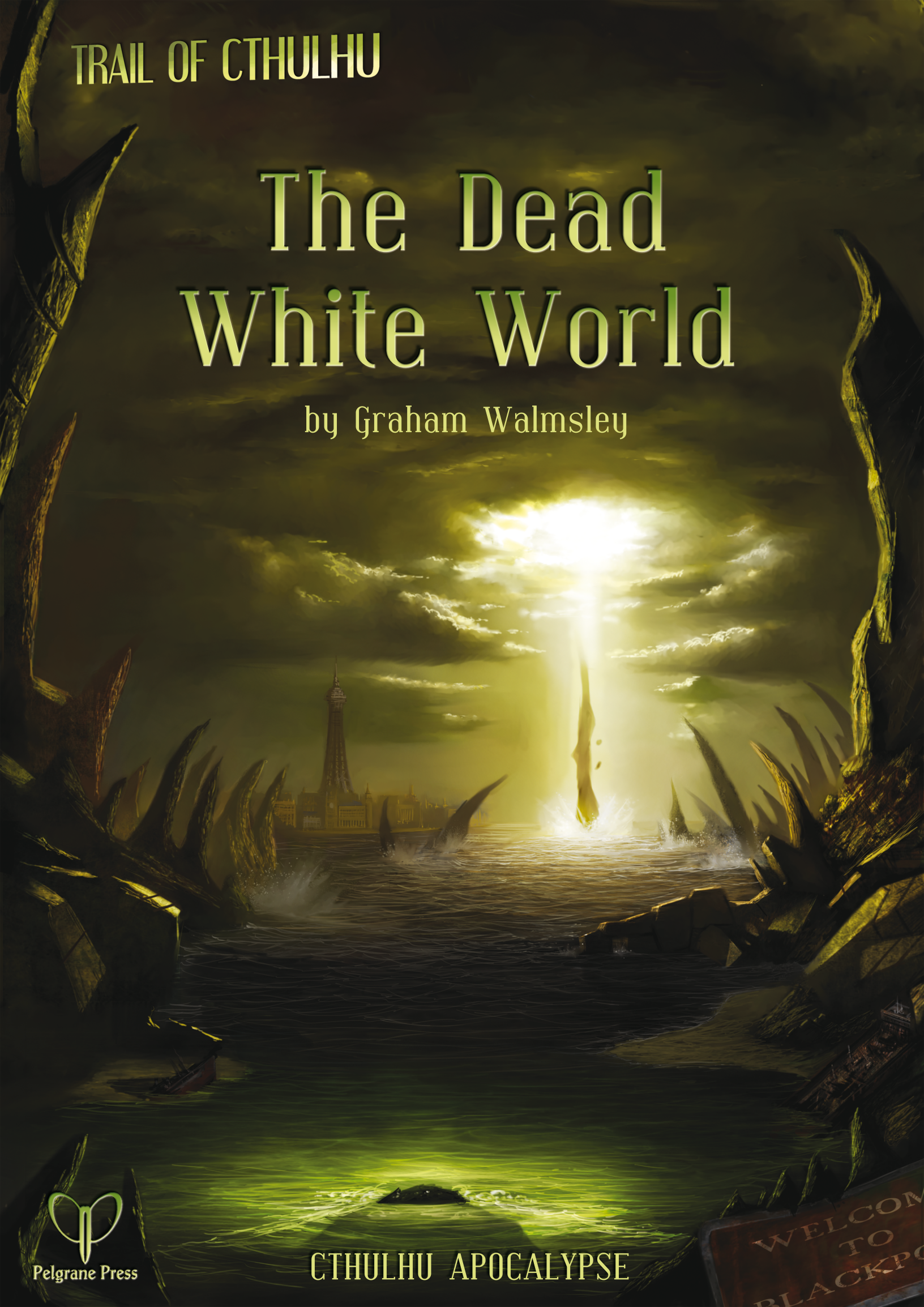


TRAIL OF CTHULHU

The Dead White World

by Graham Walmsley



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CTHULHU APOCALYPSE



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CTHULHU APOCALYPSE



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Introduction



The 12 scenarios of Cthulhu Apocalypse begin with a train crash in Great Britain. When the Investigators recover consciousness, they find the world has mysteriously died. Then the creatures of the Mythos arise: the Great Race, the Deep Ones, the Shan and Shub-Niggurath herself. Finally, as a race of intelligent plants takes over Britain, the Investigators are forced to flee.

They arrive in Savannah, in the United States. From there, they travel across a deserted, radioactive wasteland, until they arrive at the West Coast and a final confrontation with creatures impossibly old and powerful. Finally, as the Earth breaks apart, the Investigators get one final chance to save the world.

HOW IT ENDS

On 2nd November 1936, the stars align. As ancient creatures stir beneath the sea, earthquakes shake England and great waves hit its South Coast.

The waves smash into Dover Harbour, dashing ships against harbour walls. This damages a Russian ship, the Lysenko, whose

cargo of seeds begins to leak. The seeds are a Russian agricultural experiment, coopted by the British Government as a potential weapon in the coming war.

With astonishing speed, the seeds spread. They pollute the water invisibly, killing anyone that drinks it. As they multiply, they turn rivers and lakes milky white. When the seeds touch land, they become beautiful plants, which grow almost instantly and release more seeds. Within hours, almost everyone in Britain is dead.

Now, the ancient creatures rise from beneath the sea. Striding thirty feet above the waves, they take ownership of the ocean.

Some seeds spread to the Canada and the United States, taking root on the East Coast. Here, President Roosevelt's reaction is swift. The General Headquarters Air Force drops a new, barely tested, atomic weapon on the spreading plants, killing them instantly.

Yet the weapon's destruction is even more appalling than predicted. Nobody knows why: perhaps the weapons are more powerful than tests suggested; perhaps more sinister elements are

at work. Whatever the reason, much of the Eastern Seaboard is instantly devastated. Even Washington feels the blast: Roosevelt is killed within a collapsing wing of the White House. Then, as the wind blows West, a radioactive cloud kills many more. Only deep in the South do people survive.

Thus, the human race nears extinction. The races of the Mythos swarm over the Earth. Deep Ones claim the coasts. The Mi-Go surge into human cities to build new mines. The Great Race, eager to learn from the human apocalypse, snatch survivors to study them.

Meanwhile, still older creatures are waking. Cthulhu stirs in his watery prison. And Shub-Niggurath, who grows through the centre of the Earth, begins to writhe.

THE BEGINNING

Yet most of that is in the future. In these three scenarios, the Investigators see the Mythos rise and the human race fall. They explore the horrors of the Dead White World.





The Investigators

MARK GOLIGHTLY

Drive: Duty. **Occupation:** Journalist.

Sources of Stability: Jacqueline Golightly, my soon-to-be-married sister. Major Golightly, my father. Richard Dimpleby, a colleague at BBC radio.

Pillars of Sanity: The truth must be reported. Humanity will get through this. There must be a rational explanation.

Investigative skills: History 1, Languages 2, Library Use 2, Assess Honesty 2, Bureaucracy 2, Credit Rating 2, Flattery 1, Reassurance 2, Accounting 1, Art 1, Evidence Collection 2, Outdoorsman 1, Photography 2.

General skills: Athletics 10, Driving 10, Health 10, Sense Trouble 5, Scuffling 6, Stability 10, Firearms 5, First Aid 5, Sanity 10.

You were born in 1901, the year that Marconi first broadcast radio across the Atlantic. Throughout your childhood, you were fascinated by radio, tinkering with electrical circuits until you could send a signal.

Once you reached adulthood, however, you put your love of radio aside and followed your father's career as a journalist. A friend got you a job on the South Wales Echo, but Cardiff was too rainy for your taste, and you quickly transferred to the Evening Post in Nottingham. After several long and happy years, you were asked to join the BBC as a radio reporter.

Here, finally, was an opportunity to combine your passions for journalism and radio. Journalism, you have always believed, was not merely a profession but a calling: you have a duty to tell people what is happening. So, at the beginning of this year, you took up the post. Your family, especially your sister, regularly tuned into the BBC Regional Programme to hear your voice.

Today is your first day off since you started the job. You have been given leave to attend your sister's wedding in Dover. To pass the journey, you have made a flask of coffee: in fact, if you are honest, you reheated last night's coffee in a pan. Although the train is late and you are sad to be away from the microphone, you look forward to the event with happy anticipation.

AGNES BARTLETT

Drive: Arrogance. **Occupation:** Author.

Sources of Stability: Major Tom Bartlett, my father. Jane Partridge, my mother. Mrs Handy, my next door neighbour.

Pillars of Sanity: Nature can be tamed. People have inner strength. The countryside.

Investigative skills: Anthropology 1, Architecture 1, Biology 1, History 2, Languages 2, Library Use 2, Theology 1, Assess Honesty 2, Bargain 1, Intimidation 1, Reassurance 1, Craft 1, Evidence Collection 2, Outdoorsman 2,

General skills: Athletics 10, Driving 10, Health 10, Stability 10, Electrical

Repair 5, Firearms 6, Mechanical Repair 5, Riding 5, Sanity 10.

In the quiet Cotswolds, you write romantic novels. Over the years, you have built a fan base, and your work involves writing to the formula they like. You watch sheep in the neighbouring fields, while writing tales of young love.

It is not a love that you have experienced yourself. Your love for your husband is built, not on passion, but practicality: he is amiable, useful and your daily routines fit well together. Sometimes, friends ask you whether your novels are an outlet for a hidden passion, but they are not. You are perfectly content.

In your marriage, you are the practical one. You find physical labour a useful break from your writing and enjoy making minor repairs about the house. Recently, you even built a small outhouse, teaching yourself bricklaying. Richard, on the other hand, is happiest in the kitchen and enjoys cooking your meals.

Thus, you fit together rather well. Today, you are travelling to the wedding of a less well-fitting couple. Jackie Golightly, a flighty girl, is marrying Frederick Grant, a pleasant boy from a family you know. Your father, Major Bartlett, knows the boy from the army and is also invited.

It will undoubtedly be a pleasant day. You are particularly looking forward to the train journey, which you habitually pass by staring out of the window, occasionally writing your thoughts in



The Investigators

a notebook. Richard has packed you both a lunch of bottled orange juice and sandwiches from yesterday's chicken. It will be a pleasure.

RICHARD BARTLETT

Drive: Follower. **Occupation:** Dilettante.

Sources of Stability: Major Bartlett, my father-in-law. Sir Edward North, my father. Mrs Handy, my neighbour.

Pillars of Sanity: You can always rely on your money. You can trust plants. There is nothing that a good night's sleep won't cure.

Investigative skills: Archaeology 1, Art History 1, Biology 2, Geology 1, History 1, Languages 2, Law 1, Library Use 1, Medicine 1, Theology 2, Assess Honesty 1, Bureaucracy 1, Credit Rating 5, Flattery 2, Oral History 1, Reassurance 1, Outdoorsman 2.

General skills: Athletics 5, Driving 5, Health 10, Sense Trouble 5, Scuffling 5, Stability 10, Firearms 10, First Aid 10, Riding 10, Sanity 10.

If you are honest, your farm does not make much money. Some years, especially recent years, it even loses money. Yet you still love farming, in the traditional way you learned from your father, even if more modern techniques would be more profitable.

In fact, your love of plants has become your obsession. You have taught yourself botany, through practical experience and hugely expensive books. You frequently travel to the British Museum Library to read botanical journals and are well-known at Kew Gardens.

Fortunately, you have a fortune to rely on. There is also your wife, Agnes, who writes rather silly novels. You are, as your friends tell you, something of a kept man. You are devoted to Agnes:

you would, to be frank, follow her anywhere. She is your rock, the one constant in your life.

Agnes is off to a wedding in Dover, so naturally you are going too. You enjoy your days out with Agnes, passing them mostly in companionable silence and occasionally in gentle conversation. The journey promises to be pleasant.

IRENE MIDGELEY

Drive: Curiosity. **Occupation:** Doctor.

Sources of Stability: Jemima Midgeley, my mother. Professor Elizabeth Derringer, who trained me at the Royal Free Hospital. Dr Jason Travis, my fiancé.

Pillars of Sanity: Keeping people alive is what counts. If you work hard enough, you can achieve anything. Women can do anything as well as men.

Investigative skills: Biology 2, Languages 2, Library Use 1, Medicine 4, Theology 1, Assess Honesty 2, Bargain 1, Bureaucracy 1, Oral History 1, Reassurance 2, Streetwise 1, Accounting 2, Astronomy 1, Forensics 2, Pharmacy 2.

General skills: Driving 10, Fleeing 10, Health 8, Sense Trouble 10, Preparedness 10, Stability 10, First Aid 10, Mechanical Repair 3, Sanity 10.

You are used to people not believing you are a doctor. You would prefer, however, that they didn't assume you were a nurse, especially when they then ask where the doctor is.

Getting trained as a doctor was difficult, especially given your middle-class upbringing: it would have been easier if your parents were landowners, but they were teachers. Nevertheless, you fought your way into training at the Royal Free, then talked your way into a job at the London Child Guidance Clinic. Children wouldn't be your first choice of patients, but you cannot complain.

You met Jason, a junior doctor at the Royal Free, during your training. He amused with his overgentlemanly solicitations: was it really necessary, for example, for him to send you flowers before asking you to dinner? You are surprised he didn't ask your father first.

Surprisingly, you have been invited to a wedding in Dover. You went to school with the bride, Jackie Golightly. You were good friends at the time, although you are surprised she still remembers you. Nevertheless, it will be a pleasant change from the clinic.

EDITH PEEL

Drive: Antiquarianism. **Occupation:** Archaeologist.

Sources of Stability: Patience Peel, your aging mother. Harriet Chalmers Adams, your rival. Martha Peel, your younger sister.

Pillars of Sanity: If you can shoot it, it can't hurt you. Nothing can compete with the dangers you saw in Africa. Ignore the pain and it will go away.

Investigative skills: Anthropology 1, Archaeology 2, Architecture 1, Biology 2, Geology 1, History 2, Library Use 2, Medicine 2, Occult Studies 1, Assess Honesty 1, Bargain 1, Credit Rating 4, Flattery 1, Oral History 1, Chemistry 1, Outdoorsman 1, Photography 1.

General skills: Athletics 10, Driving 10, Health 10, Scuffling 10, Stability 10, Explosives 1, Firearms 10, Sanity 10, Weapons 5.

You have just returned from Africa, where you unearthed ancient and strange cities in dense forests. While there, you were attacked by a lion and survived. Having coped with that, you feel nothing could scare you.

For the last week, you have been with your elderly mother in Chelsea, an affluent



The Investigators

part of London. These visits are becoming longer, you find, since her memory is not what it was. When you arrived, she did not recognise you: the first time this has happened. You wonder what will happen to her: will you be expected to abandon your travels and look after her?

Perhaps it was this thought that prompted you to leave. An invitation arrived to speak in Paris and you jumped at the chance. You threw some things in a suitcase, including your water bottle: you never trust the local water, however irrational it may be in this country.

This morning, you took the first train from London to Dover. As is typical with British trains, it was severely delayed for an unknown reason. Now, however, the train is moving again.

In fact, the invitation is not for another week. However, by a happy coincidence, your old friend Frederick is getting married in Dover. You had declined the invitation as a matter of course, but fate obviously wants you to go. You have not seen Freddie for ten years. It will be a memorable occasion.

YOUR INVESTIGATORS

Alternatively, the players may create their own Investigators. If they do, ensure they have **Sources of Stability** that fit the following descriptions:

- The bride at the wedding.
- Another guest at the wedding.
- A London resident.
- Another London resident, preferably one who is less mentally able (perhaps elderly).

Don't combine descriptions: for example, the bride at the wedding should not also be the London resident.

Additionally, incorporate the following facts into the Investigators' stories:

- None have drunk water from the tap today.
- At the beginning of the scenario, all of the Investigators are on a train to Dover.
- Most are travelling to attend a wedding at the Crown Hotel.

And, when allocating points to abilities:

- Cap **Health, Sanity** and **Stability** at 10.
- Ensure some Investigators have the **First Aid** ability.
- Players may leave 3 points unspent, in both Investigative and General abilities. They may allocate these on the fly during the campaign, when they need a particular ability.

If players want to be Pilots or take the **Piloting** ability, tell them they will not discover a working plane until later in the campaign. If they survive until the sixth scenario, they will have their chance to fly: until then, they will be a frustrated pilot.

Finally, consider whether you want Investigators to have the **Psychoanalysis** ability. Since the **Stability** losses in *Cthulhu Apocalypse* are large, it is fairer if they do. However, you might decide to ban **Psychoanalysis**. After all, going mad is fun.





The Supporting Cast

THE RUSSIAN

The Russian is a scientist, dressed as a sailor. When the apocalypse came, he got drunk and reached for his shotgun. He captured Jessica Mardell. Now, he stumbles about Dover, his vision swimming with alcohol and self-hate.

To portray the Russian:

- Tighten the corners of your mouth in anger.
- Turn your face away from anyone that speaks, but look at them with your eyes.
- Try hard to articulate words accurately.

JESSICA MARDELL

Jessica is a self-assured young socialite, utterly at ease in the company of her peers. When the Investigators meet her, however, she is captured and terrified. Her manner, then, changes as the Investigator know her.

To portray Jessica at first:

- Widen your eyes, as if scared.
- Let your voice tremble.
- Imagine backing away from the person talking to you.

To portray Jessica later:

- Look directly at people when you speak to them.
- Occasionally, touch them gently on the arm.
- Sit up straight.

SOURCE OF STABILITY

This **Source of Stability** lives in London. They are largely housebound. Since the apocalypse, they have simply continued with their day-to-day routine, subsisting on their supply of food and bottled drink.

They are also currently possessed, by a member of the Great Race of Yith. This is hard to tell, however, since the person normally appears to be somewhat bewildered. This may be because they are elderly or simply because, as schoolteachers would say, they are somewhat “slow”.

To portray the **Source of Stability**.

- Respond to questions slowly, as if thinking is difficult.
- Appear amiable.
- When someone speaks, turn slowly to face them.

BILL SHAKESPEARE

Bill Shakespeare is a postman, working in Battersea, London, where he sorts undelivered mail.

When the apocalypse came, he simply continued with his work: partly for the comfort of routine, partly from a conviction that the postal service would become valuable as the world was rebuilt.

To portray Bill Shakespeare:

- Tuck your chin in, to draw your head backwards.
- Be friendly and welcoming.
- Occasionally turn your palms upwards, in an accommodating gesture.

FLORENCE CRISPIN

Florence is aging, yet reluctant to relinquish her youth. Her life is a whirl of parties, functions and events, free from responsibility, but not from care. Nevertheless, she is self-assured and does not expect to be challenged.

To portray Florence:

- Mime holding a glass in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Hold the cigarette between your first and second fingers, turning your hand sideways so the fingers are horizontal.
- Speak loudly and imperiously.
- Occasionally look away, as if searching for someone more interesting.

JACK GARTH

Jack is a middle-aged family man from Blackpool. He is also, as it happens, a Deep One hybrid. He has no time for niceties: he says what he means and tells people what they need to do. Thus, he is honest, bordering on blunt.

To portray Jack:

- Keep your face deadpan.
- Speak directly and bluntly.
- Occasionally point at the person to whom you are speaking.

MARTIN GARTH

Martin is Jack's young son, another Deep One hybrid. He is scared by the changes about him.

To portray Martin:

- Widen your eyes slightly.



The Supporting Cast

- When someone talks to you, look at them suddenly and guiltily.
- Raise the pitch of your voice slightly.

MARTHA GARTH

Martha is amiable and practical. In a crisis, she is someone you would want near you. In an apocalypse, she is someone you would need. Unlike the rest of her family, she is entirely human.

To portray Martha:

- Smile.
- Be energetic.
- Suggest people do things to aid the community, imagining, as you do so, that the things are enormous fun to do.

PERRY MONTAGUE

Perry has an unfocussed intelligence, which has never been effectively harnessed in a job. When he speaks, there are clear flashes of brilliance, accompanied by a relentless desire to be taken seriously. He wears a moustache and smokes a pipe, both chosen to emphasise how different he is from others.

To portray Perry:

- Mime holding and waving a pipe.
- Occasionally talk over other people, when you think you have something more interesting to say.
- Pepper your conversation with literary or scientific references.

WILFRED GARTH

Wilfred, a Deep One hybrid, is almost entirely monstrous. He lives imprisoned in a house in Lytham St Annes.

To portray Wilfred:

- Often talk to the table or the air, as though seeing things there.
- Speak as though you are attempting not to burp.
- Occasionally, swallow hard.





The Rules

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

Here are some tips for playing *Cthulhu Apocalypse* with the *Trail of Cthulhu* rules.

Firstly, use the **Pulp** style of play (*Trail of Cthulhu* p7). Although this is not a traditional pulp adventure, the Pulp rules give the Investigators better chances in combat and against insanity. They will need every chance they can get.

Note, also, that each scenario specifies “The Question”, alongside The Hook, The Horrible Truth and The Spine. Tell the players this question at the start of each scenario: it indicates exactly what to investigate.

When these scenarios mention “Affliction Points”, treat them as extra Experience Points. They are rewards for Investigators that have been infected, possessed or otherwise.

Finally, these scenarios will sometimes call for “Scavenging rolls” when the Investigators search for equipment. For these rolls, simply use the **Preparedness** ability. For example, if an Investigator wants to find a handgun, they make a **Preparedness** roll to find it.



APOCALYPSE MACHINE

You can also play these scenarios with the **The Apocalypse Machine**, the rules for postapocalyptic *Trail of Cthulhu* scenarios.

Firstly, in The Apocalypse Machine, **Credit Rating** does not exist. So, when these scenarios mention **Credit Rating**, use the Investigator’s Occupation as a guide to their social standing instead. There are specific instructions within each scenario on this.

When these scenarios mention **Affliction Points**, use the Affliction Point rules. Similarly, for **Scavenging** rolls, use the **Scavenging** skill.

REFRESHING POOLS

Refresh Investigative pools at the end of each scenario. That is, refresh them after *The Dead White World*, then again after *Letters From Ghosts* and *Sandgrown*.

Refresh General pools, except for **Health**, **Stability** and **Sanity**, when the Investigators are in a temporary safe haven. Generally, if the Investigators experience trouble during the night, they are not safe and cannot refresh their pools (even if, after the trouble, they get back to sleep).

IMPROVEMENTS

At the end of each scenario, each player takes one additional build point to improve their Investigator.

Note: this is one build point per scenario, not, as in the main rulebook, one per session attended. They may also reassign two build points.

DEATH AND MADNESS

Expect Investigators to die. Never hold back from killing an Investigator. It’s an apocalypse.

Similarly, expect Investigators to go mad. After all, when monsters rise from the sea, people get disturbed. The **Stability** losses in these scenarios are huge. Again, it’s an apocalypse.

When an Investigator dies or becomes incurably insane, either create a new character or create an NPC as an Investigator. In these scenarios, Jessica Mardell, Bill Shakespeare, Florence Crispin, Martha Garth and Perry Montague all make good Investigators. Alternatively, create a hitherto unmentioned member of the Fanham’s Hall or Blackpool communities as an Investigator.

In any case, when a player’s Investigator dies, bring that player back into the game as soon as you can.

POWERFUL WEAPONS

To fight the horrors, some Investigators will want powerful weapons, such as machine guns and bazookas. After all, since the apocalypse, they can simply walk into military bases and get them.

Allow this occasionally. However, if powerful weapons become a regular feature, they will become dull. Hence, such weapons should somehow disappear at the end of each scenario. Perhaps they jam; perhaps the Investigators cannot maintain them properly; perhaps they run out of ammunition. Be honest with the players about this: they can find powerful weapons, but they won’t last long.



The Rules

Alternatively, simply ban powerful weapons. Perhaps, when the Investigators look for them, they have been taken by someone else. Alternatively, perhaps all such weapons are jammed with the alien plants that spread over Britain. The plants, being intelligent, have disabled the most powerful weapons.

Certainly, however, all aircraft are disabled, their engines blooming with alien plants. This ensures the Investigators cannot simply hop over the ocean at the first sign of trouble. Again, the intelligent plants have destroyed the Investigators' means of escape.

APOCALYPSE TIME

Let us be clear about the timing. Early this morning, an earthquake capsized the Lysenko and the seeds began to leak. Within minutes, they began growing around the harbour. A northwesterly wind carried the seeds inland. By whatever means, the seeds travelled faster than this wind,

Hence, two hours after the Lysenko capsized, Britain was covered in white seedlings. At this point, the water was infected, but appeared normal: the seeds had not multiplied sufficiently to turn it white. When people woke and drank the water, they became infected.

As Britain was waking, the Investigators boarded the train in London. For various reasons, they had not drunk water that morning. The train was severely delayed and nearly derailed by an earth tremor. Later on its journey, a greater earthquake completely derailed the train. Many were killed and the Investigators were unconscious for several hours.

Meanwhile, the seeds blew across the Atlantic Ocean. Travelling even faster than the wind, they landed within

hours on the shores of Newfoundland and Maine. Quickly, they began multiplying. (Here, some artistic licence is necessary: to complete the journey within hours, the seeds must have travelled with astonishing speed, much faster than the wind).

Thus, while the Investigators were first delayed on the train, and then unconscious, the people of Britain died. When the Investigators come round, many hours after they departed, almost everyone is dead.

DRIVE YOURSELF MAD

One of the pleasures of *Trail of Cthulhu* is going mad. To assist players in this process, use these alternative rules, which hand the responsibility for **Stability** checks over to the players.

Firstly, let the players have the **Stability Loss Table** from the main rules (p. 70). Then, instead of calling for **Stability** Checks yourself, get players to call for them, whenever something happens that disturbs their Investigator. Let them set their own potential **Stability** losses, using the chart as a guide.

To further encourage madness, ignore the usual penalties associated with low **Stability**: that is, continue to allow Investigative Abilities to be used by Investigators who are shaken, and add no additional penalty to General Ability checks.

Additionally, let players have the Cthulhu Mythos **Stability** and **Sanity** Loss table from *Trail of Cthulhu* (p. 76). Then, whenever they discover something using the **Cthulhu Mythos** ability, ask them to decide their own **Stability** and **Sanity** losses, using the table as a guide.

These rules encourage players to enjoy going mad, rather than resisting it. They treat **Sanity** and

Stability loss as a pleasure, not a punishment. In an ideal game, the players will seize on every attempt to lose **Stability** and **Sanity**.

All **Stability** checks, throughout the game, are Mythos related.

RAVE ON

In *Cthulhu Apocalypse*, it is probable that Investigators will go mad. Indeed, as mentioned above, we hope the Investigators will enjoy going mad, losing **Sanity** and **Stability** with relish.

However, by the standard rules, their character must leave the game when their **Sanity** reaches zero or their **Stability** reaches -12. This may be a disincentive. It also robs the player of the opportunity to play someone truly, utterly mad. This alternative rule, then, allows mad Investigators to continue playing.

When **Sanity** reaches zero or **Stability** reaches -12, they are mad, as before. They should roleplay this.

Yet, like Danforth in *At The Mountains Of Madness*, the Investigator can continue to function. As with the Drive Yourself Crazy rules, they can use Investigative and General skills. The Investigator cannot lose any more **Sanity** or **Stability**, nor regain either.

The Investigator is, effectively, over. They are an empty shell, continuing to function. The player should retire the Investigator at the earliest opportunity: perhaps at a break in the action; perhaps at the end of the game session; certainly, by the end of the scenario.

Meanwhile, however, the Investigator keeps going, powered by adrenaline and madness.



The Rules

CLUES

Throughout this campaign, clues are presented as follows. First, the piece of information itself. Next, some examples of abilities that might reveal the information.

For example:

1. The Russian sailor worked under Lysenko, a Russian agronomist. The plants you have seen are a Russian experiment, originally intended as an agricultural crop, then repurposed as weapons.

- **Botany***: Although they are in Russian, the papers begin to make sense. They are records

of an agricultural experiment, conducted under Lysenko, a Russian agronomist. The crop spread so wildly that it was destroyed and repackaged as a weapon.

- **Languages (Russian)**: He tells you about the plants. They were intended as an agricultural crop, but it became clear that their only use was as a weapon. He is unclear where Lysenko found the plants originally: he mentions a meteor, but you are not sure why.

Here, **Botany** and **Languages (Russian)** are simply examples. Any ability can reveal the clue, if you think it is plausible.

For example, an Investigator could use **Intimidation** to threaten the sailor into revealing the information. Perhaps, even, an Investigator could use **History** to remember a historical example of plants being used as weapons and relate that to the current situation. Use your discretion as Keeper. If you think an ability could plausibly get the clue, reveal the information.

Skills marked with asterisks come from The Apocalypse Machine rules. If you are using the main *Trail of Cthulhu* rules, allow such clues to be revealed with any other plausible skill. Particularly, allow **Botany** clues to be revealed with **Biology**.





The Dead White World

For the Investigators, the end of the world begins in Dover. After a train crash, they awake to discover that the world has died, with dead bodies littering the roads.

Exploring further, they find a Russian tanker, which has leaked its cargo of seeds. These seeds are a biological weapon. When the Investigators find the tanker, creatures arise from the sea, and the Investigators must flee.

This scenario is constructed around two big events:

- Waking up to find everyone is dead.
- Creatures rising from the sea and destroying Dover.

Compared to other scenarios, there is little investigation. The scenario

is about witnessing the apocalypse, rather than investigating it. So encourage the players to linger, particularly during the initial scenes.

THE HOOK

Everyone is dead.





The Dead White World

THE QUESTION

What caused the apocalypse?

THE HORRIBLE TRUTH

In Dover Harbour, a Russian tanker contains seeds for the British government. These seeds are weapons, created by a Russian agronomist. Once released, they infect water supplies and breed with astonishing rapidity.

This morning, an undersea earthquake produced a great wave, which dashed the trailer against the harbour wall. The seeds leaked out and began to multiply.

At first, the seeds were invisible in the water. People who drank it later died, as the seeds grew inside them. The only survivors were those who had not touched the polluted water.

The earthquake also caused a train to derail. It crashed, killing almost all the passengers. Hours later, a few survivors wake, to see how the world has ended. These are the Investigators.

The Investigators have not been infected with the seeds. Having been unconscious for hours, they have not drunk the infected water. If they drank anything before losing consciousness, it was tea on the train, and the tea urns were sealed.

Hours later, the water is white, packed with the seeds. Meanwhile, the earthquakes continue and the sea-creatures prepare to emerge.

THE SPINE

When the Investigators wake after a train crash, they find everyone dead and everything covered with white flowers.

They reach the Crown Hotel, where they find their **Sources of Stability** dead. There, a Russian sailor attempts to kill the Investigators. From the sailor, they find that the flowers came from a ship in Dover Harbour.





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As they approach the ship, there are earthquakes. Inside, the Investigators find the flowers were ordered, as a weapon, by the British government. Finally, great creatures emerge from the sea, and the Investigators flee.

Coincidence

Why are the Investigators the only people to survive the train crash? Isn't this an extraordinary coincidence?

In fact, the situation is the other way round. Only a few people survive the train crash, by not drinking water, then avoiding serious injury when the train derailed. Those people are the only ones left to investigate. Hence, they become the Investigators.



PROLOGUE: THE PLANT

To begin the scenario, choose one Investigator: a botanist or biologist is ideal, but any Investigator will do. Reveal the following information slowly, step-by-step, as they wake and look around.

When that Investigator wakes, they see a plant growing before their eyes. It is delicate, like a snowdrop. Yet, since it is early winter, it cannot be a snowdrop. Certainly, it is not a common plant.

If the Investigator touches the plant, it scatters white seeds. The wind catches the seeds, blowing them far away.

Now, the Investigator feels grass pressing against their face. They are, they realise, lying in a field. Looking around, they see similar plants scattered everywhere.

Next, as their eyes focus, they see a wrecked train. Slowly, they remember. They were on a train to Dover to attend a wedding. It must have crashed.

THE CRASHED TRAIN

The train lies on its side. As the other Investigators wake, the first thing they notice is the cold: they have lain motionless for hours in the wintry air. The shadows are lengthening, the sky is cloudy. Within an hour, the sun will fall below the horizon.

Ask the Investigators where they wake up at the crash site. Some have been thrown clear of the wreck; some are wedged between corpses. If the Investigators are strangers to each other, let them meet now, as they rescue each other, attend to wounds and search for survivors.

But there are no survivors. Bar the Investigators, everyone is dead. Indeed, everything is eerily still: there is no noise, save for the piercing cry of an occasional seagull.

At the top of an embankment is the railway. The tracks curve, here, and it appears the train shot straight off the tracks. The road to Dover runs alongside the railway. Indeed, the town is distantly visible, about three miles away.

There is a signal box, a short walk down the tracks. Inside, the Investigators find the signalman's corpse. It is curled in a corner, with agony on the face and a white froth around the lips. If the Investigators try the telephone, there is no reply. Indeed, on closer examination, there is no electric power.

The road, also, is strangely still. About half a mile towards Dover is a car, parked at the side of the road. As the Investigators approach, they notice a man and a woman inside. Both are dead. The man has shot the woman, then himself, with a revolver clutched in his hand. They are holding hands and, judging from the rings, are a married couple. Around their lips, again, is the white froth.

As the Investigators head further towards Dover, they find more cars, similarly parked. It seems that people tried to flee Dover, then realised they were dying. One family sits on the grass verge, huddled together. Two young women, together in a car, killed themselves by drinking bleach from a tea flask. All have the white froth around their lips.

If the Investigators prefer to drive to Dover, they can take any of these cars. They will need to move the bodies first.

As they travel, the Investigators realise the plants are everywhere. Clumps are scattered along the grassy banks at the side of the road. When the wind gusts, or the Investigators pass in a car, the seeds float gently away, like a wisp of smoke. The surrounding fields, too,



The Dead White World

are sprinkled with patches of white. It is eerily beautiful.

Equally disturbing is the stillness. There is no sound of engines. There are no lights in Dover. Nothing moves, apart from the clouds overhead, as the Investigators cross a bridge and head down the road.

Give the Investigators two **Sense Trouble** rolls, difficulty 5 (but see the sidebar, Sensing Trouble). The first roll is for the clouds. They're not really clouds. Instead, to anyone who makes the roll, they resemble a curious white smoke. They are, the Investigators realise, clouds of seeds.

The second roll is for the bridge, which crosses a stream. Anyone who makes the roll notices a flash of white in the corner of their eye. When they look down, the river is white, like milk. Looking closer, it is filled with seeds. The river banks bloom thickly and beautifully with the white plants.

As the Investigators approach Dover, they see many, many corpses. Most are sitting by the side of the road. Some have committed suicide, some have died in agony. The Investigators see dozens of corpses, but thousands, even millions, must be dead.

If the Investigators look for them, the following clues are available. The clues involving plants are available at any time during the scenario.

1. It seems the train lifted off the rails and kept going, straight off a curve in the track. The only rational explanation is an earthquake.

- **Mechanical Repair** (used as an Investigative Skill): There seems nothing mechanically wrong with the train. It lifted directly off the tracks. Although it seems far-fetched, you can only think that there has been an earthquake.

- **Outdoorsman**: Rail tracks can rust or grow over, but this hasn't happened here. Conceivably, an earthquake might explain how the train lifted from the rails and kept going.

- **Geology**: Similar accidents have happened in California and other regions prone to earthquakes.

2. The plants are unnatural.

- **Botany***: These are unlike any plants you have seen. Indeed, they are not even related to plants you have seen.

- **Biology**: Plants may not be your field, but you know enough to realise these are not natural.

- **Outdoorsman**: God knows what these plants are, but they are nothing like plants you have seen before.

3. The plants are spreading with extraordinary speed.

- **Intuition***: This isn't something that science can explain. These plants are spreading like a plague. The seeds they produce take root instantly.

- **Medicine**: These plants resemble things you have seen under microscopes. They multiply with astonishing speed, quite unlike any normal living thing.

- **Botany***: The strangest thing about the plants is the speed with which they reproduce and grow. Moments after a cloud of seeds passes over some soil, you see shoots emerging. Sometimes, you believe the plants are growing as you watch.

4. The victims died because seeds grew inside them.

- **Medicine**: The white froth consists of seeds, mixed with saliva. It is an unfamiliar form of death, but you hypothesise that these people died because plants grew inside them.

- **Outdoorsman**: There are forms of lichen that kill people by growing inside their stomach. Perhaps something similar has happened here.

- **Intuition***: You don't care what the doctor says. Obviously, these plants killed everybody.

When the time is right, remind the players that their **Sources of Stability** are in the Crown Hotel. From then on, the scenario will focus more strongly on investigation and move more quickly towards a conclusion. So linger over these initial scenes. Let the Investigators explore the dead world.

Sensing Trouble

The **Sense Trouble** rolls are for effect: they create foreboding. If they are not right for your group, ignore them: just describe the clouds and white water.

Take it Slowly

Take this first part slowly. It is about exploring the apocalypse's aftermath, rather than investigation. Describe the world. Ask how the Investigators react.

Things may happen in a different order to that described. Perhaps, for example, they find the signal box after the cars or never find it at all. Either is fine. Follow their lead. They will find death everywhere.



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DOVER

If the Investigators enter Dover itself, it is a dead town. Corpses sit beside roads and in homes.

Many buildings stand open. When the Investigators find the police station, they can walk straight in: the desk sergeant sits motionless as they explore. Even the army base is free to enter. Around the hospital are many corpses: evidently, a crowd descended, and many have been trampled.

There is no power. The town is dark. There is also no communication. If the Investigators find a radio (a **Scavenging*** roll, **Difficulty** 3), they receive only static. In the Post Offices, the telegraphs are dead.

More strangely, the town is silent. When a dog barks or a bird sings, it cuts the stillness. It is so quiet that you can hear the waves.

You may find the Investigators linger in Dover, wandering around the buildings, collecting supplies and futilely trying to contact survivors. Let them do this. When they are finished, let them find the Crown Hotel.

The following clues are available.

1. Official records mention the plants spreading, but then stop rapidly. Nobody was prepared.

- **Evidence Collection:** In the police station, you find an officer's notebook. He has recorded many people asking for help, whom he advised to go to the hospital. There is a brief mention of white flowers, then nothing.
- **Medicine:** In the hospital, you compare the notes of various patients. Symptoms are similar in all: stomach pains, frothing around the mouth, leading rapidly

to death. One doctor has noted the white flowers, with two query marks next to it, indicating his confusion.

- **Strategy*:** There are no signs, anywhere, of an organised response. These people were killed before they could react.

2. The plants have spread abroad.

- **Bureaucracy:** In the home of a radio enthusiast, you find a transcribed broadcast from Copenhagen. The sender, Nødskou, retreated to the highest hill as the flowers engulfed the city. At the end of the broadcast, the flowers surrounded him, and then the broadcast went dead.
- **Simple Search:** In the military base, you find a half-decoded message. It begins "WHITE FLOWERS SUOMENLINNA WHITE FLOWERS". From previous communications, you realize that some Helsinki residents fled to a military fort when the plants destroyed their city. Quickly afterwards, the plants penetrated the fort.

- **Intuition*:** In the newspaper's offices, someone has looked at the distance to the United States and concluded that the plants cannot possibly reach there. You do not believe it. These plants moved too fast. Nobody could have survived this. The world is dead.



THE CROWN HOTEL

The Crown is a small, unassuming hotel, three stories high and whitewashed. As the Investigators enter, through oversized wooden doors, a bell rings cheerily. The echo hangs in the air.

Inside, the hotel is frozen in time. The registration book lies open at this morning's page. Room keys hang, on a board behind the counter. A newspaper lies on the floor. And corpses, of course, are everywhere.

On the ground floor, near to the reception area, is the bar. Clearly, many residents came here when they realised they were dying. Bottles of wine sit half-finished on tables. All seats are occupied: some guests sit against walls, a bottle on one side, a glass on the other. On close examination, there are white seeds floating in the drinks.

Where are the Investigators' **Sources of Stability**? Some are here, some are in their rooms. To reach the rooms, the Investigators climb a staircase, covered in fading red carpet. The rooms lie off long, dark corridors.

Some rooms are open, some are locked from the inside: a **Locksmith** spend will open the lock, as will a **Mechanical Repair** roll (Difficulty 5). A **Scuffling**, **Firearms** or **Weapons** roll (Difficulty 5) breaks the door down: the sound echoes throughout the hotel, until, finally, the door splinters, leaving an Investigator face-to-face with their **Source of Stability**.

All are dead. Some died as the plants grew inside them. Some committed suicide. Make the discovery of each corpse as different as you can: for examples, see the Flowery Death table on page 49.



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On the bright side, however, the Investigators have everything they need for a night's stay. The food is excellent: there are fresh steaks in the pantry and an ample supply of vegetables. These are uncontaminated by the plant seeds (although sadistic Keepers will ask for a **Sense Trouble** roll anyway). Alternatively, there is tinned food: most luxuriously, salmon. The wine is superb and the bar is well-stocked.

When the Investigators turn on the taps, however, the water flows milky white, filled with the seeds. Instead, there is an ample supply of bottled drinks. There are also medical supplies, in First Aid cabinets throughout the hotel.

However, there is no way to communicate with the outside world. The telephone is dead. The wireless produces only static.

As night falls, the hotel grows dark and cold. Give the Investigators a **Scavenging*** roll (Difficulty 3) to find a source of light: candles, lanterns or flashlights. They might also find firearms: either a shotgun in the staff quarters or a pistol in a guest's bedside table (Difficulty 5).

Don't rush this scene. Many Investigators linger within the hotel, discovering their **Sources of Stability** one by one, then dining, drinking and sleeping. Others will leave to explore the town. Let all this happen, then tell the players that it is late at night. They need to sleep.

The Russian

In the early hours of the morning, the Russian arrives, dressed as a seaman and carrying a shotgun.

With his free hand, he propels a woman forward, her hands bound behind her back. She was clearly dressed well, but

We must get to London

When the Investigators finish exploring, they should head towards Dover. Everything is constructed to encourage this. After all, they need to recuperate, they are close to Dover and they have **Sources of Stability** there. Why would they go anywhere else?

However, Investigators often want to head elsewhere. They want to go to London, to inform the War Office, or Glasgow, where their sister lives. This is the problem with apocalypses. They make people unpredictable.

If this happens, remind the players of the following:

- You have just been in a train accident. You are injured, tired and hungry. You can travel tomorrow.
- There is a military base in Dover. If you want to alert the authorities, that is the place to go.
- If you want to contact someone, use a telephone. It's faster. (In fact, telephones are not working, but they should at least try.)
- Before you leave, shouldn't you check your **Sources of Stability** in Dover are alive?
- Judging from the speed with which the plants spread, the whole of Britain has been affected. You can't drive faster than the plants spread. There is no-one left to save.

Alternatively, here is another way. The next location in the scenario, the Crown Hotel, can be anywhere. It is intended to be on the road to Dover, but it could be in the centre of Dover instead. Alternatively, if the Investigators approach along the coast, it could be along the coastline. If they head straight for the military base, it could be near the military base. It could even be somewhere completely different, such as the road back to London (although, then, the wedding party will not be there).

And, if the Investigators avoid hotels, the Russian (see below) can appear anywhere. Simply let the Investigators go wherever they want, then bring in the Russian. Once he has arrived, they will get the first piece of the mystery.

If you can, however, steer the Investigators towards Dover and the Crown Hotel. You wouldn't want them to miss the fun.

now is bruised and dishevelled. Before it was torn, her dress was probably beautiful. Her stockings are silk, although, now she has lost her shoes, they have torn away to leave her feet exposed. She is silent, because she is terrified.

The Russian arrives wherever the Investigators are. If they have kept watch, they will see him coming. If they have split into separate groups, the Russian will encounter only one group, although other Investigators should hear the commotion.

Probably, the Investigators are at the hotel. On a **Sense Trouble** roll (Difficulty 5), they hear the main door open and the bell ring quietly. If nobody hears him, he goes upstairs to check the rooms: another **Sense Trouble** roll (Difficulty 4) hears him as he enters a bedroom.

The Russian shoots any Investigator he sees. He shoots the Investigators if they intercept him in the hallway; he shoots them if he discovers them in their beds. When he shoots, all Investigators wake up.



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The Russian

Scuffling: 10

Firearms: 10

Health: 10

The Russian does not die when he reaches zero **Health**. Instead, make **Consciousness** rolls when his **Health** goes below zero, as you would for an Investigator. This allows the Investigators to capture and interrogate him. However, if the Investigators kill him, let him die.

Once the Russian is beaten, the woman makes her presence known, probably by sobbing. Once released and made comfortable, she talks freely. Her name is Jessica Mardell. Last night, she went to a cocktail party, where she drank only spirits and wine. Today, she had an appalling hangover and slept through the day. The servants did not answer her bell when she woke, so she went looking for them. Stumbling into the streets, she found that the world had died. In her confusion, she was captured by the Russian.

Whether alive or dead, the Russian stinks of cheap alcohol. The following clues are available, either by interrogating him or reading papers concealed about his body.

Importantly, he does not know who was buying the cargo. The instructions were to bring it to Dover, where it would be collected. There might, he indicates, be more details aboard the ship.

1. He is a Russian scientist, disguised as a sailor.

- **Streetwise:** This man is dressed as a sailor, but his soft hands give him away. Searching his body, you find a log book. He is a scientist, not a sailor.

- **Intimidation:** You yell at the Russian, whom you have trussed up on the floor. With his head, he indicates something concealed within his clothing: it is a scientist's log book.

- **Languages (Russian):** He looks insulted when you call him a sailor. He is, he insists, a scientist.

2. He worked under Lysenko, a Russian agronomist. The plants you have seen are a Russian experiment, originally intended as an agricultural crop, then repurposed as weapons.

- **Botany*:** Although they are in Russian, the papers begin to make sense. They are records of an agricultural experiment, conducted under Lysenko, a Russian agronomist. The crop spread so wildly that it was destroyed and repackaged as a weapon.

- **Languages (Russian):** He tells you about the plants. They were intended as an agricultural crop, but it became clear that their only use was as a weapon. He is unclear where Lysenko found the plants originally: he mentions a meteor, but you are not sure why.

- **Reassurance:** You speak calmly, almost soothingly, to the man. Eventually, he indicates his log book. By studying the drawings, you surmise that the plants were originally intended for agriculture, but proved more useful as weapons.

4. The plants evolve in a Lamarckian, not a Darwinian, pattern. That is, they adapt rapidly. When a plant reproduces, the new plants take on the characteristics of the old: for example, if one plant roots itself in human flesh, it spawns plants that grow in human flesh. If one grows unexpectedly tall, it spawns plants that grow tall.

How the flowers kill

The seeds are deadly only when they germinate in water. Hence, the Investigators can still breathe, without worrying about the flowers taking root: there is not enough moisture in the lungs to make the seeds dangerous. Similarly, if an Investigator has an open wound, seeds do not normally grow within it.

For whatever reason, animals are not susceptible to the seeds. Hence, after the apocalypse, the Investigators still hear birdsong and see farm animals in the fields. Food, also, remains uninfected: most notably, there are no flowers growing in meat.

Sealed bottles are the Investigators' best source of liquid. Orange juice, tonic water and ginger beer are all safe to drink. Beer, too, was a common drink in the 1930s. Discourage the players from drinking alcohol continuously, however. Drunk Investigators lower the tone.

- **Biology:** The name "Lamarck" stands out in the log book. Although it seems scientifically impossible, you suspect these plants evolve in a Lamarckian pattern.
- **Languages (Russian):** Although you cannot understand the details, the Russian explains that the plants evolve quickly. He mentions the name "Lamarck".
- **History:** Although you cannot understand the Russian, you recognise the name "Lamarck", which he repeats. Remembering the debate between supporters of Lamarck and Darwin, you wonder whether the plants evolve in a Lamarckian fashion.



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5. He blames himself for the mass deaths. This has sent him mad.

- **Psychoanalysis:** This man is clearly unhinged. You suspect that, because he helped develop the plants as a weapon, he blames himself for the deaths.
- **Medicine:** You have seen people like this before. He is clearly mad, but you also notice marks on the wrists, perhaps an attempted suicide. Perhaps he blames himself for the apocalypse.
- **Intimidation:** When you threaten the man, he remains calm, as if he feels he deserves to be beaten. Clearly, he is unhinged, but you wonder whether he blames himself for the world dying.

Core Clue: The seeds leaked from a Russian tanker, the *Lysenko*, currently moored in the Dover Docks. More information on the seeds is on the ship.

- **Languages (Russian):** The sailor tells you that the seeds leaked from his ship. It is the *Lysenko* in Dover Docks.
- **Intimidation:** You hold the sailor against the wall, pushing a diagram of the plant, from the log book, in his face. Frightened, he holds his arm out, pointing. You realise, when you take him outside the door, that he is pointing towards the Docks.
- **Bureaucracy:** You search systematically through the sailor's papers. One document, you are sure, is a cargo manifest. The name of the ship is the *Lysenko* and its destination is Dover.

EARTHQUAKES

From now on, earthquakes shake the land at frequent intervals. At first, they are mere tremors, and the Investigators do not notice the ground shaking. They may, however, hear the glasses in the bar ringing or see a bottle skid across a table. If they investigate, any appropriate ability reveals that there is an earthquake.

Later, the shaking is more obvious. Simply insert earthquakes at dramatically appropriate moments or whenever the Investigators get too comfortable. Start with tiny tremors, then, as the Investigators approach the harbour, describe obvious shaking.

However, do not make these tremors too dramatic. If you do, the Investigator might decide that entering the Russian ship (below) is too dangerous. In particular, when the Investigators find the *Lysenko*, ensure the ground is still, so that entering it seems safe.

If the Investigators use their abilities, the following clue is available:

1. The earthquakes are not natural.
 - **Geology:** There is no geological reason why earthquakes of this magnitude should occur in Kent.
 - **History:** There is no record of earthquakes like this occurring locally.
 - **Intuition*:** You know, instinctively, that this is not natural.



THE DOCKS

The approach to the docks is lined with corpses. Now, the strange white plants are growing from the bodies. As the Investigators pass, they disturb the plants, which release seeds into the air. Caught by the wind, the seeds blow away.

If the Investigators examine the bodies, the following clue is available:

1. The plants are causing the bodies to decompose, as if feeding on them.
 - **Medicine:** These bodies should not decompose yet. Perhaps the plants are breaking them down.
 - **Botany*:** Examining the plants closely, you wonder whether they are getting their nutrition from the human flesh. That would explain why the bodies are decomposing.
 - **Outdoorsman:** If these plants are growing on the bodies, they must be feeding from them.

As the road descends into the harbour, the Investigators see the sea. Like all the water, it is infected with the white cloudiness. Only far out to sea does the white disperse.

More significantly, they see the White Cliffs, which to patriotic Investigators are highly symbolic. Many will remember seeing them from a ship, as they returned from foreign parts. The cliffs have come to symbolise Britain herself.

In the harbour, the ships are disordered. One has broken free of its moorings, at the bow end, so that it points out to sea. The jetties themselves appear damaged, as though great waves had propelled the ships into them.

Amongst these ships is the *Lysenko*. Its grey hulk lists slightly, but otherwise looks soundly moored. On closer inspection, it



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is damaged close to the waterline. Around the damaged area, the water is particularly white, as the seeds have leaked from the ship.

This ancient vessel is a rusting lump of steel. As the Investigators explore the metal corridors, their footsteps echo. The steel sings and creaks in the wind. Throughout the ship are dead sailors, with clumps of white flowers growing from their bodies.

There are two obvious ways to proceed. The Investigators might head up, towards the bridge, or down, towards the cargo hold. In either location, or anywhere else plausible, the final clue of the scenario is available.

Core Clue: The seeds were being delivered to the British government, for use as a weapon.

- **Bureaucracy:** After searching the bridge's records, you find a letter from a Lieutenant-General in the British Army. The seeds were being delivered, as a weapon, to the British Government.
- **Cryptography:** The cargo is marked with coded text, which may be delivery instructions. It takes

Landlocked

Some Investigators may, understandably, prefer not to get on to a leaking ship. Instead, they search for clues around the harbour.

It's more dramatic if they board the ship. If they won't, simply place the final Core Clue in the harbourmaster's office or a nearby military base. Wherever they are, add some bodies, with clumps of white flowers growing from them. Then, when they find the core clue, start the final scene.

you a while, but finally, you can interpret parts of it. The seeds were to be delivered to the military base in Dover. Effectively, they are being delivered to the British government, presumably as a weapon.

- **Locksmith:** In the captain's cabin is a safe. Since the ship is listing, it takes you longer to crack than normal, but finally it opens. Inside is a letter from the War Office, ordering large quantities of an "agricultural weapon".

When the Investigators discover this final clue, the earthquakes resume and Dover begins to fall.

THE FALL OF DOVER

The ground shakes and the sea churns, dashing ships against jetties. The White Cliffs crumble, at the top, scattering chalk dust into the wind. The Lysenko lists still further and begins to sink.

Far out at sea, the Investigators see something rising. The ocean seems to boil, in shades of brown and black. Then a monster rises from the waves: first, huge pale eyes; then a scaly head; and finally its immense body. Black ichor runs down its skin, dripping into the darkened sea.

As it emerges fully, it stands forty feet above the waves, then lumbers towards Dover Harbour.

As the Investigators flee, Dover crumbles around them. The white cliffs collapse into the sea. Buildings fall and cracks open in roads. And, all around the Investigators, corpses bloom with beautiful white flowers.

If the Investigators look behind, they see the monster stop in the harbour, like a sentry watching over the sea. Behind it, similar creatures wade through the ocean, towering above it.

And then Dover slides into the sea.

EPILOGUE

The Investigators escape into the Kent countryside, while Dover crumbles behind. All around, white flowers bloom in the fields. Above, the skies are cloudy with pollen.

Nobody, it seems, is alive. There are no distress calls on the radio, no lights in distant houses. As the Investigators head west, the roads are littered with corpses, all covered in flowers. The bodies are badly decomposed, barely recognisable as human.

They drive for miles, seeing no signs of life. Then, parked in the centre of the road, the Investigators see a Royal Mail van. It is abandoned, in the centre of the road, with its lights on and its doors open.





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Save Vs Apocalypse

To escape, give the Investigators two rolls each. Usually, these will be:

- A roll to get to a car (probably **Athletics** or **Fleeing**)
- A roll to escape in the car (**Driving**)

However, tailor them to the Investigators' mode of escape. Perhaps, instead, players roll to escape the harbour (**Fleeing**), then roll again to escape Dover (**Fleeing** again). Or perhaps they roll to find a vehicle (**Scavenging**), then roll to escape Dover (**Driving**). However they escape, it normally takes two rolls.

When they fail a roll, judge the consequences by what seems dramatically appropriate. But here is a rule of thumb: the *first* failed roll by an Investigator should be a setback; the *second* means their death. Thus, each Investigator gets one second chance. Failing a roll might make future rolls more difficult or might require additional rolls.

Here are some examples of failed rolls.

1. An Investigator rolls **Athletics** to escape from Dover Harbour, with the ground crumbling beneath her feet. She fails.
 - The Investigator slips, but grabs the cliff-top. The Difficulty to get back up, with an **Athletics** roll, is 8. If other Investigators assist, this will delay their escape, making their next roll more difficult.
2. An Investigator rolls **Driving** to escape from Dover. He fails.
 - As cracks open in the road, a wheel becomes stuck. The car is unusable. The Investigator can continue fleeing with either **Athletics** or **Fleeing**, Difficulty 8. Alternatively, they can make a quick **Scavenging** roll to find another car (Difficulty 3), then try the **Driving** roll again.
3. An Investigator fails a **Riding** roll to mount her terrified horse.
 - The Investigator takes 1d6 damage as she is thrown from the horse. The horse bolts. She may quickly look for a motor vehicle (**Scavenging**, Difficulty 5) or flee on foot (**Athletics**, Difficulty 8).

Going Out Fighting

If they simply fire guns, the monster brushes off their attacks. Even heavy artillery will barely harm it. If they come up with a brilliant plan, let them kill one monster, then describe a horde of others approaching.

For these rolls, set the Difficulty Numbers high, perhaps 7 or higher. Don't be afraid to let the Investigators die. If the Investigators help each other, use the rules for piggybacking and cooperating. See the sidebar for guidance on failed rolls.

Be open to cunning plans from the Investigators: for example, if they distract the monster with a well-aimed shot, give them a bonus or allow them to skip a roll. Perhaps an Investigator spends **Geology**, to predict where the ground will be safest (reduces Difficulty Number of **Fleeing** or **Driving** by 2). Perhaps they spend **Outdoorsman**, to avoid rockfalls (reduces Difficulty Number of **Fleeing** or **Driving** by 1).





Letters from Ghosts

As the Investigators flee Dover, the road is blocked by a Royal Mail van. It stands in the middle of the road, with lights on and doors open, as though deliberately positioned to attract attention.

In the van are letters, addressed to the Investigators, from their **Sources of Stability**. Yet, soon after, they find those who wrote the letters: one is dead and the other denies writing.

The plot for this scenario involves time-travel. As with all such plots, it will mess with your players' heads. Unless they guess the secret, expect them to be very, very confused.

THE HOOK

The Investigators receive letters from their **Sources of Stability**.

THE QUESTION

Where do the letters come from?

THE HORRIBLE TRUTH

While the world was ending, the Great Race of Yith stole human minds, to study the apocalypse. They transported these minds into Yithian bodies, millions of years in the past. Simultaneously,





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members of the Great Race transported their minds into the vacated human bodies.

These stolen minds include those of the Investigators' **Sources of Stability**. Thus, these **Sources of Stability** are trapped in the past: in an underground city, in what is now the Severn Valley. There, they talk to other trapped minds, and learn about the postapocalyptic world.

In particular, they learn exactly where the Investigators will travel. Using this information, the **Sources of Stability** write letters, addressed by time and place: for example: *"39 Camden Mews, London, November 3rd 1936 at*

midday". They stow these letters within the granite city.

Years later, the letters are discovered, by the Victorian explorer Chester Crispin. He takes most of them to his home, Fanham's Hall in Cambridgeshire. When he dies, his estate donates the letters to the Royal Mail. After all, they are undelivered letters. They must be sent.

For decades afterwards, the letters remain in a Royal Mail archive in Battersea. Then, after the apocalypse, a postman working at this archive survives. Partly out of curiosity, partly out of duty, he begins to deliver the letters.

THE SPINE

On the road from Dover, the Investigators find a Royal Mail van, containing curiously-worded letters from their **Sources of Stability**. However, when they find their **Sources of Stability**, they are either dead or ignorant of the letters.

When more letters arrive, the Investigators find the postman who delivers them. He leads them to the Unsorted Parcels Office in Battersea, where the letters are kept.

Records show that the letters came from the estate of Chester Crispin. At Crispin's home in Hertfordshire, the Investigators find his daughter,





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together with a group of friends. They also find Crispin's diaries, which record that the letters were found in a cave near Brichester.

Under that cave is an subterranean granite city. In its depths, the Investigators find the halls where their **Sources of Stability** lived the remainder of their lives.

Sources of Stability

Choose two **Sources of Stability** who live in or near London. These are the **Sources of Stability** who have been abducted.

INSTRUCTIONS

Not content with abducting the **Sources of Stability**, the Great Race might also abduct an Investigator.

Fold up the four sets of instructions below. Two of these are dummies: they contain nothing of interest. The other two specify the following events:

- An Investigator is abducted by the Great Race.
- An Investigator finds a plant growing out of their arm.

Now, ask which players are willing to have their character manipulated. Give out instructions to those players.

As you do this, carefully select the player whose Investigator will be abducted. This player will portray the Yithian who occupies their Investigator.

If you can, choose someone who has previously acted as Keeper, who knows when to reveal information for maximum effect. They should not reveal their identity too soon. Neither, however, should they keep their secret forever. Ideally, the player should reveal

that their Investigator is possessed towards the end of the scenario. (However, if other Investigators grow suspicious sooner, that player should go with it and reveal the abduction.)

Whoever you choose, that player has clues to reveal. This is their reward for allowing you to mess with their character.

Instructions 1

There are no specific instructions for you.

However, please act as if you have been given detailed instructions. To assist you, here is a block of text to read.

"Toward the end of the year 1920 the Government of the United States had practically completed the programme, adopted during the last months of President Winthrop's administration. The country was apparently tranquil. Everybody knows how the Tariff and Labour questions were settled. The war with Germany, incident on that country's seizure of the Samoan Islands, had left no visible scars upon the republic, and the temporary occupation of Norfolk by the invading army had been forgotten in the joy over repeated naval victories, and the subsequent ridiculous plight of General Von Gartenlaube's forces in the State of New Jersey. The Cuban and Hawaiian investments had paid one hundred per cent and the territory of Samoa was well worth its cost as a coaling station. The country was in a superb state of defence. Every coast city had been well supplied with land fortifications; the army under the parental eye of the General Staff, organized according to the Prussian system, had been increased to 300,000 men, with a territorial reserve of a million; and six magnificent squadrons of cruisers and battle-ships patrolled the six stations of the navigable seas, leaving a steam reserve amply fitted to control homewaters."

Instructions 2

When the monsters rose from the sea, you were taken from your body. Your Investigator is now occupied by an alien, whom you will play in this scenario.

You are one of the Great Race of Yith. Your race learns about other species by taking their minds from their bodies. The abducted minds are placed in a Yithian body, where they write details about their life. Meanwhile, a member of your Race occupies the original body.

This transfer takes place across time. Hence, your original Investigator is now in prehistoric times, in an alien body, writing about their life at a large granite table. You now play the alien that inhabits your Investigator's body. Continue acting normally: you do not want to reveal your identity yet.

However, you remember nothing that happened before the creatures rose from the sea. Thus, you do not remember the train crash, nor the Russian sailor, nor the creatures rising from the sea. In conversation, you are strangely distant. Finally, your knowledge of humans is learned from books. This means, for example, that you cannot tell the time, from a clock, unless you pause to calculate it.

Keep rolling for **Stability** and **Sanity** and tracking their scores, so that other players do not get suspicious. However, these scores do not matter: you will suffer no ill-effects for low scores. Keep track of your Health as before. This score does matter: you can still fall unconscious or be killed.

Later, the other Investigators may discover your true identity. Indeed, towards the end of the scenario, you should make your alien nature



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more obvious. Ideally, they will unmask you right at the end.

If the other Investigators discover who you are, reveal the following clues. Give them one at a time, when someone uses a plausible skill:

- You are one of the Great Race of Yith, who learn about other species by taking them from their bodies. You are fascinated by humans' reaction to the apocalypse. In particular, you are enjoying observing how the Investigators cope with their dying world.
- One day, your race will face its own apocalypse. You, then, must learn whatever you can from the human apocalypse.
- The Investigators' **Sources of Stability** are safe. They are in prehistoric times, writing about their lives.
- The Great Race could change history and avert the apocalypse. You could, for example, transplant the Investigators' minds into their bodies before the apocalypse. Then, knowing what they know now, they could stop the world ending. But you will not do this. Instead, you will continue observing, learning from the destruction of the human race.

Once this last clue is revealed, the alien leaves your body and your original Investigator returns.

Instructions 3

In your arm is a small green growth, resembling the shoots of a plant.

Instructions 4

There are no specific instructions for you.

Transferable Skills

Realistically, the Yithian-occupied Investigator would have different skills than the true Investigator. However, don't worry about this. Firstly, it's too complicated. Secondly, it will alert other players that something is wrong.

Besides, if we were going to make things realistic, we should probably have started before the forty foot high sea-monsters arrived.

Growing pains

If someone receives Instruction Sheet 3, occasionally inform them that the plant in their Investigator's arm has grown. Perhaps it has flowered or its roots have embedded themselves deeper. Perhaps it causes a shooting pain.

THE A2

From Dover, the A2 road leads back to London. The Investigators pass fields that once were green, but now are white with flowers. As they round a corner, they find the road blocked by a Royal Mail van. It is parked directly in the centre of the road, with headlights on and doors open.

There is no-one in the van or the surrounding fields. The back of the van is open. There, a box is prominently placed.

It is an unremarkable steel box, like a safety deposit box: in fact, it is a Royal Mail archive box. Inside are two envelopes, addressed "The middle of the road, Exactly 10 miles outside Dover, The A2, Kent, England.". Marked in the top left hand corner are today's date and a time two hours previously.

From the letters on the van, the following clues are available.

1. Someone drove the van here, with a motorcycle in the back. They then drove the motorcycle back to London.

- **Outdoorsman:** It is not often you track a motorcycle across the countryside. Nevertheless, behind the van, you find tire tracks. It seems someone drove here with a motorcycle in the back. After tracing the motorcycle a short distance, it cuts across particularly muddy fields. You lose the trail, but you believe the rider was heading to London.
 - **Evidence Collection:** In the back of the van, you find fresh motor oil. It probably dripped from a vehicle, perhaps a motorcycle.
 - **Geology:** In the back of the van, you find caked mud, shaped like the tread of a tire. Clearly, some vehicle, perhaps a motorcycle, was in the back of this van. However, the soil is too chalky for this region: it is more likely that the motorcycle was last ridden in London.
2. The letters are written in an unidentifiable black liquid on parchment, made from an unidentifiable animal. It has also been somehow preserved, using an unidentifiable method.
- **Archaeology:** This is not paper, but parchment. The skin, from which the parchment is made, resembles nothing you have seen before.
 - **Biology:** The paper feels like skin. You suspect it is parchment, yet it is not made from any animal skin you recognise. It also appears to have been treated, perhaps to preserve it, although again you do not recognise the method of preservation.



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- **History:** The technique by which these letters were made is ancient. In fact, you recognise them as parchment, although you cannot place the type of skin.
- 3. Although the handwriting resembles that of the **Sources of Stability**, there is something wrong: as if they were injured or writing with the wrong hand.
- **Art History:** The writing resembles that of your **Source of Stability**, but is strangely formed. It reminds you of the brushwork of an artist you knew, after he had had a stroke.
- **Medicine:** The handwriting is odd, as if your **Source of Stability** was injured or distressed.
- **Evidence Collection:** Although the handwriting superficially resembles that of your **Source of Stability**, you find strange inflections in it, as though they were disturbed, perhaps injured.

After this scene, the Investigators should head to London to find their **Sources of Stability's** corpses, as instructed in the letters.

As the Investigators approach London, they notice its stillness. Nothing moves. There are no buses, taxis or cars. The city seems dead or waiting.

Tracing the Postman

In this first scene, there is no obvious way to trace the postman. If the Investigators invent one, you could skip to the Unsorted Parcels Office scene, below.

But avoid this. Ideally, the postman should slip through the Investigators' fingers this time. Later, they will be eager to catch him.

The Letters

Write the **Source of Stability's** name at the bottom of each letter. These also appear as handouts at the end of the scenario (page 51).

My dear,

Do not worry. I have been taken, but I am safe. If I had not been taken, I would have died, and for that deliverance I am thankful.

You believe the world has ended. Believe me, though, you must not fear. There is yet hope and I will guide you towards that hope. Although the human race is doomed, life goes on.

You must go, now, to find my body. Again, my dear, do not worry. I will write soon.

Yours ever,

Old gal,

This is a turn-up, isn't it? I bet you thought you'd never hear from me again. You must be dreadfully shocked, poor thing. Poor Dover, too. Nevertheless, stiff upper lip and so forth.

Now, this will come as a shock, but you will find my body soon. Don't worry! I am safe. From where I am now, I can write and give you a bit of advice.

For the moment, keep soldiering on. Your country needs you, not to mention the rest of the bally world! I'll drop you another line before long.

A quick request, before I go. When you find my body, it will have those damnable plants growing in it. Get rid of them. I hardly care what you do with the corpse.

Be off with you, now! Good luck!

A LONDON HOME

As the Investigators journey through London, there are moments when everything seems normal. The Crystal Palace still stands, sparkling in the sunlight. The Palace of Westminster towers over the Thames. Yet the roads are lined with corpses, on which flowers grow. As the Investigators drive past, clouds of pollen waft from the plants.

Where do the Investigators' **Sources of Stability** live? It could be anywhere in London, but as a rough guide:

- If the Investigator has **Credit Rating** 5 or higher, the **Source of Stability** lives in a house in Chelsea.
- If their **Credit Rating** is between 3 or 4, they live in a flat in Camden.
- If their **Credit Rating** is 1 or 2, the **Source of Stability** rents a room in Spitalfields.
- If the Investigator's **Credit Rating** is 0, their **Source of Stability** sleeps in a flophouse in Clapham.

As the Investigators arrive at their **Source of Stability's** home, the chimes of Big Ben ring out across London. The bells seem unnatural, a reminder of another age, yet are louder than ever. The streets are quiet. The Investigators' footsteps echo as they walk to the door.

In this scene, an Investigator discovers their **Source of Stability's** corpse. Improvise the scene, depending on where their **Source of Stability** lives. Here are some guidelines.

Take the scene slowly, starting when the Investigators enter the **Source**



Letters From Ghosts

The London Sandbox

While the Investigators are in London, don't worry about scenes happening in order. The Investigators might, for example, go to the War Office first, then find their **Sources of Stability**. This is fine. Let the Investigators explore.

Once you bring in The Postman, the investigation will move faster. So, as with the first scenario, linger over these initial scenes. Let the Investigators explore dying London. When you feel something needs to happen, bring in The Postman.

More Letters

As the Investigators explore, they may find more steel boxes, containing more letters. Use these additional letters to increase the tension: for example, when the Investigators leave the War Office, they may find another box waiting on the step outside.

All letters come from the **Sources of Stability**, phrased like the letters above. None give any additional information. All are addressed with time, date and location.

The letters are delivered by the same postman as before. Sometimes, the Investigator might hear a distant motorcycle. Perhaps, even, if the Investigators succeed a difficult **Driving** roll (Difficulty 7) they might catch him. If so, proceed to The Postman (below). If the Investigators examine the letters, they can discover Clues 2 and 3 from the scene "A2", above.

of Stability's home. Describe each room as they enter: the hallway, the living room, the bedroom. This builds the tension, since the Investigators won't know where the body will be.

Describe the light. Is it night or day? Are the curtains closed? How bright or dark is the room? Describe, also, how the home smells. Are there wilting flowers? Is it warm and dusty? Is there a familiar perfume in the air? Choose pleasant smells: it makes the scene more sinister.

Finally, in one room, the Investigator finds their **Source of Stability**. Use the *Flowery Death Table* to inspire their death. Describe how the body is lit. Is it in shadow, so that the Investigator takes a moment to notice it? Or is it brightly and starkly illuminated?

There are no clues in this scene. Proceed to the other **Source of Stability's** house or *The Postman*.

ANOTHER HOME

If the Investigators seek the other **Source of Stability** who sent letters, begin the scene like the previous one. Describe the Investigators entering each room in turn. Finally, they find the **Source of Stability**, sitting or lying. Give the Investigators a moment to examine the body. Then the body moves. The **Source of Stability** is alive.

How did they survive the apocalypse? Use the *Flowery Survival Table* for ideas. Probably, they have not left their home and have only drunk bottled liquids. They seem bewildered, but are otherwise lucid.

In fact, however, their mind has been taken by the Great Race. Try to ensure that the Investigators do not suspect the **Source of Stability** is possessed or take the **Source of Stability** with them.

It helps, then, if the **Source of Stability** normally seems distracted, so that absent-mindedness and forgetfulness do not seem extraordinary, and has good reason to stay in their house. Elderly **Sources of Stability**, who might easily be bewildered and housebound, are ideal.

Keep this scene short. The **Source of Stability**, while pleased to see the Investigators, wants to stay in their home: they are as likely to survive here as anywhere. They gratefully accept any practical help, such as food, but will not accompany the Investigators.

Later, the truth will emerge. The Investigators have been talking, not to their **Source of Stability**, but to a member of the Great Race.

THE POSTMAN

In the silent city, a growling noise splits the air. It becomes louder and closer, echoing through the streets, making windows tremble. It is, the Investigators realise, a motorcycle engine. Wherever the Investigators are, the motorcycle parks around the corner. The rider dismounts, leaves a steel box for the Investigators to find, then returns to his motorcycle.

If intercepted, the man identifies himself as William Shakespeare. He wears a postman's uniform and has Royal Mail identification to prove both his occupation and his unlikely name. The Investigators, he says, should call him Bill.

Without being prompted, he volunteers that he only drinks tea. That, he says, is how he survived the apocalypse: the water in the Royal Mail's tea urn was not contaminated. After everyone died, he continued delivering the mail. Perhaps, one day, it might do someone good.



Letters From Ghosts

From Bill Shakespeare, the Investigators discover the following Core Clue. They can find this in many ways.

Core Clue: The Investigators must go to the Unsorted Parcels Office in Battersea.

- **Reassurance:** You tell Bill that you won't interfere with his deliveries. You are interested only in the letters. Bill shrugs. *"Well, I suppose they're addressed to you, anyway. They're in the Unsorted Parcels Office in Battersea."*
- **Bureaucracy:** As Bill talks to the other Investigators, you observe him. His postal bag has a tag on it marked "Battersea". Perhaps that is where the letters come from.
- **Driving:** On his motorcycle, Bill is easy to follow. He crosses the bridge to Battersea, turns up Lavender Hill and you follow him to the Unsorted Parcels office.
- **Leadership*:** You take charge. If we're going to rebuild Britain, you say, you need Bill's help. You will need the postal service, too. So, you say, he must tell you what he knows. Impressed, he tells you where he is based: the Unsorted Parcels Office in Battersea.
- **Navigation*:** For a long time after Bill leaves, you hear his engine as he drives south. Presumably, he is heading to a post office. Using a map of London, you find only one post office directly south: the Unsorted Parcels Office, on Lavender Hill in Battersea.

We Must Go to the House of Commons

Since the Investigators are in London, they are likely to explore. For example, they might go to:

- The War Office, the Ministry that controls the British Army.
- Number 10 Downing Street, the office of the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin (deceased).
- The House of Commons, the seat of the British Parliament.

Indeed, they might go anywhere. Even if you planned the above three locations in detail, some Investigator would go to Camden Market (a big market), Kew Gardens (a botanical garden) or Alexandra Palace (the main site of BBC television transmission).

So, again, you will need to improvise. Here are some guidelines.

- Describe the interior of the building, using any knowledge you have as your guide, especially movies and TV series. For example, the interior of Number 10 Downing Street looks like a large, well-furnished town house.
- Make up anything you don't know, keeping descriptions as obvious as possible. Probably, for example, the interior of the War Office looks like a normal office, but with maps on the wall and people in uniform. Probably, Alexandra Palace is filled with cables and humming machines.
- Describe corpses, covered in flowers.
- Describe the place as frozen in time. For example, a cold cup of tea might sit in the Cabinet Room of Number 10 Downing Street. A General in the War Office might be halfway through writing a memorandum.

The Apocalypse Machine

If you are using The Apocalypse Machine rules, use the Investigator's Occupation to determine where their **Source of Stability** lives. •

- Criminals and Hobos live in the Clapham flophouse.
- Agitators, Artists, Wanderers, Journalists, Outdoorsmen, Veterans and Farmers, live in the Camden flat.
- Antiquarians, Clergy, Military, Nurses, Pilots, Police Detectives and Scientists rent the room in Spitalfields.
- Socialites live in the house in Chelsea.





Letters From Ghosts

More Letters

When the Investigators meet Bill, he gives them these letters.

My dear,

I wanted to let you know how well you are doing and how much I love you. Perhaps, indeed, my deliverance has granted us a blessing. After all, when I lived, there was never the time to tell you that I loved you. Now that I must write, my communication becomes more thoughtful.

I have been here a good while, now, and often think of you. One might think that the memories would fade, but they do not. After the initial shock, I have learned to be happy here. There are others here, with whom I converse. Life continues, differently from before, but nevertheless it continues, and I am thankful for that.

Have you found my body yet? Do not fret if so. I am very, very proud, both of who you are and of what you are doing.

Yours ever,

Old gal,

Well, dash me, it's another letter. Here we go again.

I hope you won't mind if I get a little philosophical. Perhaps it is the old age. I wanted to let you know how fond I am of you. Always was. You've always been special to me and, right now, you make me very, very proud.

Now, I know what you're thinking, but no! I am not drunk. Merely being affectionate and, perhaps, a little nostalgic. No need to worry, old gal. Things here are tickety-boo, by which I mean pleasant and not a little fascinating. It was strange at first, but I'm perfectly happy these days.

Still, what am I doing, waffling on, when you have work to do? Onwards, now, to Battersea! So much to do!

UNSORTED PARCELS

The Investigators trek through deserted and beautiful Chelsea, over Battersea Bridge, soon arriving at Lavender Hill. Halfway up is a darkened brick building, which is the Royal Mail's Battersea Delivery Office.

Behind enormous double doors are service counters, where customers received and delivered mail. Behind that is a vast expanse of wire cages, labelled SW11 to SW20: the postal codes for South West London. Trolleys are abandoned, cages are unlocked. There are corpses, too, but the Investigators are becoming oblivious to them.

Tucked away behind the cages is the Unsorted Parcels Office. When mail is ambiguously or nonsensically addressed, it remains here while Royal Mail staff trace its correct recipient. Before the apocalypse, Bill Shakespeare worked here. Now, it is his home.

He seems comfortable here. His office contains a camp bed: a lethal-looking contraption of wires, springs and an ancient mattress. Outside the office door, worryingly close to stacks of paper, is a gas burner. There is an ample supply of tinned food, coffee, bottled water and spare gas canisters. Most importantly, there is everything required to make tea.

When the Investigators arrive, Bill offers them a cup. Making tea, it is clear, is a ritual not to be interrupted. First, Bill boils water in a tiny pan, then splashes some into a teapot to warm it. Then, using a teaspoon, he measures tea into the pot: one spoon for each Investigator, one for himself and one "for the pot". Finally, he places a woollen tea-cosy over the pot. Only then, when the tea is brewing, will he talk to the Investigators.

Taking them deeper into the building, he shows them the Unsorted Parcels Archive. Here, wire cages are crammed with strangely-shaped bundles and aging

paper. In the final cage is a Victorian mahogany chest, once beautiful, now scuffed and scratched. Judging from the rings on its top surface, it has served as a table for tea breaks.

Within this chest are more letters addressed to the Investigators. As before, they are addressed by time, date and location. These, however, are dated in the future.

Only some letters are in the chest. Others are scattered around the Unsorted Parcels Office, in filing cabinets and loose piles, after half-finished and ill-advised attempts at organisation. Sorting through this lot will take a while, but will reveal the following clues.

1. When the future letters are placed in date order, the Investigators can discern the locations where they are expected to travel. They start in the UK: London, Christchurch, East Anglia. Other letters, it seems, were forwarded to the United States Post Office Department.

- **Bureaucracy:** You painstakingly place the letters in date order. There is a pattern. First, the letters are addressed with the UK, then a later bunch was forwarded to the United States.
- **Credit Rating:** You ask Bill Shakespeare what on earth is going on. This filing system is completely incomprehensible! He apologises, tentatively suggesting he tidy it up. Well, that would be useful, you reply, with heavy irony. After he works for a few hours, you notice a pattern to the locations.
- **Oral History:** Over several cups of tea, you let Bill tell you about the letters. Eventually, he tells you about letters in the future, addressed throughout the UK and then the US.

2. There are some letters missing.



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- **Library Use:** You piece the letters together, but this is an incomplete archive. There are references to letters which are not present.

- **Flattery:** You coax Bill Shakespeare to produce the letters and arrange them in order. Nevertheless, some appear to be missing.

- **Leadership*:** You ask Bill for the rest of the letters. Here is what we have, he says. But some are missing. They have always been missing.

3. As the letters progress into the future, the handwriting becomes more like that of the **Source of Stability**.

- **Medicine:** The handwriting reminds you of that of a recovering stroke victim. Gradually, the writer gains control over their hand.

- **Art:** In the early letters, the penwork is inexpert, becoming more proficient later. You imagine that the writer was learning to use a particular pen. Later, you wonder whether they were learning to use their *hand*.

- **Oral History:** Bill's stories about the Unsorted Parcels Office are long and many. In time, however, he shows you something interesting. Look at the handwriting on the letters, he says. Look how it changes over time, as if the person was learning to write.

4. **Core Clue:** The letters were donated to the Royal Mail by the estate of Chester Crispin, a Victorian explorer. He lived in Fanham's Hall in Hertfordshire.

- **Bureaucracy:** The filing is badly organised. However, in a locked filing cabinet, you discover where the letters came from. They were given to the Royal Mail in 1885, by relatives of Chester Crispin, a Victorian dilettante and sometime explorer.

- **Evidence Collection:** Eventually you find where the letters came from. A receipt stub, dating back to 1885, shows they were donated by Chester Crispin, a Victorian explorer.

- **Intimidation:** After much bullying, Bill Shakespeare finds a receipt book from Victorian times. The letters, it seems, were given to the Royal Mail in the 1880s, by the estate of Chester Crispin, an explorer.





Letters From Ghosts

FANHAM'S HALL

The home of Chester Crispin lies an hour north of London. Taking the Great Cambridge Road, the Investigators quickly find themselves in the countryside. For a moment, everything seems normal: the Investigators could imagine the apocalypse never happened. Then they notice the white flowers, on every hilltop, standing like sentries.

The Investigators arrive in Ware, a tiny, white and silent village. There seem, at first, to be flowerbeds everywhere. On reflection, however, they are not flowerbeds: they are corpses, blooming with flowers. No-one is alive.

Just east of Ware is Fanham's Hall. Around it, the fields are thickly white, as if blanketed with snow. As the Investigators turn up the driveway, they hear music. It is swing music, loud and distorted, played through a gramophone at exceptional volume.

Outside the Hall are other cars. Clearly, nobody has tried to flee. As they get closer, the Investigators hear shouting and laughter over the music.

Inside, a riotous party is in full swing. Half-empty champagne flutes cover the polished tables. There is frenzied dancing in every room, as two gramophones, playing different music, compete to be heard.

The partygoers are all women, dressed with fashionable absurdity. The party's theme appears to be "flowers". One woman is dressed as a sunflower. Many others have imitation flowers woven into hats. Most of the flower costumes are white.

Men, and those of **Credit Rating** lower than 4, are not instantly welcome. These people may spend

an appropriate Interpersonal ability to be tolerated: perhaps **Credit Rating**, to fit in; **Reassurance**, to seem harmless; or **Streetwise**, to create interesting cocktails.

The women, initially, talk only trivialities. Any remotely serious conversation is met with a sigh and an offer of champagne. Ask them how they survived the apocalypse and they answer: *"Don't be so tedious, darling. Have a drink"*.

They will, however, happily answer questions about the party. The night before the apocalypse, they held a party here. Seeing that the world had ended, they simply continued with the party. After all, they will die soon. What better way to spend their final days?

If the Investigators ask why there are no men, they explain that men were not invited. Why not? Because men are *tedious*, darling.

Later, if the Investigators use their abilities, the partygoers will talk more seriously. There are quieter areas in which conversations can be held: the conservatory, for example, or the grounds. Both are studded with white flowers.

The party's host is **Florence Crispin**, Chester's daughter and the owner of Fanham's Hall. In the dim, artificial light, she appears young. In direct light, she is clearly over forty and slowly decaying. Like the others, she is enjoying herself and initially unwilling to talk.

The following clues are available, either by talking to the women or more devious methods.

1. Fanhams Hall collects rainwater, which fills a sealed tank. By drinking this water, the women survived the apocalypse.

Apocalypse Machine

If you are using The Apocalypse Machine rules: Socialites, Farmers and Military personnel are instantly welcome at Fanham's Hall. Everyone else must spent an Interpersonal Ability to fit in. Seduction is ideal.

- **Architecture:** When you turn on a tap, the water runs clear. This explains why everyone here is alive: their water was never contaminated. By following the pipes, you find the water tank. It is sealed and collects rainwater.

- **Streetwise:** You make Florence a particularly lethal cocktail, which she downs appreciatively. How did she survive the apocalypse, you ask? Their water tank is sealed, she explains. Everyone was here that night. Naturally, they have stayed since.

- **Botany*:** Why is the water here not infected? From what you know of the plants, they would have polluted the water supply. After a short search, you find the answer: there is a rainwater tank, which is sealed.

2. Despite their frivolity, the community has the skills to survive. They have stocked up with food, essentials and, of course, champagne.

- **Stealth:** Wondering how the women are surviving, you sneak into the kitchen. It is surprisingly well-stocked, albeit with expensive food, presumably looted from other houses. There is also, you note, a generator. Clearly, these people have some practical abilities.



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- **Medicine:** Despite being extremely drunk, there are no signs that the women are hungry. You slip into the kitchen and inspect the larder. Certainly, they have everything they need to survive for a while, including food and medical supplies.
 - **Leadership*:** You take Florence aside. How, you demand, have they managed to survive? She flares up, suddenly more sober. They are not stupid, she says. They can keep themselves alive.
3. The partygoers are taking drugs.
- **Medicine:** This woman's pupils are dilated, which explains her frenzied dancing. These people are taking cocaine.
 - **Seduction*:** You get pleasantly drunk with a young flapper in the conservatory. She talks animatedly and, without breaking the flow of the conversation, offers you cocaine.
 - **Streetwise:** This is not just champagne. There's cocaine here somewhere. (An extra point of Streetwise scores some).
4. Chester Crispin was a dreamer. His "expeditions" were not taken seriously.
- **Archaeology:** In an upstairs bedroom, you find books written by Chester Crispin. All are vanity productions: he paid a printer to produce them. He recounts his expeditions, but they are absurd, with erroneous geography and fairytale elements. You doubt, for example, that he killed a unicorn in India.

- **Oral History:** In the library, one of the flappers is holding court. She is, in fact, making fun of Florence's father and his expeditions. Chester Crispin, she says, was delusional. Does anyone really believe he fought a vampire?
 - **Credit Rating:** You pour Florence more champagne. Was her father really an explorer, you ask? Not really, she says. He made most of it up.
5. **Core Clue:** Chester Crispin found the letters in a set of caves near Brichester. He took only some, leaving more letters within the caves.
- **Bargain:** Look, you tell Florence, you will leave if she tells you where the letters came from. Fine, she says. Some caves near Brichester. Apparently there were more letters there. She points at a map, then looks at you. Will you go, now?
 - **Locksmith:** Although the trapdoor to the attic is locked, a palette knife eases it open. Inside is a chest, containing Chester Crispin's papers. Most are nonsensical scribbling. However, he mentions caves near Brichester, in which he found the letters. Intriguingly, he says that he did not take them all.
 - **Outdoorsman:** Reading through Chester Crispin's self-published books, you find a reference to caves, where he discovered the letters. Although he does not describe the location, he mentions particular trees, black rocks and a large river. That, you suspect, must be near Brichester.

THE GRANITE CITY

In the woods outside Brichester, the Investigators find the caves that Chester Crispin explored. They appear shallow and unremarkable. At first, the Investigators wonder whether Crispin was lying. Certainly, there are no letters here.

Quickly, however, the reason for Crispin's excitement becomes clear. At the back of one cave is a rockfall, masking a dark drop. By shining a flashlight, the Investigators see the cavern into which it descends. Its walls are granite and black as night. The drop itself is twenty feet.

The Investigators need rope to descend and something to light their way. Once they have descended and their eyes have grown accustomed to the light, they see the cavern more clearly. It is, in fact, not a cavern. It is a smoothly curving tunnel, dozens of feet in diameter, spiralling into the darkness.

After approximately a mile, the tunnel opens into a vast cylindrical space. Now, the spiral passage becomes a walkway, snaking around the edge of the cylinder as it continues down. The cylinder itself is a plummeting darkness, with no visible bottom. From the walkway, large doorways open into smaller rooms.

Many of these rooms resemble libraries. Dark, empty shelves line the walls, with stone blocks, like desks, in the middle of the room. Other rooms resemble scientific laboratories. They contain many stone blocks, the tops of which are stained and scratched. Still other rooms have no obvious function.

Yet these rooms are not designed for humans. The doorways are twelve feet high. The granite blocks



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are too high for normal desks: the Investigators must climb on top to see over them.

As the spiral walkway descends, scratches on the walls become visible. These are mathematical and physical figures, curvilinear in design, barely comprehensible to the Investigators.

Finally, the walkway reaches the bottom of the cylinder. On this vast floor are more granite desks: this, clearly, was the writing room. Scratched on these desks is human handwriting, where the desks' occupants have written their names. Some are modern, 1930s names; others seem archaic; others simply strange.

From anywhere in this granite city, the following clues are available.

1. The human handwriting is immensely old.

- **Archaeology:** The handwriting is impossible. Although you cannot pinpoint its exact date, it certainly predates human existence. These people were here in prehistoric times.
- **Geology:** Even in this sealed, deep cavern, the granite has partially eroded. This erosion has made the handwriting less distinct, blurring the letters. You estimate, although it is impossible, that the writing dates from prehistoric times.

2. These caverns were carved, using techniques beyond human comprehension.

- **Architecture:** You cannot fathom how these corridors and walkways were created. Perhaps a huge drill bored through the rock, but that does not explain why the walls are smooth.

Describing the Rooms

If the Investigators explore the city's rooms in detail, improvise details as necessary. Here are a few suggestions:

- A library: Fragments of book binding (but no books). Desks. Vertiginous banks of shelves.
- Living quarters: Oddly curved recesses for sleeping. Huge dormitories, with many of these recesses.
- A laboratory: Fragments of radioactive substances. Pieces of mirror. Curvilinear scratchings everywhere.
- An unidentified room: Black leather-like strips hanging from the ceiling. Grooves in the floor. Pyramids at regular intervals around the edges of the room.
- Another unidentified room: A gradual slope. Drainage system. Holes in ceiling.

- **Geology:** Clearly, these walls are carved rather than natural. However, you cannot understand what could have carved them.
- **Intuition*:** These caves are like nothing carved by humans. They are beyond our science or technology.

3. The curvilinear diagrams depict strange geometries and physical principles. (Gain one point of **Cthulhu Mythos**.)

- **Physics:** Some diagrams make sense in terms of Einsteinian relativity, although their design is unfamiliar. However, they go

beyond relativity, giving you insights into space and time that gnaw at your mind.

- **Cryptography:** Deciphering these strange diagrams, even for you, is a challenge. As you stare at them, their meaning comes together, in the back of your mind. You perceive the geometry of the room differently.
- **Occult:** The curvilinear designs remind you of chalk symbols drawn by Victorian cults. However, there is something darker about these. As you begin to comprehend them, you see mind-breaking patterns. When you turn away, reality seems subtly different.

4. The Investigators' **Sources of Stability** were here in prehistoric times (see The Plan of the Desks, page 50).

- **Simple Search:** It takes hours, but you search every desk in the writing room. In time, you find the names of all the **Sources of Stability**, carved into the desks. They were here, a long time ago, and must have died here.
- **Evidence Collection:** You find a diagram, which you realise is a plan of the desks (page 50). Marked on it is the name of every **Source of Stability**.

- **Library Use:** Over days, you record, in detail, the scratching on the desks. By crossreferencing, you build a picture of who sat at which desk.

5. They appear to have been trapped in alien bodies, conical and eight feet tall.



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- **Art:** Scratched into one desk is a curious amalgam of human face and alien body. The artist, you think, was human, but trapped in a monstrous cone-shaped body.

- **Biology:** How could humans have written at these desks? You look at the patterns of wear on the seats and the writing on the top. You can only imagine that the human minds were trapped in alien bodies, approximately eight feet tall.

- **Anthropology:** Humans could not have lived in this city. The desks, doorways and rooms are too large. The people that wrote here were human minds, but in alien bodies.

6. **Core Clue:** The Investigators must get to Blackpool to prevent an invasion.

- **Archaeology:** You wonder where Chester Crispin found the letters. Eventually, you find a dark recess within the writing room. Inside are the remaining letters from your **Sources of Stability** (see opposite). Presumably, Crispin left them behind. Perhaps it was an oversight. Or, perhaps, he read them and realised they belonged here.

- **Locksmith:** Looking around the walls carefully, you find a strange-looking slab of stone. By pressing precisely, you open it. The remaining letters are there.

- **Architecture:** Something is strange about the construction of a particular wall. Looking closer, you realise: it has been built to accommodate a small recess. Within are the remaining letters from your **Sources of Stability**.

The Final Letters

My dear,

This is my very final letter to you. This is where I spent my remaining days, in a body that was not my own, but in the company of many others. Our captors were kind to us: I read and travelled much while I stayed here.

Perhaps, indeed, captors is too strong a word. They rescued us. When the apocalypse came, they took us from our bodies and brought into the past. Some of them sent their minds forward into our bodies, too. This is where I spent my final days.

As I said, I have read much and communicated with people who lived after I did. From this, I know the path the world will take, and can give you one warning.

You must go to Blackpool. There will be an invasion, shortly, which you must prevent. I cannot tell you more, because I do not know more and because I fear that our captors would destroy this letter if I told you too much. Nevertheless, the warning is genuine. Go to Blackpool and stop the invasion.

Yours ever,

Old gal,

And here you are! This was where I spent my final days. What do you think, eh? It doesn't look like much, but I was rather happy. Happier than I would have been with plants growing inside me, anyway.

The oddest thing was my body. They took our minds, you see, and took them into the past. Whoosh! Our minds were put into their bodies. They were aliens, you see, conical and leathery. Took some while getting used to, which was why my handwriting was so awful for the first few letters. Sorry about that. Some of them sent their minds forward into our bodies, too. Whoosh again!

So there you have it. I died some years ago: several million, to be exact. It wasn't a bad life, while it lasted. One grew used to being a bloody great cone. I read, too, and talked to others about the future.

Which reminds me! Your future. I've talked to others (I can't tell you who) who know what will happen. You must go to Blackpool. Can't say too much, but you must stop an invasion.

Now, I realise you'll be inclined to ignore this. After all, basing decisions on the advice of prehistoric relatives who thought they were conical aliens? Perhaps not a sound plan. But do it anyway, there's my girl. It's bloody important. Seriously. Go there. Stop invasion. Important.

And, with that, I must be going. Been a pleasure. And I know you'll find these letters, because I spoke to someone who said you would.

Bye then!



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THE ABDUCTEE

Have the Investigators realised that one of them is possessed? If not, they must realise now.

Ideally, they will realise from the plan of the desks. After all, it contains the abducted Investigator's name. That implies the Investigator's mind was taken into prehistoric times. And *that* implies that the thing pretending to be that Investigator must be something else.

Failing that, prompt the abducted Investigator to reveal themselves. They have observed enough. No further concealment is needed.

The alien, in the form of the Investigator, answers questions honestly and may reveal the clues given on the instruction sheet. When the Investigators have no more to ask, the alien leaves the Investigator's body. The original Investigator returns, with no memory of what has happened since Dover.

EPILOGUE

The Investigators leave the granite city and head north to Blackpool. As they drive, the flowers line the roads, as if watching them.

Affliction Points

Both the abducted Investigator and the Investigator with a plant in their arm gain an Affliction Point at the end of the scenario.





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The Investigators travel north to Blackpool, only knowing that they must prevent an invasion.

What they discover leads them to an impossible choice: they must choose who will conquer Britain. And even that choice will require a sacrifice.

THE HOOK

The Investigators are sent to Blackpool to prevent an invasion.

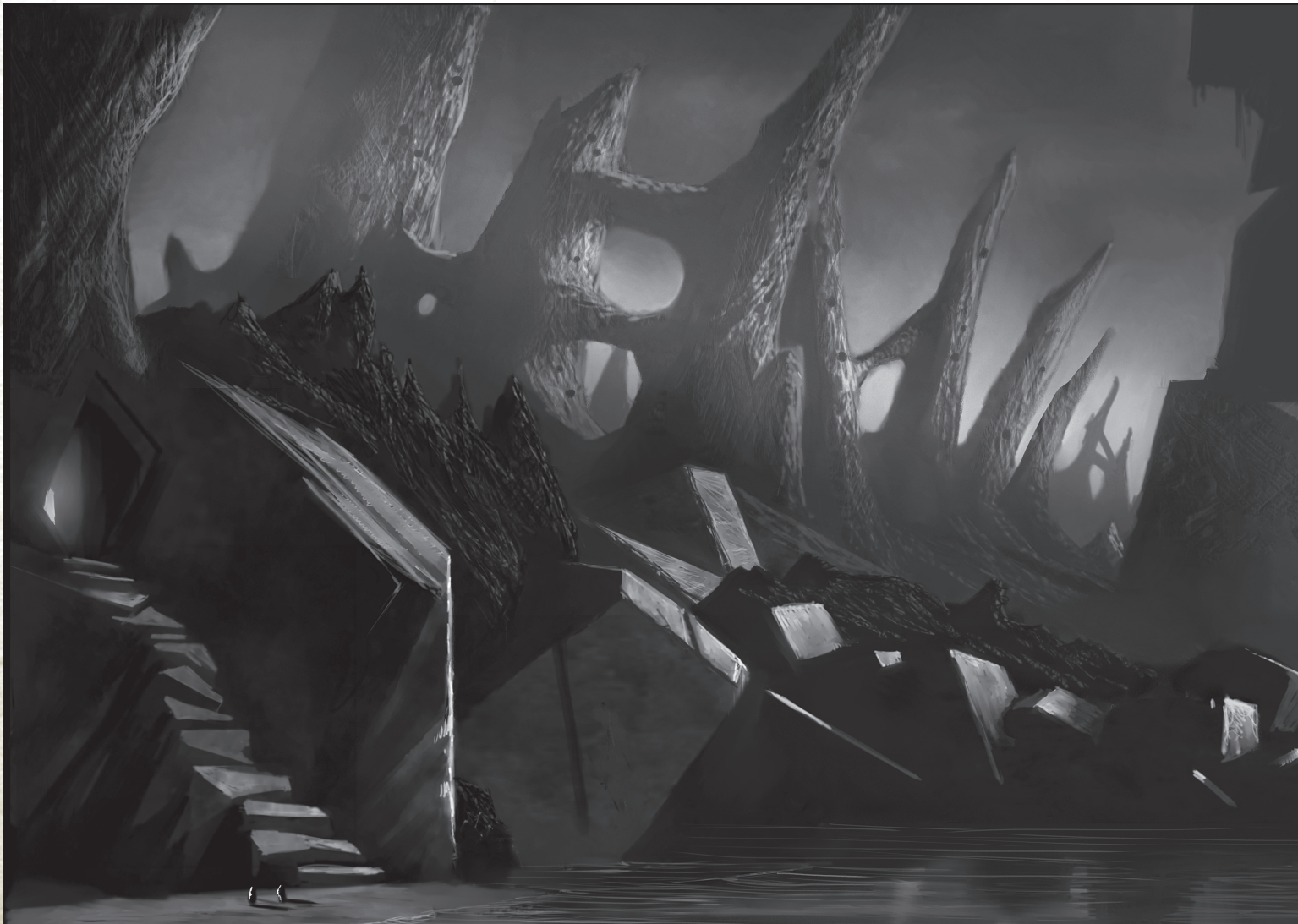
THE QUESTION

How can they prevent the invasion?

THE HORRIBLE TRUTH

Off the coast of Blackpool, stretching out towards Dublin, lies the undersea city of Shk'hrnwr, where the Deep Ones live. Until now, they have kept hidden, fearing the human military.

Now, the humans are gone, and Shk'hrnwr will rise from the sea. The Deep Ones will swarm over the





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land, turning England into a stinking mire, fit for their home.

Already, the Deep Ones have bred with the humans of Blackpool. The Garth family are Deep One hybrids: the eldest, Wilfred Garth, is already changing into his true form. His son, Jack, does not suspect his true ancestry, although he knows something is wrong with Wilfred. The grandson, Martin, is blissfully ignorant.

THE SPINE

The Investigators arrive in Blackpool, where they meet the Garth family,

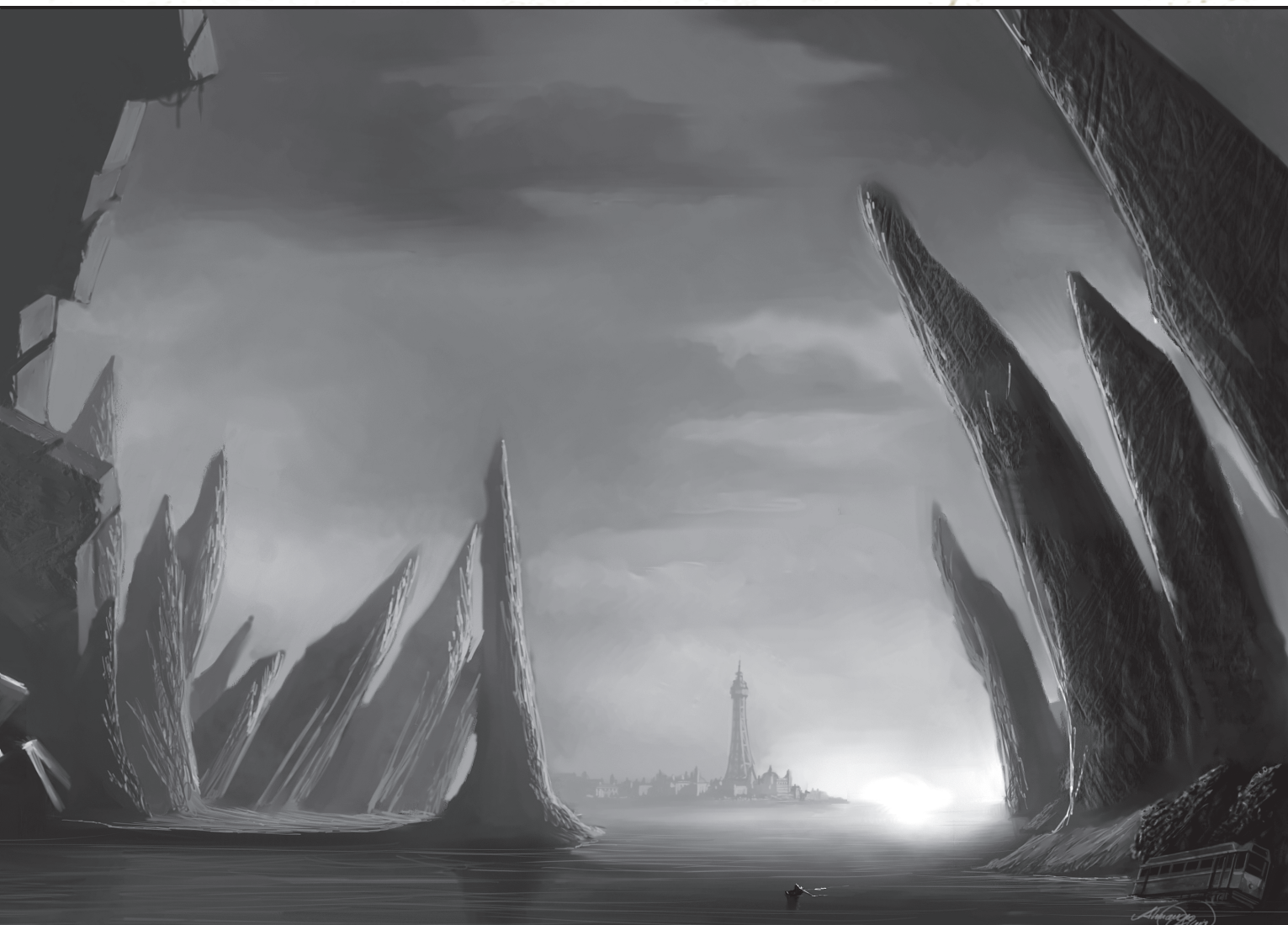
who take them to the Metropole Hotel. There, they meet a small and friendly community.

When questioned about the invasion, the Blackpudlians take the Investigators to a quarry, full of Deep One bodies. All are covered with white flowers.

The corpses, the Investigators discover, resemble Wilfred Garth, who lives (and is imprisoned) in nearby Lytham St Anne's. He is barely human, almost completely transformed into his Deep One form. He tells the Investigators that only at the heart of Shk'hrnwr can they stop the invasion. And then Shk'hrnwr rises from the sea, dark, dripping and stinking.

The Investigators walk over the mire, then descend into Shk'hrnwr. There, they find a strange carving, half-ritual, half-boardgame, which describes how the world will be destroyed.

From this game, the Investigators learn that they have a choice. If one Investigator remains within Shk'hrnwr, with white flowers growing on them, then the flowers will destroy the Deep Ones. The invasion will fail and the white flowers will conquer Britain. Otherwise, the Deep Ones will conquer Britain themselves.





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THE PLEASURE BEACH

Blackpool lies on the West Coast, six hours from London and four from Brichester. As the Investigators journey north, the white flowers become scarcer. Eventually, the Investigators see only occasional white flecks in the dark green countryside.

As most Investigators will know, Blackpool is a working-class holiday resort. Any Investigators from the North of England, with **Credit Rating** 2 or lower, will probably have visited. Those Investigators will know its main attractions: Blackpool Tower, a smaller version of Paris' Eiffel Tower; the Pleasure Beach, a child's paradise of rollercoasters; and the Illuminations, a parade of lights that line the promenade each autumn.

Travelling from London, the Investigators passed many towns and villages. All were dark and silent. Yet, as they enter Blackpool, they see a white light, blazing in the darkness.

It comes from the Promenade, the road which runs along the seafront. There, the Investigators find the Illuminations on. Stranger still, the rollercoasters in the Pleasure Beach are running.

Give the Investigators a moment to react. The Promenade is deserted, yet alive with electricity. In the ocean, they dimly see the monsters that destroyed Dover, standing sentry. Suddenly, there is an approaching rumbling: it is the Grand National, the rollercoaster that famously opened earlier in the year. On it are a woman and a child.

These are Martha and Martin Garth. Martin's father, Jack, is operating the Grand National from the ground. As the Investigators approach, Martha and Martin finish their ride and, laughing, dismount the rollercoaster. Jack gives Martin a stick of candy floss (that is, to readers in the United States, "cotton candy").

Jack then turns to the Investigators, speaking bluntly but without hostility. Who are they? And what do they want here?

Despite his bluntness, he is friendly and glad to see other survivors. His family survived, he explained, because they drank from a water butt in their garden. Later, while scavenging for food and water, they found some electric generators. At Martin's suggestion, they hooked these up to the Illuminations and the Grand National.

They had hoped the Illuminations would act as a beacon, bringing other survivors to them. Clearly, this has worked, since the Investigators are here.

Yet there was another reason for reviving the Illuminations. They wanted to see the old world, one last time. Martin wanted a final ride on the Grand National. Jack wanted to see the lights.

Jack wants to know what the Investigators can do. What are their skills? Can they drive? Can they repair motors or electrical equipment? If they are willing to work, they are welcome to stay. Survivors, after all, must stick together.

With that said, he invites them to the Metropole Hotel, where the survivors are gathered.

THE METROPOLE

Although cheaply built, the Metropole affects a cheerful grandeur. There are bright blue carpets, brass lamp fittings and immense glass chandeliers. Thanks to Jack's generators, it is brightly lit. It keeps people's spirits up, says Jack.

Each Investigator gets a clean and airy room. The rooms look over the steely sea, where distant monsters stride through the waves. Hot water is available only when meals are cooked,

Get Them Comfortable

Make the Blackpool survivors friendly. Make them seem sane. After all, they are hospitable, practical and well-organised.

These are not the Fanham's Hall set, living on smoked salmon and champagne. Neither are they like Bill Shakespeare, content with his letters and tinned food. These are serious-minded survivors. If anyone can survive the apocalypse, these people can.

So make them welcoming. Make the Investigators want to stay. Then, just when they get comfortable, they Investigators will discover the leader is a Deep One Hybrid and the community will be destroyed.

Make Yourself Useful

The Blackpudlians expect the Investigators to work. Unless they offer, Jack tells them to scavenge for food, fuel and other necessities.

Give any Investigator a **Scavenging** roll, Difficulty 3, to find food, water or fuel. If they get 7 or more, they find a warehouse or other large source of supplies. Investigative abilities, especially **Navigation**, might also work.

This work gives the Investigators no particular benefit, beyond food, accommodation and goodwill. For narrative purposes, however, it lets them meet the survivors.





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although pleasantly lukewarm baths are always available. Compared to elsewhere, this is luxury.

Tea, the evening meal, is served at six-thirty in the dining hall. The Investigators queue with other residents to receive a steak pie, a mound of chips and a slice of buttered bread. Pots of strong tea are placed on every table to accompany the food. Some Blackpudlians sit with the Investigators. They are friendly, especially to Investigators of **Credit Rating** 2 or lower who appear to have a job. To anyone of **Credit Rating** 4 or higher, they sarcastically apologise for the food (*"Not what you're used to, I'll bet"*) and tea (*"It's not Earl Grey, you know"*).

After eating, the residents gather in the hotel's ballroom, where they take turns singing with a piano. The Investigators, too, are expected to sing. Meanwhile, the bar is open, serving excellent beer and little else. Other residents, including Jack, play chess.

During the entertainment or afterwards, the Investigators may question the hotel's residents. They do not know about an invasion, but will reveal the following clues.

If you are using The Apocalypse Machine rules, the Metropole survivors will be friendly to Outdoorsmen (and women), Farmers and Nurses. They will be sarcastic to Socialites, Scientists, Journalists, Artists and Antiquarians.

1. Jack has done a grand job putting this place together.

- **Oral History:** With a couple of drinks inside her, Agatha holds forth on how the community got together. Jack did it, she says. He found the survivors and gathered them here. If it wasn't for him, they wouldn't be alive.

- **Anthropology:** The people here look up to Jack and seem contented. Indeed, they talk about him in glowing terms. Clearly, he has done an excellent job of leading this community.

- **Leadership*:** The more you question the residents, the more impressed you are. Jack has organised these people well.

2. **Core Clue:** The Investigators should visit a quarry.

- **Flattery:** You flirt relentlessly with Winifred, a sixty-year-old grandmother with dyed blond hair. Eventually, you bring up the topic of an invasion. She relates various anecdotes of the Great War, then mentions a nearby quarry. Having mentioned it, she becomes quiet, telling you to see it for yourself.
- **Geology:** One of the older residents, George, is a former miner and something of a rock enthusiast. You chat pleasantly about the local geology. When you ask about quarries, however, he suddenly falls silent. There is a quarry, he says. You would have to see that for yourself.
- **Oral History:** You listen to Perry's postapocalyptic stories: in the few days since the world ended, he has gathered many. He never touches tap water, he says, and regales you with descriptions of the white flowers. Sounding mysterious, he also mentions a quarry.

Perry offers to take the Investigators to the quarry. If they meet him by his truck, tomorrow morning, he will show them.

THE QUARRY

At first light, Perry starts his truck, waking sleepy Investigators. Unless they arrive promptly, he sounds his horn loudly, then stands by the truck to wait for them.

After driving east for half an hour, the Investigators see the quarry: an ugly gash in the rugged countryside. Perry's truck winds down a dirt road, halting on a gravel patch. He turns off the engine, dismounts and lights his pipe. *There you are, he says. See for yourself.*

As the Investigators approach the quarry, they notice the flowers in the surrounding countryside. On the drive to Blackpool, they had seemed scarce. Now, the white sprinkling over the fields is thicker. Strangely, it seems thickest around the quarry itself.

Give the Investigators a **Sense Trouble** roll, Difficulty 5. If they succeed, they suspect they are being watched. At first, they imagine it is the flowers. Then they realise there is something in the back of the truck. It is Martin Garth. He stowed away. He wanted to see what was happening.

The Blackpudlians

The community includes Jack, Martha and Martin Garth. There is also Perry, the pipe-smoking truck driver who takes the Investigators to the quarry.

These people aside, invent members of the community freely. The above clues describe Agatha and Winifred. Feel free to add more.

To allow the Investigators to meet the Blackpudlians, wait before giving the Core Clue, which will take the Investigators to the quarry.



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Suddenly, the wind changes direction. There is a foul stink, like rotten fish. From his position near the truck, Perry looks at the Investigators and smiles. When the Investigators reach the lip of the quarry, they see the source. The quarry is filled with corpses.

There are hundreds of them, apparently naked. Perry continues smiling, motioning with his pipe. Go down, he says. If the Investigators descend, the stench becomes all-pervasive. Eventually, they see why: the corpses appear half-fish, half-human.

The creatures are in various stages of decay. In some, the dead, bulging eyeballs are intact, although turning black. In others, the eye socket gapes. Some are missing limbs; some have cavities in their torsos, as though they have been eaten away.

In all of them, the white flowers bloom. Other flowers line the edge of the quarry, as if watching the Investigators.

Perry draws contentedly on his pipe and explains. After the apocalypse, these creatures were washed up on Blackpool's beaches. They had white flowers growing in them. To get the corpses away from the children, they loaded them into trucks and dumped them here.

Martin wants to see the corpses. Unless the Investigators prevent him, he watches from the lip of the quarry.

From Martin, Perry or the corpses, the Investigators can get the following clues.

1. The corpses are largely alien, but share an evolutionary root with humans.

- **Medicine:** Much of the biology is unfamiliar. However, some anatomical features are shared with humans: these features are, evolutionarily speaking, older. This might suggest an evolutionary connection with humans.

- **Biology:** The anatomy resembles no earthly animal. Only in the parts of the anatomy that are evolutionarily ancient do you find anything resembling human biology. You hypothesise that the two species share a common evolutionary ancestor.

- **Flattery:** You praise Perry for having brought you here. How fascinating, you say. Could he explain a little more? He indicates parts of the creatures' anatomy. Look here, he says. This looks human. These might be aliens, but, millions of years ago, we were the same species.

2. Some corpses are clearly hybrids between humans and the fish-creatures, while some are pure fish-creatures.

- **Medicine:** On closer examination, some corpses have definite features of human anatomy. You believe they are hybrids between the fish-creatures and humans.

- **Biology:** You look at another corpse. If you are right, this is a hybrid between a human and the fish-creature: for example, the stomach appears entirely human. This implies that humans and the creatures are interfertile.

- **Reassurance:** Keeping your voice calm, you invite Martin down to look at the creatures. Soon, he finds something that he wants to show you. These corpses are different, he says. Some are pure alien, while others look as though they have been crossed with humans.

3. The creatures were killed by the flowers.

- **Forensics:** If you had to guess, you would say the flowers killed these creatures. That would explain the cavities, where the plants have eaten the flesh away.

Oddly, the plants seem to have concentrated on weak spots, as if they deliberately attacked the creatures.

- **Oral History:** Sharing a cigarette with Perry, you question him about the discovery of the corpses. A new detail emerges: one creature was still alive when found. It writhed, grabbing at the flowers in its eye socket. Perry believes the flowers killed the creatures. He believes they attacked the creatures.

- **Intuition*:** However impossible it may seem, the plants deliberately killed these creatures.

4. The creatures are even more susceptible to the flowers than humans.

- **Outdoorsman:** You've seen piles of corpses before: poisoned rabbits, anthrax-ridden livestock. The flowers, you think, harm these creatures even more than they harm humans.

- **Reassurance:** You coax Martin down from the lip of the quarry. Playing among the corpses, he eventually finds something. Sometimes, he says, a plant seed from the air catches in a creature's flesh. They don't do that with humans. These creatures must hate the flowers. The flowers would kill them in seconds.

- **Leadership*:** You instruct Perry to tell you what else he knows. Well, he says, look how the plants grow in the flesh. The flowers might be deadly to humans, but they are even more deadly to these creatures.

5. **Core Clue:** The creatures' skin looks like that of Martin's grandfather, who lives in Lytham St Annes.

- **Bargain:** If Perry agrees to look closer at the corpses, you say, you



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will drive to a warehouse later. He acquiesces. After clambering down, he looks bemused and repelled. Their skin looks diseased, he says, like that disease that Wilfred Garth has.

- **Assess Honesty:** Martin looks upset as he gets closer to the corpses. What is wrong, you ask? He tells you he is fine, but he is clearly lying. The skin, he says. They have the same disease as my grandfather.
- **Intimidation:** Martin runs his fingers along the creature's skin. What is it, you demand? He refuses to tell you. You grab him by the collar. It's nothing, he says. It's the skin. It's like my grandfather's skin.

THE FLOWERS

When the Investigators arrived in Blackpool, there were few white flowers. But the longer they stay, the more flowers appear. Strangely, the flowers cluster wherever the Investigators go: the hotel, the quarry, Wilfred Garth's house.

If the Investigators stay at the Metropole, the flowers appear there. First, they grow in the Investigators' rooms: perhaps, one morning, an Investigator wakes beside a newly-grown flower. Next, they appear in the corridors. This terrifies the Blackpudlians: the flowers had never entered the hotel before.

Stranger still, the flowers are now making noise. Try telling the Investigators, early in the scenario, that they can hear birds: the cooing of pigeons, the shriek of rooks, a woodpecker. Later in the scene, give them a **Sense Trouble** roll, Difficulty 4. That is no woodpecker. That noise is coming from the plants.

By studying the flowers, the following clues are available.

1. The flowers are following the Investigators.

- **Strategy*:** The flowers grow in a familiar pattern. It is, you realise, a military containment pattern. The longer you watch them, the surer you become. They are following you and boxing you in.
- **Botany*:** The growth patterns of the flowers are odd. Rather than breeding normally, they almost appear to be following you.
- **Reassurance:** Something is worrying Martin. Sitting him down on the Metropole's staircase, you ask what is wrong. Haven't you noticed, he asks? The flowers are following you. At first, you laugh. Then you look down. There is a plant growing by your hand.

2. The clicking is a sophisticated form of communication.

- **Biology:** Sometimes, you hear a pattern of clicks that is echoed by a distant plant. Once you notice this, you hear it everywhere. The plants are communicating with each other, sending messages over long distances.
- **Intimidation:** You tell Martin that, if he does not tell you what is going on, you will tell his father that he went to the quarry. Martin looks scared. They are talking, he says. Listen to the clicking. They are talking to each other.
- **Cryptography:** There are patterns in the clicking, which remind you of Morse code. Although the pattern is too complex for you to decipher, you believe the plants are communicating with each other.

3. The flowers are more intelligent than the Investigators.

- **Biology:** The plants' growth patterns remind you of brain pathways. You believe and fear there is a vast, distributed intelligence in these creatures. If so, they are vastly more intelligent than humans.

- **Anthropology:** The way these things are distributed, with clusters and connecting arteries, reminds you of a society. You become convinced they possess intelligence and culture. Almost certainly, they are more intelligent than humans.
- **Intuition*:** From the way the plants communicate and follow you, it is clear they are far, far more intelligent than you.

The plants' communication is too complex and alien for the Investigators to decipher. Certainly, the Investigators cannot take the ability "Languages: Alien Plant". At your discretion, **Cryptography** might allow basic interpretation of the communication: for example, inferring that the plants are observing, holding back or massing to attack. This interpretation, however, is simplistic and unreliable.

Have fun with the flowers. Whenever the Investigators stand or sit still, let them see a flower, which has taken root near them. When the Investigators arrive somewhere, tell them there are no plants. Later, describe plants in growing numbers.

Best of all, imitate the plants' clicking sound with your fingernails. Try tapping two fingers, with a varying rhythm, on the table. Get your players to dread that sound.

Recognising the Taint

By spending a point of **Biology** or **Medicine**, an Investigator may learn to recognise the "Innsmouth taint". That is, they can identify a Deep One Hybrid by looking at them.

There are three hybrids living in Blackpool: Wilfred, Jack and Martin Garth.



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LYTHAM ST ANNES

Wilfred Garth lives in Lytham St Annes, an upmarket seaside resort north of Blackpool. For years, he has remained, concealed and trapped, in his isolated seafront house. Once a day, Jack brings his food and fuel, ensuring he is not followed.

Thus, Wilfred is hidden, and to find him within Lytham St Annes, the Investigators must investigate.

Core Clue: Wilfred Garth lives in an isolated seafront house.

- **Anthropology:** Judging from the shops and cafes, the older residents of Lytham St Anne's live around the seafront. You drive around until you find a shuttered house with an untended garden.
- **Leadership*:** Finding Martha at the Metropole, you demand to know where Wilfred Garth lives. This is important, you say. People will die if she doesn't tell you. She looks scared. He has a house, she says, on the seafront.
- **Stealth** (used as an Investigative skill): You wait by the road into Lytham St Anne's until Jack approaches, then follow him. You nearly lose him, but eventually see him entering an isolated house, on the seafront.

WILFRED GARTH'S HOUSE

When the Investigators find the house, they notice its doors and shutters bolted from the outside. Clearly, someone wants to keep Wilfred Garth hidden.

Inside the house, the same stink that the Investigators smelt at the quarry hangs in the air. The house appears deserted. Dried slime covers the carpets.

Thick dust cakes every surface. Insane scribbles cover walls and abandoned scraps of paper.

At the back of the house is Wilfred's study, which initially appears empty. However, as the Investigators' eyes acclimatize, they perceive a figure sitting at a chessboard. Beside him is a teacup, containing murky water. This is Wilfred Garth.

As he greets them, there is a guttural and unnatural grumbling, deep within his voice. He seems distracted, perhaps senile, and insists he is waiting for Jack. Occasionally, a bubbling sound forces itself through his gut. He is, the Investigators realise, monstrous. His eyes bulge, his skin is scaly, his neck is developing gills.

Yet he is disconcertingly friendly. When he talks of the sea creatures, he speaks with utter love. The following clues are available.

1. There are millions of fish creatures under the sea.

- **Oral History:** Wilfred talks, with relish, of beautiful cities where his family live. At first, you wonder whether he refers to Blackpool. Later, you realise he is talking about an undersea civilisation. He describes millions of the creatures.
- **Intimidation:** You take away Wilfred's water, demanding he tell you about the monsters. There are millions of them, he says, his voice becoming dry as he speaks. They swarm under the sea.
- **Art:** Many of the scribbles are of fish creatures emerging from the sea. Strikingly, however, they are all different. Wilfred must believe there are thousands, even millions, of these creatures under the sea.

2. Wilfred expects to join the creatures soon.

- **Reassurance:** Wilfred is barely able to contain his excitement, but you speak calmly to him. He talks about joining his family. Gradually, it becomes clear that he means the creatures under the sea.
 - **Biology:** Wilfred is beginning to look more fish-like than human. You suspect that, shortly, he will find it difficult to survive on land. When he talks of "joining his family", then, you believe he expects to live under the sea.
 - **Evidence Collection:** In an upstairs room, you find deranged scribbles, which you presume are Wilfred's work. He writes of soon joining the creatures under the sea.
3. The fish-creatures are afraid of the flowers.
- **Assess Honesty:** You ask Wilfred about the flowers. They are nothing, he says, just little flowers. He thinks they are pretty, he says. Yet something about his voice tells you he is lying. He is deeply, deeply scared of the plants.
 - **Library Use:** After sorting through Wilfred's scribbling, you notice a strange pattern: many show fish-creatures destroying the flowers. Judging from the ferocity with which they are drawn, you suspect this is an expression of fear, rather than confidence. Wilfred and his kin are deeply afraid of the flowers.
 - **Intimidation:** You bring a flower close to Wilfred, but he shrinks away. When you bring it close again, he screams. Take it



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away, he says. He cannot bear it. Keep it away from his brothers in the sea.

4. The creatures will invade England and submerge it into mire. By doing this, they will sacrifice many of their number, but they will destroy the plants and claim the land for themselves.

- **Cryptography:** In the front room, you find a map of Britain. On it, Wilfred has drawn strange and cryptic symbols. After much study, you begin to make sense of them. This is a map of a military advance: it shows the creatures invading England and sacrificing many of their number. They intend, you believe, to destroy the plants and submerge Britain into mire.
- **Flattery:** You feign excitement at Wilfred's descriptions. How exciting, you say. How wonderful these creatures must be. He grows sad. Yes, he says, but to save themselves, they must invade England and destroy the plants. When they do, many will die.
- **Strategy*:** From Wilfred's ramblings, you piece together the creatures' strategy. They will invade England. Although it will kill many of them, it will destroy all the plants.

5. **Core Clue:** The city of Shk'hrnwr will rise from the sea. The only way to stop the invasion is to go to the heart of the city.

- **History:** From the map in the front room, you build a picture of the intended invasion. It reminds you of Thermopylae. If there is a way to prevent this, it lies in mounting a defense at a bottleneck. If there is a bottleneck, it lies at the heart of Shk'hrnwr.

- **Reassurance:** It becomes harder and harder for Wilfred to contain his excitement. He mentions a word, which you cannot pronounce: when you give him paper, he writes "Shk'hrnwr". It is the city, he says. It will rise. You can only stop the invasion by going to its heart.
- **Oral History:** Wilfred becomes triumphant. Soon, he says, his family will reach the surface and it will be too late. From these disjointed facts, you begin to understand how to fight the invasion. You must stop them before they reach the surface. You must go to Shk'hrnwr.
- **Strategy*:** The invasion will come from the city, he says, which will rise from the sea. Perhaps this is your chance, you think. If there is any way to mount a defense, with your limited numbers, it will be at a bottleneck. Perhaps the city is that bottleneck.

And, when the Investigators get that Core Clue, Shk'hrnwr rises from the sea.



SHK'HRNWR RISES

Wilfred's house shakes. Something is rising. When the Investigators go outside, the land is transforming.

Great pointed monoliths break through the earth, at strange angles, rising tens of feet into the sky. At their bases, stinking black silt oozes upwards. Some monoliths break through houses, which list and crumble.

In the sea, Shk-hrnwr is rising. First, monoliths rise above the waves, while the sea churns blackly. Then the seabed comes to the surface. An odour of dead fish and rotting mud hits the Investigators like a physical force.

Then, after the destruction, everything is silent. The sea is gone. In its place is a dark mire, punctuated by the monoliths. About a mile from the coast is Shk'hrnwr itself. It gleams in the sunlight, beautiful and terrible: a flurry of gleaming arches, dripping with the dark mire. Further out, the immense sea-monsters wade in the risen seabed.

If the Investigators return to Blackpool, they find the Metropole destroyed by the monoliths. The community has descended into anarchy: Perry attempts to escape in his truck, alone, while Jack and Martha rescue Martin from the half-fallen ballroom. The others flee through the Blackpool ruins.

If the Investigators attack Jack or Martin (who are, after all, monsters), their statistics are:

Jack Garth

Firearms (Shotgun) 10

Health 10

Athletics 10

Martin Garth

Scuffling 5

Health 5



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INSIDE SHK'HRNWR

The Investigators wade through the black silt towards Shk'hrnwr. After a mile, they find themselves among the monoliths, where geometry becomes confused: often, the monoliths seem vertical, while the horizon slants.

A staircase of slimy rock leads upwards. From this elevated position, they see risen Shk'hrnwr around them, glinting as the sunlight fades. At the top is a great, open door.

Inside, a dark tunnel leads down. It seems more organic than manufactured, like the intestine of a large animal. As the Investigators descend, its odour changes, from rotting fish to fresh blood.

In the walls, the Investigators notice alcoves, each with a semi-circular seat surrounding a central surface. This surface is curiously and deliberately scratched with a warped network of curved grooves. Water runs within the grooves, while pieces of moss, shell and flesh, jammed into them, stop the water's flow. Each alcove has a different grooved pattern.

From studying these grooves, the following clues are available.

1. The grooves form a gameboard. The game appears to be both a teaching tool and an occult ritual.

- **Archaeology:** This reminds you of a medieval gameboard you once saw in the British Museum. Like that gameboard, it is not merely a game, but a learning tool. There is also a religious element.
- **Anthropology:** You are intrigued by the function of these grooves. They resemble a gameboard, yet there is also a sense of ritualism about them. They might be a religious teaching tool.

- **Occult:** This is a ritual, you realise, but also something more. It is a strategic game and perhaps a teaching tool.

2. The game is an ancient predecessor of Chess.

- **History:** At first, you think the game is a variation of Chess. However, you realise that chess is a variation of this game. Certainly, the game is very, very old.
- **Occult:** Similar gameboards have been found scratched into cathedral walls. However, those boards seemed to be variants of chess. This, however, seems like an earlier game, a predecessor of chess.
- **Strategy:** This is clearly a strategic simulation, but it is oddly familiar. It is, you realise, related to chess. Yet it is not a chess variant. You suspect this is a precursor to chess.

THE DEEP GAME

Further downwards, miles under the surface, is an immense hall: from end to end, it measures approximately two miles. On its silty floor, grooves are scratched. These form a vast pattern, as though every gameboard from the alcoves above had been knitted together. It is, you realise, an impossibly complex game.

In distant corners, great vertical shafts lead deeper into the Earth. Nauseating guttural noises echo from within them. Yet the shaft walls are smooth, making descent impossible. Whatever the Investigators must accomplish, they must accomplish within this hall. If there is a bottleneck where they can fight the invasion, it is here.

And they can accomplish much, by learning the Game of the Deep Ones.

The game is a military, historical and mystical simulation: understanding it grants understanding of the past and future.

To learn the game, the Investigators must study the gameboards, both here and in the alcoves. The more they learn about the game, the more its geometries and mathematics embed themselves in their minds.

Since the game is ancient, strategic, physical and religious, any of the following abilities (or others you decide) will reveal the game's basics.

- **Anthropology:** to realise that the game models how societies function.
- **Archaeology:** to understand it through reference to ancient boardgames.
- **Cthulhu Mythos:** to understand the dark mathematics behind the game.
- **Cryptography:** to comprehend what the patterns mean.
- **Occult:** to understand the strange ritual behind the game.
- **Theology:** to understand the game's religious symbolism.
- **Craft:** to learn the game by understanding how it was constructed.
- **Mechanical Repair:** to understand where the water will flow when you remove something from the groove.

Affliction Points

If you are using The Apocalypse Machine rules, any Investigators that learned to play the Game of the Deep Ones gain an Affliction Point.



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- **Strategy*:** To work out the strategy behind the game.
- **Intuition*:** To see through the details and perceive the true meaning.

The basics, which you should reveal to the players as they learn the game, are these. The gameboard, on which the Investigators stand, is a telescoped map of the world. Nearby locations are represented in the centre of the board, while distant ones are around the edges of the hall.

Thus, the gameboard's centre represents the hall where the Investigators are now. Around that is Shk'hrnwr and then Blackpool. Further out, from the centre of the gameboard, is Britain, with London and Dover visible. At the edges of the board, the United States is represented, along with the rest of the world.

The water, moss and flesh, within the gameboard's grooves, are playing pieces. Water represents the Deep Ones; moss represents the white flowers; flesh represents humans. There are other pieces, too, evidently representing other alien races.

Marked on the board is the current state of play. Indeed, it is the current state of the world. The plants occupy Britain. The Deep Ones, within Shk'hrnwr, are massing for an attack. The humans are scattered and hopeless.

From this board, then, the Investigators can tell how the invasion will happen, who will conquer Britain and, indeed, what the future of the Earth will be. By understanding the game, in its mystical complexity, they can glimpse how reality will change.

Thus, by spending any of the abilities above, the Investigators can reveal any of the following clues. They also gain a point of **Cthulhu Mythos**, per clue, to a maximum of three.

1. The human race is doomed.
 - **Strategy:** As you understand the game, you realise that the human race cannot survive. There are so few pieces on the board, so badly arranged. The flowers will kill them or the Deep Ones will kill them, but the human race cannot survive.
2. The plants have a leader.
 - **Anthropology:** As you learn the game, you are fascinated by the structure of the pieces representing the plants. They are, indeed, a distributed society. There is also a large piece, representing their leader, although its exact location is unclear: the board position on which it rests does not seem to represent a single physical location.
3. The board will be destroyed.
 - **Occult:** In the later stages of the game, you believe the board itself gets destroyed, as the grooves become blocked. The world, as represented on the gameboard, is no more.
4. The playing pieces marked by shells have a special move within the game.
 - **Archaeology:** You recognise the shell pieces from an ancient Persian game you once researched. You remember particularly that they have a special "move" available: they can "take over" the human pieces, controlling them.

5. The Great Race is not on the board.

- **Craft:** Curiously, the Great Race of Yith is not represented on this board. Does this mean the game is an inaccurate representation? Is there, perhaps, hope for the human race?

No Ducking Out

The Investigators cannot duck the final choice of the scenario (see Core Clue, overleaf). They can't, for example, return to Blackpool and find a corpse: there isn't that much time. They can't leave a dog with a flower in it: it won't take. Either they sacrifice one of themselves or they don't.

Put simply: the choice must be significant. If, for example, the Investigators kill one of their own, *then* they can leave a corpse infected with a flower. But they can't just fetch a random corpse. Make it tough for them.

No Way Down

The Investigators cannot go down the shafts. Don't mess about here. Don't let them waste time with rope. The shafts are vastly deep, with sides as smooth as glass and monsters at the bottom. There is no way down.

There Is Time

Although an invasion is imminent, it's essential the Investigators don't simply run away. They should learn the game, so that they can understand how to prevent the invasion.

Make it clear that, looking at the game, it's clear the Deep Ones won't invade *yet*. They are amassing their forces. The Investigators have about an hour to learn the game and do what they can.



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6. **Core Clue:** The humans have one move available to them. This hall, where the game is located, represents a crucial square on the board. The Investigators can stop the Deep Ones invading, by leaving a human within this hall, with a flower growing in them. If they do, the white flowers will destroy the Deep Ones, within this hall, and later conquer Britain. If they do not, the Deep Ones will invade Britain, destroying the flowers.

This, then, is the final choice available to the Investigators. If they leave a human here, with a white flower growing in them, they will stop the invasion. They can achieve this in various ways. Perhaps they could

infect someone with the flowers. Perhaps, alternatively, the Investigator with the shoot in their arm could sacrifice themselves.

Thus, as the Investigators suspected, the hall is a bottleneck. Because the Deep Ones must pass it, they will all be infected if a white flower is here. However, the white flower cannot survive here on its own. It needs something to grow in. It needs a human.

If the Investigators do this, then the white flowers conquer Britain. If not, the Deep Ones do. The humans cannot win, but as their final act, they can choose who will destroy their land.

EPILOGUE

As the Investigators escape Blackpool, they see their choice being enacted. If they sacrificed someone in Shk'hrnwr, the white flowers are spreading, flooding over the fields. If not, the Deep Ones are invading and Britain is sinking into mire.

Either way, Britain has been conquered. The reign of the human race is over.





Appendices

THE FLOWERY DEATH TABLE

To describe particularly grisly deaths, particularly of **Sources of Stability**, use the following table. If necessary, convert the description to fit gender roles: for example, in description number 2, a gentleman might be freshly shaved, rather than made-up.

Alternatively, use these descriptions as inspiration for your own death scenes.

- 1 Sitting in an armchair, beside an empty bottle of well-chosen Scotch. Has died from the plants growing inside. Perhaps the Scotch was to suppress the pain.
- 2 Sitting in front of a dressing table, fully made-up and dressed to kill. There is an empty pill bottle beside them.
- 3 Naked and in bed with a stranger. Empty bottles of champagne sit on the bedside tables. They have died

in each others' arms, as the plants grew inside them.

- 4 When the Investigator enters the room, it is empty. It is cold and draughty: suddenly, they realise the window is open. Outside is a body. The person jumped to their death.
- 5 Lying in bed, wearing nightwear. Beside them is an empty bottle of pills. They look peaceful.
- 6 Sitting at a table, formally dressed, although slumped forward. A revolver has dropped on to the floor beside them. They have shot themselves in the temple.

THE FLOWERY SURVIVAL TABLE

Roll or choose to see how someone survived the flowers. Alternatively, invent your own, using these as inspiration.

- 1 Last night, they drunk only alcoholic drinks. Today, they were so hungover

that they slept all day. When they awoke, the water was white and everyone was dead.

- 2 They only drink milk. They don't like water. (This works best for a child)
- 3 Above their house is a large, enclosed tank, which supplies all their drinking water.
- 4 As part of a health diet, they have only been drinking bottled orange juice.
- 5 They filled the kettle last night, before the water was polluted. This morning, as was their habit, they drank only tea. When they turned the taps on to fill the kettle, the water was white.
- 6 They have been ill. They slept for many hours, with bottled tonic water beside their bed. Eventually, they became curious why nobody had checked on them, and rose to investigate.



The Plan of the Desks

THE PLAN OF THE DESKS

The Investigators find this plan carved into a desk or wall. It shows who sat at which desk.

Write the following names on it, one at each desk:

- The names of the two **Sources of Stability** who were abducted.
- The name of the Investigator who was abducted.
- Other assorted names.

Give this plan to the players. Let them discover it early, as soon as they find the writing area, so it remains on the table as they investigate.



The Letters - Set One

My dear,

Do not worry. I have been taken, but I am safe. If I had not been taken, I would have died, and for that deliverance I am thankful.

You believe the world has ended. Believe me, though, you must not fear. There is yet hope and I will guide you towards that hope.

Although the human race is doomed, life goes on.

You must go, now, to find my body. Again, my dear, do not worry. I will write soon.

Yours ever,

OLD GAL,

THIS IS A TURN-UP, ISN'T IT? I BET YOU THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER HEAR FROM ME AGAIN. YOU MUST BE DREADFULLY SHOCKED, POOR THING. POOR DOVER, TOO.

NEVERTHELESS, STIFF UPPER LIP AND SO FORTH. NOW, THIS WILL COME AS A SHOCK, BUT YOU WILL FIND MY BODY SOON. DON'T WORRY! I AM SAFE.

FROM WHERE I AM NOW, I CAN WRITE AND GIVE YOU A BIT OF ADVICE.

FOR THE MOMENT, KEEP SOLDIERING ON. YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU, NOT TO MENTION THE REST OF THE BALLY WORLD! I'LL DROP YOU ANOTHER LINE BEFORE LONG.

A QUICK REQUEST, BEFORE I GO. WHEN YOU FIND MY BODY, IT WILL HAVE THOSE DAMNABLE PLANTS GROWING IN IT. GET RID OF THEM. I HARDLY CARE WHAT YOU DO WITH THE CORPSE.

BE OFF WITH YOU, NOW! GOOD LUCK!



The Letters - Set Two

My dear,

I wanted to let you know how well you are doing and how much I love you. Perhaps, indeed, my deliverance has granted me a blessing. After all, when I lived, there was never the time to tell you I loved you. Now that I must write, my communication becomes more thoughtful.

I have been here a good while, now, and often think of you. One might think that the memories would fade, but they do not. After the initial shock, I have learned to be happy here. There are others here, with whom I converse. Life continues, differently from before, but nevertheless it continues, and I am thankful for that.

Have you found my body yet? Do not fret if so. I am very, very proud, both of who you are and of what you are doing.

Yours ever,

OLD GAL,

WELL, DASH ME, IT'S ANOTHER LETTER. HERE WE GO AGAIN.

I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND IF I GET A LITTLE PHILOSOPHICAL. PERHAPS IT IS THE OLD AGE. I WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW HOW FOND I AM OF YOU. ALWAYS WAS.

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SPECIAL TO ME AND, RIGHT NOW, YOU MAKE ME VERY, VERY PROUD.

NOW, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BUT NO! I AM NOT DRUNK. MERELY BEING AFFECTIONATE AND, PERHAPS, A LITTLE NOSTALGIC. NO NEED TO WORRY, OLD GAL. THINGS HERE ARE TICKETY-BOO, BY WHICH I MEAN PLEASANT AND NOT A LITTLE FASCINATING. IT WAS STRANGE AT FIRST, BUT I'M PERFECTLY HAPPY THESE DAYS.

STILL, WHAT AM I DOING, WAFFLING ON, WHEN YOU HAVE WORK TO DO? UNWARDS, NOW, TO BATTERSEA! SO MUCH TO DO!



The Letters - Set Three

My dear,
This is my very final letter to you. This is where I spent my remaining days, in a body that was not my own, but in the company of many others. Our captors were kind to me: I read and travelled much while I stayed here. Perhaps, indeed, captors is too strong a word. They rescued me. When the apocalypse came, they took us from our bodies and brought into the past. Some of them sent their minds forward into our bodies, too. This is where I spent my final days.
As I said, I have read much and communicated with people who lived after I did. From this, I know the path the world will take, and I can give you one warning.
You must go to Blackpool. There will be an invasion, shortly, which you must prevent. I cannot tell you more, because I do not know more and because I fear that our captors would destroy this letter if I told you too much. Nevertheless, the warning is genuine. Go to Blackpool and stop the invasion.
Yours ever,

OLD GAL,
AND HERE YOU ARE! THIS WAS WHERE I SPENT MY FINAL DAYS. WHAT DO YOU THINK, EH? IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, BUT I WAS RATHER HAPPY. HAPPIER THAN I WOULD HAVE BEEN WITH PLANTS GROWING INSIDE ME, ANYWAY.
THE ODDEST THING WAS MY BODY. THEY TOOK OUR MINDS, YOU SEE, AND TOOK THEM INTO THE PAST. WHOOSH! OUR MINDS WERE PUT INTO THEIR BODIES. THEY WERE ALIENS, YOU SEE, CONICAL AND LEATHERY. TOOK SOME WHILE GETTING USED TO, WHICH WAS WHY MY HANDWRITING WAS SO BLOODY AWFUL FOR THE FIRST FEW LETTERS. SORRY ABOUT THAT. SOME OF THEM SENT THEIR MINDS FORWARD INTO OUR BODIES, TOO. WHOOSH AGAIN!
SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. I DIED SOME YEARS AGO: SEVERAL MILLION, TO BE EXACT. IT WASN'T A BAD LIFE, WHILE IT LASTED. ONE GREW USED TO BEING A BLOODY GREAT CONE. I READ, TOO, AND TALKED TO OTHERS ABOUT THE FUTURE.
WHICH REMINDS ME! YOUR FUTURE. I'VE TALKED TO OTHERS (I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO) WHO KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN. YOU MUST GO TO BLACKPOOL. CAN'T SAY TOO MUCH, BUT YOU MUST STOP AN INVASION. NOW, I REALISE YOU'LL BE INCLINED TO IGNORE THIS. AFTER ALL, BASING DECISIONS ON THE ADVICE OF PREHISTORICAL RELATIVES WHO THOUGHT THEY WERE CONICAL ALIENS? PERHAPS NOT A SOUND PLAN. BUT DO IT ANYWAY, THERE'S MY GIRL. IT'S BLOODY IMPORTANT. SERIOUSLY. GO THERE. STOP INVASION. IMPORTANT.