

The Unspeakable Oath

ISSUE FIVE

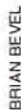
FOUR DOLLARS



a digest of arcane lore for the Call of Cthulhu® role-playing game

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THE DREAD PAGE OF AZATHOTH

© 1991

JOHN TYNES

On page 798 of *Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary*, nestled between *nigrosine* ("any of several azine dyes closely related to the indulines") and *Nike* ("the Greek goddess of victory") you can find *nililism*, a rather interesting word whose meaning is the wellspring from which the works of H.P. Lovecraft—and, eventually, the *Call of Cthulhu* game—flow.

The first definition of nihilism reads as follows: "a viewpoint that traditional values and beliefs are unfounded and that existence is senseless and useless." Exciting stuff, eh? Lovecraft was a nihilist at heart, though he probably would have preferred terms such as "rationalist." He believed in no god, no religion: to him, there was no dictated order in the cosmos. Humanity was a random occurrence, destined for nothing in particular and beholden to no one.

In his stories, this belief was personified in the beings of what has come to be called the Cthulhu Mythos. His stories focus on themes of isolation, loneliness, and doubt about "the way of things." The gods of the Cthulhu Mythos aren't real gods: most (the Great Old Ones) are simply unguessably alien beings from someplace other than Earth. But they are not all-knowing, and they have weaknesses. At a higher level, the Outer Gods are more like the gods of humanity—all-powerful, all-knowing. Yet one who would seek among them a familiar face is bound to be dismayed: the Outer Gods are unconcerned with humanity, and in fact are concerned with nothing at all. Rather than personalities, they appear in Lovecraft's fiction as senseless entities at best, perhaps nothing more than manifestations of properties such as space and time. They are completely foreign to humanity's sense of right and wrong—in fact, they are completely foreign, period.

Lacking any sort of higher being in which one may find faith, the inhabitants of Lovecraft's universe usually learn that there is no point in life, no point in anything, and are driven mad or at least badly shaken by the realization. For it is one thing to suspect or believe in principle the concept of nihilism: in Lovecraft's stories, the characters receive first-hand proof that a nihilistic view of the universe is correct.

Which brings us to *Call of Cthulhu*, probably the only role-playing game that embodies in its source material and much of its gameplay the nihilistic concept. Have characters in *BattleTech* or *Dungeons & Dragons* ever been stopped still in their tracks by the confirmation of an abstract philosophical belief? It's a common saw among gamers that all Cthulhu characters end up dead or insane. Even the rulebook, citing Lovecraft, states that ultimately in the game, humanity is doomed and there's no point in fighting it.

Certainly, on the surface, *Call of Cthulhu* is a role-playing game of horror and threat. The supernatural trappings of Lovecraft's stories make for lively and enjoyable play. Nefarious cults plotting the end of the world, horrible creatures, insane warlocks transferring their minds across time—all of these pulpish elements can be enjoyed in the game by anyone.

And that's the curious part. Pretty much anyone can play and enjoy the game without regard to the philosophy that shaped it. It can be taken as a boo-scarey good time, much like a movie or a book.

But if you remain aware of the game's nihilistic soul, I think you'll also find the game's most important lesson, a lesson that is half-formed in Lovecraft but never truly realized. For it is in the nature of the game

LETTERS TO THE UNSPEAKABLE OATH

John Feaster

Warsaw, Indiana

Cyril Lagvanec

College Station, Texas

a handwritten copy of the *Book of the Dead*. Then we throw hard stuff at 'em like heiratic, demotic and cunieform...

I very much enjoyed your sections on "Mysterious Manuscripts" and "Period Occult Texts." The further one delves into the history of occult literature, the more plausible HPL's "History of the *Necronomicon*" becomes. As Mr. Bevel asked for any help, corrections, or additional information, I will offer the following thoughts:

* Whether or not there is a known extant version of the *Corpus Hermeticum* (the collected texts of the *Divine Pymander*, in its original Greek), the document in question was translated into Latin long before 1630. I believe that Marsilio Ficino, a scholar employed by Lorenzo d'Medici was responsible for translating that text from Greek into Latin around 1484. While the work is rare, there is evidence that it was passed along to other early renaissance hermeticists such as Giovanni Pico della Mirandola and that although not published openly until much later, copies of the text reached the hands of scholars in several European nations.

* The works presented by Dr. Dee are interesting in terms of what is included and what is omitted. Meric Causabon's *True and Faithful Relation of What Passed for Many Years Between John Dee... and some spirits...*(1659) is a highly significant, if biased, account of Dr. Dee's activities with Edward Kelley. While not necessarily true or faithful, the information contained therein is of profound occult value.

* Similarly, the omission of Dee's own *Mysteriorum Libri Quinti* (1581-83, British Museum Sloane Manuscript 3677) is odd. A thorough accounting of Dee's activities with supernatural entities written in his own hand (and partly transcribed by Elias Ashmole) and which is still extant 409 years later is worthy of great

SCARLET FEVER

Victims are often completely unaware that they carry the disease. Realization sinks in only when cut: instead of blood, jelly wells out of the wound. Their skin does not heal, and if left unbandaged shrinks and wrinkles as the victim's liquified flesh oozes out.

Possibilities

(This possibility would work exceptionally well in conjunction with the first possibility of Graham Theobald's Tale, "Something In Stone," on page 35 of this issue.)

The vampire—thing needs to inject its prey with digestive juices some months before feeding. It makes two visits, injecting juices at first and then returning once its victim is ripe.

Those that refuse his proposal are set free and cursed. Every man they encounter for anything longer than a moment will die, afflicted with a terrible disease. At midnight on the night of each full moon Nyarlathotep returns to ask for her hand. If she accepts, the Outer God takes her to Azathoth's court for the wedding and matrimonial bliss. If she declines, more men are consigned to a grisly fate.

Eventually Nyarlathotep becomes bored with his bride, and it is time to choose another. S



EUROPEAN AUTOMOBILES 1893-1940

JOHN H. CROWE, III.

"So accustomed are we to the convenience and pleasure given by motor cars, that most of us do not realize the changes they have caused within the time that even young men and women can remember. Thousands of people with modest incomes are living in suburban districts instead of being packed into dingy city districts; the farmer, instead of being isolated on his land, uses the stores and amusements of any town within 20 miles or more. All this is the work of the automobile, and has been done for the most part in the last 25 years or so."

—The Source Book Encyclopedia, volume 1
©1926 Perpetual Encyclopedia Corporation

Welcome to the wonderful world of historic automobiles! Simply put, this article provides information on automobiles of use to Call of Cthulhu roleplaying set in the first half of the twentieth century. While there are many on the charts, this article is not exhaustive as connoisseurs of the subject will certainly attest to. Regretfully, due to space, a number of the products of companies such as Bentley and Rolls Royce were left out, not to mention steam powered vehicles. "???" in the charts label information that could not be located.

The vehicles on the charts that follow are in the order of the years in which they appeared. Each of the nine chart headings are defined below:

Vehicle Name:	Self-explanatory.
Manufacturer:	This is the company which produced the vehicle in question. Perceptive readers will notice that company names often changed as time went on.
Top Speed:	This is the top speed of the vehicle given in kilometers per hour (kph) and miles per hour (mph).
Engine Power:	This is the power of the engine given in kilowatts (kW) and horsepower (hp). All of the vehicles in this article are gasoline powered. None are powered by steam.
Vehicle Weight:	This is the weight of the vehicle given in kilograms (kg) and pounds (lbs.).
Seating:	This shows the passenger accommodations of the vehicle. Some vehicles are stated as having seating of "4 to 5," but this is due to minor guesswork by the author. Those wishing an exact number should use the higher number since it is not unlikely that three people could sit in the back seat of a vehicle of the period. Note that most vehicles described here used bench-type seats in both the front and rear.
Country of Origin:	This is the country of origin of the vehicle, though it may have been manufactured abroad as well.
Year:	This is the year in which the vehicle first appeared.
Notes:	This is a catchall which provides information which could not otherwise be covered in the charts.

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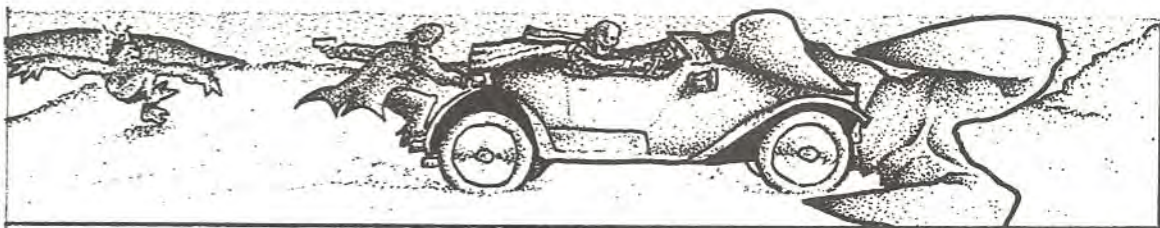
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Kimes, Beverly Rae. Standard Catalog of American Cars 1805-1942 Krause Publications, Inc. Iola, Wisconsin: 1989. 3

<u>Engine Power</u>	<u>Seating</u>	<u>Vehicle Weight</u>	<u>Country of Origin</u>	<u>Year</u>	<u>Notes</u>
3 kW (4 hp)	2	650 kg (1451 lbs.)	Germany	1893	
16.3 kW (22 hp)	4 to 5	900 kg (1980 lbs.)	Germany	1902	a
5.9 kW (8 hp)	2	310 kg (683 lbs.)	France	1903	b
11-15 kW (15-20 hp)	4 to 5	???	Holland	1906	
35.3 kW (48 hp)	4 to 5	1200 kg (2646 lbs.)	U.K.	1907	c
17.6 kW (24 hp)	4 to 5	545 kg (1200 lbs.)	U.S.A	1908	d
10.3 kW (14 hp)	2	860 kg (1895 lbs.)	France	1909	e
4.4 kW (6 hp)	2	350 kg (770 lbs.)	France	1909	f
8.8 kW (12 hp)	4	920 kg (2030 lbs.)	Italy	1911	g
47 kW (65 hp)	2	???	Spain	1912	h
9.6 kW (13 hp)	2	???	France	1913	
23.5 kW (32 hp)	4 to 5	???	Austria	1913	i
???	2	330 kg (730 lbs.)	France	1913	
55.2 kW (75 hp)	2	???	U.K.	1914	
14 kW (19 hp)	4 to 5	900 kg (1980 lbs.)	Italy	1915	j
14.7 kW (20 hp)	2	850 kg (1870 lbs.)	France	1921	
8.1 kW (11 hp)	2	???	France	1921	
61 kW (84 hp)	2	???	Italy	1922	
104 kW (140 hp)	4 to 6	???	France	1922	k
???	2	???	Italy	1923	
???	2	???	Italy	1923	
7.7 kW (10.5 hp)	4 to 5	360 kg (794 lbs.)	U.K.	1923	l
???	4 to 5	???	Italy	1923	m
8.8 kW (12 hp)	4 to 5	???	Czechoslovakia	1923	n
36 kW (49 hp)	4 to 5	780 kg (1720 lbs.)	Italy	1923	o
74 kW (100 hp)	4 to 5	???	U.K.	1925	p
80.9 kW (110 hp)	4	???	Austria	1926	
73.5 kW (100 hp)	7	2500 kg (5500 lbs.)	Germany	1926	q

- l It was in one of these that on June 28, 1914 that the successor to the Austrian throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, was assassinated in Sarajevo. The name given for this vehicle may not be accurate. The source gave no name, only that this was a model designed in 1913.
- j This is an improvement on the original model which came out in 1912 and had a weaker engine, 2,041 of this earlier version had been produced by 1915 and was popular with the public due to its reliability, performance, longevity, and low price.
- k This extremely luxurious automobile was very popular among the rich and famous of its day. Six meters (twenty feet) long, its powerful engine allowed it to achieve incredible speeds by contemporary standards. In 1925, one example set several speed records, the highest being 172 kph (107 mph).
- l The Austin Seven was designed as a "people's car" and 290,135 were constructed with various improvements as time went on. Production ceased in July of 1938.
- m This reliable and economical automobile was popular and nearly 70,000 were manufactured between 1919 and 1926. 2,614 of the more powerful Fiat 501S were built and these each had a cruising speed of 100 kph (62 mph).
- n The Tatra 11 was a successful racer and won the longest Russian race covering 5,300 km (3,290 mi). The Tatra 12 was its successor and came in several body styles. The two seat version weighed 680 kg (1,500 lbs) and had a top speed of 70 kph (44 mph).
- o This vehicle was five meters (sixteen feet) long and was constantly upgraded in subsequent series. Improvements included increases in engine power. The seventh series (1926) had a 50.7 kW (69 hp) engine. 12,530 were built.
- p 2,212 of this successor to the Silver Ghost were produced between 1925 and 1929. It possessed a controller used to set a constant, pre-selected cruising speed. The chassis and body were sold separately and this vehicle was also manufactured in Springfield, Massachusetts.
- q With a Root compressor installed, the engine could develop 103 kW (140 hp). This impressive limousine with a 3.75 meter (12 feet 4 inch) wheelbase was popular among wealthy industrialists and entertainers.

<u>Engine Power</u>	<u>Seating</u>	<u>Vehicle Weight</u>	<u>Country of Origin</u>	<u>Year</u>	<u>Notes</u>
???	4 to 5	???	Belgium	1927	
20.7 kW (28 hp)	5	???	Sweden	1927	
44.1 kW (60 hp)	4 to 5	1900 kg (4190 lbs.)	Czechoslovakia	1927	
11 kW (15 hp)	2	???	Germany	1928	r
110 kW 150 hp)	4 to 5	???	Italy	1929	
124 kW (170 hp)	2	1270 kg (2800 lbs.)	Germany	1929	s
55.2 kW (75 hp)	4 to 5	~4000 lbs.	U.K.	1929	t
40 kW (55 hp)	5?	???	Sweden	1929	u
77.2 kW (105 hp)	2	???	Italy	1930	
147 kW (200 hp)	4 to 5	???	U.K.	1931	
166.5 kW (225 hp)	2	1700 kg (3750 hp)	France	1931	
???	2	???	Czechoslovakia	1933	v
23.5 kW (32 hp)	4 to 5	~2000 lbs.	France	1934	
147 kW (200 hp)	2	???	France	1934	
44.1 kW (60 hp)	4 to 5	???	Czechoslovakia	1934	w
33 kW (45 hp)	2	900 kg (1980 lbs.)	U.K.	1935	x
117.7 kW (160 hp)	2	???	Germany	1935	y
58.8 kW (80 hp)	2	???	France	1936	z
73.46 kW (100 hp)	2	???	Germany	1937	
75 kW (102 hp)	2	???	U.K.	1937	
34.5 kW (47 mph)	4 to 5	???	Italy	1937	
147 kW (200 hp)	4 to 6	???	Germany	1937	
118 kW (160 hp)	2	???	France	1938	
88.17 kW (120 hp)	4 to 5	2650 kg (5842 lbs.)	Germany	1938	
58.8 kW (80 hp)	2	1310 kg (2890 lbs.)	Germany	1939	
17.8 kW (24 hp)	4 to 5	???	Germany	1940	aa

- r This automobile was a license produced version of the Baby Austin of the United Kingdom.
- s The supercharged version could develop engine power of 150.61 kW (225 hp). A shortened version for racing was designated SSK. Between 1928 and 1934, 300 or so of all models (S, SS, SSK, and SSK1) were made.
- t The Phantom II was manufactured until 1937 and was the last Rolls-Royce automobile where the company provided information on engine power.
- u This was produced until 1938, but only 500 were built due to the high price.
- v The Aero 662 ("662" was reference to the engine capacity of 662 cc) was produced in a number of versions. The type given here was the two-seat roadster which also had a rumble seat in the luggage space. Also available were four seaters and closed and open vans.
- w After the first 100 were built in 1934, the engine was rebored giving it increased power (53 kW/72 hp). The next 150 were produced between 1935 and 1937.
- x The engine could be tuned up to 51.5 kW (70 hp).
- y Various body types were available: roadster, special roadster, open tourer, cabriolet, sports coupe, and limousine. A special streamlined "highway courier" was manufactured and an armored version for high ranking military officers was produced.
- z A more powerful engine was available (73.5 kW/100 hp).
- aa The famous "Beetle" had 20,000 of its first series produced in 1939 and by the time production ceased on January 19, 1978, 19,200,000 had been produced. Throughout this period, it went through continual modifications and improvements. The cruising speed of the model depicted in the chart was 100 kph (62 mph).



PRICES ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

STEVE KLUSKENS

One thing that Chaosium's Orient Express package was conspicuously lacking in its background material was a simple but important thing: how much a ticket cost. On a dare, I hit the bookshelves and went hunting.

The chase ended, heart pounding, amid the tomb-like silence and musty air of the compact shelving of Crerar Library's basement at the University of Chicago.

This information is from "Bradshaw's Continental Guide for Travelers Through Europe, March-April 1923 (London)," which is a wonderful, 800-page book of railroad time schedules (competition for Thomas Cook's, which was also around then). Over 200 of those pages are advertisements for hotels, trains, steamers, and all types of travel services. I would guess that the March/April edition would have summer rates. It also has the complete time-table for that year, but I don't have space to include that here. Anyway, below are one-way ticket prices on the Simplon-Orient Express, first class (there is no other listed), given as pounds/shillings/pence (see page 55 for a crash course in British Currency).

London-Paris	3/8/5
London-Lausanne	6/6/4
London-Milan	8/6/11
London-Venice	9/11/10
London-Trieste	10/1/10
London-Belgrade	13/2/1
London-Constantinople	21/14/9

I know that list is not all the prices from all the places, which would be more useful, but you can extrapolate from it by subtracting the difference. If the prices seem low, recall that Europe suffered from rampant inflation as the 1920s moved along.

It was a great hunt. For the first 45 minutes I waited patiently for Special Collections to get me John Dos Passos' 1927 Orient Express, only to find out it was about the Trans-Siberian Railway. I *did* find a number of interesting tidbits, one a quote which really captures the spirit of the majority of the OE's wealthier riders:

"I have a ticket for Constantinople. But I may step off at Vienna or Budapest. That depends absolutely on chance or on the colour of the eyes of my neighbor in the compartment...."

—Lady Diana Wynham in Maurice Dekobra's La Madone des Sleepings

A real sweet find, and one I thought was the end of the journey was Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lit des Grands Express Europeens, a large book published in 1926 by the company that operated the OE to commemorate their 50th anniversary. It was donated and signed by Robert C. Price, a railroad man of no small repute in Europe, with signatures and large photos of the company's directors (including Nagelmackers), beautiful plate photos of the cars' interiors in the 1920s, diagrams, and even the bottom lines from various annual reports over the 50 years. But no prices... in the end, I discovered Bradshaw's book in the twice-dead Dewey Decimal Card Catalog of Crerar Library (they just transplanted the library wholesale when they got it from the city, so the cataloging is minimal and unreviewed) from a brief comment in another excellent book on the subject, Michael Barsley's Orient Express: The Story of the World's Most Fabulous Train, London: MacDonald (1966). Crerar, of course, has Bradshaw's Guides from the 19th century to 1928. That library is truly amazing.

But I must add that I can see why the Orient Express writers had some trouble finding the fares. The secondary sources just don't talk about them. They'll show a schedule, or a ticket, or some such thing, but only in the period guide books can you find prices. ☺



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MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPTS

THOMAS STRATMAN

Songs to the Moon-Woman

Supposed Narrative

by: Duncan McKee

(English, +7 Cthulhu Mythos, -1D8 Sanity, x3 Spell Multiplier, study time: 48 hours)

printing history: self-published 1882

Sapien Press 1928

Next Age Publishers 1984

Spells: Mind Linkage, Dominate, Contact Lloigor, Contact Serpent People, Death Spell.

Excerpt: "...without warning my hand began writing again. The following words flowed in the ancient tongue of my ancestors. Without any pauses to mark the end of words I found it almost impossible to translate. 'Woe and despair to know what I know, to witness that which I witnessed could not stop. I the first Gonar who escaped with the Lloigor Thunoa as Atlantis sank beneath the reddened sea. Great and further woe that I am that past Gonar which could not prevent the evil deeds of the worms beneath the earth. The dishonorable death of a mighty kingdom before it was born. Death and worse claimed the children of the Heather timeless, corruption of spirit and form from those were once almost human..."

The author of this book of half-related tales, Duncan McKee, steadfastly maintained that the spirit of Gonnar the Wise had met and merged with him during a vivid, lucid dream. Thereafter, Duncan had fits of automatic writing that would sometimes go on for hours. He would recover from these oddly-timed events to discover that Gonnar had manifested in the young actor's arm and relate, in old Scottish (which, luckily, Duncan had studied in the early 1870s) "true" tales of Pictish life in 4th and 5th century Caladonia (Scotland).

The small-time medium and spiritualist Duncan McKee had a very hard time convincing more than a handful of Psychical researchers that his tale had any merit. Mr. McKee's reputation grew substantially after his disappearance in 1927, while visiting some moors south of Calisle (the region where Gonar places the dangerous "Dagon mere").

Note: Gonar is a character from The Worms of the Earth by Robert E. Howard. Keepers may wish to examine any of the tales by Howard of the Pictish king Bran Mac Morn for more background.



JEFF BARBER

Excerpt: "The wolf-creature reverted back to Sir Marrok and the knight began gathering up his cloak and armor. Sir Palomedes gaped in amazement at the carnage of the warren. Barely five minutes ago there had been over a hundred of the dwarfish lizard creatures here, gibbering obscenities and clamoring over each other to get their share of the foursome.

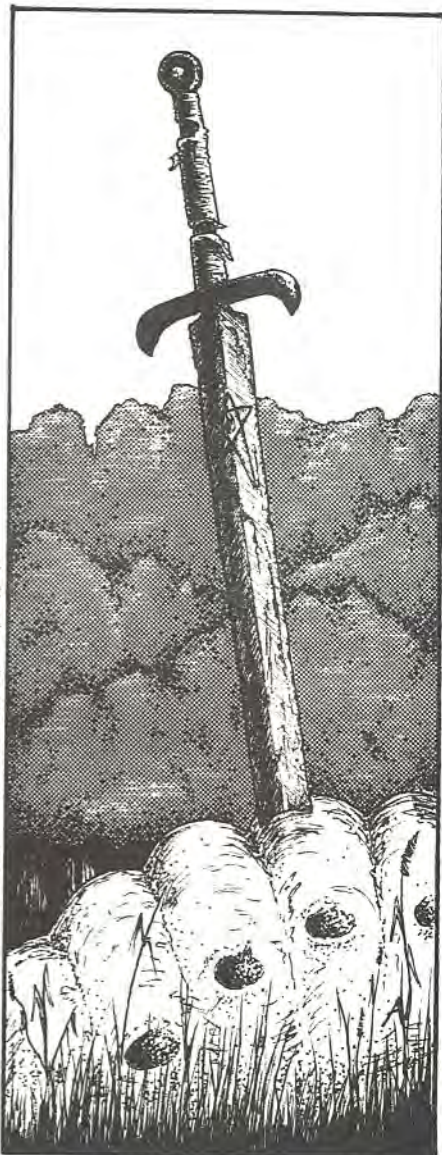
Now Sir Palomedes calculated his own slain at no more than eighteen: the bard Viator—who leaned, as if dazed, in the corner—had moved less than a yard since the battle had begun, and now looked dimly at the fifteen broken bodies at his feet, victims of his Roman leaf-blade. The Lady Elsbethe raised the visor on her helm and looked Palomedes in the eye, as if she knew his thoughts, and stated that ten and three were dispatched by her dual use of the horseman's mace and magical enchantments. That meant Sir Marrok had slain more than half the Worms' number while in the form of the wolf. The older knight now understood why Marrok was one of the King's personal guards. But upon approaching Sir Marrok to praise his combat skills, Sir Palomedes could see that the young man was crying."

The only remaining Latin version of this tale is in Cambridge University Library, MS 1706. The only French translation ever made is rumored to be in the Vatican Library. At least three other Latin manuscripts have partially survived into the Twentieth century.

Geoffery of Monmouth, known for his *Tales of Merlin*, *King Arthur*, and the *History of the Briton Kings*, originally included this tale in his *"Historia Regum Britanniae."* The Roman Catholic Cleric was pressured to remove it as a work of heresy. Geoffery had 25 copies of the tale made and sent them separately to learned Bretons, for their advice. History immediately loses track of these copies.

It is only mentioned in passing as a tale from the Grail Quest cycle in Sir Thomas Malory's "The Whole Book of King Arthur and of His Noble Knights of the Round Table." The tale involves a side quest by several knights who were not allowed to Quest for the Grail proper. They learn that Morgana, Arthur's half-sister, intends to subjugate a race of underground beings known only as 'The Worms' and use them to destroy the location of the grail as soon as it becomes known.

The knights best several Mythos beings and secure ancient Celtic and pre-Celtic artifacts which release the worms from Morgana's power.



THE EYE OF LIGHT
AND DARKNESS

Call of Cthulhu Fifth Edition
new edition of the basic rulebook
Chaosium, Inc. \$21.95
reviewed by John Tynes

First and foremost, yes, the fifth edition is worth buying. It has been greatly re-organized, re-written and expanded. It has also been re-typeset, avoiding the jumbled, sloppy look of the third and fourth editions (though they possessed a certain charm despite themselves).

The rules are not greatly changed; where they have been, it's for the better. Character creation is much clearer. New skills have been added, old ones dropped, and many revised. Investigators now get more skill points to start out with and gain more when they make skill checks. The rules for action, combat, etc. are again much the same; but now, you'll be able to use them a lot easier. One of the best features can be found on pages 32, 34, and 36, where you'll find all the spot rules for injuries, combat, and firearms laid out clearly in an easy-to-skim format. That means that all those obscure but sensible little procedures for drowning, fire, poisons, dodges, parries, silencers, reloading, etc. are readily at hand; their heavy black borders make them easy to spot when you flip through the pages.

Other improvements include a revised and expanded spell list, new monsters, substantial new information on the old list of Mythos books, and more guides for new Keepers on how to run CoC. In the back of the book you'll find expanded weapons tables and two pages of play aids—all the varied charts you need for the game.

But enough of this. If you want to bring your campaign up to speed with the fifth edition, here's what you do. Read the introduction to the fifth edition for a quick rundown of all the new features; then, turn to page 82 and read the section called "New Skills & Conversions" to find out, with more detail, what has been done to investigators in the game and how to convert yours to the fifth edition rules. It's dirt simple, and means little more than allocating an extra 120 skill points (as a suggested average). Then check out the spot rules pages mentioned above, and then the Keeper's Tool Kit on pages 80-81. It has a lot of interesting optional rules (many of which have been house rules among lots of gamers for years); see what appeals to you and use them.

When you have time, read over the Necronomicon essay on pages 69-70, and tour the Mythos books section. The Magic section is worth re-reading especially; the reproduction there of a page from a John Dee occult manuscript should finally resolve all those "how come it takes so long to study a Mythos tome?" questions.

Reading the whole book cover to cover is a good idea: even if you know the earlier ones by heart, this edition has been largely re-written and will reward your time. When you do, you'll notice that all of the 1920s source material in the back is gone—which means hold onto your old editions if you use that material frequently.

GARRIE HALL

The street where he now finds himself is The Strand, described by Prime Minister Disraeli as "the first street of Europe." Indeed, it is a fine example of Victorian affluence with its fine shops and spotless facades. Young boys and Indian slaves dodge the wheels of carriages to clear away horse droppings, and shopkeepers venture into the street in order to welcome their most-valued customers. By following the street to its terminus from Trafalgar Square to the bookshops whose awnings cast picture postcard shadows over the church yard at Saint Paul's any man would find himself proud to be British.

Had he taken the time to look beyond this mask of respectability he may well have changed his mind. Victorian Britain is a place of stark contrasts and nowhere is this more apparent than in the capital city itself. Simply by climbing the steps of any highly respectable building in The Strand and taking a look out of a back window Oliver would have come across a darker side to London not more than a stones' throw away.

Victorian London is littered with slums, small pockets of misery among the respectable neighbourhoods that are covered in all manner of filth. There can be up to thirty people sharing one room in a house where mothers take turns to sleep in order to protect their babies from scavenging rats. Sometimes the dead are left to rot where they lie.

Apart from these scattered, isolated slums there were the Rookerys. Great, sprawling citadels of poverty encompassing whole areas of London. They had grown around the capital's industrial heartlands as the wealthy moved on, leaving the poor behind them in run-down overcrowded housing, victims of unscrupulous property developers.

Planning restrictions were unheard of so that sub-standard development of these sites went unchecked. Gardens and corridors were roofed and turned into rooms, landings were let out to families and buildings were connected by a series of bridges, tunnels and walkways. Inns and doss houses abounded, many running their own lucrative thieving business and even employing children as pickpockets and burglars.

It is ironic that just yards from each Rookery there was often an extremely well-to-do neighbourhood, but this provided the criminal classes of the Rookery with rich pickings from a night's work before slipping back into the protection of the Rookery's confines. Relations with the Police were poor at the best of times, as they were there principally to protect the rights of the property owners against the criminal activities of the poor.

Some parts of the Rookerys were no-go areas for even the bravest of the Peelers (Police) and even when they did pursue a criminal into the Rookery he could soon lose himself within the tunnels and bolt holes, protected by the community spirit of the other inhabitants.

Although many of these Rookerys were in place by the time Victoria ascended to the throne, they continued to be extensively developed and new ones were built. As slum housing was a highly profitable business to be in, a slum would only be cleared to make way for a road or railway.

As Oliver browsed among the bookshops by Saint Paul's the wind carried with it the familiar sickly-sweet smell of death, and as he is sworn to fight horror wherever it is found he presses northward to investigate.

Transportation to a Prison Colony was still not unheard-of and of course the hangman's noose was used regularly too. The Prison System on the whole was far less bureaucratic than the Work Houses and by knowing the right people or greasing the right palms one could make life inside a lot more tolerable.

British Law has never been humanitarian and its main purpose throughout history has been to protect those with money and property from those who don't, with crimes against property being considered far worse than crimes against the person—bar murder. The priest quoted many cases to support this, such as the man who had attacked a policeman from behind and crippled him for life who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment while another man who was convicted of stealing a few pounds was transported to a prison

The penalties for assaults causing concussion or broken bones were jail terms of a matter of weeks but much heavier penalties were handed out for breaking a window or stealing from a dustbin. Pub landlords could stage brutal and highly illegal sporting contests without losing their licence, but if caught stealing from the brewery or their food supplier they could expect not only to go to jail but to forfeit their whole property too.

Oliver could not believe it. In his home town a man had attacked a girl, destroying her eye, breaking her nose and causing concussion and then while she lay on the floor had kicked her repeatedly before he threw her over a ten foot drop. The poor girl survived and her attacker had been sentenced to ten years hard labour. The priest merely smiled and explained that had the same thing happened in one of the Rookerys then the man would have considered himself extremely unlucky if the case ever made it to trial. Some places were so badly policed that crimes went totally undetected.

By now they had reached Holywell Street that ran by the spiritual heart of London and the priest bowed his head in shame. It is on this street that the foremost pornographers of the day openly ply their trade. The two men talked further about the reason for Oliver's visit and his own fight against dark forces and the priest agreed to show him around again the following day. But for now, Oliver wanted only to return to his room in the Gentlemen's Club he was staying at close to Saint James' Park.

The cabbie had obviously misinterpreted his directions because rather than taking him directly to his club he took him instead along Regent Street, past Baker Street and into the area known as Soho where prostitutes conduct their trade in full view and any tastes can be catered to at the right price. After finally convincing his well-meaning cabbie that all he wanted to do was go home and sleep Oliver did just that.

Author's Note: Although Oliver and the Priest are fiction, the places are not and the events described are matters of public record. §

Count Dracula, vampire

STR 28 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 16
POW 18 DEX 16 APP 12 HP 15
Move 8/10 in fog form/12 in wolf or bat form

Damage Bonus: +2D6

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Bite	75%	STR drain
Fist	60%	1D3+2D6

Armor: None, however, unless a stake is driven through his heart he regenerates fully from any damage taken.

Skills: Climb 90%, Dodge 50%, Drive Carriage 45%, Echo-Locate Prey (in bat form only) 75%, English 50%, Jump 80%, Listen 75%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 75%, Roumanian 99%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track (in wolf form only) 80%

Spells: none, however he can become a wolf, bat, or fog at will, and has the special Hypnotic Gaze ability.

SAN: initially none: however, upon proof of his vampiric nature a loss of 1D6 points should be incurred.

Count Mora

Count Mora, another vampire, has pasty white flesh, long white hair, bulging eyes, and a mouth full of pointed canine teeth. The Count dresses in complete black with a batwing-like cape and a top hat.

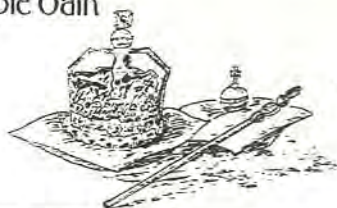
This top-hatted vampire shares many of the same abilities with Dracula and other blood-suckers: he may become a wolf, bat, or fog at will; has a hypnotic gaze; and feeds on fresh, warm blood. Anyone under the gaze of Count Mora must match their POW against his on the Resistance Table; those overcome by the vampire are under his complete control for 1D10+10 minutes. Mora's touch also drains 1D4 magic points from a victim if his or her POW is overcome by the Count's on the resistance table; such drained magic points become the Count's until the next sunrise when they dissipate. The vampire may decide to drain magic points or to do physical damage with his touch, but not both at the same time.

Count Mora does not have the ability to make other vampires, and his bite inflicts 1D6 points of damage to a victim initially before he begins to drain blood. The vampire drains as little or as much blood (STR) as he desires.

Count Mora, vampire

STR	14	CON	16	SIZ	14	INT	15
POW	18	DEX	14	APP	7	HP	15
Move	10						





MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT BRITAIN

GRAHAM THEOBALDS

INTRODUCTION

Ley Lines, Stone Circles, Burial Mounds, and Standing Stones have baffled archeologists throughout the ages. Talk of magic, astronomical clocks, and alien construction have been worded by many different scholars. But no one really knows.

In 6 A.D. when Christianity came to Britain, Pope Gregory found the land covered with an adoration of woods and stones. Instead of destroying them, he had them incorporated into Christianity. The British are a strong-willed people, and he hoped gradually to turn pagans to the worship of God.

Some churches were built on top of ancient mounds such as Dartmoor and Brent Tor. Often dedicated to St. George or St. Michael (or other dragon-slaying saints), the dragons' defeat symbolizing the rise of Christianity over the pagan religions.

Even with the advent of Christianity, pagan religions continued. Worship at stone circles continued well into the Christian era. It was not until A.D. 452 that the Lateran Council forbade the worship of stones and in 1560 the Synod of Argyll ordered the destruction of a stone circle on the island of Iona to prevent its use.

LEYS

Ley Lines are thought to be invisible, magical fields stretching from one end of the country to the other. They travel in straight lines, criss-crossing each other at different points throughout the land.

Where two or more ley lines meet, it is known as a Nexus. These are believed to be sites of concentrated earth energy. The ancient people knew how to harness this natural power.

A nexus is usually marked by ancient megaliths, pyramids, burial mounds, or standing stones. Sometimes Holy Wells denote the starting point of a ley. (note that holy wells had known healing qualities before Christianity, and are not the result of Christian blessing)

How this power is created is a mystery, although some scholars believe that it ties in with the earth's magnetic field. The ancient architects used quartz-bearing stones in their monuments; quartz is often associated with magnetic fields by practitioners of New Age philosophy and homeopathy.

Other theories suggest that leys are powered by the life essence of the dead, travelling down the ley line like electricity down a pylon. Occultists believe that these radiating lines of force imbue the ancient sites with great power, power that can be harnessed.

Science and modern man have tried to discover the truth about leys and ancient monuments. Dowisers claim to be able to sense the power, as they travel down the ley. Dowising probably owes its origins to the ancient Chinese geomancers who practiced Feng-Shui (paths of the Dragon), a practice remarkably sympathetic with British ley beliefs.

Negative leys, or 'black streams,' occur when a ley flow is blocked or cut. This is said to cause the remainder of its path to stagnate and turn sour. Black streams are said to be responsible for bad health and decay. This is both physical and mental, and affects all life forms. It is believed that black streams can be cured by a sort of geological acupuncture, in which iron stakes are driven into the ground in vital locations.

Ley lines were "discovered" and named by the Reverend Alfred Watkins in the early 1920s. Rev. Watkins

was an amateur archeologist and came up with the idea that ancient sites such as megaliths, barrow mounds and other ancient monuments were located for specific geometric reasons relating to arrangements of leys. He later published a book called *The Old Straight Track* in 1925.

Some of Watkins' work corresponded with that of an earlier scholar, Sir Norman Lockyer. He claimed a common basis for geometric patterns of sacred places on the earth's surface. Sir Norman Lockyer was the founder (and for 50 years editor) of the scientific journal *Nature*. He published Stonehenge and Other British Stone Monuments, concluding that such monuments were aligned not only to the sun but to the stars as well. Although the book was flawed with numerous inaccuracies, he opened people's eyes to a new view of prehistoric society and religion.

Watkins' publication of The Old Straight Track raised such hostility from other archeological scholars that advertisements for it were refused in some of the more orthodox journals. Still under the influence of the Diffusionist theory (that civilization began in the Middle East or Egypt and spread outwards), they had little time for contradictory theories of ancient monuments reflecting possible birthplaces of humans. They also disliked the thought of scholars wasting time on supposed astronomical properties of stone circles and the like, as they were built by primitives who would have no concept of such things.

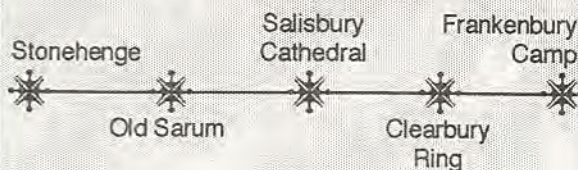
Others have used the theory of ley lines in their work, however. Wilhelm Teudt, a contemporary of Watkins, published a book in 1929 called Germanische Heiligtümer (German Sanctuaries). His discoveries were quite independent from Watkins, but had a number of similarities regarding ancient sites. Unlike Watkins, he conjectured further on astronomical connections with these sites. Teudt's Nazi beliefs led to the adoption of his ideas by Heinrich Himmler.

French philologist Xavier Guichard printed a book in 1936 called Eleusis Alesia, most copies of which were destroyed by a bomb during World War 2. His work also studied the possibility that prehistoric sites were built in a deliberate pattern. Eleusis Alesia would make an excellent 'lost tome' for Cthulhu Now gaming. Who knows what he discovered, or what might have really happened to his book?

Followers of Watkins have located and diagrammed thousands of leys, and have formed a large society to promote their findings. Contemporary archeology does not accept their theories.

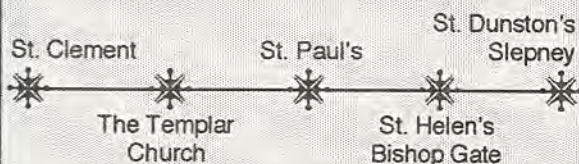
THREE EXAMPLES OF ALFRED WATKINS LEYS

Old Sarum Ley, Wilshire



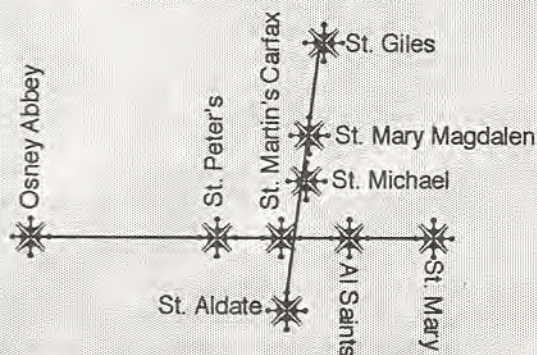
The most famous of leys, running from Stonehenge over Old Sarum and Salisbury Cathedral to Clearbury Ring. It was later extended to Frankenburg Camp. This alignment had previously been noted by Sir Norman Lockyer.

St. Paul's Cathedral Lev. London



Rev. Watkins noted that St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Helen's and St. Dunston's align almost exactly with the ley. The Templar Church was the British headquarters of the secret order of the Knights Templar.

The Oxford Alignments



Watkins found another alignment of four churches crossing another of five at Carfax, centerpoint of the city of Oxford

The Avebury complex also includes West Kennet Avenue, an impressive sinuous line of 100 pairs of sarsens (monoliths) facing each other, which march beside the modern road up the hill and into the great circle itself. Some believe the shape of this arrangement represents a fertility cult, symbolizing the male and female genitals.

It is noticeable that the sarsens do not run in a straight line, but tend to wander slightly. The curves could suggest a serpent, and since the snake itself is an ancient symbol of fertility, this could be a possibility.

Silbury Hill near Avebury is a massive artificial hill 4,500 years old and 130 feet tall. It covers five acres and was built with great care to insure that it did not collapse. Three separate attempts at digging shafts into the hill (in 1776, 1849, and 1968) unearthed no artifacts of any sort. Why it was erected and by whom still remains a mystery.

One legend about the hill states that a King named Sil or Zel was buried there on a golden horse. The king's ghost is said to gallop across the downs on moonlit nights wearing golden armour, and will protect the people from their enemies.

The Rudstone Monolith is located near Bridlington, Humberside. It stands in a churchyard and at 25' 6" is the largest in England. A ley line runs through it, but not through the Norman church that stands about 10 feet away.

The Chactonbury Ring is an ancient earthwork on a hill in the South Downs. It is crowned with a ring of beech trees and lies on a ley line nexus. It is a place of mysterious disappearances and strange phenomena, including the finding of old bodies that weren't there when the area was first examined.

SCOTLAND

Callanish is another stone circle, located on the Isle of Lewis, the northernmost island in the Hebrides. It rests on a high ridge overlooking the surrounding hills. Most experts date it at around 2000 B.C., though many believe it older. The most striking feature is that of a skewed Celtic cross which measures around 400 feet from north to south, and about 140 feet east to west.

Castle Fraser is located near Aberdeen and consists of a small circle of standing stones. Its arrangement seems tied into the lunar calendar. Fraser lies about 470 miles north of Stonehenge, and if one runs a straight line between the two it connects with Avebury and Long Meg. Fraser is believed to have been constructed about 2000 B.C.

In the Orkney Isles are three significant megalithic sites: Maes Howe, the rings of Brodgar and the Stones of Stenness. Each were constructed about the same time (2800 B.C) and run in a straight line.

Maes Howe is an observatory mound surrounded by a circle of compact earth on a man-made hill. Inside the mound is a low-ceilinged passageway, about four feet tall that runs for about fifty feet into a chamber. The chamber itself is about 15 feet tall, the walls made of dry stones that have been tightly fit together. This mound is known for the time when the last few rays of evening light beam into the tomb, illuminating the chamber in a striking manner. This happens only on the eve of the Winter Solstice.

The rings of Brodgar is one of the largest stone circles throughout the British Isles. Only 36 stones remain out of about 60 original stones. Some are no more than mere stumps. These seem to have been snapped at the base, and some archeologists believe this could have been the result of some natural disaster.

Could this have been the result of a ceremony gone wrong? Could a group of Chthonians have laid waste to the area?

The original stones are about 16 feet tall. The diameter of the circle measures about 340 feet, with each stone set six degrees apart. A 30 foot wide moat has been dug ten feet down into the rock, surrounding the standing stones.

Once similar to Stonehenge, the Stones of Stenness lie about a mile west of Maes Howe. The circle originally consisted of 12 stones, each 16 feet tall, weighing about 60 tons. Eight have been destroyed over the centuries. Their exact astronomical purpose remains a mystery. These stones lie between Maes Howe and the rings of Brodgar. It seems likely that the three were designed by the same people, and were perhaps thought to be magically connected in some way.

GRAHAM THEOBALDS



A visit by Inspectors to 'The White House,' (a private mad house in London's Bethnal Green) found conditions so barbaric they decided such places had to be dealt with. To this end, the County Asylums And Mad House Act of 1828 was passed, giving the government more control over both the County Asylums and private and voluntary institutions. This required them to provide an annual report of admissions, discharges and deaths and led to the setting up of a further eight County Asylums.

The Lunatics Act of 1845 set up a Commission that visited asylums at least once a year and reported directly to Parliament; the Lunatic Asylum and Pauper Lunatic Act in the same year finally made County Asylums compulsory. It also stated that a medical certificate must be given for an admission to an Institution, and that pauper lunatics should be transferred from Workhouses. However, as it was cheaper to keep a pauper lunatic in a Workhouse, this particular aspect of the bill was not quickly implemented in some counties.

All of these laws were repealed in 1890 and the Lunacy Consolidation Act was passed. It aimed to prevent wrongful admission by going to the extreme of refusing admittance even to voluntary patients. Lunacy had to be at an acute stage that a lay magistrate could recognise before an insane person lost their liberty, and more than ever asylums became 'museums of madness.' Some private clinics treated less severe mental problems on an out-patient basis but these were few and far between, and their methods sometimes highly dubious.

So what has all this to do with Call of Cthulhu? Simply this. Insanity is a far greater problem in a Gaslight campaign than in its 'roaring twenties' counterpart. Investigators will face an entirely different set of attitudes from both the legal and medical professions as well as the public at large, and realistically any hopes of a cure are slim.

STEVE HATHERLEY AND GARRIE HALL WITH GRAHAM THEOBALDS

There are a fistful of Call of Cthulhu adventures set in Britain, but very little advice on running adventures over here. There are price lists and maps and descriptions, but nothing that really describes Britain's unique atmosphere. At least, not the way we see it.

Well, that's what we're here for. "Leather on Willow" is here to provide snippets and glimpses of what makes this green and pleasant land exactly that. Green, and pleasant.

Any investigation requires research, and in Britain there are good and bad places for this. Just as important is the research a keeper can do during an RPG visit to this island kingdom.

Libraries and Museums. For old documents, artifacts, and reference works, an investigation must turn to the libraries and museums.

The best libraries are the big ones—the British Library in London or one of the better universities. They're the ones with forbidden tomes under lock and key. They are also the hardest to get into.

Regional libraries hold their own in the local interest department. There is a small industry in producing pamphlets of ghost stories and macabre legends. Librarians are usually helpful, and willingly aid the outsider.

Museums work in a similar manner. Again, the Big City museums hold all the important works. Smaller museums dedicate themselves to local history and can provide a wealth of knowledge.

On a par with libraries, most towns have a second-hand bookshop or two. In the case of London and other cities, there are dozens. Bibliophiles often run such bookshops and may have useful contacts when tracking down rare copies of uncommon books. There is always a price to be paid, but it is worth rewarding a particularly helpful source. Charing Cross Road in London is particularly rich in bookshops.

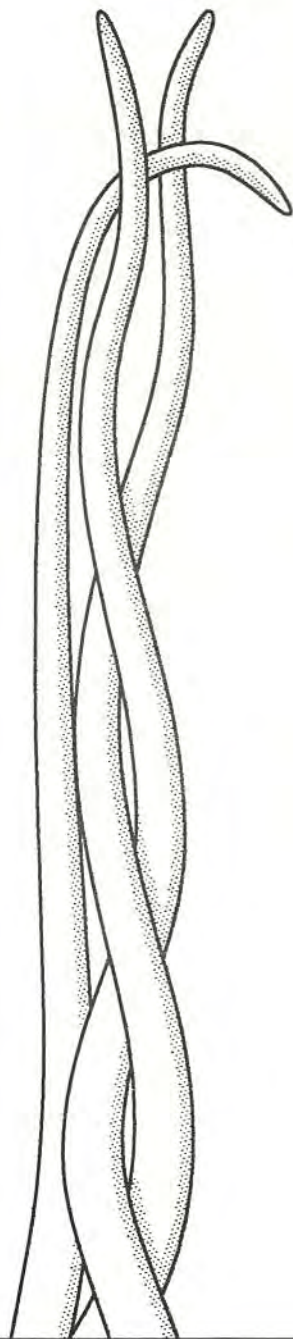
York Minster Library, formally the chapel of the archbishop's palace, contains one of the largest cathedral collections in the country. Going back to the 8th century, it contains works as diverse as 11th century gospels to the battle plans of both royalist and parliamentary forces at the Battle of Marston Moor.

Maps. Maps in Britain means Ordnance Survey, the official map-making body of the UK established in 1791. (Well, that's a little untrue. There are other maps available.) It is currently possible to purchase an Ordnance Survey map of every part of the British Isles, to a scale of 1:50,000. Most areas are also available at 1:25,000.

Ordnance Survey's roots begin after the defeat of Prince Charles Stuart's Jacobite forces at Culloden in 1746. After the battle, officers 'pacifying' the Highlands complained that maps of Scotland were completely inadequate. The first inch to the mile map was produced in 1801, after the whole of the Survey was deployed to southern England to map the counties most at risk of invasion from Napoleon. Today's maps are digital.

Modern maps are similar in style to those of the 1920s. A keeper wanting authenticity can find old maps in many second hand bookshops. The Ordnance Survey also reprint some old maps.

Large scale (1:25,000) maps are invaluable, allowing a Keeper to browse over any chosen area for details of historic interest, including ones now missing. Quarries, Roman roads, medieval villages, and more. West of



SKETLAND
ISLANDS

ORKNEY
ISLANDS

Stenness

Callanish
OUTER
HEBRIDES

Loch
Ness

Clava
Caverns

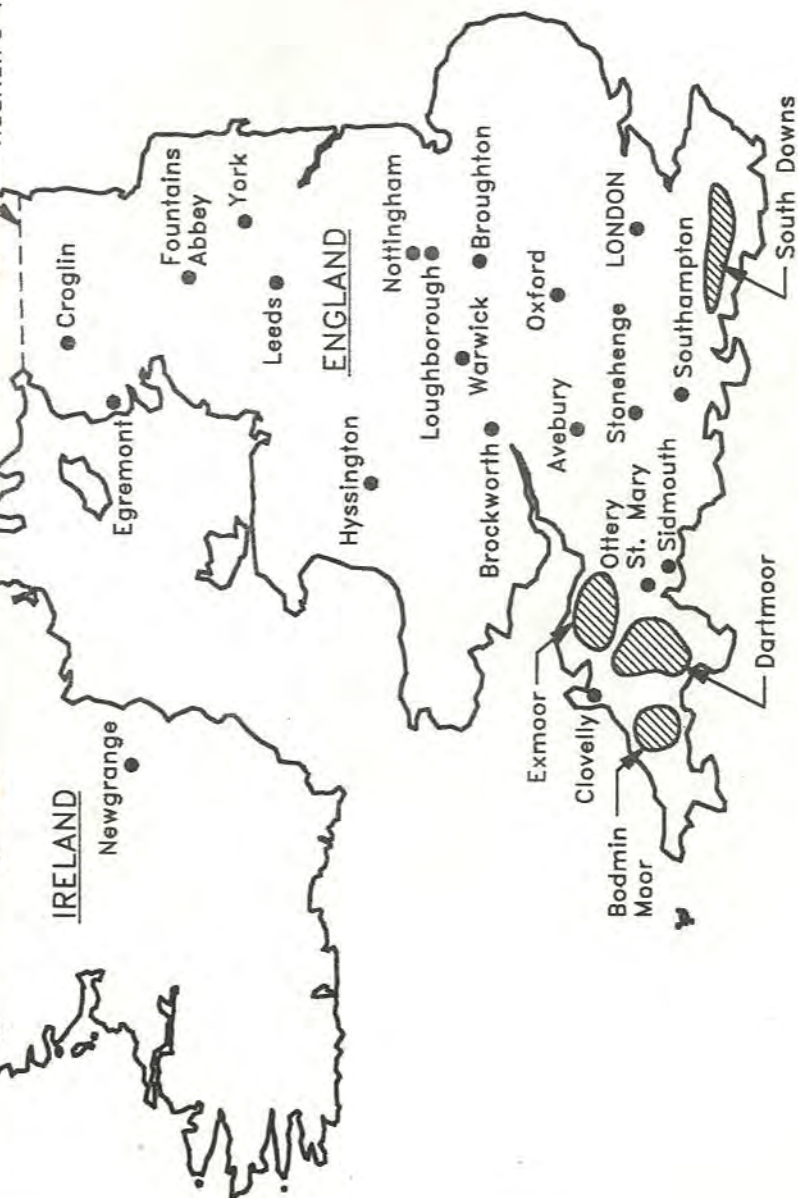
Fyvie
Castle

Glamis
Castle

Queen'sferry

SCOTLAND





The United Kingdom, Points Weird And Otherwise

TEN PUBS

Three Horseshoes
Kings Arms
George and Dragon
Green Man
Red Lion
Wheatsheaf
Traveller's Rest
Anchor
Hare and Hounds
Volunteer

villages within the bulk of the city.

Cities are blessed with all the trappings of modern life. Societies form, people banding together with common purpose. Dozens of backstreet churches of any denomination co-exist. Rows upon rows of tiny terraces fill the suburbs. Narrow streets, poor illumination and grim faces make the cities as isolated as the country.

Public Houses. It is perhaps impossible to fully understand the role that public houses (or pubs) play in British society. Britain has thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of inns, taverns and plain old pubs. (Then there are licensed bars in hotels, clubs, cinemas, and so on.)

Pubs are important social venues. These are places where people come together to talk and to drink. There are many different sorts of pub, from friendly village pubs always ready with a smile, to hostile working clubs where outsiders are distinctly unwelcome. Some pubs are able to mix both worlds. Rooms have different names: the public bar, the lounge bar, the tap room, the snug.

Apart from drinking, the main industry in pubs is gossip. Pubs can be a great place to get talking to locals. Loosen tongues with a pint of the best, and listen. Who the VIPs are, who not to trust, feuds and friendships can be uncovered by listening in a pub.

Some pubs are hundreds of years old and have a history as interesting as any stately home. Brian Lumley's story "The Running Man" (in Green and Pleasant Land) is a fine example of how a pub got its name.

Inns, found on well-travelled roads and dating back to the age of the stagecoach, offer room and board. For a stranger in a strange land, this can be invaluable. Staying in a pub has advantages, bringing Investigators closer to locals.

Most pubs are warmer than The Slaughtered Lamb in the film An American Werewolf In London, but then most do not harbour werewolves. The Swan in Aberford (North Yorkshire) is actually a hotel. Built during the 16th century, the Swan has a reputation for its food. Whitewashed outside, inside two lounge bars feed several rooms, each pleasantly decorated. Of note are the several dozen antique firearms mounted on the walls.

The Dun Cow. This pub gets its name from the Dun Cow of Warwick, the ghost of a huge cow that, according to legend, appears just prior to the death of a member of the Earl of Warwick's family. Once a domestic animal, the Dun Cow provided enough milk for the entire area before being cursed by a witch. The Cow's milk dried up and it grew into a terrible monster, terrorizing the area before Guy of Warwick slew it.

TRADITION

Most of the following traditions are over a hundred years old. The origins of most are lost in the mists of time.

Cheese Rolling. At 6 o'clock on the Spring Bank Holiday, crowds gather on Cooper's Hill near Brockworth in Gloucestershire to witness the Cheese Rolling. This event comprises rolling a seven pound cheese (typically Double Gloucester) down the hill while a number of youths risk their lives and chase after it.

Cooper's Hill has a gradient of 1 in 3, and few competitors manage to keep to their feet for the duration of the race. They have no hope of actually catching the cheese, but the first to reach the bottom wins it in any case. Broken bones, sprains and bruises are to be expected.

Gurning Gurning is one of a number of bizarre events that take place during the Egremont Crab Fair: the greasy pole, hound trailing, a pipe-smoking contest and more. To 'gurn' is to make a grotesque face, and it is by achieving the most repulsive countenance that competitors hope to win the title of Gurning Champion of the World.

Gurning can only be done through a horse collar, and one is kept for the occasion. It is a competition for young and old, although the younger competitors are handicapped as they still possess their teeth.

Ooser. Many West Country (Dorset, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall) villages had their ooser. The last one vanished from Melbury Osmond, Dorset, towards the beginning of this century. In recent years a couple have been resurrected.

A traditional ooser mask was worn by a tireless character who capered in procession at village festivals, doing his best to scare people. An ooser mask has huge eyes and a mouth with gleaming teeth. It is covered with

TEN ODD PUBS

Double Locks
Frog and Frigate
Original Oak
Elephant's Nest
Chequers
Jamaice Inn
Punch Bowl
Crooked Billet
Plume and Feathers
Balfour Arms

dry up and there are water shortages. Everyone complains, whatever the weather.

Autumn. Wet, cold and miserable. The nights draw in, the temperature drops. Winter is on its way.

Winter. Like Autumn, only more so. The snow is wet and slushy, and temperatures hover around freezing. Public transport is thrown into chaos. Snow usually arrives in January and February. Christmas is rarely 'white'.

Rain Rain deserves a special mention. There are many different types of 'English rain.' April showers are short, sharp cloudbursts interspersed with brilliant sunshine. A summer storm breaks the humidity.

Drizzle hides a multitude of sins in a shroud of soft mist. Light drizzle is little more than spitting (very light rain) and barely worth a raincoat. Heavy drizzle is another matter altogether, and although it looks pretty much similar to light drizzle, it soaks to the skin almost immediately.

Predicting the weather is an ancient and noble art, and many fine old wives' tales assist the amateur meteorologist. If cows are sitting down, it'll rain. If swallows fly near the ground, it'll rain. Hang a piece of seaweed up and when it is damp, it'll rain. If a pine cone closes up, it'll rain. And of course, 'Red sky at night, shepherd's delight; red sky at morning, shepherd's warning.' Which probably means rain.

THE MARKS OF TIME

Historical legacies litter the landscape—forts, castles, manors and stately homes. Here's a small selection.

Fountains Abbey. Founded in 1132 by Benedictine monks from York, the abbey of St Mary of Fountains in North Yorkshire is the most complete remains of a Cistercian abbey in the country. Following the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the crown sold off the abbey and land in 1539. In 1611 Sir Stephen Proctor completed Fountains Hall with stone taken from the abbey. William Aislabie bought the abbey in 1768 and incorporated it into his remarkable Studely Royal water gardens.

The Studely Royal 'green-gardens' were created between 1716 and 1781 by John and William Aislabie. With the ruins of Fountains Abbey for inspiration, the gardens merge with a park at one end and a lake at the other. Within the gardens are monuments, follies, temples and statues.

Together Fountains Abbey and Studely Royal make for a remarkable setting.

Greater Stonehenge Cursus. A cursus consists of parallel earthen banks with quarry ditches outside them.



TEN HILLS

Gibbet Hill
Mountain Hill
Hum Hill
Clip'd Thorn Hill
Hollin Hill
High Sugar Hill
Loftus Hill
Rabbit Hill
Limekiln Hill
Buck Hill

fynnoderees and flibbertigibbets. And there's more.

Water Spirits. Everyone has heard of the Loch Ness Monster, but Nessie is only one of a number of lake dwelling creatures. In Scotland, Kelpie—horse-like water spirits such as the one said to occupy Loch Morar—trick humans into riding them and then plunge into the Loch. Its hapless rider is never seen again.

In Ireland these spirits are known as Piasts. Sightings have been recorded as recently as 1955 when a Piast was encountered in Lough Shanakeever, County Galway. Traditionally they are fearsome beasts, so much so that when Irish folk hero Cúchulainn faced one in Lough Slieve Mis in County Kerry he ran away.

Britain's shores are home to mermaids luring sailors to their death or a life of slavery. A legend carved into a pew end at Zennor church in Cornwall tells of the son of a local churchwarden, Mathy Trehwella, who disappeared while walking along the cliffs. It was not until some years later that Mathy's fate became known. A mermaid asked a sea captain to move his anchor "because it has blocked our cave

and Mathy and the children are trapped."

The Bull of Hyssington. It is said that under the church at Hyssington (Montgomeryshire) there is buried a miniature bull in a boot. Before its imprisonment, the Bull terrorized the neighbourhood, devouring villagers and causing trouble. This continued until a priest decided enough was enough.

The priest recited from the bible and as he did so, the Bull became hypnotised and began to shrink. By nightfall it was the size of an alley cat. However, the priest's candle went out and the Bull began to grow again. By morning it was so big it threatened to burst through the church walls, so the priest returned to his sermon. This time he continued until the Bull was so tiny it could be held in the priest's hands. The Bull was then imprisoned under the church in a boot.

The Bull lies there to this day, waiting for its freedom and the opportunity to grow to full size and terrorise Hyssington again.

Woodwose. Britain's equivalent to Big Foot or the Yeti is the Woodwose, reported to live in the forests until medieval times. Unfortunately these 'wildmen of the woods' appear to have died out as their natural habitat has been destroyed in the name of agriculture. Their likeness can be seen carved in the stonework of many an English church.

However, a few secret woods and forests may still remain, unseen and unspoilt by the hand of man. Perhaps



TEN LANES

Hell Wath Lane
Cut Throat Lane
Arkendale Lane
Thwaites Lane
How Hill Road
Sheaflands Lane
Millings Lane
Farnham Lane
Stang Lane
Marton Lane

In 1602 the Cornish historian Carew quotes that Cornish fishermen had, at a point called the Seven Stones, brought up in their nets pieces of doors and masonry. In the ancient Cornish language the place is called Tregva, 'a dwelling.' It is also said that on occasion you can hear the bells of the churches ringing beneath the sea.

Lyonesse is linked to the legend of Arthur as the home of the hero Tristan, son of King Mark of Cornwall. Lyonesse is the place where Arthur's body was taken to after his fatal combat with Mordred. Alfred Lord Tennyson places Camelot there, and the land is expected to rise again on the return of Arthur in England's darkest hour.

The Scilly Isles have an unusual concentration of megaliths, more easily explained considering that the Isles were once part of a greater land mass, now submerged beneath the waves.

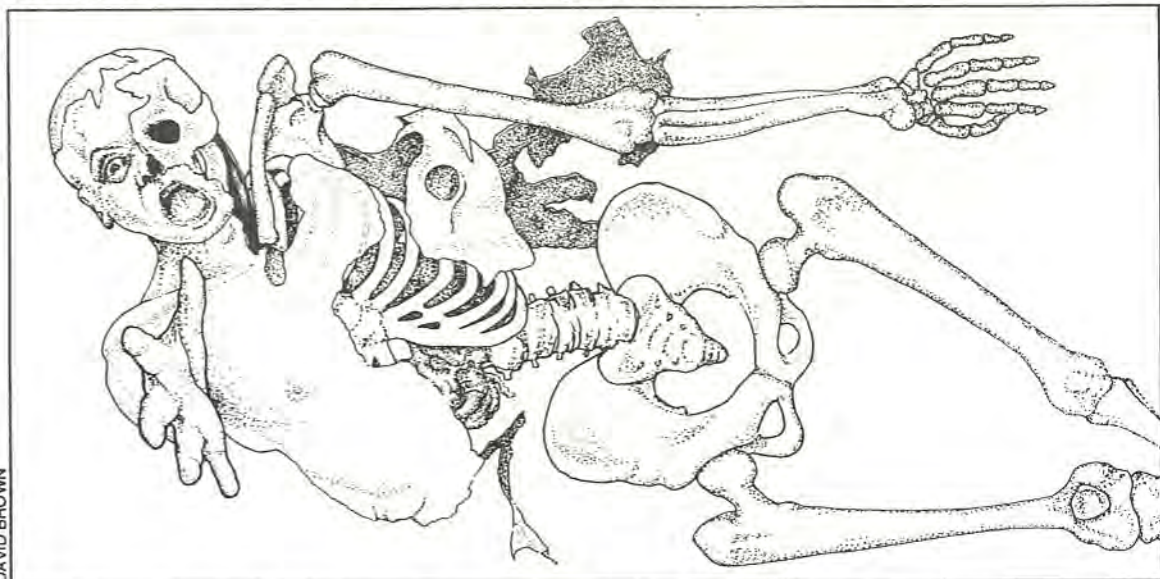
Corn Circles. It is likely that corn circles have been around for many years, but it is only recently that any study has been conducted. Corn circles are circles of flattened corn that appear during the summer months. The largest concentration of corn circles appear across Wiltshire, although it is a worldwide phenomenon. It is perhaps worth noting that Wiltshire is also the home of Stonehenge, Silbury Hill and Avebury. Draw your own conclusions.

A traditional corn circle is nothing more than a patch of flattened corn, flattened in a swirling pattern. Other shapes have been discovered—hoops and ellipses and combinations of circles.

They have been claimed to be caused by many things—space aliens, magnetic forces, wind vortices, and hoaxers. Despite heavy surveillance, nobody has seen a corn circle form: they just appear overnight.

Clapham Wood Clapham Wood on the South Downs, has a reputation for mysterious happenings. UFOs have regularly been spotted in the area for 200 years, and the woods contain a crater of unknown origin where no vegetation ever grows.

There is an undeniable atmosphere in the woods. In 1975 several dogs went missing and other owners said that their dogs had gone into a fit until leaving the wood. One of the missing dogs reappeared but was so distressed it had to be put down. Not only dogs went missing. A tethered horse also disappeared as have a number of people. One man's body was found in the woods in such an advanced state of decomposition that it could only be identified from dental records. The man had disappeared just two weeks before.



GHOSTS

Ghosts come in all shapes, sizes and manifestations. Solitary apparitions, multiple and mass hauntings, family curses and decapitations, Britain has it all. In the 1930s Kensington even saw a phantom double decker bus on its streets!

The motive for these grisly bequests may date back to pre-Christian rituals. The Celts believed that the head was the receptacle of the soul, revering it. A common practice was to make a sacrifice (human or otherwise) and bury it in the foundations of a building, providing it with a guardian spirit.

The Town Of Ramsgate, in Wapping, boasts a celebrity ghost: the Lord Chief Justice George Jeffries. In 1685 he presided over the execution of hundreds involved in the Monmouth Rebellion, so earning him the nickname 'the hanging judge.' In 1688 he was caught on the steps outside the pub while making his escape to France. He died in prison awaiting trial, but his spirit still walks the steps where he was captured.

The Warren House Inn on Dartmoor was once haunted by the corpses that were stored in its cellar when the weather was too bad to take them across the moor to the neighbouring churchyard at Mortenhamstead.

The Busby Stoop Inn at Kirby Wiske, North Yorkshire had a cursed stoop (a high backed chair) that once belonged to an 18th century landlord called Busby. By all accounts he was a rogue and a villain, and was eventually hung for murder. As Busby was dragged from his stoop during the arrest, he laid a curse on the chair to the effect that anyone who sat in it would meet as rapid an end as he was about to. The chair lived up to its curse and was eventually removed from the pub bar for the safety of unwary customers.

The Hairy Hands of Dartmoor. On the Two Bridges-Postbridge road, between the Plume and Feathers and the Two Bridges Hotel, one of the chief hazards to motorists is neither the freezing fog nor drifting snow, but a pair of disembodied hairy hands. These were first recorded in 1921, when the Dartmoor Prison doctor was killed when his motorcycle swerved off the road. His two passengers, riding in the sidecar, reported that they had seen a huge pair of hairy hands gripping the handlebars.

Then, two months later the Hands were seen again. An army officer reported that a huge pair of hands had materialized on his steering wheel and forced his car off the road.

Glamis Castle. A terrible secret, ghosts, a cursed chalice; Glamis Castle has it all. The Grey Lady is the spirit of a lady of the manor unjustly burned as a witch on the orders of King James V of Scotland. Patrick, 3rd Earl of Strathmore reputedly played cards with the devil for his soul. He lost, and the game has been spectrally repeated since.

It is with Patrick that the secret of Glamis started. The Earl reveals the true nature of the secret on his Heir's 21st birthday. It is never repeated. The secret is rumoured to involve some sort of genetic defect in the family line as a family portrait done for Patrick shows a strangely deformed child. The unfortunate child was locked away in a secret room, a fate apparently shared by others so afflicted.

In Victorian times a workman stumbled upon a secret room and was promptly sent to Australia. In the 1920s a group of 'bright young things' decided to find the room by marking the windows of all known rooms in the castle. When they had finished there were several windows unaccounted for, but they were prevented from investigating further by an enraged Earl.

The family name of the Earls of Strathmore is Bowes-Lyon, and the Queen Mother is of that line. She

was actually brought up in the castle and has apparently witnessed strange occurrences herself. Through her the bloodline of the Bowes-Lyon family runs into the royal family.

Fyvie Castle. Fyvie Castle, near Aberdeen, dates back to before the Norman Conquest and was reputedly cursed by Thomas the Rhymer of Erceldoune. Thomas was born in 1220 and was said to be the lover of the Queen of Elfland who gave him the gift of prophesy. He travelled the castles of Scotland giving prophesies of doom until he vanished without a trace, some say back to his Queen.

His prophesy for Fyvie was that no son and heir would be born until the 'Weeping Stones' had been removed from the castle. These were stones taken from a local church and built into the castle. They had been seen to 'sweat' water on occasions and had been attributed supernatural qualities. (This phenomenon is quite natural. Depending on temperature, porous sandstone either sweats or takes in water from the air.)

However natural the Weeping Stones may be, the curse remains. Only two of the stones have ever been found, and since 1433 the castle has never passed from father to son.

The Green Lady has haunted Fyvie since the night of 27th October 1601, the wedding night of the Laird of Fyvie to his second wife. Their new living quarters were not finished so the couple used an old bedroom in one of the towers. Their nuptials were constantly interrupted by deep sighs although they were the only people in the tower. In the morning the name of the Laird's first wife was found carved in the stone windowsill of the bedroom, some 50 feet above the ground. Since then The Green Lady has appeared many times on the stairs of the castle.

THE MYTHOS

Amid all this, the Cthulhu Mythos sits rather uneasily in Britain. Not only is it difficult to tie in the activities of mi-go and old ones into already densely-woven legends, at times it seems heretical to do so. Why run a mundane adventure featuring deep ones when you could be up against the Beast of Exmoor or investigating the sinister Ottery Tar Barrels?

Britain welcomes certain of the Mythos races more than others. There are enough backwater villages and lonely moors for deep ones and serpent people to thrive and prosper. The Iloigor were kicked out long ago, but pockets still linger. Although graveyards exude an atmosphere of peace and serenity, undoubtedly they are home to feeding ghouls.

However, there is less evidence to suggest the presence of any of the Great Old Ones. Britain is not recorded as having immeasurably old ruins harbouring the likes of shoggoths, formless spawns, old ones, and flying polyps. But the mythos is ancient: millions of years instead of mere centuries. These creatures may yet exist; churches, pubs, stone circles can all be built over the remains of something much older, much more malevolent.

There are also other creatures. Werewolves, vampires and worse.

Subtlety works best. The Cthulhu Mythos needs to be carefully worked into an already-brimming history. Deep one half-breeds in the run-down end of town. The serpent people aristocrats in the parish manor. The shunned woods, those treacherous marshes. And Nyarlathotep the morris dancer, playing the Fool. §

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The Letter. The letter is dated eight days ago. It is slightly hard to read, as if written by an unsteady hand.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed you will find several pieces of information which I hope will be of interest to you. Considering your past experiences with the supernatural world, I'm sure you will see that something is amiss here. I can assure you from my own personal involvement in this matter that it is most certainly not a hoax. I only wish it were a ruse of some sort, for I fear that not even the strength of a man of God is capable of besting whatever it is that haunts the moors of Lynwold.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. As you can see from the news-articles, the trouble started with the two architects about three weeks ago. The unfortunate Mr. Clay's remains were found in the ruined abbey on the seacoast near here. Most of his bones were broken, and his body was unnaturally cold and stiff. His camera equipment was found in the ruins as well, and I persevered upon constable Brownlee to develop the exposures. Most were unspectacular; the exception I have included here, and I believe it shows whatever killed Messrs. Clay and Parsons (though the latter's body still hasn't been recovered). Brownlee didn't release any details, and my guess is he has no idea what he's up against. Davey Garrett's body was found a week after Clay's, and that's when I came in.

A little of my own background is perhaps in order here. I am a Catholic priest based here in Lynwood. Over the years I have been called upon to investigate certain cases of supernatural significance in this area. With the help of the Lord and my good friend Peter Grantham I have twice successfully combatted the powers of darkness.

As I said, Peter Grantham and I had been through a lot together in the last forty-odd years. He used to be the constable here, but he retired about five years ago. But I'm degressing again. It suffices to say that Peter and I were the best of friends, and I feel responsible for what has happened to him. Pete and I were exploring the ruined abbey where Clay's body was found when we were attacked. Between the fog and the mist and the darkness I couldn't see whatever it was that attacked us. I did feel its tendrils crushing me in its grasp, and I remember hearing Peter's shotgun go off several times. I called upon the Lord to give me strength and bid this spirit begone, but my prayers went unheeded. Still it kept crushing me and then I suddenly felt cold, as if the thing were sucking away my very soul. And through it all the thing kept making this awful whistling noise. Finally it released its grip on me, and I managed to crawl away. They found me on the moor later that day. Most of my ribs were (are) broken, as well as my left arm and a handful of other bones. And my body was almost as cold as Clay's and Garrett's—an affliction from which I still suffer. I fear that when this is all over I shall have to move to a warmer climate, for at present I cannot bear even the slightest drop in temperature.

Such is the predicament that has befallen Lynwood. There is some madness afoot here which seems to mock even the powers of the Almighty God. I pray that you can help us in some way.

Yours truly,
Father Richard Tomlyn

With a little library research the investigator(s) will find that Lynwold (pop. 1500) is a small village on the northeastern coast of England, about 15 miles north of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Any further information will have to be gathered in Lynwold.

KEEPER INFORMATION

The normally peaceful nature of the coastal village of Lynwold has been disrupted by the appearance of an ancient, nearly-forgotten menace—a mysterious and terrible entity known as “the Follower of mad Cthulhu.”

The being's actual identity is that of a powerful high priest of Cthulhu several thousand years old. The Follower lost all its human characteristics long ago, however, mutating and eventually becoming much like the alien monstrosity it worshipped—both mentally and physically.

The Follower has terrorized the Lynwold area once before, more than 1500 years ago. A monk named Clithanus stumbled upon the sea-caves where nameless forces had imprisoned the Follower many centuries earlier and inadvertently released the horror from its Elder-Signed prison. Fortunately for the meddling Clithanus, St. Augustus of Hippo was on hand to force the alien monstrosity back into its sarcophagus within the sea-caves. Augustine sent the errant (and somewhat deranged) monk back to Rome, where Clithanus wrote of his experiences in the volume which would come to be known as the Confessions of the Mad Monk Clithanus. Back in England, Augustine ordered the construction of a priory (or small abbey) over the opening into the sea-caves where the Follower lay imprisoned once again. Only Augustine and the unstable exiled monk Clithanus knew of the abbey's hidden purpose—to make sure no one would disturb the monster's rest in the future.

In 1536, during the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the abbey was sold by the crown to Sir John Grant. In 1642 Grant's son began construction of Grant Hall, using stone taken from the priory. The land remained in the Grant family until sold to the Parsons family in 1851. Today only a few walls, arches, and fallen stones remain where the priory once stood.

Enter Frederick Parsons, a developer heir to the land. With Geoffrey Clay, his architect, Parsons was planning the construction of a hotel on the priory grounds to take advantage of the magnificent views, coastal air, and the small beach at the bottom of the cliff. Their research was cut short, however, when Parsons found his way into the sea-caves. After snapping a few photos of the Follower's sarcophagus Parsons removed the Elder Sign seal which Augustine had used to imprison the monster. The Follower roared out and hungrily killed Parsons, then went into the ruins above for Clay. He also fell victim to the ravenous horror, his death captured shakily on film when his camera was jarred during the attack (Parsons' body and camera remain in the cave near the Follower's sarcophagus). When found, Clay's corpse was horribly crushed and cold as ice from the tentacled, vampiric Follower's attack.

After the body of the Follower's third victim (farmer Davey Garrett) was found, Father Tomlyn and his colleague Peter Grantham stepped in to investigate the killings. Tomlyn and Grantham were attacked as they explored the abbey, and Tomlyn was lucky to get out alive. The priest suffered several broken bones and is still 'chilled' due to the Follower's POW-draining ability. Grantham wasn't so lucky, and his body has been discarded in the sea-caves under the priory.

When Father Tomlyn recovered from his ordeal he summoned the investigators, using several newspaper articles and the photograph of Clay obtained through former-constable Peter Grantham's contacts.

Unfortunately, by the time the investigators arrive several more killings will have occurred. A sheep-farmer from near Lynwold was victimized 12 days before the investigators arrive in Lynwold. Ian Brownlee, Lynwold's current constable, under pressure from the villagers to stop the killing, finally took action the same day the farmer's body was found (11 days ago).

Adhering to his story that some sort of large animal is responsible for the murders, Brownlee went to the farm of the most recent victim—sheep-farmer Eric Downes. There he killed Downes' defenseless dog, a large sheepdog named "Smokey." Brownlee then blamed the dog for the murders, and announced his solution to the problem. Five days later (i.e. six days ago) the cruel constable met the true menace of Lynwold—the Follower of mad Cthulhu. Brownlee proved no match for the follower, and his body will be discovered four days before the investigators arrive in the village.



By a bizarre coincidence, Lynwold is haunted by a second supernatural creature. Eric Downes' hapless dog Smokey, slain by the late constable Ian Brownlee to cover for his own failings, has returned from the dead as a ghostly "black dog" spirit. The Black Dog (see "Leather On Willow, on page 39 of this issue) appears as a shaggy canine figure the size of a calf, with huge blazing red eyes. The ghostly apparition returned to avenge its death by "hounding" Ian Brownlee to his doom, but with Brownlee dead it is unable to find him. The villagers now believe all the attacks were caused by the Black Dog, which they have nicknamed "Padfoot." The name comes from the ghost's tendency to follow unwary travelers, whose first warning of the creature's presence is its footsteps on the road behind them. The ghost is basically harmless, since the target of its malice is already dead, but local folklore has it that to feel a Black Dog's breath is to die soon thereafter. This belief is unfounded (unless Keepers wish otherwise), but the presence of two strange entities in Lynwold should cause the investigators a great deal of confusion. The investigators may actually have some help getting rid of Padfoot; by bringing in Father Tomlyn for assistance in its exorcism, the investigators could help shore up the priest's flagging faith (see the section on Padfoot for more details).

BRITAIN AND LYNWOLD

Investigators will be able to take a ship to Southampton for about \$250 apiece (second class—for first class accommodations triple this sum). From Southampton the party will have to travel by train to the town of Morpeth, costing each of them £2. From Morpeth the investigators will have to hire a car or cart, or walk the remaining six miles to Lynwold. Alternately, traveling to Lynwold by bus would cost 2d.

The entire trip should take about 10 to 12 days, and in any case the investigators should arrive in Lynwold four days after constable Ian Brownlee's body has been found.

Keepers should keep in mind the fact that most firearms were illegal in Great Britain. Handguns and

BRITISH CURRENCY

Once the investigators arrive in Southampton they can no longer pay in dollars. British currency in the 1920s was divided into Pounds (£), shillings (s) and pence (d). There is 12d to a shilling and 20s to a pound. At the start of 1920 the exchange rate was \$4 to £1.

The common presentation of a price was as follows: £s/d. Five pounds two shillings and six pence would be shown as £5 2/6. Three shillings and six pence would be 3/6 and five shillings would be 5s.

Father Tomlyn gives the investigators directions to the priory ruins, northeast of town within a few hundred yards of the ocean. He cautions them to be careful, reminding them that Peter Grantham shot "the thing" at point blank range with his shotgun to no discernible effect.

If asked of the abbey's history, Father Tomlyn states that it was built in the late 300s or early 400s. The priest knows of St. Augustine's visit to the area about this same time, but he will not mention it as he doesn't realize the connection between the abbey's construction and what lies beneath it. See the section on "Augustine, Clithanus, and the Mad Monk's Confessions" for Tomlyn's actions if the investigators inquire along this line.

He tells the investigators to keep him apprised of their progress, and to come to him if they need advice or more information—at present he is obviously incapable of accompanying them or even leaving his bedchamber.

Father Richard Tomlyn, age 73

STR	8	CON	11	SIZ	14	INT	17
DEX	5	APP	12	EDU	22	SAN	76
POW	16 (6)			HP	13 (5)		

Skills: Anthropology 65%, Dodge 10%, First Aid 40%, History 55%, Library Use 55%, Listen 35%, Medicine 24%, Persuade 55%, Occult 75%, Own Language (English) 110%, Other Language (Latin) 64%, Psychoanalysis 25%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 35%



DENNIS DETWILER

THE PAID PIPER

This pub is run by a friendly man in his 30s named Brian Masters. Masters knows of the murders (who in Lynwold doesn't?) and he has also heard several farmers' tales of Padfoot. He will initially tell the investigators little that they haven't learned from Father Tomlyn and his letter—who is missing or found dead, where the bodies were found, the frozen and crushed state of those bodies, the appearances of Padfoot, etc. If the investigators order a few drinks and are good tipplers, Masters can give them more useful information. It happens that Eric Downes was a good friend of his, and he knows constable Brownlee didn't like Eric's dog Smokey; Brownlee once caught Eric poaching and the dog bit the constable when he tried to arrest Downes. Masters thinks Brownlee killed Smokey "half out of spite and half to save his own skin. And another half just because he was a sadistic bastard."

During the day Masters has about 1D8 customers in the pub at any one time. At night he has 3D10 patrons, mostly farmers and fishermen. A successful Psychology roll allows the investigators to realize that the atmosphere is quite subdued within the pub. There is no laughing or gaming there, though there is drinking and low talk. The people aren't hostile, just uncommunicative and somewhat fearful.

At the Keeper's discretion one or more of these patrons might have had a recent encounter with Padfoot. This can be set up a number of ways. For instance, the investigators might overhear some villagers talking about Padfoot. Or an obviously frightened man might enter The Paid Piper and down several stiff drinks in succession: when asked the reason for his thirst, the man replies he has just seen Padfoot. Which brings us to...

PADFOOT

As stated before, Padfoot is actually the ghost of Eric Downes' murdered dog Smokey. It has returned to bring doom upon its murderer, unaware that the man is dead—killed by the Follower of mad Cthulhu.

The villagers' tales of the ghostly black dog they call Padfoot are pretty similar to one another. The story begins with the witness working or walking near the moors. He or she hears footsteps nearby, and when they look up or turn around they see a huge black dog staring at them. The dog is taller than a man's waist, and it has been as close to its "victim" as two or three feet. The dog is described as wolf-like, with shaggy black

The SAN rewards for banishing Padfoot are 1D4 if the investigators do it unassisted, or 2D3 if they get Father Tomlyn's help (the latter for restoring the priest's confidence).

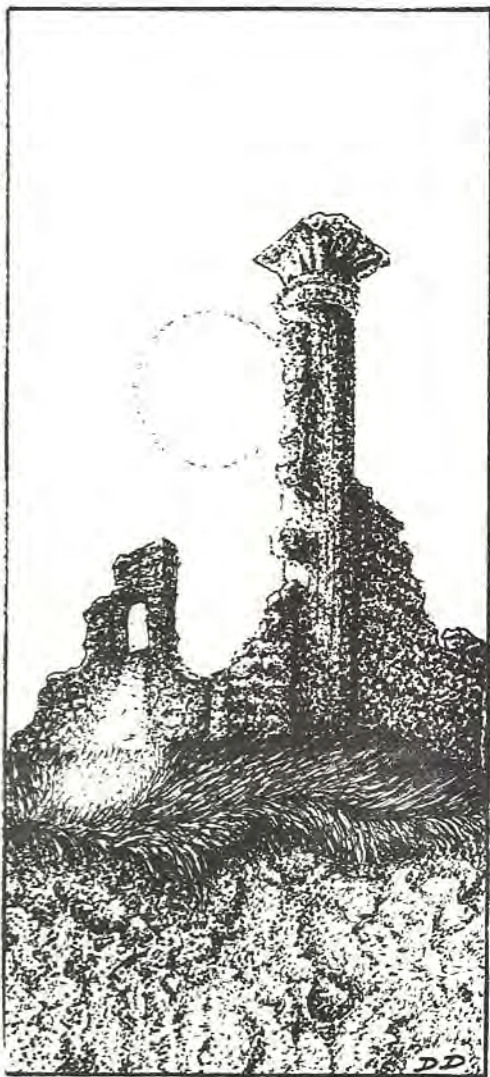
THE ABBEY RUINS

The ruins of the abbey (or priory) lie about three miles northeast of Lynwold, perched near the rocky shore of the North Sea. Now scarcely more than a ragged series of walls, arches, and scattered stones, the priory is strewn throughout an area approximately 150 feet square. The ruins vary in size from walls two or three feet high to crumbling arches nearly twenty feet high. The structure is typical of the architecture of the time, as a successful History roll will affirm.

There are a few items of note to be found on the grounds of the crumbling edifice. Each of the investigators may make a Spot Hidden roll for every five hours they spend exploring the ruins. On a normal success roll they will have found a path of dead vegetation, from five to ten feet wide and 1D6x10 feet long. Exploring this path will yield no new finds. An impaled Spot Hidden roll will uncover one of two things, at the Keeper's discretion—either a handful of shotgun shells, or the entrance into the lower chambers of the abbey and the sea-caves. It is recommended that the shells be discovered first. This is the site where Father Tomlyn and Peter Grantham met the follower. Three of the shells have been fired, and an inspection of the surrounding area shows no sign of where the shots might have hit.

The entrance to the lower reaches of the priory is a stone stairway surrounded by debris and dead brush. It is clear enough to allow a man easy passage, though it is very dark and damp at the foot of the stairs. About halfway down these steps a battered 12-gauge pump shotgun will be found, one spent shell still in the chamber (see location (A) on the Sea-Caves map on page 64). If shown this gun Father Tomlyn will identify it as Peter Grantham's.

At the bottom of the stairs is a square room about thirty feet on a side. There is a large breach (more than 10 feet in diameter) in the south wall (B), opposite the stairs. On both sides of this opening are large piles of rubble from the fallen wall. Looking out of the room the investigators will see a large tunnel leading away from the first chamber. These are the sea-caves Augustine hoped to keep hidden by building the abbey. And this is, of course, the lair of the Follower of mad Cthulhu.



DENNIS DETWILER

THE SEA-CAVES

These caves that border on the coast are, not surprisingly, dark and very damp. The atmosphere of this place should worry the players; emphasize the dank solitude, the low rumble of the sea somewhere beyond. If at some point (as is likely) the investigators are chased through the caves you might have them make halved Idea rolls to find the way out again at each juncture; the way is twisty and could confuse them. Avoid drawing them a map unless they specifically spend the time to make one; a simple diagram of turns would be a lesser matter, but again unless one of the investigators actually writes them down (and so has paper, pencil, and light)

you shouldn't provide them with such. A chase through the caves would be great fun; if it occurs, play it to the hilt.

The tunnel from the lower chamber of the priory leads south. As it turns east (C) the investigators will discover the body of Father Tomlyn's friend Peter Grantham (SAN loss is 0/1D3), identifiable from papers in the man's clothing. Apparently discarded like an empty candy-wrapper, Grantham's body is horribly crushed yet remarkable well-preserved—it is still slightly frozen! A shotgun shell is clutched tightly in one hand.

Soon after the point where Grantham's body is found the tunnels begin branching. Many are partially filled with water, ranging in depth from a few inches to three feet or more. This should cause more than a little trepidation on the part of the investigators.

One of the more easily-discovered landmarks in the sea-caves is the Follower's one-time tomb (D). Set into the east wall of the chamber, the vault lies at a peculiar angle with respect to the floor. It somewhat resembles a grotesquely-slanted cellar-door. The vault currently lies open, the thick door-slabs spread wide to reveal a dark cubical depression about 15 feet on a side. The tomb exudes an almost unbearable stench of dead fishy matter.

There are several other items of note to be found here, including the slightly decomposed body of Frederick Parsons—SAN loss is 0/1D4. The circumstances regarding Parsons' body are the same as for Grantham's with regard to identification and the corpse's crushed condition, but Parsons' is no longer frozen.

Lying in plain sight near the center of the cavern are a pair of kerosene lanterns and a camera tripod, the latter a pretty obvious clue. Parsons' body is sprawled against the wall of the cave, and if he is moved the camera will be found behind him. If the investigators survive the caves they can develop the film, though the camera is broken beyond repair. Most of the exposures are simply shots of the upper ruins of the priory, but three merit further description. The first of these shows the lower chamber of the ruins with the opening into the sea-caves, only in this shot the breach is barely large enough to allow passage for a man-sized object. The second shot shows the tomb-chamber in which the camera is found. The shot is focused on the vault, which is closed in this photo. The doors are decorated with an odd five-pointed raised symbol about a foot in diameter; with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll an investigator will realize that this is an Elder Sign. The last photo shows the vault again, only this time it shows it as it is now—with the doors yawning menacingly open. The inside of the vault appears to be pitch-black, as if filled with impenetrably thick shadows.

A last item of note in this chamber is the seal shown in the photo of the unopened vault—i.e. the Elder Sign which once held down the Follower of mad Cthulhu. There are letters inscribed in the stone, incrustated with corrosion. If the stone is cleaned the inscription will be found to read "Augustine, Bishop." See the later section on "Augustine, Clithanus, and the Mad Monk's Confessions" for more details on this clue.



"E" on the map is a cavern containing a pool which opens into the ocean.

"F" is a narrow, twisting tunnel which slopes upward to end in a small rock-strewn alcove. Sunlight filters through a few cracks between the stones, and a few minutes' work will clear a passage big enough for a man to fit through. Outside the investigators will find themselves on the beach a stone's throw from the abbey ruins.

"G" is the current lair and worshipping place of the Follower. The northeastern half of the cave is taken up by a pool of water which connects with the ocean, much like area "E" above. Each of the investigators must make a Luck roll as they enter this huge cavern; if any of the rolls fail the Follower will be encountered here, prostrated in worship before the stature of its god. If all the rolls are successful the Follower will be roaming the moors, or oozing about the ocean depths nearby, etc.

The most imposing figure in this cave is the massive statue of Great Cthulhu which rears up from the pool of sea-water in the center of the cave. The statue is carved from some queer dark green stone which always appears slimy and wet. The 10-foot-high carving is draped with reeking seaweed and startlingly life-like—a SAN roll is necessary to view the blasphemous sculpture, with a possible loss of 1/1D6. If the Follower is present it will be found lying flat before this statue, its tentacles stretched out limply around it. It will immediately attack anyone intruding here, chasing them as far as necessary to kill them all. If the Follower is not present, and the investigators tamper with the statue, 1D3+1 deep ones will emerge from the pool to attack. These are the Followers' "temple guards," contacted (actually, Contacted) soon after it was released from its tomb. Every 30 minutes there is a cumulative 10% chance the Follower will return to this cave; the Keeper should randomly determine whether the beast enters from the east (seaward) or west (gulf!—landward).

The Follower of Mad Cthulhu

Description: "A shocking, greenish hulk rose from the floor of the corridor before us...then a tentacle lashed forth and struck at Hemery...the thing in the corridor fell back, whistling weirdly. Out of the darkness before us shone a trio of cruel, malignant eyes, and the opening which served as its mouth gaped yawningly below. At the same moment, its body began to glow with an eerie sea-green light. Then once more the thing came at us..." ("Something from Out There," by August Derleth). The Follower is a rolling, squirming, greenish-black bulk bigger than a horse. To some extent it resembles an enormous Servitor of the Outer Gods—multi-tentacled and alternately squid- or toad-like.

Notes: The history of this entity is discussed earlier in the Keeper's Information section.

The Follower feeds on the warm souls of humans, draining them of their POW and leaving only dead icy husks of its victims.

The Follower possesses the ability to make a bizarre whistling noise when it is enraged. It is able to use this power even while attacking with its tentacle. This ability (which closely resembles the Pipes of Madness spell) costs the Follower no magic points. Anyone within earshot of the whistling must make a SAN roll every round as long as they can hear it. Each time the victim fails a SAN roll he or she loses 1 point of SAN. Be sure to keep track of SAN lost to this effect, for determining temporary or indefinite insanity.

It should be noted that according to Clithanus in his Confessions the Follower can be summoned via the spell Contact Star-Spawn of Cthulhu.

For all spell-casting purposes the Follower's POW and magic points are indistinguishable. The Follower does not, on its own, regenerate lost POW/magic points. Instead, it must seek out human prey to draw forth sustenance from them.

Characteristics

STR 39 CON 25 SIZ 33

INT 19 POW 35 DEX 8

Move 8/10 swimming

HP 29

ANTIBODIES

A chaotic nightmare cross of crab and octopus, antibodies have too many tentacles and too many legs. Encased in a thick leathery hide, they respond quickly to intruders.

Antibodies attack with two claws. After two rounds, the antibody attempts a grapple. If successful it wraps itself around its target and exudes slimy caustic goo, doing 1 hit point per round until scraped off. The antibody waits until its target dissolves away.

If the investigators flee, the antibodies follow them as far as the tunnel. They cannot exist outside the dhole's body and will not leave.

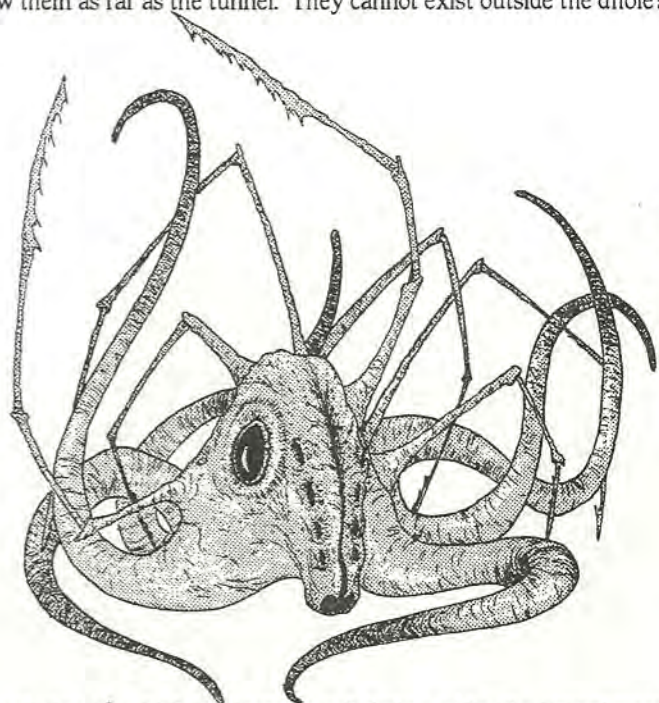
Characteristics	Average
STR 2D6+6	13
CON 3D6+6	16-17
SIZ 2D6	7
INT 1D3	2
POW 1D6	3-4
DEX 3D6+6	16-17
Hit Points	12
Move:	10

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Attk%</i>	<i>Damage</i>
2 claws	40%	1D6
Grapple	80%	exude goo

Armour: 4 points of organic spooginess

Spells: none

Sanity: 0/1D6



JEFF BARBER

KEEPER'S NOTES

"The Lambton Worm" lacks the traditional conclusion in which, against overwhelming odds, the investigators go head-to-head with the minions of the Outer Gods. Unable to do anything more serious to the dhole than has already been done, players may find the situation discomforting. Perhaps unsettling. Good.

Things may change. If investigators can discover the worm's final resting place, so can others. And perhaps they will be lacking hearts so pure. If Miller takes a shine to the investigators, perhaps a telegram arrives, urging their return to Burton Green, when a threat arises.

And of course, there's always the dhole. A keeper can never tell when it might come in handy. S

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J. TODD KINGRE

NOTES FROM THE REAL WORLD

JOHN TYNES

The saga of the severed dog head continues. In last issue's "The Dread Page Of Azathoth" I recounted how artist Blair Reynolds had mailed us the frozen severed head of a dog as a Halloween surprise (in fact, this issue's cover depicts the beast, albeit much more gruesomely than it appeared in real life).

Erstwhile Pagan Chris Klepac brought the following item to my attention. This appearance of the Pogo comic strip is from April 3rd of this year.

Just a coincidence? As our itinerant historian Phil Garland would say, "Perhaps." S

POGO—By Peter and Carolyn Kelly

CONTRIBUTORS

contributors to The Unspeakable Oath tend to be lonely, mad souls scribbling away in dark basements. If you have comments about their contributions, feel free to write to them and make their life a little brighter.

SCOTT ANIOLOWSKI (63 Webb Street, Rear; Lockport, NY 14094) won gajillions of dollars from Ed McMahon but lost it all in a sleazy craps game to **JEFF BARBER** (c/o Pagan Publishing) who promptly spent a third of it on his fungus collection, much to the irritation of **BRIAN BEVEL** (c/o Pagan Publishing) who thought it should be used to replace the solid gold running boards on his VW Beetle which had inexplicably rusted away due to the efforts of **DAVID BROWN** (Delphi Concepts; 4 Forrester Road, Armadale, West Lothian, Scotland, EH48 3PD) despite the fact that the two have never met and live far, far apart, yet it was proven by circumstantial evidence at the scene uncovered by the notorious **JOHN H. CROWE III** (5755 Kugler Mill Rd; Cincinnati, OH 45236) when he visited here not long ago in the midst of his job-hunting which would go a lot better if only he would listen to the sanguine advice of **DENNIS DETWILER** (40 Newport Parkway, James Madison Building Apt. 902; Newport, NJ 07302) who, besides being the fastest artist "on staff," also inherited The Shadow's abilities as "The Master of Men" and could get John a job as bodyguard to **PHILIP H. GARLAND**, "Itinerant Historian," (501-A Hampton Ave; Greenville, SC 29601) who needs one desperately to ward off Them, those creepy guys in black suits who only turn at right angles when walking and who report directly to **GARRIE HALL** (39 Albert Promenade; Loughborough, Leics LE11 1RB; England) who, unknown to Philip, inherited The Shadow's Fire Opal ring and so pulls the strings behind the Men In Black and the even more sinister Wombats In Mauve, among whom we count **STEVE HATHERLEY** (109 Morritt Drive; Halton, Leeds LS15 7JA; England) as a member following that nasty little incident in Sarajevo last August where an entire Men's Platyus-Punting Team turned up skewered on shish-ka-"Bob's served up by none other than that old deadline-beater **J. TODD KINGRE** (304 Rock Road; Radord, VA 24141) who files weekly reports with the CIA, GRU, and the NRA on everyone whose name appears on this page—including himself, because those guys don't fool around, and if you don't believe me you can ask **STEVE KLUSKENS** (c/o Darcysde Productions; 5455 S. Blackstone Ave. #6G; Chicago, IL 60615) a member of an old-line Chicago gangster clan and *not* a man to be trifled with if you want to keep all of your fingers on your hands and not cut off and inserted in odd parts of your anatomy like he's going to do to **DANIEL J. LOWELL** (4901 Roper Mountain Road Apt. 238; Greenville, SC 29615) who, lacking an Elder Sign, was forced to put on cement boots and go swimming with **MARK MORRISON** (29 Bass Street; Box Hill, Victoria 3128; Australia) as he prepared to eat an "Innsmouth Sandwich" at GenCon this August should he not make his Chaosium deadlines before then and I'm *not* kidding about this part so maybe we can get **BLAIR (SHEA) REYNOLDS** (211 Clarkson Drive, Apt. 54; Fairbanks, AK 99709) to contribute a few choice ingredients from the same source as that little gift he sent us that I talked about last issue and that appears on the cover to this one, much to the certain disgust of **KEVIN A. ROSS** (1222 Greene St; Boone, Iowa 50036) who has finished the mammoth Escape From Innsmouth book for Chaosium that's really going to be amazingly huge and cool and you all should shoplift it especially **CHARLES SPITERI** (10 Wimot Drive; Sydenham, Victoria; Australia 3038) who will soon feel the call of the sea and depart for R'lyeh with the crew of the *Wallaby* sometime soon where he will join **THOMAS STRATMAN** (5959A Coronade Ave.; St. Louis, MO 63116), a notorious high priest of a rather bizarre and confused midwestern sect of Cthulhu advocates—not worshippers, advocates—who are collectively plotting the murder of the innocent **GRAHAM THEOBALDS** (298 Lydgate Road; Thornhill, Southampton SO2 6LR) because he lives on an especially unremarkable and in fact rather bland ley line that nevertheless holds cosmic significance, honest it does, but he needn't worry because editor/publisher **JOHN TYNES** has secretly embezzled the remaining two-thirds of Scott Aniolowski's sweepstakes winnings from Jeff Barber (remember all that?) and is using them to fly this issue's entire roster of contributors to a warm sunny beach in Jamaica because—all together now, guys,—it *hasn't sunk yet!*

Pagan Publishing c/o John Tynes 1409 Wilson Ave. Columbia, MO 65201 (314) 442-4301	The Unspeakable Oath <i>is always looking for submissions of any sort and length—scenarios, articles, fiction, artwork—if you can do it, we'd like to see it. Write for information.</i> If you're in cyberspace, you can reach us via Internet or Bitnet at C521832@umcvmb.missouri.edu	Fax Line (314) 443-3892 write "Attention: John Tynes, 442-4301" on each page.
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THESE FOLK WERE NOT BEAUTIFUL

IN WHAT THEY CONCEALED

BRIAN BEVEL



TO USE LESS AND LESS TASTE

IN THEIR SINS...SO THAT THEY CAME

Feeling hunted? Do people persecute you because you're somehow...different? Just because you have gills on your neck and wear spooky t-shirts?

Then come with us to the Emerald Isles, Great Britain, the United Kingdom, and all that jolly rot. This, you see, is the British Issue of *The Unspeakable Oath*, chock-a-block full of articles and scenarios for *Call of Cthulhu* gaming in the UK.

There's so much cool stuff in here we can't begin to summarize it all, but just for starters you'll find: ley lines, a disease that turns your blood to jelly, ancient monoliths, friendly pubs, a spectral hound, and the biggest, nastiest monster this side of the Great Old Ones.

Got your interest? Then get hooked. Stop feeling like a fish out of water.

Devour *The Unspeakable Oath*...then cross your heart and hope to die.