

The Unspeakable Oath

ISSUE THREE

FOUR DOLLARS



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

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"official" for *Call of Cthulhu*, but instead represent suggestions and opinions by the writers for your personal use with the game. Poetry excerpt on page 18 is by Park Barmitz, from *The Book of Jade*, as reprinted in *Dagon* 25. Player aids on page 61 may be photocopied for your use. Blair Reynolds' "From The Journals of Frank Buhtbaumbé" will return next issue. All hail Otis, patron of vertical motion! Everything forbidden is optional.

This is a special proof printing limited to 14 copies, for contributors only.

THE DREAD PAGE OF AZATHOTH

JOHN TYNES

"The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age."

The above lines constitute the opening paragraph of "The Call of Cthulhu," a short story by Howard Phillips Lovecraft. I fully believe that it is one of the most striking and significant pieces of fiction to appear in this century.

Lovecraft was not the best of writers, certainly not from a modern appraisal. His writing, though endearingly archaic, is nonetheless often overblown and a trifle hard to accept. The 'horrors' of the Cthulhu Mythos are, in truth, more than a little shopworn. They often speak more of the racial and national xenophobia of Lovecraft's time than they do of the otherworldly terrors they claim to represent.

With this in mind, let's try a little experiment.

From the Koran, chapter 25, verse 29: "For mankind, Satan is Khadhulu." What's that? Cthulhu?

From The Golden Bough, by James G. Frazer (the original two-volume edition): "Similar priestly or rather divine kings are found ... on the west coast of Africa. At Shark Point near Cape Padron, in Lower Guinea, lives the priestly king Kukulu, alone in a wood. He may not touch a woman nor leave his house; indeed he may not even quit his chair, in which he is obliged to sleep sitting..." Yes, The Golden Bough does exist (you can probably find it or order it from any large university bookstore) and it does indeed contain the above reference, curiously similar to Lord Cthulhu, dreaming in his house of R'lyeh.

Something wrong? Perhaps you hadn't expected this. I regret to say it doesn't end there.

From The Highest Altar, by Patrick Tierney (Viking Press, 1989): "According to Jose Huintrialaf, the cause of his withered leg is 'a water creature,' a type of snake called Chunufilu ... Chunufilu means 'Basket,' and the vision of this creature reveals a multitude of snake heads all woven together like strands in a wicker basket. It's a multi-headed snake monster, horrible to look at, a sort of Mapuche Medusa." The Highest Altar, a book on human sacrifice in South America, makes only this brief mention. But it's enough, isn't it? Can't you feel it now, the shivery uncertainty brought on by "the piecing together of dissociated knowledge?"

Well, you shouldn't. Because it's all bunk.

The Cthulhu Mythos is real only in the reader's mind. Cthulhu and his ilk don't exist; the above only represent phonetic coincidences, or more likely a demonstration of the common origins that languages and speech share.

The reason for my belief in the significance of "The Call of Cthulhu" lies not in the cheap spook-house horrors experienced by Lovecraft's trembling academics. Let's piece a few more things together, shall we?

I remember an afternoon spent with a friend of mine when I was a child. On the sidewalk in front of his home we found a baby bird, lacking feathers, lacking definition. It was a pink fleshy thing, its dark eyes clashing with the soft form they were joined to. It still lived, though apparently it had been injured in its fall from the tree. We debated over what we should do, and finally Ben reached a solution. He got on his bike and crushed the bird under its tires.

In Sunday school, there were two brothers I knew and played with during recess. One day the younger of the two told me how he and his cousins would spread hot sticky pitch on old planks of wood. They would then take stray cats they'd nabbed and press them up to the pitch where they'd get stuck helplessly. Then, he and his cousins would set the whole assembly on fire. The fur of the cats would catch flame quickly, and the cats would twist and jerk spasmodically as the fire burned down to their flesh, trapped by the sticky tar. Eventually — after a stretch of time — the cats would die. I asked him why they did it, and he said "because it's fun."

One of my housemates, Prima Wagan, has a friend who is a nurse at a local hospital. She described the case of a homeless man who was brought in suffering from exposure and a fever during one long cold night. Unbeknownst to the doctors, flies had lain their eggs in the man's nose while he lay unconscious in a wrapping of dirty newspapers. The eggs hatched, and the larvae crawled into the man's nasal cavity for warmth. As the man lay in bed, Prima's friend realized that there were maggots crawling out of the man's tear ducts. She was momentarily confused; when first glimpsed from the open doorway, they looked like tears.

Do you understand now? Do you understand the significance of Lovecraft's story? HPL, a gentle nihilist at heart, recognized quite clearly and perceptively that humanity's greatest threat was inhumanity, presented in his fiction as the great alien forces of the Mythos. Humans would not suffer from neglecting their prayers every night, nor from missing church for a few Sundays. Our eventual end — and Lovecraft refused to see it as anything other than inevitable and absolute — will be due to our own disregard for who and what we are. Ultimately, when we have lost sight of ourselves, we will be as one with Cthulhu and his minions in their writhing inhumanity. Lacking 'Elder Signs' of conscience and self-respect, we shall pass beyond the dark age we now live in and pass into the dead sea of non-existence. Expressing this in fictional terms is Lovecraft's supreme accomplishment, bitter though it may be.

"Who knows the end? What has risen may sink, and what has sunk may rise. Loathsomeness waits and dreams in the deep, and decay spreads over the tottering cities of men. A time will come — but I must not and cannot think! Let me pray that, if I do not survive this manuscript, my executors may put caution before audacity and see that it meets no other eye." — H. P. Lovecraft, "The Call of Cthulhu"



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SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN



LETTERS TO THE UNSPEAKABLE OATH

Right off the bat lemme say that I think you've done a great job with it. It is very attractive, from its disturbing cover to its wonderful interior illos. Blair Reynolds is very good ... just plain solid work. His characters are great, his Yellow Signs more evocatively sinister than even I could imagine ...

Anyway, on to the articles. The firearms piece was interesting and informative, perhaps even moreso than the Fatal Experiments one. I can already imagine my PC's lining up to get P08 Lugers — fascinating weapon, by the way.

The "What's New" page could stand some expanding, but okay for those who don't keep up on such things. Maybe go a little more in-depth next time, say a page or so for each review?

New creatures. Don't let this Ross guy write anything more for you. Just kidding! Good illustration.

Your Hali article was wild, mad, and very good, for the most part. Anyone wanting to run an adventure set in dark Carcosa should be able to do so with ease having read this piece. I still liked the Swirl of the Pallid Dancers best of the methods of reaching Carcosa. The warped reality of the city was an inspired bit, though the "sanity travel" section left me bewildered as to how to use it exactly. Of the locations the Whisper Labyrinth was truly amazing, very disturbing, and more than slightly reminiscent of the stories of Thomas Ligotti. Good stuff. The Gallery I didn't like quite as much, but still found more interesting than many locations from published Cthuluid works ... the Lake and Palace were also okay, but the section on setting adventures here was very well done. Overall, a welcome complement to the sketchy

Carcosa materials published so far ...

Your Mythos tomes article was also okay, though a recent Dagon article I believe covered some of the same territory. I did like the part about Mythos-tinged/-inspired diaries.

The scenario, again, showed considerable imagination. Lotsa weird stuff and scenes, though I wonder whether players will enjoy having their Investigators possessed for long periods of time. Oooh, people having other people grow out of their bodies — ick. A rich and excellent background, and a well-developed setting helped drive it along. Maybe not my cuppa tea, but a good scenario nonetheless.

Overall, I thought it was an impressive first effort. Better than most issues of the dying British Cthuluid fanzine Dagon, which has long since shrugged off its gaming, Cthuluid, and Lovecraftian roots. I think you've got something good here.

Kevin A. Ross

Boone, Iowa

Well, having had the chance to really look over the premiere issue of *The Unspeakable Oath*, I can now give you some fair opinions and comments about the whole thing: first off, I really liked the cover, although I don't see what it really has to do with the Mythos! It was pretty neat, though. The majority of the text was exceptionally good, although I may disagree with a point or two, but that's okay — that's what zines are for — to let various views of shared interest be voiced. The artwork was mostly good as well ... "Within You Without You" was an interesting scenario ...

My last criticism is not to be taken personally as it is just an observation I made, and it certainly doesn't detract from the zine: I think you should watch the Hastur references — it seemed that that in nearly every article Hastur, Carcosa, Hali, or The King in Yellow are mentioned. I know Hastur is your favorite Great Old One, as he is one of mine as well, however the Cthulhu Mythos is so rich I think it presents a better package, as it were, to use various references to all aspects of it, and not just a single, small corner of the pantheon.

So, not bad, really; I'd give *The Unspeakable Oath* an A: very, very impressive for a first issue and I have to ask myself that if the zine continues, and I certainly hope it does, just how incredible it might become?

Scott Aniolowski

Lockport, New York

Just the other day, I was finally able to appropriate a copy of your little gem of a magazine. Truly, most impressive! I hope you can keep up the high quality of articles contained within it.

However...

This may seem overly nit-picky but I feel that the article by Mr. Crowe on firearms (a very useful article for myself) should have this note added to it. It comes from an issue of National Rifleman I read several years back.

The Webley Mark I Revolver would chamber the .455 Webley Auto round. However, as seeing that it was a more powerful round the gun had about a 50% chance of exploding when fired. The Webley Automatic Pistol could use either round safely. The key point here is that the British Military did not point this out when they started to issue the newer .455 Auto rounds and subsequently there were many incidents. It also should be noted that as the Mark I Revolver was in use up to WW2, both types of ammo were available, and sometimes confused (especially by investigators fumbling for a re-load).

Erik M. Solie

Santa Ana, California

While at work today, I read through the first issue of *The Unspeakable Oath* and was impressed. The cover

illustration is remarkable in its pain and grotesqueness. It's one of those things that you don't want to look at but can't help it so you do anyway. The viewing of this artwork should necessitate sanity loss (fortunately, it is much too late for me).

Marie Listopad

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Praises to Nyarlathotep! Praises to His mighty name! Praises to Him in song, and dance, and blood-letting! Praises to His many dark forms, and those that worship them! Praises to the Black Wind! Praises to the Walking Chaos! Praises to the Shambling Mass and the Writhing God! Praises to the Bringer of Pestilence, the Lord of the Flies, the Black Pharaoh, Herald of the Dark Moon, and Destroyer of Lights! Praises to the Father of Harlots, Father of Shadow, Father of the Nile, Father of Knives, Father of Festivals, Father of Fires and Nightmare, and Father of Ashes. Praises to the Messenger of the Great Old Ones! Praises to the Messenger of the Sunken Church! Praises to the High Lord Priest of the Bloody Tongue, and the High Lord Priest of the Red Finger! (continues for the better part of a page, gradually lapsing into raving incoherency)

Shea (Blair) Reynolds

Fairbanks, Alaska

Just thought I'd drop you a line to say how impressed I was with *The Unspeakable Oath*. I presume that you are familiar with the British zine Dagon? It started out as a CoC-zine but became more scholastic about the fiction itself — our [British] equivalent of Crypt of Cthulhu if you like. TUO appears to be everything Dagon could have been had it not moved away from the gaming aspect. You will know, if you've seen Dagon, that this is meant to be a complement!

My least favorite thing in the book was the guns article. This is no reflection on the article itself which was obviously well written and researched — it's just that I'm not that into guns, and I try to avoid gunplay in my campaigns. I tend to set things in England anyway so the type of guns that get used are either shotguns or service revolvers (maybe the odd rifle or two if I'm feeling generous) which are adequately covered in the basic rules. The way I see it is that CoC monsters fall

into two main categories — those that you should be able to defeat without gunplay (or minimum gunplay) and those that you can't defeat no matter how big a gun you've got!

The highlights of the issue were those relating to The King in Yellow. This is precisely the sort of thing I look for in a zine. It was informative, interesting, well-researched and above all, detailed. The rules and background information given in 'official' packages are through necessity basic and it is up to zines like yours to fill in the details to 'flesh out' people's campaigns. It is something I hope will continue in future issues — likewise the addition of new races and deities from the more obscure stories of the Mythos.

Garrie Hall Loughborough, England

* * *

I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed issue #1 of *The Unspeakable Oath*. Not since the cessation of Crypt of Cthulhu has such an entertaining digest been available, but where Crypt dealt with Lovecraft Gaming only as a tangential subject, you devote the entire issue to it. Bravo!

I especially commend the short adventure of your creation, "Within You Without You." It reminded me of a minor detail one often overlooks when writing a "home" adventure: This Stuff's Disgusting! I am currently converting your premise to fit into my Gaslight campaign with Solace/Saulous being transplanted to [Scotland's] Outer Hebrides ...

I can see by the stars that it's time to go, but I look forward to your next issue with the greatest enthusiasm.

Keith M. Huey Bloomingdale, NJ

* * *

I am a 23 years-old Italian student of literature, and since seven or eight years ago I am a role-player too. A few days ago I had the chance of reading the first issue of *The Unspeakable Oath*, owned by a friend of mine, and I was impressed by the quality of the material contained in it ... Here follows a rating of the articles contained in the first number of The Unspeakable Oath, rated from 1 up to 10 plus a little comment.

The Unspeakable Oath

The Dread Page of Azathoth 10

(I cannot imagine something better to start with. I really like the writing style; I write fiction, but I guess that you never studied Italian...)

Firearms in CoC 7

(Very well done and useful, I'm sure, but not for me; I've never been one for firearms vs. monsters.)

Good Tidings From Shantak Claus 9

(No comment: I'm still looking for that piece of lung...)

New for Cthulhu 7

The Ponape Predators 5

(I still have tens and tens of monsters I never used, and this one doesn't add too much to the Mythos.)

The Road To Hali 10

(Well done, well written, immediately useful to anyone possessing "Tatterdemalion" and "Tell Me ..." like me; I can't ask for more.)

A Tale of Terror 9

(Really this guy knows how to scare you! It's a pity that the ideas are not already developed to full adventures; of course, the first idea is the best.)

Creating and Using Mythos Tomes 7

(Useful, but probably a lot of Keepers have developed their own systems or they flesh their Mythos Tomes out without using one.)

Within You Without You 9/6

(The opening is a mind-shattering experience, with its weird imagery of singing children, etc., then develops in a more light-hearted adventure, quite good, but not up to my expectations.)

Message in a Bottle 6

(Nice, with an exotic flavour, but I prefer the atmosphere you created with The Dread Page of Azathoth; I really would like to read more.)

Of course my comments are personal opinions, even if they can sometimes sound like judgements ... I can't wait for the next number of your zine.

Francesco Nepitello Venice, Italy

A TALE OF TERROR

STEVE HATHERLEY

THE SPIDER-MAN

He is their least favorite patient. Everybody, even arachnophiles, find the presence of so many spiders disturbing. They are everywhere in the barren room: on the floor, the walls, the ceiling. They infest his bed, scamper across his clothes, and stalk through his hair.

They are ignored by the patient, known to the staff of the Seaview Home for the Insane as 'the spider-man.' He sits on his chair, head cocked to one side, staring blankly at nothing. He does not speak and needs to be hand-fed, not a popular task among the staff.

The spiders have defeated all attempts to shift them. Steely-nerved cleaners used to periodically clean the room, but each time the spiders were back within a week. Now they just don't bother. Besides, the spider-man doesn't seem to mind.

Possibilities:

1. Blown off course by a severe storm, the crew of a capsized tramp steamer found themselves cast on a pacific island inhabited by natives belonging to a spider cult.

In the months that followed, those that weren't killed lost their sanity. Eventually, the cult elected one of the crew to godhood, sacred for the rest of eternity. They cast him adrift in his lifeboat to take the word to the masses, quite oblivious to the fact that their god's mind was utterly blank.

The man was picked up by a warship, pronounced insane, and committed to Seaview. There he has attracted the attention of the local spider population. He is their god, and they like being around him.

2. The spider-man is host to the Children of Atlach-Nacha, huge spiders with horrible faces. While exploring the Dreamlands he stumbled across Atlach-Nacha and her web. Atlach-Nacha welcomed the interruption, happily taking the opportunity to inject her young into a suitable host.

The man awoke in screaming terror. If it was only a dream, why did he hurt so? Then he saw the neat puncture marks in his abdomen, and felt *their* presence. It shattered his mind.

Now the spiders that infest the room are waiting for the joyous day when Atlach-Nacha's brood will hatch from the man's rich flesh. For beneath the spider-man's tender skin they slowly mature, soon to hatch.

3. The spiders in the room are all of one species. The spider-man has been cross-breeding them. His listless, blank periods are interspersed with activity when he is permitted to go into the gardens and catch spiders for his room. There he is breeding a new species.

The spider-man was once a fine entomologist, fascinated by socially organised insects and puzzled over the lack of such order in spiders. The only survivor from an expedition to G'hame that went tragically wrong, he is now conducting his own peculiar experiments and trying to create a new arachnoid order.

U.S. HANDGUNS FOR CALL OF CTHULHU AND GASLIGHT

JOHN CROWE

The United States excels in many things, and one of these is the design and production of firearms. This article is a continuation of a series of articles on firearms in *Call of Cthulhu*. Since American firearms are likely to be available in the bulk of scenarios, this article will concentrate on handguns suitable for use in most any CoC scenario set between the American Civil War and the Second World War.

As in the previous firearms articles published in TUO, this is intended to be exhaustive enough that even the pickiest of players and Keepers can choose what they feel is appropriate. For those who may be wondering, weapons were chosen for this article only if a given one had more than ten thousand produced. There are only a handful of exceptions to this guideline and this also served, unfortunately, to leave out a number of interesting firearms. A line had to be drawn somewhere due to restrictions in space.

The charts that follow have nine headings:

Weapon Name: This is the name of the weapon which, in the case of this article, is always preceded by the manufacturer's name. Certain abbreviations must be explained, however. First, "S.A." stands for "single action" and "D.A." stands for double action. "M&P" stands for "Military and Police" (not to be confused with Military Police) and model numbers, such as Model 1917, generally refer to the year in which the weapon first appeared. Finally, the spelling of the word "Deringer" is given throughout this article in its original form. While "Derringer" is also commonly used, the former spelling is used here as it appears that was also commonly used; the latter spelling is not.

calibers. Any given weapon can generally handle only one type even of similar size can lead to malfunctions or even catastrophic (example). When a caliber is listed, that is the only caliber cartridge there are several different types of .38 caliber rounds including CP, .38rimless, and .380rimless. Trying to use a .38S&W Special Breechloading Revolver, which is chambered for the .38rimless probably misfire or, in an extreme case, cause an explosion. It should will affect the availability of its ammunition and this can cause its alike.

n can be fired accurately during the standard combat round (about

the firearm (i.e. how many cartridges the weapon can contain). It n be carried in the chamber of the weapon to make it "fully loaded" weapons which load rounds into individual barrels such as double a weapon with a live round under the hammer runs the risk of an a Luck roll in this case is appropriate). Just where the errant bullet y cause even greater difficulties.

d of loading. Below are the methods of loading which affect the

Caliber: Firearms come in dozens of different of cartridge, and the use of incorrect ammunition explosions (see this issue's letter column for an e that can be used in that weapon. For example, .38S&W, .38S&W Special, .38Colt Long, .380A cartridge in a Whitney Model No. 2 1/2 Rimfire cartridge, would be inadvisable since it would pro not be forgotten that the caliber of the weapon logistical nightmares for investigators and cultis

Shots: This is the number of times the weapo three seconds).

Damage: Self-explanatory.

Capacity: This is the magazine capacity of t does not take into account that one extra round ca (although this does not apply to any revolver or to barrel shotguns). Of course, anyone possessing unintentional discharge if he or she trips or falls (goes varies per situation and the noise itself ma

Loading: This refers to the weapon's metho handguns in this article.

Clip: Also known as the stripper clip, this is a small metal clip which holds cartridges, allowing for fast reloading into rifles and handguns. Firearms using clips generally do not require them for operation. Cartridges may be loaded in one at a time if the need arises, but using a prepared stripper clip is much faster. Note that only two firearms in this article use clips. Both are revolvers and they represent one of the few times that using a clip is almost necessary for the weapon's operation. These are described in more detail in the "notes" section of the charts.

Magazine: Sometimes incorrectly labeled a "clip," this is essentially a metal box which holds ammunition and feeds it into the weapon. It is detachable from the weapon but unlike clips, firearms using them must have them since they can hold no cartridges internally except for the one that is chambered. Weapons using magazines generally come with one when purchased, but this does not necessarily apply to used weapons.

Side-Loading: This refers to weapons which must be loaded through a receiver or side gate. This is a slow method of loading since the rounds must be loaded in, by hand, one by one. Also, spent cartridge casings must be removed by hand from side-loaded revolvers before the weapon can be reloaded since they are not conveniently ejected (unlike most other side-loaded firearms).

Break-Open: Applying generally only to shotguns and revolvers, this is where the weapon is "broken open" via a hinge and latching mechanism to allow a relatively fast reloading time. Many break-open firearms eject spent casings when opened, but for those that do not, it is still easy to dump them out.

Swing-Out: Applying generally only to revolvers, this is where the cylinder swings out via a hinge and latching mechanism away from the frame to allow relatively swift reloading (as with break-open weapons).

Reverse Break-Open: Applying to only a few revolvers, this is where the weapon breaks open forward of the cylinder. The hinged barrel swings up allowing the entire cylinder to be removed so it can be reloaded. In a combat situation this is very inconvenient because the weapon must virtually be dismantled so it can be reloaded. Shrewd individuals may want to carry extra pre-loaded cylinders in order to speed up the process. This, of course, may be expensive.

Cap & Ball: This is easily the slowest method of loading. A weapon using cap and ball ammunition is just one step above a primitive muzzle loader. Prepared cap and ball cartridges consist of a paper wrapping containing the lead ball, powder charge, and percussion cap. First, the powder is poured into the chamber. It is then followed by the lead ball which is rammed smartly into place (but not *too* smartly or the weapon may discharge). Finally the cap is placed on the hollow "nipple" behind the loaded chamber. When the hammer strikes the cap, it detonates, sending sparks down into the chamber. This ignites the powder causing it to detonate and force the ball down the barrel and on to its intended (or unintended) target. Cap and ball weapons misfire on an attack roll of 91-100. Note that if a prepared cartridge is not available, then measuring the powder becomes important. If not enough is used, the ball may not exit the barrel or may travel only a few feet or yards. If too much is used... well, this is best left up to the vivid imaginations of players and Keepers.

Action: The action of the weapon describes how it works. This affects its rate of fire, reliability (how often it jams), and magazine type and capacity. There are several different types, but only two appear in this article:

Revolvers: Revolvers operate using a rotating cylinder containing the ammunition. There are two types of revolvers. The first is the single action revolver; a revolver of this type must have its hammer pulled back manually (generally by using the thumb) in order to turn the cylinder to expose a new round for firing. The trigger may then be pulled to fire the shot. The second type is the double action revolver which does

not need to have its hammer pulled to turn the cylinder. Each pull of the trigger automatically turns the cylinder and fires a shot. This gives double action revolvers a higher rate of fire than single action types. Revolvers are very reliable weapons under adverse conditions and, for game purposes, do not jam.

Semi-Automatic: Common in handguns in the 1920s and 1930s, semi-automatic firearms have high rates of fire, but tend to jam more than other types of firearms (99-100). They also require more care and maintenance. These weapons fire one shot per pull of the trigger (much like double action revolvers, but with less resistance), thus increasing the firepower of anyone possessing them. They should not be confused with automatic weapons which continue to fire as long as the trigger is held down.

Year: This is the year in which the firearm in question is first produced. Note that this may not be the same as the model year. Military arms generally are not immediately available since the military is likely to purchase most of the initial production run. Later, used firearms can hit the open market (not to mention the black market) in tremendous quantities due to war surplus or modernization to newer weapons.

Notes: This is a catchall which allows notes on specific weapons to be listed.

One thing which should be mentioned about the charts is that some of the firearms came in a number of variants. If more than one caliber is listed, for example, then the effects of that caliber change for damage, shots per round, and capacity. Such changes are noted on the charts — see the Colt Model 1877 “Lightning” D.A. Revolver for one such example. Also, occasionally a handgun was produced with two variants having different magazine capacities, but otherwise being the same (the J. M. Cooper Pocket Model Revolver is an example of this). Hopefully, this is not too confusing, but this information is provided in the charts in order to avoid adding numerous lines to the “notes” section.

Finally, two headings, “Weight” and “Country of Origin” (which were used in previous articles) are not used here. Weight of weapons is not used here simply because the source material for this article did not include it. Country of Origin is not used since all of the weapons in this article, with one exception (the LeMat), were manufactured in the United States.

Ranges for the weapons that follow can be assumed to follow the guidelines found in the Call of Cthulhu weapons charts. In other words, handguns of calibers lower than .32 (or 7.65mm) have a ten yard base range while all others are set at fifteen yards. All Derringers and other snub nosed or short barrel handguns have a base range of five yards.

One thing which the previous articles have not covered in detail is the difference between blackpowder and smokeless cartridges. First, a blackpowder cartridge is not the same as a cap and ball cartridge. It is essentially the same as an ordinary smokeless cartridge except when it is fired, it gives off a fair amount of smoke. If many such rounds are fired, then the smoke may get thick enough to significantly obscure vision, though breathing is usually not affected. U.S. firearms which initially appear prior to 1898 (this is an arbitrary date which is only a generalization) fire blackpowder cartridges. Those which appear after 1898 are designed for smokeless cartridges. While it is possible to use a blackpowder round of the same caliber in a weapon designed for smokeless rounds (and vice versa), this is inadvisable since the two different powder types produce different pressures and the result may be damage to the weapon. As a stop gap measure, however, this is a useful tactic.

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American Handguns, 1890 - 1937

<u>Name</u>	<u>Caliber</u>	<u>Shots</u>	<u>Damage</u>
Colt Third Model Dragoon Revolver	.44C&B	1	1D10+2
Colt Model 1848 Baby Dragoon Revolver	.31C&B	2/3	1D8
Colt Model 1849 Pocket Revolver	.31C&B	2/3	1D8
Colt Model 1851 Navy Revolver	.36C&B	1	1D10
Colt Model 1855 Sidehammer Pocket Revolver	.28C&B	2/3	1D8
Colt Model 1860 Army Revolver	.44C&B	1	1D10+2
Colt Model 1861 Navy Revolver	.36C&B	1	1D10
Colt Model 1862 Police Revolver	.36C&B	1	1D10
Colt S.A. Army Revolver	.45Colt	1	1D10+2
Colt Third Model Deringer	.41rimfire	1	1D10+1
Colt Open Top Pocket Model Revolver	.22rimfire	2	1D6
Colt New Line 22 Revolver	.22rimfire	2	1D6
Colt New Line 32 Revolver	.32rimfire	2/3	1D8
Colt Model 1877 "Lightning" D.A. Revolver	.38Colt or .41Colt	2	1D10 or 1D10+1
Colt Model 1878 "Frontier" D.A. Revolver	.41Colt	2	1D10+1
Colt Model 1889 Navy D.A. Revolver	.38Colt or .41Colt	2	1D10 or 1D10+1
Colt New Army and Navy Revolver	.38Colt or .41Colt	2	1D10 or 1D10+1
Colt New Service D.A. Revolver	.38Colt	2	1D10
Colt Model 1917 U.S. Army Revolver	.45Colt or .45ACP	1	1D10+2
Colt New Pocket D.A. Revolver	.32Colt or .32S&W	3	1D8
Colt New Police 32 D.A. Revolver	.32Colt or .32S&W	3	1D8
Colt Model 1902 Military Automatic Pistol	.38rimless	2	1D10
Colt Model 1903 Pocket Automatic Pistol	.38rimless	2	1D10
Colt Model 1903 Hammerless 32 Pocket Automatic Pistol	.32ACP	3	1D8
Colt Model 1908 Hammerless 25 Caliber Automatic Pistol	.25ACP	3	1D6
Colt Model 1908 Hammerless 380 Pocket Automatic Pistol	.380ACP	2	1D10
Colt Model 1911 Automatic Pistol	.45ACP	1	1D10+2
Colt Model 1911A1 Automatic Pistol	.45ACP	1	1D10+2
Harrington & Richardson American D.A. Revolver, The	.32centerfire	3	1D8
Harrington & Richardson Young American D.A. Revolver	.22rimfire	3	1D6
Harrington & Richardson Automatic Ejection D.A. Revolver, Model 2	.32centerfire or .32H&R long centerfire	3	1D8
Harrington & Richardson Self-Loading 25 Pistol	.25ACP	3	1D6
Harrington & Richardson Self-Loading 32 Pistol	.32ACP	3	1D8
J.M. Cooper Pocket Model Revolver	.31C&B	2/3	1D8
J.M. Cooper Navy Model Revolver	.36C&B	1	1D10
LeMat Two Barrel Revolver	.42C&B and 20-gauge C&B	1	1D10+1
Manhattan 36 Caliber Model Revolver	.36C&B	1	1D10
Marlin Model 1887 D.A. Revolver	.32centerfire or .38centerfire	3 or 2	1D8 or 1D10
Remington-Rider Pocket Revolver	.31C&B	2/3	1D8
Remington-Beals Navy Model Revolver	.36C&B	1	1D10
Remington 1861 Army Revolver	.44C&B	1	1D10+2
Remington New Model Army Revolver	.44C&B	1	1D10+2

<u>Capacity</u>	<u>Loading</u>	<u>Action</u>	<u>Year</u>	<u>Notes</u>
6	cap and ball	revolver	1851	a, c
5	cap and ball	revolver	1847	a
5 or 6	cap and ball	revolver	1850	a, d
6	cap and ball	revolver	1850	a, c, d
5	cap and ball	revolver	1855	a, g
6	cap and ball	revolver	1860	a, c, d
6	cap and ball	revolver	1861	a
5	cap and ball	revolver	1861	a
6	side-loading	revolver	1872	a, e, h, i, j
1	break-open	one barrel	1875	
7	side-loading	revolver	1871	a, d
7	side-loading	revolver	1873	a
5	side-loading	revolver	1873	a, k
6	side-loading	revolver	1877	b, d, l
6	side-loading	revolver	1878	b, m
6	swing-out	revolver	1889	b
6	swing-out	revolver	1892	b, d
6	swing-out	revolver	1898	b, d, n
6	swing-out & clip	revolver	1917	b, d, o, p
ing-out	revolver	1893	b	6
ing-out	revolver	1896	b	6
gazine	semi-automatic	1902		8
gazine	semi-automatic	1903		7
gazine	semi-automatic	1903	e	8
gazine	semi-automatic	1908	d	6
gazine	semi-automatic	1908	d	7
gazine	semi-automatic	1911	f	7
gazine	semi-automatic	1926	f	7
ak-open?	revolver	1893	b, e, ll	6
ak-open?	revolver	1884	b, f, mm	7
ak-open	revolver	1889	b, f, nn	6
gazine	semi-automatic	1912		6
gazine	semi-automatic	1916		8
o and ball	revolver	1862	a	5 or 6
o and ball	revolver	1864	a	5
o and ball	revolver	1856	a, pp	9 & 1
o and ball	revolver	1859	a	5 or 6
ak-open	revolver	1887	b	6 or 5
o and ball	revolver	1860	a, q	5
o and ball	revolver	1860	a	6
o and ball	revolver	1862	a	6
o and ball	revolver	1863	a, d	6

Name	Caliber	Shots	Damage
Remington New Model Navy Revolver	.36C&B	1	1D10
Remington New Model Police Revolver	.36C&B	1	1D10
Remington New Model Pocket Revolver	.31C&B	2/3	1D8
Remington-Elliott Deringer 22RF	.22rimfire	1	1D6
Remington-Elliott Single Shot Deringer	.41rimfire	1	1D10+1
Remington Double Deringer	.41rimfire short	2	1D10+1
Remington Model 1875 S.A. Army Revolver	.44Remington centerfire	1	1D10+2
Remington Model 51 Automatic Pistol	.32rimless or .380rimless	3 or 2	1D8 or 1D10
Savage Model 1907 32 Pocket Automatic Pistol	.32ACP	3	1D8
Savage Model 1917 32 Automatic Pistol	.32ACP	3	1D8
Savage Model 1917 380 Automatic Pistol	.380ACP	2	1D10
Smith & Wesson Model No. 1 Second Issue Revolver	.22rimfire short	2	1D6
Smith & Wesson Third Model Ladysmith Revolver	.22long	3	1D6
Smith & Wesson 22/32 Hand Ejector Revolver	.22long rifle	3	1D6
Smith & Wesson Model No. 1 1/2 First Issue Revolver	.32rimfire	2/3	1D8
Smith & Wesson Model No. 1 1/2 Second Issue Revolver	.32rimfire long	2/3	1D8
Smith & Wesson Model No. 1 1/2 S.A. Revolver	.32S&W	2/3	1D8
Smith & Wesson Model No. 2 Old Model Revolver	.32rimfire long	2/3	1D8
Smith & Wesson 32 D.A. Second Model Revolver	.32S&W	3	1D8
Smith & Wesson 32 Safety First Model D.A. Revolver	.32S&W	3	1D8
Smith & Wesson 32 Hand Ejector First Model D.A. Revolver	.32S&W long	3	1D8
Smith & Wesson 32-20 1905 Hand Ejector Revolver, 4th Change	.32-20	3	1D8+1
Smith & Wesson 35 Automatic Pistol	.35S&W Automatic	3	1D8
Smith & Wesson 38 S.A. First Model Revolver	.38S&W	1	1D10
Smith & Wesson 38 D.A. Second Model Revolver	.38S&W	2	1D10
Smith & Wesson 38 Hand Ejector, M&P 1st Model Revolver	.38Colt long or .38S&W Special	2	1D10
Smith & Wesson 38 Hand Ejector M&P 1905 Revolver	.38S&W Special	2	1D10
Smith & Wesson Model No. 3 Second Model S.A. Revolver	.44S&W American or .44rimfire Henry	1	1D10+2
Smith & Wesson Model No. 3 Russian Second Model Revolver	.44S&W Russian or .44rimfire Henry	1	1D10+2
Smith & Wesson Model No. 3 S.A. Revolver	.44S&W Russian	1	1D10+2
Smith & Wesson 44 D.A. First Model Revolver	.44S&W Russian	1	1D10+2
Smith & Wesson 44 Hand Ejector First Model Revolver	.44S&W Special	1	1D10+2
Smith & Wesson First Model Schofield S.A. Revolver	.45S&W	1	1D10+2
Smith & Wesson 455 Mark II Hand Ejector Second Model Revolver	.455MarkII	1	1D10+2
Smith & Wesson Model 1917 U.S. Army Revolver	.45Colt or .45 ACP	1	1D10+2
Starr Arms Co. D.A. 1858 Army Revolver	.44C&B	1	1D10+2
Starr Arms Co. S.A. 1863 Army Revolver	.44C&B	1	1D10+2
Stevens Old Model Pocket Pistol	.22rimfire short or .30rimfire short	1 1	1D6 or 1D8
Whitney Naval Model Percussion Revolver	.36C&B	1	1D10
Whitney Pocket Model Percussion Revolver	.31C&B	2/3	1D8
Whitney Rimfire Breechloading Revolver, Model No. 2 1/2	.38rimfire	1	1D10
Whitney Rimfire Breechloading Revolver, Model No. 1 1/2	.32rimfire	2/3	1D8

<u>Capacity</u>	<u>Loading</u>	<u>Action</u>	<u>Year</u>	<u>Notes</u>
6	cap and ball	revolver	1863	a
5	cap and ball	revolver	1863	a
5	cap and ball	revolver	1863	a
5	break-open	five barrel	1863	a
1	break-open	one barrel	1867	
2	break-open	two barrel	1866	d, s
6	side-loading	revolver	1875	a
8 or 7	magazine	semi-automatic	1918	
8?	magazine	semi-automatic	1907	d
8?	magazine	semi-automatic	1920	
8?	magazine	semi-automatic	1920	
7	reverse break-open	revolver	1860	a, d, t
7	swing-out	revolver	1910	b, u
6	swing-out	revolver	1911	b
5	reverse break-open	revolver	1865	a
5	reverse break-open	revolver	1868	a, d
5	break-open	revolver	1878	a
6	reverse break-open	revolver	1861	a
5	break-open	revolver	1880	b, v
5	break-open	revolver	1888	b, w
6	swing-out	revolver	1896	b, x
6	swing-out	revolver	1915	b, y
7	magazine	semi-automatic	1913	z
5	break-open	revolver	1876	a, aa, bb
5	break-open	revolver	1880	b, d, cc
6	swing-out	revolver	1899	b, dd
6	swing-out	revolver	1905	b, ee
6	break-open	revolver	1872	a, ff
6	break-open	revolver	1873	a
6	break-open	revolver	1878	a, gg
6	break-open	revolver	1881	b
6	swing-out	revolver	1908	b, hh
6	break-open	revolver	1875	a, ii
6	swing-out	revolver	1915	b, jj
6	swing-out & clip	revolver	1917	b, d, p
6	cap and ball	revolver	1858	b
6	cap and ball	revolver	1863	a
1	break-open	one barrel	1864	kk
6	cap and ball	revolver	1858?	a, oo
5	cap and ball	revolver	1858?	a, oo
5	side-loading	revolver	1871	a
5 or 6	side-loading	revolver	1871	a

NOTES ON THE CHARTS

- a. Single action.
- b. Double action.
- c. Some of these could accomodate a shoulder stock.
- d. This was a common weapon (over 100,000 manufactured).
- e. This was a very common weapon (over 500,000 manufactured).
- f. This was an extremely common weapon (over 1,000,000 manufactured).
- g. This was also available in .31 caliber. For game purposes, this does not change the weapon's performance.
- h. Other standard calibers were .44-40, .38-40, .32-20, and .41, but it was available in numerous other calibers ranging from .22rimfire to .476Eley. The caliber will affect the weapon's damage and rate of fire.
- i. Those produced after 1898 were designed to use smokeless cartridges.
- j. This famous handgun is also known as the "Peacemaker" and the "Frontier Six-Shooter."
- k. This is also available in .32 centerfire caliber, but for game purposes, this will not change its performance.
- l. The .41Colt version is known as the "Thunderer."
- m. Other standard calibers are .32-20, .38-40, .44-40, and .45, but this is also available in numerous other calibers ranging from .22rimless to .476Eley. The caliber will affect the weapon's damage and rate of fire.
- n. This is also available in higher calibers up to .476Eley. The caliber will affect the weapon's damage and rate of fire.
- o. This is a variant of the Colt New Service D.A. Revolver.
- p. This uses two three-round clips which allow for swift loading and unloading. If no clip is used, removing cartridges or spent casings is very difficult and will likely require the use of a nail or penknife in order for them to be pried loose.
- q. In 1873, many were converted at the factory to fire .32rimfire cartridges. Performance does not change except that it becomes a more convenient side-loading handgun.
- r. A four shot version chambered to fire .32rimfire was also produced. This larger caliber does 1D8 damage per shot.
- s. This is the classic Deringer. Since the firing pin automatically switches from barrel to barrel, both may be fired in one round.
- t. The "First Issue" (1857) and "Third Issue" (1868) versions are essentially the same for game purposes. The "Third Issue" version is common (see note d).
- u. The "First Model" (1902) and "Second Model" (1906) are essentially the same for game purposes. This weapon was intended as a personal defense weapon for women.
- v. The "Third Model" (1882), "Fourth Model" (1883), and "Fifth Model" (1909) are essentially the same for game purposes. The "Fourth Model" is a common firearm (see note d).
- w. The "Second Model" (1902) and "Third Model" (1909) are essentially the same for game purposes.
- x. Several other models were produced later. These are, for game purposes, essentially the same. The last model, the Smith & Wesson Hand Ejector Third Model Revolver, was produced from 1911 to 1942 and is common (see note d).

- y. This is, for game purposes, the same as the "1st Change" (1906), "2nd Change" (1906), and "3rd Change" (1909). This model was produced in greater numbers than the previous three.
- z. This unusual caliber was relatively expensive and this is the only handgun which uses it. While this weapon could safely fire .32ACP cartridges, they were not originally intended for this weapon and frequent malfunctions occur when using this incorrect ammunition.
- aa. This is also known as the "Baby Russian."
- bb. This is, for game purposes, essentially the same as the "Second Model" (1877) and "Third Model" (1891) and the "Second Model" is common (see note d).
- cc. This is, for game purposes, essentially the same as the "First Model" (1880), "Third Model" (1884), "Fourth Model" (1895), and "Fifth Model" (1909) as well as several other models. The "Third Model" and "Fourth Model" are common (see note d).
- dd. This is, for game purposes, essentially the same as the "2nd Model" (1902) and the "Smith & Wesson Hand Ejector, M&P 1902, 1st Change" Revolver (1903).
- ee. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as each of its four primary variants: the "1st Change" (1906), "2nd Change" (1908), "3rd Change" (1909), and "4th Change" (1915). The "4th Change" version is common (see note d).
- ff. Many were exported to Russia, Japan, and Turkey. For game purposes, the "First Model" (1871) and "Third Model" (1874) are essentially the same. Most of the "First Model" went to Russia. Many of the "Third Model" were also exported to the three above-mentioned countries.
- gg. Many were exported to Japan, Australia, and Argentina.
- hh. This is also available in several other large calibers. For game purposes, the "Second Model" (1915) and "Third Model" (1926) are essentially the same.
- ii. This is, for game purposes, essentially the same as the "Second Model" (1876).
- jj. Many of these were exported to Canada.
- kk. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as the Stevens Single Shot Pistol (1886) and the Stevens Tip-Up No. 41 Pistol (1896).
- ll. This was also available in .38centerfire (2 shots per round, 1D10 damage, 5 shot capacity) and .44centerfire (1 shot per round, 1D10+2 damage, 5 shot capacity).
- mm. This was also available in .32S&Wcenterfire (3 shots per round, 1D8 damage, 5 shot capacity).
- nn. This was also available in .38S&Wcenterfire (2 shots per round, 1D10 damage, 5 shot capacity). For game purposes, this is identical to "Model 1." In addition, approximately two thousand were manufactured with a knife attachment (protruding from under the barrel like a bayonet). This knife can do 1D3 damage and can impale.
- oo. This was produced in several models.
- pp. This unique weapon was produced in Paris, France and Birmingham, England between 1856 and 1865 primarily for the Confederate military. Less than 2,900 were manufactured. Beneath the .42 caliber barrel is a .63 caliber single shot shotgun barrel (for firing buckshot — it is equivalent to a 20-gauge sawed-off shotgun). This is likely to be a popular weapon for investigators despite it being a cap and ball firearm. Keepers should restrict its availability.

CAP AND BALL CONVERSIONS

Once cartridges were introduced, those owning cap and ball firearms wanted the convenience of cartridge fire weapons. Soon firearms manufacturers took advantage of this and began to convert cap and ball weapons, particularly handguns, to cartridge fire. Since there are too many to mention here, the general rule is that a weapon converted to cartridge fire remains the same caliber, but can fire the appropriate caliber cartridge. In addition, the weapon becomes a side-loading firearm. Otherwise the performance does not change. Only the more common of cap and ball firearms were converted to cartridge fire and most conversions occurred at the factory.

CHAIN FIRE

This most unnerving event can only occur to cap and ball revolvers, revolving carbines, and revolving rifles. A "chain fire" can occur when the weapon is fired. As sparks and flame burst from the fired chamber, one or more of the weapon's other chambers may have this heat enter through their front ends. Any loaded chambers may inadvertently discharge as a result. While this will not generally injure the individual firing the weapon, the recoil and noise is great and a tremendous amount of smoke is produced. All of the discharged rounds proceed in the direction of the target and may actually strike it (treat the base range of this inadvertent discharge as 5 yards and give each shot a -10% chance to hit). Only one round will fail to go downrange, that one being the chamber that was directly below the chamber which was originally intended to fire. This ball will lodge in the weapon and must be pried out with a penknife or similar instrument. Chain fires can be prevented by placing gun grease or similar substance (Crisco is an excellent substitute) in the chamber in front of the ball, thus sealing it and protecting it from the heat of firing. This grease will have no adverse effect on the performance of the weapon. To determine whether or not a weapon suffers from a chain fire, whenever the roll is a 91-95 have the shooter make a Luck roll. If this fails, then 1D6 of the remaining loaded chambers also go off. Randomly determine which of the chambers chain fires. If this Luck roll is fumbled, then a second Luck roll is in order. If this one is made successfully, then all remaining loaded chambers chain fire. However, if this Luck roll is failed, the weapon explodes, doing 1D8+1 damage to the shooter and 1D2 damage to anyone within three yards who is not behind the shooter (and thus shielded by his/her body). This explosion destroys the firearm. The Keeper may wish to allow a +10% bonus to this last Luck roll if the shooter has been good about cleaning and maintaining that weapon. Most of the damage inflicted upon the shooter is likely to occur to his or her face, arms, hands, and chest. The Keeper may wish to determine whether or not the shooter is blinded or can still use his or her hands.

HANDLOADED AMMUNITION

Most ammunition the investigators are likely to purchase or use will be factory-made and reliable. However, in some situations, only handloaded ammunition (also known as reloads) will be available. Handloaded ammunition is ammunition using cartridge casings that have already been fired at least once. An individual, not necessarily a gunsmith, takes these and using a special vice and other tools, reloads the casing with powder, primer, and bullet. The result is an inexpensive round, but it is also less reliable. Most handloaded ammunition will increase the chance of a misfire by 5% to 10%. Low quality handloaded ammunition will increase the chance of a misfire by 15% to 25% and really shoddy reloads can increase the chance of a misfire to 50% (though this should be rare). Note that even factory made ammunition is not perfect. It is not designed to be left on a shelf for fifty years and then fired. Treat old ammunition with the misfire guidelines for handloaded ammunition. That way, when the investigators break into Farmer Brown's shack while fleeing a gruesome nasty, they may be in for an unpleasant surprise when they attempt to use the dusty box of 12-gauge shells they found behind the pork & beans in the larder.

MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPTS

THOMAS STRATMAN, KEVIN A. ROSS, SCOTT DAVID ANIOLOWSKI AND BRIAN BEVEL

(Editor's Note: Musty old tomes of sinister lore figure prominently in the works of H.P. Lovecraft and those who make efforts in the area of the Cthulhu Mythos. Likewise, *Call of Cthulhu* puts a heavy emphasis on these books. Yet the books listed in the basic rules are left largely undescribed. "Mysterious Manuscripts" will serve as an umbrella column, containing the work of different writers, all of whom contribute information about the strange books of the Mythos as well as new ones altogether. The first section of the column will be by Thomas Stratman, and his introductory remarks follow. Other writers' contributions appear afterwards. We are actively seeking items for "Mysterious Manuscripts," in the same general format as you'll find here. The line-up of writers will likely change from issue to issue.)

During my time as a Keeper I have found that the different tomes of the Cthulhu Mythos lack their own individuality. For any spell can be discovered in any book, and all books have a chance to contain any information.

Each book should have their own cohesion and subject matter. A book about the library of Celeano would have no need to contain spells of attack against mindless undead. But such a book would be amiss to neglect at least a reference to a spell which would assist in transportation to Celeano.

In keeping with this idea, all books listed in this column will contain a suggested spell list. When an INT save vs. a book's spell multiplier indicates that a spell has been discovered, the Keeper should choose which spell among those listed appears first.

STUDY TIME

Anyone who has had to study a large, poorly written textbook or scientific lexicon can tell you that it takes time to truly glean most of the information. Yet not all books are equal. Therefore, I have developed a study time for each book that takes into account the book's length, age, amount of data, clarity of communication, and number of times translated. Lack of familiarity with the language of the book will adversely adjust this study time, at the Keeper's discretion.

NEW BOOKS

New books are designed to fill in areas of Mythos knowledge and worship that would not be covered by the existing tomes. They also serve as models for Keepers to create their own campaign-specific works.

In order for the material in this section to be as accurate as possible, all readers are welcomed and encouraged to send to me copies of any references regarding mythos tomes as presented in the various Mythos stories, novels, films, etc. Please include the complete reference so that I can find the material you refer to.

Azathoth and Others

poems by Edward Derby

(English, +4 Cthulhu Mythos, -1D4 Sanity, no spells, study time: 8 hours)

Publishing History: self-published, circa 1910.

Providence House edition (reprint), 1952.

Next Age Publishers (reprint), 1985.

Excerpt:

I knew that earth should be for death a throne,
 And evermore within their burials deep
 The banded nations of the earth shall sleep,
 Sunken in sepulchres of sculptur'd stone.

This is the only known collection of the poems of Edward Derby. Most are mundane poems of country landscapes and vague musings of a young idealistic Englishman. His last few poems are disturbing pieces about cosmic demons, an Earth without dreams, and astral travel to alternate realities. The last poem "Out of the Old Land," has been blamed for the manic-depressive state that led to Derby's apparent leap from a seventh-floor window in the middle of the night, which left his body crushed "as if trampled by an elephant" (quote from police report).

Anacrideity Tcho-Tcho

brief anthropological study by Prof. Nicholas Dandel, PhD

(Dutch, +6 Cthulhu Mythos, -1D6 sanity, x2 spell multiplier, study time: 26 hours)

Spells: (presented as authentic rituals) Contact Atlach-Nacha, Summon/Bind Child of Atlach-Nacha, Spider Movement, Enchant Item (needle to inscribe a spider tattoo over the left breast).

Publishing History: University of Utrecht, 1665

Excerpt: The odd, mis-shapen natives call themselves the 'Tcho-Tcho' which, I am given to understand, means 'the dark ones of the dark ones.' Each sub-tribe or family clan has their own patron deity which they worship with a fervor that would rival a zealot or an Anabaptist. The particular group of slaves that work my father's farmlands in the Oost-Indies was partial to their deity of spiders called Atlach-Natchi. This massive spider-creature is believed by these natives to inhabit an underground cavern and weaves a web with her thread of lives. They believe that the world will end when Atlach-Natchi bridges an unmeasurable chasm. This myth is strikingly reminiscent of the Fates from Greek mythology, with their threads of life binding together all things.

This book was published only once, because most of the young professor's theories were officially debunked by Catholic missionaries within ten years. Professor Dandel left the East Indies in 1666 to teach at the University of Utrecht. In 1675 he resigned under pressure and was given the title of Captain on a Dutch war frigate. He died when he sacrificed his ship at a key point during the Battle of Oland, giving the Dutch fleet victory over the Swedes.

The Revelations of Glaaki

volumes of peril by an elusive cult

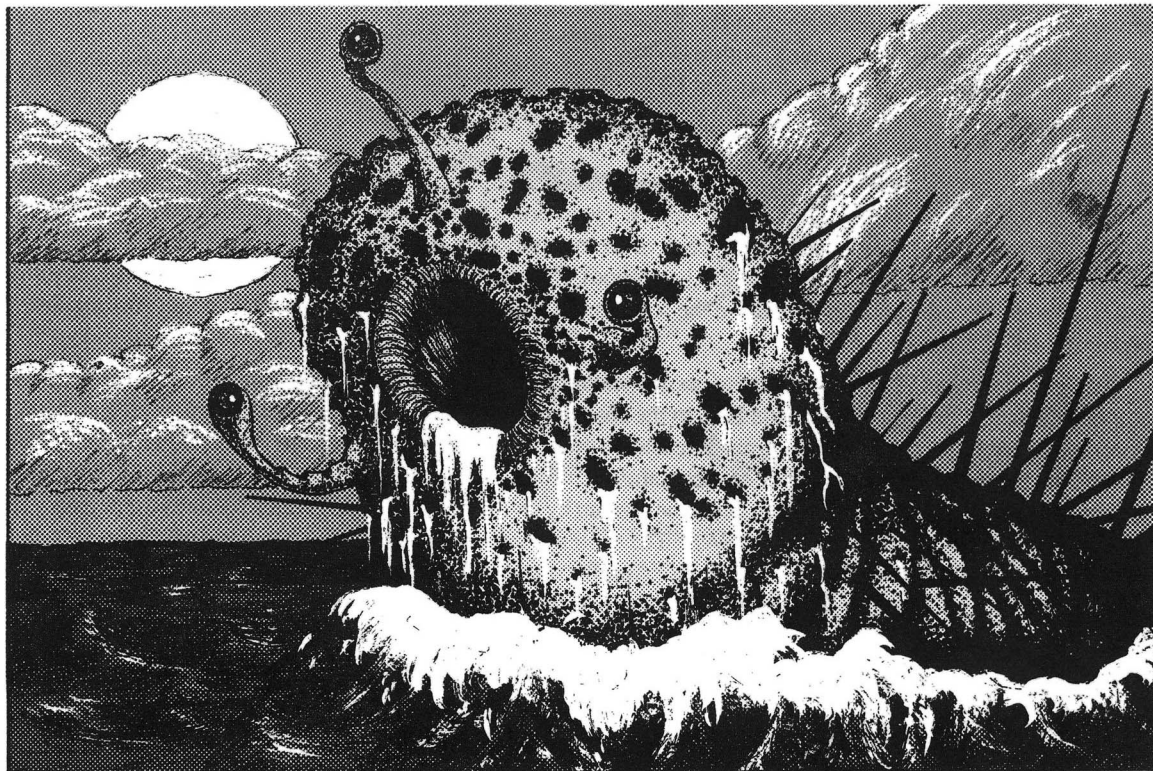
+17% Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, x4 spell multiplier, -2D10 SAN cost (full edition only)

This book provides detailed information on Glaaki and His cult, including the origins of both; most of the information refers to the cults found in the British Isles; also found amongst the (usually) handwritten ravings are references to Eihort, Byatis, Daoloth (info is necessarily sketchy on this being, but a process for summoning it is included), Shub-Niggurath, R'lyeh, "the bloated tentacled mass of eyes and entrails that is M'nagalah," Ghroth the Harbinger and Maker (a comet-creature "who shall urge the stars and worlds to rightness"), the Crystallizers of Dream (described below), and Y'Golonac (in the twelfth volume). The Revelations are written by the members of Glaaki's cult under His psychic guidance/influence.

Spells: Contact Glaaki, Contact Byatis, Contact Eihort, Voorish Sign, Call Shub-Niggurath, Call Daoloth,

Contact Cthonian, Contact Ghoul, Shrivelling, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Y'gononac (volume 12 only).

Printing History: The Revelations are found in many different editions of varying levels of quality and completeness. Most of the information to be found in these notebooks was originally written down in the early 1800s by the founding members of Glaaki's cult. In 1865 a pirated version of The Revelations of Glaaki was published, having been smuggled out of the cult. This edition consisted of only nine volumes (+13% Cthulhu Mythos, x2 spell multiplier, -2D6 SAN, printed in folio-sized hardcovers) as opposed to the more-complete eleven volume edition (+16% Cthulhu Mythos, x4 spell multiplier, -2D8 SAN) held by the various cults of Glaaki and the others. A twelfth volume appeared in the twentieth century containing the lore of Y'gononac, among other things. The statistics first quoted (+17%, x4, -2D10) are for the complete twelve volume edition. Both the eleven and twelve volume editions are handwritten and appear in notebook form. The most commonly found version is the nine volume edition.



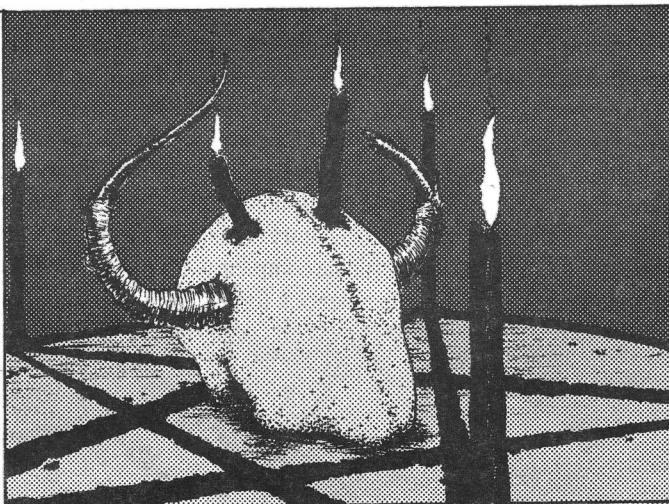
NEW SPELLS

Contact Glaaki: This spell is like the other Contact Deity spells in the Call of Cthulhu rulebook. The Servants of Glaaki need lose no POW when casting this spell as Glaaki has a mental link with them. He will usually appear to them in a matter of minutes. Non-Servants of Glaaki are contacted via dreams sent by the god in a manner similar to the Contact spell for Cthulhu.

Call/Dismiss Daoloth (and related spells): This spell is like the other Call Deity spells listed in the Call of Cthulhu rulebook with regard to magic point and SAN costs. Like most of the Call Deity spells this one requires special preparations to be cast properly. The following process is taken from The Revelations of Glaaki:

First a pentagram must be drawn on the floor (or built if using Fisher's semi-solid plastic apparatus). Next a

nightgaunt skull with a pair of holes drilled in it is placed within the pentagram. Lit black candles are placed in each of the drill holes and at this point all other light sources are extinguished (so that the god cannot be seen). An image of Daoloth (which is given to the priest when he first enters Daoloth's priesthood) is then placed in the pentagram and the priest begins his chant. At the end of the chant magic points are expended and the priest strikes the floor with an icon-bearing rod. If the spell is successful the candles dim until it appears they are burning with a black fire; note that it will be so dark at this point that the summoners will (fortunately) not be able to see Daoloth. A dry rustling from within the pentagram announces Daoloth's arrival, and he sends forth feelers to feel about for his callers. He inserts a feeler into the mouth of each participant (SAN loss is 1/1D6) and draws a little blood from each of them (equivalent to 1 HP, which heals within 24 hours). If angered or betrayed at any time (or if he's in a bad mood), Daoloth will turn against his callers, either by bringing up the lights and revealing himself (to drive the summoners mad), or by engulfing his victims and sending them to other dimensions.



The aforementioned Fisher apparatus is a plastic pentagram tented up at the center to form a dome over the skull and Daoloth image. The apparatus adds 10% to the chance of successfully Calling Daoloth, and is created using a special Enchant Item spell which requires the caster to permanently sacrifice 1 point of POW and 1D6 SAN. The icon-bearing rod adds 15% to the chance of successfully Calling Daoloth. Although usually available only through the other-dimensional priests of Daoloth, it can be created by an Enchant Item spell which requires the permanent expenditure of 3 points of POW and 1D10 SAN. The rod allows its wielder to force Daoloth to perform one service for him, though the words of the order must be carefully stated or Daoloth will attempt to betray his "master." Common requests are for spells or knowledge, but extreme care must be exercised. Daoloth does not like to follow orders...

The Dismiss Daoloth spell is handled as per the other Dismiss Deity spells in the Call of Cthulhu rulebook.

THE CRYSTALLIZERS OF DREAM

Each Crystallizer of Dreams is an egg-shaped object of varying color about a foot in diameter which emits "a strange, intermittent whistling." The egg sounds hollow if tapped and is relatively fragile (1D4+1 HP), yet it weighs almost 20 pounds. It allows its user to astrally project him- or herself into various and sundry Dreamlands. Each time anyone falls asleep in the same room as the Crystallizer they must try to roll their POWx1 or less on D100 to make use of the artifact's powers; they do not have to be actively trying to use the Crystallizer — it can be triggered inadvertently. If the roll is successful, the Dreamer's astral self is transported to a world of the Keeper's choice. Once the device has been initially "attuned" to a certain person (i.e. by making the POW roll), each successive attempt is tried at the next multiple of the dreamer's POW; that is, POWx2 or less after the first successful use, POWx3 or less after the second and so on to a maximum of POWx5. Those under the influence of a Crystallizer of Dreams can be awakened normally — by shaking, slapping, loud noise, etc.

Once the user has reached the POWx5 "plateau" they have more control over their astral wanderings. After the

initial POWx5 or less roll, the Dreamer can state a specific destination which he or she wants to visit. At this time they must make a POW vs. POW struggle on the resistance table against half the POW rating of that particular Crystallizer (determined by a roll of 1D10+8) — this reflects the inherent resistance of the Crystallizer itself. If the user succeeds, they are able to astrally travel (dream) to the location desired. If the resistance roll fails, the attunement falters and the dreamer is permanently reduced to a POWx4 chance of success with that particular Crystallizer. Therefore, they will no longer have any chance of controlling the destination of their travels.

The Crystallizers of Dream are very dangerous devices to have, for they are the creation and property of Hypnos, Lord of Sleep (see H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands). Hypnos bestows these items on those he favors, and the original owners are able to use them fully without any of the rolls described above. A number of Crystallizers have passed out of the hands of their owners, however, due to death or theft, and are the ones most likely to be encountered. Anyone other than the original owner of a given Crystallizer has to go through the POW checks from the previous paragraph. Doing so has a price, however: it may alert Hypnos, the guardian of the Crystallizers.

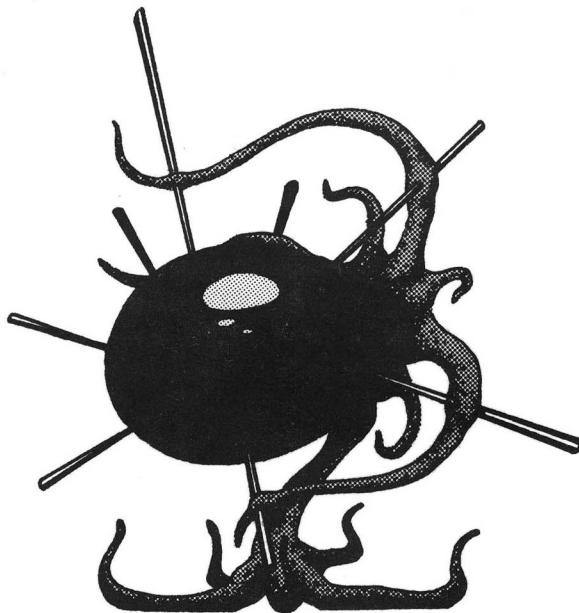
The chance of Hypnos' attention being drawn is equal to the Crystallizer's POWx1 or less on D100 the first time it is successfully used. The POW roll increases each time (POWx2, POWx3...) just as the Dreamer's does. Any roll of 96-00 indicates that the Crystallizer's link to Hypnos has faltered, and the present user will face no threat. This also occurs if Hypnos has failed to notice by the final POWx5 roll. In either case, no further rolls are made.

If Hypnos' attention is drawn, however, he will act within 1D8 days. At that time, he will send a group of his servants, the Dreamlings of Hypnos (described below), to deal with the dreamer. He or she will then be attacked unless they are protected (in a room warded by Elder Signs, etc.). In such a case, the Dreamlings will then attempt to attack all prior users of the Crystallizer (save the original owner, if they still live) in the order they used it, going on to the next victim if driven off by the previous one.

There is an additional threat posed by surreptitious use of the Crystallizer. When the Dreamlings are ready to come through, the Crystallizer makes a POWx5 roll. If successful, Hypnos grants a further boon: the Crystallizer may use its POW in a resistance table battle against the POW of anyone in the same room as the Crystallizer — awake or asleep. If the Crystallizer overcomes the POW of the target(s) they fall into a deep slumber from which they cannot be normally awakened, unless the Crystallizer is taken out of earshot (there may be some other methods or restrictions, at the Keeper's discretion). Those overcome in this manner will automatically travel astrally to the Dreamworld of the Keeper's choice, usually all to the same such world. This slumber then lasts until the Dreamlings arrive at whatever dream-locale the user(s) is currently visiting and either deals with the user(s) or are driven off.

Upon first hearing the unearthly whistling of the Crystallizer of Dreams there is an automatic loss of 1D3 SAN. Each time the device is activated, whether the POW roll succeeds or not, there is a 1 point SAN loss.

Information on the Crystallizer of Dreams is available in the Necronomicon and the Revelations of Glaaki.



Dreamlings of Hypnos (Lesser Servitor Race)

Description: The Dreamlings of Hypnos manifest as balls of swirling, crackling light, each about the size of a cat. They pulse and tremble constantly, shooting out little spears of matter and sparks and twirling about madly. The Dreamlings are an everchanging variety of colors, different hues passing over them in waves or spasms. Smaller particles (perhaps younger Dreamlings) whirl about them in regular, brightly-colored orbits. The shape of the Dreamlings is not a consistent sphere; they are amorphous (though small) and tend to sort of jerk spastically about in the air, always bursting with energy. They continually make an excited chittering sound, somewhat like the whistling of the Crystallizers only immeasurably faster and more varied. The Dreamlings fly about in manic fashion, seeking their target.

When needed, Hypnos sends a group of Dreamlings after those who have earned his mild displeasure (such as by using a Crystallizer without his permission). In such cases he will send a number of Dreamlings equal to the POW of the target (or targets, if there is a group). Upon arriving, the Dreamlings will swarm onto their prey, never ceasing to crackle and chitter excitedly. If there is more than one target, Dreamlings will assault each one in numbers equal to the target's POW.

Each Dreamling makes a single Siphon attack on its target. To do so, the Dreamling attempts a POW resistance table battle. If successful, the Dreamling will siphon off a portion of its target's dreams, removing them completely from memory and taking them back for Hypnos to ponder. The result is the loss of one point of POW and two points of Dream Lore, if any is possessed. Since the number of attacking Dreamlings is equal to the Dreamer's POW, it is possible (though unlikely) for all of the victim's POW to be drained. If so, the victim goes into a state of catatonia from which they will never recover, lacking even the recourse of dreams to occupy them in their mental prison.

The Dreamlings' attacks occur simultaneously — fortunately for the Dreamer — and so the victim uses his or her original POW for each of the rolls. Whether its attack succeeds or fails, each Dreamling immediately scoots off back to Hypnos.

<i>Characteristics</i>		<i>Averages</i>
STR	1D6	4
CON	1D6	4
SIZ	1	1
INT	2D6	7
POW	1D10+8	14
DEX	2D6	7
Hit Points		3
Move	16 flying	



<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Attk%</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Siphon	special	1 point POW, 2 points Dream Lore

Armor: Only harmed by magic.

Spells: Call Hypnos

SAN: 0/1D3

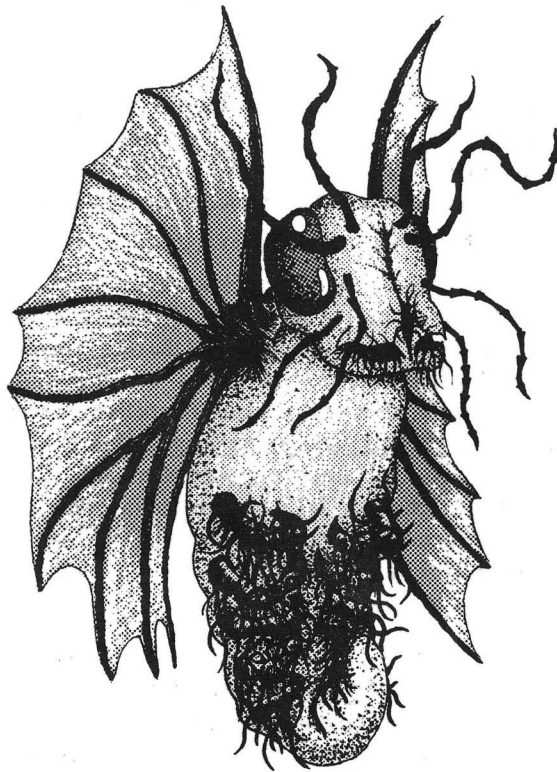
Bibliography:

"The Inhabitant of the Lake," by J. Ramsey Campbell. Available in The Inhabitant of the Lake and Less Welcome Tenants (Arkham House 1964 — out of print) and Cold Print (Scream/Press 1985), both by Campbell.

"The Room in the Castle" and "The Render of the Veils," by J. Ramsey Campbell. Available as above.

"Cold Print," by J. Ramsey Campbell. Available in Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos (Arkham House 1989, as well as several paperback editions from Ballantine, Beagle, and Panther, all out of print) edited by August Derleth, and Cold Print (Scream/Press 1985) by J. Ramsey Campbell.

"The Tugging," by J. Ramsey Campbell. Available in The Disciples of Cthulhu (DAW books 1976 — out of print) edited by Edward P. Berglund, and Cold Print (Scream/Press 1985).

Massa di Requiem per Shuggay

In 1768, the enigmatic Italian composer Benevento Chieti Bordighera wrote Massa di Requiem per Shuggay, or Requiem for Shaggai, a lengthy and bizarre opera about the alien Insects from Shaggai, their plight, and subsequent exodus into the black gulfs of space. This haunting funeral mass recounts the history of Shaggai and its inhabitants, the Shans, including the great cosmic cataclysm which ultimately destroyed Shaggai, and the journeys of its exiled inhabitants from world to world.

Act I tells the story of the Shans' empire on Shaggai with their great cities of dull grey cones, and of their decadent worship of mighty Azathoth. The final scene of the first act recounts the approach of a mysterious crimson globe and the panic of the inhabitants of the emerald-lit planet.

Act II begins soon after the obliteration of Shaggai, with the few surviving colonies of Shans searching the universe for a suitable new home base. The Insects stop at Xiclotl, Thuggon, and L'gy'hx, but none of these worlds suit their purposes. They flee each in turn, capturing and taking along certain races for use as slaves.

Act III, the final act of the morose opera, tells of the Shans' arrival on Earth sometime in the seventeenth century. This final act of the ominous and morbid opera details the journey to Earth of another inhabitant of now-dead Shaggai: Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg (see below).

Upon its completion, Bordighera's requiem immediately garnered the attention of Pope Clement XIII, who banned the opera in 1769 (but died shortly thereafter). The new Pope, Clement XIV, ordered a formal inquest, and in 1770 Benevento Bordighera was jailed as a heretic. In 1771, Bordighera was convicted of heresy and put to death; all existing copies of the dark Massa di Requiem per Shuggay were ordered destroyed. Pope Clement XIV died just three years later in 1774.

Little but the following is known of the life of Benevento Chieti Bordighera: he was born about 1746 in Rome, a musical prodigy. He traveled around Europe in the mid-1760's, and is known to have been in the south of England in or around 1766. He died in 1771 at the age of 25; no one knows the whereabouts of his grave, and his work and his name have all but vanished from history.

In 1891 two copies of Massa di Requiem per Shuggay turned up in London, supposedly having been smuggled out of library vaults in France and Italy. Poet and Golden Dawn member W.B. Yeats claimed to have seen the musical score briefly in the fall of 1891, and then both alleged copies disappeared. Nothing more is known of the opera until 1927 when a single crumbling copy is believed to have come into the possession of famed British parapsychologist Dr. Douglas A. Windthrope; Windthrope claimed to have obtained the text from an unnamed Italian gentleman in New York City in the spring of 1927. Two other copies of Bordighera's blasphemous score were said to have been seen in 1928 in Spain, but these rumors were never verified.

In 1940 Dr. Windthrope vanished from his estate and was not heard from again. Interestingly enough, several old and rare books Windthrope was known to have had were also found to be missing, including among them the evil opera.

In 1958 a copy of the mass was found to be in the possession of an unnamed man in India, and in 1967 another copy was said to be in a private collection in Japan.

In 1985, a wealthy bidder known in auction circles as "The Man in Gray" purchased a copy of the requiem at an auction in London for a rumored £25,000. Photographs of this mysterious collector showed a remarkable likeness to the long-missing Dr. Douglas Windthrope, and so it has been suggested that the buyer was, in fact, Lawrence Windthrope, of the Windthrope Institute for Dream Research and the grandson of the famed parapsychologist.

At least two other copies are thought to exist, although their whereabouts are unknown at the present time.

Massa di Requiem per Shuggay is a powerful composition, clearly showing the depths of knowledge Benevento Bordighera had concerning the Insects from Shaggai and other darkling things of the Mythos. It is assumed that the composer had actually been infected by one of the Shans, whereby he learned the history of the race. Anyone familiar with musical composition will instantly realize the incredible complexities of this work — certain portions appear to have been written for unknown notes and instruments. This Mythos work contains no spells; however, Mythos knowledge may be gained by successfully reading the libretto: Massa di Requiem per Shuggay, Italian, +6% Cthulhu Mythos, -1D8 SAN. Those who read the score or see the production performed often suffer from nightmares in which they hear far-off, haunting music and insane laughter (1/1D2 SAN loss the first time, 0/1 thereafter); anyone familiar with the Shans, their slave races, or their deities tend to have more horrific, vivid dreams (such as of Azathoth, etc.) and suffer an initial 1/1D4 SAN loss and 0/1D2 thereafter.

Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg, the Bringer of Pestilence (Great Old One)

Description: Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg is a scorpion-like monstrosity covered by a segmented, greasy green-black chitinous shell that is weirdly iridescent. The Bringer of Pestilence's head is nothing more than a warty, bulbous extension of the body. This head is covered by a mass of stiff, segmented feelers which constantly twitch and buzz weirdly. Numerous pulpy yellow eyes of various sizes and shapes peer out from between the feelers and several pairs of puss-dripping mandibles snap and hiss loudly. The Great Old One has a pair of massive scorpion-like claws and a viciously barbed stinger tail; countless spider-like legs click unnervingly as the insectile monster moves. Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg has three pairs of stiff, sharply-thorned wings folded tightly against its back. Oozing sores and blistering ulcers continually burst open all over the surface of the Great Old One and a swarm of scampering, squirming, and buzzing contagion-laden vermin, worms, and insects ceaselessly burrow, crawl, and dart into, around, and over the bulk of Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg.

Cult: The Bringer of Pestilence has no known human worshippers, although it is served by the degenerate rat folk and the diseased swarm that accompanies it, in addition to certain bands of ghouls. Historically devastating plagues in Europe and Asia may be attributed to the non-human worship of this entity in those time periods and areas.

Notes: Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg is generally encountered or summoned in places of filth and decay, such as sewers, swamps, graveyards, dumps, or areas of plague. When summoned, the Great Old One bursts from the ground, showering all present with filth, dirt, and virulent ichor.

The Great Old One may nip at victims with its noxious claws or snapping mandibles, or attempt to sting them with its poison-dripping tail. Those stung by Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg must be immediately treated for disease (Treat Disease at -50%), or begin suffering a loss of 1D4 CON per day as their bodies are ravaged by pestilence. Untreated victims will quickly die a horrible and leprous death. Any CON lost to Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg will regenerate at a rate of 1 point per week of hospital care.

Characteristics

STR	35
CON	75
SIZ	45
INT	20
POW	28
DEX	12
Hit Points	60
Move	8/16 flying/5 burrowing

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Claw	90%	1D6+4D6
Mandibles	55%	1D4+4D6
Sting	85%	1D6+poison
Swarm	75%	1D2+infection



Armor: Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg has 15 points of armor with its chitinous shell. The Great Old One can not be harmed by any non-impaling weapons. If reduced to 0 hit points, the god burrows away into the ground, leaving behind a foul, steaming pool of bubbling vomit and wriggling carrion worms.

Spells: Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg knows most Summon, Bind, Contact, and Call spells, except those dealing with the Outer Gods and their minions.

SAN: 1D3/1D20

A SELECTION OF PERIOD OCCULT TEXTS

Often when investigators recover books, those without immediate, impressive names and descriptions are more or less ignored. Players should not know if a book contains Mythos information until they have read it. Mythos books should only be distinguishable if they are bound in human skin, are growing hair, or scream when opened (although this often occurred with "normal" occult texts in my research for this article).

In this first of at least two articles, I shall attempt to remedy this oversight and supply your games with much-needed detail and confusion. It is suggested that merely reading an occult text should only provide the reader with a 1 point increase in Occult skill, following normal procedure for skill boosting. If the reader actually studies the text for a month, then the potential benefit is 1D6. Only one such study can be undertaken at a time.

Also, occult books can contain Mythos information at your discretion, either hidden in the text itself, scrawled in the margin, in notes paperclipped to the pages, or by important passages or word sequences marked with a cipher. Try setting up a tome as a false lead sometime, and watch the joyful chaos!

The following table shows real occult texts that investigators could expect to find in any bloodthirsty, power-mad, possessed, insane cultist wizard-priest; or, more likely, in their own bookshelves or on the nightstand, next to the Mauser. They are listed in order of the date published/written, to facilitate your campaigns. The books here all date from before 1700. Books dated after 1700 will appear in TUO4. All dates herein are A.D.

It should be noted that with some of the text listed below, the author and/or date of publication is not given, or is followed by a question mark. This denotes that the information could not be found, and rough guesses had to be made according to other works and/or birth and death dates. Some of this information is extremely difficult to get, and any help, corrections, or further information would be greatly appreciated. Write to Brian Bevel, c/o Pagan Publishing.

<u>Year</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Author</u>	<u>Language</u>	<u>Notes</u>
2nd Cent?	Adversus Hereses	Irenaeus, Bishop Of Lyons	Latin	A
300?, 1911	Theguria Of The Egyptian Mysteries	Iamblichus	Greek, English	D
300?, 1607	De Mysteriis Aegyptiorum...	Iamblichus	Greek, Latin	E, A
800?	Book Of Ostanes	Jabir-Ibn-Hayyan	Arabic, Latin	A, I
1300?	Secrets Of Nature	Arnold Of Villanova	Latin	A
15th Cent	The Book Of The Sacred Magic Of Abra-Melin	Abra-Melin	Arabic	B
15th Cent	The Golden Tractate Of Hermes Trimegistus	Hermes Trimegistus	Latin, Eng, Others	
15th Cent	Veterum Sophorum...	Johannis Trithemius	Latin	C
1510	Three Books Of Occult Philosophy	Henry Cornelius Agrippa	Latin	
1530, 1620	Opera. In Duos Tomos Concinne...	Henry Cornelius Agrippa	Latin	A
1537	De Incertitudine & Vanitate...	Henry Cornelius Agrippa	Latin	A, F
1558	Propaedeumata Aphoristica	Dr. John Dee	Latin	J
1564	Monas Hieroglyphica	Dr. John Dee	Latin, English	J
1570	The Mathematicall Praeface To The Elements Of Geometrie Of Euclid Of Megara	Dr. John Dee	English	H
1577	General and Rare Memorials Pertayning ToThe Perfect Arte Of Navigation	Dr. John Dee	English	H

17th Cent	Twelve Keys	unknown	Latin, English, Others	
17th Cent	Phenomenae Invisible	Aeneas Of Gaza	Latin	A
1604	Novem Lumen Chemicum	unknown	Latin	A
1630	Divinus Pymander Hermetis...	Hermes Mercury Trismegisti	Latin	A, G
1651	Three Books Of Occult Philosophy	Henry Cornelius Agrippa	English	
1652	Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum	Elias Ashmole	Latin, English, Others	
1659	De Mirabili Potestate Artis Et Naturae	Roger Bacon	English, Latin, Others	K
1690?, 1857	Miscellanies Upon Various Subjects Microform	John Aubrey	English	

NOTES

- A Very rare; few, if any, translations into other languages.
- B The origins of this work are extremely suspect. The book was only rumored to exist until MacGregor Mathers produced a "translation" in 1948. Rumors mostly spread by Mathers himself.
- C Full title: Veterum Sophorum Sigilla Et Imagines Magicae/E Johannis Trithemii Abbatis Peapolitani Quondam Spannheimensis: Manuscripto - Ervtæ. Cui Accessit Catalogus Rariorum Magico-Cabbalistico-Chymicorum/ Studio Opera Frederici Roth-Scholtzii, Herrentadio-Silesii. Also available in a 1732 reprint.
- D Translated to English from Greek by Alexander Wilder.
- E Full title: Iamblichus De Mysteriis Aegyptiorum, Chaldaeorum, Assyriorum. Proclus In Platonicum Alcibiadem De Anima, Atque Daemone: Idem De Sacrificio & Magia. Porphyrius De Divinis Atq; Daemonib/ Psellus De Daemonibus. Mercurii Trismegisti Pimander: Ejusdem Asclepius. Translated to Latin by Jean De Tournes in 1607.
- F Full title: Henrici Cornelii Agrippæ Ab Nettesheym, De Incertitudine & Vanitate Scienciarum Declamatio Inuectiua: Denuo Ab Autore Recognita & Marginalibus Annotationibus Aucta / Capita Tractandorum Totius Operis, Sequetes Indicant Pagella. Printed two years after his death.
- G Full title: Divinus Pymander Hermetis Mercurii Trismegisti: Com Commentariis R.P.F. Hannabalis Roselli...Opus Vere Aureum Reconditaque Sapientia Refertissimum, Ac Proinde Cuius Arcana Dei Scire Cupienti Utilissimum Accessit Eiusdem Textus Graecolatinus Industria D. Francisci Flussatis Candalaë: Indice Rerum & Verborum Generali Accuratissimo.
- H These books, while by the famous Dr. Dee of Necronomicon fame, are not occult titles. The investigators may not realize this at first, though. Another possibility would be to have a significant occult or Mythos reference in the text, as Dee certainly considered the occult part of the real world.
- I As an aside, the author of this work was infamous for being obscure and incomprehensible. In fact, his name is the source of the word "gibberish."
- J Dr. Dee is such a fantastically famous man that all of his works can be found translated into any European language, and possibly some others.
- K Full title: De mirabili potestate artis et naturae, or Friar Bacon, his discovery of the Miracles of Art, Nature, and Magick.

MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPTS has been brought to you by Thomas Stratman (Azathoth and Others, Anachrideity Tcho-Tcho), Kevin A. Ross (The Revelations Of Glaaki), Scott David Aniolowski (Massa de Requiem per Shuggay), and Brian Bevel (A SELECTION OF PERIOD OCCULT TEXTS), and by the letters N, Y, and L.

A TALE OF TERROR

GARRIE HALL

MEN IN BLACK

One day, each of the investigators gets a knock at the front door. Standing before them are two men, each dressed identically in a black suit, white shirt, black tie, and polished black shoes. The investigator doesn't even have time to read the I.D. card that is pushed under his or her nose before the men barge in and ask the investigator to take a seat.

The men themselves appear strange to the investigator. They are constantly looking around as if expecting someone to be standing behind them, and they only appear to be able to walk in straight lines and turn in right angles. Normally this would seem to be ridiculous, but it only serves to add to the menace of these unwelcome visitors. As they speak, they pick up objects close at hand and study them in great detail, as though they had never seen an ashtray or a cigarette or whatever before. When they do speak the investigator, they never seem to be looking directly at them, more as if they are looking at some point beyond.

The conversation is definitely not two-way. The men in black simply do not listen to questions. At first, they talk about the investigator — their life, their background, their family and friends. They know everything from high school grades to the license plate of a relative's car, and even some information that is so personal only one or two other people could know about it.

Then comes the punch line. The investigator must cease his or her efforts in stopping the forces of the occult, or the consequences for the investigator, their friends, and their family will be severe. The threat is not specific, nor does it imply violence, but the manner in which it is expressed is enough to cause great concern.

Should the investigator get violent at any point the men in black will simply leave, giving the threat as they do so. The men will get into a large black car and drive away. Any attempt to follow them will end in failure — often due to mundane events such as a car that won't start, a traffic jam at just the wrong time, etc. In any event, the car driven by the men in black will soon disappear.

Background Information:

The amount of information available for investigators and the nature of its source will vary greatly depending on when the campaign is set. Men In Black are encountered throughout history, though their appearance varies depending on the location and time in which they show up. Their clothes and vehicles will be appropriate to the setting. There are of course some common factors: they always appear to someone who has witnessed a strange (perhaps Mythos) phenomenon, and then make veiled threats as to what would happen to the person if they told of the experience or looked into it. The dominant color of their attire will usually be black. Gaslight-era M.I.B.'s would likely be upper-class sorts who make veiled allusions towards membership in the Freemasons or the Rosicrucians.

In a setting prior to the 1950's, finding accounts of visitations by these strange individuals will be very difficult, as reports of them were not widely circulated. The fifties, however, saw the U.F.O. boom and community paranoia reach new heights, sightings of strange objects and weird happenings skyrocketed, and the result was seemingly increased activity by the M.I.B.'s (as they came to be known). This increase did not go unnoticed, and soon reports of M.I.B. encounters were collected and published in the fringe media. The net result, however, is the same no matter what the setting — appearances by the Men In Black always raise more questions than answers.

Suggestions:

The Men In Black are McCarthyite paranoia incarnate. Are they the enemy within? Or the threat from without? As such, they can be used to great effect in your campaign. You can turn your players into raving paranoids by introducing M.I.B.'s into the fringes of your campaign early on and introducing the above encounter at a much later stage. Don't overuse them — in one scenario, a single M.I.B. could be standing on a street corner near an important site, or a carful of them could sit down the street from an investigator's house. Witnesses who are reached by the M.I.B.'s may suddenly turn hostile and uncooperative to investigators.

The players should get the feeling that they are being watched, and that something sinister is happening that goes beyond their current investigations that could affect their lives somehow... they just don't know how, when, and by whom.

Possibilities:

1. The Men In Black are a secret government department and they know much about the Mythos. So why don't they intervene? What are their objectives? In whose best interests are they acting? Whose side are they really on?

2. The Men In Black are an age old cult or group of anti-cultists. Their prime concern is keeping knowledge of the Mythos down to a minimum in order for their own activities to be hindered as little as possible. If you decide that the M.I.B.'s are anti-cultists, then it is unlikely that their threats will come to anything, and the investigators may even receive aid or information from them if the M.I.B.'s think that it is in their own interest to do so. Of course, the source of this aid may not be known. If the M.I.B.'s are cultists, then the investigators could find themselves in real trouble.

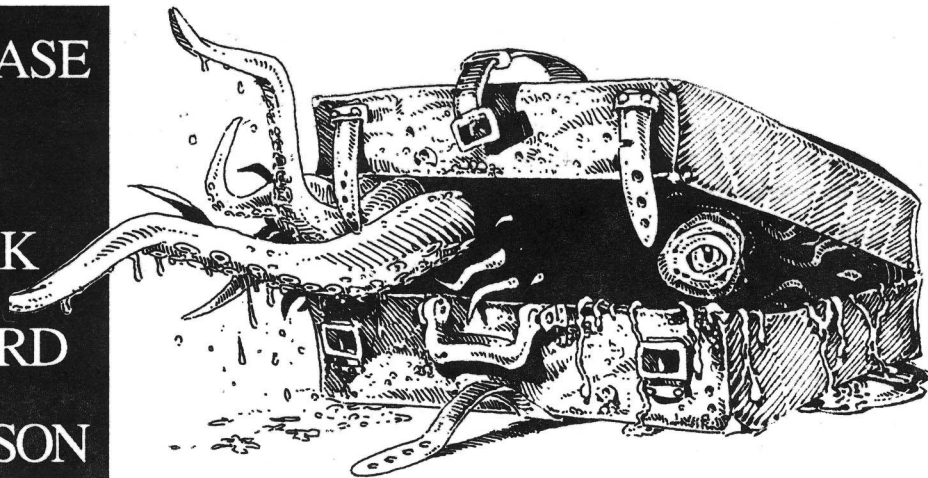
3. The Men In Black are a Lesser Servitor Race aligned to Nyarlathotep. Of all the Old Ones he has the most freedom of movement and is the only one who has commingled freely with mankind. The Men In Black are aliens with no real concept of humanity. They merely respond to the will of their master. Their appearance is consistent but unimportant — nothing more than misdirection. Once their mission is complete they teleport back to their master's domain. The investigators may never be troubled again by them, or they may find a Hunting Horror waiting to greet them the next time they open the door. After all, who can fathom the workings of the mind of a Great Old One?

*I'm alive with anger,
eye-piercing clothes hanger
and I know what it is to make love with danger
but I run just the same
and escape the frame
and there's chaos and sparks and another damn game
but you're there at the end
wrapped up in sin
so there's a tick on the clock that's beating within*

*and it passes me by
and I cry and I try
and nothing at all will help me to fly
when there's nothing more here
nothing held dear
and I end my life and I end the fear*

- John Tynes

THE CASE OF MARK EDWARD MORRISON



The case; that infernal case. The Suitcase of Doom. The Portmanteau from Hell. The Luggage from Beyond. How its mirthless mocking smile haunts my dreams and plagues my waking life.

Readers not suffering from short-term memory loss may recall in the last installment that the case had apparently swallowed a load of books, neatly regurgitating them in the form of one dark volume: Dr. Laban Shrewsbury's Cthulhu in the Necronomicon. Astonishing as this seems, it is not an isolated incident when dealing with those black books that are the legacy of the Cthulhu Mythos. Investigators shudder not only at the thought of the knowledge in these hideous volumes, but also at the circumstances of their discovery, and the bad luck which befalls their owners.

The Call of Cthulhu rules give a list of Mythos tomes, with Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, sanity loss, and spell multipliers. This information is fine enough, but it's the equivalent of saying that Moby Dick is a book about a big fish; there's a lot more to them. The Books of the Mythos are evil, leprous, abominable collections of soul-blasting knowledge. Introduce them into your campaign with bearing and gravity, not mere game statistics. All should carry a sense of dread, a promise of things man was not meant to know. The author was a fool for setting it down, and the reader is a fool for picking it up.

Before the investigators acquire a Mythos tome, do some research. Find out about it. Consult articles such as "Fischbuchs" by Kevin Ross, in the second issue of this journal. Return to the source stories; for Unausprechlichen Kulten, read over R.E. Howard's "The Black Stone." For that hoary ancestor of all, the fabled Necronomicon, turn to Lovecraft's essay "A History of the Necronomicon." If you can't find specific facts, invent some; the thing that walks like an editor, John Tynes, discussed this in "Creating and Using Mythos Tomes," in the first issue of this shuddersome periodical (although his focus was on bibliographic details, neglecting to deal with the peril such volumes bring). The important thing is that when the players look at you querulously and say "What's it about?" you have something to provide beyond "Well, it gives +8% Cthulhu Mythos and you lose 2D6 Sanity."

Mythos tomes are never in the stacks of the local library; they are never on sale in a popular edition; they are never reviewed in the literary press. They are hidden, forgotten, and shunned. They are produced in limited runs, often rolling off the press scant hours before the building burns down. They are twice-cursed; those that revel in the dark lusts of the Mythos wish to hoard the books, and those who live to destroy such evil folk wish to see the books ripped up. These twin perils face those who own such threatening publications.

Mythos tomes should never be discovered randomly, in profusion, without risk, or without import. When the

sweating investigators lay eyes on one, don't skip on the detail. These things are extraordinary, and require detailed description. Some may be gaudy and shining, with gleaming gilt edges and gorgeous seductive covers; more often they are dismal, dark things, bloated with damp and mold, with frayed edges and peeling bindings; others make plain their subject matter with their composition, boasting covers of flayed human skin, or with human teeth inset as decoration, or printed in dried blood.

Inside the covers, the book should be equally distinctive. Some books have pages of florid illumination, clearly and mercilessly depicting torture and nightmare; others have no such aesthetic presentation, but are instead the ravings of a madman, without concern for grammar, cohesion of thought, or legibility. Some are in English, or other modern languages; others are in arcane and ancient scripts, often in bizarre dialects or forgotten tongues.

An old book might have fading or brittle pages; or they might be soggy and damp, in which case the ink may have run, or the pages stuck together. The thing may stink of decay and putrescence, so badly that no reader can stand to peruse it for more than a few minutes at a time. Previous owners may have tried to burn it, or thrown it down in horror, or slashed their wrists over the open pages; or they may have used it in conjunction with rituals most foul, splashing the pages with alchemical concoctions, ichor, blood, and worse.

While the investigator is reading, the dark world outside is stirring. Trees scabble and scrape at the window; rats gibber and squeak in the walls, scampering about in terror; the wind moans, gusting across the roof and knocking tiles off; the fire flickers and cowers, shying away; shadows pass across the moon; the room becomes chill, and the house creaks and settles. Could this be coincidence? Are the forces of nature supplying a warning? Do those who would rather the investigator didn't read the book stalk softly along the hallway towards the library door?

When the investigator closes the book and goes to bed, their research does not end. Imprinted in their eyelids are dancing characters and swirling glyphs. As sleep drags them down, they disappear into a world of dreams, dreams in which they see themselves as the irrevocably damned author of the book, and undergo their terrors, their madness. To their somnambulist lips foul words steal and creep, and to their empty bedroom they whisper dread syllables of power and awe, mindlessly reciting the rituals they have read, unconsciously summoning slaving horrors to their bedside. There's nothing like a cosmic abomination drooling on your pillow to make you wake in fright.

In their waking hours, things remind them of that which they have read. Once they've read Alhazred, how can they contemplate Arabia without a shudder? After viewing the hideous wood-cuts in Regnum Congo, how can they walk past a butcher's without gagging? Who can go near the ocean after absorbing Cthaat Aquadingen? To read one of these awful books is to carve a ragged mental scar that will never heal.

The books may have more dire effects on the reader. The more the words of an ancient grimoire become clear to the investigator, the less they are able to comprehend and absorb the everyday language of newspapers and popular fiction. The investigator's speech might also begin to transform. As well as the poison in the words, a more literal threat may be posed. A black smear from the book's ink might not wash off the fingers. The next day this smear has moved up into the palms. In subsequent days it seeps up the arms, to the shoulders, spreading towards the heart.

Mythos tomes can sometimes have a peculiar life of their own. The investigator last perused it on the desk, yet now it is on the window-sill, as if apprehended in the act of escape. Maybe it is still on the desk, but the ink-well has been upset, ruining the notes and translations the investigator has made so far. Perhaps all the other books and stationery are scattered on the floor, as if they could not bear to be in proximity of such an evil thing. Or maybe the investigator sits down to read, opens the pages, and finds flattened in the book the tiny corpse of a mouse, drained of blood.

There are a number of sources to consult on the evil that books do. Fred Chappell's excellent Mythos story "The Adder" ascribes verbal vampiric qualities to the Necronomicon. Wilbur Whateley's lust for that same unspeakable tract laid him low in "The Dunwich Horror." Insane bibliophiles act in deadly opposition in the marvelous scenario "Still Waters" from Great Old Ones. In the Evil Dead films, reading aloud from a black book wakes the dead (augmented in the title sequence for Evil Dead 2 by Call of Cthulhu artist Tom Sullivan, in which our leprous volume gibbers and flips its own pages and eventually flaps away).

But despite all this, Mythos tomes must be read. In many cases the only way to combat the Great Old Ones is to gain an understanding of them, no matter how dim or fragmented. If their dark plans can only be thwarted by spells, then only in these books will those spells be found. If their actions are guided by prophecy, then only in these books are those predictions recorded.

Some investigators have been known to hire translators to take on this onerous task; but that is akin to sending them ahead to test a minefield. The risks are intense and personal, and no human should undergo them without warning. The callous investigator who passes an innocent scholar a copy of Cultes des Goules for perusal is in effect handing them a loaded revolver; their honest and diligent research will pull the trigger. One investigatorial agency tried to solve this problem by sending a book out in chapters, to different experts, in the hope of lessening the shock; but this resulted only in an even higher toll of suicides, murders, breakdowns and disappearances.

With these warnings in mind, but with a sense of higher purpose, I cautiously returned to the case to consult Cthulhu in the Necronomicon. I threw open the lid, and confetti gusted up and puffed about the room in glittering clouds, drifting out the open window. Of the book there was no sign, nor ever will be. In a way, I am glad.



YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

THOMAS STRATMAN

In two Chaosium scenarios, "The Auction" and "Thoth's Dagger," the action centers around auctions of occult paraphernalia. The following is a set of items appropriate for just such an auction, all of which were formerly the property of an Hebrew/Egyptian historian. Keepers might wish to drop it into Orient Express.

In the center of this issue of TUO you will find a brochure to the auction, being put on by the Ausbergs of Austria (see "The Auction" in Cithulhu Casebook for details). This brochure contains a few introductory notes for the bidders, as well as descriptions of the items offered for bid. It is printed on heavy stock, and should be removed from the magazine, folded accordion-style, and handed out to the players.

The descriptions in the catalog are repeated below. In addition, options are provided for making each item into a genuine occult or Mythos artifact with unusual powers. Keepers can pick and choose which items they wish to imbue with such powers, thereby ensuring that players will be kept on their toes. Making more than half of these items into powerful occult magic is not recommended.

Lot 1. Toy Barge	Circa 2000 BC (Egypt)	minimum bid: \$200
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Complete. Unusual. Child's toy of Egyptian Burial Barge made of Sycamore wood. Workmanship is very fine. Condition: Good. Several moving parts.

Optional: A History, Occult, or Egyptology roll will reveal that the barge is not a toy. It is a representation of the vessel that was used to carry the soul of the departed to the afterlife. These models were placed at the foot of the burial case for use by the spirit of the deceased for their voyage to the afterlife.

When someone is alone with this barge and opens the lid to the mummy case they will be immediately attacked by the spirit of the Pharaoh Uzrahote, a ruler of Egypt before the drying of the Sahara. He has a vaguely cat-like appearance, owing to his worship of Bast. Uzrahote will attempt to possess the investigator by draining their POW to zero through a series of POW vs. POW confrontations. Many game possibilities exist.

Spirit of Uzrahote: INT 18, POW 26. Goal: Protection of holy Egyptian sites.

Lot 2. Ornate Locket	Circa 1800 AD (Palestine)	minimum bid: \$200
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Redbud wood box with sturdy brass reinforcements and thick steel neck chain. Handmade by the deceased. Contents unknown. Locket does not open. Engraved designs of possible Kabbalistic origin. Unique item. Condition: Very Fine.

Optional: Inside is the dried core of a Lloigor's brain. If worn, it conveys a 10% bonus to all Luck rolls made by the wearer. If the locket is busted open, the contents appear to be an uncut ruby that will glow slightly in total darkness. It will lose its light when danger is imminent.

Carbuncle of Power: Twenty carats. Hit Points: 5 (locket), 20 (carbuncle).

Lot 3. Stone Pharaoh's Head	Circa 1400-1300 BC (Egypt)	minimum bid: \$400
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Exquisitely carved Limestone head depicting an unknown pharaoh of both Upper and Lower Egypt. Unusual.

Optional: The head represents an Egyptian mystic. A Geology roll will reveal that the blemish on the base is caused by an air pocket within the solid rock. A Mythos spell scroll is preserved inside; the only way to retrieve it is to smash the stone head. An Archeology or Egyptology roll will suggest that the crown of the “pharaoh” is too short. A second roll will indicate that the figure is in fact of a holy man honored by the pharaoh with the authority to act in his name.

Lot 4. Alabaster Dish Circa 1300 BC (Egypt) minimum bid: \$200

Optional: Each piece of this table setting contains 10% of a forgotten Lesser Other God known as Golothess. He was bound and separated into these ten pieces by Y'ig during a time of great battles. Multiple story possibilities exist.

Golothess: STR 40, CON 100, SIZ 18, INT 8, POW 60, DEX 10, HP 60, Move 5, Armor: blunt weapons do 1 point; -3 points from cutting weapons due to flabby rubbery skin. Spells: can summon Moonbeasts at will. Description: Golothess resembles and has a similar domain as the Greek god Bacchus.

Lot 5. Egyptian Ceremonial Dagger Circa 2800 BC (Upper Egypt) minimum bid: \$350

Optional: See “Thoth’s Dagger,” in [Cthulhu Classics](#) for details. Or, the dagger will always do a minimum of one point of damage against any mythos being it strikes.

Dagger: DAM 1D4, HP 15.

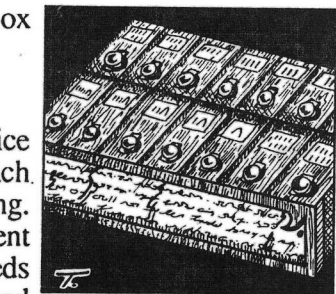
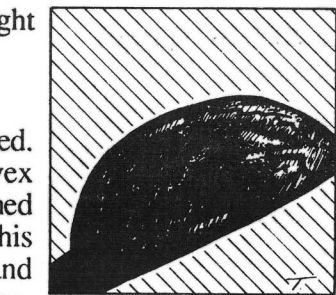
Lot 6. Book, Egyptian Grammar Circa 1909 AD (North America) minimum bid: \$50

1500 pages, leather bound. Out of print first edition. Monograph on conversational Egyptian. Written by Alan Gardiner. Rare. Signed by author. Condition: Fine.

Optional: See “Thoth’s Dagger,” in Cthulhu Classics for details. Using this book will give a +50% in Hieroglyphics translation. The author’s inscription reads “read behind the lines, (signed) Alan Gardiner.” Hidden in the binding is a paper with four shifting magical heiroglyphs on it, 0/1 SAN loss to view. They generate a feeling of great wonder and fear. If deciphered and pronounced, the speaker must make a POW resistance roll versus a POW of 5. Failure leads to sudden death, due to a brain aneurysm. A successful roll sends the speaker into immediate slumber. When they awake, they will have gained great knowledge of the Dreamlands: +20 points of Dream Lore — and will know how to visit there again.

Lot 7. Papyrus Scrolls	Circa 1500 BC (Egypt)	minimum bid: \$500
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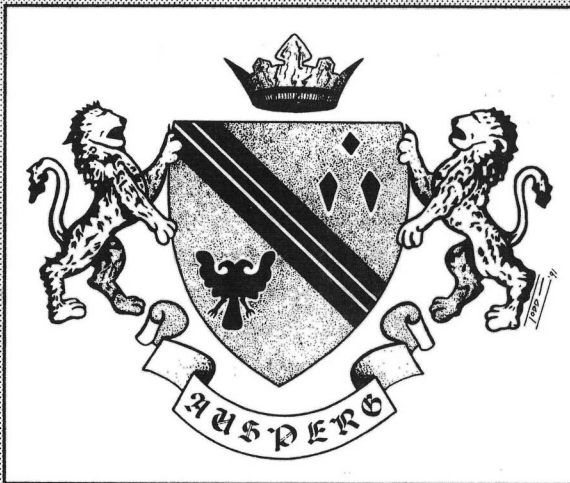
Unique. Six papyrus scrolls in excellent condition. Full copy of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, with marginal



Auctions have in the past been the
the security of both the auction and
an expert, Pinkerton Special Agent
as personally seen to the safety and
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You are cordially invited to attend



THE AUSBERG
SPECIAL AUCTION
OF OCCULT
PARAPHERNALIA

Vienna, Austria

Welcome to the Ausberg Special Auction of Occult Paraphernalia. As you are no doubt already aware, this auction features some of the finest curios and artifacts from private collections. The items appearing for bid are from the estate of the late Dr. Isaac Levitz, a noted and colorful historian and scholar in the areas of Hebrew and Egyptian religion. Proceeds from this auction will go towards the University of Jerusalem's archeology department, as per Dr. Levitz's wishes.

The rules of the auction are standard. We request that comments and conversation be kept to a minimum once the auction begins. If you wish to inspect any item, simply indicate your wish and it will be brought out. Bidding is being conducted in American dollars. Payment may be arranged with our finance officer after the close of the auction.



SCHEDULE

- | | |
|---------|--|
| 12 noon | A luncheon will be served in the east dining room, with a memorial to Dr. Levitz given by his respected colleague, E. A. Wallis Budge of the British Museum. |
| 1 p.m. | The conservatory off the dining room will open for the rest of the afternoon. Refreshments will be served. |
| 2 p.m. | The Ausberg Special Auction of Occult Paraphernalia will commence in the main hall. |
| 5 p.m. | Conservatory closes. |

Lot 1 Toy
Circa 2000 BC (Egypt)
minimum bid: \$200

Complete. Unusual. Child's Egyptian Burial Barge made of Sycamore wood. Workmanship fine. Condition: Good. Several parts.

Lot 2 Ornate L
Circa 1800 AD (Palestine)
minimum bid: \$200

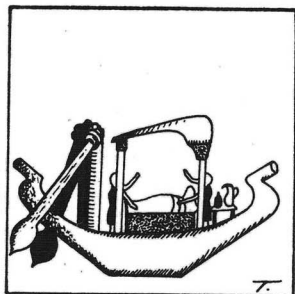
Redbud wood box with sturdy reinforcements and thick steel chain. Handmade by the decorator. Contents unknown. Locket does not open. Engraved designs of possible Kabbalistic origin. Unique. Condition: Very Fine.

Lot 3 Stone Pharaoh's
Circa 1400-1300 BC (Egypt)
minimum bid: \$400

Exquisitely carved Limestone depicting an unknown pharaoh of Upper and Lower Egypt. Unusually fair craftsmanship. Condition: Good. Blemished on base.

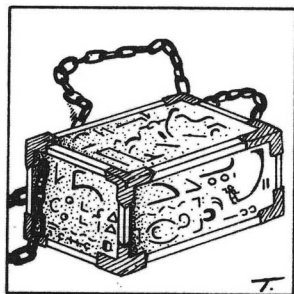
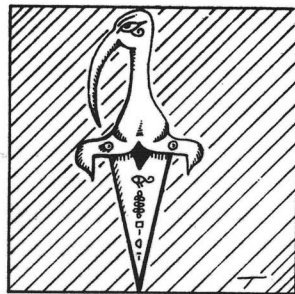
Lot 4 Alabaster
Circa 1300 BC (Egypt)
minimum bid: \$200

Egyptian eating dish. Part of a 10 piece set. Known pieces on display at the Smithsonian, the Louvre, the Peabody Foundation, the Museum of Modern Art, the National Egyptian Museum in Cairo. Rare. Fine workmanship. Condition: Very Good.



Lot 5. Egyptian Ceremonial Dagger
 Circa 2800 BC (Upper Egypt)
 minimum bid: \$350

Excellent workmanship. Formed of the purest silver. Handle design in the form of an Ibis head. Blade engraved in Demotic Hieroglyphs. One of a pair. Condition: Good. Nicked on blade.



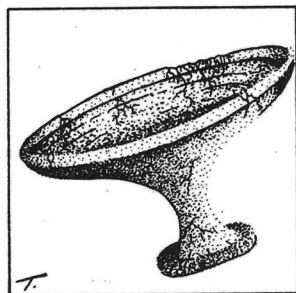
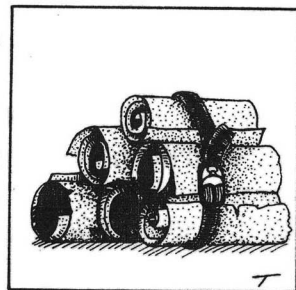
Lot 6 Book, Egyptian Grammar
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 minimum bid: \$50

1500 pages, leather bound. Out of print first edition. Monograph on conversational Egyptian. Written by Alan Gardiner. Rare. Signed by author. Condition: Fine.



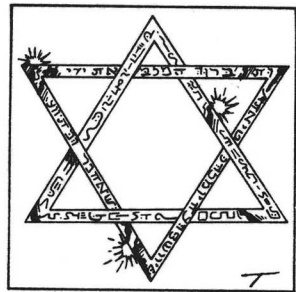
Lot 7 Papyrus Scrolls
 Circa 1500 BC (Egypt)
 minimum bid: \$500

Unique. Six papyrus scrolls in excellent condition. Full copy of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, with marginal notes written in an unknown Demotic dialect.



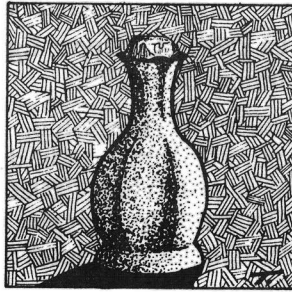
Lot 8 Seal of Solomon
 Circa 900 BC (Near East)
 minimum bid: \$500

Six-pointed, engraved star (Hebraic Star of David). Formed by two intertwined equilateral triangles. One golden engraved in Hieratic characters. One platinum engraved in Hebrew lettering. Exquisite workmanship. Unusual. Condition: Excellent.



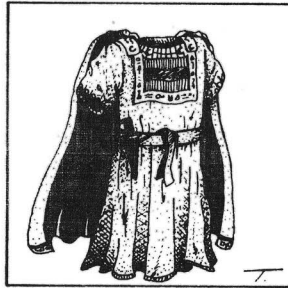
Lot 9 Ceramic Vial
Circa 1300 BC (Arabia)
minimum bid: \$200

A yellow-brown ceramic vessel. Contains an unknown liquid. Sealed with wax cork. Inscribed in Ancient Hebrew. Very good workmanship. Common. Condition: Excellent.



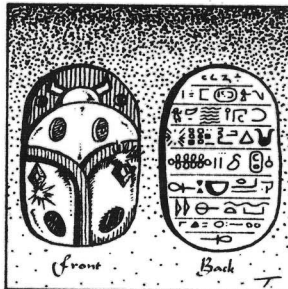
Lot 10 Robe of Office
Circa 1000 BC (Judea)
minimum bid: \$600

Exquisitely embroidered robe and cloak of light wool. Gold and silver threads sewn into design on front mantle. Symbols indicate office of Judge. A centerpiece addition to any museum or collection. Exquisite workmanship and fine condition. Unusual.



Lot 11 Jeweled Scarab
Circa 3000 BC (Lower Egypt)
minimum bid: \$500

Mica stone beetle with eight gemstone settings: 2 diamonds, 2 pearls, 2 garnets, and 2 emeralds. Back inscribed in Egyptian Hieroglyphs. Common. Good workmanship. Condition: Very Good.



Lot 12 Ob
Circa 1700 AD (North African)
minimum bid: \$50

Authentic shrunken human head created for use in Kabbalist Magic rituals. Very Rare. Condition: Good.



Lot 13 Basalt Paper
Circa ?
minimum bid \$50

Fake Philosopher's Stone of de Used as paperweight. Stone is without any facets. Deceased gold he owned was made from stone using modern chemical ancient alchemical techniques. Curiosity item only.

Lot 14 Sp
Circa 2200 BC (Middle-East)
minimum bid: \$300

Carob wood and camel bone box. Fourteen compartments separately numbered and open. Numbered and inscribed in Arabic. Contains various dried and powders, all quite aged for recognition. Small, silver utensils some of the compartments. Common. Fine workmanship. Condition:

a note about our procedures

As you are no doubt aware, our Service has been the host of unfortunate incidents. To assure yourself, we have retained the services of Frank Buhtbaumbe. Agent Buhtbaumbe will ensure the security of the entire auction, and with Bannon and "Kentucky" Jones we will ensure the decorum of this auction will be insured.

As a precaution, we suggest you exit. Vostok Hospital has facilities available in event of injury, and a chartered ambulance location. Please rest assured that the auction should not result in any recovery.

Optional: Contains spells to help recently departed souls find their way to the afterlife. See “Thoth’s Dagger,” in Cthulhu Classics for details. The marginal notes are written in code. A successful Heiroglyphics roll and an impaled Know roll are needed to decipher and translate. The notes are written by a grave robber, and describe three trips he made into the tomb of Cheferin, a high priest of Ptah. The robber never got farther than the outer room, but took at least half of what was there. The directions he gives are sketchy at best. The tomb has not been found by modern archeologists.

Six-pointed, engraved star (Hebraic Star of David). Formed by two intertwined equilateral triangles. One golden engraved in Hieratic characters. One platinum engraved in Hebrew lettering. Exquisite workmanship. Unusual. Condition: Excellent.

A yellow-brown ceramic vessel. Contains an unknown liquid. Sealed with wax cork. Inscribed in Ancient Hebrew. Very good workmanship. Common. Condition: Excellent.

Exquisitely embroidered robe and cloak of light wool. Gold and silver threads sewn into design on front mantle. Symbols indicate office of Judge. A centerpiece addition to any museum or collection. Exquisite workmanship and fine condition. Unusual.

Mica stone beetle with eight gemstone settings: 2 diamonds, 2 pearls, 2 garnets, and 2 emeralds. Back inscribed in Egyptian Hieroglyphs. Common. Good workmanship. Condition: Very Good.

Authentic shrunken human head created for use in Kabbalist Magic rituals. Very Rare. Condition: Good.

Optional: Contains summoned spirit of a deceased rabbinical kabbalist of 18th century Spain. Voice (only heard by owner of Ob) will advise and speak if and when it wishes to. The voice will seem to come from nearby items but never from Ob itself. SAN loss of 0/1D3 the first time this happens. Ob may try to use its owner for its own ends, as determined by the Keeper.

Lot 13. Basalt Paperweight**Circa ?****minimum bid \$50**

Fake Philosopher's Stone of deceased. Used as paperweight. Stone is convex without any facets. Deceased claimed gold he owned was made from this stone using modern chemicals and ancient alchemetical techniques. Curiosity item only.

Optional: It really is a philosopher's stone. When immersed in a mixture of chemicals (though only a master alchemist would know which ones) it will change base metal into gold. This 8 oz. stone will make 16 lbs. of gold before it is dissolved.

Lot 14. Spice Box**Circa 2200 BC (Middle-East)****minimum bid: \$300**

Carob wood and camel bone spice box. Fourteen compartments, each separately numbered and operating. Numbered and inscribed in Ancient Arabic. Contains various dried seeds and powders, all quite aged beyond recognition. Small, silver utensils in some of the compartments. Common. Fine workmanship. Condition: Fine.

Optional: The contents of the drawers are listed below. At the Keeper's discretion, One or more of these substances may be given occult properties.

1. Aconite, powdered leaf, small silver spoon. When eaten it acts as a pain reliever. User effectively gains 50% of their lost hit points back for 3 hours. At the end of that time, if the actual hit points have fallen below zero the user may make a CONx3 roll. If successful, the user will fall into a coma for 2D6 weeks, gaining back lost hit points at the usual rate. If the CON roll is failed, the user dies.

2. Empty.

3. Lichen pollen, small silver spoon. When ingested, the pollen acts as a curious poison. A resistance roll should be made against a potency of 12. If the roll succeeds, the only result is nausea. If the roll fails, the user goes into a coma. Within six hours, the body will sprout roots and secure itself to whatever it is upon. In one day glowing lichen will appear on and around the victim. Each day that this progresses, the body loses a point of SIZ until death occurs when the victim's SIZ reaches 4. The body is totally absorbed at 0. This pollen is native to the Dreamlands, and the only cure lies there as well, possessed by the Zoogs of the Enchanted Forest among others. This cure must be brought back from the Dreamlands through one of the magical entrances on Earth — it cannot be brought back through normal dreaming.

4. Empty.

5. Allheal, small silver spoon. If eaten, it cures 3D8 points of wounds at the rate of 3 points an hour. Experiencing this effect costs 1/1D3 SAN. Observing it costs 0/1 SAN. 3 doses are present.

6. Opiate. This powdered remnant only has a 33% chance of being effective if smoked. If it works, the user will experience visions of the Egyptian afterlife. SAN cost is 1/1D3. User gains 1D3 points of Egyptology or Occult, their choice.

7. Polyidus herbs, cannula (tube for introducing fluid down unconscious patient's throat). Must be mixed with water. When ingested by a person who has died in the previous 10+CON minutes, they are allowed to make a CON

resistance roll vs. 12. If successful the person will be brought back to life, in a coma. After enough time has passed for double their hit points to have healed, they will awaken. There is a permanent loss of 1 CON point. SAN cost for the user is 1D10/1D20. Viewing this costs 1D4/1D10. 3 doses.

8. Juniper, stirring whisk. When this substance is mixed with a glass of water and consumed, the drinker's skin becomes unpleasantly thick and rubbery. This provides 1 point of armor for the next 24 hours, by which time the effect will have ended. SAN cost is 1/1D3. 3 doses are present.

9. Jimsonweed, tongs. When chewed, this substance acts as a deadly poison of POT 10. It is safe if cut 10x with any edible substance, in which case it acts as a powerful narcotic. For the next three hours, all stats are reduced by 1D6, skills are at 50% of original. 3 or 30 doses.

10. Empty.

11. Lotus powder, straw. When sniffed, acts as a deadly poison of POT 20. If cut 10x with snuff, it produces a stultifying euphoria. All stats are reduced by 2D6, all skills are at 25% of original, for the next hour. 3 or 30 doses. This substance may be used in some Egyptian Mythos rituals, and could be found mentioned in relevant occult tomes.

12. Mustard seeds, small silver spoon. When eaten, it provides a second resistance roll against poison, acting as if the user's CON was 25% higher than normal. Active for 24 hours. 3 doses are present.

13. Empty.

14. Empty. An impaled Spot Hidden roll will reveal one grain of an unknown organic substance. If it is touched, the grain will be absorbed into the skin. After one day the person's hand will become numb. On the second day, their whole arm will go numb. On the third day, their entire body will be affected, and they will fall unconscious for 12 hours. When they awaken, their physical stats may be increased by 1 point each — to determine if a stat goes up, roll higher than the present stat x5. SAN costs for each day: first, 0/1; second, 1/1D3; third, 1D3/1D6; fourth, 0/1D3.

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THE EYE OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS

LES DEAN & JOHN TYNES

(Editor's Note: Yes, another new addition. What better title for an ongoing review column? Submissions to the Eye on anything to do with Lovecraft, CoC, or the Mythos in general are welcome.)

Cthulhu By Gaslight: The second edition of CBG has been available for some time. William A. Barton has done an undeniably excellent job with this supplement, as has been shown by the numerous awards it has won. This, of course, is good news to those of us who enjoy adventuring in the 1890's. The historical information, maps, and new occupations for investigators are simply vital to any Keeper hoping to run a campaign set in the Victorian era. Sadly, though, all of this information is supplemented with only one adventure, "The Yorkshire Horrors." The scenario is good, though unfortunately the investigators must encounter Sherlock Holmes in it. I take a negative view of using Holmes in any adventure because the players are already aware of his strength and experience and could fall into the trap of "He'll solve it anyway," or "We're stumped — let's call Holmes!" However, the scenario's use of well-known supporting characters and its easy-to-follow presentation do make it a good adventure for inexperienced Keepers. On a scale of one to ten phobias, with Masks of Nyarlathotep being considered ten phobias, Gaslight rates an eight.

Dark Designs: Recently released. The creature on the cover is a Hound of Tindalos, and has my vote for the most repugnant artwork yet done for Chaosium. My congratulations to the artist, Lee Gibbons. Unfortunately, the cover art and the two period maps are the best part of Dark Designs. It includes only three adventures, as well as an 1890's investigator generation supplement to Gaslight. The first adventure, "Eyes for the Blind," leads into the third adventure, "Lord of the Dance," and both go to show that Chaosium pays by the word. These two adventures take up 75% of the book and could certainly have been done in a half to two-thirds of that. There are a few saving graces, however. The main villain in the "Eyes" adventure is excellent, though wise Keepers will give the villain credit for its intelligence and change the noticeably unusual color of the villain's home. The villain should also have plans to vanish in some way should things go wrong. "Lord of the Dance," though unoriginal in design, can be made interesting to players with a creative Keeper, and is by far the best of the three adventures in the book. The third, unconnected adventure is "The Menace from Sumatra," and it shows L.N. Isinwyll's welcome hand in the editing. The adventure might be made more interesting by adding a simple twist: allow the scenario's powerful villain to apply the blue fungus from the opening scene to rats. Whether this affects them the same way it does humans or simply allows it to be spread more widely is up to the Keeper's evil mind.

Dark Designs as it is rates 3 phobias. Good Keepers should be able to squeeze a few more out of it, however.

Other 1890's adventures:

The Vanishing Conjuror / Statue of the Sorcerer: Though the "Statue" half of this Games Workshop book must be set in 1925, "Conjuror" can easily be set in London during the 1890's. Modes of transportation and communication will change, as will the references to Queen Mary and King George (to Queen Victoria and Prince George). The scenario's unspecific time setting is appreciated, and wouldn't be a bad thing to see more of.

Fatal Experiments: The "Songs of Fantari" adventure can, with minimal modifications, be adapted to the 1890's, though I do suggest that only NPC's be subjected to the more fatal of the scenario's experiments.

Call of Cthulhu 4th Edition: Also with minimal changes, "The Brockford House," "Paper Chase," and "The Mystery of Loch Feinn" can all be enjoyable 1890's adventures, already possessing a mood and atmosphere appropriate to the era.

Return To Dunwich: First and foremost, Dunwich is a fascinating and enjoyable read. The book forms the second in Chaosium's "Lovecraft Country" series, following Arkham Unveiled, and maintains that book's standard of quality in writing and thought. It succeeds even moreso than the prior book, in fact. Where Arkham occasionally smacked of being too much a catalogue, Dunwich maintains a constant and rich theme: the price of secrets.

Dunwich Village is just that — a village, much smaller than politely bustling Arkham 45 miles to the east. You'll find only one real business there, the ubiquitous Osborn's General Store, housed in an old church. Instead, author Keith Herber has used the space to describe the people and places of the whole area, a region about ten miles wide and fourteen miles long. In addition to this, there is an extensive treatment of — but I really can't give that away.

Dunwich, you see, is a place full of secrets, secrets that have taken their toll — in more ways than one — on the people of the area. The "secret history" of Dunwich is old and vast, and will come as a stunningly fascinating surprise to even the most knowledgeable Keepers and players.

With this in mind, I should state that Dunwich is *not* a book for inexperienced Keepers or players. Dunwich contains only one scenario, yet the book is truly a campaign, just as much as Masks of Nyarlathotep or Curse of Cthulhu. As the players progress through the adventure, their investigators will continually be running into strange situations and stranger people. Players will soon lose sight of the distinction between the scenario and their more general exploration of the ties that bind Dunwich together. Only experienced Keepers and players should tackle this; by and large, the players will map out the course of the wide-ranging investigation, and the Keeper needs to be familiar enough with all 132 pages (especially the index/directory — a welcome and essential feature) to handle meandering investigations smoothly. If all goes well, though, the experience should be very rewarding.

Keepers needn't worry about players who have read H.P. Lovecraft's "The Dunwich Horror," the primary source for the book. The opening scenario begins a few months after the Horror occurred, with Dr. Armitage of Miskatonic (the story's nominal hero) hiring the investigators to check into the aftermath of the Horror. Armitage can give the investigators a lot of information, essentially duplicating the benefits that players might gain from reading the story beforehand.

I *would* advise players or potential players *not* to look at Dunwich, however. Don't look at the table of contents, don't look at the pictures, don't flip through the pages. Some of the book's strongest elements would be quickly given away by even a casual glance.

The illustrations, by John T. Snyder, are quite good, some of the best in a Chaosium book in some time. Dunwich does have a number of typographical errors, of the sort that computer spelling checkers don't catch: plurals instead of singulars, missing words, etc. There are a few other minor annoyances as well. The table of contents has several serious mistakes, some of the "Points of Interest" refer to locations on the maps that aren't labeled there, and in one case a building is simply missing (#911). While showing the need for further proofreading, Dunwich's errors are not truly sloppy, a welcome change from the usual low editing standards found in much of the gaming industry and a particular pet peeve of mine.

My chief complaint with Dunwich is the lack of a more detailed guide for Keepers in running it. Dunwich is a fully-fledged campaign, perhaps the most realistic — or at least believable — campaign yet published. As such, it really requires a lot of preparation on the part of the Keeper to run well. A page or two outlining major lines of investigation beyond the scenario, NPC responses and tactics, and likely events and reactions would have been a big help. Much of this information *is* in the book, but is scattered amongst the dozens of entries.

Return To Dunwich is wonderfully written and is as rich and fertile a campaign supplement as any I've seen. Its inappropriateness for less-experienced Keepers and players and its lack of more-cohesive campaign information drag it down slightly, though. Bearing these last two points in mind, Return To Dunwich easily rates seven out of ten phobias. Had more work been done to aid the Keeper in running it, this rating would have been an eight.

A TALE OF TERROR

JOHN TYNES

THE BOODS

Aldous Bood is a professor of Paleo-Linguistics at a nearby university. Short, thin, and stooped, he is known for being well-intentioned but boring. His wife, Dottie, is a huge woman, loud and overbearing, and favors garish floral print dresses. She takes every opportunity to put Aldous down in public, and their neighbors are used to hearing her screaming at him at the top of her lungs when nights are long and tempers are short. Aldous puts up with it as best he can — it is the way of things.

About a week ago the two of them had a terrific fight, Mr. Bood for once giving as good as he got. In the time since that night, no one has seen Dottie Bood.

Prompted by suspicious neighbors, the police investigate her absence. Finding a blood-spattered pillow under the bed, they take Mr. Bood into custody on suspicion of murder. He is released on bail, refusing to offer any explanation whatsoever for his wife's disappearance. Two hours later, Dottie Bood walks into the police station. It's all been a terrible mistake, she says. She was so upset with her husband that she had a nosebleed, and finally fled to her sister's house. The charges against Mr. Bood are dropped.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

Doing some research into the notes of a discredited colleague who recently passed away, Mr. Bood discovered therein the spell Consume Likeness. When he killed his wife in a moment of rage, he seized on the spell as his only way out. It took him a week to fully devour his wife's corpse, as is required by the spell. The arrest came unexpectedly, though, and he had to wait until he was released on bail before he could make an appearance in the form of Mrs. Bood.

In the weeks to come, the Boods will get a surprisingly amicable divorce. Not so surprisingly, perhaps, they are never seen together in public. An investigator who is a friend or colleague of Mr. Bood may notice this curiosity, though, and may know a little something about the deceased professor with the peculiar interests that Mr. Bood was recently looking into. If he isn't caught, Aldous will keep up the sorcerous pretense that his wife is alive until the divorce is final. Then Mrs. Bood will "move away" and will soon be all but forgotten by a community that is not terribly sad to see her go.

It may be that wily Mr. Bood, unhinged by the whole experience, will have acquired a taste for human flesh. He is unaware that the spell does not change your shadow, however, and the investigator may find it unsettling that the rather weighty Mrs. Bood casts such a thin, stooped shadow...



Blair Reynolds

THE TRAVESTY

CHRIS KLEPAC

in which the investigators visit a small hotel with a big problem

"The Travesty" is a non-Mythos scenario for a group of two to six hardy investigators, with any amount of experience. It can be attempted with only one, but this will require a lot of luck and perception, as well as a generous Keeper.

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

The investigators are hired by a man named Robert Toleson. He is an old friend of one of the investigators, and is now a hotel manager. He insists that strange things have been happening at his small hotel, the Goodrest Inn. He would like the investigators to travel to the hotel, in Wisconsin near Lake Superior, and dispose of the problem.

You can set the Goodrest where you like in this region. It should be about eight miles from a small town, said town serving as the county seat. The Goodrest stands atop a lonely hill, with a commanding view of the immediate area. Keeping these requirements in mind, set it where you will. It is December of 192_. Heavy snowfalls have made the roads almost impassible except by horse and sled, said transport easily arranged in a nearby town.

This part of Wisconsin was the home of the Menomini, a native american people related to the algonquins. A fairly sedentary people, the Menomini fished and farmed, living in villages placed near the many rivers and streams of the land.

In the early 1800's conflicts arose between the Menomini and white settlers. The shaman of one small tribe convinced his group to perform a dream dance, the *ni-mi-he-twan*. This shaman was a member of the *cese-ko* cult, one of two shamanistic cults that were a part of Menomini life. The purpose of the dance was to raise a guardian spirit who would keep the white settlers away. The spirit answered their call, and slew three families of settlers who had lived in the region for some time. A witness described the entity responsible as a skeletal man with deadly eyes, "a travesty of a human being." Angry at the shaman for such drastic action, the tribe demanded that the spirit be restrained. The shaman capitulated, and the guardian spirit was confined in the earth, trapped inside a lonely hill.

Cese-ko shamans were known as "jugglers" by the first of the white settlers, named for the way the shaman's tent shook when he spoke with the spirits. The terrible deaths were rumored to be caused by a juggler, and soon tales of the incident misidentified the creature itself as a being called a juggler or a jester, the phraseology becoming blurred with the passage of time.

Within a decade of the deaths, a portion of the tribe's land was purchased by one Garret Moss and family. Moss disregarded the whispered talk of the hill being cursed, but he soon discovered that the land bore its reputation not undeservedly. After a winter of illness and strange accidents, Moss made contact with the entity who dwelled within the hill through his dreams. It promised him power in exchange for its freedom, and one drunken night Moss agreed.

When the wards holding the thing in were broken, the creature broke forth and slew Moss's family before his eyes, making a mockery of their deal. Moss was tougher than he looked, though, and he forced the thing back into the land that had held it, shoring up the wards as best he could.

Moss knew the wards wouldn't hold forever, so eventually after he had re-married he passed the knowledge of the ward and the jester to his son. In the 1870's the thing began to get free again, but Moss's son remembered his father's words and kept it back. Eventually the son and his wife passed away, leaving one child. As luck would have it, this grandson died a couple of years ago with no descendents, and Robert Toleson bought the building,

converting it to a hotel. The wards protecting it slipped once more, and the entity is now becoming free again. Its guardians finally gone, the Travesty will be unleashed onto the unsuspecting countryside.

THE HORROR, THE HORROR

The Travesty is a very cunning creature, and is slowly exercising its will over the hotel from its residence in the hill below the Goodrest. It has already begun to control the current guests, who are weak and stupid in its eyes. It is having a harder time with Toleson, who is made of sterner stuff.

The Travesty takes an ill view of humans, seeing them as toys. It enjoys the taste of fear and death, but its favored delicacy is madness. Slowly driving a group of people insane and then feasting on them is what it lives for. The Travesty is able to generate plentiful small offspring, referred to as the Breed. The Breed appear as various human body parts melded together in bizarre and disgusting formations.

The Travesty itself can appear in many different forms, drawing images and ideas from those it devours. All are recognizable as grotesque parodies of the human body. Unless the Keeper has other ideas, it will appear in this scenario as the Death Jester, a giant malformed human with no skin and a belled jester's cap. At the climax of the scenario, the Travesty may be encountered in its true form as well.

To drive people mad, the Travesty uses its Breed in conjunction with a unique power, Warp Reality. This powerful and dangerous ability is limited somewhat in that it only affects a small area. Stats for the Travesty, its Breed, and the Warp Reality effect can be found at the end of this adventure.

INVESTIGATOR RESEARCH

The investigators will be able to look up some of this information almost immediately. Connections to other relevant pieces will reveal themselves soon after; all are to be found in the small town nearest the Goodrest. Here is a list of queries that can produce information.

The Goodrest Inn: At the town's place of records, a few items about the Goodrest and the property it sits on can be found. A Debate or Fast Talk roll is needed to get by the nosy clerk. Several successful Library Use rolls will divulge the following info; the number of rolls and what each reveals is up to you.

The Building: What is now the Goodrest Inn was built about a hundred years ago. It is an old and distinguished building, and has stood the test of time (with the help of Morgan & Morgan Contractors). It was originally built by a man named Garret Moss, and was owned by him for thirty years at which time it was inherited by his son, Daryl. Eventually Daryl's son Timothy took possession of the property, keeping it until passing away a few years ago.

The Property: According to the (sketchy) old records, Garret Moss bought the property from the government, though it was originally the land of a Menomini tribe. He got it very cheap for the prices of the day, although the records do not state why.

At the Library: This won't turn up much about the Goodrest. However, a successful Luck roll while examining area history will turn up an old letter that identifies the hill the inn is located on as being avoided by the natives for unstated reasons. A successful Library Use roll will also turn up the little library's prized possession: the diary of one James Mothwood, an early settler in the area. Deciphering this antiquated journal will take a couple of hours and a Read/Write English roll. In it he recounts the deaths of the three families, and may make reference to a juggler being responsible (though the specific tribe is not known). Investigators may need to do research to find out just what a "juggler" is.

The Moss family: Sources (records, articles from regional papers, old folk, etc.) will describe the Moss family as a peaceful, quiet bunch. Most of the town's elderly loved Timothy (last of the line) and are resentful of "that new

fella." However, a Luck roll when talking with one of these codgers might cause them to remember hearing some odd sounds, "a funny chantin' kind o' noise," when passing the house one night about fifty years ago.

THE GOODREST INN

The investigators will probably arrive a little before dinnertime, after the official buildings in town have closed. When they enter the lobby of the Goodrest, Toleson will be behind the desk and will come out to greet them. He is a short, portly man in his mid-forties, with a receding hairline and a thick black mustache. He starts by apologizing for the fact that only two rooms are available, and then invites them into his office to tell them of his problem.

It all began — for Toleson, at least — about a month ago. Guests started complaining of small things disappearing or being moved from their rooms, and other minor annoyances. Then they started to see things. One said he opened his room door and found a gaunt bloody man within who gave him a crinkly smile and then faded away. Another swore that she saw a black cat on the roof the size of a large horse. Still another ran screaming from the Inn, yelling about some creature that had been under his bed. Toleson is getting worried, since if this gets around it could spell the end of his hotel. He tells the investigators that they can stay as long as they need, and will have free run of the place. Dinner is served promptly at six o'clock, but light breakfast and lunch is available upon request. He then hands the investigators their room keys and waits expectantly for them to do something.

The following is a key to the rooms of the Goodrest.

First Floor

Lobby: A charming old sitting room, with high-backed chairs and a large blazing fireplace with an ample stock of wood. Currier & Ives prints line the walls, although Toleson is considering replacing them with sad-faced Emmett Kelly clown portraits.

Toleson's office: Clever investigators may slip in here after Toleson leaves (though he would consent to a reasonable search if asked). It contains a desk and chair, along with a few bookshelves. In his desk, one can find the hotel's ledgers. A successful Accounting roll will prove them to be perfectly legitimate. Also in this desk, investigators can find Toleson's deed of purchase to the property along with papers in a folder dating back to the original acquisition. Investigators can find out some of the history of the property here, in case they missed it in town. The bookshelf contains many mundane but prestigious and well-bound books (Toleson is a great fan of classical literature). If you wish to torture the players, Toleson could mention all the "musty old religious books" he tossed out when he bought the property. If the investigators suggest any titles ("Was there a Necronomicon?") Toleson will helpfully agree that they were probably among those he tossed.

Dining room: This large, elegant, yet homey dining room is always open, but food is only served during regular mealtimes (Toleson's cook quit not too long ago, and he's got his hands full). There is a one in six chance that one of the three mobile guests will be in this room when the investigators first enter, reading a newspaper or a book (see the section entitled GUESTS AT THE GOODREST for details).

Kitchen: This room will be empty until about an hour before each meal, when Toleson will be in here frantically preparing food. The kitchen contains the usual number of assorted appliances and food supplies. There is a trapdoor in the floor of the pantry, partially covered by supplies. Below the trapdoor, a short set of crumbling stone steps go down to a locked door. Toleson is aware of the stairs and the door but has no key. He has always meant to get the door open somehow, but never got around to it. He has plenty of storage elsewhere as it is. The swollen oaken door has a STR of 25.

Second Floor

Unmarked guest rooms: These are the investigators' rooms. They are quaint and sparsely furnished, but pleasant. Each room has its own sink and mirror for washing up. Full bathrooms are at the end of the hall.

Schwartz' room: Randolph Schwartz is usually in this room. However, he will be out from 8:30 a.m. til noon, and again from 1 p.m. til late afternoon.

Teller's room: Edward Teller will always be cowering in this room. He will yell at visitors to leave him alone.

Delbar's room: Virginia Delbar is only in her room between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Smythe's room: Maxwell Smythe will be in his room until he leaves at 6:30 p.m., not returning until 11:30 p.m.

Basement

Storage: Beyond the heavy door, this room contains a host of stuff — rusty bicycles, gardening tools, croquet mallets, old furniture, and junk galore. It takes a good half hour of searching to discover one thing of value to the investigators: a small diary wrapped in oilcloth. This is the journal of old Garret Moss, and is described in detail later in this adventure.

Root cellar: This room, with old hooks from which to hang roots for drying, is completely empty.

GUESTS AT THE GOODREST

This is a list of the current guests at the Goodrest Inn, and their usefulness to the investigators. Their stats are listed at the end of the adventure.

Randolph Schwartz: Randolph is a big man, about 6'7". He is a professional boxer from Illinois; any investigators who are athletes or who live in the Chicago area can make a Know roll. With a success, they have indeed heard of "Ol' Swingin' Schwartz," who was undefeated up until several months ago. Schwartz is here because his manager told him he needed a little rest. He seems cheerful enough, and says he has not seen anything strange going on at the hotel. Randolph has already lost a battle of wills to the Travesty, and will be used as its pawn in the adventure. It is up to the Keeper how to use Randolph, but if the Travesty feels threatened, an insane Randolph Schwartz running amok in the hotel wearing Everlast shorts can add an unusual obstacle.

Edward Teller: Edward is a small, thin blond man. He is a tax consultant in his native Iowa, and is here for some R&R after a recent heart attack. Unless the Keeper is particularly cruel, he will not suffer another one. Teller is the Travesty's current 'toy.' He is on the brink of insanity, and is unable to leave. Every time he goes out of his room, the hallways of the hotel twist into an endless labyrinth, with every door opening onto a horrific sight. If the investigators seek to accompany Edward from his room, the same fate will befall them. The Keeper should assign appropriate SAN losses for this harrowing experience.

Virginia Dalbar: Virginia is a frightening woman in her mid-thirties, and claims to be a Bible saleswoman from Milwaukee. Her face and body give the impression of being crudely carved out of a large rock. She is a tough, ruthless woman, but will talk with the investigators about the hotel's oddities. She states flat out that she feels the presence of evil in the building, and that she has been praying for the safety of the guests. A few times she has heard noises in the night, and once was certain that there was a winged demon flapping about in her room who vanished when she turned on the lights.

Virginia doesn't know it, but a couple of nights ago while she was sleeping, she was impregnated by one of the Breed. The results of this unholy matrimony are entirely up to the Keeper. A newspaper article about the, um, troubled birth after the successful completion of this adventure could be good for some lost SAN.

Maxwell Smythe: Maxwell is a tall gentleman, with a practiced grace and a handlebar moustache. He is a professor of Anthropology and Occult Studies from Oxford University, doing some unrelated research in the area. He also suspects the presence of supernatural forces in the hotel. He will voice his concerns to the investigators if civilly and knowingly approached. He believes it is a poltergeist, and is interested in the phenomenon in a detached, scholarly sort of way. If you wish to unnerve your players early on in the adventure, you might imply that Smythe

knows more about the Cthulhu Mythos than he does. He might be sighted returning to the hotel with a couple musty tomes under his arms, or perhaps carrying a peculiar necklace...

WHERE'D THEY GO?

In the guests' room descriptions, times are listed for when each guest is around the hotel. If the investigators decide to tail the guests, they will find them doing the following.

Schwartz: When he isn't in the hotel, Schwartz is out taking long, vigorous runs through the countryside, stopping periodically to exercise and do a little sparring with obliging shrubs. At the Keeper's discretion, he may also be paying visits to a farmer's daughter a couple of miles from the Goodrest.

Teller: He isn't going anywhere.

Dalbar: Virginia will spend a lot of time at a local church, currently hosting a week-long revival. Investigators who keep following will eventually lose her, but why does she come back in, looking even more haggard than usual, at 10 AM? Hmm.. (make up whatever you like if the players persist)

Smythe: In the evenings, Smythe will be sampling some local culture, dining in the blue-plate special restaurants, visiting the theatre (if there is one), and sometimes going to the library and antique shops to hunt for obscure tomes.

A NIGHT IN THE NETHERWORLD

A snowstorm will arrive shortly after the investigators do, the news of its coming widely circulated. Shortly the Goodrest will be quite isolated. Trouble begins with the 6 o'clock dinner bell, though the investigators should not have time to both find and read the diary beforehand.

At dinner, everyone except Edward Teller will be present in the dining room. Curious investigators can learn from Toleson that Edward has not left his room since he checked in. Toleson will venture the theory that Edward is an inventor, working on some sort of secret project. This is wrong, of course. Edward is an accountant from Des Moines, but this can be an intriguing red herring.

Dinner consists of baked chicken and potatoes. This is a good time for investigators to make the acquaintance of the other guests, if they haven't done so already. Let the investigators ask whatever questions they desire; Virginia will be the first to excuse herself. A few seconds after she leaves the dining room, the investigators will hear a sudden cry. In the lobby, they will find Virginia in a dead faint in front of the picture window. Through the window can be seen a terrible sight: the hotel seems to be surrounded by a black and frothing sea, with giant, curling waves and lobster-like monstrosities thrashing about in the surf. Rotting wood pylons thrust from the dark surface, perhaps joining underwater at some deep and unimaginable threshold.

Toleson will be absolutely petrified at the sight. He will run to a corner of the room and cower, refusing to look at the windows until they are covered. Investigators making both Psychology and Debate rolls are able to calm Toleson down, learning in the process that he almost drowned in Lake Superior as a boy.

All through the night, the 'scenery' will change outside, reflecting the fears of the unfortunates in the inn. Investigators who have suffered from phobias or psychological problems may find themselves preyed upon by the Travesty's powers. Dispense SAN loss as seems appropriate. This should convince the investigators to solve this mystery quickly — and to keep away from windows as well.

Anyone who bravely steps outside will find themselves in the swirling snowstorm. Those still within will instead see something horrible happen to the venturesome soul, something appropriate to the current scenery, unless they can make a POW resistance roll against the Travesty's illusion powers. The person who has stepped outside will be attacked by numerous breed, attempting to drag them off into the snow to die. Should they survive and return,

they may be able to convince the others that things aren't what they seem.

The investigators will hopefully restore some order to the lobby. If ignored, the other guests will eventually return to their rooms and cover the windows. The investigators are free to resume their tour of the hotel.

MORE FUN AND GAMES

Eventually, the investigators will probably elect to hole up in one of their rooms and read the diary found in the basement. It takes one half hour to read the diary. Moss had unusually good handwriting and good grammar, so the book does not even require a Read/Write English roll if the reader is a native speaker. The book adds 2% Cthulhu Mythos, and causes a 1D3 SAN loss. The book relates Garret Moss' purchase of the property, making passing mention of the "pathetic superstitions" of the other settlers nearby. It tells how he learned from a Menomini youth of the being that was imprisoned there, a thing possessed only of the greatest cruelty.

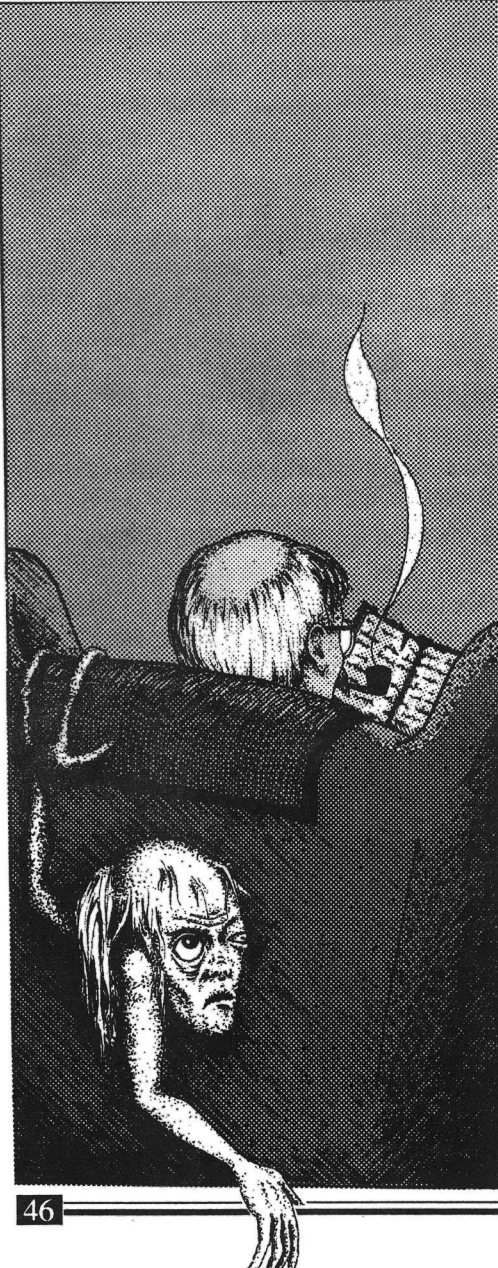
He relates the long strange winter, during which time the thing in the hill began contacting him, and tells of the final awful moment when he released the being and witnessed it kill his family. Finally, he describes the method by which the damaged wards can be refreshed:

"...in the root cellar, the lowest part of the house, coat the amulet with burning blood. Take your place in the middle of the room and swing it around and around, never ceasing. Descend the steps into the darkness, until you reach the pit. Refresh the amulet and continue. The pit will seal again, and the ward will again glow with fiery power. If the thing attempts to escape, you must keep it within the pit. If you fail in your duties, all will be lost.."

Amulet? What amulet? Well, said amulet can be found in the book itself. It is in the inside back cover, slipped in where the binding is rotten — the reader may notice this if they make a Spot Hidden roll. This amulet is about two inches in diameter, made of bone and hung from a slim copper chain. An Anthropology or History roll will identify it as being of native american origin, although the chain is considerably more recent.

THE HUNT IS ON

Now the investigators know how to proceed. However, the hard part will be getting down to the root cellar. Just as the investigator reading the diary gets to the last page, there is a knock at the door. If the investigators are split up, decide who gets the knock. Have everyone present make a Listen roll. Those succeeding will realize that the knock was very low on the door, maybe a foot off the ground. Opening the door will reveal one of the Travesty's Breed. It appears to be a human arm with a beating human heart attached to it at the elbow. SAN loss is 1/1D3. It will attempt to grapple the investigator's leg and pull him down, then skittering up



to crush the windpipe. When they have (hopefully) disposed of this thing, they may notice about a half dozen more Breed crawling down the hall, for a 0/1D6 SAN roll. Assign these Breed whatever forms you wish.

Whatever the outcome, the investigators will want to get downstairs. If checked, none of the guests are in their rooms. Schwartz may be running around causing trouble if you wish, perhaps having already slain one or more of the other guests. Once on the stairs, the investigators will find that after descending a flight there is still another flight to go, and then another, and then another... they don't seem to be getting anywhere! (SAN 0/1) Meanwhile, Breed are scrambling down after them. The Travesty will begin to engage in POW vs. POW contests with each of the investigators, one per round. Each time that the Travesty wins, it drains a point of POW from the investigator, permanently, adding it to its own total. If an investigator succeeds in the contest, they break through the warped reality to the bottom of the steps. Once any investigator has broken through, they may add their POW to anyone else who is attempting to resist the Travesty's mental attack. They may do nothing else during this time, however, and so could be vulnerable to attack from the Breed or Schwartz. This whole sequence could occur on the steps leading to the basement, if the Keeper wishes.

Eventually, the investigators will be either alive at the floor or dead. Any remaining Breed will disappear when the last investigator has made the crossing. In the lobby, the picture window (if not covered) will be dead black, with vague pinpoints of light barely visible. Schwartz may be here, terrorizing the other guests or lying in wait for the investigators.

INTO THE PIT

Preparing a quantity of burning blood isn't too difficult. Eight hit points worth of blood is needed, four for the root cellar and four for the pit. This may be gathered from the investigators and guests. Of course, if Schwartz or another guest is dead, they would make an excellent donor. The blood needs to be mixed with any flammable substance — cooking oil, alcohol, or gasoline will do nicely.

In the root cellar, as one investigator begins to swing the flaming amulet on the chain, the floor begins to become insubstantial. Only one area remains solid — an 8' diameter circle in the center. Those standing elsewhere will fall through after a minute or so if they haven't moved off of the slowly-vanishing outer area.

Once the rest of the floor is gone, the investigators will realize that they are standing at the top of an 8' diameter column, ringed with narrow steps descending into blackness. No light other than the flaming amulet (which is burning far longer than it should..) will penetrate this dark.

Descending the steps takes five minutes, during which time the amulet must be continuously swung or the area around the column will solidify again. At the bottom, normal lights will work again, and the investigators will find themselves in the place of the ward.

The place of the ward is a large dark room, with a giant five-pointed star stretching across its floor. Unlit candles are set at each point of the star. The investigators will find that the candle wicks won't catch fire. In the center



of the star is a large pit, whose bottom is swallowed up by darkness. The amulet will begin to dim at this point, and needs to be immersed in the remaining blood mixture and set aflame once more.

Once the amulet is re-lit and spinning again, the candles will suddenly flare up, and a roar from below indicates that something is coming up the pit...

The investigator swinging the amulet will need four rounds to seal up the pit. During this time, the Travesty will have to be kept at bay. Doing this requires a combined POW resistance roll of all investigators present (including the one swinging the amulet) versus the POW of the Travesty. Investigators who are attempting this mental combat cannot perform other actions (such as firing weapons, etc.) with the exception of the amulet-bearer who may continue to swing it about.

If the Travesty can overcome the investigators' POW, it will emerge from the pit. If it succeeds a second time, it will get past the ward and be able to attack. Getting it back again requires successful resistance rolls or physical damage. Doing more than twenty points of physical damage to the Travesty in a single round will have the same effect as the resistance roll, and will force it back into the ward or into the pit, depending on where it was. The investigators will have to decide pretty quickly if they want to all shoot or all join their POW...

If the Travesty is free, it will slay the investigators as fast as possible, going for the amulet-bearer last. As long as the Travesty is free of the ward, the restoration process will come to a halt until the thing is forced back within the pentagram. For combat purposes, the amulet-bearer is considered to have eight points of armor versus attacks from the thing.

Finally, either the Travesty will slay everyone present or they will keep it in the pit long enough for the amulet to work its magic and seal it up again. If they succeed, the pit will solidify, becoming indistinguishable from the rest of the floor, and the Travesty will have to wait once more...

THE END?

Assuming that they survive, the investigators can return to ground level the same way they came down. The amulet, of course, needs to be swung the entire time. Once they get to the top and stop swinging it, it will dim and the floor around the column will solidify once more. Above, the investigators will find that all has returned to normal, and that the remaining guests are leaving to try to piece together their former lives. At this point, you can award the investigators 2D6 SAN for banishing this mind-blasting menace. However, the job is hardly done.

Remember, if Virginia is still alive, she's carrying the child of this awful thing. Also realize that the ward doesn't last forever. Perhaps on a quiet winter morning in 199_ someone will hear a scratching at the door...

Warp Reality

This ability simply lets the Travesty play around with the basic laws of time and space. It can create semi-real visions of strange sights, taken from the minds of those nearby. These will likely cause SAN loss. These sights are not real, but could be used to lure people outside or separate them, making them easier targets

Basically, Warp Reality is a handy way to explain a frequent component of the Mythos (and horror fiction in general). It takes care of the creepy houses where doors and hallways disappear, strange laughter echoes in the rooms, etc. Insane places like R'lyeh and Carcosa could be said to be under the same sort of effect, perhaps generated by the gods themselves. Feel free to improvise any sort of strangeness you wish; the Travesty is smart and cruel, and might draw upon past episodes in the lives of investigators for material. The Travesty draws a supply of magic points from the hill it is imprisoned in, rendering his powers here quite strong.

STATS

Robert Toleson, hotel manager

STR 9 DEX 9 INT 14
 CON 10 APP 9 POW 16
 SIZ 15 SAN 72 EDU 17

Damage Bonus +1D4

Hit Points 13

Skills: Accounting 55%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating
 25%, Oratory 15%, Psychology 10%, Sneak 30%

Randolph Schwartz, questionable behemoth

STR 17 DEX 14 INT 10
 CON 16 APP 9 POW 9
 SIZ 17 SAN 0 EDU 12

Damage Bonus +1D6

Hit Points 17

Skills: Climb 45%, Dodge 10%, Hide 55%, Mechanical
 Repair 35%, Spot Hidden 40%, Grapple 55%, Fist
 Attack 75%

Edward Teller, insane wimp

STR 6 DEX 7 INT 10
 CON 8 APP 10 POW 10
 SIZ 9 SAN 0 EDU 19

Damage Bonus -1D4

Hit Points 9

Skills: Hide 75%, Whine 75%

Virginia Delbar, unexpectant mother

STR 16 DEX 12 INT 14
 CON 12 APP 6 POW 15
 SIZ 16 SAN 67 EDU 15

Damage Bonus +1D6

Hit Points 14

Skills: Debate 45%, Fast Talk 30%, Listen 30%,
 Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Punch 40%

Maxwell Smythe, debonair occultist

STR 10 DEX 16 INT 17
 CON 14 APP 14 POW 16
 SIZ 11 SAN 80 EDU 20

Damage Bonus none

Hit Points 13

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Archeology 20%, Botany
 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Debate 15%, Diagnose
 Disease 10%, Geology 15%, Linguist 15%, Occult
 55%, Oratory 35%, Psychology 25%, Read/Write
 French 45%, Savoir-Faire 40%, Speak French 30%,
 Treat Disease 15%

The Travesty

STR 32 DEX 21 INT 18
 CON 36 APP n/a POW 22
 SIZ 34 SAN n/a EDU n/a

Hit Points 35

Armor: The Travesty takes minimum damage from
 physical attacks.

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Smash	60%	4D6

Spells: Dominate, Call Lightning, Warp Reality

The Breed

STR 2D6+3 DEX 3D6 INT 1D3
 CON 2D6 APP n/a POW 1D6+1
 SIZ 1D6+2 SAN n/a EDU n/a

Hit Points 6

Armor: 2 points of rigid, shrunken flesh

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
grapple	60%	none, but STR resistance roll to stay on your feet
choke	50%	1D6/round, plus CONx5 roll to stay conscious after the first round
bludgeon	40%	1D3 + damage bonus
eye poke	25%	1D2 + Luck roll or eye is lost

The author of "The Travesty" would like to express his gratitude to his playtesters: Matt "Bob Smith" Young, Chad "Doctor Muhammed Juwell" Masters, Jonathan "Dexter Doome" Knipping, Kevin "Fritz von Luchenstein, Sr." Marema, and Paul "Drake 'Machine Gun' Jones" Alexander. (whew, that's a mouthful!)

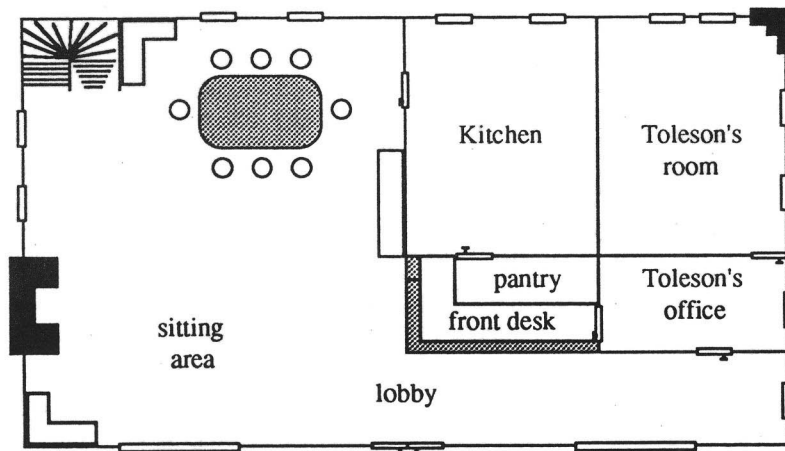
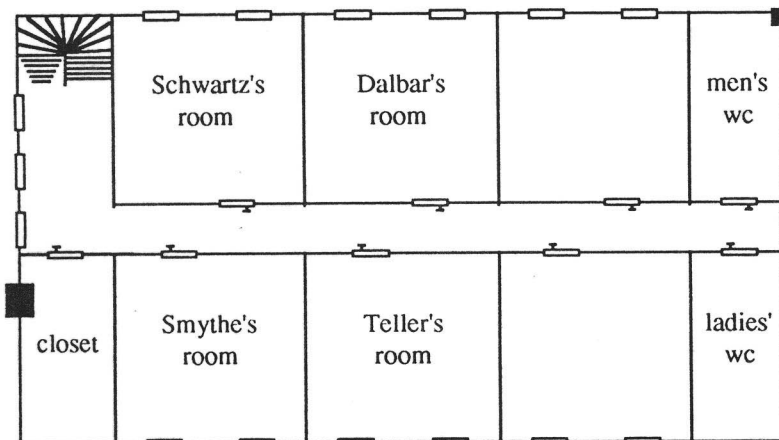
These guys provided me with some foolish — er, innovative ideas, and some helpful suggestions. By the way, they won... if you count blowing up the hotel as a victory.

Menomini material and some revisions by John Tynes. Revision playtesters: Brian "Jonathan Shelley Winters" Appleton, John "Vincent Rice" Crowe, and Charlie "Fred Hale, PhD" Lewis.

Appleton, John "Vincent Rice" Crowe, and Charlie "Fred Hale, PhD" Lewis.

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The Woodrest Inn

stop by for dinner.. you'll never want to leave

THE HOUSE ON STRATFORD LANE

JOHN CROWE

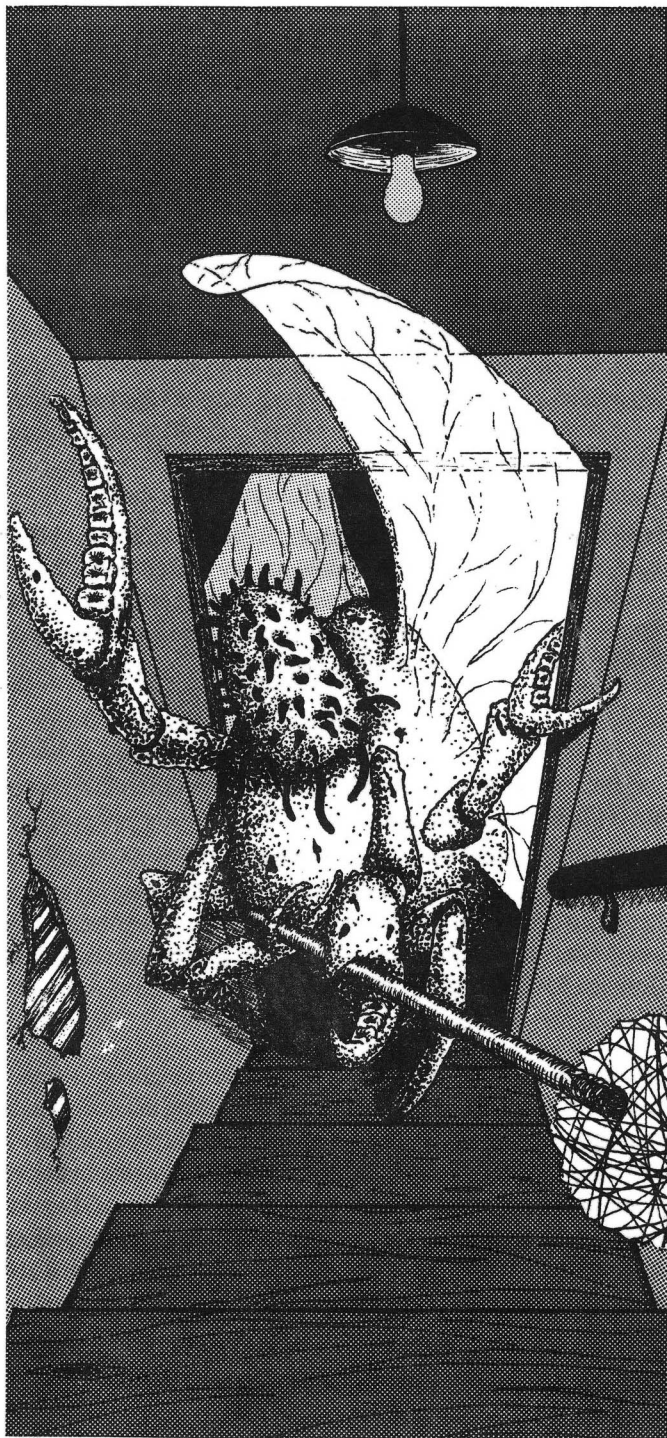
*in which evil takes several forms
and your first guess may be your last*

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

This scenario may be set anytime in the early 1920's and begins on May 4 in the city of Hartford, Connecticut. Charles Edwards, a graduate of Miskatonic University, has long been a student of the occult. Unfortunately, this interest has gradually turned to a fascination and finally to obsession. While he is not a raving cultist by any means, Charles has the desire to see and control supernatural forces and prove that they exist. This has become his life's goal and will likely prove to be his destruction.

Charles began his research and study of the occult while at Miskatonic University where he not only earned a bachelors degree, but also earned a Masters' degree in Physics. Attending every class offered in mythology, religion, and the occult did not satisfy him. He conducted, and continues to conduct, his own research and owns or has had access to numerous Mythos and occult tomes, including, of course, Miskatonic's notorious copy of the Necronomicon.

Through his research, Charles has come to the conclusion that doors or gates (what he calls "windows") can be opened to other places, dimensions, and planes of existence. Not only can these be used to view through, but they can also be used to travel through. His current



project is based on one conducted by a physicist named Alvin Masters who died in 1918. The goal of this project is to open a "window" to another plane of existence which has been mentioned in a number of his sources. Charles has misinterpreted his sources, however (as did Masters), and the "window" he is trying to open is actually to another physical location... the ninth planet of our solar system, known to some as Yuggoth.

BEGINNING THE SCENARIO

The scenario begins when one of the investigators is contacted by a Mr. James Burbridge of Stratford Lane in Hartford, Connecticut. Burbridge, who is perhaps a friend or a business associate of the investigator, wants him to look into the background of one of his neighbors, Charles Edwards, and investigate him. He describes Charles as being an odd character who has deliveries made to his house at all hours of the day and night. Charles is reclusive, rarely leaves the house, and speaks to none of his neighbors. Stratford Lane is a fairly wealthy neighborhood, but Charles has let the house which he moved into a few years ago get run down and become an eyesore. While this would not normally be reason enough to snoop around even such an odd individual such as Charles Edwards, a recent kidnapping of a local girl has made him the prime suspect of the neighborhood's residents, despite a police investigation which cleared him. The police have no clues or suspects in the kidnapping, and Burbridge feels that the police are not doing their job by failing to look into the suspicious Charles Edwards more thoroughly.

The actual kidnapper is not Charles Edwards, however. One of his neighbors, Richard Margrave, kidnapped the young Elizabeth Winfield from the backyard of her parents' house and now has her locked in his basement. Margrave is actively trying to stir up the neighborhood against Edwards and frame him for the crime. He is hoping that the police will again search Edwards' house, since he has managed to drop Elizabeth's dress down the coal chute of Charles' house in order to implicate him in the crime. The dress has since been covered by a load of coal, but is not deeply buried.

INTERVIEWING THE WINFIELDS

The Winfields, parents of the missing Elizabeth, will refuse to be questioned by anyone other than the police, but Burbridge can arrange a meeting with them if the investigators want one.

Justin and Catherine Winfield can tell the investigators little. They last saw Elizabeth at 7 p.m. on April 27, when she went outside to play in the hedged back yard. This is something she did every day at this time for an hour or so. She was missing when they checked on her thirty minutes or so later. She was last seen wearing a pale blue dress, black leather shoes, and her "lucky" silver pendant on which her initials ("EWW") were etched. They have no idea who would have taken her and are offering a \$500 reward for her safe return.

THE HARTFORD POLICE DEPARTMENT

Checking with the police will reveal that they searched the house Charles occupies when neighbors insisted that he was the one most likely to have kidnapped Elizabeth Winfield. The search turned up nothing that would indicate that Charles had even met Elizabeth, much less kidnapped her. The police at first thought that she may have somehow gotten down into the local sewers, but a search of them proved to be fruitless. A massive search of the neighborhood conducted by police and citizen volunteers (Margrave was one of the volunteers, but Edwards was not) also turned up no sign of Elizabeth and now the police theorize that she was kidnapped by a stranger from outside of the neighborhood. The detective in charge of the investigation is named John Colbert and he will admit that there are no clues or suspects in the case. He is, of course, willing to view any evidence which the investigators may turn up.

EXAMINING THE CRIME SCENE

A search of the back yard of the Winfield house is a logical thing to do even though the police have already done

so. Nothing of help can be found in the back yard itself, but a search of the hedges can reveal some information. If a successful Spot Hidden roll is made by an investigator searching the hedges, then he or she finds a pair of footprints in a section where no footprints should be. The way they are oriented suggests someone passed through the hedge and then stood in it for a time. The prints are distinctive (there is a hole in the right shoe) and they could be submitted as evidence in court. Attempting to track them away from the yard can be tried (assuming a Track roll or half a Spot Hidden roll is made successfully), but only a short trail heading north toward Edwards' house can be found. The rest of the trail was destroyed when search parties passed through.

Searching the rest of the neighborhood for the same footprints is possible with the appropriate Spot Hidden and/or Tracking rolls, but they can be found in only two places other than the hedge. The first is near the coal chute and the eastern window of Charles Edwards' house. The second is in Richard Margrave's yard. Of course, examining Margrave's yard may be difficult if his dog "Fluffy" is roaming the area inside the fence.

CHECKING CHARLES EDWARDS' MAIL

One way to get information about Edwards is to check his mailbox. While he is no longer receiving deliveries since he has all of the parts and materials he needs, he still receives some mail. Most of it is normal, utility bills, mail order catalogs, etc. He is also conducting an ongoing correspondence with an old college friend in Arkham. This friend shares similar interests with Charles and knows that he is conducting an experiment, but has no knowledge of specific details. The friend's name is Walter Hansen and the investigators may want to interview him in order to find out how much he knows about Edwards' activities and to get background information on him. Any intercepted letters reveal little of importance.

INTERVIEWING WALTER HANSEN

Hansen is currently an assistant professor at Miskatonic University in the History Department. He can be interviewed either in his office or at his apartment, though the office would be a more appropriate place. He will be hesitant to reveal any information about his friend to strangers, but if the investigators can convince him they represent the police or make up some other adequate reason for them to be asking such questions, then he might open up (assuming that an appropriate communications roll is successfully made).

He can explain that Edwards is an odd individual, but is well meaning and harmless. He certainly could not be responsible for a crime such as kidnapping. As for what he is working on now, Hansen knows little except that Edwards is attempting to prove the existence of supernatural forces or beings by continuing the experiments of a late physicist named Dr. Alvin Masters. Hansen can say little about Masters except that Edwards, although he never met the man, was greatly impressed by Dr. Masters' research and thought that he was ahead of his time. Edwards moved to Hartford because that is where Masters lived and worked and died.

INTERVIEWING CHARLES EDWARDS' ADVISOR

Dr. Arthur Gaines was Edwards' academic advisor in the Physics Department of Miskatonic University. He can tell interviewers that Edwards was an above average student who was fascinated with the occult and supernatural forces. This obsession went so far that Edwards decided not to try to earn a PhD, but instead chose to leave after earning his Masters' and do independent research. Edwards was apparently an admirer of Dr. Alvin Masters, a physicist who was condemned by colleagues in the field for having outlandish theories and ideas. Dr. Gaines obviously has a much lower opinion of the late Dr. Masters than does Edwards. If asked about Dr. Masters, Gaines can recall that he died in a lab explosion a few years ago in Hartford.

TRACKING DOWN DR. ALVIN MASTERS

Checking the Hartford City Library for back issues of the local paper, the Hartford Free Press, will only turn

up (with a successful Library Use roll) two items concerning Dr. Masters: his obituary and an article about his death during a lab explosion (see player aid #1). Dr. Masters did do some work at the University of Connecticut at Hartford and was often a guest lecturer there. Asking around the Physics Department about Dr. Masters will prove to be fruitful. Several professors can inform the investigators that Dr. Masters was a brilliant scientist, but that his strange theories about the application of magnetic fields to bind space were unfounded trash. It was this which prevented his academic career from moving forward, and was why he conducted research on his own. Despite this, most of the professors will state that Dr. Masters had much to contribute to the field and did help write and edit several popular textbooks.

None of Dr. Masters' family resides in the Hartford area any longer, and a check of City Hall records will, with a successful Library Use roll, reveal that an executor auctioned off all of his belongings at an estate sale late in 1918. The proceeds of this sale went to his son, Theodore, who was last known to be an Army officer stationed in the Philippines. Unless the Keeper wishes, Theodore will not appear in this scenario.

Dr. Masters' death was, of course, not as simple as the newspaper would make it sound. When he turned on his machine and Mi-Go came through, he intentionally overloaded it so that it would explode. Unfortunately, both he and the gate survived the explosion and the Mi-Go took his brain back through to Yuggoth. The gate is still there, but is buried in the ruins of the building (Theodore has apparently never sold the property). Masters' charred remains were never autopsied, but if his body were to be exhumed, an examination would show that his brain had been surgically removed. Thorough investigators will check the ruins of Masters' lab to be sure no gate is there. When they find it, it can be sealed with an Elder Sign. If they muck about with the exposed gate much, see the section "consequences of an open gate," later in the text. The Mi-Go's actions here at the late Dr. Masters' will be much the same as described for what they would do at Edwards' home.

THE INVESTIGATION

Charles Edwards' house: As has already been stated, Edwards' house is run down and sits on a weed choked lot. It is surrounded by a wooden picket fence with peeling paint and rotting boards. An examination of the exterior of the house and the grounds around it will show a number of things. While the yard itself contains nothing but weeds, it will provide a 10% bonus to Hide rolls attempted (though observers from the second floor of the house will negate this). There is a ten foot swath around the house that has been kept cut or beaten down. All doors are always locked and windows are shuttered and also locked. Even the steel hatch to the coal chute is locked with a heavy duty padlock (STR 10). It was this lock which Margrave managed to pick in order to drop Elizabeth Winfield's dress down and plant it in Edwards' basement. Margrave's distinctive footprints can be found immediately around the coal chute, but elsewhere have been wiped out by the passage of delivery men and Edwards himself. They can also be found under a few of the eastern windows of the building as if he were trying to look in through the cracks in the shutters. The footprints are distinctive due to a hole in the right shoe and would be admissible in court as evidence.

The interior of the house is, for the most part, normal. It is neat and tidy and well kept, in contrast with the uncared-for exterior. Points of interest are the study (second floor), master bedroom (second floor), lounge (second floor), coal bin (basement), and gate room (basement).

The study contains several large bookcases crammed with books, a large wooden desk, a small wooden table with a typewriter, two wooden chairs with cushions, and a locked wooden chest. The books in the bookcases are mostly on physics, chemistry, mathematics, mythology, religion, and the occult. Copies of The Golden Bough (the twelve-volume edition) and Azathoth and Others can be found in the occult section, but may be difficult to find unless one knows exactly what to look for. The Golden Bough contains the spell Voorish Sign. The desk holds various notes relevant to Edwards' research and experiments, but they are disorganized and require at least one full

day to sort out. Since they are incomplete, a reader making a Read English roll will, at best, see that Charles is building a machine to help provide physical proof of supernatural forces through some sort of scrying device. The bottom drawer of the desk is locked (STR 7) and contains the fragments of The Journal of Alvin Masters (two months to read, in English, +3% Cthulhu Mythos, -1D4, x1 spell multiplier, contains one spell: Create Gate Machine). This massive, crudely bound, hand-written volume is missing several sections and many pages are charred and singed. The chest contains more notes plus some key spare parts to the gate machine. Edwards' diplomas from Miskatonic University hang on one wall.

The master bedroom has the standard furnishings, but a locked steel strongbox can be found under some clothes in a laundry hamper in the closet. It contains \$220 in cash and Charles Edwards' Journal (two weeks to read, in English, +1% Cthulhu Mythos, -1D2 SAN) which details his occult research from his university days to the present. It is well organized, but is extremely dry and boring. The strongbox also contains important papers such as the deed to the house, insurance papers, and some stock certificates. In a nightstand drawer next to the bed is a loaded M1910 Glisenti 9mm pistol (2 shots per round, 1D10 damage per shot, 7 round magazine) with one extra loaded magazine and a box containing 36 rounds of 9mm Glisenti ammunition.

The lounge contains no clues, but there is a Winchester Model 1912 20-gauge pump shotgun (2 shots per round, 2D6 damage per shot, 5 round capacity) hanging on a rack on the wall above the fireplace. While this weapon is not loaded, a nearby drawer contains a box which holds eighteen 20-gauge buckshot shells. The drawer also contains a fully stocked shotgun cleaning kit. This shotgun may come in handy if Edwards must defend himself against investigators, or if an investigator must defend him or herself against a Mi-Go.

The coal bin looks normal, but anyone searching through the coal will find, with a successful Spot Hidden roll, Elizabeth Winfield's dress under a thin layer of coal near the east wall (under the mouth of the chute).

The gate room is, of course, of greatest interest. Destroying the machine before the gate is opened will thwart Edwards' plan only temporarily, since he will merely build another one elsewhere. Destroying his notes also does no good, since he keeps recent copies in a safe deposit box at a local bank (the key is in his pocket). Only killing or incarcerating Charles Edwards can stop his plan unless someone can convince him of the danger of the forces he is meddling with. Care should be taken to see that his notes do not fall into irresponsible hands.

The storage room in the basement also contains parts for the machine, most which are crated. Addresses stenciled on the crates show that they have come from all over the world, but that an unusual number come from Arkham, Massachusetts.

Richard Margrave's house: This is a normal house, but it contains the following points of interest: family room (first floor), trophy room (second floor), master bedroom (second floor), and basement closet (under the stairs).

The family room holds a locked, wooden rifle case which holds one Springfield M1903 .30-06 bolt-action rifle (1 shot every 2 rounds, 2D6+3 damage per shot, 5 round capacity), one Winchester Model 1897 12-gauge pump-action shotgun (1 shot per round, 4D6 damage per shot, 5 round capacity), one Winchester Model 1906 .22 pump-action rifle (2 shots per round, 1D6 damage per shot, 11 round capacity), and one Mauser M1871 11m bolt-action rifle (1 shot every 2 rounds, 1D10+2 damage per shot, 1 round capacity). A drawer in the base of the case contains one Webley Mark I revolver (1 shot per round, 1D10+2 damage per shot, 6 round capacity) in a flapped holster and 25 to 100 rounds of ammunition for each of the above-mentioned calibers. This drawer also contains cleaning supplies for all of these weapons. All of the firearms are fully loaded.

The trophy room contains the reason why Margrave owns so many firearms. Numerous trophies from various hunts conducted in North America and Africa hang on the walls including examples of rare and endangered animals (a successful Zoology roll will reveal the latter fact). This should also clue investigators in to the possibility that Margrave is a good shot.

The master bedroom is not unusual except for the contents of the nightstand drawer. In it can be found a loaded Colt M1911 .45 pistol (1 shot per round, 1D10+2 damage per shot, 7 round capacity) and two extra loaded 7-round magazines. Behind the pistol hidden among some papers is a silver pendant which belongs to Elizabeth Winfield. The initials "EWW" are on the pendant.

The basement closet, which is located under the basement stairs and is not locked, is of the greatest importance. There, Elizabeth Winfield is bound and gagged, wearing only a thin, tattered blanket. She is hidden behind an empty crate at the west end of the closet. Unfortunately for her rescuers, a "spring gun" has been set on the door. This consists of a 12-gauge, double barrel shotgun loaded with buckshot which is wired to the door so that it will discharge when the door is opened. Anyone standing in the doorway or in line with it may be hit by the blast (80% chance). The trap is detectable, however. If the basement lights are on, then a successful Spot Hidden roll made by the individual opening the door will allow him to notice the wire attached to the knob and running through a small hole in the wood. If mere flashlights or lanterns are used, then this roll is at only half the normal chance to make it. If the investigator is actively trying to detect a trap on the door, then he/she has double their Spot Hidden roll to detect it. If the wire is detected, then it has only to be cut for the trap to be disarmed.

Finally, the house is occupied by Margrave's dog: a large, fierce, and vicious Doberman Pinscher named Fluffy. The dog is sometimes allowed to run loose in the fenced-in yard and will not hesitate to attack any intruder it detects. An attack will generally be preceded by a round of barking, growling, and snarling, but this is not always the case (a party Luck roll must be made for the dog to hesitate and only growl and bark rather than attacking immediately.)

"Fluffy" the Doberman Pinscher:

STR 14 DEX 15 CON 13 POW 7 SIZ 8 Hit Points 11 Move 12

Attacks: Bite 60%, 1D8 damage

Skills: Dodge 60%, Hide 80%, Jump 50%, Listen 90%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 80%, Track by Smell 70%

THE GATE MACHINE

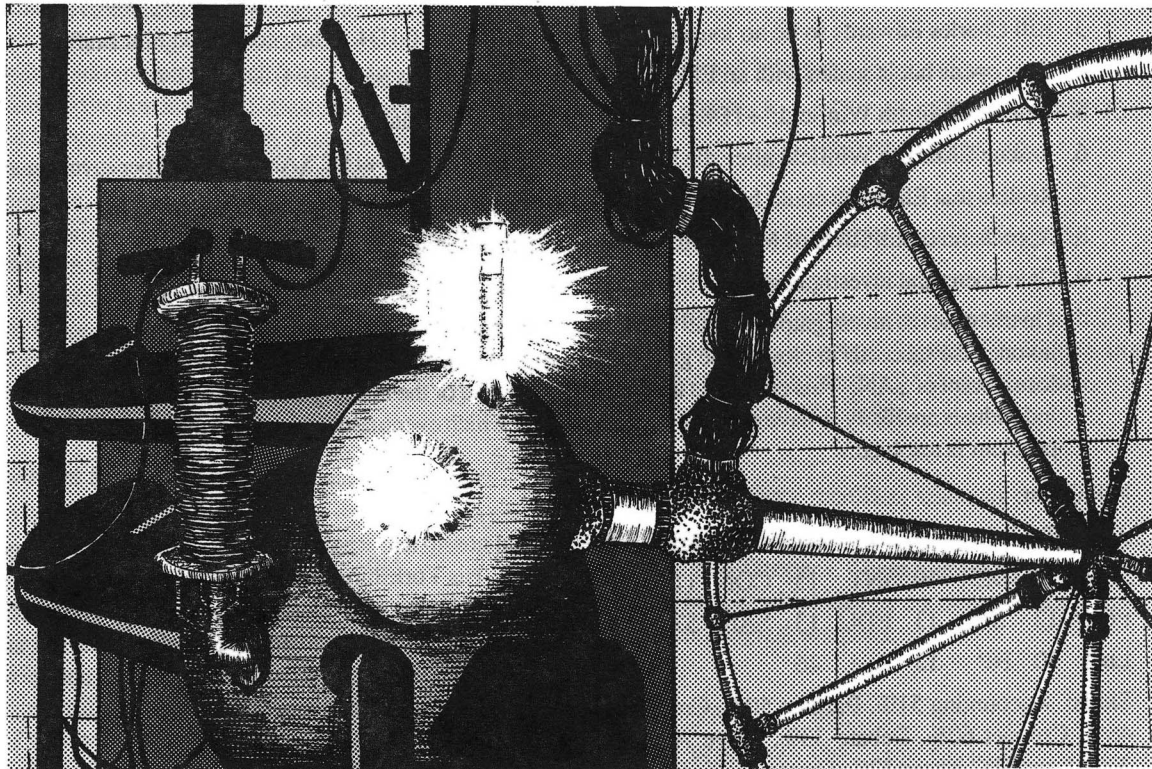
After the police search a week ago, Edwards began to assemble his gate machine. This is his final model, which will open a gate to Yuggoth. His prior two models have blown out due to inferior parts and materials, the massive amount of energy required, and his incomplete understanding of Dr. Masters' design. He does understand that the machine somehow manipulates magnetic fields to produce a "hole," providing a route or "window" from point A to point B. The police saw the unassembled and crated parts of the machine, but thought nothing of it.

Edwards intends to test the machine sometime in the next several days and then actually use it the day after the test. The Keeper should coordinate these two events with the progression of the investigation so that they will not occur too early or too late. The test is merely a check to ensure that the power systems of the machine are working properly. This test will cause a brownout in the neighborhood and areas around it (and will thoroughly confuse the power company, who cannot yet trace the power drain). The brownout will last only five minutes for the initial test. When the machine is actually set to full power the next night, it will cause a five minute blackout and then will overload and burn out. The gate will have been successfully created, however. If investigators are not present for any of these power disruptions, they may read about them in the newspaper or hear them mentioned by neighborhood residents.

The gate produced by the machine is truly a "window." When first created in the basement wall, a low crackling sound can be heard by those witnessing the event. Anyone on the other side of the gate (i.e. on Yuggoth) at the time of its creation will hear a loud crack or sharp report followed by a low, thunderous boom which can be heard for miles. This is accompanied by a bright flash of light and the appearance of a dense, white mist which dissipates over several rounds. The gate itself appears to be a six-foot diameter hole within which is a clear, unbreakable glass-

like substance. Anyone on one side of the gate can easily see through to the other side. Travelling one way through the gate costs nine magic points and one point of SAN. The gate will alter any travellers so they can survive in their new environment for a time. To move through it requires one only to touch the surface and "will" yourself through. For those lacking the required nine magic points, nothing will occur, rather than arriving dead as is the case with the standard gate described in the rules.

The machine itself is around eight feet in height and twelve feet in diameter and weighs approximately one ton. The main bulk of the device is covered with numerous dials, switches, and buttons and extending from this main bulk is a steel arm going to the wall. At the end of the arm is a six-foot diameter steel hoop within which is a complex web of metal wires and cables. When the gate is created, this web glows brightly for a few moments and then disappears, becoming the glassy matter mentioned earlier.



CONSEQUENCES OF AN OPEN GATE

The Fungi From Yuggoth (Mi-Go) will quickly notice the gate's appearance and investigate, since its creation is accompanied by a lot of noise. Anyone looking through the gate immediately after it appears will initially see only a white haze. Within a few rounds, however, the haze begins to clear and several indistinct forms can be seen moving within it and approaching. The round after this, two to four of them can be seen clearly as they arrive at the gate. SAN rolls are appropriate for those viewing the Mi-Go as they curiously examine their side of the window and what they can see through it. After two or three rounds of this, several will come through one by one and attempt to capture everyone in the house. They will use lethal force only against those who fight back competently or those who are escaping. Anyone captured will have their brains surgically removed, placed into metal storage tubes, and taken back through the gate to Yuggoth. A different fate awaits Charles Edwards, who attempts to communicate

with the strange visitors after they come through. At this point, Edwards has gone insane — he did not believe that anything could use the gate-window for transport due to safeguards he built into the device. The Mi-Go will first secure him, and then after some deliberations among themselves choose to let him live as a human representative and servant on Earth. They also want him to build a new machine for them to study and use. Charles Edwards, finally gone over the edge, is only too happy to comply.

AFTERMATH

SAN and monetary rewards and penalties:

1. Destroy the gate machine: +1D10 SAN per investigator
2. Convince Charles Edwards to permanently stop occult research: +1D8 SAN per investigator
3. Kill Charles Edwards so he no longer is a threat: +1D4 SAN (-1D4 if they convinced him first)
4. Gate opens but is sealed with an Elder Sign: +1D8 SAN per investigator
5. Rescue Elizabeth Winfield: +1D8 SAN and \$500 per investigator
6. Rescue Elizabeth Winfield after she has been physically abused: +1D2 SAN and \$500 per investigator
7. Realize that Elizabeth could have been saved, but wasn't: -1D10 SAN per investigator
8. Apprehend or kill Richard Margrave: +1D6 SAN per investigator
9. Gate opens and investigators knowingly fail to close it: -2D10 SAN per investigator

(In this case the investigators may all be dead anyway, but if some survive and choose to give up and no one else succeeds in closing the gate, each must make an additional SAN roll once per week or lose a point of SAN. This continues until the gate is closed or the investigator reaches 0 SAN. Such individuals are likely to have extreme feelings of guilt which eventually overwhelm them unless the problem is resolved.)

N.P.C. list:

James Burbridge, businessman and concerned citizen

STR 10 DEX 10 INT 13 CON 11 APP 12

POW 12 SIZ 13 EDU 13 SAN 57

Luck 60 HP 12 Age 46

Skills: Accounting 51%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 46%, Croquet 60%, Debate 33%, Drive Automobile 30%, Law 20%, Listen 32%, Oratory 35%, Psychology 26%, R/W/S/English 74%, R/W/S/French 35%, R/W/S/Latin 10%, Spot Hidden 38%, Throw 30%, Zoology 5%

Attacks: Fist/Punch Attack 60%, 1D3 damage

Large Club Attack 40%, 1D8 damage

Notes: Mr. Burbridge owns several businesses in the Hartford area which sell clothes and he is a successful businessman. A die-hard croquet enthusiast, Burbridge can use a croquet mallet (or similar large object) to great effect if forced to defend himself. He knows most of the

local gossip and what he doesn't know his wife Angela does. His Yorkshire Terrier, Killer, is an excellent alarm for the house and barks when anyone approaches. Burbridge will not insult the investigators (who are, after all, friends of some sort) by paying them, but he will cover all of their expenses during this scenario.

Charles Edwards, student of the occult

STR 12 DEX 13 INT 16 CON 12 APP 11

POW 16 SIZ 14 EDU 17 SAN 20

Luck 80 HP 13 Age 26

Skills: Accounting 23%, Anthropology 15%, Astronomy 24%, Chemistry 54%, Credit Rating 51%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Drive Automobile 31%, Electrical Repair 45%, History 43%, Library Use 78%, Listen 50%, Mathematics 49%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Occult 89%,

Photography 67%, Physics 61%, Play Pipes 65%, Psychology 30%, R/W/S English 90%, R/W/S French 83%, R/W/S/ Greek 80%, R/W/S/ Latin 82%, Spot Hidden 64%, Zoology 10%

Attacks: Handgun Attack 40%

Spells: Bind Nightgaunt, Create Gate Machine, Dampen Light, Enchant Pipes, Voorish Sign

Notes: Edwards is a fanatical occultist and perhaps soon to be a cultist. His intentions are well meant, but he has allowed his fascination with the occult to overcome his sense of caution. If he could be graphically shown what he is truly dealing with, then he might change his ways and abandon occult research (provided the demonstration didn't drive him insane). Edwards knows nothing about the kidnapping of Elizabeth Winfield and has not let it concern him. While he is reclusive, he will have no problem explaining what he is doing to anyone confronting him about his activities. He will resist any idea of not continuing, however. If his equipment and facilities are destroyed, then he will just restart his project elsewhere. Edwards is independently wealthy and has plenty of money for his research. This money comes from investments and family wealth.

Richard Margrave, businessman and kidnapper

STR 14 DEX 13 INT 11 CON 14 APP 10
POW 11 SIZ 15 EDU 14 SAN 22

Luck 55 HP 15 Age 40

Skills: Accounting 45%, Bargain 43%, Credit Rating 59%, Drive Automobile 40%, Fast Talk 58%, Hide 55%, History 32%, Jump 40%, Law 15%, Listen 41%, R/W/S English 75%, R/W/S French 40%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 60%, Throw 43%, Track 42%, Zoology 27%

Attacks: Fighting Knife Attack 48%, 1D4+2+1D4 damage

Fist/Punch Attack 69%, 1D3+1D4 damage

Handgun Attack 25%

Rifle Attack 48%

Shotgun Attack 53%

Notes: Margrave is a successful Hartford businessman

like Burbridge. He is a man with twisted morals, however. A hunting enthusiast, he kills only for sport and has often been brutal and vicious with guides and bearers on his African safaris. Margrave has now sunk into the very pits of depravity by kidnapping Elizabeth Winfield. She will become his slave if no one intervenes. Margrave is attempting to frame Charles Edwards for the crime, and it would not be beneath him to lead a group of vigilantes against his house. The specific plans he has for Elizabeth are up to the Keeper, but they are probably irrelevant to the investigators in the short term.

Elizabeth Ward Winfield, kidnapped girl

STR 4 DEX 8 INT 13 CON 6 APP 15

POW 12 SIZ 7 EDU 5 SAN 50

Luck 60 HP 7 Age 8

Skills: Hide 42%, Listen 33%, Spot Hidden 37%

Attacks: none to speak of

Notes: Elizabeth has not yet been harmed, though how long this remains true is anybody's guess. The kidnapping is gradually eroding Elizabeth's SAN and it is vital for her to be rescued as soon as possible.

The Mi-Go Invaders, merciless scientists

Below are four examples of Mi-Go which will come through the gate if it opens. These four are by far the least dangerous Mi-Go which can be encountered since they bear no technological weapons.

#1: STR 13 DEX 15 INT 13

CON 12 POW 14 SIZ 13 Luck 70

HP 13 Move 7/9 flying SAN loss 0/1D6

Attacks: Nippers 40%, 1D6+1D4+grapple

#2: STR 10 DEX 14 INT 12

CON 10 POW 11 SIZ 11 Luck 55

HP 11 Move 7/9 flying SAN loss 0/1D6

Attacks: Nippers 30%, 1D6+grapple

#3: STR 14 DEX 17 INT 14
 CON 14 POW 13 SIZ 15 Luck 65
 HP 15 Move 7/9 flying SAN loss 0/1D6
 Attacks: Nippers 55%, 1D6+1D4+grapple

#4: STR 12 DEX 19 INT 11
 CON 10 POW 11 SIZ 13 Luck 55
 HP 12 Move 7/9 flying SAN loss 0/1D6
 Attacks: Nippers 65%, 1D6+1D4+grapple

All Mi-Go take minimum damage from impaling weapons, but shots which do impale still do double damage. While the above Mi-Go are typical, as more come through there is a chance that they will have spells or powerful weapons. Each Mi-Go after the first four has a chance equal to its INTx2 of knowing 1D3 spells. In addition, after eight have come through, there is a 15% chance per Mi-Go that that individual has a weapon. Here are two examples:

Lightning Gun (Base 30% skill). This looks like a

bronze tuning fork about the size of a rifle or shotgun. It has a 200 yard range (ineffective beyond that) and does 5D6 damage at 10 yards, 3D6 damage at 50 yards, 2D6 damage at 100 yards, and 1D6 damage at 200 yards. It has 15 charges and uses one charge per shot. Only the Mi-Go can recharge them, and any human who captures one will find it to be very difficult to figure out. Anyone who examines one for ten minutes and makes an INTx1 roll can learn how to shoot it.

Electrical Stunner (Base 25% skill). This looks like a short metal pole (perhaps 3 to 4 feet in length) with a one foot diameter metal cage on one end. The cage is the business end of the device and when it strikes a victim, it does 1D6+1 damage and stuns him or her if a CON resistance roll versus a 20 point active characteristic is failed. If this roll is fumbled, then the victim goes into heart failure and dies unless an immediate (within a few rounds) First Aid roll is successfully made (whereupon he/she takes another 1D4 damage and is unconscious for 2D10 rounds). The stunning effect lasts 1D6+1 minutes. Trying to figure out how to operate this device is the same as trying to figure out the lightning gun. This weapon has 20 charges and uses one charge per attack.

BOOKS

A total of four Mythos-related tomes can be found in this scenario, all in Charles Edwards' house. The Golden Bough can be found in the CoC rulebook. Azathoth and Others is detailed elsewhere in this issue, as well as in the rulebook. The other two are journals which require more explanation since they contain information relevant to the investigation.

The Journal of Alvin Masters

This massive, crudely bound hand-written volume is missing a number of sections and has obviously been in a fire, since many pages are charred or singed. This book has been Edwards' primary source of information in his current project. Unfortunately, the plans for the gate machine which are included in this book are incomplete. As a result, Edwards' prior two machines have failed, causing two blackouts in the neighborhood in the past several months. The safeguards to prevent unwanted travel through the gate that have been built into the machine do not work in Edwards' version, and when his machine is turned to full power it will burn out after the gate has been created. In Masters' version, it could be used repeatedly due to sufficient power and a superior design. This book is in English and takes two months to read. Those reading it gain 3% Cthulhu Mythos, lose 1D4 SAN, and may learn the "spell" Create Gate Machine (x1 spell multiplier). Anyone reading this journal will realize that Dr. Masters was not some sort of cultist, but was a scientist who was trying to apply revolutionary theories to the nature of matter. He was apparently aware that supernatural forces could be manipulated and that the machine would be able to create windows not just to other places, but to other dimensions and planes as well.

The Journal of Charles Edwards

This well-organized, hand-written journal contains the details of Edwards' research into the occult from his university days to the present. The bulk of the beginning half of the journal contains unrelated research, but does reveal that Edwards did have access somehow to Miskatonic's copy of the Necronomicon. The most recent section of the journal details his acquiring of Dr. Masters' journal at his estate sale and his subsequent construction of a total of three models of his gate machine. The journal takes two weeks to read and is in English. Unfortunately, it is very dry and boring, but readers do gain 1% Cthulhu Mythos and lose 1D2 SAN. Full plans to Edwards' gate machine can be found in the book, thus giving it the "spell" Create Gate Machine.

Create Gate Machine: This "spell" actually is the plans to the gate machine, which must constantly be referred to in order to build one. Assuming the parts can be made and brought together (at great expense and at the cost of much time), the machine can be built, but requires the creator to have at least 30% in Chemistry, 40% in Mathematics, and 60% in Physics. When the machine is turned on, everyone within ten feet has five magic points drained, and the one who turned the machine on also loses one point of POW. Note that this "spell" cannot be memorized, but a roll involving the spell multiplier is necessary initially just to get even the slightest comprehension of how the machine works and what it does.

PLAYTESTERS

Brian Appleton, Jeff Barber, Brian Bevel, Chris Klepac, Alan Murray, and John Tynes.

EXPLOSION KILLS SCIENTIST

Late last evening, an explosion at the residence of Dr. Alvin Masters, 501 N. Trezvant, shook western Hartford and left a large shed on the lot a smoldering ruin. Hartford police responded to the blast after receiving telephone calls from nearby residents who reported the incident. A search of the ruins uncovered the late Dr. Masters who apparently died while conducting an experiment in his makeshift backyard laboratory. Most of the contents of the structure were damaged or destroyed and police are still investigating the cause of the explosion, though a generator malfunction is suspected.

Dr. Alvin Masters was a noted physicist who had a reputation among his colleagues as being a brilliant but unorthodox scientist. His most noted work is Magnetic Fields And Their Applications, and he also contributed to the compilation of several commonly used college physics textbooks. Dr. Masters is survived by a son, Theodore, who is an Army officer currently stationed in the Philippines.

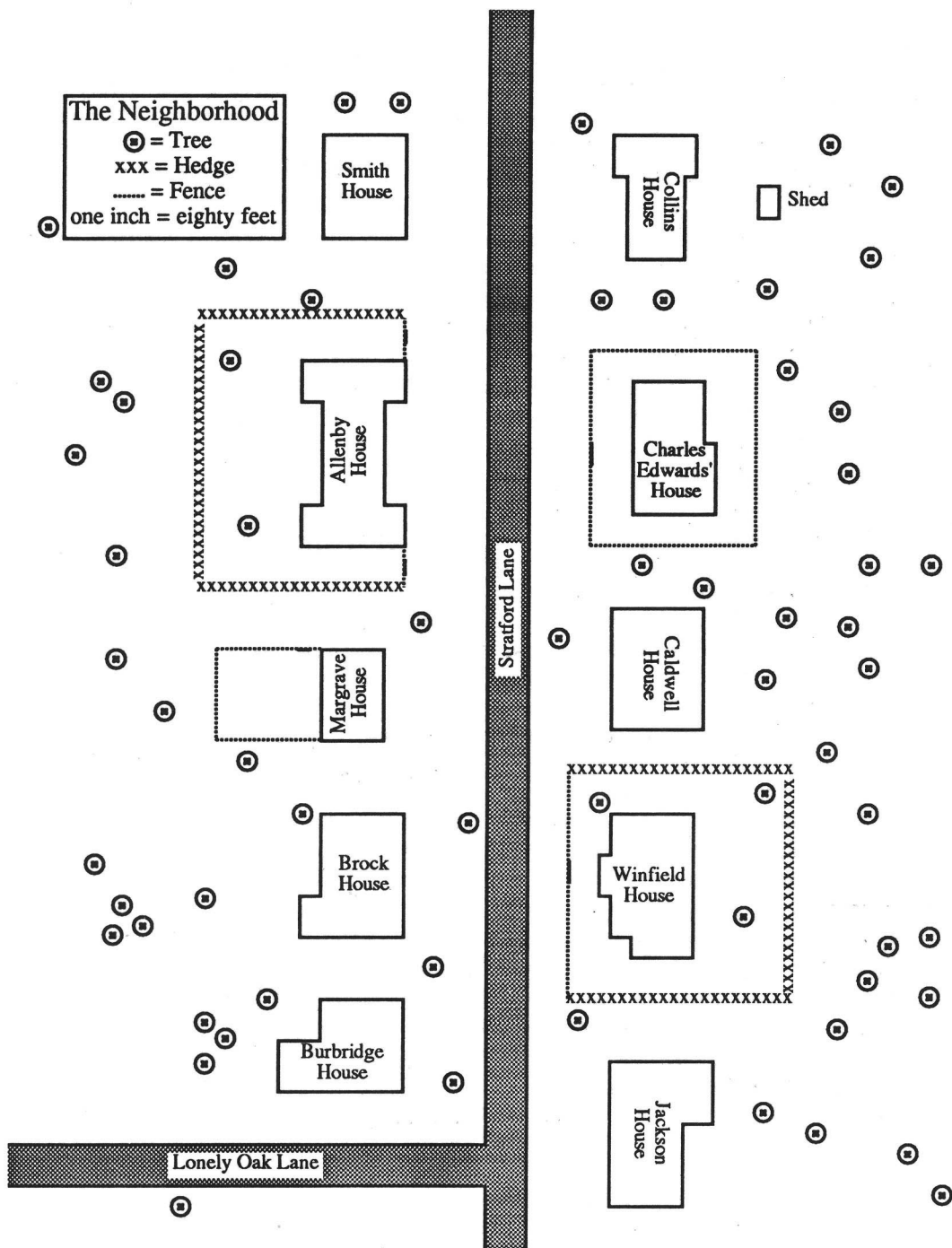
— The Hartford Free Press June 10, 1918

STRATFORD LANE CHILD MISSING

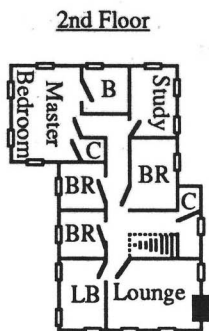
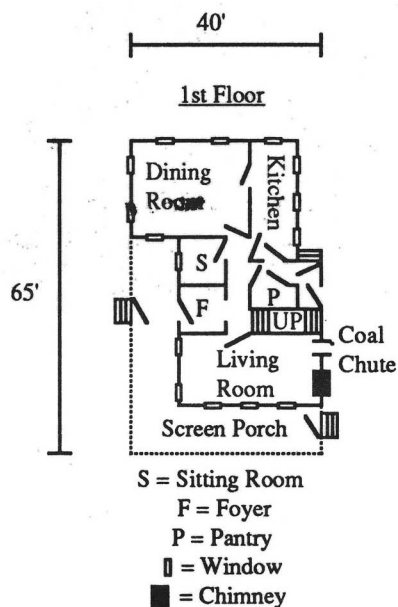
Last last evening, police responded to a call made by the parents of Elizabeth Ward Winfield, who stated that their daughter had disappeared from their back yard and that they feared she had been kidnapped. A search of the area around Stratford Lane conducted by police with the help of concerned neighbors turned up nothing. Elizabeth Winfield, age 8, was last seen by her parents, Justin and Catherine Winfield, playing in the back yard of their home. Police theorize that Elizabeth either somehow got down into the sewer system or that she was kidnapped. A search of the sewer system is planned for today, and police are still hopeful that young Elizabeth will be found unharmed.

Police ask that anyone seeing Elizabeth Winfield should contact them immediately. She is eight years old, 4'6" in height, 60 to 65 pounds in weight, and has brown hair and blue eyes. She was last seen wearing a pale blue dress, black leather shoes, and a silver pendant with the initials "EWW" etched onto it. She will answer to the name "Beth."

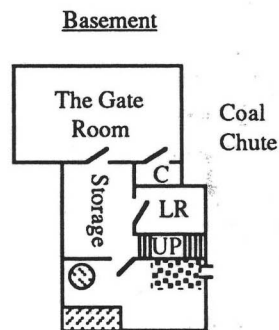
— The Hartford Free Press April 28, 192_



Charles Edwards' House

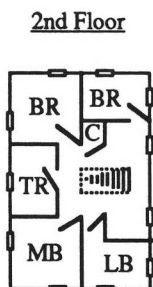
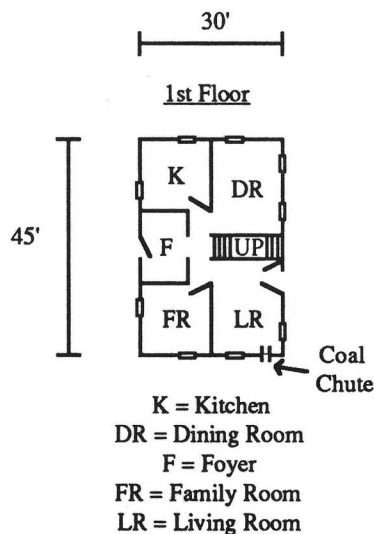


BR = Bedroom
C = Closet
B = Bathroom
LB = Large Bathroom

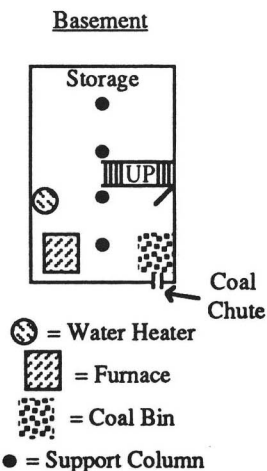


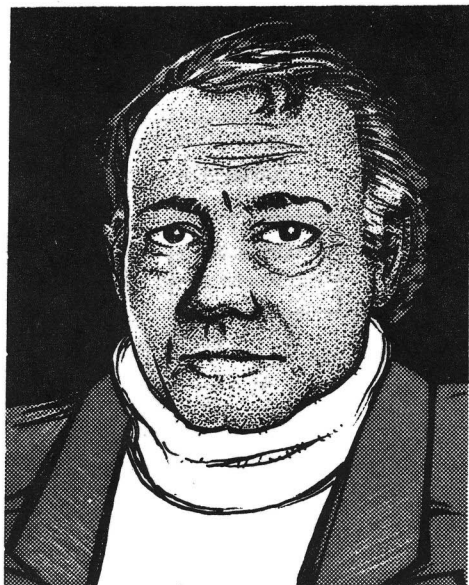
LR = Laundry Room
C = Closet
⊙ = Water Heater
▨ = Furnace
▩ = Coal Bin

Richard Margrave's House



C = Closet
BR = Bedroom
TR = Trophy Room
MB = Master Bedroom
LB = Large Bathroom





EXCERPTS FROM THE INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALS OF MIKHAIL AKSAKOV

BLAIR REYNOLDS

December 21, 1921:

Of the events of the past months, and the questions, doubts, and fears that those events have placed on my heart and mind, I am not eager to recall. Nor am I eager to set them in writing upon this page, as it may mean the unsettling of my physical health and

psychological stability. It may also mean the damnation of my soul, because I do not doubt that I am watched at times... but these things must be set down as nearly as I can trust myself to recount them, else I shall lose track of specific details and facts, and without these I would not be capable of continuing my investigation into these matters.

To better speed this bitter task I will set down the events of October and November in a 'journal' form, as if I had actually taken pen in hand and made certain notes in the proper chronological fashion — though I had no opportunity of doing so at the time. This retrospective manuscript of entries, I understand, will be accordingly and admittedly lacking in spontaneity and/or improvisation. For this I offer no apologies.

October 17, 1921

Awoke amidst darkness, a stiff, horrid feeling in my muscles and stomach, as if having slept for a very long time. My first response is to vomit — repeatedly. Against the cold cement floor I feel the splatter of my issue and somehow sense it moving... as though I were expelling worms or insects. I am naked; my elbows and knees are dirty and raw. I find a tangled beard and mustache where I seem to recall having been clean shaven before. Indeed, now I suddenly realize that I have lost recollection of where I was before I came to be here... or even as to who I was...

October 18(?), 1921

There is a confusion of periods of unconsciousness and wakefulness in the darkness of this black hole; I am unable to distinguish between them, and therefore have no actual sense of "day" or "night." There are others in the cells around me — cells that seem to form an underground prison of sorts. Some of the other prisoners call out to me, ask me to tell them where they are and what has become of them... but I can much less answer for myself. They scream and shout at me, throw themselves against the outer bars of their individual cells, and it seems that the same veil of forgetfulness that hounds me tortures them. My own name is a fleeting shadow that prances in front of me, out of reach. Must this be some asylum, or some institution for the deranged? If it is, must I then conclude that I have truly lost myself, and my mind?

October 19(?) 20(?) 21(?)

I am Mikhail Aksakov. It came to me today (if, indeed, it is daytime), and now I remember my home in Nepal,

and my ranch in the lower hills below the Himalayas. My parents were Russian, and for a time I served in the Russian military. To these memories I will cling — they will be the rock of my sanity.

Most of the others still do not remember for themselves...

October (?)

There is no source by which to judge how long I have been here. There is not even the slightest hint of light which might indicate how many days or nights have passed. It may well have been weeks or months since I “awoke” for the first time.

The others make constant attempts to free themselves: pulling against the cold, rusted bars; digging against the walls; and calling out for the keeper of this dungeon... for we have detected none. Someone leaves food and water for us, for there is occasionally a wooden bowl set just inside each person’s cell, but whomever our jailer is, not one of us has discovered him. He must come in when he is certain that we are all sleeping — but how is it that he determines this so accurately?

I have begun to wonder if I should think of the jailer not as a “he” but, rather, as an “it”...

October (?)

One of our cellmates is missing this “morning.” He does not answer from the blackness when called. He was a man who called himself, simply, “Terrence,” as he never remembered his full name... or much else about who he was. Terrence’s cell is somewhere to my left, and we all became aware during the last hour that he is not “at home.” Or, at least, he does not respond to us. He may very well be lying dead on the cold floor.

Most of us are ill from exposure and near-starvation, and if Terrence died because of this, then the rest of us may follow very soon.

It is odd, though — if my filthy beard and matted, outgrown hair are any indication — that we seem to have survived this long under these conditions. Or have these present circumstances only recently been subjected upon us? Also, is it actually the cold and hunger that is making us ill, or is it something else, something I can only guess at from odd impressions I have about my own physical condition?

And who — or what — is keeping us here?

And why?

October (?)

Dreamt a black nightmare of writhing worms in a pool of pitch or tar. The worms were more corpulent and active than is normally healthy. They spoke of my ranch in Lalitpur, and how they would devour and drill the corpses of my prized horses and stock when these had died after my long absence...

They sang...

Like hooded, eyeless nuns in stagnant pools; crawling and writhing; touching one another.

If I have not lost myself already, then I am doing so now.

October (?)

The woman, Gailbraithe (as far as she knows), does not sound well tonight (today? this afternoon?). Her voice will undoubtedly cease to rise from the blackness when next I wake.

The man toward the end of the room (hall?), who never remembered himself, no longer answers when we call him. There were six of us in here when we first awakened, now there are only four. By my next conscious period of time will I be the only one remaining?

Or will I put off this shell and wander into the blackness to find that which all men must eventually find?

October 28, 1921

I awoke abruptly to the sensation of something or someone coming into my cell. Though in a terribly weakened condition, I was somehow able to draw on the training I received in the Russian military and immediately came to my feet and sought out the location of the intruder — whom I could only assume to be my jailer. In a moment I had hold of the wrist of a man who seemed short and thin in the dark, and who seemed to have been taken by some degree of surprise as he cried out when I grasped him. I struck where I hoped would be his head and was gratified by the sound of snapping cartilage and bone. I had driven my forearm directly into the jailer's face and broken his nose. The blow sent him backwards against the bars and he went down. Immediately I was on him, amidst the shouts of my now-alerted cellmates.

It turned out that the man was a small asian youth, and was clad in a black shirt, tunic, and pants. This became evident when I lighted the electric torch he'd carried with him — the first light my eyes had seen since... I did not know when. There was a Japanese short sword on him as well, a weapon which I tore from his body and drew quickly across his neck without question or moment of hesitation.

Then I found his keys, and was soon releasing those individuals who, until that moment, I had recognized only as specific voices in the gloom. There was Montigue, a man of some stature, who seemed to have completely reclaimed all the forgotten things about himself: his name, hometown of Paris, and place of business — a winery of some renown. There was an American who called himself Randall, though he was not certain that this name was accurate; and another Frenchman who claimed that the only thing he could recall to memory was the fact that he had been a mechanic, a road or racing mechanic for motor cars — perhaps in Italy. The woman, Gailbraithe, knew that she was of some important upbringing, the daughter of an important family in England, though she was torn psychologically for the fact that she could not even remember her mother's face, or the names of any of her brothers and sisters.

Montigue and I, apparently, were the only ones who had had a complete return of memory.

We were an ugly lot, and Montigue and Micheal (or so the French mechanic soon became nicknamed) immediately insisted we find "raiment" for Gailbraithe, to put off her embarrassment (and their own) of being unclothed. To this end they took off the clothes of the asian youth, and once covered they did pointedly demonstrate a greater degree of confidence. This heartened me as well, as I did not wish the woman to be a weight on us — baggage holding us back now that our chances of escape were within sight.

Of the empty cells in that oblong room we made a hasty search, discovering that they were indeed unoccupied and that our former "comrades in voice" had perished or been removed to an alternate location. Having confirmed this, we went directly about the business of getting out, and went swiftly to a large metal door at the end of a short corridor — the one through which our guard had undoubtedly entered. I gave the light to Montigue, and he immediately switched it off and returned us to darkness, lest we give ourselves away. I put myself in front, having the only weapon, and went through, discovering this first door to be unlocked.

Looking back now, I realize with some embarrassment how foolish we were in that first glow of our initial freedom from the cells. I seemed to crave nothing more than to escape upwards and outwards from our prison and run as far and as fast as I could. We were all drunken with that craving. Drunken with the lust to secure a complete freedom — and perhaps a little insane as well.

Beyond the door there was a short stair leading upwards to another heavily set metal door, though at this second portal we did not stop, but went directly past, finding it unlocked as well.

The room we came out into was windowed, and a blessed afternoon light drifted in through them, though the

light was made exceptionally dim by thick, dirty curtains of some ugly woolen fabric. In this dimness I abruptly encountered two large asian opponents who displayed both surprise and dismay. My short sword cut deep into the first one's left eye as I savagely leapt outwards to meet him. His longer sword — I believe the Japanese refer to them as "katanas" — came out before he died, however, and took me for a minor cut along my shoulder.

His companion killed Randall with a particularly heavy slash across his neck and chest, but Montigue blinded him with the beam of the electric light and both he and Micheal descended upon him, bludgeoning him with whatever was at hand.

As it turned out, there was a good deal at hand which we were able to use as weapons: a set of wooden chairs and table; bottles of ranging sizes along a nearby shelf, filled with odd fluids that were uniformly dull in color; a fireplace where stood the typical pokers and turners; a sink and cupboards with dinnerware and cast-iron pots and pans. Of these things we armed ourselves while our captors lay dead at our feet. The three of us men stripped the two asians of their clothing, sharing the pants, shirts, tunics and shoes among us. I added the katana of the man I had killed to my collection, and by that time we were moving to continue on.

There was a house built over our cells, but we were loathe to explore it or discover who lived within it, and whether or not that person had additional guards who might overcome us and return us to the dungeon below. With escape as our single fervent goal, we charged through corridors and chambers in the lower floor of the house, seeing a great wealth of expensive and plush furnitures, carpets, lamps, statuary and tapestries. We met no one after that first encounter in the kitchen — that kitchen that now seemed so out of place with its filth and rugged furnishings in this house of splendid rooms and ante-chambers.

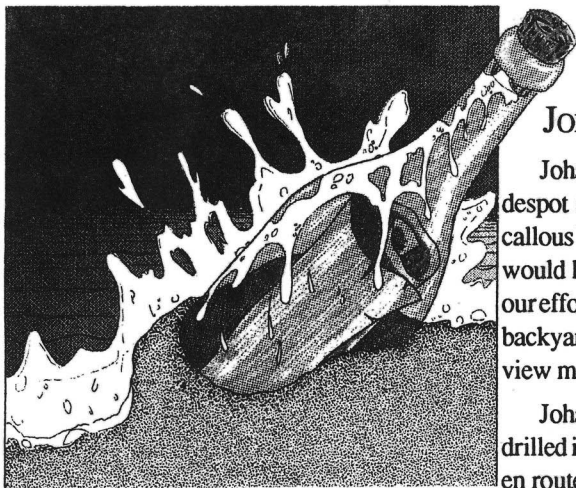
When we found what could only have been the front door, it was bolted. The sluggish movements it took to remedy this thing — a simple locked bolt — seemed an alarming, suffocating eternity. The woman was unable to control her fear and frustration and shouted at Montigue to hurry — before he'd hardly touched the latch. Indeed, though, I recall that all of us were leaning against that door in anticipation and dread. I was certain, at that small moment in time, that we would suddenly find ourselves caught, held, bound, and dragged back down to that wretched cellar.

Ultimately, we burst outwards into a late afternoon of sun and gleaming snow — and immediately we were as blind persons. Through aching, tearing eyes we eventually perceived a circular drive and garden fountain, frozen over with ice. Around us, snow-laden cedar and spruce surrounded the house, and a chill, fresh breeze penetrated me as I ran barefoot (the only one without shoes) down the lawn.

There was a Packard in the drive, a vehicle that Michel attempted to start without keys, using the mechanical techniques he only vaguely recollected. His attempts were successful, and during the time that he worked Montigue, Gailbraith and I watched apprehensively the house and grounds, shielding our raw, watering eyes.

Then the four of us, covered in blood and filth, looking the part of escapees from a home for the deranged, piled into the Packard and sped away.

TO BE CONTINUED



MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

JOHN TYNES

Johann faxed me the note from the plush home of a minor despot somewhere in the jungles of Malaysia. The man was a callous butcher; had he ruled a larger area, Amnesty International would have been on his case long ago. But his cooperation with our efforts was essential in getting the work done in his private little backyard of a feifdom, and Johann and I had years ago ceased to view morality as a force of any importance whatsoever.

Johann's note was succinct, written in the careful penmanship drilled in him by the nuns at St. Elegius: "Tomb explored. Artifact en route to you via FedEx. Definitely of Jeffersonian origin."

Jefferson's parents had named him Thomas Xavier, reflecting their admiration for a firebrand politician and a musician named Cugat. The three of us — Johann, Thomas, and I — had been partners of sorts, brothers in secrets. We'd smuggled guns and drugs and people: dictators and dissidents, couriers and killers. Our private interests had little to do with how we made our living. Profits from our enterprises were funneled into strange purchases, bribes, and the sponsoring of quiet expeditions. We were searching for knowledge that would have bored or frightened most people, knowledge of what had lived before our species arose, and lived yet in secret places.

Then Jefferson fell in love. Suddenly he regained a semblance of conscience, and clutched for the threads of a soul. When he abandoned our efforts and became an interference, Johann arranged for Jefferson's lover to have a fatal "accident." That night, the minions of Cthugha struck, burning three of our warehouses full of metal merchandise waiting to be shipped. It was obvious who was responsible.

Miles Shipley's hungry painting brought things to an end. I had acquired it only recently, and Jefferson knew nothing of it or its power. It was not difficult to have it slipped into the sleazy apartment he had just taken under an assumed name. Come morning, I retrieved the painting, approaching it from behind and draping a cloth over it so as not to suffer from its effects. Thomas Xavier Jefferson simply vanished.

Morning brought the arrival of the promised package from Johann. Within it was a corroded liquor flask, the initials TXJ still barely visible. The tomb it was discovered in was older than mankind, though no archeologist would accept this as true. The serpent people of old knew how to make things last.

The metal flask had lain in this tomb for thousands of years, undisturbed, until now. Jefferson had left it there, knowing that we had already worked out a rough idea of the tomb's location from references in a few moldering texts and something glimpsed through the conjure glass of Mortlan. He knew that we would go there before too long, and that when we did we would know that he had been there already, thousands of years before.

According to our researches, the tomb contained a time portal, one keyed to astronomical events. As I write this, on July 11, 1991, CNN relays footage of the beginnings of this century's greatest solar eclipse. It begins with the dawning of the day in Hawaii, then creeps across the continent. By all reports, here in Mexico City the view of the eclipse will be extraordinary. In an hour or so I'll step over to my balcony and stare directly into the blinding gulf of the eclipse, like they tell you not to. I'd like to have done something memorable before Jefferson comes back.

CONTRIBUTORS

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

SCOTT DAVID ANIOLOWSKI is probably the best cook among the *Oath's* contributors. Tcho-Tcho recipes are a specialty. Get a few from 63 Webb Street, Rear; Lockport, NY 14094.

JEFF BARBER has become a worshipper of Yig after repeated encounters with snakes in the southern Missouri swamps. Nyartathotep says he understands. Reach out and touch Jeff at 112 Stephens Hall; University of Missouri; Columbia, MO 65201.

BRIAN BEVEL is engaged in menial employment until fall classes start. Write him and relieve the tedium, c/o Pagan Publishing.

JOHN CROWE is laughing hysterically as I type this, despite the fact that within a month he will be at Fort McClellan, Alabama fighting cultists for Uncle Sam. Write him c/o Pagan Publishing and we'll pass it on.

LES DEAN is working on his doctorate in School Psychology, and says it was hideously unfair of John Crowe to have killed his favorite character, Dr. Hadji. He's levitating at 100 Keene St. #13; Columbia, MO 65021.

GARRIE HALL has been accosted numerous times by the Men In Black but finds that a tin foil helmet keeps them away. Stake him out at 39 Albert Promenade; Loughborough, Leics; LE11 1RB; England.

STEVE HATHERLEY is sixth in succession to the throne of England. Really. Crown him at 109 Morritt Drive; Halton, Leeds LS15 7AJA; England.

J. TODD KINGREA has saved the editor's bacon a number of times with good artwork done on short notice. For this, he will be rewarded when the stars are right... Make his day by writing him at 304 Rock Road; Radford, VA 24141.

CHRIS KLEPAC gets stranger by the week and we are all the better for it. Threaten his life at 1622 Lakewood Drive; Columbia, MO 65201.

MARK MORRISON would like to alert readers to the dangers of literacy. Reading can cause you to think, contract rare eye tumors, and get black stuff all over your fingers. Don't write to Mark at 29 Bass Street; Box Hill, Victoria 3128, Australia, because he won't read it.

BLAIR (SHEA) REYNOLDS, everyone's favorite cultist-in-absence, will be doing the illustrations for *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley* from Chaosium this fall. Buy it and remember where you saw him first! He's slaving away now at 211 Clarkson Drive, Apt. 54; Fairbanks, AK 99709.

KEVIN A. ROSS has two books forthcoming from Chaosium, *Kingsport* and *Innsmouth*, both part of the Lovecraft Country series. He is rumored to engage in violence against small children and animals who annoy him. Get the facts from 1222 Greene St.; Boone, Iowa 50036.

THOMAS STRATMAN maintains a spectral existence in St. Louis, Missouri, working at a bank and writing in his spare time. Send a fire vampire to him at 5959A Coronade Ave.; St. Louis, MO 63116.

JOHN TYNES sits writing these words with John Crowe holding a gun to his head, for reasons best left unspecified. Tynes lives in a house with two women, two men, and some domesticated fruitflies. Never look in his basement.

Pagan Publishing
c/o John Tynes
1409 Wilson Ave.
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(314) 443-3892
write "Attention:
John Tynes, 442-
4301" at the top of
each page

EVEN DEATH MAY DIE

Jamaica...

where warm tropic breezes touch
rustling palms....

where the sun sets on an ocean
of cool, quiet, glistening
gold....

where cultists seem to be almost
nonexistent....

where the daily business of drive-by
shootings and darkened crypts,
corridors, caverns and crematoriums
seem a million miles away....

a place of fragrant garden groves
and endless, sun-kissed beaches....

a place that creatures and spawn
seemingly avoid altogether....

a place of crystal-clear pools and
cool, silver silence....

a place for the study of dread
manuscripts, texts, papyri, tomes,
scrolls and journals in comfort
and repose....

a haven of rest from the screams
of companions, piping and gunfire....

an island of gentle rains and hidden
jungle waterfalls....

a retreat....

a sanctuary of calm....

come to Jamaica....

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AND WITH STRANGE AEONS

THAT IS NOT DEAD

WHICH CAN ETERNAL LIFE