personal faith and devotion necessary. After a year in study, the investigator may learn, with a successful POW x1 roll, one of the nearby spells. Additional spells may take several years each to learn.

## Ssruthaa, Serpent Mage

Having been dug up in Manitoba and then awakened rudely from millennial meditations in the basement of the Royal Ontario Museum, Ssruthaa slew the incautious scientist, consumed his likeness, and took stock.

In museum storage the serpent man found something amazing: a petrified brooding entity of incalculable power squatted in a dark and forgotten basement corner. It had first been believed to be Aleut sculpture, then was mis-



Ssruthaa

takenly proved to be a fake by an ambitious doctoral candidate and hidden away, as a white elephant.

Ssruthaa slipped out, but he did not forget. The disappearance of the scientist was never solved, and was soon forgotten.

Over the next few years the serpent mage carefully gathered forgotten lore from many lands. After he Consumed Likeness of the Rev. Lully, a wealthy and powerful television evangelist, Ssruthaa-Lully had more time and much more money with which to conduct his studies.

Ssruthaa had discovered a formidable entity—Rhan-Tegoth, a Great Old One, hibernating but awakenable at any time. Rhan-Tegoth's description and full statistics occur at the end of this chapter.

Ssruthaa's studies hinted that 'the Milk' might partially awaken the Great Old One, grant access to many of the powers of the god, and yet confuse Rhan-Tegoth's will among countless pleasure-dreams.

### A History of the Serpent People

*"In the time of the last troubles even the great serpents shall come forth, crawling from their resting places beneath the earth...."*

—The *Necronomicon*.

At the beginning of the Permian, approximately 275 million years ago, serpent people held sway over large portions of the earth. Their warm blood allowed intelligence and energetic activity; at its height the race possessed the most advanced culture original to the planet. They wrought great cities from stone and diligently studied science and magic, eventually creating a form of immortality that allowed their greatest scholars to live for eons, cheating death and the periodic collapses of civilization.

During the Triassic, climatic and geologic conditions which the species could no longer control forced the increasingly degenerate species entirely underground. Protected there, remaining scholars and mages preserved the threads of their ancient culture.

During the Pleistocene, the serpent people emerged and reflowered to a degree; they again created great cities and re-established their traditions. Some research was initiated. But man arose and supplanted the serpent cultures on the surface; Valusia was their last surface kingdom.

After Valusia fell to men, the serpent folk infiltrated and corrupted early human cultures, using illusion, hypnosis, and the worship of Yig and other gods. Certain records claim that a man who once sat on the throne of Valusia was, in fact, of the serpent race. Eventually such imposters and provocateurs were exposed and killed or driven into the wilderness where (as men mistakenly believed) they would interbreed with true snakes, diminish, and finally disappear from the face of the Earth.

Though many languished and gave up hope, some serpent folk took heart from the terrible prophecies in the *Phakotic Manuscripts*, reading versions far more complete than the fragments gathered by humankind. Some believed these writings infallible; great serpent wizards and priests placed themselves in deepest hibernation, burying themselves until the time for the prophesied awakening. These mages believed they would revive to begin an unspecified repopulation of the earth, which would also destroy mankind.

Individual serpent folk are not necessarily inimical to individual humans, but it is obvious to every serpent person (none of whom need evidence to prove their superior intellect), that the two species can never co-exist—humans are too territorial, and serpent folk too self-absorbed. Neither cool or self-absorbed in their prejudices, serpent folk portray humans as savage egg-eaters who lack true intelligence and culture. Some serpent folk are xenophobic to the highest degree, and slay humans out of hand.

In the last two centuries, powerful serpent men have begun to awake, their sleep broken by natural forces, excavations, and explosions. They hold that the prophecies of the *Necronomicon*, and the *Phakotic Manuscripts* are being fulfilled.

These serpent men, waking after tens or hundreds of thousands of years, find themselves trapped in bewildering human societies of baffling, ant-like rhythm, societies which emphasize cooperation and group activities in ways unnatural to the serpent mind.

Nonetheless, high intelligence and natural cunning seem to give to most wakers eventual comprehension of this world of strangers. Once sure of themselves, these reborn sorcerers adopt a human appearance, and move freely among men.

As could be expected, many strive to return the planet to the rule of the serpent race. No one (except perhaps Nyarlathotep, who looks upon all effort with a contemptuous smile) knows whether the present awakenings of these great serpent folk represent the working-out of great prophecy or are merely the final feeble throes of a race doomed to final extinction.

### About Serpent Race Writing

Inscribed on triangular metal plates, the ancient records of the serpent race date back to the Permian. The metal is a rustless, non-corrodible alloy perfected by the Serpent People, seen by humans as recently-made (and hence not very important) artifacts. A handful of such plates have been found by humans; unrecognized, they languish in dusty catalog drawers and among the refuse of attics. Presumably great serpent men libraries containing thousands or millions of these plates survive intact, holding astonishing secrets.





To this speculative end Ssruthaa-Lully committed the evangelist's television empire, questing for information, disguising the public part of the search as "The Great Anti-Satan Crusade of the Impending Apocalypse." Spurred by Ssruthaa-Lully's unending broadcast appeals, among oceans of rumors, gossip, innuendo, and baseless accusations, tiny ribbons of truth trickled in. Though he had not identified the Milk as from Shub-Niggurath, nor did he know much about Shub-Niggurath, connections began to form. In the past month he gleefully learned that Milk now existed on earth and, in the last week, he learned from a Samson source that Rothmersholm had Milk. He uncovered nothing of Mr. Shiny's true nature.

It was worth a point of POW to Consume Likeness of Rothmersholm's security chief. Kneeling in a crawl space, he injected an ancient serpent folk remedy for eliminating vermin into the SCS air scrubbers, and waited ten minutes for the mutagen to take effect. Some of Ssruthaa's targets took longer to die; one, Marta Berger, saw Ssruthaa's true shadow on the floor.

Now he has the Milk, and can begin experiments. This year or next, the serpent man expects to begin to tap the powers of the Great Old One. The keeper must decide whether or not Ssruthaa stands a chance to empower the reascension of his relict race. It is certain that Rhan-Tegoth's capacities cannot be fully understood by a serpent man who believes that high INT illuminates fully the bleak truths and horrifying perspectives of the Cthulhu Mythos.

## Ssruthaa-Lully

By the late 1960s, the Rev. Lully's youthful outspokenness and words of fire had brought him a Sunday morning radio show, a large congregation, and reasonable prosperity. The rise in the importance of cable television gave him international exposure in the 1980s; in response he broadened and extended his accent to give a more "southern" flavor, a distasteful act to most Canadians. He did this with the best of intentions, envisioned a ministry reaching around the world, serving the will of God and touching the hearts and souls of those with righteous tears and hurts. Today his daily ministries and Sunday spectacles reach millions, who make that possible by contributing in excess of 100 million dollars yearly.

From his Salvation Citadel, Lully rules a commercial and spiritual empire fueled by tough stances against abortion, drugs, AIDS, loud music, youthful excess, welfare, homosexuality, MTV, pornography, molly-coddling of criminals, communism, OPEC, lawlessness, drug lords, obscene conduct on stage or in film, political namby-pambies, higher taxes, nay-saying disparagers of family values, alcoholics who nurse the sin of pride, child molesters, and presumptuous women. Though he might, Ssruthaa-Lully does not pose environmental concerns as important. He's liberal

with contributions to missionaries, charities, and Bible-publishing schemes, and avoids the embarrassing cash-flow problems of earlier televangelists by not building hospitals, theme parks, universities, and other grandiose works.

In action, Lully is frightening, vindictive, triumphant, intelligent, subtle, and enraging, stomping about shouting hellfire, madly waving his arms and his Bible (always stuffed with marker slips), working his audience to fevered pitch like the expert showman he has learned to be. Ssruthaa-Lully spent days in isolation, practicing hard before he could comfortably duplicate Lully's taped antics. Since then, the serpent man has adroitly surpassed even Lully's heights, mainly because he is in much better physical shape, and now is able to wrestle down Satan for hours on the brilliantly-lit gospel stage at Salvation Citadel.

Ssruthaa-Lully always wears his signature white linen suit. He appears as a large, bulky man of ferocious energy, whose suits are so well-tailored that the word *obese* never rises in the onlooker's mind. He has large hands and thinning pale hair. In person his skin is so pale and soft that he seems unwell. He is a heavy man, and stands above six feet.

If the investigators speak with Ssruthaa-Lully, he is polite and courteous. Keenly intelligent, he may have seen them in a photo relating to the Ripper's fourth victim. If he thinks the investigators suspect him, Lully has them followed and watched, just as he has with Davidson and Todhill. If he thinks they know something, he and his hirelings do their best to kill them all.

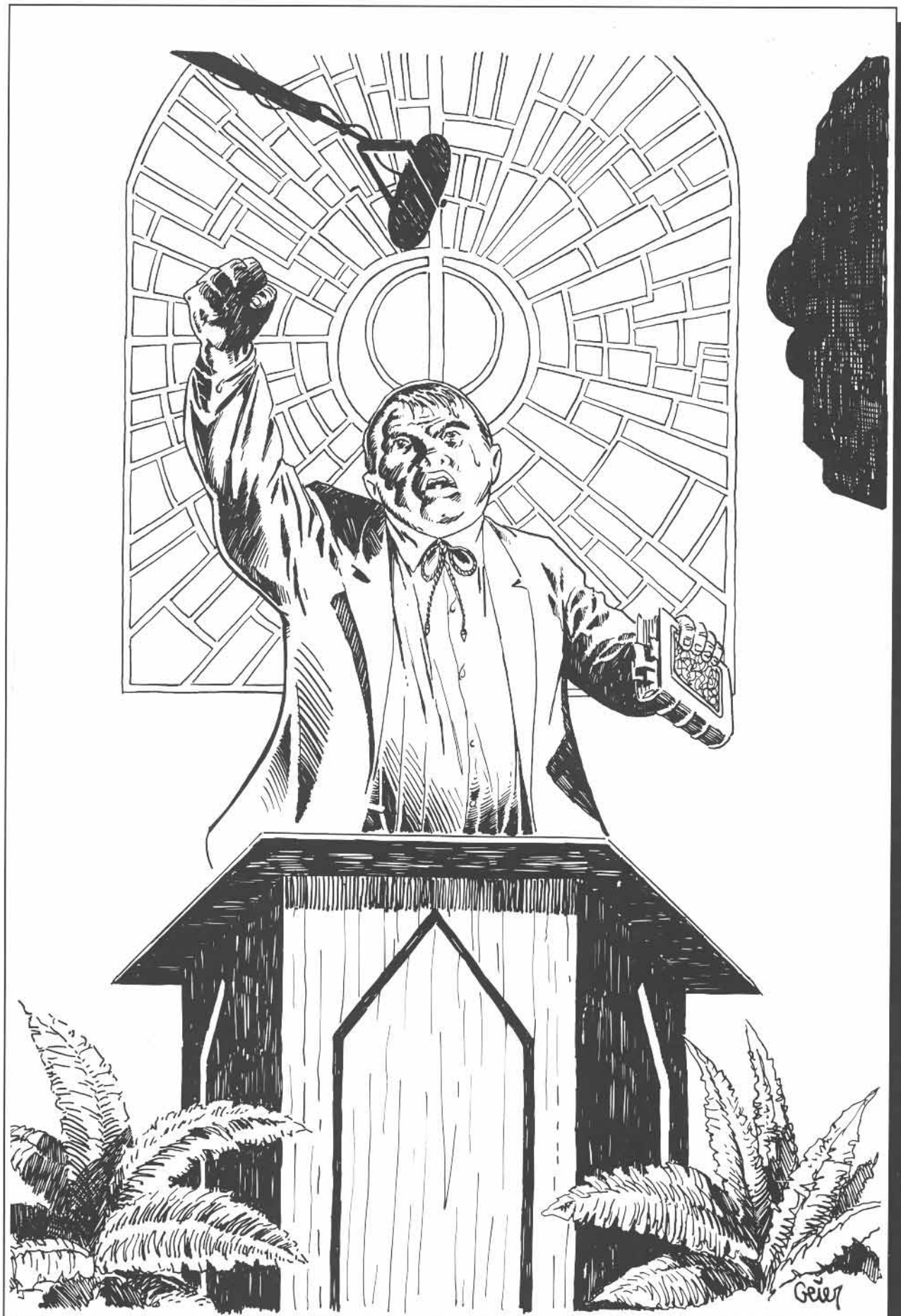
## Salvation Citadel

The seat of Ssruthaa-Lully's power is the Salvation Citadel, a massive glass and steel cube built by Lully with a giant white electrified cross on each side. The building houses offices, studios, phone banks, and all the records of the Church of Redemption. The chapel, bookstore, and gift shop are open to the public 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. daily (to 2 P.M. Sundays). Unarmed guards wearing blazers and carrying walky-talkies inconspicuously control the elevators, stair wells, and ground-floor offices. On Sundays the Great Golden Glory Stairs, 54 feet wide, a massive escalator whose glittering risers are embedded with mica and bits of anodized aluminum, carry the faithful up, up, up to the flocked entrances of the Gospel Stage, the large amphitheater/studio from which Ssruthaa-Lully does live telecasts.

## The Basements

The Citadel boasts three floors of basement parking. The top level (A-Floor) is reserved for employees and important guests, and a large stall houses Ssruthaa's white stretch limousine. Floors B and C are visitor parking, \$1 for the first two hours, \$5 an hour thereafter. Except on Sunday, only two parking attendants and Ssruthaa-Lully's chauffeur are regularly found on the three garage floors.





A-Floor never closes; B-C Floors are open 6 A.M. to midnight daily.

A-Floor also houses an emergency electric generator, transformers and circuit-breakers, water connections and fire sprinkler controls, sophisticated communications equipment which can handle 10,000 calls an hour, natural-gas-fed furnaces and boilers for hot water, air conditioning controls (the giant intakes, filters, and pumps are on the roof), storage, and cleaning supplies and equipment.

Three elevators and four stairs link the garage floors to the Citadel's ground level, but go no higher.

A single express elevator, Ssruthaa-Lully's, links his top-floor suite with A-Floor and his limousine.

A separate bank of elevators (all closed to the public) start on the ground floor and connect all the upper floors, as do four sets of stairs.

**The White Limousine:** if the investigators manage to enter A-Floor (a successful Fast Talk, Sneak, or any other reasonable roll will do) on any weekday or Sunday morning, Ssruthaa's limousine is there to be inspected.

If the chauffeur is not around (there's a 70% chance of him leaving for a 20-minute errand), a successful Mechanical Repair roll gains entry. Should the roll fail, a cutting torch or diamond saw or explosive charge is needed to get inside the armored vehicle. Alternatively, the investigators can wait for the chauffeur to return and take the keys from him. He doesn't think of resisting, but he doesn't take bribes, either, and he reports his experience immediately to Ssruthaa, who may recognize the investigators from the description and decide to kill them as soon as possible.

The armored vehicle has bulletproof glass and tires. It is invulnerable to casual potshots from handguns, hunting rifles, assault rifles, and blasts from fragmentation grenades. Damage from heavier weapons is at the keeper's option.

In rather standard fashion, the limousine has a black leather interior, extra leg room, seats eight (using the jump seats), and has TV, a driver intercom and privacy screen, a radio, a bar, a VCR, a sun roof, a cellular phone, a portable computer (loaded with software but no user files), and an excellent 1/2" VHS-format camcorder with a 20x zoom lens of 2 lux capability.

A successful Spot Hidden roll uncovers stains on the back seat. They might have been caused by blood, but the investigators must scrape lab samples to verify this. (It is human blood, from a victim of a year ago and more.) There is nothing else of interest within the car and, as it's washed and polished daily, no marks are found on the exterior.

## Ground Floor

The main entrance opens into a cavernous lobby and reception area, opulent with Carrera marble and Austrian crystal.

Unless it's Sunday, the Great Golden Glory Stairs are motionless, cordoned off by velvet ropes. To the other side are the gift shop, book store, and chapel, open 10-4 daily (closed at 2 P.M. Sundays).

Several receptionists answer phones and give directions at the main desk. Appointments are screened here, then directed to the elevator bank. A silent police alarm (bringing two patrolmen in a squad car) and a private alarm to Building Security (bringing 1D6 blazer-clad bouncers) can be independently entered from anywhere in this area by hidden button.

Beyond reception are the elevators, and beyond the elevators are the public relations staff. Next door are Faithful Flock Financial Friends—commission-workers who can tell the faithful flock how to make out their wills in favor of the Church of Redemption, how to make credit card donations, whether or not the \$95 price of a Golden Gospel Guide 14k-wash pin is tax deductible, how to cash in bearer-bonds, and many other useful things.

If the investigators do not wish to make contributions, they still might want to ask Miss Cynthia Teasdale questions about the Salvation Citadel and the Church of Redemption. Teasdale replies vaguely, or as the Lord directs. A pale woman in her early forties, she offers brochures about Lully and his organization, and can sign up the investigators for a Sunday tour of the building in exchange for a \$50 donation each. A \$500 donation gets them the tour and Sunday dinner with the Rev. Lully personally in attendance, sitting at the same table and acting as keynote speaker. Anyone who wants to interview the Reverend must contact his office and convince his executive secretary, Carla Wheelwright.

Like nearly everyone at Salvation Citadel, Miss Teasdale is an earnest Christian and devotedly faithful to the Rev. Lully, whose words she counts as saving her from a life of shame and abuse.

## Second Floor

The second floor is Ssruthaa-Lully's Gospel Stage amphitheater / television studio. Here he broadcasts his live Sunday television sermon and tapes his daily one-hour shows.

The hall seats about 3,000 people, and he strives to fill every seat. He has begun to plan a new building strictly as an auditorium, seating about 10,000 people. Since he averages \$13.53 per person in the transparent plastic collection boxes (the slots are so thin that only folding money can be put in) each Sunday, he calculates that he can recoup the ten million for the building as gross revenue in only two years.

Beyond the stage are control rooms, production facilities, microwave links, archival storage, editing rooms, dressing rooms, makeup stations, studio management rooms, lounges, and storage rooms for costumes and props.

Ssruthaa-Lully's television ministry airs Sundays at 11 A.M. Eastern time. People show up as early as 6 A.M. to claim seats.

Since the serpent man may tape as many as four one-hour weekday shows over an eight-hour span, then pretend to rest for several days, then tape three or four more. Those days of rest frequently include R&R-style forays into victim-bagging; in that sense, Canada is safe while the Citadel's cameras roll.

He stays several weeks ahead of the actual running dates for the taped shows, which he modestly presents as teachings and chats, reserving the holy day of the week for full-blown sermons. Nonetheless, his 800- and 900-prefix (Rev. Lully's new vision, Rev. Lully's thought for the day, etc.) phone numbers constantly fill the bottom quarter of viewer televisions, and his phone bank teams work seven days a week, every hour of the day.

### Third And Fourth Floors

These floors hold the professional and volunteer operators who field and process donation calls, and their lounges and cafeterias. Third floor volunteers answer all calls, screening for donations of \$25 or more which are then transferred to fourth-floor professionals, who work on salary plus percentage. These latter, whom Ssruthaa-Lully calls his Good News Gals and Guys, help establish the *do-call* data base of people who have made a significant contribution. This data base is jealously guarded, and worth many times its weight in gold.

Professional fundraisers, also on the fourth floor, make their appeal calls by using this and other less-productive data bases.

If the investigators think about it, this effort to manipulate fellow human beings is diabolical, and surely represents *prima facie* evidence of Mythos intrusion. Decent human beings would never stoop so low.

### Fifth Floor

On slow shifts, the volunteers abandon their phones to the professionals, and managers herd them to this floor to help open and sort the incoming mail, supplementing the regular staff. The mail is picked up in gigantic bags six days a week. Mail room income once provided the greater share of Church of Redemption revenue, but the phones are now much more profitable, since the impulse to send \$5 (such contributors are known unfairly as flyspeckers) can easily be talked up to three or four times the amount they originally intended.

Circulars appealing for funds are printed and addressed on this floor, and this is also the site of Citadel data processing, personnel, and accounting.

With some time and a successful Accounting roll to find it, the investigators come across a printout minutely break-

ing down Church income and disbursements for the past fiscal year. Study of the records for 2D10 hours and another successful Accounting roll suggests that church funds have been systematically misappropriated and siphoned off into mysterious accounts, strange disbursements, and vague foreign businesses. By using many offshore accounts as credit-card-receipt depositories, Ssruthaa-Lully disguises his gross volume and is able to skim money to directly support dubious serpent people projects. The direct difference in contribution volume in the last fiscal year is about 3 million dollars; another 1.5 million dollars in related disbursements are hidden creatively within the public version of his books, and that does not include his personal salary, perquisites, pension fund, and so on, nor the value of the vast amounts of donated labor he can command.

### Sixth Floor

Some managerial and secretarial offices exist here, along with graphic arts and editorial offices for Ssruthaa-Lully's monthly magazine, *Lightning Bolt Of Faith*, produced in four colors, 32 pages, available free at news stands or for a \$10 yearly subscription. The current issue featuring articles concerning the Reverend's dreams for mankind, missionary work of the Church of Redemption among the Québécois, letters and advice, and a favorable evaluation of cheese-like process foods, with recipes, as resourceful cooking for those practicing Christian thrift.

### Seventh Floor

Given over mainly to executive and secretarial offices, working conference rooms, and an executive dining room and lounge. Lots of individual computers and filing cabinets can be found on this floor, but they deal without exception in the tactical problems of solicitation, accumulation, and disbursement. Some managers are pious, some simply brisk, as is the way of the world. No evidence of Mythos influence exists.

### Eighth Floor

The top floor of the building holds the showplace rooms of the Citadel: the great conference room with deep rugs and long black ebony table, the library / museum of Bibles and Holy Land books and materials (against whose value Ssruthaa-Lully accounts Mythos-related tomes and artifacts), the offices of key executives, Ssruthaa-Lully's executive and outer-office secretaries, and his personal suite of offices. Two blazer-decked security guards wait in the central hall, watching all movement through the elevators and stairwells, around the clock, every day of the year.

**The Executive Secretary:** Carla Wheelwright has been Lully's invaluable assistant for more than ten years; when Lully became Ssruthaa-Lully, she noticed a profound

change in her boss's perceptions and behavior. He told her secretly that he believed he had suffered a stroke, and desperately needed her help and encouragement in order to carry on his great work in the months ahead. Flattered, this grim, white-haired woman felt that she had grown even closer to him at that time. As the months progressed, Ssruthaa's hypnotic skills spun an inescapable web around her; now she cavils at no action, no matter how heinous. Though she will not voluntarily kill an innocent, she will kill without hesitation to help Ssruthaa-Lully, and has grown expert with her 9mm automatic pistol.

Wheelwright makes all of Ssruthaa-Lully's appointments. He is likely to be available for appointments one day in seven, and she will appoint with anyone who presents good reason to see him. She is protective of the Reverend and fends off those who merely crave his time.

## The Serpent Man's Suite

A set of towering double doors at the end of her office serves as the entry to Ssruthaa-Lully's suite.

**The Office:** the office beyond is tastelessly overdone in rich silks, polished crystal, gold-trimmed mirrors, and miniature reproductions of famous statues. Doors on one side of Ssruthaa's office hide a bar stocked with expensive wines, cognacs, and brandies. A large oval conference table occupies much space toward the other wall.

A wall of windows looks across Toronto. This is his public room, and the only room to which he is likely to admit any human.

A personal computer contains easily-accessed files which also disclose Ssruthaa-Lully's actual spending habits, as reported in "Fifth Floor," above.

A fireplace completes the room. Whenever the investigators enter the office, they find a small, soothing blaze in the fireplace. This fire is actually a fire vampire summoned to Lully's office to protect against intruders. It makes no move unless the investigators begin searching the office or attempt to put out the fire. The entity does not cease attack until it or the investigator die. Statistics for the fire vampire is at the end of this chapter. (With a successful know roll, smart investigators notice the half-dozen fire sprinklers set in the ceiling.)

The investigators find the stolen *Pnakotic Manuscripts* (+13%, x3, -1D10+2 SAN as a more complete version) on the desk, translation notes (English to Serpent) nearby. After studying these notes for six months, the student gains 1D6 points of the skill Serpent Speech and adds 1D3 points to Cthulhu Mythos. Their bizarre and cruel concepts cost 1D4 SAN to absorb.

In a drawer are a stack of triangular metal plates, each with a central hole. The alloy is unidentifiable and the plates are covered with an odd script. A successful Cthulhu My-

thos roll identifies these plates as untranslatable serpent race writings perhaps millions of years old.

If the investigators were there, a newspaper clipping showing the investigators standing near the scene of Ken Stewart's death can be found in the top drawer.

There are several magazine articles and ecological reports about the effects of fluorocarbons and pollutants upon the atmosphere, stressing the causes and threats of the greenhouse effect, and the likelihood of increasing planetary temperature bringing a return to the conditions of the Jurassic or earlier.

**THE SAFE:** a large painting of a nordic Jesus Christ multiplying loaves and fishes conceals a wall safe. It's a small one, mostly protected by its location—a successful halved Mechanical Repair roll result opens it, as does a crowbar and 15 minutes. Inside is Ssruthaa-Lully's emergency stash—\$100,000 in U.S. currency, 160 Canadian Maple Leaf one-ounce gold coins, and British, U.S., and Canadian passports in the identities of Lully, Kroll Bonesnapper, and Paseeka Nabish (see Ssruthaa-Lully's statistics for slightly more information). At his option, the keeper may add other clues and evidence.

**THE STATUE:** if Rhan-Tegoth has been brought to the Citadel, he stands in this room, still in hibernation. Although normal SAN loss for viewing Rhan-Tegoth is 1D8/1D20, the keeper concerned about current investigator Sanity levels may wish to reduce this amount to 1D2/1D4 SAN, so that only those investigators who know they are viewing a living entity suffer the usual loss (check Cthulhu Mythos after viewing the thing).

**The Hot Room:** connecting through a short hall is a small pool (with very warm water) and a sauna, with the same superb views. This room is excessively humid. Ssruthaa comes here at night to relax. Large, leafy potted ferns contribute to the jungle-like feeling of the room.

A strong musty odor raises the hackles of everyone: a successful Zoology or EDU x2 roll recognizes the smell as the scent of snake.

In a corner are a pile of small cages in which cower live mice and rabbits: Ssruthaa-Lully feeds on these creatures as snacks.

**The Den:** through another door off the office is a sort of den, furnished with thick rugs, overstuffed furniture, a 50-inch television, quality stereo, and state-of-the-art VCRs.

A large cabinet is filled with video tapes. Nearly all are tapes of Ssruthaa-Lully's recent shows. Inspection of these tapes takes quite a while, but a successful luck roll reveals two with funny squiggles instead of titles (Cthulhu Mythos or Serpent Man roll to identify it as writing).

**THE FIRST VIDEO TAPE:** the short tape was shot from the inside of a car. Shot from the rear window of the vehicle,

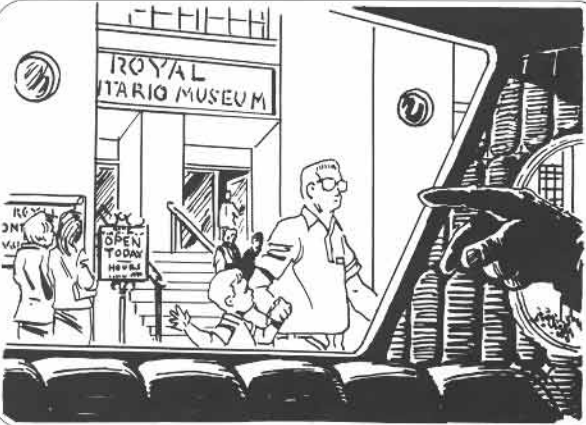




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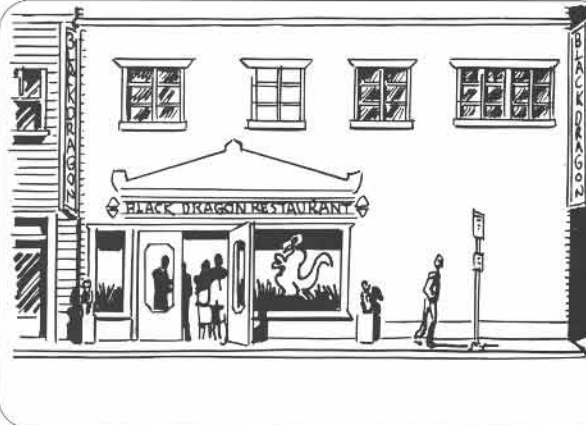
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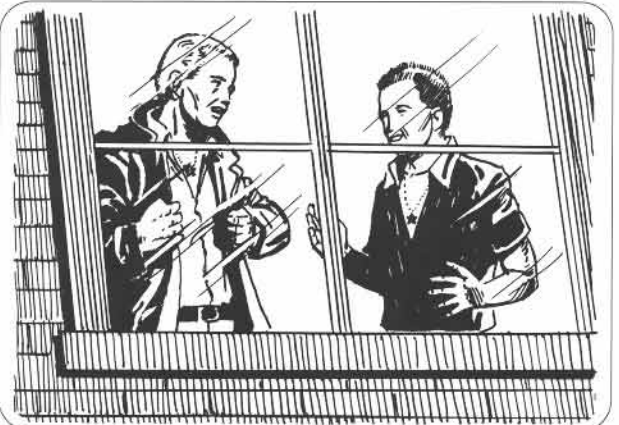
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6

—Investigator handout #9

portions of the car's seats and interior trim can be seen. If the investigators snooped around the white limousine in the basement, they recognize the car as Ssruthaa-Lully's; if not, it's easy to decide that it's some type of large luxury automobile.

On the tape are recorded two young men (Jeff Todhill and Scott Davidson), apparently taped surreptitiously. Scenes follow of the pair entering various Toronto shops, museums, restaurants, etc. Their clothes and the lighting

change; it is obvious the video was taken over days. If the investigators are staying at the Sutton Place, they recognize the pair as fellow guests at the hotel, and several scenes show them entering or leaving the Sutton Place.

*THE SECOND VIDEO TAPE:* the tape shows a scientist beside a steel table upon which rests a dirt-encrusted fossil. As the tape progresses the professor talks into the camera, then begins to clean bits of rock and dirt from the fossil. After a few minutes of this an audible groan comes from the exam-



1



2



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—Investigator handout #10

ination table. Bits of rock and dirt crumble away before the astonished intellectual, then the whole dusty fossil tumbles off the table and crashes to the floor, out of sight of the camera. The scientist gasps, then is pulled screaming to the floor, out of sight of the camera. He lets out a last shriek of pain, surely confronting certain death, then after comes a weird hissing and then the tape goes black. Each viewer loses 0/1D3 SAN.

Ssruthaa-Lully has kept this tape as a keepsake of his awakening and because he enjoys the human's amusing antics.

**THE BOOKS:** a collection of interesting-looking old books and new loose-leafs rest casually on the floor beside the couch. Keepers may add Mythos tomes to this stack, or insert them in the shelves of the library / museum down the hall on this floor.

**THE MUSIC:** Ssruthaa-Lully fell heir to a large collection of LPs and cassettes filled with inspirational and motivational messages, white gospel music, light classical, and the collected Mantovani. All of these recordings are some years old.

There are only two new recordings, both CDs, both by God's Lost Children, a rock band linked by Ssruthaa-Lully to satanic practices. The albums are titled *God's Lost Children* and *Unspeakable*. The latter album bears a picture of the three band members posing with an older black man who holds a saxophone. The three are identified as Brian Lochnar, Mark Holland, and Kevin Schwartz; the black man is identified as "The Royal Pant."

## Conclusion

If the investigators threaten Ssruthaa or join with Davidson and Todhill, he does everything within his power to thwart them. Attackers, hostages, or those accidentally in his way get no mercy. Persistent investigators may panic him and speed up his plans to move Rhan-Tegoth from the museum to the Citadel.

He has already fed Milk to the sleeping god; Rhan-Tegoth is awake, though disinclined to move. With a short spell, or incantation, Ssruthaa can bring the being to activity but hesitates to do so because of Rhan-Tegoth's unpredictable nature.

If the investigators close in on Ssruthaa, he may be in the company of the sleeping god, a monster he can awaken quickly. When Rhan-Tegoth wakes, Rhan-Tegoth slays and feasts. Ssruthaa may be his first victim, if the keeper wishes, but the god turns on any handy innocent. Having slain a D6- or D10-worth of humans, Rhan-Tegoth then heads for the St. Lawrence River, leaving a trail of madness and death in his wake. He plunges into the waters, to perhaps conclude this adventure.

If the investigators suspect Ssruthaa/Lully early, they may corner him late at night at the museum. Later, he moves Rhan-Tegoth to the suite atop the Salvation Citadel. Perhaps they catch up with the serpent man while Rhan-Tegoth is in transit between the two locations.

If in transit, the hibernating Great Old One is crated; investigators may attempt a hijacking if it suits them, but their players should understand that a crate is no obstacle to a Great Old One. Ssruthaa/Lully, concerned for the welfare of his acquisition, follows the truck in his limousine.

Even if separated from Rhan-Tegoth, Ssruthaa is a formidable opponent, arguably the most dangerous entity in the campaign.

Though no connections exist, Shiny may be able to offer spurious testimony which seems to link Ssruthaa-Lully with Howard Finley, or perhaps Peter Tait—since Jatic is now on his side, Shiny knows everything that the investigators know, and can make up a convincing story.

If the investigators follow the serpent man clues, then Shiny or Jatic suggests that all the events so far have been portions of an orchestrated serpent man plot to reclaim the planet. Before the coliseum confrontation in "After The Big One," the investigators can be totally confused as to the origin and meaning of the terrible events they've so far encountered.

Though Rhan-Tegoth cannot be harmed, if the investigators manage to dispatch Ssruthaa-Lully, the serpent man body causes great consternation among authorities. Each investigator participating in the death gets 1D6 SAN, of course. They also get the private thanks and congratulations of Canadian, Ontario, and Toronto authorities, who delicately present misleading information to the press and happily announce that the Toronto Ripper is believed to have committed suicide. No more Ripper murders occur, and the terrors of Toronto are soon forgotten.

These good relations with Canadian authorities might add to Credit Rating roll values under certain circumstances in the future.

Some points to consider in eventual Sanity awards include bringing the Ripper murders to an end, eliminating Ssruthaa, preventing the awakening of Rhan-Tegoth, and closing the Black Dragon restaurant.

## Statistics

### ALBERT SHINY, Local Shoggoth

STR 24 (18)*	CON 26 (14)*	SIZ 18
INT 13	POW 18	DEX 17
APP n/a (9)*	EDU 20	SAN 0
HP 22 (16)*		
Move 10 (8)*		

**Damage Bonus:** +2D6 (+1D6)\*

**Weapons:** Crush 100%, damage 2D6

Rhino Fist 95%, damage 2D3+2D6 (+1D6)\*

\* Parentheses illustrate how Shiny presents himself to humans, as long as he remains calm.

**Spell:** Dominate.

**Skills:** Arabic 20%, Archaeology 10%, Bargain 15%, Biology 65%, Chemistry 25%, Choose Tasty Victim 90%, Climb 75%, Credit Rating (as human) 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Demotic Egyptian 10%, Elder Thing 65%, Electrical Repair 10%, Electronics 10%, English 60%, Hide 90%, History 35%, Law 10%, Library Use 35%, Listen 75%, Oratory 30%, Physics 20%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 70%, Spanish 30%, Sumerian 5%, Track 75%.

### Tcho-Tcho Waiters & Cooks

**Weapons:** Fist damage 1D3

Fighting Knife damage 1D4+2

Small Club damage 1D6

Sword damage 1D8

	POW	DEX	HP	Fist	Knife	Club	Sword
Thug 1	10	13	11	55%	45%	35%	
Thug 2	11	12	10	60%	35%	20%	
Thug 3	12	11	9	60%	30%	25%	
Thug 4	8	10	12	55%	40%	17%	
Thug 5	11	9	10	65%	42%		45%
Thug 6	9	8	10	55%	55%		22%

Repeat if more are needed.

**JEFF TODHILL, Apprentice Witch, Age 19**

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 14  
DEX 17 APP 15 EDU 13 SAN 70 HP 13

**Damage Bonus** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, 1D3+1D4

**Spells:** Cast Circle.

**Skills:** Climb 50%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 25%, Electrical Repair 15%, English 65%, Jump 50%, Listen 30%, Massage 20%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Occult 15%, Play Drums 60%, Play Tennis 50%, Sing 15%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 30%, Swim 35%, Throw 30%.

**SCOTT DAVIDSON, Full Witch, Age 25**

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 16 POW 15  
DEX 12 APP 15 EDU 17 SAN 75 HP 16

**Damage Bonus** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, 1D3+1D4

**Spells:** Bind Enemy, Cast Circle, Hide Self. Keepers might add other spells, but should be chary of adding potent offensive spells.

**Skills:** Astronomy 15%, Botany 60%, Credit Rating 85%, Crystal Healing 55%, Cook 80%, Debate 25%, Dodge 25%, Drive Automobile 55%, English 85%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 35%, Geology 30%, History 40%, Library Use 60%, Massage 75%, Occult 80%, Oratory 25%, Photography 20%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 65%, cannot Swim, Tarot 45%, Zoology 20%.

**JOEL CAIRO, Chauffeur, Age 34**

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 9  
DEX 13 APP 17 EDU 17 SAN 45 HP 10

**Damage Bonus** +0

**Weapons:** Tire Iron 35%, damage 1D8

**Skills:** Arabic 70%, Drive Automobile 80%, English 60%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 40%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Spot Hidden 55%.

**SSRUTHAA-LULLY, Reasonably Immortal**

(appears as Rev. Baxter Lully, Evangelical Entrepreneur)

STR 18(13) CON 18(11) SIZ 14 (17)  
INT 24(17) POW 25(17) DEX 16(13)  
APP na(13) EDU 30(16) SAN 0(20)  
HP 16(14) Move 8

**Damage Bonus** +1D4

**Weapons:** Bite 75%, 1D8 damage plus 18 POT poison

Scalpel 55%, 1D4+1D4

.45 revolver 40%, 1D10+2

**Armor:** 1-point scales.

**Spells:** Call Hastur, Call Nyogtha, Call Yog-Sothoth, Cloud Memory, Clutch of Nyogtha, Consume Likeness, Contact Nyarlathotep, Contact Serpent Man, Contact Yig, Death Spell, Deflect Harm, Fang of Yig\*, Find Serpent Folk\*, Hibernation\*, Mesmerize, Mindblast, Power Drain, Quicken\*, Send Dreams, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Tooth of Yig. *The mage has an armful of serpent-man and other species-specific spells as well, of no consequence in this campaign.*

\* new spell.

**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 26%, Computer Use 40%, Credit Rating 85%, Debate 65%, English 75%, Fast Talk 80%, Law 30%, Listen 45%, Oratory 90%, Psychology 75%, Quote Bible 89%, Serpent Man 80%, Sing 45%, Spot Hidden 75%, Sneak 85%, Track 45%. Add additional serpent folk spells as needed.

**SAN Loss:** 0/1D6 as serpent man, 0/0 as Lully.

**A WICCAN SKILL AND 2 SPELLS****Crystal Healing, a new skill**

This skill enables a character to ease or to cure emotional problems by putting a large assortment of natural crystals and stones in special patterns and places on the body of the recipient. The head of the recipient is then touched, and certain words spoken, the entire process requiring about an hour, and repeatable once a week.

A successful Crystal Healing roll gains the patient 1D6 SAN to a maximum of the client's POW x5. For the most part a failed roll costs nothing, but another week of sessions must pass before the roll may be attempted again—a result of 96-00 costs the patient 1D6 SAN points.

Once every 1D6 months, the healer's player may attempt his Crystal Healing roll: a roll-result equal to the skill-user's POW x1 or less cures the client's specific temporary or indefinite insanity—incidentally halting further Sanity point gain.

Combined with a successful luck roll, Crystal Healing can temporarily calm an insane person for 1D20 hours.

Crystal Healing may be employed in the same manner as Psychoanalysis to increase SAN, though never the character's maximum Sanity. As with Psychoanalysis, Crystal Healing can never raise Sanity above the target's INT x5, even though his or her maximum Sanity may be higher.

**Bind Enemy (a new spell)**

Allows the caster to stifle or deflect harm from a specific enemy. The caster expends exactly 15 magic points while creating and enchanting a small effigy (poppet) of the target, matching that amount against the target's POW on the resistance. If the target wins, the spell fails and the magic points are lost. If the caster wins, the target becomes unable and uninterested in harming

the caster for the next seven days. Use of this spell costs no Sanity.

After making the poppet, the caster decks it in appropriately colored cloth and inscribes it with the target's name, birth date, and other pertinent personal information.

While chanting the target's name, the caster binds the doll with a length of red cord, taking care that every part of the person that could harm the caster (arms, mouth, legs, etc.) is tightly bound. At the conclusion of the ritual the poppet must be planted at least a mile from the caster's home, buried beneath a large rock.

Bind Enemy takes effect only against humans.

The spell is broken if the caster harms the target with magical or physical attack, or if the poppet is moved or destroyed.

**Cast Circle (a new spell)**

This spell creates a magical barrier through which specific unnatural creatures (byakhees, deep ones, lycanthropes, nightgaunts, vampires, wraiths, and zombies) may not pass. Other Mythos servant races—those which can be summoned and bound—have a 50% chance by individual of being stopped. Humans, natural creatures, and greater Mythos entities are unaffected, nor are spells nor physical or magical weapons affected.

The caster spends 3 magic points to establish the barrier, and an additional magic point for each person to be encircled by the barrier. Sanity cost to the caster is 1D3 SAN.

The spell takes five minutes to cast; the magical barrier lasts an hour, then must be recast to continue in effect.

The spell caster must inscribe the spell's barrier as a rough circle on the floor. The spell being cast, the barrier appears as a brightly glowing circle. Though the barrier is inscribed as circular, nothing against which the spell is effective can reach those protected from any direction.



**Additional Images:** Ssruthaa possesses six human body images adopted in conjunction with the Consume Likeness spell: E. Martin Peters (security chief, Rothmersholm), Kroll Bonesnapper (Hyperborean warlord), Paseeka Nabish (14-year-old Nepalese nautch dancer), Urch (australopithecine hunchback), Dr. Stanford Perlette (paleontologist), and the Reverend Lully.

### CYNTHIA TEASDALE, Public relations, Age 42

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 11  
DEX 16 APP 16 EDU 11 SAN 55 HP 12

**Damage Bonus** +0

**Weapons:** none, but is immune to Fast Talk.

**Skills:** Debate 65%, Fast Talk 50%, Oratory 50%, Psychology 65%.

### CARLA WHEELWRIGHT, Exec. Sec, Age 51

STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 13  
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 30 HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +0

**Weapons:** 9mm Automatic 70%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Credit Rating 60%, Debate 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Fast Talk 30%, Listen 70%.

### Security Guards

**Weapons:** Fist damage 1D3+1D4  
Nightstick damage 1D6+1D4

9mm Automatic (10 bullet clip) damage 1D10

	POW	DEX	HP	Fist	N-stick	Handgun
Guard 1	11	16	13	65%	65%	70%
Guard 2	13	15	13	70%	55%	60%
Guard 3	14	14	14	80%	70%	65%
Guard 4	12	13	12	75%	60%	80%
Guard 5	13	12	15	85%	75%	81%
Guard 6	14	12	13	65%	70%	67%

Repeat if more are needed.

### Skinheads

A group of angry, sometimes swayable young men. Ssruthaa-Lully carries their nominal leader, Andrew Getz (Skin 1), on the payroll as a "youth guidance counselor."

**Weapons:** Fist damage 1D3+1D4

Motorcycle Chain damage 1D6+1+1D4

Kick damage 1D6+1D4

	POW	DEX	HP	Fist	Kick	Chain
Skin 1	14	15	13	55%	75%	45%
Skin 2	12	14	13	60%	55%	80%
Skin 3	12	13	14	80%	60%	65%
Skin 4	11	12	11	65%	50%	70%
Skin 5	12	11	15	65%	70%	40%
Skin 6	10	10	11	55%	40%	37%

Repeat if more are needed.

**Skills:** Climb 50%, Credit Rating 2%, Dodge 33%, Drive Automobile 25%, Fast Talk 25%, Hide 40%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Pick Pocket 35%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 35%, Strut 35%.

### A Fire Vampire

	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	HP
FV 1	6	1	14	10	15	8

Move 11

**Weapon:** Touch 85%, 2D6 fire damage plus magic point drain

### Rhan-Tegoth (Great Old One)

**Description:** "An almost globular torso, with six long, sinuous limbs terminating in crab-like claws. From the upper end a subsidiary globe bulged forward bubble-like; its triangle of three staring, fishy eyes, its foot-long and evidently flexible proboscis, and a distended lateral system analogous to gills, suggested that it was a head. Most of the body was covered with what at first appeared to be fur, but which on closer examination proved to be a dense growth of dark, slender tentacles or sucking filaments, each tipped with a

## FOUR NEW SPELLS

### Fang Of Yig

Launches an appeal to mighty Yig which must be backed by the caster's sacrifice of 15 MP and 1 POW. In return, if Yig favors the caster, the god accepts him or her as a fang for 1D10 centuries, bestowing then 1D3+1 new points of POW as a sign of regard.

To be accepted, the caster must be a serpent person or must have found merit in Yig's eyes.

Once accepted by Yig, the supplicant becomes totally at the god's command. Sometimes Yig voices his wishes in dreams, which must be obeyed without question; at other times the god commandeers the target's body and does with it as he sees fit and for as long as he desires. The personality of the caster is simply along for a terrifying ride.

How the caster survives for 1D10 centuries to collect the additional POW is not a matter of interest to Yig.

The jealous Yig has POW 28; he never raises fangs above POW 27.

### Find Serpent Folk

Tells the caster the direction and distance of the nearest serpent person. Very degenerate individuals may be ignored as not

being true members of the species. The maximum range of the spell is five miles. Each casting costs 3 magic points and 1 SAN. Repeat the spell as desired.

Serpent mages know this spell, but no human does, nor has it ever been written down in any human language.

### Hibernate

Slows the metabolism of any being which has a heart, and then sustains the target over great lengths of time. The target falls to the floor in deep slumber and dreams endlessly. For a single magic point, the sleep lasts for a year; for 2 MP, ten years; for 3 MP, 100 years, and so on.

The target retains a modicum of perception if clear danger presents itself, awakening if a luck roll succeeds, though the spell is thereby broken.

Hibernate can be cast only on willing targets.

### Quicken

Allows the target to be 2 movement points faster and two DEX ranks quicker for one hour, at a cost of 6 magic points and 1 SAN point. The procedure involves three hand gestures and a mental visualization, requiring about five seconds total. Quicken may be recast without limit.

mouth . . . . [It is] fully ten feet high despite a shambling, crouching attitude expressive of infinite cosmic malignancy." ("The Horror in the Museum" by H.P. Lovecraft and Hazel Heald)

**Cult:** Rhan-Tegoth has no active human cult but was worshiped as a god by serpent folk and later by proto-men.

**Notes:** Rhan-Tegoth ruled what is Alaska today, feeding on stringy hominids who ran squealing before his might. During the last glacial cycle, Rhan-Tegoth entered a deep hibernation from which he could not or would not awaken himself. The efforts of worshipers could bring him back, with an elaborate ceremony and by bathing the god in the restorative Milk of Shub-Niggurath.

Rhan-Tegoth was discovered almost seventy years ago by the Englishman George Rogers, the insane proprietor of a wax museum. Rogers came upon the hibernating Rhan-Tegoth in an ancient ruined city in frozen Alaska. With the help of his assistant, Orabona, Rogers managed to move the hideous god from its resting place back to his basement museum in Southwark Street, London. Rogers' unwise efforts to revive the entity eventually caused his death.

Again in hibernation, Rhan-Tegoth remained in the dingy London basement, dormant and under the close scrutiny of the watchful Orabona until WWII, when the building was destroyed during the Blitz. Naturally the god could not be harmed, but Orabona arranged to move the god and himself to Canada. The god survived the journey, but Orabona did not.

Awake, this fetid amphibian-like being requires blood sacrifices of at least SIZ 15 daily. Rhan-Tegoth sulkily accepts dogs, cattle, and so forth but sentient feasts must occur at least every other day or his unappeasable rage follows. Since no Great Old One feels gratitude, Rhan-Tegoth also devours cultists with relish.

To feed, the Great Old One grasps a victim in a massive crab-like claw and draws the screaming prey into the mass of tentacles. Then the worm-like tentacles begin to drain the prey of blood, organic fluids, and STR, 1 point per round.

For every two points of STR drained from a victim, Rhan-Tegoth gains one point of CON (e.g., if the god drains 12 STR from a victim, his CON increases by 6 points).

His increased CON increases the god's hit points; the more he feeds, the stronger Rhan-Tegoth grows, to a maximum of 160 CON. Draining STR past that point simply quenches the god's thirst since, even full, Great Old One hunger does not die.

Unless reaching zero, target STR lost in this way regenerates at a rate of 1 point per week of hospitalization. Re-

duction to zero STR causes death. Victims who recover from an attack (a rare occurrence) thereafter have hit points equal to half their CONS.

While being fed upon, the victim feels great agony, since the god also inflicts 1D3 points of damage per round with digestion enzymes secreted by the feeding tentacles. Once feeding begins, the target normally dies before his or her STR has been fully drained.

A sacrifice fully-drained by Rhan-Tegoth is left flattened and riddled with hundreds of tiny puncture wounds: the blood and body fluids sucked out, only the crushed shell of the corpse remains, blistered by acid burns. Such victims may be unidentifiable. Seeing one costs 1/1D6 SAN.

Although always hungry and eager to feed, Rhan-Tegoth may choose to kill outright, choosing not to digest STR, attacking with no more than two of his claws per target per round, with a maximum of three targets.

Each day he goes unfed, Rhan-Tegoth loses 2D6 CON until reaching CON 60. Thereupon, if he does not feed for another week, the Great Old One drops into suspended animation, staying in that state perhaps until worshipers awaken him, or perhaps to shift his consciousness to some other more profitable plane of existence, or perhaps to hibernate for unimaginable reasons.

Should his hit points reach zero, he enters the same sort of semi-permanent hibernation. Whenever Rhan-Tegoth goes into hibernation, his CON drops to 60 until waking. Outside the great dead city which he once ruled, Rhan-Tegoth prefers to be in or near water. Hibernating, the Great Old One is immune to damage.

### Rhan-Tegoth

STR 40 CON 60\* SIZ 30 INT 15 POW 35  
DEX 15 HP 45\*

\* base characteristic increasing each time he feeds.

Move: 10/14 swimming

**Damage Bonus:** +3D6

**Weapons:** Claw 80%, damage 1D6+3D6

Innumerable Tentacles 100%, damage drain 1 STR per round, plus 1D3 acid damage per round.

**Armor:** 10 points from thick, slime-covered skin and tentacles. Also regenerates 1 hit point per round.

**Spells:** all, except those for the Outer Gods and their minions.

**Sanity Loss:** 1D8/1D20 SAN.

**Hit locations:** if using the *Cthulhu Now* hit locations idea, below are the values for Rhan-Tegoth with 45 hit points. As his hit points increase, the value for each location also increases.

Location	1D20	HP Fraction	Location HP
R. Leg	01-03	1/4	11
L. Leg	04-06	1/4	11
Abdomen	07-09	1/3	15
Chest	10-13	2/5	18
Arm 1	14	1/4	11
Arm 2	15	1/4	11
Arm 3	16	1/4	11
Arm 4	17	1/4	11
Arm 5	18	1/4	11
Arm 6	19	1/4	11
Head	20	1/3	15



# After The Big One

*Wherein the investigators return to a Samson grown strange in every way, and hear from those who know for sure that the end—at least the beginning of the end—indeed approaches.*

## Scenario Considerations

This is the concluding scenario in the *At Your Door* campaign. In it, new characters and episodes advance and then conclude ongoing ideas in this book, and also attempt to tie up loose ends from earlier adventures, situating the keeper so that specific player questions can be answered.

Since “After The Big One” is lengthy, the keeper can expect at least two sessions of play from it, and therefore has a little time to get comfortable before closing out the campaign.

Nonetheless, the keeper should be reviewing investigator progress throughout the campaign, and be ready for final explanations and with individualized Sanity awards.

Investigator handout #2 occurs only in the handouts chapter; the Samson Coliseum text map differs from the investigator handout version.

## Keeper's Information

As the keeper wishes, the investigators can be in Samson when the big earthquake hits, or they can arrive in town several days later. Each version offers a different tone, and somewhat different information. Examine them both, and choose the one more appropriate to the players.

In either case, Samson is devastated. Perhaps a million people are homeless. Smoke hangs in the air, fed by cooking fires and smoldering rubble. The stench of rotting flesh regularly wafts by—dead animals and undiscovered corpses, buried under tons of debris. Broken sewer lines contaminate water supplies everywhere. Limited outbreaks of typhus, cholera, and hepatitis stretch inadequate medical treatment. Displaced citizens, camped in herds, wander the streets aimlessly, hollow-eyed and dirty. Showers are in short supply, because water is. Food, although available, is tasteless, out of cans and camp kettles. Tempers sour as the heat wave continues. Sidewalks and side streets are blocked by rubble, making travel difficult. Gangs skulk on corners or prowl the ruins for valuables, food, and money. Looting

is common but dangerous; police and army have shot dozens of looters. Fear, death, and suspicion stalk the streets.

Robert Jatic has turned to the schemes of the Mythos and now works in concert with Mr. Shiny, who has come to Samson to implement the unfolding scheme.

The investigators again rub shoulders with the debonair shoggoth, who sets them on the trail of a boy named Alex. Alex, Shiny claims, is an escaped experiment, a powerful telepath whose abilities might defeat (or perhaps provoked) the chthonians now burrowing beneath Samson. Shiny supplies the investigators with cash and with passes that allow them to ignore curfew.

Alex is a normal boy, and not a telepath, though he possesses a 99 SAN. Totally without guile, Alex's true ability is to see the world as it is. This talent is enough to make the boy the messiah of the Brotherhood of Forks. These derelicts, fanatics, and drop-outs believe they perceive a fundamental flaw—a temptable condition in humanity, and make periodic forays to educate people by dramatic encounter.

Shiny does not fear this group, but he sees in Alex a potential for trouble-making which may erupt in unpredictable fashion decades later, concerning which the Brotherhood is itself emblematic. Nonetheless, the Brotherhood also represents a present-day band of believers which may offer the investigators significant short-term resources.

As the conclusion of the campaign, the investigators are finally granted an understanding of a significant portion of Mythos plans for the Samson region, and a chance to delay or interrupt the plans.

## Investigator Information

When the players are ready for the conclusion of the campaign, prepare for the devastation of the Greater Samson Metropolitan Area. The city is struck by an 8.9 Richter-scale earthquake, centered on the Sabiduria Estrellada fault line which (newscasters breathlessly report) runs just north of town.

Investigators lolling about Toronto learn of the matter with concern, sympathy, and presumably intense interest;

investigators in the Samson area are rocked and pummeled by three days of horror. Keepers who want their investigators to experience the quake should call them to Samson first, using the information at the beginning of “The Summons,” then deliver the quake next morning, using the sub-section below, “Where Were You?”

For investigators in Toronto during the quake, skip “Where Were You?” and go to the succeeding sub-section, “The Summons.”

Do not present the earthquake while the investigators are imprisoned by Finley or Jenny the Giant. First resolve those episodes and as many lines of evidence as possible, then move to the climax of the campaign.

## Where Were You?

Present this sub-section to the investigators if they are in the Samson area when strikes the great quake—the Big One that Californians talk about. If the investigators are in Toronto, the following information gives supplemental background or testimony for investigators after they return to Samson.

The Great Samson Earthquake strikes on a weekday morning at 7:33 A.M. All the investigators are in their rooms at the Hotel Crocker, an excellent hotel of modern design. Roll 1D2 for each investigator: on a result of 1, he or she is in bed asleep or just waking; on a result of 2, he or she is awake, dressed, and ready for the day. Individual results have considerable bearing on the investigator’s comfort over the next day or two.

Awake or asleep, every building, person, and artifact for a hundred miles begins to gently rock, as though on some gigantic ship far, far at sea. The investigators have already experienced a small quake or two, and as the rocking seems to slow, this one feels like another unimportant temblor.

But the rocking does not halt. Just as a person might begin to cough, and then be unable to control the cough, so the earth begins to shake more strongly. The investigators feel lofted and buoyed, again as though on board a ship, but the rocking is stronger and this time it does not ease.

Astonishingly, the rocking grows stronger still, and a great dull rumbling comes from everywhere. The sound is more felt than heard since investigator ears are diverted by the slap of pictures smashing against walls, by windows rattling and shattering as enormous forces squeeze their frames, by cabinet doors slamming open and shut and open and shut, by bottles and lamps and eyeglasses and books bouncing across tabletops, and by floors that almost visibly wiggle and crawl.

Ask each investigator what he or she wants to do: the situation is plainly serious. Consider investigator phobias when judging the success they have in translating those good ideas into action. Investigators who crawl under sheltering beds or tables, who move away from windows, or

who move close to interior walls in their rooms take no damage. Those who move to the center of rooms, to outside walls, to doorways with open doors, or who run into the outside hall lose 1D4 hit points each from flying spears of broken glass, from falling objects like light fixtures and picture frames, from doors smashing closed against fingers, and from stumbling over rubble or slipping in water spewing from broken pipes and faucets. Let the players select appropriate injuries; none need be serious. Scars from such wounds make lasting memorabilia.

Incredibly, the quake continues. It has rolled and shaken about 25 seconds so far; now the rolling becomes jarring, and standing is almost impossible. It gains a vertical component: for an instant, everything that’s not bolted down suddenly lifts, lazily twists about 20°, and slams back down, hurling everyone and everything to the floor. For a split second absolute silence reigns, then from the distance comes the slam-slam-slam of falling elevated freeways, the splintering crash of hundreds of panes of glass on the streets far below, and the dry musical collapse of brick facades. Pipes burst in every room. Dust flies free from dry wall edges and masonry joints. Plaster cracks and falls. All electricity dies. All phones die. In the hallways all over the hotel, klaxon fire alarms begin to sound. The overhead sprinklers turn on everywhere, get everything wet, then abruptly stop in a few minutes as their rooftop emergency water supply is exhausted.

Another sharp lift occurs, one not as stunning as the first, but bringing down hundreds more of weakened walls. The shocks end at the 49 second mark.

If the keeper presents this material in a room where an unseemly amount of noise can be made, the quake can be dramatized. Have two players seize the playing table and slowly begin to shake it; a third player wanders around the room, rattling objects in time to the table; a fourth player counts out loud every fifth second for the actual length of time. It should seem incredible to everyone that the ground can shake for that length of time, and yet that length of time is not unusual for a great quake.

**The First Minutes:** if the keeper sees fit, call for Sanity rolls and impose 1D2/1D4 losses; especially study any investigator phobias to see if individual assessments should be stronger.

The quake ends, but the hotel fire alarms continue to squawk annoyingly. Since no one knows whether or not fires actually have started, the alarms continue to ring until their batteries die.

The investigators hear voices moving past their doors; far off, and the direction cannot be determined, someone begins to cry and moan.

One look at the hallway, with its rubble-strewn floor, sodden carpets, exposed and broken pipes, and fallen plaster should suggest that the Hotel Crocker is out of business



for a while. No elevators are working. If their room numbers have not been determined before, the investigators are on floor D20+6. It's a long way down the fire stairs; it's even a longer way if anyone tries to come back up. Ask the players what they want to do.

If they wait in their rooms a half hour or so, harried hotel staff forcibly evacuates the investigators and directs them to the main lobby. Presumably the group has enough sense to pack what they need and abandon the rest of their gear. Investigators who volunteer to help have their assistance gratefully accepted, though later the management has them sign waivers of liability. These noble volunteers spend most of the day making sure that the building is evacuated and that no one who needs help goes without it. Their efforts also restore to them any Sanity lost in the 1D2/1D4 quake roll.

If the investigators grab a few valuables and decide to leave before the whole building collapses, they join a flood of people—a few laughing nervously, a few obviously injured, most shaken and withdrawn, clad variously, carrying nothing to many suitcases and coats—trudging down the endless stairs.

The hotel lobby is a hollow triangular space 30 stories high, connected by banks of broken elevators. Plants, chunks of concrete, decorative plaques, and the atrium windows high overhead have all fallen to the lobby floor, the

great center of which has been fenced off by an emergency cordon of chairs linked by duct tape. Guests are free to wait along the periphery of the walls. A battery-powered radio is on; it supplies the following news.

- The quake occurred at 7:33 A.M., centered four miles east of Samson along the well-known Sabiduria Estrellada fault—connected to the San Andreas fault—which bisects Samson suburbs and continues west into the sea.
- The shock registers as 8.9 on the Richter scale, one of the most powerful temblors ever recorded. Damage is apparently enormous, but communications are too fragmented to allow an accurate picture to develop.
- Freeways, phone lines, and power lines are down, and travel is extremely hazardous. Everyone is requested to stay where they are.
- The Governor of California has declared a state of emergency in the Greater Samson eight-county area. (Later in the day looting occurs and martial law—with 8 P.M. to 5 A.M. curfew—is declared, as National Guardsmen and soldiers from the Sixth Army district move in to secure the area.)
- All emergency personnel, including policemen, city public works employees, National Guard troops, public utility employees, doctors and nurses, and civil defense personnel are ordered to report to pre-arranged emergency locations.



- Electricity, water, telephones, natural gas, and public transportation have been shut off, to be re-established in hours or days.
- Thousands of buildings have collapsed, or have reported to have collapsed; many city blocks are reported on fire and all fire-fighters are already committed. Citizens confronted by fire should abandon those buildings, since all water supplies have been interrupted. Citizens fight their fires at their own risk, since neither fire nor medical aid is likely for hours or days.
- Evacuate coastal areas—a tsunami (a tidal wave) is anticipated. (The compression wave hurtling out from the shock of the quake finally reaches equilibrium; now those millions of gallons of water return as a single wave which gains height and speed in the shallow water near land. It hits 25 minutes after the quake, and inundates low-lying areas up to a half-mile inland).
- Two reservoirs east of Samson have collapsed and flooded downstream communities.

Interested keepers can make up as many specific disasters as their imaginations allow; amazing coincidences, demonstrations of brute natural force, and instances of miraculous human survivals and of cruel and arbitrary deaths abound.

If the investigators want to get involved, allow them, and summarize each day's activity to them. Sample activities might include impressment or voluntary service in emergency searches of the rubble for survivors, participation in emergency medical treatment or the creation of shel-

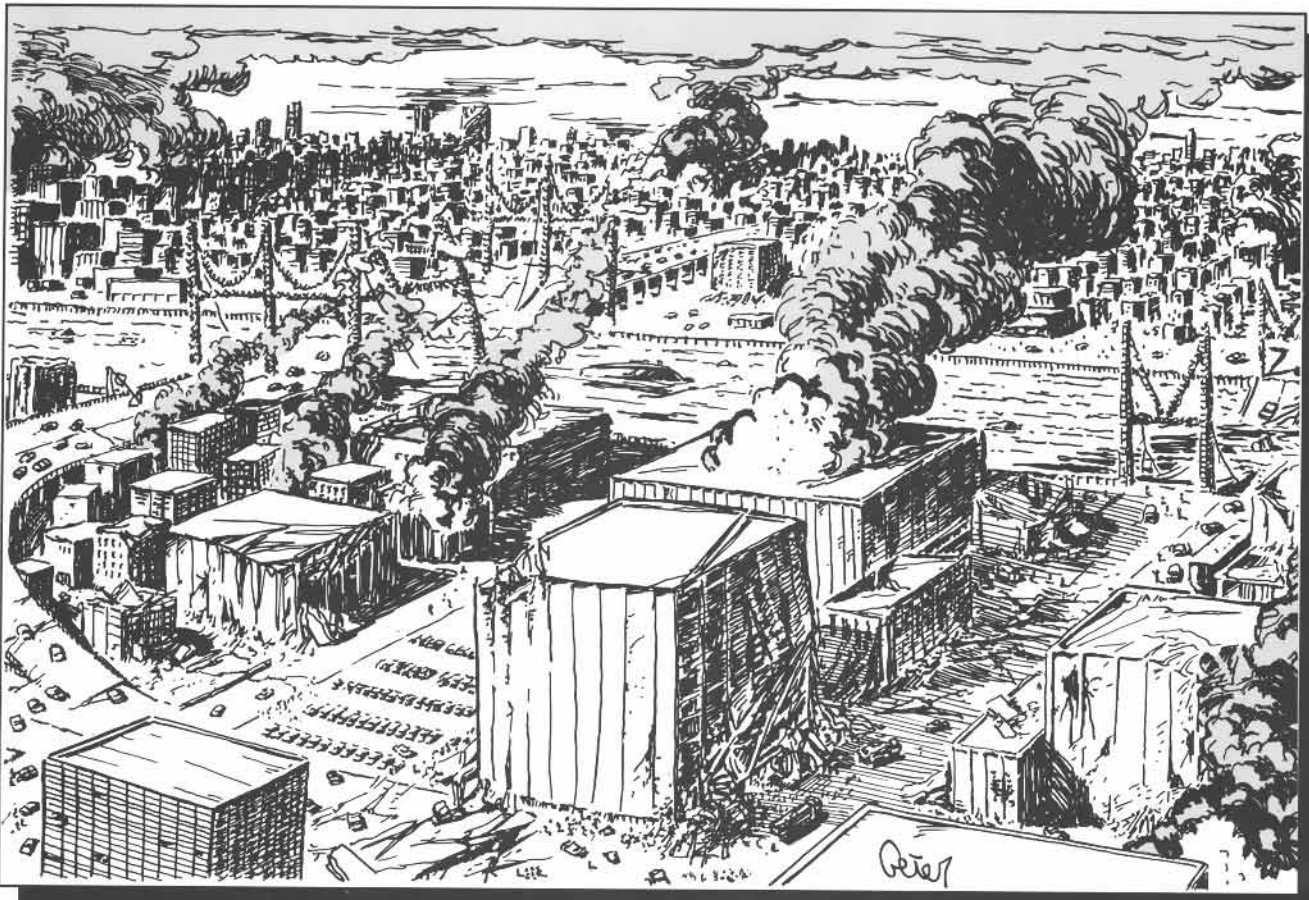
ter for survivors, comforting of survivors, or perhaps clearing streets or helping restore water supplies and other public health measures: there are seven million people in the damage area.

Those who don't get involved sit around in parks, eating salty soup and tuna salad sandwiches, and listening to babies crying. There are at least 600,000 refugees, billeted in parks, parking lots, and in Trashtown, a redevelopment site.

Several severe aftershocks, a 6.8 and a 7.3, create further devastation and make emergency work much more risky. Small aftershocks, magnitudes 3-5, occur hourly, and leave everyone's nerves raw.

Volunteers or not, the investigators hear an odd rumor again and again: that great tentacled creatures emerged from the earth after the quakes, and that these underground things captured and devoured dozens or hundreds of survivors. No one spoken to ever claims to be a first-hand source—only acquaintances of acquaintances in other camps or other places were witnesses. Yet the rumor is encountered unchanged time after time.

At the end of the third day, reconnect these episodes with the narrative below, starting at "The Summons." Thereafter this scenario presumes that the investigators were in Toronto during the Great Quake.



## The Summons

The Great Samson Earthquake, magnitude 8.9, death toll in the thousands, damage of at least 200 billion dollars, fills the media for the next three days. A terse telegram from Full Wilderness assures the investigators that the organization (and its checkbook) is intact, but that its offices are not functioning for the next few days. The investigators are to relax, tie up loose ends in Toronto, perhaps study new tomes or other materials, and to wait for instructions.

On the morning of the third day, a personal call comes from Jatic. Depending on the outcome of their Toronto adventures, he commends them or commiserates with them, but in either case announces their immediate return to Samson, where “exciting new developments have occurred.” Matters have been arranged with Toronto and Canadian officials, if need be. First-class tickets to San José await at the airport, and ground transportation that afternoon to Samson has been arranged, since Eastwood International is closed indefinitely.

The flight is uneventful. An unshaven, harried Richard Slakes meets them there, with a driver, and takes them in a Ford Bronco south to Samson over increasingly empty roads. As they go, Slakes might give some of the information in the “Where Were You?” sub-section presented above. Slakes, a bachelor, has no immediate family worries (his parents live in Kentucky), but several friends have disappeared. Hundreds died on the jammed rush-hour free-ways, and he fears the worst. Slakes also mentions the strange rumors of the gigantic tentacled creatures surfacing immediately after the quake, laughing wryly that people will do anything to personify natural forces and thereby make them more understandable.

Detours, collapsed chimneys, frame houses shaken off foundations, unstable bridges, and damaged roadbeds become more frequent as the drive continues.

The circuitous route takes many hours, and it is long dark before the journey ends. Slakes has papers which clear the vehicle past several military and police checkpoints. Though the investigators know they are nearing Samson, only occasional vehicle lights can be seen. The impression is one not of reaching a center, but of entering profound isolation—a new kind of wilderness where man was, and is no more.

Slakes comments that they are nearly in Samson. A thick scent of burnt wood and rubber hangs in the air; among other disasters, he says, a night of strong winds spread an enormous refinery fire into a suburb a half-mile distant, incinerating some 20 square blocks before it could be halted. “Last night I dreamed I could smell the burnt bodies,” he says softly.

They stop near an apartment building and pick up the driver’s personal car, giving the investigators the Bronco. Slakes leads them to their hotel, and makes sure of their

check-in, then says goodbye. If the keeper wishes, this might be an appropriate time for him to give the investigators a copy of *Ending History*, Jatic’s secret scheme for the future, discussed in “Full Wilderness.”

## The Hotel Morpheus

Most commercial residences are closed. Some have been seriously damaged or destroyed. All but one have closed for a few days or a week to give their staffs time to recover from personal loss, damaged homes, frightened children, closed schools, contaminated water, and spoiled food.

Located downtown, not far from the Hall of Justice and Thor’s Gym, the Hotel Morpheus is uniquely open, ready to serve the investigators with as many filthy wood-paneled rooms and dim, crumbling hallways as could be craved, its carpets and drapes and lime-green walls yellowed by half a century of stale cigarette smoke.

Amazingly, the Morpheus suffered no earthquake damage, nor is it short of staff; in fact, vicious-looking bellmen, waiters, and chambermaids stalk the lobby and halls, all apparently busy even though the hotel is almost empty, all going somewhere and yet impressing observers with their appearance of utter willingness to stop and do dire harm to anyone they happen to choose.

Each squeaky-sprunged, lumpy-mattressed room costs \$37 a night. Room service always arrives late and cold, on damp paper plates, with plastic forks that bend and plastic knives that never cut.

Investigators who order food from room service don’t learn of it, but if any of them enter the dining room the next morning, or wander around the corner of the hotel the next day, they see that the new hotel restaurant is, of course, the wonderful new Tcho-Tcho establishment that restaurant critics were exclaiming about before the quake—the Black Dragon West—complete with smiling, pointy-toothed, bowl-haircut-wearing waiters and cooks.

If Madeline Finley is still alive, she drops in every evening to see how things are going. She and the Tcho-Tchos represent a reservoir of violence available to the keeper at any time. For the next week or so, realtors aren’t selling, owners aren’t renting, and friends have left town. The Morpheus must be the investigators’ base of operations for the remainder of the campaign, though they’re free to sleep in the car or some abandoned building.

The Tcho-Tchos are friendly to the investigators until Shiny has murdered Alex, or until they investigators break with Shiny.

## The Following Day

Slakes has mentioned to them that the Bridgestone Building, where Full Wilderness is headquartered, is still closed and cannot be re-opened until city engineers have inspected the structure and given it a clean bill of health. No one



knows when that will be; the engineers are working 20-hour days, but there are tens of thousands of structures in the metropolitan area which must be inspected and certified.

In the meantime, Jatic is supposed to contact them. But the day wears on, and no message comes. If they check with the front desk, the attendant says honestly (as a successful Psychology roll attests) that no messages for them have arrived. Slakes has no news, saying that Jatic is not at home, and that there's nothing to do but to wait. In fact, no matter what contacts that the investigators have made, no one knows the charismatic environmentalist's location.

If the investigators take a walk or a short drive just to get out of the Morpheus, they see yawning armed Guardsmen at every shopping district corner, and jeeps patrolling along thoroughfares. Few police can be seen; a Guardsman says that most are home sleeping or tending to their own, now that the immediate emergency is over. Occasionally, investigators come upon large groups busily removing rubble from specific buildings where survivors possibly exist. But for every such excavation, the investigators see five or six broken buildings which searchers seem not to have touched, as though millions of people have left their homes, businesses, and schools, and simply disappeared. The silence is, for a city, amazing—the investigators may as well be hiking in the Sierra Nevada.

One incident impresses the investigators. Not far from a large riverside park where thousands of refugees have set up housekeeping, they come across a gaggle of children, all between perhaps 8-14 years old, chasing a lame collie down the street.

The terrified dog has no chance of escape, and the children know it. They smugly lope behind, lobbing stones to keep the game going.

*If The Investigators Continue To Observe*, the children's numbers gradually increase to thirty or more. Then, if the investigators do not intervene, the collie goes down as a half dozen of the braver kids tackle it. The scuffle is brief, one child running away bleeding from a lucky bite. The dog down, knives flash, and the suffering stops. If the investigators still do not interfere, the children divide the carcass, so that each holds some bloody fragment. Squatting, they snicker among themselves and chuck the pieces into a bloody central pile. After a while some of them sing a song:

*Finny bigs eat smaller fish—  
bet you just kinda wish  
that you were a finny big, too!  
Nyahh, nyahh, you're really not,  
nyahh, nyahh, you're in the pot,  
nyahh, nyahh, we really got you!*

They burst into laughter, and sing the cruel verse again.

*If The Investigators Interfere*, the dog is saved, and makes a dubious escape. The children are annoyed, however.

- If the investigators are on foot, a running battle develops as the children begin to throw stones. Of the many stones thrown, 1D3 per round hit their targets. Allot each target randomly; all stones hit their targets if Dodge rolls are not made or if they do not succeed. Each striking stone does 1 hit point of damage.
- Investigators who charge the children succeed in scattering them and ending the pelting stones, though a few die-hards dog their tracks for blocks.
- Investigators who run away are pursued by taunts and rocks for a block or so.
- Investigators who drive off get nicked windows and chipped paint from a barrage of stones.
- Investigators who seize children and demand explanations get nothing but sniggers and sullen stares. One little girl, perhaps five years old, who simply couldn't run away fast enough, stamps her foot and does say, "Leave me alone! Leave me alone! You'll get old and you'll get cold, and we'll eat up *all* of you!"
- Investigators who fire on the children, or who stone them in turn, or who otherwise attempt them bodily harm or seize them for questioning in turn are quickly apprehended by police or National Guardsmen. If the investigators can exhibit the pile of collie parts and the bloody hands of the culpable children, the patrolmen grow more respectful. If no harm has been done to the kids, one officer even apologizes, commenting that "the strangest things have been happening since the quake—people have gotten weird." Pressed, he's unable to offer much evidence, just impressions of unusual pending cruelty. "In a disaster, you know, people act better toward each other. But these days in Samson, well, they'd just as soon eat your eyes."
- It proves imprudent to have wounded or killed children, and no amount of influence should be able to free investigators justly charged with such significant and needless crimes. Nonetheless, Mr. Shiny (anonymously, and when he wishes) springs the group from jail, though he's unable to erase pending criminal proceedings until human authority is extinguished in the Samson area.

## The Message

Whenever the investigators return to Hotel Morpheus, an unsigned message awaits them, dated that day.

Investigators who have read books or articles by Jatic and receive rolls of EDU x4 or less know from its style that Jatic did not compose the message, though it still may be from him.

Those who accept the invitation to dine (the Black Dragon West is the only place open within many blocks, after all, other than soup kitchens), encounter superb service, special china, and the most delicate cookery. Unfortunately—and their complaints have no effect—the chef's cook almost everything in the seemingly ubiquitous bak bon dzshow sauce. For each day that an investigator eats the sauce, he or she suffers horrible nightmares in which pointy-toothed primitives laughingly grind, season, stuff, and sauté sausages made from human flesh. Each night of such dreams costs the investigator 1D3 SAN, as per the Creeping Loss spell. Try not to link these nightmares to the



sauce; suggest that they seem to be one of the conditions of life in Samson, or other such nonsense.

When the time approaches to keep the Brandywine

My Dear Investigators:

Meet me tonight at 7 P.M. sharp at 384 Brandywine Street, Room 222, in the rear. Failure to keep this appointment compels the most dire consequences.

PS—By special arrangement, gratis meals await you in the Morpheus dining room. Be my well-fed guests for the gracious remainder of your stay.

—investigator handout #1

Street appointment, one perhaps 20 blocks from the Morpheus in a very bad part of town, allow the investigators to make what preparations they wish. If it doesn't come up otherwise, they should understand that they'll probably be in violation of curfew (still 8 P.M.) if they don't drive to the appointment. Be sure to learn how the investigators are dressed; if they are suited or otherwise neatly-or expensively dressed, keep the point in mind when they reach the appointed address.

**384 Brandywine Street:** this is a slum area of cheap hotels and thwarted dreams. Liquor stores dot most corners; enormous mounds of garbage have piled up since the quake. Some of the hotels have been condemned and evacuated, but most have passed emergency inspection, as has the building at 384 Brandywine.

In its basement is a large charity soup kitchen maintained by a religious order; triumphing over the effects of the quake, the monks and lay brothers and sisters have kept the dining room open and now successfully feed a greatly increased number of people. A long line of the homeless and hopeless winds down the block and around the corner, through which the investigators must pass in order to enter the tiny ground floor lobby.

Though the number of eaters at St. Tony's has grown much larger, they remain the unlucky and the unpensioned; the mentally unfit and incapable; the resourceless migrants; the alcoholics and other addicts. Few of these people are handsome, witty, or happy; they are indifferently clothed and bathed, without many positive attitudes or much zest for life; they may not shave, or brush, or own a deodorant stick.

To enter the building at 384, the investigators must move through the stolid line of such people. Not many of those waiting want to move aside, but they will if asked politely. If well-dressed, high-Credit-Rating investigators shove past rudely, without speaking, or if they have rude exchanges with the derelicts they confront, then catcalls and indelicate gestures erupt up and down the line, along with a

puzzling battle cry which sounds something like the calls of harbor seals: a successful Listen roll discards possibilities like *yorks*, or *corks* or *dorks* and settles uncomfortably on *forks*, a pointless word to be repeated by so many with so much energy. The disturbance continues variously along the line until all the investigators enter the building.

Inside, the interior doors and elevator are locked, but a button has been installed beside the number 222. A few seconds after pressing it, a buzzing sound replies, and the stairwell door pops open. A successful Spot Hidden notices the lens of a video camera poking out of the opposite wall beside a battery-powered spotlight; when all the investigators are on the stairs to the second floor, the stairwell door slams shut authoritatively.

Room 222 is at the back of the building, at the end of long hallway lit by a single flickering fluorescent fixture. The door is ajar.

**The Messenger:** inside, of course, is not Robert Jatic but Albert Shiny, dapper in his expensive pinstriped suit, comfortably seated behind a desk littered with newspapers, typed reports, and photographs. On one wall is a 6x8-foot wall map of Samson and inner suburbs. The rattle of a gasoline-fed electrical generator comes from an adjacent room, explaining the bright lights and operating television monitor.

"My friends, my friends," he greets them, "do please sit down. I hope you have not been feeling too neglected. We tried to do everything for you in a first-class manner, but—in such days as these," and he rolls his eyes, "in such days as these, our best efforts may be inadequate. My apologies for the delay, and for the circumspection with which you have been summoned here tonight. As you will learn, though, that secrecy is earned by the mystery upon which we must now engage."

The tenor of the ensuing conversation depends upon the actual relationship of the investigators with Shiny in the keeper's campaign. Keepers should strive to relate the following background information. Shiny does not tell them everything; expanded commentary in italics follows each bulleted entry.

- Granted a leave of absence from Rothmersholm, Shiny came to Samson the morning of the quake as a biological consultant to Full Wilderness after conversations which Jatic initiated; the man apparently become interested in Shiny by means of investigator reports. Now very alarmed, Jatic feels that the investigations he is sponsoring are years late. *But not too late. He has been impressed by the Mythos-tainted biologic miracles Shiny has shown him. They promise immortality and intimate the inevitability of certain drastic measures of population control, just what Jatic has always believed must occur.*
- Financial arrangements continue as before, uninterrupted. The investigators may need cash now, since the banking and credit systems are still upset; Shiny says they may each draw up to one

month of salary in cash now, upon their signatures: he lifts an attaché case from the floor, opening it to display bundles of \$20 and \$50 bills. A smile winks on and off his face, acknowledging that Full Wilderness is the most cooperative employer he's ever had. *Shiny has access not only to a Full Wilderness account, but can call upon up to twenty million NWI dollars in liquid form, and upon his own enormous personal fortune, which he has nourished and increased over thousands of years.*

- The investigators may find that the 8 P.M. curfew makes their task harder; he supplies a 24-hour pass for each. The passes are recognized by police, civil defense, and Sixth Army authorities, and allow movement anywhere inside the martial law district. "The night is yours." *See investigator handout #2, for a sample pass. The passes are legitimate and useful; hopefully the last quotation provokes uncomfortable feelings among the players.*
- He hopes that he and the investigators can work together as part of the team. He understands that Jatic had originally hired only them, but "since then matters have gotten large, and diffuse—we have a lot of groups in the field. Oh, you still have complete freedom of action, but we suspect an unusual conspiracy here, which you yourselves have helped to define, and which seems to get wider and deeper as we learn more about it, and so we need more help, and must create more coordination. You may think of investigation, gentlemen, as layered like an onion, with a single central truth at the core. But we may have ignorantly started at the center, and matters can only get bigger as we explore the layers outward." *This is Shiny's way of demoting the investigators, and of preparing himself once more for that feast deferred since the Rothmersholm incident.*
- For instance, he asks if the investigators have heard the rumors of great monsters which emerged from the earth directly after the quake. "Have you never heard the word 'chthonian'?" Whether or not the investigators recognize the reference, he tells them that the rumors are true, and that strange things do exist far below the surface. "They are vast things, and unimaginably dangerous." He pauses to reflect and grows philosophic, saying that in Samson strange things exist above the ground, too. "These last few days have become a time of miracles. A religious man might think that the end of days was come, though not everywhere. Not yet. The religious man might admit that endings need not be simultaneous, only that they must come with inevitability. He would hear the talk that the Sabiduria Estrellada fault is too dangerous, that Samson will not be rebuilt, that the entire area will be evacuated when homes can be prepared elsewhere, and perhaps he would say to himself, 'Here was the high mark of the human wave, and now it rolls back, back, into the darkling sea.' " *Deliver this statement portentously; after all, when a shoggoth says that the end is nigh, the information may be reliable. The proposal to abandon Samson is genuine and is likely to occur; Full Wilderness is backing a proposal for a great area park in which only animals and tool-less humans will be allowed.*

## The New Assignment

Though much is newly wrong with Samson, Shiny reprises, the most horrifying person was here long before the quake. Alex, as he is known (no records for him exist), is about ten years old. Shiny believes he was parentless long before the quake. His evidence about the boy is testimony, rumor, and

hearsay. "Every document and record concerning him was systematically destroyed by otherwise respectable men."

The story goes that Alex survived on the streets for years, a good trick in itself. Much more importantly, Alex quickly established great influence with many of the streetpeople. No one knows how, but people who would not feed their own babies made sure that Alex was fed; people who had no money would steal some to give it to Alex; people who would not fight would die defending him; people who might have been expected to seduce him or sell him protected him instead.

"The youngster," Shiny continues, "was not merely manipulative and parasitic, but he created such a web of informers and sycophants that it survived even the great disaster which presently encompasses us." Keepers should quote this sentence, to give the players Shiny's exact spin on Alex's existence and significance, which can be revealed later as false by astute investigators.

Shiny states that Full Wilderness believes Alex to be the single success from biological experiments begun in the 1980s, a mutant telepath who escaped a Larson Pharmaceutical research compound a half-dozen years before, and whose nascent pubescence—whose threat of reproduction—attracted the chthonians to Samson and caused them to attempt to destroy it and him.

"You may judge the strength of this child's mental powers by the irrefutable fact that he continues to exist, baffling the concerted will of many, *many* chthonians!" Shiny is visibly upset by the notion that anyone should baffle concerted will. Pause after noting that. If a player volunteers the idea of a Psychology roll directed at Shiny just then, a success reveals that Shiny is withholding a great deal of information with intent to deceive. Do not call for a roll, but tell that much truth if a player asks for the roll.

"Your job is to find our little Alex. He's somewhere in Samson, probably somewhere along the river among the dregs he seems to favor. We have one item to help you." Shiny holds up a silver amulet on a silver chain bearing the following raised pattern on one side:

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O . O . O O
. . . O . O
O . O . O O

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A lithium battery has been mounted on the plain silver back. "This amulet is the other fruit of the Larson research. While the battery has power—and it's good for at least a week—anyone within twenty feet of this generator is free of Alex's telepathic influence. This device may be proof also against chthonian influence, but we cannot be sure."

Shiny adds that Trashtown is the best place along the river at which to start.

Finally, Shiny summarizes what he wants the investigators to know about chthonians. The investigators may know more, of course, but Shiny pretends to no additional knowledge, or perhaps he has none—predators have little interest in other predators. See the nearby box, “What Shiny Says About Chthonians.”

**What Shiny Isn't Saying:** Shiny's story is nearly all lies; he's found that dense lies and lots of money work best. Explanations of the most egregious lies follow.

- The amulet he offers is a trinket left over from a recent meal: the pattern merely spells the initials *KOY* (for Katherine Oldsman Young) in braille. Shiny soldered on the battery himself. This amalgam broadcasts nothing, nor does it need to, since Alex has no strange or unusual mental powers whatsoever. Nor was Alex ever connected with Larson Pharmaceuticals; Shiny is clever enough to lay false leads where the investigators assume they should be. (It is possible, by the way, that the amulet is actually a radio transmitter which lets Shiny covertly monitor investigator movements.)
- Alex—Alex Benton Cordry—is the orphaned son of parents who died a year and a half ago. The boy is entirely normal, except that his Sanity is 99, so high that it's not yet been shaken. There is record of him at the Samson Unified Public Schools, Kaiser Samson Hospital (where he was born), among County and State vital statistics, and in the juvenile court system (Alex was a ward of the court, to be adopted to a cruel uncle, when he simply walked away from his foster home and escaped). However, since neither Shiny nor the investigators know Alex's last name or real history, two weeks' work among local records can only establish that Alex Benton Cordry, age ten, present location unknown, represents the best local candidate.
- Shiny's chthonian information is true as far as it goes, except that the chthonians attacked Samson at the request of extraphysical Great Forces, which have agreed to and arranged ongoing repayment in human victims. The chthonians are still active; see “The Sand Geyser” sub-section in Trashtown.
- It is true that Alex has a web of friends; he keeps them because he is so sane, and because he wants nothing of them but to live. The best of them are the Brotherhood of Forks, whom the investigators encounter soon, homeless derelicts to whom Alex's sanity has given insight and purpose, if not skill.
- Alex lives about 700 yards from Trashtown, in the Rolph Square station of the SUT (Samson Underground Transit) tube, a transport system thoroughly closed by quake damage.
- The chthonians have gathered for their own purposes less than a half-mile from Alex; unless he happens to wander close enough to the sand geyser to be trapped by a telepathic summons, they have not the slightest interest in him.

**Concluding The Interview:** Shiny attempts to answer whatever questions remain. When there are no more, he says briskly, “Now, gentlemen, I have a dinner invitation which I do not wish to miss. If you need to contact me, you may leave a message at this number.” He gives them a slip bearing a phone number. “I'll expect your first report the

### What Shiny Says About Chthonians

- Chthonians are a powerful species of intelligent burrowers apparently native to this planet. As adults they are as large or larger than whales, though shaped more like tentacled-headed snakes. They can survive enormous pressures and temperatures at least three thousand degrees F. and apparently can exist far below the earth's surface. U.S. and Soviet scientists first learned of them when they forced abandonment of Project Mohole.
- Adult chthonians can in concert provoke violent local or regional earthquakes. No one knows how. Complicating understanding, some temblors are obviously natural.
- Chthonians communicate telepathically among themselves, and can mentally control humans, though apparently not many are actually controlled at any one time. “That is why secrecy is so important—once they know of you, and determine that you are a threat, doom follows.”
- Some chthonians apparently eat humans, as a food source and in connection with breeding rituals or requirements.
- Chthonians are deterred by and can be injured by large amounts of water; but since they can easily detect and avoid water in quantities large enough to do damage, this handicap is slight.
- The great proportion of chthonians live far toward the Earth's core, where they feed on other entities as unimaginable as themselves. The few chthonians who wander near the surface of the planet are outcasts and weaklings who have no choice but to haunt the chillingly cold outer crust.

—Investigator handout #3

day after tomorrow. Now you really must excuse me.” He waves them out and closes and locks the door.

When the investigators leave the building, they find (remarkably) that not a single person is in sight, and that St. Tony's is empty, though still open. Could everyone have entered and eaten in 20-30 minutes? The attendant at the sandwich counter shakes her head. “The place was full and people were lined up around the block. All of a sudden, there was some screaming, and the ones outside left. The people inside quit eating, and they snuck out after a while. Something different happens every day. How 'bout you folks—tuna fish or egg salad?”

In fact, each day the forces of the Mythos gain more and more control, preventing recovery and repair, stopping in-depth media investigation, causing entire areas of the city to not be patrolled by police or military units. Here, two shoggoths temporarily allied (all shoggoth alliances are temporary) with Shiny have just swept silently down the line of hungry people like enormous streetsweeper machines, herding the panic-stricken people down an alley and into a side door. Shiny, doffing his suit, has relaxed into normal shape, flowed down to the basement, and has just selected as his first victim of the evening, a man who screams delightfully.



**Evidence At 384 Brandywine:** should the investigators return that evening to Room 222, the outer door is still open. Since Shiny has shut down his generator, the building has no lights, and they need flashlights or candles to conduct a search. They can enter through the door guarding the stairs with a successful Mechanical Repair roll to unlock it, or they can kick their way past in ten minutes (they should be nervous about it, but no one will come to learn what the racket is). Open the door to Room 222 in the same way, except that it is only STR 16, and breaks open in a few melee rounds.

Inside, they find three pertinent items on Shiny's desk, along with masses of papers unconnected with this campaign.

- **BLACK DRAGON WEST MENU:** it's just a current menu from that restaurant. With a successful idea roll, the investigators notice that they have eaten many of the dishes starred by pencil marks, and that those dishes all have in common the sauce *Bak Bon Dzshow*.
- **A SCHEDULE:** this is findable only with a successful INT x3 or less roll. On a single sheet in precise script, Shiny has entered the general agenda concerning cessation of organized human activity in the area.

### Reconstitution Of Order

- \* catastrophic earthquake
- \* aftershocks prevent rebuilding
- \* pay off c's with survivors
- \* 'disease' strikes, accounting for more
- \* drain water tables
- \* general evacuation tithed for c's in Sunny Jim Canyon
- \* congress to refuse appropriation or relief
- \* new insurers refuse area
- \* send fire vampires against holdouts
- \* Full Wilderness park to establish model for human herds
- \* residence of the first Great One

—Investigator handout #4

- **A COLLECTION OF PHOTOCOPIED REPORTS:** a foot-thick bale of papers, these come from local, state, and federal agencies across the Samson metropolitan area. They range from fire calls answered to a *rush* encyclopedia search done by the California state library system on the proper name "Alex." The personal name *Alex* appears in every report, all attached to very different Alexes at different addresses on different days.

## Through The Back Door

The back way out of the office is locked, but it's easy to open since the hinges are on the inside.

Beyond is a small barren anteroom, empty except for Shiny's shirt, pinstriped suit, socks, shoes, wristwatch, and glasses. With a successful Spot Hidden roll, the floor be-

tween Shiny's shoes and the door to the fire escape is noticeably wet; with a successful idea roll, the inside of Shiny's shoes is found to be equally damp—and there a scent like vinegar lingers. If any of the investigators have been close to a shoggoth in the past, they recognize that scent as a shoggoth's.

If the keeper can rely on his or her players' common sense, then allow them to follow the trail to the basement—the need for caution becomes apparent. If the investigators are still impetuous, the keeper should consider not presenting the rest of this sub-section, since the chance for destruction of the foolish is very high, and it's late in the campaign to start a new set of investigators; in that case, declare there are no more clues, and that nothing else is found.

The back door is deadbolted from the inside. Gazing down the lightless stairwell, the investigators notice tiny phosphorescent sparkles clinging to and beautifully outlining the stairs. If it's soon after they left Shiny, even as they watch some of the phosphorescence dies. Below, a successful Listen roll identifies something like a rustle or movement at the limits of audibility.

Investigators who persist in following Shiny's shimmering furrow—the players really love a dare, don't they?—down the steps past the easily unlocked door to the alley soon come to the basement door. Alas, if they open the door, at least one investigator is likely to die. Pause, therefore, and make sure the players really agree to open the door. If they do, keeper, refresh thyself with the shoggoth writeup in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, then swing open that door wide.

**In The Basement:** opening the door, the investigators perceive a long dark room beyond. This is the only way out; there are a few narrow windows, all barred. If they have flashlights or other sources of light, they immediately notice the litter on the floor: damp shirts, shoes, pants with holes in them, torn dresses, underwear made of synthetic materials, cheap jewelry, belt buckles, false teeth, and so on; perceiving that the artifacts are uneaten remnants of human beings costs 1D2/1D4 SAN. If the investigators lack light sources, they stumble over the same sort of stuff; unless the keeper has a good reason not to, ignore the incidental noise.

Beyond the uneaten clothes and artifacts, the waist-high mounds of three shoggoths rest, neither asleep nor awake as humans understand it. Having corralled over sixty victims in the basement, Shiny and his compatriots have gorged themselves full, satiating every irritable, anxious, inhuman cell. The trio casually suffocated the left-overs, a half-dozen or so humans. They had no desire to eat them, but living humans are nonsensically restless and ridiculously noisy even when their fate is clear.

While the swollen, dripping, blue-gray-black protoplasmic masses gradually absorb the human limbs and torsos



and heads imbedded in and visible through the foul, bubbling surface-froth, the minds of the shoggoths have gone mostly into shallow dreams of unending food, of total control over all existence, of recent feedings and screaming victims, of recountable times when gods made mistakes and shoggoths sniggered.

Brain and body sufficiently separate, the trio are torpid and lazy. Shoggoths rarely have reason to be afraid: these watch unperturbed if the investigators enter, and with downright amusement should the pitiful investigators dare continue to advance toward the sprawling, glistening, perilous, *shoggoth!* magnificence. Sanity loss to see the shoggoths is noted in their statistics.

- Once in the room, if the investigators now retreat, ask for the order in which they leave. As they leave, Second Temporary Ally suddenly launches a pseudopod toward that person's legs, to seize and dismember him or her. Allow a Dodge roll to successfully escape; otherwise the unfortunate last-person-out is grabbed by an ankle, hoisted into the air, and ripped apart—losing merely 4D6 hit points each turn, since Second Temporary Ally exerts only a fraction of its strength.
- Having entered the room, if the investigators now make serious attack upon the shoggoths, especially perceivable attacks with magic or with unusually potent physical force, the monstrous trio rouse and attack in reply. They move to the only door, to cut off retreat, then launch Crush attacks each round until all the investigators die. These shoggoths have shown great forbearance, but their patience is finite.
- If all the investigators enter the basement, and if the investigators thereafter attempt to communicate with the shoggoths, the idea is sufficiently flattering and amusing that the shoggoths wait a while before slaughtering the foolish humans. One or more of the trio may synthesize mouths or entire heads with which to answer; Shiny or someone like Shiny may briefly appear as human, for instance, and then dissolve to natural form. In this answer period, try to answer every question truthfully, including the ultimate fate of the investigators and humanity. Of the three, only Shiny knows about Jatik, and on that man and the general topic of Full Wilderness Shiny dissembles or feigns ignorance unless goaded to exasperation by an investigator, since Powers beyond time and space require Shiny's silence for now. Once the questions become boring, the shoggoths stir restlessly, and then move to the door to attempt to cut off retreat. Crush attacks occur each round until all the investigators are dead. Investigators who receive successful Dodge rolls escape, however, since the torpid shoggoths are not so interested as to pursue further than the alley outside.

### Three Well-Fed Shoggoths

#### Mr. Shiny\*

STR 24 CON 26 SIZ 18 POW 18  
DEX 17 HP 22

**Weapons:** Crush 99%, damage 2D6+2D6

**Spell:** Dominate.

\* Mr. Shiny's combined shoggoth-human stats and full skills can be found at the end of this chapter.

#### First Temporary Ally

STR 72 CON 50 SIZ 76 POW 16  
DEX 12 HP 63

**Weapons:** Crush 99%, damage 2D6+8D6

**Spells:** none.

#### Second Temporary Ally

STR 68 CON 64 SIZ 80 POW 10  
DEX 10 HP 72

**Weapons:** Crush 99%, damage 2D6+8D6

**Spells:** none.

Move 10

**Skills:** Climb 75%, Listen 75%, Sneak 70%, Track 75%.

**SAN Loss:** 1D6/1D20 each, but not more than 20 SAN total per investigator.

*If All Or All But One Investigator Dies:* investigators stupid enough to be the egregious snacks of shoggoths at this stage of things may force an early end to the campaign. The Great Earthquake has now thoroughly separated past and future in Samson; to resurrect the campaign at this point, the keeper must be unusually creative in dovetailing the evidence of the conspiracy and the myriad consequences of the quake. Scope for action exists while there is unexplored evidence but, as the keeper extrapolates the situation in Samson, his or her presentation must become less and less related to this book. Carefully consider and sketch out such a project before trying to continue the campaign in such fashion. Has humanity lost? Does the experimental request of the surface by Mythos-linked forces go forward? In a hundred years, will the significance of this crisis be obvious to all?

Trashtown, the location of the next section and the home of 100,000 refugees, offers the best origin point for new characters. Practically anyone, from PhDs to tag-team wrestlers, could be living there, lives broken, homes lost, families dead, future problematic. It's a great reservoir of talent, and the "Sand Geyser" episode offers a way to begin. If, as they should, the investigators systematically report to Full Wilderness, and especially if Alex remains uncaptured, then reasons remain for hiring new investigators or for activating new investigators who are friends, colleagues, or relatives of the deceased. Nonetheless, the savor of the campaign's conclusion dissolves unless adequate incident intervenes and the keeper provides supplemental episodes restoring the rhythm.

### The Brotherhood of Forks

The investigators regain their vehicle without difficulty. Let the investigators make their plans and decide their destination. Establish who is driving. As their vehicle enters an underpass, those with successful Listen rolls hear an undistinguishable shouted command. No electrical power has been restored in the area yet, and the driver slows as the roadway dips. As their car nears the low point in the underpass, everyone sees a telephone pole roll down the under-

pass toward them. The pole nearly fills the width of the underpass.

There is no time to turn the vehicle—the log pole has considerable weight, and it strikes the front tires with great force: call for a Drive Auto roll. With a failure, the driver stalls the vehicle; a success keeps it running.

But within another second or two, a second pole rolls down the other incline, from behind the vehicle, effectively trapping it. Again call for a Drive roll; if the first Drive fails, the car is stalled; if the second roll fails, the car is flooded and cannot start for 1D10+5 minutes.

If the driver leaves the lights on, ghostly humanoid shapes approach—perhaps a half-dozen from the front, and an equal number from the rear. Shiny objects glint in their hands. If the lights are off, the investigators know nothing until the car starts to shake under the force of the attackers' blows.

These are not monsters but men, though glimpsing their torn, matted, rotten clothing might suggest ghouls or zombies or who knows what. Only a successful Spot Hidden correctly identifies them as human. They are some of the Brotherhood of Forks, whose dubious and desperate mission has so far failed to restore sanity to the world, to the nation, or even to Samson.

Now both groups have reached the car, and begin hammering on it and scraping at its finish with metal tools (mainly table forks, hence the name the group has adopted). The windows are not touched. No door is attempted or forced. Ask the players what the investigators want to do.

**Investigators Who Sit Tight:** not much happens. Three attackers persist in shouting almost indistinguishable words, which seem (with a successful Listen roll) to be “Awake! Awake!” and with a failed Listen sound like (through the vagrants' toothless, drunken maws) “Owark! Owark!” or perhaps “New York! New York!” The hammering and scraping continues for another minute or two, then the attackers depart.

**Investigators Who Leave The Car:** if they attempt to physically defend their auto and themselves, they easily drive off the vandals, but not before the vehicle has been defaced. If they flee the underpass, they do so without difficulty (having contacted Slakes, authorities return their car to them the next morning).

**Investigators Who Use Weapons:** to drive off the attackers, the investigators have little trouble finding targets. Even though the attackers immediately run, determined investigators with automatic weapons could easily slaughter the entire group. Investigators participating in or failing to attempt to stop such indiscriminate slaughter lose 1D2/1D4 SAN once the pitiable nature of their targets becomes clear.

The moral keeper brings along a patrol car, quick arrest, and proceedings in court.

**In The Event:** at the keeper's option, Peter Tait, the man the investigators were long ago hired to find, is with the group of attackers. Any investigator who receives a successful Spot Hidden roll sees Tait; it takes a know roll to realize the man is the missing Peter Tait. No matter what the investigators do, it is unlikely they can talk to the man. The attackers flee at the first action from the investigators and disappear into the darkness. If they manage to capture one of the brotherhood, it is probably not Tait, who is known only as “Pete” among the brothers.

**The Aftermath:** no matter how the investigators respond to the attack, they find that the surface and finish of their vehicle has been badly damaged. Always prominent among the gouges, scratches, and dents are the wavering, cryptic initials BOF. Investigators may remember, or remember with a successful know roll, that those initials also decorated Peter Tait's automobile.

The ragged attackers never attacked any of the investigators, but the investigators may have captured, perhaps by injury, one of the brothers. Questioned, he or she proves to be wandering and inarticulate, but a few points become clear.

- He is one of the Brotherhood of Forks. The initials are BOF. He invites the investigators to join, but says that they must first learn to see clearly that people are more important than things. “It'll be obvious when you do.” The Brotherhood finds it easy to act because no member has anything to lose.
- People are made insane by sleek, gleaming stuff; it's a plot, set up over the past few hundred years. The Brotherhood aims to neutralize these temptations by damaging them. Their favorite tool is the table fork, available everywhere—hence the name.
- Alex helps people to see clearly. Alex is always around. Anybody can find him—try around Trashtown.
- Now that it has happened to them, investigators remember reading of such an attack in the Toronto papers. There the report mentioned an oil-soaked street which offered vehicles no traction, and said merely that a street gang had been mutilating vehicles for no purpose. Whether the Brotherhood has cells in many cities is a question for the keeper to resolve.

## Down In Trashtown

Investigators find it impossible to reach Jatic directly, even by going through Slakes. Jatic is out of the area, and does not respond to messages, by default leaving Shiny in command of the investigators.

Understandably, if the investigators feel anxious about the Tcho-Tchos at Hotel Morpheus or about Mr. Shiny's emerging nature, they may decide to move to lodgings less conspicuous. Though deserted houses aren't hard to find in

Samson just now, the best place to hide is in Trashtown, the area that Shiny suggested that they search.

When Samson was smaller and tougher, the area called Trashtown was filled with slaughterhouses, tenements, rendering plants, tanneries, electroplaters, soapmakers, papermakers, gin mills, and houses of ill repute. Original Trashtown did not quite make it to the era when old buildings were refurbished and turned into architect offices, boutiques, and noisy brick-walled restaurants; original Trashtown was leveled by wrecking ball and bulldozer as the Greater Samson Redevelopment Corporation had its way with over sixty square blocks of river-side property. Having leveled everything in sight and thereby made uncountable enemies, the agency ran out of political clout and new money. The cleared land, the projected site of grandiose towers, bridges, and heliports, stood vacant for decades, as administrators and staff drew comfortable salaries.

This inglorious episode in city planning paid off, however, at the time of the Great Quake. Those empty, dusty lots lost their fences and became the campsites for the tents of 100,000 refugees and their children, pets, baggage, salvage, latrines, and laundry lines.

Still only a week old, life in Trashtown already has a horrible routine about it. Showers function 6-8 A.M.; Army field kitchens serve breakfast from 6:30-8:30 A.M.; lunch occurs from 11:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M.; dinner is from 4-7 P.M. For the rest of the time, the inhabitants are left to the dust and the flies. Public announcements drone constantly from loudspeakers beside the latrines. There are 48 tents of television, one tent for each of 48 up-patched satellite channels, each tent large enough for a thousand people, each tent filled with dozens of monitors, all the monitors in a tent fixed to the same channel. Beyond cards, chess, and long conversations, there's nothing to do and no hope of more than survival in the next few months.

Movement in and out of Trashtown and other similar camps in the area is not yet controlled, but it soon will be. Nearby residents complain of hordes of thieves, riotous behavior, of massive trespassings and depredations, drug dealing, and the gigantic parking problems caused by the tens of thousands of vehicles that converged on the area. Hateful talk is easy to hear, in and out of Trashtown, anger especially directed toward state and federal authorities, who have evaded discussing rebuilding the area: is there an insurance company plot to have the state declare the entire area permanently unsafe? To refuse to allow reconstruction and on that basis to void all quake-related insurance claims in favor of state-federal aid in relocation?

**Residents:** people leave in disgust or despair and then return the next day, defeated by the powerless, foodless, waterless suburbs beyond—Trashtown is easy to enter or re-enter. One registers, receives a tent-share assignment (mar-

ried, married with children, single male, single female), and shows his or her registration card at mealtime.

**Visitors:** visitors must also register; their driver's licenses or other ID are photocopied, the day and time of their entry and their purpose of entry noted beside. Visitors don't get free meals.

## Rumors And Exhibits

No attempt is made to sort legal residents from tourists or illegal emigrants; everyone is in need. As the days have passed, though, people have taken to reassigning themselves into like-minded tents, reorganizing into races, ethnic groups, nationalities, religions, and neighborhoods. In another week, a sociologist estimates, they'll be well on their way to re-establishing a miniature Samson in all its separations.

**The General Condition:** there's no privacy in Trashtown, and very little room to store artifacts, tomes, and other personal property (thievery is common, since it's so easy, and provokes most of the fights and stabbings) and even the *haute bourgeoisie* have taken to pushing their valuables and clothing around in shopping carts. Though some of every social class are fleeing the region for other parts of the country, most wait to see if their lives, friendships, investments, and ways of life can be reclaimed.

To the residents of the camp, the universe divides into those affected directly by the quake and those who were not. Authorities are not much trusted. People are reluctant to ask their help, or even acknowledge their presence. Most people feel embarrassed and humiliated by circumstances, not humbly grateful. If at all possible, they refuse help, and complain constantly.

## The Philosophers

As the investigators drift through the society of the sprawling camp, they meet several people with useful information. Keepers may introduce old acquaintances, such as Eddie Lowry the alcoholic reporter, or Detective-Sergeant Bolling, if the investigators need special information or a particular ally, and should add more encounters if interesting ones occur to them.

**Hilarity:** she's about five years old, with curly blonde hair and a ragged pink dress; she lives close to the investigators' tent or, if they're visitors, they observe her in action, a young Shirley Temple righteously lecturing.

Hilarity and her friends have an amusing game. When they see a stranger (an investigator will do), they run up to him or her and shout over and over, "You're going to die, mister! You're going to die, lady!" Then they run away, sometimes snickering. Maybe they then sit and down and sing together the ditty which has become commonplace—



“Finny bigs eat smaller fish—bet you just kinda wish that you were a finny big, too!” and so forth.

Since she’s only five, the investigators can easily catch her. She screams when they grab her, but a successful Fast Talk gets her attention, and then she’ll talk without resistance and no bystanders take offense at her treatment.

Hilarity says that everybody knows they must leave this place. There are bad things here that eat children, and mommies and daddies too. Bigger and meaner things are coming. The children make fun of the dead, because the dead were stupid and died, and now they can’t help kids. She earnestly believes that doom approaches. Asked where her beliefs come from, she doesn’t know. Everybody talks about it, maybe. “Sometimes I just get scared.” The investigators may admit to that, too.

**Rita Raincoat:** Rita Becarro is a fleshy, moody woman not quite thirty. If the investigators start conversations by saying that they’re looking for something, or that they need some information about something, people sometimes mistake their intent and imagine that they after drugs, since the market for drugs is strong in the camps. They direct them to Rita Becarro, known always as Rita Raincoat.

Rita Raincoat deals drugs; as her name implies, she always wears a raincoat. Ready to make a sale, she spreads her arms like an eagle and turns into a supermarket: to the white lining of her raincoat are buttoned, sewn, and clipped dozens of baggies filled with buds of marijuana and other hallucinogens, selected tranquilizers, hashish, opium, morphine, and morphine-derivatives such as heroin. She does not carry amphetamines, cocaine, crack, STP, crystal, or other drugs she considers industrial and exploitative, laden with inexpressibly bad karma, fit only for gangsters, child-beaters, and stockbrokers.

This connoisseur’s distinction, debatable to many, is entirely lost on policemen. Like any criminal, Becarro consequently is vulnerable to everyone who knows of her activities; she talks little, and then only to users. Investigators willing to break the law in order to take drugs with her, and thereby gain her confidence, learn the following.

- People are disappearing. Sure, lots of people move in and out of camp, but most remember to take their clothes and possessions. Some people in Trashtown just vanish—even the thieves get spooked when they find tents like that ship where all the dinner places were set, and with no one left on board.



Rita Raincoat

- She has a photocopy of a cover letter to a secret report

to the Governor of California, in which his Commission of the Emergency estimates total damage at 350 billion dollars. The signatories recommend abandonment of the entire Samson region, and that no permanent structures hereafter be built or rebuilt along the Sabiduria Estrellada fault. “You see,” she laughs, feeling superior, “they’re just screwing us over again. Have another hit?” She mentions that Samson’s mayor, Tom Quinlan, who argued strongly against abandoning the area, has disappeared. Just dropped out of sight a couple days ago.

- The price of drugs is going up fast, not so much because the quake disrupted supplies as because there are lots of new users draining what used to be adequate supply. She can easily distinguish new purchasers because they don’t know the right words, what’s on the market, or how to use what they buy. “It’s weird to see people crave what they’ve never used. How do they know they want this stuff?”
- According to the Brotherhood of Forks, normal people are actually lunatics who need shock therapy—that’s the point of scratching up car finishes, spray-painting freshly-painted houses, smashing shiny jewelry, and so on. It’s not just the outgassing from cardboard furniture and plastic rugs; the junk that people own is making them emotionally sick. “The Brotherhood is all right,” Rita laughs, shaking her head over their tactics while approving their goals. She doesn’t know who Alex is. A lot of street kids associate with the brothers.
- The drug that Rita smokes with the investigator or investigators was tailored in Spain by an anarco-syndicalist group; it’s called *pomy*, an abbreviated form of the slang *pomiciare*, to touch or feel up sexually, and it may inspire such feelings. A pack of Gitano cigarettes has been soaked with *pomy*. Give the drug POT 9, and roll against each user’s CON on the resistance table. Those who defeat the drug feel mild euphoria and a sensual languor; those who fail the resistance roll receive glimpses from nearby chthonian telepathic sendings of screaming humans dismembered as food: lose 1D2/1D6 SAN for these unexpected, hideously-detailed visions.

**The Survivalist:** Dean Manton Stanley, a burly ex-Army man, is looking for followers. Clad in camouflage fatigues, his black boots polished even here, Stanley scratches his nose and says that Samson is being sold out, that all the white men are going to be transported inland to who knows what fate, that foreign governments or foreign corporations (today his theory is that the Brazilians are looking for a warm-water Pacific port) are going to seize the whole Samson valley in exchange for a cancellation of some of the trillions of dollars in outstanding U.S. Treasury bonds.

Stanley hints darkly of U.S. machine guns, German Armbrust anti-tank missiles, and undetectable Czech plastique buried in handy places across the area. If the keeper wishes, this portion of his boast can be true, and perhaps handy for the investigators. Stanley’s personal Sanity has fallen to a slender 17. He has an unsteady-enough air about him that he’s not recruiting anyone—with good reason: the first time he encounters a Mythos entity, he runs screaming and doesn’t return.



If the investigators spend a couple of days listening attentively to Stanley's wandering monologues, any successful Fast Talk, Debate, Oratory, or Credit Rating roll causes him to admit that in the ground beneath his tent he has stashed canisters containing four M16A2 assault rifles, 2000 rounds of ammunition, one pound of plastique, 8 timer-detonators, two M1411 night vision pocketscopes, one Kostell 1900-A hand-held listening device capable of picking up normal conversation at up to 500 yards, and two Armbrust anti-tank weapons.

For Stanley's statistics, and for plastique and Armbrust data, see the end of this chapter.



Dean Stanley

**The Royal Pant:** every day or so, the tones of a tenor sax drift across camp. Usually the songs are old standards; today the selection is "My Funny Valentine." The music always begins with the roundest, clearest, most sweetly limpid notes; the arpeggios erupt in incredibly tight bursts, each note distinct—and transform 15-20 brilliant variations (each variation fresh, each unlike anything else ever heard) to something dense, steely, and contemptuous, music that only a trumpet should be able to play.

The Royal Pant is a tall, thin black musician with a sardonic gaze. Recently The Royal Pant's become well-known for his backup work with many different groups. His marvelously mobile fingers have a stretch of more than a foot. He smiles welcomingly if the investigators stop to listen. When his music turns cold, he stops for a moment before beginning another variation: "It's the way I feel, you know. All things and one thing, and just one direction. You boys should know about that." This is Nyarlathotep talking, of course. He says he hears that the investigators are looking for someone, or maybe looking to hide from someone, or maybe planning something—whatever reason the investigators currently have for being in Trashtown. However the investigators reply, he laughs mockingly. "It won't work, you know, not here. Things have gone too far now to ever see things put right." He pauses, then rhythmically adds, "I have my ways of knowing"—*ta-DUM-ta-DUM-ta-DUM-ta*.

Nyarlathotep banters with the investigators as long as it's amusing. If keepers have clues or hints they want to present, The Royal Pant will be glad to do the job. When Nyarlathotep tires of the repartee, a loud noise or a flashing light or some other distraction—maybe Psalter Bob just below—causes the investigators to look away. When they



The Royal Pant

look back, The Royal Pant and his horn have disappeared without trace.

**Psalter Bob:** pronounced *SAHL-ter*, Psalter Bob has begged on the streets of Samson for years. Now that he and everyone else are refugees, he's still locked into his ways and unable much to communicate other than with his money cup and a stock of Protestant hymns. He's about 55 years old, a

thin, lame man with a shrill singing voice and a primitive harmonica style that nonetheless cut through conversations and traffic noises. A beggar is interested in generating steady income, a derelict is not; Psalter Bob Keenan is a beggar, and he works at attracting and keeping the eyes of passersby, and turning that eye contact into cash.

But having met an extraordinary child, Psalter Bob has become Recruiter Bob for the past several days. As the investigators approach, he sizes them up. Something, perhaps their confidence or their stupidity or their fear, convinces him. He straightens his shabby suit and bolo tie, and puts his harmonica to his mouth for a couple of set-up bars to "Nearer My God To Thee" to hold their attention.

Instead of sticking out his cup, he begins to walk with the investigators, declaring that God has touched him to speak to them this very hour. If the investigators try to brush him off, or bluntly tell him to get lost, Recruiter Bob falls behind slightly, but continues to scuttle after them; just in case the investigators try to chase him off, he moves along after them half sideways, like a crab, so that he can retreat that much faster if necessary.

He says that a child awaits them, he says that he now sees clearly. If still repulsed, he mentions the Brotherhood, where all carry on the struggle of life. Repulsed yet again, he mentions Alex's name.

Once Recruiter or Psalter Bob fastens on someone, he doesn't let go soon. Over the next 24 hours, he'll try seven times, in ways as obnoxious as the keeper can imagine, to bring the investigators to the Brotherhood of Forks and the way of righteousness. For that encounter, move to the subsection "Alex," not far below. If time intervenes, present the episode of the sand geyser.

## The Sand Geyser

The day after the camp opened, an enormous hole opened in Redevelopment Block 17. A geologist who paused to look down its 60-foot depth noted that the subsidence was only two blocks from the Samson River and declared it a

very big sand boil, a consequence of earthquake liquefaction, unlikely to expand. Trashtown authorities fenced it off, and the sink hole has not since widened.

Jason Chung, the graduate agronomist who tells this story, offers to take the investigators to see it, if any of them wish. If they've seen Shiny's list, they might not want to. Chung assures them that it's perfectly safe in the daytime, and that it's possible to climb down. "It's not a sinkhole, of course," he says quietly. "The soil's all wrong—you'll see. Something strange is happening there."

It's a ten-minute walk through a maze of tents, latrines, stickball games, and gossiping men and women. The camp originally was laid out in neat rows, but new departures and arrivals and frictions and fist fights are creating more organic patterns of life. It takes an experienced guide to pass through the resulting maze without ruffling the residents.

When they near the sinkhole, a vast dust cloud begins rising from it, ejecta of sand and dirt continuing for several minutes. A low, ominous, whirring roar accompanies the geysering. Chung leads them upwind, shrugging his shoulders. "It's started again," he says. "Now you won't be able to see any footprints." After a few minutes more, the noise and billowing dust subside. "Happens once or twice a day," Chung explains.

The dust-coated sinkhole is an irregular cylinder about 40 feet wide, with a mostly vertical drop of some 60 feet. Though the upper layers of soil are of sand or the coastal aggregate common in the area, and could have collapsed from liquefaction, a 15-foot band of serpentine near the bottom of the hole was plainly cut through—the mottled blue-green stone is unmistakably smooth and shiny.

A section of earth under the surrounding fence has been scooped away to allow passage, and nearby a knotted rope dangles down from a fence post all the way to the bottom of the pit. "It's a bit of climb to get out, but down-slope is pretty easy," Chung says.

### Summon Human, a new spell

Causes a telepathically-selected target human to move or to attempt to move to some designated nearby point. The casting chthonian must spend 3 magic points and then receive a successful POW against POW roll on the resistance table for the spell to succeed. The target must be within 100 yards of the caster.

People ensorcelled by the Summon Human spell are like sleepwalkers who cannot be forced awake. Under the spell and arriving at the destination, the target waits until the spell expires, then wakes. Each casting lasts exactly 30 minutes.

To recast the spell, the chthonian must again spend 3 magic points and receive a successful resistance table roll. The spell may be attempted any number of times.

A variation of Bait Human, this spell is known only by the handful of chthonians who haunt the outermost crustal layers of the planet.

If the investigators examine the bottom of the pit, the surface is relatively smooth and level, and extremely fine—not at all like the boulders and rubble found at the bottom of sinkholes. Clearly the layer of serpentine has been melted through, but only a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the technique and results as typically chthonian.

"There's a hole somewhere down there," Chung says. He knows it exists, though it's camouflaged or sealed now, since when he visits the sinkhole in the morning, he sees the human footprints that cross from the rope to near the opposite wall, and then disappear. There are lots of footprints, maybe 30-40 a night. All lead toward the wall. None ever come back.

"Folks who've been here a while have noticed the disappearances, but things are so loose yet that nobody can be sure. We all moved away from the sand geyser anyway—it's too dirty. Now it's just new people that the Army settles in here around the pit. Nobody knows the new campers, when they come in, where they come from, and nobody notices when—or where—or how—they go."

Though some chthonians forage independently across the Samson area, more continue to gather at the sink hole—the sand geyser—where they launch nightly telepathic attacks upon the nearer humans, using images or the voices of remembered loved ones to draw them one by one to doom in the tunnels below. Opening hatchlings geyser the sand and dust as they practice moving through solid material. Investigators who wait patiently above see small tentacles emerge through the silty floor like tiny shark fins just before the surface earth begins to boil and raise a vast column of dust, eclipsing all vision of the surface below.

If the investigators stick around at night close to the sand geyser hole, each one of them will be attacked once by chthonian telepathic impulses; treat each attack as at POW 17. Those who succumb to the chthonian spell (Summon Human) start to climb down the sink hole rope and assemble at a blank surface of the wall—then a chthonian tunnel opens up. The unfortunates pass through, and shortly die without hope of escape or resistance. Those who resist are free to try to physically restrain their friends from going to certain doom; attempts at reason or persuasion are ineffective. Successful restrained, the target still feels impelled to attempt to move to the point commanded, until the spell expires.

### Alex

Anyone can bring the investigators to meet Alex Benton Cordry. Recruiter Bob is the presented choice, but their guide could as well be Rita Raincoat, or even The Royal Pant, who'd be amused to witness the investigators' bafflement. If the keeper chooses someone who doesn't have a key to the maintenance door, then they'll need to Fast Talk a Brother or otherwise manage to get special entrance. Once

inside, they're not likely to get lost—the station's not that big.

On their way, a successful Spot Hidden detects someone following at a distance. The man is several blocks distant; if they attempt to pursue him, he easily hides and escapes, then renews his shadowing when the investigators renew their direction. Only the keeper should know that the man is Eddie Lowry, or perhaps Lt. Jackson if the keeper prefers, well-bribed and eager to please his new employer, Mr. Shiny.

At present, Alex is staying in a portion of the Samson Underground Transit tunnel about a quarter-mile from Trashtown. The SUT is partially collapsed and completely inoperable—stations destroyed, tracks twisted, and the section south of the river entirely flooded. Pending their completion, SUT district managers have suspended all employees not directly contributing to status evaluation studies. If denied federal money, even the studies will never be completed. Alex, the Brotherhood, and any number of refugees and derelicts have adopted portions of the tunnels as housing, and that is the tunnels' only foreseeable use.

If it's at night, the street lights are still not operating in this area, though power has returned in parts of town. The 8 P.M. curfew is in effect, though the National Guard no longer is on the street with a direct police function. City police-cruiser patrols have been augmented as rumors of and actual citizen disappearances mount; most alarming to local authorities, two squad cars with a total of four patrolmen vanished last night without a trace. Officers are now extravagant, and much more likely to fire weapons with little warning.

The James Rolph Square station was sited as an entrance to a redeveloped Trashtown. Though below ground, it survived the quake mostly intact. A couple of Brothers handy with locks have made keys to a maintenance door; an electrician bypassed the alarm system, parts of which are self-powered. Now the Brothers come and go as they please, breaking into neighboring office buildings to cart away executive hardwoods and rugs for cooking fires on the main floor of the subway station. Pillaged couches from those offices, or at least the cushions from those couches, have become important to sleepers and sitters. With crucial splices effected, the city's phone system is mostly operable, including the SUT system's communications. The Brothers have free direct-dial, at least until SUT's managers get the first bill.

The station has two levels, a ground-floor lobby with change machines and an attendant's office, and stairs and escalators leading down to the two long platforms which are divided by sets of tracks. Since the platforms are about four feet higher than the roadbed, rubble has been piled up in three places to make isthmuses across the tracks to link the two platforms.



Alex

Day or night, the interior of the station, where the trains actually loaded and unloaded, is pitch-black, lit only by a few torches, small cooking fires, and the blue-white wash of a small TV set salvaged from an abandoned limo. Auto batteries keep it running. Though the cable system offers feeds from everywhere else, there's only one station on the air in Samson; it broadcasts old movies inter-

persed with news summaries. Bulletins and commands from the authorities constantly print across the lower third of the screen; these frequently bring sneers or guffaws from the dozen or so watchers.

Some forty Brothers sleep at Rolph Station tonight; as the investigators pass, groups in turn raise glinting objects—tableware, mostly—and call out "Forks! Forks!" with jocular good will.

If they need to ask the way to Alex, they get the correct answer without difficulty, and find him around a corner, also watching television. This set is larger and its HD pixels benefit from an 18-inch up-link dish on the Rolph Square station roof. Despite the better technology, the set is receiving a central African state's satellite broadcast of a Penguin episode from *Batman*.

Alex has been telling his chums about how the story can try to make the watcher's time stand still, and how that's a kindness for the viewer, since that message always soothes people and makes them feel happy, and how the story can be a cruel and terrifying joke on the writers' part, since they know that trusting the no-time message takes the viewer out of human life.

"So it's always better to watch these stories while you're with other people, because then you can have most of the fun and still stay in human time, so that life doesn't stop."

Alex's cryptic sermon continues, and the keeper may gloss it as he or she desires, but the investigators should be more interested in the fact that Alex's drug-sodden, mentally-incompetent, failed and hopeless listeners hang on the child's every word.

They also notice that Alex's gaze is unusually direct and candid, as though he sees everything and is interested by everything. Nothing is dull to Alex, since he doesn't expect entertainment. A successful Psychology roll suggests that this attitude is unusual, perhaps impossible according to standard child-development theories.



In fact, Alex's virtue is not his eye for the truth: that rare quality is a consequence of never experiencing significant failure, disappointment, or deception. His mind is fresh thanks to phenomenal luck; if Mr. Shiny has his way, however, that long string of luck is about to change.

Alex invites the investigators to watch television with him. If they are here at Mr. Shiny's behest, after they report to him their work is over until the shoggoth appears and eats the boy—see the following sub-section, "A Deadly Move."

If the investigators have broken with Shiny, Alex (and perhaps Lurline and Pete) engages them in conversation, and thereby comes to explain himself and the Brotherhood of Forks in the next few hours.

- Strange things have been happening. Anyone can see it. Since the earthquake there's been magic in town; all kinds of monsters and creatures have arrived. Be careful, he says—you could get eaten.
- If the investigators want friends, the Brotherhood of Forks can be friends. A friend is someone who won't take advantage of you, and who will help you even though it's inconvenient for him or her to do it. He asks someone—maybe Lurline or Peter—to help these new friends get started.
- He thinks that people were designed to love smoothness and shininess, wrappings, titles, makeup, costumes. This must have happened a long time ago. People have been built like robots to crave these things. He doesn't know who could have done it or why, except that people promote such things in order to rule, and that anyone wanting to rule doesn't want to be your friend.
- The Brotherhood of Forks are people who try to see clearly. It's hard for people to do this once they've accepted that alcohol or drugs or automobiles are more important than friends. When the Brothers go out with their forks to do some work, they have to do it as play, otherwise they begin to forget the people in the cars or costumes, and to treat them like things, too.

As the keeper wishes, Alex can answer additional questions, but he knows almost nothing—he's a ten-year-old child.

## Lurline, Tait, And The Brotherhood

If no investigator has met Lurline, abbreviate the following sub-section to a meeting with Peter Tait. If any did meet Lurline Pardee in Toronto, then before or after their visit to Alex they hear a female voice yell out, "Hey! Wait! Hey, you guys!"

A dirty, disheveled figure leaps up into view—it's Lurline Pardee, the woman who tried to save the investigators when they visited the Toronto branch of the Black Dragon restaurant. She commiserates with them if any investigators then or since have died or gone insane. She says that when she heard the fight begin in the alley, she ran out the door of the restaurant and hopped the next plane back to Samson: "I reckoned old Woot"—the Black Dragon's manager—"would try to get rid of me before the cops could arrive, and

anyway I didn't want to get tangled up in a murder case." She laughs. "So I got back just in time for the Big One here. Lucky me!"

The investigators don't really know Lurline. Though her life has taken a change for the better in the last week or ten days, she's not a savory sort of person, and the investigators may not have much to say to her. When the conversation dies, she says, "I want you to meet my beau, Pete."

Lurline runs to another fire and brings back a shaggy young man. "We've been together almost a week already," she says proudly, and in the firelight Pete smiles gently.

He says hello with a clear, confident voice. "So you were in Toronto," he continues, without the faintest concern for the circumstances under which Lurline and the investigators met, or what may have transpired. If any of the investigators succeed with a Spot Hidden roll, they recognize in his bearded face the semblance of Peter Tait.

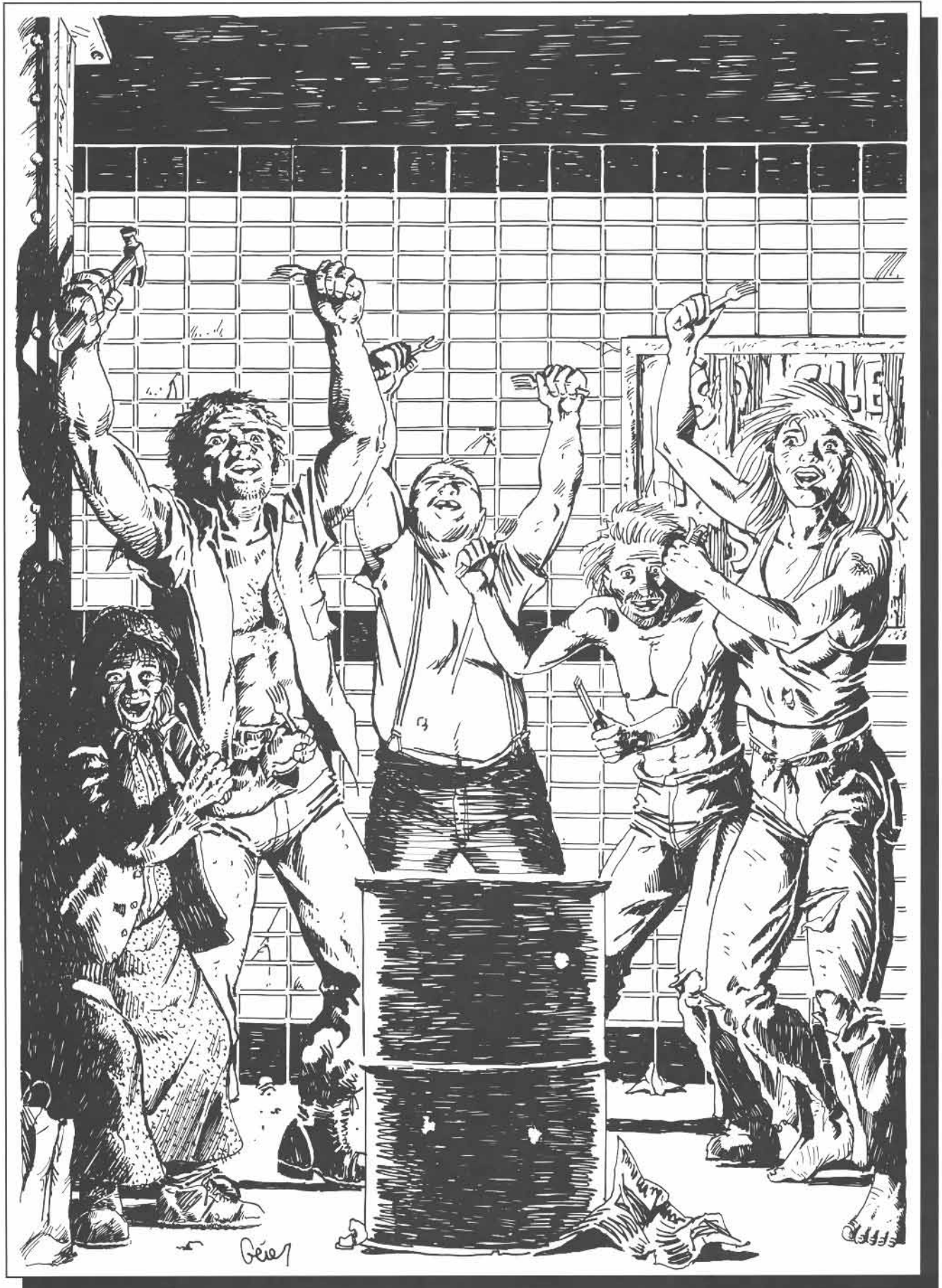
**Joining The Brotherhood:** to stay with the group, the investigators must ask to join. People are mostly not kept out, though intense objections might erupt if the investigators happened to kill or wound a Brother when their car was attacked. The investigators need to join only if they might want this hideout to escape Mr. Shiny.

Lacking objection, the investigators must divest themselves of deception as the Brothers have come to understand it. The point here is have the investigators divest themselves of personal error, not conformance—if the investigators choose to go naked, these outlaws still accept them.

- All investigator pocket money goes to the group, literally tossed into a pot from which addicts take money for dope or booze, the sick take money for drugs, and so on. Investigator credit cards, identification, airline tickets, checkbooks, passes, ATM cards, and so forth are cut up or burnt.
- Scuff those shiny shoes.
- Though they except eyeglasses, dentures, and prostheses, the Brothers ask that personal jewelry, shiny belt buckles, and such be cast aside or mutilated.
- Rumple, stamp on, dirty, or tear new clothes, or else replace them.
- Computers, calculators, cellular phones, wristwatches, briefcases, handguns, Mythos tomes, Mythos artifacts, and other personal gear can be retained, but mar or deface each item enough to erase any appearance-related market value.

**Peter Tait:** whether or not the investigators choose to join the Brotherhood of Forks, they'll want to talk to Peter Tait, whose strange contribution to Full Wilderness and subsequent disappearance led to their involvement in the first place. Before continuing, some keepers might quickly review the circumstances of Tait's disappearance and his adventures on the farm near Delilah.





Tait is happy to talk—as content as he’s become in his new life and as meaningful as he now finds his future, he’s starved for good conversation.

- Tait dropped out of sight because he believed that Dawn Biozyme was after him; he believes that the things on the farm were put there to kill him. When he fled back to Samson, he was at his wit’s end. At a stoplight, a band of the Brothers cornered his car and scratched and defaced it: “That was the last straw,” Tait smiles. “I drove to the ocean because I had nowhere to go. I couldn’t involve my friends in something so monstrous. I stood there above the sea, and looked once more at my automobile. What a meditation subject for an American! There I experienced the inter-perception of thing and function, and I understood how control of perception was achieved. The ruining of my car became a road to safety and sanity. I just walked away. I slept in Union Park. Once I realized I could disappear, I began to find myself. I now understood the Brothers’ purpose. Naturally I began to search for the people who had mutilated my car.”
- Tait is amused to know that the investigators originally were hired to find him. He didn’t get in touch with Jatic again because he began to accept Alex’s belief in a vast and supernormal conspiracy, forces which created the powerful Samson quake, the meaning of which Tait is only beginning to comprehend. He adds that he now thinks that Full Wilderness must have been infiltrated in some fashion, though he has no proof. If he knows of it, he points to the speedy theft or attempted theft of the baby dark young as evidence. He says that several Full Wilderness people dropped out of that organization after the quake.
- The microbiologist has more to say, but he wants to hear the investigators’ story first. Have the players summarize what has already happened to them in the campaign. As Tait questions them, he does so in part to learn their current allegiance.
- If the investigators are still working for Shiny, Tait tells them bluntly that Alex was able to study Shiny while the man rode by in a chauffeured limousine. According to Alex, Shiny is not human: Shiny is like a three-dimensional TV picture who constantly reforms himself. (If the investigators ask, it’s no secret that Shiny has been scouring the area to find Alex; Alex was curious to see Shiny, and maybe guess why.) If the investigators report (or have already reported) Alex’s location to Shiny, they bear the responsibility for the boy’s soon-to-happen death.
- If the investigators have broken with Shiny, Tait introduces another new Brother, Richard Slakes, who has information concerning a strange “meeting of the board” scheduled tomorrow in Samson Coliseum. Jatic is to be there, along with Albert Shiny, Howard or Madeline Finley (if either is still alive), someone known only as C., the Brigadier General presently commanding the Greater Samson Emergency Zone, the Vice-Mayor of Samson, a Samson assemblyman in the California legislature, a representative of NWI, two important western-state members of the House Interior Committee, and a member of the National Security Council. A successful know roll or Astronomy roll establishes that tomorrow is the dark of the moon.

## A Call To Arms

At this point, this scenario assumes that the investigators have broken with Shiny, and that they are at least willing to

listen to Peter Tait. Have Tait summarize the possibilities to the investigators. It is possible, though beyond the scope of this campaign, to spend several years and successfully infiltrate Larson Pharmaceuticals and in turn NWI. In the meantime, the actual reconquest of a portion of the planet’s surface will have gone forward and perhaps will have been accepted by humanity. The investigators cannot be everywhere nor can they achieve everything, but they are in position to blunt and to momentarily baffle the ongoing assault on the metropolis of Samson, and must humbly attempt to achieve what is presently possible.

Tait proposes that a physical attack be made on the group gathering in the Coliseum, to frighten or kill the human participants, and to slow or stop their collaboration with these extranatural entities. He asks the investigators what their opinions are, and whether or not they have resources which they will add to the effort. Tait’s resources follow.

- About forty brothers are sane enough and conscious enough to participate in such an attack. They have been able to loot a number of old rifles and shotguns from private homes; department stores, armories, and gun shops keep their weapons in vaults, impregnable to the present talents of the Brothers. Battle statistics for six sample brothers can be found at the end of this chapter.
- Lurline has a contact, Mickey Bent, who makes his living dealing in legal and illegal weapons. She knows that Mickey survived the quake in good shape because she stayed with him for an hour or so after she returned to Samson, in order to earn a stake. In 24 hours or less, Mickey Bent can supply the following guns and 100 rounds of ammunition each: 50 9mm parabellum semi-automatic pistols (\$500 each); 35 .30-06 semi-automatic rifles (\$350 each); ten MAC-10 submachine guns (\$800 each); six M16A2 assault rifles (\$1200 each); two M79 grenade launchers with 12 rounds each (\$1500 each). Mickey’s prices are depressed right now, because of the quake. He’s a shaven-headed, black-pajama-wearing, paranoid freak but he’ll stick to the deal unless he gets a clearly-better idea. Mickey comes to the door with a gun. He doesn’t give credit.

The investigators have other resources available.

- Any investigator magic may be very handy—Shiny has only one spell, Dominate, which is of short range, and the chthonian present at the meeting has only one spell of offensive capability.
- If an investigator has safe-cracking talents, send them all to Zapf Bros. Gunsmiths, two blocks away, to gather what firearms and Japanese swords they think handy—Zapf has the same weapons available as does Mickey Bent.
- If the investigators still have police contacts, perhaps with Sgt. Bolling or Lt. Jackson, they can be taken to the Coliseum, shown the monstrous proceedings, and summon dozens of patrolmen with an *officer down* call. On the other hand, an Army or National Guard contact finds that the chain of command completely blocks his or her efforts, and that nothing comes but a prowling MP jeep which stops for a moment and then drives away.

- If the investigators befriend Dean Manton Stanley, the survivalist, he can in 24 hours contribute roughly the same weaponry as Mickey Bent, with the deletion of the two M79's and the addition of two Armbrust anti-tank weapons, one pound of plastique, and timer-detonators.

## The Coliseum

Let the investigators plan their assault. Use Tait to suggest whether ideas are likely to succeed or to fail, but if the investigators feel strongly about a point or a plan, allow them to carry the day.

Even if the investigators are justly dubious of the effectiveness of physical weapons in this situation, examining the Coliseum ahead of time should make sense.

It's the day before the Board Meeting. The Coliseum is at the eastern edge of Trashtown, less than half a mile from the Rolph Square station.

Alex says that he wants to come along; he will unless the investigators say no. If he does, give his character sheet to a player chosen at random. If he does not accompany the investigators, Mr. Shiny has a 50% chance to visit him while the investigators are reconnoitering; in that case, see the "A Deadly Move" section below.

Unlike the average stadium, the oval bowl of Samson Coliseum was excavated from the ground and then lined with seats—one walks into the facility and then down to one's seat. It therefore looks unusually low—about 20 feet high—and featureless from the outside; surmounting banks of stadium lights are most of what can be seen.

An outer line of 10-foot-high chain-link fencing, closed by padlocked chains, encircles the vast parking lots. An inner line of identical fencing encloses the stadium proper, and then opens to specific numbered gates. The long direction of the oval stadium is oriented east-west; spaced equally around the stadium, an additional luxury/press box gate opens to each of the four compass directions, making a total of 20 pedestrian gates, plus a single vehicle cut through the west end, debouching onto the field.

Finally, each of the 21 gates is secured by padlocked gates and doors.

Though Coliseum security depended mostly on patrolmen, three sets of padlocks must nonetheless be penetrated. Since chain-link fencing can be breached by ordinary bolt-cutters, the padlocks are quite ordinary, and all open with the same key—a successful Mechanical Repair roll shows the investigator how to open all the Coliseum locks in a jiffy. The links are wide enough that anyone of normal dexterity can manipulate the padlocks from both sides.

Press and luxury boxes line the stadium at street-level, separated by the 16 equally-spaced general-admission gates. Far below, the stadium field is grass. The oval of the playing surface is oriented so that the batters look west in baseball season, and in football season so that the goal posts are east and west.

Since the quake, stadium guards and management have had other things on their mind. No one tends the facility now, and possibly no one ever will again.

That being so, Shiny has chosen the Coliseum as private, quiet, large enough for Shub-Niggurath, and suitably impressive for his important meeting.

Though only twenty or so entities will attend, preparations begin the day before.

- A crew of two dozen men have winched a large boulder out of a truck and have set it squarely at mid-field on second base or on the 50-yard-line, depending on the time of year. A successful Spot Hidden detects a large steel ring set into either end of it.
- The workmen also set up a wide awning and, underneath it, arrange a 30-foot-long table, 20 flanking chairs at wide intervals, side tables, and batteries of telephones. Much of the time that afternoon is spent connecting telephones into the trunk box at one side of the field.
- Several banks of floodlights are brought in and arranged to light the field and a small, portable sound system installed. Four self-powered searchlights are arranged in a circle in the north-west corner of the field and a helicopter landing site marked out in lime.
- A diesel-powered Army electrical generator parked in the south tunnel provides power for the fans, lights, refrigerators, and incidental equipment.
- Throughout the day, different crews bring in and plant trees to the east of the sacrificial altar. Before the workmen leave, more than 80 mature sago palms, cembran pines, mulberries, and other trees effectively transform the eastern end of the stadium field into dense forest. A successful Cthulhu Mythos role notes that the presence of a wood is necessary to summon dark young.
- They also erect twelve large golden cages, suspended by chains from massive golden supports, six flanking each side of the boulder. Each empty cage is large enough to contain an adult human.
- Late in the day, workmen bring in a dozen head of cattle, and slaughter them on the altar.

**A Plan Augmented:** if the investigators get access to Stanley's plastique, their chances improve. The floor of the stadium is sod laid over dirt, not grass rooted deeply into the soil. Any investigator who receives a successful Botany or Camouflage roll (or know roll, if the keeper wishes) understands that plastique can be laid anywhere under the sod, undetectably, by tugging up the section and carefully relaying it. Since the phone trunk and table arrangements are already made, guiding emplacement.

## A Deadly Move

If players have sentimental feelings about Alex, then this sub-section can be dramatized; if not, "A Deadly Move" exists as informational. If Alex accompanies the investigators both on their reconnoitering and during the Coliseum



raid, Shiny raids the station but is baffled. If Alex stays at the station one of those times, he has a 50% chance of being slaughtered by Shiny; if he stays at the station both times, Shiny slaughters him on the keeper's choice of day. That may be an important loss, since Alex is likely to withstand most of the shocks to Sanity in the Coliseum.

Shiny has met a few 99-SAN humans before; they are always trouble. Before this one starts a new religion, offers a way to get politicians to behave sensibly, or makes some inconvenient scientific breakthrough, Shiny plans to stop him.

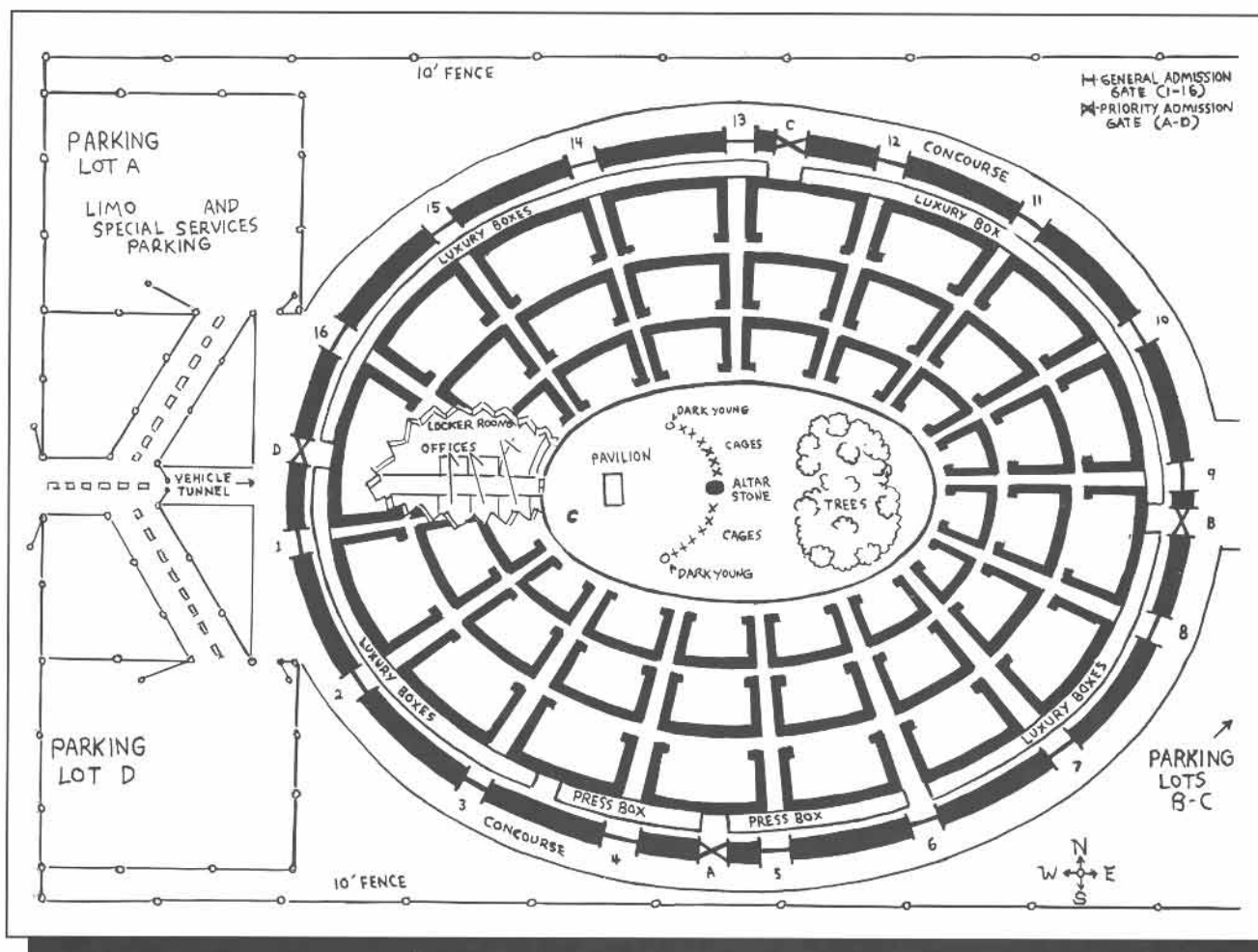
While the investigators reconnoiter Samson Coliseum, or perhaps just before his meeting in the Coliseum, Mr. Shiny calls at Rolph Square Station. Whether or not the investigators reported Alex's location to Shiny, he knows because Eddie Lowry or Lt. Jackson followed the investigators. Now Shiny moves decisively. No matter when the assault takes place, the investigators always learn of it after the fact. A survivor narrates the story.

Sleek limousines and vans loaded with mercenaries and cultists pull up. Men tumble out. Staff men locate all the entrances to the station by referring to official plans—keys obtained from SUT headquarters quickly open the way.

Armed men enter at every door. Brothers in the station who resist are gunned down; those who cower, play dead, or run are ignored; Shiny is interested only in Alex, the human who can see.

Mentally disturbed or seriously injured investigators may be in the station; if they are, let them play out the situation, but each must play the situation separately—two or more have no time to make plans or even to move.

After scattered resistance, the attackers succeed in blocking the tracks in both directions—there's no way to escape. Alex hides in a maintenance closet, but they soon find him and summon Shiny. Sighing pleasurably, Mr. Shiny carefully undresses, so as not to spoil his fine suit, then strides naked toward the waiting child. As he walks, Shiny begin decomposition into his shoggoth self, but not entirely—he keeps and enlarges his teeth, for instance, because it is so much fun to bite, and maintains a travesty of human form to be that much more ominous. Squishing forward, he scoops up a firebrand as he goes. He sees in the eyes of the silent, waiting boy not a waver, not a hint of fear or anxiety. "Such a work of art," Shiny gurgles, making up vocal cords on the spot.





He extends the coals slightly, and they glow white-hot, revealing Alex's every feature. The cover illustration of this book portrays the situation. Disappointingly, the shoggoth sees no reaction from the boy, who does not even blink. "Trick or treat," Shiny hisses, and bites. He does not miss.

## The Meeting of the Board

This sub-section presents the entire Meeting of the Board. The keeper should present it completely; the investigators must choose when and if to interrupt it.

Though Slakes has dropped out, a friend still in Full Wilderness sets the time of the meeting for 7 P.M. Presumably the investigators arrive ahead of time and conceal themselves behind chairs around the stadium. Unused tunnels are other possible locations, as are the press box and the luxury suites. Be sure to understand the investigator plan: when will they arrive? what are they bringing? what are they going to do? who will do it? is magic involved? what spells? what kind of signals are necessary? will the investigators be located so far apart that communication is difficult? do they have an escape route? do they have a meeting place after escape?

When all the components have arrived in the stadium, give the players the stadium sketch provided in the handout so that they can mark their planned positions, locate their explosives, plan their lines of sight for the grenade launchers, and so on. If the investigators are using Stanley's plastique and have rigged it so that they can detonate it at will, make sure they trace out the detonator wires.

Once those plans are made, allow no changes unless convinced that a way exists to make the change.

As the hour approaches, a few squad cars close off the access roads to the Coliseum. Attendants begin to set up elaborate buffets on side-tables (it's hard to see through binoculars, but some of the joints to be carved look disturbingly to be of human origin). Stirring march music begins to blare from the pole-mounted speakers, produced by a tape recorder operated from the food prep area.

Attractive naked humans of both sexes are led from the locker rooms under the stands; attendants beckon them forward and lock each one into one of the twelve waiting cages. Investigators with a successful Listen roll hear one nude young woman say, "I'm not getting paid to be locked up, honey;" an attendant laughs, assures her that such details are just kinky fakery for silly old men, and that she'll get an extra hundred afterwards; this smooth liar snaps shut the sturdy padlock on her cage without hesitation.

Previously-captured investigators can certainly be bound to the altar, if spare cages are unavailable.

Chauffeured limousines drive through the vehicle tunnel, drop off a human or two, then cruise back through the tunnel to outside the stadium, there to wait until proceedings conclude. The occupants of the limousines, in tuxedos

or military dress uniforms or beautiful gowns, greet one another with jovial familiarity. Three helicopters arrive and immediately leave, debouching their passengers on the field. The first, an military chopper, unloads General Benson and two of his aides. The second is a small corporate copter carrying two well-dressed executives carrying briefcases; the NWI logo is emblazoned on the side. The third helicopter, another Army craft, delivers two U.S. senators. Investigators who can make out faces feel that they've seen these people before—that they are famous as well as powerful.

High in the stands, in the darkened eastern portion of the stadium sits The Royal Pant, smoking Gallois cigarettes, occasionally accompanying Shiny's recorded martial music. He can only be seen with a Spot Hidden roll.

Back in human form, Albert Shiny makes his appearance, resplendent in a new suit and dripping with gold rings, gold watches, and enormous cufflinks with which to impress the humans. Flashes from Shiny's adornments can be seen all the way across the Coliseum. Shiny would have preferred a larger function, something like those great assemblies of the Third Reich, with lots of searchlights and trumpets, but it is yet too soon for that.

Robert Jatik appears, slightly amused at all the lights and preparation, very curious about the trees at the east end of the stadium, not interested or dismayed by the captives in the cages.

Among the other guests: one or both Finleys, if living; the general in command of the Greater Samson Emergency Zone, Samson's Vice-Mayor; several California assemblymen; several important members of the House Interior Committee; a prominent member of the National Security Council; and several other people.

Now comes the mysterious *C* reported by Slakes: there is a hissing, and smoke rises from the ground; with a sudden red glare from melting soil and rock, a gigantic chthonian heaves into view in the space marked on the keeper's coliseum map. Indicate to the players the general area of Sha'ddu-Ka's arrival, since in passing he may have melted either plastique charges or detonation lines to the charges. Sanity loss to see Sha'ddu-Ka is 1D3/1D20 SAN.

Though the humans draw back from the gigantic mass of steaming, writhing tentacles, no guest runs away in fear; anyone watching correctly assumes that each guest has already met one or more chthonians.

Shiny says something to Sha'ddu-Ka which the investigators cannot hear, but the chthonian's reply screams through every mind in the stadium: "Let us proceed. My paramount desires cannot long be stifled." The investigators immediately are impressed with the strength and potency of the telepathic message; Sha'ddu-Ka has much intelligence and great Power.

Shiny is miffed by the abruptness. "I have prepared entertainment for my guests," he shouts, his voice suddenly a great roar.

"Shzorshuddad," the chthonian responds. The thought does not so much translate as it does present a picture of a disgusting puddle: the translation is literally "squishy cold thing," but with an overtone of violent repugnance and contempt.

After an angry interchange, Shiny begs the guests their indulgence and, wine glasses in hand, leads them in strolling after the chthonian, carefully avoiding the trail of foul, slimy goo it has left in its wake. They leave the pavilion area and arrive near the altar at exactly 7:29 P.M.

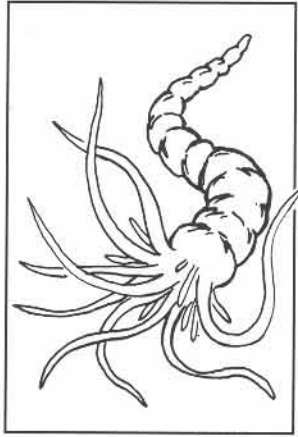
As Sha'ddu-Ka nears the prisoners, those unfortunates scream or faint. The chthonian pulls apart the cages of two random captives and holds high aloft the squirming humans. Horrifying dimensional concepts, hallucinations, and uncomprehensible images blur the vision of everyone in the stadium as Sha'ddu-Ka's summonings begin; Sanity loss to be present is 1/1D4 SAN. His subsequent eviscerations of the two bleating victims is not too surprising; cost to witness the death of the pair is only 0/1D3 SAN.

Though the ghastly mental images dissolve, the newly-planted forest begins to stir of its own accord. Hideous trumpetings announce the presence, and whole trees begin to fall. From the shambles, out step two large dark young of Shub-Niggurath: unlike the baby which introduced the campaign, these adults are nearly 20 feet high; the ground shakes beneath them, and a terrifying chanel odor wafts from their rheumy, sepulchral maws. Their tentacles twitch as they near the captives but, under the compulsion of the Summon Dark Young spell, they stomp on to the stone altar and then stop. At this stage, charge 1D3/1D20 SAN for the pair, or gloss the point altogether by telling the players they've already seen lots of dark young.

Not until they stop do the attendants dare pour more champagne. Conversation begins amid nervous laughter. Speculation centers on which captives best would be saved for after-dinner entertainment.

The chthonian pauses for several minutes, then begins the summoning of Shub-Niggurath for the final time in this campaign. Investigators who have made it all the way through this book may recognize the signs.

- Sha'ddu-Ka now slaughters five more captives, leaving five still caged. If investigators are among the captives, randomly number



*Sha'ddu-Ka*



*A Dark Young*

then and use 1D10 to determine who dies. The altar now drips with fresh blood.

- As the incantation continues, the air stills and seems to thicken. Trees, grass, awnings, the hair on people's heads stirs and raises—the ground vibrates and rumbles—a darkness black as a dream gathers, and centers on the altar.

- A vile stench suddenly permeates the Coliseum as the door to elsewhere opens and the horrible twisting ropy

mass of the Outer God hangs visible before all. Massive magnetic disturbances, electrostatic charges, ball lightning, and colored auras appear and disappear with small explosive sounds and crackling static. With a hissing sigh, Shub-Niggurath hangs and rotates, free in the still night. Sanity loss to witness her is 1D10/1D100 SAN.

- The humans, the chthonian, and the shoggoth edge forward, like Jenny the Giantess, to suck nourishment from the Dark Mother. There are teats for all, all in a ragged line across the base of the goddess. The Mother is ever-abundant. All drink their fill and fall in obeisance, then the goddess shimmers, dissolves, and is gone.
- Within a few minutes, Sha'udd-Ka leaves as well, not neglecting to first return the dark young to their dimension of origin.

Shiny recovers first from this ecstatic religious experience. The attendants, who had huddled at the far western end of the playing field, gingerly return and help the guests to their feet, straighten their clothes, and pour out more of the excellent champagne. This happens at exactly 8:04 P.M.

The guests take seats at the table, are served from the buffet, and gradually the party mood evolves that Shiny craved—the annoyance in his voice transforms into silky unctuousness; anyone who knows of the shoggoths' rebellion against the elder things guesses how he must have then presented himself, and understands how foolish were the elder things to have created servants of great capacity who also had great capacity for irritation.

As the party heats up, free discussion occurs for almost an hour, until the humans become too drunken to be accepted as speaking responsibly.

If the investigators have acquired any eavesdropping equipment they hear the various conversations taking place. Lacking equipment, it is possible, with a Sneak roll or a DEX x4 roll (keeper's choice), to move through the forest and up to behind the altar, and thereby hear what's being said. Crouching there, they must endure the whimpers and tears of temporarily witless captives as well as the foul decomposing goo left behind by Shub-Niggurath.

- The House members and Senator indicate that the deal to abandon Samson is mostly complete; eastern and mid-western congressmen and senators never liked Californians anyway, and the chance to save about half a trillion dollars (the current, revised estimate of ruined structures, lost investment, and foregone earnings) is too tempting not to be listened to. To placate members from other untouched but quake-prone districts, a “next-time” FEMA insurance fund can be instituted, 25 billion dollars each year to a maximum of one trillion. Assuming cooperation from the chthonians, the interest from that fund will actually produce an operating budget for work concerning the Great Day To Come, the re-establishment of the first Great Old One on the planetary surface.
- One House member reads aloud a portion of a speech he’ll make soon: “How much longer shall our honorable colleagues from the western states attempt to claim that which is not claimable? This nation has poured money into the West, money for a century, always attempting to deny that the desert is not desert, that water waits where none exists, that the ground is stable where it trembles incessantly! Ladies and gentlemen of the House, I would be the last to deny any citizen the right to live where he or she would, but I request that citizen not to send me the bill!” General laughter and applause follows.
- On the matter of the Great Day To Come, Shiny says that he believes he has found a suitable candidate, Rhan-Tegoth, a Great Old One presently dormant in Toronto, thanks to a pack of bumlbers who uncovered a serpent-man plot. Rhan-Tegoth requires neither a large territory nor elaborate cult propitiation, and in fact is prepared to do his own hunting and gathering when necessary. Rhan-Tegoth was actually worshiped by tribal animists before recently entering hibernation, and enjoyed the situation—Shiny believes that he is exactly the sort of mythic caretaker Mr. Jatic had in mind as suitable for the current wilderness project.
- Jatic expresses his admiring thanks to Mr. Shiny, who has done so much to help achieve Jatic’s personal dream of a mankind equal to other species, not crassly exalted for boastful reasons, and one in total balance with nature, tended and personally regarded by impartial gods. Jatic has come to understand so many amazing things recently that in his regard Mr. Shiny is a teacher god-like in capability and perspective; a successful Psychology roll shows that Shiny eagerly drinks this praise—after hundreds of millions of years, the ancient feelings of inferiority have never faded.
- An executive of NWI reports that work on the anti-agathic drug progresses, but that so far the addictive direct nourishment from the Dark Mother is the only secure way to extend life. Cellular surgical techniques are working, but the subjects complain of overwhelming, constant pain—apparently not quite enough pain to die of, she laughs.
- Someone from Dawn Biozyme or Rothmersholm, one of the Finleys if they survive, discusses ongoing mutagen work designed to restore the planet to its pre-agricultural condition. Though many genetic lines have been lost, strains of common cereals, fruits, and vegetables may yet be back-bred to achieve an original vigor and unimpressive yield which will not promote onerous human population increases. The Great Old Ones may indeed cull humanity, but the great entities from the stars could

lapse again for the same unknowable reasons; revising genetic pre-conditions helps retard the likely consequences of such an event.

- General Benson reports that careful assassination is clearly preferable to attempting a *coup d’etat*. He discusses expansion of the Black Brotherhood, a mysterious terrorist group responsible for three political assassinations in the last year.
- The Vice Mayor of Samson mentions the disappearance of the Samson Mayor Quinlan. “I don’t think we’ll be experiencing resistance from that quarter,” he chuckles.
- Before they adjourn the business portion of the evening, they agree that the intermediate goal of raising Earth’s mean atmospheric temperature should continue to be pursued, both in the United States and abroad, despite the encouragement which the serpent race may thereby derive. They also agree to continue efforts to channel religious fundamentalism into simplistic and intolerant political exhibitions, and away from quiet renewals of spirit which regard the world with fresh perspective. In this regard, perhaps the reappearance of Rev. Baxter Lully should be encouraged, perhaps as presented by one of Mr. Shiny’s associates.
- The meeting then degenerates into a drinking bout. After a while, the still-living captives are brought forward and, forced into demonstrations whose purpose seems to be to deny the participants all pleasure from the acrobatic acts which they must perform. The exhibition of power concluded, the guests (and Mr. Shiny) crawl into their automobiles and drive away singly or in couples; the captives are handcuffed and dropped down the slick-sided 20-foot-deep tunnel which Sha’d-du-Ka departed down. Whether or not any of the captives survive to greet the inevitable chthonian hunter is unimportant to the attendants, who pick up what seems to be useful, split the remaining food and booze, and also depart, taking the generator and thereby turning out the lights. The Board Meeting ends.

**Investigator Intervention:** if they can tolerate it, the investigators get more information the longer they delay the attack. For humanitarian reasons, erosion of Sanity, or because explosives have been pre-set for a specific time, this may not be possible. If the keeper wishes, one of the human traitors can be captured during or after the attack, and divulge much the same information.

If the investigators attack while the chthonian is present, the keeper has enough forces available to rout them with heavy losses, or at least to stymie them—chthonians and dark young are not much dismayed by bullets.

If they attack while Shub-Niggurath is present, nothing happens. Guns do not fire; explosives do not explode—though everything works fine after she departs.

The Royal Pant sits watching, detached and amused. If directly assaulted, he has only 13 hit points, and is therefore easy to kill. If slain, he may choose to return in 1D10 rounds, this time in one of his most horrible forms, and slay any and all investigators he can find.

If they attack only the humans and Shiny, judge the damage they do by their attack plan. Always give the play-



ers some success, but a lot of the guests may escape, or a handful, or none.

If the attackers have assault rifles, that ammunition includes tracer rounds, very pretty at night, as are the explosions from the grenade launcher. The players have lasted this far through the campaign—give them some pyrotechnics. The pavilion awning could catch fire. Vehicles could explode or burn. Cultists could writhe in flames.

At the first hint of attack or other investigator activity, Mr. Shiny transforms into shoggoth shape. Whether or not he decides to pursue and eat attackers again depends on investigator planning. If their attack is quick and concise, and if the attackers then flee, let him catch up to one or two, and then end the pursuit. If every man holds his ground, Shiny eats as many as possible, then crushes the rest. If Shiny decides to escape, he may walk away, or choose shoggoth form and simply pour himself down a drain.

While the chauffeurs and aides waiting outside in the parking lot have combat training and carry handguns, a handful of men detailed for the purpose could hold them off long enough for the main attack to succeed. In any case, it takes three combat rounds for them to understand that an attack is underway, and another three rounds to run to the access tunnel, which is the quickest way to the playing field. If the keeper desires, they can drive through the tunnel instead, after a total of five combat rounds, but the limousines are not armored and become inoperable after taking 12 points of damage. Each carries eight people in a pinch.

## Conclusion

The investigators are nowhere near the center of the vast conspiracy, which has entangled conventional human greed and weakness, the conflicting goals of the Cthulhu Mythos, philosophical rationales for humanity's existence, burgeoning scientific capabilities, and the perilous whimsy of individual will. No simple solution exists. Recognizable progress takes many teams of investigators many years, and they must always work knowing that the return of the Great Old Ones, Cthulhu in the forefront, is prophesied as ultimately and inevitably occurring.

Since so much remains unknown about the Great Old Ones (indeed, about all the components of the Mythos), that the actual terms and meaning of their return must remain undefined. The return is certainly gradual—perhaps over tens of thousands of years, considering the leisurely pace of the Great Old Ones, and their immortal spans of life. Perhaps temporary arrangements with lesser entities are possible. Undoubtedly, since the return is gradual, spheres of power and influence are arbitrary and no more understandable to us than the extra dimensions with which they also concern themselves.

## What Might be Accomplished

Affecting the deaths of congressional leaders may immediately thwart the plan to scrap Samson. However, if Mr. Shiny survives, he continues to influence the situation and, with the aid of further Chthonian-induced earthquakes, accomplishes his goal. So much money is at stake that the idea has independent momentum.

Slaying Jatic proves of little consequence, as does the death of the Vice Mayor. General Benson is a major player and, as far as future Mythos plans go, worth eliminating. He secretly heads the Black Brotherhood, which schemes to divide the nation through assassination. Killing the executives from NWI serves little purpose. The evil seeds of the Mythos, which first sprouted at NWI by the hand of Edward Chandler, still thrive. An inner cabal of high-level executives keep alive the spirit of Nophru-Ka and the plans of the Brotherhood of the Beast.

In immediate terms, the death of important people is publicly ascribed to an aircraft crash off the Samson coast, even while the FBI, Secret Service, and Army intelligence scramble to understand what has happened. These bodies have little Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, but they know a conspiracy when they see one. Investigators who have good negotiation skills and who know what they want may be able to cut excellent deals early in the investigation. Otherwise, their acts will probably force them to go underground, fleeing prosecution for major crimes.

If the investigators go underground, they are in one way or another pursued by half a dozen different police forces, and for a few days by Pinkerton detectives (hired by Coliseum management to find out who damaged the field, and then released when management runs out of money).

Investigators who go underground become the property of the keeper. Suggest the players write or record the information they have garnered and have them mail it to trusted relative or close friend. This associate can become the player's next character in the ongoing campaign. The keeper, if he chooses, can later reintroduce the underground investigator back into the campaign, meeting up with his friend and perhaps even joining him in an adventure.

Whether or not the investigators make satisfactory deals with most humans, they still face the murderous skills of NWI operatives, the telepathic traps of one tribe of chthonians if they did serious damage to Sha'ddu-Ka, and by the violent hate of Mr. Albert Shiny, master of many skills and fates.

In recompense for their death-defying struggles, the Full Wilderness money in their checking accounts stays put, incidental weapons or artifacts remain theirs, and grant each survivor 1D20+6 SAN for having withstood the entire campaign—appropriately less, of course, for those who replaced original investigators (why start making it easy now?).





If the investigators prove unable to slow or prevent the forcible abandonment of Samson they can probably remain above-ground. The state and national police forces necessary to force the movement of millions of survivors—including hundreds of thousands of people whose homes were not even slightly damaged—is enormous, and diverts much attention.

The environmental movement suffers as the public mind saddles it with the treachery of Jatik's Full Wilderness maneuver, and the U.S. impetus toward a cleaner, healthier, more responsible environment lessens.

What then happens to the area is a matter for the keeper, perhaps taking years to make clear. Perhaps the chthonians can be dealt with, and this time their quake puts the whole area 50 feet beneath the ocean. Perhaps Rhan-Tegoth wakes too soon, and runs amuck in Toronto, or runs amuck among the tape-cutters of the new Samson Wilderness Park. Perhaps national or international events suggest unforeseeable crises or resolutions.

Nonetheless, if the investigators have been able to hold their own against a rich, intelligent, ruthless conspiracy of long standing and one encompassing several different species, investigatorial heads should be held high. All any citizen can ask is the freedom in which to act responsibly; survivors should remember this time as warriors do: the scope of battle is beyond their control, and yet they fight bravely and steadfastly.

Congratulations, and . . . keep watching the skies!

## Statistics

### RITA RAINCOAT, Dealer, Age 29

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 14  
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 16 SAN 29 HP 10

**Damage Bonus:** +0

**Weapons:** none, but carries two contaminated syringes—keeper's choice with what.

**Skills:** Bargain 57%, Climb 52%, Drug Lore 65%, Fast Talk 65%, Law 15%, Occult 24%, Pharmacy 60%, Psychology 25%, Sing 43%, Treat Poison 35%.

### ALEX BENTON CORDRY, Age 10

STR 7 CON 13 SIZ 7 INT 18 POW 17  
DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 6 SAN 99 HP 10

**Damage Bonus:** -1D4

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Climb 54%, Debate 83%, Dodge 50%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 67%, Jump 45%, Listen 56%, Oratory 23%, Sneak 76%.

### LURLINE PARDEE, Pilgrim, Age 27

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 14  
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 16 SAN 54 HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** +0

**Weapons:** MAC-10 Sub-Machine Gun 60%, 1D10 damage  
Fist/Punch 54%, damage 1D3

Kick 43%, damage 1D6

**Skills:** Bargain 43%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 54%, Flatter 30%, Get By 40%, Listen 32%, Oratory 23%, Ride Motorcycle 67%.

### PETER TAIT, Microbiologist, Age 34

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 15  
DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 21 SAN 55 HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+1D4

Kick 43%, damage 1D6+1D4

Fork 50%, damage 1D2

**Skills:** Accounting 16%, Biology 65%, Botany 23%, Chemistry 43%, Computer Use 67%, Credit Rating 45%, Drive Auto 55%, Electronics 23%, Geology 24%, German 35%, History 26%, Japanese 20%, Latin 10%, Library Use 66%, Microbiology 75%, Physics 13%, Zoology 26%.

### RICHARD SLAKES, Jatik's Aide, Age 33

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 13  
DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 16 SAN 51 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** +0

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3.

Kick 45%, damage 1D6.

**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Anthropology 15%, Botany 15%, Chemistry 10%, Computer Use 25%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Debate 60%, Drive Automobile -1%, Fast Talk 15%, French 35%, Law 35%, Library Use 45%, Martial Arts 45%, Oratory 15%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 30%, Zoology 20%.

### DEAN M. STANLEY, Survivalist, Age 35

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 14  
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 17 HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** M16A2\* 80%, damage 2D8

.457 Magnum Revolver 83%, damage 2D6+2

10-Gauge shotgun 65%, damage 4D6+2/2D6+1/1D8

Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Kick 63%, damage 1D6+1D4

Fighting Knife 70%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

Grapple 67%, damage special

*\*(modified for burst capability)*

**Skills:** Camouflage 30%, Climb 60%, Debate 56%, Drive Automobile 73%, Drive Motorcycle 64%, Explosives 45%, First Aid 62%, Hide 45%, History 6%, Jump 51%, Law 5%, Listen 43%, Make Maps 60%, Mechanical Repair 82%, Operate Heavy Machinery 67%, Oratory 36%, Sneak 70%, Track 35%, Treat Disease 25%, Treat Poison 34%.

### SHA'DDU-KA, a Chthonian

STR 75 CON 46 SIZ 80 INT 26 POW 24  
DEX 8 Move 6/1 burrowing

**Damage Bonus:** +9D6

**Weapons:** Telepathic Attack, POW vs. POW

Tentacle 86%, damage 3D6+9D6 + blood drain

Crush 91%, damage 6D6+9D6

**Armor/HP:** 5/63 + 5 HP regeneration per round.

**Spells:** Bait Human, Call Shub-Niggurath, Summon Dark Young, Summon Human.

**Sanity Loss:** 1D3/1D20 SAN.

### ALBERT SHINY, Local Shoggoth

STR 24 (18)\* CON 26 (14)\* SIZ 18  
INT 13 POW 18 DEX 17  
APP n/a (9)\* EDU 20 SAN 0  
HP 22 (16)\*  
Move 10 (8)\*

**Damage Bonus:** +2D6 (+1D6)\*

**Weapons:** Crush 100%, damage 2D6

Rhino Fist 95%, damage 2D3+2D6 (+1D6)\*

*\* Parentheses illustrate how Shiny presents himself to humans, as long as he remains calm.*

**Spell:** Dominate.

**Skills:** Arabic 20%, Archaeology 10%, Bargain 15%, Biology 65%, Chemistry 25%, Choose Tasty Victim 90%, Climb 75%, Credit Rating (as human) 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Demotic Egyptian 10%, Elder Thing 65%, Electrical Repair 10%, Electronics 10%, English 60%, Hide 90%, History 35%, Law 10%, Library Use 35%, Listen 75%, Oratory 30%, Physics 20%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 70%, Spanish 30%, Sumerian 5%, Track 75%.

### ROBERT JATIK, Founder of FW, Age 60

STR 11 CON 17 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 18  
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 18 SAN 30 HP 15

**Damage Bonus** +0

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Accidentally Forget to Give Credit 85%, Accounting 10%, Anthropology 25%, Bargain 60%, Bluff 70%, Botany 10%, Computer Use 2%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Debate 40%, Dreaming 10%, Fast Talk 35%, Find Flatterer 35%, Laugh Extra-Heartily 28%, History 15%, Library Use 30%, Lie 60%, Listen 15%, Occult 10%, Pharmacy 15%, Pilot Aircraft 20%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 35%, Throw 35%, Zoology 30%.

### Tcho-Tcho Waiters & Cooks (all insane)

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch damage 1D3

Fighting Knife damage 1D4+2

Small Club damage 1D6

Sword damage 1D8

	POW		DEX	HP	Fist	Knife	Club	Sword
Thug 1	10	13	11	55%	45%	50%	35%	
Thug 2	11	12	10	60%	35%	40%	20%	
Thug 3	12	11	9	60%	30%	45%	25%	
Thug 4	8	10	12	55%	40%	30%	17%	
Thug 5	11	9	10	65%	42%	44%	45%	
thug 6	9	8	10	55%	55%	55%	22%	

*Repeat if more are needed.*

### Deranged Cultists

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+DB

.38 Revolver 54%, damage 1D10

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	SAN	DB
Cultist 1	14	13	11	15	16	12	0	+1D4
Cultist 2	12	15	18	13	17	16	0	+1D4
Cultist 3	16	14	16	12	11	15	0	+1D4
Cultist 4	9	12	12	13	13	12	0	+0
Cultist 5	12	11	17	15	15	14	0	+1D4
Cultist 6	15	18	11	15	12	15	0	+1D4
Cultist 7	10	12	13	13	18	13	0	+0
Cultist 8	11	16	14	11	11	15	0	+1D4
Cultist 9	13	12	9	12	9	11	0	+0
Cultist 10	14	14	11	16	10	14	0	+1D4
Cultist 11	11	12	11	10	12	12	0	+0
Cultist 12	8	16	14	18	14	12	0	+0

### Six Sample Brothers

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

.30-06 Rifle 40%, damage 2D6+3

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	SAN
Brother 1	12	14	16	11	12	13	39
Brother 2	11	13	15	10	9	14	51
Brother 3	10	12	14	12	11	13	42
Brother 4	12	10	17	12	10	14	44
Brother 5	12	15	13	9	11	14	56
Brother 6	15	14	11	10	9	13	48

## Weapons

### M16A2 Assault Rifle

**Shots per Round:** 2 or burst.

**Damage:** 2D8.

**Base Range:** 130 yards.

**Ammo:** 30-Round Clip.

**Cost:** not retailed to civilians, but frequently on the black market, \$1000 and up.

**Malfunction Number:** does not fire on a D100 result of 97 to 00; attempt Mechanical Repair every six rounds to repair.

### ARMBRUST Anti-Tank Missile Launcher

The Armbrust is a German-made, single-shot disposable launcher and missile, in general shape similar to other tube-fired weapons. It is distinguished from other such weapons in that no flash, smoke, or blast occurs when firing the projectile; the user can launch a missile with the back of the tube as close as 80cm away from a wall—without harm to the firer. Noise from an Armbrust launch resembles a shot from a handgun.

Intended to penetrate spaced steel armor, this weapon affects Cthulhoid monsters differently, doing 1D6 damage to shoggoths, 2D6 damage to chthonians, and 3 points to dark young. The Armbrust can impale.

In moving the weapon, two can be carried clipped together; the average soldier can carry up to four Armbrusts without much effort. Once fired, the weapon is uncomfortably hot and must be discarded.

**Shots per Round:** 1 (disposable weapon).

**Damage:** 3D6 + ignores up to 150 points of steel armor, but note relative insignificance against monsters.

**Range:** 275 yards.

**Ammo:** 1 (disposable).

**Cost:** not for sale to civilians; rarely on the black market, priced at \$4000 or more.

**Malfunction Number:** does not fire on a D100 result of 99 or 00; attempt Electrical Repair every six rounds to repair.

### M79 Grenade Launcher

**Shots per Round:** 1 every 3 rounds.

**Damage:** 3D6 in a 2-yard radius.

**Base Range:** 10 yards.

**Ammo:** 1; break-open action to reload.

**Cost:** not retailed to civilians, rarely on the black market, \$1500 and up.

**Malfunction Number:** fired round does not explode upon a D100 result of 99 or 00.

### M1411 Night Vision Pocket Scope

These compact scopes use passive night-vision technology. Normally hand-held, with a successful Mechanical repair roll, the user may mount one on a gun. These units can amplify moonlight and starlight up to 800 times and allow recognition of a human sized object at approximately 150 meters. A standard unit weighs about 370 grams.

The scope has automatic brightness control, which lets it display the same level of brightness even when panning



over contrasting areas of brightness and darkness. These self-contained units run on mercury batteries.

**Cost:** \$1100. Ownership of such surveillance equipment is illegal in some states and municipalities.

### **Plastique Explosive**

This putty-like explosive is astonishingly powerful. Plastique is a highly-stable, malleable form of nitroglycerin,

detonating only when subjected to an electrical charge—burning or bludgeoning plastique, for instance, has no effect on it.

**Damage:** 1 ounce does 5D6 damage in 1-yard radius;  
1/2 pound does 40D6 damage in 8-yard radius;  
1 pound does 80D6 in 32-yard radius.

**Cost:** in low-signature-emission form, \$10,000 per kilo, black market only; not currently manufactured. □

## Contents of The Handouts Section

### Full Wilderness

FW #1 — letter of inquiry.....	149
FW #2 — two messages from Peter Tait.....	149
FW #3 — summary of data for Peter Tait + photo of Peter Tait.....	151
FW #4 — news story: Homeless Rate Decline? .....	151
FW #5 — Tait's list for the farm .....	151
FW #6 — business card from realtor.....	151
FW #7 — Tait's journal .....	153

### Landscapes

LAND #1 — a quotation from a book .....	155
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### Dawn Biozyme

DB #1 — Dawn Biozyme finances .....	155
DB #2 — A Secret .....	155
DB #3 — excerpt from a Finley letter .....	155
unlisted — NWI security screen .....	157
unlisted — DBZ Visitor Pass .....	157

### No Pain, No Gain

NPNG #1 — About Bodybuilding.....	159
NPNG #2 — Mike Stolt's Statement.....	157
NPNG #3 — Bigfoot's BBQ? .....	159-161
NPNG #4 — five hand-written entries .....	163

NPNG #5 — quotation from De Vermiis Mysteriis .....	163
NPNG #6 — Jenny's videotape .....	161

### Where A God Shall Tread

WAGST #1 — About Rothmersholm Ltd.....	165
WAGST #2 — Third Body Found.....	165
WAGST #3 — Chauffer Missing .....	165
WAGST #4 — Rev. Lully Resting .....	165
WAGST #5 — Library Burglarized .....	165
WAGST #6 — Fakes at Museum.....	165
WAGST #7 — Museum Agrees to Close Exhibit .....	167
WAGST #8 — FW membership card.....	169
WAGST #9 — video of Todhill, etc.....	167
WAGST #10 — video of serpent man.....	169

### After The Big One

ATBO #1 — My Dear Friends: .....	171
ATBO #2 — sample emergency pass.....	171
ATBO #3 — what shiny says about chthoninans .....	173
ATBO #4 — Shiny's reconstitution of order .....	171
ATBO #5 — coliseum plan with playing field blank.....	173

### Call of Cthulhu Character Sheet

## FW Inc

Bridgestone Building

99 Montcalm

Samson, Ca.

95170

Phone 408-555-5500

Fax 408-555-5596

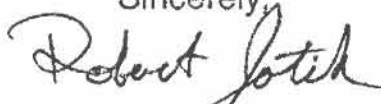
Dear Investigators,

We at Full Wilderness have encountered an unusual and sensitive situation, one which may call for your skills.

It is essential and urgent that we speak face-to-face. I offer you your usual retainer plus U.S. \$10,000 premium.

Please indicate your requirements to my secretary, Claris Novescu, so that we may meet at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely,



Robert Jatic,  
Council Head

FW #1 — letter of inquiry

Dear Mr. Jatic—

This situation is so upsetting to me that I am unable to work effectively. I really don't know how to reply to your questions. There are so many things to explain, and so many places I could start. Now that I have raised the issue, I need a few days to compose a methodical presentation which you can use to create a plan of action. Per the enclosed exhibit, please follow the instructions carefully. It has to do with work being done here. Enough of these things have died that I can fake the death of one more.

Peter Tait

FEEDING INSTRUCTIONS: The specimen currently eats a diet of 6 parts raw hamburger, 4 parts freshly killed flies, and 1 part bone meal, in the total amount of 1kg per 10kg of body mass. It does not appear to ingest liquids directly, though a colleague believes that it does better in higher humidities. Since acquisition, it has grown slowly—weigh it weekly and increase feedings proportionately.

FW #2 — two messages from Peter Tait

## TAKE TO THE FARM:

WIRES

BATTERIES

3 - 3GALLON CANS  
GASOLINE

8 - HEAVY TRAPS

12 gauge shotgun

2-BOXES shells

BIBLE

CROSS

try F.W. Herman & Co.

try Cooper's Seed & Tool

FW #5 — Tait's list for the farm

## Summary of Information about Peter Allen Tait

Age 34

Unmarried

43 Miranda Way, Samson, CA

Ht 5'11" Wt 170lbs

Hair brown Eyes brown Compl. medium

Education: Doctorate in Microbiology, UC-San Francisco, 1987.

Has written many articles in research journals.

Next of kin: Edward Tait, 441 Crestview, Samson, CA.

Employment: microbiologist at Dawn Biozyme, Samson.

Memberships: American Academy of Microbiology, American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Society for Biochemistry and Molecular Biology, Full Wilderness, Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine.



FW #3 — summary of data for Peter Tait + photo of Peter Tait

## Homeless Rate Decline?

The estimated number of homeless in the Greater Samson Metropolitan Area has suddenly dropped, according to officials in the Mayor's homeless taskforce.

"In the last month, and especially in the last week, the average numbers at Samson shelters, meal stations, and rehabilitation programs have dropped some seven percent," said mayoral aide Christian de Vente. "These facts indicate that the Mayor's programs are succeeding."

Other officials refrained from celebrating, suggesting instead a statistical fluke. "We applaud the Mayor's efforts. Three or four months of decline will be evidence of its success," stated Laverne Jones of People Power. "but even then we shall not rest until everyone in our city has clothes to wear, a safe place to sleep, decent food, and a job."

FW #4 — news story: Homeless Rate Decline?

## Theodore, Edgar, Dillon, & Little

Realtors and Property Managers

Specialists in Rural California



Jessica Dillon  
18 Precita Lane  
Samson, Ca.  
95173  
999-826-4037

FW #6 — business card from realtor



# TAIT'S JOURNAL

This journal dates back almost two years, to the time that Tait was first employed at Dawn Biozyme (DBZ). The book is mostly of little interest. A few useful entries are quoted here.

**Date:** I got the job! They had an opening I could fill. Fortunately, old Bennett answered the phone when DBZ called for my reference. He gave them a good story for sure. I thanked him up one side and down the other.

**Date:** Finally got up the nerve to ask Jennifer Armbruster out for a date. I've been working next to her for weeks. What a sexy little gal. Practically drove me crazy. We go to dinner tonight.

**Date:** Jenny found something interesting in the back lab—the restricted area. The door was open when she walked by and she couldn't resist a peek. It looks like some kind of plasma or serum but I can't be sure; I'm going to run some tests on it, on the sly, and see what can be found out.

**Date:** The results are unclear. I can't seem to link this stuff up with anything I know. I'm sure it's organic but it's not hydrocarbons. Maybe Jenny has learned something.

**Date:** Jenny and I have called it off. Maybe I got tired of the drive downtown to Thor's Gym. Or maybe we make better friends than lovers. She's too headstrong for my tastes—this bodybuilding stuff is not my cup of tea, and she doesn't seem to like what she's learned of my private life.

**Date:** Jenny says she knows nothing, but she's lying to me. There's a rumor going around that she's going to be promoted to the P7 lab, and now I'm getting the cold shoulder.

**Date:** Jenny got the job. I tried to congratulate her but she seemed to snub me. Am I not sincere, or is she too good for me now that she's working for Dr. Finley? I hardly see her now.

**Date:** Just finished a book called *A Task Received*, written by R. Jatic, the head of Full Wilderness. Quite a remarkable piece—I read it in a single long evening. I've picked up a copy of his second book, *Hard Lessons*. Maybe look into joining FW. Maybe Ed and William would like to. I should have been a naturalist.

**Date:** Picked up Jenny today at Thor's. She claims that the serum's nothing exciting, but that she's not allowed to talk about anything they do in Project P7. Security reasons. But the names of these secret projects sound just like spy novels. She and Finley have been work-

ing late a lot—he's getting some, the bastard.

**Date:** Caught up with Jenny. Had to wait a half hour for her in the parking lot. I told her I'd like to get together for conversation, but she's having none of it. I can't get over her growth in the last few months—that kind of spurt has to be painful and dangerous, but she seems in perfect health. Probably not growth hormone at all, or steroids. Something new. Can't just be her workouts. She must be six inches taller than when we met, and she's no teenager. Is Finley at the bottom of it, or am I just feeling jealous?

**Date:** Snuck into P7 today with a tech who said he'd let me take a quick look around. They've got the best. Some marvelous bench gear I'd only read about. Strange library. A shelf of strange books. Alchemy? Looked up authors Prinn and von Juntz, but they meant nothing at the UC-Samson library.

**Date:** Jenny's fresh back from Naples. She won the competition but now she must be over six feet tall by now. She was about 5'2" when I met her. Finley is using her for a guinea pig, jacking her up on a new steroid.

**Date:** Jenny quit today. She must be seven and a half feet tall — can hardly get around the lab without breaking things. I hate to see her go. The rumor is that drug use disqualified her from her last competition. No surprise to me. Her personality's changed, too. It's hard to believe she's the woman I dated. I told her to stay in touch, but she won't.

**Date:** Argued with Finley today. Probably blew my chances to get promoted. I think I ought to start looking for another job—someplace that cares about its employees, judging by what happened to Jenny. I've been thinking about getting a place out of town, a farm where I could spend some time.

**Date:** Slipped into warehouse 2 today to look around. Finley was out to lunch with some salesman. I was surprised to find the place so empty. Most of the building is open floor, lit by fluorescent lights. There's the most godawful smell, even with the scrubbers going full blast! I don't know what Finley's up to but it stinks like hell. A back room was locked. Supplies? I'd like to find out.

**Date:** Another argument with Finley today. I think he found out that I'd been snooping around. On the bright side, Jessica Dillon called today and said she found a farm that was just what I was looking for. A long drive, but a good price.

**Date:** Drove up to Delilah over the weekend and looked at the place. I think it will do. Even as isolated as it is I would have thought they could have gotten at least twice the price. I asked Jessica about the

owner and she said that he—he wants to remain anonymous—wanted a quick sale. I guess I could learn who he is in the county records. The owner is selling it through an agent, a Mr. North.

**Date:** Closed today on the farm. The story going around is that the company's planning termination. Just when things were going right for me.

**Date:** It's over. I got my two-week notice today. I know that Finley set this up.

**Date:** I snuck into the back warehouse today and broke into Finley's locked room. I thought I might get my hands on some of his serum or even some notes. Selling it on the open market it might be worth a half-million or more. But I didn't find it. God, the things I did find.

**Date:** Finally managed to get through to Jatic at Full Wilderness and intimidated what's going on at DBZ. He didn't believe me at first but I bet he's interested now! I think I might be able to deliver one of the specimens right to his headquarters. If that doesn't convince him I can't imagine what will.

**Date:** I got the thing out of there, but just barely. I think they know I did something, but don't know what. Something terrible's going on at DBZ. I'm off to the farm, to live off Mom's money for a while. Nobody at work knows where the place is. I'll hide there and write up what I know for Jatic.

**Date:** I'll call Jatic in another day or so, when the presentation is done. Meanwhile I had a visitor, Mr. North, the tall black man who's the agent for the former owner. North said he stopped by to make sure everything was all right. I didn't know whether or not to trust him. I thought he might be one of Jatic's men, or even somebody from DBZ, although I would have remembered seeing such a striking man. Anyway, I decided he couldn't be trusted and got him out of the house as quickly as I could. As he left he asked to leave his card with me. I said yes and the guy handed me a card from a Tarot deck. Just handed me the card, grinned, and then left. The whole thing gives me the creeps. I'm sure he must be from DBZ.

**Date:** I should call Edward and let him know what's going on, but somehow I don't want him to be involved. Better that he doesn't know.

**Date:** My first night at the farm. It's peaceful out here. Hardly a sound to be heard. I should have moved here years ago. Maybe I should have been a farmer. Now a fresh morning and things seem better. That visitor seems like a dream now. My plans for the day: tour the property. There's still a lot of it I haven't seen.

## Dawn Biozyme Finances

Dawn Biozyme is a publicly-held corporation. Any accountant, lawyer, broker, or financial adviser can get a listing for it in a few moments. Larson Pharmaceuticals owns 60%, James Corazini owns 13%, and about 3000 other shareholders own the rest. Larson holds the majority vote on the board of directors. With one share worth \$23 on the day the investigators look it up, and two million shares outstanding, Dawn Biozyme is worth about \$46,000,000.

Dawn Biozyme was founded in 1985 by James Corazini. The firm employs 150 people and while conducting research in various fields of the industry, DBZ focuses most of its resources on the somewhat controversial area of genetically-engineered agricultural agents. After several financial crises, Corazini gained firm backing from Larson Pharmaceuticals, a subsidiary of New World Industries. As one would expect, Larson takes special interest in Dawn Biozyme's personnel and research directions.

Larson Pharmaceuticals is also publicly owned, 51% held by New World Industries, and the rest snapped up by various pension funds. Larson has a remarkable record of steady

growth and large dividends, with results always exceeding expectations. Larson is currently worth about 2.1 billion dollars.

New World Industries is a privately-held corporation chartered in the Commonwealth of the Bahamas. Little published information about it exists, but an article in *Barron's* deduces in passing that its total assets must be in excess of six billion dollars in the NATO countries. Major holdings are inferred in Taiwan, Brazil, Paraguay, South Africa, and Iraq. Thalassa Chandler, on the NWI board of directors, is reputedly one of the wealthiest women in the world.

NWI traces its roots back to the once immensely-successful New World Incorporated, a mega-corporation that collapsed in 1929, the result of the Crash and of the death of its charismatic chairman, Edward Chandler.

Though barely surviving the 1930s, WWII left the surviving fragments flush with easy money and open international markets, enabling great diversification. In the early 1950s, the corporation bought up outstanding public shares and reorganized privately as NWI Inc., thereafter profiting greatly from investments in business machines and information processing. A Bahamian charter was granted in the late 1970s, the event marking the end of public knowledge concerning the company.

DB #1 — Dawn Biozyme finances

*I watched, and at last I saw nothing but a substance as jelly. It is my creation, a product of my work, and malevolent. I believe it wants to k—*

LAND #1 — a quotation from a book

### Excerpt From A Finley Letter

We may be, my friend, near the end of ordinary times, when things could proceed placidly. The upshot of our work is that our former scientific knowledge was puny, partial, inconsequential, and deluded by uniformitarianist twaddle. We now know that great and *different* things lurk just beyond the doors we are opening!

DB #3 — excerpt from a Finley letter

### A Secret

To know the following, the investigator needs either to receive a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll or to have personal knowledge of the earlier corporation, perhaps as a descendant of one who fought against New World Industries.

During the 1920s, NWI was headed by the handsome, popular Edward Chandler, a prominent figure in the American press. Once bruited as a possible candidate for President, Chandler mysteriously disappeared in 1929, leaving the corporation leaderless against the great stock market crash.

Chandler, the product of a centuries-long breeding program, had given himself over to the spirit of the dark Egyptian priest Nophru-Ka. Carrying out the long-dead priest's will, Chandler had seemed prepared to hand over mankind to the Great Old Ones, though perhaps intending to reserve some portion of the race from immediate destruction. Vanished and declared dead, Chandler disappeared as a threat.

No one knows whether the shadowy and powerful reorganized NWI still contains within it seeds of Chandler's dark dreams.

DB #2 — A Secret

# VISITOR



D ▽ B ▽ Z

**Dawn Biozyme**  
*Tomorrow's Future Today*

GOOD ONLY FOR DATE INDICATED

Visitor Signature

Issuing Officer

Authorizing Employee

SCANPRINT

Scan Print System Inc. SCANPRINT INC.

Visitor R-Thumb

unlisted — DBZ Visitor Pass



ENTER PASSWORD OR PRESS ESCAPE  
SECURITY WILL BE NOTIFIED IN 30 SECONDS

unlisted — NWI security screen

## Mike Stolt's Statement

Well, there we were, all the judges on the Wednesday before the show. We figured we had weeded out everyone who hadn't passed the drug test the night before and we're crossing our fingers that no knucklehead was going to pump insulin or pull some cheap last-minute trick like that, because we planned a surprise test on Thursday—kind of a pre-pre-judging—and the program was already being printed.

Anyway, we get a call from Dr. Tanner—the outside physician doing the drug test—and he says, "Look, I think you better pull this Armbruster woman, there's something funny with her endocrine levels and metabolic rate." Well everybody else took it in stride, figuring, y'know, that Jenny's development had been way too good to be drug-free. But I went after this guy for half an hour on the phone while everybody started reassessing the event like Jenny didn't exist! That wasn't fair. Jenny was power incarnate! She could have had the heavyweight title just by sneezing through her posedown! I heard she could have had a movie deal. She would've changed the face of the sport, period.

Anyway, Tanner wouldn't give me straight answers. "Is it steroids?" "Well, sort of but not exactly, Mike." "Amphetamines?" "No, Mike." "So what the hell is it?" "I've never seen it before, but it's an abnormality. And there are a lot of weird endocrine functions."

*Abnormality!* She was as healthy as a Clydesdale. Besides, why didn't he tell us the night before? It didn't make sense.

So I run down to her room and asked her straight in the eye, "Jenny, are you doing *any* drugs?" She was genuinely puzzled. I broke the news to her and told her I couldn't get any straight answers. It took her a minute to recover, but then she flew upstairs and gave them the what-for. Demanded a second opinion, which was arranged, and sure enough, *no steroids*.

So it was up to us judges, we had to vote a decision. Jenny was in tears. I was on her side, but nobody else was. They offered to let her "guest pose." Talk about adding insult to injury, she was already in the program as a contestant. She left the hotel that minute.

I haven't judged since then. Jenny was an honest competitor and nobody gave her credit for it.

## ABOUT BODYBUILDING

### Principles Of Bodybuilding

- (1) Build mass—engage in diet and training that cause the muscle cells to enlarge.
- (2) Develop and keep the musculature balanced and responsive.
- (3) Take care of the details—develop an even, glossy tan and an effective posing routine in which one shows just how large and dynamic one's flesh is at every angle.
- (4) Get ripped—starve the body of carbohydrates and fats so that the maximum amount of muscle defines through the skin (this is done only just before a contest).

Recently significant prize money has been offered for championships—corporate sponsorships and widespread TV coverage (mostly on ESPN) have been a part of pro bodybuilding since the late 1980's. Nonetheless, nearly all bodybuilders must find employment outside of competition to pay living expenses, gym time, equipment, diet supplements, travel costs, and everything else the iron life entails. Builders come from all backgrounds and income levels, and have widely varying interests outside the gym.

### Bodybuilding, The Competitive Art

Unlike most other sports, bodybuilding success is based on judging the end result of months of training, rather than judging one particular performance, or the outcome of competing teams. Although a good posing routine is important, it merely serves to emphasize that the sport is based on how the human body can be made to look, more than how it can be made to perform.

This aesthetic emphasis separates the champion from the merely big: judges decide which contestant has the best "line", the most pleasing shape, the best definition, the largest musculature. Since aesthetic impression cannot be measured as weightlifting can be, for instance, bodybuilding is not an Olympic event.

Bodybuilding requires painful daily training. Cross-training is fine for general fitness, but bodybuilding demands that primary attention be paid to weights, different weights for every muscle in the body.

Nowhere has the debate over muscle aesthetic been more strident than in reference to women's bodybuilding. Since sport began in earnest in the early 1980's, officials, competitors, com-

mentators, and the general public have debated how muscular a woman can be and still look *feminine*. As the issue confronts the aesthetic premise of the sport, women's form is a volatile topic.

### Bodybuilding Hazards

The following information is everyday shop talk in all bodybuilding periodicals, and comes with graphic illustrations and photos.

Traditionally, the primary hazards of bodybuilding have been overtraining and muscle pulls. Overtraining—strenuous workouts coupled with extreme diets—can stress the body, increasing the likelihood of heart attack. Pulled muscles also come from overtraining, or from lifting a weight improperly. Since pain is part and parcel of bodybuilding, inexperienced builders can easily ignore an injury until a ligament is torn. Considering the amount of muscle tearing itself apart, the damage can be extensive, even to the point of ripping the living tendon off the bone.

A newer hazard in the sport comes from anabolic steroids, a male hormone related to cholesterol. Legally obtaining steroids varies by locality. Many steroids are commercially available in pill form, but the most effective steroids are injected, and are restricted to prescription use.

In 1989, the LBBF banned steroid use for all its members, and began routine testing before all U.S. contests.

While the muscle-building qualities of the hormone are undisputed, steroidal side effects exist, including uncontrollable aggression, high chance of tumorous liver cancer, and increased risk of prostate and kidney cancer. If enhanced muscle growth is too rapid, nerve bundles do not form properly, leaving the builder with enormous muscles that do not respond to the brain's command—inert slabs of flesh beyond the control of the wearer. Gynecomastia, the development of female breast tissue in men, results from the increased estrogen supplied by the body to balance the high levels of testosterone.

In women, symptoms of steroid use are deeper voice and thicker vocal cords, facial hair, clitoral hypertrophy (increased genital size), and an upset menstrual cycle. Physicians also surmise that the reproductive system is inhibited or damaged, though this is unsubstantiated.

Steroids can provoke premature baldness in both sexes.

#### Bigfoot's BBQ?

A Squamish County man has solved the mystery of our missing cows—Bigfoot has led them away! Jared Wilcox of Piru, the crossroads hamlet in Long Valley, swears he saw "a big hairless Bigfoot" cross onto his property and take two of his fine heifers "without a struggle" last Thursday night.

"Bigfoots must get real hungry being so big," he speculated. "I would've stopped him but he looked mighty tough."

Asked whether he was contradicting Sasquatch lore portraying Bigfoot as a gentle vegetarian, Wilcox stated, "He looked like a meat-eater to me."

Wilcox has hung a sign on his fence that reads, "Bigfoot: please don't take any more of my cattle. I can't afford it."

—Squamish County Gazette.

NPNG #3 — Bigfoot's BBQ?

NPNG #1 — About Bodybuilding

#### Bigfoot Sighting Group Formed

Bigfoot-ologists, those who study the purported evidence of Bigfoot's existence, today announced formation of the Samson branch of the Sasquatch Watch, to seek out and catalog evidence proving the existence of Bigfoot.

Coordinator Markley Beausoirs claimed that the abrupt increase of evidence found in the headwaters of the Samson River demanded formal organization.

"We want your observations," Beausoirs states, saying that a phone number and box number for the Sasquatch Watch of Samson would be shortly forthcoming. He predicts the accumulation of irrefutable evidence within six months.

—Daily Samson

NPNG #3 — Bigfoot's BBQ?



## Bigfoot Embarrassment For Caltrans

Delilah (AP)—Sullivan Billings, Caltrans guard for that agency's Bakersfield Pass mountain depot, insisted that he was the victim of a violent Bigfoot attack last Monday night.

At a news conference in the Squamish County hospital, Billings admonished the assembled writers to "print the real story."

In his statement last week, Billings claimed a monster over ten feet tall tore down a section of the 10,000-volt electric fence guarding the depot, took a bullet from his pistol, then knocked him unconscious before presumably entering the main warehouse.

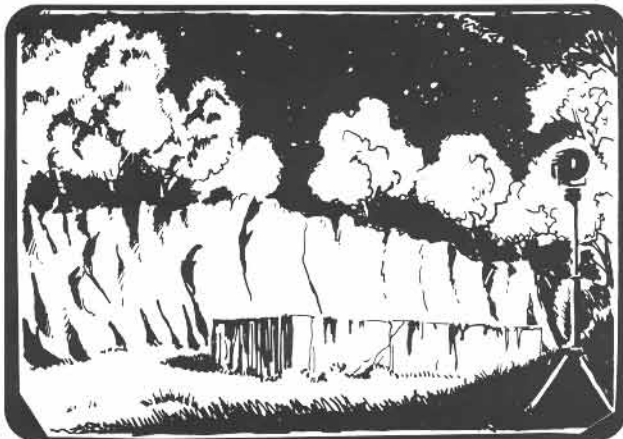
Billings blames the creature for the missing 50 pounds of explosives and detonation equipment reported taken from the Caltrans warehouse.

Deputy Commissioner of Highways Harold Romero stated today that "we feel confident that Caltrans property is well-guarded," and called Billings' account of the burglary "regrettable and embarrassing."

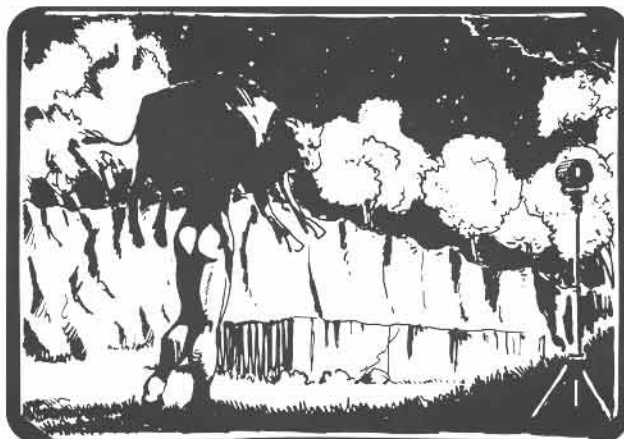
Doctors at Squamish General stated that they believe Billings' head injuries were apparently minor, but added that damage to his perception and memory could not be ruled out.

—Daily Samson

NPNG #3 — Bigfoot's BBQ?



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That of Her Generation is Mystery and Darkeness, but also of those things that walk beneath the Sonne: for although She haunts the places that are not lit by the Moone, so thus darkened are the quiet stilles of the Socks and of the deepes of the sea. And of these places is the generation of all. Her quiet brooding gaires not only in the haunts that we may perceive but also withinne things where theye may not see. Her shadow falls without the need of light so caste it. Her face is turned withinne. As a man may not see withinne a Mountain, yet knowes well that its granite has weathered the Ages, so he may behold a Daemon of Earth, or a rotting thing, or his owne Hand, and knowe Her to be there, hid well withinne.

Her issue are mysterious and haunt the shadows, but also things that move freely in daylight; although she remains in dark places avoiding even moonlight, dark also are the crevices of rocks and the great ocean depths. All life is born in these places. Her maternal nature governs the rise and fall of life, not only in visible places but also within the form itself where we cannot perceive it with our eyes. Her shadow falls without the need of light to cast it. Her face is turned inward, a man cannot see the interior of a mountain, yet knows it to be composed of enduring granite; so he may know Her to be present, although concealed, within demons, decomposing forms, or the living flesh of his own hand.

Training yourself to stay with Her and not run is just another kind of training. I'm going to be a good girl.

FRIDAY -

laundry

Willie from Vet

Copies from Bonewitz, PRIMO, VAN JUNZT

## EXCERPT, De Vermis Mysteriis

The Mother of the Woods is certainly the force within terrene life, for She is immanent in all earth yet absent from the sky; and from the void; Her altar is best situated in a crevice, not on a height or promontory; She is best invoked with blood, which She will devour, rather than absorb, as do the ones from without. She is more like to us than those others are, and I verily believe Her to be our primal Mother; I myself have beheld minute curiosities, by the use of lenses, which reminded me strikingly of her Greater Children's shape.

Is it possible to propitiate Her by sacrifice? The ancients seem to have succeeded in doing so. Throughout the world at that time it was customary to grant Her a small portion of the harvest, that She might know it to be good, and bring forth a greater harvest again. Greeks and Cretans venerated her, and were made strong thereby; it was not in ignorance of Her that men wrested life from the Nile and from the rivers of Mesopotamia. Hyperborea was made fecund with Her gifts, and Sarnath, ere its doom, was blessed more and more with Her bounty. She cares not on what she feeds, and if she feeds well She will feast Her host in return.

## About Rothmersholm Ltd.

All shares are privately held by the scientist-entrepreneur Lars Rothmersholm and by his silent partner, Larson Pharmaceuticals.

Rothmersholm Ltd. is known for production of antipsychotic and mood-stabilizing drugs, and for anxiolytic remedies similar to buspirone which relieve anxiety with little physical side-effect. The company had gross receipts of 68 million Canadian dollars in the previous year, an amount expected to grow by about 20% this year. Profits are unknown, but potentially substantial.

The financial connection with Larson Pharmaceuticals appears to be straight-forward, term notes in exchange for first-option development rights and lowered royalties on specified research products if successful.

WAGST #1 — About Rothmersholm Ltd.

## Chauffeur Missing

The personal chauffeur of the provocative Reverend Baxter Lully was reported a missing person today. Jack Killion, 26, has been in the employ of Rev. Baxter Lully's Church of Redemption for three years.

According to Cynthia Teasdale, spokesperson for the Church of Redemption, Killion was last seen late yesterday. Neither he nor the Reverend's white stretched limousine have been seen since.

Representatives of the Church of Redemption declined to be quoted, but indicated that the young man may be having personal troubles.

The Reverend Lully could not be reached for comment.

WAGST #3 — Chauffer Missing

## Rev. Lully Resting

Television evangelist, the Rev. Baxter Lully, this morning canceled appearances for the next few days.

Church of Redemption spokesperson Cynthia Teasdale noted the Reverend's unceasing efforts toward the salvation of mankind and cited his personal concern at the disappearance of Mr. Killion, his chauffeur.

WAGST #4 — Rev. Lully Resting

## Library Burglarized

A window was broken and at least one rare volume stolen at the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library on George Street this morning.

Responding to the alarm at 12:37 this morning, officers found signs of entry and notified the trustees. A police spokesman disclosed no other clues, but commented that professional thieves after specific volumes were suspected.

Trustee Malcolm Appley indicated that so far only one volume, the intriguingly-titled "Psychotic Manuscripts," hinge-bound in rare leathers, is missing, but that the catalog search would continue.

WAGST #5 — Library Burglarized

## Third Body Found

### Police Baffled by 'Toronto Ripper'

The mutilated body of Russell Simons, 25, was discovered early this morning in Toronto, on Dundas Street near Spadina.

The body had been badly slashed and partially disemboweled. This third brutal Chinatown murder has left baffled police without clues.

The previous victims of the Toronto Ripper, Nathaniel Moore and Brian Lombardo, also were found in the Chinatown area. Authorities speculate that the murderer frequents the area or may live there.

Police warn against walking the streets alone after dark, but they also assure residents and merchants in the area that auto and foot patrols in the area have been greatly increased. They state that there is cause for concern, but not for alarm.

Police urge anyone with pertinent information to please come forward.

WAGST #2 — Third Body Found

## Fakes At Museum

"Frauds, Fakes, Forgeries, and Fictions," a new exhibit, opens today at the Royal Ontario Museum.

Museum curator Stephen J. Smythe has lovingly collected and has set up over 200 items in well-lighted displays.

Attendance has been large and enthusiastic, and staff already are talking of extending the exhibit's length of stay.

"This is an excellent show for the family, and should produce many discussions concerning truth, fiction, and the many ways in which humans have learned to lie," stated Smythe.

The exhibit, along with a fascinating display, "Bibles From Around The World," is sponsored by the education division of the Toronto-based Church of Redemption.

WAGST #6 — Fakes at Museum

## Museum Agrees to Close Exhibit

Bowing to visitor complaints, the Royal Ontario Museum has agreed to withdraw from public view part of its popular new exhibit, "Frauds, Fakes, Forgeries, and Fictions."

The item is a large representation of a mythical beast called a Randegoth. "Too many people have been frightened by the thing," explained curator Stephen J. Smythe, director of the exhibit. "It's just not worth the problems it has caused."

The Randegoth, once believed carved from stone by Aleut Indians, has been owned by the museum since shortly after WWII but was stored after being proved a fake. It was originally purchased from an estate in London, England.

The fate of the Randegoth is undetermined but "Frauds, Fakes, Forgeries, and Fictions" continues its showing until the 30th of this month.

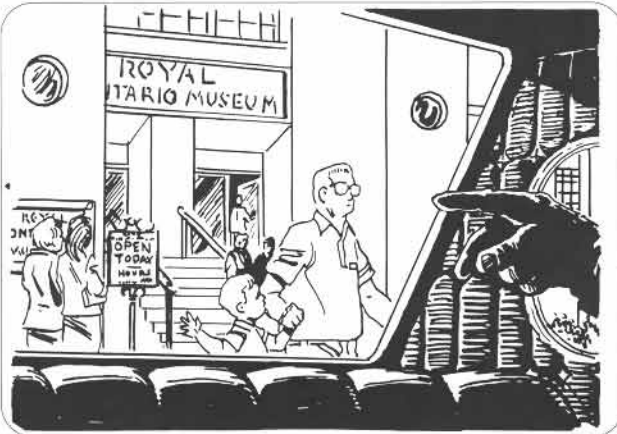
WAGST #7 — Museum Agrees to Close Exhibit



1



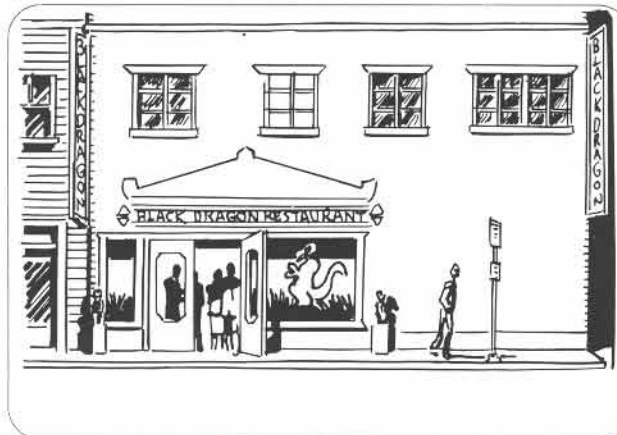
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# Full Wilderness

Member in Good Standing

Member Name

Scott Davidson

Member Since

1990

*Scott Davidson*

signature

WAGST #8 — FW membership card



1



2



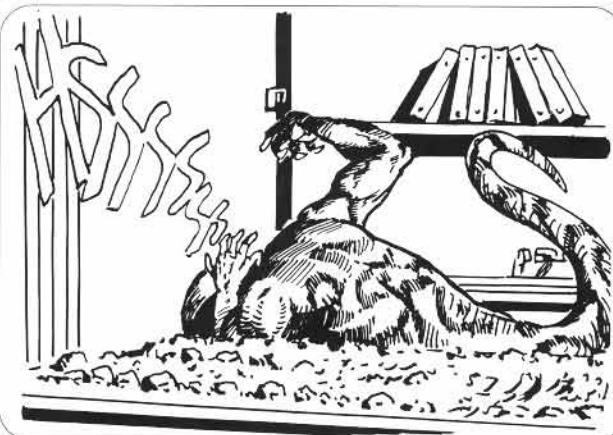
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My Dear Friends:

MEET ME TONIGHT AT 7 P.M. SHARP  
AT 384 BRANDYWINE STREET, ROOM 222,  
IN THE REAR. FAILURE TO KEEP THIS  
APPOINTMENT COMPELS THE MOST DIRE  
CONSEQUENCES.

P.S. — BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT,  
GRATIS MEALS AWAIT YOU IN THE MORPHEUS  
DINING ROOM. BE MY WELL-FED GUESTS  
FOR THE GRACIOUS REMAINDER OF  
YOUR STAY.

ATBO #1 — My Dear Friends:

RECONSTITUTION OF ORDER  
CATASTROPHIC EARTHQUAKE  
AFTER SHOCKS PREVENT REBUILDING  
PAY OFF C'S WITH SURVIVORS  
'DISEASE' STRIKES, ACCOUNTING  
FOR MORE  
DRAIN WATER TABLES  
GENERAL EVACUATION TITLED FOR C'S  
IN SUNNY JIM CANYON  
CONGRESS TO REFUSE APPROPRIATION  
OR RELIEF  
NEW INSURERS REFUSE AREA  
SEND FIRE VAMPIRES AGAINST HOODOOTS  
FULL WILDERNESS PARK TO ESTABLISH  
MODEL FOR HUMAN HERDS  
RESIDENCE OF THE FIRST GREAT ONE

ATBO #4 — Shiny's reconstitution of order

# AUTHORIZED

*Bearer is entitled to access*

## GREATER SAMSON EMERGENCY MILITARY ZONE

*Bearer Name and Signature*

### WARNING!

KEEP THIS PASS ON YOUR PERSON AT ALL TIMES! It must be presented to any authorized official of the U.S. Government upon demand. Possession of an UNRESTRICTED PASS entitles bearer named above full and complete access to the Military Zone named above. Unauthorized possession of this document is a MILITARY OFFENSE and is punishable by imprisonment or death.

*Jose Felix*

Lt. Colonel Jose Felix  
Adjutant General



### UNRESTRICTED ACCESS

*Brig. H. S. Benson*  
Brigadier-General Hurley S. Benson  
Commander

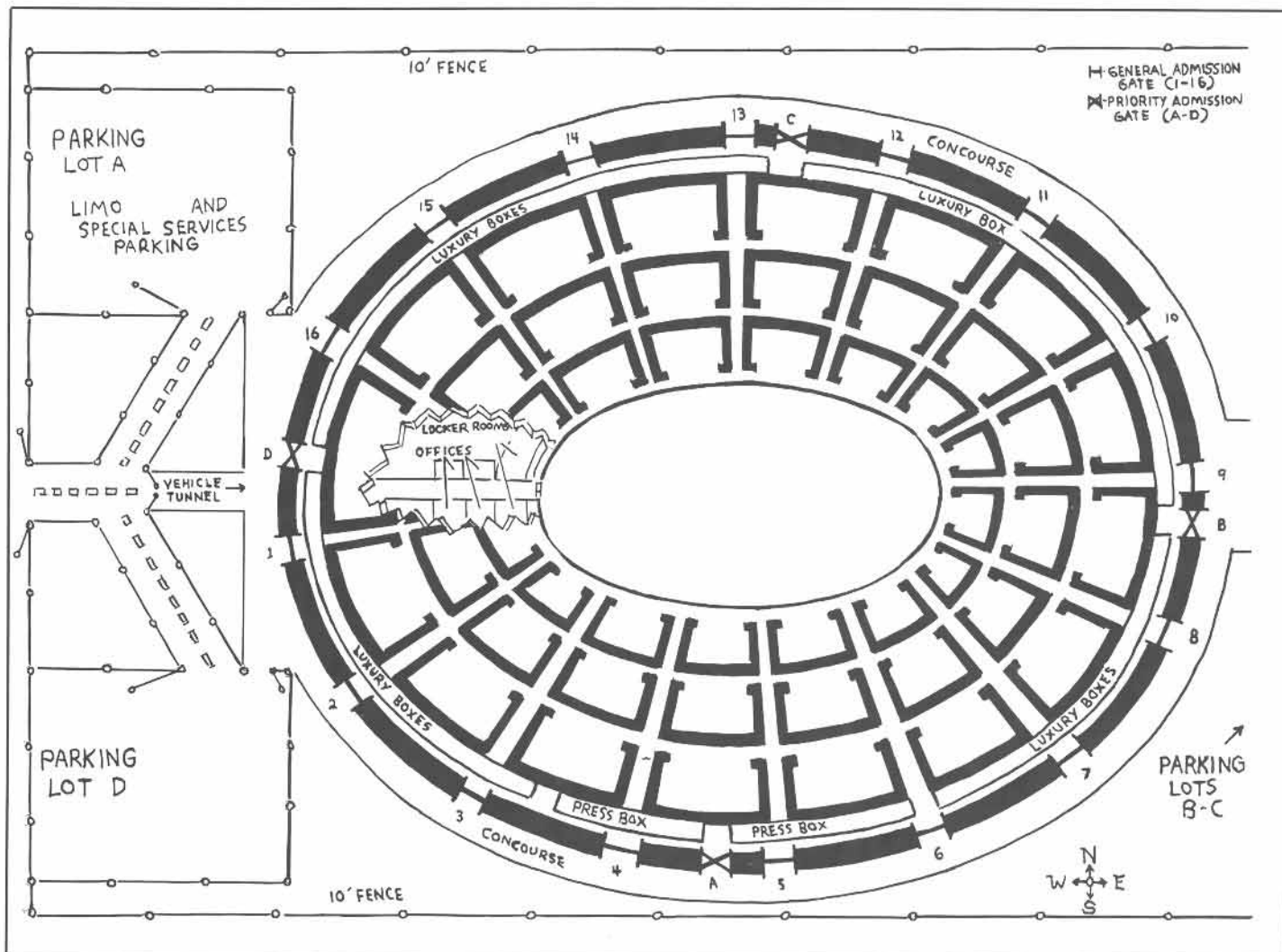
DOD form 073-4/99875/B

ATBO #2 — sample emergency pass

## What Shiny Says About Chthonians

- Chthonians are a powerful species of intelligent burrowers apparently native to this planet. As adults they are as large or larger than whales, though shaped more like tentacle-headed snakes. They can survive enormous pressures and temperatures at least three thousand degrees F, and apparently can exist far below the earth's surface. U.S. and Soviet scientists first learned of them when they forced abandonment of Project Mohole.
- Adult chthonians can in concert provoke violent local or regional earthquakes. No one knows how. Complicating understanding, some temblors are obviously natural.
- Chthonians communicate telepathically among themselves, and can mentally control humans, though apparently not many are actually controlled at any one time. "That is why secrecy is so important—once they know of you, and determine that you are a threat, doom follows."
- Some chthonians apparently eat humans, as a food source and in connection with breeding rituals or requirements.
- Chthonians are deterred by and can be injured by large amounts of water; but since they can easily detect and avoid water in quantities large enough to do damage, this handicap is slight.
- The great proportion of chthonians live far toward the Earth's core, where they feed on other entities as unimaginable as themselves. The few chthonians who wander near the surface of the planet are outcasts and weaklings who have no choice but to haunt the chillingly cold outer crust.

ATBO #3 — what shiny says about chthoninans



ATBO #5 — coliseum plan with playing field blank

# CALL of CTHULHU

## INVESTIGATOR SHEET

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_  
 Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
 Nationality \_\_\_\_\_ Residence \_\_\_\_\_

### INVESTIGATOR STATISTICS

STR \_\_\_\_\_ DEX \_\_\_\_\_ INT \_\_\_\_\_ Idea \_\_\_\_\_  
 CON \_\_\_\_\_ APP \_\_\_\_\_ POW \_\_\_\_\_ Luck \_\_\_\_\_  
 SIZ \_\_\_\_\_ SAN \_\_\_\_\_ EDU \_\_\_\_\_ Know \_\_\_\_\_  
 Schools \_\_\_\_\_  
 Degrees \_\_\_\_\_  
 Damage Bonus/Penalty \_\_\_\_\_

### MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious = 0 1  
 2 3 4 5 6  
 7 8 9 10 11  
 12 13 14 15 16  
 17 18 19 20 21  
 22 23 24 25 26

### HIT POINTS

Dead = 0 1 2  
 3 4 5 6 7  
 8 9 10 11 12  
 13 14 15 16 17  
 18 19 20 21 22  
 23 24 25 26 27

### SANITY POINTS

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

### INVESTIGATOR PORTRAIT

### INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

☐ Accounting (10) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Anthropology (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Archaeology (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Astronomy (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Bargain (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Botany (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Camouflage (25) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Chemistry (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Climb (40) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Credit Rating (15) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Cthulhu Mythos (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Debate (10) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Diagnose Disease (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Dodge (DEXx2) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Drive Automobile (20) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Drive \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Electrical Repair (10) \_\_\_\_\_

☐ \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Fast Talk (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ First Aid (30) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Geology (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Hide (10) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ History (20) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Jump (25) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Law (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Library Use (25) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Linguist (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Listen (25) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Make Maps (10) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Mechanical Repair (20) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Occult (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Operate Hvy. Machine (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Oratory (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Pharmacy (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Photography (10) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Physics (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Pick Pocket (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Pilot Aircraft (00) \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Pilot \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Psychoanalysis (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Psychology (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Read/Write Eng. (EDUx5) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Read/Write \_\_\_\_\_ (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Read/Write \_\_\_\_\_ (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Read/Write \_\_\_\_\_ (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Ride (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Sing (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Sneak (10) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Speak \_\_\_\_\_ (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Speak \_\_\_\_\_ (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Spot Hidden (25) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Swim (25) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Throw (25) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Track (10) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Treat Disease (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Treat Poison (05) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Zoology (00) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

### WEAPONS

weapon	shots	attack/parry	impale	damage	hit points	ammo
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

SHOTS = number of shots per round AMMO = number of rounds held in weapon

### CASH, PHOBIAS, SPELLS & NOTES

cash on hand: \_\_\_\_\_  
 phobias: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



**MYTHOS**  
H.P. Lovecraft  
**EDITION**

# AT YOUR DOOR

*A Campaign of Madness and Terror  
in the Days to Come*

## Salvaging Our Children's Heritage

Full Wilderness Inc. is a wealthy environmental organization dedicated to the maintenance and expansion of protected wilderness reserves. In addition, Full Wilderness funds legitimate biological researches for greater understanding of our natural environment.

Dr. Peter Tait, a respected microbiologist from a major grant recipient, disappeared after reporting disturbing research irregularities. Backed by the considerable resources of Full Wilderness, the investigators uncover the facts surrounding Dr. Tait's disappearance.

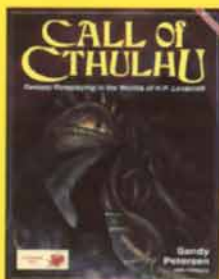
In succeeding adventures, the Mythos manifests in ways unexpected and extreme.

*AT YOUR DOOR* contains six linked adventures forming a campaign set in the 1990s. Constructed to allow players greater freedom of action, the investigators may enter a particular chapter several times as the meaning of earlier events and experiences are understood, or as alternative meanings are perceived. The effects of the Mythos are generally subtle, and confrontations with nigh-invincible powers are few. There is ample opportunity for new investigators to succeed and prosper.

*"As a foulness shall  
ye know Them. Their  
hand is at your  
throats, yet ye see  
Them not; and Their  
habitation is even one  
with your guarded  
threshold."*

—The Necronomicon  
[John Dee translation]

Cthulhu and its supplements have won nearly twenty best-of-class gaming awards. Editions include French, German, Italian, Japanese, and Spanish.



*Call of Cthulhu* is a roleplaying game based on the works of H.P. Lovecraft, in which ordinary people are confronted by the demonic beings and forces of the Cthulhu Mythos. Players portray investigators of things unknown and unspeakable, decent men and women of the 1920s who unexpectedly learn dreadful secrets. *At Your Door* provides adventures set in the 1990s and portrays effects that the Mythos could have today.

#2324 — 4th EDITION

SCANNED BY SLURP



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