

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



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The Unspeakable Oath



DREAD AGE ZATHOTH

IOHN TYNES

I'd like to talk about mayhem.

Gunshot
sister's in the water
the gun is in the boathouse
my mother's only daughter
fishin' for her bleedin' baby in the water
I think I better go now
'cause I'm the one that shot her

mommy and daddy died when I was seven daddy went to hell and mommy went to heaven drivin' and drinkin' my daddy wasn't thinkin' his body's in the back room rotting and stinking

The lyrics above are from a song called "Push!" by a band here in Columbia known as East Ash. I wish you could hear it as you read this: the song runs over six minutes long, carried along by a swiftly mournful rhythm that gets to the heart of mayhem. This issue of the Oath is the mayhem issue. Within, in their own ways, the writers explore mayhem in its varied forms.

The word "mayhem" has lost its original connotation of senseless violent activity; it has been appropriated by advertising people and hack comic book writers and misused until its original meaning has shifted into something almost innocuous. Look at the origins of the word "bedlam" and you'll see the same process.

Mayhem denotes a certain malignant violence, embodied in the East Ash song and expressed in innumerable horror films. I believe we've lost touch with the kind of day-to-day mayhem that once inhabited people's lives. The days when slaughterhouses were common, concrete parts of a town are gone, for most of us. We don't sneak in with our friends on a dare to watch the horses be put down and ground up. Society and money divide most of us from such sights; work like that is considered dirty work, unclean work, unwholesome work, regardless of the fact that the result of this work is what ends up on our plates and in our mouths.

The processes of life and death, birth and renewal, are known to all but understood by few. The rituals of calving, the awful but wondrous implication found in severing the umbilical cord of a newborn, have lost their meaning through overexplanation, and the value of life has been lost like a joke told too often.

As I write this, we've had a vibrant demonstration of mayhem in its older, almost medieval sense, with the actions of George Hennard in Killeen. By the time this sees print you may have forgotten that Hennard is the man who drove his truck through a cafeteria window and shot and killed over twenty people.

It seems to me that there is a continual upping of the scale. As the majority of our society, the middle class and above, become less and less familiar with the cycles of nature and the beautiful violence of creation, it takes more and more to make a statement. Magazines run scorecards of different killers and their totals, like kill flags on a jet fighter. Mayhem just isn't what it used to be. As a word it isn't powerful enough to get across the gist of horror, the gut veracity of terror and the bitter silver taste of fear.

Perhaps this issue will help put the teeth back into "mayhem." If we aren't bitten we shan't wake up. That was all I had intended to write on the subject. But, Oath artist Blair (Shea) Reynolds came through

again with something that, in a small but significant way, changed the parameters of my life, and those of some of my friends. Where I was content to just sit back and proselytize from my soapbox, Shea went out and showed me that while I was on the right track, I wasn't really prepared for my words to become life. He did this guilelessly, and in fact won't see this editorial until the issue is printed. But his timing was impeccable.

To understand the background to this, it will be helpful if you've read the Dread Page in TUO2. Within I described how Shea had discovered the frozen headless body of a dog in a dumpster. No, I'm not joking. Suffice

it to say that a more-or-less reasonable explanation was eventually obtained, but it certainly shook Shea and us up a bit.

Anyway, Shea called us shortly before Halloween and said he was about to ship...*something*...from his home in Alaska. What it was he would not say, only that it would be something very special. Artist Jeff Barber and I were to be the recipients of the shipment.

Well it arrived in time for Halloween alright. It came in a largish cardboard box, via 2-day air delivery. The box had a peculiar odor. Within, we found the box walls were backed with insulation material. Inside the box was something wrapped in two plastic trash bags, then enclosed within two extra-large ziplock bags.

Jeff and I donned the sterile surgical gloves Shea thoughtfully enclosed and began to unwrap the item. It was distinctly cold and heavy, and smelled rather foul. As we got closer and closer we began to suspect it was something genuinely strange.

We weren't disappointed.

I won't describe our conversation as we undid the wrappings, nor the growing panic in our voices as we speculated as to just what it was Shea had sent. Finally, we got it unwrapped.

Shea had mailed us the frozen, severed head of a dog.

At least it was frozen when he mailed it, a couple days before. It was now thawing, hence the odor. The dog was (judging from the incomplete portion in our possession) largish, light tan or brown in color. It still bore a green collar, but no tags.

"That atrocious bastard," I remember Jeff saying.

He and I wrapped the dog's head back up and stuck it in the freezer, for lack of a better idea. Of course we soon called and told almost everyone we knew. Word kind of drifted around our friends and my co-workers that we had the severed head of a dog in our freezer. Uniformly, the reaction was one of disgusted shock.

Followed by laughter.

For our problem was not without humor, and it became a question I posed to people whenever I had the chance: what would you do with the frozen severed head of a dog?

Yesterday, we took the most sensible advice and buried it. Come summer we'll dig it up and have a nice clean dog's skull. What we'll do with *that* I have no idea.

What I found most interesting about people's reactions to all of this is how quickly they adjusted. I mean, it was rather like having your room painted a different color in secret while you're away. When you come home it's a shock—but you get used to it almost immediately.

If this is the first issue of the *Oath* you've seen, you're probably wondering now just what the hell kind of magazine this is. Well? It's one that lives in a world of life and mayhem, just like you and me. \Im



The Unspeakable Oath



First I wish to thank you for giving this devout worshipper of Yog-Sothoth a publication centered on Call of Cthulhu. In the eleven years that I have roleplayed I have experienced many different systems ranging from fantasy to science fiction. Each having its own appeal and novelty but nothing ever compared to CoC. In fact I am a faithful follower of this Chaosium product. Devoted to the point of purchasing almost all their new releases (not republished items) with the only exception being Blood Brothers.

After reading your article "The Dread Page Of Azathoth" in TUO3 I could not help but smile. Many people miss this major point of humanity especially my group. After playing a session of CoC I stop and wonder what is the real threat to the world-the Mythos or the armed investigators?

Please continue the good work of informative articles, reviews, scenarios and new creatures. Especially continue the fiction which is a source of inspiration to those who need that fresh insight into the world of Lovecraft. I thank you and look forward to each new publication of The Unspeakable Oath.

Charles Humphrey Shreveport, LA

It's impossible for me to describe the surprise I got skimming through the pages of the second and third issues of The Unspeakable Oath, since even if the first number was amazingly interesting, I wasn't ready for such a huge amount of quality material! The artwork is great (Blair Reynolds is definitely one of the best illustrators around), and every contribution has something to add to the game we all love. I was especially pleased to find the adventure "Grace Under Pressure:" adventures like this one are those I prefer, offering more chances to roleplay realistic situations, thanks to a carefully tailored environment. I must add that, even

if I buy almost every new Chaosium product, this is the first time in a long while that I'm so eager to play a scenario. We're going to play "Grace Under Pressure" with walkie-talkies and probably some of the other advices from the ending section of the adventure: I will tell you something about the way we played it next time. Thank you for a top quality product.

Francesco Nepitello

Venice, Italy

(Editor's Note...Ieff and I ran "Grace Under Pressure" three times in two exhausting days at Contemplation in Jefferson City, MO. We had an entire darkened ballroom to ourselves, with light provided only by our green glowsticks and the pen lights each player was given. Whalesong and sonar pings echoed from tape machines in the background. Walkie-talkies were used whenever the group split up, and we had pull-string firecrackers to set off when the bangsticks were used. The sessions were unqualified successes, easily the best gaming experience I've ever had, with a palpable tension and intensity in both the players and the Keepers. Anyone out there have GUP experiences to share? And oh yes-the minumum number of fumbles rolled per session was twenty. It was heinous.)

...anyway, at last a reply to your editorial, in which you suggest that HPL was trying to warn us about man's inhumanity to his fellow men: this is a good observation, and one which deserves a little expansion. In the story "The Call of Cthulhu" there is a passage which reads

"Then...the secret priests would take Great Cthulhu from His tomb...and resume His rule of the Earth. The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones: free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown

aside and all men shouting and killing and reveling in joy. Then the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill and revel and enjoy themselves, and all the earth would flame with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom."

Hmm, sounds rather reminescent of post-Reagan America, eh? The "Me Decade" gone—literally—straight to hell. What frightens me is the bit about teaching men new ways to kill and revel: nuclear weapons, perhaps? Chemical weapons? Why even look for such a grand scale? Think about how many serial killers we've seen this century. New ways to kill and revel, indeed.

In short-you're right, John. We are the Great Old Ones now, and HPL oughta be damned grateful he didn't live to see the second World War, and what's come after it.

Mysterious Manuscripts: an important correction— Edward Pickman Derby, author of the poetry collection <u>Azathoth and Others</u>, did not leap from a building to his death! Fer christ sakes, man, Derby's the bloke featured in HPL's story "The Thing on the Doorstep!" You know, the guy whose wife switches minds with him, only she's really got her father's mind in her body, meaning that it's old Ephraim's mind in Derby's body? (Got all that?) Derby is not an Englishman, fer christ sakes, he's from Arkham. Grrr. Read the bloody story.

The period occult texts was a nice piece of work, just the thing to toss into a campaign to mix things up a bit.

Scenarios: well the Mi-Go piece did nothing for me, but I did enjoy most of "The Travesty." There's some really great surrealistic stuff in there, what with reality being warped (something I'm always for). My only problem was the 'swing-the-burning-amulet-and-adosie-do' ending, which smacked of silly magical rituals ala D&D (I'm one to talk—see my Daoloth bit in the same issue, guilty of the same crime).

I was disappointed with Blair's fiction, though perhaps that's because I wanted to see more of the comic strip from TUO2. Let's see the fate of the plane!

One last note: uh, I wouldn't want people to get the wrong idea about me, from the crazed little biographical stuff you've been printing on your contributor's page. I *do not* engage in violence against children, unless my thoughts count. I have been known to pick up a rifle and shoot various types of wildlife, but I never kill what I can't eat or use in haruspicy. There, that should clear matters up some...

been up to in that time... Kevin Ross

.

regular issues, a special anniversary booklet, and a T-

shirt, all in less than a year. Wonder what Carl Ford's

Boone, Iowa

(Editor's Note: I had to cut Kevin's letter quite a bit, but he has several important points here. First off...ouch! Thomas and I both dropped the ball on the Derby bit, and I feel pretty damn silly about it. Second: although I had to cut it to save space. Kevin asked if we'd printed quite enough guns yet. The answer, quite frankly, is no. I personally don't know a gun from a hole in the ground, which makes me all the more interested in John Crowe's informative and useful articles. The research is broad and thorough, with an eye towards providing useful source material for the game and still keeping an interesting historical validity. I'd like to see the same thing done with cars and other seeming-minutae of 1920s (and 1890s) life. So, for now-more firearms! And damn the olive branch. Finally, of course all the odd bits on the contributor's page are made up. Really. Not a spot of truth to any of 'em. Honest)

As with the premiere issue, I have to say that Shea's covers for the second and third issues are *great*, although, again, perhaps in no way connected to the Mythos (but who cares, they're so good!).

I don't much care for "The Dread Page Of Azathoth"—in fact, I found the one in the third issue to be especially offensive, although I obviously see the point being made.

Steve Hatherley's "Tales of Terror" are neat scenario plots, and are a nice addition.

This seemingly never-ending parade of weapons is getting a little redundant—after all, CoC isn't a game of melee combat and high-tech military strikes (which are mostly useless against the non-human agents of the Mythos, anyway). In all fairness, however, I am impressed with the extensive research which must have gone into this series of articles.

As for the scenarios, well up until TUO3 I didn't really care for them, although they have always been presented *very* well. I thought that Chris Klepac's "The Travesty" was really good, and a neat idea. John Crowe's "The House on Stratford Lane" was good, as well, but all of those weapons again!

...good job, all around, and I think you've got a real winner on your hands.

All in all, another good issue. Let's see, that's three Scott David Aniolowski

Lockport, NY

AMERICAN SHOTGUNS, 1860 TO 1940

JOHN CROWE

Perhaps the most popular and most common weapon among investigators, the shotgun provides excellent short range firepower and has a great psychological effect on most who view them. This article will provide statistics and descriptions of shotguns manufactured in the United States in the 19th and 20th centuries.

As with the previous firearms articles published in TUO, this is intended to be exhaustive so even the pickiest of players and Keepers may choose what they desire. The basic criteria for a shotgun to be placed in this article is that at least four thousand had to have been produced. Only a few exceptions are made to this rule and it unfortunately serves to exclude a number of interesting weapons. Restrictions in space made this a necessity.

the trench gun

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company produced two models of this fine firearm (variants of the Models 1897 and 1912). A trench gun is a 12-gauge, pump-action, short barrel (but not of sawed-off length) shotgun which was designed for use on the battlefield. These are very effective weapons, especially at close range, and are considerably more-reliable than other pump-action shotguns when using good ammunition (jamming on 99-100 rather than 96-100). Finally, to top things off, trench guns could accommodate a bayonet. A well-trained soldier with a trench gun is truly something to fear (the Germans thought so... they protested their use to the Swiss in 1918).

short barrel and sawed-off shotguns

The National Firearms Act of 1934 restricted how short a shotgun barrel could be. As of 1934, shotgun barrels could be no less than eighteen inches long. This eradicated the flourishing market in such firearms of which the Ithica Auto and Burglar Shotgun is a prime example. Such weapons were designed for personal, home, and vehicle defense as well as for snake and varmint hunting. Prior to 1934, there were no laws restricting sawed-off or short barrel firearms (except possibly at the local level).

BIRDSHOT

When damage for a shotgun is given in this article, it is assumed the shooter is using the biggest, nastiest, most effective buckshot available (generally 00 buckshot or the like). In reality, most shooters will not have such ammunition on hand. Buckshot is for use against big game, and since many shotgun owners possess such weapons to hunt fowl with, they are more likely to use some form of birdshot. There are numerous forms of shot for shotguns, and birdshot—depending on the type—will do 50% or 75% of the damage buckshot does. So, when an investigator fires a light form of birdshot at a cultist, he or she should roll the normal damage, but then halve it. A medium grade of shot will do 75% damage and full-fledged buckshot will do full damage. This is for realism and for Keepers who have players constantly giving the excuse "well, my 90-year-old professor of Theology has a 10-gauge because he hunts quail as a hobby." If so, he should *not* have buckshot.

The charts that follow have eight headings.

<u>Weapon Name</u>: This is the name of the weapon which, in the case of this article, is always preceded by the manufacturer's name. In addition, model numbers given often refer to the year in which the shotgun in question first appeared.

<u>Caliber</u>: Shotguns come in only a limited number of calibers which are known as "gauges." What this refers to is the weight of the shot used in the weapon as it relates to a top potential shop weight of one ounce. Thus, a 10-gauge shotgun fires 1/10th of an ounce of lead, a 12-gauge shotgun fires 1/12th of an ounce of lead, and so on. In other words, the higher the number for the gauge, the smaller the caliber is. Keepers should feel free to make characters who have no knowledge of firearms purchase 20-gauge or 28-gauge shotguns since they are likely to believe they are buying the biggest caliber there is. Those who actually bother to ask a gun

store clerk will, of course, be set straight. At least in North America, all of the calibers given in this article with the possible exceptions of 8, 14, 22 and 24-gauges—are common and easy to come by. This is an entirely different matter outside the North American continent.

<u>Shots</u>: This is the number of shots that can be fired accurately from the weapon each combat round (about three seconds).

<u>Capacity</u>: This is the magazine capacity of the firearm (i.e. how many cartridges it can contain). It does not take into account that one extra round can be carried in the chamber of the weapon to make it "fully loaded" (although this does not apply to any revolving weapon or to weapons which load rounds into individual barrels as with double barrel shotguns). Of course, anyone possessing a weapon with a live round under the hammer or firing pin runs the risk of an unintentional discharge if he/she trips or falls (a Luck roll in this case is appropriate). Just where the errant round(s) go varies per situation and the noise itself can easily provide further difficulties.

Loading: This refers to the weapon's method of loading. Below are the methods affecting the firearms in this article.

Break-Open: Applying most often to shotguns and revolvers, this is where the weapon is "broken open" via a hinge and latching mechanism allowing a short reloading time. Many break-open firearms eject spent casings, but for those that do not, it is still easy to dump or pull them out.

Cap & Ball: A true inconvenience for those used to modern cartridges, a cap & ball cartridge is a paper wrapping containing the lead shot (or slug), the powder charge, and a percussion cap. To load this type of weapon, the shooter must first tear open one end of the paper and pour the powder into the chamber. Next, the shot or slug is rammed smartly into place. Finally, the percussion cap is placed on the hollow "nipple" above the chamber. When the hammer strikes the cap, it detonates, forcing the projectile(s) down the barrel and on the intended (or unintended) target. Cap & ball firearms misfire on a 91-100 attack roll.

Side-Loading: This refers to weapons which must be loaded through a receiver, side-gate, or similar arrangement. This is a relatively slow method of reloading since each round must be loaded, by hand, one by one. In addition, revolving-action firearms do not conveniently eject casings and these must be removed before reloading can commence.

<u>Action</u>: 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 and those which are relevant are given below.

Bolt-Action: Very common in military rifles, bolt-action shotguns also exist though are relatively scarce



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in comparison. A bolt-action firearm works by lifting the bolt's lever and pulling it back. This ejects the spent casing and cocks the firing pin. For those weapons with magazine capacities greater than one, a fresh round is chambered when the bolt is pushed back forward and locked down. Otherwise, a new round must be loaded.

Lever-Action: Common in rifles, this action was also used in a number of shotguns manufactured in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. While not as reliable as revolving-action weapons (jamming on an attack roll of 99-100), they do have a good rate of fire. When the shooter pushes the "lever" into the down or vertical position, the spent casing is ejected and the hammer is cocked. When brought back up, a new round is chambered.

Pump-Action: Also known as slide-action, these weapons have a good rate of fire, but are prone to jams (96-100). When the shooter pulls back on the slide, the old cartridge casing is ejected and the hammer or firing pin is cocked. When the user pushes it back forward, a fresh round is chambered.

Revolver: Also known as revolving action, this is where the rounds are contained within a rotating cylinder. This action has a generally good rate of fire and is very reliable (for game purposes, these weapons do not jam) even under adverse or harsh conditions.

Semi-Automatic: These firearms are known for their high rate of fire. Ammunition is fed into the chamber from a magazine or clip and spent casings are ejected as fresh rounds chamber. One shot fires with each pull of the trigger (unlike automatic weapons which continue to fire as long as the trigger is held back). Semi-automatic firearms require more maintenance than other types and are less likely to function well if they are neglected and/or abused.

<u>Year</u>: This is the year in which the weapon is first produced. Note that this may not be the same as the model year. Military arms are generally not immediately available since the military is likely to purchase most of the original 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. Relatively few shotguns have been used by military forces around the world, but the United States does have such a tradition.

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

Finally, the column usually provided which gives the information on the damage the weapon inflicts has, in the case of this article, been replaced by a table after the charts which gives all of that information. This is for better organization and ease of use. Much of this chart is based on a similar one which can be found in <u>Cthulhu Now</u>. \Im



7

American Shotguns, 1860 to 1940	Oplikar	01
Name	Caliber	Shots
Cogswell & Harrison Primac Model Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	2
Charles Daly Hammerless Double Barrel Shotgun	10, 12, 16, 20, 28, or .410-gauge	2
Charles Daly Empire Quality Over/Under Shotgun	12; 16, or 20-gauge	2
Charles Daly Empire Quality Trap Shotgun	12-gauge	
Charles Daly Hammerless Drilling Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	1
Charles Daly Model 100 Commander Shotgun	12, 16, 20, 28, or .410-gauge	2
Colt Model 1855 Revolving Shotgun	10-gauge or 20-gauge	1
Colt Model 1878 Double Barrel Shotgun, Exposed Hammers	10-gauge or 12-gauge	2
Colt Model 1883 Double Barrel Shotgun, Hammerless Fox A.H. Fox Model Shotgun	10-gauge or 12-gauge	2
	12-gauge	
Fox Sterlingworth Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	2
Fox Single-Barrel Trap Model Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Fox Super Fox Shotgun Fox Model B Shotgun	12-gauge	2
Greener Jubilee Model Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge 12, 16, or 20-gauge	2 2
Greener Far-Killer Model Shotgun	8, 10, or 12-gauge	2
Greener Empire Model Shotgun	12-gauge	2
Greener General Purpose Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Harrington & Richardson No. 3 Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	1
Harrington & Richardson No. 5 Shotgun	20, 28, or .410-gauge	1
Harrington & Richardson No. 6 Shotgun	10, 12, 16, or 20-gauge	1
Harrington & Richardson No. 8 Shotgun	12, 16, 20, 28, or .410-gauge	1
Harrington & Richardson Bay State No. 7 Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge	4
Harrington & Richardson Folding Model Shotgun	12, 16, 20, 28, or .410-gauge	1
Harrington & Richardson Hammerless Double Barrel Shotgun	12-gauge	2
Hunter Fulton Hammerless Double Barrel Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	2
Hunter Special Hammerless Double Barrel Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	2 2 2
Ithaca Auto and Burglar Shotgun	20-gauge	
Ithaca Hammerless Double Field Grade Shotgun	12, 16, 20, 20, or .410-gauge	2
Ithaca One Barrel Trap Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Ithaca Single-Barrel Victory Model Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Ithaca Model 37 Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	1
Iver Johnson Champion Grade Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge	1
Iver Johnson Matted Rib Grade Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge	1
Iver Johnson Special Trap Model Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Iver Johnson Hercules Grade Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge	2
Iver Johnson Skeeter Model Shotgun	12, 16, 20, 28, or .410-gauge	2
Johnson Super Trap Model Shotgun	12-gauge	2
Marlin Model 1898 Slide-Action Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Marlin Model 16 Slide-Action Shotgun	16-gauge]
Marlin Model 17, 19, and 21 Slide-Action Shotgun	12-gauge	
Marlin Model 24 Slide-Action Shotgun	12-gauge	
Marlin Model 26 Slide-Action Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Marlin Model 28 Slide-Action Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Marlin Model 30 Slide-Action Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Marlin Model 31A Slide-Action Shotgun	16 or 20-gauge	1 or 2
Marlin Model 42A Slide-Action Shotgun	12-gauge 12-gauge	
Marlin Model 43A Slide-Action Shotgun	12-yauye	1

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<u>Capacity</u> 2 2	<u>Loading</u> Break-Open Break-Open	<u>Action</u> Two Barrel Two Barrel	<u>Year</u> 1920? 1920	<u>Notes</u> f, o, p f, o
2 1 1 2 4 or 5	Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Cap & Ball	Two Barrel One Barrel One Barrel Two Barrel Revolver	1920 1920 1921 1933 1860	f, o, q, r f, o, r, s f, o, r, t f, q, u d, e, j
2 2 2 2 1	Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open	Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel One Barrel	1878 1883 1906 1910 1919	e f f, v f f, o
2 2 2 2 2	Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open	Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel	1925 1940 1875 1893 1893	f f f f
1 1 1 1	Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open	One Barrel One Barrel One Barrel One Barrel One Barrel	1910 1908 1908 1908 1908	f f, w e, w e, w e, w
1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1	Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open	One Barrel One Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel	1908 1910 1920 1920? 1882 1922	e, w e, w, y f d, f f, z
2 1 1 4 1	Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Side-Loading Break-Open	Two Barrel One Barrel One Barrel Pump-Action One Barrel	1926 1922 1922 1937 1909	f, aa f, o f f e, w
1 1 2 2 2	Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open Break-Open	One Barrel One Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel Two Barrel	1910 1912 1920 1920 1924	e e f f
5 5 5 5 5 5	Side-Loading Side-Loading Side-Loading Side-Loading Side-Loading	Pump-Action Pump-Action Pump-Action Pump-Action Pump-Action Pump-Action	1898 1904 1906 1908 1909	a, e e e e
5 5 5 5 5 5	Side-Loading Side-Loading Side-Loading Side-Loading Side-Loading	Pump-Action Pump-Action Pump-Action Pump-Action Pump-Action	1913 1911 1915 1922 1923	f d,e e f

The disperiable Odin		1011991
Name	Caliber	Shots
Marlin Model 44A Slide-Action Shotgun	20-gauge	2
Marlin Model 410 Lever-Action Shotgun	.410 gauge	2
Marlin Model 90 Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge	2
Mossberg Model 83D Bolt-Action Shotgun	.410-gauge	1/2
Mossberg Model 85D Bolt-Action Shotgun	20-gauge	1/2
Parker Model 920 Hammerless Shotgun	10, 12, 16, 20, 28, or .410-gauge	
Parker Trojan Hammerless Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	2
Parker Single-Barrel Trap Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Remington-Whitmore Model 1874 Double Barrel	10-gauge or 12-gauge?	2
Hammer Shotgun		
Remington Model 1882 Double Barrel Hammer Shotgun	10-gauge or 12-gauge	2
Remington Model 1883 Double Barrel Hammer Shotgun	10, 12, or 16-gauge	2
Remington Rider No. 3 Shotgun	10, 12, 16, 20, 24, or 28-gauge	1
Remington Model 1894 Double Barrel Hammerless Shotgun	10, 12, or 16-gauge	2
Remington Model 11A Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	- 1, 1,
	1_, 10, 01 _0 gauge	or 2
Remington Model 10A Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Remington Model 17A Shotgun	20-gauge	2
Remington Model 29 Shotgun	12-gauge	.1
Remington Model 31 Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	1, 1,
		or 2
Remington Model 32 Shotgun	12-gauge	2
Savage Model 28A Slide Action Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Savage Model 420 Double Barrel Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	2
Savage Model 720 Autoloader Shotgun	12 or 16-gauge	1
Savage Model 726 Autoloader Shotgun	12 or 16-gauge	1
Savage Model 620 Slide-Action Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge	1, 1,
		or 2
Stevens-Springfield Model 311 Double Barrel Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge	2
Stevens Model 59 Bolt-Action Shotgun	.410 gauge	1/2
Stevens Model 530 Double Barrel Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge	2
Stevens Model 58 Bolt-Action Shotgun	.410-gauge	1/2
Stevens Model 258 Bolt-Action Shotgun	20-gauge	1/2
Stevens Model 107 Single Barrel Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or .410-gauge	1
Stevens Model 22-410 Combination Rifle/Shotgun	.22 Long Rifle and .410-gauge	2
Stevens Model 240 Double Barrel Shotgun	.410-gauge	2
Whitney Phoenix Breechloading Shotgun	10, 12, 14, 16, or 22-gauge	1
Winchester Model 1887 Lever-Action Shotgun	10 or 12-gauge	1
Winchester Model 1901 Lever-Action Shotgun	10-gauge	1
Winchester Model 1893 Slide-Action Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Winchester Model 1897 Slide-Action Shotgun	12 or 16-gauge	1
Winchester Model 1911 Self-Loading Shotgun	12-gauge	1
Winchester Model 1912 Slide-Action Shotgun	12, 16, 20, or 28-gauge	1, 1,
		2, or 2
Winchester Model 21 Double Barrel Shotgun	12-gauge	2
Winchester Model 42 Slide-Action Shotgun	.410-gauge	2
Winchester Model 37 Single Shot Shotgun	12, 16, 20, 28, or .410-gauge	1
Winchester Model 24 Double Barrel Shotgun	12, 16, or 20-gauge	2
Winchester Model 40 Self-Loading Shotgun	12-gauge	1

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<u>Capacity</u> 5	<u>Loading</u> Side-Loading	<u>Action</u> Pump-Action	<u>Year</u> 1923	<u>Notes</u> f, bb
5	Side-Loading Break-Open	Lever-Action Two Barrel	1929 1937	e f, g
2	Side-Loading	Bolt-Action	1940	f, w
2 2 2 2	Magazine Break-Open	Bolt-Action Two Barrel	1940 1922	f, w f
2 1	Break-Open Break-Open	Two Barrel One Barrel	1915 1917	f
2	Break-Open	Two Barrel	1874	d, e
2 2	Break-Open	Two Barrel	1882	e
2 1	Break-Open Break-Open	Two Barrel One Barrel	1883 1893	e,g f,cc
2 5	Break-Open Side-Loading	One Barrel Semi-Automatic	1894 1905	f, h f, dd
	Side-Loading		1907	1, 44 4
6 5 5	Side-Loading	Pump-Action Pump-Action	1921	f
5 5	Side-Loading Side-Loading	Pump-Action Pump-Action	1929 1931	f f, ee
2	Break-Open	Two Barrel	1932	f, e
2 5 2	Side-Loading Break-Open	Pump-Action Two Barrel	1920? 1930?	f f, q, ff
4	Side-Loading	Semi-Automatic Semi-Automatic	1930 1930	f
2 5	Side-Loading Side-Loading	Pump-Action	1930 1927	f, gg f, hh
2	Break-Open	Two Barrel	1931	t
2 5 2	Side-Loading Break-Open	Bolt-Action Two Barrel	1934 1936	f, w
- 3 3?	Magazine Magazine?	Bolt-Action Bolt-Action	1937 1937	f, w f, w
1	Break-Open	One Barrel	1937	e, w
2	Break-Open Break-Open	Two Barrel Two Barrel	1938 1939	e, q, w, ii e, q
1 5	Side-Loading Side-Loading	One Barrel Lever-Action	1867 1887	e, i a, e
5	Side-Loading Side-Loading	Pump-Action Pump-Action	1893 1897	e e k
5 5 5	Side-Loading	Lever-Action	1901	е
5 5	Side-Loading Side-Loading	Semi-Automatic Pump-Action	1911 1912	a, f c, l, m
2	Break-Open	Two Barrel	1931	f
2 5 or 6	Side-Loading Break-Open	Pump-Action One Battel	1933 1936	b, f
2	Break-Open	Two Barrel	1939	c, e, n b
4	Side-Loading	Semi-Automatic	1940	f

.

NOTES ON THE CHARTS

- a. This weapon is common (over 50,000 manufactured).
- b. This weapon is very common (over 100,000 manufactured)
- c. This weapon is extremely common (over 500,000 manufactured)
- d. This weapon is uncommon (less than 4,000 produced)
- e. This weapon has an exposed hammer or hammers.
- f. This weapon is hammerless.
- g. This is essentially the same as Models 1885, 1887, and 1889.
- h. This is essentially the same as Model 1900.
- This breechloading shotgun as the unique distinction of being the only one in this article that has 14-gauge and 22-gauge versions.
- j. As this weapon operates with cap & ball it is vulnerable to Chain Firingsee TUO3 for details. The most likely result of such an unfortunate accident would be turning the shooter's off-hand to gelatin.
- k. A "trench gun" version of this shotgun was also produced. It was used by the United States Army in the Great War and was first available to the public in 1920.
- A "trench gun" version was produced. This was first available in 1918 and only on special order after that.
- m. Almost two million were eventually manufactured.
- n. Over one million were eventually manufactured.
- o. This is high quality and expensive.
- p. This is essentially the same, for game purposes, as the Victor Model, Konor Avant Tout Model, Avant Tout Sandhurst Model, Avant Tout Rex Model, Huntic Model, Marker Model, and Ambassador Model. All were first introduced in the 1920s, and were still in production as of 1983. In addition, they are wildly expensive.
- q. This is an "over and under" shotgun. In other words, one barrel is on top of the other instead of the more common side-by-side arrangement.

- r. This was manufactured in Suhl, Germany for Charles Daly. Production was discontinued in 1933.
- s. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as the Sextuple Trap Shotgun.
- t. A rifle version exists which is available in 25-20, 25-35, and 30-30 calibers.
- u. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as the higher quality Model
- Both models were manufactured in Liege, Belgium for Charles Daly.
 Io-gauge and 20-gauge versions were introduced in 1912. Many grades were produced, some of which are quite expensive.
- w. This is an inexpensive weapon.
- y. The barrel can fold against the stock for ease of storage and transport.
- z. This is a short barrel shotgun, essentially a sawed-off shotgun, with a pistol grip and no stock. It was designed for personal, home, and vehicle defense as well as for snake and varmint killing.
- aa. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as the Hammerless Double No. 2 Grade, No. 4 Grade, No. 5 Grade, No. 7 Grade, and \$2000 Grade. All were introduced in 1926. The latter three are high quality and very expensive.
- bb. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as the Model 53 (1929) and Model 61A (1931).
- cc. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as the Remington Rider No. 9 (1902).
- dd. A riot gun version, the Model 11R, became available in 1921. It is available only in 12-gauge.
- ee. This is available in several variants.
- ff. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as the Model 430.
- gg. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as the Model 740 C (late 1930s).
- hh. For game purposes, this is essentially the same as the Model 621 (1927).
- This unique double barrel shotgun was produced by Stevens until 1950 and as of 1983 was still in production by Savage. The top barrel can fire 22 Long Rifle, 22 Long, and 22 Short cartridges. The bottom barrel fires 410 gauge shotgun cartridges.

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			amage Vable		
Caliber, Gauge	Damage	Range	Caliber. Gauge	Damage	Range
10-gauge, slug	1D10+7	25 yards	20-gauge, slug	1D10+4	30 yards
IO-gauge, buckshot	4D6+2	10 yards	20-gauge, buckshot	2D6	10 yards
	2D6+1	20 yards		1D6	20 yards
	1D8	50 yards		1D3	50 yards
12-gauge, slug	1D10+6	30 yards	22-gauge, slug	1D10+4	30 yards
2-gauge, buckshot	4D6	10 yards	22-gauge, buckshot	1D8+1D3	10 yards
	2D6	20 yards		1D5	20 yards
	1D6	50 yards		1D3	50 yards
14-gauge, slug	1D10+5	30 yards	28-gauge, slug	1D10+3	35 yards
4-gauge, buckshot	3D6+1	10 yards	28-gauge, buckshot	1D6+1D3	10 yards
	1D6+1D4	20 yards		1D4	20 yards
	1D5	50 yards		1D2	50 yards
16-gauge, slug	1D10+5	10 yards	.410 gauge, slug	1D10+2	40 yards
6-gauge, buckshot	2D6+2	10 yards	.410 gauge, shot	1D10	10 yards
	1D6+1	20 yards		1D4	20 yards
	1D4	50 yards			





PHILLIP H. GARLAND FILE ONE: FALL, 1991 SUBJECT: THE PRESIDENTS OF THE 1920S AND THE MYTHOS

As is well known, the height of recent activities involving the Great Old Ones occurred during the 1920s in this country. Lovecraft himself admitted that federal officials were aware of strange occurrences in parts of New England. The government's investigation of Innsmouth and the subsequent actions taken against the town spring to mind immediately.

If the government took action, then it is logical to assume that the presidents were briefed on the situations. At least some of them must have kept the investigations going on. The involved presidents, with their terms of office and death dates, were:

Woodrow Wilson,	1912-1920	d.	1924
Warren G. Harding,	1920-1923	d.	1923
Calvin Coolidge,	1923-1928	d.	1933
Herbert Hoover,	1928-1932	d.	1964

Harding died in office of a stroke. Wilson had a stroke during his 1920 campaign for a third term. Coolidge died five years after he left the White House of coronary thrombosis. Of all the presidents of this period, only Herbert Hoover lived past his sixties. At the time, these deaths were looked upon as natural, save for an accusation that Harding's wife had poisoned him (Harding had a penchant for meeting his mistress in a Capitol Building closet).

Were these deaths completely natural? The later assassination of John F. Kennedy has focused attention on the possibility of a conspiracy in 1963. Was there a conspiracy in the Twenties? The deaths of Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge may be more than coincidence. Indeed, they may be connected with the assassinations of the two Kennedys and Dr. King. There is a thread of continuity involved. One man in political power had a career spanning this entire time. He was J. Edgar Hoover.

Might Hoover have been the key? His career began in 1919, when he was hired by the Justice Department as a unit chief in the enemy alien registration section. Subsequently Hoover was head of the General Intelligence Division, then Assistant Head of the Bureau of Investigation (1920), and finally Director of the Bureau of Investigation (1924). In 1935 the Bureau was renamed the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the F.B.L

Hoover's later paranoid anti-communism is well known. Was this a cover? Was he a cultist, or was his mind under some form of control? As a man who came into contact with enemy aliens, what sort of aliens did he meet with? What could have been more likely in the years of the first Red Scare than to look upon some of the strange inhabitants of Innsmouth, Arkham, and Dunwich as potential spies? What then might Hoover have uncovered? Or what forces might he have been exposed to?

There are two basic possibilities based on the evidence available. First, Hoover may have been a follower or willing accomplice of the Great Old Ones. In this case, he could have used his position to misguide the forces

of the federal government to prevent discovery of or action against the Old Ones and their followers. Secondly, Hoover may have been under some form of mental control. Perhaps the Great Old Ones manipulated his mind to see enemy "Reds" everywhere rather than uncovering evidence of real danger from true alien forces.

In either case, the threat would have been very real. What did Wilson and Harding and Coolidge know? Why was Herbert Hoover able to live out a full, long life? Further research will continue.

For your <u>Call of Cthulhu</u> adventures, possibilities are endless. The Bureau of Investigation may be out to find your investigators. The power and wealth behind the organization will make it hard to defeat, but perhaps those guns and weapons skills will finally come in handy. Or, you may be targeted as a Red if you find out too much in your investigations, and be deported to Soviet Russia in the middle of an adventure (or to start an adventure for that matter). You may find friends you never knew you had—Wobblies, Socialists, Communists, et. al. They may help you in time of need, but if so, then the Bureau will find out, and then they'll have proof that you're one of the baddies...

Be careful. Remember, they probably are out to get you. S





AN EMBELLISHMENT TO THE KINGSPORT SCENARIO "DEAD IN THE WATER"

KEVIN A. Ross

In keeping with the oneiric tone and emphasis of the book, it was intended that each scenario in <u>Kingsport</u> have something to do with dreams. Unfortunately, in writing the final scenario as a flat-out horror piece, the dreaming elements were forgotten by the author-perhaps they were borrowed by Hypnos for a time. The following dreams may be used by Keepers during the course of the nautical nightmare which climaxes the book. The Keeper may use as many or few as desired, and may determine who has them by having the investigators roll their Dreaming skills. Note that these dreams should only be had by those sleeping in Kingsport.

"The Ghost in the Fog." A good dream to use early in the adventure, when the investigators still don't know what they're up against. The dreamer awakens aboard a fishing boat at sea, alone and adrift in a peasoup fog. After several minutes adrift, a huge shape emerges from the fog—a great ruined ship at least a century old. It sails directly for the investigator's tiny craft, and will surely crush it. Miraculously, before it does so it begins to sink, plunging below the surface mere yards away. But the whirlpool caused by its sinking sucks the investigator's craft down, and the hapless dreamer is drawn under with it. With a failed SAN roll the dreamer loses 1 SAN and awakens with a scream, dripping wet—with sweat.

"Voices in the Mist:" This dream might befall someone who has read the Customs official's account of the fate of the Hellene. The dreamer "awakens" in a world bathed in mist-no landmarks can be made out, nor can the dreamer see or feel his own body. He does hear voices in the mist.

"Corben, come out ye blaggard! Ye've no place to run! Come out or ye'll hang fer certain!"

"Curse ye, Aylesworth, ye damned fool! I'll see ye in Hell first!" (A gunshot follows)

(A confused babble of voices) "...cade the door... torches, we'll smoke them out... are you looking at? That's our sav..."

"For God's sake, Corben, half your men are dead or dying! Give this up-"

"Give me that brand, ye puling bastard! Now, mates, who dies with me-in faith-shall live again!"

(A confused babble of panicked voices.) "Sweet Jes... get out! ... iring the magazine!" (maniacal laughter.)

At this point there is a massive explosion, and the dreamer actually sees a bright light-he has awakened to the morning sun.

"Finally, Making Port After All These Years:" This dream should occur near the end of the adventure, after the investigators have seen the hell-ship at least once. Try to make this dream as realistic as possible. In this nightmare, one or more of the investigators "awakens" in the middle of the night. Looking out a window, a weird green glow is visible on the horizon, its origin seemingly in Kingsport Harbor. Going out to investigate in the chilly, misty night, the dreamer comes down to the shore to find the huge, ruined hulk of the Hellene anchored in the center of the Harbor-greenish light pouring from within the ship and playing about it like St. Elmo's fire. Yellow-green tendrils snake out of the gaping holes in her hull and from her deck, reaching into the water and wriggling obscenely towards shore. One such tentacular growth pushes inside a nearby fisherman's shack, and moments later there is a curiously abbreviated scream from within. Other tendrils wave in the investigator's direction, and as he presumably turns to leave he is confronted by a dripping-wet, seaweed-draped, horribly fish-eaten corpse. With a moistly rattling chuckle it reaches for him, but the dreamer thankfully awakens. With a failed SAN roll the dreamer loses 1D3 SAN and screams as above. \Im



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in which lost material is brought to light and a horrific scene awaits inspection

Keith Herber & John Tynes

(Chaosium's <u>Return To Dunwich</u> book [see review in TUO3] saw publication minus a couple of bits deleted for space reasons. The piece below is one such selection, printed here thanks to the author. To round this out, a new scenario/encounter follows)

a typical Dunwich farm

Keith Herber

Dunwich farms are typically small, based on the amount of land that can be worked by a man, his wife, and their children. Typical crops include wheat, corn, pumpkins, squash, beans and peas. Other fields are given over to pasture land, hay fields, and timber lots. The soil is generally thin, not too productive, and filled with an inordinate amount of rocks. Indeed, most farmers enclose their fields not with wooden fences but with low stone walls built of the rocks turned up year after year by their plows. These stone walls can be seen running along most roads in the valley, or separating crops from pasture land, or even in dense woods where once open fields have gone back to the wilds.

Additionally, most farms keep an apple orchard and possibly a small arbor of Concord grapes. Livestock consists of small herds of dairy cattle, sheep, pigs, and chickens. Some farms have rabbit hutches or a small collection of bee hives. There is always a dog or two around as well as any number of cats found living in both the house and the barn. Dunwich farms are nearly self-supporting, only a few store-bought goods such as milled flour or cloth find their way into most homes. Many families still make their own soap and candles. Surplus crops and livestock are sold at the farmer's market in Aylesbury.

Farmhouses throughout the valley were almost universally constructed between the years 1700 and 1806, all but the rudest cabins evidencing some form of the Georgian style. Original houses were usually built small, sometimes only a single story of two rooms. Later additions would expand the house to four rooms and a second or even a third story would be added. Lean-to additions were usually built off the back of the house, but sometimes on the end, further increasing the original living space. Most are equipped with stone-wall cellars with outside entrances. Lacking gas and electric service the homes in the valley are heated by huge central fireplaces sometimes augmented by small iron stoves installed in distant parts of the house. Water is drawn from a well or spring, and outhouses are often located only a short distance from the back door. Houses usually have at least a front and a back door, as well as an outside entrance to the cellar.

Many Dunwich residents (60%) have telephone service, one of the few earmarks of the 20th century investigators might find. Almost all have a mailbox mounted near the road, usually with the name of the family painted on it.

Almost every farm has a barn where livestock is sheltered and feed and equipment stored. Other outbuildings may include small tool sheds, a woodshed, a smokehouse, possibly an icehouse, maybe a spring house built to keep a source of water from freezing over during winter, and an underground root cellar. A small vegetable garden kept near the house provides the farmer's wife with a source of table vegetables, tomatoes, rhubarb, asparagus, and others. Some farms even have a small duck pond near the house. It would, however, be an exceptional Dunwich farm if it were to have all these things. Most farms have somewhere on the property a family burial plot. Township regulations now forbid the burying of bodies on private property, although unreported infractions occur frequently. All farms maintain a trash dump somewhere near the house. The nearest place where trash can be dumped down a slope to disappear from sight is preferred, but the more-decayed of Dunwich residents often do little more than toss it out the back door.

The Unspeakable Oath

Most of the farms are powered by animal labor-horse- or ox-drawn plows, harrows, cultivators, and reapers. A small handful of farmers own tractors but these are ancient, rusted vehicles sometimes jointly purchased by a father and son or by closely cooperating neighbors. A Dunwich farmer prosperous enough to purchase a new tractor is unimaginable.

A farm family consists of a husband, wife, and any number of children. Farm families tend to be large but many youngsters end up eventually moving out of the valley. Only those in a position to inherit an established farm or occupation stay. Others, those not inclined to continue living at home with parents, move on to Aylesbury where the farming is better, or further on, even out of Massachusetts altogether.

Space did not allow us to give full statistics for every single resident in Dunwich country. The Keeper can use the following guidelines to fill in these characters as needed. Typical skills are described as well as some notes on the types of weapons most commonly encountered.

typical Dunwich farmer

Average Characteristics and Exceptions

STR	3D6+2	10% will be congenitally weak, 2D6+1
CON	3D6+1	20% will be chronically unhealthy, 2D6
SIZ	2D6+6	5% will be below average, 2D6
POW	2D6	20% will be closer to normal, 3D6
DEX	3D6	
APP	2D6+1	
EDU	1D6+3	10% will be carefully educated, 3D6

Typical Skills: Accounting 15%, Agriculture 85%, Animal Husbandry 90%, Bargain 75%, Botany 50%, Climb 65%, Credit Rating 15%, Debate 35%, Diagnose Disease 15%, Drive Automobile 35%, Electrical Repair 10%, First Aid 30%, Jump 40%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Occult 15%, Operate Heavy Machinery 20%, Predict Weather 75%, Psychology 40%, R/W English 35%, Ride 60%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 35%, Throw 30%, Track 55%, Treat Disease 35%, Treat Poison 15%, Zoology 50%

FIREARMS

Besides the tools, axes, and knives found around any farm, almost every resident of the valley owns at least one firearm. These are used for self-defense, to drive off varmints, or to destroy a sick or injured animal.

The most commonly-found modern weapon is the shotgun, usually 12-gauge in a single or double-barrel configuration. Modern-style pump-action weapons are rare, much too expensive for most residents. 40% of the residents own shotguns.

Revolvers are next in popularity, most often the .38 caliber. This was the weapon carried by Wilbur Whateley the night he was killed. 25% of the farmers own some type of pistol. Automatics are extremely rare.

Rifles are less common although a fair number of houses have a 22 lying around. These are usually singleshot or bolt-action models. A few farmers own a 30-.06, used primarily for hunting deer. 30% of the houses will have a 22 and 20% a 30-06.

In almost every house, whether or not there are any other firearms, will be found a vintage musket, handed down through the family, usually kept clean and handy in case of an emergency. These weapons must be hand-loaded with shot and powder and can be fired only once every six rounds by even the most skilled user. They cause 1D10 points of damage and have a base range of 20 yards. They are simple and sturdy. It takes 14 points of damage to break one. \Im



EARTH, SKY, SOUL John Tynes

Now that you have a better idea of what a typical Dunwich farm entails, your players will find out about an *a*typical Dunwich farm. "Earth, Sky, Soul" is a very short scenario, little more than an incident, that may be placed whenever and wherever is convenient. It points towards one of the larger secrets of the area, and may be inserted at any appropriate point in play. The tone attempted is one of shock and revulsion, and it may well be the investigators' first look at the dark underbelly of Dunwich. Assuming that this is early in the campaign, play up the gruesome accents of this episode. It should contrast nicely with the rather sedate (if decayed) vision of Dunwich that your players probably have formulated at this point.

The night or morning before you wish this encounter to occur, stage a small earthquake, a tremor, heavy enough to rattle dishes in a four-mile radius from the planned site of the encounter, but not heavy enough to do much damage. The investigators will probably be elsewhere when this occurs, but you can volunteer this information at any point, prior to the encounter or during it.

THE EXPLOSION

As the investigators move towards the rim of a steep rise in the road (whether on horseback, driving, or walking) call for Listen rolls with a 20% bonus. Successful rolls hear a series of two gunshots, followed a few moments later by two more. Impaled rolls suggest that the gunshots are shotgun blasts, and are curiously muffled.

Cresting the rise, the investigators see a stretch of road with a few farmhouses spaced apart by an acre or so (again, this may be wherever you wish it to be: adjust the description according to locale). Investigators who impaled their roll are certain that the shots came from one of the farmhouses up ahead; others may attempt an Idea roll for the same purpose, but only if they ask where the sound originated. The lack of nearby woods dispels the possibility of hunting.

Assuming they aren't flying along at full speed, as the investigators progress along the road some residents of the houses will walk out of their front doors and peer ahead, wondering what is going on. According to the Keeper's wishes and the player's actions, they may need to ask a couple of farmers where the shots came from; shortly they will be pointed towards one quiet-looking farm up the road. If the investigators are on foot, they will probably join a small to check on the trouble.

cluster of farm folk heading up the road to check on the trouble.

Arriving at the farm in question, all will be quiet. If anyone hails the house (whether the investigators or any accompanying them), no response is heard. Asking any nearby residents identifies the farm as belonging to the Arkins, a family of five—Ethan and Virginia, along with their adolescent offspring March (14). Henry (16), and Banford (17). A fourth child, Dee, perished a few months ago of fever at the age of 15. The run-down house sits on an 8-acre lot, with furrowed land extending behind. A small garden runs on three sides of the house, broken up by a well in the far corner of the yard. Observant investigators who succeed in a Spot Hidden roll as they cast their eyes about may notice a small burying ground behind a copse of trees past

the well. An impaled Spot Hidden will indicate motion there.

Entering the house will reveal little; the building contains six rooms, consisting of a sturdy kitchen, master bedroom, two smaller bedrooms (one for the girls, March & Banford, one for Henry), a largish pantry and a sitting room. The furnishings are unremarkable, though antique-seekers in decades to come will no doubt coo over the simple, workman-like furniture typical of the period. Halved Idea rolls will notice that several things are either missing or in disarray (roll for each or for the sum as you wish); a single shotgun rack above the fireplace is empty: the pantry has several empty shelves and a mason jar or two on the floor; dressers in the bedrooms are lying open, with clothing hurriedly removed. Neighbors queried will respond that the Arkins haven't been seen today.

In the backyard, the storm doors to the cellar are open, from which issues an unpleasant smell of gunpowder and (with Listen rolls) a low moaning.

THE CONTAGION

The Arkins are a deeply religious family, firmly opposed to the Believers: witch-globes hang presciently on their front porch. The parents harbor an almost masochistic fascination with the book of Revelations in the Bible.

Last night, a minor tremor opened a rift in the earth beneath the Arkin house, temporarily releasing a miasmic cloud of spores from the vast caverns and tunnels that riddle the rock beneath the region. These spores (see <u>Dunwich</u>, pages 22–23, for more info) filled the root cellar, the fastened storm doors keeping the filthy air from circulating with the clean. Early this morning, Ethan Arkin went down into the cellar to fetch some tools. There he was overcome by the POT 12 spore-air and beheld therein a vision of Judgment Day. Weighted down with religious hallucinatory awe, he hurried inside and roused the family, importuning them to come below and hide whilst the unclean roamed the earth, awaiting the rapture that would come and take them away. Virginia, the more prudent of the two, grabbed several jars of preserves and instructed the children to bring clothes. Henry grabbed the shotgun and an old box of birdshot shells.

Once within the cellar, the family was overcome by the spores to varying degrees. Ethan and Virginia both felt the coming of Judgment Day, and trembled in awesome fear. March and Banford suffered only from an extreme paranoia.

Henry felt something quite different. Henry and his late sister Dee enjoyed an incestuous relationship during the year prior to Dee's death. Dee died giving birth to her brother's son: the child was born dead. As the spores entered his circulatory system, Henry became possessed of his own vision of Judgment Day, in which those worthy of the kingdom of Heaven would rise from their graves and ascend towards the Lord. Paramount in this vision was Dee, buried in the family plot behind the trees, their child crying for aid.

Undergoing a bout of spore-induced paranoia, Henry became convinced that Dee and the child would be unable to ascend unless freed from the coffin where they lay. He attempted to flee the cellar where the Arkin family hid and breathed in the contagion, but was stopped by his father. As adrenalin and the spores coursed through his bloodstream, Henry finally grabbed the shotgun and murdered his father and mother. As his helpless sisters cried and huddled in a corner, he re-loaded the shotgun and killed them both in turn. He then dropped the gun and fled the cellar for the burial ground.

DOWN THERE

Investigators descending into the cellar will not need a source of light: two lit lanterns provide sufficient illumination. The root cellar is a single, simple room, holding several shelves of preserves along with potatoes, rhubarb, and various tools. It also holds $\frac{4}{5}$ of the Arkin family. Ethan Arkin lies in the middle of the room, nearest the stairs to the storm door, his face a mass of bloody sundered flesh. Forty-five degrees to his left, Virginia sits against a support post, still living but within minutes of death from the shotgun wound to her abdomen. In a dim corner, March and Banford lie in a heap, covered in blood and the acrid smell of cordite. Seeing the remains of the Arkin family here costs investigators a 2/1D6+1 SAN roll. Virginia is the only family member alive, but she will die almost at once without a successful First Aid roll.

With a successful First Aid attempt, she remains alive just long enough to murmur into the kindly

investigators' face, "Oh my lord, oh my lord Jesus, ye've come..." before expiring. Otherwise, she dies with a short rattling breath that never quite leaves her throat.

Casting about the cellar for clues, the investigators will be aware now of an acrid smell below the fresh reek of cordite. Once they have been down here for a couple of rounds (probably just after Virginia has met her final fate), have them make POW resistance rolls versus the spores, at a POT of 10. With a success, the investigator feels ill and is aware of the cellar as a source of uncleanliness. A failure instigates a brief but horrific hallucination: the lanterns seem to dim, and the corpses began to shift and move, as if struggling to get up. Affected investigators should make a 1/1D10 SAN roll for this vision. Those taking five or more points and making an Idea roll will flee screaming: the rest will be convinced of the movement and may attempt violent action against the corpses or may flee, according to the predilections of the investigator.

At some point after any mayhem has passed, the investigators may head back outside. Alternately, if the investigators noticed the movement by the burial ground and went there first, they will encounter the following first and the cellar only as an epilog.

The burial ground consists of five graves, all dated within the last one hundred years and holding the remains of Arkin family members. By one of them crouches the temporarily-insane Henry Arkin, frantically unearthing the corpse of Dee and the infant. Whenever the investigators arrive, he is cradling their stiff bodies in his arms, murmuring softly to the still forms. Seeing this pitiable but unsightly display is worth a 1/1D3 SAN roll.

Investigators who flee the cellar under the influence of the spores have a still-worse vision awaiting them should they run in the direction of the small family plot. There, the exhumed bodies of Dee and the infant-both shrivelled and worm-eaten-will claw at the investigator over Henry's shoulders, struggling to reach him or her with evil intent. This vision also costs 1/1D10 SAN.

Henry is unapproachable, wracked by sobs. If forcibly pried away from his beloved Dee, he will attack his grapplers with furiously swinging but largely ineffective fists and arms. He can be subdued easily, dissolving into helpless sobs for his lost sister and child.

THE RELEASE

Free from the influence of the spores, Henry will regain his senses and fall into a depressive melancholy at what has happened. Extended interviews will eventually untangle the truth of the story, though not the cause. Henry will face four counts of murder, and eventually be turned over to a state institution for the insane for several years (perhaps in Arkham?).

No Sanity gains exist for this episode: no solutions exist to the problems and tragedies of the Arkin family. But the curious presence of the miasma in the cellar (since stopped by shifting earth and rock) may alert the investigators to one of the larger problems affecting Dunwich and the area. As a pointer along that path, this encounter may eventually lead to their resolution of the threat and the peace of mind that may result. S





FROM THE Investigative OURNALS OF IKHAIL AKSAKOV

BLAIR REYNOLDS

(continued from TUO3)

December 21, 1921

It has been some weeks now since our escape from the house that we discovered belongs to a man named Henry McGowen. We have taken refuge among a family of French-Americans in this small town of Lakewood. Wisconsin, and I will not pretend by saving that we have not forced ourselves upon them, for we have. But we had little choice. It has come to our knowledge that Mr. McGowen is a man of some power and responsibility in this area, and there are many persons of the town looking for us even now. This home we have entered into for hiding is some distance from the central portion of the town proper, however, and they as yet have not looked for us here. The family, mostly French-speaking, undoubtedly see us for the lunatic-escapees that we may very well be.

Gailbraithe. Montigue and Michael constantly argue among one another about our "position of legal responsibility" to turn ourselves over to authorities because we have, after all, killed three men, stolen a vehicle and other personal property, and taken a family prisoner while we hide in their home. Gailbraithe contends that the police would listen and empathize with us, especially once her family was notified and initiated a plan of legal and political paper pressure. Michael responds by reminding her that she still has no tactile idea of whom her family might actually be, and that the authorities would be more willing to take McGowen's position on things, as he is apparently a reputable physician and psychologist in these territories. Gailbraithe then, in turn, resorts to tears. And so, they can never agree – particularly when they consider the evidence that we obtained several weeks ago...evidence that we stole from the McGowen estate itself, where we were held.

It took some very real courage, but we finally had decided to investigate the McGowen home. There were too many questions we had that we knew might never be answered if we were recaptured, by authorities or by McGowen himself. So we returned, under cover of night, to that place each of us feared and loathed. "Like thieves," Gailbraithe had said at the time. "Yes. Like the madmen, murderers, and thieves that we are." I assured her.

To make a long story short, there was no one at the residence when we went, parking our vehicle a mile or two from the house and walking in on foot. We spent a minimal amount of time inside; it was decided early on that we would search quickly and be in and out in no more than ten minutes. Our cursory investigation

was rewarded with nothing, save the fortunate discovery of a large bureau in the master bedroom and, inside, a collection of maps, books and manuscripts.

We returned to our vehicle with the contents of the desk and began an initial inspection of the stolen material. We had not yet found the house in which we are now hiding—at that point in time we were sleeping in the Packard, migrating from location to location to avoid detection, taking food from the barns and sheds of local farmers, and on one occasion (when Gailbraithe was sleeping) robbing three school children of their lunches after Montigue and I spotted them walking across a snowy field toward school. Of our stolen material, our initial inspection immediately afforded us with further problems, and these problems were the initial reasons for our taking over of the house we are in now.

All of the papers in question were written in a garbled French which only Montigue could make even the slightest sense of. He informed us that the hand-written texts were difficult for him to comprehend because the author (or authors?) had put down all the information in a debased, antiquated sort-of French/Spanish mix. Indeed, he said that there were places where he could even detect influences and traces of Latin. For the most part, however, Montigue felt confident that he could translate and transcribe the whole of it-given time. And so this was when we actually formed the idea of locating a house in the countryside, a house that would be out of the way, that would give Montigue the time he needed for his study. Michael argued that we should simply leave the entire vicinity, putting some distance between ourselves and the wretched McGowen estate. But there were still too many unanswered questions that our new collection of books might not explain, once they were transcribed. It just wouldn't do to put Henry McGowen and his home and dungeon miles behind us.

We stayed.

Within the first few days of work, after coming into the immigrants' home, Montigue informed us that one of the books we'd taken was in actuality a sort of short journal, and that some of the things he'd thus far translated from it began to explain a few of our questions—though not without disturbing him intensely. When urged for more details and specifics, Montigue became sullen and withdrawn, telling us that he didn't wish to throw out what he knew so far, as he still did not have a whole picture. Some of the things he did confide in us, however, were difficult for us to grasp and accept. We did a great deal of arguing those first few nights, sick with the possibilities that Montigue had presented to us. Sick in our stomachs for the fear that began to squirm in our insides. The immigrant family could only cower and murmur as they surveyed us, and their eyes seemed to tell the story of what we had become, and were becoming.

During the last nights I have heard Gailbraithe crying in her room as she slowly and inevitably grasps and digests the truth. Michael claimed the French family's shotgun, and I am certain that at times, when he is alone in his own room, he puts the double barrel in his mouth and comes to grips with the truth himself. Each of us has to succumb with the truths of what Montigue seems to have uncovered. And every night I pray that the worms won't sing_or whisper.

December 25, 1921 - Christmas Day

Montigue finished his work today. He came down from his upstairs room and told us everything he knew: explained everything he'd learned in the greatest detail. It took some time.

Afterwards, while we sat drinking the Canadian whiskey we found hidden in the kitchen, Montigue borrowed Michael's shotgun, went out into the clean, night snow near the barn and put his brains into the cold dark air.

December 27, 1921

Two men with shotguns came to the house in a pickup today. They came to the front door and knocked several times, but by that time we had moved the family into the basement where they would not be tempted to call out. Gailbraithe stayed with them while Michael and I returned to the upstairs to see exactly what the men would do when the door went unanswered. We were both careful to stay clear of all windows so as not to be seen. It wasn't long before we saw another vehicle arrive, parking behind the first in the snowy drive. Out of this car came two more men, the first one large and carrying a rifle, and the second carrying a pump

shotgun: I recognized that latter almost instantly, from distant glimpses of him we'd had in the town of Lakewood. Henry McGowen. The devil himself. The first two men met them at the edge of the property, making several gestures in the direction of the house. Of their conversation we heard nothing.

Moments later, they were all four turning and coming back across the yard, and the manner in which they moved through the snow and mud in their leather boots suggested that they would most likely attempt to enter the house to investigate regardless of the situation.

That was when I sent Michael to inform Gailbraithe that things were rapidly deteriorating, and that the two of them should lock the family in the cellar and get back as quickly as possible.

But Michael was gone too long.

Before the mechanic could return with the woman, one of the men broke the pane in the front door with the butt of his rifle. At that moment I glimpsed the first two men through a nearby window, running around the house to the back door, leaving McGowen and his man in front. A few moments more, and the front door came open, the man with the 30–30 rifle stepping through into the living room.

I had taken a place behind an adjoining wall where I could move into the front room quickly, and now I ducked out and swung the katana at the man's face, sideways—but not before Gailbraithe suddenly appeared in the kitchen entryway, distracting him for one crucial moment. I heard Michael shout somewhere behind the woman, but the .30–.30 had already come up and fired in our direction. My sword caught him across the bridge of the nose and both eyes at the same time that he fired, and he fell back screaming, dropping his gun, the blast of the rifle's report sounding throughout the close quarters. Peripherally, I glimpsed the woman fall back in the opposite direction, toward the kitchen.

I expected McGowen to come in immediately after seeing the man in front of him struck down, especially when he could've seen that my sword was still in the man's face and that I had thereby managed to disarm myself, but that was not the case. He never appeared, and after a moment I was scrambling to pick up the fallen rifle. Just as I got hold of it and jacked in a new cartridge, Michael appeared with the woman over his shoulder in a fireman's carry, running from the kitchen and shouting that the other two men were even then breaking in the back door. We headed out the front, over the bleeding form of the man with my katana in his face – that was the last I saw of that blessed blade. Michael instantly ran for the Packard, running in the direction of the barn where we had parked it to keep it out of sight, but I did not follow, not immediately.

I jogged to the end of the house and waited, waited only a moment or two before I saw one of the men round the back side of the house and raise his shotgun, having spotted Michael and Gailbraithe. In my own turn I stepped out and fired the 30-30, the shell piercing the man's left temple.

Then I ran. I ran like a woman. I ran until I caught up with Michael and we piled into the Packard and sped away.

January 14, 1922

We're in San Francisco now. Today the three of us will set sail for the Orient - in particular, Japan and a small town called Iwakuni. Gailbraithe saw a doctor in Cedar Rapids for her minor wound to the left shoulder and arm, and has since recovered enough for the trip. The extended train ride from Cincinnati gave her time enough to heal, and that quiet time helped us all gather our wits.

We've talked a good deal since leaving Lakewood and this thing that we're doing now seems the only logical course to take if we are all to have peace of mind again. Montigue had explained to us that the French-born American, Henry McGowen, was a world traveler and that the odd pieces of trackless earth he'd walked in his many journeys could not easily be summed. McGowen was also a devoted patron of the occult, and in his pursuit of the bizarre and the unholy he had come upon a series of books written in Chinese and named the "Volumes of Dzyan" or the "Books of Dzyan."

He apparently obtained these items from a temple in Japan, though the exact location or nature of the temple was never named his journals. The volumes described a method by which a person (such as our good McGowen) might fertilize a human "vessel" in a manner which would allow the person to be the recipient of an "unborn Child of the Worm." This entire process was (is?) extremely time-consuming and delicate, with chemical and psychological alterations and inducements accompanying the procedure. In the final culmination of these

fertilizations, the host is endowed with the child, and this child will undergo further treatment by those tending so that it will eventually awaken and overtake the host. Eventually, both child and human will become a third and awesome single form. Montigue made certain we understood: the child is not a thing of this sane and tangible world. There was a description of it in the books that Montigue transcribed before he died and he read it to us, though I shall not include that description in these pages; as I have said, sometimes I feel that I am. watched. from within. From inside me. I am sure that it is watching and waiting, waiting for the proper chemical and arcane proddings.

There is no way to know which of us was impregnated—if indeed any of us were. Maybe we're only suffering from a paranoid delusion, and all we need to do is see a competent physician to confirm that we are all three healthy and well.

But I know that Michael and Gailbraithe have to be as certain as I: I know what monstrosity is curled inside me, and I know that it has to come out by special means.

We talked several times, even while Montigue was still alive, about the possibility of capturing McGowen and forcing him to divulge the specific method by which we could be rid of the things, but each time it was discussed our arguments ended only in indecision: we decided not to decide. There was some degree of fear in us, you must understand. From certain sources, including the books and journals, we began to accumulate bits of information that gave us the belief that McGowen had acquired arcane and fearsome magics and symbols of power, and that he could use them unceasingly and unerringly: to melt flesh, burn tissue, break bones, and wipe away minds.

Immature and stupid, maybe, but that is what we came to believe.

None of that matters now, though. We couldn't go back and grab him, even if we had a mind to.

I took care of that.

Today we sail to Japan, and the town of Iwakuni, where Montigue told us we were kept before being brought overseas to Lakewood. In Iwakuni there was, and hopefully still is, another place much like McGowen's estate, and the group of us were imprisoned there nearly two years ago. It was there we underwent the first steps of our fertilization, in a drugged stupor the whole while. Iwakuni is probably the first and best place to look for the answers we all so desperately need to have.

And so we go, none of us still remembering much of what, who, and where we were after the summer of 1917. Gailbraithe still does not recall her own first name. I think Michael loves her, and that she loves him.

Poor bastards.

Whatever is in front of us, at least I know what is now behind us. At least I know that our previous captor will not pursue us— it was McGowen's own head that I fired that final shot into. He died as a man dies, nothing more. His spells and arcane words did not protect him from my rifle.

Of this I've said nothing to Michael and Gailbraithe: it is still something I have difficulty admitting even to myself, because I may have cursed us all. All three of us. If McGowen was the only person capable of removing this plague from our bodies, then I have killed us—as surely as I'd pulled a trigger.

Which I did.

Onward to Japan, then, in the company of worms...





THE EVE OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS

IVOR SKANES, KEVIN A. ROSS, AND JOHN TYNES

Cast A Deadly Spell HBO Movie, broadcast September, 1991 starring Fred Ward, David Warner, Clancy Brown, et al. reviewed by Ivor Skanes

This HBO movie is set after WWII, in an alternate-world Los Angeles in which magic is commonplace. Werewolves, vampires, zombies, gargoyles, summoned demons, and (as if even their own film series couldn't contain them) gremlins shoulder each other aside for attention in the flick. Color the rest of this seedy world in a hazy *film noir*-ish amber and you have the setting for *Cast A Deadly Spell*.

Into this setting steps H. Philip Lovecraft—the hardboiled private eye, not the New England author and creator of Cthulhu. Lovecraft (the P.I., played by Fred Ward) is hired by sinister book collector David Warner to recover the <u>Necronomicon</u>, his prized possession, which he needs for an upcoming midnight convention. Did I mention that Warner has a virginal daughter? I didn't? Ah, well, there's the rest of the plot for you.

There are a number of things wrong with this film, from the transparent plot (whose "surprise" denouement has been done previously in horror films—eg. *The Monster Squad*), to the needless usage of Lovecraftian elements. In fact, the use of Lovecraftian elements seems tacked onto a world already rife with occult trappings—any generic demonology could easily have substituted for the Cthulhuoid bits: as it is, these elements are handled as unimaginatively as they were in the earlier film version of "The Dunwich Horror."

Further problems arise in the use of the monsters, which in some cases are the strongest points of the film. The use of runes to summon a demon-assassin is hauled directly out of Jacques Tourneur's classic film *Curse* of the Demon This scene is one of *Cast's* high points, and the monster is frightening despite its diminutive size. Unfortunately, the film's gargoyle is the butt of a brainless joke: detective Lovecraft empties his revolver at the stone-skinned critter at point blank range with no effect—at which point he incapacitates the thing with a kick to the groin. Obviously some parts of the stone are harder than others...

Finally we come to the big conclusion, in which Cthulhuoid names are dropped (and mangled), and crosses and double-crosses occur. An allegedly Lovecraftian entity answers Warner's call (oh? you hadn't guessed? sigh), but instead of some horrific alien monstrosity, we get Cujo on a bender—or is it some form of deranged subterranean aardvark? Whatever it is, it isn't very scary, and it does exactly what anyone having seen the first 15 minutes of the film could guess it would do.

For all the money that was poured into this thing, we could have had a good start on adapting "Shadow Over Innsmouth." Instead we get a half-hearted attempt at a comedy/horror/*film noir* conglomeration. Why is it that Hollywood insists on dragging poor HPL's name into such dreadful cinema, especially when they don't have the sense to actually do Lovecraft stories? This is just a sickly attempt to cash in on Lovecraft's name. Worse yet, if this one succeeds future Lovecraft (the detective) stories are planned. Cthulhu forbid...

Cast A Deadly Spell is set to show up on video early in 1992. It rates at best three phobias out of ten.

Orient Express a "luxury campaign" for <u>Call of Cthulhu</u> Chaosium, Inc. \$39.95 reviewed by John Tynes

Orient Express is certainly one of the most intriguing releases Chaosium has ever put out. The high price tag is the most visible facet of this. But the campaign does live up to its billing as one of luxury. The handouts, components, and material presentation *are* luxurious. The passports, printed on linen paper with graciously embossed seals, are possibly the high point but the posters and the 25mm train maps are excellent as well.

The plot of *Orient Express* is pretty strong. The investigators are called upon to gather the pieces of an ancient artifact of sublime malignance, the Sedafkar Simulacrum. The parts are scattered across Europe (conveniently located along the route of the Simplon-Orient Express, of course) and vicious opponents dog the group at every turn. A seventy-percent Investigator casualty rate is given as likely in the text.

Six booklets comprise the campaign. Altogether, they total about two hundred and sixty pages of material. The first book sets up the campaign and gives meticulous information about the Orient Express train and routes. The second, third and fourth books (totaling 180 pages) contain the scenarios themselves, ranging from London to Constantinople. Of the two remaining books, one contains all of the player handouts (excepting the special components mentioned earlier), while the other is a file of NPC's (or possibly investigators, if needed) that might be met on the train.

The presentation of all this is extraordinarily clear and attractive, both in terms of appearance and writing quality. You won't find yourself getting confused or flipping around in different books looking for some obscure reference. The background information and evocation of the variety found in 1920s Europe is first-rate all the way. All the stuff relating to the principal cult and their peculiar magic and history is also really well-conceived.

Beside all of these things, however, is the most important consideration: is it any good?

Yes. And no.

The campaign begins well enough, with a strikingly curious introduction ("Man Dies Three Times In One Night") and an interesting but unrelated side-scenario. The first "real" scenario occurs near Paris, and it is quite good. From there, things rocket downhill as the campaign goes from okay, to fair, to middling, then begins to suck. A couple of high points brighten the view; the Venice piece is everything a scenario set in Venice should be, full of mood and threat and curious happenings. Zagreb is fun, in a strange sort of way. But Milan, Trieste, and Belgrade-oh god, Belgrade-are weak at best and frustratingly bad at worst.

My biggest problem with these scenarios is that their intent is to pop the investigators into one end of a tube and pop them out the other. Generally, they have some really neat scenes and ideas, yet the execution is so limited and directed that I've found extensive improvisation to be needed, just to cover the basic points of the scenario, let alone when the players go off in any direction but the one the scenario wants them to go on.

My pet peeve with gaming scenarios is when they include text to be read aloud, especially dialogue from an NPC. You'll find several examples of this in *Orient*; player handouts with names like "What the Gypsy Tells You" and the like. Certainly, you can try to paraphrase them, but I found this to sound even clumsier. Why do writers insist on doing this? FASA's <u>Shadowrun</u> supplements are especially bad in this regard.

But...after the bad patch, when you open to the first page of the fourth and final scenario book, things change. The fourth book (about sixty pages) is just excellent. Lots of thrills and nasty stuff, some good investigative work, and a series of false climaxes that will leave players wheezing and investigators dead.

Dead? Oh yes. From all appearances, it is this fourth book where the seventy percent casualty rate comes in, because every scenario is exceptionally deadly. All the crows come home to roost, as it were, and the investigators are their pickings. Yet, it is the most consistently-good book in the set. It redeems the weak spots and the flat-out lousy ones, and really stands out as something else. Had the campaign been consolidated into a regular-size Chaosium supplement, with an emphasis on the contents of this final book. it would have been much better.

continued on page 35



A FURIOUSLY FUGGLY CARD GAME JEFF BARBER & JOHN TYNES

Are you tired of playing the good guys all the time? Tired of going insane just when you're getting the hang of things? Tired of getting eaten by absolutely every monster in the book? Well suffer no more! Now you and a few of your close personal friends can play the Cultists! Yes! Worship strange beings from beyond time and space! Perform sinister magicks that sear flesh and burn bone! Send out your brainless thugs to stomp the innocent! (and the guilty...) And summon your deity to utterly and completely destroy the Earth! Now doesn't that sound good?

Sure it does. So get busy! In the center of this issue of the Oathyou'll find five sheets of cardstock. Unbend the staples in the middle and take these cardstock sheets out. If you want, you can also remove these rulesthey've been set up in the magazine so that removing them won't screw up anything else. Each cardstock sheet has twenty playing cards on it. Cut them all apart, and you'll have a deck of one hundred cards. Shuffle them up.

Next, now that you have taken out the cards, you'll find in the center of these rules a playing sheet. Make photocopies of it. The sheet itself is the usual 81/2" by 11". Below it is a little strip you can cut off and use to write the name of your cult on and fold so it stands up during play. You can ignore the strip if you want to, and just copy the playing sheet portion of the page. You can either make just a couple copies and write on them with pencil so they can be re-used, or slaughter a forest and run off a whole bunch.

From two to five people can play Creatures & Cultists You can try playing with more than five, but we've found it to be rather tedious and non-fun when we did. Four is probably optimal.

PREPARING

Give each player a Cult sheet. You'll notice that the sheet has two main sections, each of which face a different direction. Place the sheet in front of you so that the rows of boxes face out, towards the other players. At the end of the sheet facing you, write in the name of your cult-it can be anything from the Bloody Tongue to the Boy Scouts of Azathoth. Also write in your cult's credo, a saying or phrase that sums your cult up (for instance, "Plumps when you cook 'em!" for the Minions of Cthugha). Then, come up with a Cult Symbol and draw it in the box on the right. Keep this simple; whenever you kill another cultist, you're going to draw your symbol in their box to verify it as your "kill."

The name, credo, and symbol don't affect the game directly-being the Devotees of Daoloth instead of the Hossenpfeffers of Hastur won't matter. But it will make things a lot goofier, which is always a plus.

After this, roll your three skills. These are Sorcery, Conjuring, and Thuggery. Each is determined by rolling two six-sided dice and adding three to the roll. If you roll doubles for any skill, don't use that roll. Roll again instead. Why? Sorry, only Third Circle Initiates into the cult are allowed to know that.

Finally, write your cult's name again in the wide box labeled "Cult:" that faces out. Write it big so everyone can see it. If you're using the little stand-up name thingie on the page below the playing sheet, set it up now as well.

Once your sheet is all set up, have someone deal out the cards. Each player should get six cards.

THE GAME

Creatures & Cultists is a pretty simple game with a lot of oddball rules. Why? Cultists don't think like normal people. And they don't design normal games.

As a cult, you are competing with the other players. To win you must do one of two things: either destroy all the other cults, or summon your deity to destroy the Earth. Don't think that one is more preferable; if you destroy all the other cults you can assume that you will then summon your deity anyway just to rub it in. Either way is a completely valid way to win.

On each cult's playing sheet you'll find three rows of cultists. These are your fanatic followers. There are two kinds-Thugs and Sorcerers. Thugs beat up people. Sorcerers summon monsters. It's a living.

Each cultist has a point value, shown by a big number at the top of their box. Whenever you kill a cultist, you get that many Fugely Points. You'll find a box for circling your current Fugely Points in the middle of the sheet.

Each cultist also has a pair of die roll modifiers. Basically, Thugs can not only beat up people, they can also summon monsters. And Sorcerors not only summon monsters, they can also beat up people. But neither is terribly good at the other's job. The outer row is the weakest; each row gets stronger, as shown by the higher bonuses, smaller minuses, and higher Fuggly Point values.

Take a look at these rows. You'll see that first row cultists all have -3 to whichever skill isn't their specialty: Thugs have -3 Sorcery, Sorcerers have -3 Thuggery. Each one also has a bonus for their specialty (Thugs. Thuggery: Sorcerers, Sorcery), which gets larger along the row as you move out from the center. These modifiers affect that skill when that cultist tries to use it; if your cult has a Thuggery skill of 6, and you're attacking with a +3 Thuggery Thug, your Thuggery skill for that attack will be 9. The center two cultists on any row are always the weakest on that row. The outermost cultists are always the strongest.

When cults fight, cultists get killed. Whenever a cultist is killed, the victor puts their symbol in the blank area of that cultist's box and adds the cultist's Fuggly Points to their own total.

At the beginning of the game, you can only attack cultists on the front row of other cults. You cannot attack cultists on the farther rows until the entire first row of cultists is gone. By the same token, you can only attack with cultists on your front row until your entire front row is gone, at which point you can begin attacking with cultists on your next row. Whichever row is currently exposed is called, sensibly enough, the current row, and is the only one considered "in play" (though some cards will change this).

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

Rounds in C&C are confusing. So to make it clear and easy to refer to we'll break them down into steps. Just remember that a round is when every player has taken a turn.

• To begin with, after the dealer has dealt the cards, the players all roll a die. Whoever rolls lowest (reroll any ties) is favored by the stars for this round.

• The cult favored gets a +2 bonus for any and all rolls they may make during the entire round, whether it is during their own turn or when, during another player's turn, they have to make defensive rolls or the like.

• Once the favored cult has been determined, the player on the right of the favored cult goes first. That way, the favored cult can attack the others when they are weakest-at the end of a round.

• After the last player has gone (which is always the favored one), the players all make the low-die roll again to see who will be favored in the new round, and play continues.

Yes, this means that play does not go in a continuous circle -each round the order is different. As an example, let's say Genocide Jeff. Panama Prima, and Johnny Pagan are playing. They all roll a die, and Jeff is favored by the stars. This round, the order of play will be Prima (sitting at Jeff's right), then John, then Jeff. After leff's turn is over, they roll again. This time, Prima is favored by the stars. So the order of play for this round will be John (sitting at Prima's right), then Jeff, than Prima.

The Unspeakable Oath

WHAT TO DO, HOW TO DO IT, AND WHOM TO DO IT TO

When it is your turn, the first thing you do is replenish your hand. Draw however many cards you need to get back up to six. Because of the strange round structure described above, this means that if you run out of cards during your turn you might have to go a long time before you get more back!

During your turn, you can do several things. First, if you draw a card that is underlined (such as <u>Bargain</u> <u>With The Mi-Go</u>) it affects you, and you must play it *immediately*. These are **Mondo** cards, and each one tells you exactly what to do with it.

Other cards fall into four categories—combat, event, defense, and spell. Combat cards are divided into Thuggery and Sorcery cards, and are discussed in the next section (Death And Mayhem). Event cards are cards you can play at any time during your turn, on another cult. They are uniformly bad, unless some Boof or Spooge reflects them back on you (Boofs and Spooges are also explained just below). You can play as many of them as you like, on whomever you like. All event cards have an exclamation point after them (such as Suck The President's Brain!).

Defense cards are used to defend against some attacks, and are marked with a • at each end of the title (such as •Elder Sign•). They are only played in response to an attack on your cult. Keep in mind that counterattacks may mean you are attacked during your turn.

Finally, spell cards are played like events—as many as you like, at any time during your turn. They are not marked with an exclamation point, aren't underlined, etc. If it isn't anything else, it must be a spell.

Generally speaking, every card you play is put in the discard pile. Some cards make exceptions for this, in addition, some combat results may allow you to hold onto the card you attacked with. But unless otherwise indicated, if you use it, toss it.

death and maynem

You'll be making lots of die rolls in the game. All die rolls (except for rolling your skills at the beginning) are made with three six-sided dice. You always want to roll low. To succeed, you'll need to roll below whichever skill you're rolling against, including any modifiers as described above.

Any time you roll a 3 or a 4, you have Spooged! Believe it or not, this is good. Very good. Most cards you use will tell you the effects of a Spooge. If, on the other hand, you roll 17 or 18, you have Boofed! Not surprisingly, that is bad. Very bad. Most cards you use will tell you the effects of a Boof, and you won't like them much when they happen to you.

To make a Thuggery attack, you need a combat card. These have nifty drawings by Todd Kingrea (thanks, Todd!) and have dashes on either side of the card name so you can be doubly sure. The combat cards have modifiers to your Thuggery skill on them, just like the cultist boxes do. A Molotov Cocktail card, for instance, has a +3 modifier that you would add to your Thuggery skill before rolling. Some combat cards have especially obnoxious effects. These are the Dynamite, Tommy Gun, and Big Honkin' Truck cards. They can kill multiple enemy cultists in a single attack. The text on those cards tells you what to do. After an attack, you will discard the card.

To make a Thuggery attack, you first choose which of your cultists on the current row is going to attack. Then you decide which card to use with the attack. You may only use one card in an attack. Once you've decided, you declare your attack ("This cultist" (point to it) "is attacking this cultist." (point to it) You should also identify your target by how many Fuggly Points it is worth). Add up the modifiers for the cultist and for the card (and any others that have been placed on you through weird cards played) and figure up what your Thuggery skill is for this attack. Then roll three dice. If you roll less than your Thuggery skill for this attack, you succeed.

If an attack succeeds, the victim has a chance to avoid it. But don't worry. It isn't much of one. The victim figures up his own Thuggery skill (with whatever modifiers apply, including defense cards) and then *halves* it and rolls three dice. If they are able to roll below this halved skill, they can laugh at you mockingly and avoid your attack.

Should an attack not succeed, either because you failed your roll or because the victim managed to defend,



	3 2 2 2 3 4 5 Thug Thug Sorcerer Sorcerer Sorcerer Sorcerer Sorcerer +3 Thuggery +2 Thuggery +2 Sorcery +3 Sorcery +4 Sorcery +5 Sorcery -1 Sorcery -1 Sorcery -1 Thuggery -1 Thuggery -1 Thuggery -1 Thuggery	4 Sorcerer +4 Sorcery -2 Thuggery	3 Sorcerer +3 Sorcery -3 Thuggery
	4	3	2
	Sorcerer	Sorcerer	Sorcerer
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	-1 Thuggery	-2 Thuggery	-3 Thuggery
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	-1 Thuggery	-2 Thuggery	-3 Thuggery
	2	1	0
	Thug	Thug	Thug
	+2 Thuggery	+1 Thuggery	+0 Thuggery
	-1 Sorcery	-2 Sorcery	-3 Sorcery
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	-1 Sorcery	-2 Sorcery	-3 Sorcery
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5	5	4	3
	Thug	Thug	Thug
	+5 Thuggery	+4 Thuggery	+3 Thuggery
	-1 Sorcery	-2 Sorcery	-3 Sorcery

the cult you attacked may counterattack you. If they do, they may only attack with the single cultist you just attacked. Their target can only be the single cultist you attacked with. Otherwise, the attack occurs normally—use the appropriate card, etc.

If the counterattack fails, the exchange between those two cultists is over. A failed counterattack can not in turn be counterattacked. Got it?

Thuggery Boofs and Spooges: If you Spooge when you make your attack roll, it is automatically a success, and the victim gets no defense roll. If you Boof when you make your attack roll, you miss and the victim may counterattack at a +2 bonus. If the victim Spooges on his defense roll, he may attack you back with the same +2 bonus. If the victim Boofs on his defense roll, you kill him and may also keep the card you attacked with rather than discarding it.

A Sorcery attack, like a Thuggery attack, needs a card. Sorcerers summon monsters, who go out and kill people for them. So, you need a monster card. You can identify these because they also have nifty Todd Kingrea drawings (thanks again Todd!) and, well, you just can't miss them.

To use a monster card, you have to control the monster. This requires a Sorcery roll. Like with Thuggery, your Sorcery skill is affected by both the cultist's individual modifier and by the modifier on the monster card. Unlike Thuggery, many of the cards have *minuses* to your skill. Why? The bigger and nastier the monster, the harder it is to control. But using the bigger monsters pays off: the second number on the monster card is the number the victim has to roll under to survive, and the bigger the monster is, the harder it is to avoid.

So, you pick your card, figure up your modifers, and try to roll under the cultist's Sorcery skill with three six-sided dice. If you succeed, the victim tries to defend. If they fail, they die, and you collect their Fuggly Points.

Sorcery Boofs and Spooges: If you Spooge on your Sorcery roll, the victim is killed outright, with no defense. If you Boof on your Sorcery roll, the monster attacks you instead—make the defense roll as if *you* were the victim. If the victim Spooges on his defense roll, he may attack you back. If he Boofs, he dies and you may keep the monster card instead of discarding it. You still must make a Sorcery roll with it next time, though.

Thuggery and Sorcery attacks are singular—one cultist can attack at a time, each using only one card. You may not combine Thuggery weapons, and you may not combine several monsters. You may make as many singular attacks as you like, however, but you must declare *all* of them at the beginning of your turn. A cultist can also make more than one attack on different targets, assuming you announce this to begin with. If your cultist dies, however, any remaining declared attacks from that cultist are lost.

Spell cards aren't cast by your Thugs or your sorcerers—they are cast by you, the head of the cult. You may cast a spell at any time during your turn, and it is not considered part of another attack unless the card says so. To cast a spell, you simply have to make a Conjuring roll, and follow any instructions on the card.

THOSE FUGGLY FUGGLY POINTS

Every time you kill a cultist you add their Fuggly Point value to yours. So what do you do with them? At any time, you can give yourself a bonus on a die roll by spending Fuggly Points from your total. Each

two Fuggly Points you spend gives you a +1 bonus. Those points are, of course, lost from your total. In addition, you need a certain amount of Fuggly Points before you may summon your deity (and thus

win the game). Think of it as a sacrifice. The amount you need to have is listed below:

Two players:	fifty Fuggly Points
Three players:	forty Fuggly Points
Four or more players:	thirty Fuggly Points

HOW TO DESTROY HUMANITY

As has been said before, there are two ways to win the game. One is to be the only survivor: after all, if no one else is around you can act as you please, right? An enemy cult is eliminated when all three rows of their cultists have been destroyed. You don't have to have killed them all yourself; just the fact that they're gone is enough!

The other way to win is by summoning your deity. First, you need to have at least the minimum number

of Fuggly Points listed above. Second, you have to be favored by the stars this round.

If you meet both of these tests, then when it gets to be your turn you simply say "Here comes Hastur!" or whoever your deity is. No, you don't have to use those exact words or anything. Then, as the rest of the players look on in agony, you try to roll beneath your Conjuring roll to pull it off. Remember that you are at a +2 bonus because you are favored. Don't forget to add any modifiers that are affecting you right now because of card play.

If you fail, everyone laughs at you and you feel silly. Subtract the Fuggly Points you had to have to summon your deity. Ouch!

If you succeed, jump and shout and laugh at the other players. You won! Your deity is even now striding his massive bulk across the landscape, crushing towns beneath him as he rolls onward. Enemy cults fall like matchsticks as your deity snuffs out their lives. Soon, of course, your deity snuffs out yours, too, but hey—that's life as a cultist.

strategies and design notes

A lot is determined when you first roll your three skills. Invariably, some player will get really screwed with a horribly low skill, and someone else will get a really high one. That's fine: that's why skills are determined randomly rather than being assigned points from a total or something. What you have to do, obviously, is play to your strengths. Remember that Thugs can summon monsters, and Sorcerers can use guns. At first, they're at big minuses, but as you get to the second and third rows the minuses get less and less and the cultists get stronger. This is intentional: as play goes on and the first row wears down, more powerful cultists are allowed into play.

We really don't reccommend playing **Creatures & Cultists** with less than four players and no more than five. Three can play more-or-less okay, but having just two players is rather pointless except to learn the rules.

Cards that permanently or temporarily decrease another cult's skill or skills are great. If a certain cult already has one of these on them, play another. You want to take out other cults as fast as you can, killing as many cultists yourself as possible.

Several really powerful cards exist. Create Gate is one, as is the Tommy Gun. Use these to your best advantage: Tommy Gun is perfect when the current row is untouched (and therefore completely eligible for the card's effect), but if there is only one cultist left don't waste it.

Creatures & Cultists began life as a card-based version of the GURPS combat system, specifically GURPS Horror. The card game was used to let new players practice and get familiar with the GURPS game system, and was designed by Casey Howell.

Casey told me and Jeff about this and we tried it out. Well, it was GURPS alright. Then someone suggested converting it to Cthulhu and putting it in the *Oath*. Yow! After the cardstock cut-outs and big fold-out maps from TUO2, we had despaired of finding another gimmick-um, that is, creative addition-for the magazine.

So, work began in fits and starts here and there. As it is now, C&C really is in need of more playtesting. But, we've run out of time and energy so here it is! Seriously, we think the game is pretty complete and kind of neat. You should feel free to discard or alter the rules to whatever you find the most playable.

The functions of the different cards should become clear during play. Making up your own is a good idea the more the merrier! We would really appreciate hearing from you if you try the game out. Corrections, suggestions, and especially new cards would be very welcome, and if the response is positive enough we'll probably do this again and print the new stuff.

Finally, **Creatures & Cultists** owes a big debt to one of the greatest card games ever created, Craig Taylor's <u>Naval War</u> from Avalon Hill. <u>Naval War</u> is a game I played with my parents a lot as a kid, and it embodies the principles of game design I most admire: compactness, variety, and ease of play. Spin-offs of the original have come along: <u>Modern Naval Battles</u> is quite good. <u>Enemy In Sight</u> and <u>The Challenge</u> are lesser efforts.

Some of what Craig did in <u>Naval War</u> you'll find in Creatures & Cultists Why? Because it works. Creatures & Cultists has a lot of its own flavor, but certain basic mechanics owe a debt to <u>Naval War</u>. If you like Creatures & Cultists, I suggest you pick up its spiritual predecessor sometime and have a blast. I always did. S

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THE EYE OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS, continued from page 26

The bottom line is whether this campaign is worth \$40 to you. First of all, it is really for experienced Keepers only, so if you don't feel comfortable with a lot of off-the-cuff improvisation you should steer clear.

For experienced Keepers, I really, really suggest talking to your players about it first. If they would be willing to kick in, say, \$5 or \$6 apiece (less than the cost of a movie nowadays) and you play the campaign through, your group *will* have a good time and it will fill up your gaming sessions for some time to come without making you feel like you've dumped a load of money on something that isn't completely satisfying.

Certain scenarios (and for that matter, concepts—the background material and the villains really are firstrate) in *Orient Express* rate seven or even eight phobias out of ten. But overall, the campaign sinks to about a five.

Kingsport, City in the Mists source book and adventures in the "Lovecraft Country" series for <u>Call of Cthulhu</u> Chaosium, Inc. \$18.95 reviewed by John Tynes

Chaosium's Lovecraft Country series, presenting fictitious towns from H.P. Lovecraft's stories for the CoC game, is hitting its stride. Arkham Unveiled, Return to Dunwich, and now Kingsport have all shown creativity and quality writing, as well as being true both to Lovecraft's works and to the spirit of the game (which are not always in harmony).

Kingsport is a quiet little seaside village in Massachusetts, barely a stones' throw from Arkham. It is home to numerous fishermen, and also boasts a thriving little artists' community. Tourists and visitors bring income and change, but quiet little Kingsport goes on much the same.

But when Kingsport sleeps, things happen. Kingsport, for a number of reasons, is a town on the edge of dream: dreams and reality at times merge there, taking forms wonderful and frightening. These are not the Dreamlands, as detailed in another Chaosium release some years back, but a very personal sort of unreality. Two scenarios in *Orient Express* took the same tack, with good results. Here the entire book is devoted to the subject, and the results are also good.

Author Kevin Ross (yes, you see him all over the place in the *Oath*, including this very review column) spends 57 pages describing the town itself—the harbor, the neighborhoods, the artists, the hermits—and succeeds admirably in getting across the feel of a little 1920s seashore retreat. The remainder of the 128-page book is taken up by three scenarios, all of course set in Kingsport.

The description of the town is really nice, but to some extent I guess I'd like to have seen more. Chaosium's current philosophy with sourcebooks like this is to provide more scenarios than background: the breakdown seems to be about 40% source material and 60% adventures. As a Keeper, I'd much rather see the ratio reversed – source material can be drawn upon for any number of scenarios, but an adventure is run only once. Kevin's work hits on the high points of Lovecraft's Kingsport stories, such as the Terrible Old Man and, especially, the Strange High House in the Mist. And it gives a nice feel for the town itself. There is a really interesting cult lurking in Kingsport's history, one that could really have been developed a lot better for the 1920s rather than being treated, by and large, as an interesting but more or less irrelevant history lesson.

The three scenarios are a diverse lot. The first, dealing with the Strange High House (one of Lovecraft's best creations, in my opinion) has a great idea behind it and the opening is terrific. But the execution falls flat; too much is devoted to a contrived meeting with an Elder God that doesn't give the players much to do. The combat encounter is neat, but completely irrelevant, and the creature there isn't picked up on in any of the remaining scenarios or source material. The possibilities it presents with investigators slain by it are intriguing, however.

The second scenario is by far the most peculiar, and the most...*Kingsportian*. In it, a young poet commits suicide after reading a certain book of poetry, and soon the investigators are drawn into the same strange dream-times he was, perhaps leading to the same result. There are no monsters to kill, no villains to fight, except

for each investigator's internal demons. In the hands of a skilled Keeper and cooperative players, this could be one of the most interesting scenarios ever written. Juggling reality and dream is absolutely crucial, however.

The third scenario is, as Kevin says in a related article this issue, a flat-out horror piece. There is a lot of good investigative work, and the final encounters are exceptionally deadly and frightening. This is a longish scenario, and should provide a good pay-off to players after spending time in Kingsport.

Beginning Keepers could make use of this book. For them, I'd recommend using the book initially just as a place to base investigators in while they tackled other scenarios. Eventually, as they learn more about Kingsport, the scenarios and situations in this book could be explored. Experienced Keepers should find Kingsport a delight; the Kingsport cult of old is just itching to be developed in new scenarios, though beyond that there isn't a lot of meat to the source material.

All in all, Kingsport is a fine effort, and a good addition to the Lovecraft Country series. It doesn't offer as rich an environment for scenarios as *Dunwich* did, but it is enjoyable and has enough nuggets buried in it to spark some great ideas for role-playing. It ranks about six-and-a-half phobias. Or is that six phobias and a nervous disorder?

Lovecraft Comics reviewed by Kevin A. Ross

Several new comic titles related to HPL and the Mythos are slated for release before the end of 1991. As of this writing, only the first two have appeared. Here's a brief overview of what to look for:

Re-Animator is a 3-part full-color series from Adventure Comics based on the Stuart Gordon film of the same name, which had its roots in the HPL tale "Herbert West-Reanimator." The first issue is now available, with a great Dave Dorman cover painting featuring characters from the film. The plot follows the movie very closely, so there are few surprises. The interior art also utilizes character depictions based on the film, but is rather hit-and-miss in terms of quality. Rumor has it that the 3-part film adaptation will spin off into a series of its own.

Re-Animator: Tales of Herbert West is another now-available Adventure Comics release. This one-shot book reprints the original HPL Herbert West stories, with black and white illustrations for each of the six parts. The stark black and whites are very well-done for the most part, and feature characters and scenes from the film *and* the original tales. In particular there is a fine rendering of the Old Gent himself, and a very thoughtful introduction from Steven Jones, editor/author of all the HPL releases from Adventure.

H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu, from Millennium Comics, is set to begin an ongoing series of adaptations of Lovecraft's Mythos tales, beginning with "The Whisperer in Darkness." Each issue will also include Great Old Ones trading cards by various artists. Early hints are that this series follows the continuing exploits of the Miskatonic Project, a group of modern-day Cthulhu-busters a la Brian Lumley's destestable Wilmarth Foundation. We can only hope not.

H.P. Lovecraft In Full Color, coming soon from Adventure Comics, is a 4-issue series that begins with an adaptation of "The Lurking Fear." Each issue will adapt a different HPL tale. \Im

The Eye Of Light And Darkness is a regular review column for anything having to do with <u>Call of Cthulhu</u>, H.P. Lovecraft, or horor and the supernatural in general. No media is considered off-limits, and submissions are greatly desired. Reviews give a rating of one to ten phobias, with ten being the best. Five phobias can be considered the "buy line," the point at which the reviewer feels the item is worth paying for. This scale was originally developed with Masks of Nyarlathotep considered the only "ten" item; other reviewers may feel differently.



The Tablets of Destiny

C. RAYMOND LEWIS April 15, 1933

We were almost there. I could feel it. Soon we would make the greatest archaeological discovery of the decade. perhaps even of the last hundred years. Soon, we would find the Tablets of Destiny, the icons of Babylonian kingship.

With me at this historic moment were Dr. Daniel Leiber, a noted Assyriologist from Cambridge, and Dr. Nathaniel Polson, an anthropologist from Miskatonic University, where I also taught.

We were digging in an isolated area of Iraq, approximately 55 miles south-southeast of Baghdad. The countryside was deserted for a couple of miles around us in all directions. No signs, even, of farmers or shepherds, which was fine by me. The fewer people that knew about our true goal, the better.

I had heard a rumor from a colleague of mine at the university in Munich that the new Chancellor of Germany, Adolph Hitler, was secretly looking for ancient religious artifacts. I thought it was nothing more than a rumor, but it never hurt to be cautious. Something about the ideology of Hitler's Nazi party just did not sit well with me.

Our two laborers/guides that we had hired in Baghdad were resting, as were Drs. Polson and Leiber. We had dug out a hole roughly three meters square. If our notes were correct, we would hit stone at any time.

Chunk! One of our guides' shovels had hit something solid. We began to get excited as we all joined in clearing away the dirt and sand. Soon we had an area cleaned off; the outlines of a stone square one meter across could be readily seen.

It was getting late. Normally, by this time, we would stop for dinner, and then bed...but tonight was different. No one was hungry for food, much less tired. Dr. Polson was hurriedly making sketches in the quickly fading daylight, while Dr. Leiber began making preparations to pry the stone off. I was busy writing down notes so that the exact course of events during this historic moment would not be lost. I then retrieved my notebook that contained translations of cuneiform. Dr. Leiber knew cuneiform like the back of his hand. but it never hurt to have a back-up.

As twilight settled on the plains of Iraq, so did we settle into the task of lifting the stone that lay between us and destiny.

Fifteen minutes later, I was being lowered down on a rope into a chamber that had lain undisturbed for thousands of years. I shined my flashlight around the chamber and felt the weight of history. There were carvings and statues beyond description, and I stood there in a spellbound reverie until Dr. Leiber almost landed on top of me.

Identifying the artifacts in this room alone would keep experts busy for some time. The room itself was exquisite. The chamber was approximately 15 meters by 18 meters, with many nooks and crannies around the walls. There were statues depicting at least half of the known Sumerian/Babylonian pantheon, many of which

were gilded or silver-plated.

Excited as we were, we were still professionals. I began making a map of the chamber we had entered while Dr. Leiber started to translate the carvings. Dr. Polson came down soon after and began to catalogue the items in the chamber.

Two hours later, the task was done. We accepted the inevitable and went back up to the surface for a few hours of sleep. We had the guides replace the stone while we rested; the plan was to begin searching for a way into the next chamber at dawn.

We were up before dawn the next morning. Over coffee and reheated stew from last night's dinner, we discussed our next steps. Obviously, there had to be something more. Our individual researches had indicated many chambers. Finding the way into those chambers was logically the next step.

With the help of our guides, we reopened the chamber and climbed down. After bringing down some supplies and setting up lanterns, we began the slow process of pushing, pulling, and poking anything that might conceal the catch for a secret door or entryway.

Three and a half hours later, Dr. Polson sat down with a sigh and leaned against a statue. Naturally, since we had already checked that statue, it moved with a groan. We pushed on it further, and it slowly moved back with a horrid grinding sound. Our efforts revealed a cramped circular stone stairway leading down.

I elected to go down the stairs first (actually, I lost at Rock, Paper, Scissors three times in a row). Gathering up a lantern and my courage, I went down.

The stairs only went down about 15 feet, though it felt much further. I began to grow cautious when I looked back up and could barely see the others. When I called up to them, my voice felt far away, and I had to strain to hear their answer.

I looked around me. I was in a small room that looked to be about two meters across on a side. The side across from the stairs opened up on a passageway. Dr. Leiber came down next, followed soon after by Dr. Polson.

Dr. Polson thought he ought to stay at the bottom of the stairs, Just in case.' Dr. Leiber and I started down the hallway. Once we entered the hallway, I no longer felt swallowed up by the darkness like I had on the stairs.

We moved cautiously, noting the artwork and writings along the way. I was also keeping a close eye out for traps. Between the two of us, several were found, but were left to be disarmed later. The desire to find

what we had come for was driving us on. Some time and many twists and turns later, we came to a door. It was larger than man-sized and appeared to be made of something similar to marble. The door frame was covered with symbols unlike anything I had seen before, and we paused as Dr. Leiber copied them down. Soon, he began to translate the symbols, muttering excitedly under his breath.

What seemed to be an eternity later, Dr. Leiber looked up and said, "This is it. According to these symbols, beyond this door lie the Tablets of Destiny." But how to open the door? As if reading my mind, Dr. Leiber pulled a notebook out of his pack. "I remember finding some phrases on a tablet unearthed at Ninevah some years back," he said. "One in particular looked to be some phrase of power.



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Perhaps the door is voice-activated."

Now I found it very unlikely that a civilization based on bronze and stone would be capable of voice-activated doors. It wasn't possible here in the twentieth century A.D. Why would it have been possible millenia B.C.? The only way would have involved magic, and frankly, I have no use for that charlatan's trade. On the other hand, nothing else we tried had worked, so why not?

To this day, I cannot remember the phrase that Dr. Leiber used. It seemed at the time like the sound was sucked out of my ears. I do remember quite clearly, though, that the door began to move as soon as Dr. Leiber finished. Dumbfounded, I crossed myself as I crossed the threshhold.

Inside was a rather plain room. There were no statues, no gold or silver treasures. There were pictures of men and gods on the walls, along with more symbols similar to those around the door. On the right hand wall, there was a section of the wall that looked to be made out of white stone in the shape of a portal or window. In the center of the room on a raised dais was a stone box, presumably the container of the Tablets. Dr. Leiber came up beside me with a look of wonder on his face.

I went over to that section of the wall that was different from the rest. The figures around it were different also. Instead of the images of kings and gods, this area depicted humanoid creatures with tentacles and more. Underneath the images seemed to be another image, an image of something large and shapeless; but it was discernible nonetheless.

The air around the wall was significantly cooler than the rest of the room. I rubbed my arms as I reached out and touched the portal. It was cold! I jerked my hand back in fear that it would freeze with any more contact. As I pulled my hand back it seemed as though the surface shifted into something more vague. Before, it had been like white obsidian, but now its complexion had become more milky. At least, it looked that way. I returned my attention back to the stone box on the dais.

With a hesitancy that was almost fear, Dr. Leiber motioned me over to help him open the box. We struggled with the lid for a while, but soon it was off. Inside were two tablets. Dr. Leiber began to study them, then gasped. "What is it?" I asked.

"These tablets...one describes my life, the other describes yours," he said, visibly shaking.

"Lucky coincidence?" I refused to let myself contemplate the implications of our names being on these tablets that were supposed to be millenia-old.

"Legend tells of the god Enlil, who was one of the three great divinities of the Babylonians. Among other things, he was the guardian of the Tablets of Destiny. Enlil had power over the destiny of all things."

"But he is a dead god." He was bent over them, reading near the bottom.

"I am destined to die, but you are destined to live." All of the color had run out of his face.

"Well, that takes a lot of power to figure out. You're twenty years older than I. It would be very surprising if I didn't outlive you." I still refused to think about how our names and histories had appeared on these tablets. "I think we are dealing with a very elaborate hoax."

"Who would be able to do this?"

"I don't know. Grab them. We can study them in detail later. This place gives me a bad feeling." Dr. Leiber slowly picked each tablet up and put them in his pack.

I turned around as I reached the door for a last look at the room; something told me that I would not be coming back to it. It was then I noticed the change in temperature. The whole room was getting much colder, and there was a visible swirling pattern on the portal in the right wall. I grabbed at Dr. Leiber, but he stood there, transfixed by the swirling portal. I grew more worried when a vapor began to issue from it.

The tips of grasping tentacles appeared in the portal. I panicked, and grabbed Dr. Leiber's pack and pulled. He shrugged it off. Whatever was coming out of the portal was almost out.

"Come on! Snap out of it! We must flee!"

"No! I will delay it. Now go."

"Not without you."

"It is my destiny to die. I will not... no, I cannot run from my destiny."

By now, It was out, large and absolutely hideous. It looked like some horrid manifestation of a squid, with eyes all over the transparent amoebic body. A long tentacle reached out, wrapped itself around Dr. Leiber, and

pulled him toward it. I broke and ran.

The creature began sliding after me, but I ran like I wore Hermes' winged boots. I ran, pell-mell through the hall, towards the upper chambers and the surface, tripping traps left and right.

I thought I was going to make it when I tripped over a loose stone and fell flat on my face. The creature was moving rather slow, so I was sure I would have plenty of time to get up and out. That was when the section of floor I was on sank about a foot. I scrambled up and hurried to the stairway, then flew up the stairs. A deep rumble could be heard from the bowels of the earth.

When I reached the surface, the sun was shining. I blinked against the glare. Dr. Polson looked worried; the guides looked terrified. "What happened? Did you find them? Where's Dr. Leiber?" I was about to answer when all chaos broke loose.

Sand erupted everywhere and then holes began to form. The halls were collapsing beneath us! First to go were the pack animals, and supplies. The guides, who were near the animals at the time, fell soon after. Dr. Polson and I started to run, but he slipped in some shifting sand and started sinking. I reached for his outstretched hand as he screamed for help. Our fingertips touched, and then he was gone. A short while later, the sand was calm and the rumbling had ceased. There was no trace of our work, or my companions.

I reached into Dr. Leiber's pack. The Tablets were still there, along with his notebooks. With a feeling of despair, I gathered what little remained of our camp and started walking to Baghdad.

**

I was picked up by a camel herder, and from there made it to Baghdad, and ultimately back to the United States.

At the museum, the curator and several of my colleagues welcomed me back, but were saddened at the loss of Dr. Polson and Dr. Leiber. I told them we were separated in a sandstorm, and no trace of them could be found.

That night, a close friend of mine came to visit. He had experienced many things that were simply inexplicable. After hanging up his leather jacket and felt fedora, I told him the real story over a bottle of bourbon. I've told no one else since, until now.

The Tablets no longer contain the histories of Leiber and myself. Instead, they are covered in a curious script no one recognizes. Perhaps it's better that way. A little knowledge can be a deadly thing. \Im





The Tablets of Destiny for use in <u>Call of Cthulhu</u>

The tablets appear in Sumerian myths when the god Enlil is mentioned. Enlil was one triad of greater gods as the god of the land (Anu was god of the heavens and Ea was god of the waters). Enlil was the guardian of the tablets, which gave him power over the destiny of all things, living or not. Ancient Babylonian beliefs held that having power to assign anything its place in the order of creation gave the power to fix its destiny. In the Bible, Adam is similiar to Enlil in that he fixed the destiny of all creatures by naming them and assigning them their place.

In the Mythos, Clark Ashton Smith's creation Ubbo-Sathla is said to reside in a vast bubbling pool, around which are scattered the Elder Keys. The contents of these inscribed stones are unknown, but it is not difficult to postulate a connection between the Elder Keys and the Tablets of Destiny of Sumerian myth. If any of the Keys/Tablets are in the hands of mortals, it is likely to only be a very few. More likely is that such items would be hidden away in tombs, guarded by one of Ubbo-Sathla's Spawn [see "Dark Denizens of Dreams and Beyond," in this issuel.

For those keepers wishing to weave subtle clues into a scenario involving the tablets, here is some additional info specific to Enlil: The sacred number of Enlil was 50; his astrological sign was the star group of Pleiades (which was usually represented with seven small circles); and the 'Way of Enlil' is the part of the heavens 12 degrees north of the equator.

It should be noted that when references are made to Sumerian ways, for the most part, they will hold true for Babylonia and Assyria, as each was a successive culture that grew on what came before.

In a scenario, there would probably be as many tablets as there are Investigators who find them. The language of the inscriptions is fluid and subject to change. The Tablets of Destiny, for instance, would be in Sumerian/Babylonian/Assyrian cuneiform. Elder Keys in the possession of other cultures would, of course, be different. The stones will initially tell the life history of each Investigator as well as references to their future. There is a 1d10 SAN loss for reading one's own tablet.

Shortly, however, the contents of the stones will change. Most likely they will revert to a script unknown to humanity, though this could well change again if they change hands. To prevent a continuing game of pass-the-stones among the investigators, it is safe to assume that the life-history feature of the Elder Keys requires magical rituals to unlock. It may well be that the Elder Keys, rather than being the curious but simple stones they appear, are actually some sort of cosmic database or library, containing virtually anything one might wish. But without the proper method of unlocking them, they will remain a frustrating mystery.

Bibliography

Hooke, S.H. and Oxford, Basil Blackwell. Babylonian and Assyrian Religion. (1962)

The following are sources that could be consulted either by Keepers for additional information on Sumerian culture, or Investigators wishing to do the same. Note the publication dates.

Garnier, Colonel J. <u>The worship of the dead, or, the Origin and Nature of pagan idolatry, and its bearing upon the early history of Egypt and Babylonia</u> Chapman & Hall, LTD. (London: 1904).
Jastrow, Jr., Morris. <u>The Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria</u> JB. Lippincott Co. (Philadelphia: 1915).
Layard, Austen Henry. <u>Nineveh and its Remains</u> George P. Putnam (New York: 1852).
Pinches, Theophilus G. <u>The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria</u> Constable (London: 1906).
Sayce, The Reverand A.H. <u>Babylonians & Assyrians–Life and Customs</u> Charles Scribner's Sons (New York: 1900).

There are many more sources of information that have been published since, but these were contemporary with 1920s (and 1890s) CoC gaming. Additionally, there are many more of the same period in foreign languages, especially German. \Im



THOMAS STRATMAN, SCOTT DAVID ANIOLOWSKI, BRIAN BEVEL For reasons that will become apparent before too long, this column will no longer address Mythos tomes listed in the CoC rulebook. Instead, we will concentrate on presenting new books or books from Mythos fiction that do not appear in the basic game rules.

 Celaeno Telalibro
 record of holy n
 ourneys
 by: Viracocuti

 (Quechua-Incan pictoglyphs, +10 Cthulhu Mythos, -1D10 Sanity, x3 Spell Multiplier, study time: 75 hours)
 publishing history: original textile bolt prior to AD 1400

 fragmentary translation into Latin AD 1600
 Spells:
 Brew Space Mead, Invisibility, Journey To The Other Side,

 Levitate, Summon Byakhee, Bind Byakhee
 (double these stats for the unique original)

Excerpt: "...then with a copper bowl formed on the twenty-ninth day of high waters. Chant Calling of Bui-a'kei then Supplicate of Bui-a'kei. The Chichu formed induces rest on the journey to Celaeno ... Obsidian walls shot with veins of Jade and Gold. The Bui-a'kei watch but the seal of Sun stays their talons ... here is recorded the knowledge to tame and reflow the water spirits. The actual words I found could not be taken from Celaeno for the Lake would reflect the action."

The only copy of this text to survive into modern times was discovered in 1533 AD when the Jesuit priest Lucas de la Casca SJ. removed it from a pile of discarded textiles left by Pizzaro's men after the destruction of the Incan city of Chimu. The hundred and thirty yard hand-woven tapestry intrigued Father Lucas. Unfortunately, his attempts to learn the meanings of the picto-glyphs' contents were met with irrational fear by natives. They told the Jesuit missionary that the writings were sacred and could not be viewed by one not of the holy ruling class. Lucas de la Casca sent the heavy cloth to Rome where it was placed in the Vatican library for deciphering. The last historical mention of the Celaeno Telalibro was the presentation of several translated fragments to Pope Leo XI in May of 1605 AD.



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The Unspeakable Oath

Celaeno Clothbook

by: unnamed Roman Catholic Priest

(English, +6 Cthulhu Mythos, -1D6 Sanity, x2 Spell Multiplier, study time: 26 hours) Publishing history: Brichester University Press 1873 AD Sophical Publishing House 1913 AD Lifetime Books (Interpreted) 1983 AD Spells: Brew Space Mead, Levitate, Summon Byakhee, Bind Byakhee. (no useful stats for the Lifetime Edition printing)

Excerpt: (from Lifetime Books edition) "...the royal holy man would then drink the Coca-laden Chicha variant and travel to the Incan temple of Celano, to dream visions which gave him insight into problems which plagued the Incan civilization.

The Incas held the Sun as a protective power against unwanted temptation and the waters as an opponent to their endeavors."

Both the Brichester and Sophical editions profess to be original unedited English translations of the original Latin fragments. Their claim is supported by the fact that the two editions differ only in minor instances of interpretation. The Lifetime Edition, however, only presents a few choice quotes with numerous summaries and a great deal of interpretive artwork.

The Lifetime edition is functionally useless to investigators, except to perhaps lead them to the other editions. At the Keeper's discretion, one of the full page artworks could bear an uncanny resemblence to the actual blackwalled Calaeno library (although investigators will not know this unless they have been there or seen it somehow).

new spell

Invisibility: This incantation costs three points and requires five rounds to intone. The caster warps the spectrum of light around him or herself so that the caster is invisible to normal sight. This does not hide sound or smell, nor does it protect from any damage. But, the invisibile person is -40 to be hit in combat. A successful critical Spot Hidden roll allows the investigator to see a slight disturbance in the air and only take a -20 penalty. Range is touch, and the invisibility lasts for POW minutes. The slight disorientation of not being able to see their own body may cost the caster a point of Sanity loss if a Sanity check fails, as well as perhaps a temporary point or two loss to Dexterity. No physical action will cancel this spell, but violent motion of any sort will disrupt the warping effect and make that immediate area (hand, foot, elbow) visible for that round only. Should the caster begin running, watchers may make normal Spot Hidden rolls to see them for as long as they run.

text of worship to the charnel-god by: unknown The Ghoul's Manuscript (English (sub-literate), +5 Cthulhu Mythos, -ID10 sanity, x1 spell multiplier, study time: 52 hours Publishing History: unknown Spells: Call Mordiggian, Contact Ghoul, and 1D3 others of the Keeper's choice

There exists a tome, called The Ghoul's Manuscript, that is said to be the chief work of a corpse-eating sect of ghouls in service to Mordiggian, the Charnel God [see "Dark Denizens of Dreams and Beyond," in this issuel This volume, usually found only in the Dreamlands, is bound with a cover of leathery human fresh, and hinged with shards of human bone. Each copy (and only a few exist) has been laboriously and poorly scrawled by hand, bordering on illegible. This work is the greatest source of information on ghouls and their necromantic worship of the Great Ghoul, Mordiggian. It is also cursed.

Anyone reading this tome becomes cursed to the life of a corpse-eater; within 1D4 days after reading The Ghoul's Manuscript, the dreamer/investigator is beset by the disturbing hunger for dead flesh. To resist this unholy craving the dreamer/investigator must roll his POWx5 or less on 1D100; if successful then he/she has resisted, but must then attempt a POWx4 roll the next day, POWx3 roll the next, POWx2 roll the next, and, finally, a POWx1 roll. The POW rolls must be continued (never below POWx1, however) until one is failedat that time the dreamer/investigator succumbs to his or her blasphemous urges and seeks out and devours dead

flesh: when this occurs a loss of 1D10 SAN is incurred. Over the next 1D6 days the investigator/dreamer completes the transition from human to ghoul, losing 1D10 SAN every day until the change is complete.

Dreamers or investigators transformed into ghouls may still function as player characters so long as they have not gone permanently insane (in this case the dreamer/investigator goes off to join other ghouls in a graveyard, or the Underworld, never to be seen again), although they must feed upon corpses, perahaps making their company undesirable to their companions! Dreamers cursed in this way are normal humans in the waking world (minus any SAN loss), however, they are forever ghouls in the Dreamlands. Any cursed investigator physically in the Dreamlands via a gate, or cursed in the waking world, ceases to be human altogether, and forever becomes a ghoul in both the waking world and the Dreamlands. If the cursed individual ever goes permanently insane, he or she goes off to join other ghouls, and is never seen again by his or her companions.

The origin and author of The Ghoul's Manuscript is unknown.

new spell

Call Mordiggian: This spell functions as any other Call Deity spell, however, it may only be cast in the dark, near ghoul tunnels, or in a graveyard at least 200 years old.



A SELECTION OF PERIOD OCCULT TEXTS

Continued from last issue, 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. Those listed date from 1700 to 1940, all A.D. Earlier books can be found in TUO3: an article on books dating to the present is not presently contemplated due to the ease with which Keepers can get such information (check the New Age/Spiritual section of virtually any bookstore, which will include everything from Edgar Cayce to Seth to silly <u>Necronomicon</u> ripoffs).

It should be noted that with some of the texts 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.

Year	Title	Author	Language	Notes
1711	A History Of The Ridiculous Extravagancies	Abbot Laurent Bordelon	English, French	A
1732	Histoire Critique Des	Pierre Lebrun	French	Е
1736	A Discourse On Witchcraft	J Read	English	Ď
1851	Autobiographical Tracts of Dr. John Dee	Dr. John Dee	English	В
1858	Der Aberglaube Des Mittelalters	Heinrich Bruno Schindler	German	ĩ
1870, 1931	Witchcraft, Magic And Alchemy	Emile Angelo Grillot De Givry	French, English	
1880(?)	Memoirs Of Extraordinary	Charles Mackay	English	J
	Popular Delusions	,	ý	
1886	Phantasms Of Living	Edmund Gurney, F.W.H. Myers, Frank Podmore	English	
1891	Gypsy Sorcery And Fortune Telling	Chas. Godfrey Leland	English	
1891	The Occult Sciences: A Compendium	Authur Edward Waite	English	Н
1894	Cock Lane And Common Sense	Andrew Lang	English	
1894	Why We Oppose The Occult	Emile Cailliet	French.	
1898	Occult Philosophy Or Magic	Henry Cornelius Agrippa	English	С
1899,	Egyptian Magic	E.A. Wallis Budge	English	
1901, Other				
1899	Aradia: Or The Gospel Of Witches	Chas. Godfrey Leland	English	
1902	Modern Spiritualism	Frank Podmore	English	
1905	Advanced Courses In	Yogi Ramacharaka	English	
	Yogi Philosophy And Oriental Occultism	1		
1908	Occult Science In India	Louis Jacolliot	English, French	ĸ
1909, Others	The Book Of	E.A. Wallis Budge	English	
1909	The Star Of The West	J.F.C. Fuller	English	
1909	Mesmerism And Christian Science	Frank Podmore	English	
1913	The Voices	W.V. Moore	English	
1913	Three Books Of Occult Philosophy	Henry Cornelius Agrippa	English	
1914	The Occult Arts: An Examination	J.W. Frings	English	L
1915	The Magic Jewels And Charms	G.F. Kunz	English	
1915	The Great Book Of Magical Art	L.W. De Laurence	English	G
1916	Spirit Intercourse	J.H. Mackenzie	English	
1916	A Course Of Advanced Lessons	Swami Panchadasi	English	Μ
1918	Spiritualism: Its History, Phenomena, And Doctrine	J.A. Hill	English	
1921	Lists Of Manuscripts Owned	Dr. John Dee	English'	B
1922	Some New Evidence For Human Survival	C.D. Thomas	English	
1923	Atlantis And Lemuria	Rudolf Steiner	English	
1923	Supernormal Faculties In Man	E. Osty	English	

Thel	Inspeakable Oath	
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1924	The Problem Of Atlantis	L. Spence	English
1925	Atlantis In America	L. Spence	English
1926	The History Of Atlantis	L. Spence	English
1928	The Way To Power:Studies In The Occu	It Lily Adams Beck	English
1931	Why We Oppose The Occult	Emile Cailliet	English
1931	A New Model Of The Universe:	P.D. Ouspensky	English And Russian F
1934	The Invisible Influence: A Story	Alexander Cannon	English N
1935	The Attitude Of Voltaire	Margaret Sherwood Libby	English
••••••	To Magic And The Sciences		
1935	An Outline Of Modern Occultism	Cyril Scott	English
1940	The Fifth Dimension	Vera Stanley Adler	English
	And The Future Of Mankind	-	

NOTES:

- A Full Title: A History Of The Ridiculous Extravagancies Of Monsieur Oufle Microform: Occasion'd By His Reading Books Treating Of Magick, The Black Arts, Daemoniacks, Conjurers, Of Elves, Fairies, Of Dreams, The Philosophers Stone, Judicial Astrology, With Notes Containing A Multitude Of Quotations Out Of Those Books, Which Have Either Caused Such Extravagant Imaginations, Or May Serve To Cure Them. Originally In French, And Now Translated In The English.
- B His letters, notes and other remnants, as gathered by the Chetham Society.
- C This is a translation of vol. 1 of H.C.A.'S "Three Books"
- D Full Title: A Discourse On Witchcraft: Occasioned By A Bill Now Depending In Parliment, To Repeal The Statute Made In The First Year Of The Reign Of King James I, Intituled, An Act Against Conjuration, Witchcrafts And Dealing With Evil And Wicked Spirits.
- E Full Title: Histoire Critique Des Practiques Superstitieuses: Qui Ont Saeduit Les Peulples, & Embarrassae Les Scavans_Par Le R.P. Pierre Le Brun. 4 Volumes
- F Full Title: A New Model Of The Universe: Principles Of The Psychological Method In Its Application To Problems Of Science, Religion, And Art.
- G Full Title: The Great Book Of Magical Art: Hindu Magic And East Indian Occultism, Now Combined With The Book Of Secret Hindu, Cerimonial, And Talismanic Magic.
- H Full Title: The Occult Sciences: A Compendium Of Transcendental Doctrine And Experiment, Embracing An Account Of Magical Practices: Of Secret Sciences In Connection With Magic; Of The Professors Of Magical Arts: And Of Modern Spiritualism, Mesmerism, And Theosophy.
- I Full Title: Der Auberglaube Des Mittelalters. Ein Beitrag Sur Culturgeschichte.
- J Full Title: Memoirs Of Extraordinary Popular Delusions And The Madness Of Crowds.
- K Full Title: Occult Science In India And Among The Ancients, With An Account Of Their Mystic Initiations, And The History Of Spiritism.
- L Full Title: The Occult Arts: An Examination Of The Claims Made For The Existence And Practice Of Supernormal Powers, And As Attempted Justification Of Some Of Them By The Conclusions Of The Researches Of Modern Science.
- M Full Title: A Course Of Advanced Lessons In Clairvoyance And Occult Powers.
- N Full Title: The Invisible Influence: A Story Of The Mystic Orient, With Great Truths Which Can Never Die.

(Nysterious Manuscripts has been brought to you by Thomas Stratman (<u>Celaeno Telalibro</u>, <u>Celaeno Clothbook</u>), Scott David Aniolowski (<u>The Ghoul's Manuscript</u>), and Brian Bevel (A SELECTION OF PERIOD OCCULT TEXTS), and by the letters F, U, G, G, L, and Y. There is no other possibility.

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Always it comes back to haunt me, this case. Some nights it speaks to me, its leather hasps whispering dire secrets I have no desire to know, no need to learn. I would burn the infernal thing, save that I fear this would somehow signal my own fiery destruction. We are bound together, this case and I, in a bargain I have not seen, and did not sign. Even now it grins at me slyly, daring me to open it again.

My hatred for the luggage from beyond had increased tenfold. Among its crimes of theft and pollution, it has added a sin more heinous. I can barely stand to remember it, yet some strange compulsion forces me to record it here.

It is summer here, bringing a pleasant warmth to my life and work. However, I noted a peculiar smell about my apartments – a rich smell, sour and rank. At first I feared something was amiss in the refrigerator, but I found no evidence of spoiled foodstuffs. Then I was sure that some animal had crawled under the house and died, but a cursory search revealed no such cadaver. Then, as the odor grew more overpowering, I realized that it could only have one source.

Wisely placing a handkerchief over my nose, I approached the case, snapped the clasps, and opened the thing. God forbid! Green and livid pieces of meat, bloated purple organs, grey and leaking lengths of viscera, blackened limbs, and slack dead faces with eves fixed and staring. It was a box of charnel horror, and I shall never forget the sight.

That's the thing about guts, gore, splatter and spew: it's in your face, and you don't forget it. This can be used to good effect, or fumbled really badly. The central problem with over-the-top descriptions in a Call of Cthulhu game is that there is only one reaction to out-and-out grue: bleah! A fetid and meaty interlude might be horrifying and memorable, but then again it might be ludicrous and laughable. So, use detailed carnage wisely. and judiciously.

Let the mood dictate the viscera. Sometimes unrelenting gross-ness actually helps to distinguish a scenario. No Herbert West-style adventure would work without corpses shedding limbs and spraying fluids with technicolored regularity. But other scenarios require a soft touch, haunting atmosphere, and vague threat. As an example of this contrast, the early scenarios of the Orient Express campaign are about shadows and unsettlement. The later scenarios are pure flyblown frenzy.

The splatterpunk school of horror writing holds that violence is an ugly business, and should be depicted as such. There's some merit to this. If you need to cure gun-happy or psychotic players, give them a taste of how terrifying combat really is.

As a general rule, violence within the game should be infrequent, but frenzied. Make it confusing, and make it count. Speed up the flow, demand instant responses from the players, launch attacks with terrifying ferocity, wave your arms and shout a lot. The wise know to avoid combat of any kind. Rash investigators are soon rashers of investigators.



The thing about violence is, of course, that people get hurt. Like the investigators. You can bring this home by personalizing the damage sometimes. Scrape knees, sprain ankles, deliver concussion, break arms, knock out teeth, dislocate shoulders, chew off fingers, pop out eyes, bruise ribs. You could say "The claw hits. Take 15 points of damage, and roll under your CON on 1D20," but who gets horrified by that? Try this: "The hideous clawed arm sweeps past you. You feel a strange numbness. Looking down, you note your left arm is missing from the elbow down. Take 15 points of damage. You know, exposed bone is really, really white. Roll under your CON on 1D20 or pass out."

That'll make 'em think twice about hefting their hockey sticks and charging dimensional shamblers. Some injuries also provide dramatic potential. Most of the suspense in the climax of Stephen King's "Christine" comes because the poor sap has to drive a concrete mixer/bulldozer with a broken leg. I've tried walking on a broken leg myself, and frankly, I'd rather spend the night in the case than do that again.

Which reminds me of a terrible tale yet left untold. What did I do, faced with that casket of human wreckage? I slammed it shut with an inarticulate cry, fled my house, and ran into the night. I lived in the streets for a week. I cannot remember that time, a red madness clouds my memory. It is a miracle that I was not found and incarcerated in some place for the deranged. At last I came to myself, and with singular dread I returned home.

The case lay where I had left it. The smell was gone. There was a strange curve to that closed lid, as if the thing had a satisfied smile. With a moan of horror, I sprang at it, and flung the damned thing open, to dispel my madness, or to confirm the sight I had but recently witnessed.

The meat was gone. No faces stared up at me. No bloated organs. But the bottom of the case was littered with bones, and each had been expertly cracked for the succulent marrow within \Im



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The following article and note are sent or delivered to one of the investigators:

SEA SERPENT—AT LAST? mystery carcass washes ashore

Officials are baffled as to the origin of a putrefying monstrosity that made landfall here in late August. The creature, some forty feet in total length, seems to possess several fins or arms. Everand Horne, founder of the Boston Marine Studies Group at Boston University, heralded the discovery as a major scientific coup. Dr. Horne was surprised to find rows of strange quill-like bristles under some of the limbs, but was unprepared to make a detailed statement, saying that the matter warranted further study. Arrangements are currently being made to transport the remains to Boston University. Dr. Horne promises to release his findings at some later date. Sirs;

I am afraid my husband has met with foul play! The police have done every thing in their power to find him, but alas have come up empty. A colleague of my husband suggested I should try a private investigator. So now, I turn to you.

He has been missing for almost three weeks and although I am not sure, I think it might have something to do with his "Sea Serpent?" For you see, *it* is missing too!

I do hope you'll take my case? I can be reached at the above address or by phone at BR3-4301.

Yrs. Mrs. Abigail Horne

Further Information

Abigail is indeed right. Both her husband and his mysterious find are missing. But what she failed to mention is that her husband's partner, Elias Whitney, and his pretty young wife are also nowhere to be found. Rumors abound about the doctor's infidelities. Is it a simple case of marital discord or something more sinister?

Possibilities

1. The remains of the creature are in fact those of a large Basking Shark. The animal is actually quite rare but hardly preternatural. Everand Horne, embarrassed at the publicity surrounding his Sea Serpent story, has gone into hiding. Elias, who threatened to expose Everand and his monster as a fake, is currently enjoying an extended holiday on the Studies Group's funds. Which of course, is another reason for Everand's strange disappearance.

2. Everand Horne has run off with his colleague's wife. Having murdered Elias and in need of some quick money they have sold the serpent off to a questionable showman named Barclay Shaw. The monster can now be seen touring the county as "The Krakatoa Kraken."

3. Everand, Elias and his wife have been kidnapped by cultists who are intent on proving the Hollow World theories of John Cleves-Symmes. They see the creature as a Plesiosaur and proof positive that Cleves-Symmes was right. What they have in store for the Doctor and his friends hasn't been decided.

4. The creature is a Sea-Shoggoth. Deep Ones from Innsmouth have enlisted the aid of Elias Whitney, a Deep One/human hybrid to destroy Everand and his findings. Elias's position within the Marine Studies Group has allowed him to keep tabs on how much the humans have learned about the Deep Ones and their undersea activities.

5. The creature is a shape-shifting alien. It has transmogrified into the bodies of Everand, Elias and his wife and an unfortunate janitor, who so far hasn't been counted among the victims. Who knows, perhaps Abigail herself will bring in some easy prey? \Im



THE MYTHOS ADDITIONS OF CLARK ASHTON SMITH

SCOTT DAVID ANIOLOWSKI

Clark Ashton Smith is considered by many to be one of the key contributors to Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos, and is best known for the creation of his toad-god, Tsathogghua. Other Mythos-like entities created by Smith include the White Worm Rlim Shaikorth, Knygathin Zhaum, Ubbo-Sathla, the Great Ghoul Mordiggian, Xexanoth, and Aforgomon. Unlike most of the Lovecraft circle, however, Smith's tales were not set in shadowy New England boroughs, but were mainly in the medieval, dreamy, fantasy settings of Averoigne, Hyperborea, and Zothique: his work should be of particular inspiration to Keepers interested in creating Dreamlands scenarios, or adventures set in long-dead, mystical civilizations where magic and sorcery were common.

Not all Cthulhu Mythos fans or Lovecraft purists will agree with the classification of these creatures as part of the Cthulhu pantheon, and Keepers are urged to use or ignore these entities as fits his or her campaigns.

Aforgomon (Outer God)

Description: Aforgomon, the Time God, is never described, although bolts of strange flame and an awful brightness are associated with it.

Cult: Aforgomon is worshipped by humans in the Dreamlands, although it may also have a few interested followers in the waking world, into which its influence and powers equally extend. As Lord of Time, Aforgomon's favor is sought by those seeking to change what has gone before, or to see what is yet to come: dealing with the Outer God, however, is very dangerous, and those who transgress against its domain suffer ageless tortures and agony.

Notes: Aforgomon is never seen by anyone, except those who have offended the god and brought its wrath upon themselves: otherwise the Outer God simply enters into a host body to deal with followers. Typically, those who have angered Aforgomon find themselves in the Dreamlands, chained naked into a huge stone chair suspended over a gaping abyss: the condemned may sit, bound by the heavy chains, for aeons awaiting the wrath of Aforgomon. When the time god finally appears to the transgressor it causes the chain to heat to incandescence, charring the body and killing the mortal who was foolish enough to anger an Outer God; the corpses of such victims of the Chain of Aforgomon are found in the waking world, their bodies scarred with concentric rings of charred flesh, any clothing worn strangely untouched by heat. Very soon these victims of Aforgomon literally cease to exist, all knowledge, memory, and record of them fading from existence.

As Lord of Time, Aforgomon has the ability to halt time, or pass into and out of it at will; it may also transport other items and beings through time, or in some other way effect the time around them. The Outer God attacks with bolts of strange fire, which instantly char and kill its target. Because it is one with time, Aforgomon is capable of moving at speeds which are beyond the understanding of the human mind: it may move forward or backward through time in less than a heartbeat.

This Outer God may, in fact, be one of the other forms of Yog-Sothoth, or may be somehow connected with Chaugnar Faugn or Quachil Uttaus.



Characteristics STR N/A CON 120 SIZ Varies INT 35 POW 100 DEX 20 HP 120 Move Infinite

Weapon Attk% Damage Fire Bolt 100% Death

Armor: None. However, only enchanted weapons and arcane powers may harm Aforgomon.

Spells: All.

SAN: 1D10/1D100

The Great Ghoul Mordiggian, the Charnel God (Great Old One)

Description: "...a colossal shadow that was not wrought by anything in the room. It filled the portals from side to side, it towered above the lintel—and then, swiftly, it became more than a shadow: it was a bulk of darkness, black and opaque, that somehow blinded the eyes with a strange dazzlement. It seemed to suck the flame from the red urns and fill the chamber with a chill of utter death and voidness. Its form was that of a worm-shapen column, huge as a dragon, its further coils still issuing from the gloom of the corridor; but it changed from moment to moment, swirling and spinning as if alive with the vortical energies of dark aeons. Briefly it took the semblance of some demoniac giant with eyeless head and limbless body; and then, leaping and spreading like smoky fire, it swept into the chamber." ("The Charnel God," by Clark Ashton Smith)

The Unspeakable Oath

Cult: Mordiggian is worshipped exclusively by ghouls, although other races may offer up their dead to the Charnel God as appeasement and not as actual worship. The ghoul priests of Mordiggian cover themselves in long, hooded robes of funeral-purple, and silver skull-like masks. A tome known as <u>The Ghoul's Manuscript</u> (see "Mysterious Manuscripts" in this issue) deals with Mordiggian and its cult.

Notes: Although Mordiggian is known mostly within the Dreamlands, it is assumed that the Great Old One may also enter the world of waking men through the same grave-tunnels and tombs that its ghoul followers use.

When the Great Old One appears all fire and heat is sucked into its swirling void-like body, instantly lowering the temperature by many degrees, and filling the area with a deathly cold and still air. All within the presence of the Great Ghoul are blinded by the weird changing, dazzling form of the necromantic god, and so all attacks must rely totally upon the Listen skill to determine the location of the target: all such attack skills are performed at 1/4 the dreamers' Listen skill, and all other sight-related skills are useless. This blindness lasts only as long as the dreamer/investigator is within the presence of Mordiggian, and sight returns instantly upon the god's departure. Those who attempt to avoid to avoid looking at the blinding form of the Great Ghoul may do so by successfully rolling their INTx2 or less on 1D100.

Mordiggian attacks by engulfing victims, sucking away their life force, and dissolving the body: nothing remains of the Charnel God's prey, and they are never seen again in the waking world or in the Dreamlands.

This Great Old One does not appear to be especially malevolent, and has been known to spare those who have not personally offended the god or his followers (ghouls) in some way.

Characteristics					
30					
55					
Variable					
20					
25					
20					
55					
16					

Weapon Attk% Engulf 90%

Damage

Death

SAN: 1D6/1D20

their minions and servants.

Rlim Shaikorth, the White Worm (Great Old One)

Armor: None, but Mordiggian can be harmed only by enchanted weapons and other magic.

Spells: Most, except those dealing with the Great Old Ones and the Outer Gods and

Description: "Something he had of the semblance of a fat white worm; but his bulk was beyond that of the sea-elephant. His half-coiled tail was thick as the middle folds of his body; and his front reared upward from the dias in the form of a white round disk, and upon it were imprinted vague lineaments. Amid the visage a mouth curved uncleanly from side to side of the disk, opening and shutting incessantly on a pale and tongueless and toothless maw. Two eye-sockets lay close together above the shallow nostrils, but the sockets were eyeless, and in them appeared from moment to moment globules of a blood-colored matter having the form of eyeballs. and ever the globules broke and dripped down before the dias. And from the ice-floor there ascended two masses like stalagmites, purple and dark as frozen gore, which had been made by this ceaseless dripping of the globules." ("The Coming of the White Worm," by Clark Ashton Smith)

Cult: Rlim Shaikorth is worshipped by certain mystical sects in the Dreamlands, although, unknown to them, the White Worm often devours its worshippers.

Notes: Rlim Shaikorth dwells in the Dreamlands, within a frozen citadel on an unmeltable iceberg called Yikilth, which came down to earth from the stars, bringing with it the Great Old One. Frozen Yikilth floats on the Dreamlands' seas, occasionally entering the waters of coastal towns where Rlim Shaikorth seeks worshippers. The presence of Yikilth causes temperatures to fall, and frost to form on the towns which the ice-mountain visits; an extended stay of Rlim Shaikorth and its arctic citadel causes plants and animals in the area to freeze solid: this may effect humans, as well. Those frozen by the presence of the White Worm do not thaw, even in the heat of fire, and remain forever solid and cold, like statues of ice.

The White Worm attacks by swallowing its prey, usually while they sleep: those swallowed by the Great Old One can not be saved, as they become one with the deity. Rlim Shaikorth also has the ability to freeze victims by matching its POW against the victim's; if Rlim Shaikorth overcomes its victim's POW then the victim begins to lose 1 CON every round thereafter as he becomes colder and colder. When the victim's CON has fallen to 0 he freezes solid, and is forever gone. Those killed by the White Worm in the Dreamlands die also in the waking world, their bodies unusually cold and stiff. Those who resist Rlim Shaikorth's POW simply

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lose 1D3 CON.

The blood of the Great Old One causes 1D6 points of damage per round to anyone that is exposed to it, so inflicting damage upon the god is also dangerous.



Armor: Rlim Shaikorth has 10 points of armor

in blubbery flesh. Any piercing or slashing wounds to the Great Old One cause a flood of its deadly blood to pour onto those responsible for the wounds, and they each suffer 1D6 points of burning damage each round. Water may rinse the blood away.

Spells: All Dreamlands spells, except those dealing with the Outer Gods and their minions.

SAN: 1D6/1D20.

Ubbo-Sathla, the Unbegotten Source (Outer God)

Description: "...the formless mass that was Ubbo-Sathla reposed amid the slime and the vapors. Headless, without organs or members, it sloughed from its oozy sides, in a slow, ceaseless wave, the amoebic forms that were the archetypes of earthly life." ("Ubbo-Sathla," by Clark Ashton Smith)

Cult: Ubbo-Sathla has no human cult, although certain alien races, such as the Mi-Go, may worship it on distant worlds. The Unbegotten One is mentioned only in The Book of Eibon, and in the Necronomicon.

Notes: The Unbegotten Source is very similar to Abhoth, although the two entities are not the same: Ubbo-Sathla is much larger, forms simple pseudopods instead of any sort of actual limbs, and is totally mindless, blind, and idiotic. Some sources claim that Ubbo-Sathla is, in fact, the twin of mighty Azathoth.

Ubbo-Sathla never leaves its primal cavern unless called or disturbed in some way: while this creature is mindless, it does react to outside stimulation such as vibrations, sudden extreme changes in its environment, etc. The Outer God constantly puts forth its spawn, some of which are instantly scooped up and absorbed back into the great festering mass, and others which flop, fly, or crawl off into deeper corners of the Outer God's cavern, or escape up into the world of men. Ubbo-Sathla's grotto may be entered through deep fissures in the ice cap of the South Pole in the waking world, or through hidden tunnels in the Cold Waste in the Dreamlands: other entrances (or even gates) to the Outer God's lair may also exist.

When called, Ubbo-Sathla brings with it 1D10x10 of its spawn, and it continues to produce offspring at a rate of 1D10 per round. The Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla fulfill every whim and urge of their primal, mindless sire.

This unclean pool of fertile slime has hundreds of pseudopods forming, flailing about, grasping prey, and absorbing back into the body mass at all times: if encountered, Ubbo-Sathla may grasp and absorb one, a few, all, or none of the luckless investigators/dreamers, at the Keeper's option. Remaining in the god's presence, however,

for more than a few rounds will insure that one or more of the investigators are scooped up and absorbed. The Outer God's pseudopods have a reach of 1D100x3 yards, and any areas visited or touched by Ubbo–Sathla is left devastated and totally devoid of all life forms, including the minutest of microorganisms.

The Unbegotten Source may have inadvertently spawned the prototypes of all earthly life, and it was from its tissues that the Elder Things created their dread Shoggoths aeons ago. It is also said that within the primal cave of the Unbegotten One are several tablets of star-wrought stone which contain great knowledge and secrets of the Elder Gods, themselves. These tablets, the Elder Keys, remain as much an enigma as Ubbo-Sathla, and the few powerful sorcerers who were said to have sought these tablets vanished from the face of the earth.



Armor: Ubbo-Sathla has no armor. However, it is immune to damage from all physical weapons: fire, spells, and enchanted weapons may do normal damage to the Outer God, although its slimy tissues quickly heal, allowing the god to regenerate 25 hit points per round. Ubbo-Sathla, like Azathoth, takes 3D6 points of damage from the Elder Sign, although the Sign will be destroyed, and anyone hiding behind it absorbed into the fertile pool. If reduced to 0 hit points, the Outer God seeps back into its cavern, or deeper into a fissure, and regenerates fully.

Spells: Ubbo-Sathla knows no spells, although its spawn are subject to its whims.

SAN: 1D8/5D10

Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla (Greater Servitor Race)

Description: The Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla are semi-transparent, protozoan-like creatures of variable size and shape.

Notes The Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla are encountered generally only with their sire in its primal grotto, or near an entrance to the Unbegotten One's lair. No two Spawn are exactly alike: some attack with sticky filaments, some with pseudopods, some by engulfing, some with gelatinous tentacles, some with sharp cilia, etc. Whatever the attack, the Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla will attempt to draw its prey into its sticky body where it is digested and absorbed: an investigator sucked into a Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla suffers 1D6 points of damage each round, until totally digested. A swallowed victim may take no action, although others may try to slay the creature and free him. A Spawn that has gorged itself on a victim may still move, although its movement is half normal. Because they move so quietly, the Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla often surprise their prey.



Armor: None, but the Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla are immune to all physical weapons. Fire, magic, etc. harm them normally.

Spells: The Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla know no spells.

Skills: Move Silently 90%

SAN: 1/1D8

The literary works of Clark Ashton Smith are rich and colorful, and whether his creations are to be absorbed into the Cthulhu Mythos or not, his tales are well worth investigating, and they range from brooding horror to mystic fantasy. Smith was a strong story-teller and a key figure in the Lovecraft circle.

Some of the works of Clark Ashton Smith are still available through Arkham House (P.O. Box 546, Sauk City, Wisconsin, 53583) in <u>Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos</u>, \$23.95 (Smith, Lovecraft, Bloch, Long, and many others), and <u>A Rendezvous in Averoigne</u>, \$22.95 (a collection of 30 of Smith's tales). S













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MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

IEFF BARBER translated from the original document discovered at an old and secluded baronial farm in Southern Austria

Dearest Uncle, October 27[™] 1919

I wish to express my most heartfelt gratitude for the birthday gift It is uplifting you sent to me. after all these years, and my many visits to your farm, to finally hold in my hands physical evidence con-

cerning those things we have talked of through so many dark nights. To be able to read with mine own eyes the fateful words of von Junzt, to know through his hand and not just a few halfremembered tales, is a warm satisfaction. Your having come upon this manuscript must certainly have been fate, and now it will serve us well.

I have taken each word and phrase into my mind and locked it there. I feel hidden power unfolding and favoring me with the ability to dominate and use the human cattle around me. Tn bloody rites of mass sacrifice I believe the sleeper can be awakened and returned to his place of power. I feel his awareness, and know he watches and he waits.

Kind Uncle, even now our plans take a visible shape while those around us go on unsuspecting. A short time now and the world will begin to fall before us. First quietly, and then in a bloody holocaust that will reform the earth to the will of Yog-Sothoth.

Mine own destiny is cast now, Uncle, and we have but to remain his faithful. In the massacre of his own design shall be his rebirth.

It is with the greatest anticipation that I await your arrival in Berlin. Do hurry, the coming begins.

your loving nephew, Adolf



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 ANOLOWSKI is at work on an Arkham Country book covering Ramsey Campbell's Mythos work. Next stop, Goatswood! But first, a stopover at 63 Webb Street, Rear; Lockport, NY 14094.

JEFF BARBER finds himself inching ever-closer to his impending Masters' degree. He's done slogging through the swamps, except for the one in the living room of Pagan Publishing HQ, where he lives.

BRIAN BEVEL is also a resident of Pagan Publishing HQ. He thinks we should call it "Massacre House" so that when we eventually slaughter each other the press can call it "The Massacre House Massacre."

JOHN CROWE is done with his National Guard stuff and is now job-hunting. He served the Occult Investigation Division with distinction. Interrogate him at 5755 Kugler Mill Rd; Cincinnati, OH 45236.

PYLLP H. GARLAND, "Itinerant Historian," teaches history at an institution of higher learning. Just because he's paranoid doesn't mean they aren't after him. Psst! He's hiding at 501-A Hampton Ave.; Greenville, SC 29601. KENTH MERBER doesn't need an introduction. As a Chaosium writer and editor he's responsible for the deaths of hundreds of beloved investigators. Bastard. Get him back at 950-A 56th Street; Oakland, CA 94608. J. TODD KWGREA doesn't know the meaning of the word "deadline" because he's never missed one. Hear that, Morrison? Never! What a concept. Trip him up at 304 Rock Road; Radord, VA 24141.

C. RAYMOND LEWIS is yet another resident of Pagan Publishing HQ. Isn't this awful? Now you know how to get published—do the editor's dishes and drive him around. Paying the rent helps too.

MARK MORRISON doesn't know the meaning of the word "deadline" because he's never made one. Hear that, Kingrea? Never! What a concept. Give him impetus at 29 Bass Street; Box Hill, Victoria 3128; Australia PER OKERSTROW is a talented writer and artist who is no stranger to publishing. Ask him about Purple Penguin Press. Go on. I dare you. He won't bite. Except at 30 Marion Dr.; Sherwood P Alberta, Canada T8A OM1. ELAR (SHEA) REWOLDS...what can we say? Atrocious bastard! The next time he promises to mail us "something" I'm leaving town. He's mad, I tell you! And he lives at 211 Clarkson Drive, Apt. 54; Fairbanks, AK 99709. NEVW A. ROSS keeps writing CoC stuff, and recording every movie that has something unpleasant in it. You should all look up the meaning of "harispicy." Gut him at 1222 Greene St.; Boone, Iowa 50036.

CHARLES SPITER is studying artwork from a certain Mr. Pickman. His illo on page 38 wasn't drawn from life. It was a Kodak moment. Picture him at 10 Wimot Drive; Sydenham, Victoria; Australia 3038.

THOMAS STRATMAN knows nothing about the events of October 3. That package was nothing but grapes. He has never used the name "Harry Lime." Get to the bottom at 5959A Coronade Ave.; St. Louis, MO 63116. JOHN TYMES, of course, lives at Pagan Publishing HQ. He can be seen Thursday nights on KOMU-TV. He eats at the Lee Street Shop, located four doors down the street, whenever the stars are right. Happens a lot.

Pagan Publishing c/o John Tynes 1409 Wilson Ave.	The Unspeakable Oath is always looking for submissions of any sort and length—scenarios, articles, fiction, artwork—if you can do it, we'd like to see it. Write for information.	Fax Line (314) 443-3892 write "Attention:
Columbia, MO 65201	If you're in cyberspace, you can reach us via	John Tynes, 442-4301"
(314) 442-4301	Internet or Bitnet at C521832@umcvmb.missouri.edu	on each page.

WHEN YOU HAVE READ THESE HASTILY =

What's in the bag? Better not look too closely—or you might find out.

Welcome to the mayhem issue of *The Unspeakable Oath*, published for the <u>Call</u> of <u>Cthulhu</u> roleplaying game.

Within, you'llfind new deities, new situations, and a new weird card game. Plus, stuff from our staff writers and artists, and new things to round it out.

THAT I MUST HAVE FORGETFULNESS OR DEATH.

If you're easily offended, then *quick* put this magazine down and go find something safe and corporate. If not, pick us up. You'll find the only gaming magazine willing to take chances and make you think about this hobby you enjoy.

It's The Unspeakable Oath-and it's a vow you can't rescind.

THOUGH NEVER FULLY REALIZE, WHY IT IS

= SCRAWLED PAGES YOU MAY GUESS,

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