

DRAWN FROM THE DARK

TALES OF THE MONOLITH, PART 3



An Anthology of Scenarios for
the 1920s and Modern Eras
by
Mike Nagel

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Acknowledgements

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HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

August 20, 1890 – March 15, 1937

CONTENTS

Introduction	3
<i>A letter of thanks to Chaosium and Keepers old and new.</i>	
Digging Deep	5
<i>A modern era adventure where the investigators uncover a modern conspiracy older than Boston soil.</i>	
Beyond the Threshold of Pain	27
<i>A 1920s-era adventure where the nature of a missing diplomat is not all that it seems.</i>	
Tale of Terror	40
<i>A modern era plot seed where victims get much less than they bargained for.</i>	
Two Minutes on High	41
<i>A 1920s-era adventure where a bank robbery gone wrong cooks up trouble for the investigators.</i>	
Operation Halfback	59
<i>A World War II era adventure fragment that sends the investigators on a deadly mission.</i>	
Nightmare at West & Washington	65
<i>A 1920s-era introductory adventure where the investigators learn the nature of a haunting.</i>	
Handouts	71

INTRODUCTION

A LETTER TO KEEPERS OF ARCANES KNOWLEDGE

Dear Keepers,

Thank you for purchasing this volume of *Call of Cthulhu* adventures. The tome, in addition to the first two volumes of the *Tales of the Monolith* (*Scales of Time* and *Trail of the Monolith*), incorporates everything that I've written for the *Call of Cthulhu* role playing game over the past three decades. I've assembled this collection as something of a personal catharsis. I started playing the game during the mid 1980s while attending Miami University with John H. Crowe and Jeff Moehler (two well-known campaign authors) in addition to a fabulous group of players. If my memory serves, we jumped right into the fire with Larry DiTillio's masterpiece *Masks of Nyarlathotep*, still the example by which successful campaign design is measured. After graduating in 1987 and we went our separate ways, I lucked into another small but tight role-playing group. When life commitments caused the breakup of that group, I moved away from role-playing and returned to wargaming, which now consumes just about all of my design effort.

Still, my dwindling collection of *Call of Cthulhu* material still resides on my bookshelf as a reminder of the great times once enjoyed. After college, I did manage to get an adventure and a plot seed published in *Pagan Publishing's Unspeakable Oath* magazine. These and my unpublished material continued to draw my attention from time to time, but I had no realistic chance of starting up a new group due to the time commitment involved. Still, the flame continued to burn, even if it was small.

Then, *Chaosium* announced the Version 7 Kickstarter. Even though I may never play *Call of Cthulhu* again, I could not pass up supporting this project, given the years of enjoyment that I got out of the game. Here was an opportunity to revisit the work from years past and get it out of the tomb and into the light. These three volumes are all that I've done, some of it fragmentary. I seriously doubt that there will be any more.

I sincerely hope that you and your players gain as much pleasure out of these pages as I had assembling them.

I would like to acknowledge those who have assisted in testing these scenarios, but as I get older, the list of names that I can recall is getting shorter. If anyone out there who played through these adventures with me finds their name missing from this list, I do apologize!

John H. Crowe, Jeff Moeler, Dave Dickinson, George Soika, George Felis, Arthur Chenin, Scott Quade, John Phillips, Ben Sopranzetti, Arlene Sopranzetti, Jeff Bisacquino, Martha Ackovitz

A profound word thanks to Sandy Petersen and the folk at *Chaosium* whose creation continues to fascinate and entertain thousands of players.

Finally, thanks and a dedication to my wife Audrey, whose patience has surely been tried while I assembled these volumes.

Sincerely,

Mike Nagel

New Jersey, 2018



DIGGING DEEP

A MODERN ADVENTURE FOR TWO TO FOUR INVESTIGATORS

The following tale is my first attempt to borrow a topic directly from Lovecraft's fiction, one of my favorite stories: Pickman's Model (which I recommend you read – or, most likely, re-read). The scenario is a modern tale that allows the players to discover what happened to the mysterious artist after his disappearance, roughly nine decades previously. This is also my first attempt at a modern tale, being something of an orthodox Cthulhu player (i.e., the Roaring '20s or nothing!). Players should be able to complete the scenario in an evening or two of play, and at least some of the characters involved should be affiliated with the police in some way (preferably FBI agents, although cops, journalists, detectives, and the like will do). A character with knowledge of the fine-arts or contacts in the art-world would be of help as well.

As there is no real time-line involved in the running of this scenario, it is vitally important that Keepers read through it a couple of times so that they acquire a solid grasp of what is going on. Introduce the events in an order that keeps the plot moving and the characters on their toes.

I originally wrote this scenario in the early 1990s. As nearly twenty years have passed since, the geography of Boston Massachusetts has changed quite a bit. Rather than completely update the scenario to attempt to match these changes, I felt it better to leave things as they were originally. Folks who live or visit the areas described within this text will, I hope, offer a little leeway with regards to the anachronisms.

SCENARIO BACKGROUND

The past is about to catch up to the present in a most ghoulish manner. Nearly a century ago, one of the up-coming artists of the age – Richard Upton Pickman – disappeared without a trace, but not without leaving a legacy of horror in his wake. In the latter months of his career, he created works so shocking that he was exiled from his peers, his only contact being with a good friend known only as "Thurber." Rumor has it that Thurber himself was driven mad by Pickman's work, but more sound minds agree that he indulged in the same substances Pickman used to conjure his horrid images, resulting in irreparable brain-damage. He too disappeared in time, perhaps into one of the primitive mental care institutions of the age.

The last few paintings created by the mysterious artist were acquired by a reclusive and quite wealthy Bavarian immigrant: Wolfgang von Kraun. Apparently, he held a letter from Pickman that transferred ownership of these works, that he presented to the institutions holding them at the time. He was given little

trouble, considering the nature of the paintings, and soon afterwards, these pieces disappeared into his large estate in Newport, Rhode Island. There the works remained, until his death twenty-five years later.

During his declining years, von Kraun used his seemingly immeasurable wealth to fund the growth of many artistic institutes, the bulk of his contributions going to Outre Arte, a group specializing in the artistic representations of the occult and mysterious. The source of von Kraun's fortune remains a mystery, though many believed him to be a member of German aristocracy who fled Germany during the rise of Hitler and the National Socialists. Others believe that he was a Nazi, in league with Herman Goering's rape of Europe's art treasures. A small minority believe him to have actually *been* Herman Goering, who somehow escaped from Nuremberg, a look-alike killed in his place.

Whoever he may have been, his estate and collection were bequeathed to Outre Arte upon his death, with the sole requisite that they not be made available to the public until such a time as "his flesh had been consumed beneath the earth." After some legal wrangling, this period was reasoned to be fifty years. This time has passed, and the art world eagerly awaits the revival of what is believed the largest collection of occult works in existence. Outre Arte plans on celebrating the occasion with a gala opening, featuring four of Pickman's works:

- Ghoul Feeding
- Subway Accident
- The Lesson
- Holmes, Lowell and Longfellow lie buried in Mount Auburn

There are two individuals that would prefer that these masterpieces of the ghastly not be brought to light.

Digging Deep ...

Over two centuries ago, James Elias uncovered a copy of d'Erlette's *Cultes des Goules* in a secluded London book shop. Its pages revealed to him a world beneath his own, where creatures flourished on the detritus of the civilized world above. He also discovered a method by which he could extend his life, as do the dwellers below, but without the requisite physical changes. He would be able to remain in the sun-lit world where he could accumulate vast knowledge and wealth.

The spell he would cast upon himself on that fateful day in 1793 would allow him to regenerate his body in such a way as to restore the vitality and appearance he held when he was twenty

"... only a real artist knows the actual anatomy of the terrible ..."

H. P. Lovecraft, Pickman's Model



years old. Unfortunately, Elias was unaware of both the cost, as well the side-effects, of this transformation. Over the centuries, the continual casting of the spell has led to megalomaniacal delusions, leading to the quest of not only wealth and knowledge, but power as well. With his new-found immortality, Elias began to plot his dominance of the world. Sadly, he has also discovered that his own ability to cast the rejuvenation has begun to wane, as each casting restores less and less of the youth he so desperately requires.

Pouring through the arcane tomes he has managed to acquire over the years has tauntingly divulged just enough knowledge not to be able to resolve his dilemma. The knowledge is there, to be sure, but it is simply beyond his ken. The secret then, he is convinced, must lay with the ghoulish dwellers in darkness from whom he would wring the required information. Unfortunately, his inability to summon them to him has proven even more maddening.

In the early twentieth century, Elias caught wind of an artist – one Richard Upton Pickman – who had received some notoriety due to the subject matter of his paintings. Pickman would be Elias' guide to the knowledge he sought. Elias quickly moved his estate across the Atlantic to Boston, Massachusetts, where Pickman could be found. However, before Elias could find him, and to his immense frustration, Pickman had disappeared, along with all his work.

Now "Gavin," Elias remains in Boston, awaiting his chance to acquire the knowledge he craves. Over the years he has, with the assistance of a reputable law firm and pay-offs in the right places, continued to increase his wealth and power within the community by passing his fortune on to himself. He currently

holds the position of senior assemblyman within the Boston city council.

And what of Pickman?

Weary of attempts to show mankind another reality just below their feet, Pickman gave the term "underground art" a new meaning. He joined his deep-dwelling brothers in the vast warren beneath Boston, where his transformation into a ghoul became complete. Over the ages, he has watched with irony and dismay, as the human civilization of which he was once part begin to crumble under the weight of technologies they cannot control. Now a wizened ghoulish clan-leader, he and his people have been confronted with what may well be their discovery and destruction.

The City of Boston has contracted with the Cartwright Construction Company to build a "super-mall" in the Copp's Hill area. This structure will be a five-story chrome and glass monstrosity, including – because of a crowded populace – a multi-level parking garage below, as well as direct access to the local subway's "Green Line." To be called "Putnam Place" – named for the Revolutionary War hero, Israel Putnam – the mall will be a source of jobs and revenue for the over-taxed populace and under-taxed city government. Opponents to the project are calling it "Little Israel," due to its perceived capitalist and mercantile nature. A slander on both Jewish-Americans as well as the employees and people who will bring the mall to life.

What the good people of Boston don't know is that the construction of the subway access and parking garage will reveal a self-contained society of which they were never aware. And in their typical alarmist fashion, they will bring in the cyanide and sarin. Knowledge of this potential fate has spurred the otherwise passive ghouls into action. Under Pickman's leadership, they are endeavoring to halt the construction until it becomes too costly to continue.

If the ghouls are successful, they must ensure that all traces of their existence are banished. This includes the paintings Pickman created when he still believed that ghouls and man could exist together. Knowledge of his works coming back into circulation has spurred him into action. With tools stolen from the mall construction site, he and a few of his fellows have broken into the Boston Institute of Modern Art and retrieved the paintings.

The background is set for the mystery to unfold.

BOSTON INSTITUTE OF MODERN ART

If the any of the characters are police, they are summoned to examine the scene of a crime. If they are journalists or art-hounds, they have been invited to Outre Arte's gala unveiling of Richard Upton Pickman's works. As they approach the Institute, they notice several police cars – sirens wailing and lights flashing – pass them. Journalistic, ambulance-chaser type characters might be surprised to find that they share the same destination (though the players might not be...).

The Institute is located on Newbury Street, in a fashionable shopping district of downtown Boston. As the characters arrive,

they find the scene mobbed with on-lookers rubber-necking with abandon. The colonial style frontage of the building has been cordoned off by bright yellow tape bearing the legend "Police Investigation: Do Not Cross," and the entire scene is eerily bathed in flashing reds, whites, and blues from the nearby squad cars and fire trucks, as well as the strobes of photographers. A light rain creates tiny rainbows in the harsh lighting. Murmurs from the crowd are punctuated by the creaking, squealing voices of dispatchers emanating from police radios:

"What's going on?"

"Was somebody killed?"

"squawk...Two-Eleven in progress...squawk"

"There goes my evening!"

"I think it's a break in...cool!"

"squawk...running a check on that now...squawk"

Newly arriving police are ushered into the Institute, as are characters who can make their Law rolls. Not far from the entrance, characters notice a small press-conference being set up, the speaker being Lieutenant Max Freegold who has been assigned as the local head of the investigation.

Lt. Freegold is a stocky fellow of average height. From the cut of his clothes to the cut of his thinning grey hair, Freegold is the model of conservatism in modern America. And he is very unhappy at having been given this assignment. To him, the entire "modern art movement" is nothing more than upside-down urinals and images of the blessed virgin wiped with feces. He would be just as happy if the stolen paintings never show up. Even so, he is a model officer who believes in the system, and therefore feels that it is his duty to find the stolen objects, regardless of his sentiments. Characters who remain outside hear his statement.

Squinting under the harsh light of the news-crews, and looking rather harsh himself, Freegold offers the following mono-tonal, and not overly convincing statement:

"Ladies and gentlemen. Roughly an hour ago, the Boston Institute of Modern Art was broken into, and several items were removed. We are, as yet, unaware who the culprits might be, but we have several firm leads at this time. We have been requested at this time not to disclose the nature of the stolen objects, other than to say that they are of considerable value, and that they would be very hard to sell. This leaves the motivations of the perpetrators in some question, but we will resolve this upon their capture. Thank you."

His statement if followed by a barrage of questions, some predictable, others not so...

Press: *"How were the items stolen?"*

Freegold: *"The perpetrators effected an entrance and removed the objects..."*

Press: *"What about a security system? Where were*

the guards?"

Freegold: *"The alarms functioned normally and brought us here..."*

Press: *"What about the guards?"*

Freegold: *"They were ... incapacitated ..."*

Press: *"All of them? How?"*

Freegold: *"I have no comment on that..."*

Press: *"What are the police doing about Little Israel?"*

Freegold: *"If you refer to Putnam Place, that has no bearing on this case..."*

Press: *"Rumor has it that either the Union or the Mob is behind the sabotage. Is this true?"*

Freegold: *"No comment!"*

Following this last question, Freegold marches over to an unmarked police car – portable flasher still attached to the roof – and drives off.

Lt. Max Freegold

Career Cop, age 55

STR 75	CON 75	SIZ 75	DEX 60	INT 55
APP 45	POW 50	EDU 70	SAN 60	HP 15
DB: +1d4	Build: 0	Move: 6	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	50% (25/10)
.45 Revolver	75% (37/15), damage 1d10+2
Dodge	30% (15/7)

Armor: none.

Skills: Law (75%), Persuade (60%), Psychology (70%), Spot Hidden (65%).



Characters who wish to meet with Freegold after the statement find him at the local precinct, trying to deal with the everyday goings-on of a modern police force. In other words, he's busy and won't give too much time to the characters. If any of the characters are law-enforcement agents that successfully make a Law roll, he is open with the information they have on the case. For the most part, the local police know nothing, but they are working on it. To be perfectly frank, Freegold would just assume handing the case over to the Feds officially, as he has enough on his hands already.

Freegold can give the characters sketchy information regarding Little Israel, namely the fact that it has been sabotaged on several occasions, and that local labor leaders (i.e., organized crime) are behind it, though no evidence has been found yet. If asked, he can also explain the relationship between Nicodimo Constanza and Johnny Martini, as described below, although the Keeper may want to make this knowledge available to characters involved with the FBI with the appropriate Knowledge rolls.

Inside the Institute...

The Boston Institute of Modern Art is a well-known in the art world as a bastion of artistic excellence. The main entrance opens to a reception area, beyond which are a set of stairs leading to studios and classrooms above. Through an opening at the back of this area is the gallery itself. At the back of the gallery are the institute's offices and access to basement storage areas.

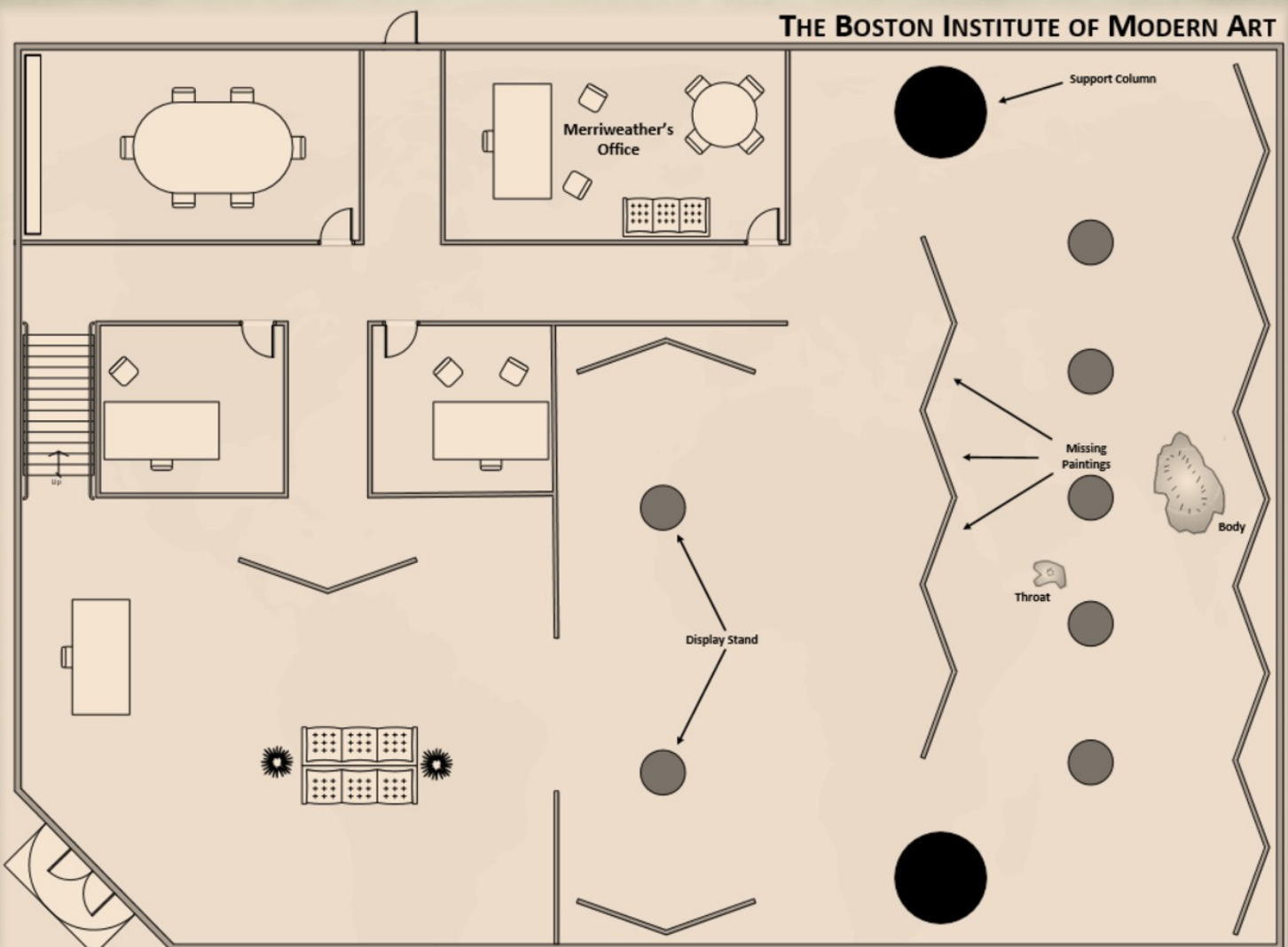
The gallery area is a single large room whose ceiling is supported by large columns. There are several zigzagging temporary walls on which several exhibits are currently on display. With the exception of the plush blue carpet underfoot and the exhibits themselves, everything is white. If it weren't for the cool lighting, the gallery would be blinding. Instead, it provides a cool, comfortable – even meditative – atmosphere. At least until one or more of the characters round a temporary wall to view the crime scene.

A half-dozen people are going over the scene. Some are obviously uniformed police, while others appear to be forensics specialists garbed in white suits and latex gloves. On the floor is a heap covered with a white sheet. A few feet away is another object, much smaller, that is also covered by a sheet. The carpet is

stained black with the blood of this apparent victim, and the white walls are stained crimson in such a manner as to look like someone shot the contents of a bloody garden hose at them. Among the hanging paintings and statuary on small white pedestals, are three empty hooks. Under each are small placards bearing the names: "Ghoul Feeding," "The Lesson," "Subway Accident," and "Holmes, Lowell, and Longfellow Lie Buried in Mount Auburn."

Examining the body beneath the sheet, before the Medical Examiners arrive with a body bag, requires a Sanity roll (1/1d4). It is the body of a security guard, who's throat has been completely torn out, leaving only the spine and a few sinews of tissue left to support the head. The face is warped into a frozen rictus of terror. Investigators that succeed in a Power roll detect and odor indicating that the victim let go of his bowels sometime prior to his death. The other sheet hides the lump of what remains of the victim's throat.

Later medical examination reveals not only the contents of the dead guard's skivvies, but also the fact that the throat remnants are incomplete. It seems to have been torn out by a sharp, multi-pronged instrument, possibly akin to a gardening fork. There is



also evidence of bite marks, seemingly canine, on the remnant – as if it had been bitten before being dropped. Forensics reports state that the body was attacked from the front, the throat torn out, carried to where it was found, and dropped in place. Also, no finger prints were found.

The perpetrators gained access through a back entrance with a crowbar that they dropped during their flight. On the crowbar is the stamp:

Cartwright Cons - # 99845

There are no finger prints on this clue either, but there is a patch of blood and a few strands of hair attached to it.

The rear of the building is a dark alleyway decorated with inevitable dumpsters and a single ubiquitous manhole cover that leads down to the sewer system. Idea rolls suggest that it would be easy for someone to move unseen through this alley way. A hard Spot Hidden roll reveals a large scorch mark on the wall of a nearby building. It is roughly three feet wide and five feet high, and is set about three feet above the pavement – as if a burning garbage can had been placed too close to the wall.

Back inside the gallery, the investigators find that there was another victim in this crime, a second security guard. He is currently in the office of the gallery director, Margot Merriweather, with a large cooling gel-pack held to the back of his head. His vision has yet to clear, but he is lucid. A brief conversation reveals that his name is Bernhard “Buddy” Wilkes, and that he has been working for the gallery for a couple of years.

Bernhard “Buddy” Wilkes
Security Guard, age 38

STR 80	CON 70	SIZ 60	DEX 65	INT 45
APP 50	POW 50	EDU 50	SAN 50	HP 15
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 9	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	60% (30/12)
.45 Revolver	50% (25/10), damage 1d10+2
Dodge	37% (18/7)

Armor: none.

Skills: All at default levels.

To the best of his recollection (things are a little hazy, you see) he was talking about the Sox game with Jake (that’s John Lawrence, the dead guard), when his alarm pager fired off. It’s a silent, vibrating pager that does not alarm the intruders, but has a tendency to really “shakes-up” the guards. The two of them split up to find and corner the intruder, and only moments later, he heard a loud shrieking sound, like fingers on a blackboard. Before he could find out what it was, something hit him on the head real hard. He thinks that the



sound may have been Jake screaming, but he’s not sure. The next thing he knew, he was coming to in this office, with cops all over asking him questions. Buddy’s taken some hard hits before (he’s an amateur boxer and looks the part, you see), but whatever nailed him was a wicked pisser! Further medical and forensic examination show that he was smacked with the crowbar found outside.

Also in attendance in the office is Margot Merriweather herself. She is highly educated and erudite, as well as attractive and fashionable. She is also a little confused. More than happy to assist the police in any capacity possible, she provides the details on the stolen paintings.

Margot Merriweather
Gallery Director, age 32

STR 50	CON 70	SIZ 55	DEX 65	INT 65
APP 65	POW 60	EDU 90	SAN 60	HP 13
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 8	MP: 12	Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	30% (15/6)
Dodge	37% (18/7)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (55%), Fine Arts (65%), Library Use (75%), Read/Write French (45%), Spot Hidden (65%).



They were part of a larger collection owned by Outre Arte, a foundation for the study and collection of occult and otherwise questionable artworks. The three paintings were the first in a roving exposition that was to open in Boston, and then travel to New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Houston, LA, and finally Seattle. It is fortunate that the entire collection was not on display (it’s still in Newport, Rhode Island), as the entire thing may have been stolen or destroyed. She does find it odd that only those paintings were touched, as they had very little mainstream value, unlike the two Jackson Pollocks hanging not ten yards away.

She has in her possession a catalog of the collection, including photos of the stolen paintings. Viewing these photos require a steady hand and stomach, and Merriweather advises the characters of as much. Even though small representations, they still hold much of the graphic detail and require a Sanity roll upon viewing (0/1d3). A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the creatures represented in the pictures as Ghouls, as will anybody who has run into these creatures in past investigations.

Merriweather is not too familiar with the history of Richard Upton Pickman, other than having heard of his mysterious disappearance early in the twentieth century. She suggests that the investigators get in touch with Francis Smythstead, Outre Arte’s collection coordinator, and provides the Newport phone number. If asked, she tells the characters that she’s already contacted

him about the tragedy, and he intends to confer with the Outre Arte's board of directors first thing in the morning. She fears that they might shutdown the exposition, which is a real tragedy, considering that much of the collection has not been seen in over fifty years.

If questioned about the break-in itself, she is completely ignorant as she was in a pre-show conference with the rest of the gallery staff in an upstairs office at the time. By the time the alarm was sounded (each painting is individually wired to the security system) and they got downstairs, the paintings were gone and the guards dead or unconscious (she shudders at the thought). All of the staff have been questioned in one way or another and sent home. They could provide no further information.

Questions... Questions... Questions...

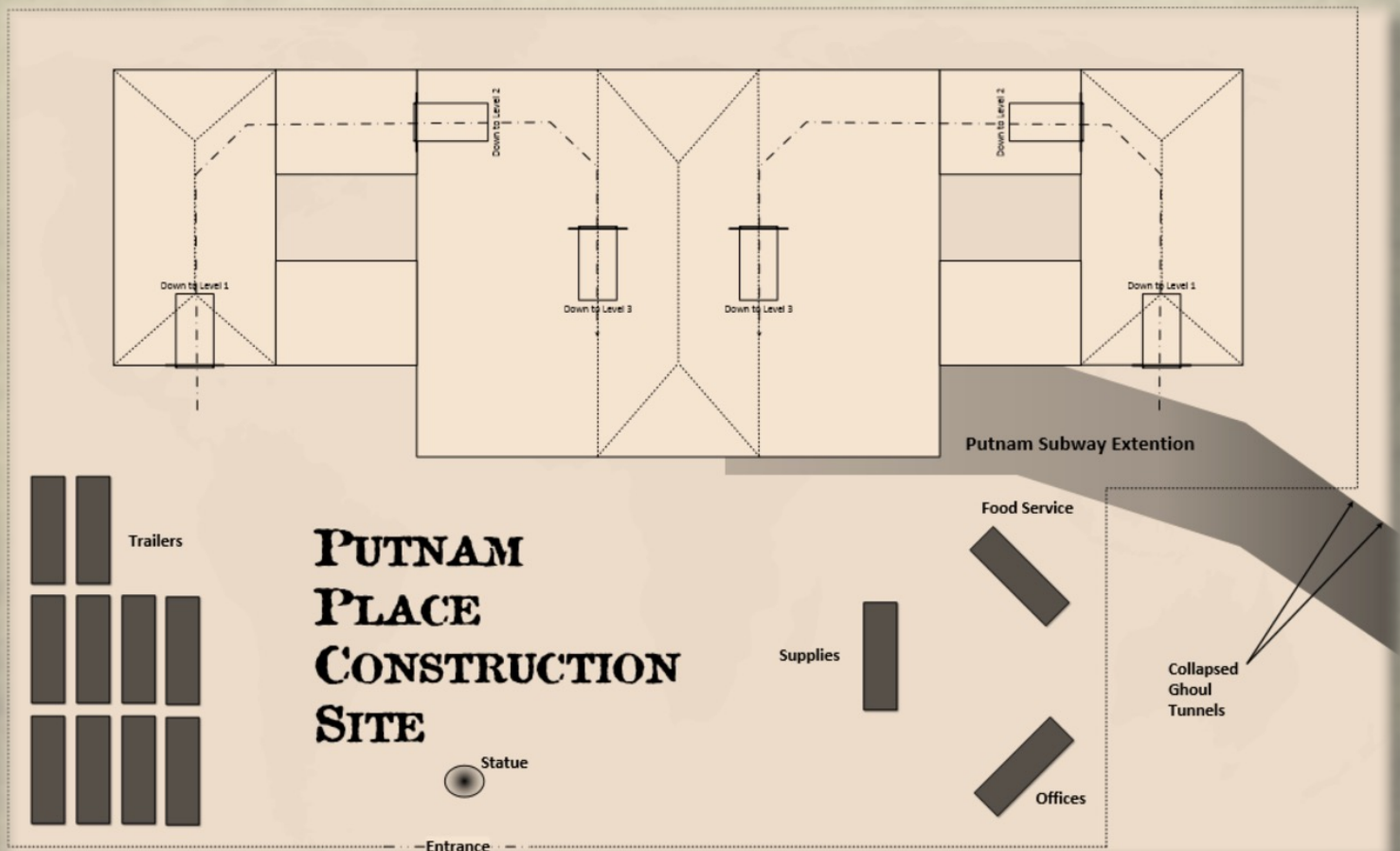
Assuming that the players have been paying attention, they should have several questions that need to be answered:

- What is "Little Israel" and does it tie in to this case?
- Where do the characters on the crowbar mean?
- Who was Richard Upton Pickman?
- Who or what is Outre Arte?
- What makes the paintings so special, and where did they go?

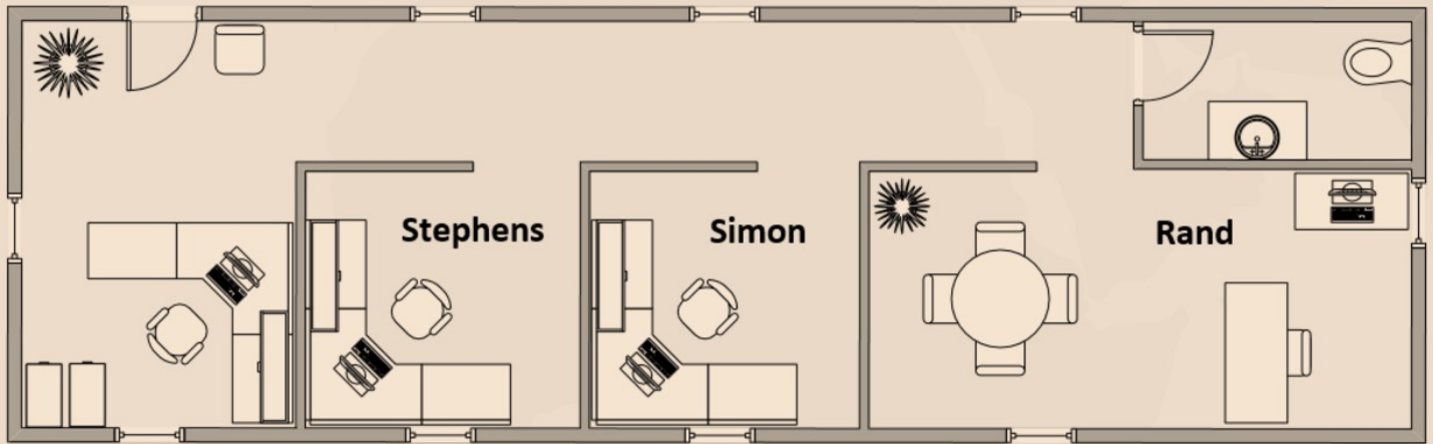
LITTLE ISRAEL

Atop Copp's Hill within a crowded section of the North End of Boston lays the construction site for Putnam Place, aka: "Little Israel." Surrounding the site is a fifteen-foot-high electrified fence topped with barbed wire. On all sides rise one of the oldest sections of the city, much of it run-down as it has not recovered from the disruption caused by Boston's infamous "Big Dig." The construction site stands as a veritable Fort Apache in the center of hostile territory, and an incomplete one at that.

As part of a revitalization project for the North End, the city assembly, led by the "Honorable" Gavin Elias, rammed through the approval to build Putnam Place, regardless of a disapproving public. Mistake number one. The people see the project as a money-pit and a waste of their taxes that could have been spent much more wisely. As government is wont to do, they chose the lowest bidder for the project: Cartwright Construction. Mistake number two. Actually, the reason that Cartwright was selected was because it is part of Elias' power-base, a company that he has used before in the excavation of certain graveyards and cemeteries. In order to keep full control of the corporation, albeit behind the scenes, Elias has had Cartwright contract with non-union labor. Mistake number three. The union is heavily influenced by certain local "families" who don't appreciate having



CARTWRIGHT OFFICE TRAILER



their people unemployed. Add into the mix the unfortunate location of the future Galleria. Mistake number four. The contractors are digging – purposefully, but unknowingly – directly into a ghoulish warren that has remained undisturbed for hundreds of years.

The Construction Site

Putnam Place currently stands as a skeleton of steel and aluminum covered in canvas. During the day, the sounds of construction can be heard emanating from within. Outside the only entrance, a picket line marches slowly back and forth protesting the hire of non-union labor, and occasionally deriding the “scabs.” There have been a few scuffles that haven’t been much more than shoving matches, but tensions are starting to run high, considering what has been happening at the site after hours.

Once or twice a week somebody has been breaking in and either destroying work in progress, and either sabotaging or outright stealing equipment. So far, nobody has been able to determine exactly how the perpetrators have been getting into the site, given the electrified fence. Cartwright has recently hired a security firm – Readington, Incorporated – to post guards, but as of yet, they have been unable to catch anyone. Whoever has been doing the damage has the stealth and speed of a cat, and has been setting the construction schedule back months at a time. Fortunately, nobody has been seriously injured. Yet.

If the destruction continues, Cartwright may be forced to close shop for lack of funds.

Far beneath the building of the mall, another part of the construction project is proceeding apace, but not without its own set of problems. The “Putnam Extension” to the Boston subway system (the “T”) is slowly advancing toward Copp’s Hill. Engineers on the project have chosen to use large sections of the aging sewer system to extend the subway line to the future location of the mall. Eventually, this will provide convenient, rapid access for shoppers around the city. Like Putnam Place, however, the extension project has discovered a tunnel system that is far more structurally weak than expected. For safety’s sake has slowed

construction to a crawl. Fear of a tunnel collapse is much on the mind of the people working on this part of the project.

Points of Interest

The entire construction project is being coordinated from a trailer located within the confines of Putnam Place. Within are three small offices, a bathroom, and a reception area. Each office has its own computer that is tied into a wide area network operated from the Cartwright headquarters at the Prudential Tower in downtown Boston. The offices belong to Thomas Rand, the site manager, Maxwell Simon, the chief architect, and Paul Stephens, the chief engineer. When one of their computers is turned on, and the appropriate logon and password given, they each provide some interesting detail. Hacking into the system requires a hard Computer Use roll.

Site Manager: Memos and emails to the management of Cartwright indicate a great concern from Thomas Rand. According to his accounts, the continuation of the project is becoming untenable, and the sale of the contract may be in the company’s best interest. Responses indicate that the construction is to continue at all costs, as Cartwright stands to gain millions upon completion of the project. There are also accounts of encounters with local union officials that describe unpleasant discussions regarding the failure to employ its members.

Chief Architect: Full diagrams of the future mall design are available. A successful Architecture roll indicates that the materials being used in the design are nearly sub-standard. Once the mall is completed, it will probably be fraught with countless problems, becoming a money-pit for the city and its tax-payers.

Chief Engineer: Full diagrams of the future mall design are available. Several memos indicate Paul Stephens’ dissatisfaction with the project. Given the shoddy construction standards that have been chosen, it wouldn’t take much to irrevocably shut down construction. There are also reports on tunnel collapses occurring in Garage Level Three.

Next to the site offices is another trailer that houses the tool locker and stockroom. Employees come here to check out required tools at the beginning of the day, and then return them

CARTWRIGHT SUPPLY TRAILER



when they are finished. Each and every tool is tracked on a computer located within this structure (it is not networked and does not require a password to log into it). There is also a huge assortment of supplies located here. Characters with a keen eye (those who make a successful Spot Hidden roll) notice that a new lock has been recently installed on the door of this trailer.

The Crowbar

The numbered code on the crowbar found at the art institute corresponds one kept in inventory at the construction site. According to the computer, the item is still in stock, but a quick examination shows this not to be the case. Any employee at the site is not overly surprised by this, as only a few days previously, the tool locker was broken into. An inventory is currently underway to determine if any items had been removed. So far, nothing else has been removed from the site, but as the scenario progresses, the tool locker may be broken into again.

There is also a small kitchen trailer, as well as a scattering of chemical toilets around the site.

Garage Level Three

The deepest point of the construction site has been designated Garage Level Three, some 50 feet below the surface. It is dark, dank, and stuffy as the ventilation systems have not yet been installed. Currently under construction is the atrium and endpoint of the Putnam Extension to the subway system. The subway tunnel under construction extends about 75 yards into a darkness illuminated by dim bulbs. Several minor collapses are evident along the left wall of the thirty-foot-wide tunnel.

A hard Geology roll following the close examination of the subway tunnel reveals that the collapses have an engineered, rather than random, appearance. Digging through them is not possible.

Daylight Hours, an Event

Approaching the construction site during daylight hours is akin to entering a war-zone. The first hurdle to be passed is a gathering of the local populace protesting the construction of the mall. The signs they bear describe in detail the sacrilege involved in the wanton destruction of a national historical treasure – the

Copp’s Hill Graveyard. Others claim that the mall is not necessary, owing to the proximity of Fanuell Hall – a shopping district – and that the city council wanted it to line their own pockets. Characters find it difficult to drive through these crowds with their windows rolled down for all the arms shoving leaflets through them.

Once through the protesters, the characters have to contend with members of the International Brotherhood of Construction Workers (Local 243). Protesting against the use of non-unionized labor, they will assume – in a most mob-like fashion – that anybody trying to get through are scab workers or hated management. Getting through this crowd requires a successful Persuade roll, the fumbling of which will result in substantial damage to the vehicle the investigators are driving. The firing of weapons in this situation results in an immediate riot, that inflicts both 1d6 points of damage to each character involved, as well as 2d4 of Sanity loss.

If the characters succeed in their persuasion attempts, or simply ride-out the storm, they eventually meet Joachim “Johnny” Martini, the Local’s president, who gets them inside the compound to safety, and out again if necessary.

Joachim “Johnny” Martini Labor Organizer, age 43

STR 60	CON 75	SIZ 55	DEX 70	INT 80
APP 70	POW 65	EDU 90	SAN 65	HP 13
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 9	MP: 13	Luck: 65

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	50% (25/10)
Dodge	35% (17/7)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (95%), Law (75%), Persuade (75%), Psychology (70%), Read/Write Italian (65%).



Martini is in his early forties and dressed sharply in a gabardine double-breasted suit, obviously tailored specifically for his measurements. He is good-looking as well as charismatic, and some may feel that he would be more at home on the cover of GQ magazine. He introduces himself and promptly apologizes for the behavior of his electorate.

"They're understandably upset at having been denied jobs that they should be rightfully – and legally – given." He also expresses an interest in why the authorities has been called in on a labor dispute. Perhaps they've uncovered some evidence that might shut Cartwright down? In any event, he proves to be quite pleasant and manages to get the characters into the construction site.

Inside the gates, the investigators are confronted with two things: first is a large bronze statue of three revolutionary soldiers, one crouching to load his musket as another fires at an imaginary assaulting red-coat, while a hulking third character towers over the other two, sword raised high and hand to mouth in the appearance of a shouted command. At the bottom of the statue is a plaque that reads:

ISRAEL PUTNAM (1718-1790)

Hero of the Revolution

"Don't Fire Until You See the Whites of Their Eyes"

The second item is a baker's dozen of unhappy looking gentlemen, all but one of whom are dressed as rent-a-cops, complete with side-arms and truncheons. The odd-man-out is Thomas Rand, who is wearing slacks and a tie, rolled up sleeves, and a hard-hat bearing the Cartwright Construction logo. Upon seeing him, Martini jumps out of the car and shouts: "Hey, Rand! Howya doin'? Look, I brought the Feds!" As the investigators emerge from the vehicle, the discussion continues:

Rand: "I told you that if you ever set foot on this site, I'd have you thrown out!"

Martini: "Yeah, you also said that your employers would bargain in good faith. Now, my friends here have some questions for you..."

Rand: "Friends, my ass! You know as well as I do that neither you or Constanza would be caught dead with the police."

Martini: "And why not? My father's a legitimate business man and everybody knows it..."

Rand: "Father? You mean 'father-in-law' don't you? Or should I say...Godfather-in-law? And the only people who don't know he's dirty are the ones he's paid-off!"

At this point, Martini loses control of himself and goes after Rand. If the characters don't stop him, the security guards will.

At which point he backs off, brushes off his jacket, straightens his tie and heads back toward the front gate. As he exits, he grabs a megaphone and shouts "We're gonna shut you down!" at which the crowd echos the sentiment, chanting "Shut it down, shut it down, shut it down..."

Rand introduces himself as the construction site manager. He is in his early fifties, stout, and balding beneath his hard-hat. He is also close to a nervous break-down, given the state of the construction project. He apologizes for any trouble that Martini may have caused, as well as the heavy presence of security. Cartwright has recently contracted with the Readington Detective Agency and this is the first time that they've been on the site in force. The site used to relay simply on guard dogs, but they have proven to be ineffective as well as unruly.

Thomas Rand

Site Manager, age 52

STR 60	CON 70	SIZ 55	DEX 60	INT 70
APP 60	POW 50	EDU 90	SAN 60	HP 15
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 7	MP:	
10	Luck: 50			

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (55%), Architecture (40%), Computers (30%), Engineering (35%), Law (35%), Persuade (60%), Psychology (45%).



The investigators are led into Rand's office, where he happily answers any questions they may have about the construction site. A Spot Hidden roll notices an invitation to the Boston Institute of Modern Art tacked to his bulletin board. If questioned about it, he reveals that Cartwright is a sponsor of the Institute and received the invitation as a gratuity, but was unable to attend. He heard there was some trouble there and that the show was canceled, but he is unaware of the details.

As the interview progresses, the door to the office opens and rather bulky gentleman walks in proclaiming: "Jesus Tom, you're never gonna guess...oh, excuse me!" He's introduced as Max Simon, the site's chief engineer. He is casually dressed in jeans and work boots, and carries a calculator stuffed into his shirt pocket. The large device has more buttons that the investigators can count. He's also recently been down in the depths of the site, that a Spot Hidden roll attests to by the mud on his clothing. When aware that Rand's visitors are law-enforcement officials, he continues to mention that "the missing Rottweiler" has been found, and that the characters might find the discovery rather interesting.

Maxwell Simon

Chief Engineer, age 48

STR 70 CON 80 SIZ 85 DEX 55 INT 70
APP 50 POW 60 EDU 85 SAN 60 HP 12
DB: +1d4 Build: 1 Move: 6 MP: 12 Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 40% (20/8)

Dodge 27% (16/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Architecture (25%), Engineering (85%), Law (25%), Spot Hidden (35%).



Assuming the characters follow his lead, he takes them down to the first level of the parking garage and a mound covered with a tarpaulin. Pulling back the tarp reveals a black and brown mound that sort-of resembles a Rottweiler – and a big one at that. It has been completely gutted, and its front paws as well as a good portion of its front legs are missing. Carved into its back are the words: “You Dig Your Graves.” Simon then leads the investigators up to the second level of the skeletal mall (characters with Acrophobia might balk at this) and points across to a fairly isolated girder where the dog’s forelegs can still be seen clinging to the metal.

According to Simon, somebody riveted the legs to the girder, and eventually the weight of the carcass tore free and damn-near killed one of the workers below – as if they didn’t have enough problems already. Later examination of the dog’s carcass shows no other wounding, leading coroners to the conclusion that the dog posed no threat to whomever killed it. Comparison between the dog’s wounds and those of the dead guard shows them to be nearly identical in nature.

There is one other person who the investigators may encounter while visiting Putnam Place: Paul Stephens, the chief Architect.

Paul Stephens

Architect, age 33

STR 55 CON 60 SIZ 55 DEX 60 INT 60
APP 65 POW 50 EDU 80 SAN 60 HP 11
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (35%), Architecture (65%), Fine Arts (45%), Law (35%), Persuade (35%).



Paul Stephens spends most of his time at the Cartwright offices, but there is a 25% chance that he will be at the site on any given

day. He is a perfect example of the “yuppie,” and is more interested in his career and the “quick-fix” that the Putnam project offers than providing a quality building. Because of his shoddy, corner-cutting work-ethic, he is despised by Max Simon who continually needs to make adjustments to keep the mall from collapsing around them. Characters may wonder why the company hasn’t rid themselves of him. The answer is simply that Stephens is working directly for Elias, and is making regular reports to him on the progress of the project.

Stephens is also something of an art-collector. Characters who were at the Art Institute and make a Spot Hidden, followed by an Idea roll recall seeing him in the crowd outside. He was sent by Elias to determine if Pickman’s paintings could be acquired legally or otherwise. Of course, Pickman’s desire for their recovery foiled Elias’ plans yet again.

Darkness Hours, an Event

At roughly six o’clock each evening, Putnam Place shuts down for the evening. Spot lights cast grim shadows around the skeletal form of the incomplete structure. Strings of hanging bulbs and insufficient strip-lighting add an eerie glow to the structure, but it still remains mostly in shadow, particularly the depths of the parking levels.

Half-a-dozen Readington men patrol the site at fairly regular intervals, while one or two keep watch on the main gate. As they are more concerned with the strikers – who continue their vigil throughout the night – than what awaits in the depths of the site, their attention remains on the encircling and electrified fence. Any attempt to cross the fence – if successful – are met with brutal force. Any attempt to gain access to the site through the main gates require the authorization of Thomas Rand. The Readington’s are feared and respected for their “dedication” to their work.

Assuming that one or more of the characters has somehow gained egress into the site after dark, there is a 30% chance that they are spotted by the Readingtons, and a 100% chance that they wish they hadn’t. Being caught results in a one-way ticket to the hospital with a broken bone or two. If the character manages to stay out of sight for long enough, they get a chance to experience – to a limited degree – what is sabotaging the construction project.

At a few minutes past 2:00am, the sound of creaking timber is heard coming from within the site, followed by a crash that cuts through the peaceful darkness. If within earshot of the two-dozen remaining strikers outside the gates, cheers can be heard. Two Readington men grab their flashlights/truncheons and make their pistols ready for use as they move slowly into the eldritch shadows cast by the insufficient lighting. Any characters caught amongst the wreckage of a main support that has been brought down is doomed. The Readingtons immediately assume that he or she is the saboteur and show little mercy ... as will the courts once the character has been convicted. Any excuse that may be given is bound to be thin, unless their presence has been authorized by the Cartwright management.

As they search the area, they hear a quick-paced clicking

sound, that an Idea roll identifies as being akin the clicking of a poorly manicured dog's nails against stone or linoleum. The pace at which they are clicking indicates a fairly rapid moving hound. There are half-a-dozen of these creatures moving about the construction site, making their way back to Garage Level Three and into the mall end of the Putnam Extension tunnel. They are making perfect use of the odd shadows, and any attempt to spot one is at hard levels. Success indicates a dark canine-like form darting from hiding place to hiding place. At the discretion of the Keeper, a clear view of one of them requires a Sanity roll (1, 1d6). They are – of course – Ghouls, who make their way back to the sub-levels and seal the tunnel through which they gained access to the site. Any success at cornering one has a result similar to the following:

The ghouls have no real desire to confront the human interlopers, and only do so if pressed. The result is gruesome. They slaughter the guards, as they did at the art institute, and leave some part of their remains as a calling-card of sorts to help drive off those who would intrude on their hunting grounds. A foul example of what they might do would be to pluck the eyes from one or more of their victims and stick them in the statue of Putnam, highlighting the quotation below in grue.

It is advisable that, as the scenario ensues, that the destruction caused by the ghouls continues to grow in scale, and that eventually one or more of the guards are killed and displayed in this fashion. The actual manner in which the guards are dispatched is up to the twisted mind of the Keeper running this adventure.

Following the ghouls down into the darkness of their tunnel requires hard Track rolls as well as a high-powered flashlight. If the characters are successful in this endeavor, one of the Ghouls ambushes the characters, taking their only light-source. Before shattering it on a near-by rock and plunging the characters into darkness, the light is used to get a good look at the characters for future reference. The characters, now enveloped in darkness are able to hear the ghoul tunnel being collapsed with a successful Listen roll. Getting out of the tunnel requires a hard Luck roll to avoid being caught in the collapse. More likely than not, they must have to wait for rescue the following morning.

OUTRE ARTE

In order to find out more about Richard Upton Pickman and his mysterious paintings, the characters must travel to Newport, Rhode Island – playground of the obscenely wealthy. This seaside town is adorned with monstrous estates that rise like monuments of wealth to the old families that reside here, few year-round. The headquarters of Outre Arte is located within the von Kraun estate, that was donated to the institute upon the death of its mysterious owner. Just about everyone in Newport knows of its whereabouts, and can give easy directions.

Located just north of town, the estate stands virtually at cliff's edge, overlooking the Atlantic. It is a sprawling edifice whose grounds are impeccably maintained and surrounded by a large stone wall topped with shards of broken glass. Entry is possible

through a large wrought-iron gate by means of an intercom located conveniently at car window level. The gates are opened remotely from the house, and are observed by closed-circuit camera – as, indeed, are most of the grounds. The mansion is also approachable from the sea by means of a small rocky beach and a rusty, rickety wire-mesh elevator that climbs the face of the cliff. Characters who doubt the safety of the elevator are free to climb its metal structure, but must make Climb rolls to avoid injury (one hit point).

The mansion itself is a huge Tudor structure that looks as if it has been torn from the pages of a Gothic romance. The grounds are perfectly manicured and adorned with topiary of various shapes and sizes (however, there are no byakee bushes or shug-goth shrubbery). A gravel drive leads to a large circular roundabout at the front of the house, in the center of which is a low fountain stocked with coy during the warm weather months. As the investigators approach, they are met at the front steps by a very attractive woman in her early twenties, holding a small folio in her hands. She introduces herself as Janette Stiller, assistant to Mr. Smythstead.

Upon entering the building, the characters are first struck by its antithetical appearance when compared to the outside surroundings. Where the exterior is neat and well kept, the interior is disheveled and dusty. The mansion is cramped with boxes and crates of all sizes, paintings almost completely cover the walls and statuary blocks easy access throughout. It is a veritable jungle of collectibles, and to add an eerie feeling to the scene, they are all of a curious – if not down-right disturbing – nature. On occasion, one or more people can be seen cataloging the various works, or moving them around. As the investigators bob and weave through the maze of artworks, Janette answers any question they may have about the organization and its history. She cannot answer questions about specific works, apart from knowing whether or not any have passed through their care. She is really only a bookkeeper and not overly knowledgeable about the items themselves.

Janette Stiller

Administrative Assistant, age 22

STR 45	CON 65	SIZ 45	DEX 60	INT 65
APP 70	POW 50	EDU 80	SAN 50	HP 11
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 4	MP: 12	Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	25% (12/5)
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (45%), Fine Arts (60%), Library Use (40%).



Janette's cubicle is just outside Smythstead's office and sports the only personal computer owned by Outre Arte. On it is an extensive (though incomplete)

database of the artworks that have been handled by Outre. There is a pile of cataloging data sitting next to the computer that still require entry into the system. The database tracks where the objects are located within the mansion, or where they have gone if sold to other collectors, along with the sale price or estimated values. There is also a collection of correspondence between Smythstead and various buyers and sellers. A search of these files and the database (with Computer Use rolls) reveals that one Nicodimo Constanza has done quite a bit of business with Outre. The characters may find a set of letters quite interesting. These describe attempts by Mr. Costanza to acquire the Pickman collection on several occasions, even to the point of offering a blank check! All of these offers have been rejected, with Smythstead quoting the terms of ownership of von Kraun's legacy that forbid its sale, whole or in part.

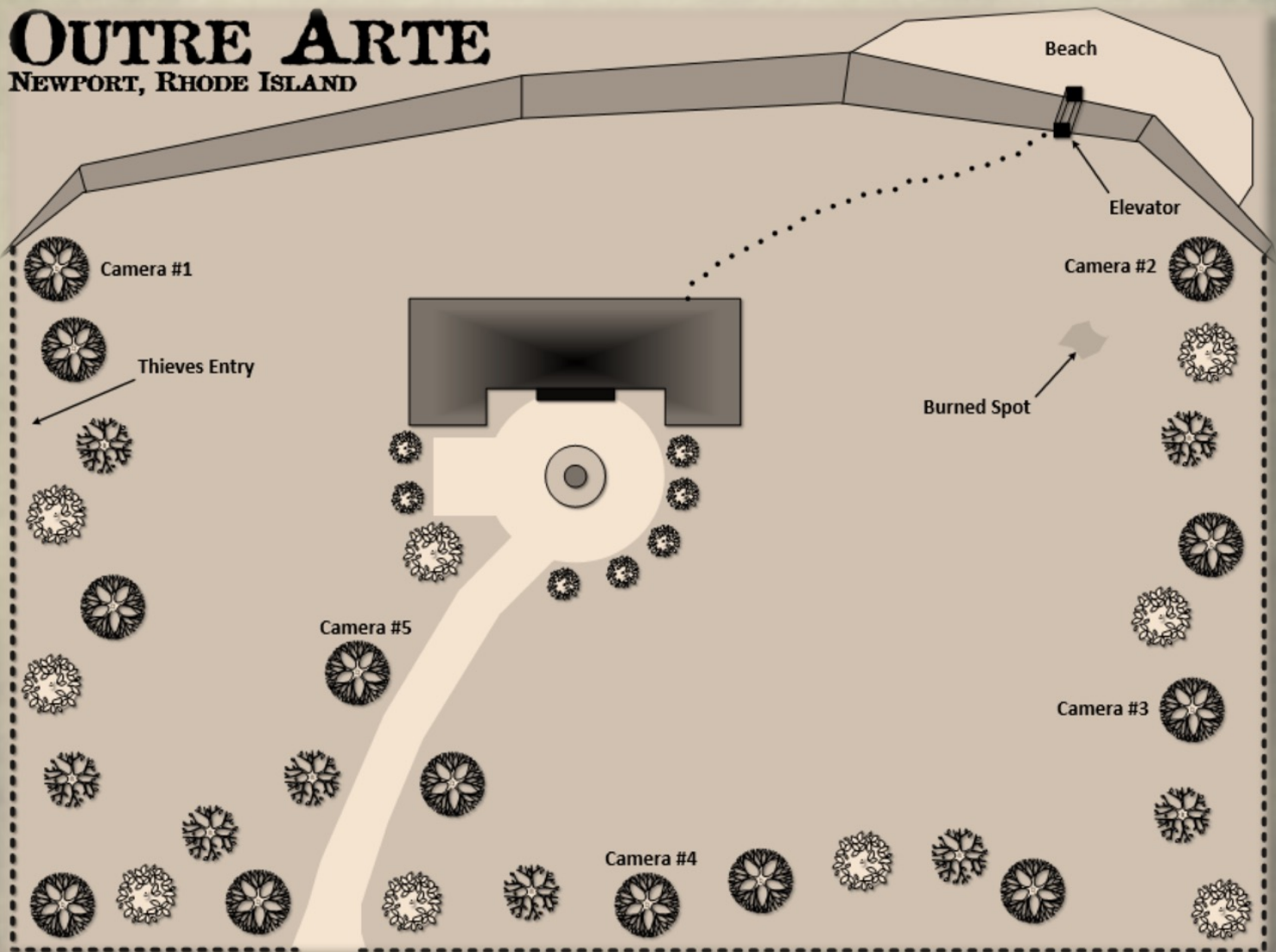
What is Outre?

Outre Arte was created by a small group of connoisseurs from the fringes of the art movements of the twenties and thirties. Although they were not much more than an unorganized band of

collectors, they managed to amass quite a large selection of artwork. Eventually, given the size of their collection, they found the need to organize into an official body for the purposes of cataloguing as well selling and purchasing various works. With the exception of von Kraun, who was the primary partner through the Second World War until his death, the partners involved in Outre remain unknown. All the business generated by the organization is handled by a small board of directors and a reputable Providence law firm.

The collecting days of Outre have long since passed, and most of its business now only deals with verifying and cataloguing odd works of art, in addition to acting as a clearing house for buyers and sellers. Their main clients are auction houses of high repute, such as Sutherby's in New York and the Ausperrghaus of Vienna. Outre is recognized around the world as the premier expert on occult art.

The brief walking tour through the maze of odd-ball art eventually concludes at the open door of a large, but equally cramped office. Seated behind an expansive mahogany desk is a distinguished looking gentleman, whose age appears to be in the mid-



to-late fifties. He wears a tailored three-piece suit complete with watch fob, and rises to greet the investigators as they enter the room. Janette introduces him as Francis Smythstead, Outre Arte's collection coordinator. He would invite the investigators to sit, but all the chairs in his office are currently occupied by smaller works and documentation of various sorts. He apologizes for the inconvenience, explaining that a rather large collection has recently been acquired, and several potential buyers have been pressing him to determine its authenticity. He hopes the characters understand.

Francis Smythstead
Art Coordinator, age 63

STR 50	CON 70	SIZ 55	DEX 50	INT 80
APP 55	POW 60	EDU 105	SAN 60	HP 13
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 4	MP: 12	Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6)

Dodge 25% (12/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (25%), Fine Arts (90%), History (65%), Law (35%), Library Use (60%), Occult (55%), Persuade (45%), Spot Hidden (65%).

Behind his steel-gray eyes, Smithstead carries a veritable encyclopedia of historical detail on the art world, his specialty being – of course – the art of the macabre. He can answer questions on virtually all aspects of his field, whether they be regarding artists or their specific works. He can also shine some light on the history of Richard Upton Pickman and his contributions to the field, and will do so without hesitation.



Richard Upton Pickman

Little is known about this mysterious and highly talented artist who came to prominence and subsequently disappeared during the 1920s. His earliest works could be included in the schools of Dadaism and among the works of the surrealists, but for reason or reasons unknown, his works took on a quality that many in the art world found disturbing. Rumor has it, that in his quest for new inspirations, he turned to mysticism and the works of such notables as Crowley and Mather. Soon after, his paintings began to focus on creatures from myth, which have been debated as being some form of gargoyles – such as those that adorn many cathedrals – or possibly lycanthropic forms of some kind, as they bear a certain resemblance to both man and beast. The ostracism he suffered from his peers was not so much do to the content of his paintings, as creatures of myth – or “creatures of dreams” as Pickman was said to have described them – have been the topics of artworks since time-immemorial. Pickman's paintings seemed to have an “odd morbid life” to them. In much the same way the eyes of the Mona Lisa appear to follow the viewer, Pickman's creations were said to have an even greater – and more profoundly disturbing – effect. During the unveiling of his work “The Lesson” several critics were physically ill, many claiming afterwards to have imagined seeing the images moving within the painting.

A few of his colleagues tried to dissuade him from pursuing this path, and return to his earlier work, but he refused and soon became something of a recluse, moving to a small townhouse in the Copp's Hill section of Boston. The only person to have any contact with him was a fellow by the name of Thurber, who's disappearance is equally mysterious. Thurber was said to be Pickman's only advocate, continually trying to restore his reputation as the genius that he was. Sadly, he too vanished into obscurity not long after Pickman. Many claim that he was institutionalized, but this fact has never been verified.

Over the years, Pickman's works were distributed among various collectors and museums, though none were ever put on display. During the late 1940s, Wolfgang von Kraun appeared on the scene with writs of ownership for Pickman's works. These were authenticated, and he soon took ownership of the complete collection. What his interest was or how he acquired those writs are still matters for speculation. Upon his death in 1970, von Kraun passed ownership of his vast collection to Outre Arte, as well as the Newport mansion that has become its headquarters.

That, Smythstead concludes is the story of Richard Upton Pickman, in a nutshell. Possibly more mysterious is the history of Wolfgang von Kraun, whose past, prior to his appearance in the 1940s is unknown. Nobody knows where he came from nor what his relationship was to Pickman. He did leave a dearth of paperwork behind, as well as a manuscript upon which he was working, but none of it seems to make much sense outside of references to the type of artwork he so enjoyed. These papers are available to the investigators if they want to dig through them.

Smythstead tries to answer any other questions the characters may have, before returning to his urgent cataloging project. If



the characters request to see any other of Pickman paintings, he instructs Janette to show them every courtesy.

The Pickman Collection

The remainder of Pickman's works lay within the bowels of Outre Arte. There are thirty-three pieces created in a large variety of mediums (oils, charcoal, watercolors, etc). All are relatively mainstream – albeit surrealistic – with the exception of one. Titled “The Playground,” it depicts a freshly interred grave, with a blue-bonneted girl just out of infancy sitting atop the mound of earth. With the aid of child's bucket and shovel, she is digging into the grave as if it were some kind of ghastly sandbox. In the background is a large maple tree from which hangs a swing. On the swing is a dark figure resembling a human, although it appears contorted into a feral or canine appearance, and has goat-like hooves, instead of normal feet. Lurking just behind the gravestone is another of these creatures, this one depicted playing a bulbous flute of middle-eastern origin.

Any one of the characters viewing this painting should be singled out (how this is done is up to the Keeper), asked to make a Sanity check (1/1d4), and read or related the following:

“As you examine this disturbing painting, you feel a chill breeze rustle your clothing. As you look closer a faint sound of piping begins to grow in your ears, and you notice that not only are the branches of the maple tree swaying to the eldritch wind, but the swing has begun to move back and forth, the legs of its occupant kicking upwards in an effort to gain joyous altitude. Suddenly, the piping stops and the figure behind the headstone lays down its flute and steps up to the child. Driving its hand into the turned earth, it withdraws a decaying human arm and which it offers to the waif. The child grabs it eagerly and bites a fleshy gray chunk out of it, chewing with glee. The little girl then turns to face you and offers you a share in its delightful meal. Your stomach growls with eager anticipation ...”

The von Kraun Papers

The bulk of von Kraun's writings seem to be nothing more than random jottings and descriptions of the various pieces of art he had accumulated over the years. Most of these are in German, and of no interest to the investigators, unless they share his interest in fine art. There are a few stand-out items, however, each of which requires a successful Library Use roll to find among the morass of notes. The first of these is the writ of ownership for Pickman's works. If this item is analyzed, the characters discover that it was written in an ink available after Pickman's disappearance. The second item is von Kraun's will, donating upon his death his entire estate to Outre Arte, under the condition that none of it be displayed until after “his body be consumed beneath the earth.” Attached to this document is another legal writ that posthumously specifies the period as 50

years. The third item is an incomplete manuscript titled “Jenseits dem Schleier” (or “Beyond the Veil”). Also available (if the Keeper wishes to be generous – or insidious, depending on point of view) is a copy of d'Erlette's *Cultes des Goules* (Sanity Loss: 1d10; Cthulhu Mythos: +4/+8 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 36; Study: 22 weeks).

Jenseits dem Schleier (“Beyond the Veil”), a manuscript

Kept in a three-ring binder, the manuscript is 200 pages of tight hand-written German text in a diary-like format, where some entries include dates, while others do not. The breaks in the prose can be easily discerned by the reader. The title is hand-written on a small card attached to the binder's spine, and once read, the characters discover that it was an afterthought. Sanity Loss: 1d3; Cthulhu Mythos: +2/+5 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 15; Study: 2 weeks; Spells: Pass Beyond.

The manuscript, which is written in the first-person, begins by describing von Kraun's research into occultism, particularly in the areas of dreams and their uses in prognostication and clairvoyance. A successful Occult roll shows that there is nothing

Not long after entering this eldritch world, I was soon approached by the friends I had made during my previous journey. They took me by the hand and led me through a great copse of trees with leaves of colors I cannot begin to describe. Footing was difficult, as the moss below my feet seemed to shift with a sinister life of its own, tugging at the soles of my boots and then grumbling as I pulled them free. In a small clearing at the center of this wood I found a small stone structure akin to the mausoleums so favored by the wealthy of my waking world. Several of my friends were scattered around this clearing, enjoying a meal of what I dare not speculate. Within the structure, I found another friend who, wizened with age and experience, greeted me with a man's eyes and understanding. He favored me with tales of his experiences beyond the narcoleptic grasp of this world. Intrigued and grateful for his tales, I made a pact with him to seal his fate, which I will endeavor to do upon my return. To assist, he gave me a document that I was able to carry back with the assistance of d'Erlette's tutelage. On the morrow, I will begin my search.

spectacularly new to be found within these initial pages, until von Kraun mentions his discovery of the dark text “Cultes des Goules” by the Comte d’Erlette. In this tome, he discovered a means by which he could enter the world of dreams in a physical manifestation giving him the ability to both take objects into the dream world as well as bring items out. A hard Intelligence roll instructs the reader on how this task is accomplished via the “Pass Beyond” spell.

At this point, von Kraun begins to describe his “travels” into the land of dreams in detail. Characters who make their way through the manuscript – a task that takes several days – they discover an interesting passage (noted to the left).

The Break-in, an Event

After the investigators have been to visit Outre Arte, or if they haven’t yet figured out that they should visit its grounds, they discover via the news media (paper, television, radio, what-have-you), that felons broke into the mansion and made off with several works, but a few of the felons were subdued by guard dogs. The modus operandi is very similar to the break-in at the art institute, and the only item removed was Pickman’s fourth painting. The major catch to this robbery is that the security system managed to capture the felons on video.

Upon discovering that a single Pickman painting was still in Outre’s possession in Newport, Elias dispatched three thieves to acquire it before it too, disappeared. Once again, however, Pickman’s minions were on the ball, and arrived just as the thieves were trying to make off with the goods. The result was a significant amount of carnage, and the loss of the last Pickman painting.

Upon interviewing the security guard who was on duty that night, the characters glean the following information:

The evening was a cloudless and during the new moon, so the only lighting provided was that of the stars that were in great evidence. The system of cameras equipped with motion detectors were working flawlessly, and there was enough light to get a clear picture of the grounds around the mansion. As the guard was doing his best to keep from dozing off at his station, he was startled by what seemed to be a particularly loud clap of thunder, which was odd given reports of a clear night. He glanced up at the monitors in time to see several figures moving out of shot and through one of the building’s windows. He grabbed his gun and headed to intercept the thieves, founding them in a darkened hallway. He fired at one of the figures, and is sure he hit one as there was a howl of pain. Before he could let off another shot, he was flattened by a huge dog of some kind, and he distinctly remembered seeing a set of very stained, canine teeth in his face before he lost consciousness. The two things he clearly remembers from the attack was the smell of the dog’s breath which was like that of a piece of rotted meat, and the howl of the thief that seemed more like a wolf than a man.

Outre’s security system is made up of five state-of-the-art security cameras that are all equipped with motion detectors and

light-enhancing systems. Once movement is detected, the cameras automatically focus and follow the movement of interlopers. They are so state-of-the-art, however, that one of them – Camera 2 – is not working properly. Upon examination of the video tapes, an Idea roll reveals that investigators are only looking at four of the five tapes. If the security guard is questioned about this, he’ll admit that the camera has been acting “kludgy” so he never checked it, but that the thieves were completely caught by the other cameras, so why bother?

Investigators also discover that Outre doesn’t use guard dogs, as they would foul up the security camera’s motion detectors. If questioned about the fate of the thieves, the only answer that they can glean is that one of the thieves must have gotten greedy and a knife-fight broke out. It must have been quite a fight, considering that the thieves have been almost literally torn to shreds. Although the bodies have been removed by the time the investigators arrive, they can easily retrieve an autopsy report from the local coroner. It is his opinion that they were attacked by a pack of guard-dogs (whether there were any or not, as it’s the only explanation), and that none of the bodies had received bullet wounds. Again, the wounds resemble those belonging to the murdered security guard at the art institute and the dog carcass found at the construction site. Apart from some loose cash and breaking-and-entering paraphernalia, the only thing that the thieves were carrying was a small card printed as follows:

7286663944

Characters who sweat over this for a while realize (perhaps after an Idea roll) that this is a phone number with one added to each digit. Calling the number results in a gruff “It’s about time you called ... did you get it?” If the characters respond, the connection is broken immediately. Checking the number reveals that it is Gavin Elias’ personal line.

If the characters wish to view the tape from the flaky #2 camera, the tape is available for viewing. It is time indexed beginning just before 2am, and the initial image is perfectly clear and crisp. As the investigators view it, there is a sudden flash of light, and the image becomes snowy, as if the system’s tracking were badly off (if the security guard is present, the investigators get a “See? I told you it was screwy!”). Through the haze, the characters see what appears to be a small cloud of vapor, hovering just above

the ground. A dim series of flashes glow within the cloud, and with each, an indistinct hunched form emerges from within. The image is not clear enough to determine more than that the figures are humanoid in both size and shape. A few these forms can be seen moving toward one of the mansion's large windows, opening it and passing through, while a few others disappear below the frame of the camera. The picture remains empty for several seconds, before the image is suddenly and briefly filled with the drooling visage of a ghoulish face (Sanity check: 0/1d6). The tape must be played frame-by-frame to get a clear (relatively) view of this creature that a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies as a Ghoul. More skeptical viewers might assume that it is a Halloween mask made more frightening by the poor and distorted quality of the video recording. In either case, the video image goes blank as the camera is ripped from its position. Examination of the #2 camera reveals a small patch of burned grass in the vicinity (Spot Hidden roll). An Idea roll indicates that the scorch mark coincides with the point where the Ghouls entered the Outre compound.

If Smythstead is interviewed following the break-in, he won't hesitate to mention Constanza as a possible suspect. Constanza has been trying to acquire the Pickmans for some time. He still has Constanza's letters, and presents them to the investigators if asked. If asked about Elias, Smythstead has no knowledge of the man, as he has never been in formal contact with him. He has, however, been in very brief contact with Paul Stephens, who contacted him after the robbery, to inquire if any Pickman paintings were still in Outre's possession and if they would be put on display in spite of the theft. Unless Stephens' name is mentioned directly, Smythstead won't remember this fact.

THE MOB

This aspect of the scenario is its primary red-herring. It is true that the local gang-lord, Nicodimo Constanza, is a collector of occult artifacts, but his interest in the Pickman works goes no deeper than their ownership. The connection between the local Mafia and the Putnam Place construction project is also a strong one, though also unrelated to the activity of the dwellers below. Depending on how nosey the players choose to be, or how nasty the Keeper feels, the characters can get into some serious trouble here.

The Boston Mafia has its roots firmly planted in the history of organized crime in New England. There are currently two factions that enjoy an uneasy peace, one of Italian origin and the other Irish. Currently, the former holds sway over the latter primarily through the leadership of its "Capo di tutti capi," Nicodimo Constanza. As the godfather of the organization, he holds the ultimate control over its various operations, which include protection rackets, smuggling, gambling, and prostitution. Although a devout Catholic, he manages his business with an admirable vigor, and views it not so much as illegal activity, but as the extension of goods and services to those who demand it. One business that he refuses to enter is the drug trade, as he views it with distaste and feels it is better left to "the scum on their street corners." On more than one occasion he has sent his enforcers

to break the knee-caps of pushers who attempted to extend their territory into clean neighborhoods under his protection.

Given his devout beliefs, many may find his most passionate hobby something of an oddity. He is an avid collector of occult art and literature. When questioned about this interest, his response is not surprising. In business as well as faith, it is best to know your enemies before being forced to confront them. Constanza knows his demons very well! Those privileged to see his collection are amazed at its extent, particularly his prized possession, the original manuscript to Crowley's "Book of the Law." Occultists find his collection of books to be extensive enough to act as a research library, but (unless the Keeper feels otherwise) it is not extensive enough to cover the Cthulhu Mythos in any significant way.

Nicodimo Constanza

Mob Boss, age 67

STR 45	CON 85	SIZ 50	DEX 50	INT 90
APP 60	POW 70	EDU 90	SAN 70	HP 14
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 5	MP: 14	Luck: 70

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	50% (25/10)
.32 Revolver	75% (37/15), damage 1d8
Dodge	25% (12/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (90%), Fine Arts (65%), Law (75%), Library Use (60%), Occult (65%), Persuade (60%), Psychology (70%), Spot Hidden (65%).



Constanza's home is found behind the high walls of a Beacon Hill estate, in this influential section of Boston. Security is extraordinarily tight, and there is no way for anyone to sneak in unnoticed. He keeps his offices above "The Candelabra" – an ultra-exclusive downtown restaurant that caters to the exceptionally wealthy – that he owns. The southern Italian and Sicilian cuisine offered by the gourmet chef is pure heaven and reservations must be made six months in advance. Patrons can also expect their checks to run into the triple-digits, but it may well be worth it! Travel between home and office is handled via an armored Mazarati limousine whose driver is heavily armed, as is Constanza's body-guard.

If the investigators want to speak with him, they discover him to be a small man in his late sixties, gruff in speech as well as manner. He is not afraid to call a spade a spade, and does so frequently. His voice is deep and gravelly, tainted by the Sicilian accent he brought with him as a child from his birthplace, Palermo. Before discussing business, he insists that his guests are comfortable and even offers to feed them if they are hungry! Once comfortable, preferably with a nice glass of port in hand, he discusses business.

Of course, if questioned about the theft of the Pickman paintings, he professes his innocence. He freely admits his desire to own the pieces, but will mention that his efforts were unsuccessful. This is a pity, particularly as the amount he was willing to pay would have done much for the financial position of Outre Arte. He does not specifically state how much he was willing to pay for the works, but if pressed, confesses that it's more than any of the characters would see in a lifetime. Why he would be willing to part with such a sum is simply because he wanted the paintings.

He also pleads ignorance with regards to the sabotage plaguing Putnam Place. The labor troubles are his son-in-law Johnny's problem, and he's sure that however the issue resolves itself will be for the best.

Questioning him about his status as a mob boss, or about any of his illicit business dealings requires a Power roll to keep from angering him. The more the characters press, the lower the chance of succeeding this roll should become (add a cumulative 10% for each such question asked). Failing this roll results in the characters being ejected from wherever the interview takes place. The characters may also find themselves being followed by a pair of nondescript gentlemen for the duration of the scenario (or possibly the campaign if this scenario is part of something larger). If the characters really manage to tick Constanza off, they may find that the brakes of their car have suddenly failed to work on a winding mountain road or that they are the unwilling victims of some other unfortunate accident.

Actually, attacking Constanza results in an investigator's untimely end, either at the hands of Consantza's body-guard, or as the result of the vendetta contracted against them. Keepers who feel that the players are a little too trigger-happy should insist that their characters be disarmed before they are brought before the mob boss, in order to nip that particular reaction in the bud.

A WALK ON THE DARK SIDE

The following scene is provided as a method of clarifying the conflict between Elias and Pickman, assuming that the characters have not figured out what is going on. The Keeper should simply inflict it on one or more characters, if they haven't conjured it themselves via the information gleaned from von Kraun's manuscript. In any case, the following ensues.

Sometime during the dead of night, one of the characters is awakened from a fitful sleep, aware of a presence in the room. Any weapons placed conveniently nearby are absent, and electric lights fail to illuminate. After a brief period allowing the character's eyes to adjust to the darkness, a hunched form is seen towering over the bed. This apparition is clad in either a cloak or heavy overcoat (it's too dark to tell), and wears a large wide-brimmed hat concealing its facial features. Although the visage is menacing, there is no perceived malice in its intent.

The figure steps back toward the door of the room, beckoning the character to follow. Like the Ghost of Christmas Future, it answers no questions and makes no intelligible sound other than a muffled, snuffling of breath. It leads the investigator out

of his or her place of repose – bedroom or otherwise – into the chill, dank air of a cemetery. Turning, the investigator notices that they have not left their comfortable bedroom, but instead have exited a cold marble mausoleum, whose heavy, black iron gate swings rustily closed with a sharp clanging.

Any other characters who have chosen to participate in this dream journey are found waiting in the cool breeze that whips through the leafless branches of graveyard maple trees. Players may communicate normally, and may wonder where they are, if they haven't figured out that they've left the waking world for a visit to the Dreamlands. If they entered with the assistance of the Pass Beyond spell, they find those possessions that managed to pass through hanging in a bundle from a near-by tree branch.

Looking around, the investigators see that the graveyard seems to stretch onward towards the horizon, haphazard graves and headstones for as far as the eye can see. An examination of the many inscriptions (or a Spot Hidden roll) reveals that many of the graves are those of people with whom the characters have had some sort of contact during their lives – friends, family, associates, even other retired (or deceased) investigators. This is the "Graveyard of the Soul", and everyone who has ever influenced the investigators can be found here. All the headstones are properly inscribed, but not all have a deceased date. From a distance, it is quite easy to distinguish which graves are marked as deceased, as all of them have been dug up.

Another glance shows that the character's guide has managed to vanish. Soon however, another creature hops out from behind a small monument and beckons the characters to follow. This creature is easily recognizable as one of those depicted in Pickman's paintings – a Ghoul. Unless one or more of the investigators know the Contact Ghoul spell, they are unable to communicate with their guide. If they do manage to communicate, all they can get out of him is: "hurry, hurry ... he waits ... he waits!"

"Speedy" leads the character along a path through the maze of graves and headstones. As they pass along, an Idea roll reveals that the graves are becoming more recent as they progress. Eventually, their journey ends at the door of another mausoleum that Speedy motions them to enter ("hurry, hurry!"). Just outside are the graves of those whom the characters have had the most recent contact. All are haphazardly organized, as are the others, with an odd exception that an Idea roll reveals. Not far from the mausoleum door are eight graves, placed neatly side to side. All the headstones are identical in shape and size, as are the burial mounds that remain untouched. The headstones are inscribed as follows (from left to right):

- James Elias, 1705 -
- Henry Elias, 1755 -
- Walter Elias, 1805 -
- Gregory Elias, 1840 -
- Francis Elias, 1885 -
- Michael Elias, 1915 -
- Robert Elias, 1935 -
- Gavin Elias, 1955 -



The characters may ponder these names as they will, particularly the fact that none of them have years of death inscribed with them. Regardless, Speedy pushes them onward if he has to.

Passing through the mausoleum gate, the characters exit into bright sunshine. In front of them is a wooded area (as described in von Kraun's journal). Speedy leads them into the trees, and up to a third mausoleum, motioning for them to enter. He does not follow himself, and closes the door behind them.

On the far wall of this burial chamber hang the four missing Pickman paintings. Also in the room are a bed with a straw mattress, a small stand of book shelves, and a table and chair. On the table is a pile of papers, quill and ink, and a large, lit candlestick bearing a fat candle. Standing in the center of the chamber is another Ghoul, this one older than Speedy and covered with tufts of gray hair sprouting from his leathery skin. He smiles at the characters with a grin full of cracked and stained teeth, thrusts his hand out, and introduces himself. "I am Richard Upton Pickman, welcome!"

Pickman's Statement (to be read or related):

"It's been so long since I've had the opportunity to speak with humans, I'd quite forgotten what it was like. Wolfie was the last of course, and that was so many years ago. I suspect that you've come for the paintings. Well, I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but they will have to remain here with me. It was a mistake to create them in the first place. Humanity was not ready for them then, and they're certainly not ready for them now. And all the work you've gone through to get at them! Digging bloody great holes in the ground ... whatever has become of my townhouse? Not to mention breaking into Wolfie's house to get the fourth painting! You don't look the type for such underhandedness. As you humans are so barbaric, is it any wonder why I decided to join a more civilized race? I must apologize for the damage that has been done by my people, but it was all in self-defense.

You're just getting too close and becoming too much of a disruption. Stay above ground in that burning sunshine you're so fond of, and leave the depths to us. If you don't desist, we can't be held responsible for the carnage that may ensue. Leave well enough alone!"

Unfortunately, Pickman seems to think that the characters are the ones behind Little Israel and the attempted theft of his painting at Outre Arte. If the investigators refute this assumption, Pickman shows surprise and confusion. What are they doing there, if not to steal the paintings? Who is behind it all? And why?

Of the Graveyard of the Soul, Pickman explains that the upturned graves belong to those who have already passed away – and become sustenance for his people – and the others belong to those who have yet to pass on. Of the odd Elias graves he can offer no information other than the fact that he's never heard of that sort of configuration happening nor of the persons to whom the graves belong. It certainly is an oddity!

The shelves hold a series of hand-written journals penned by Pickman. They relate the history of the Ghoulish race as well as his experiences since his transformation to the present. If these "Pickman Papers" were ever to come to light, they would certainly be of considerable value to any interested in the Cthulhu Mythos (Sanity: 1d10; Cthulhu Mythos: +5/+10 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 30; Study: 15 weeks; Spells: Contact Ghoul, Contact Spirits of the Dead, Create Zombie, Pass Beyond, Summon Nightgaunt). Unfortunately, Pickman does not allow their removal any more than he'll allow the removal of the paintings.

Attempts to touch any of these items results in the end of the dream for the character in question. From the perspective of the other characters, an investigator who touches one of the items simply disappears, without flash or fanfare. One instant they are there, and the next they are awake in the real world (with the loss of 1d3 Sanity).

Once the characters have discussed all they can with Pickman, they awaken normally.

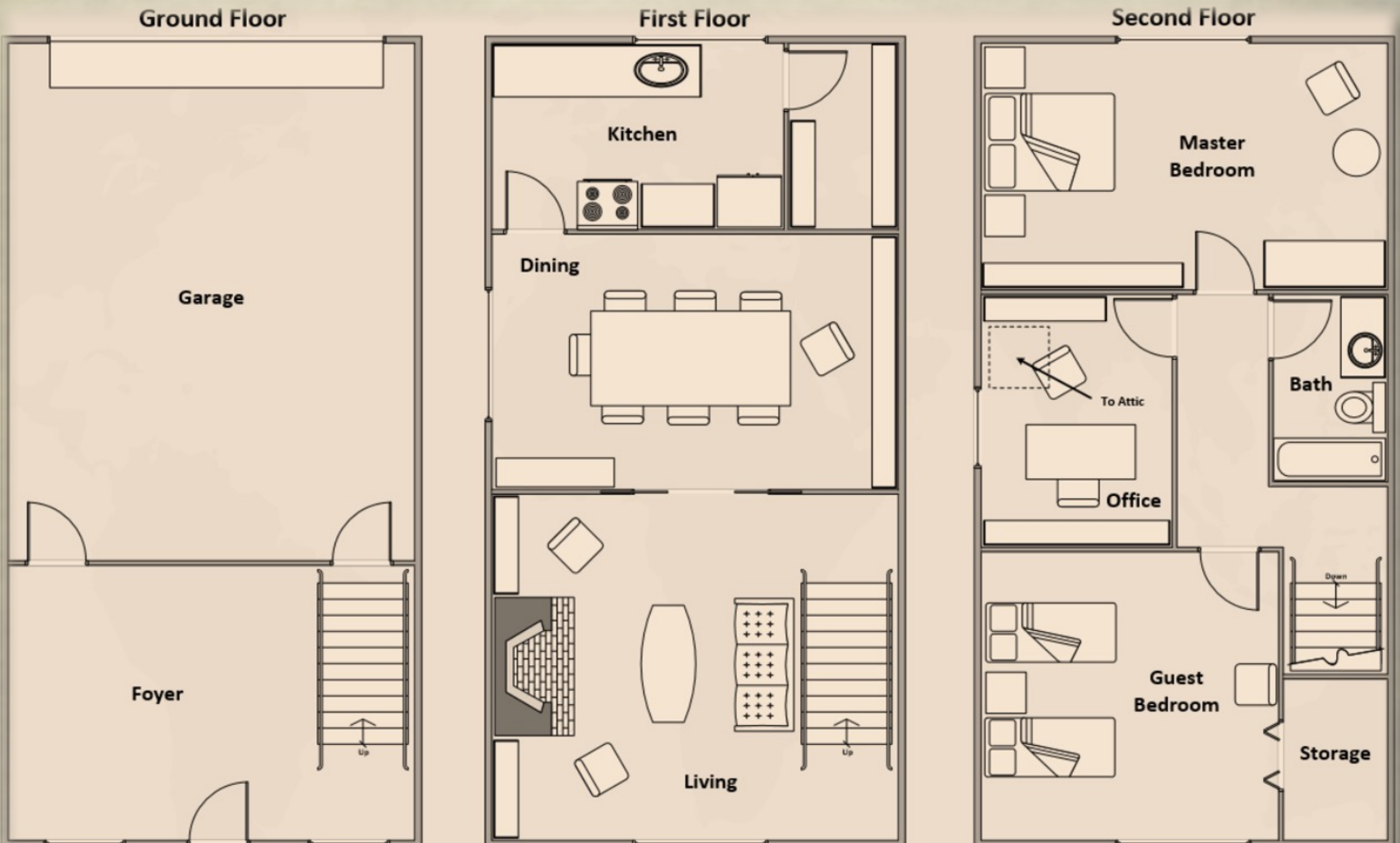
CONFRONTING ELIAS

Once enough clues have been compiled, the intrepid investigators will no doubt go after Elias. Finding him proves quite easy, particularly due to his public image. He is found at Boston City Hall during weekdays from the early hours of the morning, until the early evening. His days are divided among participating in the local assembly and holding meetings in his office with constituents, lobbyists, and other government officials. His evenings are spent at his home in fashionable Beacon Hill, as are his weekends – when not participating in social events.

Elias' supporting staff both at the office and at home are small but efficient, none of whom are aware of his "other interests." If approached in either location, the characters meet one or more of these people before they finally meet Elias fact-to-face. The staff will do their best to forestall the encounter, but the characters are eventually be allowed to pass, provided that the hour is not unreasonable.

The Office

Gaining access to Elias' office involves getting past a security station in the lobby of City Hall. During regular business hours, if the investigators are expected, they simply need sign-in to acquire visitor's badges. If they are not expected, they are able to walk through the security station unmolested if the character with the lowest Power succeeds in a Luck roll. Gaining access to the building after hours requires a hard Luck roll.



ELIAS' BEACON HILL RESIDENCE

Elias' office is a simple two-room affair, the first being a secretarial and reception area that leads into Elias' personal office. The reception area is furnished with a comfortable couch and matching chair, both of which are in easy view of a modular secretarial workstation. Against one wall are a series of filing cabinets filled with the many projects with which the Assembly leader has been involved. Boring reading, for the most part, but nosey characters find no mention of the Putnam project therein.

Passing through an additional door in this front room leads the characters into Elias' office proper. It is a spacious affair with large windows and bookcases lining the walls. The books are all of governmental issue, covering topics such as budgeting, taxation, and the local legal system. The large mahogany desk sports a little-used computer and a built-in filing cabinet. Locked into the desk are files detailing projects currently in process, including the Putnam project. Giving the file a once-over reveals that the project was forced through the Assembly via political pressure, and that its economic value is questionable. Nonetheless, Elias continues to support the project, regardless of the cost.

The Brownstone

Elias' residence in Beacon Hill is a simple brownstone nestled into a quiet section of this affluent area. It is a three-story edifice that also includes a basement and a small attic. On the ground level is a foyer accessed from the front of the house, and a garage that leads a back alley. The second floor includes a living room, dining room, kitchen and a small bathroom. The third floor includes the master bedroom, a guest bedroom and a small office. The attic – which is accessed through a trap door in the ceiling of the office – is little more than a crawl-space and is filled with brick-a-brack. The basement is also filled with junk in addition to the requisite washer and drier.

Of most interest in the brownstone is a three-cubic foot safe hidden behind a set of false encyclopedias on a bookshelf in Elias' office. After being uncovered with a Spot Hidden roll, the investigators find within it a set of eight journals. Each are marked as a journal of one of Elias' "ancestors" and include weekly entries that document his life over the past two and a half centuries. Observant investigators note that all the journals have been written by the same hand, even though they span a considerable period of time. The age of the earlier editions is evident, so it is unlikely that all the journals were penned recently. Each journal is several hundred pages long, and it takes some time to run through them all. The time to digest them can be shortened by dividing them up among several investigators and then swapping notes to piece together the life of James "Gavin" Elias.

The Elias Journals

Reading the journals gives the investigators the opportunity to learn the "Renew Life" spell (the only spell contained therein), as well as provide a 5% bonus to the reader's Occult skill in addition to the noted Cthulhu Mythos bonuses. All the journals are written in the first person, but no mention is given in the text of each as to who the writer is, apart from the name on the cover. Nor do any of the entries carry specific dates or times written.

Sanity: 1d4; Cthulhu Mythos: +02%; Mythos Rating: 05; Study: 1 week per volume; Spells: Renew Life.

From "James Elias"

The pains of age were sharp this day. Nevertheless, I made my usual journey to Fleet Street in search of yet another tome to temporarily quench my thirst for knowledge. Aged I may be, and yet my mind remains sharp ... as does my vision! Hidden in a back street I spotted a weathered sign indicating the presence of a seller of books. His collection was most interesting and well-traveled, as many of the tomes were in languages I could not identify. One of the collection captured my fancy, as it is well engraved and in the French tongue, that language of philosophers and statesmen. And what imagery it contains! I will delve into its pages soon.

From "Henry Elias"

I begin this second journal as monument to the miracle that has recently occurred. The Comte was accurate in his penning of the procedure, and I was equally accurate in following it. Upon awakening my pain had vanished, as had the signs of my age! Truly a miracle, I am young again!

From "Walter Elias"

Once again, my life has served me well! With the ability to add my gains to those of my 'predecessors,' I have begun to accumulate a fortune of a size I would have never dreamed possible! I am content in the knowledge that I will live out the rest of my

From "Gregory Elias"

How easy it is to take what one wants when you have the ability to do so! A few guineas into the right pockets is all. Everyone has a price and is willing to bargain if that price is approximated. Rather like fishing ... toss out a well-spun lure and the prize is yours for the having!

From "Francis Elias"

I am a fool! At the last casting, I felt as weak as I do today, and look little better. Although much of my youthful appearance has been restored, the effects of the process are obviously waning! I've searched for the damnable book but have been unable to find it, and expect that it was sold by an ancestor. Now, with an understanding of my fate, I am losing the ability to carry it out. Damnable, bloody fool!

From "Michael Elias"

I heard today of an artist in America who may have the answers that I seek. It is said that he has created portraits of ungodly monstrosities which - through description - resemble those described by the Comte so many years ago. I have little choice but to act on this information. I will soon begin to bring my affairs to a conclusion and move my estate to Boston.

From "Robert Elias"

My time is running out, and I have been unable to locate Pickman or any of his works. My frustration is as immeasurable as the fortune I've accumulated. Nevertheless, I must continue my quest at all costs. Nothing, not even Time, will stand in my way!

From "Gavin Elias"

At last! My nemesis has finally 'surfaced' once again! With Cartwright in my pocket, I own his home, and I will soon own his livelihood as well. The answers will soon be mine, as will the world!

and shoes). He is quite gregarious – being the consummate politician – and is very popular. Public opinion has marked him for gubernatorial position within the next decade or so, and seen from a distance this doesn't seem too unlikely.

Depending on the actions of the investigators during the course of the scenario, Elias' level of preparation is appropriately suited. If they contacted him through the phone number acquired at the Outre robbery, he knows that someone is aware of his participation in the plot to acquire the paintings. If he has no knowledge of the character's investigations, he may be taken completely unawares, and does his best to bluff his way out of the situation, claiming ignorance.

Gavin Elias

300-Year-Old Wizard, age 55 (currently)

STR 55	CON 45	SIZ 50	DEX 40	INT 80
APP 75	POW 20	EDU 105	SAN 0	HP 10
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 7	MP: 4	Luck: 20

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	40% (20/8)
.32 Automatic	45% (37/15), damage 1d8
Dodge	20% (10/4)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (75%), History (95%), Law (95%), Library Use (70%), Persuade (85%), Psychology (75%).



The Confrontation

"Gavin" Elias is a debonair gentleman in his mid-to-late-forties of average size, sporting a well-groomed mustache and goatee. His clothing is of highest quality (tailored Italian suits

The only spell Elias is familiar with is “Renew Self.”

It is important to realize that Elias is not the stereotypical all-powerful wizard that often haunts the standard *Call of Cthulhu* scenario. He is nothing more than an insane old man whose knowledge of the Mythos extends no further than that gleaned from D’Erlette’s tome. If a group of seasoned investigators is plying their way through the plot, it’s possible that they know significantly more about the Great Old Ones than he does. If threatened, he turns to his supply of hired goons to deal with the characters if he feels that they know too much about his actions. He otherwise turns to the local police (to whom he’s shown considerable support over the years), looking for their assistance in dealing with the investigators’ harassment.

CONCLUSION

Once the characters have nailed down Elias’ participation in this plot, there are several ways in which he can be thwarted:

- As Elias is mortal, the characters can simply gun him down. If this less than subtle option is chosen, they witness his rapid aging followed by quick decomposition to a fine gray powder (at a potential Sanity loss of 1/1d6). Any witnesses to this act cause significant grief to the investigators in the form of local law enforcement, but as there is no corpus delicti they are eventually released. This course of actions also result in no Sanity bonuses.
- A favorable option is to uncover Elias’ covert dealings with Cartwright Construction. The amount of fraud that he has been involved with (including that of his “forebears”) is enough to put him into prison for many years, as well as incurring the forfeiture of his estates. Even if he survives his prison sentence, his fortune will be gone and his plans for eventual world-domination evaporated. Taking this course earns the investigators 1d8 Sanity each.
- The best course of action would be to reestablish contact with Pickman and explain the situation to him. With the promise to halt construction of Putnam Place, he sends several of his brethren to “deal with” Elias. This ironic course of action earns the characters a 1d12 Sanity bonus each.

If the characters fail in their task to shut down the dig site, Elias and Cartwright eventually succeed in uncovering the Ghoul warrens located below Boston. The thousands of threatened Ghouls swarm up like ants whose hive has been disrupted and launch an unimaginable jubilee of carnage. Soon the National Guard is deployed, who incinerate Copp’s Hill and all within a half-mile of Little Israel. Characters who fail in their task each lose 3d6 Sanity.

ROGUE’S GALLERY

Given that this scenario is not overrun with the Mythos, unlike other adventures in this tome, the only group of foes that the characters might encounter are batches of hired goons or police. Sadly, in this day and age, the two groups are similarly armed

and frighteningly interchangeable in all but philosophy.

Each foe is armed with all weapons noted below. Note that police are properly educated and thus receive the higher value for that statistic.

STR 55	CON 50	SIZ 55	DEX 50	INT 55
APP 50	POW 50	EDU 50	SAN 50	HP 11
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 8	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	35% (17/7)
9mm Automatic	60% (30/12), damage 1d10
Club	60% (30/12), damage 1d6
Knife	40% (20/8), damage 1d4+2
Dodge	50% (25/10)

Armor: none.

Skills: Law (50%), Psychology (30%).

NEW MAGIC

What follows is the new magic made available during this adventure.

Pass Beyond, a Spell

This spell may be cast only at night, and costs the caster an expenditure of ten magic points and a 1d4 Sanity loss. Its purpose is to allow the caster to pass into the “Dreamlands,” carrying a number of objects from the waking world. The total weight of these objects may not be greater than 10% the caster’s Power in pounds. The spell is cast immediately before the character falls asleep (in fact the spell expedites this process), and the Keeper should make a roll against the caster’s Power. A successful roll allows the character to pass beyond with all his or her possessions. The number of percentage points by which a roll is missed is the percentage of weight that does not come across. For example, if the roll is missed by 10% only 90% of the total weight carried comes into the Dreamlands. What stays and what goes is at the Keeper’s discretion. Fumbling this roll results in a Nightmare effect involving the carried items.

Renew Self, a spell

Completing this hour-long ritual allows the caster to rejuvenate him or herself a number of decades, at a cost of one permanent point of Power per roughly fifteen years of rejuvenation. The caster may not burn more than half the total number of Power points they have during the casting, and each casting will lower their Sanity by 1d20. All the mental abilities and memories of the caster remain intact, even though their physical age may have significantly regressed. Upon the death of a person who has cast this spell upon themselves, all the age that has been reversed is suddenly restored to the caster, causing rapid decomposition. Anyone witnessing this effect are subject to Sanity loss (1/1d6).

BEYOND THE THRESHOLD OF PAIN

A 1920s ERA MYSTERY ADVENTURE FOR ONE OR TWO INVESTIGATORS

The scenario presented below has been designed as an introductory investigation for those players who have little or no experience with the rather unique style of *Call of Cthulhu* role-playing. It is an exercise in character interaction with little to no blood-letting — the blood has already been let by the various non-player characters — and unless the Keeper deems otherwise, no real Mythos connections. A thorough playing of the adventure shouldn't take much more than an evening or two.

As readers may have noticed by the title caption, Beyond the Threshold of Pain is based upon a tale by August Derleth — the eminent Prince of Pastiche — called “The Adventure of the Missing Tenants” from the collection titled “The Chronicles of Solar Pons.” This particular story details the activities of Solar Pons and his compatriot Dr. Lyndon Parker (Derleth's adaptation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes and Dr. John Watson to early 20th Century) during their investigation into a mysterious house and the disappearance of an Italian diplomat. Upon finishing this particular story, it struck me how much it smacked

of Derleth's Mythos tales, and that the only thing missing was a particularly nasty beastie or two to make the cross-over complete. It came as no surprise that the tale was written in 1929 as the author was being actively influenced by Lovecraft.

Taking the proverbial bull by the horns, I decided to get a little tongue-in-cheek revenge on Mr. Derleth by posthumously collaborating with him for a change, and wrapping a Call of Cthulhu scenario around one of his ideas (making suitable plot alterations for play purposes). Beyond the Threshold of Pain is the result of this effort.

As it is based on a detective tale, there isn't enough meat to the story to involve more than one or two investigators, and involvement of any more than that — particularly if all of them are armed to the teeth — might make the climax rather ... anti-climactic. Therefore, player characters should be limited to one or two, perhaps taking the roles of Pons and Parker themselves. It is also my intent to create a scenario for those Keepers who have a hard time finding a large group of players; a sad state that seems all too common these days.

The setting of the tale was originally placed in London, as this was where Sherlock ... er ... Solar Pons took residence. For the sake of consistency with the game system, the setting has been changed to Boston, Massachusetts, but can easily be placed in any large northern city. Owing to one of the clues, however, the temporal location of the scenario should always be set in early or late Winter when light snow-falls are common. The year is nominally set at 1926.

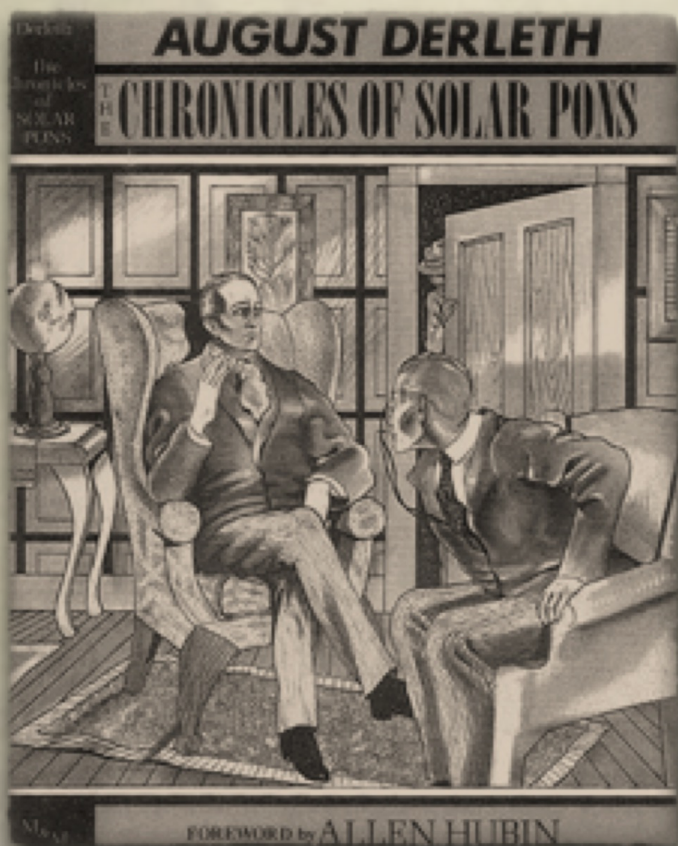
CHARACTER INVOLVEMENT

Getting the characters into the investigation is always the trickiest part of running a scenario — and certainly the most open to criticism. Three alternate openings are provided to alleviate this problem.

“Story” Opening

Per Derleth's story, the characters are well known consulting detectives. While relaxing in their offices between cases, they are alerted by their house-keeper in regards to an agitated visitor. Said interloper turns out to be an official in the nation's diplomatic service — and possibly a brother to one of the characters — with a perplexing tale to tell.

It would seem that one Count Ercole d'Oro, a member of the Italian Consul has disappeared without a trace. His last known whereabouts being a house at 27 Covington Circle (which a Knowledge roll reveals to be located in a modest suburb).



“... only a real artist knows the actual anatomy of the terrible ...”

H. P. Lovecraft, Pickman's Model



If asked why the government doesn't simply handle the problem themselves, the official hesitantly reveals that they have been working with d'Oro to uncover the possible infiltration of Communist agents. Unless the investigation is handled with total discretion, said agents may bolt. Any sudden search efforts mounted by either government would certainly alert any infiltrators.

A quick, discrete investigation is of the essence, and a bonus will be paid in addition to their normal fees...

“Mythos” Opening

On a chill but pleasant day, one of the characters receives a telegram posted from New York City from an old acquaintance or business associate, Count Ercole d'Oro. It would seem that he's discovered a rare volume of forgotten lore called the “Liber Damnatus.” He would like the investigator's opinion on the volume's worth as well as a translation if possible, and intends to visit their offices late in the week. Of course, he never shows.

A few days later, the phone rings. The character answering finds it to be the long-distance operator announcing a connection from Boston. At first, no one seems to be on the other end of the line, but finally a hesitant voice asks for the recipient of the telegram. The speaker is Harriet Jackson, the American wife of Count d'Oro.

She hesitantly asks (a Psychology roll indicates a level of distress in her voice) if the characters have seen her husband, as he has not returned home. A telegram mentioned that he would be visiting them on a return trip from New York, and he is several days over-due.

If the investigators suggest calling the police, she exclaims that she couldn't possibly do that, and promptly hangs up. Regardless, the call is quickly cut short as her emotions take over and she drops the phone back on its cradle amidst racking sobs. A quick connection to the telephone operator followed by a Fast Talk or Persuasion roll (Keeper's option) reveals the address of the call's source.

“Psycho” Opening

The characters are those who would likely have their fingers on the pulse of organized crime — police, federal agents, journalists, what have you — and lately that pulse has quickened. An Italian diplomat who has been rumored to have ties to the Mafia, one Count Ercole d'Oro, has gone missing.

Rumors abound that he was a mole placed within the syndicate by a joint Italian-American secret operation and that he has been discovered and eliminated. Others say that he was vying for a high position within the criminal elite and made some of his competitors nervous.

Regardless, solving the mystery of his disappearance could be a feather in the collective cap of the investigators.

[Note: This opening is referred to as such, owing to the plot-twist of that famous movie, leading the story off on a ninety-degree tangent. What starts as a simple theft ends up in death and madness.]

Any one of these three openings should provide Keepers with opportunities to get the player characters involved in the action. A little twisting to the events could also convert the scenario into a nice little tangent during a larger campaign.

SOURCES AND SUSPECTS

This section details the collection of persons with whom the characters may interact during the course of their investigation. The detail on these people is obtainable through interviews with the persons themselves, and in some cases through research of library and public materials.

Given the interactive nature of this scenario, Keepers are encouraged to add as many other sources as the character's actions deem necessary and to role-play them all to the hilt.

Count Ercole d'Oro

Although the characters never actually meet d'Oro until the end of the scenario — and even then, he's not coherent enough to do much more than whimper — his background is vital to the investigation.

Born in 1882, d'Oro attended the University of Genoa where he studied political science and history. He is well known around the world for a nearly consuming interest in Entomology and has written several monographs that have become standard reference materials in that field. He is also well known about social circles as having an affinity for 18th and 19th century Continental poetry.

He has been a consul attached to both the New York and Boston consulates since 1921, where it is rumored that he has been involved in espionage work.

In 1900, he married Harriet Jackson — the niece of a prominent American senator whom he met while she was traveling in Italy. The couple have been quite active among social circles, d'Oro well known for being rather loose with his fortune. Lately — within the past year — he has been seen less and less, and rumors state that his relationship with Harriet has been suffering.

In actuality, d'Oro has become infatuated with one Violet Carson, a legal secretary he met several months prior to his disappearance. They have been enjoying an intimate relationship over the past several months, and recently d'Oro leased a home at 27 Covington Circle in Lexington where they could meet in a more comfortable and private atmosphere.

Apart from d'Oro himself, nobody really knows the source of his fortune, and when questioned about it he has shown an uncanny ability to dance about the issue. This and several often-unexplained trips between the United States and the city of Palermo in Sicily have given rise to speculations on Mafia involvement. American officials have approached the Italian government with such concerns, but have not received a firm response.

Regardless of his theoretical associations with organized crime, d'Oro has proved himself a vociferous anti-communist on many occasions and has thus been accepted by the American Intelligence community (disorganized as it is) where they often rely on his freely given assistance.

Physically, the Count is an attractive gentleman of average height and build, sporting features classic to southern Italy. As he advances into middle-age, his hair is becoming streaked with gray, but this only enhances his distinguished features.

Although the investigators will never meet him in any coherent capacity during the scenario, his statistics are provided below, as he might make a valuable patron in later adventures or campaigns.

Count Ercole d'Oro

Unwitting Victim, age 56

STR 55	CON 80	SIZ 65	DEX 60	INT 65
APP 70	POW 80	EDU 75	SAN 35	HP 7
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 6	MP: 16	Luck: 80

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	40% (20/8)
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (35%), Bargain (50%), Credit Rating (75%), Fast Talk (75%), History (65%), Law (55%), Persuade (70%), Speak English (75%), Speak French (60%), Speak German (40%).



At the start of the scenario, Count d'Oro has been missing for three days. Note that his lowered attributes reflect his condition when first encountered by the investigators.

Harriet Jackson

Born in 1885, Harriet is not aging quite as gracefully as her missing husband. Although she is by no means unattractive, the passing years have begun to fill out her figure and wrinkles are beginning to mar the otherwise graceful lines of her cameo face.

As a member of a politically — as well as diplomatically — active family, she has been graced with a cosmopolitan education. It was during her travels over-seas where she met d'Oro and was immediately enthralled. Against family wishes, they were wed in Italy, returning to the United States when d'Oro acquired his consulship.

Harriet has been d'Oro's lover and confidante for a quarter-century, and their relationship has remained very strong contrary to the initial prejudiced beliefs of her family. Only during the past few years has d'Oro begun to stray, hiding his amorous entanglements under the guise of his work. Harriet is well aware of d'Oro's involvement in espionage work, and attributes his recent lease of the house on Covington Circle to that effect. He mentioned that it would act as a safe-house and inconspicuous headquarters for intelligence operations, and she has no reason to doubt the story.

Any attempts to discredit d'Oro's fidelity with his wife is met with outrage and disbelief. She is so devoted to her husband that no amount of proof will sway her — short of incriminating photographs (and even then, she may attribute the actions to his duties as a public servant).

The only thing that gives Harriet the least bit pause concerning her husband is the source of his fortune. Even with her, he has danced about the issue of income. Although she doesn't want to believe that it may come from illicit sources, the nagging doubt is still there.

Suggesting the involvement of police or government officials in the search for her husband is rejected out of hand, but she gives no reason why. In fact, she is concerned that he may either be involved in some kind of covert operation (which the characters may be a part of if the Keeper opted for the second of the three "hooks"), or that — hoping against hope — he has become involved in some gangland affair from which the exposure might destroy him.

Physically, Harriet is an elegant, handsome woman, who has begun to show signs of middle-age. Her figure is rounder but still shapely, and her long blonde hair — which she conservatively keeps pinned up — is approaching silver.

Harriet Jackson

Unwitting Spouse, age 52

STR 45	CON 50	SIZ 45	DEX 55	INT 55
APP 65	POW 50	EDU 70	SAN 50	HP 9
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	35% (17/7)
Dodge	27% (13/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (55%), Classical Art (50%), Speak French (70%), Speak German (30%), Speak Italian (65%).



Violet Carson

As the “other woman” in d’Oro’s life, investigators discover that he’s nothing if not consistent. This flawless, blonde-haired, blue-eyed beauty bares a remarkable resemblance to Harriet Jackson — or what she must have looked like twenty years previously.

Contrary to stereotypes, Violet is very bright and sharp-witted for her twenty-three years, and has shown a keen knowledge of the legal and judicial systems normally reserved for those twice her age. Sadly, her lack of fiscal means has robbed her of the necessary education she requires to advance beyond her role as a legal secretary at one of Boston’s top firms. For all intents and purposes, she has advanced beyond her official position to that of a legal aide to one of the firm’s partners, but beyond that she is not be able to go without a serious fiscal boost.

Enter Count Ercole d’Oro ...

Six months earlier, Violet and the Count met at a diplomatic soiree, hosted by a local congressman — he as an honored guest, and she as window-dressing to her employer. As d’Oro was accompanied by his wife, he and Violet spoke only briefly, but long enough to be suitably impressed by — let alone attracted to — the young beauty. The two of them met on and off for several months, and inevitably they began to share a bed two months prior to the Count’s disappearance.

So, taken with Violet was d’Oro, that he rented a small house in an unobtrusive suburb where they could spend time together beyond prying eyes. Until his disappearance a few days ago, they had used their meeting place twice before.

On the night of their third meeting at the house on Covington Circle, he phoned her at 9 o’clock in the evening, requesting a meeting for an hour later. Arriving slightly late, and finding the lights on in the house, she quickly disrobed, hung her clothes next to his in the closet and slipped into bed, awaiting his entry.

After fifteen minutes had passed, and he had not yet returned, she guessed that he was preparing something for them to eat; as they often enjoyed that additional pleasure between the sheets. He was not in the kitchen or pantry, however. A quick survey of the entire house proved him to be absent.

Putting on a robe, she went outside into a light snow that had been falling since before she arrived. No tracks were in evidence, nor — she recalled — were any in evidence upon her arrival. Examining the garage, she found his car to still be inside, the engine-block cool to the touch.

Giving the situation some thought, she guessed that he must have left quite some time before she arrived, but why he would change clothes (otherwise he’d have left in his altogether) as well as leave the house unlocked and unattended is quite a mystery.

Since his disappearance three days ago, Violet has not heard from him and is becoming rather concerned about his well-being. The thought of kidnapping has crossed her mind, but so far, she’s heard nothing to that effect, and her employers are very well connected with the law enforcement establishment.

Investigators may find her concern to be rather superficial, as she’s really only interested in the Count’s fortune. She is, however, pragmatic enough to view their affair as something of a

business transaction — albeit an enjoyable one — and she would not do anything to disrupt it. Checking to see if d’Oro modified any paperwork (probably with the characters investing the help of Harriet Jackson) that would guarantee that Violet received a large sum of money upon his death comes up empty.

Violet has nothing to gain and everything to lose through the death of Count d’Oro.

Violet Carson

The Other Woman, age 23

STR 40	CON 60	SIZ 45	DEX 55	INT 55
APP 80	POW 60	EDU 50	SAN 60	HP 10
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 7	MP: 12	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	35% (17/7)
Dodge	27% (13/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Bargain (55%), Fast Talk (45%), Law (65%), Library Use (65%), Persuade (40%), Speak French (80%).



Edith Brewell

Living alone next door to d’Oro and Violet’s trysting place at 25 Covington Circle is an elderly widow named Edith Brewell.

Edith is an average woman of average intelligence, living an average life on the average retirement allowance of her recently deceased average husband. As her life offers little excitement in her final years, she spends many hours watching the comings and goings of her neighbors through drawn heavy curtains. She is well aware of the amorous activities of the newest member of her small community, and witnessed his entrance, but not his exit, from the house next door to her own.

When her husband passed away a year earlier, the family accountant and lawyer suggested that she find an accommodation more in line with her small income to live out her remaining days. A small search uncovered the cottage where she has settled down as the price seemed more than reasonable for such a nice, quiet neighborhood. When visited by a small welcoming committee, she found out why.

Apparently, the house next door has acquired something of a reputation as a ‘haunted house’ — which she thinks is odd as it doesn’t look that old or run down. According to stories, over half a dozen people have disappeared into the house and never returned! Upon the disappearance of these people, many of the local residents opt to move out, keeping the prices of the homes rather low. In fact, no home in the area — apart from #27 — has been owned by the same people for more than two years running! The house next door is the only exception, as it’s been for lease as long as anyone can remember.

Having accepted the fact that she’s in her twilight years, Edith

feels that if she's going to live anywhere, it's going to be in a comfortable house in a quiet neighborhood ... and if there's a haunted house next door, so much the better. At least it keeps pesky children away!

The arrival of d'Oro and his mistress ("don't tell me that young thing is his daughter!"), a month ago came as quite a surprise. Since the Count's leasing of the house, Edith has watched the two of them come and go on several occasions. A few days ago, she saw him arrive around nine o'clock in the evening, followed by her around an hour later in a cab ("the house was well lit and my eyes are still sharp, Sonny!"). Around half an hour after her arrival, out she came with nothing but a robe on, prancing about outside in the snow and then went back inside. A little while later a cab arrived and she left. As far as Edith knows, d'Oro never left the house.

Since Violet's exit a few days ago, no one has come near the house, although once a big fancy car drove by real slow — which strikes her as she'd seen the car drive by a few times in the past. She's not sure what type of car it is, but it's got a hood ornament with wings on it.

Edith certainly hopes her next door neighbor has not run into anything afoul, but the thought of the house actually swallowing him up intrigues her. Hopefully the characters will let her know how their investigation works out.

Physically, Edith is in her late seventies with a frame stooped and shrunken with age. Her brown eyes sparkle within a sea of wrinkles.

Edith Brewell

Nosey Neighbor, age 72

STR 30	CON 40	SIZ 40	DEX 35	INT 50
APP 45	POW 55	EDU 45	SAN 55	HP 8
DB: -1	Build: -1	Move: 3	MP: 11	Luck: 55

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	35% (17/7)
Dodge	17% (8/3)

Armor: none.

Skills: Hide (60%), Listen (65%), Sneak (40%), Spot Hidden (70%), Track (25%).



Jacob Salazar

As a partner in Whitfield, Salazar & Whitfield, Jacob Salazar is the legal representative of the Borstad estate and manager of the property located at 27 Covington Circle.

Upon the death of the house's first owner, Dr. Henry Borstad, the family — which is from and still resides in Stuttgart, Germany — chose to lease the property rather than sell.

Since its construction in 1920, the house has had five residents, including Dr. Borstad and the most recent, Count d'Oro.

Professional courtesy forbids Salazar to discuss the previous occupants with the investigators, short of an official court order presented by a police officer.

If the investigators mention the potential disappearance of d'Oro to the lawyer, a successful Psychology roll notes a flush of nervousness in his otherwise non-committal exterior. Salazar theorizes that the Count is probably on a business trip of some kind and is sure to turn up sooner or later. Nothing to worry about ...

Salazar is concerned that if d'Oro has disappeared, the Borstad family may frown on continuing to retain his services. He clearly is unable to find tenants for their home for the long term.

Physically, Salazar is a distinguished looking gentleman in his mid-to-late fifties, sporting a neatly clipped mustache and silver-rimmed glasses to extenuate his well-cut, charcoal gray pin-stripe suit.

Jacob Salazar

Lawyer, age 58

STR 50	CON 50	SIZ 55	DEX 55	INT 60
APP 55	POW 50	EDU 80	SAN 50	HP 10
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 6	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	50% (25/10)
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (40%), Bargain (65%), History (50%), Library Use (75%), Listen (60%), Persuade (70%), Spot Hidden (45%).



Getulio Mazzani

The 'mystery automobile' that Edith Brewell spotted driving around Covington Circle at odd hours belongs to the Italian importer/exporter 'Tulio Mazzani. The title 'importer/exporter' is of course a euphemism for mob-father.

Mazzani has been an active member of the Mafia in Boston since his arrival at the turn of the century. With the coming of Prohibition, he has made a killing (figuratively as well as literally) in the illicit import of liquor into the United States, as well as in numbers and protection rackets.

Employing the aid of d'Oro — a local Italian consul — his ability to bypass customs has enhanced his profit line considerably, but recently d'Oro has been acting out of step, demanding more remuneration than Mazzani is willing to provide. Having become aware of the Count's affair with Violet, he has been trying to get the evidence down on film, in case the need for blackmail arises. So far d'Oro has eluded his observation.

While investigating the house, Keepers may want to consider providing the characters with a glimpse of Mazzani's Rolls Royce as it skims past. Of course, the gangsters within get a look at the investigators ... which may result in some entanglements later

on.

With a little effort, the car can be traced to Mazzani Imports in Boston, and from there into whatever danger the players want to drag themselves. Wherever they end up, it may have a lot of bullets!

Physically, the characters find Mazzani to be a heavy-set, gruff speaking man in his early-to-mid sixties. Of note are not only his tough, bull-doggish features, but the tough bull-doggish thugs arrayed around him (of which there are always 2d3).

Getulio Mazzani
Crime Boss, age 63

STR 50	CON 70	SIZ 60	DEX 50	INT 70
APP 45	POW 70	EDU 60	SAN 70	HP 13
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 5	MP: 14	Luck: 70

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 60% (30/12)

.32 Revolver 65% (32/13), damage 1d8

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (70%), Bargain (45%), Conceal (30%), Credit Rating (50%), Fast Talk (60%), Law (60%), Persuade (40%), Speak English (60%), Spot Hidden (70%).

Minor Characters

Keepers should feel free to create whatever minor characters they may need to keep the investigation going at a reasonable pace, perhaps causing a red-herring here or there.

THE BOSTON TATTLER

A discussion with Edith Brewell regarding the history of the house, or simple curiosity regarding its origins leads the investigators to an article from The Boston Tattler, a local rag of questionable repute. The article, which is dated three months prior to the Count's disappearance and entitled "Covington Circle House, Hole In Space?" details a brief history of the house and its notorious reputation. The text is provided in the accompanying hand-out.

All the information contained in the article is independently verifiable with a reasonable amount of shoe leather. One point of interest that may come to light during this process is that the writer Howard Eliot is about as respected as the Tattler itself. Also, John Tomlins and his family have moved away from the Boston area. Even if the Keeper determines that the investigators are successful in tracking the Tomlins family down, they cannot offer any information beyond what's covered in the article. The house seemed to emanate an odd mechanical sound, typically at night. It was sufficiently noticeable by their youngest



The Boston Tattler
Date: Three Months Ago

"Covington Circle House Hole In Space?"

BOSTON — Scientists from local universities and places of higher learning have recently begun speculating the existence of "holes in space" where physical matter may enter and not return. Exactly where this matter goes is anybody's guess. Is it destroyed? Does it reappear elsewhere in the Universe? Or does it go to another Universe beyond our own?

Regardless of the destination, it would appear that one of these holes exists right in our own backyard, or more precisely, within the home at 27 Covington Circle in a pleasant suburb of our fair city.

This attractive Victorian home was constructed in 1920 under the supervision of its first owner, Dr. Henry Borstad, the son of the eminent German ambassador (now retired) and a psychiatric researcher of some note. On December 7, 1921, he contacted family in Germany with plans to visit the Continent for some much-needed rest. That was the last anyone saw or heard from Dr. Borstad. Police officials made note that packed luggage awaited by the front door, but the doctor was nowhere to be found.

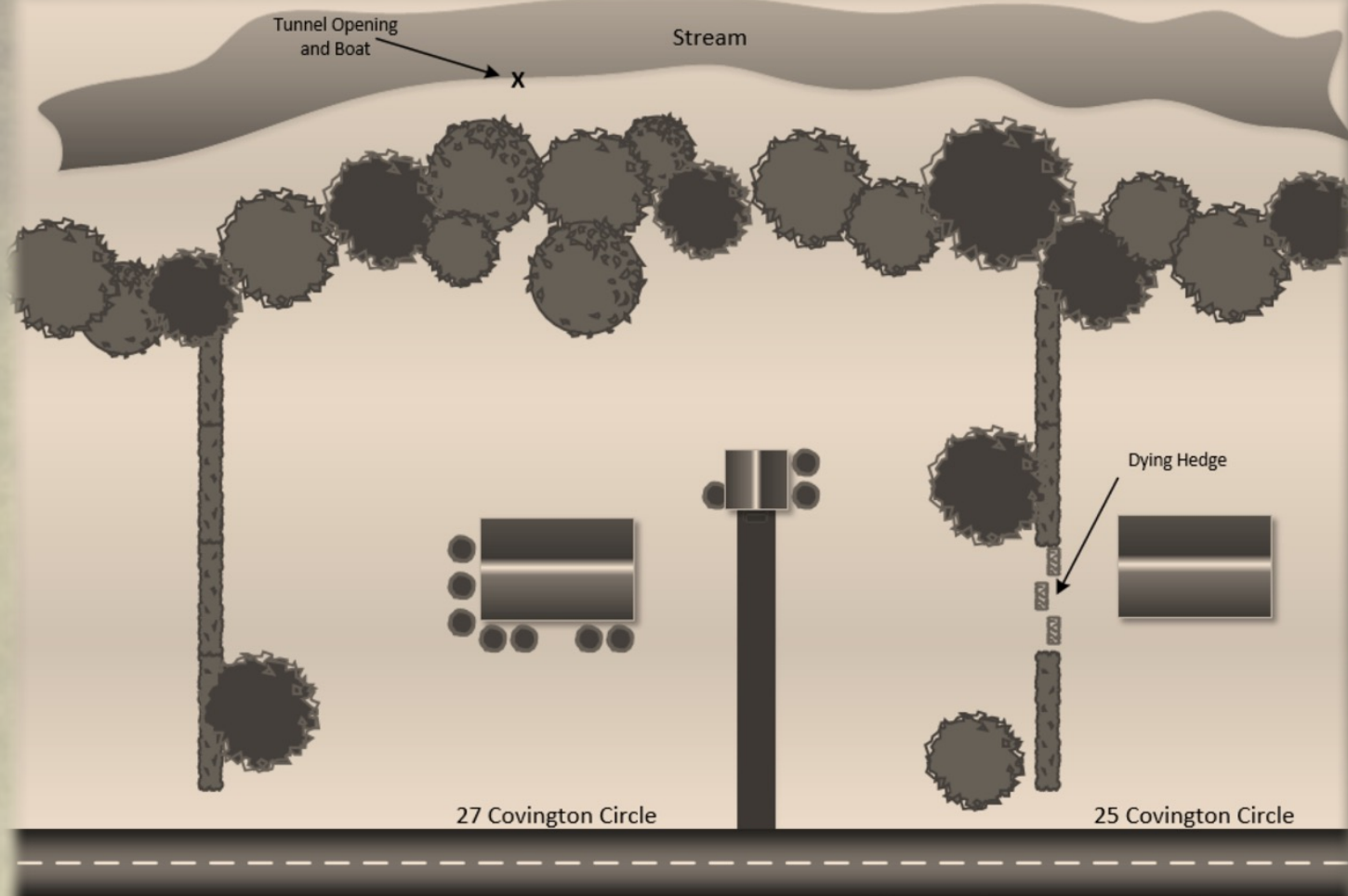
The house remained empty, but still in the possession of the doctor's family, according to the doctor's executor Jacob Salazar of Whitfield, Salazar & Whitfield. Over a year later, it was leased to Clyde Lee, the son of a Chicago industrialist. Mr. Lee was last seen on February 24, 1923. Given the wealth of Mr. Lee's father, kidnaping was presumed the cause of his disappearance, but no ransom notes were every forthcoming.

An incident was reported by the Tomlins family who took up residence a few months after Mr. Lee's disappearance. Five months after moving into the house on Covington Circle they abandoned the residence. Mr. John Tomlins, an engineer, claimed that strange noises could be heard from within the house. These were chiefly mechanical sounds, possibly echoed in from some distance away.

The third disappearance was that of well-respected writer and one time contributor to this paper, Howard Eliot. Mr. Eliot, an investigator into the occult, took residence in the house in an effort to explain away its mysteries — particularly as a legend was beginning to grow up around it, fueled by reports of ghostly apparitions on its grounds. Sadly, on May 17, 1925, the house managed to explain away Howard Eliot! As in the Lee case, officials speculated kidnaping as an explanation, but similarly no ransom notes were ever presented.

The total lack of ability to explain these disappearances can only point to one thing. As Sherlock Holmes believed: "Once you eliminate the impossible, whatever remains - no matter how improbable - must be the truth."

The truth the Tattler wants to know is: "who will be next?"



The Borstad House

child, causing endless sleepless nights. Being unable to determine the cause of the noise, they opted to move away.

27 COVINGTON CIRCLE

Finding Covington Circle proves to be of little difficulty, and the drive from Boston to Lexington takes just over half an hour. The area is nestled into a grouping of low wooded hills, and the street itself takes its shape by following the sweep of a wide creek that feeds into a tributary of the Mystic river. The creek is deep enough to be navigable to small boats or craft with shallow water-lines, and can be followed all the way to Boston harbor (a 45-minute trip downstream, over an hour upstream).

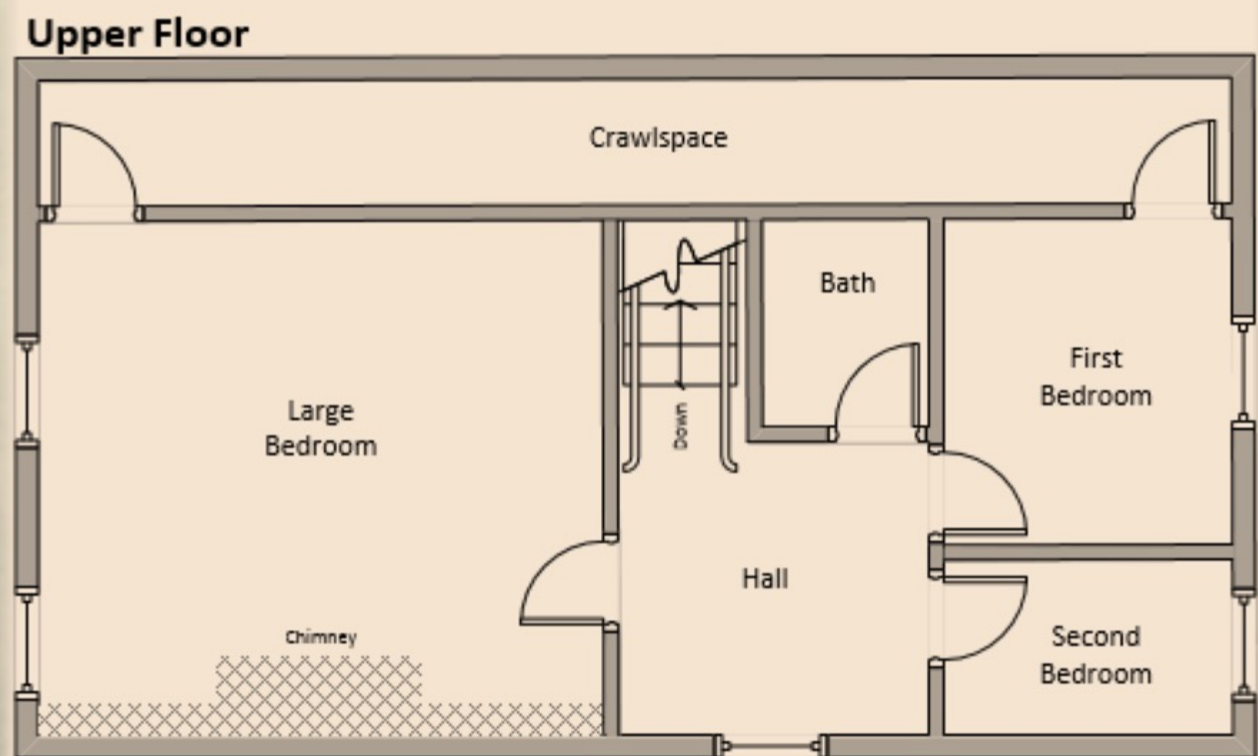
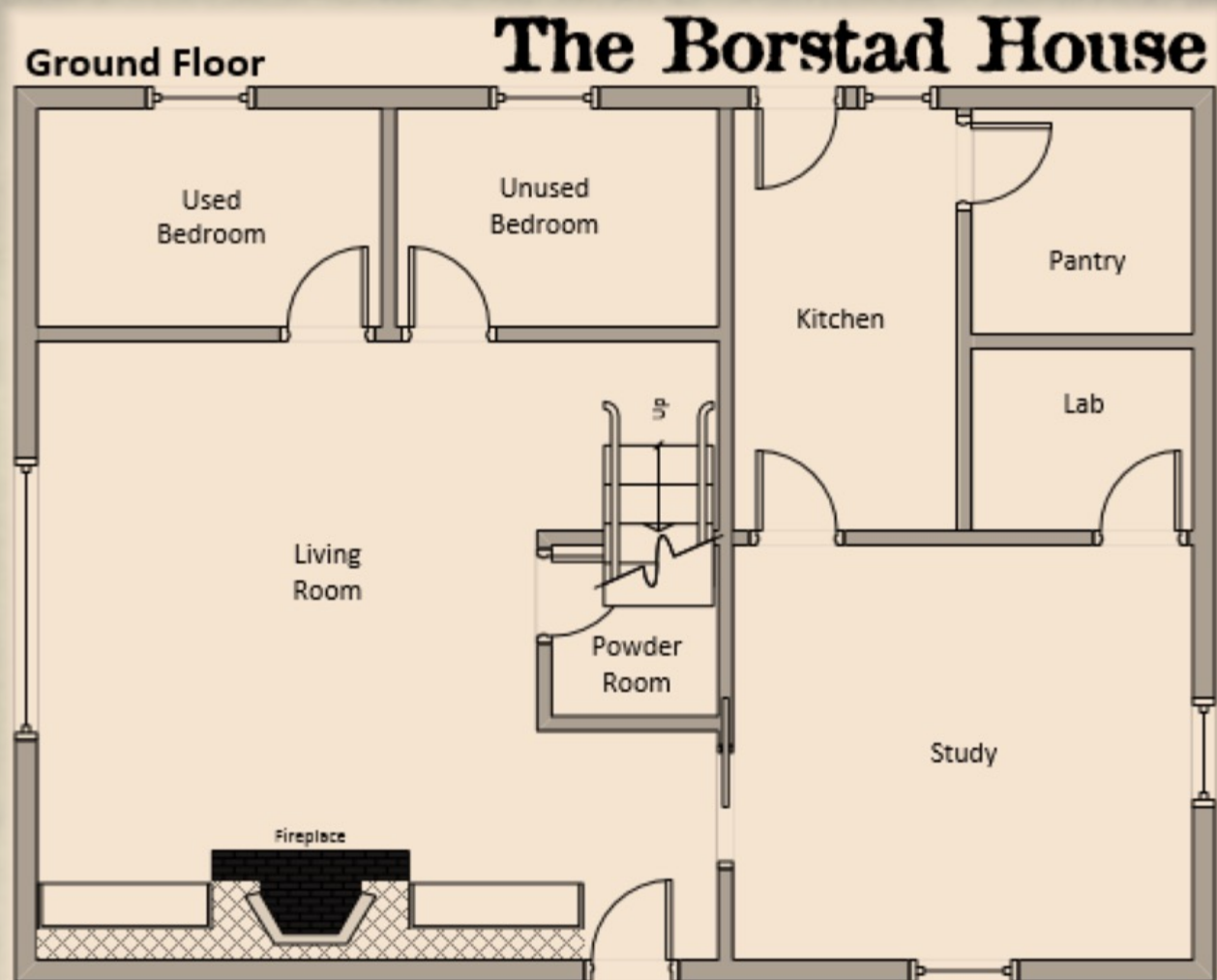
Two dozen properties line the creek side of Covington Circle, the opposite side of the road — that enclosed by the circle itself and the main access road — is still densely wooded. The properties are all two to three acres in size, and stretch back to the wooded banks of the creek. Between each property is a tall privet hedge, providing nearly total privacy. All the houses are unique in design, as the land was purchased and the homes built individually to owner specification, unlike modern homes that are developed and built en masse.

The cottage at #27 is a two-story affair, built in a Victorian

style, with obvious Georgian touches (as a History or Art roll reveals). The base of the cottage is surrounded by low shrubbery, indicating the lack of a basement. The grounds have been maintained in a competent if uninspired manner, with the exception being the privet hedge between #27 and #25 (Edith Brewell's residence), whose gaping holes indicate that it's on its last legs. The poor condition of the hedge provides a nearly unobstructed view between the two properties.

Adjacent to the house is a one-car garage built in the same style as the house, it's gravel driveway leading down to the street where a simple wooden mailbox stands sentry, the house number carved and painted into its sides (it's empty). Parked within the garage is a red Alpha Romeo RL two-seater sports coupe. The garage is locked, but the vehicle can be seen through a small window in its side. Apart from the garage door, there is a normal door next to the window on the side of the structure closest to the house. Apart from the car (which is empty), there is nothing of interest in the garage apart from a simple collection of mechanical tools, cans of oil, and a two-gallon drum of gasoline. Insidious Keepers are encouraged to put a hostile flock of avian creatures in here, just to keep the players on their toes.

Two doorways lead into the house's interior, a room-by-room description of which follows.



The Ground Floor

The front door opens into a small entry way, which in turn opens into the ...

Living Room - This large room is lit by a large picture window in one wall. On opposite ends of the room are a large inset fireplace, and two doors leading into bedrooms. An enclosed stairway leads to the upper floor, below which is an archway leading to a study. There is also a small powder room accessible from this room. The room is simply but comfortably furnished in leathers, and an oriental rug covers the hardwood floor. On a small table next to a plush, wing-backed easy chair is a volume of Leopardi's poems in Italian, open and face-down. The fireplace is a large stone affair — roughly five feet across and four high and deep — that appears to be unused. The floor of the fireplace is several inches lower than the level of wooden flooring (making it appear something of a shallow pit) and is quite dusty with several pieces of chipped stone laying within. To either side of the fireplace are built-in bookcases made of knotty pine, completely packed with books. Apart from two shelves, all the books deal with medicine and psychiatry and are quite dusty. The remaining volumes are collections of Italian classics (Dante for instance) and are dust-free. A gap exists within these books that an Idea roll indicates to be the home of the Leopardi poems. If the Keeper opted to use the "Mythos" hook, the copy of the *Liber Damnatus* is located among these volumes. Behind the older books, a thick layer of dust has gathered with two exceptions. Behind the books on the top shelves of the two book cases, the dust appears dispersed. An examination of the back of the book cases shows that several knots in the wood were either missing during their construction, or have since fallen out behind them. Knot holes exist on each of the shelves where the dust is dispersed, close to the level of the shelves (making them difficult to examine— let alone spot — without standing on a chair or similar device).

Used Bedroom - A large king-sized, unkempt bed takes up most of the space in this room, as well as a large armoire. A large window is covered by heavy curtains. Hung within the armoire is a full set of mens clothing (shoes, socks, underwear, everything!), whose labels indicate to be Italian in origin. Pushed out of site on an upper shelf is a woman's hat bearing the label: Made for V. Carson, Bayside Haberdashers, Boston. An investigation into the source of this hat reveals a quality hat shop only a few blocks away from Violet Carson's place of employment.

Unused Bedroom - This room is furnished with a double-bed, and an empty armoire. All the furniture is covered by heavy sheets, showing its disuse.

Study - Several additional book shelves adorn the walls of this room all as dusty as those in the Living Room. Piled on the floor are two additional stacks of books that an Idea roll indicates to be those replaced by the Count's modest collection. Also in this room is a large oak desk and related collection of chairs. These items also show a certain amount of disuse.

Laboratory - This small tiled room appears to have been set aside for research, although little equipment remains. In a small

glass case against one of the walls are a small microscope, a re-tort, and what a Medicine roll reveals to be minor surgical equipment.

Kitchen - This is room is a fully arrayed kitchen, including a wood-burning stove, and double sinks. Several pots and pans hang from hooks on the walls, and the drawers include a small array of kitchen and eating utensils. A door leads out of this room to the back of the house. Stacked up against the outside wall is a collection of logs, presumably for use with the stove.

Pantry - This small room is lined with shelving upon which rests a collection of canned goods and preserves. An icebox rests against one of the outside walls, with a flap opening to the outside of the house (the iceman would stop by once a week to deliver a large block of ice before Freon was in regular use).

Powder Room - This is a small room located under the stairs. It is furnished with a toilet and pedestal sink.

The Upper Floor

At the top of the stairs leading up from the Living Room on the ground floor is a small landing lit by a small curtained window. There are four doors leading off of this hallway.

A Spot Hidden roll while examining the stairs (as opposed to just walking up which instead requires a critical Spot roll) reveals a fragment of silk cloth caught in a crack on floor molding. An analysis of this fragment reveals it to be common in the use of expensive sleep-ware. Embroidered into the fragment is the frayed remnant of a monogram depicting the letter 'O.'

First Bedroom - This bedroom is furnished with a large bed, armoire, as well as several chairs — all of which are covered by heavy sheets and showing signs of disuse. There is a heavy layer of dust within this room.

Second Bedroom - This room is very similar to the First Bedroom, but instead of one large bed, there are two smaller single beds. There is a heavy layer of dust here as well.

Bathroom - This is a large full bathroom including toilet, sink with counter and vanity mirror, and a large claw-foot tub. It is clean and equipped with a collection of plush towels.

Large Bedroom - This is the largest of the three rooms, and is completely unfurnished. Against one wall, the chimney rises up from the floor below. Unlike the other two rooms on this floor, this room is spotlessly clean. On either side of the chimney several boards are stacked, apparently intended for additional sets of shelving similar to those in the Living Room on the ground floor.

Crawl Space - Leading off of the Large Bedroom as well as one of the smaller bedrooms is a crawl space used for storage. There is currently nothing in this area other than empty cardboard boxes and a couple small wooden crates packed with excelsior.

General Atmosphere

A general level of contradiction exists within the house on Covington Circle. Where most of the rooms appear little used and dusty, the Living Room, Stairway, and the Large Bedroom

on the Upper Floor are spotlessly clean to the point of appearing scrubbed. In addition, a hard Power roll indicates a pervasive odor about the house that a Medicine or First Aid roll determines to be very antiseptic in nature.

If investigators detecting the odor can make an Idea roll, they notice that the smell is more prevalent in proximity to the chimney and fireplace. An additional Medicine roll reveals a citric tang to the odor, reminiscent of anesthetic gas. Investigators spending more than thirty minutes prowling about the house may feel light-headed upon leaving.

Questioning Violet or Salazar about this fact draws blank expressions. They never noticed those areas within the house being that clean before.

CONCLUSION

Once the investigators have had the opportunity to speak with those indirectly involved in the disappearances and examine the house in detail, they should — hopefully — come to the conclusion that the house's victims did indeed vanish within it. The question is, where did they go?

CLUES

First, clever investigators may try to determine if there is any correlation between the four people who disappeared within the house. As the Tattler article explains, all of them have been single gentlemen; the Tomlins family having moved out unscathed.

Second is the scrubbed and antiseptic nature of several of the areas within the house. Why those areas in particular and, if Violet and Salazar are to be believed, who cleaned them?

Third, the design and condition of the fireplace is markedly odd, and why should the antiseptic smell be stronger in its vicinity?

Finally, why is the dust on the upper shelves in the Living Room dispersed so oddly around the two individual knotholes?

SOLUTION

With some thought, the investigators should be able to determine the following from the clues at hand: Somebody with a medical background has been pumping some kind of anesthetic gas through the knotholes in the Living Room bookcase, knocking their victims out and carrying them off. As there appear to be no standard methods of access below the house — the only direction one could go without being seen by Edith Brewell — the fireplace must hold the key. But this still leaves the question as to the culprit.

Again, the available clues provide the answer. Who but a medical person would be familiar with the use of anesthetic gases? And which doctor is intimately familiar with the design of the house at 27 Covington Circle? Dr. Henry Borstad!

Characters with any amount of Psychoanalytical skills who manage to make a Knowledge roll recognize the name Borstad. He was quite well known before his disappearance, having written three significant papers as well as a monograph on Sigmund

Freud. Sometime in 1920, he suffered a nervous breakdown presumably due to overwork.

In fact, Borstad never recovered from his breakdown. During his delusional state, he conceived of the topic of his next paper, one that would revolutionize the medical field as well as the human condition. But to proceed, he needed “volunteers.”

Dr. Henry Borstad

Insane Researcher, age 60

STR 70	CON 50	SIZ 55	DEX 50	INT 80
APP 50	POW 50	EDU 80	SAN 0	HP 10
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 4	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	25% (12/5)
Scalpel	65% (32/13), damage 1d4+2
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Architecture (50%), Biology (70%), Chemistry (65%), Hide (50%), Library Use (65%), Listen (75%), Mechanical Repair (40%), Medicine (75%), Occult (35%), Pharmacy (75%), Psychoanalysis (60%), Psychology (65%), Sneak (70%), Speak German (60%), Spot Hidden (70%), Track (25%).



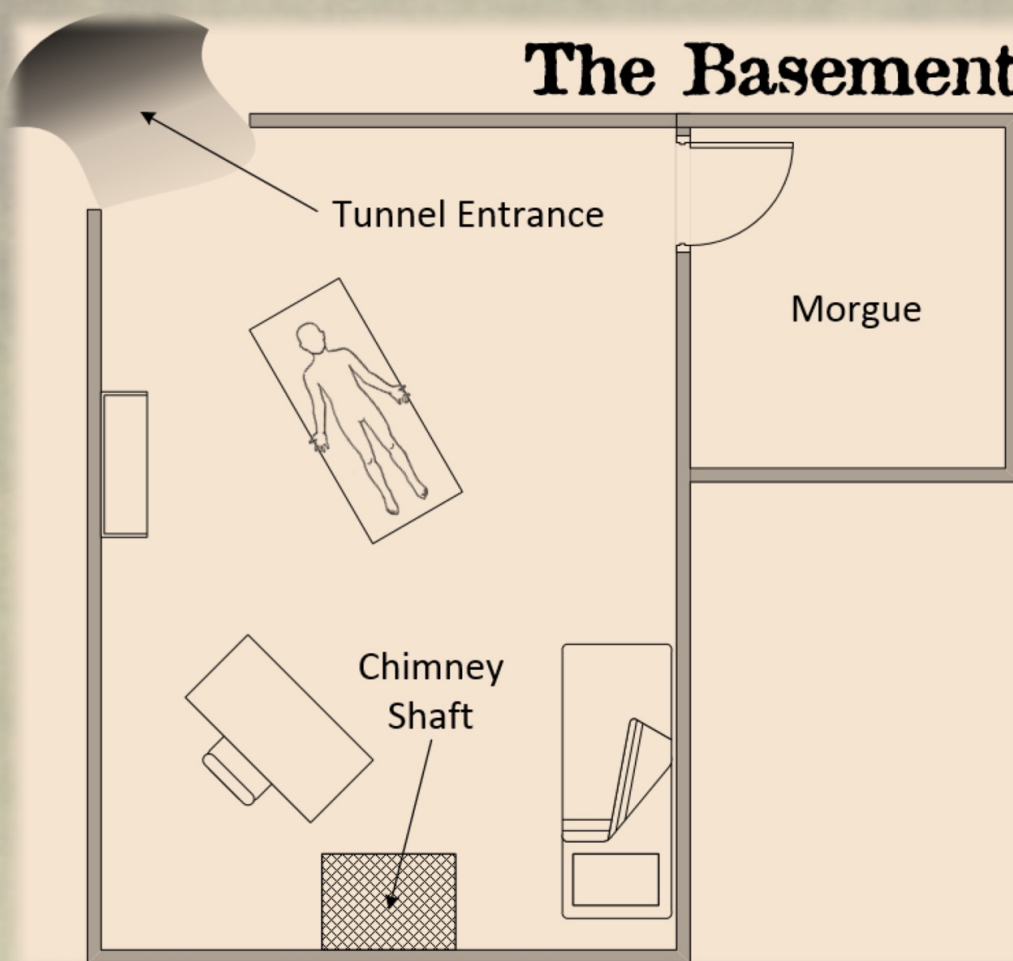
Upon completion of the house, he “retired” into its hidden basement and began his research. His first victims were those who were aware of the existence of the basement (architect, laborers, etc). As the numbers began to grow, he realized that the disappearances could be linked back to him, and so planned to disappear himself — which he accomplished in December of 1921. Having made sure that the house would not be sold, he continued his experiments on the lessors, but only those that he could take unawares — so the Tomlins’ were spared.

Fortunately, his movements below the house were perceived as an annoyance by the family above, resulting in their moving away. Borstad’s work could continue, and does with the most recent volunteering of Count d’Oro.

With the solution in hand, the next question for the investigators is how to trap him.

There are two exits from the basement, the first being through a secret passage built into the fireplace (a cantilever system closes the fireplace opening in the Living Room, dropping a panel open in the Large Upper Floor Room where a sturdy ladder and pulley system is revealed). The second exit is a crude but serviceable tunnel that leads to the bank of the creek — the noise that the Tomlins family heard was its construction. Unless investigators are specifically looking for this opening, it is totally invisible. Nearby is a small boat with oars and an outboard motor that Borstad uses when acquiring supplies in Boston.

The Basement



The easiest way to capture Borstad is to use his own trick against him, by pumping gas back down through the knotholes in the Living Room shelving. Once he realizes what's happening, he makes a dash for either exit, most likely taking the secret passage through the chimney (70% chance) as it's the shortest and gets him above the gas. Upon being gassed, he gives up easily as he'll be too dazed to put up a fight.

Another option is to come up the tunnel and take him by force. In this instance, he kills d'Oro and then fights it out to the death.

Any other method used (breaking into the fireplace, setting the house on fire, etc) alerts Bortad, in which case he kills d'Oro and gets away down the tunnel. If confronted, he always fights insanely until the death.

THE BASEMENT

Laying beneath the house, is a large stone-lined catacomb, lit by several gas-lamps. At one end of this large room is a large, makeshift operating table to which d'Oro is currently strapped. The stench of antiseptic hangs heavily in the air.

The Count is covered up to his chin in a blood-stained sheet, with one arm — also covered — extending away from him crucifix-like and supported by an additional smaller table. His chest

rises and falls steadily indicating that he still lives, but is currently unconscious (providing that the investigators did not choose to take Borstad by force). Examining d'Oro's body results in a Sanity roll (1/1d4) as large patches of his skin have been stripped away, some sewn crudely back into place.

Within reach is a small metal cabinet containing various medical supplies, including a large array of surgical tools. On top of this stout cabinet is a small gas stove and two pots, one of which contains the remnants of Borstad's last meal (beans of some kind) and the other sterilized surgical devices.

At the other end of the room is a large sheet of thick wood resting on sawhorses, to create a crude desk. On the desk are stacks of loose sheets of paper covered with tightly written notes. Several sheets have been gathered together into a portfolio, a cover sheet bearing the title "Beyond the Threshold of Pain." Several writing implements are also scattered about the surface of the desk, and a simple chair stands beside it. Against a wall near the desk

is a simple cot stacked with a pillow and several blankets.

A hole gapes in the ceiling of the chamber, from which several chains hang. Iron rungs lead up the wall and into this gap, eventually coming to an end in the chimney on the second floor of the house above. Two narrow rubber tubes lead up from tanks resting on the floor of the basement up this passage and terminate in valves mounted to the wall about half way up the series of rungs.

There are two additional passages leading out of the basement. The first is a narrow, low-ceilinged tunnel that heads out about thirty yards until coming to an end at a very well camouflaged door hidden among a stand of bushes. A few yards beyond this exit is the creek that loops about the adjacent properties. Well concealed about a stand of low trees is a small boat equipped with an outboard motor.

Opening the final door reveals a smaller chamber about which are scattered piles of soil, presumably from the tunnel described above. The smell of antiseptic is especially pervasive here, to the extent that breathing is difficult. A cursory examination of this room with accompanying Spot Hidden rolls reveal several bones poking out from within the piles of dirt. Closer examination unearths the remains of Borstad's "volunteers" — a count of ten bodies in all.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

Winning this scenario entails the capture of Borstad and the rescue of Count d'Oro, who with time and proper medical attention makes a complete recovery. Nabbing Borstad gains the investigators a 1d6 Sanity bonus, and rescuing d'Oro accrues an additional 1d4. In the unlikely event that d'Oro was saved but Borstad manages to elude capture, the benefit is limited to a 1d3 Sanity bonus.

Failure in the investigation is simply a matter of the characters letting Borstad slip through their fingers or the inability to resolve the mystery. In either case, he continues with his ghastly experiments.

Regardless of either outcome, if the house at 27 Covington Circle is damaged in any way, Jacob Salazar pursues the investigators for damages — to the tune of 3d4 x \$1000.

ROGUE'S GALLERY

Fortunately for the world, Dr. Borstad has not yet unleashed anything other-worldly from his basement. At least not yet. When navigating through this adventure, it's likely that the investigators will only run into human foes.

Bodyguards and Mob Thugs

Mazzani is always accompanied by at least two bodyguards and had an array of thugs at his beck and call. If the investigators find a way to cause him any grief, he sends a small number to rough them up, followed by more than a handful to dispose of them if necessary.

Each thug is armed with all weapons noted below.

STR 85	CON 70	SIZ 80	DEX 60	INT 40
APP 35	POW 50	EDU 25	SAN 50	HP 15
DB: +1d6	Build: 2	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	70% (35/14)
.38 Revolver	50% (25/10), damage 1d10
Knife	40% (20/8), damage 1d4+2
Dodge	40% (20/8)

Armor: none.

Skills: none (basic levels only).

NEW MAGIC

Typically, Call of Cthulhu scenarios are chock full of new magic and magical items — things to melt spines rather than tingle them. Since "Beyond the Threshold of Pain" is a relatively mundane situation, this section is understandably sparse. In any event, here are a couple of volumes that the investigators might like to gibber over.

Beyond the Threshold of Pain (Book)

Written by Dr. Henry C. Borstad, M.D., this is a loose collection of dated notes gathered together in a leather portfolio. The

unique volume chronologically details Dr. Borstad's experiments into physical pain and a human's ability to withstand such from a variety of causes. The first entry is dated April 4, 1920 and continues until 1926 with several gaps of inactivity. In total, ten experiments were worked to completion, the final experiment on the Count Ercole d'Oro in progress. An excerpt follows:

"My present volunteer, though a strapping lad of good physical stock is proving to be something of a problem. In order to continue my research into ocular distress, I found it necessary to remove the subjects eye-lids ... although a simple procedure, the resulting hampering of the moisturizing process may lead to erroneous results. As is, time to unconsciousness is averaging five minutes and seventeen seconds."

(Sanity Loss: 1d3; Cthulhu Mythos: none; Mythos Rating: none; Study: 4 weeks; Spells: none; Other)

Although this volume provides no Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, it does provide readers with bonuses to Biology (+10%) and Medicine (+05%).

Liber Damnatus Damnatoriorum

Written by Janus Aquaticus in 1647, this book is a black, leather-bound, three-hundred-page volume in quarto format with the title imprinted on the spine in gold-leaf. This is an extremely rare book, only one copy is known to exist in other than fragmentary form — locked away in the restricted section of Oxford University, London. The volume has two primary focuses: the "End Time" when the Great Old Ones are said to return, and methods by which their servants might survive until that time arrives. An excerpt (translated from Latin) follows:

"If ye shall rise and be as one with thy soul of birth, must ye depend on proper gathering as from improper salts may only the vilest awfulness issue forth ..."

(Sanity Loss: 1d6; Cthulhu Mythos: +2/+6 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 18; Study: 14 weeks; Spells: Resurrection, Contact Yog-Sothoth)

In addition to the benefits above, this volume also grants readers with a +05% bonus to their Occult skill.

ABOUT SOLAR PONS

In his essay "The Adventure of Three Anglo-American Authors: Some Reflections on Conan Doyle, P.G. Wodehouse, and H.P. Lovecraft," author P.H. Cannon points to several of Lovecraft's works that may have been directly influenced by Doyle's works. It would follow, then, that August Derleth's pastiches of Lovecraft's work may have been indirectly influenced as well. Evidently this is not the case, as Derleth had been heavily influenced by Doyle to the point that in 1928 he jotted the phrase "In Re Sherlock Holmes" in his personal calendar — awaiting the day that he would tackle the tales of the master of detective fiction as he would the master of weird fiction.

While attending the University of Wisconsin, Derleth finally got around to writing "The Adventure of the Black Narcissus," the first tale in a canon of pastiches that eventually numbered sixty-eight — surpassing that of Doyle himself.

The name "Solar Pons" was created to be syllabically similar

to Sherlock Holmes, and translates roughly into the phrase “bridge of light.” As Derleth notes in *The Praed Street Dossier*, the name “seemed to the adolescent mind singularly brilliant, which, of course, it was not.” His initial intent was to replace Holmes as the premier consulting detective, yet in his own mind — perhaps owing to his own sentimentality — he never quite achieved this goal. According to Derleth himself, “Solar Pons came into being out of Sherlock Holmes ... Solar Pons is Sherlock Holmes.” Derleth must have realized that one cannot improve upon perfection, opting instead to maintain the legend of Doyle’s detective as a retired contemporary to which Pons refers to as “the Master.”

Unlike Derleth’s pastiches and posthumous collaborations with Lovecraft, which often falter beneath Mythos bloat, his Pons stories are well thought out and in many cases succeed in their intended mimicry. The tale upon which the accompanying scenario is based is a case in point and likely superior as a tale to any of his Mythos work. The names have changed and the time made contemporary to the author, but the personalities are basically the same. Purists may rail against the imposter, but if you like good detective fiction, Solar Pons is worth a look.

Pons and the Mythos

Of the Pons canon, I’ve read twenty or so tales and was rather disappointed to see no mention of the Mythos in any of them. This is Derleth after all! While in the process of preparing *Beyond the Threshold of Pain*, I happened upon a clever essay on the Internet by Crispin Burnham: “Solar Pons and the Cthulhu Mythos by Drs. Eric von K nnenberg and Pierre de Hammais” (you can find it at the following link, at least as of this writing).

http://www.oocities.org/sherlockiana/holmesian/pons_yop.html

Within the essay, the author claims that Pons did have some contact with the Mythos, as noted in “The Adventure of the Silver Spiders” in which Pons and his biographer Dr. Lyndon Parker encounter a series of Mythos tomes that Pons writes off as a hoax (and if you’ve ever read a Derlethian Mythos tale, you probably already know which ones they are!).

Owing primarily to the goading of Steven Harris, a fellow Pontine fan, I did a little more digging into the detective’s background and came up with the following detail, as compiled by Derleth himself:

Pons, Solar, born ca. 1880, in Prague. Son of Asenath Pons, consular official at Prague, and Roberta McIvor Pons; younger brother of Bancroft Stoneham, in His Majesty’s Service. Public school education; Oxford summa cum laude, 1899. Unmarried. Member: Savile, Diogenes, Athenaeum, Cliff Dwellers, Lambs. Est. private inquiry practise at 7B Praed Street, 1907. British Intelligence, World War I, II. Monographs: An Inquiry into the Nan-Matal Ruins of Ponape (1905); A Logical Approach to the Science of Ratiocination (1917); The Chess Problem and the State of Mind

(1919); The Inductive Process (1921); On the Value of Circumstantial Evidence (1925); An Examination of the Cthulhu Cult and Others (1931). Widely traveled. Residences: New York, Chicago, Paris, Vienna, Prague, Rome, 7B Praed Street, London, W.2. Telephone: Ambassador 10000.

Of Pons’ compatriot, Dr. Lyndon Parker, there is little background information and Derleth seemed ambivalent about creating a detailed background for the Pontine narrator himself. All we know for certain is that he is part of the medical profession and then upon returning to London after a prolonged absence (when he left and where he went are unknown) possibly owing to the first World War, he met Pons in a pub near Paddington Station. Analysts of Parker’s prose-style have noted a distinct tendency towards the American idiom — some being quite vocal about it. It has been left to the readership to make what they will of this particular point.

Given the author’s status in the Mythos canon, and the characters connection — albeit passing — with the Mythos, I was rather disappointed to find that Pons and his compatriots received no coverage in either *Chaosium’s Cthulhu by Gaslight* (alternate names are used for the 1920’s version the Holmes crowd in *The Yorkshire Horrors*) or in *Games Workshop’s Green and Pleasant Land*. In order to rectify this oversight, I offer the following translation:

Sherlock Homes	Solar Pons
Dr. John Watson	Dr. Lyndon Parker
Mycroft Holmes	Bancroft Pons
Mrs. Hudson	Mrs. Johnson
James Moriarty	Ennesfred Kroll
Insp. Giles Lestrade	Insp. Seymour Jamison

This list is not inclusive of all of Doyle’s recurring characters as echoed by Derleth (in fact some of Doyle’s characters are mentioned by name within the Pontine canon), but these are the most recognizable. If you’d like to include these personalities in your *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios, the stats for them are available in *Chaosium’s The Yorkshire Horrors* campaign.

A GOOD CAST IS WORTH REPEATING

The images of the non-player characters found within this text have been used with permission from SilentsAreGolden.com. Here are the actors and actresses “portraying” these characters.

Count Ercole d’Oro	Ian Keith
Harriet Jackson	Camilla Horn
Violet Carson	Dorothy MacKaill
Edith Brewell	Edith Yorke
Jacob Salazar	Edwin August
Getulio Mazzani	Jack Holt
Dr. Henry Borstad	Milton Sills

A TALE OF TERROR

Tales of Terror were created within the pages of *Pagan Publishing's* "The Unspeakable Oath" magazine as a tool to assist Keepers in getting their creative juices flowing. There are scenario seeds that provide a little background as to what the investigators might experience, and then provide several alternatives to guide Keepers in their efforts to expand the situation into a fun adventure for the players.

This particular Tale of Terror, "The Urge to Purge," was published in The Unspeakable Oath #13. As with the full adventure "Two Minutes on High," the publication agreement with *Pagan* allows its reproduction within these pages. Its text has been cleaned up a bit.

THE URGE TO PURGE

"LOSE WEIGHT NOT, ASK ME HOW" is written in large, bold lettering on hundreds of flyers attached to public bulletin boards, kiosks, and telephone poles citywide. Accompanying it is the telephone number: 555-THIN. In this modern-day Tale of Terror, desperately obese people are looking for a quick cure for their burdensome curse. Unfortunately, many of them have been losing more than just weight!

A rash of inexplicable deaths have been occurring recently. Among the expected level of run-of-the-mill shootings and stabbings, these deaths stand out through the process of victim identification. On many occasions, the deceased's friends and family have failed to identify their loved ones, as they recall them to have been considerably larger. In life. Often up to 200 pounds larger – less than a week prior to their death!

Some small number of sleuthing reveals that each victim began to attend Dr. Flavio Nongordo's weight reduction clinic – the source of the flyers – a few weeks prior to their deaths. Nongordo is a fully licensed doctor, specializing in nutrition and weight problems, and has been contracted by many of the major diet program providers to distribute their products. He is well respected and recognized as a leader in the field of weight loss. If confronted, he cannot fathom what has been happening to these patients.

POSSIBILITIES

1. Dr. Nongordo has been doing a little illicit chemical work on the side. Given the great sympathy he has for his patients and the desire to rid them of their misery as soon as possible, he created a quick fix. In his lab, he discovered a chemical compound that, once ingested, speeds up the patient's metabolism to help burn up those unwanted calories and fatty deposits. Unlike an athlete who works hard for the same results, one of Dr. Nongordo's patients can lose weight by sitting on the sofa while gorging on pizza. Unfortunately, a factor in the process was over-looked, and after a random level of chemical is ingested, the effect begins to run wild and the patient's body almost literally consumes itself – fat, organs, everything!
2. Dr. Nongordo is not only a doctor, but an expert in the occult. While taking a holiday in Egypt, he was fortunate to be invited on an archeological expedition by an old-school chum. There, he uncovered an ancient scroll bearing a combination of hieroglyphs never seen before. Taking a photograph of the scroll home with him, he endeavored for months to translate it. He finally succeeded, and managed to unwittingly summon a Star Vampire – which now lurks nearby his clinic. Nongordo's hefty patients continue to make tasty morsels until the creature is bound and banished from whence it came.
3. Dr. Nongordo is insane. After having found and read "The King in Yellow" (several times – it seems to him to be the only book worth reading anymore), he discovered the truth behind our normal perception of reality. Through troubled dreams he has gained strange magical powers and is attempting to open a gate to show mankind who their real masters are. In order to do this, he has created a magical amulet that drains the life essence of those who come in contact with it, and stores their power for future use. He has been using hypnosis on his patients, and then subjecting them to the magic of the amulet. Once Nongordo has accumulated enough raw power, he intends to use the amulet to free his imprisoned masters from their otherworldly prison.

TWO MINUTES ON HIGH

A 1920s ERA ADVENTURE FOR TWO TO FOUR INVESTIGATORS

This scenario was submitted to *Pagan Publishing* in 1994, where it was published in the Fall issue of *The Unspeakable Oath*. Fortunately, *Pagan Publishing* allows their authors to retain the copyright to submissions, to the text of the scenario can be reproduced here. It has been tweaked and expanded a bit since its first publication.

The scenario was originally written as a tournament scenario, and four or five fairly experienced players should be able to complete it in under five hours if they don't dawdle too much. For the purposes of this writing, I have included background information and a few names that really have no impact on the play of the scenario, and are only there for clarification purposes. The scenario was written to take place in the mid-1920s, but the year in which the adventure is set is not really relevant to play, and industrious Keepers can fit it just about anywhere.

Keepers should note the way the plot unfolds. There is no real timeline, as these are more often than not unfair to players in a tournament situation. The plot is more of a series of events, each of which is triggered by the one before it. The amount of time between these events is irrelevant. Keepers should, of course, try to keep the pace of the adventure from bogging down too much.

Succeeding in this scenario lays in the investigators taking full advantage of every piece of information available to them. If they miss or – even worse – dismiss anything, their investigators are almost sure to be killed or driven insane by the end of the adventure.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

Roughly a decade before the scenario begins, Dr. Samuel Rogers – a tenured professor of History at Columbia University – had the dubious honor of having his mind swapped with a member of the Great Race of Yith. Due to his great strength of will and character he could cope with the transference, and actually gain some insight into the ways and abilities of the Great Race as he examined the historical records of their travels through time. Upon observing his strength, the Yithians tried to recruit him as a "liaison" to help them in their quest for knowledge, finding him more than eager to cooperate.

Upon returning to the present he began to search out potential transferees with the assistance of a few Yithian devices allowing him to determine the mental stamina (the Power) of the victim. He felt that only those strong enough and had a desire to learn would not only be able to cope with the transfer process, but also help him and the Great Race to continue their studies. Thus, began the "Brotherhood of Light."

Two years before the scenario begins, one of the Brotherhood – with the aid of Yithian mind projection devices – sent himself several years into a future time line. When he returned, his mind was in such a state of shock, that his body suffered a massive heart attack, killing him soon after the transference was complete.

Several of the strongest minds ventured forth into the same time line to see what had caused his death upon his return. What they found was the unspeakable horror of the Great Old Ones returned to rule over the Earth!

Determined to find out how this event might occur, the Brotherhood ventured slowly back in time until they found the source: Edgar Metz.

Metz was a new librarian at the New York Public Library, who one night entered the restricted stacks and found a fascinating handwritten tome purporting to be the twelfth volume of *The Revelations of Glaaki*. In it he found reference to the Old Ones, and being a bit overzealous and under bright, he decided to undertake one of the incantations contained therein. So was the end of Edgar Metz, and the birth of Y'Dgetz, an avatar of Y'Gol-onac. Y'Dgetz is served by a small cult of long standing, the Sons of the Hands that Feed.

At present, the Sons and Y'Dgetz are trying to get their palms (so to speak) on a magical artifact, the Glass of T'al G'nar. This artifact acts to magnify the magical energy invested in a spell or ritual, and would greatly increase the power of the cult.

As the scenario opens, Y'Gol-onac, through Y'Dgetz, has found where the Glass is, and is trying to get it. As the glass must be acquired through a legitimate transaction, Y'Dgetz must raise enough capital to secure its acquisition. The fastest way to accumulate that much money is to steal it, and the cult's desperate members have begun a series of daring bank heists. The Brotherhood of Light has also found out about the Glass and its uses, and is trying to foil Y'Gol-onac's plans.

One of the Brotherhood, while screening out potential members, happened upon Jason Randolph Cornwall III and was struck by the man's intense inner strength. Cornwall was quickly and subtly put under observation, and it was soon discovered that his inner power was focused on his relationship with Dana Walters and the Brotherhood found that his happiness would make it quite difficult to sway him from his current path. As they were under great pressure to gain as much assistance as possible, and Cornwall was too great an asset to pass up, the Brotherhood set out to convert him by inches. With the use of their available technology, they probed into his mind, little by little, until

"The beings of a dying elder world, wise with the ultimate secrets, had looked ahead for a new world ..."

H. P. Lovecraft, *The Shadow Out of Time*

his consciousness was completely taken over by a member of the Great Race. Now, firmly a member of the Brotherhood, 'Cornwall' began to take part in the struggle against Y'Golonac. He and several other Brotherhood members decided to tail the Sons and interrupted the first of their bank robberies - with horrific results.

GETTING STARTED

The scenario assumes that the investigators are either part of the Boston police force, or that they have been called in by a contact on the force to examine the crime scene of a very peculiar bank robbery. How this is set up is up to the individual Keeper and the goals of the campaign. If the investigators are acting as assistants or advisors to the police, it is likely they have a special contact who gives them some leeway in making requests for lab tests, evidence examination, etc.

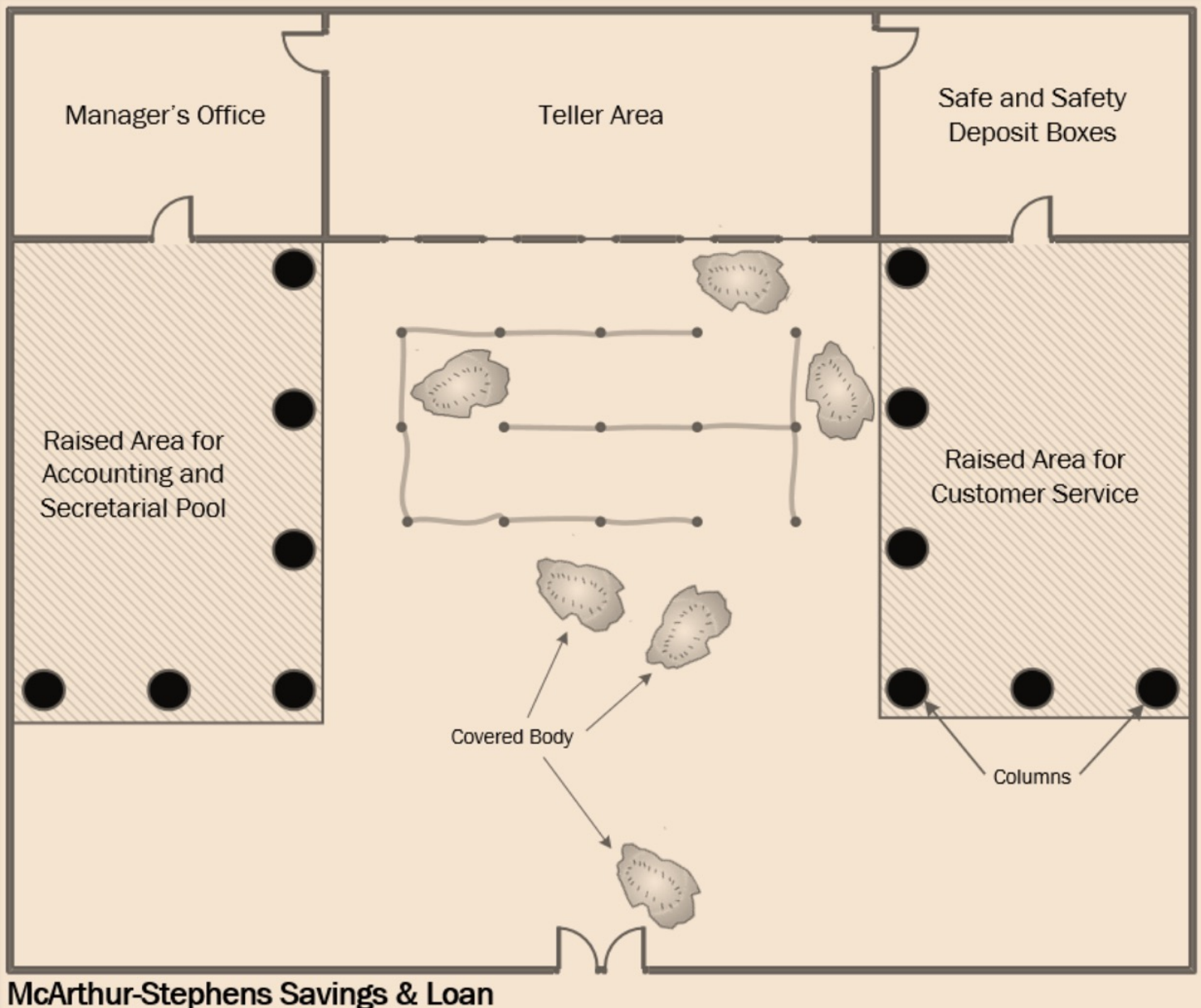
If the investigators are all part of the Boston police – perhaps the scenario is being presented as a one-off event – variety is important. There should be a detective or two, a medical/forensics expert, and one or two other specialties.

BOSTON

The investigators arrive at the scene of an attempted robbery at one of Boston's more prominent financial institutions: MacArthur-Stephens Savings & Loan.

When the investigators arrive at the scene, it is roughly ten o'clock in the morning, not long after the bank opened. Upon entering the bank's lobby, the investigators are overwhelmed by a horrible smell that an Idea roll identifies as a mixture of burned hair and flesh.

The bank is modeled after some of the more prominent British banking institutions. The lobby floor is made up of well-polished



marble as are several columns that seem to support a high ceiling, from which hang three intricate (if not gaudy) chandeliers. A teller area is at the far end of this main room, which is accessed by a maze of velvet ropes. To either side of the large chamber are slightly raised areas, cordoned off by low wooden railings, upon which several desks are found. These areas are used by customer service agents, accountants, and secretaries. Behind the teller area are the safe, the safe deposit box rooms, and the offices used by the bank officers. The large open area in the center of the lobby is only furnished by a few high tables and counters, decorated by neat stacks of deposit slips and black pens attached to slim metal chains.

Laying on the floor are six bodies, all covered with blankets or sheets. Three are near the teller area. two in the middle of the lobby (one of them face down), and one near the entrance to the bank. This latter corpse is that of the unfortunate Jason Cornwall III, and is the only body to have identification on him (the cultists had more forethought than did the Brotherhood).

An examination of the bodies reveals that all of the them, excepting the one that is face down, have been badly mangled by gunshot wounds. Two of these have been riddled by automatic weapons. Each body is also clad in unexceptional, middle-class clothing.

The face down corpse is quite interesting. All exposed parts of the body are severely blistered and red, some of the blisters broken and oozing a green mucus-like substance. Close examination of this body requires a Sanity check (0/1d3). All body hair is missing and a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals that a few tufts lay near the body. A close examination of the hairs shows that the follicle end has been shriveled up. There is also a small patch near the middle of the body's back where the clothing has been burned through and the skin charred beneath. An examination of this wound reveals that the skin has not been broken. Rolling the body over requires another Sanity roll (0/1d3), as the condition of the face is not very pleasant. Every opening in the body's head is blistered, burned, and bloody, including the eyes. One of these has been sealed up by the gore, the other still open, revealing a charred eyeless socket. A Spot Hidden and Idea roll reveals stains around these orifices that could have been caused by smoke. An autopsy, which requires six hours to complete, determines that the body has been "cooked" from the inside out. This man is the victim of a Yithian Lightning Gun.

The lobby of the bank has been fairly well shot up, and the armament of the assailants still lay near the bodies. It consists of two Thompson SMG's, a Colt .45, two Luger 9mm, and one .32 Automatic. All these weapons are nearly empty (one or two shots - or bursts - per weapon remain).

As the attack occurred at the opening of the bank, the only real witness was Buddy Wilkes, the bank guard. The rest of the staff either dropped to the floor behind heavy wooden counters or into offices. Others cannot describe much beyond a group of thugs coming into the bank and declaring the heist. Moments later the screaming started.

Buddy Wilkes

Bank Guard, age 42

STR 65	CON 60	SIZ 60	DEX 50	INT 40
APP 50	POW 50	EDU 60	SAN 50	HP 12
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	40% (20/8)
.38 Revolver	40% (20/8), damage 1d10
Nightstick	45% (22/9), damage 1d6
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Try to be impressive (50%).



Buddy is a stocky fellow in his early 40s, simple of means and mind. Most of what he's learned about law enforcement has come from spending time in the trenches during the Great War and spending time in the cinema watching the Keystone Cops and Douglas Fairbanks. Although somewhat slow-witted, he has a keen sense of survival, most likely due to several scuffles with the Kaiser's boys. He's proud of his position at the bank and keeps a smart appearance: clean shaven, short dark hair perfectly combed, and uniform spotless and creased. Any investigators who speak with him find Buddy somewhat distraught by the recent events. He hopes he doesn't lose his job as a result. If questioned, he relates the following:

"I had just unlocked the front doors, when this big car drives up and these five guys gets out, and comes runnin' at me with Tommy guns and pistols and all. Well, I don't have to be Douglas Fairbanks to know when I's outgunned, so I just stepped aside, and they ran right past me to the teller windows. But before they could do anything, this other bunch of guys comes running in, and starts shooting, with more Tommies and this other thing that looked like the damndest rifle I ever seen. The guy points it at this other guy, and this jumpy bluish line comes out and hits the other guy in the back. Then, and I swear, that guy's hair stood straight out and he started screaming and smoke started coming out of his mouth. Since I was watching that, I didn't see what else was going on, but when I looked, all the other guys was all shot up, and so was one of the guys that came in with the other guys. Then, the guy with the weird gun and his buddies ran back outside. Well I sure enough chased after them, but when I got outside, they was gone, like into thin air. Then I called the police and covered up the bodies with some blankets and stuff we had in back."

This is all Buddy can relate to the investigators about the robbery attempt. He's still pretty shaken up by the incident and if asked to clarify who precisely shot whom, he is bound to get flustered. If asked any questions about anything other than his duties as a guard, they find him to be completely ignorant.

Arriving shortly after the investigators is Arthur Stephens, the bank president. Mr. Stephens is an impeccably dressed gentleman surrounded by an aura of wealth. He feels himself to be superior to most other people, and would not be completely out of place in a feudal setting. He is king of his domain (the Bank) and if the investigators give him the least bit of trouble (a very fine line) he is not above reporting them to the Chief of Police. Actually, manhandling this fellow is not entirely out of the question for the investigators, and the results could be very interesting indeed.

Arthur Stephens

Lawyer, age 55

STR 60	CON 50	SIZ 50	DEX 60	INT 80
APP 65	POW 50	EDU 90	SAN 50	HP 10
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (75%), Credit Rating (95%), Economics (75%), Law (60%), Persuade (65%), Psychology (40%), Speak French (40%), Speak German (45%).



Stephens seems more concerned about the money and the repairs that must be made to his bank. Although he can answer any questions that the investigators may have concerning bank operations, he is completely ignorant about the robbery attempt or his bank's clientele. The only reason he is here is to be a nuisance to the investigators.

As the investigators are questioning people, or examining the damage, they must secretly engage in opposed roll between their Power and Y'Dgetz's Power of 21 to notice something no one else has. An obese, sweating man is in the lobby of the bank, poking around – yet he is not part of the police or the bank stuff. This is Y'Dgetz, using his Cloud Mind spell to prevent anyone from noticing his presence. If no investigator is successful, he has clouded their minds and can assess the damage in the bank without interruption. If they do succeed, and then succeed in a Spot Hidden roll, they notice a large man, hands in pockets, nudging the blackened body with the toe of his shoe. Once noticed by one person, he can be seen by all. He is sweating so much that he looks like he just stepped out of a shower, and occasionally wipes his face with a handkerchief. If approached by the investigators or other police officers, he acts like a guileless rubbernecker –

just wanting to see what all the commotion was about, etc. He'll be ushered out immediately if noticed.

Clues

One of the thieves has in his breast pocket a blood-soaked piece of paper with a date and the name "Sutherby's" on it. Another thief has a stylized mouth tattoo on both of his palms.



The body of the 'vigilante' by the door (Jason Cornwall) has a number of items present: three cards from trendy night clubs and restaurants (The Garden Spot, Sociables, and The Tune Room) in downtown Boston; a

Boston's best food & friends

The Garden Spot

Lunch
11-3

Dinner
4:30-8

SOCIABLES

The place to be every night

16 Prospect Way
just off Main Street

come see us!

The Tune Room

Fun and dancing 'til two

2 Revere Park
Downtown Boston

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

STUDENT IDENTIFICATION

NAME: Jason Randolph Cornwall III
ADDRESS: 232 Grey Nag Lane
 Boston
ID#: 48375-8
EXPIRES: June 15, 1925

New York Public Library

Lender Card #: 1736-C
Issued On: August 22 1926
 Jason R Cornwall
Special Access Granted: RP Quartermaine

BROTHERHOOD
OF LIGHT

A Club for Gentlemen

Samuel A. Rogers
President

#17 Mayfair Street
Beacon Hill

matchbook from The Showplace in Harlem, New York; an expired Harvard ID card with the name: Jason Randolph Cornwall III noting a home address in Boston; a library card giving access to the restricted collection of the New York Public Library; and a membership card from the "Brotherhood of Light – A Club for Gentlemen."

The Cornwall Residence

Cornwall lived in a small brownstone not far from Harvard Yard, with three other graduates (Skip, Biff, and Tad) who still reside in the house, and who answer if the investigators stop by for a chat. If the players choose to go the house, they receive a friendly greeting, but find that Cornwall's ex- roommates are hesitant to allow them in (they are hiding some hooch that they

were recently indulging in, not to mention the still in the basement). When the investigators finally get inside, they find that the roommates are happy to assist, but try to keep the investigators out of the basement.

Skip

Roommate, age 23

STR 50	CON 60	SIZ 60	DEX 50	INT 55
APP 60	POW 50	EDU 80	SAN 50	HP 12
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 55

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	30% (15/6)
Dodge	25% (12/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Credit Rating (45%), Operate Still (75%), Make Potent Brew (60%), Drink Too Much (75%), Get Sick and Pass Out (95%).



Biff

Roommate, age 22

STR 65	CON 55	SIZ 65	DEX 60	INT 55
APP 60	POW 50	EDU 80	SAN 50	HP 12
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 8	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	50% (25/10)
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Credit Rating (45%), Operate Still (75%), Make Potent Brew (60%), Drink Too Much (75%), Get Sick and Pass Out (95%).



Tad

Roommate, age 22

STR 55	CON 70	SIZ 65	DEX 60	INT 60
APP 60	POW 55	EDU 80	SAN 55	HP 13
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 7	MP: 11	Luck: 55

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	25% (12/5)
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Credit Rating (45%), Operate Still (75%), Make Potent Brew (60%), Drink Too Much (75%), Get Sick and Pass Out (95%).



Cornwall's three roommates can best be described as three peas in a pod. They look the same, they smell the same, and they speak the same. From penny loafers and argyle socks to monogrammed Harvard V-neck sweaters and pledge pins, these three are a trio perfect preppie-frat-rats. The seemingly only difference between them is the color of their hair (black, brown, and red ... in no particular order) and even it is combed into the same style. Investigators dealing with these three may need to make Idea rolls to tell them apart after introductions are made.

According to the roommates, Cornwall was a very outgoing and energetic type, who was always the life of the party, until he joined "one of those weird Masonic groups." They can't remember what it was called exactly, something to do with "brotherhood."

The investigators are allowed to examine Cornwall's old room and personal effects if they ask. Inside a locked desk drawer are two books.

Cults of Ancient Mythology

(+01% Mythos, no spells, -102 SAN)

This unremarkably bound book bears the stamp of the New York Public Library and describes the growth of cults of ancient mythological personae. It also mentions the cults that are active today that could have grown out of these ancient ones. The volume was written in 1903 by one Dr. Madison Jenkins, once a professor of cultural anthropology at New York University, and was published by that institution's small press. Dr. Jenkins passed away the year following the book's publication (the cause of death is up to the Keeper). The book takes one week to read (investigators doing so may add +01% to their Occult skills,

The Sons of the Hands that Feed

This is a very small cult whose membership is estimated at less than one hundred worshipers worldwide. Legend states that they are one of the most violent cults to come into existence, supposedly known to tear their human sacrificed apart with bare hands. The god they worship is known as Igononus. According to the mythology, he was the bastard son (one of many) of the god Dionysus and an unknown mate, thought to be one of the Titans. Apparently, he was so hideous and so amazingly evil, that he was banished to a place of darkness from which he could never escape. Another source claims that as punishment for his actions, the goddess Athena removed his head, so that he would be eternally hungry. Yet, he survived by magically growing two more mouths instead of one, just to spite the goddess of wisdom.

along with the Mythos bonus above), and the readers find the name of one of the more obscure cults underlined:

Cornwall's Diary

It takes a week to read all the way through this book. Most of the entries are fairly typical journal entries, but the last few are of interest. These appear in the handout reproduced adjacent. The last entry is dated two months before the scenario begins.

A successful Idea roll reveals to investigators reading the journal that in the last two entries the hand writing has changed subtly in several places, as though two people –one Cornwall and another trying to imitate him – were writing simultaneously. His mind has, in fact, been swapped with one of the Great Race.

Boston Nightlife

If the investigators choose to check out Cornwall's old haunts, they find that he was well known and admired within the social set. At the Garden Spot, they discover that he had his own table reserved for most nights, and that he was always entertaining friends. At Sociables, they learn that he tended to attract much of the female clientele looking for a dance, but that he was only interested in Dana Walters, another wealthy young socialite. At the Tune Room, they find the staff and clientele unwilling to speak with anyone suspected of being police officers. The back room of The Tune Room holds a speakeasy and a few gambling tables. If they manage to get into the back room in any way other than officially, they discover that, along with the information attainable at Sociables, Cornwall was very carefree with the money he had, and the drink he purchased. Along with this information, each establishment adds that Cornwall suddenly became very absent-minded, as if his attention were always somewhere else, before he suddenly stopped coming, about a month before his death.

Dana Walters

Dana Walters is the daughter of a well-known and very wealthy Boston shipping magnate, and can be described as an example of feminine perfection. She is a debutante who carries herself with perfect poise and speaks with perfect diction. She exudes an air of dignity, confidence, and independence. Although she has never worked a day in her life, she's looking forward to making her own fortune (though she hardly needs it) and will probably succeed.

She currently lives with her parents on a huge estate outside Boston. When met by the investigators, she's planning to move out in the near future. Getting her to speak of Cornwall requires a successful Persuade roll.

She tells the investigators that she met Cornwall a few years ago at a social gathering while he was attending Harvard. Their relationship was the best she had ever known, and was sure that it was progressing toward marriage. In fact, she had heard from Cornwall's roommates that he had mentioned it to them. Suddenly and unexpectedly, however, things turned sour. Cornwall would disappear for days on end and forget appointments. At first, she thought he had a drinking problem, but when she asked

Entry 1:

I ran into another one of those religious fanatics again. It seems that they're everywhere nowadays. This one seemed a little different though. Something in his eyes and the odd headband he wore. I wonder if I'll see him again.

Entry 2:

I can't believe it. I was at the Showplace last night, along with Dana, and that guy was there. He walked up to me in the middle of the dance floor and started talking to me again, just like the last time. He said I knew what he was talking about and somehow, I think I did. Even though, as I think back on it now, everything is just a blur. I don't know how long I was talking to him, and I remember apologizing to Dana, but she said she didn't know what I was talking about. When I explained, she looked at me like I had too much hooch in me. I never felt more sober.

Entry 3:

I was walking down Mayfair Street in Beacon Hill today, and I got a strange feeling that I had been there before.

Entry 4:

I think I've been drinking too much home-made. I keep having very strange dreams. I'm not sure what they mean, if anything, but they seem to be having a bad effect on me. I find it hard to describe them, even to myself. They always revolve around the positive and negative, but I can't remember if they have anything to do with mathematics.

Entry 5:

I think I'm going crazy. I've lost all track of time. There have been many times when I look at my watch and hours have passed, even though I was sure that it had only been a few minutes since I last looked. Twice, over a day had passed. I don't know what I did or do during these periods. I found a business card in my wallet from one of those social clubs. My roommates said I mentioned it in passing. It is sitting in front of me as I write these words. I can't remember what it's called.

Entry 6:

The periods are getting longer. The sum of all things is nothing. Dana has broken off with me. The book of revelations is true! 12:5 and 12:14. I want it to stop! Why does it write in this book? Why won't it stop? He who has no mouth must speak with his hands. My mother told me never to eat with my fingers. The Balance!

Entry 7:

I'm losing control. I've gained control.

his friends about it, they knew nothing and were equally perplexed. Her next thought was that he was seeing someone else, behind her back. This thought gave her the initiative to follow him one night. His destination was an old mansion in Beacon Hill where, she learned from a beat cop, a men's club was located. Upon his return, she asked Cornwall about it. His response was: "None of your damn business!" She decided to end the affair at that point, and he seemed more than willing to oblige.

Dana Walters

Ex-girlfriend, age 21

STR 50	CON 65	SIZ 50	DEX 60	INT 70
APP 75	POW 65	EDU 80	SAN 65	HP 11
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 8	MP: 13	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Anthropology (45%), Credit Rating (45%), Fine Arts (75%), Speak French (75%), Be Classy (75%), Dress Nicely (95%).



She now plans to move out of Boston, in order to get away from the memory of what she had and lost. During the interview, she tries to retain her composure but is unlikely to succeed. If her father is present, he is protective but does not interfere in the interview unless the investigators are rude or insulting - he has confidence in his daughter and is glad that she can so willingly speak her mind.

The Brotherhood of Light

"The Brotherhood" is an organization run by a group of individuals possessed by members of the Great Race of Yith in addition to a small corps of men who have agreed to help them. They have seen the future of the planet if Y'golonac or any other Great Old One regains power, and are determined to stop them, thus maintaining a balance of power between good and evil on the planet. To the uninitiated, it is a group of intellectuals who spend their evenings studying history and historical patterns. If the investigators are lucky enough to get a list of the membership (about thirty people), they find that most of the members are well-respected professors and historians who have made significant contributions to their fields. If questioned about the organization's purpose, the membership will stick to the popular, credible belief.

They are located at an old mansion on Mayfair Street in Beacon Hill, an elegant suburb of Boston (they own another mansion in New York City as well. If any of the investigators choose to visit them, they are greeted by a majordomo who is extremely polite and most helpful in answering any questions they may have, short of revealing the true nature of the Brotherhood itself.

If any of the investigators bring up an interest in joining the club, they receive only polite encouragement. If they are serious about it, membership requires a Credit Rating of at least 75% plus some serious academic standing or reputation as well as a clean record in the community (Keeper's discretion). Getting into the Brotherhood of Light itself and learning its secrets is something else altogether - see 'Joining the Brotherhood,' below.

If the investigators wish to speak with Samuel Rogers (noted as the organization's president on the business card) they find that he is currently, and conveniently, out of town.

Joining the Brotherhood

If the intentions of the investigators seem righteous, they satisfy the club's requirements as noted previously, and if they have a Power of 14 or greater, they may be invited to join the Brotherhood as initiates. If the investigators accept the offer, they are required to spend each night of the next full week researching at the libraries of the local universities on several historical subjects as assigned by the Brotherhood. Following this period, they undergo the "Rite of Truth," in which their minds are painlessly - yet completely - probed, thus revealing their true intentions. This process effectively exempts the investigators from further indoctrination into the order - their investigations make them untrustworthy and inappropriate for the Brotherhood's operations. Once their intentions are known however, the Yithians secretly aid the investigators in their investigations. After all, why become directly involved if pawns can get the same results?

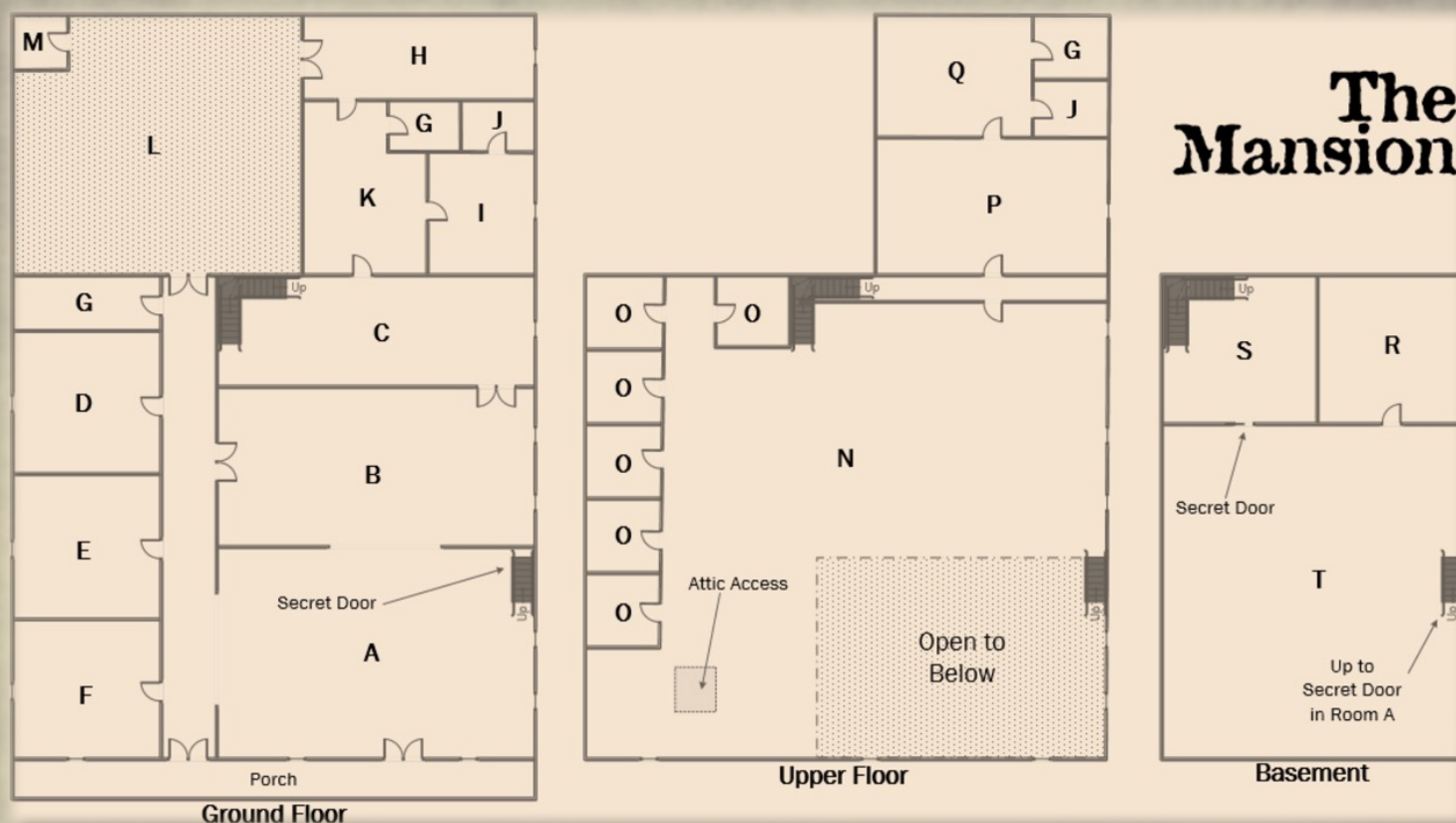
The Mansion

What follows is a brief description of the layout of the Brotherhood's mansion in Beacon Hill, and will probably only come into play if a particularly violent group of investigators decide to storm it. You can use the same map for both the Boston and New York mansions of the Brotherhood as it's unlikely the investigators notice.

Physically, the mansion is decorated lavishly and with a certain degree of charm normally associated with gentlemen's clubs. All around are plush furnishings, dark wood paneling, and the heavy scent of cigar and pipe smoke. Particularly sensitive investigators might even detect a hint of fine Napoleon brandy. The only people who live at the residence are a butler (who doubles as a particularly excellent chef) and a driver-handyman. Their apartments are found at the back of the mansion. Apart from serving canapés and polishing the banisters, they really have no impact on the scenario, so Keepers can use and/or expand on them as they wish.

A - Reception and Sitting Area - Furnished with plush chairs, couches, and a smattering of conveniently located tables. Two arches exit the room, giving access to the guest bedrooms and the dining room. A set of stairs leads up to the library. A secret door gives access to a hidden set of stairs leading down to the lab area.

B- Dining Room - Furnished with a large, ebony table surrounded by several chairs. An archway leads to the sitting room.



A door on the opposite wall leads to the kitchen, as does a large louvered serving window.

C - Kitchen - A large stove dominates this area, along with a food preparation table, sinks and lots of hanging pots, pans, and cutlery. A staircase in one corner gives access to both the upper floor, and the larder/ storage area below.

D, E, and F - Guest Bedrooms - Each is furnished with a comfortable bed, free standing wardrobe, and a writing table. These rooms are unremarkable, except for a communicating door between rooms E and F.

G - Bathroom - Classy, clean, and tasteful.

H - Garage - A large oil-stained area decorated by an impressive Rolls Royce Phantom. The walls are adorned with racks holding car parts, cans of oil, and other miscellaneous items of automotive interest.

I - Bedroom - Furnished in a simple yet comfortable manner, this room is used by the driver-handyman.

J - Closet - Contains the clothing and uniforms belonging to the driver-handyman.

K - Sitting Room - Furnished simply, yet comfortably, this is the main room in the driver-handyman's apartment.

L - Courtyard - This cobblestoned area is large enough to hold several automobiles and is cordoned off from the street by a ten-foot-high stone wall whose top is covered with crushed glass (1d4 damage if climbed without protection of some kind). The road is accessible through a large iron gate, adorned with particularly nasty spear tips. Keepers may want to throw a particularly ravenous mastiff into here if desired.

M - Shed - This small storage shed holds miscellaneous

maintenance equipment (paint, spare shingles, plumbing stuff, etc.).

N - Library - This is the largest area in the mansion, and is absolutely packed with book shelves. In four places, there are clusters of overstuffed chairs, coffee tables, and the like. Book topics cover all historical periods in detail and there are also many philosophical and scientific works. An easily reached trapdoor in the ceiling provides access to a small attic that is also packed with books. Unless the Keeper so desires, there are no Mythos tomes in this library.

O - Reading Rooms - Furnished with a single comfortable chair, side table, and reading lamp, these small cubicles are meant for private study of the books found in the library.

P - Sitting Room - This is the main room of the Butler's apartment. It is comfortably furnished and a little more stylish than that of the Driver.

Q - Bedroom - This is the Butler's bedroom. It is also a little more stylish than that of the Driver, and has a small, simple kitchen near the door.

R - Private Meeting Room - This room is used by the Brotherhood for meetings away from the other members. It contains a large conference table and chairs. The quality of the furniture is a couple steps below that of the upstairs; this is clearly a room seen as a simple necessity, not a luxury.

S - Larder and Storage Room - This room is lined with shelves holding a variety of food stuffs, and several small casks containing cooking wine, vinegar, etc. There is nothing particularly interesting about this room, with the exception of the secret door leading to the lab area described below.

T - Lab Area - Furnished with several chairs and rolling metal tables, this room is where the Brotherhood performs its Yithian mind swaps and other experiments. In the New York mansion, it is also where the Dimensional Shambler attack takes place. At any time, there will be 1d3 Brotherhood members undergoing a transfer here. The small rolling tables hold the various Yithian devices required for the transfer process. A staircase leads up one wall to a secret door opening into the Reception and Sitting Area (A).

The Rite of Truth

During the initiation, each investigator is taken to the lab area and seated in a comfortable chair. One of the members attaches several small suction cups to the investigator's temples, forehead, and nape of the neck. Wires run from these to an odd-looking crystal device out of the character's line of sight. Once activated, this machine – a Yithian Mind Reader – displays the memories of the subject and glows in different colors, depending on how the subject feels about a particular memory. This device can be used to inject thoughts and feelings into a subject, but not to the point of mind control. It cannot be used to remove long-term memories.

The process is completely painless, and only causes a brief period of disorientation that the investigators associate with drunkenness. The Yithians subconsciously impart the importance of the Magical Glass and the immediate situation by way of dreams implanted during the probe process.

The Dreams

Over the course of the following evenings, each investigator has one of five recurring dreams, two of which may cause Sanity loss.

Dream 1 - You find yourself at a large bank, whose marble colonnades and teller windows seem stretch onward toward infinity. You step up to the window and request a cash withdrawal that a cheerful teller more than willingly fills for you. As you turn to leave, the teller shouts that you have forgotten your money. You turn back to the window and thrust the cash into your pocket. As you turn to leave again, the teller once more shouts that you have forgotten your withdrawal. Again, you turn back. With the money in your pocket, you turn to leave and the teller calls to you again. This cycle seems to repeat hundreds of times. You get away and as soon as you step outside, you feel your clothing packed so full of money, you are afraid your clothing will burst. As you walk down the street, you can feel greedy eyes feasting on your bulging clothes. You feel that the only way to save yourself from being robbed is to spend all the money, but as you look around, every shop is closed. You run down the street in a blind panic, looking for an open shop, a gang of hungry thieves on your heels. Finally, you spot a store that is just closing, and you rush in to find that it specializes in magnifying glasses. You drop all the cash on the counter, and a little man gives you a tiny glass in return. You step outside with your prize, with a new feeling that you can now burn the thieves like ants with your new weapon.

Dream 2 - You find yourself standing in a large, white room so bright that you can't determine where the floor and ceiling end and the walls begin. In the center of the room stands a figure of something you have never seen or conceived of before. Its base is like an inverted cone with four arms sprouting from its tip. Towering above you, each arm holds a bowl suspended by four metal chains. Each bowl hangs at face level and contains twenty-four glimmering gems. The color of the gems differs from bowl to bowl: Yellow, Green, Blue, and Red. As you reach for one of the gems, a voice in your head booms:

“NO! THE BALANCE MUST BE MAINTAINED!”

Dream 3 - You find yourself to be exceptionally hungry. Each morsel of food you find you swiftly gobble down, but to no avail. It even seems that the more you eat, the hungrier you get. Your insatiable appetite drives you forward from restaurant to restaurant, from store to store, gobbling everything you find. You wish that you could somehow eat faster and you feel a pulsing in your hands. You stop briefly to examine them and as you look, small wounds appear in your palms. These wounds slowly become slits that begin to quiver and pulsate as they try to open up. With a horrid tearing sound, you feel the skin give way and loose a spray of puss and saliva, revealing two tiny rows of razor sharp teeth. They clack and bite with malignant intent, as they greedily await their next meal. Experiencing this dream causes a Sanity check (0/1d3).

Dream 4 - You stand in what appears to be a huge library. The shelves are miles upon miles long, and stretch up for hundreds of feet. As you try to guess how many volumes are contained here, your mind gets lost in a jumble of confused thoughts and ideas. You pull a tome off a shelf and after blowing a layer of dust from its cover, you open it. You gaze at the print, but it seems too small to read, and you even get the impression that it may be shrinking. Before it is gone for good, you dash over to a table upon which a large golden magnifying lens sits. You drop the book on the table and swing the glass over the open pages. As you look through the glass, the words appear larger than life. Larger than your own life. The words and symbols seem to come alive and wriggle and dance across the page. Some of them even reach up toward you. You quickly push the glass away and slam the book closed, as you feel the darting and swaying lines begin to brush across your eyes and caress your cheek. Experiencing this dream causes a Sanity check (0/1d6).

Dream 5 - You find yourself atop a precipice. Looking down, you can observe an infinite plain upon which a battle rages. Two groups are in mortal combat, and you know that on this day there will be but one victor. Brilliant intellect is quickly losing ground to brute strength, but you feel that they have one last desperate plan. With a flash of light, they are gone, leaving their cumbersome bodies behind. From your spot on the mountain, you watch their voyages across space and time, as they travel from one world to the next, in search of a suitable home. Finally, after nigh on a million years, they come to rest on a small blue-

green planet soon after its birth, within the souls of huge towering beasts with conical bodies and tentacled appendages. Here they live for thousands of years, until they are visited upon by yet another race from the stars. Another planet shaking battle occurs between this peace-loving race and these hellish creatures from the depths of space and their malignant rulers. Their enemies know that their strength will overcome, but experience has taught this great race from the past how to deal with their evil foes. They lay a final trap and once again leap forward in time, leaving their great cities behind, and their idiot hosts to the fate of the enemy. The trap is successfully tripped, and with a million blinding flashes, the evil beings from the void are either cast down into an eternal dream, or back from whence they came, fear and jealousy trailing behind them. The great race settles once more in the future. Knowing that their end is fated to come they sit waiting and watching for their stellar foes to return with their Earth-shattering malignancy.

With any luck, the investigators see the connection of the Glass to the Balance (as noted in Cornwall's journal), and recognize it at the upcoming auction at Sutherby's in New York City.

The Second Robbery

Either one week after the first robbery attempt, or the point where the investigators have no idea of what to do next, a report is wired to the Boston Police Department from the NYPD.

According to a report filed by Officer Wilson Friend, a successful robbery has taken place at the Bank of Greater New York in downtown Manhattan. The perpetrators made off with nearly \$35,000 dollars. The modus operandi of the thieves is identical to the robbery attempt in Boston, except that the perpetrators numbered around a dozen. According to witnesses: another band of five men attempted to thwart the effort, but were brutally gunned down. The weapons and effects of the dead are currently being held as evidence.

NEW YORK

If the investigators choose to go to New York to examine the results of the robbery, they find useful information in several places.

NYPD (18th Precinct)

Getting in to see the evidence and reports requires a successful Law roll. If the investigators have a letter of introduction, their skill rolls are effectively tripled. If successful, examination of the effects shows that all involved in the robbery were locals and all the weapons are normal handguns and Tommy guns, except for one Yithian Lightning Gun. As all of these items are held in evidence, none are easily taken. Reports reveal that three of the thieves were killed, one horribly mutilated. As to the vigilantes, only one survived and was rushed to Bellevue Hospital.

If the investigators get an opportunity to examine the Lightning Gun, they find that it is similar in appearance to an oversized camera attached to a rifle stock. On the back are two rows of small colored lights. Once the gun is activated (by pulling back

against the stock), both rows light up. The top row shows how many charges remain in the gun (1-32) and the bottom shows how many charges the gun is ready to discharge (also 1-32). A sliding tab below the bottom row of lights sets the number of charges. There are currently twelve charges in the gun. Please note the effects of overloading a Lightning Gun in the New Magic section of the scenario.

The Coroner, and the Morgue

Here the investigators, with another Law roll, might examine the bodies of the dead. If seen for the first time, the victim of the Lightning Gun requires a Sanity roll (0/1d3). The palms of one of the bodies are tattooed in a similar fashion to the ones in Boston.

The coroner's report states that death was caused in all cases but one by fatal gunshot wounds. The other seemed to be caused by burning and electrical damage, the cause of which is unknown.

Bellevue Hospital

Upon arriving at the Hospital, the investigators learn that the fifth victim has died of a massive hemorrhage that took place after surgery. If any of the surgical staff is interviewed, they reveal (with a successful Persuade roll that the patient, while still on the operating table, seemed to come instantly out of unconsciousness, tried to raise his head and said in a perfectly clear voice, "I'm back. What has it done to me?" Death immediately followed.

Clues from the first crime also point to two additional points of interest in New York City.

The New York Public Library

The head librarian at the New York Public Library, Reginald P. Quartermaine, is the prodigal bookworm. He's in his mid-to-late sixties, grey and somewhat gaunt, and his tortoiseshell reading glasses are constantly slipping down his nose. He's also extremely intelligent, highly educated, and well-read. He knows the library better than the back of his own hand, and some of his younger subordinates have a running bet that he can fetch any title in the stacks without knowing the author and subject matter or using the massive catalog. He hasn't failed them yet.

He recognizes any pictures of Cornwall that the investigators may have acquired, but does not remember issuing the special privileges card. He tells the investigators that Cornwall had been there several times, and the record of his activity is on file. If examined, it reveals that only one book from the restricted collection had been examined: *The Revelations of Glaaki* v. 12 (+5% xl. -1d3); one other had been borrowed: *Cults of Ancient Mythology*.

If the investigators wish to examine *Revelations*, they find – much to the horror of the Quartermaine – that the book is missing. Quartermaine has no idea how it happened. The book is currently in the hands of the Brotherhood of Light in New York and is being used as a key tool in the foiling of Y'golonac's plans.

Reginald P. Quartermaine
Librarian, age 65

STR 45 CON 50 SIZ 50 DEX 50 INT 80
APP 50 POW 75 EDU 95 SAN 75 HP 10
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 5 MP: 15 Luck: 75

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)
Scalpel 65% (32/13), damage 1d4+2
Dodge 25% (12/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Library Use (95%), Reminisce (75%).

The Showplace

The Showplace is one of Harlem's hot spots. Much like the Tune Room, it also has a concealed speakeasy located in its basement. If the investigators ask about Cornwall, they find that nobody knew him by name. However, a photograph and a few dollars reveals that he came there a couple times a month "with some dame" and was a heavy tipper. No one has seen him around in a couple of months.



The Auction

The piece of paper retrieved from Cornwall's charred body refers to an auction scheduled at Sutherby's Auction House. The auction includes items of an occult nature.

If any of the investigators want to bid at the auction they are more than welcome to. It is Sutherby's policy that any bid of more than \$5,000 dollars must be accompanied by a letter of credit from a reputable bank or a cash deposit. Without this letter, investigators are limited to how much they can spend.

The main item of interest at the auction is the Glass of T'al G'nar that two factions of bidders are trying desperately to acquire. The first is Y'Dgetz, present in his usual disgustingly bloated form, sweating profusely. The other, which is absent through most of the proceedings, are the leaders of the Brotherhood of Light.

When the Glass comes up for bidding, Y'Dgetz quickly outbids everyone, causing a slight murmur from the crowd. When it seems that he will certainly win the bidding, the group from the Brotherhood arrives and effectively doubles his bid for the Glass. This action raises considerably more than a murmur from the crowd. One of the Brotherhood presents a document to the auctioneer (a letter of credit), and the bidding continues feverishly between the two factions, until the price has reached roughly \$32,000 dollars. At this time, Y'Dgetz is forced to back down for lack of funds.

If any of the investigators makes a successful Idea roll during the bidding war, they feel that these two factions are undergoing extreme mental struggles while trying to make their bids. In fact, both groups are trying to keep the other from opening their mouths after each raise, by using the Mumble spell.

Once the bidding is over Y'Dgetz and his cronies quickly leave

the auction house, obviously humiliated by their defeat, and go to their hideaway on the waterfront. The Yithians also leave with their prize to their New York headquarters in Greenwich Village. If any of the investigators choose to follow the Yithians, a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals that either they or the Yithians are being followed.

Upon arriving at the destination of the Yithians, the tailing priest contacts Y'Dgetz to reveal the location of their hiding place and the magical item. He then leaves the scene and heads back to the waterfront to join his master. The investigators may follow him without difficulty.

The Theft of the Glass

If the investigators try to enter the house, they are turned away with a "Thank you for your concern, but ..." If they try to force their way in, the Brothers respond by defending themselves as best they can. This may be quite a bit better than the investigators are expecting! The results of such actions are in the Keeper's hands to arbitrate.

If the investigators watch from outside, half an hour passes without incident. Following this period, a successful Listen roll draws the investigators attention to shouts and cries coming from inside the house. There is no trouble entering at this time, and determining where the ruckus is coming from is easy. It issues from the basement, which (unlike the Boston mansion) is a makeshift lecture hall or auditorium.

Upon entering the basement, the investigators find a scene of carnage. The Brotherhood members seen at the auction are all dead or dying, slain by a marauding Dimensional Shambler that is still present (0/1d10 Sanity loss). The Shambler is clutching the Glass in one hand and is preparing to phase out. If the investigators close on it, it gets one attack in before leaving. The characters get two rounds of combat before the thing completely vanishes. Killing it in that span of time recovers the Glass.

The outré creature was sent by Y'Dgetz to kill the "owner" (the Brotherhood members), steal the Glass, and return it to him. He couldn't steal it from the auction house, as there was no legitimate owner at the time (per the item's unique requirements).

The Yithians themselves were in the process of summoning a Shambler of their own to get rid of the Glass for good when the first one arrived. This becomes apparent one minute (ten rounds) after the first Shambler leaves, and the second Shambler appears.

Any investigators who make a successful Listen roll hear it arrive. An Idea roll plus a Chemistry roll recognizes the scent of ozone in the air as it phases in. Since the person who summoned the Shambler is dead, it is not under any control and is free to act at the Keeper's discretion. Its most likely course of action is to grab a handy investigator to take back to its domain. If attacked, it flees once it has lost more than half of its Hit Points.

Once this second Shambler is dispatched (or makes off with a hapless and doomed victim), the party may search the room. It is a small auditorium of sorts, with a lectern at one end on a raised platform. There are several chairs lying about the room that seem to have once been arranged in a semicircle around the

SUTHERBY'S

NEW YORK'S AUCTION HOUSE

This evening's auction includes an assortment of novelties and curiosities of an occult nature. A catered, item review session begins at 7:30 PM followed by the auction at 9:00 PM. Per our policy, any bid greater than \$5,000 (U.S.) must accompany a letter of credit or cash deposit.

LOT #1

Haitian Voodoo Doll

Circa 1800. Constructed of straw and cloth, this voodoo doll is rumored to have caused the death of an unscrupulous French plantation owner. Opening bid, \$95.

LOT #2

Book ("Focloro Verdadeiro")

In Portuguese, written by Armando Vasco de Moraes in 1875. Fine quality leather binding, limited run (only five copies known to exist). Opening bid, \$235.

LOT #3

Celtic Staff

Dated from the 13th century. Six-foot wooden staff with carved runic symbols. Opening bid, \$200.

LOT #4

African Juju Bag

A leather pouch containing feathers, small animal bones and small stones. Dated circa 1850. Opening bid, \$60.

LOT #5

Hindu Incense Burner

Dated circa 100 B.C., this item is a lidded golden bowl with a diameter of roughly half a foot. The base of the bowl is a statuette of Indra, who supports the bowl in her many hands. The lid of the bowl has several holes in it where the mist of the incense can escape. Opening bid, \$200.

LOT #6

South American Feather Cloak

Dated at roughly 1910, this item is a colorful cloak of feathers used by medicine men of the Xingu tribe from the Amazon river basin. Opening bid, \$75.

LOT #7

Ancient Reading Glass (T'al G'nar)

A large magnifying glass (roughly eight inches in diameter) on a flexible limb, which is mounted on an ornate dark wood base. Attached to the base is a set of brackets which can conveniently hold a large book in place beneath the glass. Opening bid, \$120.

LOT #8

Book ("Physics and Sorcery," by Sir Isaac Newton)

Written by hand in 1727 in a series of journals. This is thought to be Newton's last work, and is the only copy. Opening bid, \$300.

LOT #9

Crystal Ball with Stand

A clear spherical crystal ball with a five-inch diameter, held by a carved black marble stand in the shape of a bird's talon. Dated from the early 1800's. Opening bid, \$150.

LOT #10

Book ("Diplomacy of Blood," by Prince Vladimir Dracula)

Undated manuscript, leather-bound and in fair condition. Hand-written on yellowed parchment, and believed to be the only copy of the work in existence. This work is a discussion by the Rumanian prince on violent methods that should be employed to improve foreign relations. Opening bid, \$300.

lectern. There are five bodies in the room. All are dead or dying from the attack by the first creature. On the lectern sits a handwritten copy of Volume Twelve of the Revelations of Glaaki, along with a jewel encrusted, silver dagger. There is nothing else of interest here.

If one of the investigators can get to one of the casualties before he expires (with a successful Luck roll), the injured man displays a very calm expression at first, and then suddenly one of extreme shock, as his mind are exchanged with the body's original owner. Death follows immediately after this transference.

Upon searching the rest of the house, the investigators turn up two Yithian Lightning Guns, two Tommy guns, two Lugers, two .45 revolvers, and one 12-gauge shotgun, all fully loaded. In addition, the investigators find a Yithian Communicator, two Yithian Projectors, and a huge library with thousands of books in as many languages as the players can think of, all of which cover various historical topics.

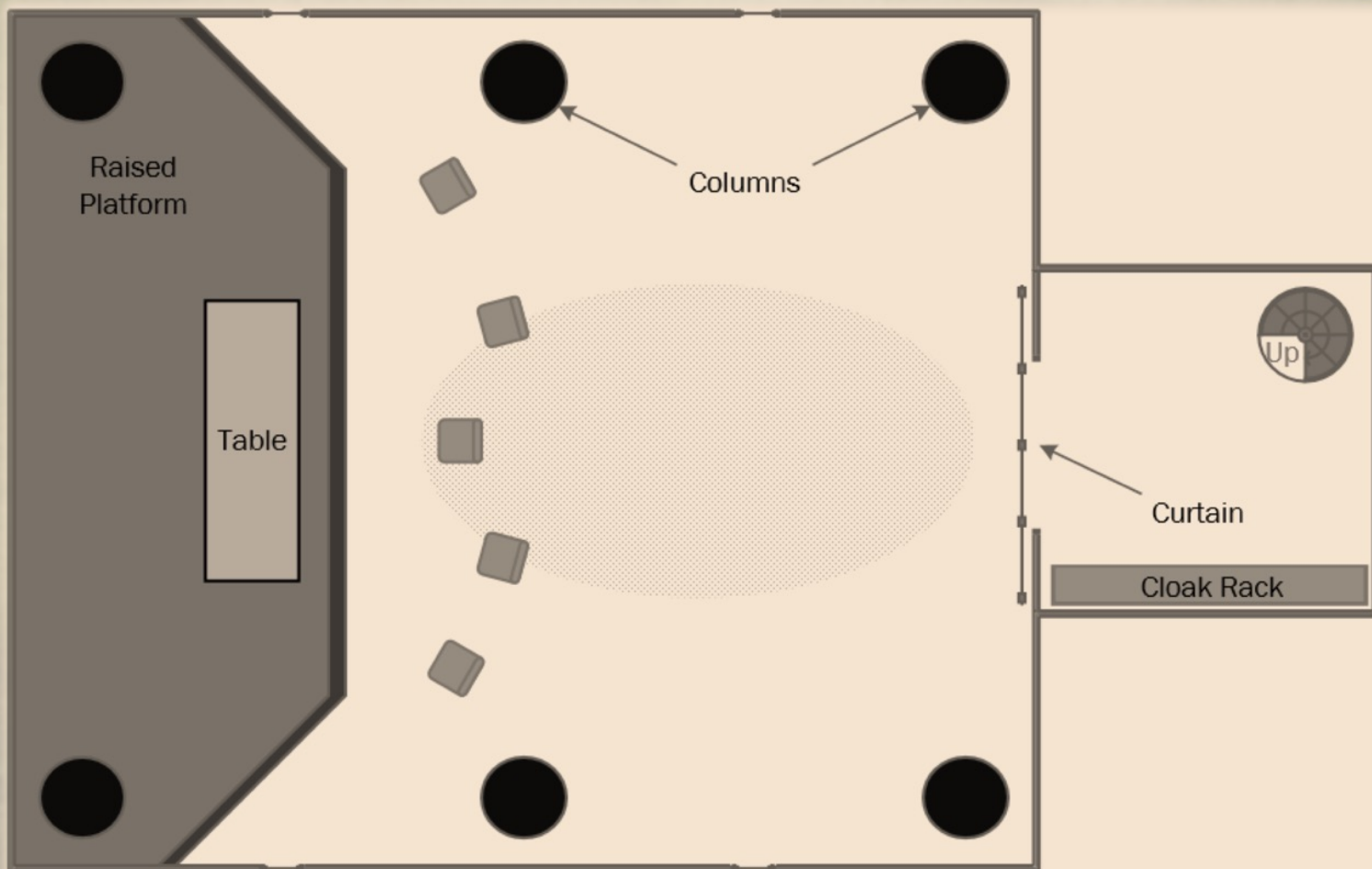
Should the investigators recover the Glass and do not pursue the Y'Golonac cultists to the waterfront, their lives are in danger. The cult tries to get the glass back if it can figure out who the investigators are, where the Glass is being held, etc. Eventually

(through magical means) they succeed in doing so. Thus, making it a good idea to destroy the glass if possible. The result of these events is outside the realm of the scenario, but dealing with the cult of Y'Golonac could obviously become a long-running subplot in an on-going campaign.

THE SONS OF THE HANDS THAT FEED

If the investigators followed the priest and did not recover the Glass, he leads them to a waterfront warehouse on New York Harbor. The warehouse is dark and piled high with boxes, forming a veritable maze. For every hour that the investigators search allow a Listen roll. Cut the time in half for every additional investigator searching. For example, every 15 minutes for three investigators. If it is successful, one of the investigators hear slow chanting somewhere in the area. A successful Idea roll leads them to a large crate from which the sound is emanating. If they lift one of the sides up and out, they find a secret staircase leading down. Following it, they discover a room beneath water level where Y'Dgetz is preparing to give the Glass a trial run.

The room is completely devoid of furnishings, and the party encounters fifteen cultists kneeling on the stone floor. They are



The Brotherhood's New York Chapel

all swaying back and forth to Y'Dgetz's incantations, and moaning rhythmically.

At the far side of the room, Y'Dgetz stands behind the Glass, clad only in a loin cloth. The walls, floor, and ceiling are completely covered in drawings and designs, and several flickering candles flash animated shadows around the room. As he summons through the glass, his bloated form shakes and quivers causing his sagging flesh to vibrate repulsively. This sight alone requires a Sanity roll (0/1).

Bloody combat ensues. When Y'Dgetz has taken more than eighteen points damage, he transforms to his real appearance as Y'Golonac by shedding his external form as an insect bursts through its larval casing. Doing so forces those witnessing the change to make a Sanity check (1/1D20). He then physically attacks with his hands, until his allotment of Hit Points is fully expended, at which point his body begins to melt away.

The cultists in the room are armed only with ceremonial daggers. and attack until the death.

If the investigators recovered the Glass and then go to the waterfront, Y'Dgetz offer them the \$30,000 from the bank heists for the Glass. He does not explain its full function if he is asked. Should they accept, the transaction is made and the adventure ends. Should they refuse, the cult attacks and tries to take the Glass by force. If the investigators don't take the Glass with them to the waterfront, several of them are taken alive (if at all possible) and tortured to reveal the location of the artifact.

Conclusion

The carnage that follows the final conflict is no doubt difficult to explain to the New York police, but if any of the investigators are law enforcement officers themselves and sufficient proof exists in the warehouse to prove that the cultists were the thieves, the investigators are not detained long.

After all is said and done, each surviving character gains a 1d10 Sanity points if the Glass was recovered. They gain an additional 1d10 Sanity if the cult was somehow defeated.

Although Y'Golonac has been banished back behind his wall of imprisonment, he has certainly not been destroyed forever. If the investigators decide to read the Revelations of Glaaki before returning it to the library, they open themselves up to contact from Y'Golonac. Once a year, from that point on, they must succeed against his struggles to control them and again walk the face of the Earth.

ROGUE'S GALLERY

This section describes the "supporting cast" that the investigators may meet in the course of their investigations. The actual numbers of these individuals are for the Keeper and the situation to dictate.

Average Policeman

Investigators run into several policemen during the course of this adventure. If they need to interact with them in some fashion (hopefully not in a hostile one), here are the statistics for an average policeman.

Each policeman is armed with all weapons noted below.

STR 70	CON 75	SIZ 80	DEX 60	INT 55
APP 50	POW 50	EDU 65	SAN 50	HP 16
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	40% (20/8)
.38 Automatic	65% (32/13), damage 1d10
12-gauge Shotgun	50% (25/10), damage 4d6/2d6/1d6
Club	75% (37/15), damage 1d6
Dodge	50% (25/10)

Armor: none.

Skills: Law (50%), Drive Automobile (45%), Fast Talk (55%), Psychology (30%), Sneak (45%), Spot Hidden (65%), Call Backup (75%), Twirl Nightstick (55%).

Average Sons of the Hands that Feed Cultist

Each cultist is armed with all weapons noted below.

STR 55	CON 60	SIZ 65	DEX 50	INT 50
APP 50	POW 50	EDU 40	SAN 0	HP 12
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	30% (15/6)
Knife	25% (12/5), damage 1d4+2
Dodge	25% (12/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: none.

Average Brotherhood Member

Each member is armed with all weapons noted below.

STR 55	CON 60	SIZ 65	DEX 50	INT 50
APP 50	POW 75	EDU 40	SAN 0	HP 12
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 75

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	40% (20/8)
Dodge	25% (12/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: History (85%), Yithian Technology (65%), Be Suspiciously Helpful (75%).

Y'Dgetz, Avatar of Y'Golonac

STR 90	CON 90	SIZ 90	DEX 50	INT 90
POW 105	HP 18	Move: 3	DB: +1d6	Build: 2
MP: 22	Sanity: 0/1			

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 80% (40/16)

Armor: none.

Skills: Sweat Profusely (95%).

The avatar is familiar with the following spells: All Summon, Bind and Contact spells, Mumble, and Cloud Mind.

Y'Golonac, Great Old One

STR 125 CON 125 SIZ 125 DEX 70 INT 150

POW 140 HP 75 Move: 10 DB: +1d6 Build: 2

MP: 28 Sanity: 1/1d20

Attacks per round: 2

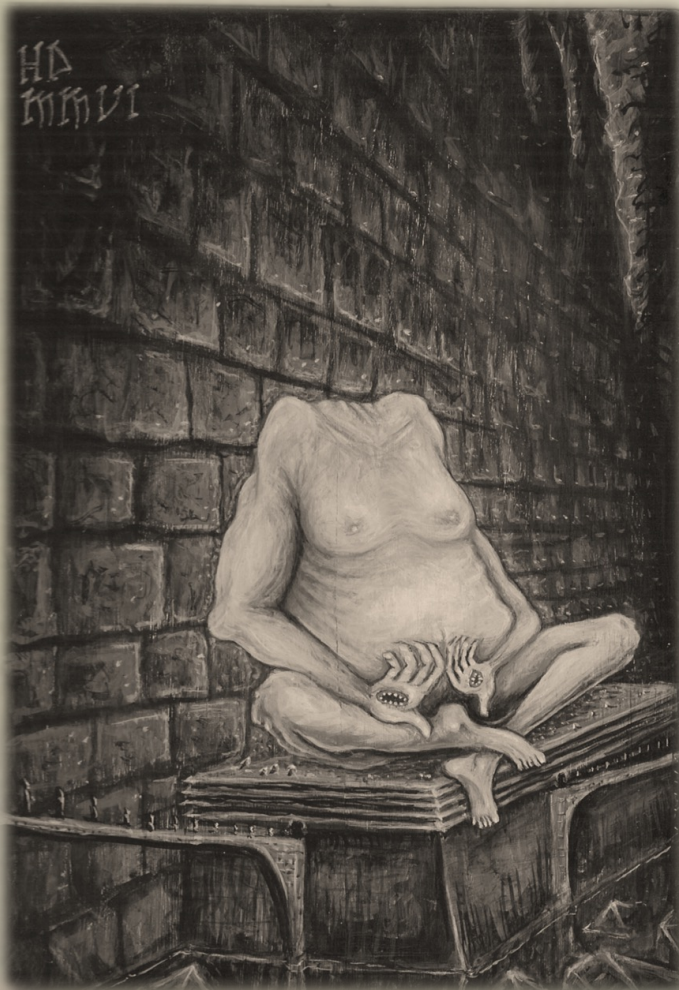
Touch 100% (50/20), reduce INT and POW by 1

Devour 100% (50/20), 1d4 non-healing

Armor: none.

Skills: none.

Y'Golonac is familiar with the following spells: All Summon, Bind and Contact spells, Mumble, and Cloud Mind.



Dimensional Shambler

STR 120 CON 120 SIZ 95 DEX 75 INT 50

POW 60 HP 22 Move: 7 DB: +2d6 Build: 3

MP: 12 Sanity: 0/1d10

Attacks per round: 2

Claws 45% (22/9), damage 1D8

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: 3 (thick skin).

Skills: none.

NEW MAGIC

This section lists the eldritch lore that the investigators might encounter and learn during the course of their investigations.

Mumble (Spell)

At the cost of one or more magic points, and one Sanity point, the caster makes an opposed roll between his and his opponent's Power value. If the caster wins, the subject is unable to speak for a number of rounds equal to the number of magic points put into the spell.

Cloud Mind (Spell)

This spell costs five magic points, and 1d3 Sanity points. Once cast, the caster matches his Power rating against an observer's Spot Hidden skill in an opposed roll. If he succeeds, he has rendered himself invisible. If he fails, he can be seen. Once a caster of this spell has been successfully spotted, the spell is broken.

The Glass of T'al G'nar

This artifact is similar in appearance to a large reading glass. Its purpose is to magnify the effects of spells cast through it and to allow the user to observe the true nature of the ceremonial spells and magic of the Mythos. If a character examining the glass succeeds in a Spot Hidden roll he or she notices several fractures or flaws around the edges and within the crystal. These fractures are actually runes that were magically carved into the glass. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll is required to determine their eldritch purpose.

One of the item's owners invested it with additional magical powers (or a curse, depending on point of view). If anyone or anything steals the object and then uses it, all magic points cast through it are returned to the caster as permanent Power damage. The Glass can only be obtained as a gift from the current owner, through an honest transaction, or if the legitimate owner is dead.

If the players manage to get a copy of the Twelfth Volume of the Revelations of Glaaki, they will find that Chapters 5 and 11 detail the correct usage of the glass, and how it may be safely obtained.

Each use of the Glass costs 1d3 Sanity points.

All magic points cast through the glass are magnified five times.



Yithian Communicator

These devices are sometimes supplied to humans who aid the Yithians in their travels through time. Made of bronze and covered with intricate carvings, they stand nearly a foot tall when assembled and are surmounted by a red jewel. Each jewel is attuned to a specific Yithian, and seeks out only that individual when the machine is activated.

When the two pieces (top and bottom) are assembled and the power switched on, a low humming noise is heard while a soft, white glow begins to emanate from the power source located in the bottom portion of the device. This continues for a few moments while the machine casts back through time in search of the attuned being. When contact is established, the Yithian is made aware of it. At the same time, the machine broadcasts a hologram of the contacted Yithian. This being can see into the time and space occupied by the machine and is able to communicate with those who have contacted it.

At any time, the Yithian can voluntarily break the mental link with the machine-powered jewel. Once this link is broken, it can

only be restored by the Yithian, who must forge a psychic link with another jewel existing in its own space and time.

Yithian Lightning Gun

This peculiar device possesses substantial destructive power. It looks like some strange sort of lighting apparatus, with two rows of 32 lights running along the back. The top row shows how many charges remain in the gun (1-32) and the bottom shows how many charges the gun is ready to discharge (also 1-32). A sliding tab below the bottom row of lights sets the number of charges.

Base chance to hit with the weapon is 35%. Damage is based upon range, 8d6, 4d6, 1d6 for short, medium, and long range, respectively. The weapon does not impale.

Yithian Projector

This device appears to be a heavily ornamented metallic headband. When worn, it allows the user to project an image of himself into the mind of the target subject for purposes of communication. It appears to the recipient of the communication that the user is physically in front of him and that they are talking normally. Using this device against an unwilling or unknowing subject requires an opposed roll between the user and recipient's Power values. The device itself increases the wearer's Power by 50% for this purpose.

Yithian Reader

This is a variant on the Yithian Communicator. It is similar in appearance except that it is slightly smaller, and has a mass of wires made of a crystal filament extending from it. When these wires are attached to major nerve clusters near the subject's brain, the machine scans and store the subject's memories. While the memories are being displayed, the device also glows in different colors to indicate the subject's attitude toward the memory. The device can also implant memories that are revealed to the subject as recurring dreams.

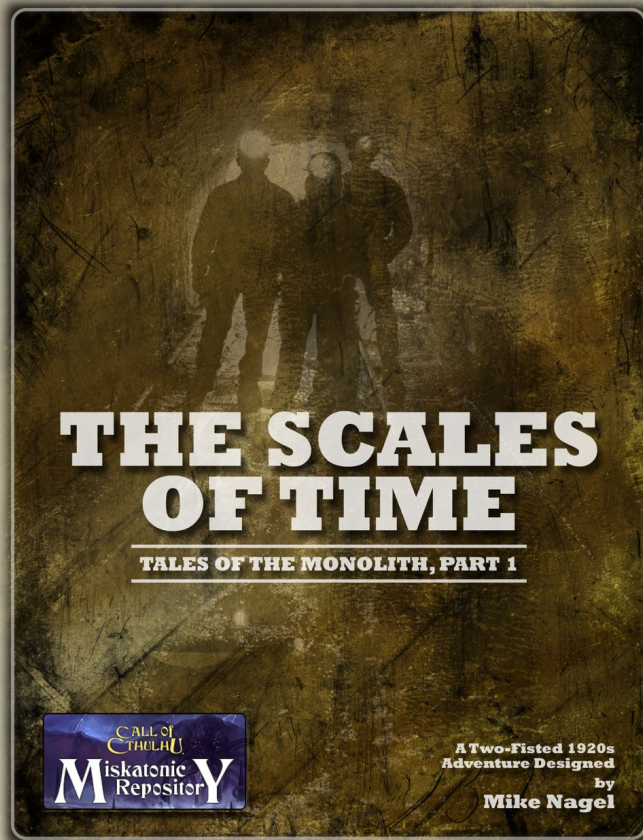
If the subject knows he or she is being read, they may attempt to conceal their memories and foil the machine by succeeding in an opposed roll of their Power value vs. the machine's Power of 30.

A GOOD CAST IS WORTH REPEATING

The images of the non-player characters found within this text have been used with permission from SilentsAreGolden.com. Here are the actors and actresses "portraying" these characters.

Buddy Wilkes	George Bancroft
Arthur Stephens	Adolphe Menjou
Skip	Barry Norton
Biff	Charles Farrell
Tad	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Dana Walters	Esther Alston
Reginald P. Quartermaine	Frank Keenan

Don't forget these other volumes in the Tales of the Monolith series, available now from DriveThruRPG!



THE SCALES OF TIME

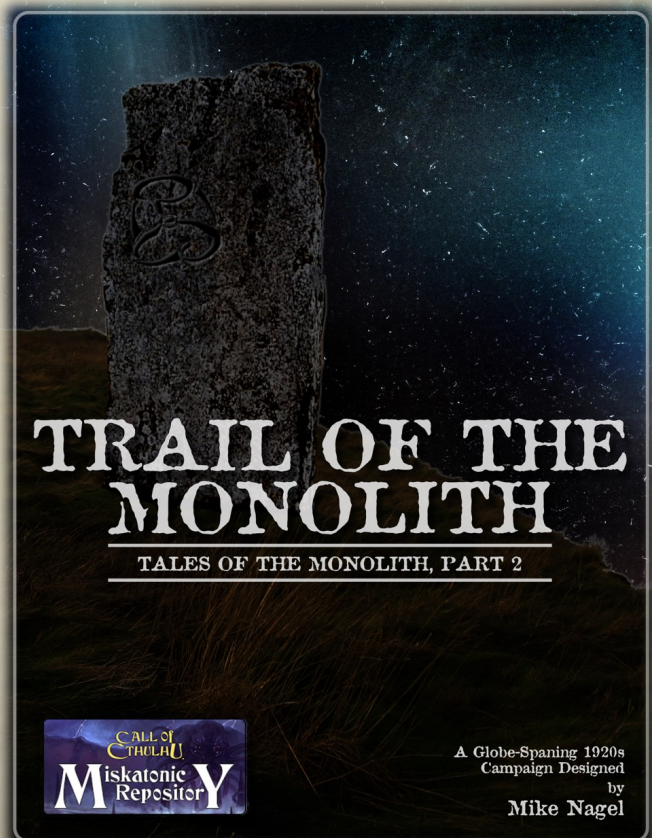
There's a problem in Cumberton, Tennessee, a small Appalachian coal-mining town. Children are disappearing at an alarming rate. Local law enforcement is either stymied or disinterested. And then there are the strange sightings within the mines and in the surrounding hills. It's up to a group of investigators hired by the local mining company to unravel the mystery before an ancient horror is released.

The Scales of Time is a 1920s-era adventure for three to five intrepid investigators that can be played over several sessions. Although it can be played alone or as part of a campaign, it also serves as the prologue to a larger adventure, The Tales of the Monolith, and a collection of eldritch adventures written by Mike Nagel and collected across three volumes.

TRAIL OF THE MONOLITH

There's been a robbery at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. A priceless artifact recovered by a team of archeologists from Miskatonic University is missing and reports from a witness bring into question the nature of the thieves and their motivation. Unravelling the clues sets the investigators on the path of a world-wide conspiracy leading them from the world's great cities to the densest of jungles and the coldest of frozen wastes.

The Trail of the Monolith is a 1920s-era globe-trotting campaign for three to five intrepid investigators that can be played over several sessions. Although it can be played alone, the campaign is prefaced by The Scales of Time, and is part of a collection of eldritch adventures written by Mike Nagel and collected across three volumes.



OPERATION HALFBACK

A WORLD WAR II ERA ADVENTURE FRAGMENT

The following is a fragment of a scenario I began creating for *Pagan Publishing's* "Delta Green" campaign setting. The references to that setting have been mostly removed, so it can be adopted to a different World War II setting (such as "Achtung! Cthulhu" from *Mōdiphiūs*) or still used with Delta Green.

Keepers are encouraged to "flesh out the details" (so to speak), and have a good time with it. Enjoy!

BACKGROUND

After the battle for Stalingrad, Nazi Germany's great eastern offensive was put to rout by the unparalleled numbers of the Soviet motherland. For all intents and purposes, the eastern front became one massive holding action to protect the borders of the Fatherland from collapse and invasion. In an effort to stave off this inevitable fate, the Reich's desperate leaders turned to a small band of scientists who, under the watchful eye of Reichsmarshal Heinrich Himmler, had uncovered a medical technology allowing the reanimation of battle losses. The procedures were complex in nature and crude in practice - but what better proving ground than a continental meat-grinder that would continually produce new testing stock? Lessons learned in the east would be applied to locations where efforts might bear fruit: The West.

Following the initial success of the Normandy invasion on June 6, 1944 and the ensuing break-out into the interior dubbed Operation COBRA, the western Allies began suffer the effects of a supply-line that extended hundreds of miles across unforgiving land and sea. The great push towards Berlin ground to a halt within the snow-bound Ardennes forest in frozen Belgium. Seizing the initiative, the German high-command launched a final desperate offensive into the exhausted Allied forces.

During the course of the prior year, Himmler's band of scientists and mystics - known as the *Deutsches Ahnenerbe* (or within elite circles as the *Karotechia*) - continued to work on reanimation techniques, mostly with mixed results: subjects dissolved unexpectedly, turned on each other, turned upon their creators, and the like. Over time, however, the *Karotechia* finally managed to create a stable, controllable subject - but time had all but run out. With the final offensive against the western Allies under way,

Himmler ordered the creation of as many of his race of new super-men as possible within the limits of the time available. By the time, he had determined that the Reich could no longer wait, a full company of the *ubersoldaten* had been created. These he would release upon the Allies on January 25, 1945 at a weak point in their lines: the small border town of Holtzwihr. A successful attack would buy the *Karotechia* the time - as well as offer the raw-material - to complete the creation of *Das Tottenkorps*, and turn the tide of victory.

Briefing Documentation

Over the next several pages are briefing material provided to HALFBACK operatives. It is classified as top secret and discussion outside of operational areas results in severe penalties.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

It's a cold day in early December, a day made bleaker by the memory that the United States has been at war for three years and there is no end in sight. On this day, the investigators have been summoned to Washington for an interview. What it is about, nobody knows. Where it will take place - equally uncertain. All they know is the little they've been told - that their service is required, and that their individual skills are of paramount importance to their country and the struggle it is trying to win. Of their skills, the characters only have one in common: they all speak fluent German ...

Given conscription during World War II, involving the characters in the scenario should pose no problem. All the characters are volunteers, and therefore have no reason to balk at the mission. Apart from skills learned during basic training (add bonuses of 15% to all firearm skills and 10% bonuses to Conceal, Hide, and Sneak ratings), the characters should be generated according to normal procedures. Just about any type of character can fit in, although

those with knowledge of Medicine, Occult, and skills regularly associated with underhandedness are particularly suitable. Given the nature and location of the scenario, each character also automatically receives a 75% skill level in Speak German. If a player has already chosen German as a language, let them apply the bonus point balance after raising the Speak German skill to 75% into other skills as desired.



"To establish the artificial motion, natural life must be extinct – the specimens must be very fresh, but genuinely dead."

H. P. Lovecraft, Herbert West: Reanimator

DEPARTMENT OF WAR
OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES
Washington, D.C.

TO: KOSS
FROM: COSS

SUBJECT: Activation of Operation HALFBACK

1. Pursuant to the attached report by Dr. Milton Gaines (SHAEP Medical Corps, London), you are hereby authorized to form a deep-cover unit for insertion into hostile territory. This document and all subsidiary documentation are to be classified CONFIDENTIAL - EYES ONLY.
2. The subject described in the attached report is (or was) one of our deep-cover agents assigned to Operation FIRECRACKER, for the purposes of infiltrating the Luftwaffe special weapons project and the acquisition of detail surrounding the development of rocket propelled aircraft. Upon failure to fulfill scheduled contacts, additional agents were assigned to determine his whereabouts. Further eye-witness reports indicated that he had been captured by the Gestapo (presumably tortured) and summarily executed. The source of these reports is trustworthy. The successful, casualty-free closure of Operation FIRECRACKER indicates that he did not reveal his mission to the enemy.
3. The physical condition of the subject raises concerns in light of reports trickling out of the Soviet Union following the German withdrawal from Stalingrad. These reports mentioned several points in the Soviet spearhead where the enemy held their ground until they were literally blown apart. Close combat with these units resulted in devastating casualties to the Soviets as hand-to-hand weapons had no effect on the enemy. One report went so far to mention that one German soldier took a full clip from a submachine gun at point blank range and still managed to disarm (literally) his attacker. Under normal circumstances, these reports would be written off to battle-fatigue and/or an expected amount of exaggeration. In light of the Soviet attempts to hush them up (at a level higher than their usual battle casualty reports) and the sudden reappearance of the missing agent and his physical state, I thought it best to contact Cdr. Cook.
4. According to Cook, there are several references to "reanimation" of dead-tissue (don't ask me, I really didn't get his explanation) in those moldy old books he's so fond of. He also mentioned that a significant amount of study was done in that area by one Herbert West who unfortunately vanished in 1921. Rumor has it that West had an associate, one that we have so far been unable to locate.
5. Given information at hand, the mission objectives are as follows: determine if the Germans are capable of "reanimation," determine enemy intentions, and sabotage enemy efforts. Team members are to be selected at your discretion.

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN

Major General, U.S. Army
Commanding Officer, Office of Strategic Services

The operatives gather in one of the many Pentagon receptions rooms, where they are served hot coffee while they wait. After a suitable amount of time to become acquainted, they are called into a Spartan office within which sit two gentlemen, one in military dress and the second in well-tailored civilian clothing. It is clear that the uniformed fellow is a full colonel, and after the characters have snapped to attention, he puts them at ease.

The Briefing

"Good morning gentlemen. My name is Col. Jacob Malone, and the civilian gentlemen is Dr. Myles Morgenstern. You have been chosen from an elite pool of candidates to partake in a mission of utmost importance to your country. Your combination of skills is unique, as is the situation you'll soon face. I ask that you reserve your questions until the end of the briefing, at which time the doctor or myself will try to answer them. Doctor, if you'll get the lights ... thank you."

[The lights are extinguished, replaced with the rectangular spot of white projected against a wall. With a click, the photograph of a handsome young gentlemen, probably in his mid-twenties pops into view. The portrait is replaced by a series of action shots, displaying the same gentleman in different locales, involved in differing types of physical activity (running, rowing, fishing, etc.). The fellow has the build of a fine athlete, and appears to be in peak physical condition. During the slide show, Col. Malone continues.]

"This is Marcel Rudolph Fereaux, a French citizen by birth – his father a deceased banker of some repute and his mother a German emigre, now a naturalized citizen. Educated at Oxford and the Sorbonne, he is fluent in French, German, and English; the equivalent of a Rhodes scholar, and a would be an Olympic boxer if not for the small unpleasantness currently occupying the continent. Instead, he was recruited from Free French forces by the OSS and became one of our star operatives infiltrating enemy installations for the purposes of sabotage.

"Roughly a year ago, Fereaux was sent into Germany for the purposes of locating large weaponry manufacturing installations – V-2s, buzz-bombs, that sort of thing – where his luck ran out. According to reliable sources, he was captured by the Gestapo and shot, presumably after being put to the usual drugs and thumb-screws. Apparently, he never talked, as none of the our contacts or operations were compromised. Understandably, Fereaux was written off ... until a month

DEPARTMENT OF WAR OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES Washington, D.C.

TO: Cdr. Martin Cook

FROM: COSS

SUBJECT: Text of Medical Report, SHAEF Medical Corps

1. Attached with this memorandum is the text of a medical report intercepted by OSS members attached to SHAEF HQ in London. This report and all personnel associated with it have been temporarily classified CONFIDENTIAL - EYES ONLY pending further action.

2. Please examine the attached report and correlate its contents with intercepted Soviet combat reports. Give me your analysis ASAP.

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN

Major General, U.S. Army
Commanding Officer, Office of Strategic Services

Attachment

ago."

[The photos of the virile athlete at this point flicker out, and are replaced documentary film footage of an emaciated husk of a man, hair wild and unruly, skin shrunken like dried leather against protruding bones, hospital gown stained with drool, eyes wide and haunted. Characters who succeed in an Idea roll must make a Sanity check (0,1), as they realize that they are still looking at the same man.]

"It would seem that Fereaux had not been killed after all, and after a year of only God knows what kind of treatment at the hands of the Gestapo ... well, you can see for yourselves ... he managed to escape and made it back to liberated France. Given his condition, how he managed it is still a mystery. Which is why you're here. Doctor?"

[Dr. Morgenstern sets a small metal case on the table, opens it, and removes a small glass vial, roughly the size of a pinky finger. It is filled to about a third capacity with a golden-yellow viscous fluid that glows dimly in the darkness of the room. The doctor clears his throat.]

"Before you leave this meeting, you will be given a copy of the SHAEF medical corps report on Fereaux. Within you will find a comprehensive description on his medical condition. For the sake of brevity, I'll summarize it for

STRATEGIC HEADQUARTERS, ARMY EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

London, England

POST-EXAMINATION MEDICAL FINDINGS REPORT

PATIENT: Marcel Rudolph Fereaux

EXAMINING MEDICAL OFFICER: Dr. Milton Gaines, M.D.

HISTORY:

The patient was brought to the Free French military hospital by military authorities upon their being contacted by his family. According to reports, the patient had been presumed KIA and reported as such to family members. After a prolonged absence, he turned up on their door-step in ragged, soiled clothing and apparently unable - or unwilling - to speak any word other than 'mother,' which he spoke repetitively. He seemed unable to recognize any member of his immediate family, other than his mother and separation from her resulted in the resumption of his utterances.

Fortunately, the family practitioner and his medical records survived the German occupation and have aided in providing positive identification, I also note that the patient had suffered no injury or illness prior to his military duties that are out enough of ordinary to have played a role in his current mental and physical state.

The patient was transferred to my care from Free French medial authorities upon the intervention of military command discretion.

STATUS:

Sex: Male

Age: 28

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 130 lbs.

Hair: Black

Eyes: Blue

Pre-Military Distinguishing Features:

Superficial: Scar on right arm from compound fracture.

Dental: Chipped left incisor, three gold fillings

Blood Pressure: Normal

Pulse: Normal

Temperature: Normal

The patient was delivered in a state of emaciation and was significantly under-weight in proportion to size. Reflexes proved to be slow, and dilation of the pupils almost non-existent. Blood tests revealed dangerously high levels of white corpuscles, as well as near-anaemic levels of iron.

Of great interest are a count of thirty-seven puncture scars scattered about the patient's chest and abdomen, as well as a similar number on the patient's back. These scars are indicative of bullet wounds (entry and exit) and the number and proximity of the scars point to their source as one or more automatic weapons fired at close to point-blank range. Subsequent X-rays revealed a bullet lodged between the patient's

heart and spine that when removed proved to be a 7.92mm round commonly used in German firearms. Remarkably, the wound resulting from the surgery fully healed in a matter of days, leaving almost no scarring.

In an attempt to treat the patient's anemia, we began a full blood transfusion that was not completed. (and in fact reversed). A few moments after initiating the transfusion, the patient began to go into inexplicable arrest in addition to violent convulsions. Reversing the transfusion - in effect returning the iron-poor blood to the patient - returned stability.

No amount of treatment has brought the patient to any level of normalcy, and in fact much treatment has a negative effect. We can do no more than wait to see if his own functions will return to their normal levels by their own accord.

ANALYSIS:

Given the inability to treat the patient directly, we have removed several tissue samples for external study. The results of the analysis are inexplicable. Upon initiating the first battery of tests, laboratory staff reported the receipt of improperly labeled samples, purportedly to be those of a post-mortem casualty. New samples were taken from the patient and the same results were discovered. All examination reports indicated that the patient was recently deceased. Lab equipment has been checked and cross-checked with other samples, and is in correct working order.

Continuing tests on the patient's tissues has resulted in a fascinating discovery. Removal of blood serums from saturated tissue results in immediate accelerated decay. Tests have determined the time to full decay (i.e. reaching a fully desiccated state) to average 16 seconds.

Conclusion: All testing indicates that the patient is hovering at a state of recent death. Not near-death, but in fact, for all intents and purposes, the patient has died ... all visual evidence to the contrary. How this is possible remains unexplained, and testing will continue.

ADDENDUM TO PATIENT FILE

Unable to determine the cause or continuance of the patient's status, samples of his blood were sent to Cambridge Medical College for further study. Closer examination has revealed foreign chemical elements in the patients blood, but their chemical makeup has not yet been determined.



you. Marcel Rudolph Fereaux is dead. I don't mean that he died since these photographs were taken, I mean that he died sometime before the film you're now looking at was taken, and was dead while it was being taken. He is dead, but his body seems incapable of accepting the fact and refuses to cease function. How is this possible? We don't know – but we're sure that this has something to do with it."

[The doctor holds the vial up, shaking it back and forth causing the liquid to jump up the insides of the glass container and slowly ooze down its transparent walls.]

"This substance was segregated with great difficulty from Fereaux's blood. We don't know what it is, but we figure it is the cause of his current condition. It seems to be some kind of electrochemical catalyst that reanimates dead tissue, but does not actually bring a person back to life. Animals on which we tested the fluid came half-way back to life. Not quite dead, but not quite alive either. What it is, we don't know. How it works, we don't know. The only lead we have is a 25-year-old report of a discredited student from Arkham, Massachusetts who apparently theorized this kind of chemical. Unfortunately, he disappeared in the early 1920s. His name was Herbert West. Colonel?"

[The film projector flickers to a stop, and Dr. Morgestern replaces the vial in its case while the Colonel turns the lights back on. As the operatives blink in the renewed brightness, Col. Malone continues.]

"And there you have it, gentlemen. This operation has been code-named 'Halfback,' and will unfold as follows. Tomorrow morning you will be flown to Boston where you will liaise with the local officers of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in an effort to uncover what you can regarding Herbert West and his "theories." You will not discuss any of what you have seen here with the FBI ... this is a purely military matter. A week later you will be flown to England where you will receive further orders at SHAEF headquarters. This operation has been classified as top secret with the highest priority, and may not be discussed with anyone without proper clearance at the risk of court-martial. Do I make myself clear? Good. Now ... any questions?"

As the characters ask any questions they feel pertinent, they each receive a plain folder bearing the ubiquitous "Eyes Only" stamp. Inside are the memo from General Donovan to his executive officer, as well as the SHAEF medical report. The colonel answers what questions he can, and seems rather annoyed that he's being asked any at all – his briefing was crystal, after all. He does not, under any circumstances, reveal the orders the characters are due to receive once they reach England.

When the briefing is completed, the colonel wishes the operatives good luck, and orders them to be at the local air-field at 0600 hours for transport to Boston. The characters have one day to burn in Washington, D.C.

Local Research

There are several excellent sources of research materials in Washington D.C., among them the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institution, and multiple university libraries. At this point, however, there is little that the operatives can look for in these grand repositories. There is also a very limited time in which to look, so it's unlikely that they'll be able to find any but the most superficial tidbits. Information garnered is up to the discretion of the Keeper, where hard success in Library Use may allow the operatives one or more newspaper articles available in from sources in the Miskatonic Valley, below.

THE MISKATONIC VALLEY

...

And this is as far as I got. It's been over twenty years since I last looked at this text, so who knows where I was going with it ... other than Arkham, Miskatonic University, an abandoned farmhouse, and a potter's field.

How much will the investigators discover about Herbert West? Maybe there are a couple of Nazi agents in the area looking to uncover or hide West's research.

Once the investigations in New England are completed, it's off to England and then the frigid cold of the Ardennes in the midst of the Battle of the Bulge.

Have fun and keep it creepy!

NIGHTMARE AT WEST & WASHINGTON

A 1920s ERA INTRODUCTORY ADVENTURE FOR TWO TO FOUR INVESTIGATORS

At some point, this scenario was created as an introduction to *Call of Cthulhu* role-playing, quite possibly for my last group who got their start in fantasy campaigns. I found it written on a batch of yellow legal sheets, stapled, folded, and forgotten in a stack of other role playing material. Initially, I thought that it was just some notes I had scribbled down, but as I was transcribing it for publication here, I noted that I had been tracking hits for the hostile forces the investigators encounter.

The content of this adventure has been significantly edited and enhanced. Believe me, it really needed it!

The scenario is a quick and dirty exploration that allows the players to exercise their investigative and research skills. Depending upon how the Keeper wants to flesh it out or incorporate it into other campaigns, it shouldn't take more than a single sitting to complete.

BACKGROUND

In the 1820s, Emil Sumter was an anthropology professor at Harvard whose studies into ancient druidic culture in the British Isles led him to an interest in the "black arts." He discovered and learned the content of two books: "True Magick" by Thophilus Wenn and the "Sussex Manuscript" – the latter being an incomplete and somewhat inept translation of the "Necronomicon." Through the study of these two volumes, Sumter learned not only of the existence of the race of "Outer Gods" that lurk outside of our reality, but also the means to contact them. Unfortunately for Sumter, his dabbling into the magic described within these volumes worked and his existence drew the attention of these eldritch beings. He was fed dreams that stoked hitherto unknown desires for power and glory and knowledge that he would be the linchpin in a plan to release these "deities" from their prison.

The focus of this plan was to create a magical gateway through which the Outer Gods would pass. To build this gateway, Sumter needed privacy. He purchased land and built a modest home on the outskirts of the town of Arkham, Massachusetts.

The process called for human sacrifices. For these, Sumter turned to the local community. After a few victims were taken, he was caught, and his house burned to the ground by a mob, with him inside. Before he was killed, he and his notes were rescued by a group of ghouls he summoned before it was too late.

For nearly one hundred years, Sumter has managed to keep himself hidden and alive through the magic he has learned and with the help of his ghoulish allies. His work on the gate is nearly

complete.

During this period, the property where Sumter's home was not idle. About sixty years following its destruction, a new house was built in its place. The builders of this home lived there happily for twenty-five years until they decided to retire to a warmer climate. The house was purchased by Jasper Franklin, a local landscape artist of some repute. Unfortunately for Franklin, he managed to break through to the ghoul warren below it while working on renovations. An encounter with these denizens of the darkness resulted in him being found running down the street while screaming and babbling incoherently about the devils in his basement. By the time anyone managed to examine the house, the ghouls had plugged the hole and covered traces of their existence.

Eager to ensure that future occupants of the house would not intrude and interrupt his work, Sumter appealed to the Outer Gods for assistance. This assistance was manifest when the house was reoccupied several months later.

The Dervishes, a small family from rural New England began to suffer from strange and disturbing dreams a few months after moving into the house. Eventually, these dreams became too



"What I heard in my youth about the shunned house was merely that people died there in alarmingly great numbers."

H. P. Lovecraft, *The Shunned House*

much for the father who, upon going insane, chopped up his family and then hung himself from a stairway bannister.

The history of the property and its occupants began to sow legends. The house was evil. The land was cursed. Anyone who tried to make a home there would go mad.

During the time since the Sumter home was built, Arkham has expanded. Its population has grown as the eminent institution at its core, Miskatonic University, has increased in stature. Property is at a premium, and the location of the Sumter house is ideal. Allowing it to remain empty would be a crime ...

THE BEGINNING

All of the characters are old friends from college who currently reside in New York City. Their occupations are not strictly relevant to the plot of the scenario, but it makes most sense if they are all academics of one kind or other. All of them share an old friend in Harvey Daniels, a down-on-his-luck anthropologist who recently received his PhD from Columbia, but who has been having a hard time finding a position.

The characters are invited to their favorite local watering hole to join Daniels in a celebration. It appears that he has been granted an adjunct professorship at Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts. Miskatonic offers one of the highest rated anthropology programs in the country, whose influence reaches around the world.

Adding to his good fortune, he has recently closed on a wonderful furnished house in a great neighborhood in Arkham. The price was right, but the house needs a little work. A little paint, a couple of throw-pillows ...

Harvey has rented a truck and is ready to move, but he could use a little help in getting settled. After dinner and a little dancing, he proposes that they all head up to the Miskatonic valley and make a week-long party of it.

Harvey Daniels Frenemy, age 28

STR 65	CON 90	SIZ 60	DEX 65	INT 50
APP 65	POW 45	EDU 85	SAN 0	HP 15
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 9	MP: 9	Luck: 45

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	25% (12/5)
Dagger	90% (45/18), damage 1d4+2
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Anthropology (60%), Chemistry (30%), Drive Auto (35%), Electrical Repair (35%), Library Use (50%), Listen (80%), Locksmith (50%), Mechanical Repair (40%), Occult (45%), Persuade (65%).



THE HOUSE

The house is a gorgeous old colonial at the corner of West Street and Washington. The siding is a little weathered and in need of some fresh paint, and there's a distinct musty odor due to the house having been closed up for fifteen years. All of the furniture within the home is covered with sheets and the rugs are rolled up.

There's not much of interest in the attic other than broken furniture and trucks of moth-eaten clothing that went out of fashion a decade previously.

In the basement is a pile of coal and a bunch of wood piled up in a corner near the furnace. Beneath the wood pile is a discolored patch of concrete that does not quite match the rest of the floor. This patch is roughly three feet across. A Spot Hidden roll is required to notice it. A hard Idea roll indicates that it's due to a crack or hole that was later filled and patched.

This patch is where Jasper Franklin broke through to the Ghoul tunnels below. If any characters suggest that it be dug up again, Daniels forbids it. He just bought the house and would prefer that his friends don't try to level it before the house warming.

At Night

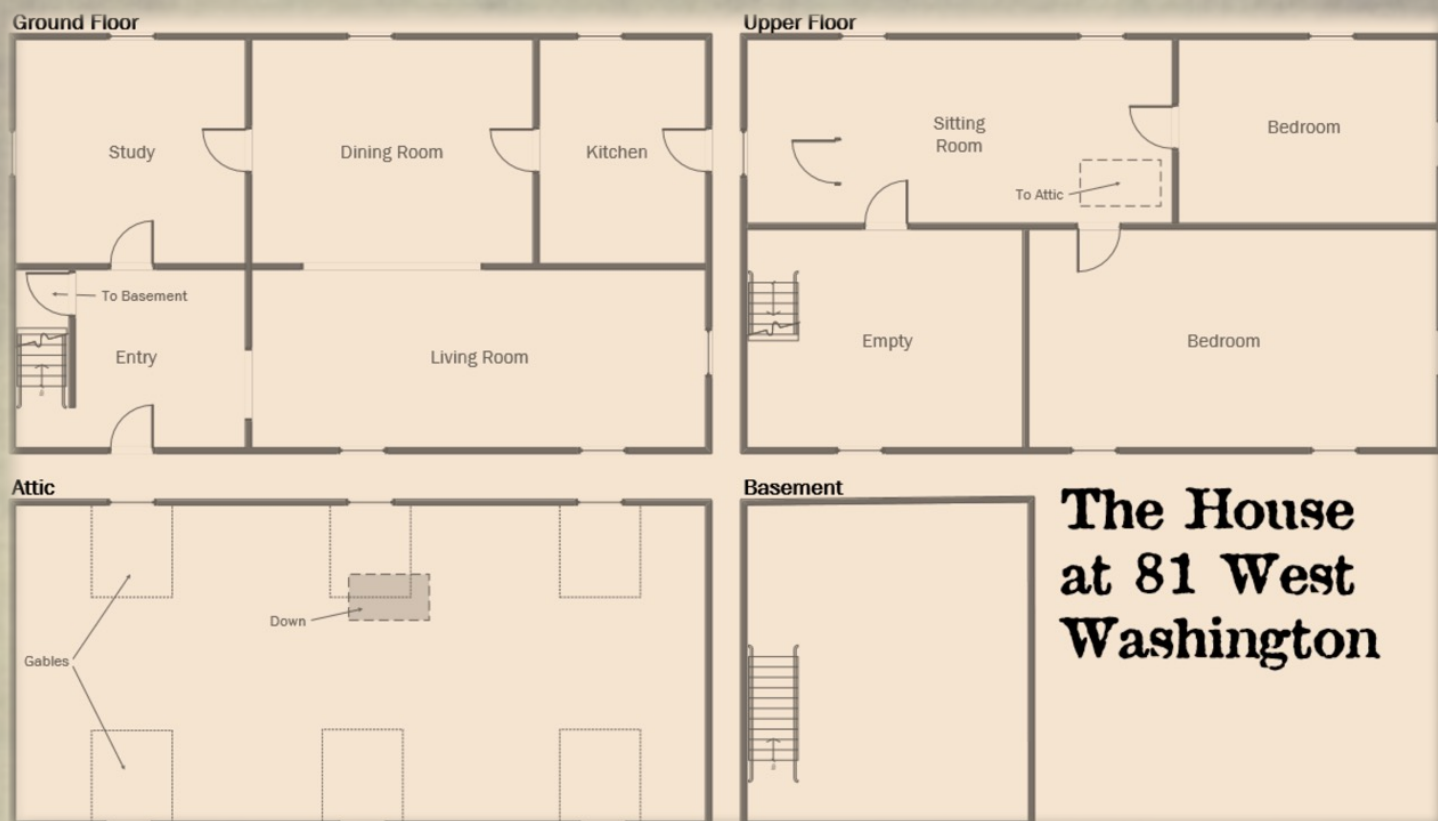
A cursory examination of the house indicates that it should take about a week to get it cleaned up. Since the interior of the house and its furniture are mostly in good shape, Daniels insists that the characters stay with him. He ensures them that it will be fun and pulls a bottle of scotch out of an excelsior-filled crate with a grin.

Each night (or early morning) that the characters sleep, one of two things might happen to them, following a die roll compared to a hard Power check.

Any who make the roll awaken with a start and must make a Listen roll. If they succeed, they hear a light tapping sound that reverberates around within the house. The sound has an eerie resemblance to a faint, muffled heartbeat. Any who hear is must make a Sanity check or lose a point. If the Listen roll is missed, nothing is heard other than the buzz of nocturnal insects outside.

Of the characters that fail the initial Power check, the Keeper should select one of them (a different character each night) to have the following dream:

"You open your eyes and find yourself laying on your bed, while staring upwards at the gray, cracked ceiling. Suddenly, you begin to float upwards, your body feeling lighter and lighter. Bracing for impact, a long crack in the ceiling tears open like a hungry maw, releasing you into the cold night air. As you grow lighter still, you move faster and faster upward toward the starry heavens. You find yourself bolting past moons, planets, and stars at a dizzying rate. After what seems like days of travel, a large silver gate appears before you, floating in the ether. You stop in front and try it only to find it



locked. A tickling at your throat draws your hand up where you feel a chain around your neck. Looped on the chain is a small, silver, skeleton key. Even though the key seems ludicrously small for the huge lock in the gate, you try it and it works. Stepping through, you find yourself standing on a vast, sandy plain. In the distance you glimpse a large pyramid whose point is lost in the vast, clear, blue sky above. You take a step forward and enter it. Inside is a large chamber whose vault is supported by a large colonnade. At its center is a set of stairs leading up to a throne. Standing before the throne is a tall man with ebony dark skin and piercing eyes. He is dressed in the garb of an Egyptian pharaoh. He looks down, gazing at and seemingly into you. He says:

'You know not what you do, nor where you are. You must leave the place to which you travelled. I, Nyarlathotep, the dark messenger of the Old Ones, so command. If you do not heed my words, you and your kind shall be doomed. I have chosen one of you to be my servant. He will ensure you are safely away.'

The Egyptian then walks toward you, drawing a large black dagger. He slashes down at you cutting cleanly through your abdomen. Instead of the expected gore, a single blood red tentacle squirms out of the wound, its tip turning toward you revealing a single bloodshot eye."

At this point, the characters must make a Sanity check (1d4/1d20). If any any point a character tries to strike Nyarlathotep, they must make a critical Power roll. If succeeded, they manage to knock the dagger away. Nyarlathotep then begins to change, his skin splitting, blistering, and melting away, to reveal his true form. Another Sanity check is required (1d10/1d100).

Anyone who goes insane during the dream wake up screaming for 1d10 rounds while clutching at their stomach as if to keep it from exploding. Others feel very uneasy upon waking.

The character that Nyarlathotep chose to be his servant is Harvey Daniels, through the players should wonder among themselves. In Daniels' position is the silver key and the black dagger that Nyarlathotep wielded.

As the characters experience these dreams, they may begin wondering about the history of the house. Why was it such a bargain? Why was it unoccupied for so many years? Of course, Daniels is only interested in what he stole it was and that his friends should learn to not look a gift horse in the mouth. However, that should not stop them from digging further into its background by availing themselves to the vast sources of research that can be found in Arkham.

While they are out and about, Daniels installs a stout lock on the sturdy basement door and sets about digging up the original passage into the ghoulish warren. As soon as he succeeds (which takes a few days), he tries to kill the characters in their sleep. If he fails in this mission, the Ghouls eventually dig their way up and attempt the same.

RESEARCH

Once the investigators start to experience the dreams and the oddities of the house on West street, they'll no doubt have questions about it. There are several locations around Arkham from which they can get some answers.

The Town Hall

Located at 551 North Peabody Avenue in the town's downtown area, investigators can find out about deeds and other legal filings at the clerk's office.

A successful Library Use roll reveals that there was another house build on the same lot. This home was owned by a Mr. Emil Sumter. It burned down in 1826. The current home was built in 1888 by Mr. Robert Crawford. It was sold to Mr. Jasper Franklin in 1903. In 1904, ownership of the home was transferred to Arkham First Bank. In 1905, the house was sold to Mr. David Dervish. In 1906, ownership was transferred back to Arkham First Bank, where ownership remains.

The clerk's office also maintains birth and death records for the town's population. Another successful Library Use roll uncovers the death certificates for David, Denise, Donna, and Dana Dervish. Their ages were 33, 30, 10, and 8, respectively. All died on the same day (November 20, 1906). Causes of death are homicide, except for David, which is noted as suicide.

Paper: Arkham Gazette

Date: April 1825

"Disappearances Continue"

This periodical is saddened to report that another young lady, Sarah Jenkins, has gone missing. Sarah did not arrive home Tuesday evening following a recital at the home of the eminent Dr. Elihu Marks. Dr. Marks has noted that Miss Jenkins and several of her friends opted to walk home rather than take a carriage. Her friends, Margaritte Duveaux and Sally Macenzie parted ways with Miss Jenkins less than a half-mile from her home. Sheriff Madison has indicated that no sign of where Miss Jenkins disappeared has been found. Miss Jenkins is the third young lady to go missing in Arkham in the past eighteen months, following Mary Thompson, nineteen years old, and Diana Mayhew, sixteen. Miss Jenkins was also sixteen years old. There is no clear relationship between the missing. Until rhea disappearances are resolved, Sheriff Madison suggests that individuals traveling to homes beyond the town center do so with an escort. The Sheriff would also like to reiterate that these disappearances are not related to a resurgence of witchcraft in the area or any other unnatural source. Accusations of this nature do not serve the public good and should be curtailed.

Paper: Arkham Gazette

Date: February 1826

"House Destroyed"

Last night's cold was cut and snowfall illuminated by a house fire south of Arkham. The fire at the Sumter home was discovered by a large group of citizens in the area near mid-night last night. Unfortunately, the resident of the home was caught in the blaze and could not be rescued before the house's roof collapsed. The cause of the fire is unknown at this time. However, the townsfolk who arrived at the scene suggest that Emil Sumter caused the fire while practicing "nefarious arts" due to the size of the blaze and the speed at which it consumed the house. Mr. Sumter has been connected with the disappearance of several young women from the Arkham area, although proof of his involvement has not been found. Mr. Sumter's charred remains have been recovered and buried in the potter's field as he had no known relatives.

Paper: Arkham Advertiser

Date: July 1904

"Panic in South Arkham"

The residents of West Street were awakened last night just before midnight to quite a fracas. Jasper Franklin, the resident at 81 West Washington was found running up S. West in a screaming panic. He nearly made it to W. Miskatonic before being subdued by local residents of that neighborhood. Per their report, Mr. Franklin was running from "the dead that would not stay dead," or so he was shouting repeatedly when questioned. When subdued, Mr. Franklin's clothing was soiled with signs of workmanship and neighbors noted that he had recently begun renovations on the home he purchased late last year. Authorities examining the home following Mr. Franklin's arrest found signs of renovation, but no indication of what might have caused his breakdown. Mr. Franklin has been sent to the State Asylum in Danvers for further evaluation.

The Library

A short walk from the Town Hall is the Arkham Public Library. Research at the library does not reveal much of interest other than the town's history and the reported use of witchcraft by several of its occupants. Of more use would be a visit to the ...

Paper: Arkham Advertiser
Date: March 1906

“Family Slaughtered”

Early yesterday, the remains of the Dervish family were discovered in their home at 81 West Washington street. The remains were discovered when the home was inspected following the failure of the Dervish daughters, Donna and Dana, to appear at school. The two girls and their mother, Denise, were found murdered in the beds. From all appearances, their attacker was their own father. David Dervish was found hung by the neck from a staircase bannister. This recent tragedy is renewing decades old beliefs that the home at that location has been cursed by its original owner, Emil Sumter, who was expected to be a kidnapper, murderer, and dabbler in witchcraft or other black magic. Although never brought to justice, there are rumors that Sumter was burned alive by a mob of local town folk who took justice upon themselves. The reasons for David Dervish taking his life and those of his family are unknown. No note was found, nor any other indication of his motivation was left. Those familiar with the family note that all had seemed over-tired of late and to a degree short-tempered. However, the scale of this tragedy was completely unforeseen. Any knowledge as to the cause of this tragedy should be reported to the police.

Arkham Historical Society

Curated by Mr. E. Lapham Peabody, the historical society is a treasure trove of information about the town's more notorious background. As the society is located not far from the house (537 South Garrison Street), Peabody is aware of its history and the fact that it has recently been purchased. If asked any questions about the house or the town, or if the investigators request viewing the society's wealth of material, Peabody clears his throat and gazes at a framed announcement noting the \$20 annual fee to join the society.

Peabody can relate in general terms the history of the house and its various owners. He can clarify that its original builders, the Crawfords, retired and moved down to Florida (although he could never tolerate that heat). He mentions that Jasper Franklin has a nervous breakdown and was committed to the asylum in Danvers, but is unaware of his fate. He also relates the gruesome death of the Dervish family (the whole family cut down with an axe by the father who hung himself

afterwards).

He was surprised to hear about Daniels moving in, given the cursed reputation of the house. Still, he supposes, that if the bank wants to sell it, it's not surprising that they'd go out of town to do so. No one from Arkham likes to set foot near it.

The society does not have any information concerning the construction and destruction of the Sumter house, as that period falls into a gap in the society's materials. Of course, anything that the investigators could uncover would be gratefully accepted.

The Newspaper Morgue

There are two newspapers operating in Arkham, the *Gazetter* and the *Advertiser*. The former is older and more formal, while the latter tends to publish more “human interest” stories. In either case, it takes a successful Persuade roll to gain access to their morgues. Once inside, successful Library Use rolls uncover the following articles (one roll per item).

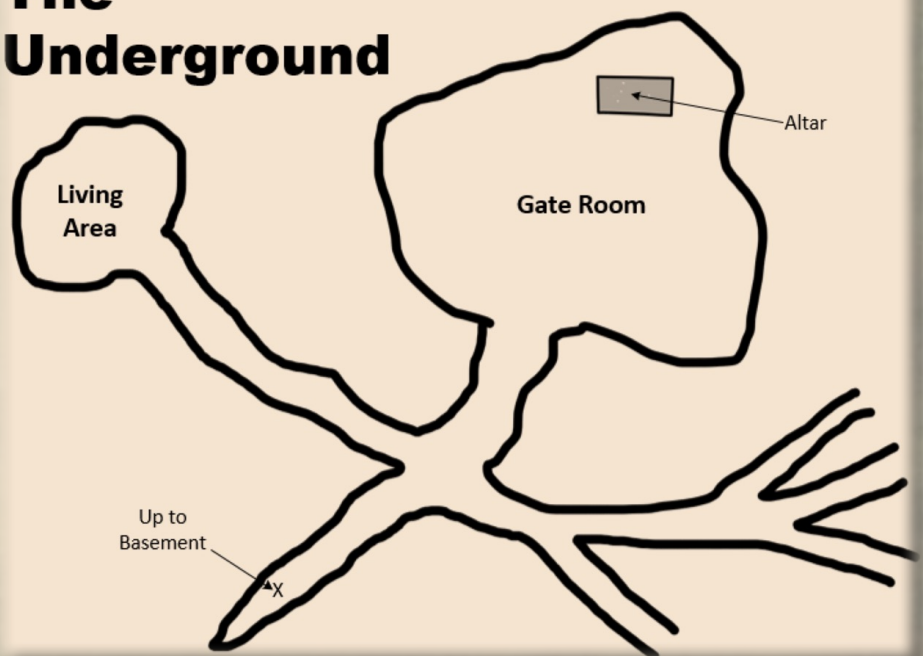
Regardless of the material uncovered by their investigation, if Daniels is confronted by it and the nature of the house that he's purchased, he is not swayed to give it up (particularly if he's already under control). If anything, he shows an eagerness to live in a place with such an outré reputation.

THE UNDERGROUND

The hole in the basement floor leads down about ten feet to a downward sloping passageway. This passage leads to the underground ghoulish warrens. Apart from the tunnels themselves, there are two places of interest. All rooms are lit by torches in the wall holders.

The Living Room - this small cave is decorated with a pile of straw, a table covered with papers, and a rack with clothes from it. If the table is examined, the characters find a few things of interest:

The Underground



- **The Sussex Manuscripts** (1d6 Sanity loss; Cthulhu Mythos: +2/+5 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 21; Study: 36 weeks; Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep, Contact Ghoul)
- **True Magick** (1d8 Sanity loss; Cthulhu Mythos: +2/+4 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 18; Study: 24 weeks; Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth, Contact Cthulhu)
- **Sumter's Notes** (1d4 Sanity loss; Cthulhu Mythos: +1/+3 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 10; Study: 12 weeks; Spells: Create Gate)

From the hours of 2 AM to 8 AM, Sumter is in here, either reading (75%) or sleeping (25%).

Emil Sumter

Eldritch Wizard, age 150

STR 65 CON 90 SIZ 60 DEX 65 INT 50
APP 65 POW 45 EDU 85 SAN 0 HP 15
DB: +1d4 Build: 1 Move: 9 MP: 9 Luck: 45

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)
Dagger 70% (35/14), damage 1d4+2
Dodge 60% (30/12)

Armor: none.

Skills: Anthropology (70%), Cthulhu Mythos (35%), History (40%), Library Use (70%), Listen (40%), Occult (80%), Speak Greek (60%), Speak Latin (70%).

Sumter is familiar with the following spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth and Contact Ghoul.

The Gate Room - This is a very large cave with a smoothed-out floor. At the far end is an altar. On the floor is a very strange design that seems to shift and swirl, which makes one feel as if they were falling into it (Sanity check or lose 1d4 points). Sumter is in here working feverishly between the hours of 8AM and 2AM, casting the gate from behind the altar.

The Tunnels - Every 15 minutes that the characters spend down here results in a 25% chance that they meet 1d10 ghouls.

RESOLUTION

The only way to stop the horror is to kill Sumter. When done, he decays before the parties very eyes (Sanity check or lose 1d6 points). In the unfortunate event that all the characters are killed, the gate is completed and the world doomed

If the characters succeed in their endeavor, they each receive a 1d20 Sanity point bonus.

ROGUE'S GALLERY

Unless the Keeper deems otherwise, Ghouls are the only creatures that the investigators might encounter during the course of this adventure. Below are the generic statistics for these underground dwellers.

Ghouls

STR 80 CON 65 SIZ 65 DEX 65 INT 65
POW 65 HP 13 Move: 9 DB: +1d4 Build: 1
MP: 13 Sanity: 0/1d6

Attacks per round: 3

Claws 40% (20/8), damage 1D8
Dodge 30% (15/6)

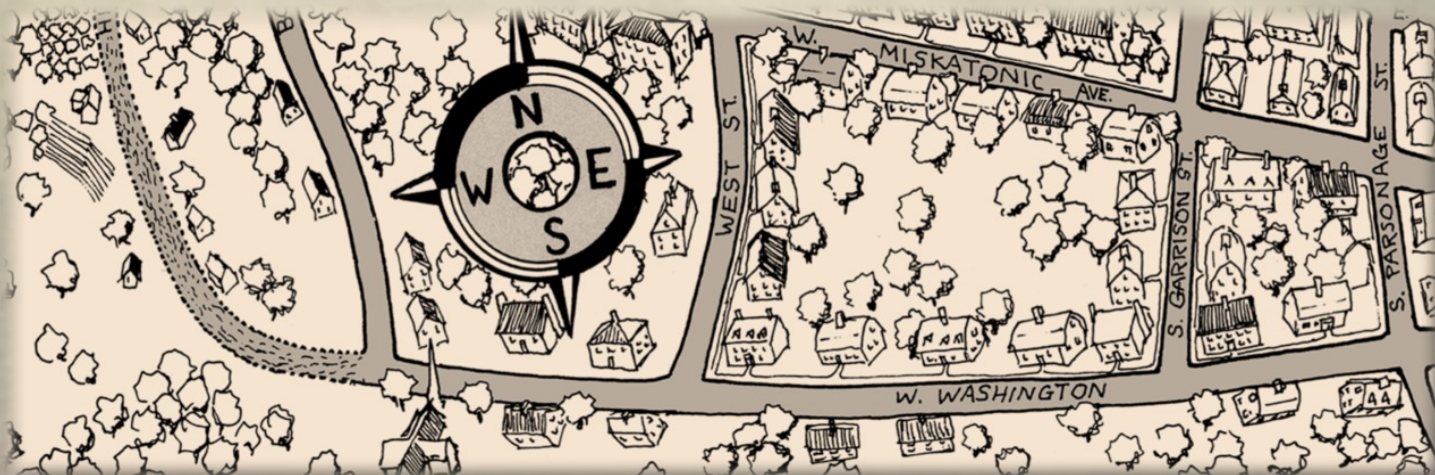
Armor: Firearms/Projectiles do half-damage (round down).

Skills: Climb (85%), Dodge (40%), Jump (75%), Listen (70%), Spot Hidden (50%), Stealth (70%).

A GOOD CAST IS WORTH REPEATING

The images of the non-player characters found within this text have been used with permission from SilentsAreGolden.com. Here are the actors and actresses "portraying" these characters.

Harvey Daniels Ben Wilson
Emil Sumter Noah Beery



HANDOUTS FOR DRAWN FROM THE DARK

A COLLECTION OF HANDOUTS FOR EASY TWO-SIDED PRINTING

Not long after entering this eldritch world, I was soon approached by the friends I had made during my previous journey. They took me by the hand and led me through a great copse of trees with leaves of colors I cannot begin to describe. Footing was difficult, as the moss below my feet seemed to shift with a sinister life of its own, tugging at the soles of my boots and then grumbling as I pulled them free. In a small clearing at the center of this wood I found a small stone structure akin to the mausoleums so favored by the wealthy of my waking world. Several of my friends were scattered around this clearing, enjoying a meal of what I dare not speculate. Within the structure, I found another friend who, wizened with age and experience, greeted me with a man's eyes and understanding. He favored me with tales of his experiences beyond the narcoleptic grasp of this world. Intrigued and grateful for his tales, I made a pact with him to seal his fate, which I will endeavor to do upon my return. To assist, he gave me a document that I was able to carry back with the assistance of d'Erlette's tutelage. On the morrow, I will begin my search.

Handouts for "Digging Deep"

7286663944

From "James Elias"

The pains of age were sharp this day. Nevertheless, I made my usual journey to Fleet Street in search of yet another tome to temporarily quench my thirst for knowledge. Aged I may be, and yet my mind remains sharp ... as does my vision! Hidden in a back street I spotted a weathered sign indicating the presence of a seller of books. His collection was most interesting and well-traveled, as many of the tomes were in languages I could not identify. One of the collection captured my fancy, as it is well engraved and in the French tongue, that language of philosophers and statesmen. And what imagery it contains! I will delve into its pages soon.

From "Henry Elias"

I begin this second journal as monument to the miracle that has recently occurred. The Comte was accurate in his penning of the procedure, and I was equally accurate in following it. Upon awakening my pain had vanished, as had the signs of my age! Truly a miracle, I am young again!

From "Walter Elias"

Once again, my life has served me well! With the ability to add my gains to those of my 'predecessors,' I have begun to accumulate a fortune of a size I would have never dreamed possible! I am content in the knowledge that I will live out the rest of my

From "Gregory Elias"

How easy it is to take what one wants when you have the ability to do so! A few guineas into the right pockets is all. Everyone has a price and is willing to bargain if that price is approximated. Rather like fishing ... toss out a well-spun lure and the prize is yours for the having!

From "Francis Elias"

I am a fool! At the last casting, I felt as weak as I do today, and look little better. Although much of my youthful appearance has been restored, the effects of the process are obviously waning! I've searched for the damnable book but have been unable to find it, and expect that it was sold by an ancestor. Now, with an understanding of my fate, I am losing the ability to carry it out. Damnable, bloody fool!

From "Michael Elias"

I heard today of an artist in America who may have the answers that I seek. It is said that he has created portraits of ungodly monstrosities which - through description - resemble those described by the Comte so many years ago. I have little choice but to act on this information. I will soon begin to bring my affairs to a conclusion and move my estate to Boston.

From "Robert Elias"

My time is running out, and I have been unable to locate Pickman or any of his works. My frustration is as immeasurable as the fortune I've accumulated. Nevertheless, I must continue my quest at all costs. Nothing, not even Time, will stand in my way!

From "Gavin Elias"

At last! My nemesis has finally 'surfaced' once again! With Cartwright in my pocket, I own his home, and I will soon own his livelihood as well. The answers will soon be mine, as will the world!

Handouts for "Digging Deep" and "Two Minutes on High"



The Boston Tattler

Date: Three Months Ago

"Covington Circle House Hole In Space?"

BOSTON — Scientists from local universities and places of higher learning have recently begun speculating the existence of "holes in space" where physical matter may enter and not return. Exactly where this matter goes is anybody's guess. Is it destroyed? Does it reappear elsewhere in the Universe? Or does it go to another Universe beyond our own?

Regardless of the destination, it would appear that one of these holes exists right in our own backyard, or more precisely, within the home at 27 Covington Circle in a pleasant suburb of our fair city.

This attractive Victorian home was constructed in 1920 under the supervision of its first owner, Dr. Henry Borstad, the son of the eminent German ambassador (now retired) and a psychiatric researcher of some note. On December 7, 1921, he contacted family in Germany with plans to visit the Continent for some much-needed rest. That was the last anyone saw or heard from Dr. Borstad. Police officials made note that packed luggage awaited by the front door, but the doctor was nowhere to be found.

The house remained empty, but still in the possession of the doctor's family, according to the doctor's executor Jacob Salazar of Whitfield, Salazar & Whitfield. Over a year later, it was leased to Clyde Lee, the son of a Chicago industrialist. Mr. Lee was last seen on February 24, 1923. Given the wealth of Mr. Lee's father, kidnaping was presumed the cause of his disappearance, but no ransom notes were every forthcoming.

An incident was reported by the Tomlins family who took up residence a few months after Mr. Lee's disappearance. Five months after moving into the house on Covington Circle they abandoned the residence. Mr. John Tomlins, an engineer, claimed that strange noises could be heard from within the house. These were chiefly mechanical sounds, possibly echoed in from some distance away.

The third disappearance was that of well-respected writer and one time contributor to this paper, Howard Eliot. Mr. Eliot, an investigator into the occult, took residence in the house in an effort to explain away its mysteries — particularly as a legend was beginning to grow up around it, fueled by reports of ghostly apparitions on its grounds. Sadly, on May 17, 1925, the house managed to explain away Howard Eliot! As in the Lee case, officials speculated kidnaping as an explanation, but similarly no ransom notes were ever presented.

The total lack of ability to explain these disappearances can only point to one thing. As Sherlock Homles believed: "Once you eliminate the impossible, whatever remains - no matter how improbable - must be the truth."

The truth the Tattler wants to know is: "who will be next?"

Handouts for "Beyond the Threshold of Pain"

A Garden Full of Darwin Tulips



PLANT NAMED VARIETIES IN YOUR GARDEN THIS FALL

The purpose of offering 10 named varieties of Giant Darwin Tulips to the readers of National Geographic Magazine is to acquaint them with the possibilities of planning their spring display according to a color scheme.

The following ten varieties, if planted in the order named, will give a good color scheme.

Loveliness. One of great merit for bedding as well as borders. Soft carmine-rose. Borne on stems 21 inches long.

10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

Clara Butt. Beautiful clear salmon-pink. No other variety offered by us has the same distinctive and pleasing color. Borne on stems 22 inches long.

10 bulbs, 60c.; 100 bulbs, \$5.00

The Sultan. Rich maroon-black; a flower of attractive and distinctive coloring. Grow to height of 25 inches.

10 bulbs, 60c.; 100 bulbs, \$5.00

Reverend Ewbank. Soft lavender-violet, slightly shaded silver-gray. Borne on stems 23 inches long.

10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

Massachusetts. A long and beautiful flower, clear carmine-rose at midrib, toning off to soft pink at edges. Borne on stems 26 inches long.

10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

Pride of Haarlem. Magnificently formed flower of immense size, of a brilliant deep rose, shaded scarlet, with light blue base. Sometimes attaining height of 3 feet.

10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

Purple Perfection. Bright glossy purple, large in size and of wonderful substance. Grows to a height of 26 inches.

10 bulbs, 85c.; 100 bulbs, \$7.50

White Queen. A splendid white variety; when first opening pale rose, but quickly turns white.

10 bulbs, 60c.; 100 bulbs, \$5.00

Europe. Deep, fiery crimson, with white base. Flowers large and erect. Height 20 inches.

10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

Glow. The deepest shade of crimson-scarlet; a color of wonderful brilliance, not unlike that of the Oriental poppy. Borne on stems 20 inches long.

10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

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The Sons of the Hands that Feed

This is a very small cult whose membership is estimated at less than one hundred worshipers worldwide. Legend states that they are one of the most violent cults to come into existence, supposedly known to tear their human sacrificed apart with bare hands. The god they worship is known as Igolonus. According to the mythology, he was the bastard son (one of many) of the god Dionysus and an unknown mate, thought to be one of the Titans. Apparently, he was so hideous and so amazingly evil, that he was banished to a place of darkness from which he could never escape. Another source claims that as punishment for his actions, the goddess Athena removed his head, so that he would be eternally hungry. Yet, he survived by magically growing two more mouths instead of one, just to spite the goddess of wisdom.

Handouts for "Two Minutes on High"

New York Public Library

Lender Card #: 1736-C

Issued On: August 22 1926

Jason R Cornwall

Special Access Granted: RP Quartermaine

The Tune Room

Fun and dancing 'til two

2 Revere Park
Downtown Boston

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

STUDENT IDENTIFICATION

NAME: Jason Randolph Cornwall III

ADDRESS: 232 Grey Nag Lane
Boston

ID#: 48375-8

EXPIRES: June 15, 1925

BROTHERHOOD OF LIGHT

A Club for Gentlemen

Samuel A. Rogers
President

#17 Mayfair Street
Beacon Hill

Handouts for "Two Minutes on High"

Entry 1:

I ran into another one of those religious fanatics again. It seems that they're everywhere nowadays. This one seemed a little different though. Something in his eyes and the odd headband he wore. I wonder if I'll see him again.

Entry 2:

I can't believe it. I was at the Showplace last night, along with Dana, and that guy was there. He walked up to me in the middle of the dance floor and started talking to me again, just like the last time. He said I knew what he was talking about and somehow, I think I did. Even though, as I think back on it now, everything is just a blur. I don't know how long I was talking to him, and I remember apologizing to Dana, but she said she didn't know what I was talking about. When I explained, she looked at me like I had too much hooch in me. I never felt more sober.

Entry 3:

I was walking down Mayfair Street in Beacon Hill today, and I got a strange feeling that I had been there before.

Entry 4:

I think I've been drinking too much home-made. I keep having very strange dreams. I'm not sure what they mean, if anything, but they seem to be having a bad effect on me. I find it hard to describe them, even to myself. They always revolve around the positive and negative, but I can't remember if they have anything to do with mathematics.

Entry 5:

I think I'm going crazy. I've lost all track of time. There have been many times when I look at my watch and hours have passed, even though I was sure that it had only been a few minutes since I last looked. Twice, over a day had passed. I don't know what I did or do during these period. I found a business card in my wallet from one of those social clubs. My roommates said I mentioned it in passing. It is sitting in front of me as I write these words. I can't remember what it's called.

Entry 6:

The periods are getting longer. The sum of all things is nothing. Dana has broken off with me. The book of revelations is true! 12:5 and 12:14. I want it to stop! Why does it write in this book? Why won't it stop? He who has no mouth must speak with his hands. My mother told me never to eat with my fingers. The Balance!

Entry 7:

I'm losing control. I've gained control.

Handouts for “Two Minutes on High”

SUTHERBY’S NEW YORK’S AUCTION HOUSE

This evening’s auction includes an assortment of novelties and curiosities of an occult nature. A catered, item review session begins at 7:30 PM followed by the auction at 9:00 PM. Per our policy, any bid greater than \$5,000 (U.S.) must accompany a letter of credit or cash deposit.

LOT #1
Haitian Voodoo Doll

Circa 1800. Constructed of straw and cloth, this voodoo doll is rumored to have caused the death of an unscrupulous French plantation owner. Opening bid, \$95.

LOT #2
Book (“Focloro Verdadeiro”)

In Portuguese, written by Armando Vasco de Moraes in 1875. Fine quality leather binding, limited run (only five copies known to exist). Opening bid, \$235.

LOT #3
Celtic Staff

Dated from the 13th century. Six-foot wooden staff with carved runic symbols. Opening bid, \$200.

LOT #4
African Juju Bag

A leather pouch containing feathers, small animal bones and small stones. Dated circa 1850. Opening bid, \$60.

LOT #5
Hindu Incense Burner

Dated circa 100 B.C., this item is a lidded golden bowl with a diameter of roughly half a foot. The base of the bowl is a statuette of Indra, who supports the bowl in her many hands. The lid of the bowl has several holes in it where the mist of the incense can escape. Opening bid, \$200.

LOT #6
South American Feather Cloak

Dated at roughly 1910, this item is a colorful cloud of feathers used by medicine men of the Xingu tribe from the Amazon river basin. Opening bid, \$75.

LOT #7
Ancient Reading Glass (T’al G’nar)

A large magnifying glass (roughly eight inches in diameter) on a flexible limb, which is mounted on an ornate dark wood base. Attached to the base is a set of brackets which can conveniently hold a large book in place beneath the glass. Opening bid, \$120.

LOT #8
Book (“Physics and Sorcery,” by Sir Isaac Newton)

Written by hand in 1727 in a series of journals. This is thought to be Newton’s last work, and is the only copy. Opening bid, \$300.

LOT #9
Crystal Ball with Stand

A clear spherical crystal ball with a five-inch diameter, held by a carved black marble stand in the shape of a bird’s talon. Dated from the early 1800’s. Opening bid, \$150.

LOT #10
Book (“Diplomacy of Blood,” by Prince Vladimir Dracula)

Undated manuscript, leather-bound and in fair condition. Hand-written on yellowed parchment, and believed to be the only copy of the work in existence. This work is a discussion by the Rumanian prince on violent methods that should be employed to improve foreign relations. Opening bid, \$300.

Handouts for "Operation Halfback"

DEPARTMENT OF WAR
OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES
Washington, D.C.

TO: XOSS
FROM: COSS

SUBJECT: Activation of Operation HALFBACK

1. Pursuant to the attached report by Dr. Milton Gaines (SHAEF Medical Corps, London), you are hereby authorized to form a deep-cover unit for insertion into hostile territory. This document and all subsidiary documentation are to be classified CONFIDENTIAL - EYES ONLY.

2. The subject described in the attached report is (or was) one of our deep-cover agents assigned to Operation FIRECRACKER, for the purposes of infiltrating the Luftwaffe special weapons project and the acquisition of detail surrounding the development of rocket propelled aircraft. Upon failure to fulfill scheduled contacts, additional agents were assigned to determine his whereabouts. Further eyewitness reports indicated that he had been captured by the Gestapo (presumably tortured) and summarily executed. The source of these reports is trustworthy. The successful, casualty-free closure of Operation FIRECRACKER indicates that he did not reveal his mission to the enemy.

3. The physical condition of the subject raises concerns in light of reports trickling out of the Soviet Union following the German withdrawal from Stalingrad. These reports mentioned several points in the Soviet spearhead where the enemy held their ground until they were literally blown apart. Close combat with these units resulted in devastating casualties to the Soviets as hand-to-hand weapons had no effect on the enemy. One report went so far to mention that one German soldier took a full clip from a submachine gun at point blank range and still managed to disarm (literally) his attacker. Under normal circumstances, these reports would be written off to battle-fatigue and/or an expected amount of exaggeration. In light of the Soviet attempts to hush them up (at a level higher than their usual battle casualty reports) and the sudden reappearance of the missing agent and his physical state, I thought it best to contact Cdr. Cook.

4. According to Cook, there are several references to "reanimation" of dead-tissue (don't ask me, I really didn't get his explanation) in those moldy old books he's so fond of. He also mentioned that a significant amount of study was done in that area by one Herbert West who unfortunately vanished in 1921. Rumor has it that West had an associate, one that we have so far been unable to locate.

5. Given information at hand, the mission objectives are as follows: determine if the Germans are capable of "reanimation," determine enemy intentions, and sabotage enemy efforts. Team members are to be selected at your discretion.

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN

Major General, U.S. Army
Commanding Officer, Office of Strategic Services

Handouts for "Operation Halfback"

DEPARTMENT OF WAR
OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES
Washington, D.C.

TO: Cdr. Martin Cook

FROM: COSS

SUBJECT: Text of Medical Report, SHAEF Medical Corps

1. Attached with this memorandum is the text of a medical report intercepted by OSS members attached to SHAEF HQ in London. This report and all personnel associated with it have been temporarily classified CONFIDENTIAL - EYES ONLY pending further action.

2. Please examine the attached report and correlate its contents with intercepted Soviet combat reports. Give me your analysis ASAP.

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN

Major General, U.S. Army
Commanding Officer, Office of Strategic Services
Attachment

Handouts for "Operation Halfback"

STRATEGIC HEADQUARTERS, ARMY EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

London, England

POST-EXAMINATION MEDICAL FINDINGS REPORT

PATIENT: Marcel Rudolph Fereaux

EXAMINING MEDICAL OFFICER: Dr. Milton Gaines, M.D.

HISTORY:

The patient was brought to the Free French military hospital by military authorities upon their being contacted by his family. According to reports, the patient had been presumed KIA and reported as such to family members. After a prolonged absence, he turned up on their door-step in ragged, soiled clothing and apparently unable - or unwilling - to speak any word other than 'mother,' which he spoke repetitively. He seemed unable to recognize any member of his immediate family, other than his mother and separation from her resulted in the resumption of his utterances.

Fortunately, the family practitioner and his medical records survived the German occupation and have aided in providing positive identification, I also note that the patient had suffered no injury or illness prior to his military duties that are out enough of ordinary to have played a role in his current mental and physical state.

The patient was transferred to my care from Free French medial authorities upon the intervention of military command discretion.

STATUS:

Sex: Male

Age: 28

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 130 lbs.

Hair: Black

Eyes: Blue

Pre-Military Distinguishing Features:

Superficial: Scar on right arm from compound fracture.

Dental: Chipped left incisor, three gold fillings

Blood Pressure: Normal

Pulse: Normal

Temperature: Normal

The patient was delivered in a state of emaciation and was significantly under-weight in proportion to size. Reflexes proved to be slow, and dilation of the pupils almost non-existent. Blood tests revealed dangerously high levels of white corpuscles, as well as near-anaemic levels of iron.

Of great interest are a count of thirty-seven puncture scars scattered about the patient's chest and abdomen, as well as a similar number on the patient's back. These scars are indicative of bullet wounds (entry and exit) and the number and proximity of the scars point to their source as one or more automatic weapons fired at close to point-blank range. Subsequent X-rays revealed a bullet lodged between the patient's

Handouts for "Operation Halfback"

heart and spine that when removed proved to be a 7.92mm round commonly used in German firearms. Remarkably, the wound resulting from the surgery fully healed in a matter of days, leaving almost no scarring.

In an attempt to treat the patient's anemia, we began a full blood transfusion that was not completed. (and in fact reversed). A few moments after initiating the transfusion, the patient began to go into inexplicable arrest in addition to violent convulsions. Reversing the transfusion - in effect returning the iron-poor blood to the patient - returned stability.

No amount of treatment has brought the patient to any level of normalcy, and in fact much treatment has a negative effect. We can do no more than wait to see if his own functions will return to their normal levels by their own accord.

ANALYSIS:

Given the inability to treat the patient directly, we have removed several tissue samples for external study. The results of the analysis are inexplicable. Upon initiating the first battery of tests, laboratory staff reported the receipt of improperly labeled samples, purportedly to be those of a post-mortem casualty. New samples were taken from the patient and the same results were discovered. All examination reports indicated that the patient was recently deceased. Lab equipment has been checked and cross-checked with other samples, and is in correct working order.

Continuing tests on the patient's tissues has resulted in a fascinating discovery. Removal of blood serums from saturated tissue results in immediate accelerated decay. Tests have determined the time to full decay (i.e. reaching a fully desiccated state) to average 16 seconds.

Conclusion: All testing indicates that the patient is hovering at a state of recent death. Not near-death, but in fact, for all intents and purposes, the patient has died ... all visual evidence to the contrary. How this is possible remains unexplained, and testing will continue.

ADDENDUM TO PATIENT FILE

Unable to determine the cause or continuance of the patient's status, samples of his blood were sent to Cambridge Medical College for further study. Closer examination has revealed foreign chemical elements in the patients blood, but their chemical makeup has not yet been determined.

Handouts for "Nightmare at West and Washington"

Paper: Arkham Gazette
Date: February 1826

"House Destroyed"

Last night's cold was cut and snowfall illuminated by a house fire south of Arkham. The fire at the Sumter home was discovered by a large group of citizens in the area near mid-night last night. Unfortunately, the resident of the home was caught in the blaze and could not be rescued before the house's roof collapsed. The cause of the fire is unknown at this time. However, the townsfolk who arrived at the scene suggest that Emil Sumter caused the fire while practicing "nefarious arts" due to the size of the blaze and the speed at which it consumed the house. Mr. Sumter has been connected with the disappearance of several young women from the Arkham area, although proof of his involvement has not been found. Mr. Sumter's charred remains have been recovered and buried in the potter's field as he had no known relatives.

Paper: Arkham Advertiser
Date: March 1906

"Family Slaughtered"

Early yesterday, the remains of the Dervish family were discovered in their home at 81 West Washington street. The remains were discovered when the home was inspected following the failure of the Dervish daughters, Donna and Dana, to appear at school. The two girls and their mother, Denise, were found murdered in the beds. From all appearances, their attacker was their own father. David Dervish was found hung by the neck from a staircase bannister. This recent tragedy is renewing decades old beliefs that the home at that location has been cursed by its original owner, Emil Sumter, who was expected to be a kidnapper, murderer, and dabbler in witchcraft or other black magic. Although never brought to justice, there are rumors that Sumter was burned alive by a mob of local town folk who took justice upon themselves. The reasons for David Dervish taking his life and those of his family are unknown. No note was found, nor any other indication of his motivation was left. Those familiar with the family note that all had seemed over-tired of late and to a degree short-tempered. However, the scale of this tragedy was completely unforeseen. Any knowledge as to the cause of this tragedy should be reported to the police.

Paper: Arkham Advertiser
Date: July 1904

"Panic in South Arkham"


The residents of West Street were awakened last night just before midnight to quite a fracas. Jasper Franklin, the resident at 81 West Washington was found running up S. West in a screaming panic. He nearly made it to W. Miskatonic before being subdued by local residents of that neighborhood. Per their report, Mr. Franklin was running from "the dead that would not stay dead," or so he was shouting repeatedly when questioned. When subdued, Mr. Franklin's clothing was soiled with signs of workmanship and neighbors noted that he had recently begun renovations on the home he purchased late last year. Authorities examining the home following Mr. Franklin's arrest found signs of renovation, but no indication of what might have caused his breakdown. Mr. Franklin has been sent to the State Asylum in Danvers for further evaluation.

Paper: Arkham Gazette
Date: April 1825

"Disappearances Continue"

This periodical is saddened to report that another young lady, Sarah Jenkins, has gone missing. Sarah did not arrive home Tuesday evening following a recital at the home of the eminent Dr. Elihu Marks. Dr. Marks has noted that Miss Jenkins and several of her friends opted to walk home rather than take a carriage. Her friends, Margaritte Duveaux and Sally Macenzie parted ways with Miss Jenkins less than a half-mile from her home. Sheriff Madison has indicated that no sign of where Miss Jenkins disappeared has been found. Miss Jenkins is the third young lady to go missing in Arkham in the past eighteen months, following Mary Thompson, nineteen years old, and Diana Mayhew, sixteen. Miss Jenkins was also sixteen years old. There is no clear relationship between the missing. Until rhea disappearances are resolved, Sheriff Madison suggests that individuals traveling to homes beyond the town center do so with an escort. The Sheriff would also like to reiterate that these disappearances are not related to a resurgence of witchcraft in the area or any other unnatural source. Accusations of this nature do not serve the public good and should be curtailed.

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DRAWN FROM THE DARK

TALES OF THE MONOLITH, PART 3

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Drawn from the Dark is an anthology of adventures from both the 1920s and Modern eras for a varying number of investigators that can be played in a single evening or over several sessions. The adventures can be played as one-off challenges or as part of a larger, on-going campaign. This third volume in the *Tales of the Monolith* constitutes the remainder of scenarios and other material for *Call of Cthulhu*, including one adventure and scenario seed that was previously published within Pagan Publishing's magazine, *The Unspeakable Oath*.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR ...

Mike Nagel is a Charles Roberts Award nominated game designer known for his contributions to the wargaming hobby. He is the author of the *Flying Colors* series of age-of-sail games in addition to *Ancient Battles Deluxe*, *War in the Wind*, and a variety of other titles. He cut his role-playing teeth with *Call of Cthulhu* in the 1980s when the insanity was relatively young and groping. For more information, visit www.relativerange.com.

