

THE UNSPEAKABLE OATH

FOR CALL OF CTHULHU • ISSUE ELEVEN • FOUR DOLLARS • RECOMMENDED FOR MATURE READERS



The Unspeakable Oath

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Contributors

This issue was assembled by the staff of Pagan Publishing: Brian Appleton, John H. Crowe, III, Dennis Detwiller, Christian Klepac, and John Tynes. **Artists** in this issue include Greg Breault, Paul Carrick, Dennis Detwiller, Daniel Gelon, Robert Hand, and Tom Kalichack. **Writers** in this issue include Scott David Aniolowski, Jeff Carey, Jeffrey Douglas, Philip Garland, James E. Holloway, J. Todd Kingrea, Christian Klepac, John Kovalic, Chris W. McCubbin, Adam Scott Glancy, Mark Morrison, Michael P. Nagel, Kevin A. Ross, Gary Thomas, John Tynes, and Michael Winkle. Also contributing were Ithaqua (who indirectly delayed this issue by three months), Spooze the Cat, and the ever-toasty Jesper Myrfors.

About the Cover

This issue's cover, by Dennis Detwiller, depicts the last masquerade of the royal court of Yhtill, and the arrival of the King in Yellow.

About the Column Illos

This issue's column illos are by artist Paul Carrick, a graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design.

The Annotated TUO Project

Selected articles from TUO1-4 are now available for downloading (see below). Or, send a 3.5" Mac or IBM diskette with a SASE for the files on disk. If you don't have a computer, send a 9"x12" SASE and \$2 in cash, check, or money order per issue you need for a printed copy of that issue. Note that this is just the text — no illustrations, layout, etc.

America Online Notes

We're on the computer service America Online, where our email name is Pagan Pub. Our discussion folder can be found at keyword GCS (Gaming Company Support). We hold occasional live conferences and run live CoC games as well. In addition, the GCS File Library has stuff to download, including graphic files we created (GIF & PICT), the sound effects from TUO7, our catalog and submission & playtesting guidelines, and *The Annotated TUO*. To join, call 1-800-827-6364.

Internet Notes

You can send email to us at PAGANPUB@AOL.COM. We regularly participate in the alt.horror.cthulhu usenet group. *The Annotated TUO*, our catalog, and various other items are also available by anonymous FTP. The address is FTP.CSUA.BERKELEY.EDU, and the files are in PUB/CHAOSIUM/PAGANPUB. Also, check out the H.P. Lovecraft Image Gallery available through the World Wide Web system at HTTP://CROW.ACNS.NWU.EDU:8082/HPL/.

In Memorium

Three important figures in the horror genre have passed away recently. Actor Peter Cushing and writers Robert Bloch and Karl Edward Wagner are no longer with us. Our thanks go out to the memories of these people, and all the pleasures their work has brought to us and many others. R., as they say, I.P.

The Unspeakable Oath, volume 3, number 3, Fall 1994 (whole number 11) is published quarterly by Tynes Cowan Corporation, 1910 N. 49th St. Seattle, WA 98103. Individual contents are ©1994 by the respective creators. The term **Call of Cthulhu**® represents Chaosium, Inc.'s trademarked horror role-playing game, and is used with their kind permission. *Hello, Jim!* (You asked for it.) Special thanks to our GenCon volunteers!

John Tynes



The Dread Page Of Azathoth

The Dread Page Of Azathoth is a regular column of notes, anecdotes & observations by the editor. Sometimes it even has something to do with gaming.

Misfits and outcasts populate the history of creative enterprise. Typically, such individuals are doomed to reach a tiny audience at best, or none at all at worst. A few may achieve stellar success within their lifetime, and often as not success destroys or corrupts them.

There are, however, those outsiders who fulfilled the promise of their creative vision and, while perhaps not achieving mainstream success in their lifetime, nevertheless left a legacy that affects the lives of countless others in the years beyond their death. One such individual who doubtlessly matches this description is your friend and mine, Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

HPL lived and died in relative obscurity and poverty, though he was truly a wealthy man in terms of both his creative output and in the many friends he made in his short life. So how successful was HPL? His stories can be found in mainstream bookstores around the world, and he continually gains new fans. By this standard, HPL has achieved more success than many creative figures of the 20th century.

More directly, he has profoundly influenced and even radically changed the lives of many, many people. I can name, quite easily, a dozen people whose lives would be very, very different today if they had never encountered HPL. I tend to think their lives are better as a result. HPL frequently inspires creativity and original effort in people who might otherwise not have ventured far in that direction. He inspires people to create, and that is a very, very rare form of success that most people never even consider attempting to achieve. In a sense, the creative inspiration HPL has engendered in many of his fans is a greater gift than the work he left behind.

I have a very specific example to offer, of one way in which HPL has affected entire lives. Please pardon the conceit, but I'm speaking of Pagan Publishing, producers of the magazine you hold in your hands.

As you may know, in May of 1994, the staff of Pagan Publishing relocated from Columbia, Missouri, to Seattle, Washington. The reason for this upheaval is that I'm now working for Wizards of the Coast, a game company located here best known for their collectible trading card game Magic: The Gathering.™ Four members of Pagan Publishing's all-volunteer staff packed up their lives and came here, too. We've taken the opportunity to turn this from a hobby to a business, and have incorporated the company as well as getting things internally organized to a much greater extent than ever before, in both our business and creative efforts. Externally, we've been seemingly dormant for months, but we've now laid the groundwork needed for a lot of really terrific projects.

Without HPL, this wouldn't have happened. The staff of the company would, likely as not, have never gone into such creative pursuits. More importantly, the scores of writers and artists who we have published might never have been published at all, or would never have been able to express themselves the way they've been able to here. Credit for that goes solidly to HPL and the inspiration and motivation he and his works instilled.

I can't imagine what I'd be doing now, if it weren't for HPL. He and his work have planted countless seeds in the minds of countless individuals, and in many cases those seeds have sprouted and planted new seeds, fertilizing other minds and enriching other lives in ways that very few creative people's success have ever done.

For all this, HPL deserves tremendous credit. I suspect that for every one of his detractors, many others have gone on to do things they were always capable of but might never have otherwise achieved. That's an incredible legacy, incalculable and transcendent.

If you're reading this, you're part of that legacy. Welcome to the fold. It's an odd group, perhaps, but a wonderful one as well. Thank you, HPL. ☸



Scream And Scream Again

Letters to The Unspeakable Oath may be edited for clarity and brevity. All letters remain the property of the original writers. To send us a maniacal missive, write to:

Scream And Scream Again
Pagan Publishing
403 N. 8th St.
Columbia, MO 65201
USA

I purchased The Unspeakable Oath 8/9 two days ago. I can't even finish reading the delicious words. I must write to express the raging torrent of fear I feel when I realize specifically what you have unleashed. I'm sure you all know. You must! By means of the opportunities you provide, you allow those of us who, though irrevocably mad, are yet clever enough to elude dogged, greedy attempts by corrupt psychiatrists to place us in the overcrowded asylums to give a slaving tongue to our thoughts and best nightmares. You allow us, who are thoroughly acquainted with grief and despair, to share our disease with...the world! Yes. You publish worldwide. A deranged lyricist once wrote, in a couched prediction I now see, these words: "Soon, our thoughts will be universal. Such felicitousness. Eggsintricity!" Then, it's true. He spoke too extravagantly, no one listened to him, but he was right. I knew he was.

The blood of all of us be upon you. Though I damn you not! That's entirely your choice. Our voice will rise loud and long. (I represent no group.) The average will know our nightmares. No longer shall we alone bear them to the shredding of our own flesh. The voice of the mad has been given a name...The Unspeakable Oath!

Evan Strobel **Houston, TX**



TUO 10 was very good. I think the large size doesn't detract from the magazine, and with the promise of further covers like that one (not only the sickest gaming art I've ever seen, but possibly one of the sickest things I've ever seen, period — definitely a compliment). I liked the two modules, especially "In Media Res," which was very well-executed. The only problem with that adventure was that it would probably fall apart without a really good Keeper and really good players. Also, I am looking forward to the complete illustrated pull-out version of "Tee Tok the Happy Star" in next April's issue (nudge, nudge).

I very much appreciated the Esoterica article; I've always felt that some of the Great Old Ones are really only masses of tentacles with basic explanations and no real stories (I have always thought this about Zhar, so it was nice to see it (them?) discussed).

Possibly my biggest gripe with the issue, and one you'll no doubt hear from others, was the inclusion of "The Crucifix and the Crucible." To put it bluntly, Christianity has no place in Lovecraft lore. There is no God, and Satan is merely another twist of shape by that old trickster Nyarlathotep. To add the trappings of Christianity as anything more than human fiction in Cthulhu gaming is somewhat akin to surrendering the game to the juvenile optimists like August Derleth, who didn't (and don't) understand Lovecraft's vision of nihilism and humanity's meaninglessness, something about which several "Dread Pages" have been written.

Finally, I liked Karen Tynes' poem, but I couldn't help noticing the similarity between her surname and that of the illustrious editor of TUO. I think that a conspiracy of this nature demands a Paranoia File addressing it.

David Brazil **via America Online**



I just had to drop you a line after I received issue 10 of TUO. From cover art to contents, it was a top-notch effort. I would particularly like to call attention to "In Media Res". Although it was a relatively short piece, I think it represents a departure from the average module. Its storyline and atmosphere succeed more than any other published module to date in their portrayal of dark, surreal horror. Thoughtful and serious, I think it represents some of the best of the genre.

Jay Noyes **via America Online**



I just finished reading through the latest TUO — while it is certainly the most beautiful issue you and your staff have ever produced, the news therein was saddening. I was deeply affected to

hear about what happened to Blair: My heart goes out to him and I pray that some day he will be blessed with the ability to share his amazing talent with us — or anyone else, for that matter — once again. Although I have never met him, I feel a great loss in our dispersed community of macabre artists.

Also, I was distressed to discover that Keith had been fired. What a brilliant writer and editor! I understand that differences arise and that, in the publishing business, editors can change quite frequently for various reasons (been there, done that). However, knowing this does not lessen my sense of loss in the industry. The material Keith published largely contributed to my continued passion for the game. Fortunately, it sounds like Keith will be with us in other forums for quite a while.

Well, enough gloom. What a fantastic mother you have, John Tynes! Her poem is elegant, yet disturbing, and the accompanying artwork is simply delightful. (Is she willing to adopt other children? I'm only 26 and I always clean my plate.) I also enjoyed "The Crucifix & The Crucible." Not only was it concise and well-written, but also well-grounded in Old and New Testament theology. It's always very pleasant to find authors who pay attention to such details. And the accompanying artwork — coo-whul, guys!

Maria Douglas via America Online


Just thought I'd write to say I picked up my first copy of TUO [#10] and it's great! I loved "Esoterica" and "The Crucifix & The Crucible." If only the other RPG mags were as well-designed and interesting as this. (Sigh) Keep up the good work.

Mark Corsi via America Online


I've been dreading this for a long time, but knew it was just a matter of time before someone chucked demons and angels — not to mention Satan and God — into *Call of Cthulhu* (C.L. Werner's "The Crucifix & The Crucible" in TUO10). Anyone familiar with me and

my work knows of my love for monsters and stats (various articles in early issues of TUO, and Chaosium's new *The Aniolowski Collection Volume I: Ye Booke of Monstres* can attest to that), but even I know where to draw the line.

Clint has obviously missed the point. I am a staunch supporter of religious freedom, and respect personal spiritual choices, but as far as Lovecraft and *Call of Cthulhu* goes the universe is a nihilistic place without any great divine savior to pull mankind's butt out of the fire. This is it, there ain't no more! And where's the stats for Buddha and Allah? If we assume the existence of God in *Call of Cthulhu* then we must also assume the existence of divinity from other religious faiths. I find it rather presumptuous to insinuate personal spiritual beliefs into the milieu of the Cthulhu Mythos. I am a long-time Wiccan, and although I have included Wiccan characters in my scenarios I have never insinuated the existence of the Goddess and God in the game. The whole idea is that mankind is nothing more than pitiful little creatures cowering alone with no one to turn to for help — we may be able to stave off the forces of the Mythos for a time, but can never truly defeat them.

The idea that God created and can therefore defeat the likes of Azathoth and the Great Old Ones is ridiculous and makes no sense in the context of the Cthulhu Mythos. Does this make God actually one of the Elder Gods? Or are we to believe that the Elder Gods are angels? Perhaps the Great Old Ones are powerful members of Satan's infernal army? This is also a cop-out ending — if things get too bad and the investigators don't solve the problem God will step in and save the day. The players in my own campaign have met Christ, but they discovered that he was none other than Nyarlathotep (an idea that I freely stole from Keith Herber). I like the idea of Satan really being Nyarlathotep... or how about Nodens? He is referred to as the "Lord of the

Abyss." But this idea of good and evil just doesn't work — the Outer Gods and Great Old Ones aren't evil, nor are the Elder Gods good — they just "are." No, frail concepts such as good, evil, and justice break down on a cosmic level — they don't mean anything when taken out of the context of the human social structure. And the idea of the existence of a God or an anti-God (Satan) in *Call of Cthulhu* just does not work. If Clint needs a game system with friendly divine beings in it to save the day I suggest he plays AD&D — there is a veritable smorgasbord of gods there to pick from, and I seem to recall seeing stats for Satan in an old *Dragon*.

Scott Aniolowski Lockport, NY



I am writing to tell you my thoughts on TUO 10. First of all, congratulations on the new format; I had my doubts, but the change seems to have worked out well. The cover, incidentally, is quite disturbing. The articles are all good, but some, for one reason or another, caught my attention.

"The Crucifix and the Crucible" was neat, not because of the subject matter (who would want to play in the conventional Christian mythos?) but because it is a good example of how to adapt *Call of Cthulhu* to a non-Lovecraft setting. Since I am currently working on developing a different background for my own campaign, it was interesting to see how someone else went about it. I really could have done without the story, however. It was cute, but I don't think that it added anything to the article.

The "What the Deities Mean" article was (in my opinion) the most interesting article in the magazine. Too often the Great Old Ones are treated simply as interchangeable masses of tentacles, and it is good to see some info about the differences between these beings and how that might affect their worship.

Matt Grossman via America Online

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The Paranoia Files

The Paranoia Files is a regular column devoted to re-examining history and mining it for Mythos-related or simply unsettling nuggets of information.

There seems to be a great deal of confusion about where the Plateau of Leng is situated. Originally, the location was felt to be Central Asia. Hints from within *At the Mountains of Madness* suggest, however, that the plateau lies in the Antarctic region. Some go as far as to declare that the Plateau is in both places at once, "coterminous in time and space." It is the contention of this article that the proper place for the plateau is Central Asia, and that it is equivalent to the Tibetan Plateau.

HPL refers to Tibet many times throughout his works. Far off, mysterious, home of strange variations of Buddhism and pagan leftovers, Tibet was the perfect location to suggest oddity and weirdness in the 1920s and 30s. Leng, from the Chinese word for "cold," fits within the Eastern idea of Tibet itself. Similarly, HPL's reference to the "Tcho-Tcho Lama of Leng" supports the Tibetan contention. How many Lamas, which are specifically Tibetan Buddhist priests, exist in Antarctica? The Tcho-Tchos themselves are at least demihuman, and thus belong on a habitable plateau. Here the connection takes us to the Dreamlands, where the Plateau also exists, as well as the men of Leng, who may or may not be the Tcho-Tchos in the waking world. The plateau here is barren, rock-strewn, mountainous. Again, a good description of the real Tibet. A few other references to Leng also support the Tibet thesis. In the *Fungi from Yuggoth* sonnet cycle two sonnets, XVII and XXVII, give Tibetan hints as well—in "XVII. A Memory" are mentioned "beasts with tinkling bells, in shaggy bands"—yaks? And in "XXVII. The Elder Pharos" the poem speaks of shepherds, again not workable with Antarctica.

It is probably true that HPL thought of several locations when he invented Leng, and a Keeper might locate the plateau wherever his or her imagination allows. The major inspiration however seems to have been Tibet. It is thus unrealistic to declare unequivocally, as the new *Keeper's Compendium* states, that Leng is in Antarctica. The matter may

never be completely settled, and for the CoC keeper that is as it should be, another shadowy realm that can be interpreted in many ways. With this proviso, I will now go on to look at Tibet itself as a location for CoC scenarios and campaigns.

Tibet was only opened to tourism on a small scale in the 1980s. Before that, it was one of the most mysterious and inaccessible lands in the world. Lhasa, the capital, was only reached by westerners in 1904—the Younghusband expedition which forced the path by British military superiority. Following that, numerous Europeans sought the mysterious city and land. Their accounts are full of mystical wonders. Still, Tibet was remote, hard to reach, and visited only by the most adventurous. Only in the present day has tourism become a possibility in the region.

Tibet was an independent state from at least the seventh century. Songtsen Gampo, the first historical king, ruled from 627–649. Over the next few centuries a large Tibetan Empire developed in Central Asia. The empire traded on an equal basis with China, and at one point a Tibetan army took the Imperial capital at Chang-an. During the ninth century Buddhism became the state religion. The rise of the Mongols ended the Tibetan Empire, and caused the establishment of the position of Dalai Lama. From that point on, Tibet was a theocracy ruled by a figure who in Tibetan belief was reincarnated time and again.

Tibetan Buddhism, or Lamaism, is composed of a merging of Buddhism with the native shamanism, called Bon. Bon beliefs have continued to exist side by side with Buddhism down to the present. According to Bon, the universe is divided into heaven, earth, and underworld, each inhabited by different beings. Gods, Lha, inhabit heaven. Earth is inhabited by humans and animals, and ruled by Nagas. The underworld is the realm of demons known as Tsen. Both black and white magic were practiced to appease or control these various beings. When Buddhism arrived, Tibet made its mark on the

religion with the introduction of mantras, mandalas, lamas, and Tantric practices.

The uses of Tibet in a CoC adventure are many. Bon beliefs may hide knowledge of Mythos deities. Tibetan manuscripts found in long forgotten monasteries may prove to be ancient Tibetan or Chinese versions of the *Necronomicon*, or originals of the *R'lyeh Text*. The Chinese and Arabs had longstanding relations, thus a Chinese *Necronomicon* is not only possible, but, I expect, probable. Tibet's relations with China should allow for a Tibetan copy as well. A Keeper willing to put forth the effort might make use of the Tibetan alphabet, suitably strange, to use as a script for ancient manuscripts and inscriptions. Monasteries themselves might prove to be centers of cultic activity. The great palace of the Dalai Lama, the Potala, is said to have one thousand rooms. What may await the Investigator who tries to sneak in? The native population will not cooperate with westerners, and can turn into a mob at the drop of a hat. Indeed, as late as 1943 a group of American airmen were nearly lynched. Their cargo plane, on the supply run between India and China during the war, got lost in a storm and ran out of fuel directly over Lhasa. Years before there had been a prophecy saying that if any westerners flew over the Dalai Lama and looked down upon him they should be struck out of the air—and so it happened.

Tibet in the 1920s is still a new land to westerners, sometimes spelled in those

years Thibet. The estimated population is about two million, spread over an area of some 463,200 square miles. Lhasa itself has a population somewhere around 17,000 people. Almost anything imaginable may exist within its borders—lost races and civilizations, monuments from the elder ages, gateways to other worlds, whatever the keeper desires. Travel to Tibet will be long and arduous, including climbs over passes up to 20,000 feet. Few western amenities will be available.

Trips to Tibet in the 1920s or earlier must be real expeditions rather than simple journeys. A few western explorers may be encountered, the most colorful of whom may be Alexandra David-Neel, a Frenchwoman who traveled in disguise to Lhasa in 1923 at the age of 54. She spoke fluent Tibetan and fully believed in the mysterious powers of the land. At one point on her journey she protected herself from freezing by the Lamaistic practice of thumo reskiang, raising the body temperature by willpower. At another point she saw the practice of lunggom, flying, although her description is an odd one—a man advancing rapidly toward her by gigantic leaps, with his gaze turned upwards, fixed on a far-distant point in space. These and other events could be assigned a Mythos origin. Upon arriving in Lhasa, David-Neel visited the palace of the Dalai Lama, the Potala, where she found shrines to ancient, pre-Buddhist monsters where the very creatures themselves were kept bound.

Other, nastier creatures are symbolically fed in special buildings, and the offerings placed there stand as a substitute for the more realistic and bloodier sacrifices of the pre-Buddhistic cult. It is only—so the Tibetans believe—strict attendance to their needs, and a due reverence, that keeps human beings and animals safe from their ferocity. Other dread Malevolent and Invisible Ones are chained by the power of magic charms, and a perpetual watch has to be kept in order that the spells and other occult devices (whose strength prevents the dangerous beings from escaping) shall be recited and performed at the right time.

Tibet is indeed a strange and mysterious place, where the investigators may find all sorts of odd adventures awaiting them. And, after all, what else is to be expected from a land where the native term for the Nepali Yeti is Mi-Gyu? Resources for the Keeper are available, if one puts in the time to locate them. Alexandra David-Neel's books should be found in any good library. At least two biographies of her exist. A good overall account of western entry into Tibet is Peter Hopkirk's *Trespassers on the Roof of the World*. For travel in Tibet itself, Lonely Planet publishes an excellent travel guide, with maps and illustrations, as well as a great deal of background. The best map I have found is from Bartholomew, "Tibet and the Mountains of Central Asia." The caravan is ready and the yaks' bells are tinkling—it's time to go. ☸





The Case Of Mark Edward Morrison

The Case Of Mark Edward Morrison is a regular column looking at *Call of Cthulhu* and how to run or play or simply understand it better. The 'case' of the title is a strange old suitcase Mark discovered on a trip to the U.S. Its curious and ever-changing contents have haunted his dreams ever since.

I always knew that this case would be the end of me. I once feared that unknown forces from within the case itself would be the instrument of my destruction. Now I know that it is not the case but those who covet it who will be my demise. Men such as these hold little regard for human life, as long as they get what they desire. And what they desire is the case.

It's 9:37 PM. I've just heard a car pull up outside. At 9:39 PM a man in a black leather jacket will smash in my front door with a sledgehammer. At 9:41 PM he and an accomplice will step through and proceed down the hall. They will find me in the study writing this. At 9:42 PM they will put six bullets into my head at close range. At 9:45 PM they will find the case. At 9:47 PM they will be speeding away, bearing the case to its new master. I always knew it would come to this.

Call of Cthulhu inevitably involves danger, peril, and doom. Most games involve action of one kind or another. The investigators insist on delving into the secrets of predators, both human and inhuman. Sooner or later those predators start hunting. Violence ensues, and violence kills people. Human bodies are fragile, and the *Call of Cthulhu* rules convey this. A medium-sized investigator has 12 hit points, which is just 2 more than your average hit from a .30-30 carbine. This is not unrealistic; put a gun in my face, pull the trigger, and I'll fall over bleeding every time. Guaranteed.

The thing is, it's too easy, and, when you get down to it, not very interesting. A dead investigator is, well, boring. Eventually they get interesting again, but it's a slow process. They swell up and turn green, and then bits start caving in and dropping off. True, the winner of the *Cthulhu* Masters Tournament at GenCon one year did his finest roleplaying while floating dead down a river, but it's only a one-game gag. Also, if the late investigator was a particular favorite, don't expect the player to get a whole lot of yocks out of his or her decay.

Earlier editions of *Call of Cthulhu* cheerfully advised players not to become

too attached to their characters. The premise was that the game was a big joke, ha ha, this time the monsters are stronger than you are, nyuk nyuk nyuk. Frankly, that sucked. Happily, keepers and scenario authors quickly realized that there was something dark and strange in this game, beyond mere mechanics. Here was horror, the pulsing raw stuff of the unknown, out there, waiting in the dark. What use is suspense when the players know they are going to die every time? That's not frightening, it's just fate. It's like playing *Paranoia* without the laughs, and *Paranoia* ceased to be funny in 1986. Why bother to play *Killer-Cthulhu* at all? A quick game of Monopoly would last longer than the average investigator team.

That's not to say that the game should be harmless. That would be duller yet. *Kiddie-Cthulhu*, where all the monsters just want to roll over and have their tummies tickled. *Bleah*. Rather, you need to find a balance between threat and survival, an unwritten contract between you and the players whereby they know just how much they can get away with. If they run, they'll probably live. If an investigator sticks his neck out too far, it'll soon be punctured with the sharpened drinking straw of a Servitor of the Outer Gods, with hideous slurping to follow. As a keeper, you should be impartial, but try to make the end result match the investigators' action.

It's a fine line. You can't grant the investigators charmed lives without losing the element of danger, and the fear which attends it. The problem is, what makes a worthy death? In one especially slack game I ran, an investigator missed his Climb roll, and fell off a cliff. I gave him a STR roll to hang on to the edge, and he missed. I gave him a DEX roll to grab a tree root, and he missed. I gave him a Luck roll to conveniently fall onto a shelf of rock, and he missed. By this time it was obvious that I was trying to keep him alive, and we were both pretty bored by it. It's just that falling from a great height and doing the raspberry jam thing does not make for a great story. Imagine how dull *The Shining* would have been

if Jack Nicholson had slipped over in the bath and electrocuted himself in the first half-hour. So, the investigator scrambled back over the cliff edge, and the game limped on.

I did learn a valuable lesson from that session, and instituted it in the campaign following. I decided to mentally draw a line every time a dangerous situation developed. The players had the option of backing off and looking for another solution, or putting up their dukes and crossing the line. The first night I put this into practice they went ahead and crossed it, and two out of five investigators died. Things were different from then on, and a little bit scarier.

Another thing I changed at about that time was my attitude towards guns. I had always hated gun-toting investigators. It loans them a false sense of security, a little piece of cold steel manhood to clutch onto. I put all kinds of legal hassles in their way, and when they got guns they had a tendency to malfunction or hit the wrong target (I figured if you fire a bullet, it has to go somewhere, and if it doesn't go into the monster then there's a fifty-fifty chance it'll go into your foot, or the

back of your friend's head). Gun battles are dull, dull, dull, but they tend to develop around trigger-happy investigators. An investigator copping a sudden bullet in the guts is as boring a death as falling off a cliff, but hey, if the cultists are being shot at, they have to shoot back, right?

In my new "cross the line" mode, I let the players acquire whatever lethal hardware they wanted. An investigator with a gun is more foolhardy. He or she is much more likely to clutch that iron tool and step forwards into danger, feeling safe and secure and powerful. Big mistake. At close quarters, you'll get one shot, maybe. You better hope that the monster comes at you front-on, that the light is good, and that you plug it dead first time. Because if you don't, it'll be on you, and sharp claws glistening with slime and grave-mould have no problems popping all the buttons on a nice new Sears and Roebuck suit and scooping out all the soft red bits inside. Some players still like to have guns, but others wisely realize that they lead to foolhardy mistakes, and cooling corpses which slowly bloat and turn green, as per the fourth paragraph

of this very installment.

You may simply prefer to make combat and injury the least of your players' worries. The body is easily broken, but the mind is a fortress. Go ahead and lay siege. Sticks and stones will break their bones, but these things will really hurt them: **madness** (there is no peace within the sealed tomb of the unbalanced mind), **infestation** (there is no escape from the rank garden of the corrupting body), **immortality** (there is no rest in the mummified shrine of the cursed and undying), **dehumanization** (there is no creature lower than the cultist, save for the obsessed cult killer), **loss** (there is no comfort for those who achieve victory at the cost of friends, family, and home), and similar hammer blows to heart, soul, and sanity. Soon enough your players must accept that there are worse fates than mere death.

I too have accepted my fate. It's 9:38 PM. I hear a knock. I pick up the case, and fling the front door open. "Here it is. Take it. I am not afraid to die." The pizza delivery boy on the step gapes, and says "Um, me neither. That'll be eleven fifty." ☹





The Eye Of Light And Darkness

The Eye Of Light And Darkness is a review column featuring items of interest to fans of Call of Cthulhu as well as H.P. Lovecraft fans in general. Items are rated on a scale of one to ten phobias, with ten being the highest. Note that this is not an absolute scale; rather, the scale only reflects how a particular item succeeds in its goals. A card game given a rating of 8 phobias is not inherently better than a scenario book rated 6 phobias – it just means it's a very good card game. Ratings of 3 phobias or less indicate the item isn't worth purchasing; 4-6 phobias indicate an average item with notable flaws; 7-10 phobias indicate degrees of excellence

A Night In The Lonesome October
Cthulhu Mythos novel
written by Roger Zelazny
Avon Books, \$17.95
reviewed by Chris W. McCubbin

Roger Zelazny is one of the great fantasy authors of the 20th century and probably (at least since the death of Fritz Lieber) the greatest living fantasist in the world right now. Therefore, when Zelazny dips into the Mythos it's a major event for Lovecraft buffs.

Not that Zelazny's latest novel, *A Night in the Lonesome October*, is really a Mythos book in the sense of being about the Cthulhu Mythos, but then it's not really about any one thing...

Let me back up.

Lonesome October is set in the late 19th century, but what it's really about is the moody gothic horror films of the 1930s and '40s – the collected oeuvre of Karloff, Lugosi and Chaney before the films got campy and predictable and the stars got old and sick. In this moody, curse-haunted realm the *Weird Tales* ambiance of the Cthulhu mythos meshes perfectly.

The plot is a set piece. In the hands of a lesser writer it would have seemed contrived (thank all the small gods that Roger Zelazny came up with this plot and not Piers Anthony), but from Zelazny's pen it all comes together with the inevitable perfection of a Chinese puzzle box.

It seems that whenever All Hallows Eve falls under a full moon it becomes possible to open a gate and let the Elder Gods (yes, those Elder Gods) come through. This gate must be opened from a certain location, which changes every time the night rolls around. This location draws to it various mystical personages and their intelligent animal familiars, as well as certain magical objects of power. Some of these personages are "openers" seeking to throw the gate wide, and some are "closers" dedicated to keeping the earth sealed against the invaders from Beyond. They gather around the place of opening according to a unique mystical pattern. They spend the month before Halloween gathering mystical objects (some of a decid-

edly unsavory nature), and casing the situation. Because, you see, the participants don't know which of their number are "openers" and which are "closers." Even more vexatious, they do not automatically even know where the place of opening is, they have to deduce it's location from the positions of their various habitations. When all the puzzles have been unraveled, it all comes down to a ritualized showdown by moonlight. In short, it's all a big game.

In this particular late-19th century game the players include a count who sleeps by day, a mad monk and a madder witch, a saturnine druid, a pair of grave robbers, an ungodly vicar, the world's greatest detective, the Good Doctor and his Experiment Man, a gentleman named Talbot of peculiar gifts, and a man named Jack, who has followed the game for centuries. Our narrator is Jack's good dog, Snuff.

In addition to its nod towards the Great Old Ones, *Lonesome October* also features a visit to the Dreamlands, where Snuff and the cat Graymalk visit the lord of the cats in the rose-crystal Palace of the Seventy Delights. The final treat for Lovecraft-aficionados is the profuse and brilliant illustrations by Gahan Wilson.

Although it's not properly a horror story (in fact, it's often quietly hilarious), *Lonesome October* is (among much else) a loving tribute to the work of H.P. Lovecraft executed by a master fantasist. All admirers of the Mythos owe it to themselves to read, and if possible own, this gem of a book. Nine phobias.



The X Files

Fox Television

starring David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson, with Jerry Hardin
created and produced by Chris Carter
reviewed by Adam Scott Glancy

Fox Television's *The X Files* is one of those rare horror-genre gems produced for television. While *The X Files* has yet to address any material connected with the Cthulhu Mythos, *The X Files* does combine science fiction and horror in ways

reminiscent of H.P. Lovecraft. *Call of Cthulhu* enthusiasts will certainly find amusing parallels between their investigators' techniques and the efforts of *The X Files*' protagonists, FBI agents Fox Mulder (David Duchovny) and Dana Scully (Gillian Anderson).

The series begins with FBI agent Dana Scully, a fully-trained medical doctor and forensic expert, being assigned to work with FBI agent Fox Mulder on the "X Files," investigations into cases involving "unexplained phenomena" which the FBI would rather not deal with. Agent Mulder is an Oxford-trained psychologist and expert in the occult who picked up the nickname "Spooky" due to his obsession with the paranormal. Because higher-ups at the FBI want the X-Files shut down as a waste of manpower and money, agent Scully is assigned to be Mulder's partner and "evaluate the validity of his investigations." After the first case, however, Dana Scully is enough of a believer to stave-off the termination of Fox Mulder's investigations.

Episode One involves mysterious (and often fatal) genetic experiments performed on Oregon high-school students by unseen aliens (Mi-Go, perhaps? Fans of TUO7's "Convergence" take note!). Episode Two involves the USAF covering up the existence of aerospace technologies recovered from a 1947 UFO crash site (with a special appearance by the Men In Black). Episode Three has Mulder and Scully tracking down a 100-year-old hibernating serial killer whose physical abilities are reminiscent of the strange experiments uncovered in "Convergence." Other episodes have covered such subjects as alien abduction, a cannibalistic sasquatch-like Jersey Devil, a vengeful poltergeist at a defense contractor, a homicidal artificially-intelligent computer, Arctic researchers who unearth millennium-old alien parasites, aliens sabotaging the space program, racing against the military to find a not-so-friendly survivor of a downed UFO, the aftermath of a failed eugenics experiment from the 1950s, and a psychotic, pyrokinetic arsonist. What

connects *The X Files* to CoC is not the subject matter of the investigations, but rather the show's mood and atmosphere.

The X Files is well-produced, with good production values and special effects. The writing is superb, demonstrating excellent knowledge of the real mythology of UFOs and paranormal activity. David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson turn in savvy and credible performances as agents Mulder and Scully. The rapport between the two characters is good and is uncluttered by the kind of romantic tension which seems required in every other co-ed investigative team on television. Some viewers, however, will undoubtedly chuckle when it becomes obvious that Scully always misses seeing the really blatant paranormal phenomena. Veteran character actor Jerry Hardin appears occasionally as a highly-placed government official who is Mulder's deep-cover informant. However, you can never tell whether Hardin's unnamed character is helping Mulder's investigations or manipulating them for his own ends.

While the threat of death (or worse) hangs over every episode, there is little or no gunplay. In the first twelve episodes Agent Mulder has fired his weapon only once, and that was just to scare a group of wolves away from a shallow grave. *Call of Cthulhu* players should be pleased to see Mulder and Scully burrowing through old newspapers and public records for clues rather than blazing away with their sidearms.

So far, the first twelve episodes rate nine out of ten phobias for solid horror/science-fiction genre entertainment. It'll be ten out of ten if Mulder and Scully ever confront cultists who worship ancient and unnameable evils from beyond time and space.



The Fungi from Yuggoth: A Sonnet Cycle

spoken-word cassette of HPL poem
Read by John Arthur; Music by Mike Olson; Directed by Lawrence A. Russo
Fedogan & Bremer, \$11 (including S&H)
Reviewed by Phillip H. Garland

I must admit I am prejudiced in favor of this tape, and this publisher. As an apology for losing my order for *Tales of the Lovecraft Mythos* Fedogan & Bremer sent me a complimentary copy of *The Fungi from Yuggoth*. I was not expecting much, just a bare reading of the sonnets, but I was pleasantly surprised. I have always liked the sonnets, and found that this production is superb. The music is appropriately strange and moody, the readings clear, and the overall effect excellent. The narrator, John Arthur, has a very good range of voices, all of them clear and different. It is hard to believe that only one person is performing here. In my many listenings I have heard Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, and many others.

To me, the litmus test of this tape were the readings of XXI—*Nyarlahotep*, XXV—*St. Toads*, and XXVII—*The Elder Pharos*, all my old favorites. Each succeeded in conveying the appropriate mood, both in music and in voices. In *St. Toads* it seems that the listener is hearing three voices rather than one. *Nyarlahotep* has a unique and disturbing echo, hinting of vast outer spaces. *The Elder Pharos* is subdued and dark, suggesting mysterious lands and awesome secrets.

More importantly, this tape has given me new appreciation of many of the other sonnets that I had paid little attention to before, despite my many readings. The voice used in XI—*The Well* brought the sonnet alive to me. The narrator truly seems to wonder about what he has witnessed, and the actions he and his fellows have taken. IX—*The Courtyard* is stunning, a sonnet that I had seldom noticed, with drums beating in the background as the narrator creeps through the dark streets to the final denouement. Similarly, XII—*The Howler* is read in a manner to make one shudder.

I do not know if Fedogan & Bremer have a compact disc version. *The Fungi from Yuggoth* almost begs for one. Such a disc would be quite appropriate, allowing the listener to move to any sonnet

he or she desired, or programming the order of appearance. If not, the cassette will do. I give this one eight (musical) phobias, an auditory experience not to be missed by the Lovecraft fan. Come on, F&B, give us more!

(Order from Fedogan & Bremer, 700 Washington Ave., Suite 50, S.E., Minneapolis, MN 55414)



The Hound Of Shadow

**Lovecraftian computer game (MS-DOS)
Electronic Arts, around \$17.95
reviewed by Jeff Carey**

Long before this recent foray of Lovecraft inspired computer games (*Shadow of the Comet*, *Alone in the Dark*, *Legacy*, *Realm of Terror*), a little game called *The Hound of Shadow* cropped up. Little is an operative term in this day of 60MB operating systems, and 5 - 25 MB games. *Hound* comfortably resides on a single 1.44MB floppy—after installation! (A word about installation - *Hound* comes only on 5.25" disks, and only for IBM to my knowledge. 3.5" users, install it on a dual floppy machine and then copy the whole directory to a single 3.5" floppy for transfer.) The svelteness of the game can be accounted for by its lack of sound and scant illustrations. Users of older systems will, no doubt, find this a reprieve in today's "What, you don't have a 486 with 12MB of RAM? Ha ha ha!" world (note the author claims almost total ignorance of the placid island of Macintosh users - don't worry, DOS 6.4567 will get the bugs out...)

What illustrations there are best used in the character generation stage (or where you "Die Spielfigur erschaffen" as the game's trilingual box reads). Despite copy-right notices to the contrary, this is where *Hound* seems most like CoC in its mechanics. You point (with a big cartoon hand, no less!) to a man or woman to select gender. Then you point to the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack to specify your character's country of origin. Then you specify profession, age, name, etc. To pick skills, a bar at the bottom of the screen indicates the "fund" of skill points. You point to a

sliding bar beneath skill icons until your fund is used up (but you can't assign points to the "Corrupt Knowledge" (read Cthulhu Mythos) icon - which is the cutest little icon of the big C). After this very CoC like generation (you know a character sheet program with this interface would be great!), you read a little intro and go off to a séance.

From this point on, the basically monochrome illustrations depict the places described in the text and are, on the whole, somewhat superfluous (the program lets those text-only users skip the pictures entirely). The game is research intensive and text driven. The text interface, which "recognizes" English, often spits out things like "I didn't understand that." If you get too lost, just like in a "real" CoC game, someone crops up to offer directions or moves you on your way. Unfortunately, in many cases the only productive action is to "Wait."

Having not completed the game, I can't say if it does fulfill the dread feelings that are hinted at early on. Despite its technical drawbacks, it seems like the story might be okay. If you can find it, give it a try - and have patience. Four phobias and a mild shock.



**Keeper's Compendium
Rules Expansions, New Tomes,
Notes on Mythos Races,
Exotic Places, and Secret Cults
Chaosium, Inc. \$12.95
reviewed by Jeffery Douglas**

Designing your own CoC campaign? If so, Chaosium's *Keeper's Compendium* should be your next purchase. *Keeper's Compendium* contains 78 pages of in-depth background information on the Cthulhu Mythos. Although written with a 1920s skew, the information contained therein can be easily applied to any era. "The Mythos is in fact, timeless," the introduction tells us. Indeed it is.

The book is arranged in four sections: "Forbidden Books," "Secret Cults," "Alien Races," and "Mysterious Places."

In "Forbidden Books," we are treated to detailed information on a variety of Mythos tomes, most notably (of course) the *Necronomicon*. No other Mythos

tome's coverage comes close to the *Necronomicon*'s three-plus pages. However, if you feel the *Necronomicon* is over-used in your CoC scenarios, there is more than enough information here to flesh out other Mythos tome ideas. The suggested spell list at the end of each tome description is certainly useful. Also included are a brief history of the written word and a full page of new Mythos tomes.

Investigators need someone (or something) to investigate. Standing between them and the arcane lore they need to save the world are "Secret Cults" and "Alien Races." The "Secret Cults" section details several organizations, some fictitious (The Nestarian Cult of Cthugha) and some factual (The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn). The cult covered in the greatest detail is the Cult of Cthulhu. Again, if you find Cthulhu over-played (or over-hyped), there are seven other cults detailed here. "Alien Races" covers the Deep Ones, Fungi from Yuggoth, Ghouls, Insects from Shagghai, Serpent People, and the Voormis in detail. The Old Ones are discussed only briefly.

Tired of sending investigators to the Middle East? Why not send them to K'n-Yan? Or even Atlantis or Hyperborea? There are fourteen "Mysterious Places" outlined here, including Kadath and R'lyeh. Although there isn't enough stand-alone information provided for a Keeper to create an accurate depiction of the places described, a Keeper could certainly decide whether or not a location is right for his or her campaign.

Keeper's Compendium revises and appends previously published articles to produce a better, overall picture of the Cthulhu Mythos. As such, it is a useful tool for shaping scenarios and campaigns. Experienced Keepers may find that much of the information here is available in out-of-print CoC books. *Keeper's Compendium* rates six out of ten phobias, seven for novice Keepers.



**For Faerie, Queen and Country
Amazing Engine Universe Book
TSR, Inc., \$18.00
reviewed by John Kovalic**

Okay, let's be honest. Last time you checked out the TSR shelf at the local games store, Reagan was probably still getting his feet wet as commander-in-chief.

For Faerie, Queen and Country is a supplement for the company's *Amazing Engine* game system. TSR's multi-genre system itself isn't that amazing — in fact, it's pretty dull — but if you've any interest in *Cthulhu by Gaslight*, you'd do worse than to pick up a copy of this recent addition to its stables.

For Faerie, Queen and Country presents a Victorian Britain that's only a stone's throw away from *Gaslight*, and most of its contents are easily transferable to CoC campaigns. The universe this 128-page book describes is imaginative (cross Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" with some of the very darkest elements of Lewis Carroll), but obviously overt fairy folk skipping along the sidewalks just won't wash in a *Gaslight* setting. Which is where *For Faerie Queen and Country's* weakness in the *Amazing Engine* system becomes its strength as a sourcebook for CoC. The book spends relatively little space describing or presenting mechanics for the very specific social functioning of its Faerie background, and a great deal more on generalities of Victorian British life.

Still, a few game mechanics do make the conversion to CoC relatively easy. There are some character classes that would make, uh, interesting investigators — a civil servant to the rescue, anyone? And some skill listings and descriptions would make fine additions on any Victorian adventurer's resume. Craniometry and Cardsharpping, say, or Protocol: "Your character is trained in the tricky business of official etiquette..."

You have to read through most of *For Faerie, Queen and Country* to glean its potential, however. What's useful for CoC purposes isn't always what's at the top of TSR's list. Tidbits of random information abound, however. Tables of scholarly and military honors, for example. They're shoved at the back of the section dealing with experience points. As is a selection of Orders (Knight of

the Garter, Knight of the Thistle, etc.), that would add flavor to many an English or Scottish adventure.

A section on the fairies themselves follows. Some are more interesting than others: Arkan Sonny, for example, is "a fairy pig, white in color, which is said to bring good luck." Right. But the Brown Man of the Muirs...now **there's** an evening's entertainment. Some of the fairies' physical descriptions are more complete than others, but most of the beasts are quite convertible to CoC statistics, with a bit of work.

The last 30-odd pages of the book, though, represent its real value to *Gaslight* players. "The Glorious British Life" presents a wealth of Victoriana background information. With a few paragraphs on several topics, a real flavor for various aspects of Her Majesty's Empire takes shape. True, you could get more out of reading *Great Expectations*, but this is a decent little primer for the night before a session.

Most of the information is accurate (for gaming purposes, anyway). Information ranging from how much to pay servants, to the nuts and bolts of life in a Victorian city, to outdoor privies, to the dastardly and treacherous "Frogs," (sorry, French) can be found here.

The tone evoked by much of the book is more H.G. Wells than Charles Dickens, but there's plenty to chew on here. *For Faerie, Queen and Country* is one of the more succinct handbooks on Victorian Britain around. It's not perfect for CoC but it has enough going for it to give it six out of ten phobias.



Flicker

Lovecraftian novel by Theodore Roszak
Bantam Books, \$5.99

reviewed by John Tynes

Are you looking for a good Lovecraftian novel, maybe even with a sly Mythos reference as tacit acknowledgement to the informed reader? Are you a film buff — highbrow, lowbrow, or takes-all-comers? Would you like to read a good mystery, with some thoughtful social commentary about the origins of violence in our society thrown in to give

your brain something to chew on?

If you answered "yes" to any of the above questions, you might enjoy this novel. If you answered "yes" to **all** of the above questions (as I did) then hustle down to a largish bookstore and buy this book as fast as you can.

Flicker is a massive conspiracy novel covering almost twenty years of American history (early 1960s to late 1970s). The protagonist is very Lovecraftian: a shy, bookish film student in California who pieces together the proverbial pieces of dissociated knowledge until he makes a horrifying discovery. The subject of his study is a forgotten 1950s B-movie director. The mystery ties together disparate elements including Abdul Alhazred (who else?), the Knights Templar, Orson Welles, the rise of schlock horror/gore movies, and the peculiar properties of any sequence of images that *flickers* at the movie-speed standard of 24 frames per second.

A grounding in cinema theory will no doubt help you enjoy the book, or at least make some of the dialogue less perplexing, but it's not necessary.

As the book nears the end, and the massive conspiracy begins to take concrete form, you get the feeling that this is going to be the Lovecraftian novel to end all Lovecraftian novels (excepting those that are truly Mythos-related, which this one isn't) when the author pulls the rug out from under you and moves the story's scale from the global to the very personal. The final few chapters focus the lens tightly on the main character and the resolution of his investigations, which kills the book's grand Lovecraftian potential but provides an original and quite acceptable approach to the Lovecraftian form.

I loved this book. It's one of the best novels I've read in some years, and it's not some cheesy crap like most of the godawful titles that occupy the horror racks these days. For a Lovecraftian novel, it scores 7 out of 10 phobias (because of the reduction in scale near the end), but as a thrilling, challenging, and honest-to-god thought-provoking novel it hits a solid 9 and delivers the goods. 



Mysterious Manuscript:

"The Lost Notebook of Diedrich Knickerbocker"

Mysterious Manuscripts is a regular feature that examines a staple of CoC gaming: tomes of eldritch lore.

"They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols."

— Washington Irving,
"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" (1820)

The Lost Notebook of Diedrich Knickerbocker, circa 1808 (published 1986 by Tarrytown Press, New York), English, +3 Cthulhu Mythos, -1D6 SAN, x2 spell multiplier. **Spells:** Summon Headless Spectre, Summon Storm Ship, Contact Nyarlathotep, Contact Shub-Niggurath, Sleep Potion, Wandering Curse.

Diedrich Knickerbocker was an old gentleman of New York well versed in New England folklore and history. His *History of the State of New York*, presented to the world by his protege Washington Irving, was one of the first major American works of literature. Irving's claim to fame became secure after he found and adapted in story form the papers Knickerbocker entitled "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Knickerbocker, in arrears, vanished mysteriously one day in 1808, and the papers found in his room were published by the owner of the house, in the hopes of making up for the lost rent.

There were many papers and notebooks left behind by the old man, much more than could be printed in one or two volumes. Washington Irving obtained most of them, but one black book was overlooked when the elderly gentleman's property was boxed up, and it remained in an attic in Kinderhook, New York, until it was discovered by Albert Van Winkle in 1985 (although it is possible the book was found and read by others in the two intervening

centuries).

The *Lost Notebook* is not a collection of folktales; rather, it is an annotation of earlier accounts gathered by Knickerbocker, corrected and expanded in light of his researches in the Miskatonic University library.

From the book:

"The Kaatskills have always been a region of fable, controlled by the powers of the air. In this small branch of the great Appalachian family have God-fearing folk encountered a veritable Bestiary of direful spectres: the protean Manitou of Garden Lake; the Storm Ship of the Tappan Zee, at which cannon have quite uselessly been fired; the White Woman of Raven Rock, who shrieks on winter nights before a storm; and the Galloping Hessian of Sleepy Hollow, who rides nightly in search of his head."

It is not known when Dr. Knickerbocker visited M.U., but this visit was probably late in his career, as the revision of his earlier works appears to be his last project before his curious disappearance. An example of his annotations concerns the Irving tale known as "The Devil and Tom Walker," originally a simple "deal with the Devil" story:

"Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither Negro nor Indian."

Knickerbocker reveals that this was not the Devil, as the good folk of old New York would have it, but "Nawa-Lato-Tep", whom he believes to be a Native American spirit. Obviously this is Nyarlathotep, the "Dark Man" of certain witch cults. Then there is the fate of Tom's shrewish wife:

"... As he scrambled up the tree the



vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but, woeful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it. . . it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and several handfuls of hair."

Mrs. Walker, according to Knickerbocker's revisionist history, was annihilated by "a Demon like a leprous black goat with a thousand legs." This is an obvious reference to Shub-Niggurath or one of its Dark Young.

Other things explained by Knickerbocker: Rip Van Winkle was not simply asleep for twenty years, he existed in a "veritable World of Dreams," obviously HPL's Dreamlands. The gnomes he encountered were Hendrick Hudson and his crew, dead in the real world but existing as gnomes in Dreamland (much as Richard Upton Pickman became a ghoul in *Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*). The famed Headless Horseman, as well as the

decapitated girl in Irving's "The Adventure of the German Student," who has to keep her head tied to her neck, were animated corpses empowered by "wizards who dwell 'neath the earth," probably a reference to the underground civilization of "The Mound," by HPL and Zealia Bishop, who did indeed employ as guards living corpses missing heads and sometimes other body parts.

Knickerbocker also describes numerous legendary creatures and entities of New England: The griffonesque Leeds or Jersey Devil; the *Flying Dutchman*-like Storm Ship; Lithobolia, the Stone-Throwing Devil; the Sasquatch-like Kiwakwe of the Penobscot Indians; the Ramapo Salamander; and the mischievous Manitou, who "would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho!" These entities can be given powers and descriptions at the gamekeeper's discretion.

New Magic

SLEEP POTION: This liquor, according to the story "Rip Van Winkle," has "much the flavor of an excellent Hollands." It is made from berries from both Dreamland and Earth. Dreamland creatures imbibing it can manifest themselves in the waking world, as, for example, the gnomes of "Rip." An inhabitant of Earth must make a SAN roll each time he or she imbibes, or else he/she will fall into a comatose state that will last 3D10 years, unless the victim is found and awakened. In the meantime, the victim will exist in the Dreamlands. If killed in the Dreamlands, he or she will awaken screaming immediately, losing 3D10 SAN.

SUMMON HEADLESS SPECTRE: May only be cast at night, in a graveyard or other place of death. The summoner must dress up like a Headless Spectre. There are reports that people dressing like one, to frighten or fool others, have sometimes summoned the real thing accidentally. 1D3 SAN.

Headless Spectre

These are revenants of people who have died suddenly, by having their heads chopped off or otherwise destroyed. They are more physical than normal ghosts, but they can sink into and rise out of their resting places without disturbing the soil, and they must return to their graves at dawn. Between sundown and sunup they wander the land, seeking their heads, or, those being unavailable, other people's heads. Some ride huge black warhorses which can also sink into the earth at will, and which are forced to do so at sunrise. Neither the spectre nor its steed can cross running water.

Stats

STR	3D6+10	CON	4D6+6
SIZ	2D6+6	INT	3D6
POW	4D6	DEX	3D6
Move	10		

Weapon	Attack %	Damage
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Sabre	35%	1D8+db*
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Jack o' Lantern	50%	2D6 fire
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*if it impales, the victim must make a Luck roll or he/she will be decapitated.

SAN: 0/1D6

SUMMON STORM SHIP: This spell can be cast only on an overcast day,

within a mile of an ocean or inlet. A small model of a sailing vessel is required for the casting, as are 10 MPs. The Storm Ship will appear out over the ocean and sail through the air like a balloon. It can sail over rivers and up to five miles inland. Its spectral crew will take the summoner or another aboard and carry them to the Dreamlands. A second casting is required to return.

WANDERING CURSE: This spell requires three hours of incessant pacing around an inscribed pentagram. If he recipient of the curse fails a POW vs. POW resistance roll, he or she will rise one morning, dress normally, then step out the door and walk away, leaving his or her family and possessions behind. He/she will not have any real goal, but will be skillful at avoiding capture, should anyone follow. Knickerbocker himself seems to have fallen under this curse, and it appears to be the source of many disappearances in the modern era.

The Wandering Curse is accompanied by a minor form of amnesia; if questioned, the cursed one will remember his or her name and family and place of origin, but it will not occur to the unfortunate amnesiac to go home.

There is a chance (3 per cent per magic point expended) that the cursed one is following a path of sorts — straight into the arms/tentacles of a Cthulhoid entity (keeper's choice), which will be waiting in some out of the way place. This spell costs at least 6 MPs, but the caster can expend more to increase the above possibility. The SAN cost is 1D6.

An Aside

An interesting aside on the Van Winkles: Rip Gardiner (1788–1854), the son of Rip Van Winkle's daughter Judith [mentioned in the story], anglicized his name to "Gardner" and grew up to captain a whaling vessel, the *Rachel*. He nearly lost his only son at sea, as described in Melville's *Moby-Dick*. His son, Nahum Gardner (1830–1883), fell out of love with whaling after this episode and moved inland, to the area that is now the Blasted Heath Reservoir near Arkham. Nahum, his wife, and their three sons were obliterated in 1883 by what is described as "the Colour out of Space" in certain documents found in the closed section of Miskatonic University Library. ☞





A Tale Of Terror: "Babysitter Wanted: No Experience Necessary"

A Tale of Terror is a short plot idea with three different possibilities to use. Mixing & matching elements from different Tales is a good way to come up with a creative scenario on short notice; alternately, they make excellent diversions or sub-plots in a lengthy campaign. Mine them for ideas.

The investigators are approached by a man from a small fishing village named Platanos in Greece. He has been sent as a representative to find help for his people. On the nights when the fog rolls in off the Aegean Sea, people in the area are viciously murdered in their homes and their children are taken. A dozen men and women have been slain so far. Close to twice that number of children are missing. The simple and terrified villagers believe it is the work of Baron Vassilikos, a "vrykolakas" (Greek vampire) who was reportedly destroyed in 1729.

Possibilities

1) An old witch, Ouspenskya, placed a curse upon the area in 1750 when local physicians were unable to come up with a cure for a plague which was killing young children. Claiming that the physicians did not care about the lives of the young, she swore that one day the children who had died from the plague would rise from their graves and walk again. They would take other children

away with them and kill any adults who challenged them. They move about only at night, in the midst of a thick, clinging fog. The curse can only be lifted by finding the paper on which it was written and reciting it backwards.

2) The Baron Vassilikos is alive once again. A ruthless, maniacal fiend, he was known throughout the region as "Baron Blood," due to his inhuman cruelty. An architectural student studying the remains of Castle Vassilikos accidentally brought the vampire back to life. The student paid for his blunder with his blood. Now Vassilikos has begun his reign of terror over the village again, this time stealing children and turning them into an horrific army of the undead.

3) The children are being taken by a tribe of Deep Ones in the Aegean Sea. Homes are raided, adults killed, and the children spirited away by the Deep Ones. They keep the children on an island off the coast where they are planning a massive and powerful sacrifice that will free an imprisoned Star Spawn of Cthulhu. ☸





Esoterica



Nan Matol

Gary Thomas

Nan Matol is special to *Call of Cthulhu*. This ruined city in the Western Pacific, resting on the largest of the Carline Islands, is a place which the readers of Lovecraft's "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" recall with a chill of excitement — Ponape. The Esoteric Order of Dagon, the mysterious *Ponape Scriptures*, the evil Marsh family who married strange brides from this strange South Sea Island...Lovecraft chose wisely for the home of the evil Deep Ones, a place rich in mystery.

Despite the familiarity of the name, few people commonly know much about Ponape. 164 square miles (426 sq. km.) of jungle island, it lies about 1200 miles (2000 km) north of Australia and 4000 miles (6800 km) south-west of Hawaii, surrounded on all sides by other small island chains. The original settlers were the Micronesians, the same people who populated Hawaii, Papua and Fiji. They came from the east in outrigger canoes from other island chains like the Marshall Islands. At first consisting only of small fishing colonies, the island kingdom grew to a population of eight thousand by 1400 AD.

About that time (while Chaucer wrote *The Canterbury Tales*, and Henry V fought the French at Agincourt) there rose amongst the prosperous tribal

fishermen a chief who made himself king over all the other chiefs, and called himself "Satalur" or emperor. The Satalur began the construction of a special temple to house the sacred Turtle god as well as the other divine beings of Ponapean Mythology. The holy city grew with each new ruler and is the ruin we know today as Nan Matol. For four hundred years the temples were used until, shortly before the Europeans came, some great mysterious event emptied the holy city, leaving it to rot in the jungle.

The first Europeans to sight Ponape were the Spanish, under Alvaro de Mendana. Mendana and his crew searched for "Terra Australis," the Unknown Southland, which was thought to fill the entire Southern Hemisphere. Their four ships left Peru in 1595, discovering the Solomon Islands, where Mendana died. One ship, the *San Pedro*, continued under Fernandez de Quiros, who sighted Ponape on December 23, 1595, while trying to reach Manila. Quiros traded peacefully with the natives, then sailed back to Guam.

The next European to visit Ponape was an Irish sailor, James O'Connell, who was shipwrecked in 1826. O'Connell lived on the island for eleven years, in which time he married and fathered two children. He also visited Nan Matol. Once rescued and returned to England, O'Connell wrote a book with a section about the forgotten city, making him the first European to record its existence.

In O'Connell's book *The Life of James*

F. O'Connell, Pacific Adventurer (1853), he describes how Ponape was divided into five kingdoms: Jokaz in the north, U in the northeast, Metalanim in the southeast, Net in the south and Kit (or Kiti) in the west. These five separate kingdoms were no longer ruled by a single Satalur, but separate warring chieftans.

O'Connell's book is responsible for more misinformation than hard fact for it started a wave of fanciful speculation. Fortunately, other Europeans visited Ponape in the late 1800s, including the Thilenius expedition of 1908-10 which set out to study all of Micronesia. From that expedition, Paul Hambruch began research that would eventually lead to the three-volume *Ponape*, published between 1933 and 1936. Since the study was written in German, it did not immediately curtail the wild theories begun by O'Connell's readers.

What Hambruch did learn was that there had been twelve Satalurs, and perhaps one of the earliest had built Nan Matol. A portion of the island which includes Nan Matol, Metalanim, was conquered by the king of the neighboring island of Kusae, who refused to pay the Satalur's tribute. These new rulers called themselves the Nan-Markis. Their usurping of the holy city eventually led the people to split into five different groups — those that James O'Connell had found in 1826.

Not all of Ponape's visitors were as peaceful as James O'Connell. The Russians fought with the locals when they tried to sail a longboat into Kiti harbor

Esoterica is a new feature that will hopefully continue for some time. Each issue, Esoterica will feature various authors' insights into the Mythos and the themes of the game that do not deal directly with game stats, adventure ideas, etc.

in 1828. A British crew was massacred on the beach, and the natives were slaughtered in retaliation. The Confederate raider *CSS. Shenandoah* destroyed Yankee whaling ships resting in Ponape's lagoon. Whalers, deserters, and beach-combers came to the island along with American and Spanish missionaries. Rats and pigs displaced the local fauna. With the whites came disease and assimilation. The original population dropped to a mere one-hundredth of its former size in little over a century. The native culture, like that of other Pacific islands, was lost forever.

Control of the Carolines has changed many times amongst the Western powers. First declared Spanish territory, the islands were seized by the Americans during the Spanish-American War, but were returned after the conflict. Spain sold the islands to Germany. The German rule was so unpopular that the Ponapeans revolted in 1910. The rebellion was ruthlessly crushed and the leaders hung. Shortly after, the Japanese annexed the area during the First World War, only to lose them to the U.S. in the Second World War. The Carolines have been under U.S. control since 1944.

The Site

Nan Matol does not rest on the main island of Ponape but on a small island in Metalanim Harbor called Temuen. The island is naturally flat, unlike most of Ponape, and perhaps was chosen for this reason. The uninhabited isle when O'Connell visited it was covered with fruit trees and jungle, whose product lay rotting and unclaimed. The local guide could not remember who had built the ruins, saying they were the work of fearful spirits.

O'Connell in his treatise called Nan Matol "The Venice of the Pacific," with good reason. The site is criss-crossed with natural canals which rise and drop with the tides. Mangroves and other tropical trees grow along the watery channels. The temples and inner harbor are separated from the ocean by a northern and eastern breakwater, and entirely surrounded by a barrier of

stones. These are made of the same material as the habitations, prismatic basalt. Prismatic basalt is a multi-sided rock produced by crystallization deep in the ground, and forced to the surface by lava. This "grey stone" is similar to the rock used in other famous ruins such as The Giant's Causeway in Ireland.

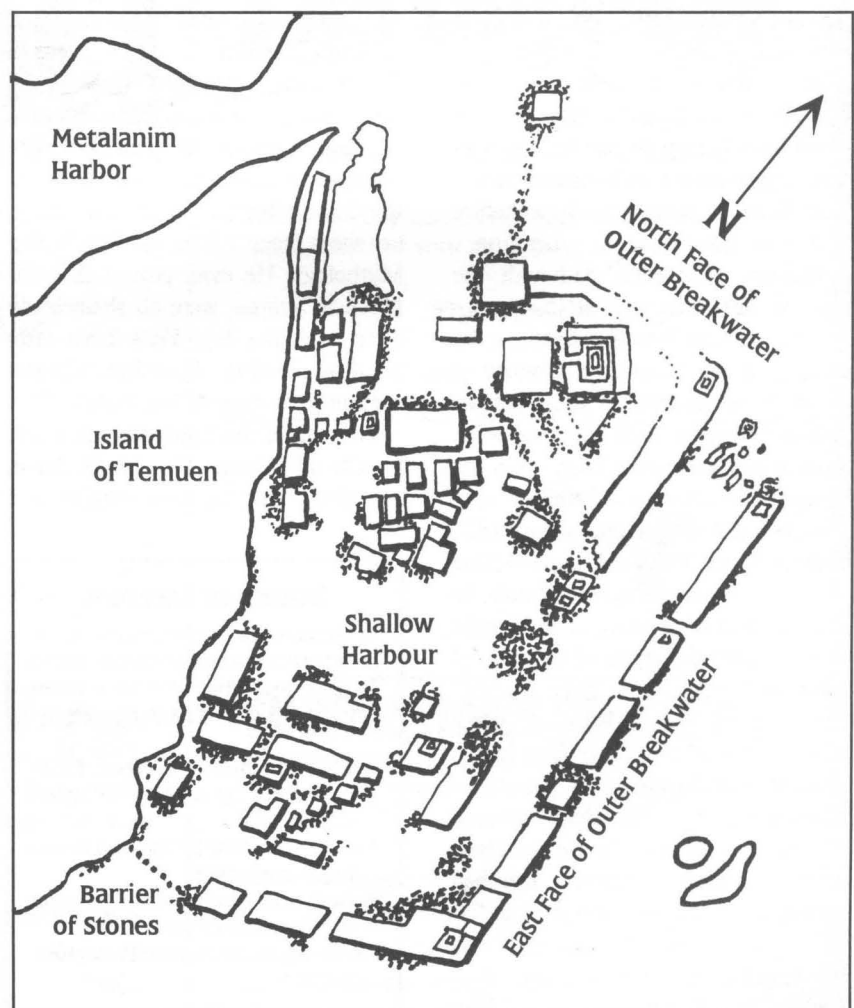
The natives quarried their basalt in Jokaz, 15 miles (24 km) along the northeast coast of Ponape, breaking the long tubes of rock off into the desired lengths, and rafted them to Temuen. The evidence along the sea bottom suggests not all the rafts arrived safely.

Once at Nan Matol, the stone logs were stacked to form walls, much like timbers in a log cabin. To these bare walls no plaster or finish was added, leaving large gaps (some as large as a human head). No hieroglyphs or literary markings were cut into the stones. The

overall effect is one of simple crudity. Nan Matol is not an architectural achievement of some lost race as early speculators thought.

The different buildings within the boundary of the stone barrier served many varied purposes. Some were temples to the different deities. Other buildings formed the home of the Satalur, who along with his family and the priests of the different cults were the only people to dwell at Nan Matol. One section served as the crypt of the dead Satalurs, with walls over 30 feet (9 m) high, as well as the home of the acolytes of the Sacred Turtle.

Like most cities, Nan Matol grew slowly. Each new Satalur added to the holy temples and widened the natural inlets into canals, lining the waterways with stone. In four centuries the small island went from jungle to a walled city



with several harbors — only to be abandoned mysteriously.

Creepy Connections

Lemuria: Ponape had its own supernatural history, long before Lovecraft tied it to the Cthulhu Mythos. In fact, it is this reputation that probably made him select it as the source of Innsmouth's troubles. With the publication of O'Connell's book, speculations about the island of Temuen and its forgotten city ran like wildfire through European society. Some speculators claimed it to be the actual Garden of Eden from which Adam and Eve were cast out. But more popular was the idea that Nan Matol was the remains of a vast Pacific empire known as Lemuria.

The original idea of Lemuria came not from the mystics, but the scientists. William T. Blandford noted that landforms in India and South America shared a common form. He proposed the idea that a land-bridge might have existed there at one time. A German biologist, Ernst Heinrich Hæckel used Blandford's theory to explain the distribution of lemurs in both Africa and Asia. From Hæckel, this hypothetical land mass got its name — Lemuria.

Madame Blavatsky: Although the ideas of these men were serious scientific propositions, it took a mystic — the greatest of the Nineteenth Century — to put these concepts to use. Madame Helena Blavatsky (1831–1891) was a con artist of no mean talent. Early on in her life she had been a circus bareback rider, a professional pianist, and a spiritualist medium. In the 1870s she came to New York City from her native Russia, to play mistress to a string of influential people. Under the guise of mystic and persecuted virgin, the large middle-aged woman mixed Western magic with a confused version of East Indian philosophy and established the Theosophical Society (1875) which espoused insights directly from the divine. These insights, Blavatsky claimed, she had learned from the Mahatmas of India.

Touring the world, Blavatsky sold her brand of parlor-room magic in a book, *The Secret Doctrine* (1888).

Blavatsky said the book was adopted from a mystical tome belonging to the Mahatmas, called *The Book of Dzyan*. In *The Secret Doctrine*, Blavatsky incorporated the Atlantis and Lemuria ideas along with that other great mythological city, Hyperborea. She proposed that human evolution, through seven races, is progressing through seven stages or planes. The first stage was that of an astral form of jellyfish. The second stage took place in Hyperborea, which sank when Lemuria was raised. The third stage took the form of hermaphroditic apes who created a vast empire called Lemuria, which in turn sank and raised Atlantis. Some of the Lemurians fled to South America and Africa, becoming the progenitors of the Incas and the Egyptians, both pyramid-builders. The present-day humans are the fifth race, to be followed by a future sixth race in America, and the seventh and final race in South America.

Blavatsky's incomprehensible gibberish had and still has many supporters, even despite William Emmette Coleman's exposure of how HPB (as she was known by her friends) had stolen her ideas from a book on East Indian Mythology. He even proved that her Mystical Stanzas were all shamelessly lifted from the *Rig-Veda*. Even after her death in 1891, Blavatsky's believers continued to support her ideas.

The Cult of the Turtle God: So much for the speculators. Nan Matol did at one time have its own religion and

supernatural history. Nan Matol's solitary reason for being was religious worship. The only people who lived there were the king (and his family) and the priests who served the numerous dieties. Of these we know of only one by name — Nansunsap, the Turtle God.

Once a year, the priests of Nan Matol would select a turtle to serve as holy mascot. The turtle was kept in a special estate until the end of the year. The animal was then annointed in coconut oil, bedecked with jewelry and floated about the canals of Nan Matol in a boat, with one priest staring at it the entire time. Every time the turtle blinked, the priest did likewise. The animal was killed by smashing its shell with a club, then cut up, cooked in a ritual feast, and fed to the king and the priests of the cult.

The desertion of Nan Matol, according to the Thilenius expedition's research, was caused by the Sacred Turtle feast. One year during the reign of the Nan-Marki Luk-En-Mueiu (around the year 1800 AD), one of the holy acolytes did not receive his portion of the holy meat. The priest became enraged and rained down such curses and blasphemies upon the whole of Nan Matol that the entire island was vacated that night. The ceremony had been profaned and was abandoned.

The Dragon of Jokaz: Of the other possible cults that existed at Nan Matol, an earlier myth tells of a dragon (or giant lizard) that lived in Jokaz who gave birth to two beautiful girls. After these girls were married to the Satalur, they begged him to let their mother come to live at Nan Matol. The dragon moved into one of the many buildings, digging out the canals of the holy island in the process. When the king saw his mother-in-law for the first time, he burned her up in her house. The two wives were so stricken by his actions that they threw themselves into the flames. The Satalur, in his own grief, did likewise.

Ponape and the Mythos

So how does the Mythos fit into all of this? HPL indicated that Ponape was

Books of Interest

In recent years many fantasy novels have been set in Lemuria, like Lin Carter's *Thongor* books. Here are some tomes that may be of interest to Keepers:

The Life of James F. O'Connell, Pacific Adventurer by James F. O'Connell (1854)

The Secret Doctrine by Madame Helena P. Blavatsky (1888)

A Dweller on Two Planets by Frederick Spenser Oliver (1898)

Ponape (3 vols.) by Paul Hambruch (1932–36)

heavily tied to the surrounding Deep One population, and in the game visitors to Ponape might well find themselves facing dire consequences if they go poking around where they shouldn't. The peaceful facade of the missionaries' presence should be good for some misdirection as well.

The legend of the Dragon of Jokaz is tailor-made for Deep One influence. The idea that the king's wives were tainted with the blood of a dragon, and therefore were unclean, sounds very much like the Deep One taint of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth." Perhaps rulers since that king have been better-disposed towards such circumstances.

Another story that is ripe for use in CoC is that of a German Pole named Johann Stanislaus Kubary. Kubary vis-

ited Ponape in the 1800s and wrote a lengthy manuscript on Ponape's history, based on local informants — a practice that had become exceedingly difficult with the loss of local culture to European and American missionaries. Kubary had four wives, all on different islands. He committed suicide before the publication of his work when one of his wives ran off with another man. The manuscript was passed down as a family heirloom, but accidentally destroyed in a fire in the 1930s.

That's what history tells us, at least. But a CoC adventure could easily assume that the reasons for Kubary's suicide had more to do with the genealogy of his wives (and the contents of his manuscript) than with a failed romance. Quite possibly his rela-

tives or friends tried to cover up the truth, but held on to his terrible manuscript in secret until it was destroyed by fire. A scenario in which the investigators search for this manuscript and encounter some of Kubary's descendants could have real promise.

In summation, Ponape in the fictional setting of the Mythos is an island whose population is actively involved with Deep Ones in the area. Ponape cultists would be operating in secret, right under the noses of the missionaries. Their secret rites would have survived better than anyone realizes, and they could still present a credible threat. And if all those Europeans could somehow be driven away... 

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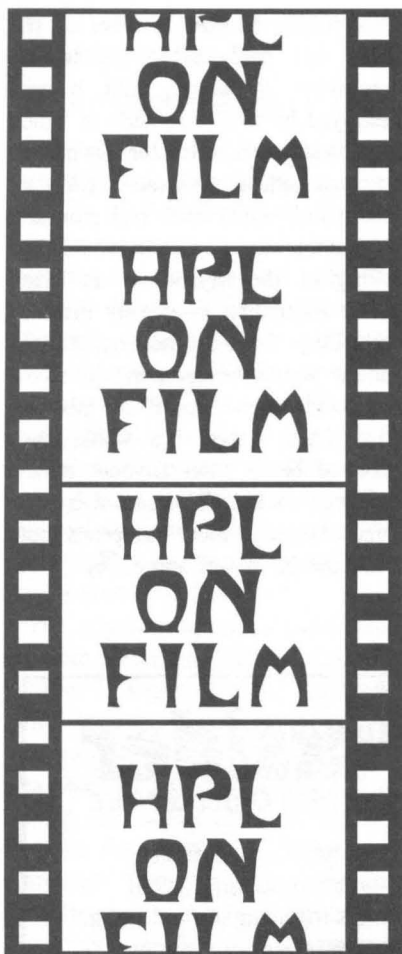
Tales of Terror

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Kevin A. Ross

Lovecraft on film. On the surface such an essay would seem a fairly short and simple list of half-hearted exploitation pictures. But there's more to Lovecraftian cinema than the handful of films that draw directly on the Old Gent's works. There have been many other horror and science fiction films produced in the last 30 years which have touched on the Lovecraftian themes and motifs of cosmic horror, extra-dimensional beings, haunted local history, and the ever-popular nihilistic isolation of humanity.

What follows then, is a brief guide to Lovecraftian elements in film, whether specifically based on his works, or using Lovecraftian names, or just touching on his philosophical outlook. The result is an interesting combination, ranging from the

big-budget mainstream comedy **Ghostbusters**, to schlocky exploitation fare like **Forever Evil**. There are even a few good movies in here.

For those interested, entries marked (V) are available on videocassette.

ALIEN, 1979 (V): A very scary horror/sf film, with creatures based on the night-marish art of H.R. Giger (who claims to be heavily influenced by Lovecraft). Basically a haunted house story in space, the beautifully-designed monsters redeem the film from its tired plot. The android Ash's description of the alien's monstrous perfection applies to any number of Lovecraft's fictional entities as well. While satisfying in their own ways, the film's sequels deal more with militarism and the aliens as just plain monsters, and thus have offer less in the way of HPLian themes.

BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR, 1990 (V): This sequel to one of the better modern Lovecraft films probably owes as much to Mary Shelley and the Frankenstein myth/films as it does to HPL, though miraculously it does contain a couple of scenes actually derived from Lovecraft's Herbert West story-cycle. Having survived the first carnage-fest, Drs. West and Cain use their life giving reagent to build new life as opposed to merely re-animating the dead as before. Dr. Hill is again on hand (or on head?) as their disembodied antagonist. While this one lurches a bit from scene to scene, it's still better than most contemporary horror films, particularly in its opening and closing scenes.

CAST A DEADLY SPELL, 1991 (V): This nice-looking semi-comic film suffers from a hopeless mish-mash of ideas clamoring for attention. In a post-WWII world where magic, werewolves, vampires, zombies, gremlins (!), and such exist, a film noirish detective named H. Phillip Lovecraft is involved in a search for the Necronomicon. Lovecraft's name and mythos are needlessly dragged into an already occult-filled scenario. A few clever comedic touches and one good monster can't save this one from its predictable ending.

THE CRIMSON CULT, 1968 (V): Known by several similar titles, this film features

Christopher Lee, Boris Karloff, and Barbara Steele in an alleged (and not very good) adaptation of "The Dreams in the Witch-House." This plodding film relocates Lovecraft's tale to England, and omits Brown Jenkin and the Black Man — and pretty much anything else of interest. A few very fleeting atmospheric moments, but Barbara Steele does look great in green makeup and ram's horns. **CTHULHU MANSION**, 1992 (V): Terrible, terrible film, with only the most off-hand references to HPL (a book titled Cthulhu and that eldritch name in the wrought iron gate of the titular house). Some thugs kidnap the wrong magician and hold him in his house of horrors, until all are picked off one by one by various nasties. Frank Finlay is wasted here. On cable recently as **Black Magic Mansion**. **THE CURSE**, 1987 (V): A weak adaptation of "The Colour Out of Space". While it relocates the tale to Tennessee farm country fairly seamlessly, it rapidly degenerates into an avalanche of ridiculously graphic organic burstings (worms erupt from a cow, bloody goo oozes from sliced vegetables, etc.). Not as bad as it could have been, nor as bad as what has followed: avoid all sequels to this film as if they were the plague.

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER (aka **THE SECT**), 1991 (V): An Italian witchcraft flick co-scripted by Dario Argento and starring Jamie Lee Curtis' sister Kelly. A clumsy and largely incoherent rehash of Rosemary's Baby, as a Satanic cult puts Ms. Curtis through a demonic virgin birth. Features some bizarre and incomprehensible imagery, a murderous Manson-like cultist, and a few Lovecraftian references (Shub-Niggurath, He Who is Not to Be Named, etc.). "Huh?"—inducing.

DIE, MONSTER, DIE!, 1965 (V): An earlier, only half-watchable adaptation of "The Colour Out of Space," this time with Boris Karloff. Karloff, a wooden Nick Adams and a strident Patrick Magee are wasted here. A creepy greenhouse zoo full of radioactive mutants is the most effective scene. Karloff is reduced to a lumbering silver-skinned monster at the end.

THE DUNWICH HORROR, 1970 (V): The casting is suspect, to say the least (Sandra Dee as a Lovecraftian hero-

ine?!), and the briefly-glimpsed monster is uninspired, but there's a certain guilty charm to this one. The screenplay and direction rely far too heavily on heavy breathing and psychedelia and far too little on HPL's story for the film to work. Crowleyian magical rituals are very prominently featured. The animated opening sequence is nice though.

EQUINOX (aka **THE BEAST**), 1971 (V): An enjoyable microbudget forerunner to the *Evil Deads*, with WKRP's Frank Bonner and the late fantasist Fritz Leiber in a tale of a demon-summoning book. The plot frequently stumbles and the acting is even more wooden than *Die, Monster, Die!*, but the stop motion monsters (including a winged demon and a land-squid) are great.

THE EVIL DEAD I & II, 1983 & 1987 (V): Using the Book of the Dead (a prop designed by *Call of Cthulhu* artist Tom Sullivan), meddling humans unwittingly awaken ancient Sumerian demons in the backwoods. Both films are relentlessly gory and chock-full of cartoony violence. II is simply I with a bigger budget, but both are worth a look. The third film in the series, **Army of Darkness** (1993), transplants the main character to medieval times, where he does battle with hordes of animated skeletal horrors.

FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH (aka **QUATERMASS AND THE PIT**), 1968: A brilliant sci-fi/horror flick about long dead Martian insects who altered human evolution in the prehistoric past. When one of their spacecraft is unearthed in London, their powers resurface with catastrophic results. One of the most influential genre films, and arguably the best example of Lovecraftian themes on film to date. The punchline: humanity owes its darkest impulses to the intervention of the Martians; as it's stated in the film "WE are the Martians now." Based on a 3-hour British TV serial from the 1950s (which is available on VC), the Hammer Films theatrical version is still criminally unavailable on video.

FOREVER EVIL, 1987 (V): A dim witchcraft film with Lovecraft references, silly cardboard characters, cheap effects, and a non-existent plot. Still, it has its moments (a couple of clues are

cleverly introduced), but they're hardly worth sitting through the rest for.

FROM BEYOND, 1986 (V): A machine allows humans to experience an alien dimension coexisting alongside our own; unfortunately, things from that dimension can then interact with the humans too. Made by Stuart Gordon and his **Re-Animator** gang, this one tells HPL's story before the opening credits, then takes off from there. Kinky sex, great monsters and effects, but dumb dialogue. Nevertheless, a worthy follow-up to **Re-Animator**.

GHOSTBUSTERS, 1984 (V): Smart-alecky, occasionally spooky fun. The Lovecraftian elements include Rick Moranis' eldritch babblings (sounding something like a passage from a Lin Carter pastiche), the creepy building lore (calling to mind echoes of Fritz Leiber's novel *Our Lady of Darkness*), and the extra-dimensional ending. Avoid the sequel.

THE HAUNTED PALACE, 1963 (V): Roger Corman's passable adaptation of *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, disguised as a Poe movie (the title poem is from "The Fall of the House of Usher"). Vincent Price ably plays the dual roles of Ward and his evil ancestor Joseph Curwen. To the film's detriment, however, Corman drops the resurrection elements of HPL's tale and concentrates instead on the revenge angle. Very atmospheric and definitely worth a look.

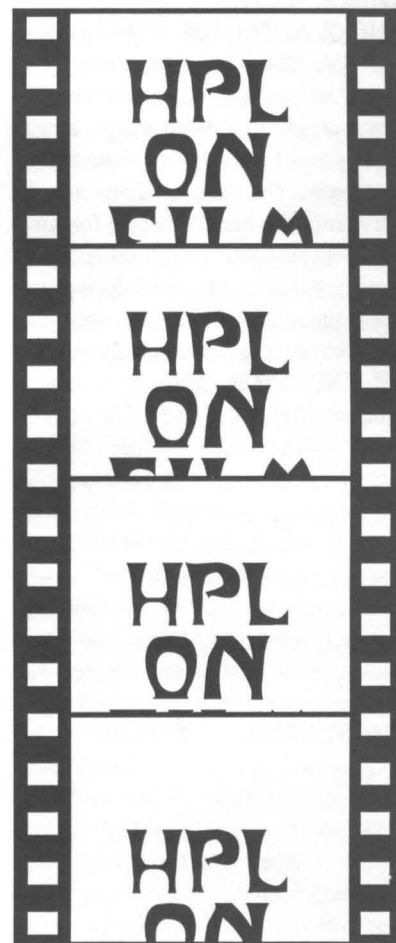
HORROR HOTEL, 1960 (V): A witchcraft shocker with Christopher Lee sporting an excellent American "accent." A college professor (Lee) sends a student to a Massachusetts town haunted by a long-dead witch and her undead followers. Incredibly atmospheric, with more fog than any 10 films from this list. Available from some specialty video dealers.

LIFEFORCE, 1985 (V): Naked space vampires destroy much of London. Actually it's much better than it sounds, and a lot of gruesome destructive fun. Very loosely based on Colin Wilson's pseudo-Mythos novel *The Space Vampires*, this is one of the films that occasionally calls to mind scenes and elements from the Quatermass movies. The scenes of London's destruction are quite compelling, and the true forms of the vampires

are nicely horrific.

THE MANITOU, 1977 (V): An occasionally-engaging all-star adaptation of Graham Masterton's Mythos novel of the same name. Fake medium (Tony Curtis) and good Indian shaman (Michael Ansara) take on centuries old evil Indian shaman Misquamacus (from Derleth and HPL's "Lurker at the Threshold"), reborn from the body of Susan Strasberg. The lighter moments with Curtis' medium act distract from the gruesome developments of Misquamacus' rebirth, and the special effects range from cheesy to your basic post-**Star Wars** light-show. Nevertheless, there are a few moments of true menace here.

THE MAZE, 1953: Crude but atmospheric 50s fare, with an ancestral curse, a Scottish castle complete with secret passage, and no real monsters at all. Filmed in 3D, with the usual 3D gimmicks (a dancer whirled in your face, a bat swoops by



on strings, etc.). Worth a look if you like atmosphere, but very few shocks. The titular hedge maze — with its central pool — is an interesting device, but used much more successfully in Kubrick's **The Shining**. The acting and characterizations are stilted, and while the pathos developed toward it is commendable, the monster itself is perhaps the most disappointing creation this author has ever seen. Based on the real-life legends of Scotland's Glamis Castle, and Maurice Sandoz's story "The Maze."

PRINCE OF DARKNESS, 1987 (V): John Carpenter's strange blend of sci-fi and horror deals with an alien god (Satan?) attempting to return to Earth from a parallel world on the other side of the mirror. Replete with zombies, weird physics, a crazy priest, and an eerie cannister of swirling green liquid. The physics and conclusion-jumping are hard to swallow sometimes, but otherwise it's creepy and fun. Excellent music score written and performed by Carpenter himself.

THE QUATERMASS CONCLUSION, 1980 (V): Near-future scientists try to figure out how and why extraterrestrial beams are luring teens to ancient megalithic sites and then blasting them to dust. It turns out that distant aliens may be harvesting the Earth's young for some unknown purpose. Though rather slow-moving, Nigel Kneale's final Quatermass tale is thoughtful and nicely-done. The downbeat ending is beautifully moving.

RE-ANIMATOR, 1985 (V): Classic, gruesome fun based on HPL's "Herbert West — Reanimator." If nothing else, this film is almost certainly responsible for the recent outcrop of Lovecraftian films and adaptations. Dr. West concocts a serum which raises the dead — who aren't overly appreciative. Undead right and left, with body parts and blood strewn as far as the eye can see. Not for the squeamish — or the young.

THE RESURRECTED, 1992 (V): An intelligent and surprisingly faithful adaptation of *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, directed by Dan O'Bannon (co-author of **Alien** and **Total Recall**). The resurrection angle is kept intact, and a detective story is effectively used to tie

the whole thing together. One great sequence involves the loss of a light source in a room studded with monster-filled pits. While the acting and climax leave something to be desired, this is probably the best attempt to bring a specific HPL tale to the screen.

THE SHUTTERED ROOM, 1966 (V): A plodding and sickly adaptation of the August Derleth/HPL tale. A couple moves into an inherited home, only to find that the house is occupied by a horribly deformed family member. The plot meanders, there are too many red herrings, and the monster turns out to be a 98-pound weakling scarcely capable of the murders committed throughout the film. On video under the imaginative title **Blood Island**.

THE THING, 1982 (V): John Carpenter's relentless, nihilistic version, with gruesome effects, great monsters, and a downer of an ending. An Antarctic research base is invaded by an alien lifeform which can assume the form of anyone it has absorbed. Scary as hell in places. Screw the critics — HPL would have approved.

TRANSYLVANIA TWIST, 1989 (V): Silly horror-comedy spiced with Lovecraftian names and so-dumb-it's-funny humor. Vampire-hunters, a hunt for a lost inheritance (including the Book of Ulthar — aaauugh!), and the obligatory Lovecraftian demon-summoning (the demon turns out to be the stupid carrot-topped critter from Roger Corman's **It Conquered the World**). Best line: "Vampires I know — this Lovecraft stuff is out of my league." An accurate description of this and many other films on this list.

THE UNNAMABLE, 1988 (V): A terrible, hackneyed adaptation of HPL's story. Stupid college kids go into a haunted house for a college hazing, then get offed one by one by an improbable monster (which *does* have a name). Randolph Carter, looking a lot like a young HPL, does the thing in with some spells from the *Necronomicon*. Ugh. To call this a bad exploitation pic would be the understatement of the decade.

THE UNNAMABLE II: THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER, 1993 (V): While not as bad as its predecessor, this film still proves that some people just can't bring HPL to the screen

effectively. The tale picks up immediately after the first one, and soon dovetails into Lovecraft's subtitled story. All too briefly, however, and even then the cretinous filmmakers omitted the punchline of the tale: "You fool, Warren is dead!" More weird physics and metaphysics are brought in, and the title creature is now divided into the monstrous form from the previous film and a lovely semi-intelligent naked girl. David Warner and John Rhys-Davies are utterly wasted in brief roles. By the time the film ends it's less Randolph Carter and Howard Damon than Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

The above list is by no means complete. A few other HPL-ian flicks are given in an appendix of John McCarty's *Splatter Movie Guide Volume II*. Here we find two mysterious titles: **Beyond Dream's Door** and **The Curse of the Blue Lights**. Neither is based on a specific HPL tale, and from McCarty's synopses they have little to offer as far as HPL-ian themes or entertainment value are concerned.

The list doesn't stop there, either. There are still rumblings of Stuart (**Re-Animator**, **From Beyond**) Gordon's long-promised adaptation of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth". Also rumored to be in development is another Re-Animator film. Perhaps most promising of all is John Carpenter's **In the Mouth of Madness**, a multi-million dollar project touted as a non-specific Lovecraft pastiche starring Sam Neill (from **Jurassic Park**), **Das Boot**'s Jurgen Prochnow, and Charlton Heston. **Bride of Re-Animator** director Brian Yuzna has completed an anthology film called **HP. Lovecraft's The Necronomicon**, which contains what are described as "loose adaptations" of "Whisperer in Darkness" and "Cool Air," among others. Its stars include genre faves David Warner and Richard Lynch — and Jeffrey "Re-Animator" Combs as HPL himself. At the other end of the spectrum, the makers of the **Unnamable** films are planning "The Thing on the Doorstep," "The Whisperer in Darkness," and "The Rats in the Walls"...

In closing, remember: That is Not Dead Which Eternally Spawns Bad Films. ☞

Horror 101

Five Fave Flicks To Make You A Better Keeper

Gary Thomas

The following five horror films, if rented and viewed with an eye towards applying their respective emphasis in your *Call of Cthulhu* games, will amply reward you with insights into the effective presentation of horror. Each one has something special to offer Keepers in running better games. Take the following notes as your textbook and spend a weekend with your VCR and these five films. It should be one of the best investments of time you'll ever make in improving your games!

The Haunting

Facing The Unknown: This 1963 film based on Shirley Jackson's *The Haunting of Hill House* (1959) has been rated as the scariest film ever by writers like Stephen King. The film's power is in its total mysteriousness. Most horror films provide only a small amount of mystery. This delicious sensation is usually dispelled once the viewer sees the nature of

the monster. Ho hum, another werewolf, and all that remains after that point are countless scenes of gore. The enemy who remains unknown is much more frightening. **The Haunting** does not rely on blood and violence to create this true sense of fear (as HPL is often quoted: "The oldest and strongest of human emotions is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown"). Director Robert Wise starts in small, building up each inexplicable detail until the tension is brisk. In the end, very little is explained and we leave the viewing with a sense of some larger, unimaginable thing. It is this feeling that all CoC monsters should give.

The Changeling

The Fathomable Mystery: The sense of mystery need not be directed only toward the unknowable. In **The Changeling** (1979) the origins of a ghost in an old house weave a fascinating investigation for George C. Scott's character, leading to a horrifying revelation. Since mystery (both of the unknown and the

knowable) are such a part of *Call of Cthulhu*, this film offers Keepers an example of how well-paced clues with a solution can build the pitch and interest of the overall game.

Mysteries are not hard to come by. Anything from *The Hound of the Baskervilles* to this week's episode of PBS' *Mystery* will help Keepers to design intriguing puzzles to solve. But unlike the standard mystery, **The Changeling** demonstrates one thing more: how the puzzle heightens the horror. The terrible acts that created the film's ghost-child would be ineffective if plainly explained from the start. Instead, the slow and painful process of figuring out just what happened amplifies the terror, as the viewer relives the horrible actions of the past. Awful things, when experienced quickly, have less effect than the prolonged contemplation of them.

Investigation is a large part of *Call of Cthulhu*. The characters in the game aren't called "Investigators" for just any reason. If the mystery is weak or has no reason to exist other than as an excuse to meet a slimy beastie at the end, your players may be disappointed. As shown by **The Changeling**, let your mystery build tension, logically coercing the players into a sense of rationality against which the insanity of the Mythos can really shine. The simple enjoyment of solving a difficult puzzle is as much a part of CoC's popularity as it is of the hundreds of mystery novels written every year.

Night of the Living Dead

The Relentless Foe: George Romero's classic black & white **Night of the Living Dead** (1968) has a documentary 'feel' which creates a convincing vision of ordinary people surrounded by the mindless hordes of the walking dead. The film proposes the idea that the recently dead rise from their graves in search of living flesh. A young woman, a black man and some others take refuge in an old farm house. The zombies surround the building and slowly kill off the besieged. As the people die, they join the ranks of the undead, attacking their former allies.

Ignoring any political or sociological aspects, the film does show Keepers and players what it is like to be surrounded by the forces of evil and how the fallen comrade can become one of the enemy. Perhaps the only other film to do this well was the low-budget **The Evil Dead** (1983) with its lack of polish making it frighteningly real. Like Romero's film, it shows how heartless and driven the force of evil can be, and how Sanity-smashing it is to see someone you trusted turned into a force for destruction.

Alien

The Roach Under The Sink: Alien (1979) has been called "a haunted house movie in space" and contains an excellent lesson for Keepers: the alien creatures out there in the game can not be reasoned with, nor mechanically exterminated like the lowly buffalo. Taking its physical and spiritual aspect from nature's hardest animals — the wasp, the snake, the spider — the alien is a strange life form that finds its way onto the space ship *Nostromo* inside the belly of one of its crew and proceeds to destroy the ship. The film's cruel survivalism conveys best the ruthless, unstoppable, and impersonal drive of the enemy. Where the zombies in **Night of the Living Dead** are relentless in death, the alien is equally unstoppable in life.

The second lesson this film presents is one that has taken many years to be realized by Hollywood. The monsters of the '30s (the first horror renaissance) were shambling, stumbling things which one only had to flee to survive. But now you can run all you want, because the alien can *move*! Its superior body can not only outdistance you, it can do so in just about any environment and always seems to be a few steps ahead — the alien is smart, too. The combination of superior physique and human-level (or greater) intelligence is a scary one. Significantly, this is a tool Keepers have had at their fingertips from the very beginning. Whether it is a Deep One or Cthulhu himself, the beings of the Mythos are *not* stupid. Investigators

who assume they deserve their fates.

As an aside — and an example — CoC writer Kevin Ross notes that his scenario "The Scuttling" in *Sacraments of Evil* was designed to be an "Alien at sea." Keepers take note!

Prince of Darkness

There Is No Escape: John Carpenter's Prince of Darkness (1987) is an uneven piece of film-making, despised by some critics. While at times it is nothing more than the typical flashy horror film, its overall structure can be terrifying. The reason for this is the inevitability of the events. Unlike **Night of the Living Dead** or **Alien**, Carpenter's film offers no hope. The message at the end of Romero's zombie picture is bleak, but life still goes on for humanity, if not for the protagonists. In all three **Alien** films humanity ultimately wins out, in different ways.

But in **Prince of Darkness** the final scene proves that the evil forces always win in the end, no matter the short term victories. This is a very Lovecraftian theme. The plot — which uses a message from the future and the fulfilling of its prophecy — shows that all events are inescapable, in spite of and largely because of the good guys' attempts to succeed. It is this same core of ultimate hopelessness that lies at the base of *Call of Cthulhu*, which is often described as a game people play for a while until their investigators go insane or die. No one can ever claim to have ever really won at CoC. If they do, they weren't playing it right — heed the lesson of this film.

Unlike other games, role-playing or otherwise, *Call of Cthulhu* is special. The players derive their entertainment not from winning the final battle against the enemy, but from the chills and thrills along the way to the eventual defeat. This sad, fatalistic end is both necessary and inherent in the game. If there is hope, there can be no real horror. Lovecraft knew this, and used it to great effect. As Keepers it will be your responsibility to carry out that same terrible goal. But, with as much fun and nerve-shivering horror as you can muster.

Enjoy the popcorn! 

THE
ZINE
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This is an independent fanzine for gamemasters of **Jorune**, the SF/Fantasy RPG now published by Chessex. Good production values and lots of substance give *Sholari* a level of class worthy of the game. For a single issue send \$5 in the US. or \$8 for overseas air mail; a three-issue subscription is \$10 in the US, \$14 for foreign surface mail, and \$17 for foreign air mail.

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IMEDIA RES

LIVE-ACTION ROLEPLAYING REPORT

John Tynes

The success and acceptance of "In Media Res" has left me more than a little surprised. After the scenario's appearance in TUO10, I decided to try running it as one of our multimedia convention games, following in the footsteps of "Grace Under Pressure" and the unpublished "A Lesson In Darkness."

As it turns out, IMR is admirably suited to use as a live-action scenario for four players plus two keepers. I thought I'd describe how we went about it, in the hopes that more readers may decide to try IMR in this way.

Environment

We run IMR in a single darkened room, which is initially designated as the dining room in which the scenario begins. There is a long table in the middle of the room but no chairs — the players shouldn't sit during the game. On one wall is a blow-up of the Rorschach blot, colored red. On the table are some burning candles, plus a small map of the farmhouse. The map is initially turned upside down until the players decide to leave the dining room, at which point the map is revealed.

Alternately, one reader who ran IMR did so using the entirety of a friend's house, discarding the floorplans presented in the scenario. This meant that the players actually walked from room to room, accepting the objects and furniture just as they existed in reality.

At our convention games, I keep a cassette tape playing in a boom box. The tape is a bunch of instrumentals I compiled as background music.

Costumes

I wanted some sort of institutional uniforms for the escaped prisoners to wear, and the most affordable solution I found was to buy painters' jumpsuits. These aren't the best option — they're made of a flimsy plasticene material and are translucent — but they achieve the desired effect and cost about \$9 or so apiece. You can find them at hardware or paint supply stores. Real jumpsuits or hospital scrubs would be preferable, but they are much more expensive.

In addition, I took the nametags that appeared in TUO10 and had them copied onto transparent stickers (which you can buy at an office supply store, for laser printers and photocopiers). You may have to reduce or enlarge the nametags to fit properly, but any photocopy shop should be able to handle this for you. The finished stickers go on the jumpsuits.

Gamemastering

We use two keepers in our convention games. Since the players often split up into two or more groups, having two keepers lets the action flow smoothly and keeps everything in near-real time. In addition, when you take a player into another room to run their flashback sequence, the other keeper can keep the rest of the players moving along.

Props

We used several props to help the game. A toy gun and a toy knife (ideally with a collapsing blade) are useful for Morgan and Douglas. Buying 3-4 of the knives is a good idea, since the players tended to drift into the kitchen for armament at some point. An extra toy gun and a toy shotgun, rifle, etc. are

good ideas, too, since eventually the players will probably find the firearms in the cellar. But this may get pricey.

Also, we used our own key rings & keys for the dead guard's keys and the family car keys underneath the guard's body. Who had control of the keys became an important issue in the games, so having the real thing around is a good idea. This is also why having the toy weapons is helpful.

General Notes

Matching players with characters was fun. Since I didn't know the players going into the games, I went on hunches. I gave Gantry to the biggest or tallest player, since he could use his size effectively. In two games we had a female player, and both times I gave them Pfeiff. This worked well, since the other players underestimated her to their misfortune. One of the female Pfeiffs, in fact, was utterly ruthless and killed the rest of the group one by one.

Moments of drama and even physical confrontation were common. In one game, the Morgan player had the Douglas player up against a wall with his hands on his throat yelling at him within just a few minutes of the game starting. Later in the same game, Morgan chased the post-flashback Douglas out into the rain trying to kill him. Douglas collapsed to the ground, and as Morgan raised his gun the hysterical Douglas began crying "Daddy, don't hurt me, don't hurt me." It hit the players and myself like a shock wave and the Morgan player spared his life.

Conclusion

"In Media Res" works great as a live-action scenario. The above tips should help you make the most of it. ☺



Mysterious Manuscript: "Terror Of The Old Ones"

Mysterious Manuscripts is a regular feature that examines a staple of CoC gaming: tomes of eldritch lore.

It was during a brief stay at Miskatonic University that Jay Ames-Dowell, desperately in search of an idea for another story to sell to *Terror Tales Monthly*, read portions of certain Mythos volumes in the library. Realizing he was onto something, Ames-Dowell turned the little he knew into a pulp novel, *Terror of the Old Ones*, which was published by *Terror Tales'* parent company, U.S. Features Syndicate. The book's release was dogged by a series of inexplicable mishaps, including the author's disappearance under mysterious circumstances. Eventually, the book's publication was canceled when the printer's shop caught fire, along with the printer and almost all of the book's 2,000 copies. The few remaining copies found their way here and there, given to editors' grandchildren, donated to scrap paper drives, lost, or are just gathering dust on the shelves of the syndicate.

The novel tells the tale of Mike McGovern, a private investigator who is hired by a group of self-described Vatican exorcists known as the Revelare Nuncius (part of the Randolph Pierce Foundation campaign of TUO6-9). McGovern is used as a pawn by the Revelers in their

conflict with a cult of Cyaegha, but eventually gains the upper hand and toughs his way out.

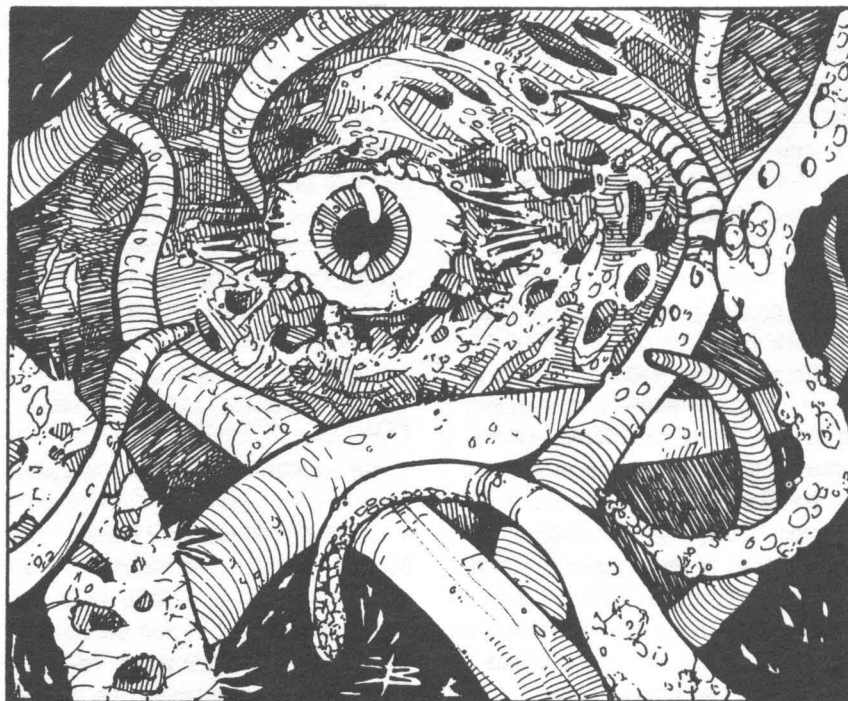
Stats

Ames-Dowell, Jay Howard. *Terror of the Old Ones*. U.S. Features Syndicate, New York, NY. Printed 1922, never distributed. 349pp. with illustrations by Dean LeKlerk (pseudonym for Bernard Kornberg). +1D2 Cthulhu Mythos, 0/1 SAN, x2 Spell Multiplier, 1 day reading time, **Spells:** Contact Cyaegha, Bless Blade.

Excerpt

"The chill wind cut to the bone and I wrapped my trench coat tighter. The knot in my stomach tightened as the train pulled into the station. At this hour the platform was deserted, the only light the dim glow of the streetlamps. I knew what I had to do, but that didn't mean I had to like it. If these Revelare Nuncius guys were jerking me around, there was going to be hell to pay. Nobody makes a monkey out of Mrs. McGovern's boy. Nobody.

There he was. My man stepped off the train and onto the platform. I had him square in my sights and as he looked up he knew he was a dead man..."





A Tale Of Terror: "The Author"

A *Tale of Terror* is a short plot idea with three different possibilities to use. Mixing & matching elements from different *Tales* is a good way to come up with a creative scenario on short notice; alternately, they make excellent diversions or sub-plots in a lengthy campaign. Mine them for ideas.

The well-known (to the readers of *Tales of Terror Monthly*) author, Jay Howard Ames-Dowell, is missing. His family want him found and are willing to hire private investigators to find him. Ames-Dowell, who spent some time at Miskatonic University, is a resident of New York City and author of the horror/mystery potboiler *Terror of the Old Ones*. He was last seen July 22 entering his apartment. At 12:45 AM the next day, his neighbors called the police to complain of the smell of something rotting. Receiving no response after knocking on the door, the police forced their way in. They were rewarded with a scene of chaos. All the room's furniture was overturned, and there was blood on the walls. The stench of rotting flesh pervaded the room, but no remains were found. The case is currently under investigation by the NYPD, who believe that Ames-Dowell was the first victim of the "Manhattan Slasher" subsequently at work in New York.

Possibilities:

Note that the first two of these possibilities involve elements of the Randolph Pierce campaign (TUO6-9) but can easily be converted over to your campaign's evil-cult-of-the-month.

1) Ames-Dowell is not dead, simply missing. When the Last Dawn heard of his book, they decided it was not yet time for "unpurified" Mythos spells to fall into the hands of the general public, and sent a team of armed thugs to kill him. When the thugs surprised him in his apartment and summoned a Dimensional Shambler to take care of Ames-Dowell, he reacted by defending himself with a kitchen knife. One assassin was killed, and in the confusion Ames-Dowell (driven mad by the sight of the Shambler) escaped. Ever since, he has been living in the subway tunnels and sewers, slaying passersby with his knife and returning to his apartment at night. There he deposits his victims' valuables. He is, needless to say, the "Manhattan Slasher."

2) Ames-Dowell was kidnapped by the Revelare Nuncius, who are holding him under suspicion of being a cultist. They wish all copies of his book destroyed as heretical, and they want him safely out of harm's way in a nice quiet padded cell somewhere. Dowell has, in his apartment, a photostat copy of a Vatican proclamation, c.1700, establishing the Revelare Nuncius. Church officials, with the exception of a few highly-placed clergy, are unaware of the group's existence, and do not condone kidnapping. However, the Randolph Pierce Foundation knows more than it lets on about the Revelers and if they can trust each other they may be able to share some information.

3) Ames-Dowell has indeed been murdered by the "Manhattan Slasher." However, the Slasher is actually a cult assassin of Cyaegha, transformed into a supernatural beast known by the cult as a Dreamslayer. The transformation spell involves drugging the candidate and forcing him into the Dreamlands, where he is transformed into the Dreamslayer, a creature who travels in dreams. The Dreamslayer's statistics resemble those of a Wraith from the CoC5 rulebook. Its one special ability is that whatever movements are made in the dream are also made in the real world (hence the Dreamslayer's ability to kill). Ames-Dowell's diary documents strange dreams for a few nights, in which he meets the Dreamslayer. He recounts a chant he heard in his dream. Any investigator repeating this chant will see visions of the Dreamslayer/"Manhattan Slasher," predicting the next victim. Ames-Dowell's body, unlike those of the next several people slaughtered in the Dreamslayer's rampage, was brought physically into the Dreamlands and devoured. ☞

This chilling tale of murder and insanity is set in modern metropolitan Toronto; it all begins one cold and stormy January night. The players take on the identities of cultists of Ithaqua — members of the Secret Order of the Windwalker, who, while successful business people by day, pay homage to an ancient and alien god by night.

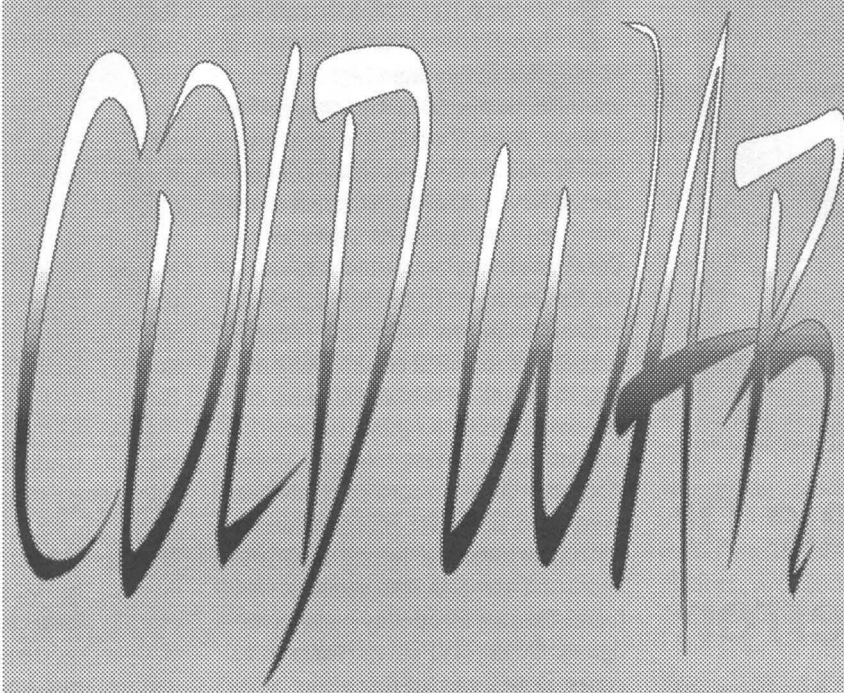
This is a tale of mystery, murder, and deception. Several agents of the Mythos are at work here, each working toward his or her own ends. Numerous complications may be encountered by the cultists, including a rival cult, a group of nosy investigators, a turncoat cultist, and an undercover policeman. The cultists each have their own agenda and their own secrets and the keeper should expect that they will turn on each other mercilessly. This is all a part of the scenario. The keeper should encourage strong role-playing.

Keeper's Information

This evening Dr. Anton Zelazny, founder and leader of the Secret Order of the Windwalker, has been murdered. On the surface the murder would appear to have been committed by a fanatical member of a rival cult — the Brotherhood of the Star-Treader. The true murderer is, in fact, Dr. Philip Hodges. Dr. Hodges, the co-founder and an insanely loyal member of the Order, has long-plotted to seize control of the cult and attract the favor of their dark and alien god. Finally, all of the pieces of his murderous plot came together, and Hodges set the stage for the deadly event.

Hodges lured a member of the Broth-

a Cthulhu Now mystery



by Scott David Aniolowski

erhood of the Star-Treader to the waterfront where he brutally murdered the man, relieving him of his cult weapon and dumping the body into the harbor. The mad psychiatrist then lured a second member of the Brotherhood to Zelazny's rooftop apartment. There, Hodges ripped out the man's still-beating heart with his horrible Clutch of Nyogtha spell.

Anton Zelazny was the next to die. He returned home earlier in the evening to find the body of the murdered Brotherhood member crumpled in the snow on his rooftop terrace. As he examined the body, Philip Hodges approached Zelazny and fired a crossbow bolt into his chest. Placing the still-warm heart of his Brotherhood victim into Zelazny's hand, Hodges then stole the Eye of Ithaqua — a sacred cult artifact — and quietly left the building, covering his tracks by casting Cloud Memory upon the doorman. And so the curtain fell on a masterfully performed murder.

There are several other complicating factors at work as well: besides the fa-

natistical Star-Treader cult, a group of nosy investigators have picked up the trail of the Ithaqua cult. Another complication is the fact that Order member Jeff Walker is actually an undercover Ontario Provincial Police detective. Assigned to get close to Zelazny, Walker has managed to infiltrate the cult and has been learning what he can of their activities. Detective Walker is close to setting up a raid on the group. Also, cult member Elizabeth Stride is secretly allied to the Star-Treader cult — she might tip off the

Oriental thugs to any plans the Ithaqua cult has against them. And, of course, Dr. Hodges will confuse and obscure the true trail, putting the rest of the Order on the trail of the Brotherhood and the investigators. The insane Hodges also has three wendigo creatures at his beckon-call.

Through all of this, the players must try to ferret out the true killer, retrieve the Eye of Ithaqua, and choose a new cult leader... if they can survive.

Cultists' Information

Each of the members of the Secret Order receives a mysterious phone call late in the evening, summoning them to the rooftop apartment of Dr. Anton Zelazny. The caller is Dr. Zelazny's butler, Janson, who tells each member only that he or she is to come at once to Zelazny's home. Upon arrival, each member is shown into the library by Janson, who pours them each a cognac. The butler asks that the group be patient, and that all will be explained as soon as everyone is present. Dr. Philip Hodges is the last to arrive.

The Secret Order Of The Windwalker

SCOTT ALEXANDER: A local artist of some fame. Weird, moody guy. He's always in black from head to toe and he doesn't volunteer personal information, nor does he readily give it if asked. While 28, Scott's got boyish good looks – young, "cute-faced", but there's something unsettling about his smirk. He has a slim build and his skin is pale from a lack of exposure to the sun. He wears dark glasses even after the sun has set, and a skull earring dangles from his right ear. The word is that this guy's not too stable, and its common knowledge that he's bisexual and a heavy drug-user. He uses acid mostly, and he claims that most of his art is inspired by his "visions". As the Order goes, Scott's not totally trusted by the members because of his heavy drug use and moodiness, although he's never provoked the rest of the Order with acts of disloyalty.

MARTY DAVISON (A.K.A. "STALIN"): An up and coming rock musician. A normally quiet, unobtrusive "thinker", Marty's stage persona is quite the opposite – loud, trashy, and extravagant. Marty's black hair is shaved on one side of his head, while it hangs long on the other. His clothes are influenced by the stark look of the now-defunct Soviet military; a hammer and sickle earring hangs from the 27 year-old musician's left ear. This guy's seen as a working class hero by his fans, many of whom support his views on politics and a world equally shared by all. Marty's songs are about the fall of the rich, corruption of government, the senseless destruction of the environment, the lies of organized religion, etc. As the Order goes, Marty is cautiously trusted by some of the "more mature" members who are unsure of his brash "punk" style and mode of dress.

DR. PHILIP HODGES: A successful 55 year-old psychiatrist who tends to the mental disorders of Toronto's rich and famous. Dr. Hodges is a stylish man with expensive clothes and a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce (the rewards of mending Metro's moneyed). The renowned psychiatrist is balding, sports a beard and moustache, and round glasses rest on the bridge of his nose. Dr. Hodges has a way of "looking through" a person, like he can see inside someone's soul and know what they're thinking – bending their thoughts and feelings – extracting bits of secrets and hidden fears. For this reason he makes many people uncomfortable. As a founding member of the Order, Dr. Hodges is unquestionably loyal.

GRANT HUGHES: A highly successful writer and author of several best-selling books. Grant is a sly, intelligent 39 year-old man who maintains the image of being bookish and down to earth in his tweed jackets and pipe. The novelist's dark hair is lightly frosted, he has squared features, and still speaks with a faint accent belying his British birth. Grant's novels are about the darkest, grittiest side of the human beast: serial killers, child molesters, terrorists, etc., and he has been lauded by his hordes of faithful readers as a literary master. As the Order's newest member Grant Hughes is trusted but he has yet to really prove his loyalty.

CATHERINE MITTERAND: A member of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario. Catherine is an attractive, intelligent, 35 year-old woman whose career as a lawyer – and more recently as a politician – has been remarkable. Shrewd and businesslike, Catherine has stern features and clear, cat-like eyes. This member of the Canadian political machine dresses in stark business suits and speaks and moves in a deliberate and calculated manner. She is bilingual, speaking equally well in English and French. Catherine's eyes are set on the Prime Minister's office and there are many who have little doubt that she will one day indeed reach the top. Catherine has carefully guarded her activities in the Order and takes great care not to affiliate herself with most of the members outside the gatherings of the group – when she must she does so with the utmost caution. This caution has brought some suspicion upon her from other members, although she has never given any a reason to doubt her loyalty.

ALBERT SHEPARD: President of the Toronto branch of the Bank of Montreal. Albert is an overweight, unhealthy-looking man of 48 who dresses in suits and "power ties" befitting his position. Loud and uncultured, many wonder how Albert ever made it to where he is today. Despite his lack of social graces and the constant sexual innuendo toward the female members of the Order, Albert is respected among the membership of the group, although the women do not hide their resentment of some of the comments he makes toward them. Albert is thought to be second in loyalty only to Dr. Hodges.

PROFESSOR ELIZABETH STRIDE: A Professor of History at the University of Toronto. Professor Stride is a brilliant, well-read, well-travelled woman of 39 with sharp, attractive features. Elizabeth is made more scholarly-looking by the glasses that sit perched upon the end of her nose and the drab, practical clothes she wears. A fencing champion at Oxford, Professor Stride is quick and confident with a foil. Elizabeth's particular field of expertise is Chinese history and she has visited the Orient on many occasions. Professor Stride has proven herself unshakably loyal to the Order.

JEFF WALKER: Owner and operator of a fitness center in downtown Toronto. Jeff is a strong, muscular young man of 27 with neatly-clipped hair and rugged features. Jeff is a friendly, outgoing guy, although he maintains a certain aloofness: no one really knows him well. Rumor has it that Jeff was in some sort of trouble with the law, although no one knows for sure what sort of trouble, and whenever questioned about this Jeff becomes obviously uncomfortable and skillfully dances around the topic: he tells any who press the issue that he'd rather forget his past. Jeff has passed all tests of his loyalty to the Order with flying colors.

DR. ANTON ZELAZNY: A well-known and well-respected doctor, Anton Zelazny is secretly the co-founder and leader of the Secret Order of the Windwalker. Dr. Zelazny, 56, is a subtle and confident man with thick, silver hair and keen, dark eyes. A wealthy man, he is known for his eccentric ways. Although friendly enough, the doctor keeps a certain distance between himself and the rest of the Order and only Philip Hodges really knows the man well. The Order most often meets at Dr. Zelazny's plush penthouse apartment where the Eye of Ithaqua – the sacred cult artifact – is also kept. As the co-founder and leader of the Order, Dr. Zelazny's loyalty to the cult is beyond question.

Janson tells them that they have been summoned to the rooftop apartment because sometime this evening Dr. Anton Zelazny, his employer and their leader, was murdered. He goes on to say also that their sacred artifact which he always kept hidden in the den has been stolen. At this point Janson escorts the group out onto the snow-covered terrace where two bodies still lay.

Dr. Zelazny's Apartment

Anton Zelazny's plush penthouse suite is located in a security building in the exclusive and expensive Bay Street area. The building complex, the Gardens on the Bay, is an extravagant structure of glass, marble, and crystal. A doorman is always diligently at his post, and a security camera (successful Spot Hidden roll to notice) keeps track of everyone who comes and goes. Suspicious-looking people are detained by the doorman and are not admitted into the building unless a tenant verifies knowing or expecting the individual. The video tape from the security camera is kept in the building's office.

Hodges did not think of the security camera. Checking the video tape from the evening of Zelazny's murder reveals that

Hodges entered the building shortly before the time of the murder. He was accompanied by an Asian man – the same man found with his heart missing on the snowy terrace. If Hodges is not in play, the keeper should have him realize his error and attempt to get the tape, especially if one of the other cult members mentions the security camera.

Dr. Zelazny's apartment is an extravagant place consisting of a small library, a den, a living room, an elevated dining area, a high-tech kitchen, bath, a single bedroom, and a large rooftop garden/terrace.

Only the finger prints of Zelazny and his butler are found in the apartment.

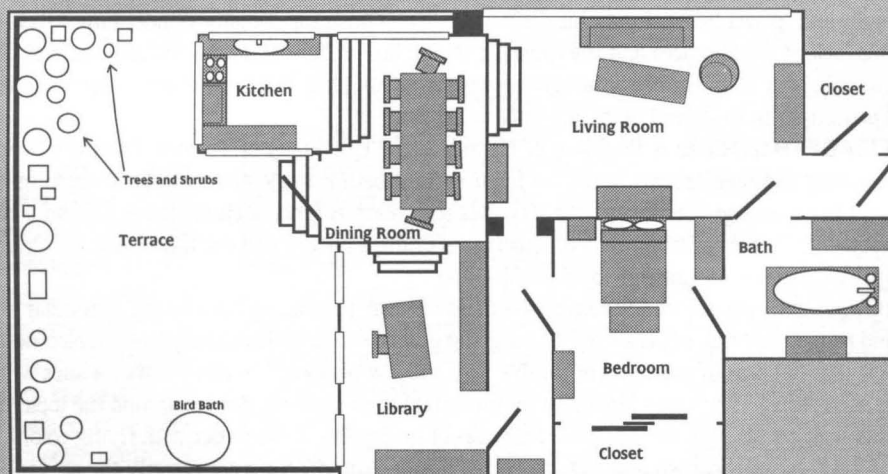
The Terrace: The rooftop garden, although now mostly covered with snow, is a marvelous sight: numerous trees and shrubs grow along the edge of the roof, while pots and beds of now-dead plants have been meticulously placed about the terrace. A now-still pond and tiny waterfall rests right outside the living area, and several bird feeders hang from trees and posts. The whole rooftop garden has a magical feel about it, and the view beyond – down onto the bustling city below – is breath-taking.

This is the scene of the crime. When the cultists arrive the bodies of two men are found in the snow on the terrace. One, an Asian, has a black, gaping hole in his chest where his heart once was. The snow around this body is colored red with a spray of blood and ruptured tissue. Not more than 20 feet away is the body of Anton Zelazny, a crossbow bolt jutting out of his chest. A crossbow is found partially buried in the snow next to the Oriental. Zelazny grips a human heart in his right hand. This scene costs 1/1D4 points of Sanity to view.

All of the cultists immediately recognize the Oriental man as a member of a rival cult – the Brotherhood of the Star-Treader. The cultists all know that the Brotherhood is a gang of Chinese men organized into the fanatical worship some ancient and mysterious Chinese deity. They know little else of the enigmatic Brotherhood, although the two cults have crossed paths in the past. There has never been more than threats traded between the groups.

The Library: Rich oak bookshelves are built into the walls of this small chamber. Most of the books are literature classics

Dr. Zelazny's Apartment 1 Inch=15 Feet





and medical journals, although there is also a small collection of occult books as well. The library is furnished with an antique rolltop desk, an enormous grandfather clock, a few chairs, and a brass cart which holds several crystal decanters of expensive cognacs and liquors.

Hidden behind a bookshelf are a few rare and special volumes. A successful Spot Hidden roll at -10% is required to find them. No one but Zelazny himself knew of the books and their hiding place. A simple trip mechanism opens the shelf revealing a poor, fading photocopy of the Pnakotic Manuscripts, and a volume in pristine condition, Dawn of the Winds.

Pnakotic Manuscripts - this incomplete and faded photocopy is in English, +7% Mythos Knowledge, x1 spell multiplier, -1D3/1D6 SAN. It contains the following spells: Contact Elder Things, and Contact Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua.

Dawn of the Winds - in English, by Leon Brumley, 1969. A limited printing of 200 copies of this slim volume was produced and distributed at its author's own expense. Brumley, a career officer in the British armed forces and an amateur anthropologist, wrote this book

after several years of research into the legends of the cold northern regions. Sanity loss 1D2/1D4 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles; spell multiplier x3; spells include Call Ithaqua and Contact Wendigo.

There is nothing else of interest in the library.

The Den: The den is furnished with high-backed leather chairs and a heavy marble table topped with thick coffee table books. A large antique world globe stands in one corner of the room, and a brass-framed, turn of the century map of Toronto is prominently displayed on one wall. Behind the map is a wall-safe (successful Spot Hidden roll to find it). A successful Locksmith roll is required to crack the safe. Within the safe is Zelazny's thick stock portfolio, a copy of his will and other legal papers, \$10,000 in cash, and a few pieces of jewelry.

The globe opens with the flick of a hidden latch (successful Spot Hidden roll to find it). Inside, the globe is lined with black velvet and there is an indentation where something obviously once rested. This is where Zelazny kept the Eye of Ithaqua hidden.

The Living Room: This large, open

expanse is furnished with furniture in rich reds and silver. There is a circular fireplace in the center of this area and a number of modern sculptures silently stand guard about the room. Numerous large potted plants sit in front of the all-glass wall that looks out upon the snow-covered terrace garden. A sliding glass door exits out to the terrace.

The Dining Room: Three steps lead up to this portion of the apartment from the living area. The sparkling glass table is set with fine crystal and gold flatware, and an arrangement of exotic blooms graces the table. The dining area, like the living room, looks out upon the rooftop garden, and down upon the city below.

The Kitchen: A gleaming white kitchen, complete with every high-tech gadget imaginable.

The Bathroom: A large bathroom with an immense circular bath/hot tub. Mirrors cover every wall and plush carpeting the floor.

The Bedroom: Zelazny's bedroom is decorated completely in black and white. A king-size waterbed is the prominent feature of the room. There is a walk-in closet for Zelazny's clothes. The room shares the same all-glass wall and view as the

The Nosy American Investigators

Four American investigators have come to Toronto. They have been set on the trail of the Lloigor and Ithaqua cults by the devious Dr. Hodges, who hopes to use them as pawns in his master plan. Hodges recently learned of the plight of Mrs. Tierney and decided to take full advantage of it.

Gail Tierney's son, Andrew, mysteriously vanished about a year ago and certain evidence discovered points to Mythos connections. Philip Hodges has indicated to Mrs. Tierney and her small group of investigators that the Toronto cults may be somehow connected to the disappearance of her son. In reality the Ithaqua and Lloigor sects had nothing to do with the foul fate of Andrew Tierney who was, nonetheless, killed by agents of the Cthulhu Mythos.

Hodges has been in contact with the investigators since their arrival, helping to set them up in the city, and get them pointed in the "right direction." Hodges has been very careful to keep his own cult involvements a secret from the Americans who think Hodges to be a fellow investigator.

The four Americans have been investigating the alien machinations of the Cthulhu Mythos for almost a year now since the mysterious disappearance of Andrew Tierney, a 20 year old physics student at the University of Buffalo. The four are all from the Buffalo, New York area. The investigators implicitly trust the mad Hodges. They are staying at the Royal York Hotel located on Front street within walking distance of the harbor.

Manley Lockhart, private eye and investigator, age 39

Lockhart is a tall, thin, scruffy man who wears a long trenchcoat year-round. He is a sensible man, but he has also seen enough of the Mythos to know of its danger, and will not hesitate to take the "proper action" against any monstrous threat he

may discover. Manley Lockhart was originally hired by Mrs. Tierney to find her missing son.

Manley Lockhart, P.I.

STR 15 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 10
POW 12 DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 13
SAN 55 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 75%, 1D3+db.

Kick 50%, 1D6+db.

.45 revolver 60%, 1D10+2.

12-gauge shotgun 40%, 4D6.

Skills: Accounting 15%, Camouflage 35%, Credit Rating 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Drive Automobile 45%, English 65%, Fast Talk 75%, First Aid 45%, Hide 40%, Law 35%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Occult 25%, Pick Pocket 35%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Terence Shapiro, lawyer and investigator, age 54

Shapiro is a well-dressed, well-educated man. Intelligent and cunning, Shapiro is known in law circles as one of the best. Terence is a small, balding man with a beard and moustache and thick glasses. Terence Shapiro is the long-time lawyer and friend of Mrs. Tierney.

Terence Shapiro, well-dressed lawyer

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 18
POW 11 DEX 10 APP 13 EDU 18
SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Fist 50%, 1D3+db.

.38 revolver 45%, 1D10.

Skills: Accounting 75%, Credit Rating 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Debate 50%, English 90%, Fast Talk 50%, Latin 45%, Law 90%, Library Use 80%, Occult 5%, Oratory 85%, Psychology 35%.

Gail Tierney, journalist and investigator, age 47

Tierney is an intelligent, well-educated, attractive woman whose only interest in the Cthulhu Mythos is related to the disappearance of her son, Andrew. The often difficult and seemingly hopeless search for her missing son has made Mrs. Tierney a hard, determined woman.

Gail Tierney, searching mother

STR 10 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 15
POW 16 DEX 11 APP 16 EDU 15
SAN 45 HP 13

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: .22 revolver 60%, 1D6.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Debate 35%, English 75%, Fast Talk 40%, French 40%, Occult 35%, Oratory 50%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Billy Vail, student/athlete and investigator, age 21

Billy Vail is a 21 year old college student. He excels in sports, and is attending college on a sports scholarship. Vail is a muscular, good looking young man.

Billy Vail was Andrew Tierney's best friend, and has become involved in the investigation of the Mythos in the hopes of finding some clues to his friend's disappearance.

Billy Vail, college student

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 15 INT 11
POW 12 DEX 14 APP 18 EDU 13
SAN 55 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 75%, 1D3+db.

Head Butt 35%, 1D4+db.

Kick 50%, 1D6+db.

Club 40%, 1D8 +db.

Skills: Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dodge 30%, Drive Automobile 35%, English 65%, Jump 50%, Occult 5%, Psychology 25%, Ride 15%, Ski (Snow) 40%, Swim 45%, Throw 40%.



dining and living areas, and a sliding glass door leads out onto the terrace from the bedroom.

Incriminating Evidence

During their investigation of their leader's murder, the members of the Ithaqua sect may have occasion to secretly pay visits to each other's homes. Certain unusual and incriminating evidence is found at a number of their homes.

Scott Alexander: Scott lives in a large studio apartment on Queen Street West. The apartment is filled with his art work and art supplies, and although a successful Spot Hidden uncovers a stash of his drugs, nothing else unusual is discovered.

Marty Davison: Marty lives in a dingy, tiny apartment on bustling Yonge Street. Nothing unusual is found here.

Philip Hodges: Philip Hodges lives in a luxurious apartment on Hazelton Street in the exclusive Yorkville area of the city. A state of the art security system protects Hodges' apartment and requires a successful Electrical Repair to bypass. Inside, a successful Spot Hidden roll at -25% uncovers one of the Brotherhood of the Star-Treader cult amulets hidden in a desk drawer. This is the amulet that Hodges stole from the man he murdered and dumped into the harbor.

Albert Shepard: Albert Shepard lives in a security building on Bloor Street. If the cultists manage to sneak past the doorman and break into Shepard's apartment, they discover nothing of significance there.

Grant Hughes: Grant lives in a fashionable apartment in a building on Queen's Quay East, along the harborfront. A successful Spot Hidden uncovers some child pornography stashed in a closet, and a file full of local newspaper clippings about missing children.

Catherine Mitterand: Catherine lives in an apartment on Queen's Park Circle West. There is nothing unusual in her apartment.

Elizabeth Stride: Professor Stride lives in an apartment on St. George Street in the university district. A successful Spot Hidden in Stride's apartment uncovers a number of Star-Treader cult items: an amulet,

the cult crossbow, and a cult robe.

Jeff Walker: Jeff lives in a small but neat apartment on Carlton Street. In his apartment a successful Spot Hidden roll made at 1/2 normal uncovers Walker's Ontario Provincial Police badge and uniform.

The Brotherhood of the Star-Treader

This organization is made up of fanatical Chinese followers of the god Lloigor, the Star-Treader (see page 36). To the Canadian authorities and those familiar with criminal organizations, the Brotherhood of the Star-Treader is more commonly known as the Dragon Tong. Originating in China, this Tong spread to North America before the turn of the century, bringing with it the ancient and secret worship of Lloigor. Only a handful know the true nature of the Dragon Tong — to most it is simply a cutthroat underworld group involved in importing Asian drugs to North American shores.

Those in the know respect and fear the House of the Dragon, for its members are radical thugs, well-trained in the ancient art of assassination. For this reason this organization has gone mostly unmolested by authorities, for none are willing to identify or testify against members, and those few brave enough to step forward have been silenced by the Tong.

The Dragon Tong is based out of a Chinese import shop in the heart of China Town called The Black Lotus Trading Company.

Members of the Brotherhood of the Star-Treader have tattoos of a celestial dragon striding among stars on their chests, and use cult crossbows as weapons (1 shot every four rounds, 1D8+2 damage, 20% base chance, base range 90 yards). This band of assassins never surrender, preferring instead to die at their own hands than face the disgrace of capture.

When the Brotherhood of the Star-Treader learns of the murder of one of its members in Zelazny's apartment, they immediately begin to watch and follow the Order members, perhaps even capturing one to learn what really happened. These Asians are fanatical assassins, only hesitating to kill the Order members because they are unsure of the truth.

Average member of the Dragon Tong/ Brotherhood of the Star-Treader

STR	10	CON	12
SIZ	8	INT	10
POW	13	DEX	14
APP	9	EDU	6
SAN	0	HP	10

Av. Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Fist 60%, 1D3+db.

Cult Crossbow 35%, 1D8+2.

Head Butt 50%, 1D4+db.

Kick 50%, 1D6+db.

Knife 25%, 1D4+2+db.

Jo Stick 40%, 1D6+db.

Skills: Bargain 20%, Chinese 30%, Climb 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dodge 25%, English 15%, Hide 35%, Jump 35%, Listen 50%, Martial Arts 40%, Occult 30%, Pick Pocket 25%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Spells: Call Lloigor, Shrivelling, Wither Limb.

The Black Lotus Trading Company

This large Asian import shop is secretly the base of operations for the Dragon Tong, and its insane worship of their dark god, Lloigor. The store front is decorated with a gaudy black and green Chinese motif, and on one wall is an unusual mural depicting an Oriental dragon striding through a star field. One unusual aspect of the mural is that the dragon's hind quarters turn to a mass of tentacles. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals this mural to be a depiction of the alien god known as the Star-Treader. A second successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will identify the Star-Treader as Lloigor.

Shelves lines with Asian spices, dried and canned foods, statuettes, dishes, tea sets, and fans crowd the store. Piles of dried ginseng root are kept in the glass-front counter. Behind the counter a doorway draped with a curtain of Oriental design leads to the large store room behind the shop. There is a small office in the store room as well as a trapdoor which leads down into the basement and secret shrine below.

The staff carefully watches any suspicious-looking or -acting patrons, and there are at least 1D6 Tong members in the building at all times.

Although the shelves are lined with an assortment of Asian oddities, there is nothing truly unusual in the store.

The Office: The door to this room is kept locked (successful Locksmith roll to pick, or a STR vs. STR of 16 to break it down). The office is a cluttered, dingy area, thick with the stink of stale air, incense smoke, and something else (a successful Know, Chemistry, or Pharmacy roll at 1/2 reveals the other smell to be that of opium). An old metal desk is piled high with papers, all written in Chinese. If the papers are translated they are found to be normal receipts for any number of imported goods, as well as orders and correspondence between Canada and China. A successful Spot Hidden roll, followed by a successful Idea roll, will identify a phone number found among the mess as that of Professor Elizabeth Stride.

The Store Room: This large, dank area is crammed full of boxes. At first glance most of the boxes appear to be full of spices, canned goods, knickknacks, etc. A successful Spot Hidden roll allows a cultist to find packages of some bitter brownish substance hidden away beneath packing material and shoved up

inside ceramic statuettes. A successful Chemistry or Pharmacy roll identifies the stuff as opium.

Another Spot Hidden roll made in this room reveals the trapdoor, partially concealed beneath papers and boxes. This door leads into the secret Lloigor shrine beneath the store room.

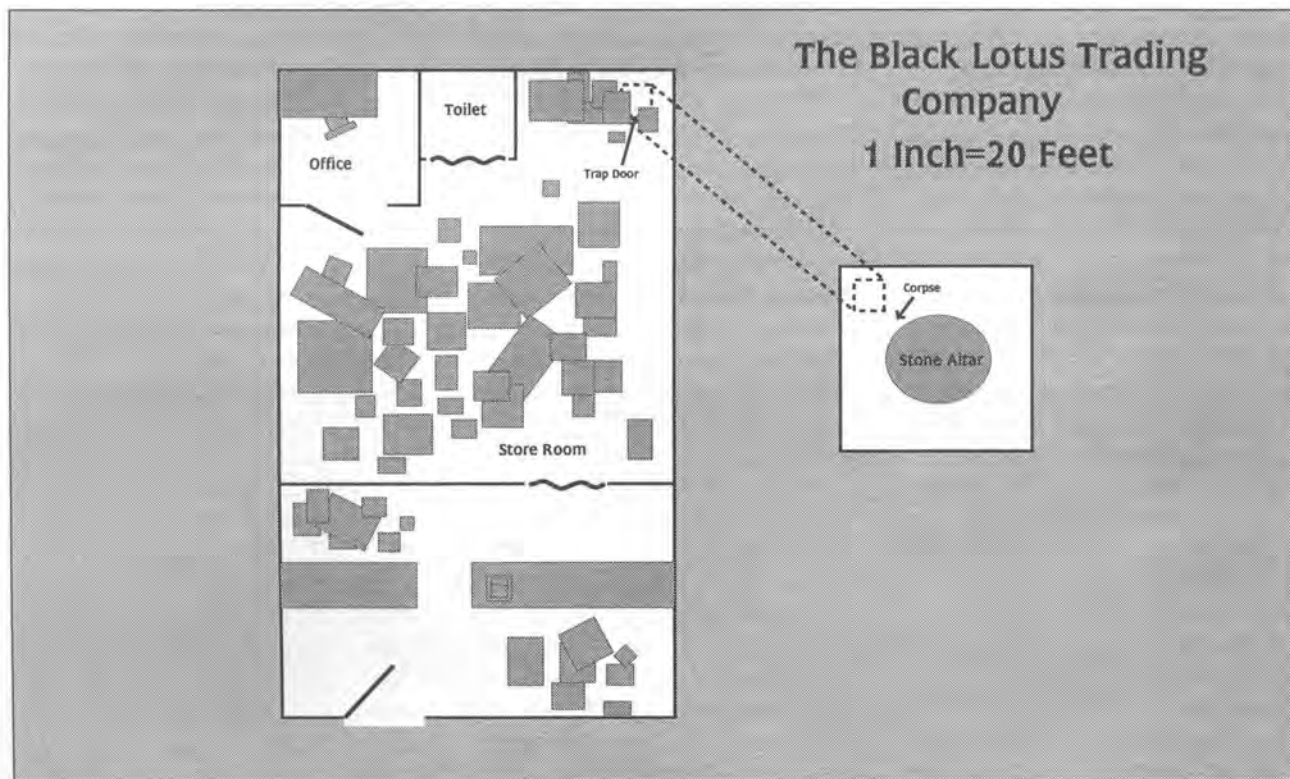
The Secret Lloigor Shrine: This small room is damp and thick with the stench of something rotten. From atop a stone altar a mass of candles and incense weirdly illuminate the room and fill it with thick smoke. The same weird, star-treading, tentacled dragon is painted on the walls, ceiling, and floor of this room. These depictions are more cosmic and horrible, and require a Sanity roll or the loss of 0/1 Sanity points. A pile of apparently human bones sits on the floor before the altar and several skulls sit perched on top of the stone, candles dripping and staining them like oddly-colored blood. The floor and walls of this area are also spattered with a brownish liquid... probably blood.

At the foot of the heavy stone altar crouches the withered and decimated corpse of an ancient-looking Asian man. Sitting in the lotus position, the corpse's

cracked head tilts stiffly to one side, its eyes empty and dry and its wrinkled mouth open in an eternal moan. The corpse is clad in rich silk robes and decorated with golden jewelry - all depicting the strange tentacled dragon. The corpse's cracked fingernails are long and claw-like, and its braided hair and long mustache gauzy with cob webs. Viewing the corpse costs 0/1D3 Sanity points.

This robed corpse is that of an ancient Lloigor priest. Centuries-dead, the mummified body is reverently tended to by the fanatical Brotherhood. At certain cult ceremonies the corpse's withered mouth stiffly moves and it speaks, relaying the wisdom of the Brotherhood's alien god. Witnessing this costs 1/1D6+1 Sanity points. A blood sacrifice is required before the dead priest speaks. The mummy speaks in Chinese, and its phrases are allegorical and metaphorical.

There is a 35% chance that there will be 1D3 opium-smoking Dragon Tong members in worship in this chamber at any given time. At the keeper's option, the dead priest may be speaking when the cultists discover the shrine.



There are always several cult cross-bows and amulets to be found here.

The Wendigo

Dr. Hodges has contacted a group of three wendigo – creatures that serve the mighty Windwalker. These monsters are waiting at the snow mound on the Toronto Islands, but will come in 1D6+2 minutes if called by Hodges.

Hodges' Three Wendigo

	1	2	3
STR	19	17	18
CON	16	19	18
SIZ	13	21	18
INT	13	14	13
POW	10	14	13
DEX	12	13	13
HP	15	20	18

Move: 8/90 flying

Av. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Claw 30%, 1D8+db.

Bite 25%, 1D4+fear.

Armor: The Wendigo have 6 points of thick hide. Piercing a wendigo's heart with something hot instantly kills it. To strike a wendigo's heart, the investigator must roll 10% of his or her attack skill.

Spells: 1: none; 2: Call Ithaqua; 3: none

Skills: Hide 75%, Sneak 55%, Track 75%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a wendigo, and 0/1D2 Sanity points for hearing the eerie howl of these creatures.

The Eye of Ithaqua

The Eye of Ithaqua is a cloudy red crystal about the size of a baseball and etched with symbols aeons ago by the now-dead voormis. The sacred crystal is a powerful focal-point for cult rituals, and serves as a conduit between Ithaqua worshippers and their cold god. The only member of the Order who understood fully the powers of the Eye was Zelazny – none of the others, including Hodges, has guessed at the true powers of the Eye.

One of the artifact's powers is the ability to summon Ithaqua. Anyone holding the Eye and casting the Call Ithaqua spell will be automatically successful, the Windwalker answering in 1D10+10 minutes. Any who call the Windwalker with the Eye, however, are transformed by Ithaqua into servant wendigo crea-

WENDIGO, Lesser Servitor Race

"...he found no difficulty in following the tracks for the first few miles. The stride soon began to increase in length, till it finally assumed proportions that seemed absolutely impossible for any ordinary animal to have made. Like huge flying leaps they became. The feet that printed the surface of the snow thus far had now, apparently, left the ground! ...the face was more animal than human, the features drawn about into wrong proportions, the skin loose and hanging..." – Algernon Blackwood, "The Wendigo".

The wendigo are a savage race of hoofed or footless humanoids who worship Ithaqua in the cold northern regions, feasting on humans and other live prey they find lost in the forests and glaciers of the north. Occasionally a lost hunter or trapper is transformed into a wendigo by Ithaqua.

Wendigo have the ability to run through the air, and if Ithaqua is encountered, the Great Old One will likely be followed by a group of wendigo, as they delight in racing with their sire through the icy night sky.

The wendigo may attack with a claw and a bite each round. A bitten victim must successfully make a POW x 5 roll or become struck with an absolute, chilling terror. Anyone so terrified immediately drops everything and flees the area. This icy terror lasts for 100-SAN minutes. A successful Psychoanalysis roll quells the fear immediately.

WENDIGO, Savage Beasts of the Cold Wastes

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	3D6+6	16-17
SIZ	2D6+10	17
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+10	17

Move: 8/9 flying HP 16-17

Av. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

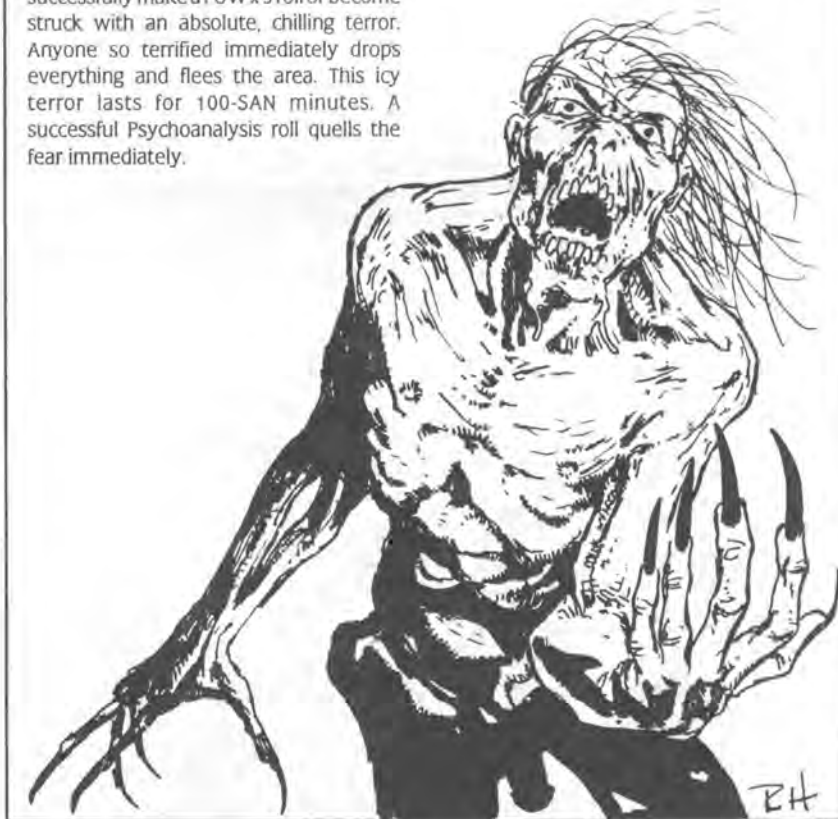
Weapons: Claw 30%, damage 1D8+db. Bite 25%, damage 1D4 + fear.

Armor: 6 points of thick hide. Piercing a wendigo's heart with something hot instantly kills it. To strike a wendigo's heart, the investigator must roll 10% of his or her attack skill.

Spells: a wendigo knows 1D3 spells if its INT x 5 or less is rolled on 1D100. Spells known always concern Ithaqua and other forces of nature and the north.

Skills: Hide 75%, Sneak 55%, Track 75%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a wendigo, and 0/1D2 Sanity points for hearing the eerie howl of these creatures.



tures – the price of seeking the alien god's blessings. The artifact also allows the wielder to control the lesser wendigo

creatures as though he or she had successfully cast a Summon and Bind spell.

The Ceremony

Hodges has prepared a great snow mound out on the Toronto Islands. He plans to use the mound and the artifact to call his horrible god so that he may be bestowed the blessings of Ithaqua. Dr. Hodges needs the rest of his cult as unsuspecting sacrifices for the ceremony.

If Dr. Hodges is successful in luring the rest of his fellow cultists to the Toronto Islands for the great ceremony, he need only Call Ithaqua while holding the Eye of Ithaqua. Ithaqua will automatically

come, taking 1D10+10 minutes to arrive. All present will first hear the horrible howl of the Windwalker carried on the icy night wind. Soon a pair of red stars are spotted in the sky – as the cultists watch, the stars appear to get larger, and larger. It should soon become apparent that the stars are getting closer, and quickly the monstrous form of Ithaqua can be made out, the red stars in fact its glaring eyes.

The mighty Wendigo will stride along the sky, bending close to the snow mound to scoop up all present, but Hodges. Once the sacrifices have been taken, Ithaqua

bestows his blessing upon Dr. Hodges.

The End

The blessings of Ithaqua are not for the sane, or the good-of-heart. Any who receive these blessings of the damned begin to change. Within 1D10+3 minutes they painfully transform into one of the savage wendigo that serve mighty and alien Ithaqua. Anyone transformed loses all of their humanity and most memories and knowledge of their human life, turning completely into a beast and going off into the cold night sky with their new sire. Such humans are forever damned.

If the other cultists uncover Hodges' plot and stop him they must still choose another leader from amongst themselves. Anyone who has been particularly evil and loyal may attract the attention of Ithaqua who may "reward" such a cultist with some bit of Mythos knowledge, a spell, POW, etc.

Designer's Notes

This scenario relies heavily on roleplaying. The cultist characters presented allow a greater than usual depth to the roleplaying as they each hide certain secrets while maintaining a front of normalcy. When I ran this scenario at GenCon '91 I was both entertained and delighted by the four amazing players who brought the cultists and all of their little dirty secrets and group intrigue to life. The player of the Philip Hodges character – ultimately the winner of that round and thus the grand winner of the 1991 Call of Cthulhu Master's Tournament – successfully covered his tracks and managed to lure his unsuspecting fellow cultists to the site of the ceremony at the appropriate time. One of the players had been suspicious, and so managed to escape being scooped up by Ithaqua, who destroyed all of the others and turned Hodges into a wendigo. That surviving character (Jeff Walker) noticed something red glinting in the snow as he walked away from the ceremony site. It was the artifact. He bent down and picked it up out of the snow, and as he did something snapped within his head. A billowy voice that came on the cold night air told him gather others – to rebuild the Order. We ended there. 

LLOIGOR, Great Old One

"...a strange shapeless procession of marks – snake-like, some of them... all lead back to that tiny break in the pane of the attic window; something had come in and something more had gone out... For of my unde there was no trace save one – the ghastly remnants of what stood for him, rather than of him. ...the man who, by all the evidence, was drawn or sucked out of [his clothes] as by some frightful, malign being who employed in his aid the terrible wind heard within the rooms..." –August Derleth, "The Sandwin Compact".

Lloigor is worshipped by the degenerate Tcho-Tcho folk of the Tibet region. The Great Old One is generally mentioned as having a "twin" named Zhar, which is also worshipped by the Tcho-Tcho.

Lloigor attacks by grasping a victim in a tentacle, disintegrating them, and drawing them up into its mass, leaving behind all

non-living objects which are found perfectly intact and mysteriously undisturbed.

The Star-Treader's approach is signaled by high winds, which the alien god somehow creates, and moves along on. The Great Old One has the ability to seep through the tiniest cracks to get at a victim.

LLOIGOR, the Star-Treader

STR	100	CON	100
SIZ	100	INT	30
POW	28	DEX	30
Move	20/50 fly	HP	100

Damage Bonus: +11D6.

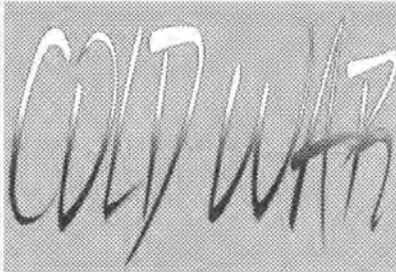
Weapons: Tentacle 100%, damage is death on second round.

Armor: 22 points of blubbery flesh.

Spells: Summon/Bind Byakhee, Call Hastur, all others dealing with air, winds, or Zhar.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points to see Lloigor.



 Scott Alexander, Age 28. Artist, Toronto, Canada.	STR 10	DEX 14	INT 11	Idea 55	Damage Bonus 0																
	CON 15	APP 17	POW 9	Luck 45	Current Sanity																
	SIZ 14	SAN 26	EDU 16	Know 80	Magic Points																
					Hit Points																
Accounting (10) 10	Library Use (25) 65	<table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>Weapon</th> <th>Att%</th> <th>Damage</th> <th>Shots</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Punch</td> <td>50%</td> <td>1D3</td> <td>1</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Kick</td> <td>25%</td> <td>1D6</td> <td>1</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sword Cane</td> <td>30%</td> <td>1D6</td> <td>1</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>				Weapon	Att%	Damage	Shots	Punch	50%	1D3	1	Kick	25%	1D6	1	Sword Cane	30%	1D6	1
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Punch	50%	1D3	1																		
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Astronomy (00) 25	Listen (25) 25																				
Bargain (05) 25	Mechanical Repair (20) 20																				
Camouflage (25) 25	Occult (05) 60																				
Climb (40) 40	Own Language (EDU x5):																				
Computer Use (05) 05	English 80																				
Credit Rating (15) 15	Paint (00) 50																				
Cthulhu Mythos (00) ... 19	Persuade (15) 15																				
Dodge (DEX x2) 28	Pharmacy (00) 35																				
Draw (00) 50	Photography (10) 50																				
Drive Auto (20) 20	Pick Pocket (05) 5																				
Electrical Repair (10) .. 10	Psychology (05) 5																				
Fast Talk (05) 5	Ride (05) 5																				
First Aid (30) 30	Sneak (10) 10																				
Hide (10) 10	Spot Hidden (25) 45																				
History (20) 20	Swim (25) 25																				
Jump (25) 25	Throw (25) 25																				
Law (05) 5	Track (10) 10																				
		Spells Call Ithaqua, Nightmare																			

SCOTT ALEXANDER - Ithaqua cultist and artist

You are Scott Alexander, a local artist of some fame. The rest of the cult sees you as a weird, moody guy, but they can think what they like... in fact, you sort of like being thought of as weird! You always dress in black from head to toe, wear dark glasses even after the sun has set, and sport a skull earring in your right ear. You are 28, and are boyishly good looking - young, "cute-faced," but others find something unsettling about your smirk. You have a slim build and pale skin. You don't like being in the sun. You don't volunteer personal information, nor do you readily give it if asked. You like being mysterious - its part of your "image", and besides, your personal life is nobody's damn business. You are bisexual, and your choice of partners depends mostly upon your mood. You know that the word is that you aren't too stable, and that its common knowledge that you are a heavy drug-user. Well, you like being unstable, and as for the drugs, well, acid is your favorite and you trip frequently - it inspires your art! As far as the Order goes, you know that you aren't totally trusted by the others because of your heavy drug use and moodiness, yet you've never provoked any of them with any acts of disloyalty, so they should take that into consideration and stop worrying.

WHY YOU ARE A CULTIST: You have been heavily involved in drugs since you were about 13 or 14, at which time you first discovered the joys of hallucinogenics! Over the years you discovered that the wild - and sometimes horrific - acid trips you had were incredible inspiration for your art, and from these weird, vivid "visions" you developed a very unique style. A year or so ago, while on a particularly wild acid trip, you were "visited" by a shadowy man with red eyes who told you that you would be a great artist if you surrendered your will to him. Longing for the ever-fleeting greatness you felt you so strongly deserved, you put your trust in the strange man and agreed. Immediately after that you were directed to Dr. Anton Zelazny and his Ithaqua cult through a series of dreams. You have been a loyal member of the cult since, and have begun to gain real recognition in the Toronto art circles.

One day you hope to become the leader of the Secret Order of the Windwalker and use the power and knowledge of the position to experience those ultimate "visions" to inspire your work, as well as gain the respect of the older members, who you feel look down upon you. You have no problem with murder if forced into a situation which requires it as a solution.

You know two spells: Call Ithaqua and Nightmare.

WHAT YOU THINK OF THE REST OF THE CULT:

Marty Davison: You like Marty. He's a great guy, and he's closer to your age. He also tends to be looked down upon by the older, "more mature" members. Of any of the cult, Marty is the one you tend to spend any amount of time with outside the meetings.

Dr. Philip Hodges: Hodges gives you the creeps - you hate the way he looks right through you.

Grant Hughes: You don't really know Hughes well enough to have much of an opinion of him, although you do know something about him. Not long ago you went by his apartment on cult business and there saw him in the company of a child. Not long after that you saw the same child's photograph on the evening news - she had been missing since the day you saw her with Hughes. You haven't told anyone else about this... yet.

Catherine Mitterand: You don't like Catherine very much - she is very cold toward you and you think of her as a real bitch.

Albert Shepard: This guy's okay. He's rude, crude, and obnoxious, but you mostly like him because he irritates Catherine Mitterand!

Professor Elizabeth Stride: You like Professor Stride - she doesn't patronize you. You don't know her well, however.

Jeff Walker: Jeff seems to be a good guy, although you don't tend to hang around with jocks.

Dr. Anton Zelazny: You are in awe of Zelazny. You can't put your finger on it, but there is something powerful about this guy: maybe its just because he runs the group.

DR. PHILIP HODGES - Ithaqua cultist and psychiatrist

You are Dr. Philip Hodges, a successful 55 year-old psychiatrist who tends to the mental disorders of Toronto's rich and famous. You like wealth and luxury, and are a stylish man with expensive clothes and a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce - your rewards for mending Metro's moneyed. You are balding, sport a beard and moustache, and round glasses rest on the bridge of your nose. People say that you have a way of "looking through" them, like you can see inside someone's soul and know what they're thinking... they say you can bend someone's thoughts and feelings, and extract bits of secrets and hidden fears. This is all true, although perhaps it isn't as mysterious and dramatic as all that: you are simply a very good psychiatrist. You have a solid grasp on the workings of the human mind, body language, and maybe more than a little "intuition." You know, however, that this makes many people uncomfortable, although you enjoy that! As a founding member of the Order, your loyalty isn't even questioned by the others.

WHY YOU ARE A CULTIST: Many years ago, when you were a student at the University of Toronto, you and fellow student Anton Zelazny stumbled upon a musty book of strange occult lore in the rare book archives of the university library. Intrigued by what you read, the two of you went in search of other related books and materials and began to delve into the arcane arts. The two of you began to experience bizarre dreams about icy wastes, pre-human races, and stellar voids. In these dreams, a shadowy man with burning red eyes repeatedly came to you, speaking of great and mighty Ithaqua, the Windwalker, and the power you could have if you did His bidding. And so your worship of Ithaqua began. Eventually others were drawn to you and Zelazny, and you formed the Secret Order of the Windwalker.

You have always felt that you should be the cult leader - that it was you who was the chosen of Ithaqua - and over the years this feeling turned from rival jealousy to murderous hate. You have long plotted the murder of Zelazny, who you feel is too weak to lead the Order. Recently your plan came to fruition.

Earlier this evening you lured a member of the Brotherhood of the Star-Treader to the waterfront where you strangled him, stealing his cult weapon and pendant. You dumped his body into the icy harbor. You then lured a second member of the Brotherhood to the rooftop apartment of Anton Zelazny where you murdered him with the Clutch of Nyogtha spell. Zelazny was the next to die - when he returned home he discovered the body of the Star-Treader cultist crumpled in the snow on the terrace where you killed him. As he examined the body, you approached Zelazny and fired a Brotherhood crossbow bolt into his chest, placing the still-warm heart of your other victim into his hand to make it look as though the rival cultists killed each other. You then stole the sacred cult artifact - the Eye of Ithaqua - and left Zelazny's apartment. You used the Cloud Memory spell on the doorman to cover your tracks.

With the Eye of Ithaqua you plan to perform an ancient ritual that will bring the blessings of Ithaqua upon you, making you the chosen of the Windwalker. You plan to use the rest of your fellow cultists as sacrifices to Ithaqua to gain his favor, although the stellar conjunction needed for the ritual is still three nights away. Until then you must try to keep the others off guard and on a false trail. You plan to perform this great ritual on the Toronto Islands where you have already created an enormous mound of snow for the event. This is where you have hidden the Eye until the night of the ceremony. You have also contacted a group of three wendigo who are waiting at the snow mound for the night of the great ritual. If you call them, however, they will come to you within minutes.

The Eye of Ithaqua is a cloudy red crystal about the size of a baseball, etched with symbols aeons ago by the now-dead voormis. The only power of the Eye that you know is its ability to control the wendigo creatures. The artifact has other powers, and always been a cult focal-point for rituals and ceremonies and is required for the ritual you intend to perform.

To complicate matters even more, you have contacted a group of American investigators and anonymously set them on the trail of the Asian Brotherhood of the Star-Treader as well as your own Ithaqua cult. You hope that the presence of the investigators and the trouble stirred up with your rival cult will cause enough confusion to hide the truth long enough for your plan to succeed. The investigators are staying at the Royal York Hotel, and you have been in contact with them since they arrived in Toronto yesterday.

You are a mad genius, and your dark, master plan is unfolding smoothly before you like an intricate web. Soon you will be the favored of Ithaqua!

Important note: you *really* have a SAN of 0, a POW of 25, and a Cthulhu Mythos of 75%. You have a 50% chance with a crossbow, which does 1D8+2 damage, fires one shot every four rounds (reloading time), and has a max range of 90 yards. Although your Sanity is 0 you manage to act in a stable manner. You know the following spells, although the others only know that you know Call Ithaqua, Cloud Memory, Clutch of Nyogtha, Cold Warning of Ithaqua, Contact Wendigo, Deflect Harm, Implant Fear, Mental Suggestion, and Mindblast.

WHAT YOU THINK OF THE REST OF THE CULT: You have little respect for any human life, except your own, and so you are tolerant of the rest of the cult although you do not particularly like them. You hide this, however, by being cordial, polite, and friendly to the others. You never let slip your true feelings. You certainly would not hesitate to murder any of them if you were forced into the situation, although you'd rather wait to use them as sacrifices for the great ritual.

COLD WARNING OF ITHAQUA: This potent spell causes its victim to freeze solid within a matter of seconds, causing a painful death as tissue and blood turn to ice. This spell costs 20 magic points and 2D10 SAN to cast, and the target must be within 30 yards of the caster. The spell caster must first intone the name of Ithaqua and call upon the Windwalker to collect the soul of the victim, then he must match his magic points against his intended victim's. If successful the victim's flesh, organs, and body fluids freeze to solid ice within seconds, painfully killing the victim and leaving his skin deathly white and tinged blue, and his lips deep blue. Such victims radiate such intense cold that they deeply chill the area they are in and require excessive heat to thaw out.

If the casting of the spell is unsuccessful there is a 33% chance that the caster himself will be inflicted with the Cold Warning, and his body frozen solid.

An intended victim (the victim, or the spell caster if the intended victim successfully resisted in the magic point struggle) is first warned of the presence of the powers of Ithaqua by a weird shriek carried on an icy breeze that billows around him out of nowhere. If such a victim recognizes this spell they may attempt to avoid the effects by successfully making a POW x 1 roll - if successful, the spell simply causes the loss of 1D10 SAN, however, if unsuccessful the spell's full effects are taken and the victim dies. If an intended victim escapes death by making the POW roll the spell caster is not set upon by the spell.

Seeing a victim of the Cold Warning costs 1/1D6 SAN.

CONTACT WENDIGO: This spell is used to contact the servant race which worships Ithaqua. The spell costs 3 magic points to cast and must be cast in a snowy, dark forest or in some other desolate and frozen area. This spell takes but a few minutes to cast, and also costs 1D3 SAN. The contacted beings may take as long as 1D100 hours to come to the spell caster.



**Dr. Philip
Hodges,
Age 55.**

**Psychiatrist,
Toronto, Canada.**

STR 11 DEX 8 INT 18 Idea 90
CON 15 APP 11 POW 10 Luck 50
SIZ 12 SAN 50 EDU 19 Know 95

Accounting (10)	10	Listen (25)	25
Bargain (05)	5	Mechanical Repair (20)	20
Camouflage (25)	25	Occult (05)	20
Climb (40)	40	Own Language (EDU x5):	
Computer Use (05)	10	English	95
Credit Rating (15)	70	Other Language:	
Cthulhu Mythos (00) ...	10	Latin	40
Dodge (DEX x2)	16	Persuade (15)	35
Drive Auto (20)	25	Pharmacy (00)	35
Electrical Repair (10) ..	10	Photography (10)	10
Fast Talk (05)	25	Psychoanalysis (00) ...	75
First Aid (30)	40	Psychology (05)	90
Hide (10)	10	Ride (05)	5
History (20)	20	Sneak (10)	10
Hypnosis (00)	35	Spot Hidden (25)	25
Jump (25)	25	Swim (25)	25
Law (05)	10	Throw (25)	25
Library Use (25)	30	Track (10)	10

Damage Bonus 0

Current Sanity

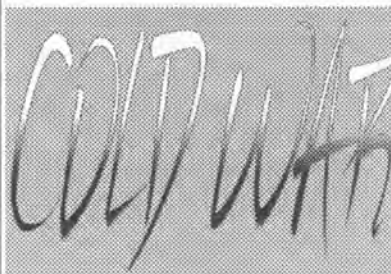
Magic Points

Hit Points

Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Shots
Punch	50%	1D3	1
Kick	25%	1D6	1

Spells

Call Ithaqua



WENDIGO, Lesser Servitor Race

"...he found no difficulty in following the tracks for the first few miles. The stride soon began to increase in length, till it finally assumed proportions that seemed absolutely impossible for any ordinary animal to have made. Like huge flying leaps they became. The feet that printed the surface of the snow thus far had now, apparently, left the ground! ...the face was more animal than human, the features drawn about into wrong proportions, the skin loose and hanging..." - Algernon Blackwood, "The Wendigo".

The wendigo are a savage race of hoofed or footless humanoids who worship Ithaqua in the cold northern regions, feasting on humans and other live prey they find lost in the forests and glaciers of the north. Occasionally Ithaqua transforms a lost hunter or trapper into a wendigo.

Wendigo have the ability to run through the air, and if Ithaqua is encountered, the Great Old One will likely be followed by a group of wendigo, as they delight in racing with their sire through the night sky.

The wendigo may attack with a claw and a bite each round. A bitten victim must successfully make a POW x 5 roll or become struck with an absolute, chilling terror. Anyone so terrified immediately drops everything and flees the area. This icy terror lasts for 100-SAN minutes. A successful Psychoanalysis roll quells the fear immediately.

WENDIGO, Savage Beasts of the Cold Wastes

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	3D6+6	16-17
SIZ	2D6+10	17
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+10	17

Move: 8/9 flying HP 16-17

Av. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Claw 30%, damage 1D8+db.

Bite 25%, damage 1D4 + fear.

Armor: 6 points of thick hide. Piercing a wendigo's heart with something hot instantly kills it. To strike a wendigo's heart, the investigator must roll 10% of his or her attack skill.

Spells: a wendigo knows 1D3 spells if its INT x 5 or less is rolled on 1D100. Spells known always concern Ithaqua and other forces of nature and the north.

Skills: Hide 75%, Sneak 55%, Track 75%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a wendigo, and 0/1D2 Sanity points for hearing the eerie howl of these creatures.

Your Three Wendigo

You have contacted a group of three wendigo - creatures that serve the mighty Windwalker. These monsters are waiting at the snow mound on the Toronto Islands, but will come in 1D6+2 minutes if you call them.

Hodges' Three Wendigo

	1	2	3
STR	19	17	18
CON	16	19	18
SIZ	13	21	18
INT	13	14	13
POW	10	14	13
DEX	12	13	13
HP	15	20	18

Move: 8/9 flying

Av. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Claw 30%, 1D8+db.

Bite 25%, 1D4+fear.

Armor: The Wendigo have 6 points of thick hide. Piercing a wendigo's heart with something hot instantly kills it. To strike a wendigo's heart, the investigator must roll 10% of his or her attack skill.

Spells: 1: none; 2: Call Ithaqua; 3: none

Skills: Hide 75%, Sneak 55%, Track 75%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a wendigo, and 0/1D2 Sanity points for hearing the eerie howl of these creatures.



Marty Davison,
Age 27.

Rock Musician,
Toronto, Canada.

STR 14	DEX 16	INT 10	Idea 50	Damage Bonus +1D4
CON 16	APP 16	POW 12	Luck 60	Current Sanity
SIZ 13	SAN 50	EDU 14	Know 70	Magic Points
				Hit Points

Accounting (10)..... 10	Mechanical Repair (20) 20	Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Shots
Bargain (05) 25	Occult (05) 20	Punch	50%	1D3+DB	1
Camouflage (25) 25	Own Language (EDU x5):	Kick	25%	1D6+DB	1
Climb (40) 40	English 70	Knife	35%	1D4	1
Computer Use (05) 05	Persuade (15) 15				
Credit Rating (15) 15	Pharmacy (00) 20				
Cthulhu Mythos (00) ... 10	Photography (10) 10				
Dodge (DEX x2) 32	Pick Pocket (05) 25				
Drive Auto (20) 35	Play Guitar (00) 60				
Electrical Repair (10) .. 10	Psychoanalysis (00) ... 00				
Fast Talk (05) 25	Psychology (05) 25				
First Aid (30) 30	Ride (05) 5				
Hide (10) 10	Sing (05) 35				
History (20) 20	Sneak (10) 35				
Jump (25) 25	Spot Hidden (25) 25				
Law (05) 5	Swim (25) 25				
Library Use (25) 25	Throw (25) 25				
Listen (25) 45	Track (10) 10				



MARTY DAVISON - Ithaqua cultist and rock musician

You are Marty Davison, a 27 year-old up and coming rock musician, known also as "Stalin". You are normally a quiet, unobtrusive "thinker," although your stage persona is quite the opposite - loud, trashy, and extravagant. You have black hair which you keep shaved on one side of your head, while it hangs long on the other, and you model your clothes after the now-defunct Soviet military. A hammer and sickle earring hangs from your left ear. To your fans you are a working class hero, and many of the loyal youth support your views on politics and a world equally shared by all. Your songs are about the fall of the rich, corruption of government, the senseless destruction of the environment, the lies of organized religion, etc. You deeply want to make some changes in the world - you are angry and sick of the corruption, lies, and destruction... maybe, just maybe, you can make a change through your music. As far as the Order goes, you know that you are only cautiously trusted by some of the "more mature" members who are unsure of your style and your mode of dress, but you've never given any of the others any cause for alarm, and you are tired of having to prove yourself to them.

WHY YOU ARE A CULTIST: You have been interested in music for as long as you can remember - music is your first love... its your life and your lover. You formed your first band when you were about 16, although it was totally unsuccessful and short-lived. Over the next several years you were involved in a number of different bands, played at a few clubs, and really got a good look at the music business, although fame and success still eluded you. Then one wintery evening a few years back a man with an odd, hypnotic voice approached you after a show. This strange man told you that you would be a successful musician if you put your trust in him and did as he said. Success had eluded you far too long - you were tired of demeaning day jobs, playing at grimy clubs, and being stuck on a seemingly endless road to nowhere, so you agreed. The man gave you Dr. Anton Zelazny's phone number, instructing you to call him and join some group he had and in return the man would see to your fame and success. Almost immediately after joining Zelazny's group your band became popular in the local club scene and you began to make a real name for yourself. Although you never saw that odd man again, you do dream about him from time to time, and in your dreams he assures you that fame will be yours if you stay loyal to the cult.

One day you hope to become leader of the Order, and use the arcane power and knowledge of the position to really secure your fame and success. Although you are not the violent type, you would murder if you found yourself in a situation which required you to do so.

You know one spell: Call Ithaqua.

WHAT YOU THINK OF THE REST OF THE CULT:

Scott Alexander: You like Scott, although he doesn't let anyone close enough to really get to know him. Scott's closer to your age, and he also tends to be looked down upon by the older, "more mature" members. Of any of the cult, Scott is the one you tend to spend any amount of time with outside the meetings.

Dr. Philip Hodges: Hodges gives you the creeps - you hate the way he looks right through you.

Grant Hughes: You don't know him well, but he seems like a decent guy.

Catherine Mitterand: You don't like Catherine very much - she is very cold toward you, although you usually just ignore her.

Albert Shepard: This guy's a real pig, and you have no respect for him.

Professor Elizabeth Stride: You like Professor Stride - she doesn't patronize you. You don't know her well, however.

Jeff Walker: You know something about Jeff that no one else does: he's a cop! A few years back he busted you for some little disturbance at one of your gigs - he apparently doesn't remember you, though. You think he's probably working undercover, and so have been cautious around him - you don't much care if he's after one of the other members, but if he's going to bust the entire cult you could be in danger. If you were to reveal the truth to the others they would certainly kill Jeff, but for now you haven't told them what you know, choosing to remain silent and watch. If you feel that he's a threat directly to you, you might consider murdering Jeff if you thought you could get away with it.

Dr. Anton Zelazny: You have great respect for Zelazny, at least as the Order leader. He has always been very friendly to you, and has made you feel like a part of the group, although you don't personally know him too well.

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Text ©1994 Scott David Aniolowski; Illustration ©1994 Robert Hand

 Grant Hughes, Age 39. Author, Toronto, Canada.	STR 14 DEX 11 INT 17 Idea 85 CON 15 APP 13 POW 12 Luck 60 SIZE 15 SAN 40 EDU 15 Know 75	Damage Bonus +1D4 Current Sanity Magic Points Hit Points													
	Accounting (10) 10 Bargain (05) 5 Camouflage (25) 25 Climb (40) 40 Computer Use (05) 25 Credit Rating (15) 35 Cthulhu Mythos (00) ... 20 Dodge (DEX x2) 22 Drive Auto (20) 20 Electrical Repair (10) .. 10 Fast Talk (05) 5 First Aid (30) 30 Hide (10) 10 History (20) 45 Jump (25) 25 Law (05) 5 Library Use (25) 50 Listen (25) 35	Mechanical Repair (20) 20 Occult (05) 50 Own Language (EDU x5): English 75 Other Language: German 40 Persuade (15) 30 Pharmacy (00) 00 Photography (10) 25 Pick Pocket (05) 5 Psychoanalysis (00) 00 Psychology (05) 30 Ride (05) 5 Sneak (10) 10 Spot Hidden (25) 35 Swim (25) 25 Throw (25) 25 Track (10) 10	<table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>Weapon</th> <th>Attk%</th> <th>Damage</th> <th>Shots</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Punch</td> <td>50%</td> <td>1D3+DB</td> <td>1</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Kick</td> <td>25%</td> <td>1D6+DB</td> <td>1</td> </tr> </tbody> </table> Spells Call Ithaqua, Mental Suggestion, Nightmare	Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Shots	Punch	50%	1D3+DB	1	Kick	25%	1D6+DB	1
	Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Shots											
	Punch	50%	1D3+DB	1											
Kick	25%	1D6+DB	1												
															

GRANT HUGHES - Ithaqua cultist and author

You are Grant Hughes, a highly successful writer and author of several best-selling books. You are a sly, intelligent 39 year-old man who maintains the image of being bookish and down to earth in your tweed jackets and pipe, although you really feel little true compassion for the rest of your race. You have dark hair that is lightly frosted, squared features, and you still speak with a faint accent belying your British birth. You are fascinated by the evils of men and your novels are about the darkest, grittiest side of the human beast: serial killers, child molesters, terrorists, etc. You have been lauded by your hordes of faithful readers as a literary master - a title you greedily flaunt. As far as the Order goes, you are its newest member but are trusted by the others. Still, you have yet to really prove your loyalty.

WHY YOU ARE A CULTIST: You have been writing for as long as you can remember, but it wasn't until relatively recently that your success began. Now you are among the most popular authors in North America. Your fascination for the darkest side of human nature has driven you to interview numerous death-row murderers, as "inspiration" for your fiction. It was through one of these interviews that you were first introduced to the Cthulhu Mythos. A few years back you paid several visits to the infamous serial killer Moris Freemont, "The Vermillion Heights Vampire", who was serving a life sentence in a prison for the criminally insane outside of Chicago. Freemont often spoke cryptically of weird "gods" and sects of ancient "non-human" races that worshipped unpronounceable things in the far and hidden corners of the earth. Intrigued by what the madman told you, you began to do your own research, and eventually discovered a forgotten copy of von Junzt's Unausprechlichen Kulten in a library archive in Berlin. Somehow what you read in that old tome made perfect sense to you. Eventually, through a series of dreams, you came to Anton Zelazny's Ithaqua group.

You have a darker secret than just your Mythos worshipping: you are a child-murderer! You aren't sure where or when or why it all began, but over the past few years you have discovered that you get an indescribable rush of feelings from the sexual torture and murder of children... feelings which take control of your very soul and drive you to a mad frenzy. You have been responsible for the disappearances of close to a dozen children in Ontario over the past three or four years. No one has connected you to the disappearances or suspects you of any wrongdoing.

The dreams which lead you to Zelazny had children in them - your victims, in fact! The children all had burning red eyes and they directed you to the Ithaqua cult. One day you hope to lead the Order and live out your perverse fantasies with the power garnered from the position.

In reality your SAN is 0 although you control yourself well enough that no one suspects that you are insane. Murder is obviously not a problem to you, although your victims have always been children.

You know the following spells: Call Ithaqua, Mental Suggestion, and Nightmare.

WHAT YOU THINK OF THE REST OF THE CULT:

Scott Alexander: He seems like a good kid, but you don't have time for someone always so messed up that he can't possibly feel the intricacies of pleasure... and of pain. Anyone who numbs themselves so deeply isn't worth wasting time on.

Marty Davison: You can't stand this punk kid, although he's never done anything to you: there's just something about him.

Dr. Philip Hodges: Now Hodges you like - he's a man who wields unspoken power... a man who earns a living by getting into the minds of the mentally unstable.

Catherine Mitterand: She's cold and distant, although you feel some sort of commonality with her.

Albert Shepard: He's a pig - clumsy, uncultured, and vulgar. He is only meagerly vile, and certainly of no inspiration to you.

Professor Elizabeth Stride: Professor Stride is a nice woman, and you are fond of her... well, as fond of anyone as you get. She's experienced some great things with her travels, and you admire her for it.

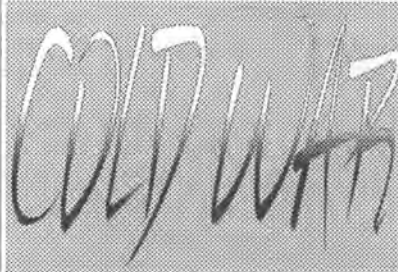
Jeff Walker: You like Jeff - you admire him for putting his body through the rigors of working out - for being so in touch with his body. If you were into adults, this guy might be fun to do - he's probably got a high pain threshold! But, adults don't do it for you....

Dr. Anton Zelazny: You aren't impressed with Zelazny - he's not vile enough to hold such a position as leader.

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	STR 10	DEX 11	INT 15	Idea 75	Damage Bonus 0
	CON 15	APP 17	POW 13	Luck 65	Current Sanity
	SIZ 13	SAN 48	EDU 15	Know 75	Magic Points
					Hit Points

Accounting (10) 15	Mechanical Repair (20) 20	Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Shots
Bargain (05) 25	Occult (05) 20	Punch	50%	1D3	1
Camouflage (25) 25	Own Language (EDU x5):	Kick	25%	1D6	1
Climb (40) 40	English 75	.22 Revolver	35%	1D6	1
Computer Use (05) 20	Other Language:				
Credit Rating (15) 45	French 75	Spells			
Cthulhu Mythos (00) ... 17	Persuade (15) 40	Call Ithaqua			
Dodge (DEX x2) 22	Pharmacy (00) 00				
Drive Auto (20) 25	Photography (10) 25				
Electrical Repair (10) .. 10	Pick Pocket (05) 5				
Fast Talk (05) 35	Psychoanalysis (00) ... 00				
First Aid (30) 30	Psychology (05) 35				
Hide (10) 10	Ride (05) 5				
History (20) 25	Sneak (10) 10				
Jump (25) 25	Spot Hidden (25) 25				
Law (05) 50	Swim (25) 25				
Library Use (25) 35	Throw (25) 25				
Listen (25) 30	Track (10) 10				

Catherine Mitterand,
Age 48.

Legislator,
Toronto, Canada.

CATHERINE MITTERAND - Ithaqua cultist and legislator

You are Catherine Mitterand, a member of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario. You are an attractive, intelligent 35 year-old woman whose career as a lawyer - and more recently as a politician - has been remarkable. Shrewd and businesslike, you have stern features and clear, cat-like eyes. As a member of the Canadian political machine you dress in stark business suits and speak and move in a deliberate and calculated manner. Image is all-important. You are bilingual, speaking equally well in English and French. Your eyes are set on the Prime Minister's office and there are many who have little doubt that you will one day indeed reach the top. Because of your political career you have carefully guarded your activities in the Order and take great care not to affiliate yourself with most of the members outside the gatherings of the group (not that you would want to, anyway): when you must, you do so with the utmost caution. This caution has brought some suspicion upon you from other members of the Order, although you've never given any a reason to doubt your loyalty.

WHY YOU ARE A CULTIST: Your family has been involved in the worship of the Windwalker for generations: your great grandfather became involved in the darkling worship while fur trapping in northern Quebec. The story you have always been told is that your great grandfather became lost in a blizzard. For days he languished in a make-shift shelter of pine branches and snow. Finally, just as the trapper felt death approaching, a wispy figure appeared to him saying that he would be spared if he turned his will over to the great god of the wilderness. He agreed, and made a pact with the agent of Ithaqua that future generations carrying his blood would remain devoted to the Windwalker. Your great grandfather lived to a very old age, passing down the worship of Ithaqua from generation to generation. In your own life you feel sure that your political success has been at least partially due to your adoration of the mighty forces of the Mythos... that you have some greater purpose in life. You were drawn to Zelazny's group through a series of dreams.

Unknown to anyone else, you were responsible for the fatal "accident" which claimed the life of a political rival a few years back. Lawyer Kirk Winters fell to his death while opening a window in his tenth-floor office. Winters was all that stood between you and your seat on the Legislative Assembly. Obviously, murder is not a problem for you as long as you felt confident that you could get away with it. You desperately want to lead the cult and take your rightful place as the chosen of Ithaqua.

You know one spell: Call Ithaqua.

WHAT YOU THINK OF THE REST OF THE CULT:

Scott Alexander: Alexander's excessive drug-use makes him a security threat to you. You do not like or trust him and maintain a distance from him.

Marty Davison: You have no respect for these "punk" kids with their anarchistic views. You don't like Marty, and are very cold toward him.

Dr. Philip Hodges: You deeply respect Dr. Hodges as a successful, professional man, and a founding member of the Order.

Grant Hughes: Hughes appears to be a decent guy, although you don't know him well enough to judge him yet.

Albert Shepard: This guy is a pig, and you don't even attempt to hide your dislike of him.

Professor Elizabeth Stride: You know something about the professor that you haven't told anyone else. Not long ago you were in Chinatown for lunch when you spotted Elizabeth going into the Black Lotus Trading Company. You watched from across the street and noticed that the Oriental man behind the counter seemed to know her. You also saw her go behind the counter and into the back room of the shop - she was back there for quite some time. You are not sure what to make of this, and so haven't told anyone else about it yet.

Jeff Walker: You learned back in high school that jocks were only good for one thing! You find Jeff attractive and wouldn't hesitate using him for that "one thing," although you haven't had the opportunity and aren't actively pursuing him.

Dr. Anton Zelazny: Dr. Zelazny holds your highest respect and admiration as a successful man, and the cult high priest. You would not hesitate to side with Zelazny if there was ever a power struggle in the Order.

 Albert Shepard, Age 48. Bank President, Toronto, Canada.	STR 10	DEX 8	INT 16	Idea 80	Damage Bonus +1D4	
	CON 13	APP 9	POW 14	Luck 70	Current Sanity	
	SIZ 17	SAN 52	EDU 19	Know 95	Magic Points	
					Hit Points	
Accounting (10) 65	Mechanical Repair (20) 20	Weapon		Attk%	Damage	Shots
Bargain (05) 30	Occult (05) 20	Punch	50%	1D3+DB	1	
Camouflage (25) 25	Own Language (EDU x5):	Kick	25%	1D6+DB	1	
Climb (40) 40	English 95	.38 Revolver	30%	1D10	1	
Computer Use (05) 25	Other Language:					
Credit Rating (15) 65	French 35	Spells				
Cthulhu Mythos (00) ... 19	Persuade (15) 25	Call Ithaqua, Contact Wendigo				
Dodge (DEX x2) 16	Pharmacy (00) 00					
Drive Auto (20) 20	Photography (10) 10					
Electrical Repair (10) .. 10	Pick Pocket (05) 5					
Fast Talk (05) 45	Psychoanalysis (00) ... 00					
First Aid (30) 30	Psychology (05) 25					
Hide (10) 10	Ride (05) 5					
History (20) 20	Sneak (10) 10					
Jump (25) 25	Spot Hidden (25) 25					
Law (05) 45	Swim (25) 25					
Library Use (25) 25	Throw (25) 25					
Listen (25) 25	Track (10) 10					

ALBERT SHEPARD - Ithaqua cultist and bank president

You are Albert Shepard, President of the Toronto branch of the Bank of Montreal. You are an overweight and, others say, unhealthy-looking man of 48 who dresses in suits and "power ties" befitting your position. Some say that you are loud and uncultured and wonder how you ever made it to where you are today. To such people you say "drop dead!" You worked hard to get where you are and being a polite, soft-spoken pansy isn't a requirement... people trust a powerful man... a man's man. And what man doesn't appreciate a gorgeous babe? What are women for but to please men? Right? Women's rights are all well and fine but you know they still like those little pats on the fanny... they expect it from a man. Despite your lack of social graces and the constant sexual advances toward the female members of the Order you feel that you are respected among the membership of the group, although the women do not hide their resentment and dislike for you. Ah, hell - you know that the women are just trying to hide the awe you inspire in them. You are thought to be second in loyalty only to Dr. Hodges.

WHY YOU ARE A CULTIST: A few years ago you were on a flight to Vancouver when your plane ran into a massive storm and developed problems. Within a few minutes it became apparent that the plane was going to go down. You were terrified. Clumsily you cried out to a somebody... anybody... to spare your life. The rest of the passengers were screaming and crying and the whole thing was like a horrible nightmare in slow-motion. You can remember it as if it took a life time for the events to play out. That plane went down, bursting into a ball of fire as it made contact with the ground. You were the only survivor of that crash which claimed over 100 lives. When you later returned home to Toronto a man paid you a visit at your bank - a man with red eyes who told you that your cries for help were heard and answered and that now your life belonged to a "higher power." That man directed you to Anton Zelazny's group and you have been a member since. One day you would like to lead the cult, feeling that that is your destiny for being spared in that fiery crash. You have no problems with the idea of murder and wouldn't hesitate to use it as a solution if you thought that that was required.

You know two spells: Call Ithaqua and Contact Wendigo.

WHAT YOU THINK OF THE REST OF THE CULT:

Scott Alexander: This kid seems okay - you like him.

Marty Davison: Marty doesn't seem to hold much respect for authority figures, which irritates you - you don't like him.

Dr. Philip Hodges: You like Dr. Hodges, although the way he seems to look right through you gives you the creeps.

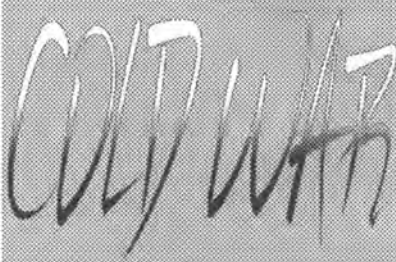
Grant Hughes: There's something about Hughes you don't like, although you can't put your finger on it.

Catherine Mitterand: Catherine is one hell of a woman - full of spunk. There are a few things you could teach this one!

Professor Elizabeth Stride: Elizabeth is a real lady - quiet, and intelligent, and probably wild in the sack!

Jeff Walker: Jeff's a good guy, and you are more than a little envious of his physique. You have visited him at his gym a few times... just thinking about maybe joining and getting back that lean body you had as a teen.

Dr. Anton Zelazny: You really respect Zelazny - he is successful and powerful.

 Dr. Elizabeth Stride, Age 39. History Professor, Toronto, Canada.	STR 9	DEX 15	INT 18	Idea 90	Damage Bonus 0																	
	CON 15	APP 16	POW 11	Luck 55		Current Sanity																
	SIZ 13	SAN 38	EDU 17	Know 85		Magic Points																
						Hit Points																
	Accounting (10)..... 10	Law (05)..... 10																				
	Anthropology (00)..... 5	Library Use (25)..... 50																				
	Archaeology (00)..... 10	Listen (25)..... 25																				
	Bargain (05)..... 5	Mechanical Repair (20) 20																				
	Camouflage (25)..... 25	Occult (05)..... 20																				
	Chemistry (00)..... 10	Own Language (EDU x5):																				
	Climb (40)..... 40	English..... 85																				
	Computer Use (05)..... 15	Other Language:																				
	Credit Rating (15)..... 25	Chinese..... 35																				
	Cthulhu Mythos (00) ... 17	Persuade (15)..... 25																				
	Dodge (DEX x2)..... 30	Photography (10)..... 10																				
	Drive Auto (20)..... 25	Physics (00)..... 5																				
	Electrical Repair (10) .. 10	Psychology (05)..... 25																				
	Fast Talk (05)..... 10	Sneak (10)..... 10																				
	First Aid (30)..... 30	Spot Hidden (25)..... 25																				
	Hide (10)..... 10	Swim (25)..... 25																				
	History (20)..... 75	Throw (25)..... 25																				
	Jump (25)..... 25	Track (10)..... 10																				
			<table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>Weapon</th> <th>Attk%</th> <th>Damage</th> <th>Shots</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Punch</td> <td>50%</td> <td>1D3+DB</td> <td>1</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Kick</td> <td>25%</td> <td>1D6+DB</td> <td>1</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Foil</td> <td>45%</td> <td>1D6</td> <td>1</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>				Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Shots	Punch	50%	1D3+DB	1	Kick	25%	1D6+DB	1	Foil	45%	1D6	1
Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Shots																			
Punch	50%	1D3+DB	1																			
Kick	25%	1D6+DB	1																			
Foil	45%	1D6	1																			
			Spells Call Ithaqua																			
																						

DR. ELIZABETH STRIDE - Ithaqua cultist and professor of history

You are Professor Elizabeth Stride, Professor of History at the University of Toronto. You are a brilliant, well-read, well-travelled woman of 39 with sharp, attractive features made more scholarly-looking by the glasses that sit perched upon the end of your nose and the drab, practical clothes you wear. You are confident, compassionate to certain causes, and have a passion for history. A fencing champion at Oxford, you are quick and confident with a foil. Your particular field of expertise is Chinese history: you love the Orient and have visited on many occasions. As far as the Order goes, you have proven yourself unshakably loyal to the cult.

WHY YOU ARE A CULTIST: You became aware of the Cthulhu Mythos on a trip to the Orient many years ago. At that time you were studying the savage Tcho-Tcho tribe and took an interest in their pantheon of strange pagan deities: Chaugnar Faugn, Lloigor, Zhar, and others. After months of cautious study, the degenerate tribe finally allowed you to view one of their pagan rituals. On that fateful evening something answered the savage cries of the tribesman - some enormous, writhing, powerful entity. The god Lloigor appeared before you in all its alien might and at that instant you got an insight into the true nature of the universe - somehow you understood. That night you were initiated into the cult of the Star-Treader and instructed to contact the Dragon Tong when you returned to Toronto. Although very suspicious of you at first, the Dragon Tong eventually took you in and made you a member of its Lloigor cult - the Brotherhood of the Star-Treader.

You were later instructed to contact Anton Zelazny and join his group so that you could keep an eye on his rival cult, the Secret Order of the Windwalker. You have successfully infiltrated the Ithaqua cult and have been keeping the Dragon Tong informed of their activities. You have been very careful to keep your affiliation with the Star-Treader cult a secret and so far no one seems to suspect. You have murdered before and certainly wouldn't hesitate to do so again if you had to to keep the truth hidden, or in the line of service to Lloigor.

Important note: you REALLY have a SAN of 0, a POW of 18, and a Cthulhu Mythos of 50%. You have a 50% chance with a crossbow (the Lloigor cult weapon), which does 1D8+2 damage, fires one shot every four rounds (reloading time), and has a max range of 90 yards. Although you have a 0 Sanity you manage to function normally. You also have the following spells: Call Ithaqua, Call Lloigor, Levitate, Power Drain, Shrivelling, and Wither Limb. The Ithaqua cultists only know of your Call Ithaqua spell.

WHAT YOU THINK OF THE REST OF THE CULT: You are tolerant of the rest of the Ithaqua cult but you have no particular like for them. You cover the truth about your involvement with the Star-Treader group, however, by being cordial, polite, and friendly to the others, never letting slip your true feelings. You certainly would not hesitate to murder any of them if you were forced into the situation, however.

CALL LLOIGOR: to call, the caster must face in the direction of the dread and legend-shrouded Plateau of Sung in China. The caster must be in possession of something of Tcho-Tcho origin and may cast the spell only at night.



STR 17 DEX 16 INT 14 Idea 70

CON 16 APP 14 POW 12 Luck 60

SIZ 16 SAN 50 EDU 14 Know 70

Damage Bonus +1D6

Current Sanity

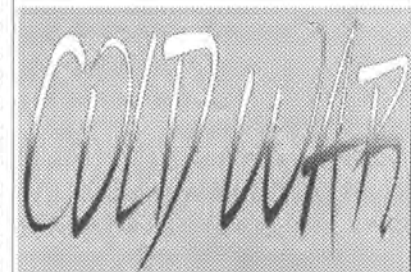
Magic Points

Hit Points

Jeff Walker,
Age 27.

Athlete,
Toronto, Canada.

Accounting (10) 10	Listen (25) 40	Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Shots
Bargain (05) 5	Mechanical Repair (20) 35	Punch	80%	1D3+DB	1
Camouflage (25) 25	Medicine (00) 15	Kick	25%	1D6+DB	1
Climb (40) 55	Occult (05) 20	.45 Automatic	40%	1D10+2	1
Computer Use (05) 05	Own Language (EDU x5):	Club	45%	1D6+DB	1
Credit Rating (15) 22	English 70	Spells			
Cthulhu Mythos (00) ... 10	Persuade (15) 15	Call Ithaqua			
Dodge (DEX x2) 40	Pharmacy (00) 00				
Drive Auto (20) 40	Photography (10) 10				
Electrical Repair (10) .. 10	Pick Pocket (05) 5				
Fast Talk (05) 35	Psychoanalysis (00) ... 00				
First Aid (30) 40	Psychology (05) 15				
Forensics (00) 15	Ride (05) 15				
Hide (10) 30	Sneak (10) 50				
History (20) 20	Spot Hidden (25) 40				
Jump (25) 35	Swim (25) 35				
Law (05) 35	Throw (25) 35				
Library Use (25) 25	Track (10) 10				



JEFF WALKER - Ithaqua cultist and athlete

You are Jeff Walker, the owner and operator of a fitness center in downtown Toronto. You are a strong, muscular young man of 27 with neatly-clipped hair and rugged features. You are a friendly, outgoing guy, although you maintain a certain aloofness: you don't like anyone to get to know you too well. You know that rumor has it that you were in some sort of trouble with the law, although no one knows for sure what sort of trouble. You don't like being questioned about your past - there are things better left in the past and it bugs you to be reminded of those things, so you politely try to avoid the subject, although if anyone really presses you you tell them in no uncertain terms to back off. You have passed all tests of loyalty to the Order with flying colors.

WHY YOU ARE A CULTIST: In reality, you aren't a cultist - you are an undercover cop! The provincial authorities have been keeping an eye on Anton Zelazny for a long time, suspecting him of being involved in organized crime. Some time ago the Royal Canadian Mounted Police decided to set up a sting operation on Zelazny, and you were chosen to be the undercover operative. You were to get close to him, gather incriminating information, and set up the eventual raid and arrest.

You were set up as a personal trainer with a small fitness center downtown in the same building where Zelazny carries out his private practice, and not far from his apartment. You kept an eye on the doctor, began to speak to him every day, and eventually started getting close to the man. Finally one day he asked you if you would be interested in joining some vague group he was involved in. You agreed, and that night you found yourself at his apartment. That was your first exposure to the Ithaqua cult, and the Cthulhu Mythos. You carefully stuck with it, learning what you could of the group.

You have been exposed to things you find horrible and disturbing, however, you have a job to do and you feel that you are close to learning something very important - maybe something that would put all of the cult members away. You haven't witnessed anything too illegal yet, although you are very suspicious of several of the members. You know Scott Alexander is heavily involved in the drug scene, you suspect some sort of political foul-play with Catherine Mitterand, and Albert Shepard might be involved with some sort of illegal actions through the Bank of Montreal. Anton Zelazny, however, is still the big man - you are so sure of his involvement in crime that you can almost taste it!

You guard the truth very carefully - these people might kill you if they knew you were a cop. Obviously, you will not participate in any acts so criminal as murder, grand theft, etc., although you might take part in very minor crimes to keep your cover.

Through your affiliation with the group you learned the Call Ithaqua spell.

WHAT YOU THINK OF THE REST OF THE CULT: You actually like some of the people, like Professor Stride, and Grant Hughes, but if they are involved this closely with Zelazny they must be no good. You keep your cover by being friendly, yet distant, from the rest of the group. You are glad for the rumor about your past run-in with the law - it keeps enough suspicion on you to keep the truth hidden.

Scream And Scream Again continued from page 3

I'm proud to help lead off the new "Esoterica" column, and slightly awed to have my work joined with that of Messrs. Ross and Aniolowski (in TUOIO's "What The Deities Mean"). After seeing the complete article, I'd like to add a few minor points of explanation and reaction.

First, I'm impressed that they found any hint of a symbolic aspect in minor-league Mythos gods like Eihort and Rhan-Tegoth. I left those out of my original article because they either seemed too much like simple monsters, or I just didn't have enough information. At the time I wrote the article (1992), I hadn't been able to find Campbell's stories dealing with Eihort, Glaaki, and Daoloth. I still haven't found the stories in which Cyaegha, Zhar, Quachil Uttaus or Yibb-Tstll actively appear, and in the case of the latter three had to judge solely from their appearance in the CoC rulebook and in scenarios (which in Yibb's case meant leaving him out entirely.) Does anyone know where I can get them?

Now for a few specific points.

Cthulhu: Mythos powers can be interpreted both in terms of what they are in their own right, and in terms of what their worshippers believe about them. Actually, I like Kevin Ross' suggestion that Cthulhu would treat his worshippers with the same callous disregard he would the rest of humanity — but the cult priests *think* they will rule the world as Cthulhu's overseers. Even the leaders of the squalid little local cults like the one Legrasse suppressed in Louisiana probably think they'll live like lords, equal in power to big-time cult leaders like the sorcerers in *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*.

Ithaqua: Actually, I've wondered myself why Ithaqua should only show up in the Arctic, when at least according to some writers he can travel through space freely. There's one thing special about Earth's polar regions besides cold, however: that's where the lines of force of Earth's magnetic field plunge into the

Earth. That's why auroras are usually only seen in the higher latitudes. If Earth's magnetic field blocks the solar wind from hitting the atmosphere except at the poles, maybe it constrains Ithaqua's movement, too. He can only touch down and grab people fairly near the poles, but can drop them from low Earth orbit anywhere. Going straight down, his super-frozen victims don't have time to heat up from re-entry friction.

Quachil Uttaus: I stand by my attribution of this being as an Elder God. I wouldn't call Hypnos or even Nodens "goody-two-shoes" types.

Shub-Niggurath: She is a "goddess" because she keeps getting called one, no matter how foolishly anthropomorphic that may be. Male deities may give "birth" in myths, but the deity who symbolizes fertility and the Earth as primal parent is usually female.

Still, these are only suggestions, based on scant or contradictory information. The real measure of whether a symbolic interpretation is "right" is whether it generates a good scenario. Judging from the scenarios I've seen published, most writers aren't even trying.

Dean Shomshak **Gig Harbor, WA**



First of all, let me say that the very first issue of TUO was especially fascinating to me, since Hastur is my favorite Great Old One of all. (I once tried to write *The King in Yellow* itself, an effort aborted after five lines.) As you know, Chambers got the names "Carcosa" and "Hali" from Ambrose Bierce's stories "An Inhabitant of Carcosa" and "The Death of Halpin Frayser." In these stories, Bierce quotes Hali twice on the nature of death, etc. After reading these stories, I was quite impressed with them, not only due to their literary power, but also due to these names he had created. Hali! What a creation!

But it wasn't a creation.

Several years after being introduced to Chambers and Bierce, I was sitting in English class reading the Introduction to the *Canterbury Tales* while another student was reading aloud. My

eyes passed over the section regarding a doctor's knowledge, and I noticed the fact that this man had studied the works of "Hali."

Ouch.

I briefly wondered whether this was just some hallucination of mine, but then the girl who was reading to us passed over the same words, and I once again heard the name "Hali."

I was left with two possibilities. Either the Great Old Ones had infiltrated our textbook company, or there was actually a chap named Hali. A year later, after I had come to Vanderbilt, I spent a few hours in the Medical Library, and found out something about this "Hali."

According to my references, Ali ibn-Ridwan (aka Haley, aka Hali) was a 11th century Arabian scholar and doctor. Through his studies, he became one of the greatest doctors of his time, writing over a hundred books on topics ranging from medicine to metaphysics. Near the end of his life, however, he went insane (due to the theft of much of his wealth by a servant girl, I believe). A rather fascinating figure. I couldn't back up any of Bierce's quotes, since our library holds only one of his dozens of volumes, but he seems to be our man.

Well, there's Hali for you. My theory is that Bierce had access to one of the man's books, and used some quotes in his own works. Chambers was looking for material for his stories, so he lifted both Carcosa and Hali from Bierce, not knowing that Hali was actually a real person. (From the one reference I've seen to "Hali" in analyses of Bierce, I think that many Bierce scholars don't realize this either.) Or did he? Could there be some reference to Carcosa, etc. in one of Hali's books that Chambers found and expanded on? I wonder what work of Hali's Bierce might have seen to get his quotes. (And has anyone checked to see if Bayrolles, the "medium" who narrates "Inhabitant," was a real person?)

Daniel Harms **via America Online**



Huh-huh. Huh-huh. Hey Beavis. Look at the cover of TUOIO. Huh-huh.

Played human flesh is cool.

Unless it isn't. Why the sudden leap into such moronically bad taste? All your other covers were vile, but charmingly vile, with an artistic sense for the more subtle aspects of vileness.

Your latest cover is merely sick. While there are literary precedents for your choice of bindings (Keith Herber's brilliant description of the *Cthaat Aquadingen* in *Spawn of Azathoth* comes to mind...), the execution was so overdone that it could only evoke bathos and nausea, neither of which is all that compatible with horror.

Other than that, the issue was great. For that matter, I have all your issues, and every one is excellent. I'm planning to subscribe just as soon as you all manage to get on a regular publishing schedule. But it would still be helpful if you could scrounge up a sense of restraint somewhere when you do your next cover, because the last one — to borrow B&B's terminology — it sucks.
Tim Burrows **St. Petersburg, FL**
I can understand your reaction to the TUO10 cover; needless to say, I disagree with your opinion (since otherwise the cover wouldn't have been printed) but I do know where you're coming from.

You cited words such as bathos and nausea; to my mind, the main reaction the cover should have engendered was repulsion. And I believe repulsion fits easily under the horror umbrella.

Part of our desire to commission this piece of art was simple — TUO10 was the first issue in our new format, and we wanted to make an impression on folks. We seem to have succeeded! If there was ever a time to shout "hey, check us out!" TUO10 was it.

I doubt you'll see anything like it again soon. There's no point in trying to one-up ourselves on the repulsion scale. In fact, the cover to this issue is about as non-violent as you could ask.



I would like to reply to a letter that appeared in TUO8/9 from Inez Schaechterle of Reno, Nevada. Inez refers to an article I wrote in TUO6 listing new professions for the game. Concerning that article, Inez asks if I

think all women are useless or just those in the 1920s.

[Many of Kim's profession listings noted that only males were appropriate for those professions in the 1920s]

To begin with, Inez brings up two points which I believe are quite valid. One is that history's representation of the roles women and minorities play is patently false. I certainly agree with that, but the point of the article was to just list new occupations, not to offer specific occupations for a particular gender or race. Inez' other point is that Mythos adventurers are exceptional. Again, she is right on target. As there are exceptional real people in all genders and races, so too should there be exceptional adventurers of all types.

However, the truly sad fact of human history (and unfortunately one that still influences us today) is that few people not belonging to the people in power (whether because of gender, race, or economic status) have been allowed the freedom to really excel. The 1920s and 30s saw some great leaps forward, especially for individuals, but overall women and non-white minorities were not allowed to gain the tools with which they could become great adventurers. And those that did excel constantly faced prejudice in everyday situations.

I must admit that I keep those elements in my game. I had a minority investigator that wanted to go down south, and I warned the player about how dangerous that could be. As it was, he went anyway but achieving success was often difficult — i.e., the investigator had to make special efforts to deal with the culture of the time. I've had female investigators run into the same problems by sometimes not being taken seriously. Those characters most often persevere, sometimes with the help of their compatriots (showing that they really are heroes) and their victories are that much greater.

It would be lovely if it was a Walt Disney cartoon world where everyone was given the same chance, but that isn't reality. My game (and my CoC writings) reflects those facts because the horror/evil is not just a huge blob-

monster; it's the corruption one often finds in society's politics, religions, fears, and hatreds. The reason the Lovecraftian horror may win is not because of its overwhelming power, but because of our overwhelming weaknesses and petty attitudes. If Inez wants to run completely equal females (even an all-female team) in a campaign world that has little to do with actual history, then more power to her. It probably would be a fascinating campaign. But it would not be my type of campaign and, to tell you the truth, I would find the characters much less heroic for the ease with which they glide through normal, everyday life. True heroes fight the everyday fears and enemies, not just empty a clip into the hooded crazies.

The final point, the one which I feel is implied by Inez, is that because I pointed out that males were more common in some professions at that time, I meant that they should be: that no females are allowed or could be created! I really resent this and what this implies about me. I am a male, writing for a male-dominated industry, dealing with a male-dominated era, based on a male-dominated series of fictional works. Only FASA's *Earthdawn* game consistently writes in multiple gender pronouns, a fact that makes the game rather refreshing.

What ultimately rankles me, Inez, is that instead of filling in that void you felt I created, you just complained about it? Why did you not write an article (or help write one) which gives clear and usable examples and information on female adventurers for the game? How would you have rewritten my article, considering space limitations, to right these wrongs which I certainly did not intend? Why am I supposed to be your champion for your ideal game? You are obviously an intelligent, well-read person; champion your own damn cause.

So, in response to your question, Inez, do I think all women (or just those in the 1920s) are useless? No, just those people (men and women both) who complain without offering a real solution to what they perceive as a problem.

Kim Eastland

Moline, IL

MINUTES ON HIGH

Michael P. Nagel

in which a game betwixt foes ensnares a few helpless pawns



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

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

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

Keeper's Information

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

Upon returning to the present he began to search out potential transferees with the assistance of a few Yithian devices allowing him to determine the mental strength (POW) of the victim. He felt

that only those strong enough and had a desire to learn would not only be able to cope with the transfer process, but also help him and the Great Race to continue their studies. Thus began the "Brotherhood of Light."

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

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

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

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

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

As the scenario opens, Y'Golovac, through Y'Dgetz, has found where the Glass is, and is trying to get it. As the glass must be acquired through a legitimate transaction (see the description of the artifact on page 63 for details), Y'Dgetz must raise enough capital to secure its acquisition. The fastest way to accumulate that much money is to steal it, and the cult's desperate members have begun a

series of daring bank heists. The Brotherhood of Light has also found out about the Glass and its uses, and is trying to foil Y'Golovac's plans.

One of the Brotherhood, while screening out potential members, happened upon Jason Randolph Cornwall III and was struck by the man's intense inner strength. Cornwall was quickly and subtly put under observation, and it was soon discovered that his inner power was focused on his relationship with Dana Walters, and the Brotherhood would find that his happiness would make it quite difficult to sway him from his current path. As they were under great pressure to gain as much assistance as possible, and Cornwall was too great an asset to pass up, the Brotherhood set out to convert him by inches. With the use of their available technology, they began to probe into his mind, little by little, until his consciousness was completely taken over by a member of the Great Race. Now, firmly a member of the Brotherhood, 'Cornwall' began to take part in the struggle against Y'Golovac. He and several other Brotherhood members decided to tail the Sons and interrupted the first of their bank robberies — with horrific results.

Getting Started

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

If the investigators are all part of the Boston police (perhaps if you are running this as a convention scenario, or are having the players make up characters just for this adventure), variety is important. There should be a detective or two, a medical/forensics expert, and one or two other specialties.

Part One: Boston

The Bank

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

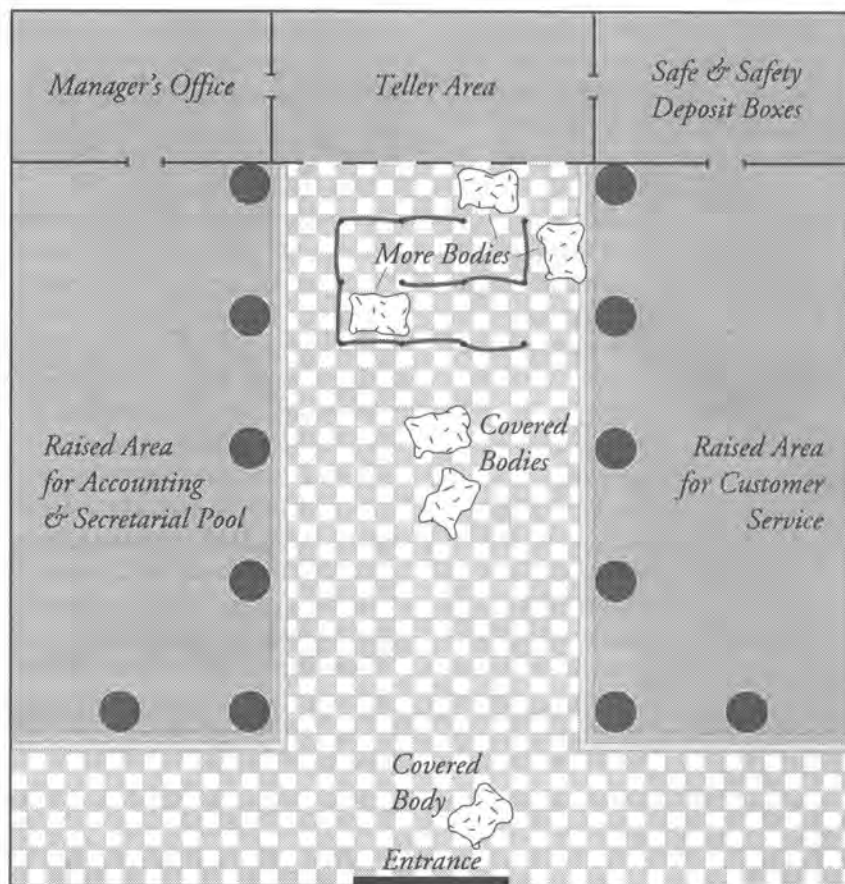
When the investigators arrive at the scene, it is roughly ten o'clock in the morning, not long after the bank opened. On entering the bank's lobby, the investigators are overwhelmed by a horrible smell, which an Idea roll identifies as a mixture of burned hair and flesh.

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

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

An examination of the bodies reveals that all of the bodies, except for the one which is face down, have been badly mangled by gunshot wounds, two of them by automatic weapons. Each body is also clad in unexceptional clothing.

The face down corpse is quite interesting! All exposed parts of the body are severely blistered and red, some of the blisters broken and oozing a green



mucus-like substance (SAN roll 0/1D3). All body hair is missing and a Spot Hidden roll reveals that a few tufts lay near the body. A close examination of the hairs shows that one end has been shriveled up. There is also a small patch near the middle of the body's back, where the clothing has been burned through and the skin has been charred beneath. An examination of this wound reveals that the skin has not been broken. Rolling the body over requires another SAN roll (0/1D3), as the condition of the face is not very pleasant. Every opening in the body's head is blistered, burned and bloody, including the eyes, one of which has been sealed up by the gore, the other still open, revealing a charred eyeless socket. A Spot Hidden and Idea roll reveals stains around these orifices that could have been caused by smoke. An autopsy, which will require 6 hours, finds that the body has been "cooked" from the inside out. This man is in fact the victim of a Yithian Lightning Gun.

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

As the attack occurred at the opening of the bank, the only real witness was Buddy Wilkes, the bank guard.

Buddy is a stocky fellow in his early 40s, simple of means and mind. Most of what he's learned about law enforcement has come from spending time in the trenches during the Great War and spending time in the cinema watching the Keystone Cops and Douglas Fairbanks. Although somewhat slow-witted, he has a keen sense of survival, most likely due to several scuffles with the Kaiser's boys. He's proud of his position at the bank and keeps a smart appearance: clean shaven, short dark hair perfectly combed, and uniform spotless and creased. Any investigators

who speak with him will find Buddy somewhat distraught by the recent events, and he hopes he doesn't lose his job as a result. If questioned, he relates the following:

Buddy Wilkes' Statement:

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

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

Arriving shortly after the investigators is Arthur Stephens, the bank president. Mr. Stephens is an impeccably dressed gentleman surrounded by an aura of wealth. He feels himself to be superior to most other people, and would not be completely out of place in a feudal setting. He is king of his domain (the Bank) and if the investigators give him the least bit

of trouble (a very fine line) he is not above reporting them to the Chief of Police. Actually manhandling this fellow is not entirely out of the question for the investigators, and the results could be very interesting indeed.

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

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

Clues

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

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

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

The Cornwall Residence

Cornwall lived in a small brownstone not far from Harvard Yard, with three other graduates (Skip, Biff, and Tad) who are still living in the house, and answer if the investigators stop by for a chat. If the players choose to go the house, they receive a friendly greeting, but find that Cornwall's ex-roommates are hesitant to allow them in (they are hiding some hooch that they were recently indulging in, not to mention the still in the basement). When the investigators finally get inside, they find that the roommates are then happy to help, but try to keep the investigators out of the basement.

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

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

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

Cults of Ancient Mythology

(+01% Mythos, no spells, -1D2 SAN)

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

The book takes one week to read (investigators doing so may add +01% to their Occult skills, along with the Mythos bonus above), and the readers find the name of one of the more obscure cults underlined:

The Sons of the Hands that Feed: This is a very small cult whose membership is estimated at less than one hundred worshippers worldwide. Legend says that they are one of the most violent cults to come into existence, supposedly known to tear their human sacrifices apart with bare

hands. The god they worship is known as Igolonus. According to the mythology, he was the bastard son (one of many) of the god Dionysus and an unknown mate, thought to be one of the Titans. Apparently, he was so hideous and so amazingly evil, that he was banished to a place of darkness from which he could never escape. Another source claims that as punishment for his actions, the goddess Athena removed his head, so that he would be eternally hungry. Yet, he survived by magically growing two more mouths instead of one, just to spite the goddess of wisdom.

Cornwall's Diary

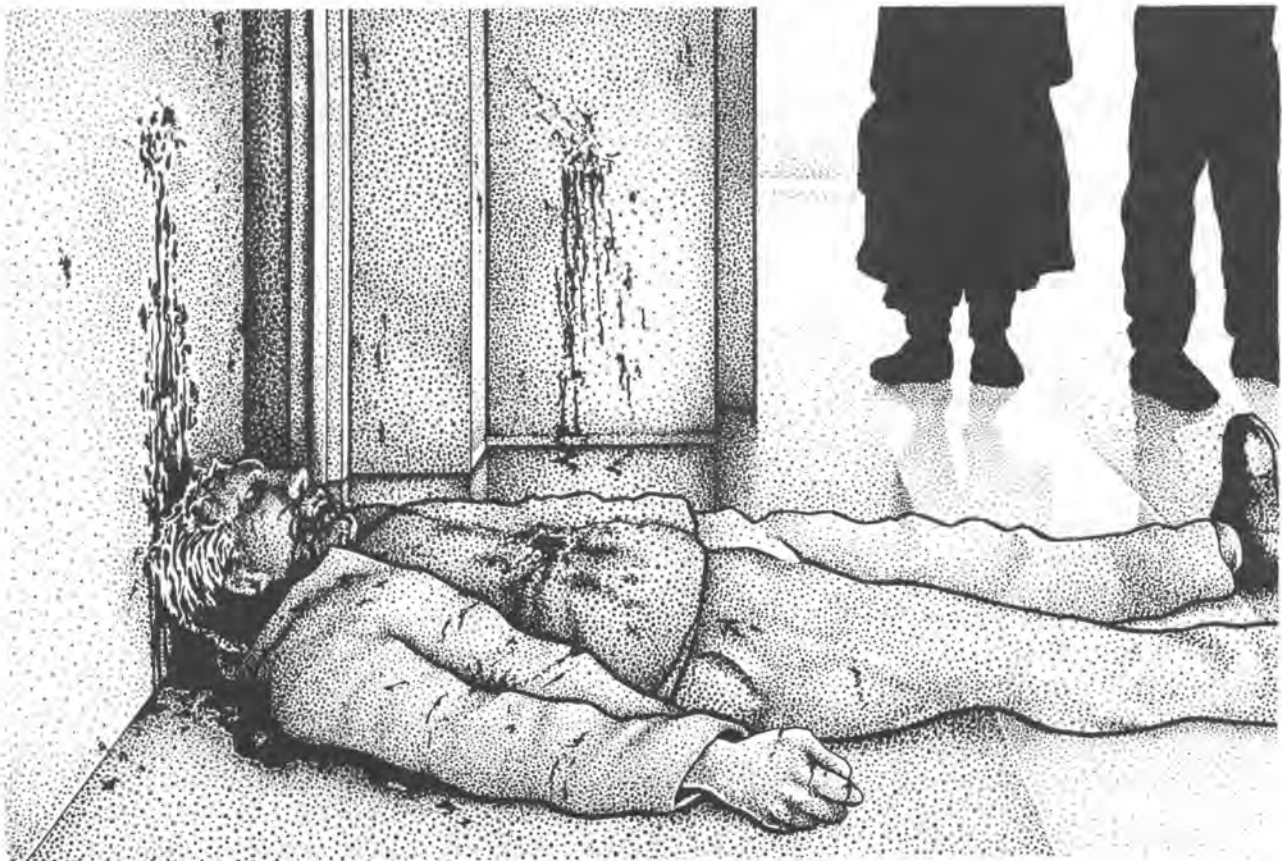
It takes a week to read all the way through this book. Most of the entries are fairly typical journal entries, but the last few are of interest. These appear in the handout reproduced above. The last entry is dated two months before the scenario begins.

A successful Idea roll reveals to the investigators reading the journal that in the last two entries the hand writing has changed subtly in several places, as though

two people — one Cornwall and another trying to imitate him, were writing simultaneously. His mind has, in fact, been swapped with one of the Great Race.

Boston Nightlife

If the investigators choose to check out Cornwall's old haunts, they find that he was well known in the social set. At The Garden Spot, they find that he had his own table reserved for most nights, and that he was always entertaining friends. At Sociables, they find that he tended to attract much of the female clientele looking for a dance, but that he was only interested in Dana Walters, another wealthy young socialite. At The Tune Room, they find the staff and clientele unwilling to speak with anyone suspected of being police officers. The back room of The Tune Room holds a speakeasy and a few gambling tables. If they manage to get into the back room in any way other than officially, they discover that, along with the information attainable at Sociables, Cornwall was very carefree with



Cornwall's Diary Excerpts

Entry 1

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

Entry 2

I can't believe it. I was at the Showplace last night along with Dana, and that guy was there. He walked up to me, in the middle of the dance floor, and started talking to me again, just like the last time. He said I knew what he was talking about, and somehow, I think I did. Even though, as I think back on it now, everything is just a blur. I don't know how long I was talking to him, and I remember apologizing to Dana, but she said she didn't know what I was

talking about. When I explained, she looked at me like I had too much booze in me. I never felt more sober.

Entry 3

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

Entry 4

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

Entry 5

I'm going crazy. I've lost all track of time. There have been many times when I look at my watch

and hours have passed, even though I was sure that it had only been a few minutes since I last looked. Twice over a day had passed. I don't know what I did or do during these periods. I found a business card in my wallet from one of those social clubs. My roommates said I mentioned it in passing. It is sitting in front of me as I write these words. I can't remember what it is called.

Entry 6

The periods are getting longer. The sum of all things is nothing. Dana has broken off with me. The book of Revelations is true! 12:5 and 12:14. I want it to stop! Why does he write in his book? Stop it, please, stop it!!!! He who has no mouth must speak with his hands. My mother told me never to eat with my fingers. The Balance!

Entry 7

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

the money he had, and the drink he purchased. Along with this information, each establishment can add that Cornwall suddenly became very absent-minded, as if his attention were always somewhere else, before he suddenly stopped coming, about a month before his death.

Dana Walters

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

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

She can tell the investigators that she met Cornwall a few years ago at a social gathering while he was attending Harvard. Their relationship was the best she had ever known, and was sure that it was progressing toward marriage. In fact, she had heard from Cornwall's roommates that he had mentioned it to them. Suddenly and unexpectedly, however, things turned sour. Cornwall would disappear for days on end and forget appointments. At first she thought he had a drinking problem, but when she asked his friends about it, they knew nothing and were equally perplexed. Her next thought was that he was seeing someone else, behind her back. This thought gave her the initiative to follow him one night. His goal was an old mansion in Beacon Hill where, she learned from a beat cop, a men's club was located. Upon his return, she asked Cornwall about it. His response was: "None of your damn business!" She decided to end the affair at that point, and he seemed more than willing to oblige.

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

The Brotherhood of Light

"The Brotherhood" is an organization run by a group of individuals possessed by members of the Great Race of Yith, and a small group of men who have agreed to help them. They have seen the future of the planet if Y'golonac or any other Great Old One regains power, and are determined to stop them, thus maintaining a balance of power between good and evil on the planet. To the uninitiated, it is a group of intellectuals who spend their evenings studying history and historical patterns. If the investigators are lucky enough to

get a list of the membership (about 30 people), they find that most of the members are well-respected professors and historians, who have made significant contributions to their fields. If questioned about the organization's purpose, the membership will stick to the popular belief.

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

If any of the investigators bring up an interest in joining the club, they will receive only polite encouragement. If they are serious about it, membership requires a Credit Rating of 35 or greater, plus some serious academic standing or reputation and of course a clean record in the community (Keeper's discretion). Getting into the Brotherhood of Light itself and learning its secrets is something else altogether — see "Joining the Brotherhood," below.

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

Joining the Brotherhood

If the intentions of the investigators seem righteous, and they satisfy the club's requirements as mentioned earlier, and if they have a POW of 14 or greater, they may be invited to join the Brotherhood as initiates. If the investigators accept the offer, they are required to spend each night of the next full week researching at the libraries of the local universities on several historical subjects as assigned by the Brotherhood. Following this period, they undergo the "Rite of Truth," in which their minds are painlessly, yet completely, probed, revealing their true intentions. This process effectively exempts the investigators from further indoctrination into

the order — their investigations make them untrustworthy and inappropriate for the Brotherhood's operations. Once their intentions are known, however, the Yithians will secretly aid the investigators in their investigations. After all, why become directly involved if pawns can get the same results?

The Rite of Truth

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

The process is completely painless, and only causes a brief period of disorientation, which the investigators may associate with drunkenness.

The Yithians subconsciously impart the importance of the Magical Glass and the immediate situation by way of dreams; implanted during the probe process. Over the course of the following evenings, each investigator has one of five recurring dreams, two of which may cause SAN loss.

The Dreams

ONE: You find yourself at a large bank, whose marble colonnades and teller windows seem to go on and on toward infinity. You step up to the window and request a cash withdrawal, which the ever-cheerful teller more than willingly fills for you. As you turn to leave, the teller shouts that you have forgotten your money. You turn back to the window and thrust the cash into your pocket. As you turn to leave again, the teller once more shouts that you have forgotten your withdrawal. Again, you turn back. With the money in your

pocket, you turn to leave and the teller calls to you again. This cycle seems to repeat hundreds of times. Finally you get away, and as soon as you step outside, you feel your clothing packed so full of money, you are afraid your clothing will burst. As you walk down the street, you can feel greedy eyes feasting on your bulging clothes. You feel that the only way to save yourself from being robbed is to spend all the money, but as you look around, every shop is closed. You run down the street in a blind panic, looking for an open shop, a gang of hungry thieves on your heels. Finally you spot a store that is just closing, and you rush in to find that is specializes in magnifying glasses. You drop all the cash on the counter, and a little man gives you a tiny glass in return. You step outside with your prize, with a new feeling that you can now burn the thieves like ants with your new weapon.

TWO: You find yourself standing in a large white room, so bright, that you can't determine where the floor and ceiling end and the walls begin. In the center of the room stands a figure of something you have never seen or conceived of before. Its base is like an inverted cone with four arms sprouting from its tip. Towering above you, each arm holds a bowl suspended by four metal chains. Each bowl hangs at head level and contains twenty-four glimmering gems. The color of the gems differs from bowl to bowl: Yellow, Green, Blue, and Red. As you reach for one of the gems, a voice in your head booms: "NO! THE BALANCE MUST BE MAINTAINED!"

THREE: You find yourself to be exceptionally hungry. Each morsel of food you find you swiftly gobble down, but to no avail. It even seems that the more you eat, the hungrier you get. Your insatiable appetite drives you forward from restaurant to restaurant, from store to store, gobbling everything you find. You wish that you could somehow eat faster and you feel a pulsing in your hands. You stop briefly to examine

The Mansion

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

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

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

B - Dining room - Furnished with a large darkwood table surrounded by several chairs. An arch leads to the sitting room. A door on the opposite wall leads to the kitchen, as does a large louvered serving window.

C - Kitchen - A large stove dominates this area, along with a food preparation table, sinks and lots of hanging pots, pans, and cutlery. A staircase in one corner gives

access to both the upper floor, and the larder/storage area below.

D, E, F - Guest Bedrooms - Furnished with comfortable beds, free standing wardrobes and a writing table. These rooms are unremarkable, except for a communicating door between rooms E and F.

G - Bathroom - Classy, clean, and tasteful.

H - Garage - A large oil-stained area decorated by an equally impressive automobile (Rolls, Dusenber, Bentley, etc...). The walls are adorned with racks holding car parts, cans of oil, and other miscellaneous items of automotive interest.

I - Bedroom - Furnished in a simple yet comfortable manner, this room is used by the Driver/Handyman.

J - Closet - Contains the clothing and uniforms of the person in whose apartments it's located.

K - Sitting Room - Furnished simply, yet comfortably, this is the main room in the Driver/Handyman's apartment.

L - Courtyard - This cobblestoned area is large enough to hold several automobiles and is cordoned off from the street by a 10 foot high stone wall whose top is covered with crushed glass (1D4 damage if climbed without protection of some kind). The road is accessible through a large iron gate, which is adorned with particularly nasty spear points. Keepers may want to throw a particularly ravenous Mastiff into here if desired.

M - Shed - This small storage shed holds miscellaneous maintenance equipment (paint, spare shingles, plumbing stuff, etc...).

N - Library - This is the largest area in the mansion, and is absolutely packed with bookshelves. In four places there are clusters of overstuffed chairs, coffee tables, and the like. Book topics cover all historical periods in detail and there are also many philosophical and scientific works. A trapdoor can be easily reached, which provides access to a small

attic, also packed with books. Unless the Keeper so desires, there are no Mythos tomes in this library.

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

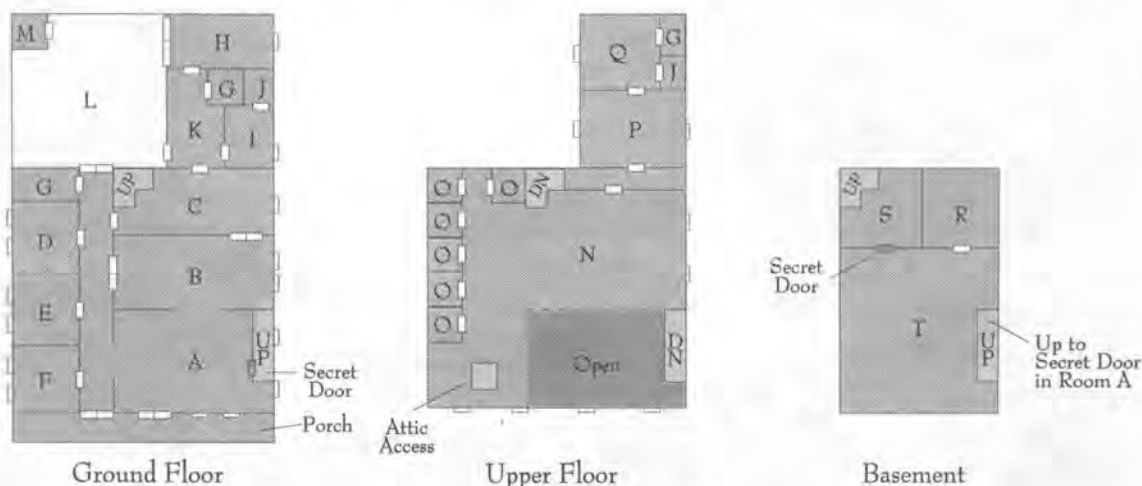
P - Sitting Room - This is the main room of the Butler's apartments. It is comfortably furnished and a little more stylish than that of the Driver.

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

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

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

T - Lab Area - Furnished with several chairs and rolling metal tables, this room is where the Brotherhood performs its Yithian mind swaps and other experiments. In the New York mansion, it is also where the Dimensional Shambler attack takes place. At any time, there will be 1D3 Brotherhood members undergoing a transfer here. The small rolling tables hold the various Yithian devices which are required for the process. A staircase leads up one wall to the secret door in the Reception Sitting Area.



them, and as you look, small wounds appear in your palms. These wounds slowly become slits that begin to quiver and pulsate as they try to open up. With a horrid tearing sound, you feel the skin give way and loose a spray of puss and saliva, revealing two tiny rows of razor sharp teeth. They clack and bite with malignant intent, as they greedily await their next meal. (SAN roll: 0/1d6)

FOUR: You stand in what appears to be a huge library. The shelves are miles upon miles long, and stretch up for hundreds of feet. As you try to guess how many volumes are contained here, your mind gets lost in a jumble of confused thoughts and ideas. You pull a tome off a shelf and after blowing a layer of dust from its cover, you open it. You gaze at the print, but it seems too small to read, and you even get the impression that it may be shrinking. Before it is gone for good, you dash over to a table upon which a large golden magnifying lens sits. You drop the book on the table and swing the

glass over the open pages. As you look through the glass, the words appear larger than life. Larger than your own life. The words and symbols seem to come alive and wriggle and dance across the page. Some of them even reach up toward you. You quickly push the glass away and slam the book closed, as you feel the darting and swaying lines begin to brush across your eyes and caress your cheek. (SAN roll: 0/1d6)

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

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



come, sit in waiting for their star foes to return with their Earth-shattering malignancy.

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

The Second Robbery

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

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

Part Two: New York

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

NYPD (18th Precinct): Getting in to see the evidence and reports requires a successful Law roll. If the investigators have a letter of introduction, their skill roll is effectively tripled.

If successful, examination of the effects shows that all involved in the robbery were local people, and all the weapons are normal handguns and Tommies, except for one Yithian Lightning Gun. As these are all pieces of evidence, none are easily taken. Reports reveal that three of the thieves were killed, one horribly mutilated, and of the vigilantes, only one survived to be rushed to the New York University Hospital.

If the investigators get an opportunity to examine the Lightning Gun, they find

that it is similar in appearance to an oversized camera attached to a rifle stock. On the back are two rows of small colored lights. Once the gun is activated (by pulling back against the stock), both rows light up. The top row shows how many charges remain in the gun (1-32) and the bottom shows how many charges the gun is ready to discharge (also 1-32). A sliding tab below the bottom row of lights sets the number of charges. There are currently 12 charges in the gun. Please note the effects of overloading a Lightning Gun at the end of the text.

The Coroner, and the Morgue: Here the investigators, with another Law roll, can examine the bodies of the dead. If it is being seen for the first time, the victim of the Lightning Gun requires a SAN roll (0/1D3). The palms of one of the bodies are tattooed in a similar fashion to the ones in Boston.

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

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

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

The New York Public Library: The head librarian at the New York Public Library, Reginald P. Quartermaine, the prodigal bookworm. He's in his mid-to-late sixties, grey and somewhat gaunt, and his tortoiseshell reading glasses are constantly slipping down his nose. He's also extremely intelligent, highly educated, and well-read. He knows the library better than the back of his own hand, and some of his younger subordi-

nates have a running bet that he can fetch any title in the stacks without knowing the author and subject matter or using the massive catalog. He hasn't failed them yet.

He recognizes any pictures of Cornwall that the investigators may have acquired, but does not remember issuing the special privileges card. He will tell the investigators that Cornwall had been there several times, and the record of his activity is on file. If examined, it reveals that only one book from the restricted collection had been examined: *The Revelations of Glaaki v. 12* (+5%, x1, -1D3); one other had been borrowed: *Cults of Ancient Mythology*.

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

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

The Auction

The piece of paper gotten from Cornwall's charred body refers to an auction scheduled at Sutherby's Auction House. The auction is of novelties dated from the Age of Enlightenment, right after the Reformation. The auction brochure appears as a handout on page 58.

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

The main item of interest at the auction

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

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

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

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

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

The Theft of the Glass

If the investigators try to enter the house, they are turned away with a

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

If the investigators watch from outside, half an hour passes without incident. At that point call for a Listen roll — with a success the investigators hear shouts and cries coming from inside the house. There will be no trouble entering at this time, and determining where the ruckus is coming from. It issues from the basement, which (unlike the Boston mansion) is a makeshift lecture hall/auditorium.

Upon entering the basement, the investigators find a scene of carnage. The Brotherhood members seen at the auction are all dead or dying, slain by a marauding Dimensional Shambler that is still present (0/1D10 SAN loss). The Shambler is clutching the Glass in one hand and is preparing to phase out. If the investigators close on it, it gets one attack in before leaving. The party gets two rounds of combat before the thing completely vanishes. Killing it in that span of time recovers the Glass.

This Shambler was sent by Y'Dgetz to kill the "owner" (the Brotherhood members), steal the Glass, and return it to him (he couldn't steal it from the auction house, as there was no legitimate owner at the time — see the description of the Glass on page 62 for details). The Yithians themselves were in the process of summoning a Shambler of their own to get rid of the Glass for good, when the first one arrived. This becomes apparent one minute (ten rounds) after the first Shambler leaves, when the second Shambler shows up.

Any investigators making a successful Listen roll hear it arrive and an Idea roll plus a Chemistry roll recognizes the scent of ozone in the air as it phases in. Since the person who summoned the Shambler is dead, it is not under any control and is free to act at your discretion. Its most likely course of action will be to grab a handy investigator to take back to its domain, but

it will flee if injured.

Once this Shambler is dispatched (or makes off with a hapless and doomed victim), the party can search the room. It is a small auditorium of sorts, with a lectern at one end. There are several chairs laying around the room that seem to have once been arranged in a semicircle around the lectern. There are five bodies in the room, all dead or dying from the attack by the first creature. On the lectern sits a handwritten copy of Volume Twelve of the *Revelations of Glaaki*, along with a jewel encrusted, silvered dagger. There is nothing else of interest here. If one of the investigators can get to one of the casualties before he expires (Luck roll), he notes a very calm expression and suddenly one of extreme shock, as the minds are exchanged after which death immediately follows.

If the rest of the house is searched the investigators turn up two Yithian Lighting Guns, two Tommy guns, two Lugers, two .45 revolvers, and one 12-gauge shotgun, all fully loaded. Also in the house are a Yithian Communicator, two Yithian Projectors, and a huge library with thousands of books in as many languages as the players can think of, all covering various historical topics.

Should the investigators recover the Glass and do not pursue the Y'Golovac cultists to the waterfront, their lives are in danger. The cult will try to get the glass back if it can figure out who the investigators are, where it is, etc. Eventually (through magical means) they will do so, making it a good idea to destroy the glass in some way. Such follow-up events are outside the realm of the scenario, but dealing with this cult of Y'Golovac could obviously become a long-running subplot in your campaign.

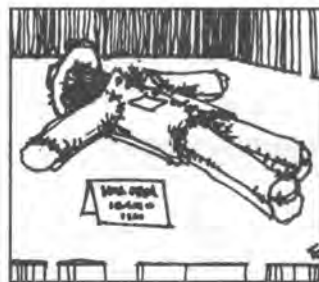
Part Three: The Sons

If the investigators followed the priest and did not recover the Glass, he leads them to a waterfront warehouse on New York Harbor. The warehouse is dark and piled high with boxes, forming a veritable maze. For every hour that the investigators search allow a Listen roll. Cut the time in half for every additional investigator

SUTHERBY'S

Auction House of New York

This evening's auction is an assortment of novelties from the Age of Enlightenment, just subsequent to the Reformation. As per our policy, any bid greater than \$5,000 (U.S.) should be accompanied by a letter of credit or cash deposit.



Lot # 1, Haitian Voodoo Doll
Description: Circa 1800. Constructed of straw and cloth, this voodoo doll is rumored to have caused the death of an unscrupulous French plantation owner.
Minimum bid, \$95.



Lot # 2, Book ("Folclore Verdadeiro")
Description: In Portuguese, written by Armando Vasco de Moraes in 1875. Fine quality leather binding, limited run (only five copies known to exist).
Minimum bid, \$235.



Lot # 3, Celtic Staff
Description: Dated from the 13th century. Six foot wooden staff with carved runic symbols.
Minimum bid, \$200.



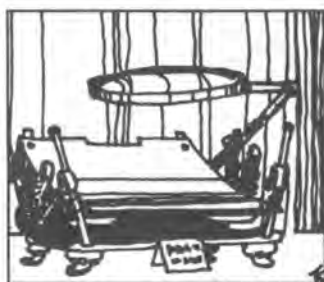
Lot # 4, African Juju Bag
Description: A leather pouch containing feathers, small animal bones and small stones. Dated circa 1850.
Minimum bid, \$60.



Lot # 5, Hindu Incense Burner
Description: Dated circa 100 B.C., this item is a lidded golden bowl with a diameter of roughly half a foot. The base of the bowl is a statuette of Indra, who supports the bowl in her many hands. The lid of the bowl has several holes in it where the mist of the incense can escape.
Minimum bid, \$200.



Lot # 6, South American Feather Cloak
Description: Dated at roughly 1910, this item is a colorful cloak of feathers used by medicine men of the Xingu tribe from the Amazon river basin.
Minimum bid, \$75.



Lot # 7, Ancient Reading Glass (T'al G'nar)
Description: A large magnifying glass (roughly eight inches in diameter) on a flexible limb, which is mounted on an ornate dark wood base. Attached to the base is a set of brackets which can conveniently hold a large book in place beneath the glass.
Minimum bid, \$120.



Lot # 8, Book ("Physics and Sorcery," by Sir Isaac Newton)
Description: Written by hand in 1727 in a series of journals. This is thought to be Newton's last work, and is the only copy.
Minimum bid, \$300.



Lot # 9, Crystal Ball with stand
Description: A clear spherical crystal ball with a five-inch diameter, held by a carved black marble stand in the shape of a bird's talon. Dated from the early 1800's.
Minimum bid, \$150.



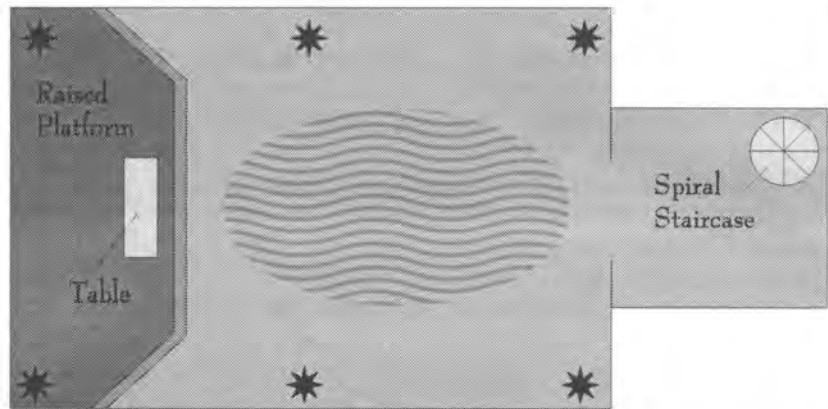
Lot # 10, Book ("Diplomacy of Blood," by Prince Vladimir Dracula)
Description: Undated manuscript, leather-bound and in fair condition. Hand-written on yellowed parchment, and believed to be the only copy of the work in existence. This work is a discussion by the Rumanian prince on violent methods that should be employed to improve foreign relations.
Minimum bid, \$300.

Two Minutes On High Handouts

AT RIGHT: Map of
the Brotherhood's
hideout.

PREVIOUS PAGE:
Sutherby's
Auction catalog.

BELOW: Cards found
on Cornwall's body.



Boston's best food & friends



*The
Garden
Spot*

Lunch
11-3

Dinner
4:30-8

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Downtown Boston*

New York Public Library

Lender Card #: 1736-C

Issued On: August 22, 1926

Jason R. Cornwall

Special Access Granted: REGULAR P. QUARTERMASTER

HARVARD

STUDENT IDENTIFICATION

Name: **Jason Randolph Cornwall III**

Address: **232 Grey Nag Lane
Boston**

ID#: **48375 -8**

Expires: **June 15, 1925**

searching. For example, every 15 minutes for three investigators. If it is successful, one of the investigators can hear low chanting somewhere in the area. A successful Idea roll leads them to a large crate from which the sound is emanating. If they lift one of the sides up and out, they find a secret staircase leading down. Following it, they find a room beneath water level where Y'Dgetz is preparing to give the Glass a trial run.

The room is completely devoid of furnishings, and the party finds fifteen cultists kneeling on the stone floor. They are all swaying back and forth to Y'Dgetz's incantations, and moaning rhythmically.

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

A bloody combat is likely to ensue. When Y'Dgetz has taken more than 18 points damage, he transforms to his real appearance as Y'Golonac (SAN 1/1D20) by shedding his external appearance. He then physically attacks with his hands, until he takes more than 75 total points of damage, at which point his body begins to melt away.

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

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

Conclusion

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

After all is said and done, each surviving character gains 1D10 SAN points back if the Glass was recovered. They gain an additional 1D10 SAN if the cult was somehow defeated.

Although Y'golonac has been banished back behind his wall of imprisonment, he has certainly not been destroyed forever. If the investigators decide to read the *Revelations of Glaaki* before returning it to the library, (if they do so at all) they will be opening themselves up to contact from Y'golonac. Once a year, from that point on, they must succeed against his struggles to control them and to again walk the face of the Earth.

Normal NPCs

Buddy Wilkes, Bank Guard, Age 42

STR	13	CON	12
SIZ	12	INT	08
POW	10	DEX	10
APP	10	EDU	12
SAN	50	HP	12

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons: .38 Revolver 40%, damage 1D10; Nightstick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Try to be impressive 50%

Arthur Stephens, Bank President, Age 55

STR	12	CON	10
SIZ	10	INT	16
POW	10	DEX	12
APP	13	EDU	18
SAN	50	HP	10

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Accounting 75%, Economics 75%, Banking 95%, Law 60% Psychology 40%, French 40%, German 45%, Credit Rating 95%, Persuade 65%

Dana Walters, Ex-girlfriend, Age 21

STR	10	CON	13
SIZ	10	INT	14
POW	13	DEX	12
APP	15	EDU	16
SAN	65	HP	12

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Anthropology 45%, Culture & Fine Arts 75%, French 75%, Credit Rating 45%, Be Classy 75%, Dress Nicely 95%

Skip (Roommate), Age 23

STR	10	CON	12
SIZ	12	INT	11
POW	10	DEX	10
APP	12	EDU	16
SAN	50	HP	12

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none

Biff (Roommate), Age 22

STR	13	CON	11
SIZ	13	INT	12
POW	11	DEX	12
APP	12	EDU	16
SAN	55	HP	12

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: none

Tad (Roommate), Age 22

STR	11	CON	14
SIZ	12	INT	10
POW	10	DEX	12
APP	13	EDU	16
SAN	50	HP	13

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none

Common Skills For The Roommates: Credit Rating 45%, Operate Still 75%, Make Potent Brew 60%, Drink Too Much 75%, Get Sick & Pass Out 95%

Reginald P. Quartermaine, Librarian, Age 65

STR	09	CON	10
SIZ	10	INT	16
POW	15	DEX	10
APP	10	EDU	20
SAN	65	HP	10

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Library Use 95%, Talk about the Old Days 75%

Average Policeman Encountered

STR	14	CON	15
SIZ	16	INT	11
POW	10	DEX	12
APP	10	EDU	13
SAN	50	HP	16

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4; Any Handgun 65%, damage varies; Nightstick 75%, damage 1D6+1D4; Shotgun 50%, damage varies

Skills: Law 65%, Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 55%, Spot Hidden 65%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 45%, Call Backup 75%, Twirl Nightstick 55%

Creatures

Y'Dgetz (Avatar of Y'Golonac)

STR	18	CON	18
SIZ	18	INT	18
POW	21	DEX	10
Move	3	HP	18

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3+1D6

Spells: All Summon, Bind, and Contact Spells, Mumble, Cloud

Skills: Sweat Profusely 95%

Y'Golonac (Great Old One)

STR	25	CON	125
SIZ	25	INT	30
POW	28	DEX	14
Move	10	HP	75

Weapons: Touch 100%, damage 1pt INT & POW Devour 100%, damage 1D4 non-healing damage

Armor: none

Spells: All Summon, Bind, and Contact Spells, Mumble, Cloud Mind

Sanity Loss: 1/1D20

Dimensional Shambler #1

STR	19	CON	17
SIZ	19	INT	09
POW	12	DEX	16
Move	7	HP	18

Weapons: Claws 30%, damage 1D8+1D6

Armor: 3 points

Spells: None

Sanity Loss: 0/1D10

Dimensional Shambler #2

STR	21	CON	24
SIZ	20	INT	04
POW	12	DEX	12
Move	7	HP	22

Weapons: Claws 30%, damage 1D8+2D6

Armor: 3 points

Spells: None

Sanity Loss: 0/1D10

Average Y'Golonac Cultist

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

Weapons: Knife 25%, damage 1D6+1D4; Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: none

Average Brotherhood Member

STR	11	CON	12
SIZ	13	DEX	10
POW	15	HP	12

Weapons: none

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

New Magic

MUMBLE: At the cost of one or more magic points, and one SAN point, the caster enters a POW vs. POW struggle with the subject. If he wins, the subject is unable to speak for a number of rounds equal to the number of magic points put into the spell.

CLOUD MIND: This spell costs 5 magic points, and 1D3 SAN points. Once cast, the caster matches his POW against anyone who is actively looking around (ie Spot Hidden rolls). If he succeeds, he has rendered himself invisible. If he fails, he can be seen with a Spot Hidden roll. Once a caster of this spell has been successfully spotted, the spell is broken.

THE GLASS OF T'AL G'NAR: This artifact is similar in appearance to a large reading glass. Its purpose is to magnify the effects of spells cast through it, and to allow the user to observe the true nature of the ceremonial spells and magic of the Mythos. If a character examining the glass succeeds with a Spot Hidden roll, he or she will notice several fractures or flaws around the edges and within the crystal.

These fractures are actually runes that were magically carved into the glass, and a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll is required to determine their eldritch purpose.

One of the Glass' owners over the years invested it with additional magical powers. If anyone or anything steals the object and then uses it, all magic points cast through it will be returned to the caster as permanent POW damage. The Glass can only be obtained as a gift from the current owner, through an honest transaction, or if the legitimate owner is dead.

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

Each use of the Glass costs 1D3 SAN.

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

Yithian Communicator

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

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

At any time, the Yithian can voluntarily break the mental link with the

machine-powered jewel. Once this link is broken, it can only be restored by the Yithian, who must forge a psychic link with another jewel existing in its own space and time.

Yithian Lightning Gun

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

Base chance to hit with the weapon

is 35%. Damage is by range, 8D6/4D6/1D6 but the weapon does not impale.

Yithian Projector

This device appears to be a heavily endowed metallic headband. When worn, it allows the user to project an image of himself into the mind of the target subject for purposes of communication. It will appear to the subject that the user is physically in front of him and they are talking normally. Using this device against an unwilling or unknowing subject requires a POW vs. POW roll. The device itself will add 10 to the user's POW for this.

Yithian Reader

This is a variant on the Yithian Comm-

unicator. It is similar in appearance except that it is slightly smaller, and has a mass of wires made of a crystal filament extending from it. When these wires are attached to the major nerve centers near the subject's brain, the machine can scan and store the subject's memories. While the memories are being displayed, the device will also glow in different colors to show the subject's attitude toward the memory. The device can also implant memories that will be interpreted by the subject as recurring dreams.

If the subject knows he or she is being read, they may attempt to conceal their memories and foil the machine by succeeding in a struggle of their POW vs. the machine's POW of 30. 



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... And the last song shall be sung
to the Great in- sidereness and
the great Out- sidereness
and that which both are
neither. It shall be
sung to the Tree whose leaves
are Trees and the Ocean
whose drops are oceans
It shall be sung
to the love that
is hate and the
hate that is love. Sing
Lä! to waits between!
Sing Lä! To the first Pharaoh!
Sing Lä! To the Mother of Blood!
Sing Lä! to the Father of Filth
Sing Lä! Lä! Lä! Lä!

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THE OUTSIDER 1910 N. 49TH ST. SEATTLE, WA 98103-6842 USA

Contributors

Scott David Aniolowski didn't take it.

Brian Appleton didn't have it.

Greg Breault didn't want it.

Jeff Carey didn't need it.

Paul Carrick wouldn't like it.

John H. Crowe, III couldn't stand it.

Dennis Detwiler shouldn't see it.

Jeffrey Douglas wasn't at fault.

Philip Garland wasn't at risk.

Daniel Gelon wasn't sane.

Adam Scott Glancy wasn't there.

Robert Hand escaped by bus.

James E. Holloway escaped by train.

Tom Kalichack escaped by gup.

J. Todd Kingrea didn't escape at all.

Christian Klepac was never caught.

John Kovalic was never found.

Chris W. McCubbin was never involved.

Mark Morrison was never implicated.

Michael P. Nagel got it.

Kevin A. Ross lost it.

Gary Thomas saw it.

John Tynes made it.

Michael Winkle regretted it.

But they all did it.

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