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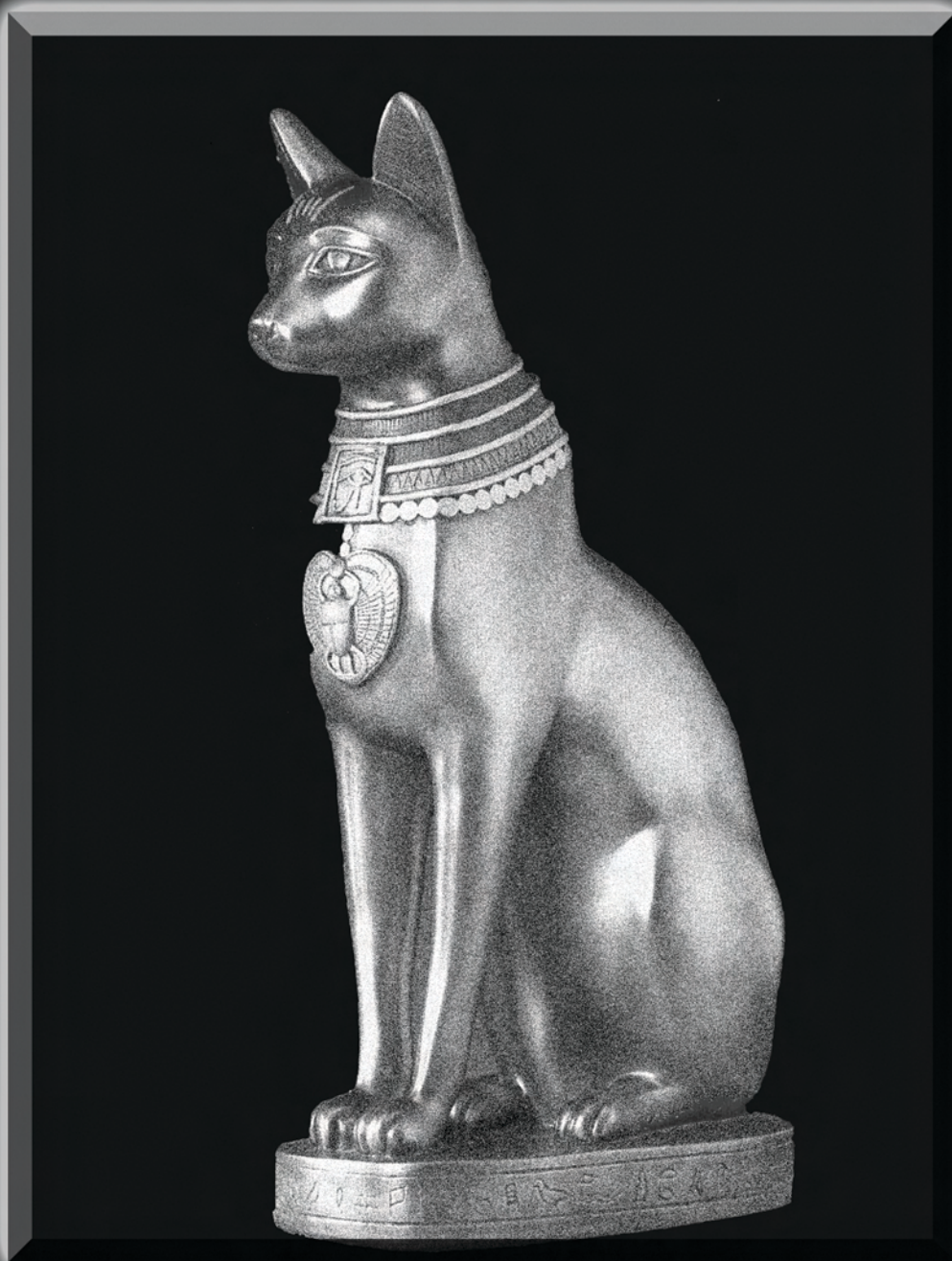
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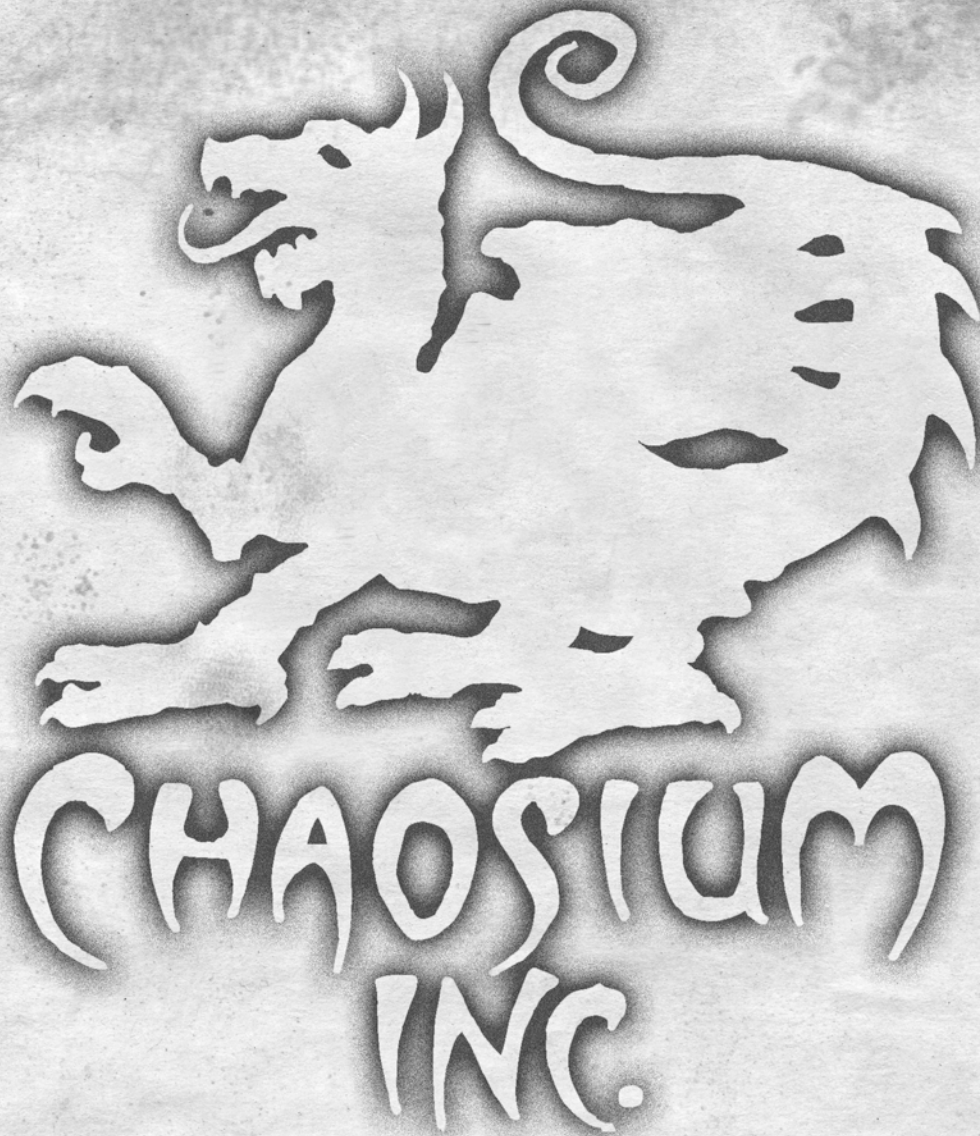


Caligo Accedendum Tournament



AN ADVENTURE FOR
CTHULHU DARK AGES





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Caligo Accedendum Tournament



Caligo Accedendum Tournament 2004
Three Cthulhu Dark Ages Convention Adventures making up our 2004 Gen
Con Tournament.

For Chaosium's Cthulhu Dark Ages RPG
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The Caligo Accedendum Tournament Staff

Authors

Michael Patty- Island of the Damned (Round One)
Deane Goodwin- Risam Vellere (Round Two)
Bob Geis - The Innocent (Round Three)

Things, Scholars, and Support

Chad Boswer - Amazing Scholar
Tony Fragge - Super Thing
Mike MacKinnon - Lost Canadian
Doyle Tavener - Steadfast Catalyst

Next to the Last Minute Things

Rod Campbel, David Condon, Rob Booth, Bryan McCorkle

Last Minute Helpers

Unknown at the time of publication.
It's inevitable that someone pitched in on site and saved our bacon.
Thank you!

Playtesters & additional help

The Island of the Damned: Carl Bailey, Stephen Bailey, Ken Burton,
Jon DeeYoung, Matt Franzen, Chuck Heisler, Kelly Krane, Blair & Cathy
McMurtrey, Patrick Morgan, Daron & Holly Welch, and Michael's wife
for "tolerance and forbearance above and beyond the call of duty".

Risam Vellere: Kat Snyder, Joe Kellerman, Rodrick Campbell, Judy
Northwood, Ian Goodwin, Chad Bowser, Trevor Berghage, and Dave Noal.

The Innocent: David Condon, Frank Rausch, and Beeto.

Chaosium Is:

Charlie Krank, Dustin Wright, Fergie, Lynn Willis



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Introduction

You hold in your hands a monograph for Chaosium's first annual Gen Con Caligo Accedendum Tournament (CAT). The tournament showcases our Cthulhu Dark Ages Roleplaying game in much the same way our hallowed Cthulhu Master's Tournament has showcased Call of Cthulhu for more than a decade. The inaugural staffers chose the Latin name, which translates to "the approaching darkness." It also makes for a nifty acronym that fits in well with the Lovecraft Mythos.

This year's staff comprised of six fellows. Four of whom were able to physically make Gen Con. These steadfast six began working on the tournament in November of 2003. They've put in a tremendous amount of work over the last 10 months to make the first annual CAT a memorable one. We also had the help of several volunteers who were wrangled in by their friends at the last moment to act as assistant GM's or "Things." Without the tireless efforts of all these staffers, the 2004 CAT could not have taken place.

The CAT tournament allows 36 players to play through up to three rounds of well researched Cthulhu Dark Ages Adventures. The tournament is run in an elimination style format. By the final round on Sunday, only six players remain. A winner is chosen at the end of the final round by the players and staff.

We hope that you take this monograph home with you. Whether to keep it as a memento of your CAT 2004 experience or to share the adventures herein with friends at home or a local convention. With this book, you could run your own mini-Cthulhu Dark Ages Tournament.

The CAT will be back again for Gen Con 2005. We hope to see you there as a player, or perhaps as a new staffer.

Enjoy!

Dustin Wright
Chaosium Dude
August 6, 2004

What Is a Monograph?

As you can see, a 'monograph' is simply put a limited publication from Chaosium. They are works that we deem are interesting enough to a limited audience of hardcore Chaosium gamers and keepers. Our monograph collection allows us to experiment with all sorts of crazy ideas without having to risk the future of our company by printing them as a full fledged book the first time around. They are cheap enough to print that we don't lose too much money if it turns out we were dead wrong. Because of the economies of scale involved, they are only available directly from Chaosium. Some of these monographs, should they prove popular enough, may eventually see publication as a standard Chaosium book. You can find a variety of Monographs at our website Chaosium.com.

INTRODUCTION

What Is Cthulhu Dark Ages?

Cthulhu Dark Ages provides players of Call of Cthulhu with a new setting in which to face the horrors of the Mythos: 950 – 1050 AD. The book can be found at your favorite game store, or special ordered from your favorite book store. CHA 2398 Cthulhu Dark Ages \$23.95 ISBN 1-56882-171-9

Getting Involved

If you are interested in playing in next year's Con Caligo Accedendum Tournament as a player, be sure to register for the event on the first day of Gen Con registration. Our Chaosium tournaments sell out very quickly. If you would like to become a volunteer GM for the CAT, or any other Chaosium Gen Con event, email dustin@chaosium.com and ask about becoming a Chaosium Missionary. Our Missionary Forums are where we plan all our events.



Island of the Damned

Introduction

I originally wrote the “Island of the Damned” scenario because I thought it would be interesting to put tough as nails Vikings in a situation in which they were completely out of their depth. I particularly liked the idea of using Vikings because they were the scourge of the Dark Ages. Almost no country in the west was free from their depredations. It was with a certain sense of irony and satisfaction that I turned the tables on the Vikings, and had the predators become the prey.

When writing “Island of the Damned,” I was heavily influenced by cinematic works such as the “13th Warrior”. Despite these influences, I believe the story manages to carry itself independently and on its own merit.

Interestingly enough, the concept of placing the scenario in dreamlands was something of an after-thought. When I originally outlined the story, it took place on an Island somewhere in the Atlantic. The villain was going to be Father Dagon, and instead of undead villagers there would have been Deep One hybrids. I also planned to sink the island, so I was searching for an undersea volcano that could possibly have been above sea-level at the time. Unfortunately (or fortunately, since I like the final result better), one of my fellow scenario writers decided to feature Deep Ones in his round (see Charles Guise’s “The Innocent”). Obviously I had to change things if I was to avoid turning the Cthulhu Dark Ages Tournament into “pin the tail on the Deep One.” While searching for a new villain to menace our poor Vikings, I happened to be reading up on the newest edition of Chaosium’s Dreamlands. It was a genuine “Eureka!” moment. I suddenly thought, “what if a really powerful cultist were also a really powerful dreamer in Dreamlands?” Thus was born the

Island of the Damned.

This scenario introduction would not be complete without mentioning the scholar and gentleman who was my right hand man and linguistic resource. From the beginning, Chad Bowser was the guy I turned to for authentic Viking lore. When you see those odd sounding Norse names in the scenario, you have Chad to thank. He also helped provide me with proper pronunciations for a number of Viking words, names and other touches of authenticity. If there are any historic inaccuracies in “Island of the Damned,” they are wholly my own fault, not Chad’s. As fortune would have it, Chad was not able to attend GenCon with us. But his talent and scholarly expertise are written all over the scenario.

One of my favorite parts of “Island of the Damned” is the bit where the characters encounter the old hag (one of the many masks of Nyarlathotep) and receive the prophecy. Astute readers (and players) will recognize the “Baba-Yaga” influences to this character. What does Baba-Yaga, a figure from Slavic myth, have to do with Vikings? Nothing, really. But I was feeling a bit whimsical at the time, and I found myself musing about the possibility of Nyarlathotep as the source of the Baba-Yaga myth. Nyarlathotep has been known to re-use his masks in many times and places, so I inserted him/her as the mysterious source of much needed assistance on the Viking’s Odyssey. I’m sure it would amuse the vile messenger immensely to aid the them against one of his fellow mythos beings.

The ending is something of a B-grade horror twist. The old “never-ending cycle” conclusion is something I enjoy, though it is a trifle overused. It was originally suggested by Dustin Wright, head of Chaosium’s Cthulhu Dark Ages line. I latched onto it because it suited the hopeless horror of mythos fiction. Trite though it may have been, it was Lovecraft to the core.

Enough of my rambling, though. You have an adventure to read, and players waiting in the wings to play it. Enjoy! May your many adventures be more enjoyable for you than Sigferd's was for him.

Player Introduction

In late spring, in the year 994 A.D., seven longboats of clan Njalsson went a-viking. You were a part of that bold venture. From the shores of Norway you set out, seeking new lands to settle, and new places to plunder. Your expedition was led by Eadrifh, third son of the Njalsson clan chief.

A sudden storm caught the crews of the expedition's longboats by surprise, pushing them further and further out to sea. It was a storm of terrible ferocity and unnatural power. Two of the ships sank with all hands, under the horrified gaze of yourself and your fellows. Three more went missing in the shattering deluge.

When the sea grew calm again, only two longboats remained: The Vendu and your ship, the Geslægen ("Slayer," pronounced yuh-SLAY-en). You were far, far from shore, and lost in the great expanse of the sea. For an uncountable number of days you wandered, making what repairs you could to your ship. After the terrible storm, the sky seemed unwilling to give more of its wealth, and water grew scarce. Throats became parched, and minds and bodies began to fail.

One by one, your brave fellow Vikings fell to the deck, waiting their time to travel to Valhalla. Many of them did indeed pass on to the other world. In the mind-numbed haze of those final days, the two surviving ships drifted further and further apart, until you and the crew of the Geslægen found yourselves upon the sea alone. What became of the other ship you had no way of knowing. You took some comfort in the fact that you would undoubtedly soon meet them again in the hallowed halls of your ancestors.

But Odin turned his favor once more

toward the you and your fellow Vikings on board the Geslægen. Before you appeared a mysterious shoreline. Whether island or continent, you could not tell. If, indeed, an island it was, then it was one of goodly size.

After landing, you and the other six survivors sought water. Thankfully, you found it with little effort. A small stream which fed into the sea gave to you the stuff of life so desperately needed. Weak and exhausted from your trial, you and your fellows made a crude camp on the shore and fell into slumber.

So begins the true and terrible tale of the Geslægen's crew...

Scenario Synopsis

Our stalwart Viking adventurers are actually not where they think they are. Physically, they are still back on their longboat, dying slowly of thirst. In their delirium, they have discovered an entrance to the dreamlands by sea. They have stumbled upon a forbidden island in the far eastern Cerenarian Sea, between the Unknown Lands to the north and the dreaded Vale of Night.

The island is far more unusual than it at first appears. It is actually the dream creation of a mad-man. In the waking world, he is Cardinal Gregor "The Penitent" of Rome, a personal confidant of the Pope. Unbeknownst to His Holiness, The Cardinal is also a priest of the Cult of Tulzscha in Rome. The Cardinal is a dreadfully powerful dreamer, and the island that the Vikings stumble upon is the twisted and depraved creation of his sleeping mind. It's denizens serve him as a god, in the same manner as he serves his master in the waking world. They call him simply the "Dark Father."

When our Viking heroes arrive, the island is in one of its rather benevolent appearing phases. The intent of this appearance is to lure unsuspecting visitors onto the island, that they may be devoured and then regurgitated into the sinister green pool of Tulzscha which lies at the center of the Island. The denizens of the island

ISLAND OF THE DAMNED

Typical Villager

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 12 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Improvised Wpn. 25%, damage
1D4 or 1D6+db.

Skills: n/a.

Spells: none

Armor: none

Village Elder

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 16
DEX 13 HP 12*

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Staff 35%, damage 1D6

Skills: n/a

Spells: Flesh Ward, Shrivelling *(+5 HP from
Flesh Ward spell)

Armor: none

appear to be normal humans, though primitive. They speak an odd dialect of old latin, of all things! (Not that any of the player characters would recognize it). Their village is obviously poorly defended. In other words, it's ripe for plundering.

Since the players may not be sufficiently Viking-minded to attack the village for no reason other than plunder, there is an additional inducement. The villagers have captured members of the crew of the Vendu. If the Vikings choose to cautiously observe the village rather than simply charge in, then they will observe a gruesome (though mercifully short) ceremony in which one of the two survivors of the Vendu is eaten alive. This should prove sufficient inducement for them to slay the villagers, quite possibly to the last man, woman and child.

The sole survivor of the Vendu, a veteran Viking by the name of Sveinbjörn, has sustained a crippling wound to his weapon hand, but is otherwise okay. Owing to his crippled status, Sveinbjörn will not assume command of the Viking party, despite his greater experience. He will tag along with them, however, to lend them his experience (and help push the players along when needed).

Over time, the Island will reveal it's dark and terrible nature. The villagers will turn out not to be dead at all, but to be fiendish undead

servants of Tulzscha and the Dark Father. Their "deaths," while not a major set-back, have greatly annoyed the Dark father. He will begin to use the island itself to attack them, driving them slowly toward the center of the Island and the pool of Tulzscha (if he can't have his followers bring them to Tulzscha in predigested pieces, then he'll just have to have them stumble into his clutches themselves).

Scenario Scenes

I. ARRIVAL – The Next Morning

The morning arrives with the chirping of strange looking, colorful birds and a warm morning breeze from the sea. Having drunk from the waters of the Island, the Vikings awaken strangely refreshed. The weakness induced by their trials at sea seem to be strangely gone. In the distance, some smoke can be seen, and the smell of cook fires is on the air. There is a slender path leading from the beach into the foliage, in the direction of the rising smoke. Only one unfortunate fact disturbs the serenity of the place...the Geslægen is gone. There is no sign of where it may have gone. With their horrible delirium on the previous evening, none of the Vikings can recall if the boat was properly tied or not.

II. Exploring

Following the trail deeper into the woods, the Vikings discover a dense forest of tall trees, with numerous green and growing things gathering what sunlight filters between the branches of the trees. Closer examination reveals that the trees and plants, while strangely familiar, are not the same as any known to the characters. The most notable feature of the plants is the

frames. Young village boys blow on horns to call the villagers from whatever labors they were engaged in.

Should the Vikings wait and observe, they will see the villagers array themselves in a circle around the prisoners, chanting in an unpleasantly disharmonic tone. If they continue to observe, they will see the villagers suddenly descend upon one of the hapless prisoners like locusts, tearing the flesh from his body with

NOTES ON COMBAT: The stats of the villagers are given here for the benefit of the Keeper (to see how generally wimpy they truly are at this stage). In light of the type of event this is written for, don't bother overly much with die rolls and stats. The well-trained Vikings should kick the villagers butts reasonably easily, without any of them being killed. Some of them may well be INJURED, however.

particularly vibrant green of their coloring (almost unnaturally so).

Moving through the thick growth can be seen numerous creatures. Wondrous creatures. Impossible creatures. A horned horse. A stag with silver horns and a coat of purest white. A squirrel that flies, and many other wondrous beasts. Though the characters are not particularly hungry (an odd thing, in and of itself), the Vikings may choose to hunt some of these beasts. The creatures are ridiculously docile and easy to catch. Their blood is sweet, and mildly intoxicating (like watered down mead). The Vikings can easily eat and drink their fill here.

III. The Village

Inevitably, their curiosity should drive them toward the cookfires of the village, even if they take the time to eat and drink along the way. As they approach, they will hear the sounds of baleful horns (calling the villagers to the ritual of devouring). Once there, they will make a terrible discovery. The survivors of the Vendu came here before them, and have been imprisoned by the folk of the village. The villagers speak a language the Vikings cannot understand, though one of them (a village elder) is obviously calling the others to the center of the village where the two surviving prisoners from the Vendu are tied by leather straps to log

their teeth, and consuming it in ravenous gulps (sanity check 0/1D4). A Spot Hidden roll will reveal that the unfortunate victim is none other than Njal's older brother, Eriksson. This, finally, should drive the Vikings to attack (if the players are still being cautious, inform Wulfmære that his berserker nature has kicked in and push him into attacking).

There are 30 villagers and one elder. None of the villagers will allow themselves to be captured alive. Once the Vikings have slain the village elder and 10 of the ordinary villagers, the others will scurry away into the brush. They're inhumanly quick, and will shake their pursuers rather rapidly. They can be tracked, however, which will lead the Vikings deeper into the island (where we want them to go).

Regardless of whether the player characters attack immediately or wait until the ceremony reaches its bloody conclusion, they will not be able to save Eriksson. He is stricken with some terrible illness, and even if rescued through fast action, he will die in delirium in a matter of hours.

The other Viking survivor from the Vendu is another matter. Sveinbjörn is very much alive. Other than a crippling injury to his weapon arm, he is quite hale.

ISLAND OF THE DAMNED

SVEINBJÖRN

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 11 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4 (halve bonus due to injury).

Weapons: Longsword(60%) 20%, damage 1D8+1D2+db; Hand-Axe (50%) 20%, damage 1D6+1D2+db

Skills: n/a

Spells: none

Armor: 5 (leather & rings + helmet)

NOTE: Sveinbjörn's original skill with his weapons is listed in parenthesis. His actual skill percentage when wielding a weapon in his off-hand or in his injured right hand is given to the right of this. His damage bonus is listed in a similar fashion.

The armor and equipment of the prisoners can be found in a pile of arms and armor thrown into the far corner of the largest structure in the village, a smelly but roomy long-house. This equipment includes:

- 1 suit of chainmail armor, Size 14 (Eriksson's)
- 1 suit of leather & scales armor, Size 16 (Óttarr's)
- 1 suit of leather & rings armor, Size 15 (Sveinbjörn's)
- 1 ornate Viking helmet (Eriksson's)
- 2 well-worn and ordinary Viking helmets (Óttarr & Sveinbjörn's)
- 1 high-quality Viking longsword, 1D8+1 damage (Eriksson's)
- 1 ordinary Viking longsword (Sveinbjörn's)
- 1 ordinary two handed Viking great axe (Óttarr's)
- 2 medium Viking shields (Eriksson & Sveinbjörn's)
- 3 Viking hand-axes (one of them is Sveinbjörn's)
- 3 Viking daggers (Eriksson, Óttarr & Sveinbjörn's)
- 1 ornate Viking dagger, damage 1D6+1 (Erik'sson, a gift from his father)
- 1 Njalsson clan ring (Eriksson's)
- 2 suits of archaic bronze armor, Size 12 and 13 (armor value: 3)
- 3 suits of archaic soft leather armor, Size 11, 14, and 15 (armor value: 2)

8 rusted longswords

4 rusted scimitars

7 rusted short swords

18 worn-looking short spears

5 worn-looking long spears

4 clubs

6 rusted daggers

1 long, slender and well-kept sword of a mysterious blue metal*

***Ethalorne's blade:** Blessed, +10% to hit, damage 1D6+1, ignores 2 pts of the target's armor.

There are also various other forms of loot in the village:

12 baskets of grain & vegetables (the villagers had recently harvested)

2 baskets of course bread

2 kegs of a strange, awful, and potent brew (very bad beer)

1 keg of sour wine

Hundreds of coins, rings and other trinkets (estimated value: 300-400 d.)

12 women and 8 children cowering in hiding (the others escaped)

The women and children know nothing, and can't speak a language the Vikings understand. It will be up to the Vikings whether to let them live or not.

Sveinbjörn will inform the party that the survivors of the Vendu arrived in much the same manner as the crew of the Geslægen. There were only three of them left alive, however. They were almost immediately beset by the villagers. Hundreds of them, it seemed (in actuality, there were only 20). Unlike the crew of the Geslægen, they had not had a chance to recover from their ordeal at sea. The Viking warrior Óttarr was slain in the ensuing battle, and eaten by the villagers on the spot. The other two were captured. Sveinbjörn will offer to follow Njal and his band, as Odin obviously favors them. His injury means that he will be little help in

combat (though even a Viking so grievously injured is not to be trifled with).

IV. Something Wicked This Way Comes

This is the section in which the Dark Father (the dreaming Cardinal Gregor) prepares to strike back at the Vikings for daring to mar his perfect little island. Matching his rapidly darkening mood, the island changes as well, from a normal and pleasant place to a shadowy, sinister realm.

The goal of this section is to push or draw the player characters toward the center of the island, where the Pool of Tulzscha waits. Initially, tracking the surviving villagers should be sufficient inducement (it is also the only direction in which there is a clear path). If this proves insufficient, then have Wulfmære dream of the Geslægen riding on a lake of green, toward the center of the island.

The following horrific events and occurrences, while falling short of actual full-blown encounters, should serve to properly drive the mood of growing horror.

- As the Vikings progress further toward the center of the island, the foliage grows more and more dense, cutting off the light. The sounds of the forest grow quiet and subdued.
- The mysterious enchanted beasts of the woods morph into sinister and shadowy creatures. These creatures prove elusive and impossible to catch. They prowl on the edge of sight, as if waiting for the right time to strike.
- Odd screeches and howls occasionally break the ominous silence. Every so often, the desperate screams of a woman, man or child in agony can be heard in the distance, calling to the PCs for help in Norse. The source of these terrible sounds can never be found.

- One or two of the characters steps into a region of thick, viscous black quicksand (Spot Hidden check, worst scorer goes in, as does anyone who rolls 96 or more). A Swim roll at -40 must be made in order for a character to get out on his own. The hapless individual may be pulled out by someone else (compare the rescuer's STR to the quicksand's STR of 15 on the Resistance Table for the percentage chance of success; as many as two persons may combine their SIZE in order to help a person trapped in the quicksand).
- A horribly mangled body is found (sanity check 0/1D3). It appears to have been chewed apart. The victim still possesses a spear, though there is no sign of blood on the tip. The victim's face, which is frozen in a terrible rictus of terror, is the only part of him which is intact.
- After traveling for some time, the Vikings make the terrifying discovery that the trees and undergrowth have somehow closed in behind them, blocking any attempt to go back. The trees, when cut into, leak a thick red substance resembling blood rather than sap. When injured in this manner, the trees moan terribly, and the branches seem to writhe (sanity check 0/1D3). No amount of effort can cut a path back.
- Another mangled body is found, this time surrounded by what appears to be some of the villagers. The villagers are rapidly consuming the body in much the same way as they did Eriksson. If the player characters approach, attack, or otherwise move in, the villagers turn briefly so that their terrible, seeping, mortal wounds can be seen. No blood leaks from the open wounds, and the smell of rotting, rancid flesh exudes from them (sanity check 1/1D6). The obviously undead villagers

bleat and bark briefly, then vanish with inhuman quickness before the Vikings can reach them.

V. A Brief Interlude Off the Path

As the dark and terrible island closes around the Vikings, they are faced with a choice. Ahead, the path seems open, though filled with more tangled undergrowth. To the left appears a bog-filled region, filled with many dangers to all appearances. The path is the obvious choice, but a mysterious voice sounds briefly...

"This way, children...if you would live."

The voice appears to be that of an old woman speaking Norse, and comes from the direction of the bog. Should the characters follow the voice, then they will pass through about a half mile of terrible marsh and bog-land. At every step, death obviously awaits. But somehow, mysteriously, the Vikings are able to sense the correct path. Almost as if they are somehow being guided.

Finally, the Vikings reach a clearing that rises slightly above the bog. Atop this stands a simple hut, raised on stilts. A simple, wooden ladder-stair leads up into the hut. The doorway is open.

Inside, an old hag awaits (come on, you knew this was coming!). She answers no questions, but merely stares at them in frank curiosity. When the Vikings tire of throwing questions at her, she speaks.

"Stand you now, on the Island of the damned, born from the mind of great evil, servant of the dancing bale flame. He seeks you now, but my magics cloak you. Be wary, for your deaths lie close. Listen well to what I say."

"Take you the sword of Ethalorne, the fallen. Yet beware; let no man wield it when it pierces the heart of the one it was fashioned to slay!"

"Draw forth the blood of he in whom a demon resides. Let he whose blind eye he needs not, rip it forth. Let the Sorcerer crush and mix it with the demon-borne blood, using the forbidden rituals of the wælcyrrian. When the moon bleeds red over the pool of green, let he who knows his death drink from this cup."

"When the path becomes unclear and filled with glamour, let the child of his father's sin lead the way. All others shall lead you astray."

"When the beast rears its terrible form, let he who knows his doom accept it. Let those who yet live fight the beast, and let their battle cry be 'Eia, Eia Nyat Mia!'"

"Let the sword wielded by no man pierce the pillar of flame, the terrible heart of Dark Father, and the tie which binds him to his God. Through the breach thus made, pass you into the world you knew."

"This is my word, and I shall say no more."

With that, the old woman vanishes. The hut and the bogs also begin to fade and vanish, returning the Vikings to the dread woods they thought they had left behind.

The old hag is actually one of the many masks of Nyarlathotep. He meddles in the affairs of men in order to sow confusion and facilitate his long term plans. Plans which don't involve certain members of the player party dying in a nightmare realm. His advise, if taken, can actually aid them in slaying the Dark Father and his servant, the Spawn of Tultzscha (which is pretty much impossible, otherwise).

Success in this endeavor will require that the party keep Anlan alive, for hers is the hand that is no man's, which must wield Ethalorne's Blade (though there's always the "throw the sword at the pillar of flame" option). They must take blood from Brytnoth, and they must rip out Njal's eye (though he needn't be alive at the time, and he doesn't really need it even if he is alive). This will require a sanity check for Njal of 1/1D6, and a sanity check for all other observers of 0/1. Only Wulfmære has the skills to mix the necessary concoction out of the

ROUND ONE

Njal's eye and Brytnoth's blood (he is the one the Hag refers to as "the Sorcerer").

Lastly, after consuming the awful concoction, Sigferd must accept his fate and be devoured by the Spawn of Tulzscha (this, along with the "battle cry" will complete the spell that will weaken the Spawn and make it beatable). When the Spawn is defeated, Anlan must pierce the pillar of green flame with Ethalorne's Blade. Only if all these things are done in this way can any of the party hope to survive.

As fate would have it (or, more accurately, the whimsy of Nyarlathotep), this will also reveal pretty much everyone's dark secret.

VI. The Undead Villagers Attack

While they were in the bogs, the Vikings temporarily left the Dark Father's senses (fell off his radar screen, so to speak). When the bogs and the Hag vanish, the Vikings can once more be clearly sensed. Such a disappearance sends the sleeping persona of Cardinal Gregor into a panic. Not knowing what happened to them and how they left his vision, he decides to abandon his efforts to drive them to the Pool of Tulzscha. He sends some of his undead minions to devour them alive, so they can spew their remains into the pool once they are safely dead.

Not long after the bogs vanish, the terrible undead villagers move in and attack. There should be one villagers for every Viking, plus an extra villager for whoever is currently wielding/carrying Ethalorne's Blade.

Undead Villagers

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 18 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Claw 35%, damage 1+1D4+db; Bite 30%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: n/a

Spells: none

Armor: none

COMBAT NOTE (1): The undead villagers will attack with claw first. If they make a successful Claw attack, then they have grasped the target. From that point on, until the target breaks free, they will make a Bite attack each round instead. Breaking free requires a successful STR vs STR check on the Resistance Table.

COMBAT NOTE (2): Although Tulzscha zombies are created by entirely different forces than "conventional" zombies, they still have that good old zombie quality — impaling weapons do only one point of damage, and all other weapons do half damage. They do have one weakness however. Fire, as well as Ethalorne's Blade, inflict double damage. Ethalorne's Blade need not be wielded by a woman against the zombie villagers.

COMBAT NOTE (3): When a zombie is slain, it falls apart, and from the remains pours a multitude of small worms (sanity 0/1D3).

Even with the undead villagers dead, the Vikings have only one way to go. All other ways are blocked by the dread flora of the island.

VII. The Stairs of Illusion

As the party approaches the center of the island, they must pass through the ruins of an ancient looking city (all routes around the city are blocked). As they walk through the streets of the dead city, stairs will appear in front of them, and all around them, like a maze. People of the clan whom they know to be dead will beckon them to come (sanity 0/1D6).

- Njal's dead brother will call to him from atop a stair of glorious black marble... "this way my brother...you will die without my aid."
- Wulfmære's youngest sister, as bright and cheerful as ever she was, will call to him to follow her up a silvery stair. "I forgive you, my beloved brother. But you must come this way. Save me, please... do not fail me again."

- Brytnoth's mother and father stand atop a stair of darkest, black stone... "Brytnoth. Our long lost child...come away from the evil that lies within you."
- Sigferd's young son, who died from a fall off the cliff-shores back home, will appear on a stair of white stone... "Father, I am not dead. I avoided my fate. You can avoid yours as well. Follow me...I know the way."
- Anlan's beautiful mother will appear atop a stair of gold. "Ah, my dear. How far you have flown from me. Come with me, your father and brother are this way!"
- Sveinbjörn (nonplayer character) sees his beloved dead wife, Herdis, who beckons to him from atop a stair of crumbling grey marble.
- Atop a clear crystal stair, a tall man of foreign features and the vestments of a Christian priest will beckon to Skarphedin... "Come my son, flesh of my flesh. Follow me if you would live."

Of them all, only Skarphedin's vision is a true one. It represents the last kernel of subconscious sanity within his Father, Cardinal Gregor. This little bit of the decent man that the Cardinal used to be is trying desperately to save his son. All other visions lead to certain death through a portal that will drop them into the Pool of Tulzscha.

Sveinbjörn will rush up the stairs, vanishing over the top. A dreadful scream is heard, followed by ominous silence.

If the players discerned the meaning of the Old Hag's words, and follow Skarphedin's vision, then they will find themselves in a giant underground chamber that lies at the center of the island. Herein lies the Pool of Tulzscha, the Spawn of Tulzscha, and the Pillar of Green Fire.

VIII. The Pool of Tulzscha

In a massive underground chamber in the center of the island lies the Pool of Tulzscha. The chamber is easily a mile across, and the pool dominates most of it. The top of the chamber is made of some kind of semi-transparent crystal. Through it can be seen the light of a blood red moon.

At one end of the cavern, in the awful, writhing, and luminescent green liquid, lies what appears to be the Geslægen. It is terribly aged and corrupted. It's boards seem old and worm eaten. It's once proud surface is stained black with rot. Despite these depredations, it still remains afloat, apparently seaworthy.

In the center of the pool can be seen a giant pillar of green flame, dancing and capering in unholy abandon. It is somehow terrible to behold, and threatens the very sanity of all who view it (sanity check 1D3/1D20 for viewing this incarnation of Tulzscha). At the base of the pillar of fire is a large ornate stone platform. The pillar seems to rise from a gaping hole in this platform, and bubbling greenish fluid pours forth around it, spilling into a network of channels from which the terrible liquid pours into the pool.

Under the bale light of the pillar of green Flame and the blood red moon, our intrepid Vikings must venture forth across the terrible green fluid of the pool, to the center platform.

The journey across, though terrifying, is surprisingly uneventful. Once they land upon the center platform, there appears suddenly a gout of the sickly green liquid from the pillar. The liquid takes the form of millions of terrible worms. The worms, in their turn, join together into a writhing mass, and take the form of a monstrous beast.

The beast (sanity check 1D6/2D6) moves unnaturally, as if its many tiny parts are not quite in sync. At its base is a giant maw, and from this base flow numerous amorphous tentacles. To get to the Pillar, which is their only

ROUND ONE

way out, the player characters must first defeat the beast...the spawn of Tulzscha.

Spawn of Tulzscha

STR 25 CON 30 SIZ 55 INT 5 POW 20
DEX 10 HP 43

Damage Bonus: +4D6

Weapons: Crushing Tentacle 30% (1D3 tentacle attacks each round), damage 4D6+db.

Skills: n/a

Spells: none

Armor: 8

COMBAT NOTE (1): The Spawn is invulnerable to heat, fire, cold and acid attacks. Impaling weapons do minimum damage.

COMBAT NOTE (2): If the Spawn consumes Sigferd after he has consumed the elixir made from Njal's eye and Brytnoth's blood, it will be afflicted with a terrible weakness. It will be stunned for two rounds, after which it will inflict only minimum damage, and it's chance to hit will be reduced to 10%. Lastly, the foul elixir will cause it to be grievously vulnerable to attack. If the players have surmised this from the Old Hag's words, then they will know that the thing is vulnerable. All that is needed is for any of them to hit it with a single point of damage (he/she must do at least nine points of damage to do this, because of the creature's armor). At this point, the beast will grasp whoever struck the final blow and crush the life out of him, even as it falls apart and dies.

Once the beast is slain, the cavern and the entire island will begin to come apart (the sleeping persona of Cardinal Gregor is nearly dead, having imbued too much of himself into the beast; only the tenuous connection with his dark master, Tulzscha keeps him alive).

The characters must pierce the pillar of green flame with Ethalorne's Blade. The sword was fashioned for this purpose (to send Tulzscha back from whence he came). It was fashioned for a woman, however (a hero whose

dreaming self perished long ago). Only another woman may wield it. Any other wielder will die instantly the moment the blade even touches the pillar of green fire.

Even if Anlan is not still alive, all hope is not yet lost. The Sword can also be thrown at the pillar (using Throw skill). Should the thrower miss, they will be horrified to see the blade vanish into the terrible blazing pillar. Fortunately, the blade is tougher than this. It will re-appear in the wielder's hands a few moments later. But time is running out. The island is sinking, and the cavern is collapsing. The characters will have only three total tries before they will be crushed under falling rock or drowned by the horrible torrent of the in-rushing sea.

IX. Conclusion

Upon passing through the pillar of bale, green flame, everything goes black. The surviving player characters awaken to the sounds of the sea, and the gentle creaking of timbers. They can sense bright sunlight beating down upon their faces, though their eyes seem crusted over and difficult to open. When at last they open their eyes, they find that they are once more on the Geslægen, apparently surrounded by a calm and endless sea. Once again they are weakened with hunger and plagued with a terrible thirst.

But over the eastern horizon can be seen ... something. Slowly, their eyes make out the shape of a mist-covered shoreline in the distance. Perhaps all is not lost after all.

But then, the terrible sounds of horns sound from the shore, and as the mists part, the shape of the shoreline becomes all too frighteningly clear, and all too familiar...

Fade to black....scenario ends.

PLAYER CHARACTER BACKGROUNDS

NJAL (ni-YAL)

You are the second son of the clan chief's eldest son, Erik. Your father and grandfather are greatly respected. You suspect that you command the Geslægen because of this respect, though there was some grumbling that you are a bit young and "unseasoned" for the job.

You have always lived in the shadow of your older brother, Eriksson, who commands the Vendu ("Wind's Eye"). He is much like your father, and has been on countless Viking excursions. He has earned his own respect in the eyes of the Njalsson clan. By contrast, this is your first time a-viking. It is no surprise that all of the crew of the Geslægen ("Slayer," pronounced yuh-SLAY-en) are either very young or very old. Unlike your crew, Eriksson's crew is made up of experienced warriors. Despite this, you intend to show everyone that the Geslægen is a match for any other longboat.

A SECRET YOU SHARE WITH NO-ONE: You are not much of a swordsman. There is a simple reason for this. You were born with very poor eyesight. Your left eye is effectively blind. Despite this, you have learned to compensate. But swordplay is almost beyond you. Fortunately, you are the son of a prominent clan family. Your mother, who coddled you as a child, has been able to hide your infirmity from the other warriors. Weaponmaster Oswolf knows, but for some reason has not shared this information with even your father. You suspect that your mother holds something over him that he fears to be revealed. Your mother never intended that all her hard work be brought to naught by your going a-viking. But you demanded your place, and it was given to you in deference for your father and your grandfather. If you can prove yourself a brave and solid leader, then surely no-one will care about your affliction.

how you feel about your fellow vikings

SKARPHEDIN (skarp-HAY-then) Your best friend since the two of you were little more than babes. If there is anyone you can trust, it is Skarphedin. He's a little slow at times, but having his brawn at your side has kept you out of a number of youthful brawls. You are the sole person he has trusted with his secret. Everyone knows he is a bastard, but only you know that he is the son of an outsider, a Christian priest! Having seen how weak and useless Christian priests generally are, you constantly marvel at his stature and fighting ability.

WULFMÆRE (wolf-MARE) Another of your circle of friends when you were young. There was always some distance between you, though, because he was the son of a wælcyrian (shaman). You were glad when his father picked Wulfmære's brother to be trained as his replacement. He's a much better warrior than he is a wælcyrian.

BRYTNOTH (bright-NOTH) You don't know much about him. His mother and father died when he was young. Something about this young berserker disturbs you. He has much more experience in battle than you, though, so you must show him respect.

SIGFERD (sig-FERTH) A dishonored old warrior who froze in battle. Such a one as this would be ill-luck on any ship. It is strange, though, that he would dishonor himself in such a way when he is so seasoned at war. Despite your initial inclination to reject him, you accepted him into your crew. You're still not sure why you did.

ANLAN (an-LUN) As a skald (warrior-poet), his presence on your ship should go a good ways toward countering the ill fortune upon your ship that may result from Brytnoth and Sigferd. He is not born of your clan, so you know little about him, but he has been adopted by your clan after his own clan was slain by northern raiders.

SKARPHEDIN (skarp-hay-then)

Everyone in clan Njalsson is pretty much agreed that you are not the cleverest of warriors (though few would dare say it to your face). You are, however, one of the largest. You've never really stopped growing. In a clan filled with tall folk, you stand out like a giant oak amongst saplings. Between your immense size and your natural fighting skill, even the older warriors have learned to steer clear of offending you. Fortunately, that's pretty easy to do. You're friendly by nature. You'd rather sing a bawdy Viking song (badly) than cleave a man in twain.

A SECRET YOU SHARE WITH NO-ONE: Everyone knows you are a bastard. Your mother never admitted who your father was, though your grandfather beat her nearly to death in an effort to find out. Only with you has she shared the truth. You are the son of a foreigner, a missionary priest from a far distant land called Rome. Very handsome. His brief dalliance with your mother led to you. It was her one reckless act before your step-father took her as his wife. You keep this secret close because others would lose ALL respect for you if they knew your blood was mixed with that of an outsider. The one person you have entrusted with this information is your closest friend, Njal.



how you feel about your fellow vikings

NJAL (ni-YAL) Your best friend since the two of you were tiny. You would trust him with your life.

WULFMÆRE (wolf-MARE) You, Njal and Wulfmære were the troublemakers of the clan when you were youths. Wulfmære always knew when you were about to get caught, so you never did. That's not so surprising to you, since he was the son of a wælcyrían (shaman). But Njal always thought it was odd. You were both glad when the Gods chose a different path for Wulfmære than his father.

BRYTNOTH (bright-NOTH) He scares you. You hide this, of course, but something about him frightens you in a way no foe ever has. Wulfmære says there is some kind of curse about him, and Njal just nods. Which makes you wonder why Njal took him on board. But Njal is smart, so it must be a wise thing that you just can't understand.

SIGFERD (sig-FERTH) You have always enjoyed his tales of old battles. You heard about him dishonoring himself by freezing in combat. You couldn't believe it. Even though none of the other boats would take him, you're glad Njal accepted him. He may be old and dishonored, but he's good with a sword. Perhaps he will smile and laugh again if he restores his honor.

ANLAN (an-LUN) He's nice. You like him. It doesn't matter to you that he is from another clan. He tells great tales, and his songs are so good. Njal says he will bring good luck. That makes you glad.

WULFMAE (woʊf-mare)

You are the eldest son of Halldórr, the clan wælcyrían (shaman). As such, you would normally have studied the hidden mysteries from him in order to take your father's place one day. But you had little interest or talent in such things. You preferred to learn fighting skills from weapon-master Oswolf. Although your father's determined efforts gave you a smattering of arcane knowledge, you never really acquired a taste for it (you'd rather get your blood at the point of a sword than from reading the entrails of some beast). When you reached the age of 11, your father finally gave up and began training your youngest brother Skeggi. This was fine with you, as it allowed you to put your full concentration on learning the ways of battle. The one benefit from all your father's teaching is that your fellow Vikings hold you in some small degree of awe and respect, owing to your closeness with the spirit world.

A SECRET YOU SHARE WITH NO-ONE: It is not actually true that you have none of your father's talent with the other world. While you have always been good with a sword, you once possessed a natural gift for the mysteries of wælcyrían magic. But something terrible happened when you were a boy of eight years. You alone amongst all the clan know that your younger sister, Halla, was not slain by a wolf, as your father claimed. She was part of a terrible blood sacrifice offered by your father to dark and terrible gods whose names even now are too terrible to recall. You witnessed the whole thing when you snuck out of your bed and followed your father into the dark, moonless night. You kept your father's secret for all these years. But from that dark moment you have dreaded the power of the wælcyrían, and your fear made you an inept pupil. Sometimes, at night, you can still hear the terrible voices, with their dreadful whispers, promising you untold power in exchange for your service. Sometimes you hear your sister's voice as well. Calling out for you to save her. To do what you failed to do so long ago.

how you feel about your fellow vikings

NJAL (ni-YAL) He and Skarphedin are your best friends. The three of you caused a great deal of trouble as youths. You have an uncanny sense of danger, however, and it kept the three of you from ever being caught. Njal was always worried about your eventually becoming wælcyrían, and all of you rejoiced when your father turned in another direction.

SKARPHEDIN (skarp-HAY-then) A dumb, loveable ox. You'd fight beside him any day, though you wouldn't bet on him in a battle of wits.

BRYTNOTH (bright-NOTH) There is something evil about this young berserker. You can sense a disturbing aura about him. You asked your father about him when you were younger. He just smiled and gave no answer. In light of later events, this disturbs you. You have no idea why Njal accepted him. You advised against it.

SIGFERD (sig-FERTH) A dishonored old man who froze up in combat. That's how the story goes. He doesn't talk to you much, so you have no idea what really happened. Seems like a strange thing for a man of his experience and past valor to do, though.

ANLAN (an-LUN) Njal says he'll be good luck because he's a skald (warrior-poet). But he's from another clan, and you really haven't had the time to get to know him. His ballads are certainly good. You hope that his sword hand is as talented as his voice.

wulfmaere spells

Flesh Ward*

Disembodiment*

**If you are not familiar with these spells, ask your Keeper for clarification. Remember that you don't necessarily want your fellow Vikings to know about your spells unless necessary.*

BRYTNOTH (bright-NOTh)

You were born an orphan. Your father died a-viking, and your mother died in childbirth. You were taken in and raised by Ormr son of Ásgeirr. All of your life you have spoken very little, keeping your responses to a terse one or two words if possible. You prefer silence, except in battle, where your screams drive the enemy into terror. You don't make friends, and others have always found you a little...disturbing. Despite this, you have earned a place for yourself. For, although you are not so large, you are wicked and deadly with an axe. Your uncanny ability with these weapons is almost unnatural, particularly in light of your youth. You've never been trained by weaponmaster Oswolf, as the others have. You never really needed it. You developed your own style, and it is deadly. You are as good with one hand as the other, and sometimes you wield an axe in each hand. Nothing smells as sweet to you as the blood of your enemies. Despite your age, you have already been on four Viking raids. But you make the other warriors nervous. They call you "berserker" (you're proud of this title). They call you worse things when they think you cannot hear.

A SECRET YOU SHARE WITH NO-ONE: There is a reason that you frighten others. Although they cannot see the thing within you, they can sense it. It has been with you since you were a babe. Even before you could speak, it was teaching you, nurturing you. It made you into a devastating berserker, a dread warrior. You call the thing inside you Cwalu ("Death"). It is your mother, your father, and your best friend. With Cwalu, there is no need for anyone else.



how you feel about your fellow vikings

NJAL (ni-YAL) The pompous and pampered son of the clan chieftain. Unlike his older brother Eriksson, he's not even that good with a sword. Unfortunately, the other boats have refused to take you. For all Cwalu's many benefits, his mark upon you disturbs others too much. Njal's was the only boat that would have you.

SKARPHEDIN (skarp-HAY-then) Dumb as an ox. He could prove useful. Certainly his ability in combat is unquestioned (he's like a giant rolling boulder, nearly unstoppable).

WULFMÆRE (wolf-MARE) This one bears watching. Although his father proclaimed him unsuitable as his heir, the son of a wælcyrrian (shaman) can be dangerous to one such as you. The way he looks at you sometimes, he seems almost to be able to see Cwalu within you.

SIGFERD (sig-FERTH) A useless old warrior who should stay home with the women. You had to save his life when he froze in battle and brought dishonor upon himself. You're surprised that Njal allowed him on board. All the other longboats turned him away.

ANLAN (an-LUN) A Skald (warrior-poet), his pretty tales and ballads make you sick. They lack the TRUE sense of battle. The taste of your opponent's blood on your lips, the feel of his bones breaking under your blows, the sound of his screams and the cries of his women. Ah, now THAT would make a suitable ballad.

SIGFERÐ (sig-ferth)

You are an old warrior trying to redeem his honor. You were once a respected Viking. But the death of your youngest son, Erlan, must have placed some ill curse upon you. In the midst of a battle, you simply froze in terror. An enemy warrior nearly ended your life that day. But the young berserker Brytnoth cleaved the attacker nearly in twain before he could slay you. Even near death could not release you from your strange paralysis. With all the Njalsson warriors looking on, you stood there and did nothing. When the battle was over, you finally fell to your knees and wept. Such behavior was not merely dishonorable, but frightening as well. You quickly found yourself shunned by those who were once your comrades. When Eadrifh announced this expedition, you quickly tried to join. But no ship would take you. Only Njal, the young leader of the longship Geslægen would have you, and only because your skills outweighed the possible ill-omen that he might take on.

A SECRET YOU SHARE WITH NO-ONE: There is a terrible reason you froze that day in battle. You saw your son's death as he fell off the cliffs near your home. Then, even more terrible, you saw your own death. You found yourself standing as an observer, unable to move. You could see yourself fighting a terrible enemy. A monstrous enemy. Not a man at all, but some kind of terrible beast. So horrible was the sight, that the details now lie beyond your recall. But the rest is as clear as the morning air. You saw yourself dragged screaming into the maw of the beast and devoured alive. Your own screams echoed in your head. You had thought yourself recovered from the vision. Surely it was a waking dream. Perhaps an illusion cast by the enemy's shaman. But now, the dread of that vision chills you to the bone once more. For when you stepped onto the Geslægen and beheld your crew, you knew you were going to your death. For these were the very same warriors who fought along-side you against the terrible beast in your vision.

how you feel about your fellow vikings

NJAL (ni-YAL) The younger son of the clan chief, he's a nice enough lad. Too nice, in all probability. His mother sheltered him too much, and he is not the leader and warrior his brother Eriksson is.

SKARPHEDIN (skarp-HAY-then) A slow witted lad, who always enjoyed your tales of old battles. He's easily the largest man you have ever met, and he is not done growing yet. You pity the foe who comes against him.

WULFMÆRE (wolf-MARE) The eldest son of the clan wælcyrían (shaman), Wulfmære should by rights have been training to replace his father. But it appears that he is a better warrior than a wælcyrían. His father would seem to agree, since he chose his younger son to succeed him.

BRYTNOTH (bright-NOTH) A very disturbing lad. He's a berserker, and their like tend to be odd. But there is something more to him than that. Something disturbing. But he saved your life, so you are honor bound to give him respect until this debt is paid.

ANLAN (an-LUN) He's a skald (warrior-poet), and thus holds a position of respect in the clan despite his youth, and despite the fact that he hails originally from a neighboring clan. There's something odd about this lad too, though. Not in a bad way. Just something mysterious that bears watching.

ISLAND OF THE DAMNED

ANLAN (an-LUN)

You are a child of misfortune, adopted into the Njalsson clan. You hail originally from clan Gudmundr to the north. The wife of your father's brother was of clan Njalsson. When your clan was decimated by enemies to the east, your family sought refuge with clan Njalsson. They never made it. Your family was waylaid along the road, and you were left for dead. Alone amongst those of your family, you survived. You wandered for days, and finally encountered hunters from clan Njalsson. It has taken many months for the clan to trust you. They do not give such trust to outsiders lightly, even to those tied to them by marriage. But over time, you won them over with your kindness and sincerity. Your training as a skald (warrior-poet) helped. The women of the clan were the first to open up to you. Taking pity, no doubt, on your terribly scarred face. Eventually, your ballads and tales won them all over. You are now an excepted member of clan Njalsson. When Njal called upon you to join his crew, you were hesitant at first. You had not been a-viking before. But Njal is a convincing young man, and he proved impossible to refuse. Before you knew it, you were sailing off onto the sea aboard Geslægen.

A SECRET YOU SHARE WITH NO-ONE: You are not who you pretend to be. Anlan was your brother. Though it was forbidden, he taught you the arts of the Skald. It soon became apparent that you had more talent in that regard than did he. Were it not for circumstances, however, you would not have been able to practice the art of the Skald as you are now. For you were born with the name of Gunnhildr...a woman. When the family fled their enemies, your father feared that you would be raped (you were a pretty young woman then, though a bit too muscular from many hours of forbidden training with a sword). Your father had you dress in your brother's clothing to hide your femininity. It worked. You were not raped. Instead, you were nearly killed when you took a terrible blow to the face from a hammer. But the scars healed. It was your good fortune that the one who cared for you was a woman of the Njalsson clan named Æsa. Eldest daughter of the clan's shaman, it was she that realized (for obvious reasons) that you were not what you seemed. It was also she who suggested the ruse. For, while it is unlikely that clan Njalsson would have taken in a lone woman, a skald is blessing to any clan.

how you feel about your fellow vikings

NJAL (ni-YAL) A nice enough man, though a bit arrogant. He is the younger son of the clan chieftain, and so is deserving of some respect. But respect often needs be earned, and he has not yet earned it.

SKARPHEDIN (skarp-HAY-then) A huge and handsome man. Yes, he can be a bit slow sometimes, but he's not as stupid as he or the others of the clan seem to think. More importantly, he is a very friendly, and loves to hear your ballads. He is one of the first friends in clan Njalsson you came to trust (though you would not trust your secret with even him). In truth, you find yourself dangerously attracted to this bear of a man.

WULFMÆRE (wolf-MARE) You don't know him well. He is the son of the Njalsson clan wælcyr-ian (shaman). But he apparently chose the path of a warrior instead of the magic of the mysterious ones. Being of the same family as Æsa, he has come close to discovering your secret a time or two. Thankfully, he is not as suspicious or unpleasant as his father.

BRYTNOTH (bright-NOTH) There is something very strange about this man. When he looks at you, it seems as if he is looking deep into you, and his eyes seem to say that he'd as soon eat you as look at you. He is a berserker, and fierce in battle, so you have heard. You hope so, since this longboat is rather short on experienced warriors.

SIGFERD (sig-FERTH) You can't help but feel a great deal of pity for this old warrior. He was dishonored in battle when he froze in place before the enemy. It seems an odd thing for a man of his experience and valor to do. You are glad that Njal has given him a chance to redeem himself. his redemption would make a wonderful ballad.



Introduction

When I was approached by Chaosium to write this convention round, I approached it with two ideas in mind.

First, the usual fare of Deep Ones, Dark Young and/or Avatars of Nyarlathotep would simply not do as antagonists. I wanted to give a moment in the spotlight to some of those poor neglected Mythos entities whose powers have seldom shaken the wits of investigators.

Second, I wanted to create an event that focused on the roleplaying abilities of the players themselves, rather than on the story I was creating. While the "story" is hopefully engaging, the intent is to challenge the players to explore changes that occur in their character within the context of the scenario. Be warned, by intentional design, this adventure is an extremely roleplay intensive foray for both Keeper and Investigator.

This set my task for me. While creating an

interesting story was a matter for careful planning and pacing, and more than a few moral dilemmas, the bulk of my efforts wound up focused on the investigators' personalities; who they were, how they became the people they are today and what motivates them in their daily lives. The idea was to craft each investigator with a past, a present and a future, and integrate these various aspects into the scenario design.

I considered this an inherently risky design, as it requires specific personalities to interact with the plot lines of the tale rather than being reachable by the full gamut of humanity. If successful, it should provide a memorable event for all concerned. If it fails, I will look like an idiot - a not uncommon state of affairs.

I leave it to you, the Keepers and Investigators, to determine the success of my efforts.

Deane P. Goodwin
Oil City PA
July 2004

Risam Vellere

In which the investigators see the truth of many things

Saeferneford, Britain, November 999 A.D.

Helos, a Greek Occultist, has acquired a complete copy of Al-Azif. Having a desire to keep this acquisition secret, he has sought the most distant translator possible. Posing as a rich merchant, he has come to Saeferne Abbey and engaged the services of Albinus, a translator. His financial "offering" to the church has gained him access to Albinus, and will protect him unless there is conclusive evidence of wrongdoing on his part.

During the process of translation, some dark recess of Albinus' soul has been awakened...

Keeper's Information

Albinus has developed an unholy fascination with "The One Who Sees Beyond" (Daoleth). As our tale begins, Albinus is in his cell attempting to summon Daoleth while the rest of the abbey sits at their evening meal.

Due to a flaw in the translation, this summoning does *not* go as planned. Daoleth appears long enough to drive Albinus mad, but the gateway collapses at this point. Daoleth is able to home in on the residue of the summoning and stirring from his resting place is proceeding toward Saeferne Abbey.

Daoleth's Influence in Play

As Daoleth approaches, he begins to "rend the veils" in terms of altering the personae of the PCs and NPCs. Their "public" personality retreats more and more into the background and their true "hidden" nature becomes more apparent.

Each Player starts the scenario with a character sheet, a brief personality description

(Who You Are) and a sealed envelope containing their hidden personality traits (Who You Are, Revised). At a time of the Keeper's choosing, have the players open the envelope and begin integrating this personality into their RP efforts.

Other events will become available during play. See the Sidebar below entitled: "Veil-Rending Events".

Keeper Option: During times of stress or concentration, players make a POWx3 roll. Success allows them to act in accordance with their public persona; failure invokes the secondary, hidden agenda. This is a less desirable option, as it tends to disrupt game flow, but is included for those players who may not be implementing these changes on their own.

Player's Information

It is November 999 A.D. You are attached to Saeferne Abbey in one capacity or another. Saeferne Abbey is located in Saeferneford and is home to the Bishop of Saeferneford.

You find your duties extremely onerous of late, as there is an air of despair among your flock, with many rumors about the end of all things as the millennium approaches. The fiery red light of a comet in the sky is not helping to allay these fears. Many seem to be returning to worship of the old gods.

A Quiet Repast

The investigators are gathered, with all the other residents of the abbey, for the evening meal. Use this time as "free-form RP" time, allowing the players some character development time. Establish an air of calm tranquility as the norm for the abbey; all conversations are quiet and calm, etc.

Establish, through NPC conversation, the following pieces of information: Albinus is working on a translation of an unknown document for Helos, a wealthy Greek merchant; Albinus has been acting strangely of late, more withdrawn and agitated than is his wont; Albinus has a fondness for riddles and puzzles; Albinus is not at supper.

When the Keeper deems the time is right, the quiet meal will be disrupted by the single peal of an enormous bell. This single tone will be so loud the very building shakes, dust and soot roll up in clouds from their resting places, crockery rattles on the tables, some falling to the floor to add their destruction to the general cacophony. The shock may cause one or two old

monks to have heart attacks on the spot. The investigators should not be stricken in this way, but a die roll might be indicated to put them in the mood. Investigators may attempt **First Aid** or **Medicine** rolls to treat the heart attack victims, but to no avail. SAN loss for these deaths: 0/1.

As this crisis passes, the door opens, crashing against the wall, and Albinus enters and speaks:

"He comes! I have seen the Lord Most High and his judgment approaches! Prepare yourselves and be not afraid, for the Lord sees beyond and knows your soul. Prepare ye the Way of the Lord!"

Albinus drops to the ground, dead. Examination of the body reveals that Albinus has torn his eyes from their sockets with his fingers. Seeing this occasions a 1/1d6 SAN loss.

The Assignment and an Entrance

As the events in the dining hall are calming down, the Bishop himself will gather the investigators together and charge them with exploring the mystery they just witnessed. The Bishop is concerned that the Enemy is at work here, and wants to be certain the abbey is clear of all evil influences.

At this time, the door will open to reveal a gaunt weathered figure of a man in tattered and dusty clerical garb. He carries a staff in one hand and visible at his belt is a leather scourge. This is Aspicio, a wandering flagellant priest and prophet of the End of Days. His demeanor is that of a loud, mesmerizing prophet who is certain that the judgment of God is near, when all shall be judged and found wanting, to suffer eternal torment. Play him as a very "Fire and Brimstone, you are all doomed" type of individual.

The astute Keeper will find ways to confuse this character with the "one who comes" from Albinus' final words. The Keeper may use him to obstruct, distract or assist as necessary.

Veil-Rending Events

These events may be introduced at times of the Keeper's choosing. The tolling of the bell will always foreshadow these events.1) The random death or madness of an unimportant NPC. This should generally occur "off camera". May not occasion a SAN loss, but should stress the urgency and time importance of events in play.2) Glimpses of the past and or future of the investigator's current location. This event will place the investigators IN the actual physical setting; it is not in the nature of a "movie". May be done with the entire party or selected individuals. **SAN Loss:** 0/1 plus any associated with the actual scene viewed.3) Individual investigators will revisit a past personal event and learn of its impact on their life. (ala Scrooge in "A Christmas Carol") Owing to the personal nature of this event, no SAN roll is required. Enacting this event will occasion a loss of 1 point of SAN. This loss may increase to 1d3 if a successful **Idea** roll indicates an understanding of the impact of the event.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF Saeferneford and the Saeferne River Valley

Deserters from a Roman Legion who chose to stay rather than return to Rome began the original settlement of Saeferneford in 450 A.D. Primary occupations were those of fishing and farming. The residents maintained a mixed Mithraic and Celtic religious structure until the widespread arrival of Christianity. These Mithraic religious traditions continue, although they are not done openly. Currently Saeferneford is the property of Lord Robert the Grave, first Earl of Saeferne and is home to the Bishop of Saeferneford, under whose auspices the abbey has gained in size and political power.

Aspicio is also useful as a victim of a gruesome death, preferably in the church apse near a carving of a bull.

Aspicio Speaks

"What evil bestirs itself here? Can ye not smell it? Can ye not taste it? SATAN stirs in this place! Beware, ye blasphemers! Beware ye idolators! The Day of the Lord is at hand!"

"The Lord sees beyond your false piety! The Lord sees your vile wickedness! Yet you allow Satan to walk these halls? Your doom is come to you. By your own actions does it come!"

"Prepare ye for thy judgment and know that ye shall burn in the fires of your master for all eternity!"

"Repent now, or PERISH!"

The Investigation Begins

The three natural places to begin the search for answers are through talking to Helos, going to Albinus' cell or looking at Albinus' desk in the

scriptorium.

Finding Helos

Helos will be in his room, nervously looking over his translations. He is concerned about what exactly Albinus did as well as having a fear of being branded a heretic or Satan worshiper.

Helos is aware of the precise section of the book that Albinus was fascinated with, but will be reluctant to reveal this to investigators unless he is **Persuaded** of the need. He will further seek assurances that he is not suspected of any wrongdoing and that his manuscripts will not be confiscated. An **Insight** or **Idea** roll will indicate that Helos should be handled somewhat more delicately than might otherwise be allowed, owing to his generous contributions to the Bishop and the Abbey.

If convinced of his and his manuscripts' safety, Helos will allow investigators to look through both versions of Al-Azif. Literate or not, the investigators should be able to identify the drawing matching the one on the floor of Albinus' cell. If this drawing is found, Helos can provide details for the summoning of "He Who Sees Beyond", although this is the flawed translation.

Exploring Albinus' Cell

This small (4'x6') cell is in a state of extreme disorder. Albinus' sleeping pallet is crumpled and stuffed into one corner of the cell. On the floor is a strange symbol scribed in charcoal. Unfortunately, portions of this symbol have been smudged into illegibility, most likely from Albinus' movements in his maddened state. Small gobbets of eye matter and blood are spattered about and may be seen with a **Spot Hidden** roll. **SAN Loss: 0/1** Lying on the floor is a piece of parchment bearing the mistranslated summoning ritual in Greek.

Albinus' Scriptorium Desk

Albinus' area of the scriptorium is a cluttered mass of quills, inks, parchments, documents and the general equipment of a translator. The original Al-Azif material that remains untranslated is present, although those pages that have been completed have been returned to Helos. A complete second copy of Al-Azif has been made and is safe in the abbey library. As Albinus was completing the translations into Greek, a second copy of those was being made as well, and being placed in the library. A Spot Hidden will reveal a cipher on Albinus' desk. When deciphered, this should lead the investigators to four sources of information:

Deconstructing the Cipher

Allow the investigators some time to work with this puzzle on their own. Failing that, the investigators may, with several Idea or Insight rolls, assemble the components of the cipher in their proper order.

The proper sequences are:

IIVP73 - A book in the Jupiter section of the abbey library. "Liber Ivonis" - This document contains the correct ritual of summoning and one for unsummoning.

13VEN6 - A book in the Venus section of the abbey library. "Daemonolorum" - This docu-

ment contains the instructions for creating the "Star Stones" AKA Elder Sign.

DELT TAURUM - refers to the legend of "Delt and the Bull", a legend known to Wecta. (See endnotes for tale)

HELOS - Refers to Helos the Greek

RISAM VELLERE - "Render of Veils", the name used in the Liber Ivonis as the name for "He Who Sees Beyond".

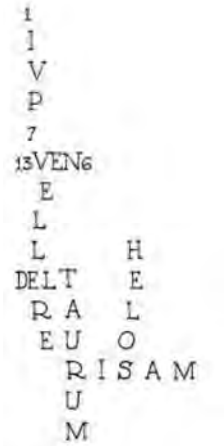
Detail of the Legend and the library entries follow:



Delt Taurum

Investigators hearing the legend of Delt and the Bull may, extract the following information, each requiring a successful Insight roll.

- * 5 Star Stones will be needed to complete the binding.
- * The presence of the Bull will improve the chances of success. (effectively +1 POW to caster)
- * Performing the rituals in an underground location will likewise improve their chances for success. (effectively +1 POW to caster)



* Some being named or related to Delt may be responsible.

These clues can lead to the investigators finding themselves:

Under the Gaze of the Bull

The Mithraist's Mithraeum on the island in the Saeferne River has a complete tauroctony in place, a carving of Mithras and the sacred bull. The Guard has knowledge of this, as he is in fact the leader of the group, but it is up to the player to come forth with this information. The rituals of summoning and unsummoning can be performed anywhere, but doing so in the mithraeum will effectively add +2 POW to the caster's (only) POW for the duration of the events.

11VP73

The Liber Ivonis is located in the 1st shelf of the Jupiter section of the library, being the 73rd tome in this section.

This book contains the correct ritual of summoning and also contains one for unsummoning.

13VEN6

The Daemonolorum is located in the 13th shelf of the Venus section of the library, being the 6th tome in this section.

This book contains the instructions for creating the "Lapis ex Caelis (Stones of the Heavens)" AKA Elder Sign.

Learning Unthinkable Knowledge

Delt and the Bull

This legend can be heard from Wecta, a village elder and storyteller. SAN Loss: 0/1 +4 Occult.

Reading the Deamonolorum

This tome can be browsed in 20 hours. Finding the description and instructions for "Making Lapis ex Caelis (Stones of the Heavens)" (Create Elder Sign) requires a successful Read: Latin roll. SAN loss: 1d4; +4 Cthulhu Mythos

Reading Liber Ivonis

Browsing this tome takes 36 hours and a successful Read: Latin roll to find the Call/Dismiss ritual. One literate, but unskilled in Latin may with Luck, identify the words "Risam Vellere" when seen on the page. A successful Read: Latin roll is still required to learn the ritual. SAN loss: 1d4 +7 Cthulhu Mythos

The Call Daoleth Ritual (Behold Risam Vellere)

Comparing Albinus' Greek translation to that in Liber Ivonis will require successful Read: Greek and Read: Latin rolls. If the investigators are undecided which is accurate, a Luck roll will lead them to believe that the Liber Ivonis version is correct.



Sample Tauroctony

Mithraic worship and symbols

Mithraic worship took place in an underground temple, the mithraeum, built to resemble a natural cave. The typical mithraeum was 75 feet long by 30 feet wide with a vaulted ceiling. At the rear of each mithraeum was found the central icon of Mithraism, the tauroctony. This device was carved either as a freestanding sculpture or as a relief carving. The tauroctony was remarkably consistent regardless of its location: Mithras is shown facing the viewer, straddling a bull. His left hand pulls the bull's head back by the nostrils while his right plunges a dagger into the bull's throat. Under the bull, a dog drinks the blood from the wound while a scorpion attacks the bull's genitals. Often the bull's tail ends in ears of wheat with a raven perched upon the back of the bull. On the viewer's left stands a smaller male figure holding a raised burning torch. His name is Cautes. Above Cautes in the upper left corner is the Sun God in his chariot. On the right stands a similar figure, Cautopates, holding a down turned torch, which may or may not be burning. Above Cautopates, in the upper right corner, is the moon.

Performing Unspeakable Acts

Create Elder Sign

The investigators will need five copies of the Elder Sign. These will each require a successful Art roll to create, in a media appropriate to the art skill involved; e.g., Stone carvings would require Art: Sculpture; those on parchment an Art: Drawing or Art: Illuminate roll. Each one will require one POW to activate, accomplished by a single drop of blood from the artist's hand.

The Keeper may choose to make the Art rolls in secret.

Preparing the Site

On whatever site they choose to perform the Call/Dismiss ritual, the symbol must be drawn or scribed on the floor. This will require four hours and a successful Art roll. Again, the Keeper may choose to make this roll secretly.

The optimum location to perform the ritual is in the mithraeum, but this option is dependent on the action's of the bishop's guard character.

The second logical choice is to redraw the circle in Albinus' cell and wait for the arrival of Daoleth. This would not require the investigators to perform the Call portion of the ritual

Calling Daoleth (Behold Risam Vellere)

Each magic point spent on the summoning provides a 1% chance for success. Any investigator who knows the spell may expend as many magic points as they have available.

If performed in the abbey, and if the Bishop can be persuaded of the need, the monks may hold a special prayer vigil against evil influences, allowing each of the 23 monks in residence to unknowingly provide 1 MP each to fuel both the Call and the Dismiss ritual.

The caster and all participants must chant and/or pray for a number of minutes equal to the total MP spent on the Calling. This may, at the Keeper's option, require CON x5 rolls after 30 minutes. At the end of the ritual the caster will lose 1d10 SAN, regardless of the success or failure of the ritual.

The Veils Are Sundered

If the Calling succeeds, or if the investigators choose to wait in Albinus' cell, Daoleth will appear and expand to fill the confines of a correctly drawn circle or to the limits of the Elder Signs if the circle is inaccurate. If both are incorrectly prepared, Daoleth expands 10 feet in all directions each round, sending anyone

Delt and the Bull

One day, Mannanon was walking through the Land of Tir Nan Og. Then Brigid told him of a great darkness in the North.

Turning into a bird he flew to the edge of Tir Nan Og until he found this dark place.

Mannanon did find Delt, the Destroyer of the Veil, waiting at the border of Tir Nan Og.

"Mannanon, I have come for your caul!"

Mannanon's hand went to his neck and felt for the bag containing his sacred birth-caul, which was a source of his power.

"You shall not have it, Delt, nor can you take it from me!"

Thereafter did Mannanon and Delt strive together for a year and a day. Mannanon was unable to encompass Delt. Then Mannanon became afraid and called for help.

At last Mannanon heard a voice answer, "Come to me."

Mannanon turned himself into a bird and flew to the edge of the sea. But Delt did turn himself into a bird, and followed after.

Mannanon turned himself into a turtle and swam into the sea. Delt, seeing this, turned himself into a fish and followed.

Still the voice called to Mannanon, "Come to me."

Mannanon came again to land upon a strange shore and turning into a fox ran on. Delt also came to the shore and turning himself into a hound, chased after still.

Mannanon at last came to a cave and, turning himself back to himself, ran inside. Delt likewise returned to himself and again followed after.

Deep under the land of Tir Nan Og the two wound, deeper and deeper, pursuer and pursued alike.

At last Mannanon entered a large chamber, bright lit with the stars in the sky. And in this chamber Mannanon saw the Sacred Bull, who spoke to Mannanon, "You have come to me at last. Cast down your enemy at my feet and bind him fast with stars."

There in the presence of the Bull did Mannanon cast down Delt, and seizing five stars from the heavens did bind Delt all around

Mannanon returned to Tir Nan Og and saw that all was well.

Then did Mannanon sleep for ten years and a year.



that comes into physical contact to a random dimension, time or place.

If Daoleth arrives in anything less than total darkness, everyone present will take a SAN loss of 1d10/1d100.

Dismissing Daoleth (Exorcise Risam Vellere)

Spending 14 magic points will provide a 5% chance to dismiss Daoleth, and is the minimum needed to open the way for such a dismissal. Each magic point beyond the initial 14 provides an additional 5% chance of success. For a 100% chance to dismiss Daoleth, a total of 33 magic points must be spent, focused on the caster.

There is no SAN loss for casting this dismissal, but this particular version of it requires the voluntary death of the caster by his own hand to complete the dismissal and close the way.

It is recommended that several of the older monks, if they are praying, have succumbed to exhaustion and are no longer helping this ritual.

Character Personas

The following section details out the personalities of the PCs both before and after the influence of Daoleth begins. Additionally, each entry will contain a sample personal history event, suitable for use with the #3 events described in the "Veil Rending Events" sidebar.

Exorcitate (Exorcist)

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 8 INT 14 POW 16
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 14 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Insight 33%; Library Use 60%; Other Language: Latin 64%; Own Kingdom 55%; Persuade 50%; Science: Theology 64%; Science: Exorcism 64%; Status 50%; Write Latin 64%

What You Do - As an exorcist, your duty is to hold yourself ready to perform the rites of exorcism, and through solemn prayer and the use of the three sacraments of water, salt and oil, con-

vice the demon to leave the body of the afflicted.

Who You Are - You are strong-willed, as indeed you must be, since your calling is to battle the Enemy for the souls of men. This does not make you harsh or uncaring, but you understand the clear difference between right and wrong, how subtle the Enemy is at corrupting man, and how necessary your skill and faith are to the redemption of man.

What You Know - You have come to this place with Bishop Bertwald to bring the strong presence of Christ to this benighted place. Your office makes you both respected and feared by the monks, yet the commoners in this area avoid you whenever possible. You have no close friends but have a passing acquaintance with many of the monastery's residents.

Who You Are, Revised - Having seen enough horror, you wonder if your faith is enough in this never-ending battle. Your secret shame and fear is that your faith will fail you and you will face God on your day of judgment and be found lacking. The longer you stay alive and battle the Enemy, the greater your chance of enjoying eternal bliss in Heaven. Living to fight Satan, THAT is your true path to Salvation!

Event - As a small child you watched as several Christians burned the local village midwife, accusing her of heresy and witchcraft.

Bishop's Guard

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 10 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapon: Long sword 61%, 1d8+db; Fist 75%, 1d3+db

Skills: Insight 43%; Listen 50%; Own Kingdom 45%; Persuade 28%; Ride Horse 44%; Science: Mithraism 60%; Sneak 48%; Spot Hidden 51%; Status 40%

What You Do - You have become the captain of the Bishop's Guard, a church militant group

charged with protecting the church and the bishop from physical threat or harm.

Who You Are - As leader of the local Mithraic Order, you have joined the Christian church to keep an eye on their doings. This should help you in keeping your people safe as you will be in a position to derail any suspicion or effort to end your particular form of worship. The basic tenets of Christianity are not at odds with those of Mithraism, so you do not feel uncomfortable filling both roles.

What You Know - As a lifelong resident of Saeferneford, you know all the villagers and farmers in the region. You are especially friendly with Wecta, the village elder and storyteller, remembered fondly for his fascinating tales of heroes and the old ways, and Carsenifide, the local healer; although the Christians might brand her a witch, you know her to be a kind a gentle soul who helps as best she can.

Who You Are, Revised - You have to watch these Christians closely. You know how quickly they become fanatical about people who don't believe as they do, and you know how quickly they can become violent when faced with "heretics". Mithraists have been plotted against and destroyed for almost 600 years; it will NOT happen here. Perhaps they are plotting against you even now...

Event - As a youth you experienced a moment of ecstatic vision during a service in the mithraeum. You unconsciously pledged your life to the cause of Mithras at that moment.

Translator

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Conceal 35%; Fast Talk 19%; Library Use 57%; Occult 40%; Other Language: Latin 50%; Other Language: Greek 50%; Potions 51%; Science: Alchemy 54%; Write Latin 50%; Write Greek 50%

What You Do - As a translator, you spend your

days in the scriptorium, bent over your desk working to preserve knowledge that might otherwise be lost.

Who You Are - Ah, the books! The books are what matter! IF being a "Christian" is the price for having access to the library you will pay it and think it a bargain.

What You Know - You know the other translators and many of the illuminators, as well as Offa, the Head Librarian.

You have some knowledge of your way around the library proper, although only in the vaguest general terms. You know that the cataloguing of books follows some system having to do with the planetary bodies, but little clear grasp of anything else.

Lately a fellow Translator, Albinus, has been working on a translation of some unknown Arabic work, and he has seemed troubled and altered by it. Normally a kind jovial fellow, much given to riddles and puzzles, he has in recent weeks been short tempered and curt with you and several other translators. Perhaps he is having difficulty in translating his current work.

Who You Are, Revised - Somewhere in all those books MUST be the key to the Philosopher's Stone! IF you could make all the gold you wished, you could buy all the books you want and leave this cold, unfeeling place. The Bishop is rich; he must know the secret. If you succeed in your current assignment perhaps he will reveal it to you.

Event - Growing up, your role model was a village elder who taught you literacy and the love of books. This kind old man was revealed before the village as an alchemist, thus a heretic, and he was taken from the village and stoned to death. Before his arrest and death, he managed to give you one of his alchemy books, which you kept hidden, eventually learning all its

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secrets.

Illuminator

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

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Art: Illuminate 62%; Art: Sculpture 32%; Fast Talk 47%; Library Use 40%; Listen 52%; Natural World 37%; Other Language: Latin 30%; Persuade 42%; Repair/Devise 47%; Ride Horse 30%; Sneak 30%; Write Latin 30%

What You Do - As an Illuminator, your day is spent in the preparing of inks and quills, and gathering the materials necessary to make any inks necessary. Several hours a day are spent carefully hand coloring and drawing the illuminations for various manuscripts. While you know some Latin, you are less concerned with what the book says as you are in how to illuminate it.

Who You Are - You do as little as possible. You will draw their little pictures, pray their prayers and take whatever you can get. You eat daily and have a place to live without all that tilling, planting and harvesting. ANYTHING to avoid that!

What You Know - You have little interest or regard for your fellows, and then only those illuminators whose skills are such that you can learn from them. You do not go out of your way to offend, but are generally aloof from the daily life of the monastery. Bishop Bertwald has taken note of the quality of your work and has expressed his pleasure in your skills and wit.

Who You Are, Revised - This is ridiculous! Grown men running around looking for demons! That makes about as much sense as all that praying. Well, if that's what they want, I'll play along. The bishop better remember this and show me more appreciation.

Event - Raised on a farm, you recall being beaten repeatedly for not working "fast enough" or "hard enough". Drawing or other time wasting activities would provoke another beating.

Bursar

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Accounting 63%; Bargain 68%; Insight 48%; Listen 50%; Other Language: Latin 44%; Write Latin 44%; Status 62%; Repair/Devise 45%; Persuade 36%; Drive Horses 33%

What You Do - You are in charge of all clothing, bedding and lighting in the monastery. Yours is the responsibility for collecting the rent from Bishop Bertwald's lands either in money or dues in kind. You are also responsible for the expenditures of both the Bishop and the monastery. It is one of your tasks to negotiate the best possible use of the available funds and to keep an eye out for waste.

Who You Are - A good Christian is frugal. It is fortunate the Bishop has you to tend to these matters. Attending to your brothers in Christ and helping them to better listen to God without the distractions of the outside world are a sacred calling.

What You Know - You know all the farmers and craftsmen in the area. A traveling Greek merchant named Helos has contributed rather heavily to the coffers recently, and is staying as a guest of the Bishop. Some work is being performed for him by the translators, but he continues to contribute his wealth, so he will be treated with the respect.

Who You Are, Revised - Whoever controls the money is truly the one in power. The way these monks have to beg and plead for everything lets them know who's really in charge. Even the Bishop has to come through you to maintain his status.

Event - The shame of begging daily on the streets of Londinium has never left you. Never again will you be reduced to such a state.

Infirmarian

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

Damage Bonus: none

Skills: First Aid 57%; Medicine 74%; Potion 45%; Natural World 54%; Science: Theology 45%; Spot Hidden 69%; Track 54%; Persuade 59%

What You Do - You care for the sick of the abbey and perform the ritual bleeding of the monks associated with Annunciation Day. Bleeding, leeches and the feeding of the sick with meat are your stock in trade. Bishop Bertwald is very generous with the church's resources, probably as an aid to his efforts to bring the locals into the bosom of the church.

Who You Are - Yours is a constant struggle against serious illness and diseases that shatter mind, body and soul. Many think these are the visitations of God's Divine Justice; others think them the trials of Satan, sent to test man's faith and devotion. You believe they are neither; that there must be logical reasons in nature for these afflictions and thus in nature lay their cures. Otherwise, plants and animals would not be visited with the same ills, for they have no souls, nor are they capable of sin.

What You Know - As Infirmarian, you know the best locations to acquire leeches and the local peasants best able to gather them for you. As most of the monks are generally healthy, your duties are not overly taxing most days, mostly the tending of minor injuries occasioned in the normal course of daily life. There has recently been an upsurge in requests for mint leaves from several monks to counteract stomach problems, but your examinations show no real cause for concern. One translator in particular, Albinus, has been a frequent visitor for this remedy, but you have found nothing

wrong with him.

Who You Are, Revised - There must be a cure for these things somewhere! If you could only talk to someone wiser and more knowledgeable. You have asked God repeatedly for this help, but no answer comes. Perhaps Judgment Day is truly coming, or perhaps one of the old gods knows the answer...

Event - In your youth you watched your younger sister die of some horrible wasting disease. All the efforts of the priests, midwives, barbers and well wishers did nothing to heal her or ease the agony of her passing.

Almoner

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 10 POW 9
DEX 16 APP 13 EDU 11 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: First Aid 69%; Medicine 32%; Potion 30%; Science: Theology 41%; Other Language: Latin 39%; Write Latin 39%; Persuade 42%; Status 42%; Natural World 34%; Insight 29%

What You Do - You tend the sick of the neighborhood once per week. You organize the distribution of food and clothing to the poor. Any clothing worn by the monks for over a year is given away in this manner.

Who You Are - Always caring for the poor! Don't they understand their afflictions are God's Justice for their sins? You try to instruct them in the Will of God, but they are too stupid to understand. If only everyone had your understanding of God's Holy Word. To doubt is a sin. To question is a sin. If it is not written in the Bible, it does not need to be done or talked about. The only life without sin is one that follows a narrow literal interpretation of scripture. Penitence and mortification of the flesh, that is the way to a clear mind.

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What You Know - No major plagues or epidemics are occurring in the area, but there are always diverse fevers and mortifications of the flesh to deal with. The worst illness in Saeferneford is that of Hubert, the local leper, who lives in a cave outside the town. Nothing to be done for him, but food is left as a gesture of the church's munificence and largesse.

Who You Are, Revised - There is no change in your personality; this is who you are to the very core of your being.

Event - Son of a village priest, you learned the Word of God with every lash of the scourge. Even though you learned quickly, still you faltered in your lessons, for the love of the scourge became strong.

Hospitaller

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Bargain 48%; Craft: Cooking 55%; Insight 45%; Fast Talk 49%; Other Language: Latin 43%; Spot Hidden 38%; Conceal 28%; Sneak 23%; Drive Horses 47%; Science: Theology 40%

What You Do - You are in charge of the hostel and carefully plan all ceremonies necessary for visiting church dignitaries.

Who You Are - Caring for travelers and keeping God's Peace in the hostel is onerous and taxing duty. Any extra duty given you by the Bishop could probably be better done by someone else; someone with less duty and more time. Perhaps now the Bishop will assign some help in the hostel.

What You Know - Currently there are many guests in the hostel and in the abbey proper, including several girls sent for various periods of confinement by their noble families. These are a distraction to life in general, but as the abbey boasts no facilities for a nunnery, you make do as well as you can. There is a rumor that Aethelstan; Archbishop of Canterbury is to

arrive in the spring for a visit. Already you are making plans for this event.

Who You Are, Revised - All these travelers should just stay at home! A bunch of do nothings always on the lookout for a free meal and a bed. And a lot of your fellow monks are probably the same freeloading type, although Christian charity prevents you from saying so.

Event - Your father, a small trader, made your life one of constant motion. New towns, new faces, the same old fight for respect and acceptance.

NPC Stats

Bertwald, Bishop of Saeferneford

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 17 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 9 APP 11 EDU 15 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Fast Talk 75%; Persuade 80%; Inspire His Flock 80%; Maintain Dignity 90%; Science: Theology 75%

Who You Are - Bertwald is a charismatic, powerful man. His interest in resolving this matter leans toward absolving himself from any wrongdoing and to clear the name of his abbey as a source of evil. He is less concerned with the facts and more concerned with making certain that he has deniability. Satan can stalk the halls as long as no one learns of it. A smooth talking charmer.

Who You Are, Revised - This whole affair is getting out of hand! These people need to resolve this situation quickly, as word of this will definitely leak out if they fail. After it is done, there will be time enough to remove any potential embarrassments ... permanently.

Their actions alone will certainly get them condemned as heretics. Make certain they can take full blame.

Wecta, Village Elder

STR 10 CON 15 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 8 APP 8 EDU 10 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapon: Club 30% 1d6

Skills: Art: Storytelling 70%; Science: Oral Traditions 83%;

Who You Are - A likeable old man with a dry sense of humor and a flair for the dramatic. He has been telling stories and legends for as long as anyone can remember, and certainly knows how to hold his audience's attention.

Who You Are, Revised - Paranoia. Wecta barricades himself inside his home, refuses to eat, won't speak with anyone. Anyone who tries to force their way in or make him do anything is liable to be attacked.

Aspicio, Lunatic of God

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 9 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 15 APP 9 EDU 11 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Staff 32%, 1d6; Scourge 52%, 1d4

Skills: Fast Talk 40%; Persuade 58%; Other Language: Latin 25%; Listen 55%; Ride Horse 45%

Who You Are - Aspicio is a flagellant wandering priest, convinced that the Millennium will bring the Day of Judgment. He will brook no challenge to this belief, and tends to answer his detractors with a scathing sermon and the scourge. He is a great believer in signs and portents.

Who You Are, Revised - Aspicio will be certain

that what he has experienced is the touch of God, calling him to save those who can be saved. He will become increasingly vigilant for behavior indicative of Satan's influence.

Keeper Stuff

In the interest of gathering the bulk of references needed by the Keeper into one area.

The following section details out the personalities of the PCs both before and after the influence of Daoleth begins. Additionally, each entry will contain a sample personal history event, suitable for use with the #3 events described in the "Veil Rending Events" sidebar.

Eight investigators are detailed here. For keepers with a lesser number of players, the following is the order of play, from most to least important:

roll	result
1	Exorcist
2	Guard
3	Translator
4	Illuminator
5	Bursar
6	Infirmarian
7	Almoner
8	Hospitaller

Keepers should feel free to rearrange personalities for the Characters as they see fit, excepting those of the Exorcist and the Bishop's Guard, which need to remain as described.

Exorcitate (Exorcist)

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 8 INT 14 POW 16
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 14 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Insight 33%; Library Use 60%; Other Language: Latin 64%; Own Kingdom 55%; Persuade 50%; Science: Theology 64%; Science: Exorcism 64%; Status 50%; Write Latin 64%

ROUND TWO

What You Do - As an exorcist, your duty is to hold yourself ready to perform the rites of exorcism, and through solemn prayer and the use of the three sacraments of water, salt and oil, convince the demon to leave the body of the afflicted.

Who You Are - You are strong-willed, as indeed you must be, since your calling is to battle the Enemy for the souls of men. This does not make you harsh or uncaring, but you understand the clear difference between right and wrong, how subtle the Enemy is at corrupting man, and how necessary your skill and faith are to the redemption of man.

What You Know - You have come to this place with Bishop Bertwald to bring the strong presence of Christ to this benighted place. Your office makes you both respected and feared by the monks, yet the commoners in this area avoid you whenever possible. You have no close friends but have a passing acquaintance with many of the monastery's residents.

Who You Are, Revised - Having seen enough horror, you wonder if your faith is enough in this never-ending battle. Your secret shame and fear is that your faith will fail you and you will face God on your day of judgment and be found lacking. The longer you stay alive and battle the Enemy, the greater your chance of enjoying eternal bliss in Heaven. Living to fight Satan, THAT is your true path to Salvation!

Event - As a small child you watched as several Christians burned the local village midwife, accusing her of heresy and witchcraft.

Bishop's Guard

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 10 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapon: Long sword 61%, 1d8+db; Fist 75%, 1d3+db

Skills: Insight 43%; Listen 50%; Own Kingdom 45%; Persuade 28%; Ride Horse 44%; Science: Mithraism 60%; Sneak 48%; Spot Hidden 51%; Status 40%

What You Do - You have become the captain of the Bishop's Guard, a church militant group charged with protecting the church and the bishop from physical threat or harm.

Who You Are - As leader of the local Mithraic Order, you have joined the Christian church to keep an eye on their doings. This should help you in keeping your people safe as you will be in a position to derail any suspicion or effort to end your particular form of worship. The basic tenets of Christianity are not at odds with those of Mithraism, so you do not feel uncomfortable filling both roles.

What You Know - As a lifelong resident of Saeferneford, you know all the villagers and farmers in the region. You are especially friendly with Wecta, the village elder and storyteller, remembered fondly for his fascinating tales of heroes and the old ways, and Carsenifide, the local healer; although the Christians might brand her a witch, you know her to be a kind a gentle soul who helps as best she can.

Who You Are, Revised - You have to watch these Christians closely. You know how quickly they become fanatical about people who don't believe as they do, and you know how quickly they can become violent when faced with "heretics". Mithraists have been plotted against and destroyed for almost 600 years; it will NOT happen here. Perhaps they are plotting against you even now...

Event - As a youth you experienced a moment of ecstatic vision during a service in the mithraeum. You unconsciously pledged your life to the cause of Mithras at that moment.

Translator

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Conceal 35%; Fast Talk 19%; Library Use 57%; Occult 40%; Other Language: Latin 50%; Other Language: Greek 50%; Potions 51%; Science: Alchemy 54%; Write Latin 50%; Write Greek 50%

What You Do - As a translator, you spend your days in the scriptorium, bent over your desk working to preserve knowledge that might otherwise be lost.

Who You Are - Ah, the books! The books are what matter! IF being a "Christian" is the price for having access to the library you will pay it and think it a bargain.

What You Know - You know the other translators and many of the illuminators, as well as Offa, the Head Librarian.

You have some knowledge of your way around the library proper, although only in the vaguest general terms. You know that the cataloging of books follows some system having to do with the planetary bodies, but little clear grasp of anything else.

Lately a fellow Translator, Albinus, has been working on a translation of some unknown Arabic work, and he has seemed troubled and altered by it. Normally a kind jovial fellow, much given to riddles and puzzles, he has in recent weeks been short tempered and curt with you and several other translators. Perhaps he is having difficulty in translating his current work.

Who You Are, Revised - Somewhere in all those books MUST be the key to the Philosopher's Stone! IF you could make all the gold you wished, you could buy all the books you want and leave this cold, unfeeling place. The Bishop is rich; he must know the secret. If you succeed in your current assignment perhaps he will reveal it to you.

Event - Growing up, your role model was a village elder who taught you literacy and the love of books. This kind old man was revealed before the village as an alchemist, thus a heretic,

and he was taken from the village and stoned to death. Before his arrest and death, he managed to give you one of his alchemy books, which you kept hidden, eventually learning all its secrets.

Illuminator

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

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Art: Illuminate 62%; Art: Sculpture 32%; Fast Talk 47%; Library Use 40%; Listen 52%; Natural World 37%; Other Language: Latin 30%; Persuade 42%; Repair/Devise 47%; Ride Horse 30%; Sneak 30%; Write Latin 30%

What You Do - As an Illuminator, your day is spent in the preparing of inks and quills, and gathering the materials necessary to make any inks necessary. Several hours a day are spent carefully hand coloring and drawing the illuminations for various manuscripts. While you know some Latin, you are less concerned with what the book says as you are in how to illuminate it.

Who You Are - You do as little as possible. You will draw their little pictures, pray their prayers and take whatever you can get. You eat daily and have a place to live without all that tilling, planting and harvesting. ANYTHING to avoid that!

What You Know - You have little interest or regard for your fellows, and then only those illuminators whose skills are such that you can learn from them. You do not go out of your way to offend, but are generally aloof from the daily life of the monastery. Bishop Bertwald has taken note of the quality of your work and has expressed his pleasure in your skills and wit.

Who You Are, Revised - This is ridiculous! Grown men running around looking for demons! That makes about as much sense as all that praying. Well, if that's what they want, I'll

ROUND TWO

play along. The bishop better remember this and show me more appreciation.

Event - Raised on a farm, you recall being beaten repeatedly for not working "fast enough" or "hard enough". Drawing or other time wasting activities would provoke another beating.

Bursar

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Accounting 63%; Bargain 68%; Insight 48%; Listen 50%; Other Language: Latin 44%; Write Latin 44%; Status 62%; Repair/Devise 45%; Persuade 36%; Drive Horses 33%

What You Do - You are in charge of all clothing, bedding and lighting in the monastery. Yours is the responsibility for collecting the rent from Bishop Bertwald's lands either in money or dues in kind. You are also responsible for the expenditures of both the Bishop and the monastery. It is one of your tasks to negotiate the best possible use of the available funds and to keep an eye out for waste.

Who You Are - A good Christian is frugal. It is fortunate the Bishop has you to tend to these matters. Attending to your brothers in Christ and helping them to better listen to God without the distractions of the outside world are a sacred calling.

What You Know - You know all the farmers and craftsmen in the area. A traveling Greek merchant named Helos has contributed rather heavily to the coffers recently, and is staying as a guest of the Bishop. Some work is being performed for him by the translators, but he continues to contribute his wealth, so he will be treated with the respect.

Who You Are, Revised - Whoever controls the money is truly the one in power. The way these

monks have to beg and plead for everything lets them know who's really in charge. Even the Bishop has to come through you to maintain his status.

Event - The shame of begging daily on the streets of Londinium has never left you. Never again will you be reduced to such a state.

Infirmarian

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

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: First Aid 57%; Medicine 74%; Potion 45%; Natural World 54%; Science: Theology 45%; Spot Hidden 69%; Track 54%; Persuade 59%

What You Do - You care for the sick of the abbey and perform the ritual bleeding of the monks associated with Annunciation Day. Bleeding, leeches and the feeding of the sick with meat are your stock in trade. Bishop Bertwald is very generous with the church's resources, probably as an aid to his efforts to bring the locals into the bosom of the church.

Who You Are - Yours is a constant struggle against serious illness and diseases that shatter mind, body and soul. Many think these are the visitations of God's Divine Justice; others think them the trials of Satan, sent to test man's faith and devotion. You believe they are neither; that there must be logical reasons in nature for these afflictions and thus in nature lay their cures. Otherwise, plants and animals would not be visited with the same ills, for they have no souls, nor are they capable of sin.

What You Know - As Infirmarian, you know the best locations to acquire leeches and the local peasants best able to gather them for you. As most of the monks are generally healthy, your duties are not overly taxing most days, mostly the tending of minor injuries occasioned in the normal course of daily life. There has recently been an upsurge in requests for mint leaves from several monks to counteract

stomach problems, but your examinations show no real cause for concern. One translator in particular, Albinus, has been a frequent visitor for this remedy, but you have found nothing wrong with him.

Who You Are, Revised - There must be a cure for these things somewhere! If you could only talk to someone wiser and more knowledgeable. You have asked God repeatedly for this help, but no answer comes. Perhaps Judgment Day is truly coming, or perhaps one of the old gods knows the answer...

Event - In your youth you watched your younger sister die of some horrible wasting disease. All the efforts of the priests, midwives, barbers and well wishers did nothing to heal her or ease the agony of her passing.

Almoner

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 10 POW 9
DEX 16 APP 13 EDU 11 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: First Aid 69%; Medicine 32%; Potion 30%; Science: Theology 41%; Other Language: Latin 39%; Write Latin 39%; Persuade 42%; Status 42%; Natural World 34%; Insight 29%

What You Do - You tend the sick of the neighborhood once per week. You organize the distribution of food and clothing to the poor. Any clothing worn by the monks for over a year is given away in this manner.

Who You Are - Always caring for the poor! Don't they understand their afflictions are God's Justice for their sins? You try to instruct them in the Will of God, but they are too stupid to understand. If only everyone had your understanding of God's Holy Word. To doubt is a sin. To question is a sin. If it is not written in the Bible, it does not need to be done or talked about. The only life without sin is one that follows a narrow literal interpretation of scripture. Penitence and mortification of the flesh, that is the way to a clear mind.

What You Know - No major plagues or epidemics are occurring in the area, but there are always diverse fevers and mortifications of the flesh to deal with. The worst illness in Saeferneford is that of Hubert, the local leper, who lives in a cave outside the town. Nothing to be done for him, but food is left as a gesture of the church's munificence and largesse.

Who You Are, Revised - There is no change in your personality; this is who you are to the very core of your being.

Event - Son of a village priest, you learned the Word of God with every lash of the scourge. Even though you learned quickly, still you faltered in your lessons, for the love of the scourge became strong.

Hospitaller

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

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Bargain 48%; Craft: Cooking 55%; Insight 45%; Fast Talk 49%; Other Language: Latin 43%; Spot Hidden 38%; Conceal 28%; Sneak 23%; Drive Horses 47%; Science: Theology 40%

What You Do - You are in charge of the hostel and carefully plan all ceremonies necessary for visiting church dignitaries.

Who You Are - Caring for travelers and keeping God's Peace in the hostel is onerous and taxing duty. Any extra duty given you by the Bishop could probably be better done by someone else; someone with less duty and more time. Perhaps now the Bishop will assign some help in the hostel.

What You Know - Currently there are many guests in the hostel and in the abbey proper, including several girls sent for various periods of confinement by their noble families. These are a distraction to life in general, but as the abbey boasts no facilities for a nunnery, you make do as well as you can. There is a rumor

ROUND TWO

that Aethelstan; Archbishop of Canterbury is to arrive in the spring for a visit. Already you are making plans for this event.

Who You Are, Revised - All these travelers should just stay at home! A bunch of do nothings always on the lookout for a free meal and a bed. And a lot of your fellow monks are probably the same freeloading type, although Christian charity prevents you from saying so.

Event - Your father, a small trader, made your life one of constant motion. New towns, new faces, the same old fight for respect and acceptance.

NPC Stats

Bertwald, Bishop of Saeferneford

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 17 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 9 APP 11 EDU 15 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Fast Talk 75%; Persuade 80%; Inspire His Flock 80%; Maintain Dignity 90%; Science: Theology 75%

Before - Bertwald is a charismatic, powerful man. His interest in resolving this matter leans toward absolving himself from any wrongdoing and to clear the name of his abbey as a source of evil. He is less concerned with the facts and more concerned with making certain that he has deniability. Satan can stalk the halls as long as no one learns of it. A smooth talking charmer.

After - This whole affair is getting out of hand! These people need to resolve this situation quickly, as word of this will definitely leak out if they fail. After it is done, there will be time enough to remove any potential embarrassments ... permanently. Their actions alone will certainly get them condemned as heretics. Make certain they can take full blame.

Wecta, Village Elder

STR 10 CON 15 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 14

DEX 8 APP 8 EDU 10 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapon: Club 30% 1d6

Skills: Art: Storytelling 70%; Science: Oral Traditions 83%;

Before - A likeable old man with a dry sense of humor and a flair for the dramatic. He has been telling stories and legends for as long as anyone can remember, and certainly knows how to hold his audience's attention.

After - Paranoia. Wecta barricades himself inside his home, refuses to eat, won't speak with anyone. Anyone who tries to force their way in or make him do anything is liable to be attacked.

Aspicio, Lunatic of God

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 9 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 15 APP 9 EDU 11 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Staff 32%, 1d6; Scourge 52%, 1d4

Skills: Fast Talk 40%; Persuade 58%; Other Language: Latin 25%; Listen 55%; Ride Horse 45%

Before - Aspicio is a flagellant wandering priest, convinced that the Millennium will bring the Day of Judgment. He will brook no challenge to this belief, and tends to answer his detractors with a scathing sermon and the scourge. He is a great believer in signs and portents.

After - Aspicio will be certain that what he has experienced is the touch of God, calling him to save those who can be saved. He will become increasingly vigilant for behavior indicative of Satan's influence.

*Correct drawing as taken from the Liber Ivonis

*Flawed Circle as draw by Albinus in his translation of Al Azif

*Damaged drawing found on the floor of Albinus' cell

*Cipher found on Albinus' scriptorium desk

*Reading the Deamonolorum

This tome can be browsed in 20 hours. Finding the description and instructions for "Making Lapis ex Caelis (Stones of the Heavens)" (Create Elder Sign) requires a successful Read: Latin roll. SAN loss: 1d4; +4 Cthulhu Mythos

Reading Liber Ivonis

Browsing this tome takes 36 hours and a successful Read: Latin roll to find the Call/Dismiss ritual. One literate, but unskilled in Latin may with Luck, identify the words "Risam Vellere" when seen on the page. A successful Read: Latin roll is still required to learn the ritual. SAN loss: 1d4 +7 Cthulhu Mythos

The Call Daoleth Ritual

Comparing Albinus' Greek translation to that in Liber Ivonis will require successful Read: Greek and Read: Latin rolls. If the investigators are undecided which is accurate, a Luck roll will lead them to believe that the Liber Ivonis version is correct.

Performing Unspeakable Acts Create Elder

Sign

The investigators will need five copies of the Elder Sign. These will each require a successful Art roll to create, in a media appropriate to the art skill involved; e.g., Stone carvings would require Art: Sculpture; those on parchment an Art: Drawing or Art: Illuminate roll. Each one will require one POW to activate, accomplished by a single drop of blood from the artist's hand. The Keeper may choose to make the Art rolls in secret.

Preparing the Site

On whatever site they choose to perform the Call/Dismiss ritual, the symbol must be drawn

or scribed on the floor. This will require four hours and a successful Art roll. Again, the Keeper may choose to make this roll secretly.

The optimum location to perform the ritual is in the mithraeum, but this option is dependent on the action's of the bishop's guard character.

The second logical choice is to redraw the circle in Albinus' cell and wait for the arrival of Daoleth. This would not require the investigators to perform the Call portion of the ritual

Calling Daoleth (Behold Risam Vellere)

Each magic point spent on the summoning provides a 1% chance for success. Any investigator who knows the spell may expend as many magic points as they have available.

If performed in the abbey, and if the Bishop can be persuaded of the need, the monks may hold a special prayer vigil against evil influences, allowing each of the 23 monks in residence to unknowingly provide 1 MP each to fuel both the Call and the Dismiss ritual.

The caster and all participants must chant and/or pray for a number of minutes equal to the total MP spent on the Calling. This may, at the Keeper's option, require CON x5 rolls after 30 minutes. At the end of the ritual the caster will lose 1d10 SAN, regardless of the success or failure of the ritual.

The Veils Are Sundered

If the Calling succeeds, or if the investigators choose to wait in Albinus' cell, Daoleth will appear and expand to fill the confines of a correctly drawn circle or to the limits of the Elder Signs if the circle is inaccurate. If both are incorrectly prepared, Daoleth expands 10 feet in all directions each round, sending anyone that comes into physical contact to a random dimension, time or place.

If Daoleth arrives in anything less than total darkness, everyone present will take a SAN loss of 1d10/1d100.

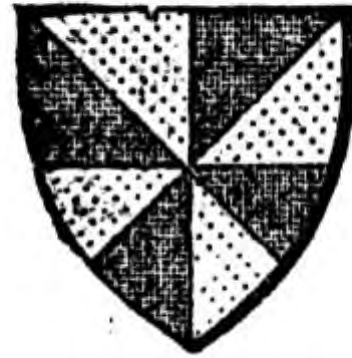
ROUND TWO

Dismissing Daoleth (Exorcise Risam Vellere)

Spending 14 magic points will provide a 5% chance to dismiss Daoleth, and is the minimum needed to open the way for such a dismissal. Each magic point beyond the initial 14 provides an additional 5% chance of success. For a 100% chance to dismiss Daoleth, a total of 33 magic points must be spent, focused on the caster.

There is no SAN loss for casting this dismissal, but this particular version of it requires the voluntary death of the caster by his own hand to complete the dismissal and close the way.

It is recommended that several of the older



EXCERPT FROM LIBER IVONIS:

Behold Risam Vellere

... First shalt thou place upon the ground that which is the sacred symbol. Having drawn it with thy own hand shalt thou place it so.

In great reverence shall be placed that which comes from the heavens, at the measure of a man shalt thou place them about the outermost ring.

Then bend thy will and thy mind to He Who Sees Beyond, beseeching him to this place which thou preparest.

Then will he come to thee and great shall be the knowing He bestoweth upon thee.

EXCERPT FROM LIBER IVONIS

Exorcise Risam Vellere

... With pure heart and strong mind shalt thou enter therein that place which thou hast prepared.

Then shall thy prayers and thy exhortations be sounded, that thy will shall cause He Who Sees Beyond to go forth from this place and return to trouble man no more.

And thou shall seal this casting forth with thy vitae which is of thy blood, given of thy own will. Even unto death shall this be done, that He shall be cast back into that inferno and remain

The Tale of Delt and the Bull, a Legend

The Tale of Delt and the Bull, a Legend

Delt and the Bull One day, Mannanon was walking through the Land of Tir Nan Og. Then Brigid told him of a great darkness in the North. Turning into a bird he flew to the edge of Tir Nan Og until he found this dark place. Mannanon did find Delt, the Destroyer of the Veil, waiting at the border of Tir Nan Og. "Mannanon, I have come for your caul!" Mannanon's hand went to his neck and felt for the bag containing his sacred birth-caul, which was a source of his power. "You shall not have it, Delt, nor can you take it from me!" Thereafter did Mannanon and Delt strive together for a year and a day. Mannanon was unable to encompass Delt. Then Mannanon became afraid and called for help. At last Mannanon heard a voice answer, "Come to me." Mannanon turned himself into a bird and flew to the edge of the sea. But Delt did turn himself into a bird, and followed after. Mannanon turned himself into a turtle and swam into the sea. Delt, seeing this, turned himself into a fish and followed. Still the voice called to Mannanon, "Come to me." Mannanon came again to land upon a strange shore and turning into a fox ran on. Delt also came to the shore and turning himself into a hound, chased after still. Mannanon at last came to a cave and, turning himself back to himself, ran inside. Delt likewise returned to himself and again followed after. Deep under the land of Tir Nan Og the two wound, deeper and deeper, pursuer and pursued alike. At last Mannanon entered a large chamber, bright lit with the stars in the sky. And in this chamber Mannanon saw the Sacred Bull, who spoke to Mannanon, "You have come to me at last. Cast down your enemy at my feet and bind him fast with stars." There in the presence of the Bull did Mannanon cast down Delt, and seizing five stars from the heavens did bind Delt all around. Mannanon returned to Tir Nan Og and saw that all was well. Then did Mannanon sleep for ten years and a year.

ROUND TWO

monks, if they are praying, have succumbed to exhaustion and are no longer helping this ritu-

EXORCITATE (EXORCIST)

What You Do - As an exorcist, your duty is to hold yourself ready to perform the rites of exorcism, and through solemn prayer and the use of the three sacraments of water, salt and oil, convince the demon to leave the body of the afflicted.

Who You Are - You are strong-willed, as indeed you must be, since your calling is to battle the Enemy for the souls of men. This does not make you harsh or uncaring, but you understand the clear difference between right and wrong, how subtle the Enemy is at corrupting man, and how necessary your skill and faith are to the redemption of man.

What You Know - You have come to this place with Bishop Bertwald to bring the strong presence of Christ to this benighted place. Your office makes you both respected and feared by the monks, yet the commoners in this area avoid you whenever possible. You have no close friends but have a passing acquaintance with many of the monastery's residents.

EXORCITATE (EXORCIST) - B

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ROUND TWO

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Bursar

What You Do - You are in charge of all clothing, bedding and lighting in the monastery. Yours is the responsibility for collecting the rent from Bishop Bertwald's lands either in money or dues in kind. You are also responsible for the expenditures of both the Bishop and the monastery. It is one of your tasks to negotiate the best possible use of the available funds and to keep an eye out for waste.

Who You Are - A good Christian is frugal. It is fortunate the Bishop has you to tend to these matters. Attending to your brothers in Christ and helping them to better listen to God without the distractions of the outside world are a sacred calling.

What You Know - You know all the farmers and craftsmen in the area. A traveling Greek merchant named Helos has contributed rather heavily to the coffers recently, and is staying as a guest of the Bishop. Some work is being performed for him by the translators, but he continues to contribute

Bursar - B

Who You Are, Revised - Whoever controls the money is truly the one in power. The way these monks have to beg and plead for everything lets them know who's really in charge. Even the Bishop has to come through you to maintain his status.

Hospitaller - A

What You Do - You are in charge of the hostel and carefully plan all ceremonies necessary for visiting church dignitaries.

Who You Are - Caring for travelers and keeping God's Peace in the hostel is onerous and taxing duty. Any extra duty given you by the Bishop could probably be better done by someone else; someone with less duty and more time. Perhaps now the Bishop will assign some help in the hostel.

What You Know - Currently there are many guests in the hostel and in the abbey proper, including several girls sent for various periods of confinement by their noble families. These are a distraction to life in general, but as the abbey boasts no facilities for a nunnery, you make do as well as you can. There is a rumor that Aethelstan; Archbishop of Canterbury is to arrive in the spring

Infirmarian

What You Do - You care for the sick of the abbey and perform the ritual bleeding of the monks associated with Annunciation Day. Bleeding, leeches and the feeding of the sick with meat are your stock in trade. Bishop Bertwald is very generous with the church's resources, probably as an aid to his efforts to bring the locals into the bosom of the church.

Who You Are - Yours is a constant struggle against serious illness and diseases that shatter mind, body and soul. Many think these are the visitations of God's Divine Justice; others think them the trials of Satan, sent to test man's faith and devotion. You believe they are neither; that there must be logical reasons in nature for these afflictions and thus in nature lay their cures. Otherwise, plants and animals would not be visited with the same ills, for they have no souls, nor are they capable of sin.

What You Know - As Infirmarian, you know the best locations to acquire leeches and the local peasants best able to gather them for you. As most of the monks are generally healthy, your duties are not overly taxing most days, mostly the tending of minor injuries occasioned in the normal course of daily life. There has recently been an upsurge in requests for mint leaves from several monks to counteract stomach problems, but your examinations show no real cause for concern. One translator in particular, Albinus, has been a frequent visitor for this remedy, but you have found nothing wrong with him.

Infirmarian - B

Who You Are, Revised - There must be a cure for these things somewhere! If you could only talk to someone wiser and more knowledgeable. You have asked God repeatedly for this help, but no answer comes. Perhaps Judgment Day is truly coming, or perhaps one of the old gods knows the answer...

Almoner

What You Do - You tend the sick of the neighborhood once per week. You organize the distribution of food and clothing to the poor. Any clothing worn by the monks for over a year is given away in this manner.

Who You Are - Always caring for the poor! Don't they understand their afflictions are God's Justice for their sins? You try to instruct them in the Will of God, but they are too stupid to understand. If only everyone had your understanding of God's Holy Word. To doubt is a sin. To question is a sin. If it is not written in the Bible, it does not need to be done or talked about. The only life without sin is one that follows a narrow literal interpretation of scripture. Penitence and mortification of the flesh, that is the way to a clear mind.

What You Know - No major plagues or epidemics are occurring in the area, but there are always diverse fevers and mortifications of the flesh to deal with. The worst illness in Saeferneford is that of Hubert, the local leper, who lives in a cave outside the town. Nothing to be done for him, but



ROUND TWO

Almoner - B

Who You Are, Revised - There is no change in your personality; this is who you are to the very core of your being.

Hospitaller - B

Who You Are, Revised - All these travelers should just stay at home! A bunch of do nothings always on the lookout for a free meal and a bed. And a lot of your fellow monks are probably the same freeloading type, although Christian charity prevents you from saying so.

The Innocent

Introduction

I was asked to participate in the Dark Ages tournament and gladly, perhaps even giddily accepted. It was originally a minor role, but my enthusiasm pushed me into the welcome role as a writer for one of the tournament rounds.

At that point all I needed was an interesting scenario.

After some consideration, I decided to do something rather minimalist in approach. Other games all had Outer Gods, and Great Old Ones dropping in, and magicks of all sorts being tossed about. Though this is dramatic and exciting, I wanted to do something that captured a smaller scale of horror, with less global and more personal ramifications. To this end, I dreamed up the sad tale of Etienne Pêcheur.

Etienne's story was that of a victim who had no culpability in his fate. He was helpless and there was no remedy for his affliction, nor any escape from his destiny. This decision was one I held fast to despite some murmurs of discontent. I didn't want there to be a happy ending and I didn't want a cheap way out via some silly

mythos construction. In Lovecraft happy endings are seldom encountered and I strived for this while writing this scenario.

Beyond the tone, which is dark and unhappy, you might notice something else. There are no game mechanics in the scenario. That happened by accident. As the game evolved I never added them, and when I finished it seemed complete with out them. Seeing as the tournament was, to a large degree, a highly immersive live action event, I felt that die rolls would be obtrusive. Most of the action in the game can be intuitively worked out, and I hope that those who might run this game will agree.

I wish to extend my gratitude to Michel Patty and Dustin Wright for this opportunity. Finally I hope that this game, and this event will serve a very simple purpose, that being a renewed enthusiasm and desire for others to play Call of Cthulhu, a game that has given me countless hours of enjoyment.

Bob Geis
Indianapolis, 7-30-2004

ROUND THREE

Twenty years ago upon a stony beach along the Atlantic coast of France, an accord of the vilest sort was reached between struggling merchant Marcel Pêcheur and a group of figures dressed in rotting robes that looked like they had been dredged from the depths of the sea. Few words were spoken as the bargain was struck. A boon was sought, and acquiesced to, the payment for which would be determined later. The assemblage dissolved, Pêcheur walking east to his destination, the others walking west toward the sea, where curiously no boat waited.

The year that passed for Pêcheur was one of strange fortune. His only vessel, a small leaky ship, was the sole one to successfully cross the channel, carrying the prized speckled pottery his village was known for. Others, owned by his rivals, suffered an endless number of calamities; new ships, and ones fastidiously maintained sunk, sudden storms sprung up wrecking others. Some ships crashed on rocky shores lured, according to rumors whispered in nearby taverns, by strange lanterns held by unknown hands. In spite of all this sadness and misfortune befalling his fellows, Marcel Pêcheur was seemingly unconcerned. Though never considered a particularly devout man, he was heard to remark that his faith would see him safely through the trials befalling his fellow merchants. That this proved accurate was of some com-

fort to others in the village, and was recalled often as a source of succor.

To his great amusement Pêcheur allowed this perception to continue, but it was wholly false, for in his small village there existed no greater fiend. Pêcheur was a poor merchant, though this was not due to the vagaries of fate, as he claimed, but to his own rashness, greed and laziness. While others in his profession worked hard and slowly accumulated their wealth, Pêcheur always sought an easier route. He would take great risks and then when these ventures failed spitefully lash out at others.

During an investigation into one of these ventures he happened to share an ocean voyage with an aged sailor. This sailor bored Pêcheur, his only countryman aboard, with tales of his voyages. Seldom listening Pêcheur offered only monosyllabic retorts, tinged with disdain. Seeing that he was being treated the fool, the old man produced a shell, that was covered in strange symbols and pictographs. The old man claimed that this shell was a pagan token that would allow one to communicate with the spawn of some ancient Philistine deity. He said that he received from a Spanish Moor, who whispered that amongst certain degenerates dwelling on the costal regions, it was a practice, shunned by them even in their depravity, to cast these into the sea and work bargains with that which answered its call. It was



THE INNOCENT

hinted that nothing was beyond them, for those who would pay their price.

In spite of himself, Pêcheur was interested, and as the voyage continued this gnawed at him. Finally, nearing his destination he sought out the sailor and purchased the shell. After the endeavor that sent him on the voyage ended in failure, Pêcheur decided he would see if the old man's charm would work, or if had fallen for yet another empty promise.

After a year of boundless success, Pêcheur returned to the lonely beach, as the bargain had established. The figures returned, silently clambering up

the beach, in robes caked with brine and seaweed. In voices that croaked and hissed, they intoned their price for Pêcheur's wealth and worldly gains. Even he was aghast. Seeing his reaction, a warning was issued that if he reneged, he would not leave the meeting alive; if he complied he would continue to enjoy success in his ventures. He considered the terrible act he was to perform, and then in a moment, whatever small part of his soul that yearned for redemption was smothered and forsaken. The foul deed was concluded. Pêcheur was informed to expect a visitor before a year had passed.



General Introduction

This scenario tells the tragic tale of an innocent boy, Etienne Pêcheur, desperate for relief from the demons he believes are tormenting him. In truth he is the product of a terrible union between his father, a man consumed by greed, and a deep one.

At the opening of the tale, a small contingent of priests have journeyed from a monastery to a small seaside village. This group consists of 5 priests and another man, who acts as their guard, hostler, and servant. Three of the priests are residents of the Monastère de La Rochelle. The other two are strangers sought out by the abbot of the monastery for their unique qualities.

The resolution to this situation is dictated by the PCs. They will likely try everything at their disposal to alleviate poor Etienne's plight, but he is doomed. The best possible outcome for him, the one that will allow his tormented mind peace, would be for him to be executed prior to his persona flying asunder as his true heritage asserts itself. If they do nothing then Etienne will rapidly become a monster. This is a grim tale with no real chance for a happy ending.

Players' Introduction

Three of the player characters (Paul, Philippe, and Marc) are monks at the Monastère de La Rochelle. Two (Thomas, and Luc) are visitors from other religious facilities, and the other (Jules) is a combination bodyguard, groom and servant.

One night a messenger arrived at the monastery and had a private meeting with the abbot. Shortly thereafter messages were sent out summoning Fathers Thomas and Luc. When they arrived, the resident priests personally chosen by the abbot joined them in a brief meeting with the abbot. They were told of a boy, in the village of Bourgade sur la Mer, who was suffering from signs of possession. They

were tasked with journeying to this small coastal settlement to look into the matter, and if they deemed necessary exorcise the spirits assaulting the boy.

The messenger testified that he knew the boy, Etienne Pêcheur. The boy, an orphan, is very devout and had stated many times his desire to enter the priesthood. His adopted family is involved in commerce in the village and is among its most wealthy citizens. The boy's suffering began a few weeks ago, and the symptoms have worsened steadily. Beyond this the messenger knew little of the specifics, as he had not personally seen Etienne since he began to suffer.

Keeper's Introduction

Roughly 20 years ago the merchant Marcel Pêcheur entered into a pact with Deep Ones. In exchange for ensuring safe passage for his vessels (and frequent mishaps to his rivals) he would consummate a union with one of the deep ones and rear the offspring. He has adhered to this bargain and profited greatly from it. In his small village, known for a unique sort of speckled crockery, he is the wealthiest man, and wields considerable authority.

The offspring, which was thrust into his arms on a black storming night, less than a year after the bargain was sealed, looked to all the world like a healthy young boy. Pêcheur quickly announced to his fellow inhabitants that the boy was the son of a distant cousin who had perished in poverty and sent the infant to be fostered in his home. Seeing as his influence was growing steadily his fellows were quick to accept this solution. Even some, who scoffed at the fabrication, knowing that the child was nothing more than a bastard, begrudgingly remarked that Pêcheur was displaying true Christian charity in seeing to its upbringing. Marcel's wife, Bethanie was always very quiet about the matter, repeating word for word the account her husband had shared.

The boy, who was named Etienne, grew up



a happy child, and was well liked by the community. He was a bright lad and stated plainly to any who would listen that his sole desire was to become a priest. He attended mass and his devotion was a source of pride to his parents. As he grew his faith deepened and he showed little interest in the family ventures, learning to read Latin and spending time at the church.

This pleasant life continued for many years for the Pêcheur family. Marcel's ventures continued to bear fruit. Béthanie gave birth to a son and a daughter, both of whom have prospered. To the other villagers it seemed plain to see that theirs was a splendid life filled with happiness and good fortune.

Happiness can prove fleeting, and fortune can turn to dust, and it appears to many that the years of good luck have all come to reckon in an instant for the Pêcheur family. Etienne, now a young man, believes himself to be possessed by demons. For weeks he has been suffering from terrible headaches. More recently he has been plagued by terrible nightmares from which he would wake screaming or laughing with maniacal fury. In just the past few days he has been subject to waking visions of terrors that he refuses to speak of.

Along with the torments of mind and spirit, a noticeable change has come over his form. He is wracked with terrible cramping pains in his joints, hampering his movement. His hands and feet have swelled to twice their size. His skin has begun to peel, revealing the new tissue below to be gray and mottled.

Fearful of these awful changes Etienne sought out the Church for aid, praying with a fervor, that reminded Father Martin, the parish priest, of Christ in the garden before his betrayal. Despite his prayers, and those of the priest and congregation, no change was noted in the boy. If anything, it seemed that the condition became even more pronounced. The priest, after witnessing a few of the boy's darker fits, concluded that the boy was indeed possessed. This dire conclusion was reached with heavy hearts and with great trepidation for if a boy

whose life had been lived with such earnest devotion was vulnerable to the assaults of Satan, what chance did other's of lesser faith stand?

His father railed against this, raging like a storm, against this sentence. He stalked to the church, his steps echoing like thunder on the steps. He demanded his son's return, and then tried to forcibly remove him. The boy, believing his father to be struck with protective love, rebelled against this, entreating the Father Martin for sanctuary. Eager to spare the tormented lad of his father's misguided wishes, Etienne was spirited away. Marcel, voicing an anger that burned with hellish intensity, left the church vowing to see his son released.

Father Martin knew that Etienne's condition called for greater skill and so they sent a messenger on a swift horse to the nearby Monastère de La Rochelle for assistance. Hearing the startling tale, the abbot presiding there quickly gathered a group of clergy he believe equal to the task and dispatched them to, with the help of God, save the soul of Etienne Pêcheur.

CHARACTERS, and what they know:

Etienne Pêcheur: the afflicted lad.

Marcel Pêcheur: Etienne's father, a ruthless merchant.

Bethanie Pêcheur: Marcel's wife.

Marie-Anne Pêcheur: daughter of Marcel and Bethanie.

Henri Pêcheur: son of Marcel and Bethanie

Father Martin: the priest of St. Cécilia parish.

General Knowledge

The section below is common knowledge shared by all residents of Bourgade sur la Mer. There could be a fair amount of variation due to personal interpretation, but by and large the material facts remain the same.

The Boy and his Affliction

A young man from the village of Bourgade sur la Mer, Etienne Pêcheur believes the recent nightmares and waking visions, along with the physical maladies he is suffering from, are caused by demons and that he is in fact possessed. Etienne has been experiencing these symptoms for a few weeks, and they have slowly become worse. An extremely religious young man, Etienne initially sought relief in prayer. This proved no balm to his condition and it continued to deteriorate.

The initial problems were disturbing dreams. The first were extremely vague with muted detail, nevertheless Etienne would feel extremely anxious upon waking. As time passed, the images became clearer, and even more profoundly disturbing to the sensitive and devout lad. In these dreams he would commonly see a ruin of obvious antiquity, which was submerged deep beneath the sea. He would feel himself floating toward it, and become conscious of strange noises, reverberating all around him. These noises sounded like thousands of frogs croaking, but not in their natural patternless chaos, but in a weird unison, as if they were intoning a chant. The dreams stayed this way for a time, but later on Etienne would perceive himself drawing much closer to the ruin, and he would see shadowy figures writhing about. To him it seemed, that these figures were the source of the croaking chant, and that it, along with their gesticulating were a form of worship. The last of these nightmares, and the ones that have caused Etienne the most distress, has the cadre of figures, now in sharper relief, hunched, and crouching, their faces

twisted mockeries, beckoning for the helpless lad to join the unclean ceremony. More horrible still is that he feels a stirring to join the obscene, and blasphemous rite.

As the dreams steadily became darker, Etienne began to experience episodes while fully awake. These are assumed to be similar to his nightmares in terms of the images that he experienced, but they were accompanied by somnambulistic behavior. Upon the culmination of these visions Etienne would often find himself far from home, many times near the ocean shore. This would never fail to inspire the starkest terror in him, for he feared that he would attempt to walk into the ocean in a mad attempt to culminate the vision. Whatever terrors these visions hold is a source of enormous torment for Etienne. Though he has been asked, he steadfastly refuses to comment on their content, saying only that they are like the dreams but even more horrific.

The dreams were disturbing his sleep, and the visions were causing him equal distress, to this were added physical manifestations. Etienne began to suffer severe cramps in his joints, his skin became diseased, flaking and peeling. Swelling in his feet and hands hampered his movement. His always-thin hair began to fall out in clumps.

Etienne went to the Eglise de Sainte Cécilia, the local parish and spoke with Father Martin. He told Father Martin of his dreams and visions, and showed him the terrible evidence of his distemper. Father Martin, who knew the boy well, immediately began to pray for his recovery, and entreated the entire parish to do so as well. There was no improvement, and in fact Etienne's condition seemed to worsen.

Since the fervent prayers did nothing to cure the ailment, Etienne began to fear that he was under direct assault by demonic forces. Father Martin, having witnessed one of Etienne's spells, also believed that the boy's condition was the work of the devil. Soon the signs of possession began to manifest themselves, along with the other symptoms. At this

point Father Martin sought assistance from the nearby Monastère de La Rochelle.

Etienne's ailment has been the topic of discussion in the town.

Almost universally the residents are dismayed by it, and have made fervent prayers for his deliverance.

The Boy's Family

Etienne is a foster child, his parents having died shortly after he was born. He was taken in by Marcel Pêcheur and raised by his family. Marcel is a very successful merchant, and quite wealthy. Béthanie is Marcel's wife, and Etienne's foster mother. She and Marcel have two other children, Henri, and Marie-Ann. By all accounts the family is on good terms and no one has ever witnessed any difference in the treatment of Etienne despite him being a foster child. In fact many people will attest to the fact the Marcel has been more protective of Etienne than he is his own children.

This was evident when Father Martin announced that the boy was possessed and he had requested aid from the Monastère de La Rochelle for an exorcism. Marcel refused to allow the boy to be subjected to it and forbade Father Martin from having any contact with him. The boy, very much fearing for the fate of his soul, disobeyed his father, unusual for such an obedient lad. He snuck away from his home and sought out sanctuary with the church. Marcel has repeatedly requested that Etienne return home, often losing his temper and making quite a spectacle of himself.

Béthanie is perceived as a quiet woman, good wife, and attentive mother. She keeps to herself, and besides for her children she has no close friends. Henri is less than a year younger than Etienne, and is being groomed to enter into the family's mercantile enterprise. Marie-Ann is a fine young lady, shy and becoming.

The family is engaged in shipping, porting goods across the channel to England. The village produces good quality pottery with a unique speckled cast. This is rather popular

and the Pêcheur ships carry much of it to various ports. Marcel is viewed as blessed for his ships never suffer mishaps at sea, or so it was thought for recently one was reported lost.

Marcel Pêcheur

Marcel knows basically everything. He knows that his son is either wholly or partly monstrous, though he is unaware of the specifics. He wants to keep this situation unchanged as he is motivated by greed and self-absorption, rather than love for his son. Furthermore he doesn't really consider him his son.

Marcel does not know how his horrific benefactors would take to tampering with the details of the bargain. The communication between the parties was strained and difficult and Marcel recalls few of the particulars. He knows that his soul is not included in the bargain. (He asked this specifically of the creatures, though he cannot explain exactly how, he sensed that they were amused by the question.)

Marcel does not want to anger the "demons" he dealt with. He fears them, and also realizes that he is not certain of the exact parameters of his agreement. During his involvement with the creatures he tried to ask questions, but their answers, spoken in voices that bubbled and gurgled and croaked, wrenched his soul--not because of the contents of the answers, but because of the long reflective pauses, as if the brine-drenched devils were remembering words and how to construct phrases.

As his mind was subjected to things beyond its capacity to endure, much of what occurred many years ago was repressed or forgotten. He recalls only fragments of what occurred. He has wholly repressed his coupling with the creature. (He knows that Etienne is his son, but his mind has replaced the deep one with a vague human female, albeit one of highly questionable hygiene.) He knows that a central part of the bargain was that Etienne must be watched over and protected, until, as they said, he had become.

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Marcel senses now that things are very precarious for him. Living in this time when demons lurk in every shadow, and fairies cavort in wooded glens, Marcel fully expects the exorcism to succeed. If this occurs he fears that at best his good fortune will end, and at worst his unspeakable benefactors will seek dangerous reprisals.

Personality

Under normal circumstances, Marcel Pêcheur has proven to be a genial, and witty fellow, attributes that have contributed in his success, or so it is commonly thought. As the situation with his son breaks down it brings out the worst in him, bringing his vile, ruthless nature to the surface. Simply put he cares for nothing or no one besides his own continued success.

Béthanie Pêcheur

Béthanie is the mother of Henri and Marie-Anne. Béthanie is a fearful woman.

Béthanie was present the night the cloaked figure handed the squalling child to her husband. Initially she thought Marcel had simply sired a child with another woman and felt honor bound to raise him. Since then she has realized the naivety of those ideas.

When Marcel first presented the child to her, she refused to rear it. Then Marcel grew very threatening and told her that her life was tied to the child. If it grew strong than she would survive, but if she neglected it and it died than so would she. She has been horribly frightened of the boy ever since.

She knows that Etienne is the bastard child of her husband and this has been a terrible burden for her. Once she did confront Marcel about it. Her husband's reaction was highly unusual. She was understandably jealous and scathingly berated him for his infidelity. Marcel became very upset when she asked him about Etienne's mother. His initial reaction was anger but then he began to laugh. He stated that she had nothing to fear about any continued affec-

tions with Etienne's mother. He continued to laugh, to the point of hysteria, at which he broke down into wrenching sobs. She had never seen Marcel in such a state.

She does not have any idea what Etienne is, but she is terribly afraid of him. However, from the tone of his voice she has come to suspect that her husband made a pact with the devil, and that it is somehow dependant on Etienne. The boy's recent possession has served to confirm her suspicions.

Theirs is a loveless marriage. If the protection of the Church is offered to Béthanie, and she is allowed admittance to a nunnery, she will tell them her fears about Marcel.

Personality

Béthanie comes across as very cold. She is quite short with any strangers, and very protective of Marie-Anne and Henri. She is noticeably indifferent to Etienne.

Henri Pêcheur

He is son of Marcel and Béthanie, born a year after Etienne. He has been groomed since birth to inherit his father's trade.

Henri feels that he has angered his father and is hesitant to speak to the priests for fear of worsening his relationship. However he loves his foster brother and is terribly worried about him. When he hears that the exorcism has failed he will visit the church to see Etienne.

If he is confronted, he will plainly state that he cannot speak with the visitors as his father has forbidden it. If he is pressed, he will explain that his father is already very angry with him, and he does not want to add more fuel to the fire. Seeing as he interprets his father's wishes to be that he not speak about Etienne, the matter of their earlier confrontation can be extracted.

He will explain that he forgot to follow one of his father's orders. To Henri it seemed like a trifling thing, but his father was extremely upset. His father had commissioned a new ves-

sel for transporting trade across the channel. As was his habit, he ordered a lead plate inscribed with a good luck charm to be placed on the hull of the ship. Henri, who was in charge of provisioning this new vessel, forgot this detail. As fate would have it the vessel was shipwrecked and all the goods aboard lost.

Almost immediately after the news arrived Marcel approached Henri and demanded to know if he had neglected his duty. When Henri admitted he had forgotten the charm Marcel was incensed and beat Henri badly. Sheepishly Henri admits he deserved the beating and will never again fail to follow his father's orders.

Should the relationship between Etienne and his father be brought up, Henri will state that his father loves Etienne very much.

As evidence of this Henri will state that his father was always extremely protective with his foster brother. Etienne was never allowed to be play rough games, and Henri would always be punished if he accidentally injured Etienne.

Henri has always gotten along well with Etienne. He finds him to be a fine brother, who has always been kind to him and his sister. He will remark that his faith serves as an inspiration to others.

Personality

Henri is a cheerful young man who wears a constant smile and usually seems in good cheer. He is not terribly intelligent, but has a kind heart.

(Note: In this village, among the mercantile families, tradition dictates that the eldest son inherits the father's trade, while younger sons are encouraged to join the priesthood. This even extends to fostering relationship as in Etienne's case. It has always been incongruous in the Pêcheur family. In recent years, outsiders have attributed this to Etienne's love for the Church, and Henri's aptitude, though most would admit that Henri is kinder than he is bright.)

Marie-Anne Pêcheur

Marie-Anne is a sweet, unimaginative girl, of slightly below average intelligence and above average appearance. She is two years younger than Henri. She loves her foster-brother and has nothing against him. It has always seemed exceedingly clear to her that her foster-brother would become a priest and that Henri would follow his father into the family business.

Marie-Anne is very upset about her foster-brother's condition. She has wanted to go to and pray with Etienne, but Marcel has forbidden it. She is rather glum about this, but has been praying quite a lot for God to have mercy on her foster-brother. Once she learns of the failure of the exorcism she will risk her father's wrath and accompany her brother to visit Etienne.

Though she will not readily think of it, if she is asked if her father has been behaving strangely, she will state that she was told not to talk to the visitors about her brother. Her father told her that the family's welfare depended on Etienne. Marie-Anne was confused by this, and remarked that the visitors were here to help Etienne. Marcel snarled that Etienne did not need their help. This upset Marie-Anne but she did not press her father on the matter any further.

Personality

Marie-Anne is extremely nervous around strangers. She will not make eye contact and stammers quite a lot. This does not come across as coy, but rather awkward.

Father Martin

This fellow took over the parish of St. Cécilia five years ago. Since then he has become well acquainted with Etienne and to a lesser extent his family. He holds the boy in high regard for his deep abiding faith, and is extremely concerned for him. He knows little of the family history, other than that which is common

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knowledge.

He is surprised by the venom that Marcel is displaying seeing as before he had always seemed a decent man. He assumes that he is just overwrought with concern, but feels that Marcel should trust in the wisdom of the church to aid his son.

Etienne has shared his suspicions that he is truly Marcel's son, but Father Martin is unlikely to reveal this.

Personality

Father Martin is a good and holy man. He is a simple parish priest and puts on no airs. He recognizes when he is out of his depth. His chief concern is for the spiritual well being of his flock.

will state that he has a fellow skilled at "questioning" individuals, if the need for such a specialist would arise.

Act I Scene II: a small cell

Once Father Martin has briefed the visitors on the situation they will be led to a door. He will gravely say that beyond is the afflicted boy. This will be the first interview between the priests and the boy.

At this stage Etienne will be wholly lucid. He will tell the investigators of his nightmares, physical ailments and the occurrences of his waking visions. Other than the physical manifestations, there will be nothing to suggest that there is anything out of the ordinary.

Locations

Bourgade sur la Mer: a small village, the location of the investigation

Monastère de La Rochelle: Home of the majority of the PC clergy

Prieuré de St. Jean le Baptiste: Home parish of PC Father Thomas

Abbaye de la Trinité: Home parish of Father Luc

Eglise de Sainte Cécilia: Small church where Etienne is staying.

Plot Progression and Events

Act I Scene I: A hallway leading to a small room

The game opens with the PCs being led down a hall by Father Martin. They have just arrived moments ago after a long wearying ride. He is explaining to them what has occurred in the past few weeks. They will be led into a room and have refreshments served to them, Martin will continue to brief them on the events. Once they have eaten, Martin will offer to show them to the boy. During Martin's introduction, as he is listing the various services he can provide, he

As the priests are speaking with the boy, Marcel will arrive. He will speak with Jules, who is NOT permitted into the room, trying to establish a rapport. (If Jules begins to enter the room Father Martin will ask him to wait outside.) Marcel will try to gain insight into the priests from Jules. If any opportunity provides itself, he will try to gauge how willing Jules is to betraying his duties. If he seems willing to do this, Marcel will offer him a great sum to free Etienne during the night. (See the Unwilling Escape section below. He will repeat this offer throughout the scenario, and the accompanying event can occur anytime prior to the exorcism.)

Once the priests have concluded their interview with Etienne, his father will be waiting outside to speak with the priests. He is of

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course very angry, but at this point his wrath should be one of indignation. He will bluster to the PCs about the absurdity of the charges. Overall the impression should be one of an overprotective parent. Marcel will likely storm out, full of wrath if the priests do anything but agree to his every desire.

(The initial encounter with Etienne, and future encounters as well, should be regulated in terms of pace by Father Martin. If this scene in particular seems to be winding down, then Father Martin should intervene saying that he is certain that the visitors are weary from their journey (which they are) and that Etienne is weak, and needs rest.

Act I Scene III: a small room in the church tower

Following their discussions with Etienne and Marcel, Father Martin will invite the PCs to share some tea with him in his chambers. Father Cecil, a younger priest who assists the older man with his tasks, will join them. Cecil and Martin know essentially the same things. Cecil is present to assist in answering questions the PCs may have about Etienne and his family. This should be kept fairly short. When a few questions have been answered Father Martin will announce that it is time to retire for the evening.

Interlude: An Unwilling Escape

This event will occur if (or at the least the first time) Marcel is able to successfully bribe Jules or another character into springing Etienne. The opportunity to act will occur in the night. The guard can smuggle the boy out of the church. Etienne is fairly pliable at this point. He will believe any reasonable story that does not necessarily conflict with his own wishes to be cured of his possession. Once he is taken out of the church he will become more resistant to this, questioning his escort. As they cross a small stone bridge his better judgment will set in, and he will try to flee back to the church. If a struggle ensues he will fall over the edge of the bridge into the black swirling waters below. (If there is no struggle, he will stumble away on his gouty legs and trip over the edge. It is important that this seems accidental. Etienne is not suicidal, knowing that this act places one beyond redemption.) The guard should be made aware that the water is icy cold, and swift flowing. It would be difficult for a strong swimmer to navigate it; one in Etienne's condition would have no chance.

While this is occurring, the priests will be awoken and told of Etienne's absence. During this discussion the guard will return. (He can reasonably deny any wrongdoing; no one witnessed his departure, unless he was specifically watched by the PCs.) During the exchange between the guard and the priests, Etienne will return. He will be bleeding from a gash in his head, and be soaking wet and coughing.

When questioned about the events he will recall little. He remembers vaguely being on the bridge, and arguing (or running away, however the case may be) and falling into the water. He remarks that he tried to stay afloat, but sunk, and the water was bitterly cold. He knew he was going to die, and hoped that his soul would ascend to heaven. Then for a bit he remembers nothing. Then he will become visibly shaken, and state that he found himself on the black, silty bed of the river, his hands sunk into to cold sucking mud. Becoming even more distraught he will hysterically claim that he was breathing water as if it were air. At this point he will be too overwrought with anguish and fear to coherently answer any questions. If the PCs don't suggest that he rest, then Father Martin certainly will.

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Act II Scene I: In the guest room in the parish tower

Whether or not Etienne was involved in an escape attempt, the next morning the investigators will be awoken by a frantic Father Martin. He will tell the PCs that Etienne has worsened and is, at this very moment in the dire grip of Satan. Father Martin will hastily depart assuming that the PCs will follow him. If not he will urge them to strongly.

Act II Scene II: Etienne's Cell

Within the cell, the investigators will find the room darkened, and Etienne huddled in the corner of the room. He will be shielding his face, turned against the wall, muttering a stream of incomprehensible noises, utterly unlike any language on earth. (A scholarly investigator could make a knowledge roll here. Success determines that this seems like no language they have ever encountered. (It is in fact nothing more than babble.))

If a light is brought into the room Etienne will scream and howl, demanding that it be doused. Etienne will hiss, growl and shake his fist at the priests. Curiously he will not, at this point, utter profane or blasphemous statements. (At this stage of his illness, the "pos-

sessed" persona is a complete creation of Etienne's disturbed mind. Unconsciously it still holds true to his value system.) Nor will he claim to be loyal to, or a servant of, Satan. The farthest Etienne's damaged mind will allow is to claim that a legion of demons holds the mortal shell of the boy in its thrall. This sort of behavior will continue for a bit. If the priests at any point suggest that they hold an exorcism, Etienne's created persona will retreat, temporarily. Etienne will return, exhausted from his fit.

Further inquiry will reveal that he recalls little of his episode, besides that as the demon retreated he felt its terror. This is of course his own mental fabrication of the event; to him a demon would be utterly terrified of an exorcism. Etienne will state plainly, that though it has retreated he knows that it is still present. He will feel it tugging at his mind, as if were being stretched its beyond its capacity. (This is his effort to explain the mental transformation occurring as the alien intellect within him evolves.)

Interlude: Marcel intervenes again

If the priests try to exorcise Etienne he will interject himself forcibly. He will try to bribe the guard, with huge sums, to betray the others and release Etienne to him. (If the Jules has already attempted to betray the others, Marcel will tersely chastise him for failing so miserably. He will demand that they make another attempt to free his son.) If Jules proves recalcitrant Marcel will bluster furiously, but be powerless to act. Marcel is certainly not above bribing others, particularly Marc, if it seems likely to succeed.

It should be remembered that Etienne is a willing captive. If Jules or another priest ever frees Etienne, he will return of his volition. If he is removed and placed in Marcel's custody, he will be very upset, especially if this happens prior to the exorcism. His agitated state exacerbates his condition causing it to progress more rapidly. If this happens Henri, and Marie-Anne will free him and return him to the church unless the PCs act accordingly (i.e. by confronting Marcel and demanding that he return his son.)

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Act II Scene II: Etienne's Cell (The ceremony)

This is a floating event and might occur later, but probably not sooner. Once the priests have witnessed some of Etienne's demonic actions they will likely be prompted to perform the ceremony. This scene is described in the Exorcism heading in the player portion. However, the scene plays out, it will not have the desired effect. When it concludes Etienne will still be afflicted. He will sob, and wail, and bitterly confess that his mind is still tormented. He still feels the throbbing in his mind like the rhythmic pounding of the surf.

Once the ceremony is finished and Etienne's condition remains, the PCs should be given the opportunity to huddle up to consider their options. They might conclude that the devil that is assaulting him is stronger, or might have some specific tie to him that is making it resistant to the exorcism (successful occult.) Another possibility is that he is afflicted not by a demon, but with a disease that is poisoning his mind and body. Father Martin should be onsite here to offer to fetch individuals for questioning.

Act III

Following the ceremony, and its inevitable failure, the PCs will be running the show. They will have a number of options to try. They could attempt another exorcism again, or Father Thomas could come forward with the revelation that he knows another ceremony. (This too will fail, seeing as there truly is no evil spirit to expel from Etienne.) Father Luc might attempt a medical solution. The PCs might also try to learn more about Etienne. In any event some time will pass while the players contemplate their next move. As this happens Etienne declines rapidly.

Note: The locations in this section are much more flexible. As such the indicators following the act and scene have been removed.

Act III Scene I

Once the ceremony has occurred, news of its failure will quickly disseminate throughout the village. Almost universally this is met with great sadness, and fear. The exception to this is Marcel—he will be visibly relieved if the investigators announce to him the exorcism failed. If asked about this odd response he will say that it proves that his son is not possessed. However he does not seem concerned by the lack of

When the Man comes around

If the players recall Father Martin's offer to provide a man skilled at getting answers, Bernard will be summoned. This fellow enjoys what he does, and is extraordinarily well suited to it. He will ask who is in need of his services. He will then announce that he will persuade Marcel to answer. He and Marcel will enter another room. Screams will be heard. Then Bernard will emerge. He will state that Marcel is proving resistant, and asks if he should continue. More screams, and he returns. Again he states, with begrudging respect, that Marcel is still uncooperative. . Once again he asks if he should continue. He says that he will be certain that Marcel will still be capable of answering. He departs, and more screams, more violent and desperate issue forth, these are accompanied by thudding sounds and finally a snapping accompanied by a scream with ends in a wracking sob. Bernard will return, and say that he is ready to answer. Marcel will tell the PCs the truth behind his terrible deeds.

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recovery of his son.

While the PCs are mulling over their options Henri and Marie-Anne will creep into the Church. They are there to visit Etienne, and offer their prayers. If they are confronted they will be able to reveal a few things about the family's past. After a short while their mother, Béthanie will arrive and demand that they return home. Again, if she is confronted she will have many things to reveal.

Once the Pêcheur family has disclosed their dark secrets, considerable guilt will be placed at Marcel's feet. If Marcel is confronted he will arrogantly and venomously refuse to tell the PCs anything. He will accuse his wife of being little more than a harlot, and his children of being simple-minded, blithering fools. No amount of talk will penetrate his denials.

Act III Scene II

During this phase Etienne, realizing that he is likely beyond help, is deteriorating at an astounding pace into the depths of madness. As his mind flies asunder his transformation is greatly accelerated. If his is visited, his condition will be visibly worse, he will barely be able to speak. His voice will be little more than a disturbing croak. He will at this point beg for the PCs, or anyone else for that matter, to slay him before the devil fully claims his soul.

If there is much delay, then Etienne will become fully bestial. At this point his persona is fully gone and he is beyond reach. Attempts to speak with him will be met with snarls and growls as if he were a feral beast. If the PCs enter the cell at this point Etienne will become agitated. As they enter, Marcel will arrive. He will place a hand on Jules offering even more lavish bribes. Whether or not he has been "questioned" he will know that his plans are quickly coming to an end. He hopes to imprison the priests so that he has time to gather some things and make his escape.

If the guard acquiesces to this plan and seals the door, Marcel will peak through the small

barred window and decry their meddling efforts. When he does this Etienne will see his father, and somewhere in the black gulf of alien madness he will know the truth. This will disintegrate the final tiny fragments of his soul and drive the creature he has become into a murderous fury. Woe to any priest locked in the room with him as he will claw and batter them terribly. (In terms of game mechanics this effectively reduce all the PCs to 2 hps, unless Jules intervenes.)

Act II Scene III: Le Cortège Sinistre

Shortly after Etienne has been slain, a great commotion will arise outside the town. Out of the dark, rain-haunted night (for it will certainly be night when this event occurs) a tumult of croaking voices, echoed by the screams of horrified witnesses will be heard. Moments later the door will be flung open and in will pour a horde of hooded and robed figures. Many of the hoods will have fallen away to reveal faces of unmanlike things with the smooth green skin of frogs, too-wide mouths and eyes more akin to a fish than man. These creatures will grab Etienne and drag/carry him away. If Etienne is alive and able he will gladly accompany these fiends.

(Note: One of the members of this group should be a female representing Etienne's mother.)

Fin.

Paul

Background

In was just last summer, a little over a year ago, when you became a monk in the Monastère de

La Rochelle. There are only a few monks your age, and these fellows seem much older than you.

Yours is the face of a young boy, and others treat you as such. This is not helped by your behavior. You have always been easily startled and this has worsened, rather than improved, in the past few months. You know that others think less of you when they see you so easily startled, so you try hard to be brave, but it never seems to work. The others cajole you, urging you earnestly you not to turn around for a dark man is following you, then laughing when you turn to see your shadow.

Your timid nature and slight frame made you ill suited to tending the gardens or vineyards so you were given the tedious chore of transcribing some of the old volumes in the monastery's library. While some would have preferred the time spent in the sun and wind, you were extremely pleased with your assignment. It allowed you the peace, and solitude that you enjoy.

The work was something you enjoyed doing and you had even began to show some skill in illuminating the texts. However, some of the older books, especially that horrible one in Greek, were too disturbing. The things it discussed were forbidden by any stretch of the imagination. Pondering them stressed your constitution terribly and forced you to the infirmary for many days. When you returned to your desk the volume was gone, replaced with some works of Saint Augustine.

Often you have thought on why you should be so full of fear. Perhaps growing up in that little house tucked deep away in the forest, so near that ancient graveyard, poisoned your mind and left it vulnerable.

You often see the graveyard in your dreams, dreams that you cannot fully recall, retaining only glimpses, but that leave you shaking with terror, and drenched in a cold sweat. The dreams are always the same, of the gray mist shrouded gravestones rising up from the fog, soldiers of stone in an army of the damned.

And then there is that terrible face; the one you dreamed appeared in your bedroom window. It has haunted you your entire life and you often find that you have drawn it, unaware of your actions. It has wormed its way into several of your illuminations, spoiling them and causing you to start anew, often losing several days of work.

You know that the abbot sent you along to test you, to help you grow in courage, armed as you are now with a strong faith. Still you are uncertain. Never before have you been in the presence of true evil; this will be no shadow or fleeting visage seen in a dream, but undeniable evidence of Satan's terrible influence. If your faith does not desert you, you know that God will protect be a shield against enemies and peril. Hopefully the others will guide you in your duties, and it is always pleasant to visit the country.

Personality

This is will be a new experience for you and though it does terrify you, it is also quite fascinating. There is much to be learned here for you will be seeing the power of God, when He is called upon to cast out the spirits afflicting the boy. It will be frightening, but being part of such a glorious deed will certainly strengthen your resolve. With this in mind, as you reflect upon it often, you put your oft troubled mind at ease. Thus far a feeling of excitement, rather than anxiety, has prevailed and you feel more relaxed than you have in some time.

Your Companions on this Journey

Thomas

Before you began this journey you had seen this



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priest from afar. He was a visitor often to the libraries, always deep in his reading. You were surprised to see him among this group for you thought him nothing more than a traveling scholar. Now you have learned that he has some experience and has been a part of other exorcisms. He makes you uneasy for some reason. Perhaps it is that you have seen him looking at you, with eyes tired and full of sadness? Or perhaps you fear a man who has been so close to true evil.

Philippe

Of all the monks and priests you have ever met, this man is one you admire above all others. He seems a paragon of virtue. His presence has helped to ease your fears for his courage is a light for all to follow. You have never spent much time with him and you are pleased that this task will allow you to learn in his august company. You hope that your fears do not cause you to lose face in his eyes.

Luc

A strange man this fellow, he has been very kind to you, but seems weak minded. Constantly he is looking at the horses, or at birds. When he had heard that you worked at transcribing texts, he asked a flurry of questions, from subjects as varied as Herodotus's Histories to Cicero's

opinion of Julius Caesar. You were surprised for his clothes were rough and simple, more of a simple parish priest than a learned scholar. Though he seems a pious enough man, his behavior, constantly darting to and fro, makes you anxious.

Marc

This man is a scoundrel and rogue. Constantly his laughter booms out as he utters something blasphemous and profane. To think that he is an ordained priest is shocking. He often speaks to you, to tease you obviously, uttering some unfathomable worldly remark that turns your face scarlet, and makes your ears burn! You find yourself growing angry towards him, an uncommon feeling for you, but his behavior leaves you little choice so outrageous is it.

Jules

You grew up with this fellow, though you were never friends. He was a rough boy and whenever you would happen to play together it would inevitably leave you bruised and bleeding. This did not happen often, for you quickly learned to avoid him. When you first saw him with the horses it took you a moment to recognize him. You hope that he doesn't remember you; he seems as simple minded as ever so he likely does not.



Thomas

Background

You are a resident priest at the Prieuré de St Jean le Baptiste. For many years you have enjoyed the luxury of a scholarly life. Your inherited wealth, the majority of which you gave to the priory gained for you special freedom, which you have used to travel and learn. The pursuit of knowledge has taken you to Rome and Athens, there to pour over many of the oldest texts.

To all that know you, you appear as nothing more than a well traveled, and sagely old priest, pious and wise. However none know the true paths on which your studies pulled you, at times seemingly against your will, or at least your better judgment. At times, your wrinkled brow beaded with cool perspiration, you scanned a passage that described strange, terrible ideas so blasphemous and profane, that to read such a blight without hurling the book into a greedy, voracious fire, and then spreading the venomous ash to the winds, would consign you irredeemably to the fires of the stake, and then your mortal soul to the eternal flames of Hell. And yet, after reading such things you did not destroy the book, nor even scourge your back to tatters to rip the heinous memory from your mind. Instead you made careful note, and plunged ahead into deeper and darker works, more vile than the last.

It is your belief that these studies have not corrupted you, for you yet have a deep faith in the risen Lord. However you know that others would not agree, and that if the true depth of your knowledge were ever discovered you would surely be imperiled.

Your inclusion in this task was not by chance. For you have earned a reputation as a strong foe of Satan, having taken part in two other exorcisms. If the truth were known you

have been present at five, and a participant in four. The last one still haunts you, and you dare not speak of it to anyone.

Dark fiends from the black pits of Hell were torturing a boy in that gray, lonely, rain-haunted village you happened to be passing through. The family, and poor cowering folk grasped at the hems of your robes and begged you to help. You were alone and aware of the dangers of trying such a thing by yourself, but the poor boy was weak and would not long stave off the reaper. You prayed with fervor calling upon the Lord and Savior, but you were lacking, for the dark spirits held fast. Despairing you turned to the oily corruption, that unholy chant of power you had pieced together, from broken shards of clay traced with the queer wedges of ancient Sumer and from papyrus scraps scrawled in forbidden Aklo. This chant could be used, heretically, in place of good Christian prayers, to cast out foul demons and vile spirits of the air. You entered the squalid hut in which the boy lay, and shutting the door behind you (and perhaps the gates of Heaven?) you croaked the dark words in a voice not your own.

Your mind remembers only visions of smoke and fire, and when it was over the ashen faced boy was freed from the devil's hand. Though you nursed him day and night, the toll was too high for his tiny frame, and the strain of being a vessel so foully used too horrible. He soon died, free of his torments, absolved and blameless.

Personality

Your delvings have made it difficult for you to make friends or to place trust in others. Because of this you try to keep your own counsel. However, this is not your nature for you enjoy the company of your fellows, nearly as much as books. This conflict makes you seem abrupt at times and always guarded in your speech.

You have a great faith in God and desire to help mankind, but this is balanced by your fear of being accused of heresy. Your research into



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forbidden subjects has not tainted your faith, or lessened your love for the priesthood, but the threat of discover is a constant threat..

Your companions on this Journey

Paul

This young lad is truly an innocent. His wide, white eyes remind you of a newborn lamb. It is a terrible shame that he is on this journey for none can look upon Evil without bearings its stain upon them. You will pray that he is spared the worst of this dire task.

Philippe

This man seems to find the devil in every corner and shadow; each blade of grass hides a demon and behind each man's eyes lays a vast expanse of unrepented sins. He sees evil first, and God's mercy and forgiveness secondarily or not at all. This man is rigid and inflexible as glass, and if his mind were to be exposed to the things you have, he would easily shatter into countless shards. If he were ever to suspect that you knew such things, you would be at the mercy of one without that quality.

Luc

A learned man like yourself, this man seems to have wisely avoided the dark temptations you

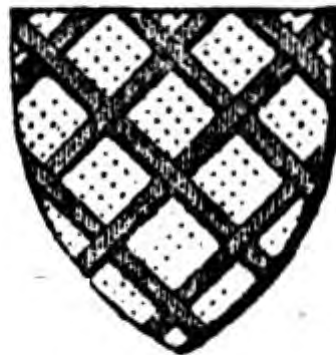
could not. He seems to have a great knowledge of the Greek and Roman worthies, and though you would dearly like to engage him, you know that he could prove most dangerous. For a learned man would know the paths one should not take.

Marc

Many you know would see this man and spit. "A fallen priest, a robed imposter," they would say. You look upon this man, and see a fellow of strange courage. Yes he is a poor priest, but he admits as much. Perhaps he, as a man given to sins of carnal nature, is poorer than you but you will not add hypocrisy to your sins and think less of him.

Jules

A surly disagreeable youth, this fellow practically dragged your pack from your shoulders in an oafish attempt to aid you. Had its contents spilled out you would have been doomed. At your refusal he stood staring at you stupidly. Now he just casts suspicious glances and peers



even longer at bags on your horse.

Phillipe

Background

Ever since you can remember you have wanted to be a priest. Your earliest, and fondest, memories are of the beauty and majesty of the Church. Even as a small child you remember you would attend mass each day with your mother. After it was over, you and she would linger, she in prayer and you gazing up at the beautiful ceiling. In those days you would imagine the painted angels smiling down upon you, and flitting to and fro in joyful play.

Looking back now, you smile and think how foolish those thoughts were, for you know that angels, like priests, have no time for frolic, for they are in constant service to the Lord, and wage a never-ending fight against sin, and corruption. You are in debt to your mother for showing you the glory of the church, but it was your father, whose discipline, which seemed brutally harsh at the time, that showed you it would require steely determination to be a true servant of God.

Since you entered the Monastère de La Rochelle you have endeavored to root out sin. These efforts have uncovered tragic evidence that true evil abounds in the world. You see minor failings in your fellow monks, understandable for it is man's nature to sin, but still it grieves you to see it in a community dedicated to the Lord. However it is not the minor trespasses that concern you. It is the undeniable face of Satan in the world.

Nearly three years ago you were present at another exorcism. It was a woman, a mother and wife. She was known to be a Godly woman, true and virtuous. But then sin left open the door for the devil, and soon this good woman was a pawn of Lucifer. You and your fellow priests prayed, and bent your true faith to the

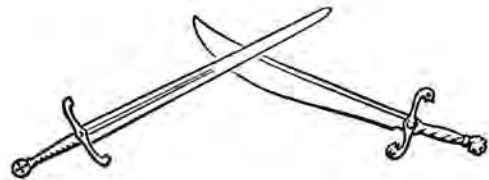
woman's plight entreating the demon to be gone. It was to no avail. Either the faith of the other priests was wanting, or as is their nature, the woman was too weak to throw off the yoke of sin. As she refused to admit her complicity in the matter, there was no other choice but to burn her and hope that God could forgive her.

Now you have been given another opportunity to save the soul of an innocent. The lad is said to be of strong in his faith, but you have found that the prince of darkness is seldom wholly uninvited. Often the path to cleansing the soul lies in identifying the door left open for the devil.

Personality

You have found that most people admire you for your strength of character. True some are intimidated, or perhaps even envious of your virtues, most find you a steadying influence; a rock to cling to in times of trouble. You strive to uphold this, to continue to be a paragon of all that is good and righteous.

Though the abbot did not specify this, you believe he meant to place you in charge. He is



an elderly man and his failing health concerns you.

Your companions on this Journey

Paul

This young man is very naïve. You seriously question the abbot's reasoning for allowing him to participate in this undertaking. It is quite beyond his experience, and likely outside of his God-given capabilities as well. He seems to you to be a fearful boy, and you are very concerned about his mettle in the face of true evil. Still, he

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seems to be pure of heart and true in his faith. It must fall on you to shepherd this lad, and foster what little strength is in him.

Thomas

A visitor from the Prieuré de St Jean le Baptiste, this man is renown for scholarly knowledge.

You had only known of him by reputation before he joined your group, and are pleased to make his acquaintance. He seems to be a quiet man who weighs his words carefully. You enjoy his contemplative nature and hope to spend some time in conversation with him. His knowledge and wisdom could be a great help in the task ahead, and other conflicts that lie in your future.

Luc

Until the morning you departed you had not met this fellow. Yet when he arrived he seemed familiar to you. You cannot recall from where you might know him. He seems a decent enough fellow, if a bit untidy. He appears easily distracted; often you have seen him leave the

road to observe a bird or examine a plant. Despite these failings he seems a good enough man, perhaps a bit more prayer would lend focus to his mind.

Marc

Seldom have you met a more infuriating man. This one is more suited to collecting tax or even less scrupulous activities than serving God. That he is a priest is an outrage, bordering on sacrilege. He is a profane fellow, and one of low morals. You find him utterly without merit. His inclusion is more proof of the abbot's faltering judgment. In addition to his poor character, which is offensive enough, he seems to have a personal vendetta against you. Each exchange between you is an argument, and he is relentless in his efforts to have the final say.

Jules

This poor fellow is a rustic and little more. He has proven helpful enough, but while you are on such an important task you cannot spare time to speak with him much. You believe he is a decent enough man, but he seems not overly



bright. He is capable enough when tending horses, but his weak mind is a hindrance to him. You must remember him in your prayers, and be patient with those like him.

Luc

Background

When you were a child your parents both perished in a fire. Little more than an infant you were taken in and raised in the Abbaye de la Trinité. The monks there saw to your schooling and your aptitude obviously found you favor. Once you were old enough, they taught you to read and this became your favorite activity. You would often seclude yourself in the recesses of the expansive library reading your favorite works such as those of Aristotle and St. Augustine. However, it was in Hippocrates and Galen that you found such astounding knowledge which has intrigued you ever since.

You have studied every volume that the library contained, including Aphorisms by Hippocrates and Galen's On the Natural Facilities, and have traveled far to read other works. Recently you read the excellent passage by Hippocrates entitled, On the Sacred Disease. You feel, considering the task at hand, that it is most fortuitous happenstance.

You have not contented yourself to mere study, for you have many times employed this knowledge to treat the sick and infirm. Though you have not extensive opportunities to employ your skills, you gladly help those in need. Past experience has shown you the advantages of carrying your implements with you. One never knows when a poor soul with imbalanced humors will require the gentle application of leeches to ease their suffering.

This matter at hand recalls to you an unhappy occasion a few years ago. You were traveling to a small village hoping to enjoy a bit of quiet contemplation at a small shrine dedi-

cated to St. Romanus. You were looking forward to a time away from the abbey and to being a stranger. It would be a fine time for quiet reflection and prayer. However when you arrived at the village there was a great commotion. A woman had been found guilty of witchcraft and was to be burnt at the stake.

Dismayed by this, but still hoping to remain anonymous, you asked questions about this woman to the villagers. She had seemed like a good woman, a beloved wife and mother. You could not imagine how a woman such as this could become a pawn of Satan. However the priests who had attempted the exorcism were firm in their beliefs and of such harsh temperament that you did not think it wise to argue against them, or even to reveal that you were a fellow priest. Helpless, you watched as the woman was put to death.

Later, after the others had departed, you continued to make inquiries. It seems that the woman's perverse behavior only began after she had been struck a blow to the head by a falling lintel. Prior to this she had never displayed any evil, or malice, or even any discordant spirit. All who knew her remarked of her meek and humble nature. To you it seemed this woman was more likely confused, and suffering from the effect of the blow, which had likely caused an abundance of black bile, instead of contamination from demons. Yet you did nothing, when you could have, to stop her from being killed unjustly. The guilt of this act, which bears the taint of basest cowardice, is a heavy burden to you.

In the days that followed, you penned a harsh letter to the abbot of the Monastère de La Rochelle, the place from which the remorseless executioners had come. In this you chastised them strongly and nigh onto them placed the unjust murder of an innocent. No reply ever came.

A few days ago a letter arrived for you explaining the situation in the village and ask-



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ing for you to come along. You were mightily surprised when you realized it came from the very monastery, more so the very abbot that you had so bitterly expressed your displeasure to. You can only hope that he means to ensure, by your presence, that there will be no repeat of the unjust treatment of an innocent.

Personality

All of the time you spent in quiet reflection led you to become an observant and thoughtful man. This sobriety is balanced by a youthful exuberance that belies your years. The world around you is a constant source of amazement and you imagine that others must think you rather daft, as you are easily distracted if you happen upon a new plant or unusual flower, many of which could contain unknown curative properties. You tend to consider things carefully before making decisions and tend to consider mundane solutions before jumping to fantastic conclusions. You know that the work of the devil is present in the world, but you reason that attributing everything to him falsely empowers him. Thus you endeavor to cheat the devil of that which is not due to him, and bring greater glory to God by showing the depths of wonder in His creation.

Your companions on this Journey

Paul

An innocent lad whose mind should be full of energy and brimming with curiosity. Instead you find him to be terribly shy. You were very pleased to learn that he works in the

monastery's library. His knowledge of the works is impressive for one so young, but he seems rather withdrawn and reluctant to talk about it. Very odd.

Thomas

The other stranger among the group, this fellow is from a priory some ways removed. He seems a scholarly sort and you must talk with him when time permits. An older man, he seems rather withdrawn and this must be due to fatigue. Still his proud nature will not allow him to have others share his burdens, as he refuses all offers to help carry his weighty pack.

Philippe

This man was one of the scoundrels present at the burning of the innocent woman. He seems a prayerful fellow, but his sins of pride and wrath are blotches on him that overshadow whatever goodness he may possess. In the days ahead perhaps an opportunity will present itself for you to confront this braying ass about his past misdeeds and prevent him from doing further harm.

Marc

This fellow is a sinful man but he makes no pretense about it, and revels in being a poor priest. You cannot help but find his bawdy jests and outrageous stories humorous. He is an engaging fellow and he has spoken to you often. You think that perhaps beneath all his showy worldliness, is a truly good man.

Jules

This man tends the animals and performs other



menial chores. He was not blessed with wit and moreover seems to have been cursed with the mind of a brute. He treats the animals poorly. Thus far, you have managed to curb these tendencies in him by making simple inquiries, which distract him as you show him the proper way to perform whatever task he was attempting.

MARC

Background

In the monastery wherein you now reside, all the monks are very devout, and likely quite learned. You however, are neither of these things. You know that you are not a good priest, and certainly you have never pretended to be one. You came into the Church at the behest of your lord father, as his youngest son he had nothing else pressing for you to attend to, and a priest in the family could prove advantageous. So, you did as he wished. It was never prudent to anger father unnecessarily, and his request seemed harmless enough.

Your birthplace was Bordeaux and you wish that you could still reside there. It was where you were ordained and you had an easy life there. Things were going very well, you could visit your old friends, and family. There was plenty of fine wine, and other diversions. And there was Angelique. A misnamed woman to be sure, for she was devilish, but delightfully so.

You laugh to think how the others would blush to hear you speak of her. For her dark hair, and darker eyes, could not conceal the fire for life she had. And neither your dark robes nor your vows could bar you from enjoying that fire. You drew great pleasure from each other, both from the time you spent and the physical pleasures you indulged in. You and her were

both trophies, she of an ancient husband, a lording true, but one incapable of appreciating her gifts, and you of a father who, as an afterthought, sentenced you to a life that never interested you in the slightest.

How both old men roared when the affair was discovered. Unnatural they called it. They were not amused when you japed that what they had saw was very natural. Perhaps you should be grateful that your father warned you that the old man would not allow a man who gave him horns to live, but now, to be sentenced to a dank monastery? What kind of existence is that?

You were given a choice, leave the city to "study" at the Monastère de La Rochelle, or be the victim of a dagger in the belly, or an even more imaginative demise. No choice at all really.

When you heard about the situation with the boy, you eagerly volunteered to assist. How the others marveled at this. It was a chance to leave the dull confines of the monastery, likely for an equally dull village, but anything would be better than the monotony you were forced to endure. The abbot likely thought that it would help to strengthen your faith to be a part of such an undertaking. Who knows, perhaps he was right?

Personality

Some would call you arrogant, or frivolous, but you have always seen yourself as a realistic fellow. Things are as they are. Yes the devil exists and one can fall under his sway, but if one is careful not to stray too far from the path, life can still be enjoyed. You feel that sin is unavoidable, so what is the use trying to live an impossible life? One must treat it like sailing, you do not progress against the wind, but with it. As such you feel that you are sinful, but more



ROUND THREE

in control of your sinfulness than those who try to resist the wind and currents of life, only to be overwhelmed and drowned.

Your most common form of sport is shocking your fellows with your views. It is most entertaining to see the incredulous and outraged looks they give you.

Your Companions on this Journey

Paul

This young man is quite amusing to you. He's eager to learn and fit in, but he seems quite timid, scared of his own shadow. In some ways he reminds you of yourself at his age. You were also naïve like him, and uncertain. You have tried to offer him advice, practical things, not your usual inflammatory rhetoric, but even these mild suggestions make him blush and his eyes bulge.

Thomas

You have just met Father Thomas. From your estimation he is a scholar, and seems a man of great learning. He's seems cordial enough, if a bit bookish. Your conversations with him have been enjoyable, for he seems the most willing to discuss your rather unusual views of life. You are impressed with his vigor, for he is a man of some years, but he seems to have inexhaustible vitality. You would be pleased to converse with him, but he seems distant.

Philippe

This fellow is most unpleasant. You are certain he is a fine, and holy man, but he is inflexible and quick to anger. He seldom speaks to you and when he does his words are clipped and terse. His anger and abruptness reminds you of your father, and frustratingly you often find yourself behaving to him as if were, backing down, and acquiescing to his commands. This never lasts for long and you unfailing strike back with an acidic quip.

Luc

Some people react to your comments with outrage, others with shock. Father Luc laughs. You have no idea why. Most of the time he seems quite distracted, looking all about observing the plants, or the sky, or the earth around you. You first met him along with Father Thomas just a few days ago, and then thought him to be simple-minded, but as you have journeyed with him, you realize that is false. You perceive him as keenly intelligent, perhaps the most of anyone you have ever met.

Jules

It is said that everyone is God's creature, and creature is an apt description for this fellow. Dirty, odorous, and ill mannered. You have never had an occasion to speak with him, and cannot fathom any reason why you would. He performs his tasks dutifully, seeing to the horses and packs, but a dog can be trained to do tricks.

Jules

Background

You were born into the service of the Monastère de La Rochelle.

Your family, living in the nearby town of La Rochelle has worked for generations in various fashions to attend to the needs of its inhabitants. The tasks you have to perform are arduous, removing heavy stones from the fields, cleaning stables, or digging latrines and other sorts of labors.

Recently, things have improved a bit as the hard labor has added considerable brawn to your frame. A passing mercenary noticed this and gave some instruction in the use of the battleaxe and since then you have found occasional work as a bodyguard. Before this latest chore, you had hoped to leave La Rochelle and go into the

service of a merchant. The pay received by a caravan guard is likely better than the pittance you receive for the chores around La Rochelle. In battle you have little experience, usually being able to awe foes into retreat. You have brawled often enough, but the thought of using an axe against a man is a bit unnerving. However as a boy you did not like hunting, but the squeamishness faded quickly enough once the chase was on. You are certain that once a true fight is joined that you will be equal to the task.

You have a respect for the church and would have loved to been a priest, but poverty and constant toil kept you from learning to read, or any of the other skills necessary to pursue such a path. The priesthood would have been a way leave the village and see the world. For that is your greatest dream to see majestic cities like Rome and tastes the fruits of the exotic locales. Perhaps if the priests were impressed with your dutifulness they would bring you along on pilgrimages to distant lands

The journey to the village has been uneventful. The wooded road was dark, and the rain cold, biting and continual, but these were the only trials. The priests have not said much to you about why they are traveling in this inclement weather and it is unlikely that they would if asked. So you content yourself to ensuring their safety, and that of their possessions, as well as tending the horses.

Personality

You are a big strong fellow, and your personality reflects your strength. Among your friends you are quick to laugh at a bawdy tale, or jest, but among the priests such behavior must be quelled. You try to keep quiet, for they do not welcome your comments and certainly not your lewd stories. However often they seem ready to make foolish decisions, which reveal, in spite of their learning a lack of understanding of the world. They would likely die in the wilderness without your guidance. Yet you still feel that they think less of you as if your hum-

ble upbringing sets you apart from them.

Your Companions on this journey

Paul

This fellow and you are near in age, and both of you grew up in the village outside the monastery. You were never friends for he was of a better class. You played a few times but he was always getting hurt and crying, then to run home to momma. He seems to have changed little and still seems timid and weak as a rabbit. Now he is a priest and seldom speaks to you. Perhaps he doesn't want the others to think of him as a peasant, or perhaps he thinks himself far better than a mere laborer.

Thomas

Prior to this journey you had never met this fellow. He refused your offer to help him stow his belongings on his horse and insisted on doing it by himself. His bags were large and likely heavy, he looked like the type who enjoyed reading more than work, not too mention he is very old. He likely had secret treasure; otherwise he would not bother with such a menial task. Priests often have gold cups, and jeweled crosses. Did he think you would steal it?

Philippe

Working so close with such holy men, it is often difficult to be at ease, being such a sinful man. Father Philippe certainly reminds you of this, for he seems to stand out, even among the others as one who lives a life devoted to God. Despite his holiness, he is not an easy man to be around. His eyes seem to bore into you, as if he can read the sins on your face. He gives you stern orders and always seems displeased with your efforts. He makes you feel very ill at ease. Despite his holiness, regrettably you do not like him.

ROUND THREE

Luc

Of all the priests this man has been the kindest to you. You had not met him before, but he politely introduced himself and asked a bit about you. He has helped you tend the horses, and even conversed with you. He seems to want to learn a bit about caring for them and has asked you many questions about their care. You are very glad that he came along.

Marc

Being born into poverty has always provided you with many opportunities to feel envious of others. Certain people seem to have gifts

bestowed upon them that they are unworthy of. This man is a perfect example of this. Though he is a priest, he seems a poor one at best. He talks of things that would make men in a tavern blush. In spite of this he treats you with disgust, as if he were better than you. Though a sinner you are, you at least know it, and feel remorse. He may hold a higher place in society, but he is no better than you, no matter

description for this fellow. Dirty, odorous, and ill mannered. You have never had an occasion to speak with him, and cannot fathom any reason why you would. He performs his tasks dutifully, seeing to the horses and packs, but a dog can be trained to do tricks.



the innocent

Be it know by all who would
undertake this Holy task.

A priest, and only one who is expressly authorized by the superiors in the Church, who intends to perform an exorcism over persons tormented by the devil and the legions that serve him, must be properly distinguished for his piety, prudence, and integrity of life. He should fulfill this devout undertaking in all constancy and humility, being utterly immune to any craving for earthly aggrandizement, and free of doubts, grave or small, of his faith, or of his good standing with the Lord, and relying, not on his any power of his own, but trusting solely on divine providence to cast out all foul spirits.

THE INNOCENT

(Each priest involved in the ceremony will speak aloud, and with conviction, one passage, then the one to his right will speak the next passage.)

"I cast you out, unclean spirit, along with every Satanic power of the enemy, every spectre from hell, every demon defiling this servant of the Lord, and all your fell companions; in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, begone and stay far from this creature of God.

For it is He who commands you, He who flung you headlong from the heights of heaven into the depths of hell. It is He who commands you, He who once stilled the sea and the wind and the storm, He who walked upon water, and cured the sick and made the blind see.

Hearken, therefore, and tremble in fear, Satan, you enemy of the faith, you foe of the human race, you begetter of death, you robber of life, you corrupter of justice, you root of all evil and vice, seducer of men, betrayer of the nations, font of avarice, fomenter of discord, author of pain and sorrow.

Why, then, do you stand and resist, knowing, as you must that Christ the Lord brings your plans to nothing? Fear Him, who delivered Daniel from the lion's



ROUND THREE

mau, Jonah from the whale, his chosen people from Pharaoh's bondage, and was crucified and rose again in triumph over the powers of hell.

God, CREATOR and defender of us all, who made man in YOUR own image, look down in pity on this YOUR servant, Etienne, now in the toils of this unclean spirit, now caught up in the fearsome threats of man's ancient enemy, sworn foe of OUR RACE, who befuddles and stupefies the human mind, THROWS IT INTO TERROR, OVERWHELMS IT WITH FEAR AND PANIC."

(All trace the sign of the cross over the afflicted.)

All: We cast you out, every unclean spirit, every satanic power, every onslaught of the infernal adversary, every legion, every diabolical group and sect, in the name and by the power of OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. No longer dare, cunning serpent, to deceive the human race, to persecute God's Church, to strike God's elect and to sift them as wheat. Begone, then, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Give place to the Holy Spirit by this sign of the holy cross of OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, who lives and reigns, forever and ever.

ROUND THREE



Player Name:

CTHULHU DARK AGES

Investigator Name **Njal**
 Birthplace **Njalson Clan Holdings (Norway)**
 Language **Norse**
 Religion **Wotanic**
 Afflictions **see character history**
 Sex **Male** Age **18**

Characteristics & Rolls

STR **12** DEX **12** INT **13** Idea **65**
 CON **10** APP **14** POW **12** Luck **60**
 SIZ **13** SAN **60** EDU **13** Know **65**
 99-Cthulhu Mythos **99** Damage Bonus **+1d4**

Sanity Points

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 **60** 61 62 63 64 65
 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

Magie Points

Unconscious 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Hit Points

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Investigator Skills

☐ Accounting (10%) **10%**
 Art (05%):
☐ **05%**
☐ **05%**
☐ Bargain (05%) **25%**
☐ Climb (DEX+STR%) **34%**
☐ Conceal (15%) **15%**
 Craft (05%):
☐ **05%**
☐ **05%**
 Cthulhu Mythos (00) **00%**
☐ Dodge (DEX x2) **24%**
☐ Drive Horses (20%) **20%**
☐ Fast Talk (05%) **05%**
☐ First Aid (30%) **30%**
☐ Hide (10%) **10%**
☐ Insight (05%) **05%**
☐ Jump (25%) **25%**
☐ Library Use (25%) **25%**
☐ Listen (25%) **45%**
☐ Medicine (05%) **05%**

☐ Natural World (10%) **10%**
☐ Navigate (10%) **45%**
☐ Occult (05%) **05%**
 Other Kingdoms (01%):
☐ **01%**
☐ **01%**
 Other Language (01%):
☐ **01%**
☐ **01%**
☐ **01%**
☐ Own Kingdom (20%) **20%**
 Own Language (EDUx5%):
☐ **Horse** **65%**
☐ Persuade (15%) **55%**
☐ Pilot Boat (01%) **40%**
☐ Potions (01%) **01%**
☐ Repair/Devise (20%) **36%**
☐ Ride Horse (05%) **05%**
 Science (01%):
☐ **01%**
☐ **01%**



☐ Sneak (10%) **40%**
☐ Spot Hidden (25%) **25%**
☐ Status (15%) **35%**
☐ Swim (25%) **55%**
☐ Throw (25%) **35%**
☐ Track (10%) **30%**
 Write Language (01%):
☐ **01%**
☐ **01%**
 Other Skills
☐ **01%**
☐ **01%**

Weapons

weapon	skill %	damage	hand	range	#att	shots	hp
<input type="checkbox"/> Fist (50%)	50 %	1D3+db	1	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Grapple (25%)	25 %	special	2	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Head (10%)	10 %	1D4+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Kick (25%)	25 %	1D6+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Small Knife (25%)	35 %	1D4+db	1	touch	1	1	10
<input type="checkbox"/> Longsword	40 %	1D8+db	1	touch	1	n/a	20
<input type="checkbox"/>	%						
<input type="checkbox"/>	%						
<input type="checkbox"/>	%						

Armor



Type **Leather & Scales**
 Armor Points **6**
 Shield **med** **35** %
 Armor Points **0**

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THE INNOCENT



Player Name:



Investigator Name Skarphedin
 Birthplace Clan Njalsson Holdings
 Language Norse
 Religion Wotanic
 Afflictions _____
 Sex Male Age 17

Characteristics & Rolls
 STR 18 DEX 9 INT 9 Idea 45
 CON 15 APP 12 POW 10 Luck 50
 SIZ 18 SAN 50 EDU 10 Know 50
 99-Cthulhu Mythos 99 Damage Bonus +1d6

Sanity Points
 Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65
 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

Magic Points
 Unconscious 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Hit Points
 Dead -2 -1 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Investigator Skills

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10%) <u>10%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%) <u>10%</u>	
Art (05%):	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%) <u>10%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>05%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%) <u>05%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>05%</u>	Other Kingdoms (01%):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05%) <u>05%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>01%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (DEX+STR%) <u>37%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>01%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Conceal (15%) <u>15%</u>	Other Language (01%):	
Craft (05%):	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>01%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>05%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>01%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>05%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>01%</u>	
Cthulhu Mythos (00) <u>00%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> Own Kingdom (20%) <u>20%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x2) <u>18%</u>	Own Language (EDUx5%):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Horses (20%) <u>20%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Norse</u> <u>50%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%) <u>05%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (15%) <u>15%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%) <u>30%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot Boat (01%) <u>30%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Hide (10%) <u>10%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> Potions (01%) <u>01%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Insight (05%) <u>05%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> Repair/Devise (20%) <u>20%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (25%) <u>25%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride Horse (05%) <u>05%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (25%) <u>25%</u>	Science (01%):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (25%) <u>25%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>01%</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (05%) <u>05%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>01%</u>	<input type="checkbox"/> Sneak (10%) <u>30%</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%) <u>25%</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Status (15%) <u>15%</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Swim (25%) <u>46%</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Throw (25%) <u>25%</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%) <u>40%</u> Write Language (01%): <input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>01%</u> <input type="checkbox"/> _____ <u>01%</u> Other Skills <input type="checkbox"/> _____ <input type="checkbox"/> _____

Weapons

weapon	skill %	damage	hand	range	#att	shots	hp
<input type="checkbox"/> Fist (50%) _____	<u>60</u> %	1D3+db	1	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Grapple (25%) _____	<u>50</u> %	special	2	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Head (10%) _____	<u>30</u> %	1D4+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Kick (25%) _____	<u>35</u> %	1D6+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Small Knife (25%) _____	<u>45</u> %	1D4+db	1	touch	1	1	10
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Longsword</u>	<u>55</u> %	<u>1D8+db</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>touch</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>n/a</u>	<u>20</u>
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Great Axe</u>	<u>70</u> %	<u>2d6+db</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>touch</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>n/a</u>	<u>25</u>
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Armor

Type Boiled Leather
 Armor Points 3
 Shield _____ %
 Armor Points _____

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ROUND THREE



Investigator Name Wulfmære
 Birthplace Clan Njalsson Holdings
 Language Horse
 Religion Wotanic
 Afflictions _____
 Sex Male Age 19

Characteristics & Rolls

STR 13 DEX 10 INT 15 Idea 75
 CON 12 APP 10 POW 16 Luck 80
 SIZ 14 SAN 80 EDU 15 Know 75
 99-Cthulhu Mythos 99 Damage Bonus +1d4

Sanity Points

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65
 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

Magic Points

Unconscious 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Hit Points

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Player Name:

D.A.R.K.
 AGES
 CTHULHU

Investigator Skills

☐ Accounting (10%) 10%
 Art (05%):
☐ _____ 05%
☐ _____ 05%
☐ Bargain (05%) 05%
☐ Climb (DEX+STR%) 33%
☐ Conceal (15%) 15%
 Craft (05%):
☐ _____ 05%
☐ _____ 05%
 Cthulhu Mythos (00) 00%
☐ Dodge (DEX x2) 20%
☐ Drive Horses (20%) 20%
☐ Fast Talk (05%) 05%
☐ First Aid (30%) 50%
☐ Hide (10%) 10%
☐ Insight (05%) 45%
☐ Jump (25%) 25%
☐ Library Use (25%) 25%
☐ Listen (25%) 40%
☐ Medicine (05%) 20%

☐ Natural World (10%) 30%
☐ Navigate (10%) 20%
☐ Occult (05%) 45%
 Other Kingdoms (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
 Other Language (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
☐ Own Kingdom (20%) 20%
 Own Language (EDUx5%):
☐ Horse 75%
☐ Persuade (15%) 15%
☐ Pilot Boat (01%) 15%
☐ Potions (01%) 54%
☐ Repair/Devise (20%) 30%
☐ Ride Horse (05%) 05%
 Science (01%):
☐ Astronomy 35%
☐ _____ 01%



☐ Sneak (10%) 10%
☐ Spot Hidden (25%) 55%
☐ Status (15%) 25%
☐ Swim (25%) 45%
☐ Throw (25%) 25%
☐ Track (10%) 10%
 Write Language (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
 Other Skills
☐ _____
☐ _____

Weapons

weapon	skill %	damage	hand	range	#att	shots	hp
<input type="checkbox"/> Fist (50%)	<u>55</u> %	1D3+db	1	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Grapple (25%)	<u>25</u> %	special	2	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Head (10%)	<u>10</u> %	1D4+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Kick (25%)	<u>25</u> %	1D6+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Small Knife (25%)	<u>35</u> %	1D4+db	1	touch	1	1	10
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Longsword</u>	<u>50</u> %	<u>1D8+db</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>touch</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>20</u>
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Armor



Type Boiled Leather
 Armor Points 3
 Shield med 40 %
 Armor Points 0

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THE INNOCENT



Player Name:

C.T.H.U.L.H.U. DARK AGES

Investigator Name Brynoth
 Birthplace Clan Njalsson Holdings
 Language Norse
 Religion Wotanic
 Afflictions _____
 Sex male Age 20

Characteristics & Rolls

STR 14 DEX 17 INT 11 Idea 55
 CON 13 APP 10 POW 13 Luck 65
 SIZ 11 SAN 65 EDU 11 Know 55
 99-Cthulhu Mythos 99 Damage Bonus +1d4

Sanity Points

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65
 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

Magic Points

Unconscious 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Hit Points

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Investigator Skills

☐ Accounting (10%) 10%
 Art (05%):
☐ _____ 05%
☐ _____ 05%
☐ Bargain (05%) 05%
☐ Climb (DEX+STR%) 50%
☐ Conceal (15%) 25%
 Craft (05%):
☐ _____ 05%
☐ _____ 05%
 Cthulhu Mythos (00) 00%
☐ Dodge (DEX x2) 54%
☐ Drive Horses (20%) 20%
☐ Fast Talk (05%) 05%
☐ First Aid (30%) 30%
☐ Hide (10%) 30%
☐ Insight (05%) 05%
☐ Jump (25%) 45%
☐ Library Use (25%) 25%
☐ Listen (25%) 45%
☐ Medicine (05%) 05%

☐ Natural World (10%) 10%
☐ Navigate (10%) 50%
☐ Occult (05%) 05%
 Other Kingdoms (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
 Other Language (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
☐ Own Kingdom (20%) 20%
 Own Language (EDUx5%):
☐ Norse 55%
☐ Persuade (15%) 15%
☐ Pilot Boat (01%) 41%
☐ Potions (01%) 01%
☐ Repair/Devise (20%) 20%
☐ Ride Horse (05%) 05%
 Science (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%



☐ Sneak (10%) 50%
☐ Spot Hidden (25%) 45%
☐ Status (15%) 15%
☐ Swim (25%) 55%
☐ Throw (25%) 25%
☐ Track (10%) 45%
 Write Language (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
 Other Skills
☐ _____
☐ _____

Weapons

weapon	skill %	damage	hand	range	#att	shots	hp
<input type="checkbox"/> Fist (50%)	<u>50</u> %	1D3+db	1	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Grapple (25%)	<u>25</u> %	special	2	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Head (10%)	<u>10</u> %	1D4+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Kick (25%)	<u>45</u> %	1D6+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Small Knife (25%)	<u>40</u> %	1D4+db	1	touch	1	1	10
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Axe 1 Axe Attack</u>	<u>80</u> %	<u>1d6+db</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>touch</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>n/a</u>	<u>15</u>
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>2 Axe attack</u>	<u>50</u> %	<u>1d6+db</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>touch</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>n/a</u>	<u>15</u>
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Armor



Type Boiled Leather
 Armor Points 3
 Shield _____ %
 Armor Points _____

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ROUND THREE



Player Name:



Investigator Name Sigferd
 Birthplace Njalsson Clan Holdings
 Language Norse
 Religion Wotanic
 Afflictions _____
 Sex male Age 48

Characteristics & Rolls

STR 13	DEX 10	INT 12	Idea 60
CON 10	APP 9	POW 10	Luck 50
SIZ 14	SAN x	EDU 15	Know 75
99-Cthulhu Mythos 99		Damage Bonus +1d4	

Sanity Points

Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

Magie Points

Unconscious	0	1	2	3				
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35
	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43

Hit Points

Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	3		
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35
	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43

Investigator Skills

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10%) 10%	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%) 10%	
Art (05%):	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%) 70%	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%) 05%	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 05%	Other Kingdoms (01%):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05%) 35%	<input type="checkbox"/> <u>France</u> 20%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (DEX+STR%) 40%	<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Iceland</u> 25%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Conceal (15%) 15%	Other Language (01%):	
Craft (05%):	<input type="checkbox"/> <u>French</u> 20%	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
Cthulhu Mythos (00) 00%	<input type="checkbox"/> Own Kingdom (20%) 50%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x2) 30%	Own Language (EDUx5%):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Horses (20%) 20%	<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Norse</u> 75%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%) 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (15%) 25%	
<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%) 40%	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot Boat (01%) 55%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Hide (10%) 10%	<input type="checkbox"/> Potions (01%) 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Insight (05%) 15%	<input type="checkbox"/> Repair/Devise (20%) 40%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (25%) 25%	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride Horse (05%) 05%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (25%) 25%	Science (01%):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (25%) 45%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (05%) 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Sneak (10%) 30%	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%) 55%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Status (15%) 15%	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (25%) 45%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (25%) 35%	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%) 40%	
Write Language (01%):	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
Other Skills	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	

Weapons

weapon	skill %	damage	hand	range	#att	shots	hp
<input type="checkbox"/> Fist (50%) _____	50 %	1D3+db	1	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Grapple (25%) _____	25 %	special	2	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Head (10%) _____	10 %	1D4+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Kick (25%) _____	25 %	1D6+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Small Knife (25%) _____	25 %	1D4+db	1	touch	1	1	10
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Longsword</u>	65 %	1D8+db	1	touch	1	1	20
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Armor



Type Leather & Rings
 Armor Points **5**
 Shield med **50** %
 Armor Points **0**

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THE INNOCENT



Player Name:



Investigator Name Anlan
 Birthplace Clan Gudmundr Holdings
 Language Norse
 Religion Wotanic
 Afflictions Terrible facial scars
 Sex _____ Age 17

Characteristics & Rolls

STR 12	DEX 15	INT 17	Idea 85
CON 12	APP 8	POW 13	Luck 65
SIZ 11	SAN 65	EDU 14	Know 70
99-Cthulhu Mythos 99			Damage Bonus 0

Sanity Points

Insane 0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

Magie Points

Unconscious 0	1	2	3				
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35
36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43

Hit Points

Dead -2	-1	0	1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35
36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43

Investigator Skills

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10%) 10%	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%) 10%	
Art (05%):	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%) 20%	
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Singing</u> 50%	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%) 05%	
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Telling Tales</u> 60%	Other Kingdoms (01%):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05%) 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Norse Clans</u> 40%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (DEX+STR%) 40%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Conceal (15%) 15%	Other Language (01%):	
Craft (05%):	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
Cthulhu Mythos (00) 00%	<input type="checkbox"/> Own Kingdom (20%) 60%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x2) 50%	Own Language (EDUx5%):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Horses (20%) 20%	<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Norse</u> 70%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%) 45%	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (15%) 55%	
<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%) 40%	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot Boat (01%) 10%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Hide (10%) 20%	<input type="checkbox"/> Potions (01%) 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Insight (05%) 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> Repair/Devise (20%) 20%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (25%) 25%	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride Horse (05%) 05%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (25%) 25%	Science (01%):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (25%) 50%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (05%) 05%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Sneak (10%) 30%	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%) 40%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Status (15%) 15%	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (25%) 25%	
<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (25%) 25%	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%) 10%	
Write Language (01%):		
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ 01%	
Other Skills		
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	

Weapons

weapon	skill %	damage	hand	range	#att	shots	hp
<input type="checkbox"/> Fist (50%) _____	50 %	1D3+db	1	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Grapple (25%) _____	25 %	special	2	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Head (10%) _____	10 %	1D4+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Kick (25%) _____	45 %	1D6+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Small Knife (25%) _____	50 %	1D4+db	1	touch	1	1	10
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Longsword</u> _____	55 %	1D8	1	touch	1	1	20
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Armor



Type Boiled Leather
 Armor Points **3**
 Shield med **40** %
 Armor Points **0**

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ROUND THREE



Player Name:

CTHULHU DARK AGES

Investigator Name Anlan
 Birthplace Clan Gudmundr Holdings
 Language Norse
 Religion Wotanic
 Afflictions Terrible facial scars
 Sex _____ Age 17

Characteristics & Rolls

STR 12 DEX 15 INT 17 Idea 85
 CON 12 APP 8 POW 13 Luck 65
 SIZ 11 SAN 65 EDU 14 Know 70
 99-Cthulhu Mythos 99 Damage Bonus 0

Sanity Points

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65
 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

Magie Points

Unconscious 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Hit Points

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Investigator Skills

☐ Accounting (10%) 10%
 Art (05%):
☐ Singing 50%
☐ Telling Tales 60%
☐ Bargain (05%) 05%
☐ Climb (DEX+STR%) 40%
☐ Conceal (15%) 15%
 Craft (05%):
☐ _____ 05%
☐ _____ 05%
 Cthulhu Mythos (00) 00%
☐ Dodge (DEX x2) 50%
☐ Drive Horses (20%) 20%
☐ Fast Talk (05%) 45%
☐ First Aid (30%) 40%
☐ Hide (10%) 20%
☐ Insight (05%) 05%
☐ Jump (25%) 25%
☐ Library Use (25%) 25%
☐ Listen (25%) 50%
☐ Medicine (05%) 05%

☐ Natural World (10%) 10%
☐ Navigate (10%) 20%
☐ Occult (05%) 05%
 Other Kingdoms (01%):
☐ Norse Clans 40%
☐ _____ 01%
 Other Language (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
☐ Own Kingdom (20%) 60%
 Own Language (EDUx5%):
☐ Norse 70%
☐ Persuade (15%) 55%
☐ Pilot Boat (01%) 10%
☐ Potions (01%) 01%
☐ Repair/Devise (20%) 20%
☐ Ride Horse (05%) 05%
 Science (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%



☐ Sneak (10%) 30%
☐ Spot Hidden (25%) 40%
☐ Status (15%) 15%
☐ Swim (25%) 25%
☐ Throw (25%) 25%
☐ Track (10%) 10%
 Write Language (01%):
☐ _____ 01%
☐ _____ 01%
 Other Skills
☐ _____
☐ _____

Weapons

weapon	skill %	damage	hand	range	#att	shots	hp
<input type="checkbox"/> Fist (50%)	<u>50</u> %	1D3+db	1	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Grapple (25%)	<u>25</u> %	special	2	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Head (10%)	<u>10</u> %	1D4+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Kick (25%)	<u>45</u> %	1D6+db	0	touch	1	1	n/a
<input type="checkbox"/> Small Knife (25%)	<u>50</u> %	1D4+db	1	touch	1	1	10
<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Longsword</u>	<u>55</u> %	<u>1D8</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>touch</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>20</u>
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____ %	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Armor



Type Boiled Leather
 Armor Points 3
 Shield med 40 %
 Armor Points 0

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