



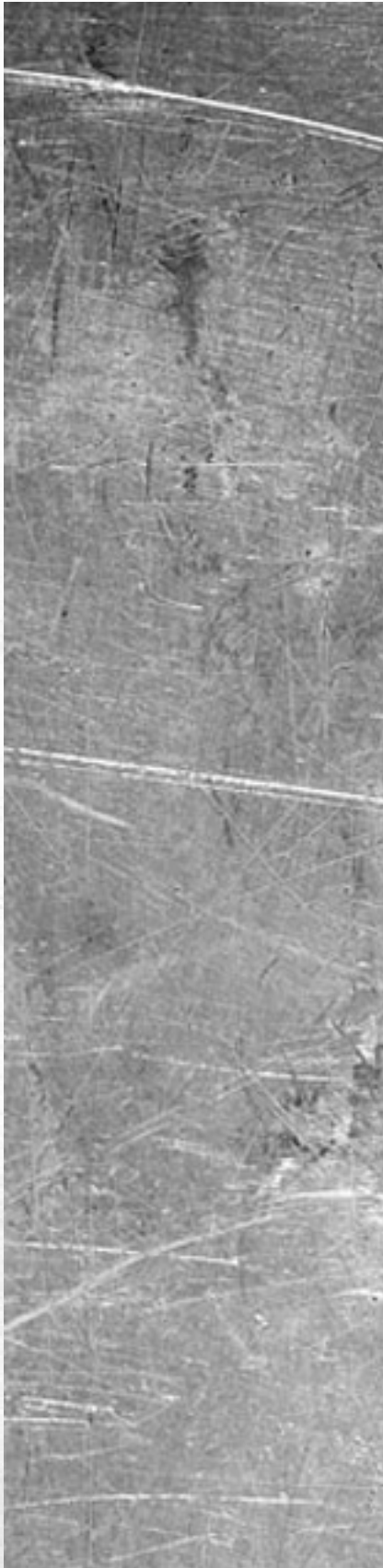
# FOUL CONGERIES I

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TRAIL OF CTHULHU

ROGERS WAX  
MUSEUM  
ADULTS ONLY



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## FOUL CONGERIES

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# KEN WRITES ABOUT STUFF

Foul Congeries is part of the Ken Writes about Stuff subscription series, featuring new and original Hite goodness every month for twelve months. A subscription costs \$24.95 and as well as giving you a generous 30% discount on the individual article price of \$2.95, we'll be offering an exclusive extra later in the year to all subscribers.

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# Hideous Creatures: Introduction

Lovecraft created his various “shadowy congeners” because the stories of vampires, werewolves, and even ghosts had become too familiar and too formulaic to evoke true horror. Almost a century after he wrote, his own monstrous races have likewise begun to seem like comfortable story furniture rather than unnerving signals that the world is horrible and wrong.

Our goal with this series is to present a comprehensive look at Lovecraft’s hideous creatures, from as many angles as we can. Our goal is contradiction, surprise, and most especially the uncanny: the recognition of something familiar as something weird. As in the “Gods and Titans” section of the *Trail of Cthulhu* core book, this series deliberately contradicts itself, blurring boundaries and erasing certainties in the name of the uncanny. In your campaign, these variant truths might be misunderstandings, legends, heresies, or deliberate lies spread by the creatures to lull their foes into a false sense of familiarity.

Change anything and everything in these pages, most especially the ability scores. If you need a terrifying assassin, a brief but survivable fright, or a sanity-shattering horror, just add or subtract points at will.

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# Foul Congeries

"THEN SUDDENLY HE BEGAN TRYING TO KEEP THE HIDEOUS IMAGES HE HAD FORMERLY BEEN TRYING TO BANISH. HE TRIED TO KEEP THEM BECAUSE THEY WERE GIVING PLACE TO STILL MORE HIDEOUS ONES. IN SPITE OF HIMSELF HIS MEMORY BEGAN RECONSTRUCTING THE UTTERLY NON-HUMAN BLASPHEMIES THAT LURKED IN THE OBSCURER CORNERS ..."

- THE HORROR IN THE MUSEUM"

Lovecraft's imagination was so ferociously fecund that even thirty-plus years after the first translation of the Cthulhu Mythos into gaming, some of his creations are still out there. Lurking. Not yet adapted to a Cthulhu-themed horror game, or at least not yet conveniently compiled for one. That's right — neglected, honest-to-Yog Lovecraft monsters.

*Trail of Cthulhu* has already taken some first squamous steps in that direction. The corebook includes the reptile-things from "The Nameless City," for the first time in a rulebook or sourcebook. (William Hamblin adapted them for the Chaosium adventure "City Without a Name" but they didn't wind up compiled somehow.) Lovecraft's story and actual Bedouin folklore supplied us with this hideous race, which I named the "masqut." I took that name from the Bedouins, as it was much catchier than "reptile-things from 'The Nameless City'".

A couple of years afterward, the titular hound-lich from "The Hound" appeared in the form of game statistics, for the first time ever (so far as I know). It haunts, appropriately enough, the pages of *Bookhounds of London*, as it is all of those things.

But we're not done. This work presents still more fiends, all of them at least as well-attested as the ludocanonical Dimensional Shambler or Sand-Dweller, combed out of Lovecraft's stories, collaborations, and poetry. (I should give a shout-out to the obsessive illustrator Michael Bukowski,

whose *Yog-Blogsoth* series is one of my prettiest and finest combs.) For each creature, at least a few alternate possibilities present themselves. They don't get the full Hideous Creatures treatment, but at least they get to flop and gibber onto the table, emerging from "the obscurer corners" at last.

## Scenario Starters

With Lovecraft's more familiar monsters, familiar scenarios immediately suggest themselves: the remote fishing village tainted with Deep Ones, or the Mi-Go keeping a hyperspace gate open in the high hills. A cult of Druids summons a Dark Young; a mad biologist extracts shoggoth serum. For those creatures, new takes and new scenarios provide refreshing variety to the Keeper's palette.

But these obscurer creatures are barely present on our story horizon. For them, even the clichés are still fresh. This section in each creature writeup gives several simple, punchy suggestions — "scenario starters" — pointing out the possible role of these new beings in Lovecraftian adventure stories, rather than only one or two full scenario seeds.

## ULTRAVIOLET DEVOURER

"THINGS ARE HUNTING ME NOW — THE THINGS THAT DEVOUR AND DISSOLVE — BUT I KNOW HOW TO ELUDE THEM. ... MY PETS ARE

NOT PRETTY, FOR THEY COME OUT OF PLACES WHERE AESTHETIC STANDARDS ARE - VERY DIFFERENT. DISINTEGRATION IS QUITE PAINLESS, I ASSURE YOU — BUT I WANT YOU TO SEE THEM. I ALMOST SAW THEM, BUT I KNEW HOW TO STOP."

- "FROM BEYOND"

Imagine a thing built of mantises and anglerfish and piranhas, but without regard for gravity: tendrils and stalks trail off of it, and wide spiral mouths gape open filled with more finery teeth. Some of the tendrils flicker or bend when they detect other presences, like a cat's whiskers do. It has no visible eyes, but parts of its translucent, phosphorescent flesh thicken or bloat around gland-shaped objects in its skull or thorax.

Or a flopping, dangling eel made of whirling disks of varying thicknesses, some so gossamer thin they resemble spinning spider webs. But they rotate with such frenzied speed that they must surely liquefy any solid meat they should intersect, and the bluish-purple sparks they throw off sting like dragonfly bites.

Or a bulbous, semi-inflated balloon glowing mauvely as streamers of gas coruscate within its inky flesh. It radiates thin, finger-like tentacles lined with barbed cartilaginous hooks alongside longitudinal mouths. Against prey of its own sort, the jellyfish-thing opens and shuts with a slurping snap, swallowing them whole. Against slower matter, it spreads its feelers wide and



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floats in almost gingerly, its heliotrope-petal mouths smacking as the feeding-hooks strain for contact.

These are just a few of the hunting things that roil and seethe across the ultraviolet realm. Normally, the entities of that dimension vibrate and sense along higher and differently tuned frequencies than our “infraviolet” species. Normally, neither ecosystem is aware of the other at all. But if some force or energy brings the two overlapping dimensions into congruence, then we can see them ... and they can see us.

Perhaps some primordial infraviolet species once stalked and brought down ultraviolet prey, trapping it here in slow light and gravity. Certainly, the desperate Darwinian predators of the ultraviolet devour our slow, liquid meat when they can sense it, their digestion (including their equivalent of saliva) changing and

accelerating our flesh in a process that seems to be total disintegration from our perspective.

### Ultraviolet Devourer

**Abilities:** Athletics 7, Health 5, Scuffling 6

**Magic:** 0

**Hit Threshold:** 4 (flickering)

**Alertness Modifier:** +2 (+0 against unmoving targets)

**Stealth Modifier:** +1 (noiseless)

**Weapon:** -1 (biter), -1 (cutter), -1 (flenser)

**Special Attacks:** Ultraviolet devourers attack as a swarm. Each additional devourer adds +2 Health and +2 Scuffling. Each two additional devourers increase the damage by one increment: three bite for +0, five for +1, etc. There is no practical limit

on the number of devourers that can swarm a single human.

On the other hand, on any natural roll of a 1 or 2, the devourers do no damage as they are not “in phase” with their target. Instead, they interpenetrate him bodily, flowing visibly through him; this triggers a 6-point Stability test the first time it happens.

**Armor:** Nigh-immaterial; all attacks with infraviolet matter or energies only hit on a natural roll of 6.

**Stability Loss:** +2

### Possible Variations

These theories, truths, revelations, and lies are intentionally contradictory. They are intended to keep ultraviolet devourers enigmatic and uncanny.

- Earlier species on Earth possessed the capacity to sense both ultra- and infraviolet phenomena. The human pineal gland is the vestigial organ of ultraviolet perception, rendered nearly inert by millions of years of evolution away from such dangerous senses.
- Cats can see into the ultraviolet realm, but are invisible to it because of their unique vibrational and harmonic frequency.
- The ultraviolet dimension is the same as the hyperspace accessed by the witch-cult, which uses mathematical constructs to translate infraviolet creatures’ bodies and senses into that dimension. Without a talisman of a specific alloy, or other sorcerous protection, entering hyperspace attracts hordes of devourers.
- “I almost saw them, but I knew how to stop.” With enough practice, infraviolet beings can learn to modulate their own vibrational frequency with their pineal gland — the equivalent of using your ears to keep silent in a forest.

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- Some gods and titans, such as Hastur, Yog-Sothoth, Daoloth, and Zhar-Lloigor, extend into the ultraviolet as well.
- The ultraviolet dimension has its own titans, who if summoned by an infraviolet theurge would collapse the two planes into one.

### Investigation

This section provides some possible clues to the being or its activities. Feel free to adjust them to suit your campaign or your conception of the monster.

**Evidence Collection:** Light from the lamps in this room has a queer purplish tint to it. The air still smells faintly of ozone, as if heavy electrical equipment had been at work here. (Physics)

**Forensics:** The pile of clothing seems to have been shed all at once, underclothes still hooked and entirely within the buttoned and tucked outer garments. It's as though the body within simply vanished. The only possible clue: damp sweat and urine stains in the clothing, recent and copious.

**Photography:** This camera equipment is definitely purpose-built. The shutter speed is ridiculously fast, the lights are high-intensity ultra-violet beams, and the glass plates are ground in a kind of reverse spiral I've never seen before. I also have no idea what's in these jars of emulsion and developer, but it smells like formaldehyde, mercury, and rotten pork giblets.

**Physics:** "What do we know of the world and the universe about us? Our means of receiving impressions are absurdly few, and our notions of surrounding objects infinitely narrow. We see things only as we are constructed to see them, and can gain no idea of their absolute nature. With five feeble senses we pretend to comprehend the boundlessly complex cosmos, yet other beings with a wider,

stronger, or different range of senses might not only see very differently the things we see, but might see and study whole worlds of matter, energy, and life which lie close at hand yet can never be detected with the senses we have."

**Sense Trouble:** "Then, from the farthest regions of remoteness, the *sound* softly glided into existence. It was infinitely faint, subtly vibrant, and unmistakably musical, but held a quality of surpassing wildness which made its impact feel like a delicate torture of my whole body. I felt sensations like those one feels when accidentally scratching ground glass. Simultaneously there developed something like a cold draught, which apparently swept past me from the direction of the distant sound."

### Scenario Starters

- A mad physicist creates an interphase between infraviolet and ultraviolet space, intending to unleash the devourers on his enemies.
- A mi-go industrial accident centuries ago accidentally opened up an interphase zone. In that remote area, ultraviolet and infraviolet space will overlap for the next millennium or so until the local telluric frequencies remodulate themselves back to normal.
- A wizard/scientist from the ultraviolet realm develops a device that translates him into the infraviolet. He brings his familiars/lab animals along to assist him in conquering/ exploring our dimension.

## VAMPIRISH VAPOUR

"OUT OF THE FUNGUS-RIDDEN EARTH STEAMED UP A VAPOUROUS CORPSE-LIGHT, YELLOW AND DISEASED, WHICH BUBBLED AND LAPPED TO A GIGANTIC HEIGHT IN VAGUE OUTLINES HALF HUMAN

AND HALF MONSTROUS, THROUGH WHICH I COULD SEE THE CHIMNEY AND FIREPLACE BEYOND. IT WAS ALL EYES — WOLFISH AND MOCKING — AND THE RUGOSE INSECT-LIKE HEAD DISSOLVED AT THE TOP TO A THIN STREAM OF MIST WHICH CURLED PUTRIDLY ABOUT AND FINALLY VANISHED UP THE CHIMNEY."

-- "THE SHUNNED HOUSE"

When a sorcerer or other powerful, cruel mind dies, the kinetic patterns in her morbid brain continue to function. Her vital force remains as an alien nucleus focused within her corpse but capable of existence and action in hyperspace or other higher dimensions tangent to our own. In our dimension, she can operate along the lines of force established by her life or at the moment of her death; these are almost always violent emotions tinged with greed, lust, hatred, and murder.

Either psychically or magically, she can animate attenuated matter from her corpse, which usually begins to seep into the groundwater, vegetation, fungi, and even the woodwork or stones around her burial site. In this form — powdery spores and rot cohering to her projected energies -- she resembles a column of unhealthy light or mist. Depending on the circumstances of her life, this column might additionally seem wolfish, insectile, or piscine as her life force draws on primordial evolutionary patterns.

Her life force must also draw on that of the living around her. She keeps herself alive by draining the vital energies of other humans that her energy field either interpenetrates or fully possesses. In addition to general symptoms of anemia and pulmonary damage, her victims simply become increasingly vulnerable to whatever morbid or fatal condition they were most susceptible.

A sleeper attacked by a vampirish vapour suffers terrifying nightmares in which visions of hyperspace intermingle with sharply realistic memories of the vampire's life. (Less alert minds



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remember only terror, hate, and darkness.) They awaken complaining of exhaustion, shortness of breath, or general fatigue and malaise. She can also attack the living in spectral form; they experience it as biting, draining, or choking.

Those she possesses sometimes act or speak as she did in life, her mental patterns overwriting those of her victim. They may also attack their loved ones, or driven by inchoate impulses secretly attempt to drain their blood or prick them with pins.

As this pattern continues, her burial site accumulates a powdery niter extremely conducive to the growth of mold and fungi. Clouds or mist nearby (such as chimney smoke or fog) take sympathetic shapes; tree roots or any other plant that feeds on her matter begin to twist into parodies of her image. Her body increases in mass, as it continues its insensate growth, essentially an enormous cancer of semi-putrid congealed jelly.

### Vampirish Vapour

The number before the slash is the vampire's native ratings, in either physical or etheric form. The number after the slash is the modifier it adds to the relevant score of those whom it possesses.

**Abilities:** Athletics 8/+3, Health 40/+6, Scuffling 13/+5

**Magic:** If the vampire was a sorcerer while mortal, his Magic rating is likely 10+.

**Hit Threshold:** 3 (immense)/+1

**Alertness Modifier:** +0 (+1 near its corporeal relict)

**Stealth Modifier:** +2 (etheric specter)/+1

**Weapon:** +0 (drain), increases host's fist (talons) or bite damage by +2 (to +0)

**Special Attacks:** The vapour can drain a target simply by approaching and "overlapping" her while she sleeps. This allows the vapour to refresh its own lost or spent Health; once the victim dies, the vampire's Health rating *increases* by

half of her Health rating.

Against a waking victim, the vapour must make a Scuffling test to chokingly drain its target.

**Armor:** No physical weapon has any effect on the vapour itself. Those possessed by the vapour liquefy (+0 damage per round) if exposed to X-rays, as the two fields interact energetically.

The material body of the vampire can be damaged only by fire or acid; merely cutting or wounding it has no effect. A "stake through the heart" is mere superstition.

**Stability Loss:** +0

### Possible Variations

These theories, truths, revelations, and lies are intentionally contradictory. They are intended to keep the truth

about such fiends as vapourous as the entities themselves.

- A dying warlock who can translate his essence along lines of force (usually formed by long and powerful hatred of his killers or neighbors) into hyperspace can survive his death as a vampire, emitting vapours from his corpse to drain the living and sustain himself.
- Vampirish vapours are simply reflex action, rote patterns of predation continuing themselves along kinetic paths set up in the living brain of a psychic. The "feeding" phenomenon is simply "fluid transfer" from higher-energy mentalities (the living) to a lower-energy one (the dead "vampire" left running in the corpse).



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- The mi-go collect brains as storehouses for vampire-patterns; they use weaponized vampirish vapours to gather intelligence and as infiltration forces against their enemies.
- The lloigor are the vampire vapours left behind after the extinction of the serpent folk, emitted from the aeons-old fossils of their most puissant and hateful sorcerers.
- Only those warlocks who master shapeshifting (into wolves, for example) can become vampirish vapours after death, because only they have experience in loosening the connection between their physical form and their mental energies.
- Vampirish vapours are a common after-effect of the death of a human while possessed by one of the Great Race of Yith: the human brain attempts to follow the Yithian back into the past along lines of temporal force, but cannot.
- Any human previously possessed by one of the Great Race of Yith may become a vampire after death if she knows how to access hyperspace; her mental patterns can detach themselves from her corporeal self.

### Investigation

This section provides some possible clues to the being or its activities. Feel free to adjust them to suit your campaign or your conception of the monster.

**Assess Honesty:** “His habitual expression was one of kindly and well-bred calm, whereas now a variety of emotions seemed struggling within him. I think, on the whole, that it was this *variety* which chiefly disturbed me. My uncle ... seemed not one but many men, and suggested a curious quality of alienage from himself.” (Sense Trouble)

**Evidence Collection:** “I refer to a sort of cloudy whitish pattern on the dirt floor—a vague, shifting deposit of mould or nitre which we sometimes thought we could trace amidst the sparse fungous growths near the huge fireplace of the basement kitchen. Once in a while it struck us that this patch bore an uncanny resemblance to a doubled-up human figure.”

**Forensics:** Her heart just gave out, possibly as a side-effect of what looks like lifelong arteriosclerosis. However, a body with that much adipose tissue should have pooled more blood in much higher concentration in the lower tissues after death — anemia isn’t usual in these kinds of cases, and her anemia must have been fairly serious, from the general condition of the muscles and the pallor of the skin. It might be related to the scarring and roughness of her lungs, where most of the capillaries were fused shut or dried up.

**Library Use:** No child has been born alive in that house since 1801. Families of six and seven dwelling there see four or five deaths during their sojourn; death and debility amongst the servants runs in similar numbers. Once it became a rental property, the census and town taxation records indicate that no family lived there for six months without a death, and no family stayed there for more than eighteen months under any circumstances. Newspaper obituaries don’t always note the place of death, but clusters of three, four, or even six deaths in that house have occurred within a month of each other five times over the last dozen decades.

**Occult:** “There must lie buried beneath the house one of those vampires—the dead who retain their bodily form and live on the blood or breath of the living—whose hideous legions send their preying shapes or spirits abroad by night. To destroy a vampire one must, the grandmothers say, exhume it and burn its heart, or at least drive a stake through that organ.”

**Oral History:** “The general fact is, that the house was never regarded by the solid part of the community as in any real sense ‘haunted.’ There were no widespread tales of rattling chains, cold currents of air, extinguished lights, or faces at the window. Extremists sometimes said the house was ‘unlucky,’ but that is as far as even they went.”

**Outdoorsman:** “Those fungi, grotesquely like the vegetation in the yard outside, were truly horrible in their outlines; detestable parodies of toadstools and Indian pipes, whose like we had never seen in any other situation.”

**Sense Trouble:** “It was not a strong or even a fairly strong light; certainly not nearly strong enough to read an average book by. But it cast a shadow of myself and the cot on the floor, and had a yellowish, penetrating force that hinted at things more potent than luminosity.”

### Scenario Starters

- The townsfolk lynched a warlock and buried his body secretly; as a vampirish vapour, he now haunts the house built unknowingly on his grave site.
- A necromancer seeks to become possessed by a vampirish vapour in order to learn secrets long dead and buried.
- A vampirish vapour wishes to resume his earthly life by possessing a descendant and drinking the blood of the living.

**WORM-CULTIST**  
 “AMID THESE HUSHED THRONGS I FOLLOWED MY VOICELESS GUIDES; JOSTLED BY ELBOWS THAT SEEMED PRETERNATURALLY SOFT, AND PRESSED BY CHESTS AND STOMACHS THAT SEEMED ABNORMALLY PULPY...”

-- “THE FESTIVAL”



## Foul Congeries



A wizard walks the earth in a town. He dies, and is buried. A worm eats his flesh, and grows fat. It also grows large, and gravid with sorcerous power. It swells to human size and crawls up out of the grave, or is dug up by another cultist, or by a seeker after wizardly power. It emerges from the soil and dons an all-concealing robe and mask. A wizard once more walks the earth in a town.

After its blasphemous resurrection, the worm-wizard either mates with a human woman and breeds his own shuddersome lineage of pupils, or seduces would-be sorcerers with its grave-won lore. Eventually, it converts its descendants or students into worm-cultists, through magick or by subtle adulteration of their food or blood. When and if these cultists die, they too

resurrect, bloated grave worms wearing masks to move about the city.

Given their all-concealing robes and near-perfect masks, an accurate description of the worm-cultists can be hard to come by. Their hands are usually gloved, but sometimes seem to be all long fingers, often too many of them. Without the mask or hood, the worm-cultist's head reveals itself: an immense, pallid worm rising upright from the neck of its cowl. It has no eyes or nose; its mouth resembles that of a lamprey or an eel. Worm-cultists are mute, save when uttering spells.

Although their masks are quite convincing, especially if combined with glammers or other eldritch arts, worm-cultists cannot go about openly in the streets. Only in towns that combine

plentiful fogs with strong traditions of silence and incuriosity – towns like Kingsport, Massachusetts, for example -- do worm-cultists truly flourish. The town's graveyard must, of course, at one point have held at least one wizard to begin the cycle, and it helps if the town has a network of subterranean passages or cellars for the cultists to move about in.

### Worm-Cultist

**Abilities:** Athletics 8, Health 8, Scuffling 8, Weapons 4

**Magic:** 4-5; 10+ for worm-wizards. Worm-wizards often summon creatures for ritual or other purposes, especially byakhee and the flute-playing Servitors of the Other Gods.

**Hit Threshold:** 4

**Alertness Modifier:** -1

**Stealth Modifier:** +1

**Weapon:** -1 (bite), -1 (dagger)

**Armor:** Normal weapons do minimum damage (minimum 1 point) to their soft, wormlike bodies.

**Stability Loss:** +1 (+2 for a Crawling One)

### Crawling One

The worm-wizard (and perhaps his progeny or cultists) is not one monstrous Worm but many, its body built out of a mass of writhing, squirming worms. Such a Crawling One can ooze through any space the size of a worm's body or smaller: window cracks, mail slots, virtually any wooden or cheap construction. Only blunt weapons, fire, and shotguns harm them at all.

Often, a Crawling One needs no mask, as he has such mastery over his component worms that he can construct a face remarkable only for its blotchy complexion. Smoked glasses, gloves, scarves, and other costume elements still help maintain the corporeal disguise.

A successful Sense Trouble notices one or two worms dripped from the Crawling One's extremities.

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### Possible Variations

These theories, truths, revelations, and lies are intentionally contradictory. They are intended to keep the worm-cultists opaque and mysterious.

- Worm-cultists serve the Green Flame, Tulszcha, who provides the dire energies needed for these revenants to escape the grave.
- Tulszcha also casts the invisible shadow of the mind that prevents the worm-cultists from attracting undue attention in their home town.
- Worm-cults are the literal Crawling Chaos; the widely distributed Crawling One that is Nyarlathotep comprises every worm-cultist in the world.
- Worm-cults are native to the Dreamlands; only in towns or other places closely tangent to that realm can worm-beings function at all.
- Worm-wizards, ghoul lords, and resurrectionist sorcerers all compete for the same occult turf; their necromantic strivings occasionally get out of hand resulting in a literal underworld battle.
- Some worm-cultists and even worm-wizards take on new shapes, either in mask or flesh-molded form. The semblance of Edgar Allan Poe is very common, as his compositions (especially "The Conqueror Worm") have become sacred teaching or even scripture in some vermicultic circles.
- Worm-cultists are dhole castings, budded across space and dimensions from devoured worlds' knowledge. These scraps of alien lore are what wizards bargain for to become worm-wizards. Once

the cult is large and powerful enough, after many coordinated ritual mass gatherings it blends into a dhole and begins the process of eating its new host world.

### Investigation

This section provides some possible clues to the being or its activities. Feel free to adjust them to suit your campaign or your conception of the monster.

**Evidence Collection:** There are a number of odd holes in the soil over Abednego Stark's grave. It's almost as if worms were tunneling there repeatedly. The holes are too small to be gophers or woodchucks, although they'd have to be pretty big worms to leave holes the diameter of a girl's wrist. Moles, perhaps? (Outdoorsman)

**Forensics:** The expression on the face was one of the sheerest insane terror. The actual cause of death was massive heart failure, combined with a cascading series of brain aneurysms and miniature strokes. It's as though his neurological and cardiac systems both suffered an immense, simultaneous shock.

**History:** "He wrote this in a very ancient hand, and when I still hesitated he pulled from his loose robe a seal ring and a watch, both with my family arms, to prove that he was what he said. But it was a hideous proof, because I knew from old papers that that watch had been buried with my great-great-great-great-grandfather in 1698."

**Occult:** "Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy is the tomb where no wizard hath lain, and happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumour that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his charnel clay, but fats and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of

corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl." This Alhazred quote is well-known enough to appear in other collections of Islamic occult lore.

**Sense Trouble:** When that figure turned around, its arms and shoulders didn't move its upper body but instead followed it, as though they were merely flippers or excrescences with no real muscular force.

### Scenario Starters

- A family of worm-cultists regularly conducts rituals on Yule or other corners of the year.
- A worm-wizard seeks to animate another of his kind, as a mate or as a resource.
- A Crawling One serves the worm-cult (or a cult of Nyarlathotep or Yog-Sothoth) as a magical assassin.

